

# The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK



*Courtesy United States Lines.*

PAINTING THE LINER'S GIANT STACKS

VOL. XXIX NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1938

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXIX, NOVEMBER, 1938

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
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REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY  
Superintendent

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE  
Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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

Subscription

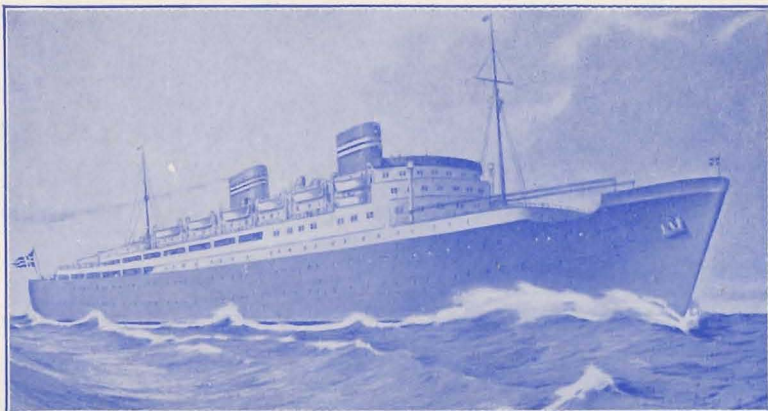
One Dollar Annually

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

THIS MONTH'S COVER: PAINTING THE LINER'S GIANT STACKS. Landsmen paint from sun to sun, but a sailor's painting is never done. Sea air and water are hard on paint but still harder on wood and metal that haven't this protective coat. Rust, the great enemy, must not be allowed to corrupt any part of a vessel, so painting goes on 365 days in the year aboard a ship. The great stacks are painted while a vessel is in port and the sailors, hung from the rim in bo's'n's chairs, always attract a quota of cameramen.



S.S. "OSLOFJORD" (See opposite page)

# The Lookout

Vol. XXIX

November, 1938

No. 11



You are invited to a

## SKI AND CRUISE FASHION SHOW

On Board the S. S. OSLOFJORD

(New Flagship of the Norwegian-America Line)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1938, 2 to 6 P.M.

docked at Pier 4, Army Base, Brooklyn\*

Under the Auspices and for the Benefit of the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

and

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25 South Street, New York, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710

\* Buses will leave the Hotel Commodore, 42nd Street side, at 1:15 P.M. Returning from ship at 5:30 P.M. Round Trip Bus Tickets at 40c must be purchased *in advance* from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. To reach the ship by subway, take B.M.T. Seabeach Express from Times Square to 59th Street, Brooklyn.

NOTE: No other invitation or announcement regarding this Benefit will be mailed to our friends. Since the capacity of the ship is limited, we suggest early reservations.

# "It Can Be Done"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Again Mrs. Janet Roper broadcast on a nation-wide program. Last year she spoke on Phillips Lord's program "We, the People", and this year the poet Edgar A. Guest invited her to speak on his program "It Can Be Done"—on Wednesday evening, September 21st, Station WJZ at 10:30 P.M. from Chicago, sponsored by the Household Finance Corporation. Since this was the night of the hurricane, and probably many of our New York and New England readers' radios had no electric current, we are presenting condensed excerpts here.

## MR. GUEST

FOR men who go down to the sea in ships, always there are mothers, sweethearts, wives, families anxiously awaiting their return! Sometimes, however, these seafarers fail to return! Not because they have been lost in the storms that swell the seven seas, but because they have been wrecked on the rocks of Life itself—and so drifted into the port of missing men! From the ends of the earth thousands of these stray human craft have been picked up and steered home again—steered home by the efforts of a woman—and that woman is Mrs. Janet Roper of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York! . . . The story of Mrs. Roper's career begins nearly 50 years ago in Boston when she was a girl of seventeen. At a mission on a street along the waterfront . . .



Mrs. Janet Roper

I'd like to help the mission in its work!

MR. BURTON

Oh—that's splendid, splendid! Miss—Miss—

MR. ROPER

Janet Lord—

MR. BURTON

Miss Lord! We're very glad to have you join us!

MRS. ROPER

Thank you, Mr. Burton!

MR. BURTON

We need young people like you—and Mr. Roper here—

MR. ROPER

Did you want me, Mr. Burton?

MR. BURTON

Why, yes—Mr. Roper! This is Miss Lord—she has just joined us as a volunteer! Mr. Roper is studying for the ministry.

MR. ROPER

How do you do, Miss Lord!

MRS. ROPER

How do you do—

NARRATOR

So at the very outset of their careers these two young people were united in their work—and later, joined in marriage! There followed years of devotion to missionary work among the seamen—work that took them to Portland, Oregon. And there, one day in 1915 . . .

SEAMAN

Hello, Mrs. Roper—

MRS. ROPER

Shorty Jones! I thought you sailed for China today!

SEAMAN

We'll be leavin' in a few hours, Mrs. Roper! But I had to come by to learn if what I heard is so—that you're leavin' Portland?

MRS. ROPER

That's true, Shorty!

SEAMAN

The seamen'll be missin' you here, ma'am! Couldn't ye stay?

MRS. ROPER

I'd like to, Shorty! You've all been wonderful—but since Dr. Roper passed away, I've got to look out for my three little girls! And conditions at the mission here—well—they can't afford to keep me on!

SEAMAN

Have ye a mind where you're going, then, Mrs. Roper?

MRS. ROPER

The Seamen's Church Institute in New York has written they may have something for me—but it's not very definite!

SEAMAN

You're not goin' clear to New York on just a chance—

MRS. ROPER

When you go out to sea, Shorty—you take the bad weather when it comes—along with the good! I've got to do the same!

SEAMAN

That's so, ma'am! But I hope it will be smooth sailin' for ye, ma'am! And the best of luck to ye!

NARRATOR

So, facing uncertain seas, Mrs. Roper and her three daughters charted a course for the strange city of New York! And there, at the Seamen's Church Institute, she met with the board of managers . . .

REV. DR. MANSFIELD

Mrs. Roper—the members of the board have thought for some time that we needed a woman at the Institute here—to act as a sort of housemother.

MRS. ROPER

Why, yes—of course, Dr. Mansfield! That would be fine! But just what would my duties be?

DR. MANSFIELD

Well—we don't know exactly! You'd have to make the job for yourself!

MRS. ROPER

Make the job for myself?

DR. MANSFIELD

That's right! And I might add—inasmuch as this is rather an experiment, the board feels we can take you only on trial!

MRS. ROPER

That rather leaves it up to me, doesn't it! Very well, then—we'll see what we can do!

NARRATOR

Thus Janet Roper became associated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—with six months to make good at a job which didn't exist! For a time she was just another welfare worker, helping stranded and lonely seamen to food and shelter! But one day, in her office overlooking the harbor . . .

MRS. DONOVAN

Are ye the lady they be callin' Mother Roper?

MRS. ROPER

Why, yes—please sit down! What can I do for you?

MRS. DONOVAN

I'm Mrs. Michael Donovan, ma'am! Ye have so many sailors comin' in an' out of your place here, ma'am—I thought—

MRS. ROPER

Yes—?

MRS. DONOVAN

I thought maybe ye might 'av run across me son Jimmy. Y'see—'twas just a bit of a quarrel Jimmy had with his father—an' he left home! He kind of always wanted to go to sea—

MRS. ROPER

I understand, Mrs. Donovan! How long has he been gone?

MRS. DONOVAN

'Tis seven months now—an' we've had no word from him! He's a proud lad, ma'am—and I'm worried—

MRS. ROPER

Yes—things probably haven't gone so well—and now he's too proud to let anyone know! That's the usual way! How old is Jimmy, Mrs. Donovan?

**MRS. DONOVAN**

Just 17, ma'am! An' a redheaded lad, besides!

**MRS. ROPER**

Now, Mrs. Donovan—you let me have a complete description of Jimmy and I'll inquire around among the boys! Perhaps one of them may have run across him—

**MRS. DONOVAN**

D'ye think so, now? An' sure, Mother Roper—if ye could find him—'tis ever grateful I would be to ye— . . .

**SEAMAN**

Mother Roper! How're ye today?

**MRS. ROPER**

Just fine, John—fine! John—have you seen anything of a red-headed lad answering to the name of Jimmy Donovan around the docks—looking for a job, perhaps?

**SEAMAN**

No, ma'am! Nobody like that been around here! Ye might ask the boys over at Seaman's Hall! Maybe some o' them've seen the lad— . . .

**FIRST SEAMAN**

Nope—I'm sorry, Mother Roper! I haven't seen anything of a boy like that! Maybe old Charlie over there—

**SECOND SEAMAN**

Le's see . . . Jimmy Donovan . . . Mother Roper! Have ye tried some o' the steamship offices? He might've shipped as a cabin steward—or mess boy! I'll tell our men you're lookin' for the lad, Mother Roper! . . .

**MAN**

Sorry, Mother Roper—there's no Jimmy Donovan on the crew lists of any of our ships! . . .

**MRS. DONOVAN**

Then ye've had no word of my Jimmy yet, Mother Roper?

**MRS. ROPER**

I'm sorry—but there's no news yet, Mrs. Donovan!

**MRS. DONOVAN**

An' 'tis nearly eleven months now since the lad left!

**MRS. ROPER**

Don't be discouraged, Mrs. Donovan! We'll find the boy! I've written to ship owners and portmasters all over the world—and his name and description are posted wherever there are sailors! One of them will run across him and let us know!

**MRS. DONOVAN**

I'm prayin' 'twill be soon, Mother Roper! Jimmy's father is very sick and—

**NELS**

Oh—excuse me, Mother Roper—but could I have a minut's private talk with ye?

**MRS. ROPER**

Why, of course, Nels! Excuse me a moment, Mrs. Donovan! All right, Nels—what is it?

**NELS**

Mother Roper—ye know that red-headed lad ye been searching for—that Jimmy Donovan? I think he just come in to the Institute! He's sittin' down below in the lobby!

**MRS. ROPER**

Well—we'll see about that right away! Will you wait a few minutes, Mrs. Donovan? I'll be right back! Come on, Nels—show me the boy! . . .

**MRS. ROPER**

Hello, Jimmy—

**JIMMY**

Oh—Oh, hello, Mother Roper! How'd you know me?

**MRS. ROPER**

Why—I suppose the same way you knew me! You seem a little downhearted, Jimmy—sitting here all by yourself! Something wrong?

**JIMMY**

Oh, no! Nothing wrong—nothing at all!

**MRS. ROPER**

Having a little trouble—getting signed on a ship?

**JIMMY**

Oh—a little! But that's all right! I'll find a job soon!

**MRS. ROPER**

Of course! Jimmy—how long since you wrote to your mother?

**JIMMY**

Oh—I'll be seein' her, Mother Roper! Just as soon as I get back from my next voyage!

**MRS. ROPER**

Jimmy, those are pretty shabby clothes you're wearing! You couldn't see your mother looking like that, could you?

**JIMMY**

O' course not, Mother Roper! That's one reason why I'm waitin' 'till I get a job and can get paid off!

**MRS. ROPER**

I'll tell you what we'll do, boy! I'll get you a new outfit from the Institute's Slop Chest!

**JIMMY**

Gosh—that'd be swell, Mother Roper!

**MRS. ROPER**

And then—when you get changed into your new clothes, we'll go up to my office! Your mother is waiting in there—

**JIMMY**

My mother—waiting—

**MRS. ROPER**

That's right, Jimmy! And she's awfully anxious to have you home!

**JIMMY**

She is? Gosh—Mother Roper—that's swell! . . .

**NARRATOR**

From restoring wayward youths to their homes, it was an easy step for Mother Roper to add to her tasks the search for missing men! Wherever ships rode the waves—wherever sailors went ashore, there was word that Mother Roper wanted so-and-so! And one night—somewhere at sea—in the fo'c'sle of a freighter, homeward bound for New York . . .

**SCOTTY**

'Tis a cauld wind a blowing to-night! Larry laddie!

**LARRY**

I guess it is, all right, Scotty!

**SCOTTY**

'Tis sair dour ye are tonight, Larry! Hae ye seen a ghaist—or what?



Mrs. Roper Inspects Her Missing Seamen's Bulletin Board

**LARRY**

Oh—it's nothing, Scotty! Just got the blues, I suppose!

**SCOTTY**

Well—cheer up, my boy! Hae a thought for bein' home in New York so ye can keep Christmas with your jo—your sweetheart! Or likely with your wife and bairn! 'Tis real cause for rejoicin'!

**LARRY**

Yes—it would be, Scotty—if one could see his wife and spend Christmas with her!

**SCOTTY**

Then—have ye none, then?

**LARRY**

Oh, yes! But I can't see her! I haven't seen or heard from her in nearly two years! And I won't be able to—this time, either—

**SCOTTY**

Awa' with ye, mon! That's clishmaclaver—idle talk! And why mayn't you see the wife?

**LARRY**

Well—it's a rather difficult story, Scotty—one that I've kept to myself all these months! I married

(continued on Page 8)



WHEN Captain Christopher Jones, in command of the good ship "Mayflower", crossed the Atlantic in 1620 with his gallant crew and passengers, he found no friendly welcome awaiting them on the "stern and rockbound coast." But today, a "symbol of welcome" greets all ships coming to America—the green Titanic Tower light shining from the Institute's roof.

Our doorway is intended as an invitation and a welcome to home-coming seafarers, thousands of whom regard "25 South Street" as their only home. Ours is an "active doorway"—swinging open endlessly, continuously—day and night—as seamen enter. No. 10 Downing Street may be a more famous address than 25 South Street, but to merchant seamen the world-over, the latter means Home and Journey's End. Particularly, when the time-honored holidays—Thanksgiving and Christmas—approach, the address "25 South Street" is a symbol of home, and friendship and friendliness to many a lonely seafarer. Since time immemorial, the Institute has served from 1,200 to 1,600 seamen with turkey dinners on these holidays—thanks to the generous gifts of our loyal friends.

In looking back over the year 1938, we can all find much to be thankful for, (in spite of many calamities), and can echo the words of the President of the United States when he sent this message to the British Harvest Festival, celebrated in Trinity Church on October 16th:

"In this season when the kindly fruits of the earth are being garnered in abundance it is particularly fitting that we should return thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect

**Thanksgiving  
Day**

Kindly send HOLIDAY FUND Contributions to the  
Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

## Please Remember the Seafarer Through the Institute's Holiday Fund

gift . . . I trust that those who have an abundance will be reminded of their stewardship so that in a season of plenty none may suffer hunger or privation."

In the name of our good friends, we should welcome most cordially each seaman who enters our door on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and should provide them with bountiful dinners, lively entertainment, cheerful music and — in short — a most hearty welcome. Won't you again share your holidays with these seamen?

Thanksgiving is an American institution, striking deep roots in our traditions. It signifies a reunion of kinship and hospitality, inspired by a spirit of thankfulness after a year of hardship. It is in this reverent spirit that we celebrate Thanksgiving here at "25 South Street." Won't you help us to keep our door wide open, bidding all sailors "Welcome In?"



## A "THANK YOU" LETTER FROM A SAILOR

Room 1119  
November 26, 1937

MY DEAR MR. KELLEY:

I have just eaten the very good Thanksgiving Dinner which you so very kindly and thoughtfully had reserved for me from yesterday.

All I can do at the present time is to say a simple *Thank You!* and that I say it from the rock-bottom of my heart, you will not doubt, I am sure of that.

Mr. Gates had tried to find me all day long, and left a note for me at the hotel desk. It was after 5 p.m. when I returned home, and thinking that Mr. Gates day was over I went to the third floor to read. Then I got a page-call over the broadcast system, and went down finding Mr. Gates waiting for me with the unexpectedly good news.

I am sincerely regretful for the trouble I caused Mr. Gates, and Eddie the counter manager. They sure enough went too far taking all kinds of trouble to fix me up with eats and smokes.

Mr. Gates may tell you what I told him—that I had coffee and a cake this morning, and a cup of coffee for lunch—so believe me Sir, it was one most extraordinary big surprise this belated *Thanksgiving* Dinner. I had resigned myself to go to bed quite empty tonight if you and your assistants had not carried out The Great Provider's wish and will to do good.

You all carried out His will to full measure for my sake, and I am certain that He—The Great Good Lord, Master of our destinies, will bless and reward you richly for what you have done for me this blessed day. My humble prayers for your blessing. He will hear, most assuredly.

I hope and believe that God will help me so that I will be able to show yourself, Mr. Gates, and Eddie my high appreciation, in a not too far off future, in some material way, because, thanking you only, will not be by far satisfactory to myself.

So, gentlemen Friends, here is to Hope—better, brighter days will dawn again!

You have put me under a great obligation, and I must repeat my Thanks over and over and believe me I am to remain

Yours Respectfully,  
Truly Thankfully

M. V. H.

P.S. I will call in person at your office some day.

## "It Can Be Done"

(continued from Page 5)

into a family that had more money than I had! I tried to keep up with them — with my wife — but I couldn't! I had to leave—so I went to sea—to forget—to disappear!

SCOTTY

Faith! 'Tis a strange tale, Larry! And you still love the lass?

LARRY

Very much, Scotty! And I think she still cares for me!

SCOTTY

'Tis a pity! And where then will ye be spendin' ye're Christmas?

LARRY

Over at the Seamen's Church Institute, I guess! With Mother Roper!

SCOTTY

With Mother Roper? Ay—'tis a noble woman, she! I've not seen her for many months, mesel'. D'ye mind if I gae along with ye—when we get ashore?

LARRY

Not at all, Scotty! I'd like it!

NARRATOR

And days later, the freighter nosed into New York harbor. As Scotty and Larry prepared to go ashore, in Mother Roper's office...

YOUNG WOMAN

But Mother Roper—are you—are you sure—Larry'll be here?

MRS. ROPER

He'll be here, don't you worry about that! Scotty radioed me all about Larry—and promised to bring him to me—without fail!

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh—I'm so nervous, Mother Roper! Do you think he'll forgive me? Do you think he'll still care for me?

MRS. ROPER

He'll not have time to think about it—when he sees you, dear! Just be patient—

YOUNG WOMAN

It's been nearly two years—

MRS. ROPER

Hush—I think that might be them—comin' up the stairs now!...

LARRY

Agnes!

YOUNG WOMAN

Larry!

LARRY

Oh—my dear! My dear!

YOUNG WOMAN

You've come back—Larry darling!

MRS. ROPER

Come on, Scotty—you scheming old rascal! Maybe we'd better let the young folks alone!

SCOTTY

Ay, Mother Roper! I figured you would be wantin' to know about the lad—when he told me his story!

MRS. ROPER

Yes, Scotty! We've been searching every shore and port for him!

SCOTTY

'Tis a bonny holiday ye've gi'en them, Mother Roper! Ay—a bonny, bonny gift!

NARRATOR

And so has she given thousands of wives and mothers and sweet-hearts the wonderful gift of a loved one returned from the ports of the missing—this kindly, generous, sympathetic mother of the sea—Mrs. Janet Roper! No matter how far they have roamed over the earth—or how far they have strayed from narrow paths—Mother Roper has brought the crews of many ships into harbor—and on even keel! She has proven again—IT CAN BE DONE!...

MRS. ROPER

And, Mr. Guest, I want to say just one more thing... To every son, wherever you may be now, this is Mrs. Roper saying "Write home to Mother—often, please".

## Stowaway Goes to School

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Bobby Stap, known to steamship lines and ship-news reporters as New York's most persistent stowaway, is now happily attending the Institute of Merchant Marine School. The Domestic Relations Court of Queens has thus turned the lad's bent for seafaring to constructive use. Captain Robert Huntington, principal of the Institute's School, has reported to Justice Herbert A. O'Brien that Bobby is contented in his work, studying navigation, splicing, seamanship and other subjects which will eventually qualify him to become a merchant seaman. Captain Fred Just, one of Bobby's instructors, reports that the lad is a good student, conscientious, intelligent, and likes school so much that he even comes to take courses on Saturdays, which is not required of him.

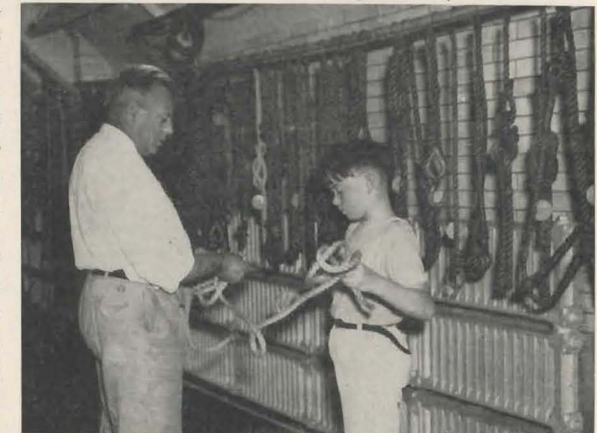
In the past six months Bobby has stowed away four times, twice to Europe on the *Normandie* and *Georgic*, once to Savannah, and once on a Caribbean cruise aggregating 20,000 miles. After the fourth voyage Bobby was sent to a children's shelter, and thence to court where Justice Peter B. Hanson, who retired from the Children's Court last December, was appointed his legal guardian. Bobby's love of the sea was apparently inspired by ancestors who have been seafarers for 200 years. His father is a chef on an American liner. Hence, Bobby has both a natural aptitude and heredity for a sea career, and he should therefore not be classed as a wayward or as a delinquent. Apparently,



Bobby in a Breeches Buoy

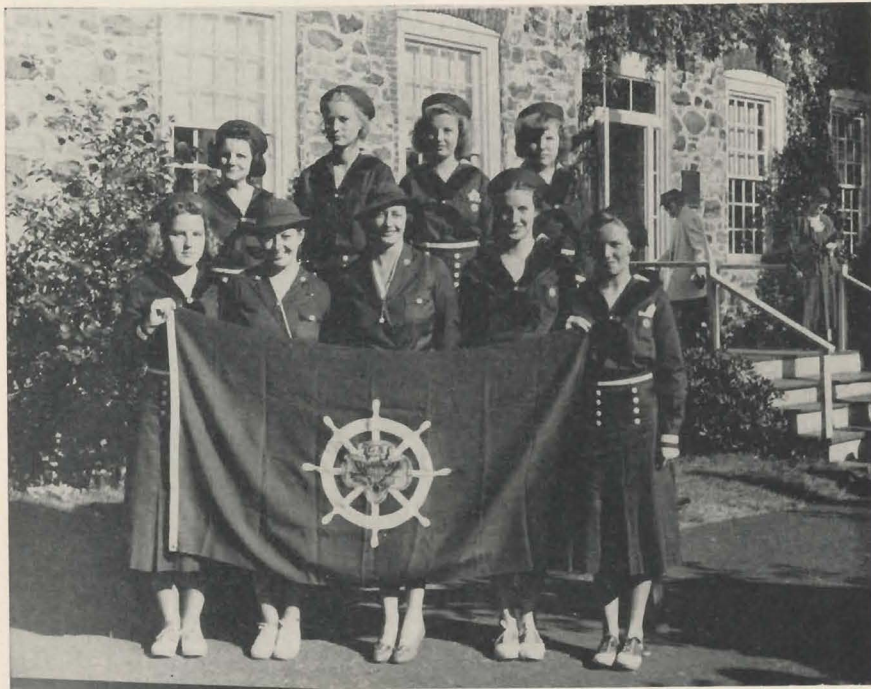
Judge O'Brien and the Board of Education have approached Bobby's problem constructively and intelligently by waiving legal age requirements and permitting him to settle down to the pursuit of his studies in the Institute's Marine School. We have a hunch that some day Captain Bobby Stap will be on the bridge of an American liner.

Learning the Ropes



Photos by courtesy of N. Y. Daily Mirror

## Daughters of Seamen Become Girl Scout Mariners



Girl Scout Mariners and Their Leader.

Photo by P. L. Sperr.

**E**IGHT girls from the Society for Seamen's Children, Staten Island, are following in the footsteps of their seamen fathers by joining a group of Girl Scout Mariners. Their ship is christened the "Bentley", named after Captain Christopher Billopp's boat which sailed around Staten Island in less than 24 hours to claim it for the Duke of York, during the time before the American Revolution when the English had possession of New York. On September 10, 1938, a pageant depicting scenes in the his-

tory of Staten Island was enacted, in which the Girl Scout Mariners participated. The Society for Seamen's Children became affiliated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in 1937. Organized in 1846, this Society has been of service to thousands of seamen's sons and daughters whose homes have been disrupted by some family misfortune, usually the death or illness of the mother, or father, thus requiring foster homes for the children.

## Letters to the Lookout Editor

### Miniature Square Riggers

TO THE LOOKOUT EDITOR:

**P**ERHAPS you may be interested to have this picture.

We had a race of two miniature square riggers for the Amm McKim trophy at the recent Miles River Regatta, St. Michaels, Maryland. The magazine "Yachting" in its September issue refers to our race and also shows a picture taken at that time. The contest was between our little brig "Isobel III" of Johnson Island (described in your October 1937 issue of the LOOKOUT) and the brigantine "Nippy" of Baltimore.

Captain Franklin Carter, Assistant Pier Superintendent of the Isthmian Steamship Company, commanded the "Nippy". He was assisted by Captain H. Yost, also of Baltimore, who had considerable experience in square-riggers, and my daughter, Isobel.

The brig "Isobel III" sailed by myself, my wife and our son, Buddy, won the race and received the trophy. The "Isobel III" carried the insignia of the Black Ball Line while the "Nippy" represented the old Red Cross Line having the cross in her fore topsail, as you may see on the picture showing a second race off Johnson Island, Md. There was no trophy for the second race



but the losers had to jump overboard when they passed the line.

Next year we expect to have considerable competition as several other mariners have expressed a desire to sail under square-rig.

"Fore-and-aft" yachtsmen will appreciate the intricacy of handling these baby clippers when it is considered that the brigantine-rigged "Isobel III" has over 40 pieces of running gear (for the benefit of landlubbers this means ropes used in setting and handling sails).

In their miniature sizes these rigs do not attain top efficiency, but to a square-rigger sailor, the work of handling these little vessels with necessarily small crews provides a thrill far in excess of that derived from the conventional fore-and-aft rigs. CARL M. J. VON ZIELINSKI

### Regarding Ships' Figureheads

TO THE LOOKOUT EDITOR:

The paragraph on the Delaware's figurehead Tecumseh is all right under author's license. For your fuller information let me tell you a little more about it. It is probably one of the finest pieces of carving ever put into a figurehead. How long it stood at the Naval Academy I do not know. It was

there long before my entrance in 1887. It was the *Class of 1891* (not in 1891) that substituted a replica. One of our Class, Rear Admiral Arthur L. Willard, was Superintendent of the Washington Gun Factory and on the Factory's estimate of the cost, the Class got together about \$3,000. to defray it, to make the replica in bronze. With great care the "brain" and "heart" were removed from the wooden

carving and placed in the bronze and after the replica was finished the wooden original was restored in such a way as to preserve it indefinitely under cover. When completed, the bronze replica was such a fine piece of art that the National Fine Arts Commission told us we must have a suitable pedestal, which the Class of '91 duly obtained. Then on Alumni Day in May, 1930, a considerable number of the Class assembled at Annapolis for the unveiling. In my day there were only a few more than 200 cadets at the Academy. Those on the "ragged edge" would propitiate Tecumseh with a few pennies at examination time. Now, however, with ten times as many midshipmen, pennies are thrown in a considerable shower and the small boys around the Naval Academy find it very good pickings.

REGINALD R. BELKNAP  
Rear Admiral  
U.S.N. Ret.

### Book Reviews

"SHIPS AND SAILORS: THE STORY OF THE MERCHANT MARINE" By William H. Clark.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$3.50

"With the building, in 1607, of the VIRGINIA 'a faire pinnacle of 30 tons' was the American Merchant Marine begun". Mr. Clark tells the story of its development from the days when New England fishing vessels sought out a trade with the West Indies in order to find market for their fish, down to the present very critical period. He writes in an easy manner, giving ample incident and a wealth of illustrations which add to the interest of the text. He brings out clearly natural causes for the expansion of trade in New England as against the satisfaction of the Virginia colonists to go on trading in English vessels. With the New Englanders it was their very existence which was at stake; they had to find new markets or starve. The Virginians, having a ready market for their tobacco in England were faced with no such problem. He emphasizes the honorableness of the seafarers' profession and the pride with which young

shipmasters brought home their cargo; he shows that while the Civil War hastened the decline of our shipping it was really the change from sail to steam together with concentration on internal expansion after this war which practically destroyed our prestige on the sea.

One of our readers, a Master of some years experience, picked up this book from the Librarian's desk, read it with absorbed interest all day, returned it with this comment "This is one fine book and every American seaman should read it. Why was it so long in being written?" The reviewer would add her endorsement and suggest that LOOKOUT readers will find much that is enlightening in its pages.

A.W.C.

### IN HAZARD

By Richard Hughes  
Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Someone has called this story a realistic "Typhoon." It is inevitable that it be compared with Conrad's immortal story. There is no fine writing here — only meticulous accuracy in reporting how a ship acts in a hurricane, and how men act when they are afraid. This reviewer prefers Conrad's picture of men's heroic souls in fighting the sea, and yet is compelled to admire Mr. Hughes' keyed-down portrait of men against the sea.

M.D.C.

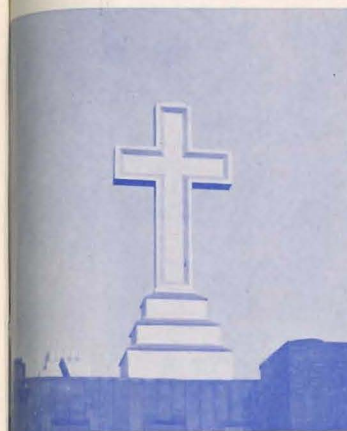
### WANTED: A RADIO

Music hath charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but also to aid digestion and to create a pleasant atmosphere while one is eating. Our Business Manager reports that a radio would prove very useful in our Cafeteria, providing "dinner music" while hundreds of seamen enjoy their evening meal. Sometimes we have been fortunate in securing the services of a sailor who can play popular tunes with pep and zest, and literally "sing" for his supper, but such musicians are usually off to ship jobs the next day, so, in the interims, we could use a good radio. Any reader who has an extra radio not being used should call our Welfare Department, and we would be happy to send for it.

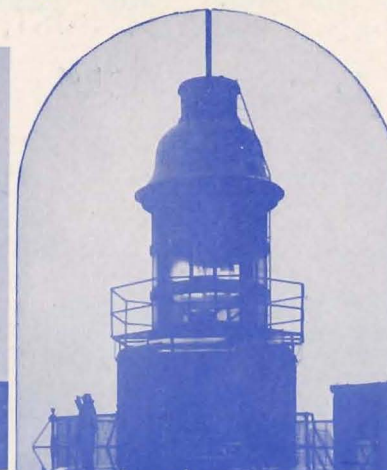
### THANK YOU

We want to thank our friends for their generous support of our Benefit on October 13th and we trust that they enjoyed the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. We are happy to report that the net proceeds totalled approximately \$3,000.

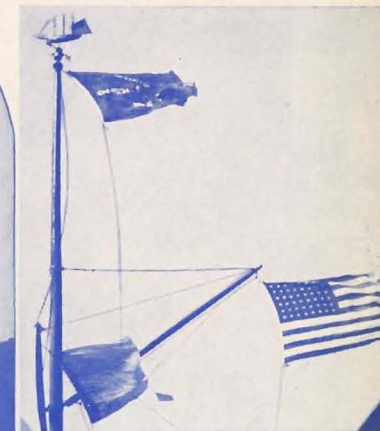
## Symbols of Safety on the Institute's Roof.



CROSS



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FLAGS

### SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1938

- 220,057** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 85,239** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 561,874** Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 230,169** Sales at News Stand.
- 19,858** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 8,936** Attended **438** Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
- 3,505** Cadets and Seamen attended **432** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **144** new students enrolled.
- 38,078** Social Service Interviews.
- 9,612** Relief Loans.
- 6,280** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 59,927** Magazines distributed.
- 3,912** Pieces of clothing, and **677** knitted articles distributed.
- 2,455** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
- 63,747** Attended **130** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 2,001** Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
- 251** Missing Seamen found.
- 794** Positions secured for Seamen.
- \$166,547.** Deposited for **2,629** Seamen in Banks.
- 14,582** Attendance in Conrad Library; **4,126** books distributed.
- 8,433** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
- 1,110** Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.



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