

THE LOOKOUT



S · C · I · O · F · N · Y · ★ CHRISTMAS ★ 1935

THIS MONTH'S COVER was designed and executed by Donald Greame Kelley as his contribution to the Institute's Christmas Fund.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVI, DECEMBER, 1935
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

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. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted, instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVI

DECEMBER, 1935

No. 12

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AFLOAT AND ASHORE

READERS who recall the old-fashioned Christmas mornings of the gaslit era have probably noticed how the age of invention is influencing even the Christmas toys of the younger generation. Stream-line automobiles and aeroplanes are the vogue, and now we reproduce on this page the effect of the industrial era on even the seafarer's Christmas! For here is a Christmas Tree constructed of steel, with all the decorative gadgets of steel, parts of engine room machinery. The Tree was built by the Engine Room crew of the North German Lloyd liner *Europa* as a part of their Christmas celebration at sea last year. Even the star at the top is a cogwheel!

In contrast with these aspects of the age of steel, we asked Mr. Gordon Grant, always generous to the *Institute* with pen and brush, to describe some of the Christmas customs aboard ships in sailing ship days. "Christmas fare in those days," he recalled, "depended for its quality entirely on the generosity of the captain and the limitations of the ship's larder. On long runs many ships carried several pigs, which were killed during the course of the voyage, one being reserved especially for Christmas. On poorly found ships, and there were many of them too, the joyous season produced nothing beyond the weary round of salt beef and pork, though the cook could be depended upon to find something or other out of which to concoct 'plum duff.' Despite his best efforts it was a very poor relation to the rich Christmas



Courtesy Hapag-Lloyd

An Engine Room Crew's Christmas Tree

pudding of shore tradition."

Captain Alfred Morasso, head of the Institute's Employment Bureau, remembers vividly the first Christmas he ever spent at sea. "I remember it," he explained, "because we were served the first fresh meat we had had for three months. Believe me, fresh roast pork tasted mighty fine after an habitual diet of salt pork, salt beef and rope yarn (which was the name sailors gave to bully beef in cans.) We had just rounded Cape Horn and on Christmas morning we were greeted with calmer weather and that excellent pork. I shall never forget that Christmas Day at sea!"

Inquiries among seamen in the Institute's lobby brought forth much

interesting information about Christmas celebrations on shipboard. "No matter where a British sailing ship happened to be," said one seasoned mariner, "whether in the tropics or in the Antarctic, the crew celebrated Christmas. Plum duff, rum and pig were the order of the day."

A Norwegian sailor reminded us of the custom of his country on Christmas Day to tie a full sheaf of grain to a pole outside every farmer's house, or to a high tree or rooftop, in order that the little birds might have a merry Christmas, too. "And many's the time when I've been at sea on Christmas Day," he reminisced, "that I've tied some food to the tallest mast so that even the birds of the sea might celebrate the holiday; and the crew always eats with the captain on Christmas day!"

"No matter what the fare on Christmas Day," recalled another oldtimer, "the crew complained to the poor cook, making jokes about the number of raisin and cockroaches in the plum duff!"

Still another sailing ship man recalled a Christmas Day at sea when he had no dinner at all. "Early on

Christmas morning," he said, "the galley was gutted so we had no dinner. In fact we had no breakfast or supper. We had nothing but cold rations for a week: salt pork and hard tack and not too much water to wash it down."

But let us return to present day ships. Even the smallest freighter now carries an ice box, and thus a turkey can be stored until Christmas Day so that all the crew enjoy a sumptuous holiday dinner. On German ships the crew particularly like a Christmas cake called "Stollen."

At the *Institute* on Christmas Day from 1200 to 1600 seafarers sit down to a bountiful holiday dinner—usually turkey with all the fixings, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and coffee. Of every nationality, these wanderers of the sea are most appreciative of what the *Institute* is able to provide them, thanks to those friends who support our Holiday Fund. To many of these seamen it is an outstanding day in their lonely lives and after it is all over a number of them write letters or orally express their thanks to members of the *Institute's* staff.



Plum Duff — Christmas Fare on Sailing Ships of Long Ago. From a drawing by Gordon Grant.

Courtesy
Isbrandtsen-Moller Co.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE INSTITUTE

THANKSGIVING was celebrated at the *Institute* by enthusiastic and grateful seamen, thanks to the generosity of friends who contributed to our Holiday Fund. On the next morning the LOOKOUT editor, in the role of the "inquiring reporter" visited the officers' reading room and main lobby and asked the question: Did you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner? The replies could be briefly summarized in the form of an enthusiastic "YES!", supplemented by a broad grin.

Chief Engineer Leo Pechie added: "It was some contrast with the Thanksgiving I had last year. I was on the wrecking crew of the *Morro Castle*, and they had rigged up a little shanty and galley on the deck of that derelict, and we were served our turkey and vegetables right there. But the cook had difficulty and he didn't cook the turkey enough. That crew of sixty were plenty sore. But yesterday!" he beamed. "The *Institute* cook knows his stuff. It was cooked just right. Plenty of it and delicious flavor."

Captain William J. Brennan echoed Engineer Pechie's sentiments: "You can tell the *Institute* friends through THE LOOKOUT," he said, "that we're sure grateful to them for remembering us seagoers. That turkey dinner was *swell!* And many a Thanksgiving dinner I've had aboard sailing ships when we had nothing but hard tack and a tot of lime juice!"

Engineer Max G. Vogel recalled that a year ago he had spent the holiday at sea, aboard a ship bound for Porto Rico. "But my ship's been in dry dock since May, so believe me, I was glad for a place to go on the holiday. My family live in the

middle West so I couldn't go home. The *Institute* sure gave us a grand treat. It kinda took the curse off of being alone on Thanksgiving."

Captain Louis Solen said it was the best Thanksgiving dinner he had had in five years, and five years ago, he was ashore in the Port of New York and ate at the *Institute!* Engineer S. Ringelham said that he, too, had spent Thanksgiving last year on the wreck of the *Morro Castle* and he complained about the raw turkey. "But this year," he exclaimed, "I put on the feed bag right here at 25 South Street. Mother Roper saw that I got a dinner ticket and it was wonderful!" Captain August Feneken, who commands tugboats, is always ashore on Thanksgiving (unless an ocean liner arrives on that day) and was vociferous in his praise of the dinner.

These are a few typical answers from among the 811 merchant seamen, many of them without jobs or homes, who were the *Institute's* guests. A service of Thanksgiving was conducted in the morning in the Chapel of Our Saviour, by the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, our Superintendent, and Chaplain McDonald, attended by well over 200 seamen. Through the courtesy of the Works Progress Administration a 35 piece band provided classical and popular music in the lobby, which contributed to the festivities. Following the bountiful turkey dinner, cigars or cigarettes were given to each guest. Moving picture entertainments in the auditorium both afternoon and evening included the films "Wanderer of the Wasteland" starring Dean Jagger and Gail Patrick, and "The Last Outpost" starring Cary Grant and Claude Rains, and a popular "Pop-Eye" cartoon film.

Editor's Note: As we go to press we are happy to report that the net proceeds of our theatre benefit performance of "Pride and Prejudice" totaled \$2,700.00. We publish here an abstract of the address made between the acts by Mr. Charles S. Haight of the Institute's Board of Managers.

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK keenly appreciates the fact that you have come here tonight knowing that this is a benefit performance and expecting, as in the past, to hear a further appeal. I have been asked to make that appeal and I do so gladly, because the welfare of our sailors is very close to my heart. For over thirty-five years I have been in active practice at the Admiralty Bar and in constant touch with seamen of all ranks. I believe that I understand them better than many owners, and I know that they are worthy of our help.

In 1929 the world's exports amounted to thirty-three billions of dollars, and in 1932 that figure had dropped to twelve billions. As a result, about sixteen million tons of ships were laid up idle. Sailors have suffered from the depression far more than any other class of labor, because it was impossible to offer them work on part time or at reduced wages. When cargo does not move, ships must be tied up and the crews must be signed off; there is no alternative.

Four years ago, I spoke at this benefit performance. I then appealed to you for the Special Committee which had just been appointed to raise the funds necessary to house and feed the unemployed seamen in this port. We then needed \$100,000 to carry the men through that Winter. There were those who said that after the Gibson drive that amount could not be

raised, but I never believed it, and in the end my youthful enthusiasm (for it used to be so termed) was fully justified. During the two years 1931-1933, we raised \$197,508.85. With that money we cared for 11,929 individual seamen; provided 294,316 lodgings and 588,632 meals. I need hardly emphasize what that meant. Our seamen were not merely saved from hunger; they were also kept out of the city lodging house and were furnished with a decent, clean place in which to sleep, and were enabled to maintain their self-respect.

The United States Government then recognized its obligation to care for these men and has done so for the past two years, but it has lately been announced that the Federal support of "transients" (which includes seamen) will shortly be withdrawn. When that happens, the burden of caring for these men in the Port of New York will again rest upon you and me.

Tonight I am speaking not for the Emergency Committee but for the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. During the past four years the Institute has spent for the relief of seamen, *in addition to* the funds received from our Emergency Committee and from the Government, a total of \$186,126.45. As a member of the Board of the Institute, I am proud of the fact that we have run a heavy deficit in order to do this work, but I am also anxious that that deficit shall not be further increased.

I am glad to tell you that an end to the present emergency is, I believe, in sight. The world's idle tonnage has been reduced; more cargo is today moving; and I hope that after we have seen the present Winter through it will be possible

to handle the whole situation with the funds which are collected, in 10-cent pieces, from the visitors to outgoing ships. I wish that I had the time to express, adequately, my appreciation of the help which the Steamship Lines running to New York have rendered, unanimously, in the matter of that collection. Many of you have paid your ten cents and I know that you have done so gladly. I can add, with pride, that during the past three years about two and a half million people have made the same payment and, so far as I know, there have been only three complaints.

Proud of our past record, I ask you to maintain it. Send us—or give us an opportunity to call for—clothes and shoes; we can use any amount. Send us books and current magazines; we have distributed 75,000 so far to merchant ships during 1935 and cannot have too many; help us with cash subscriptions so far as you can; remember us in your wills; and back Secretary Hull in his efforts to reduce trade barriers, in order that our foreign commerce may become normal once more.

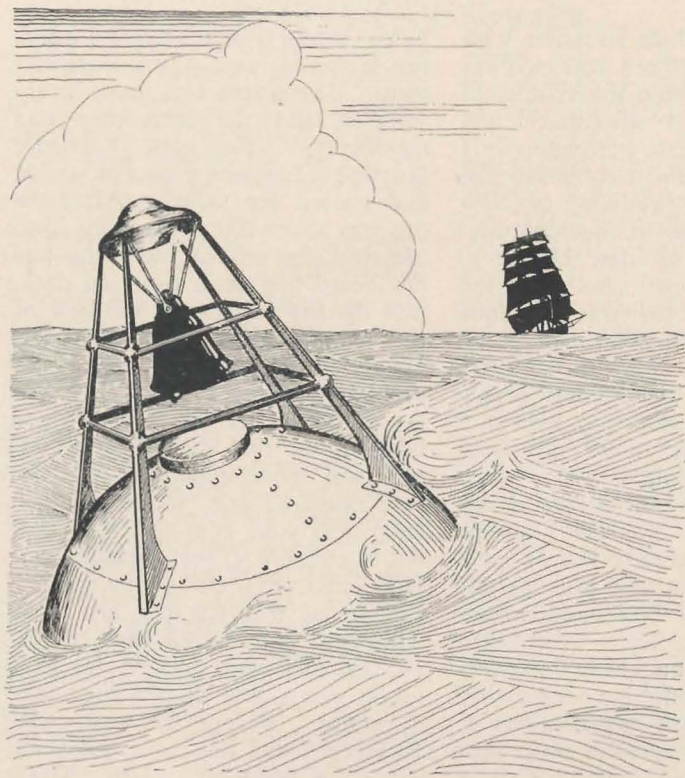
And, above all, don't let anyone persuade you that sailors are not worthy of our help—that they are careless and inefficient and cowards. I know that such charges are not true.

Let me give you one illustration. Some years ago, the steamship ALUM CHINE was loading cargo in Baltimore. After she was almost full, she dropped down the river to take on board a shipment of dynamite.

While that was being loaded, fire broke out in the same compartment. The alarm was immediately sounded and the stevedores and members of the crew hurriedly boarded a tug which was alongside and started for safety. After the tug was about 100 yards away from the ship, one of the men who had not heard the alarm came on deck, saw the fire and ran to the bow of the ship and waved to the tug. What would you have done under such circumstances, if you had been the captain of the tug? Would you have argued that the safety of 100 men was more important than the sure death of one, and would you have held your course? Reasoned out in cold blood, that probably was true, but I am proud to say that the captain of that tug put his wheel hard over and started back to rescue the one man, and, so far as I know, not a soul on the tug made a protest. Before the man could be rescued and the tug could again get to a place of safety, 30,000 pounds of dynamite went off in one blast. The ALUM CHINE was utterly destroyed and about thirty people lost their lives on the ships anchored nearby. I am thankful to say that no one on the tug was killed, although a good many were wounded.

