

THE LOOKOUT



Copyright, Charles Robert Patters

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAPE HORN TRADE
SOUTH STREET, 1894

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXV

NOVEMBER 1934

THIS MONTH'S COVER is a reproduction of an original painting, one of a pair, just completed by the marine artist, Charles Robert Patterson. Facsimiles of this lovely painting (or its companion, see Page 11) in full colors, size 18 in. by 26 in., suitable for framing, may be purchased through the Institute at \$15.00 each. Through the courtesy of the artist and the Old Print Shop (sole distributor of the prints), a generous percentage on every print sold is being donated to the Institute. Since this is a small edition, orders will be filled as received. A limited number of proofs signed and numbered by the artist will be available at \$25.00 each. Kindly make checks payable to: Seamen's Church Institute of New York and mail to THE LOOKOUT Editor, 25 South Street.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXV NOVEMBER
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 Rates

One Dollar Annually
Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

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

The Lookout

VOL. XXV

NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 10

ADVENTURESOME BOYS

NOT since the World War has there been such a rush of American youths to the Port of New York looking for jobs on shipboard. Having failed to get work ashore, they cast wistful eyes toward the sailor's hammock. Stranded ashore, afflicted with sea fever, these young boys are bewildered, confused. Eventually they come to the Institute and it becomes our sad duty to tell these young would-be mariners that the door to the sea is closed to them until the ocean commerce of the world expands far more than it has to date. Preference goes to experienced seamen, naturally, and with the scarcity of jobs, more than 1,200 trained seamen are dependent upon the Institute and the Federal Government for food and shelter. No chance for a greenhorn!

There is something sad about this, if one recalls the days when an adventurous lad could always find himself a berth on a ship going round the Horn. But in spite of depressions, boys dream of the sea, and seek the sea. They probably always will. The far horizon beckons,



"Mother Roper, I am desperate for adventure."

and the desire for a ship, and a tall mast, and a star to steer her by will somehow never be denied.

The sentiments expressed in that ancient hymn, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?," are still alive in the hearts of thousands of mothers the world over whose boys have wandered away, sometimes never to return. Pride, perhaps, has prevented their writing home to father and mother. Lack of funds has made it impossible to return home even when sick and penniless.



JOINER

The Joiner is an expert craftsman in wood . . . has charge of all repairs and alterations in the passenger quarters.

In many cases, the anxious parents write to Mrs. Janet Roper who gives the youngsters sound advice before arranging to send them home by bus or train. They are pathetically grateful for a night's sleep at the Institute after their days and nights of hitch-hiking, freight-train riding and sleeping on park benches. "If you are seriously deciding to follow the sea as a profession" she advises them, "then study navigation in marine schools or on training ships in preparation for the time when shipping improves. If you could only see the older men who come to my office who yearn for a good education, you would realize how much wiser it is for you to remain with your parents and finish high school or technical school. Remember, there is no place in the world where a man or boy can be more lonely than in a great city like New

York." Letters come, too, asking for help in obtaining sea jobs. Here is a typical letter to which Mrs. Roper must reply: "Stay where you are." "Dear Mother Roper: I am a boy seventeen years old going on eighteen. I have tried to keep my mind on my school work for the last four years. It can't be done. I wasn't cut out for that sort of thing. I lie in bed nights dreaming about other parts of the world. I am desperate for adventure. I can't get it out of my system. If I come to New York could you help me get a job on a steamer bound for other parts of the world?"

Let us hope that when the shipping business returns to normal, the stock of *sea adventure preferred* will reach its former high, so that the adventure-loving boys of this country may see their dreams of life on the bounding main realized.



BOSUN

The Bosun, with two mates, is in charge of the working crew. Here he is assembling his men aboard the *Mauretania*.

CHAPEL SERVICES



"The seamen enjoy singing . . ."

SUNDAY morning and evening services in the Institute's beautiful Chapel of Our Saviour this Fall have been noteworthy because of the presence of several distinguished clergymen. On Sunday evening, September 23rd, the Rev. Samuel M. Dorrance, rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and one of our Clerical Vice-Presidents, made the memorial address for officers and members of the crew lost in the *Morro Castle* disaster. On September 30th, the Institute's new Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, preached his first sermon to a large congregation of seamen and after the service met many old friends, especially "West Coast" seamen. Since his arrival Mr. Kelley has celebrated the Holy Communion each Sunday morning and plans to continue this regularly.

