

# The LOOKOUT

## *Water Front*

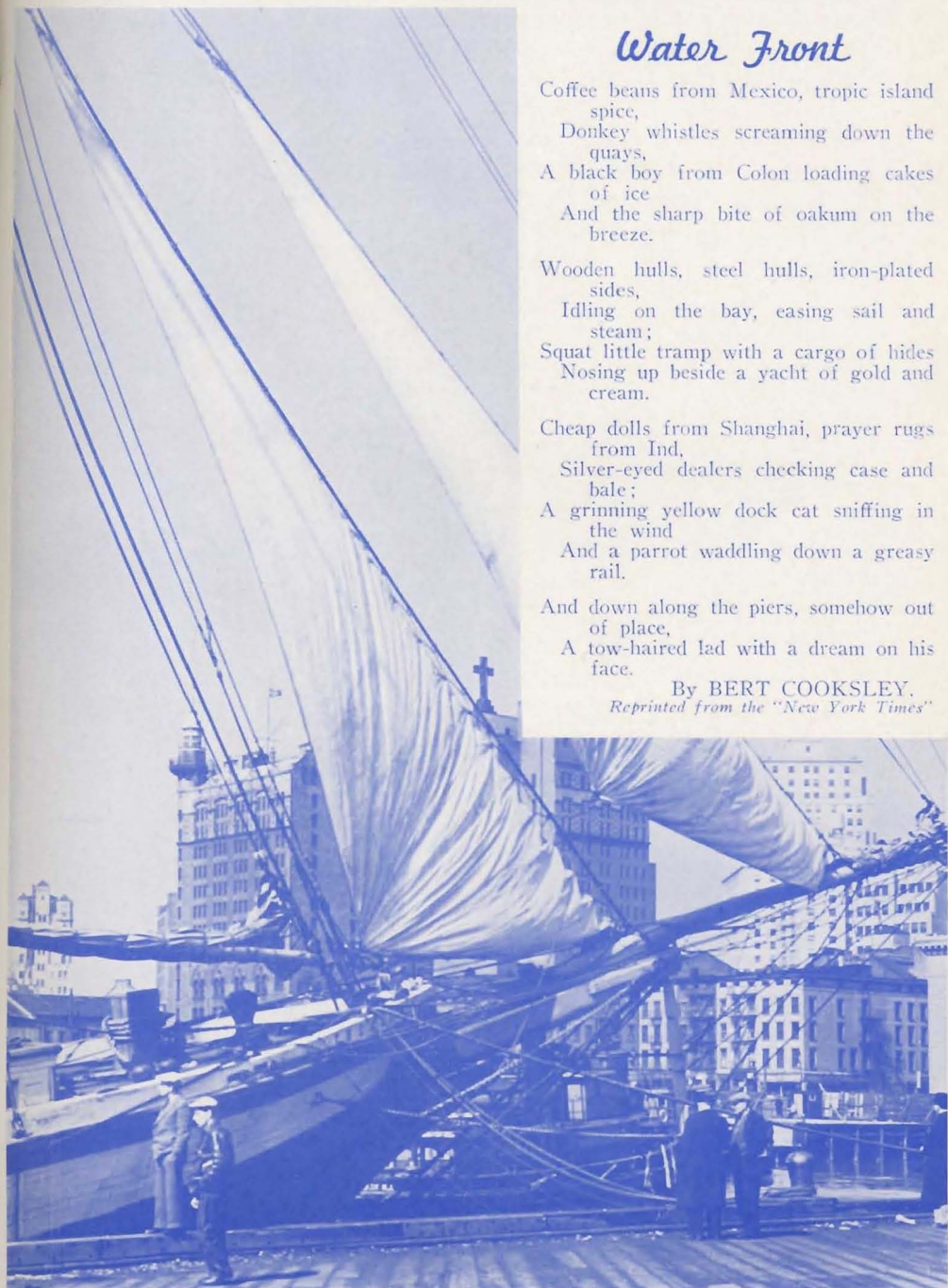
Coffee beans from Mexico, tropic island  
spice,  
Donkey whistles screaming down the  
quays,  
A black boy from Colon loading cakes  
of ice  
And the sharp bite of oakum on the  
breeze.

Wooden hulls, steel hulls, iron-plated  
sides,  
Idling on the bay, easing sail and  
steam;  
Squat little tramp with a cargo of hides  
Nosing up beside a yacht of gold and  
cream.

Cheap dolls from Shanghai, prayer rugs  
from Ind,  
Silver-eyed dealers checking case and  
bale;  
A grinning yellow dock cat sniffing in  
the wind  
And a parrot waddling down a greasy  
rail.

And down along the piers, somehow out  
of place,  
A tow-haired lad with a dream on his  
face.

By BERT COOKSLEY.  
*Reprinted from the "New York Times"*



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph by P. L. Sperr. It shows an unusual view of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York from across the bow of the schooner "Theoline", docked at Pier No. 9, South Street. Note the Titanic Memorial Tower and the Cross through the rigging. The poem, "Waterfront," by Bert Cooksley, is reprinted from the *New York Times*.

*The*  
**LOOKOUT**

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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.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXVII

AUGUST, 1936

No. 8

## Opening of Nautical Museum

ANOTHER mecca for sightseers in downtown Manhattan is the Nautical Museum, which was formally opened last month on the fourth floor of the Institute. For over twenty years we have been collecting interesting marine items and these are now assembled for the edification of sea-minded visitors. People from all walks of life find the exhibits fascinating. Boys in their teens, school teachers, yachtsmen, marine historians, artists, sea captains and able seamen are among the crowd of daily visitors.

One of the most valuable displays in the Museum is a five foot model of the full-rigged ship "Roanoke," built by J. L. Greenwood of Pictou, Nova Scotia. It is unique in that the trusses and capstan windlass are operable and the most minute details—even a stove in the galley—are all in place, without the use of putty or glue. This model has just been received from Halifax, where it has been on display.

Other exhibits include a bell from the U.S.S. Saturn, relics found in the mud of Coenties Slip while excavation operations were going on in 1925 to construct the foundation of the Institute's Annex building;



these include Indian, Dutch and Colonial items: 17th century cannon and cannon balls, cooking utensils, portions of ships (dead eyes, blocks, gaffs) caulking mallet, bar shot, etc.

Oil paintings of famous packets and clipper ships adorn the walls. These were all made by seamen artists: Charles Rosner, Edgar Liepen, George Franklin and others. Wood carvings are by Captain William Aldus. Intricate rope frames are by Captain Otto Lang. A ship model of the "Aurora" is by Seaman Lester Owen; a model of the "H.M.S. Bounty" is by Seaman Chester Horton; a three foot model of the clipper "Lightning" is by Thomas Rosenkvist. There are also many examples of ship-in-bottles, constructed by Charles Nielsen. Ships in lamp bases are also dis-

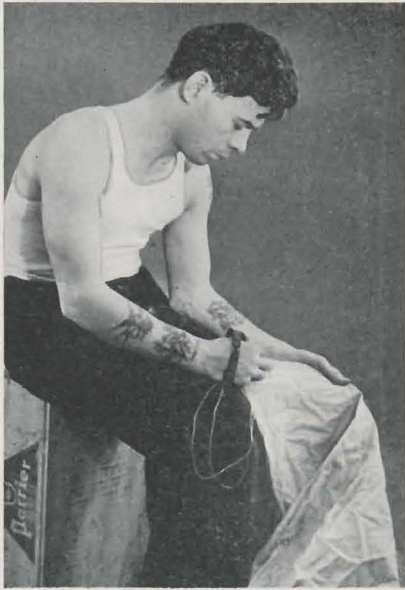


Photo by F. Allen Morgan  
Sewing with "Palm and Needle"

played and modern craft — sloops, schooners, motorboats and ocean liners by Van Ryper. Class boat

racing enthusiasts will be interested in a half-model of a ratsey dinghy.

Other objects of marine craft are exhibited: rope belts knotted of twine by Seaman John Bara and John Bremer, and handbags all made of sailor knots by Seaman Christian Lund. Old fashioned chronometers, sextants and charts are on display.

For visitors who would like to see how the New York waterfront looked in sailing ship days there are colorful dioramas depicting fo'c'sle life aboard a clipper ship; South Street in the 1850's; shanghaiing in saloons; crimping on the waterfront; the Institute's floating church, 1870; steamboat landing, 1875; constructed by Vera Boch, Florence Kantor and Donald Greame Kelley.

Admission to the Museum is free, and visitors are welcome daily between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. (excepting Sundays) and Saturdays, 9 to 12 Noon.

## How Waterfront Streets Got Their Names

STROLLING along the waterfront one cannot help but notice, amid the curving lanes and alleys, some interesting names of streets. In the Institute's Conrad Library, one may spend several hours in pleasant research into the dim past discovering how and why these streets got their names. Old books and documents reveal many sidelights regarding the early days of shipping.

Beginning with Fulton Street, we learned that prior to Robert Fulton's triumph with the Clermont in 1807, this street, west of Broadway, was called Partition Street, and east of Broadway, as far as Cliff Street, was known as Fair Street. Later, this was cut through to Pearl Street, to connect Beekman's Slip and the

East River, and the names of all were changed to Fulton Street, from river to river—this being the only thoroughfare in the city that crosses Manhattan Island under one name.

Pearl Street, by the way, derives its name from the piles of oyster shells dumped out of oyster saloons that once upon a time lined the street. Oyster shells were the chief source for lime for the making of plaster and mortar in the construction of New York's early buildings. And did you know that the reason the Second Avenue "L" veers at Coenties Slip from Pearl Street to continue to wind its way on Front Street is in order that its structure would not darken Fraunces' Tavern at Pearl and Broad Streets? This was done out of respect for the

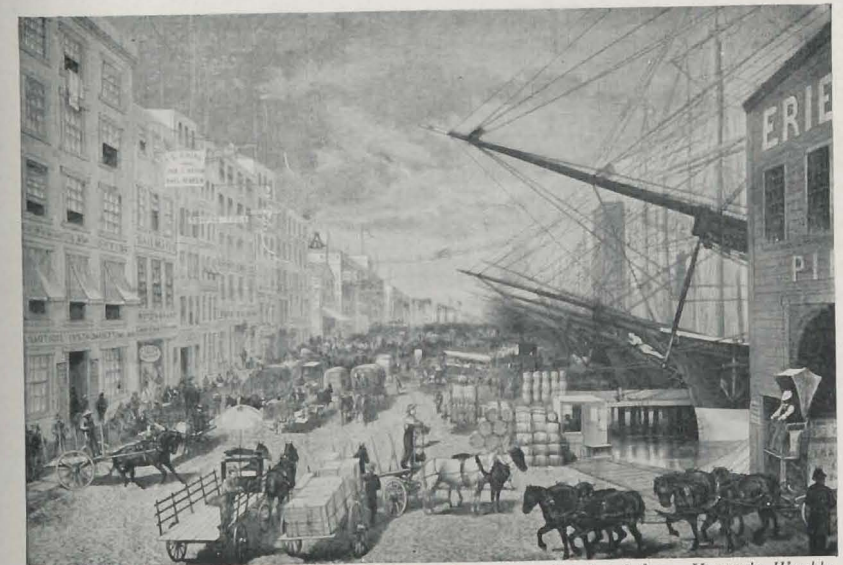
memory of George Washington who said farewell to his Continental Army at Fraunces' Tavern.

Hanover Square was named for George I of Hanover. It was the printing house square of Colonial New York. New York's first newspaper, the New York Gazette, was printed here by William Bradford in 1725. A tablet at 81 Pearl Street marks the site of Bradford's first printing press (1693). William Street was named for William of Orange, but long before his reign it was called Burger's Path, and in its northerly course Smee or Smith Street. At 90 Pearl Street is a marble tablet commemorating the destructive fire of 1835 in this vicinity.

Coenties Slip (named for "Coenties" Ten Eyck—although an earlier legend claims that a man named Coe and a lady named Aunty kept a ship supply store on the edge of the slip, and inhabitants referred to "going down to Coe and Aunty's"), is now filled-in land on which is the

Institute's 13-story building. Many of the waterfront streets of New York are filled-in land; once, ships docked along South Street in slips—Coenties Slip, Peck Slip, James Slip, Old Slip. When the foundations for some of the early "skyscrapers" were dug, this dirt was carted down to the waterfront and there dumped into the slips. Even today, the Institute has pumps in its engine room, three stories below the street level, constantly pumping out the seepage water from the East River.

"Corlears Hook," now a park on the edge of the East River, was named for Jacobus Van Corlear's plantation, in Dutch days. Wall Street is so called from the palisade built in 1653 by Peter Stuyvesant to defend the newly chartered city, New Amsterdam. At Broadway there was a gate in the wall known as "Landt Poort." At the east end of the wall, at Pearl Street, was another gate, the "Water Poort." The wall was surveyed in



Reprinted from Harper's Weekly  
Along Historic South Street, 1878

1685 and officially designated "Wall" Street by Governor Donagan. "Bowling Green" received its name in 1732 when it was fenced in and was leased for one peppercorn a year for eleven years to three citizens for a private bowling green. Prior to this time, the weekly market was held there; also the soldiers from Fort Amsterdam paraded. "Marketfield" Street is a little street facing the rear court of the Produce Exchange; it was once called Petticoat Lane, because it was frequented by women going to the market.

Set in the brick on the corner of Broadway and "Exchange Alley" is an old-fashioned street sign declaring this to be the old Tin Pot Alley or Garden Lane. Leading west from Trinity Place between Exchange Alley and Morris Street is Edgar Street, perhaps the shortest street in Manhattan. "Broadway" is from the Dutch name "Heere Straat," meaning Chief Street. Beaver's Path became Beaver Street; Maagde Paatje became

Maiden Lane; Heere Gracht was a canal which was filled and became Broad Street. Battery Park, of course, got its name from the half moon of seven guns, built out on the rocks, in 1743 by Admiral George Clinton. This was later increased to "a battery of fifty guns under the Fort so situated as to command both Rivers."

Pike Street (like Pike's Peak) commemorates the name of General Zebulon M. Pike, killed at the battle of York, Ontario, in 1813. Catherine Street is named for a Dutch brewer (Harmanus Rutger's) wife and East Broadway used to be called Harman Street in the brewer's honor until in later days it became such a disreputable neighborhood that friends of his family petitioned for a change of name. The Bowery is a Dutch name (bouwerij) for farm and once this section was owned by the Dutch West India Company which rented out portions to settlers for 100 guilders and 80 pounds of butter annually.

## The Blue Anchor Society

THE Blue Anchor Society, founded in 1880 by the Women's National Relief Association, for the purpose of providing clothing, supplies and other necessities for the victims of shipwrecks rescued by the United States Coast Guard, has become affiliated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, it was announced by Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield, Chairman of the Central Council of Associations, which unites Associations of women in New York City and environs whose purpose is to do sewing, knitting, give money, and in other ways to help the work of the Institute.

A meeting of the members of the Blue Anchor Society was held in the office of the Institute's Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield, Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr., Miss Isabella C. King, Mrs. Edward A. Weeks, and Mrs. R. Woolfolk. Treasurer, Mrs. Medad E. Stone, and Recording Secretary, Miss Clara M. Dibble and Corresponding Secretary, Miss Louise Swain.

The surviving members of the original Society, which has now become associated with the Institute, are: Mrs. Roper Woolfolk of Yon-



Photo by Ewing Galoway, N. Y.

The Coast Guard to the Rescue

kers, Mrs. Earle Griffin of Yonkers, Miss Ada Schwab of Long Beach, California, and Mrs. T. M. Conlan, of Manhattan. These members unanimously voted to continue the Society's corporate title but to affiliate with the Central Council of Associations of the Institute.

The Society has for 55 years supplied the many Coast Guard life-saving stations with boxes of clothing for men, women and children, and sundry necessities for persons rescued from sea. The work was begun in the winter of 1880 by Mrs. Gabriel Kent, who, visiting the headquarters of the life-saving stations, recognized the need for proper food, restoratives and clothing to be supplied victims of ship disasters and she succeeded in interesting many prominent people in organizing the work. Mrs. Waite, wife of the Chief Justice at that time, was President. Mrs. Hayes, wife of the then President of the United States, was the first ex-officio president. The Coast Guard crews who

risk their lives to rescue those in distress on the high seas were also provided with warm knitted articles and other clothing. In recent years, because of the death of many of the members of the Society, and the advancing years of those surviving, the work has had to be curtailed. But the need for such service is still great, and so it was decided to become affiliated with the Seaman's Church Institute of New York, which cares for many shipwrecked crews. For instance, during 1935, the Institute provided food, clothing and sundry articles to many shipwrecked crews, among them the *Dixie*, the *Mohawk*, the *Gisla* and the *Stefanos Kostomenis*.

Steamship companies and others who have contributed to the Blue Anchor Society in the past are asked to continue to send their donations to the Treasurer, Mrs. Medad E. Stone, at the Institute, 25 South Street, and to designate such checks for the Blue Anchor Society.



In good sooth sailors are unfortunates  
Whom neither God nor Genius will reward  
With as much money as were they for them.  
A losing folk are they, who either leave  
Or gain, or lose, ever, by hazard  
Upon slight chances far-sought for their merchandise.  
—Sophocles

If you were to ask a seafaring man why he follows the sea, he would probably reply something like this:  
“The sea gets into your blood. It’s the lure of deep waters. If you have

salt water in your veins, you must yield to the age-old call of the sea.”

The glamour and picturesque appeal of the sea is often over-emphasized in books but in real life, seafaring is an arduous calling, fraught with danger and hardship.

The seamen who pursue this career have exacting traditions to live up to and modest material reward. Faithfulness to duty is their everyday job and in emergencies the majority of them willingly risk their lives to protect passengers and cargo. Some of them expect, at the end, no reward save a grave in “Davey Jones’ Locker.”

“Some day — my ship will sink under me,” said a famous sea captain, and he added quietly: “And that will simply be the end. The old sea gets us at last.”



Such is the sailor’s reward. Yet these men will go hungry and will endure—and in the end will form the flesh and blood, the bone and sinew of a new sea power in America. In spite of depressions, more and more American youths strive to follow the sea as a livelihood.

Ashore, the lives of these seafarers are also fraught with danger: easily exploited, they have learned to place their trust in the Institute, which for a century has been a bulwark on New York’s great waterfront, against all unscrupulous and subversive influences that beset the mariner ashore.

Year in and year out, the Institute befriends thousands of merchant seamen of all races and creeds. Eighty percent of the men served are American citizens from every state in the Union.

In spite of the improvement in shipping, hundreds are still unemployed. We must keep up the morale of these men and help them back to economic independence.

Won’t you play the role of the “good neighbor” and, in recognition of these gallant men of the merchant marine, send a contribution to the Institute to help maintain our program of relief, social service and recreation? Your generous check will assure a real welcome for these men of the sea whenever their ships bring them to the Port of New York.

Kindly send cash or checks to  
Seamen’s Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



Drawings by Armstrong Sperry  
Reproduced from “All Sail Set”  
John C. Winston Co., Publishers

## Stowaway Amid the Turtles

SEAMAN CARL OLSEN has been in a lot of queer places since he ran away to sea some fifteen years ago from his home in Denmark. But the strangest—and most uncomfortable—predicament he ever found himself in was in the midst of a live soup shipment of twenty-two gigantic green turtles, the largest of which weighed 600 pounds.

Olsen found himself thus when he stowed away aboard the liner *Colombia* in the darkness of a tropic night at Kingston, Jamaica. The turtles were strapped securely on their backs, and Olsen, groping about on an upper deck trying to find a lifeboat in which to hide, stumbled onto a ton or so of potential green turtle soup. He reached out his hand, grasped the underside of one of the monsters, and a chill ran down his spine. He started to run, only to stumble over another turtle and fall on its underportion. With loud yells, Olsen went slip-

ping and floundering among the turtles, which (poor things) were helpless on their backs and so quite harmless. But his Danish imagination gave them claws and teeth.

Naturally, his screams aroused the crew. He confessed that he had stowed away. He was taken to the galley and set to the customary ignominious task of all stowaways—peeling potatoes, washing dishes and scrubbing decks. He soon learned that he had lodged with a cargo of turtles—and not dangerous monsters—bound for a New Jersey soup factory.

On arriving in New York, Olsen learned that he would be sent back to Denmark, and since this is the place where he has been trying to reach for three years, his joy was unrestrained. He hadn't expected any such good fortune. Imitating a celebrated motion picture actress, he said, with a happy grin, "Ay tank Ay go home."



The holystone squad tumbles to with their "bibles" to scour the decks in the early hours of the morning

Photo by courtesy, "The Ocean Ferry," United States Lines

## Heat Wave



New York's waterfront was in the doldrums so on a certain sultry July afternoon, we fell to wondering just where in the whole wide world was the hottest place. And who could tell us better than a sailor who has travelled all over the globe? So into the Institute's busy lobby went THE LOOKOUT editor where, in the role of an inquiring reporter, we posed this question: "What is the hottest place you were ever in?"

As we mopped our fevered brow, we talked with salty fellows who have felt the sting of the Arctic gales, who have seen the Southern Cross glorify the tropic sky.

One young deckhand told us that in Venezuela it was the hottest mean temperature in the world: an average of 90 degrees the year round. Another recalled a trip to the Dead Sea when he saw the thermometer register 120 degrees. We shivered with awe at this statement, but a leathery brown old-timer spoke up: "This ain't no lie. I was on a ship in the Red Sea back in 1893 and I swear the temperature was 145 degrees." After this statement, it seemed a bit of an anti-climax when a chief mate volunteered: "In 1922 I was in Cairo, Egypt, and I saw with my own eyes a thermometer registering 128 degrees."

A captain told us that Salaberry, Peru, about eight degrees south of the Equator was the hottest place he ever visited, as he was, at the time, a second mate supervising the loading of coal . . . to keep Americans warm in winter! A ship's engineer expressed his opinion that at

Abadam, Persia, close to the Equator, he had suffered the most from the heat. Then along came a ship's carpenter who was positive that the Hoboken, N. J. waterfront was hotter than any other place in the world, while Captain William Brennan vowed that Aspinwall, Panama in 1873, before the Canal was dug, was the world's hottest.

The discussion veered along a new tack when an oiler claimed that down in the engine room was hotter than on the bridge, and a quartermaster claimed that once, while crossing the Suez Canal, he was on duty at the wheel, and the temperature was 130 degrees, whereupon the oiler won his point by saying, "Yes, Bill, and I was on that same ship, down below, firing coal, and the temperature was 132 degrees." Then followed an argument as to whether the extra two degrees was artificial heat—from the fire-room—or natural heat from the sun—and if, the latter, how could he feel it below decks? "Why, through the air shafts and ventilators, of course," responded the oiler. "Then why didn't you shut the ventilators?" retorted the quartermaster. Then off they went to the Institute's soda fountain for a cup of hot coffee, to end the argument.

We asked what was the best way to keep cool during such terrific heat as they had described, and the majority gave the same answer: warm drinks and warm baths. George Tennant, who had been chief cook of the Byrd Expeditions to both the North and South Poles, said: "I've lived in the Arctic and Antarctic with the temperature 72 degrees below zero, so when it goes to 120 degrees above here on South Street, I stay away from ice drinks."

## Two Unusual Women

HERE are two women in New York City who hold unique positions in the shipping world and who have earned for themselves the respect and esteem of all their masculine confreres. One of these women is Mrs. Janet Roper, house mother at the Institute, who celebrated on July 12th the completion of forty-six years befriending merchant seamen of all races and creeds. The other, Miss Elsie Jansen, is a young woman who, as manager of the Far Seas Division of "Tramp Trips," Inc. can give you an amazing amount of information about ships and ports on all the seven seas.

Ships are not only her vocation, but also her avocation. Every Sunday, when the average business woman is far from her office duties, Miss Jansen, purely as a hobby, may be seen on board the tugboats that bring in all manner of ships, tankers, tramps, freighters and even the great ocean liners. From the skippers of these powerful little vessels she learns much about ship terminology, tonnage, tides and currents. Then, on Monday, she returns to her office and books passengers on freighters traveling in out-of-the-way places.

She can tell you of all sorts of interesting off-the-beaten-path trips. For instance, a small German service out of Hongkong to Rabaul, or a local mail boat out of Sydney to the Solomon and New Hebrides Islands; again, a little Dutch ship starting at Sourabaya through the Lesser Sunda Islands and the Moluccas. Much of her business is done by telephone. She receives hundreds of telephone calls for information — from large passenger lines, newspapers, travel agents,



Mrs. Janet Roper

Acme Photo

writers and all sorts of people — all seeking to know something about ships.

"Have you ever heard of a line out of Bombay called the Silver-Java-Pacific?"

"I'm trying to find out if there's a ship named the 'Kota Radja' and where she runs. Thank you, I was sure you'd know."

"I want to go to Takoradi—you say there is a line called the American West African?"

Keeps her busy, yes, but Miss Jansen considers herself one of the luckiest persons in the world, because not only does she have the job, but the job has her. She likes it.

But there's one thing she likes better than steamships and that's sail. Four years ago she sailed out of Hamburg on Irving Johnson's schooner, the "Yankee," formerly the "Texel," a Dutch pilot schooner which used to be stationed off Texel Island. And what few women have done, two years ago she made a seventy-one day voyage on the "Joseph Conrad," the full-rigged

ship now on its way around Cape Horn to New York. She knows what it is to be on the royal yard in a blow taking in sail, as well as the humbler jobs of painting, scraping and making chafing gear.

"How do you feel about going aloft?"

Well, it's just part of the game—you learn quickly to use your arms and not depend on your feet but always, as the saying goes, "one hand for the owners and one for yourself."

Ships were not always her interest. She was graduated from Wellesley College where she majored mostly in sports: tennis, crew, hockey; and she studied law at George Washington University, taking the required three year course in two and a half years with honors. But, to quote Miss Jansen: "I tried hard to practice law but every time I found the shekels available, I found myself heading for the blue road. I saw an evening course advertised at Harvard University and one night I gathered up my courage and went over. The man at the door shook his head and said: 'But this is a course in navigation.' 'Yes, I know,' I replied. 'I want to take it.'" And out of 200 men who registered there were just six men and herself who took the final exam.

"Then followed a trip or two—not on passenger ships, but on freighters or sailing ships, and finally I decided that the law and ships did not go together. So, for better, for worse, I chose ships. But girls and the sea don't go together, as a profession. At last, I found the solution. I heard of a place called Tramp Trips. At first they were dubious and wondered what a girl knew about freighters? Finally, I persuaded them to give me a try-out. So here I am, after two years

arranging trips for people who want to see the world from the informal deck of a freighter."

Miss Jansen's greatest consolation is that, since she can't be aboard a ship all the time, she does the next best thing: talking about them and planning for other folk to travel on them.

And now for Mrs. Janet Roper, who, strangely enough, never travels on ships and doesn't particularly like the sea. Yet her life-long devotion has been to the sailors who man the ships of the world. Thousands of seafarers know her as "Mother Roper;" she is their confidante and friend in good times and in adversity. She has won fame for her work as head of the Missing Seamen Bureau at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, locating missing seamen and restoring them to their anxious families. Since 1920 she has found over 5,000 and many dramatic reunions take place in her busy office overlooking the East River so that the place has been dubbed: "Port of Missing Men." Mothers of runaway boys, bitten by the wanderlust, beseech her to find their offspring, and in most cases, she succeeds in finding them. She advises all parents who have boys suffering from sea-fever to encourage them to study, finish their schooling and then, if still desirous of pursuing a seafaring career, they should go to a nautical school or a training ship and receive a thorough course in seamanship.

Mrs. Roper's "fan-mail" contains letters from all types of mariners from old salts to young cabin boys, from oilers to A.B.'s, speaking many tongues, and they all have an affectionate regard for the woman who, with kindness and common sense, helps them to straighten out their tangled problems.

# Waterfront Jottings

## IRON MEN

There may be only a few wooden ships left but there are certainly plenty of iron men, if one is to judge by a seaman at the Institute who recently won a song marathon contest where he sang 36 hours without stopping. The runner-up in the contest — another seafarer — sang 21 hours and then collapsed. Asked what songs he sang most frequently during this endurance test, the winner (a basso) replied: "Wagon Wheels," "Old Man River" and "River Stay Way From My Door." Another hardy son of the sea is Shipwreck Kelly, the flag-pole sitter, who now and then drops in at 25 South Street, to swap yarns with former shipmates. His endurance record for sitting aloft tall poles has won for him fame and a certain amount of fortune. When last seen, Kelly was sitting atop a pole mounted on an aeroplane, soaring over the Battery.

## ABSENT-MINDED

Mrs. Bessie Robinson can vouch for the fact that college professors are not the only absent-minded people. She celebrates this month 23 years working as a chambermaid at the Institute. It is her job to see that the sheets and pillowcases are removed from each of the 1,614 beds in the building every morning. And what mementos of absent-minded sailors she finds! Wallets, watches, keys, pipes, raincoats, and, strangely enough, many umbrellas. Apparently, sailors buy them but seldom carry them while ashore. She has found cash in all amounts, from \$5.00 up to \$1,500. Often, sailors have given her rewards in the form of cash, embroidered shawls, parrots, canaries, silk stockings, in appreciation of her kindness. Sailors' valuables, she says, are usually left inside the pillow slip or under the mattress.

## PAGE DIOGENES!

A ship's officer who served in the A.E.F. received his bonus money (about \$750.), bought travellers' checks and left for parts unknown. Not long afterwards a frantic agent called the Institute in search of him. It seemed that the girl who issued the checks in denominations of ten and twenty dollars bills had made an error and had given the ship's officer \$200. extra. The search for him lasted several weeks, but, acting on a tip from the Institute, a letter was sent to him,

General Delivery, Los Angeles. He received the letter explaining the error, and wired at his own expense that he was mailing the extra \$200. worth of checks back immediately. The miracle part of this true story is that he didn't know that he had the additional \$200. and he had not spent it!

## FATE . . .

One of those curious tricks of Fate is reported by Seaman Eben Howie. The American freighter *Chippewa* had been laid up for several months in a Brooklyn shipyard. Howie had served as Mate on this ship the last time she sailed. This time, he decided *not* to sign on. He just had one of those peculiar hunches. The *Chippewa* left New York on February 15th. On the morning of February 21st Howie opened his newspaper and read that four of the ship's crew were lost—drowned in a skiff off Southport, North Carolina, where the ship had anchored to take on some supplies. One sailer in the skiff, Eino Arnio, was rescued and he had signed on as a member of the crew when he overheard Howie at the Institute telling a shipmate of his decision not to sail.

## Book Review

A LETTER FROM PONTUS  
And Other Verse By John Masefield  
The MacMillan Company  
Price \$2.00

This new volume by England's Poet Laureate contains many short poems and one long narrative poem. He shows here his unique genius for brisk and exciting rhythms, his musical sense and his dramatic skill in telling a story. The "tragic sense of life" is nobly blended with a sense of deep beauty. His poems are quick with life—whether it is the life of King Arthur's day, or the English countryside, or of the sea and of sailors. But the reader misses the blood-and-thunder, rip-roaring poetry of "Dauber" and "Reynard the Fox," and hopes that Mr. Masefield will return to this earlier style which brought him well-deserved acclaim. Of the poems in this volume, "The Boy From Pauntley", recording the story of Dick Whittington and his famous cat, is most appealing.



Main Entrance, 25 South Street

A  
SIX MONTHS' RECORD  
of  
SERVICE  
to  
MERCHANT SEAMEN  
by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
From  
January 1st to July 1st,  
1936

107,895	Lodgings (including relief beds).
63,660	Pieces of Baggage handled.
347,076	Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
117,462	Sales at News Stand.
10,017	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
6,660	Attended 260 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
1,809	Cadets and Seamen attended 228 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 50 new students enrolled.
44,817	Social Service Interviews.
8,063	Relief Loans.
4,057	Individual Seamen received Relief.
29,494	Books and magazines distributed.
1,968	Pieces of clothing, and 1,501 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,082	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
61,835	Attended 87 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
182	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
2,526	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
128	Missing Seamen found.
1,700	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$158,810.	Deposited for 2,107 Seamen in Banks; \$19,044. transmitted to families.
10,499	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
6,032	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.



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