I believe that to be a fair illustration of the bravery of our seamen—officers and men alike. It is fitting that we should care for such men when, through no fault of theirs, they cannot obtain work.





"I heard the bells
 Their old, famil
 And wild an
 The words r
 Of peace on earth
 —H
 Christmas Day
 carols play,
 veet
 at
 od-will to men!
 Wadsworth Longfellow.

TO the men who an the ships the buoys
 marking danger s reefs or wrecks are
 a symbol of safety for their bells ring a
 warning of nearby anger and guide the
 mariners safely on their journey's course.
 If they lose their wa in a fog or storm, the
 bells aid them to ta bearings.

In a similar manr, Christmas bells tell
 a story of safety—e safe haven of home
 and friends. Many farers who are home-
 less and lonely will br the bells ringing out
 their message of he and cheer from the
 SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF
 NEW YORK and all know that they will
 be welcomed at this friendly shore home for
 merchant seamen o every race and creed.

Christmas Bells!

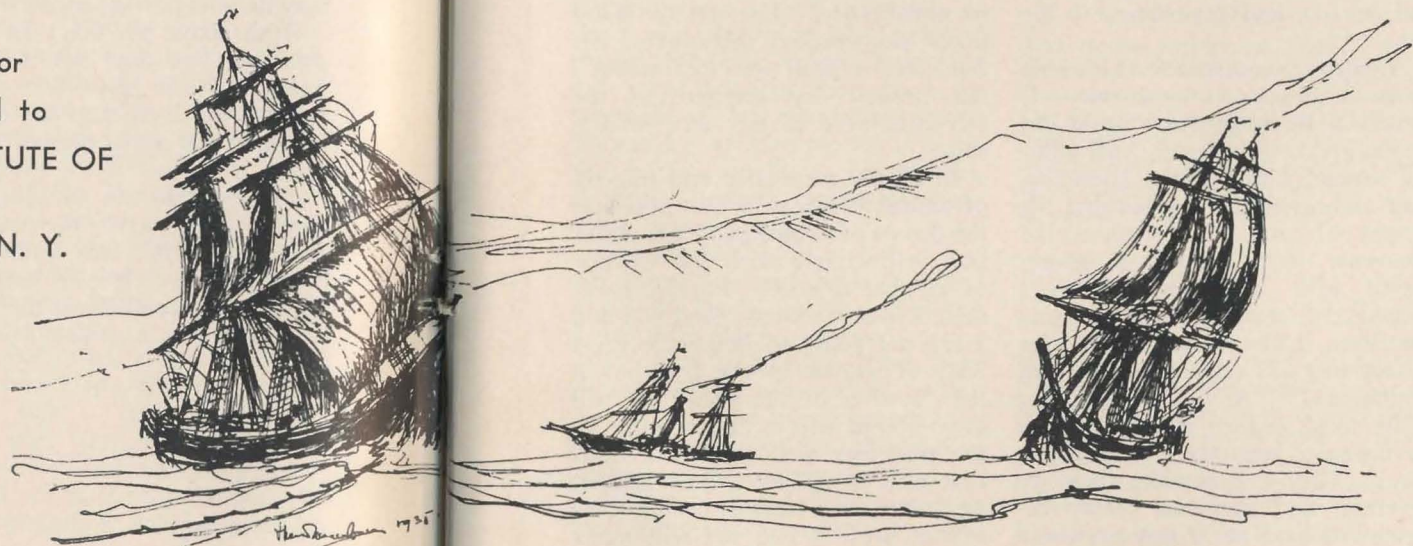
THE spirit of Christmas strikes deep
 roots in a seaman's mind, for it recalls
 the home life which he, as a wanderer on
 all the seven seas, can seldom enjoy. On this
 holiday, above all others, he envies the lot of
 landsmen with their cheery hearthsides and
 family groups.

Many of these seamen who usually spend
 Christmas Day on the high seas are this year
 "on the beach", in the Port of New York,
 without kith or kin, jobs or money.

For such as these the *Institute* plans to
 provide holiday dinners, music and entertain-
 ment, as well as the necessities of life. For
 more than 90 years this great Christian
 institution has befriended men of the mer-
 chant marine through good times and
 through depressions.

Won't YOU help us welcome these home-
 less mariners to the Institute so that the
 Christmas Bells will have a real meaning to
 these men of the sea?

Please designate checks for
 HOLIDAY FUND and send to
 SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF
 NEW YORK
 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



Drawn especially for the Institute by Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

THE PLACE OF A CHAPEL IN THE INSTITUTE

By the Reverend David McDonald, Chaplain, S.C.I. of New York

(Excerpts from an Address Delivered at the Anniversary Celebration of the S.C.I. of Philadelphia)

It was one of those lovely Autumn evenings recently, as I walked down the centre aisle of our Chapel. I noted the rays of the setting sun reflecting on the two beautiful stained glass windows. As I knelt by the Altar and gazed into that lovely ocean painting which forms the background, I thought how quiet and peaceful it was, so contrasted with the noise of the streets and the hubbub of a great lobby. My attention was drawn to a seaman sitting in the shadows, deep in meditation. Another evening came and the same man was in the same place, and still another evening, and another, until the days grew shorter and twilight came on. From a brief conversation with the man I learned that he "just loved to sit by these windows" because they portrayed the early seamen and fishermen, St. Andrew and St. Peter, our Saviour's Apostles, who went down to the sea in ships. And one day our friend was missing. He had "shipped out" and he, too, had gone down to the sea.

A mariner on the deck of his ship — be he skipper or messman — is usually a thinking man: he is out on the great, wide ocean, with nothing around him but the boundless deep and nothing above him but the canopy of God's first temple, the Heavens. What wonder if he exclaims with Tennyson, "When I behold the empty spaces between the Stars, it fills me with terror for the mystery of God, and for my own limitations!" And I believe that while most seamen may not speak in this exact language, they feel this way: They are humble, they are reverent, and they are deeply religious. I have never met anywhere

so many poets and so many souls appreciative of the Infinite as have crossed my path here at the Institute. There seems to be a continual reaching out and up for something better and finer than the earth, just of itself, can give. So I have found this stream of seafaring humanity turning more and more to God in and through His Church, and to our seamen's Chapel.

The late Dr. Mansfield often said that "the Chapel and all that it signifies, is the soul of the Institute." And whether or not men express themselves in regular corporate worship, the helpful and inspiring influence of the Chapel dominates our activities throughout the building. The Chapel is the church home for countless souls, most of whom are far from their early homes and early Christian influence. The average seaman has greater temptations and greater responsibilities than the average landsmen. Most of his life must be spent homeless and often so unnaturally. Just as the many times shipwrecked missionary, St. Paul, felt a need for "fellowship", our present day seamen feel the self-same need of the same fellowship.

In all the perplexity and tragedy of human life, man is still sane and the leaven of simple goodness unites him instinctively with the Creator of all that is good. Surely, goodness is indestructible. And you and I are not going to judge the great body of seamen by the few, but in the "sowing of the seed" we will pray God to help us understand. As the poet has well said: "O God! that men would see a little clearer, or judge less harshly when they cannot see!" The sea will never

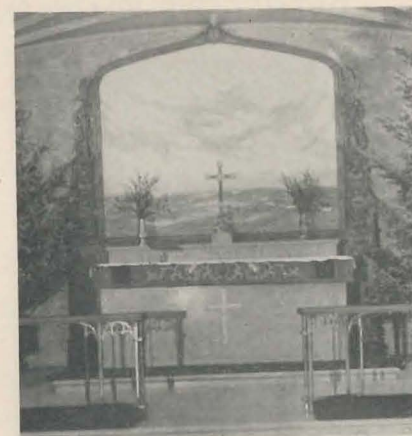
wash out the truth of these words: "The faults of our brothers we'll write on the sands; their virtues on the tablets of love and memory."

So many seamen tell me of their fondness for the organ music. They have been greatly helped by sitting in the softly lighted Chapel during the regular services or on week day afternoons, listening to the organist playing. Here they can forget for a time their cares and worries as their souls respond to the music. Perhaps—who knows?—the vision of George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" may be vivid in the hearts and souls of many of the sons of the sea:

"Oh, may I join the Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing order the growing life
of man:
So shall I join the Choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the
world."

Private worship cannot be overstressed. I like to think of the seamen who quietly enter the chapel before going over to the Marine Hospital for a serious operation, or those who return to give grateful thanks for safe return from the sea. And some of them cross the threshold of our chapel to mourn the passing of a shipmate. Countless motives send men to worship, as trouble, worry, anxiety, repentance, sorrow, joy, and the hunger for peace and quiet and for that something fine and noble that the world of itself cannot give—the strength of God's presence.

We who would see Jesus, that Friend of man who walked on the water and stilled the storm, and the Saviour who called the fishermen to follow him, will surely find him revealed in the lives of the men who "occupy their business in great



The Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour Decorated For a Christmas Carol Service. Reredos Painting by Gordon Grant

waters." In our complex civilization let us not forget the spirit of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's simple lines:

"So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

By a Seaman

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned and rudely blew
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem!



It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll say, first in night's diadem
Forever and forevermore
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!



Trevor M. Barlow

ON November 1st, 1910, a young man joined Dr. Mansfield in his work for seamen in the North River Station of the Church of the Holy Comforter. There was no huge *Institute* building in those days, but Trevor M. Barlow shared with Dr. Mansfield his dream of a complete shore home on New York's waterfront. "Be sure to have an auditorium included in the plans," he said to Dr. Mansfield, "for nothing will keep a sailor out of mischief better than a place where he may go to see wholesome entertainment in the form of plays, concerts and vaudeville."

So when the building opened at 25 South Street in September 1913, Mr. Barlow saw his dream fulfilled. He was placed in charge of all entertainments, and today, after twenty-five years, he is still holding this position. He has seen the type of entertainment change from vaudeville to silent moving pictures and now to the "talkies", and he has ever searched for the best kinds

of entertainment for his seafaring audiences. He has initiated other kinds of recreation, too: indoor sports, boxing, volley ball, basketball, and to him belongs the credit for the famous game of "kiddie polo" (played on kiddie cars with short curved hockey sticks and an indoor baseball, and scoring as in real polo).

Dr. Mansfield once witnessed a show on board the *S.S. Oceanic* of the White Star Line and was so impressed with the quality of the entertainment that he sought out the director. It was Mr. Barlow and that is how he first came to work for the *Institute*. His record of having directed entertainments on more than 240 crossings on Atlantic steamships convinced Dr. Mansfield that here was just the type of man needed to direct and develop similar work for seamen when on shore.

Mr. Barlow was born in Liverpool, England, in 1880. He enlisted for service in the Boer War when a lad of eighteen. He also served in the World War (being granted a leave of absence from the *Institute* in order to assist the Y.M.C.A. in France.)

Mr. Barlow's duties at the *Institute* require the presentation of three shows a week in addition to arranging all the social and athletic entertainment. He has secured the cooperation of the major film companies in renting the best type of sound films at a minimum rate, for seamen can seldom see Broadway. He also has obtained the cooperation of the dramatic division of the Works Progress Administration and many well-known plays are presented in our auditorium by unemployed actors. Mr. Barlow, the versatile, himself no mean actor and "magician", *knows* seamen.

THE *Institute* has received a gift of a genuine original leaf of the First Issue of the First Edition (1611) of the King James Authorized Version of the Bible, presented by the Rev. Edwin A. R. Rumball-Petre of Grace Court Chambers, Brooklyn, N. Y. The folio leaf contains a portion of the 107th Psalm with the famous sailors' passage about those "that goe downe to the sea in shippes; that doe businesse in great waters." This leaf is from a Bible so rare that in these days when found it sells for \$5,000.

When the donor purchased this year in Europe several folios from

the rare first issue of the 1611 King James Bible and found among them this great Psalm of the sailors he decided to present it to the *Institute* in memory of his friend Cephas Taylor, the sailor son of Dr. William T. Taylor who was pastor for so many years at the Broadway Tabernacle. Cephas Taylor served his apprenticeship in the sailing ship "White Star," for which the entire White Star fleet is named.

The framed folio leaf will be hung in the office of the *Institute's* Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley.

A SEAFARING PIGEON

A RATHER unusual incident occurred in the *Institute's* Religious and Social Service Department not long ago. A seaman brought in a letter from another seaman aboard the *S.S. Steel Ore*. The letter had been posted from the Panama Canal Zone. It stated that a homing pigeon had taken refuge on the ship. The number of the leg band was mentioned, and the seaman wondered if the *Institute* could help to find the pigeon's

owner. A staff member called the A.S.P.C.A. officials who looked up the number and found that the owner lived in Baltimore and was a member of the International Federation of Homing Pigeon Owners. By a pleasant coincidence, the *S.S. Steel Ore* was due to stop at Baltimore on her return trip, so a radiogram to the seaman giving him the owner's name and address was sent, and so the pigeon will soon be returned to her owner.

FIRST MODEL OF THE "QUEEN MARY"

THE largest steamship model ever made for display use, a replica of the new Cunard White Star superliner "Queen Mary", arrived in this country shortly before THE LOOKOUT went to press. The model is now on display in the Great Hall of the Cunard White Star office at 25 Broadway, New York City.

The model is 22 feet long and weighs about three tons. It took 25 skilled craftsmen in Northampton, England, working at top speed, three months to build this model. It is

amazingly complete in every detail. A total of 1,600 portholes and 214 windows were made by hand and carefully fitted into their precise places. Thousands of stanchions were made with equal care. The model is built on the scale of one-quarter inch to the foot of the actual ship, which is 1,018 feet in length.

The *Institute* will have on display in its booth at the Motorboat Show (January 17th to 25th) at Grand Central Palace a six foot model of the "Queen Mary".



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
ANNOUNCES

A SPECIAL CRUISE TO BERMUDA

(Arranged through the courtesy of the Furness-Bermuda Line)

Sailing From New York, Saturday, January 25th, 1936

on the S.S. MONARCH OF BERMUDA

Superior Accommodations—SPECIAL RATES For INSTITUTE Contributors

If you and your friends are planning a trip this winter why not take advantage of this unusual opportunity to secure *the very best staterooms* on each deck of the MONARCH of BERMUDA as well as superb accommodations at the Bermudiana Hotel, both at reduced rates, and at the same time help the INSTITUTE raise funds for work among merchant seamen.

(This trip has been arranged solely for the pleasure of the INSTITUTE'S friends. No meetings, lectures, etc. will be held.)

It is advisable to make an early reservation so that you may be sure of obtaining the finest accommodations. A deposit of \$25.00 is required with each reservation. This deposit will, of course, be returned should you be obliged to cancel your passage.

For further information apply to:

MR. HARRY FORSYTH, *Chairman, Benefit Committee*
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

6 DAY TRIP

(including 2¼ days at the Bermudiana Hotel)

"E" Deck	\$ 75.00
"D" Deck	\$ 96.00
*"C" Deck	\$117.00
*"B" Deck	\$130.00



13 DAY TRIP

(including 9¼ days at the Bermudiana Hotel)

"E" Deck	\$140.00
"D" Deck	\$160.00
*"C" Deck	\$190.00
*"B" Deck	\$205.00

These rates include: Outside rooms with bath on board Monarch of Bermuda and outside rooms with bath and all meals at the Bermudiana Hotel. *Staterooms on "C" and "B" decks are equipped with tub bath as well as shower.

Steamship rates will be quoted separately and also longer stays on request.

Kindly make all checks payable to the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S RIVER

By James A. Jones

Hutchinson, London Price 21/-
In Mr. James A. Jones' book, "The Romance of London's River," we find a London rarely visited by the "man" of Londontown. Volumes have been written about every other phase of London life, but here the reader finds something new. Mr. Jones' power of description is admirably displayed in each chapter. Perhaps his most colorful work occurs in his chapter THE GHOST FLEET. The canvas which he paints is brilliant or murky as the case may be, and the intermediate shadings are handled effectively. We may be thankful that in a book composed mainly of description, Mr. Jones never becomes tiresome.

The sketches by Mr. Frank H. Mason, R.I., of London's waterfront life are admirable.

OUT FROM SHANGHAI

By Sidney Parkman

Harper & Bros. Price \$2.00
"Out From Shanghai" by Sidney Parkman, Harper & Bros., \$2.00 is a very interesting tale of adventure in the China Sea staged on an old Chinese tramp schooner, the Tsieu Fu. The principal character which holds our attention is one Derek Bentley who became stranded in Macassar and was forced to take employment as second mate on board this Chinese owned vessel. The real business of the Tsieu Fu is piracy and murder, and the way that the complicated situation unravels itself is unusual. Bentley, who at the beginning of the story has made no definite contribution to life, now rounds up a gang of pirates and helps to make the seas safer for travel. His character rises with the ever rising drama of the tale.