On Sunday evening, October 7th, the Rt. Rev. W. Bertrand

Stevens, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles and Honorary President of the Seamen's Church Institute of Los Angeles, preached, the Rector of St. Ann's Church, the Bronx, the Rev. Edward C. Russell, D.D. (Bishop Stevens' former parish), bringing his organist and vested choir. On Sunday evening, October 14th, Chaplain McDonald preached and on Sunday evening, October 21st, the Rt. Rev. George Allen Beecher, D.D., Bishop of Western Nebraska, a sturdy voice from mid-continent.

Music plays an important part in the chapel services, Miss Ann Conrow, organist, and Mr. George Baker, baritone soloist, being faithful and effective leaders. The services are well attended, the seamen enjoy singing and it is a genuine inspiration to hear them share in the Creed and other parts of the service. The Chapel is indeed the heart of the Institute.

TWO thousand eight hundred dollars! Do we hear three thousand? We wish we had the persuasive powers of an auctioneer. We want to swell the sum total of our Melting Pot earnings to date to a nice rotund sum, \$3000.00, before Christmas. If this be inflation, we are in favor of it.

Through the magic of the Melting Pot this trick can easily be accomplished. Just open any bureau or dressing-table drawer, jewel box, or chest of silver; select the broken, unused, or unusable bits of jewelry, family or personal silver or gold, discarded dentures or other bits; pack and mail to the Melting Pot Committee, 25 South Street, New York.

Like most slight of hand tricks the doer must act quickly. He must "obey that impulse" and become a donor now in order that his generous gesture may become a part of our magnificent obsession — the maintenance of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Stop here if you are too busy to read further. According to the most approved "Reader's Digest" method, you have the gist of our narrative in the first paragraph.

If you have leisure and interest sufficient to warrant

your further reading, you may be pleased to meet these following facts:

1. Since we last issued a news bulletin of the Melting Pot, in *THE LOOKOUT* for July, 1933, we have more than doubled our earnings for the Institute. The sum then reported, \$1265.04, has become \$2830.65.

2. Of this sum, \$1500.00 has been assigned to the Mansfield Fund, \$1000 given toward general Institute expenses, and \$133.00 devoted to the repair of the mangle in the Institute's laundry. When the residue of some \$200.00 becomes \$500.00 by the process of inflation or increase outlined above, the Institute will benefit further.

3. Prices paid for silver and gold are now much higher than they were when we started our campaign. Our hoped for goal is therefore easier to reach.

Won't you join the Central Council of Associations and others who have found this painless cure for depression and cheer yourselves and us by adding a drop to the Melting Pot? You won't be scolded if the pot boils over.

Address your communications and gifts to The Melting Pot Committee, 25 South St., New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On Thursday, September 27th, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley was appointed by the Board of Managers to succeed the late Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D. as Superintendent. Following is an abstract of Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee's speech of welcome to Mr. Kelley. Mr. Satterlee is a Lay Vice-President of the Institute and has served on the Board of Managers for thirty-two years.

MR. PRESIDENT, Mr. Kelley and Members of the Board of Lay Managers. I know that everyone of you would like to be called upon to stand up and express not only his personal feelings but the feelings of the whole Board with regard to Mr. Kelley. I was in hopes that Dr. John Finley would stay with us and express our feelings in his own inimitable way, but he was called away from the luncheon and now the President has asked me to say something about the "why's" and "when's" in connection with Mr. Kelley's assumption of the position of Superintendent of the Institute, and I will do the best that I can.

Of course Mr. Kelley comes to us at a time when he is seriously needed here in our work. It is a period of strikes among the working people and discontent in various parts of our country, and he will have to face these problems right here and now. He comes to us not a stranger because we have known about him and his work through Dr. Mansfield who was his friend. Dr. Mansfield knew him here and placed great confidence in him, and spoke to the Members of this Board more than once about him. When our Committee investigated his record and found out what he had been doing on the Pacific Coast, we became more and more convinced that he was the man who could help us

here. I think that I can assure him for each one of us that in his responsible position in the Institute, we are not going to try to "drive from the back seat". He is going to have an unhampered administration, and more than that, he is going to have the backing of President Michalis, of Mr. Warburton and of each and everyone of us. We are going to get to the fullest extent the benefit of his experience in this same kind of work on the Coast, of his knowledge of sailormen, of his broad sympathy and of his spiritual inspiration. Here in this big crowded city it is often hard to do things that have been done more pleasantly and easily perhaps in the communities that are less complex. I know Mr. Kelley is not a bit afraid of what is before him. I know that spiritually, as well as physically, he is a two-fisted man.

On behalf of this Board, I am trying to say to you, Mr. Kelley, how simply and sincerely we welcome you as one of our group. It is as if you had been here as long as that one among us who has served the longest time. Our minds are open to your suggestions, our hearts to your leadership, and our homes to welcome you and Mrs. Kelley. We want to see all that we can of you. We will not all the time be trying to measure you by the standard of any of the men who have held the same position in times that are past. We will not always be comparing you with any one of those men who has held your desk before. Perhaps some of these remarkable men might have done what you will do somewhat differently but we are going to support you loyally in whatever comes at the time, and we welcome you most heartily.

An Appeal for the HOLIDAY FUND for Our Seamen



TO you, Thanksgiving Day means a cheerful home holiday and a giving of thanks, but to hundreds of jobless, penniless merchant seamen, it *may* mean just another day of loneliness and hardship. BUT thanks to you and other friends who support the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND, Thanksgiving

and Christmas have come to mean a great deal to these solitary mariners, far from home and friends.

The Institute knows of many worthy seafarers for whom Thanksgiving cannot mean a "giving of thanks" unless you make it so. They have suffered from the inescapable idleness of the times and with the prospects for jobs extremely unlikely, you can imagine what a break in their dreary existence a holiday dinner, a hospitable atmosphere, an interesting motion picture, cheerful music, sociability and companionship can mean to them.

We realize, from day-to-day contact with hundreds of these men, how pathetic is their craving for friendship, respect and consideration. With the assistance of the Federal Government, the Institute provides them with the simple necessities of life—but with the help of our friends we do even more: we turn their interests toward worthwhile channels; we provide wholesome activities and offer them educational and occupational opportunities.

The true spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas is SHARING:

"Because I have been sheltered, fed
By Thy good care
I cannot see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread
My roof's safe shelter overhead
That he, too, may be comforted."

Please designate checks for
HOLIDAY FUND
and mail to 25 South Street.

AS Newton D. Baker recently pointed out: "After the half-decade of suffering, there are stark human needs, leavings of the depression, that require far more than rescue from starvation. For the saving of the human casualties of the depression and for the rebuilding of human lives in jeopardy of failure, the hope must still be the hand of kindness from man to fellow-man. Government cannot



hope to be the source of help for such needs as these. The only source is the system of privately supported charities which our civilization has created, that structure of neighborliness which generations of human kindness and self-denial have erected in our midst for the preserving of health and hope and self-respect."

The Institute, like other far-seeing welfare agencies, believes that the maintenance of the self-respect of the seamen whom it serves should be the basis of all relief rendered. Even a holiday dinner, given in the spirit of friendly host and welcome guests, can restore their self-assurance. A man cannot feel like a bread-line pauper when he is "on relief" at the Institute. The friendly spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas is fostered every day of the year and its effect on morale and character is immeasurable.



Photo by courtesy of N. Y. World-Telegram.
Seamen Waiting For a job, but thanks to the Institute at least have a Home . . . "

Won't you send something to our Holiday Fund to make Thanksgiving and Christmas meaningful to these sailormen? If funds are received, we can provide holiday dinners for 1614, and comfort bags for 1300 ill in marine hospitals.

Kindly send contributions to:
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

ALAS — FOR ROMANCE!

By Lieutenant Commander A. H. Bateman, U. S. Navy

IT IS often said nowadays, usually with a sigh and a regretful shake of the head, that romance is gone from the sea; gone with the spreading sails and the towering spars of the tall ships; gone with hairy-chested, picturesque figure of the once typical jack tar, and with the bronzed tyrant of the bellowing voice that commanded him. The erstwhile mysterious and awesome deep has degenerated into a stilled pond, through which mechanical monsters push their steam-propelled way, soulless hulks filled with machinery and peopled with automata. The picture is a drab one.

