

THE LOOKOUT



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The LOOKOUT

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THIS MONTH'S COVER:

SHIP IN A BOTTLE

No wind assails this ship; no water goes
Like light along the sides so trim
and gay:
From out the north no gale of
winter blows
To make this thing of wood and
steel its prey.
The hands that carved the shape
and set the sails
Were rough with weather, dark-
ened by the sun:
But in a storm, they knew, along
the rails,
How cruel the phantoms of the
night could run.

And all the knowledge gained on
swift, sure tides,
Stored in the mind, to ripen for
the last
Voyage of all, when pale the mascot
rides
Against the night, and anchor is
not cast,
Haunts these frail decks, and like
soft whispers pass
About this harbor wrought of
cloudy glass.

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.
Reprinted from "The New York Sun"

The Lookout

VOLUME XXVI

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NO. 2

BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA



Courtesy, Hapag-Lloyd

Commodore Fritz Kruse and the Lifeboat Crew of the S.S. NEW YORK

WINTER storms on the north Atlantic have brought in their wake an unusually large number of shipwrecks which illustrate the brotherhood of the sea. One of the most dramatic of the recent disasters was that of the storm-tossed Norwegian freighter, *Sisto*, wrecked three hundred miles west of Ireland on December 18th. Courageous seamen from the *S. S. New York* volunteered to go to the aid of their seafaring brothers in distress aboard the *Sisto*. Under the glare of the *S. S. Europa's* powerful battery of searchlights they put out in a boat, fighting the mountainous seas, while aboard the *Europa*, passengers cheered them

on. The decks of the freighter *Sisto* were awash. Her super-structure was smashed, the bridge almost entirely gone. Commodore Fritz Kruse, master of the *New York* had radioed his sister ship the *Europa* that the *Sisto* was listing badly. The last sparks of the weakening radio of the *Sisto* had sent this message:

"Consider it too dangerous to go in small boat now in such high seas. Suggest wait until morning." But Captain Kruse declined to wait for daylight when every minute counted. Veteran of forty-four years at sea, the Commodore of the North German Lloyd Line took the long desperate chance that spelled life for the *Sisto's* crew. The seas were hurl-

ing tons of water over the crippled ship and her crew. Every lifeboat had been carried away. Lashing themselves to stanchion and derrick, the brave, battered crew had hung on, hoping that her cargo of lumber would keep her afloat. But as every wave smashed broadside into the rudderless vessel, the danger increased. Should the ship roll on her beam the chance of any sailor surviving would be remote. Yet the captain had radioed the message "consider it too dangerous . . . suggest wait."

The British oil tanker *Mobiloil* had pumped hundreds of barrels of oil on the water trying vainly to smooth the waves and get close enough for a rescue attempt. Also to the scene, in response to the *Sisto's* SOS came the Cunard liner *Aurania*. These ships soon formed a circle around the helpless freighter, their ports and decks gleaming through the storm-swept darkness. Under the white shafts of light from the *Europa* the lifeboat crew of the *New York* brought all sixteen men safely from the *Sisto*.

Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, President of the Life Saving Benevolent Association, and a Vice-President of this Institute, presented Commodore Fritz Kruse and Second Officer Alfred Wiesen with gold medals and the ten sailors in the lifeboat received \$100. each. Commodore Kruse credited to the foresight of Chief Officer Wilhelm Arfsten the fact that no lives had been lost. "It was his suggestion that it would be impossible to spare one of the eight men from the oars in that great sea and he asked that I send two quartermasters in the lifeboat to haul in the exhausted men. If he had not taken these two extra men, I don't believe we would have succeeded in the rescue."

A week previous, very near the

spot where the *Sisto* sank, the freighter *Usworth* went down, with a loss of seventeen lives.

A vivid story of the *Usworth* disaster was told by survivors and also illustrated the fraternity of the sea. Captain John T. Reed, aboard the rescue liner, *Ascania*, said that a wave more than one hundred feet high struck his freighter a death blow. Describing the tragedy which cost the lives of seventeen members of his crew, the Captain said: "I saw the sea coming and prepared for the end. I did not think any one of us would survive. The wave crashed over our ship, leaving us at the mercy of the sea. We remained afloat only long enough to get the men off."

Every one of the thirty sailors aboard the *Ascania* volunteered to cross the raging seas in small boats to rescue the *Usworth* crew. Lieutenant Pollett, the third officer, volunteered to lead a party and ten men were selected to go with him. When their lifeboat reached the side of the *Usworth*, her decks were level with the water. Three men aboard the *Usworth* leaped from the freighter but were drowned. One of the rescue ships, the *Jean Jadot*, had launched a lifeboat which reached the *Usworth* and took off some of the crew. But on its return trip the lifeboat suddenly capsized and all aboard were lost. The remaining nine, including Captain Reed, gained the *Ascania's* lifeboat safely, and too weak to climb, were pulled aboard the *Ascania* on ropes.

Passengers on board the Colonial liner *Lexington*, which sank after a collision in the East River on January 2nd, bestowed general praise on the members of the crew and on the crews of rescue vessels in the vicinity. They all worked with vigilance and valor, thus preventing great loss of life. Much of the



Times Wide World Photo

Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, left, presents the Life Saving Benevolent Association's medal to Commodore Fritz Kruse, in the presence of the German Ambassador, Dr. Hans Luther, and members of the rescuing crew.

praise went to nine Negro waiters who helped dozens of passengers over the rails and guided them to tugboats. Many spoke of their unflinching courtesy through all the noise and confusion and of their calmness in urging passengers to be careful and not to lose their self-control. The last two men to leave the ship were Albert Lupien, radio operator and Wilfred Downes, leader of the ship's orchestra who rescued Lupien from drowning, having been caught in the *Lexing-*

ton's radio antenna. Recovering in Broad Street Hospital, Lupien said: "I was stuck and weakening fast when Downes came drifting along on a life preserver. Like a good shipmate, he helped me get free and we swam to a rescue ship." Passengers of the ill-fated "Havana" which ran on a reef off Mantetta Shoals January 7th paid high tribute to the good seamanship and heroism of the crew who took them off safely into lifeboats. Of such stuff are sailormen made!

DISASTER SAVED

Reprinted from *The New York World-Telegram* January 4, 1935

The sinking of the Providence steamer *Lexington* in the East River night before last produced an admirable instance of courage, discipline and fine spirit on the part of officers and crew in saving the passengers.

Every man in the crew apparently worked intelligently and hard until the last of the 120 passengers were put aboard tugs. At the last Negro porters were rescuing baggage. And instead of passengers being preponderant in the death list all were saved, and the four missing

are crew men. But for the crew discipline, courage and intelligence the story might easily have been that of another tragic life loss.

The musicians, idle at the moment the freighter *Jane Christenson* struck amidship, rushed to their places instead of hurrying to safety and began playing gay and popular tunes to allay the passenger excitement and prevent panic—a truly remarkable exhibition of quick thinking and humane impulse.

SONG FEST



"There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding"

THE sixth of December saw a large group of seamen gathered in the third floor reading room for the first "Song Fest" of the season. These weekly meetings, held on Thursday nights, are in charge of Chaplain David McDonald and the music is led by Mr. George Baker, an adept in leading community singing. Miss Ann Conrow, the Institute's organist, arranges the program and accompanies on the piano. It is the Institute's aim to make this hour as nearly like the old fashioned family "sing" around the piano as possible, and to this end we have arranged for the seating to be entirely informal. The men wander in and sit on tables, if the chairs are occupied—they smoke if they wish—and are quite free to come and go as the spirit moves them. It is interesting that for the most part they stay until the end.

They begin by singing such songs as "My Old Kentucky Home"—"Pack Up Your Troubles"—"Carry Me Back To Old Virginny"—using a Community Song sheet from which the men can call out their own choices. A little close harmony is achieved in "Sweet Adeline", solos are sung by certain of the

more venturesome, some of whom have fairly good voices. Mr. Baker always sings something by way of a "request" number and on occasion "guest artists" sing solos.

The idea is to work out a natural transition from the secular songs through perhaps one or two more serious ones into the religious part of the program, closing with several popular hymns. During the Christmas Season carols were sung and now a Gospel Hymnal is used which contains many of the old favorites.

Each week a note is made of the titles of songs requested by the men for the next "Song Fest." We would be grateful for copies of popular songs of the past ten years—songs like "Carolina Moon"—"Stormy Weather" etc. to add to our collection. Will readers of THE LOOKOUT send these, please, to the Religious and Social Service Department, 25 South Street.

The meetings always end promptly, after a short talk by "Mother Roper," whose presence does much to create the homelike atmosphere for which we are striving. Chaplain McDonald leads in a short prayer and the evening is thus brought to an end in a quiet, reverent manner.

RECREATION FOR JOB-HUNTERS

ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So goes the old proverb. But when poor Jack has no work at all, and can't get any, his play needs to be organized and supervised so that he will derive benefit from it. Because of moods of dejection and emotional rebellion and bitterness to which these jobless seamen naturally become subject, it is important to enlist the discouraged and stimulate the anti-social minded in group thinking and pleasurable activity. With this in mind, the Institute's recreation director, Trevor M. Barlow, has planned a comprehensive and varied recreational program which provides wholesome and constructive enjoyment for the hundreds of destitute seamen, as well as for those who have jobs but who stay at 25 South Street when on shore leave.

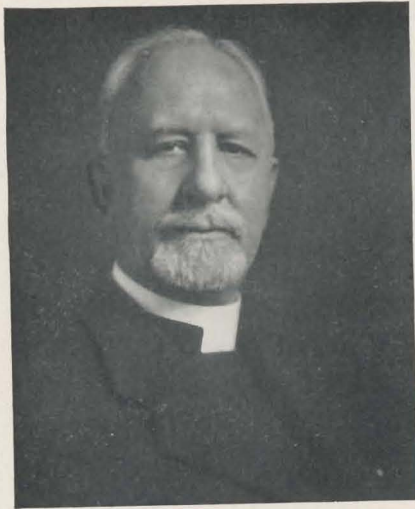
On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, the best feature talking pictures entertain in our Auditorium an average of nine hundred seamen at each performance. On Tuesday evenings, indoor sports—boxing, wrestling, basketball, volleyball, kiddie car polo, tug of war and races attract an average of eight hundred men. On Saturday evenings, vaudeville or plays draw a crowd of about seven hundred and fifty men. (On Thursday evenings the Song Fest attracts many seamen—described more fully on page 4 of this issue). Thus every weekday evening is occupied for these men who have no money, no jobs and most of them no homes.

At the indoor sports, teams are drawn by lot so it sometimes happens that the best players are all on one side and the game is very one-sided. It is interesting, then, to see the onlookers cheer vocifer-

ously for the "under-dog." Prizes are given to all participants: fifty cents cash for first prize and twenty-five cents for second. The wrestling and boxing matches are particularly popular. They provide an excellent safety-valve for the men to let off steam. They holler and shout, and cheer excitedly for their favorites. Young boys from East Side playgrounds who have been instructed in the fisticuffs art by trained volunteers, put on exhibition matches every other Tuesday evening in the Institute's Auditorium. The boys range in age from eleven to eighteen, they bring their own doctor, referee and judges, and our seamen derive great delight in watching these youngsters box and wrestle. Our big problem at the moment is to find someone who will donate \$75.00 for a wrestling mat.

The vaudeville shows also are popular. Acrobats, comedians, tap dancers, magicians, ventriloquists, roller skaters and other talented artists "do their stuff" and find our sailor audience most responsive and appreciative of their talents. Professional actors have presented many excellent plays.

From one P. M. to nine P. M. free bowling, billiards, pool, ping pong and quoits are enjoyed. (There are pay tables, too, for those seamen who can and prefer to pay moderate charges for these games). Pinochle is the most popular card game and checkers the favorite table game. The radio is popular, hundreds group around to listen to the broadcast of football games. We believe that, in offering this varied form of nightly entertainment, we are helping these men to forget their troubles for a while in fellowship and competitive sport.



The late Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.

TO COMMEMORATE A LIFE OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE:

WE invite you to participate with other friends of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., late Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, in paying tribute to him and in perpetuating his life work. February 11th was the first anniversary of his death.

In 1926 a Religious and Social Service Endowment Fund was established to commemorate Dr. Mansfield's thirty years of service to seamen. This, later called the Mansfield Fund, has grown to \$14,538.20, chiefly through the gifts of women of the Central Council of Associations.

The Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York hopes to increase the present fund to at least \$100,000. thereby establishing a permanent Mansfield Memorial Fund, the income of which will be used for the assistance of needy merchant seamen through our religious and social service department. This phase of the Institute's responsibilities was particularly close to Dr. Mansfield's heart. The peculiar nature of the seaman's calling makes inevitable the need for occasional relief in prosperous times as well as in such depressions as the present.

Please send checks to Junius S. Morgan,
Treasurer, Mansfield Memorial Fund
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

A SUITABLE bronze memorial tablet to Dr. Mansfield with appropriate inscription will be placed at the entrance to the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour, which was built with money especially raised therefor by Dr. Mansfield and dedicated by Bishop Manning.

We believe that there are many Institute friends who would like to share the privilege of paying tribute to the memory of the prophet and builder who gave thirty-eight years of unstinted devotion and tireless service to the work of the Institute.

The Institute is the measure of the man and the great building at 25 South Street stands as a durable monument to Dr. Mansfield's courage, zeal and industry.

A Fund in his memory will help make it possible to "carry on" the good work for merchant seamen to whom he devoted the best years of his life. Your prompt and generous consideration of this appeal with a contribution or pledge will be of immeasurable help at a time when hundreds of worthy seafarers, unemployed and penniless, are depending on the Institute for life's necessities. It is hoped that the goal of \$100,000. may be reached in the very near future.

THE MANSFIELD MEMORIAL
FUND COMMITTEE

- Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap,
Chairman
- Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, D.D.
- Rev. William Tufts Crocker
- John H. Finley, LL.D.
- Rev. Harold H. Kelley
- Clarence G. Michalis
- Junius S. Morgan
- Herbert L. Satterlee
- Sir T. Ashley Sparks
- Frank T. Warburton
- Ernest E. Wheeler



The Institute Today

STANDARDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

(CONTINUED FROM THE JANUARY ISSUE)



Courtesy, Morrow Publishers
Shooting the Sun

MRS. ROPER

JUST what are the engineer's duties and how does a young man get into the engineer's department of a ship?

CAPTAIN RYAN

The most important position on a merchant vessel, next to the captain and chief officer, is the chief engineer. For a young man with a mechanical mind and a roving disposition, it is an ideal calling. Apprenticeship in a shipyard is a good way to start. Many chief engineers have started their careers as oilers, wipers, firemen, watertender, etc. Or a young man can take an engineering course at a State School ship. Usually a young man with four or more years experience in the "shops", or one who has learned about engines in a shipyard, can obtain a berth as a junior engineer on an ocean going vessel. After a year or two at sea he may sit for his third assistant engineer's license. From then on his career is just like the deck officer's, with the chief engineer's position as his ultimate position. However, the marine engineer is not limited to his job on a ship. If he tires of life at sea, and if he marries, he has many opportunities ashore; hotels, office buildings,

factories need capable mechanical engineers and it is a recognized fact that marine engineers are second to none in ability and energy.

MRS. ROPER

I understand, Captain Ryan, that the merchant service has a reputation for having good navigators.

CAPTAIN RYAN

That is true, Mother Roper. During the World War many merchant officers were transferred into the navy in order that their skill at navigating might be used on battleships, submarines, etc.

MRS. ROPER

Tell us the difference between an ordinary seaman and an able-bodied seaman.

CAPTAIN RYAN

An ordinary seaman is just a man who gets a job on a ship doing day work—cleaning, painting, scrubbing decks and the like. An able-bodied seaman must serve at least 18 months in order to have an A.B. ticket, issued by the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service. He must have a lifeboat certificate, too. He can then stand lookout or take a trick at the wheel. He can study to become a quartermaster and later take examinations and apply for a third mate's license.

MRS. ROPER

When a seaman is paid off at the end of the trip, what identification does he have to prove he is a seaman?

CAPTAIN RYAN

He is given a ship discharge, signed by the master, testifying to his conduct and performance of duties. Seamen carry these discharges, which are dated, but sometimes they lose them and then duplicates have to be issued by the Shipping Commissioner at the Barge Office. In some cases the shipping company issues these duplicates.



Courtesy, Morrow Publishers
Reading the Log

MRS. ROPER

Do seamen have to have passports to visit other countries while their ship is in foreign ports?

CAPTAIN RYAN

American seamen have passports which are really known as Seamen's Protection Certificates. These are issued by the Collector of Customs after the seaman has shown his birth certificate, two photographs and shows evidence that he has an opportunity for a job on a ship. Such "passports" are only issued to bonafide seamen.

MRS. ROPER

What about the stewards' department on a ship? How does a man "break in" to that work?

CAPTAIN RYAN

Stewards are of infinite variety. Chief stewards of large ocean liners, who make far more money than the captains, need no license, pass no examination but achieve their high eminence solely on their personality. Their job is similar to the maitre d'hotel ashore. But a hotel manager would not necessarily make a good chief steward. He must climb through all the intermediary stages starting with messboy on a cargo steamer. Messboys are provided for the crew as well as for the officers

on many ships. A mess boy's job is no cinch. He must scrub, clean sleeping quarters, wait on table, carry a mess of food from the galley across a seaswept deck to the fo'c'sle or cabin. God help the poor fellow who gets washed off his feet into the scuppers and picks himself up halfdrowned and doomed to a bawling out by both the cook and the crew. The next step, if he survives the first, is to become a galley man, then to second cook. He must learn to be a good baker, make bread as well as cake. Many men leave the galley as a second cook to become a second steward. In passenger vessels a young man is usually under the tutelage of a chef of international reputation and he can become in turn waiter, bedroom steward, deck steward, smoking room steward, music room steward. He will start in the third class and work up to the first class. If he is smart, intelligent, neat and orderly, it is only a question of time and luck before he can become a chief steward.



At the Institute's Employment Window—
Waiting for Jobs

THE GOOD SHIP "JOSEPH CONRAD"

OLD-TIME sailing men tell us that Alan Villiers' ship "Joseph Conrad" which was driven ashore by a sixty-mile northwest gale, piling her up on the rocks on the Bay Ridge shore of Brooklyn, is the most beautiful, stoutest and trimmest square-rigged ship afloat. She was a Danish Government three-masted school ship, bought by Captain Villiers and brought to New York as a cadet ship (the average age aboard her is eighteen!). Villiers, who is an occasional visitor at the Institute and who has lectured and shown some of his thrilling moving pictures in our Auditorium to our seafaring audiences, hopes to implant his romantic love of sail in the minds and hearts of the boys who sail with him. Small boys respond eagerly to his romantic tocsin, and he is overwhelmed with candidates for his voyages. As we go to press word comes that the "Joseph Conrad" is in drydock being repaired and she will soon be refloated and the voyage around the world will go on. Good luck and Godspeed, Captain Villiers!

Villiers' latest book, "LAST OF THE WIND SHIPS," (Published by Morrow, Price \$4.00) contains two hundred of the most beautiful and remarkable action photographs of sailing ships we have ever seen. Here, in a story of modern adventure, is the swan song of sail. It is a magnificent record of the proud wind ships of yesterday—caught in the author's pictorial account of his two last voyages on the four-masted barque, *Parma*. It is unlikely that any man will have again the experiences which he has had, and so this record of the glamorous yet hazardous and arduous grain race from Australia to England around Cape

Horn will remain final and forever. We give readers our whole-hearted recommendation of this fascinating (and alas!) closing chapter in maritime annals. The following editorial from the N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE of January 5th, 1935, describes Villiers' contribution to the history of sailing ships:

MUSEUM PIECE

It is a relief to learn that the Joseph Conrad, Alan Villiers' full-rigged ship, has been refloated, apparently without having taken mortal injury. To die upon the Bay Ridge seawall would have been an ignominious end for a handsome vessel and would have been a tragic return for all the energy and devotion which Mr. Villiers has spent on keeping alive the last flicker of the age of sail. One hopes the Conrad will be spared for a long life still.

But it is a curious fate that has spared her even as long as this. When her namesake was writing his sea romances, after the turn of the century, he was already living in memories, recording splendors which had gone forever. Conrad in turn was dead when Mr. Villiers, a man too young to have seen service in the World War, discovered in the Australian grain trade a few bedraggled and badly found survivors of the fleet which Conrad and Masefield had known, and went to sea in them in the hope of securing a verbal and photographic record of a life already extinct. He was like an anthropologist stumbling upon an odd corner of a previous civilization and lovingly trying to set it down before it was quite too late. He experienced the hardships and hazards of the days of sail, and in fine prose and photographs has enshrined much of its feeling; but he could see it only through the already darkening glass of history, rather than as the way of life which it still was to many of the generation just now passing. Mr. Villiers, who began life as a newspaper man, was to become the curator—a very two-fisted and competent curator—of a legend.

STRANGE REQUESTS

Editor's Note: The Social Service Department of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is surprise-proof. No manner of strange request or weird inquiry can shake their composure, for among the 8,000 to 12,000 seafaring men who enter the building at 25 South Street daily there are bound to be unusual types of men who have out-of-the-ordinary problems that need solving. Following are a few strange requests gleaned from the daily reports of the busy social workers:

A ONE-LEGGED seaman asking for something to keep his missing foot warm (the nerve-endings being still there, he has the sensations of cold and heat) . . . a barge captain a little the worse for a bout with John Barleycorn purchasing postcard pictures of the Institute's figurehead, "Sir Galahad" to mail to his friends (after each bout he comes to purchase a dozen or so of these pictures) . . . an able-bodied seaman bringing his cradle roll certificate lavishly decorated with angels and cherubim from a Sunday School in Texas to serve as evidence in place of the usual birth certificate in obtaining a seaman's passport . . . a cabin boy to complain that the Institute's cat of the moment was perched high on the limb of a tree in Jeannette Park and he wanted a tall step-ladder to get her down to earth again . . . a ship's carpenter to inquire about a cure for dandruff . . . a sea captain's widow to ask about old-age pension . . . an oiler in search of the name of the manufacturer of a particular brand of peppermints . . . a chief mate wanting information about the locations of buried treasure . . . a "man without a country" to inquire what is his nationality—it seems he was born an American but lost his citizenship when he served in a foreign army during the War and he now has no citizenship. . .

SEAMEN AS WEATHER PROPHETS

Many merchant seamen—especially those who have been in "sail" claim that their guess about weather conditions on the morrow is almost fool-proof. One mariner, a regular Institute visitor bases his claim on several old proverbs:

"Red in the morning, sailor's warning

Red at night, sailor's delight." except that red at night may mean a brief thunderstorm, *sometimes!* Also, the old saying: "Rain before seven,

Stop before eleven" seems to work out in most cases. "Often," says he, "if it begins to rain early in the morning, by noon it has cleared."

A batch of little clouds in the south-west means a breeze, usually and sometimes a shower.

Sailors on land find it difficult to prophesy about the weather because they cannot see the horizon, on which they base their theories.

MOHAWK DISASTER

As we go to press the surviving members of the crew of the ill-fated Mohawk have been brought to the Institute and given food, clothing and shelter. A memorial service in the Chapel of Our Saviour has been planned for their dead shipmates with the Right Reverend William T. Manning, D.D. Bishop of New York, officiating. Details of the disaster will be published in an article in next month's Lookout.

BOOK REVIEWS

SOUTH STREET

A Maritime History of New York—Illustrated
By Richard McKay
Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons
Price \$5.00

South Street is to shipping what Wall Street is to finance, and this book by the grandson of Donald McKay, the most famous builder of American clipper ships, is a pleasant and informative story of the ships, sea captains and merchants whose activities were centered on the "Street of Ships". Beginning shortly after the American Revolution, the story is brought down to 1914. Great merchants come and go as the history of South Street is unfolded by one who was brought up in the glorious tradition of ships. Illustrated with many interesting old etchings, this book belongs in every marine library.

MORE CAT TALES

The Institute's favorite cat is now nursing an injured front paw. She got into a fight with a South Street dog and a sailor picked her up and brought her to our building. The first-aid kit was unshipped and the cat was given emergency treatment by one of our door officers who is adept at fixing bandages. She is well on the road to recovery, now, we are happy to report.



Photo courtesy of Morrow, publishers
Moses and His Cat Aboard the "Parma"

THE TAKING OF THE GRY

By John Masefield
Published by The MacMillan Company
Price \$2.00

Now that Conrad has gone, John Masefield seems to have caught his torch, and in recent years has written novels which command the might and magic of the sea. In his new novel, he tells a story of dare-devil action, of peril and courage—a thrilling tale of a ship loaded with arms which was seized and held in a port during a rebellion on the Eastern Spanish Main, and which two young adventurers took out to sea, in the dead of night, past reefs and sand banks—thereby changing the course of the revolution. Knowing the heart of a sailor, Masefield writes with equal vigor in poetry or prose, of the ever-fascinating life on the high seas.

"Skipper Williams," veteran ship news reporter for the *New York Times* told of a cat named "Captain Ginger." "He was a reddish cat, a grandson of Tiger, the black tom-cat that sailed with Captain Samuels in his famous clipper ship *Dreadnought*. Old Samuels would never have the ropes cast off until he had sung out to 'Typhoon Bill' the bo'sun, 'Is the cat aboard?' and the answer rung out promptly, 'Aye, aye, sir!' 'Then lower away the gangplank smartly,' the captain would say. "Now Ginger, having such an illustrious ancestor," continued Skipper Williams, "would sooner fight than eat. He had lost his right ear and half of his tail and carried a little port list through having lived for three months on the deck of the *Black Adder* which sloped at an angle of forty degrees after she went ashore in a cyclone."

1934—A YEAR OF ACHIEVEMENT

Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

By The

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to December 31st, 1934

550,753	Lodgings (including relief dormitories).
38,828	Pieces of Baggage checked.
1,922,749	Sales at Soda Fountain and Restaurant.
1,292,764	Relief Meals served.
29,452	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
12,407	Attended 235 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
369	Free lectures given in Merchant Marine School; 74 new students enrolled.
155,655	Social Service Interviews.
9,374	Relief Loans.
5,779	Individual Seamen received relief.
94,997	Books and magazines distributed.
11,838	Pieces of Clothing and 3,807 Knitted Articles distributed.
619	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
155,356	Attended 205 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
1,961	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
3,880	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
13,108	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
287	Missing seamen found.
2,935	Positions procured for Seamen.
3,364	Made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$230,967.	Deposited for safe-keeping and transmission to families.
13,883	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.

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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