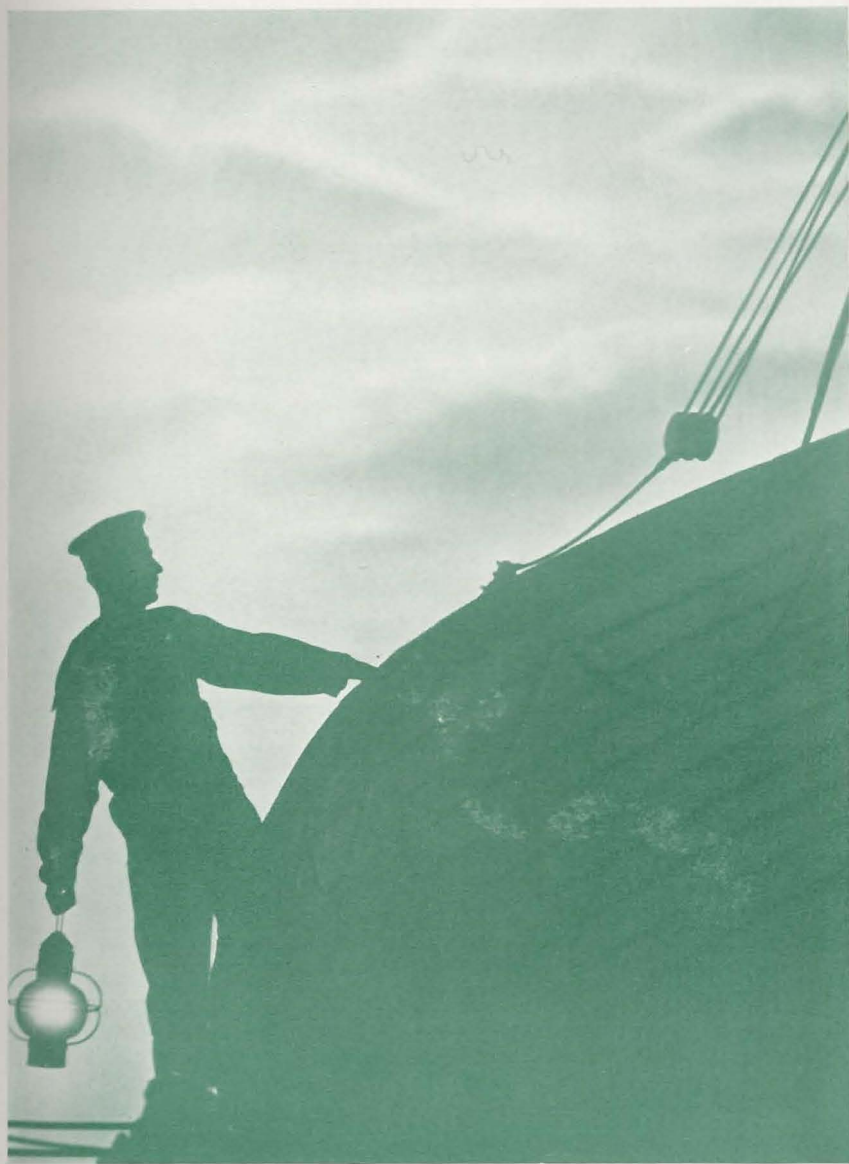


The
LOOKOUT



Ship's Lamptrimmer

Courtesy, Cunard Line

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a lamptrimmer putting a light in one of the Aquitania's sea boats. It is the lamptrimmer's duty, just as it was in sailing ships, to keep the sets of oil lamps in perfect order. Each night at sunset he reports to the officer of the watch: "running lights and sea-boat lamps are lit, sir."

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually

Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

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

The Lookout

VOL. XXV

JUNE, 1934

No. 6

OPENING OF CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY By HARRY HANSEN*



Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Christopher Morley, Charles Robert Patterson and Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. Ret.

HOARSE blasts from the Staten Island ferries, shrill piping from tugboats, the rattle of trucks on paving bricks and other noises of the waterfront came through the windows of the Seamen's Church

Institute yesterday afternoon when the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library was formally opened to use. Conrad looked in on the proceedings through the medium of a carved figure-head that rested between the

*Reprinted from Mr. Hansen's column, *The First Reader*, in the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, May 25, 1934.

shelves and a portrait with his signature beneath; on the shelves were his books, intended to be read by men of the sea.

It seemed a good opportunity to recall Conrad. My reading of the day had dragged. The new books were good enough, as records; none, however, aspired to Conrad's high achievement in artistry. In the new library room was gathered a group of admirers, including men who had sailed on the *Torrens*. A number of those present had seen Conrad in the flesh; all, I take it, knew the work of his brain.

Jean Louis d'Esque had been ship's carpenter when Conrad was mate; he was the closest link to Conrad. Captain E. Armitage McCann had become ship's apprentice on the *Torrens* as a lad of 14, just after Conrad left the sea. Since then Captain McCann, retired from the British mercantile fleet since the war, has become a maker of ship's models. Among others present Christopher Morley had shaken Conrad's hand and watched his deep brown eyes when he told stories out of his experience, and he was the chief spokesman for Conrad's admirers at the exercises.

There was much to tell about Conrad. As Mr. Morley remarked, he was a contradictory character, with a "friendly, unpredictable, quicksilver personality"; a man who wrote and felt with great intensity. His career embraced no end of strangeness—he had strong memories of his early days in Poland; he had taken part in a Carlist uprising in Spain; he had sailed the eastern seas in days when sail was still great; he had written some of the greatest books of our time and settled down, at long last, to become a landed proprietor in Kent, eager to be thought of as an English squire

and vain of the position of Justice of the Peace.

But in the end, Mr. Morley explained, the sea seemed to claim him, for Captain David Bone, who attended the interment of Conrad in Canterbury, told him that when the grave was dug out of the chalk soil fragments of shells were brought up by the spade. There Conrad rests under his full Polish name, Korzeniowski—for Joseph Conrad was an abbreviation.

"He was even a greater artist than we believed," said Mr. Morley, remarking on his "mimetic vivacity" and his ability to grasp the essentials of a scene with one look. He told how Conrad came up the bay on the *Tuscania* and newsmen hovered around expecting him to comment on the New York skyline. "He took one look, said Mr. Morley, "and then walked to the other side of the ship and sat down in a deck chair without speaking. I believe that he had captured, in that quick glimpse, all he needed to understand."

Captain E. Armitage McCann spoke with pride of the *Torrens*, a "composite" ship, a term applied to sailing vessels that had an iron frame upon which the teakwood sides were fastened. It was 200 feet long and exceedingly trim and lovely to look upon, but, for all that, a vessel of hard work. A model of the *Torrens* in a bottle stands in the library; a painting of the ship in full sail, by Charles Robert Patterson, hangs on the walls. The *Torrens* was built in 1875, and when Conrad was first mate he began writing "Almayer's Folly," his first novel, which was published forty years ago—May 22, 1894.

Sir T. Ashley Sparks, of the Cunard Line, presided at the opening of

(Continued on Page 12)

CARRYING ON THE MANSFIELD "TRADITION"

THE Board of Managers at its meeting held in April elected to membership Mr. Richard H. Mansfield, eldest son of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., the late Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. This will carry on the name of "Mansfield" in the work of the Institute, for no name can mean more to work for seamen than this one does.

Mr. Mansfield has had a long association with the Institute, for as a child he lived for five years at the old Mission House at 34 Pike Street and attended the Services in the last Floating Church of which his father was Chaplain. His father often took him around to visit the various Stations of the Institute, on State Street and Houston Street, and The Breakwater on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, established by Dr. Mansfield. He had the unique experience of being a passenger with his father when the Floating Church was towed to Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island and placed there at Kill von Kull to be used as a mission church by the Diocese. He made many trips on the *Sentinel*, the boat belonging to the Institute that went to meet the lately ar-



Photo by Puch Bros.

rived ships in the harbor, bringing the sailors ashore.

He graduated from Trinity School, New York and went from there to Kent where he was graduated in 1918. After graduation from Princeton he entered the banking business and is now Manager of the Rockefeller Center Branch of The Chase National Bank.

Mr. Mansfield is doubly welcome to the Board because of his family association with the Institute and because his ability and experience will enable him to render valuable service.

"IN THE SPRING A SAILOR'S FANCY . . ."

AS inevitable as baseball is the annual Spring crop of sailor poetry brought to THE LOOKOUT editor. Apparently in the Spring a sailor's fancy (that is, a *merchant* sailor's) turns to thoughts of—not love, but POESY. With, of course, no reflections at all upon the Navy, the merchant marine seems to be too busy writing poetry on South Street to bother with other diversions—or else—being in the merchant service they do not wear distinctive uniforms which set them apart from landlubbers and cause feminine hearts to beat.

At any rate, only about 5% of the poetry is on the subject of love or sweethearts. In fact, a different tone is noticeable in the poetry submitted recently. The old time-worn topics such as mother, home, the boundless sea and the billowy waves seem to have been supplanted by such subjects as the N.R.A., Hollywood stars, the Institute's 90th Anniversary and animals.

The majority of these would-be poets have had very little schooling and so are eager to study books on the technique of poesy. As they pour out their story of their dreams and ambitions some are eager and ag-

gressive, confidently displaying their collections of verse and deeply wounded if it is suggested that New York does not rhyme with "work" or "scene" does not rhyme with "been" unless you are a Britisher. Some are timid and hesitant about showing their creations, but they all seem to have the writing "bug" and particularly in the springtime the LOOK-OUT editor's desk resembles nothing so much as an avalanche from the post office.

From seaports all over the world the manuscripts come. Some of them are long narrative epic poems, some are sonnets, others send in couplets and lots of free verse.

When the Institute celebrated its 90th Anniversary, Seaman J. A. Durkin found that the poetic Muse prompted him to turn out the following:

The Seamen's Church Institute 25 South Street, N. Y. C.

A kindly thought fell from the skies
And took its shape in the minds of men,
Thus arose this structure, heavenwise,
A Citadel of Hope to wandering men
A Citadel—beyond the praise of Mortal's
pen
From small beginnings this home arose
A Monument to Faith, Hope and
Charity,
Where shipwrecked crews oft find repose
From life and sea's turmoils and woes
From streets of sin—and sin's iniquity.
And here is met the ancient creeds and
race
Of every people—from every foreign
land,

And here is found the cheery smiling face
The kindly word—the ready helping
hand,
As free are found the pebbles on Egypt's
sand.
The Compass markings on its modern
floor
Points North and South, and East and
West,
And a welcome sign outside its Gothic
door
Bids the seaman wanderer—awhile take
rest
Beneath this roof, which God Himself
has blest.
Radiant sparks from the skies, high up
above
Still flame beneath its Holy Chapel
dome,
A Crystal light—of Christly Love
That hails the far off wanderer—Come
Come Seek Ye rest — in This Eternal
Home.
Its Port and Starboard lights, forever
gleaming
It stands by shipwrecked crews—
distressed,
Who wander far—beyond youth's
dreaming
When first they sail—the ocean's
billowy crest
When a Mother's arms their pathways
blessed.
Let all who enter its sacred portals
Breathe from their lips a word of
praise,
To those Benevolent Immortal Mortals
Who did this Monumental structure
raise
To God, To Man, To all of forgotten
ways.

Climbing aloft—inspiration, perhaps, for a poem



O. S.

Ordinary Seaman is the first step in a mariner's career. Here an O. S. is climbing the foremast ratlines of the *Berengaria*.

The influence of John Massfield is evident in the poem "Snug Harbor," by Oliver Wendell Schenk, named for Oliver Wendell Holmes, the New England poet:

SNUG HARBOR

I came to know a cluster of old seamen
in a sheltered haven;
Their color was an old tan color such as
parchment gains through years;
Their slowing speech was tremulous in
way that sound was given
Like little sea waves murmuring on a
shore—now laughing, now in tears.
And, one by one, they broke away, and
went to their concluding rest;
Upon a billowed little hill whose friendly
breast
Bore other weary seamen who had come
back from the sea.
I came to know a cluster of old oak
leaves in a woodland haven;
Their color was an old tan color such as
parchment gains through years;
Their slowing speech was tremulous in
way that sound was given
Like little waves murmuring on a shore
now laughing, now in tears.
And, one by one, they broke away, and
went to their concluding rest;
Upon a billowed little hill whose friendly
breast
Bore other weary oak leaves who had
come down from the tree.



Courtesy, Cunard Line
A. B.

An abbreviation of the old name, Able-Bodied Seaman. This A. B. is getting the fall ready to lower away for boat drill.



Billiards

\$\$\$ MAGIC DOLLARS \$\$\$

EVEN the great Houdini would have marveled at the magic power of the humble dollar when it is invested in the Institute.

Now that shipping has improved slightly, there are more men needing the proper outfits of clothing for their new jobs. Most of them have used up their savings

and so come to the Institute's "Slop Chest" for clothes and equipment, "gear" as they call it.

Let us tell you how a dollar bill, pinned to this page, and mailed to the Institute, will help a sailor boy start back to work with adequate "gear": Far from being humble and obscure, just a "drop in the bucket," your dollar will come right out in the open and definitely, directly and immediately benefit a needy seaman.

Here is what a dollar will buy:

CHECK
YOUR
CHOICE

- 2 work shirts, or
- 1 pair dungarees, or
- 10 pairs of socks, or
- 3 sets of underwear, or
- 1 pair of overalls, or
- 1 shaving set, or
- 1 cap, or
- 3 months storage of baggage

When your contribution to the Institute falls due, if you usually send \$1.00 please, this year, make it \$2.00. If it is \$5.00. make it \$6.00. That additional dollar will stretch and s-t-r-e-t-c-h to amazing lengths in its service to our sailormen.



Checkers

VACATION time is approaching and many people are planning to spend many dollars for pleasure trips and journeys in quest of rest, recreation and pleasure.

Before you depart, won't you send just one dollar to the Institute so that our seamen, too, may enjoy a few games and sports? The long hours ashore can very easily be wasted unless adequate recreation is available. Thanks to the Institute, the men can read, study navigation, write letters, play games, attend moving pictures, enjoy athletic sports and in short, have the advantages of landsmen. These activities are excellent morale-builders and we know you will agree with us that a dollar's worth of play is good for Jack Tar.

Here is what a dollar will buy:

CHECK
YOUR
CHOICE

- 2 billiard cues, or
- 10 boxes of checkers, or
- 2 boxes of chess, or
- 1 gym outfit, or
- 1 pair sneakers, or
- 1 baseball bat, or
- 4 tennis balls.

So we earnestly hope that when sending your contribution to the Institute you will add that EXTRA DOLLAR which can be used in so many ways to befriend our seamen.



Bridge

Please send cash or check to: Harry Forsyth, Chairman
Ways and Means Committee
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 So Street



"Slop Chest"

PORT OF MISSING MEN

AS promised in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT, we are quoting excerpts from a few of the hundreds of letters received by "Mother Roper" in response to her radio broadcast about "Missing Seamen."

From behind prison bars comes this letter: "What memories of happy echoes from the sea your voice recalls! To one away for eight years from 'the life so carefree and adventurous' you brought me new hope in the future. For I'm just another man of the sea 'tangled up in a mess ashore.' Some day I will come and tell you all about myself."

Other letters beseeched Mother Roper to find them jobs aboard ships. High school girls wrote, stating that they wished to correspond with a lonely sailor who had traveled extensively who could send them letters from strange ports. One little girl scrawled in pencil: "Please find my Daddy," but gave no identification.

All the way from Maywood, California came this letter:

"I have a brother who left home after serving in the late war. He is one of 17 children; three other boys paid the supreme sacrifice. He has never written home and Mother is now 76. I know that he became a ship's officer after the war. He has blue eyes, a big dimple in his chin and a piece of gold in his front tooth. I just want to know if he is alive and well."

Here is an extract from a wife's letter postmarked Philadelphia:

"I am asking you in the name of God to try and find Buddy R—— I am sick and heartbroken. You see, dear Mother Roper, my whole heart and soul rested in Buddy. His ship used to go from the pier at 15th Street, New York, but I cannot say what ship but I know it had flags of all nations on it and the American flag at the mast. When he left he gave no reason why he was agoing only a little bit out of sorts. I pray night and day for him and am appealing to you to try and find him as everything is forgiven as God is a better judge than man."

From Haverill, Mass. a sister writes:

"Last night while waiting to hear our dear President over the National Broadcasting Station, I heard your dear voice for the first time. Having heard of your wonderful work in reuniting sailor boys to their dear parents whom the parents gave up as dead, I shed many tears of joy and hope that you may also give me some sign of hope that perhaps I, too, may be reunited with my lost sailor boy from whom I have not heard since November 1917."

Doubt mingles with hope in this letter from Alameda, California:

"I hope it was not just an advertising program but that you are you and the sailors are your boys and all of them know about you. I have a sailor boy somewhere . . . Even if he does not want to let us know where he is, have him tell you and just you let me know that he is well and not hungry."



Mother Roper and One of Her Sailor Boys

Many of the missing sailors whose relatives have written to Mrs. Roper disappeared during the War and some were lost as long ago as 20 or 25 years. One mother who wrote of her son, Michael L—— who left his home in Virginia twenty years ago will soon receive the glad news that Michael is alive. Mrs. Roper's searchings resulted in learning that Michael calls regularly at the Institute Post Office for a Government pension check. So when he calls on July 1st he will find a message from Mrs. Roper about his mother.

From Shioleth, Kansas comes this interesting story: "I am writing on behalf of a woman who has lost her father supposedly at sea. When a small baby she was taken and raised by people and her own father was told she was dead. Just recently she has learned that they are not her own parents. She followed the trail of her real father to New Mexico and from there he was reported to have gone to sea. He would be about 67 years of age now and does not know that he has a grown-up daughter! I sincerely hope that you can find a clue which will help us trace him."

From Salt Lake City, Utah, comes this tribute:

I have just been listening to the Radio Program of Seth Parker, and when he introduced you to the Audience and you spoke of the wandering Boys at Sea, you thrilled my heart, and I wished that there had been a "Mother Roper" when my wandering Brother was sailing the mighty deep, someone like you, to have given advice and counsel to, that his weary and heart-broken Mother, may have had your love and assistance in locating her wandering boy,—I feel these boys need a kindly grip of the hand, and a smile, and cheery word; it means a great deal in their lives and yet they go on and on without a friend in the world, to their destination which they have in mind, they choose their way, heedless of the worry and heartbreak, yes, and tears, neglecting to write a few lines to the loving Mother who gave them birth and oh: my pleas if there were more "Mother Roper" in the world, to guide and counsel these wandering boys. Sometimes they are forced from their homes and become reckless, sometimes they are not forced, but have the desire in their hearts to roam the world.

BOOK REVIEWS



Betty Jacobsen

ROUND MANHATTAN'S RIM

By Helen Worden

Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50

The popular World-Telegram reporter and author of "The Real New York" has completed a fascinating and intimate narrative of her walk around Manhattan, accompanied by Mrs. Theodore Steinway. They began at the Battery, walked up South Street, stopped off at the Institute (described in Chapter One) and continued up the East Side, over to the West, down along the Hudson, and ended at the Battery. They took ten different days to make the thirty-three mile jaunt around the island and their acquaintance with the waterfront and its throbbing life deepened into a real friendship and affection. They had made friends with rivermen, barge-men, watchmen, innkeepers. They had unearthed long-forgotten records of famous real estate properties of old New Yorkers. They had delved into the lore of the past and the book contains a vast store of information which the average citizen would find it difficult to discover for himself. The style is informal and the quaint little drawings enhance the text.

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.

GIRL BEFORE THE MAST

By Betty Jacobsen

Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00

Miss Jacobsen, born of Norwegian parents, lives in Brooklyn, is 18 years of age, and is perhaps the first young woman ever to have shipped before the mast. Her story is a thrilling account of life in one of the last of the windjammers, the *Parma*. Like all seafaring men the world over, the sailor boys of the Australian ship have a deep distrust for women aboard ship. They are supposed to bring bad luck. But before the *Parma* dropped anchor in Falmouth Bay after its voyage from the Antipodes the crew admitted that the girl apprentice wasn't such bad luck after all—for the ship had not only won the "Grain Race" for 1933 but also had the shortest passage on record. The story is charmingly simple, the unvarnished chronicle of a landswoman at sea with an alert eye and a zest for adventure. The *Parma* is off the Horn, and Betty finds her Viking blood stirred by the sight. She knows "why these fine old sailors leave comfortable firesides time and again to fight the raging sea down in this lonely ocean." The book is illustrated with scores of photographs that splendidly portray what it means to be "A Girl Before the Mast."

GOD'S POCKET

By Rachel Field

MacMillan Co. \$2.00

Samuel Hadlock, Jr. was almost born in a boat and grew up at sea. His father sailed the Caribbean; young Sam preferred the Arctic. He brought back Eskimo spears, furs, white seals, Arctic birds and Polar bears. He toured Europe with his North American Expedition from 1822 to 1826. Fortunately, he kept a journal which his grandson gave to Rachel Field. It is a journal of a strange soul, a wandering Yankee with a head for business and a heart as romantic as any Celt. In Germany, he performed before the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Sweden. He married a Dresden china girl, returned to America, tried to farm, but again the call of the wanderer sent him to the Arctic. His seals brought him good prices in Europe but he and his island-built schooner never returned, caught in the ice, all on board frozen to death. When his wife, Hannah Caroline died, she passed on Capt. Sam Hadlock's silhouette, his compass, maps, charts, and his journal, to his grandson. "God's Pocket" is a fragrant picture of old Maine and a Yankee captain.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE VOYAGE

By Heinrich Herm

Farrar & Rinehart Price \$2.50

In this psychological novel of adventure the entire scene is aboard the *S. S. Australia*, a round-the-world luxury liner which collides with a floating derelict. Borchardt, a German scientist, is the only passenger to directly witness the accident. In order to forestall panic on board, and to protect the interest of the women and children the Captain pledges Borchardt to silence. The scientist does so at the risk of losing his reputation as a man of honor and the admiration of a beautiful and wealthy American woman passenger.

Inevitably the suspicions of the passengers are aroused by the stoicism of the crew and by the strained reassurances of Borchardt and Captain Brehme. The battered ship, listing more each hour, is suddenly swept with fear, rage and hysteria. All that humanity contains of weakness, courage, insanity, heroism are unleashed in the fury of the moment.

"The Voyage" is a powerful novel of disaster at sea and it pays glorious tribute to the prowess and gallantry of seamen—the men in the stokehold and the men on deck. These mariners who are responsible for the destiny of two thousand souls are aware of their responsibility and calmly risk their lives to adhere to the stern traditions of the sea.

THE CRUISE OF THE 'TEDDY'

By Erling Tambs

Harcourt, Brace and Company

Price \$3.00

This is a most human, genial story of a four year's cruise in a forty foot sailboat with the author and his bride for crew. In the Canary Islands a baby boy is born to them and in New Zealand a daughter arrives. But these additions to the crew only add to the general excitement. If anybody ever mocked the gods of the sea it was certainly Mr. Tambs. He took chances which no man should take and expect to survive. With woefully inadequate equipment (no sextant, no barometer, navigation charts and provisions) he blithely sailed through the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, having hairbreadth escapes from shipwrecks. The author was inexperienced in navigation but he had served a long apprenticeship in square riggers. Besides, he was resourceful and courageous. He possessed



Courtesy, Cunard Line

CARPENTER

He holds his title from sailing days, though today he works in steel, not wood. He is testing the studs of the anchor cable.

a powerful physique and was lucky in extricating himself from predicaments.

Prudent readers will gasp at his defiance of the laws of nature but will admire Tambs and his stout-hearted wife.

IN SIGHT OF EDEN

By Roger Verce

Translated from the French

by Alvah C. Bessie

Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50

This tale of Breton fishermen, who forsook their customary Newfoundland waters and ventured north to the coast of Greenland in search of cod, was awarded the America-France prize for 1934.

Two steamships set off into little-known icefields under command of seamen of the old school, Captain Rochard of the "Tenax" and his intimate friend and former shipmate, Captain Ferrier of the "Borea," and it is around these two that the drama centres.

Simplicity is the keynote of the book. Great expanses of white ice and blue water, towering icebergs, sudden squalls and fog, the gaunt over-shadowing coast on which white man is forbidden to land—all these are conjured up in simple sentences. In sight of land that looks to the sailors as green and inviting as Eden, they might just as well, in the treacherous sea, have been a thousand miles away. It is a fitting story indeed for Mr. Rockwell Kent's woodcuts, and one cannot but wish that the illustrations were more numerous.

(Continued from Page 2)

the library. During the speaking the ship's bell, which chimes the hours for those in the Seamen's Church Institute, rang out its double strokes in the book room. Greetings were received from Mrs. Jessie Conrad, Sir Harry G. Armstrong, Muirhead Bone, Richard Curle and Alan Villiers. Part of the famous Conrad collection of George T. Keating was on display. A large model of the Great Republic, built in 1853 from designs of Donald McKay, the greatest of the clipper ship designers, stood on one of the long tables. The figurehead of Conrad was carved out of Haldt wood in England by Dora Clarke.

Mrs. Jessie Conrad, writing from Torrens, Harbledown, Canterbury, expressed her appreciation of the memorial and asked for several copies of the bookplate.

The library is not limited to books on the sea, but is intended to give readers access to the best books available in English. It will be used chiefly by the sailors who throng this great institution all hours of the day.

After the ceremonies refreshments were served in the reading room adjoining the Library, Lady Sparks and Mrs. Reginald R. Belknap presiding at the tea table.

The Institute's Board of Managers was well represented and there were also present Captain P. B. Blanchard, Gerald Campbell, British Consul, Count Jean Louis d'Esque, Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grant, Southmayd Hatch, Mrs. John Hubbard, William H. Judson, Alfred F. Loomis, Mrs. Christopher Morley, Robert Mont-

gomery, Alfred Jay Nock, Charles Robert Patterson, Mrs. Edwin G. Perkins, Mrs. Hoppin Pool, Dr. and Mrs. Floyd Van Keuren, Dr. Karl Vogel and Louis Wiley.

The opening of our Conrad Library inspired Seaman George Elvin, formerly a member of the engine room crew, to write the following:

The Conrad Memorial Library

What lovelier memorial could there be
To this man who lived and worked on
the sea.
Than this library with all its seamen's
books
And comfortable chairs in its quiet nooks.
To him, Joseph Conrad, all seamen owe a
debt
For with his mind made up, and his pur-
pose set
He mastered a language so that he could
write
Of lovely ships and sturdy men, and the
tropic night.
His books to us seamen will never grow
old
I treasure "Youth," "Lord Jim," and "The
Arrow of Gold"
Between the bookshelves stands an oaken
bust
Of him whose name will live, when we
are dust.
And its friendly face gives a welcome to
those
Who will come to this room in their
seamen's clothes.
The bars of sunlight stream through the
window glass
In which are small pictures of ships of
the past.
And just think of the pleasure while
reading a tale
To glance at the painting of the
"Torrens" in full sail.
He has gone from us now, but I like
to feel
That at eventide when the sea-gulls wheel
Outside of the windows on which the sun
has set
That in friendliness his spirit lingers
with us yet.



Drawing by
VERA BOCK

**Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen
By The
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK**

From January 1st to May 1st, 1934

- 177,328 Lodgings (including relief dormitories).
- 11,547 Pieces of Baggage Checked.
- 604,843 Meals served in Restaurant and Soda Fountain (including relief meals).
- 8,974 Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
- 87 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals attended by 5,175 Seamen.
- 69 Entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures attended by 47,275 Seamen.
- 42,310 Social Service Interviews.
- 1,996 Relief Loans.
- 1,372 Individual Seamen received relief.
- 24,206 Books and magazines distributed.
- 6,078 Knitted articles and old clothes distributed.
- 240 Cases treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
- 1,062 Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
- 1,459 Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
- 3,812 Interviews for barber, cobbler and tailor relief service.
- 99 Missing seamen found.
- 1,162 Positions procured for Seamen.
- 1,204 Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
- \$64,819 Deposited for Safe-keeping and transmission to Seamen's families.



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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