We would not argue with those who hold these sentiments. They know whereof they speak. For them, romance has in fact and indeed gone from the face of the waters. It has gone now as it must have gone in ages past, when the effeminate sail replaced the virile banks of oars; as it departed with the substitution of the mariner's compass for the seaman's eye scanning the landmarks on shore; as it has diminished with each discovery of new methods of navigation at sea. We would not argue, I repeat, because to discuss the details of so elusive and intangible a thing as romance is but to destroy it. What is romance but a fabric of the imagination, the appeal of a delightful mystery? Let us not argue, then, but confine our discussion to a series of questions, and rhetorical questions, for we care not who answers.

Has the ocean, then, changed? Does it no longer roar in passion in answer to the fury of hurricane or winter gale; beat savagely on rocky shores; slumber in somnolence in tropical calms; lap gently on warm southern beaches? Does it teem the less with abundant life; heed no longer the call of the tides? Is it less kindly, less treacherous, less fickle, less magnificent?

The ships that go to sea. Is there some mysterious virtue in hulls of wood, wrought from trees in simple fashion, over those of steel, rescued from native ore by marvelous processes and fabricated with the skill and learning of a century? Are the ax and

the adz in themselves more appealing than the pneumatic hammer and the electric arc? Do rope and tar possess intriguing secrets not shared by wire and electric cable?

The men that go down to the sea in ships. Are they, in point of fact, a changed race, because the mechanisms they handle are more complicated than those of yore? Is the navigator less admirable because his noon position laid on the chart is more accurate; because his landfall can be almost certainly predicted? Is the seaman, clean and alert, intelligent and well educated, less worthy than the swaggering sailor, crowding his rude pleasures into all too few hours on shore between voyages?

Then what has gone? For our romanticist has been shaking his head at our questions. That is not what he means, at all. Romance has gone—mystery; the song of the wind in the rigging, the swelling sails and the creaking tackle; the smell of tar; the sailors scrambling aloft and laying out on the yards; the language of the sea—all is prosaic, modern. And he is right—it is a sad story indeed.

Romance flees from familiarity—the dreamer on the cliff hears the music of the surf; the swimmer feels its blow and tastes the bitterness of its salt. The landsman by his fire sees in his mind's eye the beauty of the ship at sea; her master toils over his charts and dreams of his cottage on the shore. Romance is the figment of the imagination—it is deathless. Only those externals, which provoke imaginative wondering, are fleeting. Perhaps our horizons have shortened, with the coming of the swift ocean liner and the airship, and their comparative mastery of the elements. Undoubtedly some things of beauty have departed, never to return. So also have gone the tyrannical cruelty of the high seas, the scurvy, the rats. Gone are the manly, soul-forming hardships. Gone also are hardships from the home, from life generally. Has romance fled from the kitchen, pray, in that the housewife can turn a gleaming chromium faucet instead of trudging through the snow to a frost-bitten pump handle?



—Courtesy, Cleveland B. Chase Productions
"Now when I was a young feller in sail..."

Let him who weeps over lost romance go to sea on the most modern of ocean "greyhounds." Let him stand alone on her uppermost deck, and contemplate the vastness of the sea; gaze into the depths of the sky. Let him descend into the vitals of the ship and reflect upon the droplets of water, countless millions of them, converted into rushing vapor, beating upon cunningly fashioned turbine blades, yielding each its minute quota of energy, until it drops quietly back into the tank, ready for service once more. Let him consider the mighty forces of nature involved in that prosaic piece of mechanism, that soulless dial that is the gyrocompass card. Let him go to the stern, and watch the ship's wake as it disappears into the void, and know that its straightness, engendered by that robot, the gyro pilot, depends in the last analysis upon the very rotation of the earth. Let him go to the wireless room and speak from mid-ocean to his wife at home, and as he does so, think of his words, riding, like the ripples on a huge wave, those rays of energy, speeding incredibly through the ether.

Romance! Mystery! Enchantment! When were they ever so alive? When were there ever more sources of wonder—more that was not understood; more that staggers the comprehension? Can we no longer dream of undiscovered lands, of uncounted

ocean depths, of weird sea monsters; can we no longer see in our mind's eye the storm-harried sailors struggling with frozen canvas in the storms off Cape Horn? What matter—we can marvel to the point of bewilderment, if we will, at the simplest fact of our existence. We can bow down in awe at the immensity of what we have found out that we do not know and cannot conceive of. If we know no more romance in the sea, we know none in life; and it is to our own dulled and unresponsive minds that we must turn for the answer.

* Reprinted from the United States Naval Institute Proceedings, March, 1934.

COMFORT BAGS

We are hoping to fill several hundred comfort bags again this year. These bags are indeed a real comfort to men on shipboard when far from shops and stores. Following is a list of items needed. Please mail as many articles as possible to the Religious and Social Service Department, 25 South Street, New York City,

1. Coarse black thread
2. Coarse white thread
3. Sewing needles to take coarse thread
4. Black darning cotton
5. Darning needles
6. Square of flannel for needle-book
7. Small bone buttons — black and white
8. Safety pins No. 2 and No. 3
9. Tooth brush
10. Tooth paste
11. Shaving cream
12. Safety razor blades
13. Shoestrings—1 yard long
14. Handkerchief
15. Adhesive plaster
16. Gauze bandaging—2 in. wide

BENEFIT NOTICE



Eva Le Gallienne and Ethel Barrymore
in a Scene from "L'Aiglon"

A FEW good seats in the orchestra and mezzanine are still available for the Institute's Annual Theatre Party. The play is "L'AIGLON", by Rostand, starring Eva LeGallienne and Ethel Barrymore and the date is THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 15th, at the BROADHURST THEATRE, 235 West 44th Street. Orchestra seats are \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00. Mezzanine seats are \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$3.00. Please make checks payable to: SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to: Theatre Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York. Each Fall we count on the proceeds of our theatre benefit to reinforce our Ways and Means budget. By subscribing for tickets you will help the Institute and at the same time witness one of the most spectacular plays on Broadway.

CLASSIFIED AD

THE warm sunshine drenched the benches in Battery Park. Captain Peter S., age fifty, in command of a tanker, was on shore leave. The bench looked inviting and Captain S. was sleepy. . . . He awoke several hours later and discovered to his chagrin that his set of false teeth had been stolen! He had had the set made for him about six months ago in the Institute's Dental Clinic and he liked their fit and appearance. He must have laid them on the bench before his nap and either some mischievous boy had taken them or some park habitue, toothless, who hoped to find them useful.

So uptown to the office of the *Herald-Tribune* went Captain S. and paid for a "classified ad" under the Lost and Found Column. "Finder please return to Social Service Department of Seamen's Church Institute." read the advertisement, for Captain S. always stays at the Institute when his tanker is docked. Then he sat down to await results.

They were not long in coming. A smartly dressed young man in the uniform of a downtown bank entered the Social Service Department carrying in his

hand the clipping of Captain S.'s classified ad. "I found a set of false teeth—but not in Battery Park. I found them over in Brooklyn last night," he explained to the Institute social worker. But alas, the description of the set of false teeth failed to compare with that lost by Captain S. "The ones I found have a gold tooth in the upper set," stated the young man.

"Then those aren't mine," replied Captain S. who had been hastily paged in the Institute lobby and who came breathlessly up the stairs.

A few hours later another young man walked into the Social Service Department and deposited a small package on the desk. "I read the ad and thought these might be the set of false teeth you lost. But I didn't find them in Battery Park—I found them at Coney Island."

Again Captain S.'s hopes were raised in vain, for the set proved not to be his. He is still waiting with supreme confidence that his teeth will be returned and in the meantime refuses offers from the Dental Clinic to make him another set, for in his opinion, they cannot be duplicated.

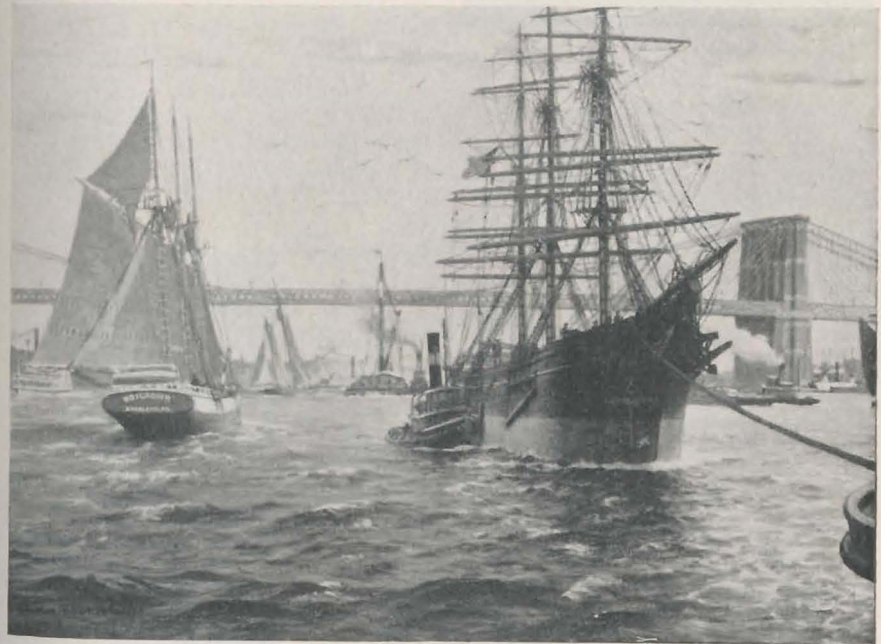
HEROISM AT SEA

Following such a sorrowful story as that of the Morro Castle, it is heartening to read of the rescue of five men from a wrecked plane by seamen on the steamer Washington. Her commander, Captain FRIED, has participated in so many gallant actions of this kind that they must now seem to him all in the day's work. The fliers had sought to make contact with his ship, 600 miles at sea, in order to outstrip competitors in obtaining films of the Marseilles assassination. But a surge of the ocean smashed their machine, which was sinking and threatening to carry to the bottom the five men still clinging to it. Captain FRIED ordered a lifeboat, already prepared for launching, to go to their aid. The waves were running high and it was

necessary to carry a line by swimming to get the men off. The officer in charge of the lifeboat, itself imperiled, called for volunteers. Every one of the crew at once offered to undertake the dangerous task, but before any choice could be made, two sailors leaped into the sea and succeeded in getting a line to the plane and rescuing the fliers, one by one, just before the wreckage disappeared beneath the surface. It was a fine piece of daring and of seamanship, showing that there are still hundreds of officers and crews sailing the watery waste, ever ready to respond to the call of duty and to illustrate again the high tradition of humanity and courage and sacrifice at sea.

Editorial in THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1934.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAPE HORN TRADE EAST RIVER, 1894



In order that something of the appearance and character of South Street and the East River of forty years ago be preserved for future generations, C. R. Patterson has painted the two canvasses which we are privileged to reproduce here. The artist knew South Street in the days of sail and, as many are aware, spent ten years in deep water sailing ships. The above reproduction shows the East River in 1894, with schooners, sailing lighters, deep water vessels and steamboats. The ship, "Governor Robie," with to-gallant-masts housed to allow her to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge, is headed for her loading berth. See inside front cover for a description of the South Street painting.

BOOK REVIEWS



Captain Bartlett at the wheel of the "Morrissey"

SAILS OVER ICE

By Captain "Bob" Bartlett
Published by Scribner's. Price \$3.00.
Captain "Bob" Bartlett, who honors the Institute with a visit every now and then, has spent most of his picturesque life throwing dice with the Gods of the North, and usually with the odds against him. His new book is a vivid record of the nine voyages which he has made to various parts of the Arctic in the sturdy little schooner, *Effie M. Morrissey*. He purchased the ship in 1924 and even now is away to the North in her again. Every page of his narrative is alive with adventure, dark tragedies and lusty humor. He tells of erecting the monument at Cape Yorke, Greenland, in memory of Robert E. Peary. Wherever Captain Bob and his crew went, they found adventure, heaped up and overflowing.

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS

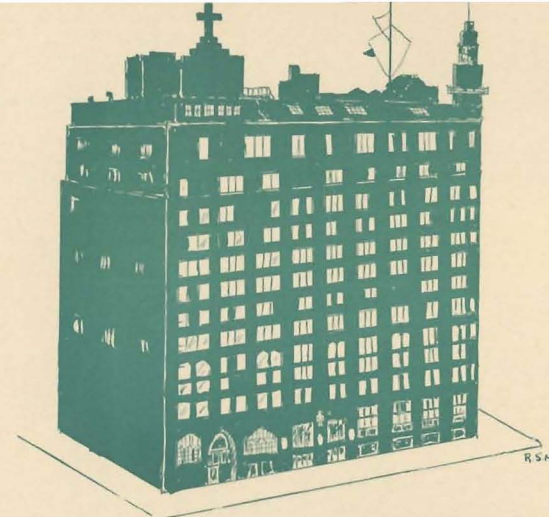
Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Glasgow.
Price 1/6.
This is a very useful color chart of all British flags, American flags, flags of the Royal Yacht Clubs, Pilot Flags, Foreign Flags and ensigns and the new international code of signals. Helpful to the yachtsman and navigator.

WHALERS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

By Alan Villiers
Published by Scribner's. Price \$2.00.
Alan Villiers, another friend of the Institute who has shown motion pictures of his experiences on square-rigged ships to an audience of sailors at the Institute, has written his first book designed for younger readers. In this story he captures the romance and adventure of modern whaling in the ice-locked waters of the Antarctic, and he pictures the whaling crews and shows their life to be as hazardous and thrilling in its own way as that lived by the older whalers. He describes the adventures of young Alfie Stephens, stowaway on one of the whalechasers en route from Australia, with the big "factory ship" to the whaling waters. He endures blizzards, collisions with icebergs, perilous trips after whales, mutiny among the half-starved crew, and a long trek over the icy wastes. Alfie and his pet, Percy the penguin, get excitement enough to keep the average young reader very much interested until he turns the final page. The story itself is fiction but it is founded on fact. Its details of whaling are correct, based upon Mr. Villiers' own experience. Earlier Villiers' books include: "Grain Race," "By Way of Cape Horn" and "Falmouth For Orders."

MARY PETERS

By Mary Ellen Chase
Published by Macmillan. Price \$2.50.
This novel of the Maine Coast during the past sixty years centers around a seafaring family and has for its dramatic theme the abiding, indestructible influence of the sea upon the natures of the characters. Mary Peters comes from a long line of deep-water captains, is herself born on a merchant ship off Singapore and for fifteen years is brought up and educated on her father's vessel. The sea life of her childhood left her with a heritage which always set her apart from landsfolk. Life was not easy for Mary or for her brother John who loved the land, nor for their widow-mother. The book is an accurate and authentic picture of old New England lingering into the present. Its philosophy and its memories of shipping combine to place it high on the list of modern literature.



A Night View of The Seamen's Church Institute of New York-1934

Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen By The SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK From January 1st to September 1st, 1934

361,608	Lodgings (including relief dormitories).
25,697	Pieces of Baggage Checked.
1,236,280	Sales at Soda Fountain and Restaurant.
725,486	Relief Meals provided.
19,445	Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
7,478	Seamen attended 148 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
212	Lectures given in Merchant Marine School; 49 new students enrolled.
94,651	Social Service Interviews.
5,161	Relief Loans.
3,413	Individual Seamen received relief.
57,180	Books and magazines distributed.
1,873	Knitted articles and 7,497 Old Clothes distributed.
437	Cases treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
91,275	Seamen attended 121 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
1,589	Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
2,731	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
8,417	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
200	Missing seamen found.
2,184	Positions procured for Seamen.
2,352	Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$136,784.	Deposited for Safe-keeping and transmission to Seamen's families.



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

OFFICERS

Honorary President

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

Lay Officers

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, *President*

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, *Vice-President*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *Vice-President*

ORME WILSON, *Vice-President*

FRANK T. WARBURTON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.

REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

BOARD OF MANAGERS

This Board is composed of all of the above named officers and also the following:

ALLISON V. ARMOUR

JOHN H. FINLEY

HARRIS C. PARSONS

WILLIAM ARMOUR

HARRY FORSYTH

BERNON S. PRENTICE

HENRY McCOMB BANGS

FRANK GULDEN

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

EDWARD J. BARBER

CHARLES GULDEN

JOHN S. ROGERS

CHARLES R. BEATTIE

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.

EDWIN DeT. 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

CHARLES W. BOWRING

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

OLIVER ISELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

AYMAR JOHNSON

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

F. KINGSBURY CURTIS

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

FRANK W. WARBURTON

SNOWDEN A. FAHNESTOCK

LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.

ERNEST E. WHEELER

De COURSEY FALES

JUNIUS S. MORGAN

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

F. SHELTON FARR

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

JOHN MASEFIELD

Superintendent

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY