

The  
**LOOKOUT**



"THE MODEL MAKER"

*Photo by Harlan Walker*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXV No. 7

Twenty-five South Street

JULY, 1934



PLEASE NOTE: We wish to announce that the Board of Managers of the Institute has decided to omit the August issue of THE LOOKOUT. Subscribers, however, will receive twelve issues of THE LOOKOUT for one dollar—the date of expiration of their subscription will be moved ahead one month. The September issue will appear on schedule.

**The LOOKOUT**  
 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."**

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*Address all communications to*  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE**  
**OF NEW YORK**  
**25 South Street**

### "THE MODEL MAKER"

He is old and gray, and settled ashore  
 And will never tread a ship's deck anymore.  
 Odd jobs bring food and drink to his lips  
 While he pays his board by selling models of ships.

After a day in the city, with its busy roar  
 He comes home to his room, above a store.  
 Puffing contentedly on an old briar pipe  
 As he sets to work by an oil lamp's light.

With some pieces of wood, and a tool or two,  
 A hammer, some thread, and a pot of glue;  
 He creates a model of a barquentine  
 While losing himself in a bygone dream.

He reeves the halliards and miniature braces  
 And recalls the old tea clippers' races.  
 When the old sea captains and hard bitten mates  
 Cracked on all sail to bring in the freights.

With mountainous seas at the ship's heel  
 Threatening to drown the man at the wheel.  
 While the gale made music in the shrouds  
 Etched against masses of ragged black clouds.

The days pass by, the model is done  
 It is sold downtown for a paltry sum.  
 And the passing throng usually fail to see  
 That in it was built years of memory.

Of seas that were blue, and grey and cold  
 And quaint little towns in harbors old.  
 Of sailormen, and ships with tall masts  
 And the age of sail, a thing of the past.

The old sailor went home, his back slightly bent  
 He missed his model, but could now pay his rent.  
 And as he turned in at his side street door  
 He hummed an old chantey, called "Shenandoah".

By SEAMAN GEORGE GARDNER ELVIN.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXV

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## THE INSTITUTE'S FIRST CHAPLAIN

IN 1841, a young Boston clergyman stepped aboard a small sailing packet in Boston harbor, bound for New York where he planned to attend a General Convention of the Episcopal Church. The vessel, and several others, was driven by contrary winds into a place called "Tarpaulin Cove", twelve miles from Gay Head, east end of Martha's Vineyard. The events which transpired on that sailing ship greatly influenced the career of the young clergyman and directly concern the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.



Rev. B. C. C. Parker

The clergyman was the Rev. Benjamin Cutler Parker, who in 1843 took charge of the East River Station and was made chaplain of the Institute's First Floating Church, in which capacity he served until his death in 1859. For a number of years we have been trying to procure a photograph of Mr. Parker. Dr. Mansfield corresponded with many people in an effort to obtain a likeness but without success until just two months before his death he wrote to Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts who forwarded the letter to a Mr. Stanley Cunningham of Milton, Massachusetts who, by good luck, had retained in his family an original portrait of Mr. Parker, his great great uncle. We are happy to reproduce it here for LOOKOUT readers.

Chaplain Parker was the son of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Parker, D.D., the second Bishop of Massachusetts. At the age of nineteen he began his theological studies under Dr. T. S. J. Gardner, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston and in 1818 he entered Harvard College. In 1822 he was graduated and in 1826 was ordained. He officiated in Christ



Church, Gardiner, Maine; Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass.; St. James Church, Woodstock, Vermont and St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I. In 1842 he was appointed Seamen's Chaplain in the Port of New York by the "P. E. Church Missionary Society For Seamen", which was the Institute's name at that time.

The circumstances which first drew his attention to seamen have been published by himself. "We reached Tarpaulin Cove," he wrote in his diary, "about thirty hours after leaving Boston, but here we have been detained ever since by intensely thick fogs and head winds. We are in the midst of nearly fifty sail of vessels bound to the South. Yesterday (Sunday) was one of the most interesting days I ever spent. Finding we must be detained here, I obtained permission to hold a religious meeting on shore in the kitchen of a public house into which opened two larger rooms. I had agreed on Saturday evening with the captain of a vessel near us to send his boat round among the vessels early next morning, and inform the officers and crews that there would be religious service on shore at ten A.M. On the following morning there was almost a gale of wind, nevertheless these hardy fellows were true to their word. At eight o'clock I saw them on the top of mountain waves, floating like seagulls, going to the windward of the vessel, and passing the word about our meeting. At the time appointed we went on shore, and were soon followed by a great number of boats. The rooms were filled; 150 persons were present; such a congregation has seldom met together. I preached twice, and appointed another meeting for the evening. It seemed as if the good Providence of God had detained us for the very purpose of holding this meeting. The poor sailors wept like children; and at the close of the service the poor fellows lingered, unwilling to separate from us. We continued there, notwithstanding the darkness and fog were so thick that I was more than once apprehensive we might not soon find our vessels. On board, I found some of our own crew affected. We had reading of the Scriptures every night in the cabin, with explanations by me and prayers, which sometimes lasted an hour and a half. I feel thankful for the opportunity I have been permitted to enjoy here."

It was this occurrence which directed Mr. Parker's mind to this neglected field and while in New York he conferred with a few of the clergy and laymen, and the enterprise was commenced. In this mission he labored upwards of sixteen years, both in preaching the Gospel on the Sabbath and in promoting the welfare of seamen by advice and assistance. He personally put into the hands of seamen 70,000 bound volumes of religious publications. About one thousand persons attended his funeral service on Sunday, January 30th, 1859. Mr. Parker's missionary zeal and providential introduction to this work prepared him to associate as a beloved friend and counsellor with seamen of all ranks and ratings.

*Editor's Note:*

*From time to time THE LOOKOUT has published stories about seamen and cats. Now along comes a dog lover who writes: "Why don't you tell your readers some interesting stories about seamen and dogs? So we offer here for your amusement several yarns. The first was told by John McClain, ship news reporter for The New York Sun.*

**T**HEODORE THE GREAT has given up the sea as a profession. Theodore is the police dog pet of Captain Allen Campbell, skipper of the fishing boat, *Mary P. Mosquita*. One bleak morning last February she tied up at the foot of Beekman Street with 20,000 pounds of tilefish in her hold. She also had 20,000 pounds of salt ice, laid on in rough, rich strokes by Jack Frost who put in a good job of work while the *Mary*, half her rigging gone, was hugging on to life when she hove to three days in the fury of the storm.



Skipper Erling Tambs  
and his dog "Spare Provisions"  
*Courtesy, Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

Theodore, called Teddy for short, has been going to sea ever since he was a puppy, which is more than three years. But when the little schooner anchored here, he weakly stalked across the ice, wound himself up for the last time and hopped onto the Island of Manhattan. Thereupon he let out one long howl and sought a sunny spot. By the expression on his canine countenance his shipmates came to the conclusion that he's "on the beach" forever. Teddy came to this decision in the midst of the storm and refused to stay on deck with the rest of the crew. Said the skipper: "He curled himself under my bunk, refused to take orders as a good sea-going dog should. He even refused to eat. I doubt if I'll be able to sign him on again." And the mascot of the fishing vessel "swallowed the anchor," so to speak, and turned his back on the sea.

Rather a different tale is one which came from a member of the Byrd Expedition aboard the *S.S. Jacob Ruppert*. The dog drivers, under Captain Taylor, used the deck of the ship as an exercising ground for their charges. Team by team they were unchained from the wooden walks on the midships deck and given the liberty of the forward well deck. Suddenly, one icy morning, something flashed by the Captain and landed in the sea, full ten feet from the side of the vessel. It was Olaf, a wolfish, mongrel, silver-bodied husky of beautiful proportions. Some of the crew swore later that Olaf had deliberately dived overboard, having lost interest in polar expeditions, but Captain Taylor insisted that in his exuberance at being released Olaf took the bulwark as he might a fence, expecting solid earth on the other side.

Olaf couldn't live long in that icy water, and desperate efforts were made to save him. Dustin, able-bodied seaman, put a line over the side



and climbed down, hoping to grab the dog by the collar, but Olaf, swimming wildly, escaped him and rounded the boat.

He swam aft along the port side, again escaping Dustin. His struggling became feebler. Midships, however, he swam into the current of warm water pouring from the discharge of the circulating pump, and that offered him relief. Olaf had the good sense to paddle around there until the work boat could be lowered from the ship.

Overtaking him, Captain Taylor gave him artificial respiration, wrapped him up in a blanket and took him below to the warmth of the engine room, where Olaf soon began to suffer less from exposure than from a hangover produced by an over dosage of whisky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Erling Tambs, author of "The Cruise of the *Teddy*" relates several stories about a dog: "In Vigo we shipped a new member of the crew, a puppy. She had been born on a Norwegian steamer, and the chief, who gave her to me, claimed that she was a French police dog. Whatever her pedigree, she suited me. I called her 'Spare Provisions', which is still her official title, though, as this name seemed to dishearten her, perhaps bringing to her mind some apprehension, I usually addressed her as 'Teddy.' Although a proper sea dog, born and bred, Spare Provisions was very seasick on her first voyage in the *Teddy*. For ten days—a rough passage from Vigo to Lisbon, the dog ate nothing, but when at last, we arrived, her appetite returned and she soon made up for long fasting. She ate everything she could get hold of, including vaseline, coffee beans, brown pepper, tobacco and a bank note equivalent to 20 pounds of fish. However, she deserved it all, and more.

"Once, when we had no stockfish on board, and Spare Provisions had been on a diet of biscuits and water for several days I took pity on her and, in her presence, opened a tin of fish balls, the contents of which she devoured in record time. When, on the following day, she found that her fare had again been reduced to only biscuits and water, she went into the forepeak and fetched out, one after the other, all the empty tins, which I had put away for use as paint pots. She brought them to me, asking me in plain language to produce fish balls from out of those tins. I told her that I was sorry, but that such a trick was beyond even my powers. She said, 'I am sorry, too!' and then proceeded to eat her biscuits."

And while on the subject of sea dogs, one of our British apprentice lads composed the following poem entitled: "SINGAPORE":

"Singapore" was a mongrel pup  
She came from God knows where,  
We never got her pedigree  
And none of us seemed to care.  
I was standing watch in Singapore  
One hot and stifling night  
When a three weeks pup came along the  
dock,  
She sure was a pleasing sight.  
Soon she got her sea legs  
As we steamed away to the West,  
She played all day in a frolicsome way  
And never seemed to rest.  
She has gazed on the arid desert  
In the blaze of shimmering heat

And cocked her ears at camel trains  
Where the sea and the desert meet.  
Yes, "Singapore" is a sailor  
She has sailed on many seas,  
And she can tell you many yarns  
Of sailors, ships and fleas.  
But the sea is no life for a puppy  
I wanted her safe ashore  
So I found her a home where no more  
she'll roam  
With the fairest of Baltimore.  
Yes, I loved my little "Singapore",  
But now I'm in love with two;  
Another eternal triangle for—  
A sailor, a puppy and you!

## AFTERMATH FOR A MARINE HERO

AMONG the many deeds of individual heroism performed by sailors during shipwrecks none shines brighter through the gloom of these tragic disasters than the daring rescue of eighteen people by John Segalos, a fireman on the steamship *Valencia* which was wrecked on the rocky coast of Vancouver Island with a loss of 129 lives on January 22, 1906.

Segalos came to the Institute's attention recently when he called on our chaplain and asked for help in getting a job. All the medals which he received as tokens of appreciation from passengers, Seattle Chamber of Commerce, churches and other organizations, were stolen from him several years ago. But he has retained the newspaper clippings which tell of his heroism.

Segalos was a simple, unassuming fireman in 1906, a man of medium, slight stature but with a heart strong and brave. According to the newspaper accounts of the rescue, he twice attempted to swim ashore through the breakers, once with a line about his waist and once with a rope in his teeth with which he hoped to rig a breeches buoy from the cliff to the ship. He fought the icy waves for four hours, but at last, exhausted, was forced to

abandon the task. Then he helped to build a life raft and steered eighteen passengers for four days without sleep to safety. When first drawn aboard the *Topeka*, a rescue ship, shivering and almost fainting from exhaustion he forced the cup of surviving liquor from his lips and weakly murmured, "Give it to them," pointing to his unconscious comrades. And it was not until the others had been given help that he would accept assistance.

Segalos' black mustache, now graying, hides a firm mouth, and beneath his bronzed skin, tanned with wind and weather, flows the blood of the ancient Spartans. It was the memory of his early days in Greece and strain of the stern blood of his ancestors that changed John Segalos the fireman into John Segalos the hero, and it was his wonderful inherited physique that enabled him to battle with the terrible surf.

Today, Segalos is one of the army of jobless and destitute.

The Institute has brought Segalos' deed of valor to the attention of the Life Saving Benevolent Association which makes gifts of money to marine heroes, and as we go to press we are happy to report that the Association has awarded Segalos \$100.00 in recognition of his heroism.



# Heave Ho!

HIS first job in many a blue moon—will he “make good”? After months—even two or three years “on relief”, picture Jack Tar with a ship job again. Perhaps weakened by undernourishment, worried by the long period of unemployment, he suddenly finds himself at sea, working again.

And then, paid off, with real coins jingling in his pocket . . . a few days shore leave. . . Unless properly guided, this exuberance is going to lead him into trouble . . . to be exploited by fair-weather friends, to be dunned by beachcombers preying on his naturally generous inclinations, to be approached by the radical or criminal influences along the waterfront.

What he actually needs is to build up his health, to start saving a part of his wages, to spend his time ashore enjoying wholesome sports, recreation and other activities in congenial surroundings. So he comes to the Institute, and thanks to YOUR generosity, he finds not only a well-equipped building but a HOME, a friendly atmosphere.

For the hundreds of seamen who still cannot find work, the Institute continues to provide relief in the form of meals and beds, and, supplemented by Federal relief funds, is feeding and lodging nightly about 1,200 unemployed seafarers. Many of these mariners, as soon as they get jobs, will want to become self-supporting and pay their way, and the Institute's nominal charge for wholesome food and clean beds is appreciated.

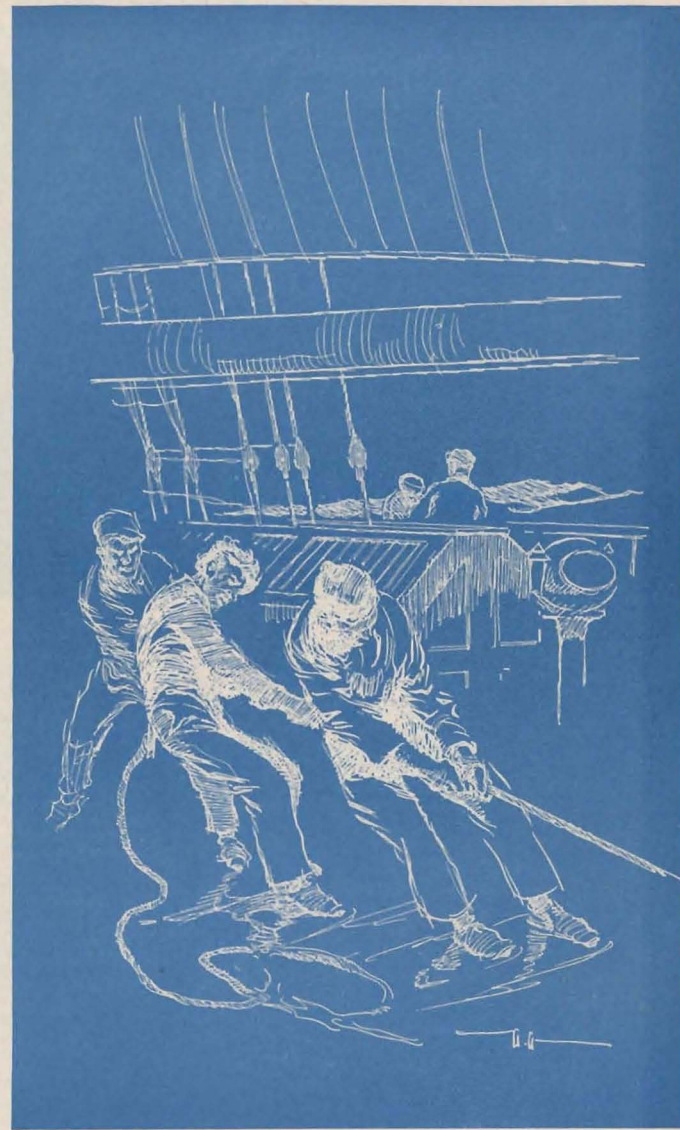
Many a mediocre man has risen to heroic heights under the stimulus of an emergency. But the more lasting test of character is a man's behavior when the crisis is past. Can he maintain steerage way in the doldrums?

On the old square-riggers when the sail being hoisted, the mate shouted the order: “Heave Ho!” and to a man the sail responded. Won't you respond to our urgent plea to “Heave Ho” and help the Institute to raise its sail so that we may continue on our charted course?

For the land has its perils for seamen as well as the sea — perils of a different kind — and it is the Institute's responsibility to protect these seamen from exploitation.

The Institute also extends the personal, friendly touch through our House Mother, Mrs. Roper, our two chaplains and through the social service workers. It encourages the men to write to their families and provides free stationery to make it easier. It offers free courses in navigation to encourage them to improve their rating. It furnishes reading material in the various lobbies and the best books in its new Conrad Library. It shows the best “talkies” in its Auditorium and it offers bowling, billiards, pool, checkers, chess and other games—in short, the Institute is *the solvent of loneliness and after all, loneliness is the seaman's biggest problem.*

BUT the Institute's problem, an insistent and recurring one, is to raise sufficient funds to maintain and to continue all these forms of social service. This requires more than \$100,000 and we depend upon the loyalty and generosity of our devoted friends to contribute this amount. The relief situation is still critical, but we also owe these men home-like surroundings and a pleasant environment in sustaining their morale.



Etching by Gordon Grant from “Sail Ho”  
Published by Wm. Farquhar Payson

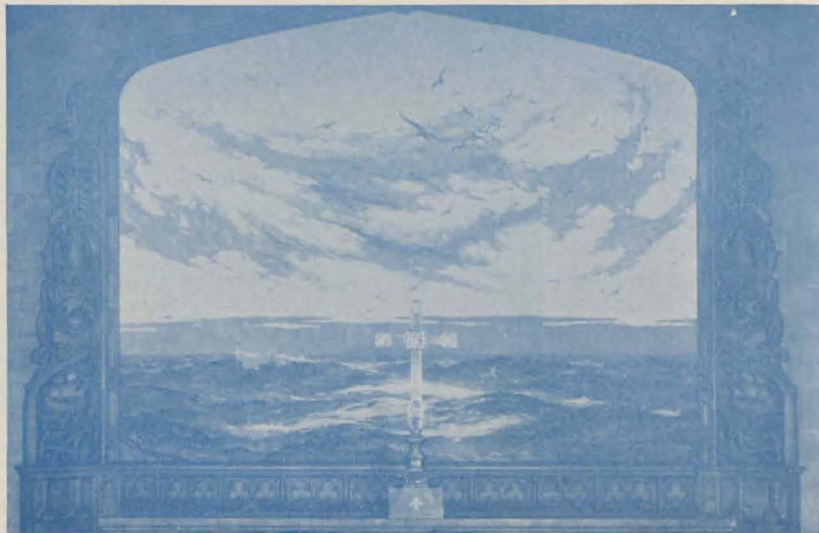
Please send checks and cash to:

Seamen's Church Institute of New York,

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



**A CHAPEL SERVICE**  
As Described by the Institute's Organist



Revedos Painting by Gordon Grant

*Editor's Note:* At the console in the Chapel of our Saviour the organist has an unusual vantage point from which to watch the seaman-congregation and to sense its enthusiasms, its likes and its dislikes in the choice of music and, indeed, its feeling about the service as a whole. In her dual role of organist and member of the Social Service Department Miss Anne Conrow has the added advantage of recognizing most of the faces and knowing many of the congregation by name. Lookout readers may be interested in getting a glimpse through her eyes:

Always before the service begins there are a number of men scattered through the Chapel, who drop in to hear familiar hymns played or perhaps some familiar airs which have been especially requested. There is one Bos'un of German origin who frequently asks for an old Chorale "with the chimes, please"; another, a young wireless operator ill for many weeks this winter, whose taste runs to more modern music; another, a steward, with no formal musical education, but nevertheless an amazing knowledge of German opera, who asks regularly for the "Grand March" from Tannhauser and always sits back and beams when he recognizes a melody.

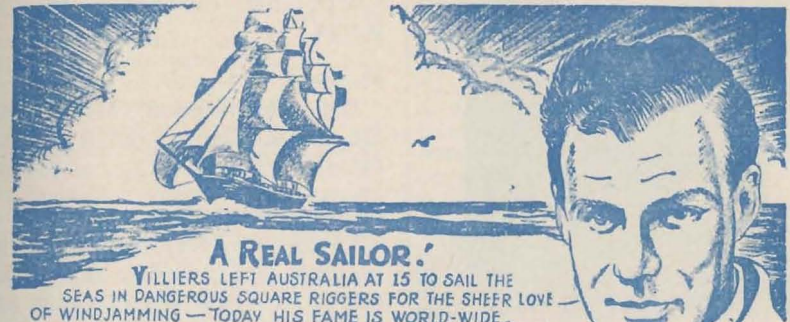
Mrs. Roper is in her accustomed seat near the front, the bell rings, the lights come on and Chaplain McDonald and our soloist take their places in the Chancel. With the singing of the first hymn, usually a rousing one, the serv-

ice begins. It is the seamen's service from first to last and their hearty participation bears witness to this. Old and young alike are represented. Away back on the left is always to be seen whitehaired J—, nearer the front two or three Filipinos, understanding little, perhaps, but devoutly attentive farther front, a group of lusty singers with occasionally a brave soul to carry the tenor. Across the aisle sits Mrs. Baxter with a row of Apprentices from British, Dutch or Belgian ships, the British always happier if there is a hymn from the "Ancient and Modern" of their schooldays. Among them a Scottish lad who, although mischievous and restless, never missed "the Kirk" during his weeks here after a shipwreck this winter.

The service goes on — with more hymns, the lesson, a simple, direct message, a prayer "for the men of the sea", and at the close, the Nunc Dimittis sung softly, a fitting ending to the day. As the seamen leave the Chapel they are greeted one by one by their Chaplain and always there are some who linger to talk with him or to listen to the last notes of the organ. The lights are dimmed again and the Chapel of Our Saviour in silence awaits another day.

**ABOVE THE CROWD**

By  
Stookie Allen



**A REAL SAILOR!**

VILLIERS LEFT AUSTRALIA AT 15 TO SAIL THE SEAS IN DANGEROUS SQUARE RIGGERS FOR THE SHEER LOVE OF WINDJAMMING — TODAY HIS FAME IS WORLD-WIDE.

—ALAN—  
**VILLIERS**  
GLAMOROUS  
SAILOR, AND WRITER  
EXTRAORDINARY.



ONCE HE LEFT SAILS TO GO INTO STEAM. THE FREIGHTER WITH A CARGO OF TIMBER TOOK FIRE. WITH THE STEEL DECK RED HOT UNDER THEIR FEET THEY GUIDED THE SHIP INTO PORT JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE CREW.

HE JOURNEYED INTO THE ANT-ARCTIC ABOARD A WHALER, AND WAS SLAPPED ABOUT BY WHALES. — IT WAS EXCITEMENT BUT IT WASN'T SAILING... — SO HE WENT ABOARD THE WIND-JAMMER GRACE HARWAR, ENTERED IN THE EPIC GRAIN RACE FROM AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND. THEY WENT AROUND THE HORN IN DEAD WINTER.



ONE WAS KILLED, ONE WASHED OVER-BOARD AND ONE WENT MAD — BUT THEY MADE IT. IN 1932 VILLIERS BOUGHT THE PARMA AND WITH IT WON THE GRAIN RACE — AND HE HAS WON MANY HONORS SINCE. 1-26

HE CAN HANDLE A TYPEWRITER LIKE HE FURLS A SAIL.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Daily Mirror

Mr. Villiers, whose books have been reviewed in the THE LOOKOUT, has visited the Institute several times. On one occasion he lectured in our Auditorium and showed his thrilling moving pictures of life aboard a sailing ship. The seamen were delighted with the film and crowded about afterwards to shake

hands with "one of their own". Mr. Villiers began his seafaring career at the age of fifteen. Mr. Villiers has just purchased a full-rigged Danish ship which he has renamed "JOSEPH CONRAD". He will convert it into a world cruise ship with accommodations for eighty boys.





Seamen's Church Institute  
of New York

*Editor's Note:* When Mrs. Roper broadcast over Seth Parker's hour she was besieged with letters from anxious relatives of seamen. She also received many messages from former seamen who once knew her and whom she had once befriended. The most unusual letter received was from Hazelhurst, Mississippi, and it was addressed simply "To The Woman Who Finds Missing Boys, New York City." Following are excerpts from some of her correspondence, continued from the *JUNE LOOKOUT*.

**Sequin, Texas**

"Funny how we fellows—a thousand miles or so from salt water—try to get back to where scientists tell us our ancestors originated. So I caught a freight train"—

**Seattle, Washington (Sister)**

"Now I am all excited again thinking maybe he is alive some place. No matter what has happened in his past life if there should be anything I would still love to hear from him after 25 years."

**Palo Alto, California**

"I fear he is in trouble or he would have written us before now."

"My mother is getting old and her only wish is to hear from her boy. She sits by her window and

prays that the good Lord will take good care of her boy—we were both spared the earthquake in California."

**St. Louis, Mo.**

"As identification, Mrs. Roper: He was left-handed but writes with his right hand."

**Phoenix, Arizona**

"Was sure overjoyed for the dear Mothers you caused to rejoice with news of their boys homeward bound.

"I am almost blind and have wretched bad health and pray every day to live to see my boy once more. He may be a sailor or a beach-comber but he is still my boy and I love him just the same. If you can help find him it will be a blessing to a heartbroken Mother."

**Miami, Florida**

A Mother wrote: "I am very much worried over my son who has never in his life before missed either writing or telephoning me on Christmas Day. Any information about Fred would certainly be appreciated."

**Chicago, Ill.**

I want to tell you that your voice rang out sweetly and clearly, and I know you are a most wonderful woman and your heart is overflowing with love and kindness, for these Boys.

I would love to have a picture of yourself if you have one to spare, I would appreciate it very much, because I have never heard of such a dear Mother Roper.

May God ever Bless and grant you the desires of your heart.

Peace and good health attend you.

**THE DEATH SHIP**

By B. Traven

Alfred A. Knopf Price \$2.50

The sub-title of this book is "The Story of an American Sailor" and it is a blend of the horrible, the pathetic and the sublime. It is one of the most extraordinary volumes which post-war Europe has produced. In Germany, alone, where it was first published, it has sold over a quarter of a million copies. It has been translated into all the important languages and is acclaimed because of its universal appeal. It is a daring, impressive and challenging tale of the wanderings of a stranded sailor in various European countries, and tells in the first person, of his experiences aboard a tramp steamer, ending in shipwreck. Here is an excerpt to illustrate its slightly mocking, critical style: "There comes a day in the deck-hand's life when he feels convinced that there are only two kinds of people on earth, those who sail the high seas and those who make paint. You feel a sort of gratitude towards those good people who make all that paint, because should they ever stop, the second mate would surely go mad wondering what to do with the deck-hands!" When Dr. Einstein was asked what writer (other than a scientist) he would wish to read on a prolonged stay on a desert island, he named Traven, the author of "The Death Ship." The theme of the book is sociological criticism and in the opinion of Lincoln Colcord: "If this is the first work of an unlettered stoker and fore-castle hand, he is a man of genius beyond any question."

**MANHATTAN NOW  
AND LONG AGO**

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell  
and Clara Lambert

MacMillan \$3.50

This book is designed for boys and girls and it brings them a refreshing and interesting picture of the greatest city in America. Harbor, docks, steamers, markets, skyscrapers, stores, railroads, subways, ferryboats, people of many nations—all are woven into a pattern of stories, poems and pictures sure to delight the eyes and ears of children. Manhattan long ago is described by way of contrast. One hundred years ago, when fleet sailing ships were the pride of the waterfront. And before that, the Dutch. And then,

back to the first village of all, the Indians. Interesting, exciting stories present these three periods. The Institute is described, its part in the history of New York, and the barges at Coenties Slip, and the steamboats. Most helpful is the regional index which gives directions for ten trips to the places mentioned in the stories. The story of the little stowaway Timothy, on South Street and the many illustrations from the Museum of the City of New York's models by Dwight Franklin are the high spots in the book.

**VENETIAN SHIPS AND  
SHIPBUILDERS**

By Frederic Chapin Lane

The John Hopkins Press Price \$3.50

This is a scholarly volume with a romantic subject—Venice upon the waters, from those days when Dante was the Ambassador from Ravenna to that later time when Shakespeare's Antonio staked a pound of flesh upon his "argosies with portly sail." It is not too technical for the laymen, and neither pedantic nor dry. It deals with the actual development of actual vessels through the two types of "long ship" and "round ship." It discusses the part played by sail and oar. It sketches the careers of famous shipbuilders. One of the major factors in the decline of Venice as a sea power, it points out, was its geography, making suitable trees and timber supplies increasingly difficult to find. The account of Vettor Fausto's (the first naval architect) construction of a "humanistic" galley—never attempted since Roman days—and his successful race of this quinquereme is most fascinating.

**THE LAST SURVIVORS IN SAIL**

Price 1/6 net and COASTWISE SAIL  
3/6 net

By John Anderson

Percival Marshall & Co. Ltd., London

These two little books contain a record of square-rigged sailing ships still at sea, and schooners surviving in the British coasting trade, and of those lost since the World War. There are numerous photographs and accurate descriptions of vessels still relying on God's wind as their sole motive power. The author has expended much time and effort in tracing the history of these survivors of sail and all ship lovers will delight in the illustrations.

*Editor's Note:* We are grateful to the publishers who send us books pertaining to the sea. After being reviewed they become a part of our marine collection in the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library. Books may be ordered through THE LOOKOUT editor.



Up ho,



Courtesy, H. L. Stedfeld Co.

### A Sailor's Apology

Baggage Master:

S. C. I. 25 South St.

Few days ago (Feb. 26th) I charged you of losing some foreign coins from my satchel previously therein storage. I plead to say that such accusation I made is not true and regret very much for making false report to you. Having misplaced myself and found the same.

During seventeen years time that I have kept luggage there I cannot say that I have lost even a button.

Hereby I want to praise you above everyone else in that building for so faithfully holding down your job in that Baggage Room.

I commit the cause of this letter in my memory as a covenant between God and me that I will make no more accusations. Let it be His way, as: "He that by chance take my coat let him also take my overcoat".

### Ice Cream In Trinidad

Seamen's Church Institute:

I am taking the pleasure in forwarding you this letter in regards as to grant me this favor in sending me an Ice Cream Trade Journall. I may mention to you that I was a seaman and I am now in Trinidad, trying to open a cream trade. It seems very difficult for me to get

in contact with any ice cream books. So I will kindly ask you to try your utmost in forwarding me an ice cream book or the address of any company so I can get in connection with.

I am respectfully

John J. D. S.

Port of Spain, Trinidad.

### An Epic of the Isle

Lilian White Spencer, one of the Institute's contributors, is the author of a long narrative poem entitled "An Epic of the Isle" which appeared in the January 1934 issue of the "American Poetry Journal." We quote one stanza to give *Lookout* readers just an inkling of its majesty and beauty. The scene is Newfoundland:

"Next dawn, storm-demons from the northern pole

Harried a livid ocean and great winds Swept westward, blown from an east-turning world.

Woe to frail children of the land, abroad In that most fearful war! Yet, men defied

Its arrows wrought of lightning, swords of sleet

And batteries of waters, mountain-high. Where most relentlessly the battle waged A gallant fishing-smack fought bravely home

Daring this mighty wrath to claim a bride."

### The Latin Plural is "Media"!

Mrs. Roper received a letter from a young lady asking for information regarding her sailor sweetheart. Following the usual routine Mrs. Roper replied: "I should be glad to help locate Jack R. for you if you will kindly fill out the enclosed questionnaire regarding his physical appearance: age, height, etc. This will help us in giving information to the various mediums which we employ in locating missing seamen." This is the lady's response: "Dear Mrs. Roper, I am a poor girl and I cannot afford to pay for any mediums."

## Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

By The

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to June 1st, 1934

221,412	Lodgings (including relief dormitories).
15,109	Pieces of Baggage Checked.
759,494	Meals served in Restaurant and Soda Fountain (including relief meals).
11,555	Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
109	Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals attended by 6,193 Seamen.
80	Entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures attended by 54,555 Seamen.
54,590	Social Service Interviews.
2,598	Relief Loans.
1,778	Individual Seamen received relief.
31,079	Books and magazines distributed.
1,855	Knitted articles and 5,166 old clothes distributed.
301	Cases treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
1,200	Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
1,705	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
4,978	Interviews for barber, cobbler and tailor relief service.
148	Missing seamen found.
1,519	Positions procured for Seamen through Employment Department.
1,500	Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$84,892	Deposited for Safe-keeping and transmission to Seamen's families.

### 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.



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