SPUNYARN

By Commander H. B. Boothby,
D.S.O., R.N.R.

Foulis & Co., London Price 5/-

As an apprentice 57 years ago in a full rigged ship, to Australia; then a junior officer with the P. & O. company; later the C.P.R. in command of a ship which was lost in a wreck; Commander Boothby has filled his memoirs, "Spun yarn", with such feeling and sincerity that the reader cannot put the book aside, until it is finished. If these vivid experiences constituted the book, one could be quite satisfied. But, as an officer with candid opinions, he expresses quite openly his feelings about the British Merchant Navy; i.e. it "should be taken out of the hands of the Board of Trade and a Ministry

of Marine . . . established under the direct control of the Admiralty". This will and has caused considerable interest and not a little controversy. The entire book is admirably done, and should not be missed by those interested in the sea.

CONQUERING SEAS

By L. Luard

(Longmans, Green & Co.) Price \$2.00
Fishermen of the North Sea are a race apart. Rough, independent, fearless, strong of tongue and arm, they seem to match the elements against which they battle to supply markets and men with cod and halibut.

CONQUERING SEAS is a vivid tale of life aboard the trawler "Adventurer", of huge Hurricane Bob, crack skipper of the fishing fleet, forced to retire "his legs afe and his heart grinding like a winch", of young John the mate, temporarily promoted to his first command, of Alf, his friend, whose one fear is that rank and the laws of the sea will separate them, of "Cookie" termed 'indispensable', alternately proud and insulted as he struggles to obtain correct definition of the word, of Fred, the "chief", whose off hours are spent reading detective stories, of Dick of the "black gang" in his wild element at work, of Fuller and Gentleman George, "gaffers" ashore who own the vessel.

A wind-swept, salt-sprayed story indeed by one who knows men and the sea.

HOW ENGLAND GOT ITS MERCHANT MARINE

By Henry C. Hunter

Published by National Council of American Shipbuilders Price \$3.50

The outstanding quality of this unusual book is its blending together of a gripping account of the development of Britain's merchant fleet from 1066 to 1776 with a penetrating analysis of the various laws by which that development was brought about. Either one of these purposes alone presents a difficult task. The author has accomplished both with marked success. In the story, he has recaptured the personalities, the background and the drama of which he writes; to the analysis he has brought the keen mind of a student of shipping problems, enriched by his years of service as counsel for the National Council of American Shipbuilders. In these days of difficult times for our own shipping industry, those who stay ashore as well as those who go to sea will profit, as well as be entertained, by learning how England built up its merchant marine.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

OFFICERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

Lay Officers

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, *President*
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, *Vice-President*
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *Vice-President*
ORME WILSON, *Vice-President*
FRANK T. WARBURTON, *Secretary and Treasurer*
THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STREB, D.D.	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.	REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. WILLIAM TUPTS CROCKER	REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.	REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.
REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.	

BOARD OF MANAGERS

This Board is composed of all of the above named officers and also the following:

WILLIAM ARMOUR	JOHN H. FINLEY	BERNON S. PRENTICE
HENRY MCCOMB BANGS	HARRY FORSYTH	FRANKLIN REMINGTON
EDWARD J. BARBER	FRANK GULDEN	JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.
CHARLES R. BEATTIE	CHARLES S. HAIGHT	KERMIT ROOSEVELT
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL	CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.	CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
REGINALD R. BELKNAP	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	SAMUEL A. SALVAGE
GORDON KNOX BELL	AUGUSTUS N. HAND	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
CHARLES W. BOWRING	BAYARD C. HOPPIN	THOMAS A. SCOTT
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	OLIVER ISBLIN	T. ASHLEY SPARKS
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS	ATYMAR JOHNSON	J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT
F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	FRANK W. WARBURTON
CHARLES E. DUNLAP	RICHARD H. MANSFIELD	ERNEST E. WHEELER
SNOWDEN A. FAHNSTOCK	LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR.	WILLIAM WILLIAMS
DE COURSEY FALES	JUNIUS S. MORGAN	WILLIAM D. WINTER
F. SHELTON FARR	HARRIS C. PARSONS	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE
JOHN MASEFIELD

Superintendent

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY