

The
LOOKOUT



OCTOBER

1937

VOL. XXVIII NO. 10

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER is entitled: "THE WHISTLE BLOWS," and is reproduced by the kind permission of the United States Lines. It symbolizes the moment of departure—the S.S. Manhattan, flagship of the Line, is about to sail. Visitors ashore, gangplank raised, last hauser hauled in. Way out on the dock string-piece stands the marine superintendent, Captain Schuyler F. Cumings. Beside him a man holds up a red flag of warning. Captain Cumings looks up and down the river and when all is clear, he orders the man to raise a white flag. From the bridge of the Manhattan, her Master, company Commodore A. B. Randall, sees that white flag, signals through the "telegraph" to the engine room, and begins to blow the ship's whistle. It blows incessantly warning other craft to keep clear while the ship backs slowly out into the river. After she has swung her stern upstream, the whistle stops and the tugs give her the final push into the open channel. Thus the blast of the whistle is a noisy but useful climax to sailing day.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVIII, SEPTEMBER, 1937
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by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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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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An Entertaining Evening at the Theatre

The Ways and Means Committee takes pleasure in announcing that plans have been completed for the Institute's Annual Fall Theatre Benefit to be held on

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28th

At the Empire Theatre • 40th Street and Broadway

We have purchased the entire theatre for

Mr. GUTHRIE McCLINTIC'S production of
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S new play:

"The Star-Wagon"

starring Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish
featuring Mildred Natwick and Russell Collins

Here are the comments of New York's leading dramatic critics:

BROOKS ATKINSON: "Expertly staged, beautifully acted. What absorbs an audience is the power Mr. Anderson has to create vital characters, write lively scenes and scribble robust conversations."
New York Times

RICHARD WATTS, JR.: "It has scenes of delicacy and humor and genuinely touching romanticism."
N. Y. Herald-Tribune

JOHN MASON BROWN: "Burgess Meredith again shows himself to be the most interesting young actor in our theatre. Miss Gish gives the best, most fully-rounded performance of her career."
N. Y. Post



Orchestra Seats are	\$12.50 (first five rows)
	\$10.00 (6th-12th rows) Incl.
	\$ 7.50 (13th-14th rows) "
Balcony Seats are	\$ 5.00 (15th-18th rows) "
	\$ 7.50 (first row)
	\$ 5.00 (2nd-5th rows) Incl.
Boxes	\$ 3.30 (6th-9th rows) "
	\$ 5.00 each (six in Box)

Tickets will be assigned as reservations are received. Please make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to the Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

We are counting on your usual loyal and generous support.

A Strange Vessel

ONE morning a strange little square-rigged brig docked in the East River at the foot of Wall Street, Pier 10, offering a picturesque contrast to the sea-plane at the adjoining base.

In the Institute lobbies groups of younger seamen gathered around old-timers to discuss the little brig. Up in the Merchant Marine School, Captain Robert Huntington was kept busy answering questions of cadets and students.

She looked like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. Less than thirty feet in length, she is not registered at Lloyd's. On her stern was painted "ISOBEL III. Johnson Isle, Md." On her prow was a miniature figurehead of a woman, decorated with gilt paint. An American flag flew from her gaff, and on her foretops'l—strangest sight of all—was painted a Black Ball. Perhaps some descendant of the owners of the famous Black Ball line of packets and clippers had painted her foretops'l in this fashion. She carried thirteen tiny sails. On her foremast was a foresail so small it might have been used as a pocket handkerchief; a foretops'l; and a topgallants'l. On her mainmast was a mainyard; a main tops'l; a main topgallants'l and a main royal s'l. The water was calm—not a breeze was stirring—and none of the sails were furled. She carried an outboard motor, mark of the new day. Her spanker was brailed in; she had no crosstrees; she had no doublings in her mast; two clews of each tiny sail were hauled up to the bunt. She looked like an overgrown toy. THE LOOKOUT editor investigated and learned that the owner of the little square-rigged brig "ISOBEL III" is Mr. Carl M. J. von Zielinski of Shore Acres, Staten Island. He was formerly American Consul in Santo Domingo and was for some years a nautical expert in the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department, and



in his youth, sailed on square-riggers. A year ago, he and Coert du Bois built the "ISOBEL II," also a brig, with thirteen sails, and with the insignia of the Black Ball Line on her foretops'l. A year previous they built the "ISOBEL I." All three of these brigs sail mostly in Chesapeake Bay and have Johnson Isle as their home port. They have an ingenious method for lowering the upper sails, which can be dropped in a few seconds by releasing a single halyard on each mast. The running rigging is so designed as to be manoeuvred by one man alone.

The Black Ball painted on her foretops'l sent curious ones to the Institute's Joseph Conrad Library hunting through old marine books for records of the Black Ball Line, which was owned by Goodhue & Co. and Charles H. Marshall. The old sea chantey, "Blow the Man Down" was recalled, and Captain Huntington regaled his students by singing lustily:

"I know you're a Black-Baller by
the cut of yer hair—
To me way—hey—Blow the man
down!
I know you're a Black-Baller by
the clothes that you wear—
Give me some time to Blow the
man down!"

Midget Magellans

THE latest recruit to the gallant band of small-boat adventurers which includes Captain Josiah Slocum, William A. Robinson, Erling Tams, Alain Gerbault, Marin-Marie, Captain John Voss, and others, is Hugh Smith, age 44, of Idaho. He has maps, charts, plans all made—everything, in fact, except the wherewithal for provisions, an auxiliary motor, and a few other necessities.

He came into the Institute's Conrad Library and asked for a book called "Midget Magellans" by Eric Devine, which told of some of the amazing voyages made by modern Vikings. He spent a couple of days reading the book, made a few notes, and then said to the Librarian: "I'm going to make a voyage in a small boat, too, an eighteen-footer. I expect to leave very soon. All my plans are made. For use in emergencies I intend to carry an 18-24 horse power motor. I'm an experienced navigator. I've sailed a 32 foot ketch on the Pacific."

"Why do you want to undertake such a voyage?" someone asked Hugh Smith. His sea-blue eyes lit up as he replied, with a smile: "Because I enjoy sailing alone. I enjoy adventure and I enjoy danger." That's reason enough.

Scattered over the seven seas at this moment are more than a dozen small craft, none over forty feet long, cruising around the world. Some of them are handled by their owners; some have a crew of one or two. It is interesting to note that they combine science's latest aids to navigation with the ancient bare-knuckled arts of sailing. Aviation has helped bring a great simplification to the once complicated science of navigation, and tables have been worked out to reduce the mathe-

tics to little more than adding and subtracting. These tables are of immense value to small-boat sailors.

Somewhere on the Pacific, according to latest reports, Harry Pidgeon a 60-year old mariner, is cruising in a 34-foot yawl. Several years ago he came to the Public Library at San Pedro, Los Angeles Harbor, and asked for a book on how to build a boat. He built the boat and sailed it around the world. It took him almost four years. Last Fall a trio of adventurers sailed in a schooner from a New Jersey port on a globe-girdling cruise. They were Fred W. Boardman, Charles A. Powell and Mort R. Miller. William A. Robinson, who, when last heard from, was in Tahiti, made a world trip a few years ago in the 32-foot ketch, "Svaap" with a one man crew, Etera, a Tahitian pearl-diver. One of the most famous small-boat navigators is Alain Gerbault, who was awarded the French Cross of the Legion of Honor for his world voyage in the 39-foot "Firecrest." He is now sailing among the South Sea islands. Erling Tams, a Norwegian journalist, also made a world-tour in a small boat with his wife and two babies aboard the 40-foot pilot boat, "Teddy." She was wrecked on the rocks off New Zealand, but all were rescued.

The chief difficulty encountered by these Midget Magellans is damaged rigging. However, there is a great deal of misunderstanding as to the safety of small boats in the storms at sea. The reason they can live through so many terrific storms is that they move at a comparatively slow pace. When a huge sea comes along they lift with it, like a small piece of wood. In a breaking sea they are flexible, recoiling instead of resisting.

"Joe Henry"

ALL along the waterfront they are talking about the funeral service for "Joe Henry." His real name was Lahorey Singh, a Hindu ship's cook, who died of pneumonia in Beekman Hospital. The funeral service was held recently in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour, when a Hindu believer received Christian burial. There were few dry eyes among the seafarers gathered at the funeral service, for Joe Henry was one of those rare, simple, kindly souls whom everybody loved. The Institute chaplain described him as "one of God's gentlemen" and that is tribute indeed.

Although he generously supported practically a whole Indian village on his wages as a ship's cook, and although letters found in his belongings revealed his many acts of kindness, he was an outcast from his Hindu, Jat tribe, probably because he had not returned on the sacred tribal days. He was unmarried, but according to the correspondence, a wife had been arranged for—pending his arrival. He could not return to Punjab, India until he had become an American citizen and this was what he was trying to become at the time of his death. Despite immigration laws excluding Orientals, he had tried unsuccessfully to become a United States citizen. On the day he died a notice arrived informing him that his case was to come up before the court for a hearing under a new special clause of the naturalization law.

Captain Schaper, one of Joe Henry's employers, of the Sunrise Fish Company of Islip, L. I., came to the Institute just as soon as he received word of the Hindu's death. The Fish Company and the Institute were named by Joe Henry as his "next of kin." Captain Schaper arranged for a cable to his relatives

in India and ordered flowers for the funeral. In spite of the fact that the Indian tribe which "bled" him constantly for money thought Joe Henry to be a wealthy man, his entire worldly possessions totaled \$50.00 at the time of his death. One letter from a member of his family (evidently penned by the village writer) said: "I very much stand in need of money. I have to spend upon the marriages of my sons. Therefore send me 2000 rupees (two thousand rupees in Indian coin) and I will be very thankful to you." Other letters from remote relatives implored him: "Please help me to get to America. I enclose my photographs. Please get me a passport." And in another letter, a relative wanted to embark for America writes: "Shall I come clean shaved or with beard, please write your opinion." Some of the letters read like pages from Kipling's tales. Poor "Joe Henry" must have had his hands full! The photographs show his relatives all as bearded, be-turbaned, mild-looking Hindus but apparently obsessed with the idea that their "brother" could work miracles in their behalf. "Lose no time, my brother, in booking your passage to India, as the parents of the girl who waits to become your bride are getting impatient," wrote one of Joe Henry's kin. "We await your early departure from the New World." A letter from his uncle informed him that the uncle and his seven children had just come down with small pox (the letter was dated in 1931 so apparently Joe received it without ill effects) and asked Joe Henry to please send a money order.

And so "Joe Henry" has sailed into his Last Port. He was buried in the Institute's private cemetery in Cedargrove, Flushing, Long Island.

Rebuilding of Crew Quarters

By Captain Felix Riesenberg*



Seamen's Mess Room

THE U. S. Maritime Commission, through its New York District, under Captain Granville Conway, has been carrying on a rebuilding program by which the crew accommodation of ten steamers of the American Republics Line and six steamers of the American France Line have been completely rebuilt so far as crew quarters are concerned.

The work has been done by the Mason Engineering Works, and the costs per ship have varied from \$1,800 to as high as \$5,000. The work consisted of altering the arrangements in the space below the poop.

In the new layout the Seamen's and Firemen's mess room has been shifted amidships, near the galley. The space aft, formerly occupied by this mess room, has been made into a crew recreation room.

A wash and laundry room has been fitted, containing an electric

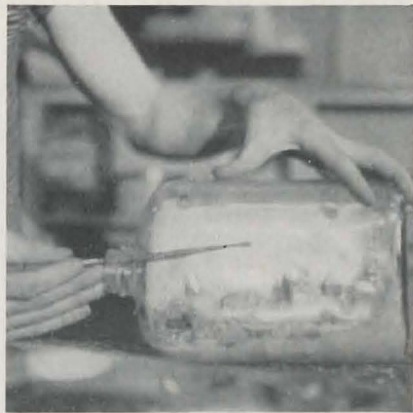
washing machine, a feature adding greatly to the comfort and cleanliness of the crew and their clothing. The lavatories and showers have been rebuilt and are of the most modern and sanitary type. . . .

The new mess room, amidship, is light, well ventilated, and the old custom of backing American seamen and firemen against an oil cloth covered board nailed to a hot bulkhead feeding them like so much cattle, is abandoned. The illustration of the mess room arrangement is shown. Fans and connections for electric toasters are shown on the bulkhead.

The bunks, four in a room because of lack of space in the original design of the vessels, are modern. All is sanitary, light, ventilated and vermin proof. The men keep their quarters in good order.

The result of this rebuilding has been a remarkable decrease in crew turnover. . . .

*Reprinted from the *Nautical Gazette*, August 28, 1937 by special permission. It shows the activity of the Maritime Commission in the interests of the seamen and the S.S. Companies.



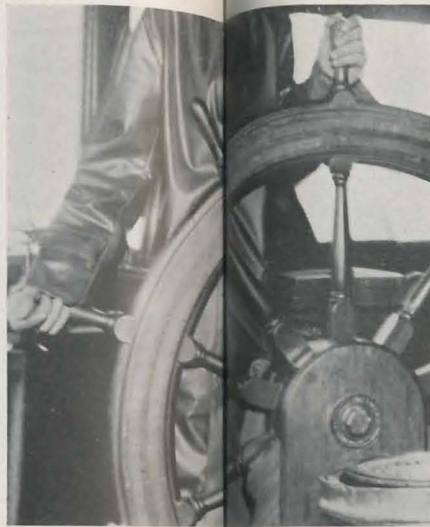
The Hands that Build Ships in Bottles

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."
Eccles. 9: 10

HAVE you ever watched a sailor going about his duties on shipboard, and have you noticed how capable are his hands? Hands that scrub decks, that climb rigging, that polish brass, that chip rust, that coil ropes, that lower lifeboats, that check the compass, that control the ship's speed, hands that turn the steering wheel—these are the rugged, skillful hands of stalwart men who have pledged both their hearts and their hands to the stern code of the sea.

The approach of winter reminds us that cold weather intensifies the hazards of the sea. Wind and wave and ice add to the usual dangers. Ashore, too, the seamen are exposed to added perils. Many seamen will be jobless because much of the shipping has ceased: vessels sailing to the Lakes and other northern waters are anchored for the winter months. Fewer passenger ships make the transatlantic run. Most of the excursion boats in the rivers and in New York harbor stop running. For many seamen the winter months are indeed the lean months, when idle hands, unless rightly guided, cause discontented minds and discouraged hearts.

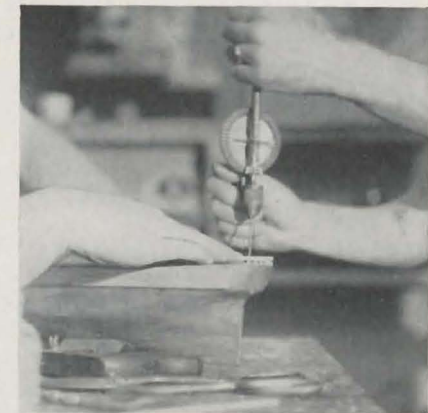
The Hands That Guide A Ship



The Quartermasters at the Wheel



The Chief Officer's
Which Signals at the "Telegraph"
Engine Room



The Hands that Build Ship Models

*"Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held."*
Scott's "Marmion".

One sometimes wonders what these crowds of men gathered in the Institute lobbies are thinking. Many are from inland states who cannot afford to go home. Some would like to go home, but do not wish to add to problems and responsibilities there, when they cannot earn enough to live on.

Yet on these men, when they are on shipboard, rest the responsibilities of our commerce and our comfort and safety when we travel. Isn't the most that we can do for them little enough? A roof over their heads, a friendly place in decent surroundings, a wholesome meal—is all they ask—and gladly pay for until their funds run low. Won't YOU lend a HELPING HAND to welcome and befriend these seafarers?

Kindly send your contribution to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.
THE LOOKOUT

A Visit to the "Lingard"

READERS may be interested in a visit which THE LOOKOUT editor made to the ship Lingard while in Oslo, Norway this past summer:

This old square-rigger has been fitted up as a museum and is anchored in Oslo harbor. Because she is of about the same tonnage and type as the Tusitala, she has interest to Americans. She collided with and sank the Swedish steamer Gerd in the Kattegat on November 2, 1935, and the steamer got the worst of the encounter. In March, 1936, on the initiative of the Norwegian Sailing Vessels' Club, the Lingard was purchased in her damaged condition (she lost one mast) for 24,500 Kronin (about \$6,000) and brought to Norway. As she now lies, repaired, rerigged and fitted out, about 70,000 Kr. have been expended. Funds have been raised by voluntary contributions, large and small, from all parts of Norway (in much the same manner as those raised in the United States a few years ago to recondition Old Ironsides), even school children contributing their bit. As soon as the vessel is free from debt, she is to be presented to the Norwegian Maritime Museum, to occupy a shrine similar to the Viking ships found embedded and preserved in blue clay in Oseberg and Gokstad which have been restored and placed in a museum.

The Norwegians are proud of their Viking ancestry and they could not allow the Lingard to become a coal hulk, to rot out her days in menial work. So, after the steamer collision, public demand made it imperative that the old ship be brought home. (She was built in Norway



A View of the Lingard in Oslo Harbor

by A. S. Lingard, designed by Randulf Hansen in 1893). In 1916 she was sold to Messrs. Wardle & Co., Port Adelaide, Australia, and renamed Wathara. In 1919 she was sold to James Bell & Co., Hull. Again, under the Norwegian flag in 1922, she was owned by Alf Monsen of Tonsberg. In 1925 Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, Aland Islands (the famous owner of the majority of the grain race ships), bought her and gave her back her old name Lingard. She is the only Norwegian built, square rigged vessel still in existence from the days of sail. G. Hendrikson, an old time sailor man who used to be the sailmaker on the Tusitala when she was Norwegian owned and named Sophie, is now the guide on the Lingard.

As I was leaving Norway I was privileged to see the newly built Christian Radich, a lovely little full-rigger which was on her trial trip from Sandefjord. She is to be used as a training ship so that Norwegian boys may learn to become good seamen. Apparently the Norwegians are not content to relegate sailing

ships to the past, and, even though the Lingard will preserve memories of the days of sail, they still regard sailing ships as the most effective way of training their boys.

Before I left New York I had begun to feel that sail was really on its way out, forever and ever, but after seeing the enthusiasm of the Norwegians, I feel more encouraged. A recent letter from Capt. Alan Villiers (who took the square rigger Joseph Conrad around the world before he sold her to G. Huntington Hartford, who has recently raced her to Bermuda against the square-rigged yacht Seven Seas) emphasizes this. Capt. Villiers writes (from Denmark, where he has been making color movies of the new training ship Georg Stage), as

follows:

"After seeing six full-rigged ships in one week, I think we can safely say that sail will not die—not while there's a schoolship in Europe at any rate. Four of these ships have been built in the past three years. The Baltic was filled with sailing ships, all square-rigged; the Danmark, the Dar Pomorza, the Sorlandet, the Nahaden, the Jaramas, the Georg Stage and the Christian Radich."

In the Nautical Museum at the Institute are some photographs, paintings and etchings of sailing ships made by seamen in their spare time. They include the Tusitala, Seven Seas and Joseph Conrad. Visitors are welcome to see these week days, from 9 to 5.

"Home"

By Seaman GEORGE GARDNER ELVIN

SO you would like to know the place that I call home
I that am a wanderer, and love to roam.
Do you believe me when I tell you that
Home to me is any place where I can
hang my hat?
I've sailed the Western Ocean from
Bretton to the Horn
And seen the greybacks curling in the
early dawn.
I've sailed in the Pacific 'midst breezes
warm and light
Where the bosom of the ocean reflects
the bright stars' light.
I've crossed the Bay of Biscay, and
Chesapeake too
Even caught them smiling, with their
surfaces blue.
I've called at the Islands, Canaries and
Azores
Where volcanic peaks rise up from
narrow shores.
I've seen the woods of Canada, in color,
in the Fall
And Norway's pines and spruces, green,
straight and tall;
Walked in the streets of Amsterdam,
lounge by its canals.
Near the purple lilacs, I heard cathedral
bells.
I've cruised the West Indies, jewels set
in deep blue
Slept out on the prairies, got wet with
morning dew.
I've seen the "Southern Cross" blaze in
the evening sky
Above little South Sea islands the world
has passed by.



Drawing by Charles Vickery

Home to me is any place where the four
winds blow
Down South in the tropics, or North
in the snow.
Now perhaps you'll believe me when I
tell you that
Home to me is any place, where I can
hang my hat.

Ship Sketches



Monarch of Bermuda

Drawing by Cliff Parkhurst

IT is a little difficult to imagine the S. S. *Monarch of Bermuda* and the sailing ship *Tusitala* runners-up in a popularity contest, yet that is exactly what happened when the members of the Architectural League of New York expressed their preferences, by vote, on Cliff Parkhurst's black and white sketches in an exposition of "Ships and Shipping in New York Harbor," which was recently held at the League's Galleries at 115 East 40th Street.

Of the thirty large sketches hung, the *Tusitala* and the *Monarch of Bermuda* are the favorites, although the one of a Staten Island ferry-

boat appeals particularly to our fancy. There are sketches of Clyde-Mallory ships, (the *Shawnee* which recently survived what might have been a disastrous fire); the *Rotterdam* of the Holland-American line; and vessels of the Shepherd, Panama, Reichard Towing Company, United States, Black Diamond, Standard Oil, Munson and Grace lines.

Cliff Parkhurst, the artist of these unusual sketches, has an interesting history. He was an engineer and architectural designer until Old Man Depression struck him. Then he took a job as a truck driver and worked up to be supervisor of "Voyage Repairs," repairs to a ship which must be made quickly and effectively while she is in port preparing to sail. His work brought him into contact with ships and he was impressed by the majesty and beauty of the ships in

New York Harbor. He experimented with charcoal, watercolors and oils and at last hit upon black and white pencil sketches as his best vehicle for translating to paper his feeling for ships.

About twenty of these sketches are now on exhibition in the Institute's Nautical Museum. Incidentally, if you see a sketch and yearn to purchase it to decorate your home or office, give in to the temptation, for a liberal percentage of the purchase price will be given by Mr. Parkhurst to the Institute's Ways and Means Fund to help carry on our work for active merchant seamen of all races and creeds.

Wooden Ships and—?

We've heard so much about the days
Of old square riggers, jibs and stays,
Of things accomplished, great deeds done,
We wonder how the steamers won.
They tell of Wooden ships and Iron men
And how they stood-by, faced the elements, when
Father Neptune changed a placid sea
Into a monster, snarling angrily.
They'll spin a yarn of hardships great
Or how they dared and tempted fate.
Of foodless days and sleepless nights,
Of bashed in heads and endless fights.
These Iron men (in steamers now)
Await each chance to tell us how
We would have funk'd it in those days
Of supermen from off the quays.
But as the future does unreal
Its Iron ships with crews of steel.
Each generation 'round its past
A much embroidered tale does cast.
And we heard somewhere said aloud,
Whom gods destroy they first make proud.
Iron rusts and wears away;
The "Iron men" served well their day.



Tusitala

Drawing by Cliff Parkhurst.

In twenty, thirty, forty years
We'll set the youngsters by their ears.
We'll tell tall yarns of old time tricks
In the good old days of thirty-six.

BY SEAMAN WARREN STANTON
aboard S.S. *Comerio*

Book Review

HARBOR NIGHTS

By Harvey Klemmer

\$2.50

J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is a determined effort to debunk the unbunkable sea. The author detours frequently into sordid realism as he depicts the six years of his sea life. He confines himself chiefly, however, to the shore temptations and escapades of himself and his shipmates. That he was not engulfed as were some, and that he is now a respectable family man and a shipping expert, illustrates the point that many other seamen of the war period and after, surmounted their environment.

The waterfront resorts depicted, bad in America and worse in many foreign ports, prove amply the need for Insti-

tutes where seamen ashore can live in decent surroundings and have wholesome recreation. Mr. Klemmer pays high tribute to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which he visited as a seaman, and to Mrs. Roper. He contends most seamen spend at least half of their time ashore and hence have a definite leisure-time problem.

For some, the sea will always have romance and glamour, despite the arduous labor and the perils of storm and shipwreck. Conrad will live, Riesenberg and McFee and others will still write. There is the drab side, of course, but man's conquest of the sea still makes dramatic reading.

H.H.K.

Book Reviews

"THE HEELS OF A GALE"

By Capt. George H. Grant
Illustrated by Paul Quin

Little Brown. Price: \$2.00. 1937.

This book was written particularly for young people. It will hold the interest of both young and older readers, however, since it is concerned with life aboard the ships which the Master-Mariner author knows so well.

The skipper of the "Queen" was a veritable Captain Bligh of tramp ships; he and one or two others of the ship's company made up as unstable a lot of men as might be assembled on any one small ship. The mental balance of the healthy young Scot whose tale it really is, together with the lively humor of the boys in the Half-Deck, save the situation both in the development of the plot and for the reader. The love story is handled with considerably less skill, the strongest parts of the book being those actually concerned with the conflicts between the unscrupulous captain and the Second officer.

A.W.C.

THE ANATOMY OF NEPTUNE

By Brian Tunstall

London. Geo. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.
Price: 12s 6d.

"THE ANATOMY OF NEPTUNE" is really a carefully annotated collection of readings in British Naval History. It covers a period of 400 years, beginning with the days of King Henry VIII and bringing us to date with an account of gunboats on the Yangtse. Many of the accounts of social conditions, of mutinies and of punishments, paint the blackest side of the Naval tradition. At the same time, the author has given similarly accurate pictures of heroism and integrity. The illustrations are particularly valuable inasmuch as they, too, have been taken from original sources.

A.W.C.

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH

By Joan Grigsby

Heath Cranton, Ltd. Price: 6s.
London. 1936.

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH is a charming account of small boat expeditions in inland waters and across the channel, told by "the Mate, the Cook and the Ship's Boy" of the little 30-foot racing yacht "Sibindi". Thus Miss Grigsby labels herself, and a nautical "Pooh-Bah" she had

to be, jumping from one capacity to another, taking orders from an extremely capable navigator-husband.

The "Sibindi" asserts herself as such a definite personality that the reader feels almost the same degree of pride in her achievements in deep water as did her owners. And after living through delightful days in the harbours of Holland and Belgium, down to the Channel Islands in all kinds of weather, and having all of these adventures told with such a pleasant lack of bravado, one regrets the final hauling down of the little burgee and hopes for the raising of another on some other small boat, in different waters.

A.W.C.

CAPTAIN SAMSON, A.B.

By Gavin Douglas

G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price: \$2.00

Those who have read "The Tall Man" and "The Obstinate Captain Samson" need no introduction to that stubborn, choleric, truculent character, Captain Samson with a heart of gold and always ready for a fight. A mysterious shipwreck caused by faulty charts makes the Captain disguise himself as an able-bodied seaman in order to get evidence on the criminal. Through the story involving murder and battle and sudden death runs the author's robust irony and the pounding waves of the sea. The suspense, however, is not as well sustained as in the two previous mysteries.

M.D.C.

"VOYAGING TO CHINA"

Edited by Paul King

Heath Cranton, Ltd. London.
Price: 6 shillings.

This comparative study of two diaries aims at showing something of the differences in sea travel between the later days of sailing ships and the early days of steam.

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