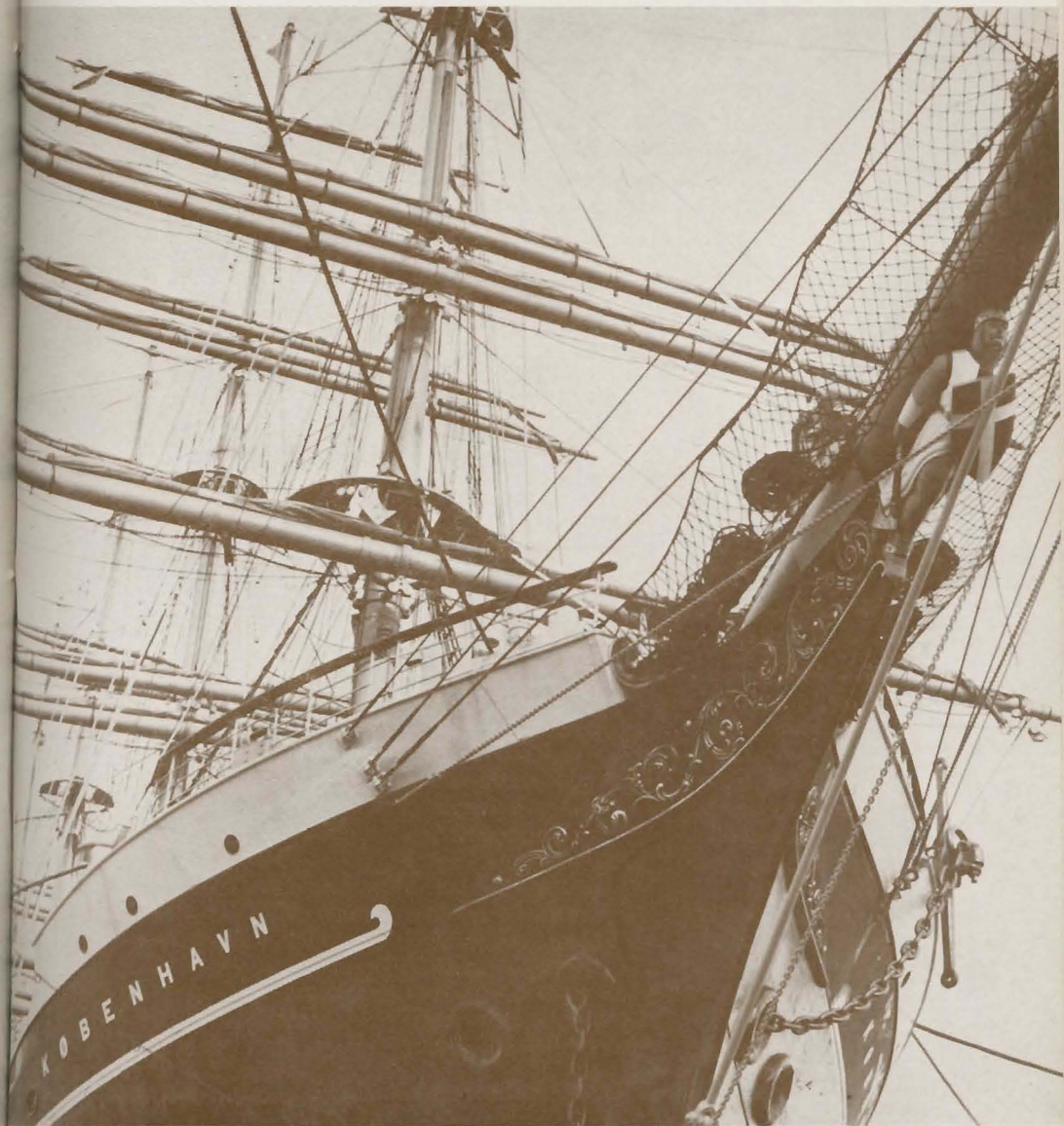


The LOOKOUT



One of the Mysteries of the Sea:
The Disappearance of the Ship KOBENHAVN

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVII NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1936

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph taken by the Allen Photo Company, San Francisco, and loaned through the courtesy of Mr. Louis S. Tiemann. The KOBENHAVN was a five-masted steel bark of 3,329 tons net, with auxiliary motors, built in Scotland, and used as a Danish training ship. On December 14, 1928 the ship, with 45 cadets, 15 officers and crew, left Buenos Aires bound for Australia. She was "spoken" once and thereafter has not been heard of since. The steamer *Deucalion* of the Blue Funnel Line and the *S.S. Mexico* of the Eastern Asiatic Line were chartered to make a search for her but to no avail. The missing vessel was known as the largest windjammer in the world, having the enormous sail area of 56,000 square feet.

The
LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVII, NOVEMBER, 1936

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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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.

WE FEEL a brief message is due our friends and contributors with regard to the present marine labor controversy. The Institute, like the Red Cross, is neutral in such situations, but our responsibility toward seamen in distress, and for good order on the waterfront, continues. Press releases indicate that only a very small percentage of the seamen actually in the port of New York are involved in the present controversy. We ask your help particularly for the many seamen in need through force of circumstances beyond their own control.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVII

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"All Hands Saved"

IN darkness and driving rain the foundering Canadian vessel *Mabel Frye* sighted the lights of a passing ship. But there were no rockets with which to send a distress signal. The water was deep in the *Mabel Frye's* hold. The cargo of coal was dragging her down. The October gale had carried off the only lifeboat. The pumps were choked. The fresh water tanks were salted up. Food ran short and had to be rationed out to the six members of the crew.

Clinging to the rigging, the men tore up the sails for signal flares, the last hopeless act of resignation for the Newfoundland seagoer. As soon as the merchant ship was sighted Captain Alex Radway fought his way below decks, grabbed the blankets from the bunks, soaked them in kerosene, set them blazing and flung them high up on the stumps of the masts. Ten minutes later came the welcome sound of the rescuer's whistle. The newcomer was the *American Merchant* in command of Captain Alfred M. Moore who knows a thing or two about sea rescues. In 1929, when skipper of the liner *Republic* he went to the help of the Newfoundland schooner *Gander Deal* and saved all hands. He repeated this in the case of the *Mabel Frye*. The crew were brought to New York and were the guests of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for several days. The Institute provided them with food, clothing, lodging and cash and the British Consulate sent them home to Newfoundland aboard the *Fort Amherst* of the Furness Red Cross line.



Mr. Kelley Welcomes the Crew of the "Mabel Frye" to the Institute.

We are fortunate now in having a modest special fund for the care of shipwrecked seamen in the treasury of the Blue Anchor Society, (cf. LOOKOUT, August, 1936, page 4) from which fund, since its union with the Central Council of Associations, this is the first crew to be aided therefrom.

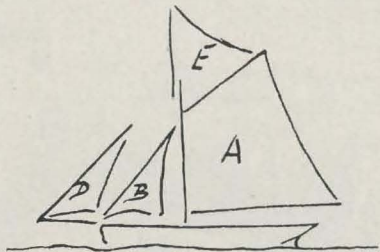
They were a grateful group of men—grateful for being snatched from Davey Jones's Locker by the efficient seamanship of Captain Moore and his lifeboat crew, and ever so appreciative of the Institute's hospitality. Captain Richard Radway, age 39, lamented the loss of the *Mabel Frye*. "How I hated to see her go! She was a good boat. But we had to set her on fire as she was in the regular steamship lanes and was a menacé to navigation. We'll all have to look for jobs when we get home. If I can't buy another

(Continued on Page 10)

Illustrated Lesson on Ships—1

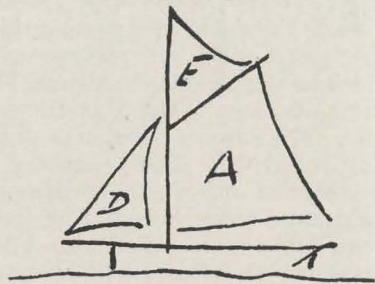
Courtesy, Gault Macgowan

Cutter



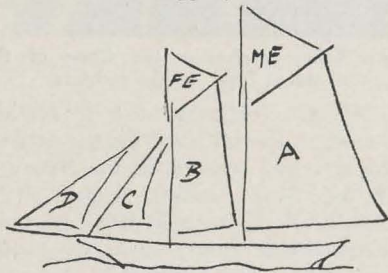
Sloop

(Differs from cutter in only having one headsail)

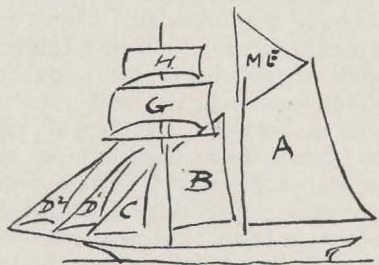


Schooner

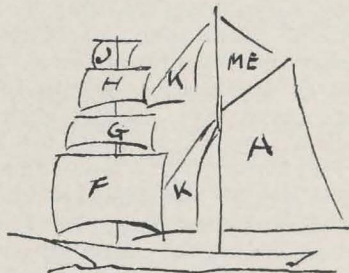
(may have 3 or more masts, all fore and aft rigged)



Jopsail Schooner



Brigantine



- A—Mainsail
- B—Foresail
- C—Forestaysail
- D—Jib, D1 inner, D2 outer
- E—Topsail
- FE—Foretopsail
- ME—Maintopsail
- F—Fore course
- G—Lower topsail
- H—Upper topsail
- J—Topgallant sail
- K—Staysails

Figurehead Carving Contest



Photo by Paul Parker

WINNERS AND JUDGES. Left to Right: front row, Captain Phineas Blanchard, Frank Novack, steward, third prize winner, Lester Owen, engineer, first prize winner and Roy Gardiner, oiler, second prize winner. Back row: the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Gordon Grant, Dr. Karl Vogel, Captain Robert Huntington and Dr. John H. Finley.

THERE was great excitement around the Institute's lobbies and much speculation as to which figurehead would win the prizes on the morning of October 5th. For on that day the Figurehead Carving Contest, for which only merchant seamen were eligible to compete, closed, and the judges met at luncheon to view the carvings and to select the winners. The Institute sponsored the contest to encourage the revival of the ancient art of figurehead carving; a friend donated \$30. for three cash prizes and tools and materials were supplied without charge in the shipmodelling class. The carvings submitted were all about one foot high and made of balsa wood.

After much discussion, the judges selected Lester Owen's carving of a nymph, painted in gold, as the first prize winner of \$15.00, and Roy Gardiner's replica of Sir Galahad,

the mysterious figurehead which is mounted over the Institute's main entrance, won second prize, \$10.00. Frank Novack's carving of Siegfried won third prize, \$5.00.

This contest has encouraged many seamen to try their hand at other types of carving. Seamen W. Nurmi, Frank Allen and John Johanssen have been successful in selling many of their carvings of anchors, chains, penholders and souvenirs all made of one solid piece of wood. Frank Novack has carved unusual souvenirs such as pen and inkstands, replicas of parrots and monkeys, all brightly painted, and cigarette boxes. Charles Wilbur's ship models have won praise. Some of these are on display in the Institute's Nautical Museum and are on sale. They make suitable Christmas gifts for marine-minded friends and relatives.

Born and Reared at Sea



Joanna and Lincoln Colcord as children on the barkentine "Clara E. McGilvery".

Reprinted by courtesy of the
Portland (Maine) Sunday Telegram

"WHAT does it mean to you now, to have been born and reared at sea?" is the question THE LOOKOUT editor asked Miss Joanna C. Colcord and she replied: "In the 1890's on the coast of Maine there was nothing unusual in such a family life as ours, incredible though it seems today. My father, Lincoln Alden Colcord, went away to sea with one of his shipmaster uncles when he was 15. At 21 he was master of his own vessel, married Jane French Sweetser and sailed away on a honeymoon voyage from which they were to return, three years later, the parents of two children."

Miss Colcord, who is a department director of the Russell Sage Foundation and one of the outstanding social workers in America, is a contributor to the Institute and on several occasions has assisted in the presentation of sea shanty programs over the radio. She has com-

plied a book of sea shanties called "Roll and Go". "I can still recall," she says, "the thrill of hearing the crew of a British ship lying beside us in Shanghai long years ago sing the old shanty 'Goodbye Fare Ye Well,' as they heaved up the anchor, and of comprehending for the first time that this was beautiful and distinctive music."

"What were your impressions, as a child, of those early days at sea?" we asked. "I remember," said Miss Colcord "the exciting excursions ashore, alternated with long days of peaceful, though never monotonous days at sea. Lessons went on daily. Our parents consulted with the teachers in the home school before each voyage and we covered the same subjects from the same books as did our little friends in Searsport. We were living geography and mathematics and learned about charts at an early age. My brother was allowed to climb aloft, but this joy was always denied me. I had to learn to sew and, tomboy I was, this irked me.

"We became acquainted with the way seamen live and work together. Our lives were part of the world's greatest internationalizing movement—commerce. Although it was seldom that peril actually threatened us, we understood the law of circular storms, and why small boats were lashed to the top of the forward house in readiness for use. In the days since then I have drawn heavily on the lessons learned at sea. We learned obedience and self-control; orderliness, contempt for sham and double-dealing, because you cannot fool the sea. We learned that a job must be well-done for its own sake, with that little extra touch for good measure that is implied in the word 'shipshape.'"

Wanted: Shoes for Seamen

Taking a long walk for the fresh air and the exercise is a splendid form of recreation, but pounding the pavement day after day searching for work is a deadly dull occupation. Seafarers making the rounds of shipping offices looking for work must walk many miles around New York's vast waterfront. The Institute is greatly in need of good, strong shoes for the many seamen who have worn their old ones to bits. Stuffing bits of pasteboard into the holes is only a temporary remedy. With the approach of winter, more and more seafarers here in the Port of New York are needing shoes. Funds are lacking with which to purchase brand new shoes, so we make this earnest appeal to LOOKOUT readers to please send along—by parcel post—men's shoes or overcoats which can be spared. Address your packages to the Religious and Social Service Department, 25 South Street.

Blue Ribbons and Gilded Cocks

The Blue Ribbon was not always the symbol of a ship's supremacy of the Atlantic, so far as speed was concerned. In the midst of a discussion as to the speed records of the NORMANDIE versus the QUEEN MARY, a veteran sea captain who chanced to be in the Institute's lobby, spoke up: "I remember when the THERMOPHLAE, a fast tea clipper, arrived in Foochow on her maiden voyage, she surprised the other ships at the Pagoda Anchorage by exhibiting a gilded cock of victory at her main truck. This annoyed the crews of the other clippers, which already had tea races to their credit. The story goes that a sailor on the TAEPING jumped overboard and swam across to the THERMOPHLAE while her officers and crew were celebrating at dinner. Climbing the cable he got aboard unseen, removed the gilded cock from its position, and swam safely back to his own ship with the emblem of victory in his arms. When the THERMOPHLAE'S crew discovered their loss, words and blows flew thick and fast whenever the rival crews met. She never recovered her golden cock, but she soon had another one carved and set up, which she carried proudly for the rest of her days."

Life Preserver

POLICEMEN on the South Street waterfront beat no longer need to ruin their uniforms by plunging into the none-too-clean waters of the East River to rescue drowning persons. On the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip, adjoining the police booth, hangs a life preserver with five fathoms of line. Since it was placed there, just a year ago, it has been used by police officers and officials of the Institute to aid in the rescue of twelve men from drowning.

The idea of putting the life ring in this place came to the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Superintendent of the Institute, when he noticed that a considerable number of men fall from the piers and docks into the East River. Accordingly, he notified Captain Walter T. Hourigan of the First Police Precinct that the Institute had placed such a ring for his use in emergencies.

Hugo Kasten was the first chap to be rescued by the preserver, when he fell into the river from pier No. 5, one summer's day, last year. Two City Patrolmen of the First Precinct's radio car performed the rescue, and without jumping in and ruining their clothes. Others who were rescued during the year by means of the life ring were: Thomas Larsen, George Jacobson, Erick Ahlstrom, J. Murphy, John Daughtry and John Arthur and several who declined to give their names. Some of the rescues were made by the city police and several by the special officers on the staff of the Institute who are on duty in the main lobby. Mr. Kelley has recommended to Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine that it might be advisable to equip each waterfront radio police car with a life preserver.

Remember the Seafarer Through the Institute's Holiday Fund



The Pilgrims' First Thanksgiving

AUTUMN leaves, North winds and drab November skies signify the approach of winter, usually bringing in its wake a succession of ship disasters in the North Atlantic. The weakest craft bow to the storm gods, and only the strong survive. Such is the old sea's way.

Those of us on shore who read with anxiety and apprehension the newspaper accounts of these storms, often with thrilling rescues, are stirred by the realization that the career of the seafarer, even at its best, is perilous. He looks upon the "bright face of danger" as a daily possibility.

Ashore, the lot of the seafarer may be a happy or a sad one, depending on where his ship touches port. In seaports where Seamen's Institutes or missions are established, he can enjoy the friendly hospitality offered. For example, in the Port of New York, he regards the Institute's building at 25 South Street as his home and club.

The Better Prayer

By Rev. R. Davis

THANK thee, Lord, for strength of arm
 To win my bread
 And that beyond my bread is meat
 For friend and foe
 I thank thee much for bread to live,
 I thank thee more for bread to give.
 I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
 In cold and storm
 And that beyond my roof is room
 For friend and foe
 I thank thee much for place to rest,
 But more for shelter by my guest.
 I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
 On me bestowed
 Enough to share with homeless folk
 To ease their load.
 Thy love to me I will not spare,
 Yet dearer is thy love to share.

Reprinted from the Witness, Dec. 27, 1934



A Shipwrecked Crew at the Institute Give Thanks

As Thanksgiving Day draws near, many seafarers are planning to be in New York on that great national holiday. Cold weather ties up hundreds of ships; when the Great Lakes freeze over the crews flock to New York. Some will be fortunate in finding work, and for these the Institute will provide warm clothing and knitted garments to withstand the wintry gales on the high seas.

But for approximately 1200 men of the sea we hope to provide a bountiful turkey dinner, tobacco, entertainment and music to make the day seem more cheerful. To do this, we rely each year on the generous support of our loyal friends whose gifts provide Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Before sitting down to your own holiday feast won't you please ask yourself:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"
 and then send something to these lonely seafarers so that, they, too, may enjoy Thanksgiving Day.

Please make checks payable to:

**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
 OF NEW YORK**

and designate them

"HOLIDAY FUND"

and mail to 25 South Street,
 New York, N. Y.

"Nothing Ever Happens"

MOST roads lead men homewards, but the sailor's road leads him forth. It leads him, lures him—this wet, heaving road of the salt sea—to the west, east, south and north. The only home he usually knows is "25 South Street." It is the one steady, solid thing in his transient life. The ships carry him away, they carry him hither and yon, but always, eventually, he returns to the Institute.

From a casual visit to this great shore home for seafarers the observer is perhaps reminded of the character in Vicki Baum's famous play "Grand Hotel" who commented: "People come. People go. Nothing ever happens." But an inspection of the daily reports of the Institute's social service workers reveals that things *do* happen: that all the tragedy and comedy of life are enacted here in the lives of these men who have answered the age-old call of the sea.

For example:

... A sea captain, long unemployed, had an opportunity to pose, in his captain's uniform, for a commercial photograph agency; his wife, from whom he had been separated many years, chanced to see his pic-

ture in a national magazine and, thinking he has a job again, writes him asking for money . . . A young oiler, surviving member of the crew of a Norwegian freighter which sank, is given medicine by the Institute's clinic doctor who has difficulty in making the seaman understand how often he should take the pills, so our telephone operator (who speaks Norwegian) is asked to translate, over the phone, to the seaman . . . A quiet little barge man calls to inquire about expressing a dog from New Orleans to New York; his wife is in the South and he is lonely on his barge so she offers to send their dog up to keep him company; is delighted to learn that the charges would be only about \$2.40 as the dog weighs about 25 pounds . . . Two seamen want assistance in sending a letter of thanks to a police officer in Flushing, enclosing the ten cents which they had borrowed from him for carfare to return to the Institute . . . A young A.B. brings in a telegram telling of the death of "Bobbie" — he fears that it refers to his two-year old son; a wire is sent to clear up the name confusion and he learns (to his relief) that the "Bobbie" referred to

is not his baby, but a distant relative . . . An eager-eyed American cadet who had just experienced his first severe storm at sea wants a copy of Masefield's novel "Victorious Troy" so that he can "read about what he just went through" . . . Seaman bartender on private yacht calls to see old sailor friend who is ill and abed on the 10th floor; makes arrangements for paying his expenses out of gratitude for assistance given him by this older friend many years ago when first going to sea . . . Chief mate comes in to ask for a mourning band, his father having just died . . . A nice-looking engineer is mistaken for the missing Milne boy and asks the Institute's assistance in establishing his identity for the police . . . Spanish sailor wants to have his poem "A Song of New York" typed for submission in Mayor La Guardia's contest for a poem best describing the metropolis . . . Chaplain, receiving word from marine hospital just before midnight: "Come at once. Lars S. very low," manages to catch the last boat to Ellis Island, finds the seaman on operating table awaiting him; wants prayers and his blessing; operation successful and Lars will recover . . . Seaman just out of



jail on a larceny charge is given a suit of clothes and a bus ticket to his home; he does not want his family to know where he has been and promises to go straight . . . Stewardess calls to get Institute's First Aid Manual as on last trip one of the seamen got blood poisoning and with no doctor aboard he did not receive proper treatment and is now gravely ill . . . A seaman checked his baggage, removing, first, however, a pair of roller skates. These he took across the street to Jeanette Park and spent an hour skating about the cement pavement of the Park. It was rough going but his turns and pirouetting and apparent enjoyment seemed to be greatly appreciated by the seamen who were sunning themselves in the Park.

"All Hands Saved"

(Continued from Page 1)



Photo by courtesy of THE OCEAN FERRY, United States Lines.

Left to right, front row: Captain Alfred M. Moore of the American Merchant; Captain Alexander Rodway, master of the foundered schooner; Chief Officer Theodore Christensen who commanded the lifeboat that took the men from the sinking schooner; John Rodway, member of the crew of the Mabel A. Frye. Back row: George Slade, Claverly Ingram, Thomas Burton and Fred Wareham, the other rescued men.

boat at a reasonable price I'll try to sign on some other man's vessel." Captain Radway comes of a long list of seafaring ancestors. His father, now retired, sailed in Newfoundland schooners for over 40 years. The Captain has a wife and four children and when they grow up the sons will probably go to sea. Members of the crew besides Captain Radway were: C. Ingram, G. Slade, T. Burton, F. Wareham

and J. Radway, his brother.

"You have to take what's coming to you," commented Captain Radway as he and his gallant men turned in to sleep the clock around, "It's the old sea's way." The *Institute* is particularly indebted to those loyal friends who send clothing and knitted articles for our "Slop Chest" which are kept in reserve for just such emergencies.

True Story

Seaman Arthur George Montagne went to a boarding house in Miami to rent a room. After paying a week's rent, he opened the closet door to the room and found an old overcoat. He asked the landlady if he could have it and she said "Yes, it was left by a former roomer." Montagne put on the overcoat and found in the pocket \$5,000, worth of negotiable bonds. He took those to a friend in a broker's office who was able to trace the ownership by looking up the numbers. The trail led to Brooklyn, N. Y. and

Montagne shipped out of Miami, with the bonds. Arriving in New York he went immediately to the owner's home in Brooklyn. The owner, a woman, identified the bonds and said "Thank you" to Montagne, without giving any explanation as to how they got into a man's overcoat in Miami. She simply asked his address. A few days later, Montagne called at the U. S. Post Office on the second floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, and a letter from the woman awaited him. It contained a money order for \$7.00.

Waterfront Gottings

What \$35.00 Will Buy

Thirty-five dollars invested in the Institute will buy two hours of entertainment for nearly 1,100 merchant seamen. That is what it costs to rent a full-length feature picture to show in our Auditorium in our sound projection machine. It includes the movie operator's services, a news reel, sports feature and a one reel comedy. At present, our social service budget only allows us to show moving pictures once a week. Wouldn't some of our readers like to send a check for \$35.00 so that we may announce an extra movie now and then? The seamen enjoy them so much.

What's in a Name?...

A rather unusual naturalization problem is reported by one of the Institute's social workers. A seaman anxious to take out his citizenship papers was told that he must learn to write his name. He was given two weeks in which to learn this. He has always "printed" his name so he knew nothing of the formation of cursive or "written" letters. The social worker agreed to spend time with him each day, beginning with the letter "a" until he had mastered the written alphabet. Since his name happens to be AGAMEMNON ARATOS, there is much to be learned! It was slow going for Agamemnon the first day, but true to the traditions of the courageous Greek king (for whom he was named) he stuck at it faithfully. He declared that he was much happier going to school at 25 South Street than at an uptown classroom with forty elderly ladies.

The Holes in Doughnuts...

When a group of sailormen get together, the talk does not always center around ships. For example, an assortment of seafarers of all ages and ratings gathered recently in one of the Institute lobbies and conversation turned to the origin of the holes in doughnuts. One sea captain volunteered the information that the hole in the doughnut was invented by a master mariner named Captain Gregory back in 1847. He was in command of a ship sailing out of Boston harbor when he decided that something ought to be done about the fried cakes or "twisters" served by the ship's cook. They were cut in long strips, bent double



Photo by John J. Flouerty
Reprinted from "GUARDSMEN OF THE COAST"

and twisted but were raw in the middle, while the edges were fried nice and crisp. Captain Gregory did some experimenting and finally hit on the idea of a hole which would allow the dough to be cooked all the way through. So the ingenious Captain achieves immortality because he invented a hole!

Stranded...

The Times Square crowds were startled to see, one day recently, a quartet of stalwart young men, red hair, blue eyes, and all four of them six feet three inches tall. On first glance, passersby surmised that they were some vaudeville quadruplets, but on closer inspection, they would have observed that the bronzed complexions and the tattooed arms of the dungaree-clad youths indicated that they were what Victor Hugo picturesquely termed "toilers of the sea." They were bewildered by the traffic in Times Square and asked a policeman how to get to "25 South Street." That was the only New York address they knew; the Institute is the headquarters for seafarers. The cop showed them how to get downtown on the subway. Arriving at the Institute, they confessed that they had hitch-hiked from Cleveland, that they were not quadruplets, as might have been supposed from their similar height and features. They were brothers, ranging in age from 21 to 24. They had been "going to sea" on the Great Lakes since they were about 16. They had \$6.00 among them and wanted to try transatlantic seafaring for a change. It is a pleasure to report that they all shipped out, (as deckhands) on the same ship, bound for Liverpool.

Book Reviews



Two Sailors Aboard the Wilson Liner "State of Delaware" Enjoying Their Favorite Author

OCEAN RACING

by Alfred F. Loomis

(William Morrow & Co Price: \$4.00)

Alfred F. Loomis, amateur blue water yachtsman, has compiled a very complete history of the great ocean races from the first event in 1866. A vivid, informal, and detailed description is given of each race, and included also is a register of the yachts, a roster of crews both amateur and professional, track charts and log abstracts showing times and positions, a chapter on rules by Herbert L. Stone, editor of "Yachting", and numerous illustrations. The author writes with authority, and with all the infectious enthusiasm of one who has himself sailed in three Transatlantic and four Bermuda races.

M. P. M. G.

LAST OF THE FIVE MASTERS

By Charles Merriam

(Kendall, New York, 1936) Price: \$2.50

The author is a landsman who felt the lure of the sea so keenly that he persuaded the Master of the Five Masted Schooner EDNA HOYT to sign him on as supercargo for a voyage. He tells of his adventures in a simple and straightforward manner, wisely avoiding long technical discussions which often mar the "sea story". There are some rather vivid character sketches, as of the erratic cook who would be navigator, the recalcitrant boatswain who finds his match in the skipper, and the lonely engineer whose only interest is in "Clara Bow", the ship's cat.

A.W.C.

A SEAFARER'S HARVEST

By Commander R. L. Dearden, R.N., Retired
Blackie & Son, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net

"A Seafarer's Harvest" was written with a view toward giving the lay reader an idea of the life and work of the sailor—both sail and steam—and of seafaring in general. This is well accomplished in fifteen chapters by a clear and objective style of writing, sprinkled here and there by true sea humor. To those of us who have felt that sea stories can be flavored with too much "salty atmosphere" "A Seafarer's Harvest" comes with a refreshing quality, i.e., a scientific explanation of many sea phenomena we have often wondered about but yet known little of. Winds, currents, tides, weather, nautical instruments, seamanship, pilotage, navigation, chart making, and safety precautions are all well dealt with in a scientific and understandable manner. The book shows an understanding of the sea which only a true sailorman has—"we may hear in a sea-shell the rushing of the tides and the thunder of the greybeards off the Horn—until the spell is broken and we realize that we have been listening only to the echo of our own heartbeats."

O. C. F.

ATLANTIC FERRY

By C. R. Benstead

Methuen & Co. Ltd. Price 12s. 6d. net

In the last 100 years the North Atlantic has witnessed the birth of the clipper, the triumph of the steam packet and finally, the coming of the big liner, a sequence which includes such giants as the "Leviathan", "Bremen", "Rex" and "Normandie" to culminate in the "Queen Mary", and it is of these events that Mr. Benstead writes. From 1840, when the first "Cunarder", the 1,000 ton "Britannia", paddled her way from Liverpool to Boston at 8½ knots, until the present day, when liners of 80,000 tons race across at 30 knots, the story of the Blue Riband unfolds itself. Readers who enjoyed Mr. Benstead's recent "Landsmen's Guide to Sea Lore" (reviewed in the January, 1936 issue of THE LOOKOUT) will enjoy his graphic pen-pictures of man's genius in conflict with the forces of the sea.

M. D. C.



Photo by F. Allan Morgan

Seaman Making an Eye-Splice



"25 South Street"

PRINCIPAL FACTS ABOUT THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

- It is the largest institution for merchant seamen in the world.
- It is 102 years old, founded in 1834, built a floating church in 1843, and now occupies its own modern 13-story headquarters.
- It is a partially self-supporting welfare organization for active seamen who need friendship, guidance, recreation and emergency financial help.
- It provides a complete shore community for thousands of self-respecting seamen each day. It is home, post office, school, library, employment bureau, clinic, club and church combined.
- It is open to active seamen of all nationalities. Eighty percent of the men served are American citizens from every state in the Union.
- It befriends ship apprentice boys from foreign countries and hundreds of American cadets every year.
- It instituted free radio medical service for ships at sea, thereby saving hundreds of seamen's lives in emergencies.
- It initiated legislation requiring first-aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license.
- It has trained over 4,000 seamen in its Merchant Marine School and helped them to better positions.
- It cooperates fully with other seamen's welfare agencies, but should not be confused, e.g. with Sailors' Snug Harbor, which is an endowed home for retired seafarers.

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