

# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. XXIX NO. 10

OCTOBER, 1938



*From the Painting by Charles Robert Patterson, (Courtesy, U. S. Naval Academy)*

U. S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the U. S. Frigate "Constitution", popularly called "Old Ironsides." She was launched on October 21st, 1797, from Hart's Naval Yard, Boston, Mass. where she was built under the supervision of George Claghorne. During the hurricane that swept up the Atlantic seaboard on September 21st, 1938, the 141-year old vessel was torn loose from her moorings in Boston harbor and badly damaged. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is the proud possessor of a breast hook which once formed a part of the old ship before she was reconditioned. Our cover is a reproduction of a mural painting by Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist, and the original is in Bancroft Hall, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. It is reproduced here with the kind permission of Rear Admiral Wilson Brown, Superintendent of the Naval Academy.

*The*  
**LOOKOUT**

VOL. XXIX, OCTOBER, 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  
Secretary-Treasurer  
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

### 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. XXIX

October, 1938

No. 10

The Ways and Means Committee takes pleasure in announcing that plans have been completed for the Institute's

## ANNUAL FALL BENEFIT

to be held on

THURSDAY EVENING

October 13th, at 8:30

at the

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

39th Street and Broadway

We have reserved the parterre boxes and entire orchestra for the Second Night Performance of the new and famous



## *Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo*

Parterre Boxes (seating 6) are \$60.00

Orchestra Seats (rows 1-3 inclusive) are \$12.50

(rows 4-8 ) 10.00

(rows 11-21 ) 5.00

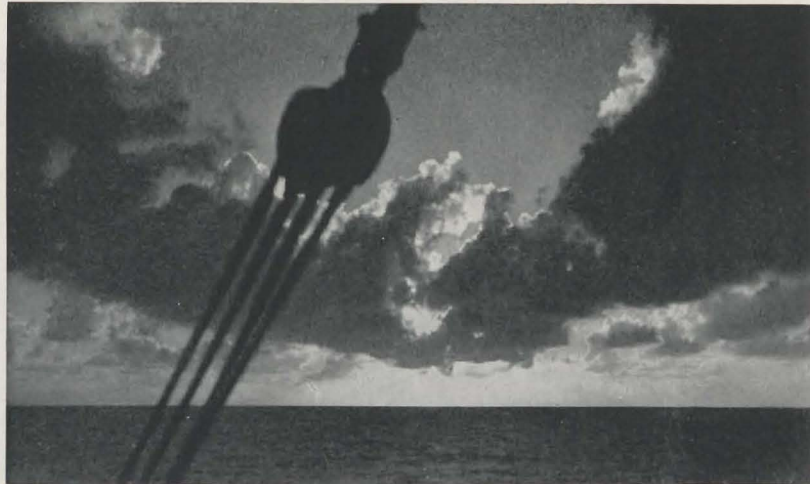
(rows 22-27 ) 3.30

We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to secure the second night performance of this Ballet, which will be in New York for a very limited engagement. Leonide Massine will appear in his new ballet, "Gaité Parisienne", with a brilliant setting and music by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Massine received a tremendous ovation at the premier performance in London in July. The other ballet scheduled, "Giselle" will feature the debut in America of the lovely English dancer, Alicia Markova, "queen of the classic ballet."

Tickets will be assigned as reservations are received. Please make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to the Benefit Committee, 25 South Street. This is a rare opportunity to see a beautiful entertainment and at the same time to help us raise funds to carry on our work for merchant seamen.



# A Photographic Story of a Storm at Sea (on board the S. S. Orizaba)



No. 1. THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM: AT SUNSET.

The day had been warm and sultry. The sky was overcast. Bunches of rain clouds hung overhead with their dark centers and white rims. There was a calm sea, smooth as glass. This is known to all seamen as "the lull before the storm." The clouds gathered toward evening, and the sea was broken into ripples. The horizon was a misty gray. A storm was coming.



No. 2. A STORM "MAKING UP." AT SUNRISE.

"Red in the morning,  
Sailor, take warning."

In the morning the sun came up behind a red and amber sky that was streaked with long white clouds. Overhead were patches of very small white clouds that hung in an overcast sky. This combination of clouds is known as "mare tails" and "mackerel scales" and all sailors say:

"Mare tails and mackerel scales  
Make lofty ships lower their sails."

The broken sea now showed "white caps" which are still another sign of bad weather.



No. 3. THE STORM APPROACHES:

The sea began to swell and a strong wind came up. The storm was dead ahead. This stern view of the ship shows her as she pitches and rolled in a "following sea", the waves following the ship.



No. 4. THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM:

Off Cape Hatteras. The ship is driving into a head sea. Some of the waves are more than 20 feet high. Sailors say that a ship is "laboring" when she pounds and pitches into a head sea like this.

*The above photographs, with accompanying description, were taken by Able Seaman John O'Brien.*



# Ships' Figurehead Yarns



EDITOR'S NOTE: A brand new figurehead has been carved for a brand new sailing ship—it's being built up in Ipswich, Mass. by William A. Robinson (of Galapagos—ketch "Svaap" fame—he had a bad appendix and was rescued in the nick of time) from designs by Howard Chappell. The ship is to be fashioned along the lines of a tops'l schooner, about 70 feet in length, overall; very similar to the old brigantine "Swift", built in 1778.

The carving, a photograph of which is reproduced here, is of a young girl, head and shoulders, and she wears a modern "page-boy" bob. It's very beautiful and we look forward to seeing her mounted under the bowsprit of this new sailing vessel (it will be ready in about two months). It was carved by William Robertson, of West Gloucester, Mass. and we are indebted to Kenneth M. Swezey for this information and for the photograph.

THE quickest way to start a controversy raging among New York's waterfront population is to walk into a reading room or lobby at the Institute and say: "I under-

stand that that figurehead of a knight which is mounted over the Institute's doorway came from a British tea clipper." Immediately, you will hear this statement challenged. If you should say, "from an American clipper," there will be plenty of seamen and officers to offer you evidence that the beautifully carved figurehead was once mounted on the prow of a British man-of-war or a Liverpool packet. As a matter of fact, the origin of the figure, as we have mentioned before in THE LOOKOUT, is still a mystery. But in the course of conversation on the subject of figureheads, we picked up a few yarns about these curious oaken images which once adorned the bowsprits of hundreds of sailing ships.

Perhaps the most gresome tale is one about the British sloop-of-war, "Pearl" which sailed into Port Royal after her victory over the pirate Blackbeard, and instead of carrying her own figurehead, she carried under her bowsprit the *real* head of the buccaneer, struck off by a naval lieutenant's sword! The most astonishing tale is about the old clipper "Java" whose figurehead, that of a nude woman, we learned had a romantic story connected with it. A British officer, so we were told, had rescued the daughter of an Indian prince from a tiger which had carried her off into the jungle while she was bathing. To show his gratitude the noble prince built the ship and presented it to the girl's rescuer, complete with a figurehead of the princess, as a memorial of the gallant deed. An old sailor told us that when the "Java" was ending her days as a coal hulk in the harbor at Gibraltar they found the royal figurehead among some ballast in the hold.

Another tale—which can be substantiated if you wish to take the trouble to make a trip to the Marine Museum of the City of New York at 103rd Street and Fifth Avenue, concerns the figurehead of President Andrew Jackson which once adorned the frigate "Constitution." This figurehead was carved in Boston in 1834 and placed on the vessel's bow just after her famous cruise of 16 months in which she traveled 52,379 miles. The enemies of the administration clamored to have Jackson's figure removed. No attention was paid to these demands, and one fine morning the officers in command were horrified to find the President's figure decapitated. The President's headless figure was carried on "Old Ironsides'" bow for a year longer when another head, carved by Messrs. Dodge and Son of New York City, was placed on the figure in the dead of night, with great secrecy. Riots were threatened, for the opinion was general among many citizens that no living man's head was worthy to be placed on the famous frigate's bow.

The old 84-gun American ship "Delaware" carried the figurehead of a tribal chief, "Tecumseh." This was later mounted on an eight foot pedestal and placed in front of Bancroft Hall at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Legend has it that each midgy, on his way to the dreaded examination room, doffed his cap to the Indian chief, invoking his blessing. For many years "Tecumseh" was known to the midshipmen as "The God of 2.5", or the patron saint of satisfactory averages. In 1891 a bronze replica was substituted, as the original had begun to show the effects of wind and rain, and it is now safely stored in the museum.

Rather an eerie tale is the one about the figurehead of the "Edwin

Fox" which had been put into dry dock because of a mysterious leak which baffled her captain. The cause was eventually discovered to be a hole where a condenser had been installed, and later removed. A new captain and crew took her over in Dunkirk. One of the sailors had occasion to go down into the fore-hatch, and he came up on deck, his hair standing on end, his face blanched with fear. "There's a big h'ant down in the forehold!" he gasped. The bos'un went below and he, too, reported, a ghost down in the hatch. By this time the skipper heard of it, and vowed that he'd use a marlinspike on the two. They swore they spoke the truth and dared the captain to go below. He went down to see for himself and got a nasty start. There, starting out of the gloom, was a tall white figure with arm upraised as in warning or menace. But the skipper stood his ground valiantly and advanced. It was the figurehead of Edwin Fox, Esquire, which had been removed while the leak was being repaired and had been lashed against the foremast.

In New York there are only four ship's figureheads preserved: the "Belle of Oregon" at Webb Academy; the "Glory of the Seas" (from Donald McKay's famous clipper) at India House; the "Sir Galahad" at the Seamen's Institute, and the "Andrew Jackson" at the Marine Museum, which shows the crack around his neck where the new head was attached. A figurehead of more recent vintage is that of "Joseph Conrad", carved by Bruce Rogers in 1934 for the square-rigger of the same name in which Alan Villiers sailed on a round-the-world voyage and which was recently given by G. Huntington Hartford to the U. S. Maritime Commission.



# Seamen and Ships Have Changed



Reproduced from *The Daily Graphic*, New York, May 8, 1873.

SHIPS have changed, and seamen have changed, since the Institute began, over 100 years ago, but the men who man today's great ships still need a shore home, amid congenial surroundings, after their arduous labors at sea. Thanks to our loyal friends, we are able to maintain this great building, and to keep it open day and night, ever ready to welcome the toilers of the sea.

We believe that you will share our feeling that it is a privilege and a pleasure thus to pay our debt to the intrepid men whose good seamanship protects us from the dangers of the deep. For there *are* dangers, still. Captain Felix Riensberg, master mariner and author, said recently:

"The sea is not safe! Passage at sea, at this very moment, is as hazardous an adventure as at any time since the Phoenicians trimmed their sails and manned their oars on the first great trading and exploring voyages. Hazards have increased ten thousand fold with the vast increase in size, speed, and number of ships afloat. Fog is as thick as when the world began,

ice as frequent in high latitudes, and derelicts, often of great tonnage, are added to the unseen but ever possible obstacles in the path of ships racing over seas at night. The hazard of collision, one vessel with another, is a constant source of danger. Only the utmost vigilance of faithful men, alert and experienced, stands between these dangers and their consummation in some terrific catastrophe."

As William McFee, marine engineer and author, has said: "The marvels of science and inventive genius may aid immeasurably, but it still is *men* who navigate a ship. No one will ever find a substitute for fidelity and vigilance. The Captain, the First Officer on the bridge, and the two lookouts in the Crow's nest are intent on every shape and sound—theirs is the final responsibility."

Stephan Zweig, author of "Conqueror of the Seas—the Story of Magellan", comments on the vast changes in ships since the days when Magellan, Cabot, Drake, Raleigh, Columbus and Hudson explored the seven seas: "

"Here you are, travelling in the safest of ships upon the loveliest voyage imaginable, with all the luxuries in the world at your disposal. If you find it chilly in your cabin after sunset, you need merely turn a switch and the air is warmed. If the sun is too hot for you at noon, you can go to the cool, shady room where the electric fans are kept working, and a little farther on you can plunge into a swimming pool. At dinner you can choose at will from the food and the drinks provided in this most sumptuous of hotels—are brought to you by magic. . . . If you trouble to mount a few



A Sailor of Today Belaying the Flag Halliard aboard the S.S. New York of the Eastern Steamship Company. Photo by Kenneth M. Swezey



A New Ship's Fo'c's'le, the new Tide Water Oil Co.'s tanker: the S. S. Associated, Sets a High Standard in Crew Quarters. Here Is Shown a Typical Bright and Airy Cabin Fitted to Accommodate Two Men as a Maximum

Courtesy, "The Nautical Gazette".

steps to the wireless room, an obedient spark will carry a question or a greeting to almost any spot on the world's surface, and within the hour you will have an answer. . . . Now try to picture how the valiant navigators who were the first to cross the ocean, set forth, on ships little larger than fishing smacks, to explore the unknown, exposed to all the vicissitudes of storm, to every kind of privation. No light when darkness had fallen; nothing to drink but the brackish, lukewarm water stored in butts; nothing to eat but biscuit that was often mouldy, and pickled pork that was

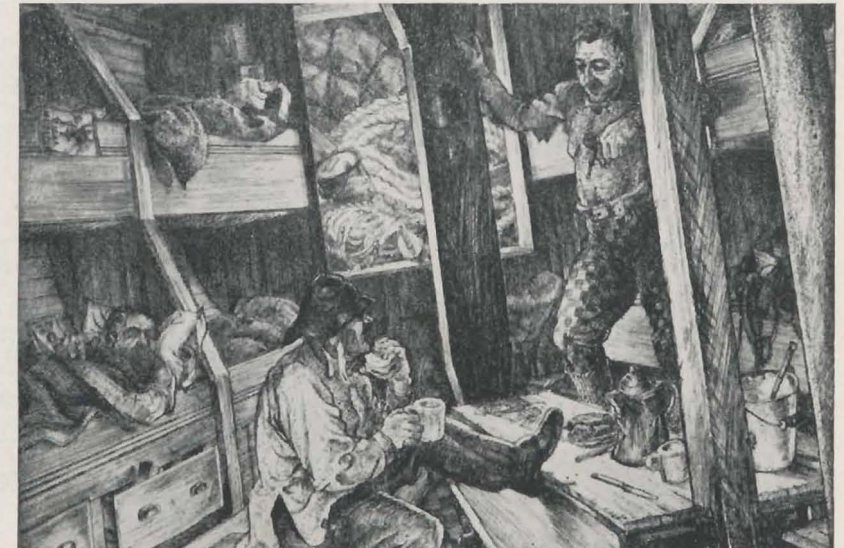
often rancid." Yes, ships have changed, and seamen have changed, and the Institute has helped to change conditions for seamen ashore, changing New York from "the worst seaport in the world" to the best. For the best is none too good for the resolute men in whom we entrust our lives and goods on all the waterways of the world.

To help us welcome these seafarers, Kindly send contributions to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, 25 South Street.

"The traditions of the sea are a priceless heritage to all who have gone down to the sea in ships and will be equally potent for those who are to become seafarers. Steel may have displaced timber as steam and electricity have succeeded the pull or push of the breeze against canvas, but seamanship and courage are still the guardians of the safety of those who are afloat."  
—RODERICK STEPHENS  
President Bronx Board of Trade, speaking at the dedication of the New York State Merchant Marine Academy at Fort Schuyler, May 21, 1938.

A Sailing Ship Fo'c's'le

Drawn by Seaman Oliver Wendell Schenk





## Seamen's True Friend

SEAMEN throughout the world will unite in extending their congratulations to Mrs. Janet Roper, known over all the seven seas as "Mother Roper," who on July 12 completed her forty-ninth year of devotion to the welfare of those who go down to the sea in ships. Since she was seventeen years old, when she began her career in Boston as a volunteer for the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, she has been engaged in her life-work among sailors. She married a Congregational clergyman, interested in similar work at Gloucester, New Brunswick, and Portland, Oregon, until his death.

In 1915, she became the house mother of the *Seamen's Church Institute in New York*, with which she has remained. Since 1920, when at the request of hundreds of letters from relatives of seamen lost in the World War, she founded the Miss-

ing Seamen's Bureau at the Institute, she has given most of her time to the work of locating those who, for one reason or another, have dropped out of sight. The records show that she has succeeded in finding 5,327 men or ascertaining what had become of them. Many hundreds have been restored to their families or friends.

In connection with her work she is in constant correspondence with shipping masters and port captains in every port in the world. Her name and what she has done for sailors are known in every quarter of the globe, and are never mentioned except with respect and admiration. It would be difficult to find a woman who, throughout the years, has brought happiness to a greater number of individuals.

*Editorial in the Waltham, Mass. "Tribune", July 18, 1938.*

## A Sailor's Sweetheart's "Rival"!

August 1st, 1938

Chaplain or Superintendent  
Seamen's Church Institute  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I mailed a letter to Janet Roper. A girl friend of mine saw the addressed envelope that has caused me a little trouble. I'm sorry to trouble you for I know everyone is kept pretty busy.

But I would like to have you either send me a letter explaining just who Janet Roper is or one of your pamphlets that has her mentioned in it.

I'd appreciate it if you can see your way clear to do this for me.

Very truly yours,

H. H.

August 3, 1938

Mr. H.  
Virginia.

My dear Mr. H.:

Replying to your letter of August 1st with reference to our Mrs. Janet Roper.

Mrs. Roper is the Institute's House Mother. She has been engaged in seamen's work for the past forty-nine years, and has been with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for the past twenty-three years. Mrs. Roper is also in charge of our Missing Men's Bureau.

She is a delightful soul and is probably better known by seamen throughout the world than any other living woman. From this her age will have to be estimated, but I can assure you that regardless of years she is as youthful as she was more than half a century ago.

Sincerely yours,  
(The Rev.) Harry J. Pearson  
Director, Welfare Department

## The Little Model Ships

We are the little model ships

That never put to sea,  
Though we are trim, and trig, and taut,  
As all good ships should be.

And some of us are clipper's tall

That travel far and fast;

And some are gallant argosies

Complete from hull to mast.

And many little caravels

Of sturdy beam and keel

With tap'ring masts and slender spars

And tiny steering wheel.

Are anchored here upon the shore

Waiting a flowing tide

To bear us far beyond the bar

To where the sea is wide and green,

And seagulls mew and cry,

With wash of waves about the bows,

And overhead the sky.

We want to hear the skipper shout,

"All steady as you go!"

To hear them chantey up the sails

With a hearty "Yo! Heave ho!"

But skippers have we not, alas!

Nor men to man the ropes.



Photo by courtesy of DuPont.

No cargoes lie within our holds  
Save our small store of hopes.

And so through days of storm and shine  
"Though inland far we be,"

We hear the ceaseless, throbbing voice  
Of the unresting sea.

Calling, forever calling us  
To tropic lands afar—

To ports where anchor many ships,  
And stranger people are.

And someday when the wind is fair  
And the tide is running free

Just watch! You'll see our little fleet  
Go slipping out to sea!

By Clarissa Coudert.

## Central Council News

Mrs. Stacy O. Sears of Dobbs Ferry is the new Chairman of the Central Council of Associations, succeeding Mrs. A. R. Mansfield whose two years of splendid service as Chairman were terminated by her regretted and regrettable resignation due to illness. The Council's April meeting was marked by resolutions of appreciation for Mrs. Mansfield and by the acceptance of Mrs. Sears' responsibility as new leader—a merciful coincidence inasmuch as continuity of leadership was so secured.

Mrs. Sears assumes her task with a full working knowledge of Associations and Council, for she served as Director of the Hudson River Association for five

years and regularly attended Central Council meetings during Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann's chairmanship. With a confidence inspired by Mrs. Cammann's training, Mrs. Sears began her official duties as presiding officer at the May meeting of the Council when Association Directors pledged their allegiance and wished her Godspeed. Mrs. Sears will meet "her public" on October 26 at the postponed annual gathering of Association officers, members, and friends. A committee is planning a unique entertainment for this Get-Together and Tea with high hopes for a rallying of forces and a renewal of work. Save the date—October 26.



# First Hand Impressions Of A Hurricane\*

By the Lookout Editor

WE are in the midst of a hurricane. Here are my impressions set down at random:

We sailed from Vera Cruz on Wednesday evening, all passengers laden down with Mexican souvenirs—silver, basketware, leather goods. Wednesday was clear and warm, but toward nightfall a strong breeze blew up. To the uninitiated, the idea of a tropical hurricane was not even suspected. But Captain O. H. Martinson (who did not tell me this until later) had been receiving storm warnings from the U. S. Weather Bureau. Here is one of them:

"Tropical storm with hurricane winds near center and gales over considerable area was centered one A. M. E. S. T. about three hundred twenty-five miles east northeast of Tampico, Mexico moving westnorth-westward about fourteen miles per hour. Caution advised all interests in path. Storm warnings ordered displayed south of Corpus Christi to Brownsville, Texas. Small craft should not venture into western Gulf of Mexico until further notice."

My first conscious inkling of what our ship was encountering was about six o'clock this morning, when I was awakened by a gust of wind and a huge wave which blew into our cabin. We are on A deck and, it being a warm night, we had left our door wide open. Our suitcases were floating around in six inches of water. I stood up on the bed and looked out of the window. "This is no ordinary storm," I remarked to my husband. "Take a look." We gazed, fascinated, at the seething mass of waters which appeared to be stirred up into whirling shapes. There was no horizon—the ship seemed to be in the center of a whirlpool. An 80-mile wind roared in our ears.

Hastily dressing, we emerged on deck, only to be swept headlong against the rail. Picking ourselves up, we moved cautiously along the heaving deck which appeared to be on a 90 degree slant. Passengers were huddled in the glass-enclosed portion of the deck, some of them pitifully green with mal de mer,

others (like ourselves), healthy but staring fascinated, awe-struck, at the mountainous waves which threatened at any moment to break the heavy glass panes of the windows. But I saw no one actually frightened. Some looked resigned, but most of them expressed confidence in the stout ship and in the seamanship of her captain and crew.

Stewards were running hither and thither, bringing toast, bouillon (which spilled on the slippery, heaving decks), celery and apples to the passengers. But the men whom we all regarded with respect and admiration were the deck crew—the able-bodied seamen and ordinary seamen attired in slickers and hip boots who braved the open portions of the deck to rig rope railings, to rope off dangerous parts near open stairways and hatches, and who calmly went about their duties while the passengers reclined, helpless, in their deck chairs.

In the music room, smoking lounge, and bar, seamen were roping off tables and chairs which had been swept in a heap into the center of the room by the force of the hurricane. Suddenly the wind shifts—my typewriter will not stay on this table. More later. . . .

The storm has subsided somewhat. I am told by a ship's officer that the worst is over. A passenger, who is with the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service and formerly captain of this ship when she was the S. S. Colombia of the Colombian Line, explained to me that a hurricane is a ball or spiral of wind, which, like a snowball rolling down hill, increases in size as it moves. Its motion is counterclockwise. A falling barometer is one of the signs of an approach of a hurricane. (They are called hurricanes in the northern hemisphere and typhoons in the southern hemisphere. They are on water what a cyclone is on land. Joseph Conrad's story "Typhoon" gives an excellent description of this strange phenomenon which causes all ships in its path so much trouble. I shall re-read this story with greater interest and understanding when I get home.)

This particular hurricane started somewhere off the Windward Islands, made

its way up toward the Yucatan Channel. Our Captain had hoped to dodge it, but this time luck was not with him. Our vessel is practically hove to—we are slowed down to about three knots. "A hurricane is like a woman—you mustn't fight or resist her too much. Give her sea room and let the storm run its course." With our particular ship, she acts best if her head is kept into the wind. If she gets turned sideways, the rolling and pitching are bad. Captain Sundstrom of the S. S. Dixie, during that hurricane which brought disaster to his ship, tried likewise to keep her in a head sea, but the constant shift of winds made it impossible. The heavy rain broke the glass in the pilot house and ruined his electrical instruments.

. . . The worst is over. The Captain and Chief Officer have been on the bridge for more than 24 hours. What a transformation from the jolly officers who escorted the ladies in evening dresses to their table on that calm first night out. Now they are sleepless and hollow-eyed, but a triumphant gleam shines in their eyes. They have fought a terrific battle—man against nature—and man has won. All the ingenuity, genius and skill of the naval architects, plus all the seamanship of her captain and crew—have brought the sturdy ship through the hurricane. A group of passengers draw up a petition commending Captain Martinson for his consummate skill in "delivering us all from a watery grave", for "performing what seemed like a miracle". All the passengers sign it, willingly, gratefully, and it is taken to the Captain who acknowledges the tribute with becoming modesty, giving credit to his officers, crew, and to the ship herself.

Someone asked an officer: if it was known that a storm was approaching, why didn't we heave to and wait until the storm passed, and the answer is that storms are contrary—sometimes a ship has been known to wait for three days, while the storm itself hesitates also. No—one must go on—keep schedules. From five to twelve hurricanes occur in the northern hemisphere each year. This was the first one our Captain had encountered in three years. Some Captains are lucky. Others try to dodge the hurricane, and meet them, inevitably, three or four each year. It's all a matter of luck. But coming through a hurricane is far from a matter of luck.

. . . At last, I have a chance to talk with Captain Martinson. He tells me that his biggest worry was a little island named Alacran which he succeeded in



avoiding, and some submerged rocks. We were blown about 30 miles off our course—as the course-recorder plainly showed in bright red ink—. The sea is calm, now. I can see the horizon. All formality is gone aboard ship. Passengers in pajamas and bathrobes are emerging, talking volubly, all relieved and thankful that the ordeal is over, looking forward to stepping foot on good old terra firma in Havana tomorrow. "What a tale we'll have to tell the folks when we get home," they gloat. "We've been through a tropical hurricane." Human nature. One forgets easily the sufferings and remembers only the excitement of such an experience.

## WANTED: OVERCOATS AND SHOES

Falling leaves and chilly winds are reminders that winter is close at hand, and many seamen will need overcoats and stout shoes. Cold weather always brings in its wake the dangers of pneumonia, influenza, colds and other illnesses from exposure. Will readers come to the rescue by sending us discarded pairs of men's shoes, overcoats, woolen underwear. Kindly wrap and mail them to our Welfare Department, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y. We must not have our "Slop Chest" empty when winter arrives, and needy seamen come to us for clothing.

\* By Marjorie Dent Candee, Editor, THE LOOKOUT, in Robert Wilder's column "The Sun Deck."

Reprinted from the New York "Sun", September 6, 1938.



## Book Reviews

"THE MAKING OF A SAILOR", by Alan Villiers.

William Morrow & Co. \$4.00.

Alan Villiers' new book answers many questions about the Scandinavian school-ships. The book also gives, in chronological order, a splendid photographic story of how boys aboard the square-rigger "Joseph Conrad" became sailors. For those who love the picturesque beauty of sail, this is a unique portfolio of 191 striking marine "shots" which should be in every marine library. With the kind permission of the author and publisher, we shall reproduce from time to time in THE LOOKOUT some of these beautiful marine photographs.

M. D. C.

"CASTAWAY BOATS", by Victor Slocum.

Color illus. by Chas. Rosner. \$3.00 Lee, Furman Inc.

The author is the son of one of our most famous sailing ship "skippers" and is himself a retired Master Mariner. Consequently, his collection of stories of the breath-taking adventures of 14 small boats is authoritative and unadorned by the landlubber's penchant for embellishment. The yarns are told with sufficient vividness and dramatic sense to capture the reader's imagination and to arouse a new admiration for the undoubted courage of these seamen who accomplished the seemingly impossible. Mr. Rosner's illustrations add color, and the author's maps showing the voyages give the narrative more meaning.

A.W.C.

"THE ROLLING WORLD", by Richard Hallet.

Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00.

The reviewer recommends this book for its freshness and vigorous style as well as for its content. It might have been just one more autobiography! Because Mr. Hallet has proved his seamanship, first shipping on a square-rigger in 1912, and later, having achieved a 3rd Mate's license during the war, serving as officer on tramp ships carrying horses and cargo for the Allies, his book deserves a place in a nautical library. Seamen will be appreciative of his exploits and I can predict their absorbed interest in all of the reminiscences.

A.W.C.

"300,000 SEA MILES"; Autobiography by Admiral Sir Henry Pelly.

Chatto and Windus. 8s 6d.

Admiral Pelly's autobiography is significant because it covers a period in which many changes have taken place in both the technique of naval warfare and in naval training and discipline. He went to sea first in 1883 as Junior Naval Cadet in H.M.S. Sapphire, under sail, commanded the "Tiger" under Admiral Beatty in the world war, and completed his service as Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar in 1923. Side by side with some important factual data he gives us many informal and amusing anecdotes of naval life.

A.W.C.

"OFF IN A BOAT", by Neil Gunn.

Faber and Faber. 10s 6d.

Mr. Gunn is a Highlander whose natural love for the out of doors finally drove him to forsake his office, buy a 27 foot boat, and with his wife as crew, undertake a cruise down the West Coast of Scotland. The descriptions and photographs of this rugged coast are most alluring, and the success of the inexperienced skipper and crew in learning the ways of a boat may prove a dangerous challenge to others weary of some commonplace occupation ashore!

A.W.C.

"WATCHMEN OF THE SEA", by Glen Perry.

\$2.00. Scribner's.

. . . The reflection arises, as one reads the story of the Coast Guard since Alexander Hamilton first organized the Revenue Service, that they are probably the most versatile men on earth, including the sea and the sky. The mere lists of jobs they are expected to do as regular routine work is staggering. . . . What Mr. Perry of The Sun staff has done is to select a number of thrilling and dramatic episodes and report them accurately. It is a great story. . . . This is the truth about the Coast Guard; but is not the whole truth. The glorification of a service is an entirely worthy object, and the blessed thing about these men is that nothing you can say about their resolution, their fortitude, their resourcefulness and modesty will transcend the truth. (Excerpts from a review by William McFee in THE SUN.)

## Comments (Unsolicited) on "The Lookout"

"May I take this opportunity of congratulating the Institute on the excellent production of THE LOOKOUT? I feel sure it has the wide circulation which it certainly deserves."

—GEORGE F. KNOWLES  
(Sec'y. Seafarers' Education Service)

"Yesterday as brave and gallant a cargo of sea tales as we've read in a long time sailed in on the August number of THE LOOKOUT. Our motto is 'Look for the Lookout!'"

—NATHANIEL S. OLDS  
(columnist)

"'THE LOOKOUT' is a source of information and a pleasure, so when you, as Editor, are laboring on the next issue, remember that we who are on the other side, are interested and appreciative."

—VERA S. JUHRE (ship collector)

"Also wanted to say how much I liked the seagoing issue of THE LOOKOUT. Very genuine, I thought."

—CAPTAIN FELIX RIESENBERG  
(author)

"I enjoy THE LOOKOUT and I imagine many other people do."

—BROOKS ATKINSON (dramatic critic)

"Your August number was peculiarly interesting. Experiences of seamen, philosophy of life of seamen, aspiration of seamen intrigue me tremendously."

—REV. CHARLES LEWIS BIGGS

"May I extend my congratulations on the August number of THE LOOKOUT. It is the most interesting copy I have ever seen. Such an excellent idea and so well executed."

—WALLACE BROUGH

**HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR ALL YOUR FRIENDS?  
12 ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR.**

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

<b>193,780</b>	Lodgings (including relief beds).
<b>74,846</b>	Pieces of Baggage handled.
<b>501,461</b>	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
<b>204,865</b>	Sales at News Stand.
<b>17,293</b>	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
<b>8,001</b>	Attended <b>396</b> Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
<b>2,850</b>	Cadets and Seamen attended <b>380</b> Lectures in Merchant Marine School; <b>141</b> new students enrolled.
<b>34,105</b>	Social Service Interviews.
<b>8,399</b>	Relief Loans.
<b>5,715</b>	Individual Seamen received Relief.
<b>3,771</b>	Books and <b>54,082</b> magazines distributed.
<b>3,502</b>	Pieces of clothing, and <b>653</b> knitted Articles distributed.
<b>2,184</b>	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
<b>58,224</b>	Attended <b>120</b> entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
<b>1,779</b>	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
<b>230</b>	Missing Seamen found.
<b>650</b>	Positions secured for Seamen.
<b>\$145,928.</b>	Deposited for <b>2,353</b> Seamen in Banks.
<b>13,114</b>	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
<b>7,414</b>	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
<b>1,272</b>	Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.



# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



## BOARD OF MANAGERS

### *Honorary President*

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

### *President*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

### *Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.	REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER	REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.	REV. FREDERICK S. FLEMING, D.D.

REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

### *Lay Vice-Presidents*

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE	ORME WILSON
HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT	FRANK T. WARBURTON

HARRY FORSYTH

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

FRANK T. WARBURTON

### *Assistant Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS

HENRY MCCOMB BANGS	F. SHELTON FARR	STEPHEN H. P. PELL
EDWARD J. BARBER	JOHN H. FINLEY	FRANKLIN REMINGTON
CHARLES R. BEATTIE	FRANK GULDEN	JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL	CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.	KERMIT ROOSEVELT
REGINALD R. BELKNAP	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
GORDON KNOX BELL	AUGUSTUS N. HAND	SAMUEL A. SALVAGE
GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.	OLIVER ISELIN	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
CHARLES W. BOWRING	AYMAR JOHNSON	THOMAS A. SCOTT
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	T. ASHLEY SPARKS
DOUGLAS F. COX	RICHARD H. MANSFIELD	J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS	LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR.	FRANK W. WARBURTON
JOSEPH H. DARLINGTON	JUNIUS S. MORGAN	ERNEST E. WHEELER
CLEMENT L. DESPARD	MORTON L. NEWHALL	WILLIAM F. WHITEHOUSE
CHARLES E. DUNLAP	HARRIS C. PARSONS	WILLIAM WILLIAMS
SNOWDEN A. FAHNESTOCK	JOHN H. G. PELL	WILLIAM D. WINTER
DE COURSEY FALES		GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

## HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

### *Superintendent*

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY