

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 1

JANUARY, 1936

THIS MONTH'S COVER is a reproduction of a photograph of the U. S. S. "PORTSMOUTH," loaned by Mr. Louis S. Tiemann. She was a first class sloop of war, built at Portsmouth, N. H. and launched in 1843 (the same year in which the Institute's original floating chapel was built). From 1895 to 1912 she was used as a training ship for the New Jersey Naval Reserve, under command of Captain Edward McClure Peters. Except for an interval during the Spanish-American war the Portsmouth made regular cruises each summer. She was the last known ship to enter New York harbor through the Narrows under her own sail. In 1915 she was stricken from the Naval Register. This picture shows her at anchor in the "Horse Shoe" (inside of Sandy Hook) about 1906.

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVII, JANUARY, 1936  
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."

Make all checks payable to the order of "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK" and mail to 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

We have made this issue of THE LOOKOUT as far as possible a seamen's number; the articles, poems, stories and most of the illustrations have been contributed by merchant seamen.

## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

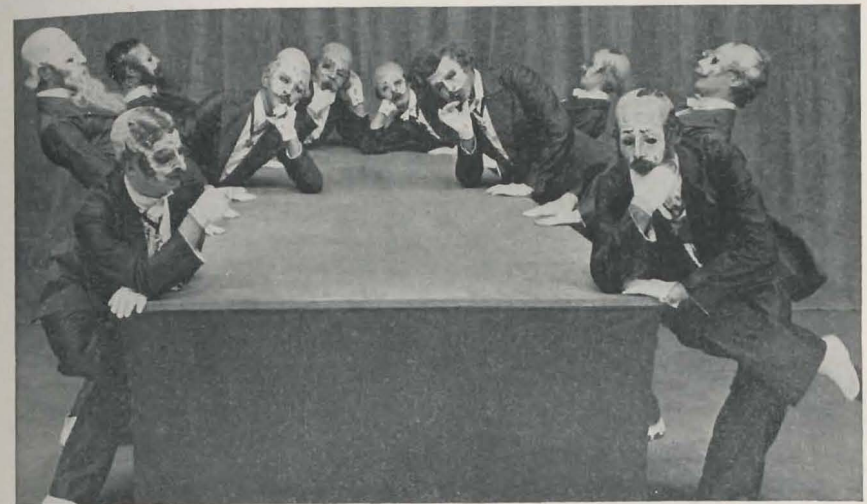
Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXVII

JANUARY, 1936

No. 1



A Scene from "The Green Table"

The First and Only Announced Performance in New York  
of the

## Jooss European Ballet

Featuring

"The Green Table", "The Big City" and "A Ball in Old Vienna"  
on

Tuesday Evening, January 21, 1936

at 8:30 o'clock

at the Metropolitan Opera House

for the benefit of the

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Tickets from \$1.00 to \$5.00 and Boxes from \$35.00 to \$60.00  
may be obtained from

MR. HARRY FORSYTH, Chairman, Benefit Committee  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y., BOWling Green 9-2710

Please make checks payable to: "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK", and mail to Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE INSTITUTE

By Seaman Henry William Fishburn



Photo by Paul Parker

In Line For The Holiday Feast

I was one of the 1,025 seamen who spent Christmas Day at 25 South Street. I am very glad to have this chance to tell LOOKOUT readers about the wonderful Christmas I had at the *Institute*. I arrived from the West Coast (by freight train) on Christmas Eve and got a job unloading a produce truck in Washington market, for which I received half a dollar. I was anxious to get down to the *Institute* and wish Mr. Kelley and Mr. Westerman and Mrs. Roper "Merry Christmas", and so I came down and bought a dormitory bed on the 13th floor. I turned in early and on Christmas morning got up at six a.m. and at nine o'clock went to the communion service in the Chapel. At 10:30 I attended the regular service and those Christmas hymns sure did sound nice.

As soon as church was out (11:25) I hurried down to the cafeteria to get in line for the Christmas dinner. (This happens to be the third year in succession that I've eaten my holiday dinner with my friends here at 25 South).

There were about 40 seamen ahead of me in line, and at 11:30 the doors opened. We had a fine dinner: mashed turnips, potatoes, turkey and dressing, cranberry sauce, pumpkin and mince pie, bread and butter, tea or coffee, and as we went out Mr. Kelley's young daughters gave each of us our choice of cigarettes, cigars or tobacco. I chose a package of Lucky Strikes. At two-thirty I joined the crowd of seamen who saw the movie

"The Crusades" in the auditorium (about 775 of us) and in the evening I enjoyed the picture "Shipmates Forever" (along with 825 other seamen). At nine-thirty I turned in, for I wanted to be up early on the day after Christmas to go over to the American Export Line to look for a job. My last ship was the "Exarch"; I was paid off on her Oct. 16th and then went to the west coast, but I'm sure glad to be back. I've been going to sea for thirteen years, usually as a messman or as an O.S. (ordinary seaman) and since my father and mother are dead I think of the S.C.I. as my home. I used to know Superintendent Kelley when he was at the S.C.I. of Los Angeles at San Pedro and it's swell to have him here in New York, now. When I think back and remember some of the Christmases I've spent at sea (one year we had cold beans when the stove on the barge went out of commission) the best ones have always been right here at 25 South Street, and I know that I speak for hundreds of other fellows when I say that.

## ELEGY FOR A DYING TONGUE

By Seaman C. B. W. Richardson\*

UNDERSTAND this speech that men of the sea have created and you will know it for what it is: a white, violent, cleanness of tongue. Leaving outside the question all purely technical nomenclature of spars and rigging, of ships' handling and navigation, it remains a jargon—but what magnificent jargon! It is compact with an amazing gusto, with humor and the downright clean bone of beauty.

"The rope hangs Judas," these children of the sea would say when a line was left insecurely belayed aloft—and therein lay all the simplicity of their thought, the wisdom of their understanding.

Looking at the sharply beautiful bows of a clipper they remembered the crescent of a new moon, and said: "She is moon-sheered."

Listening to the low southing of the wind that precedes a hurricane (and there is no sound on earth more ominous), they looked at one another and at the sea, and said: "It's Davy putting the coppers on for the parson!" . . .

In their imaginations the maned ocean combers that run before the gale were "Neptune's Sheep," or "White Horses," so one of their brotherhood squandering his money ashore was said to be "buying a white horse." For they perceived that a sailor's gold, quite like the wave, looks very fine for a moment and then is gone, leaving no trace!

As though by instinct they knew the euphony of sounds, so subtle and so various in the English tongue, that picks up and plucks the heart of meaning from thought, and they set about to model them to their own use. Of created words—purely the folk-invention of men upon the

\*Reprinted from Scribner's, August 1935, by special permission.

seas—I give you just five; snurge, meaning to sneak out of a job; willy-waws, meaning light variable winds; yaffle, meaning to steal; higger-mugger, meaning slovenly; a gaw-gaw, meaning a stupid seaman.

If the power of any argot is to be measured by the frequency with which it breaks through the crust of specialization and becomes a part of the vital language of a whole race, then this sea-speech is unparalleled in importance. There are whole argosies of these words, freighted with blue-water tradition, that have sailed amazing courses through centuries, to become anchored at last in the boneyard of our everyday speech. They lie unsuspected on the tongue of us all. Following their curious etymologies we come to understand that the Anglo-Saxon has a definite aptitude by which he assimilates all things nautical. It is as though the salt of the sea were on his tongue, the taste of it in his blood.

When our modern lady says that her new hat is "nobby," meaning smart, she is using purely nautical slang. "Old Nobs," or "Nobby," was the nickname of Captain Charles Ewart, R.N., a martinet who became famous for the nautical smartness and good style of the vessels under his command. "Fagged out," "touch and go," "by the boards," "figure-head," "by and large," "taken aback," "brace-up," "backing and filling," "junk," "at loggerheads"—they are all sea-going as salt! We call the great piles of our modern buildings "skyscrapers," little thinking that the word in its deep-water sense means a sail, one of the fair-weather rigs of fancy canvas on the tall skys'l-yarders. They were also

dubbed, derisively or proudly (according to men's temper and the weather), "Ladies' pocket handkerchiefs," "moon-rackers," or "star-dusters."

To describe a boy as a "smart nipper," or an empty bottle as a "dead soldier," is to raise the ghosts of the wind-ships. The first simply means a ship's boy, one of whose duties on sailing ships is to pass and nipper the messengers to the cable when weighing anchor. The second refers to a bottle's ability to float head upward, as a dead marine or soldier is supposed to do owing to the traditionally large size of his feet.

When you order a hot grog on a cold day you might give a silent salute to the late Admiral Vernon of the Royal Navy who was known to his men as "Old Grog" because of a favorite program coat. He was the first man in history to order the English sailors' rum watered. And when you swear that you are caught "between the devil and the deep sea," know that it is not to his Satanic Majesty that you properly refer, but to a simple plank on a ship hull. It is the upper outboard strake and is called "the devil" because it forms the hardest seam to pay with pitch. In addition it accounts for the origin of the twin phrase, "the devil to pay and no pitch hot." . . .

In my mind now is the figure of a man I knew in my first youth on the sea. He was old then, very old—a proud and lonely relic of the last great days of sail.

"The Doctor" was a "limejuicer" and had served his time as a boy in the old navy—what he called the "spit and polish navy." A great granite slab of a man, his face was burned dark as a sea boot. Still blue eyes peered out from under brows as white as the ragged manes of

combers breaking on rock. Barbed and sea-bitter was his tongue. Even now I can remember the first bewildered awe with which I listened to his barbaric speech, a speech bristling and strong with the very taste and flavor of the sea.

To him a black night was "as black as the Earl of Hell's riding boots!" A drizzling rain was an "Irishman's hurricane"; when it blew it "blew marlinspikes," or "like an angry god on a hot dough-cake." Of a flat calm he simply said that the wind was "up and down the mast."

A sailor who was swinging his arms against his body to get warm was "beating the booby"; one who had his hands in his pockets had "both sheets aft." A thing that was honest was "straight up and down, like a yard of pump water." A clumsy fellow he referred to as "about as handy as a cow in a spit-kid!" A man of whom he did not approve was a "pinch-gut," a "sea-swabber" or a "shifting back-stay." He was in "everybody's mess but nobody's watch." A good fellow, on the other hand, was "first on the tops'l and last in the beef-kid."

If he thought a man was crazy he said there was "a rat in his fore-chains." To loaf on deck was scornfully described as "two turns round the longboat and a pull at the scuttle-butt." To buy a round of drinks was to "splice the main brace," in recognition, no doubt, of the fact that it is a difficult feat and requires a good man to do it! A weak drink was contemptuously dubbed a "gale of wind dose," and a strong one was declared a "second mate's nip." To add too much water when mixing a drink was "to drown the miller." And when a man's glass was empty it "had a south wind in it!" . . .

Certainly this language is dying: yet it is not wiped out. The old gods die hard: they lurk still on men's tongues; they stir in imaginations moved dully by stories, by the face of the sea, by the force of an inner necessity that bends us against reason, against hope of self-interest or desire of peace, to an ancient way of life. . . .

So eternally the ancient sea takes unto herself all things, and eternally she changes them, reshaping their accustomed forms until at last:

"Nothing of them that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

*Editor's Note:* Do LOOKOUT readers recall other special sea terms? We shall welcome letters including definitions and origins.

## SONG FEST



Dear Editor: Enclosed find a little news in regards to our song fest. I enjoy it so much myself, I thought perhaps you will publish it in order that others will know the feelings of many men who appreciate the good being done by this Institute. I have went to sea many years, been nearly all over the world, but have failed to see any place as a seamen's home like the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

Yours respectfully  
(Signed) Chas. Eichberg

HERE at the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y. on every Thursday evening we have a song fest in the third floor reading-room attended by many seamen who enjoy the singing of old time songs of their own selection. These "Song Fests" are conducted by the Rev. David McDonald, our Chaplain, Mr. Baker, soloist, Mrs. Janet Roper, Miss Conrow the chapel organist, and some of the staff who try to make these evenings enjoyable for

the men. Mr. Baker leads the men in song, at times bringing them out fully, all singing.

Our Chaplain, whose untiring efforts for the welfare of the seamen, visiting the sick and afflicted in the hospitals, through his good fellowship has endeared himself to the hearts of these men. Mrs. Janet Roper our beloved House Mother, who has devoted many years to the welfare of seamen gives a short address, encouraging the men to "carry on," during these distressing times of depression and unrest. These "Song Fests" encourage many, put cheer in their hearts, make them look forward to better things in life, make them feel they are among friends here at the Institute, who want to help them to "carry on" to success and happiness. May this *good work* carry on!



Picture taken on board S.S. Trimountain by Seaman Alfred P. Larsson

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

**S**IGNAL flags fluttering atop the roof of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK spell "Welcome Home" to ships entering New York Harbor and to the thousands of merchant seamen aboard.

**C**REWS of ocean liners, freighters, tankers, tugs, colliers, barges, all know that shore leave in New York is happier and safer because of the hospitality at 25 South Street, the hostelry of the seven seas. Speed records and artistic decorations win for a ship a fine reputation, but it is the indispensable man-power that keeps her sailing from port to port safely and securely. Just so, it is the Institute that keeps the ships' crews on even keel, while ashore, and protects their interests against the subversive and other evil forces of the waterfront ever ready to exploit seamen.

**F**OR 100 years the Institute has helped merchant seamen to help themselves by providing them with a clean, decent shore home, at minimum cost, with wholesome activities and congenial recreation. Bonafide seamen are always welcome to use the various facilities regardless of their race, rating or creed.

**T**O maintain this important work along the waterfront requires a yearly expenditure of \$100,000, which is the deficit in the budget between what the seamen pay and what the services actually cost. We do not and cannot charge for religious, social service, recreational, or educational facilities.

**B**ECAUSE these men of the sea protect you and yours on the high seas, will you send something to help the Institute befriend them while on land?



Picture taken on board S.S. Carrabutte by Seaman Alfred P. Larsson

## THE ODYSSEY OF AN 18 YEAR OLD BOY

M. V. Comliebank,  
Fremantle,  
West Australia.

Dear Mrs. Baxter,\*

It is a long time since we were in New York, and we have not been home yet.

Next Christmas will be our third in succession away from home.

We have travelled about a good deal since we were at New York last, mainly round about Australia and the Far East. After New York (Feb. 1934) we went back to Calcutta with a cargo of general. Then from Calcutta we went to Buenos Aires and ports round about, with jute and gunnies. From there light ship to Nauru, via the Magellan Straits. Nauru is a small island situated nearly on the Equator and is very rich in phosphate, which is being constantly shipped to Australia for making land fertilizer. The phosphate we took to Adelaide, South Australia, and then we went round to Sydney, N.S.W. and loaded wheat for Shanghai.

From there we went down to Nauru again and loaded another

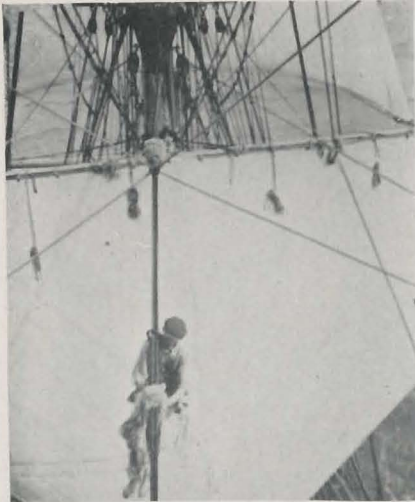


Photo by Elsie Jansen  
Putting Chafing Gear on Stay

cargo of phosphate, this time for New Zealand ports.

From New Zealand we went back to another small phosphate island called Ocean Island, which is just a few miles away from Nauru.

This phosphate we took to Adelaide. Then we went to a small place not far from Adelaide called Whyalla and loaded iron ore, a horrid cargo, for a small port, Kamaishi, in Japan. After repairs in Yokohama we went to Calcutta and loaded jute and gunnies again for South American ports. At Buenos Aires we loaded a cargo of maize for Japan via the Magellan and San Pedro for bunkers. Then west across the Pacific, and discharged at a small place called Taketoyo, then to Yokohama to drydock.

Then down to Nauru again, where by a special moving belt contraption they load a ship in 12 hours, and we have brought the phosphate here. Part of it, however, is going to Geraldton, a small port further up the coast. We are hoping to go home from here with wheat, as we are nearly two and a half years out from home now on this voyage!

You will know all about the loss of the old "Millpool" of which my Dad was skipper at the time. She went down with all hands (26) in a North Atlantic gale in October, 1934. It was a terrible affair, and although it happened a year ago I still feel the loss of poor Dad.

My brother Arthur has just got his Master's Certificate, so you may see him again soon as mate of a ship. Let's hope so.

Well, Good bye.

From Your Sincere Friend,

Alan E.

(And a Japanese Christmas card enclosed with the letter)

\*Letter from an apprentice on a cargo ship to Mrs. Baxter, in charge of the Institute's Apprentices' Room.

## SAILS

To wake hunger for adventure  
Give a lad the sight of sail,  
The lap along the loading-strake  
And green along the rail:

Sails that drove to eastward  
Ships of long ago,  
Shine and shadow on them  
Till they dipt below—

(Blue beneath their beauty,  
Ageless blue above,  
Magic, mystic, stately,  
Seeming treasure-trove):

Whine of shroud and guy and block  
And groan of boom and spar,  
Plunge that flings her forefoot high  
And racks her wheel ajar:

Sails that swam to westward  
Till they sank below  
Water line and sky line,  
Days of long ago—

(All of boyish longing  
Held within a glance,  
All of youthful dreaming,  
Wonder, and romance):

Slursh of scuppered comber spilled  
To sluice each boarding crest,  
Winds abaft, abeam, ahead  
Across a wide unrest:

Sails that bore to southward  
Years and years ago,  
Sheeted to the sunlight,  
Sloping, swaying slow—

(Blue beneath their beauty,  
Fadeless blue above.  
Far-off sails out-going,  
Surely treasure-trove):

From kedge and hawser, berth and buoy,  
Range-light and sheltered bay—  
Cut, where the seas are hills at war  
Below the wild grey day:

Vanished sails of boyhood,—  
All have dropt below  
Meeting sea and sky rims—  
Long,—and long ago.

By Hugh Malcolm McCormick

Now a patent attorney in New Albany,  
Indiana but in his youth an able-bodied  
seaman.

## AN AMBITIOUS SAILOR

ONE of the most heart-warming things about working at the *Institute* is the frequent chance which staff members have of listening to the stories of seamen who are striving to "make good" in some one of the arts. It is a pleasure to encourage these ambitious would-be musicians, artists, sculptors, poets and authors. The most recent "confession" was that told to our chapel organist by a young sailor who wandered into the chapel one day while she was practicing the hymns for the next Sunday service. His is an extraordinary story and we wish that some interested person would help to get him a scholarship at some school of music. It seems that on his seventh birthday (he is now only seventeen) he was taken

to hear a pipe organ recital in Portland, Oregon. He was fired with the ambition to play the organ. It has been his sole thought and ambition. He has heard all of the prominent organists in New York City. He has an amazingly accurate knowledge of the construction of organs, having persuaded various organists and tuners to take him into the organ chambers and explain the pipes, etc. He has read just about everything that has been written about the subject and *although he does not know one note from the other*, he certainly has potential ability and a will to learn. He is determined to earn enough money in the next five years at sea to enable him to take lessons from some famous teacher.

## SEAMEN HAVE CHANGED

By Seaman Frank A. Heagney



Courtesy, Cunard Line.

### QUARTERMASTER

Just as in the days when he manned the helm on the poop, the quartermaster still stands "the watch" at the wheel.

**M**ANY years ago, seamen, men who went down to the sea, in sailing ships, were quite a different type of men from those who sail our modern steamships. They were more or less a coarse and more hardboiled lot, compared with a modern seamen; due to the fact that the work aboard a sailing ship was much harder, and the days spent at sea much longer. After a trip of say seventy or eighty days or more on a ship, seeing nothing but sky and water, and talking to the same people day in and day out, and missing every natural thing that life gives, one shouldn't wonder why these men should be pictured as they are in our sea stories today. Most of these old-timers' sea-going days are over—we still have a few who still try to sail—but there are not very many of them. But to get back to the topic of this article, if you would stroll down around the water front of any of our great seaports you will most probably see men, lounging around the piers or lying on the sidewalks, drunk, and because the average person knows nothing about these men, but thinks because they are down on the waterfront, wearing a pair of the world

famous seamen's pants (Dungarees) that they must be seamen, and you will undoubtedly hear these people say: "What did I tell you, look at those sailors drunk." And again you will be up town in the business district of the same city and a fellow will come up along side of you and put the well known bum on you telling you: "Mister could you please help me out, I'm a seaman and I have not a place to sleep at?" But if you knew the real seamen, you would tell the fellow to get a new line, because he is a fake. I have made a study of our seamen for a good many years.

If you will be kind enough to permit me to tell you, that it's about time for someone to write the true side of most of our Merchant Seamen today. Most of these men who make their living following the sea today, are nice clean-cut fellows. Let's take a short trip in one of these ships we shall, let us say, go on board the S/S Sam Doe. When we are all aboard, and quartered; the ship leaves its berth, on a two day run, to its next port of call to pick up some cargo; once outside the breakwater, you will watch the deck sailors, stowing away the lines etc. Then we will take a look in at the men in their forecastles, after they have finished their work. Just as we enter the door, if you will look around you will see the bunks two high, with nice clean white linen and the bunks made up deluxe. If you will look a little closer, at the bulkhead (or walls) by the bunks you will see a stand built with a picture of the men's mothers or sisters upon it. And looking at the deck you will see neat rows of shoes, bedroom slippers etc. All neatly arranged. If you should look

in these men's closets you would see pajamas and bathrobes, and everything that you would expect in your own home, and I am not exaggerating one bit when I say the modern seamen take at least two baths a day, (of course water is plentiful now aboard these ships as they have large tanks aboard). If you were to listen in on some of the conversations in the forecabin you would probably hear talk that you would never believe could come from sailors, talk about the best shows, reviews of the

best books, and political discussions, and you may sit there, and listen to these men, and I doubt if you will hear any language that would make a lady rush out of the room. The radio is generally playing all the time, it has helped to modernize our seamen a lot; speeches from some of our best politicians and orators are generally always listened to the most. I have endeavored to tell you the truth about these good fellows, the men who sail our cargoes from country to country.

## SEA CHANTEYS—MOTHER'S LULLABY

**I**N response to numerous inquiries as to where sheet music of the sea chanteys might be purchased, we publish here a list of music firms which have available these chanteys, arranged in four-part male quartet form by Pauline Winslow. The Institute receives a royalty on all copies sold. The sheet music sells for \$.15 for each chantey: G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City, publishes: "As Off To The South'ard We Go", "Adieu to Maimuna", "Eight Bells", "Blow the Man Down" and "Homeward Bound." Harold Flammer, 10 East 43rd Street, New York City, publishes: "Hoodah Day" and "Rolling Home." Galaxy Press, 17 East 46th Street, publishes "Hame, Dearie Hame." Other chanteys will be published in the near future.

The phonograph record of the sea chanteys is not for sale, but may be rented for \$10.00. It is a large record requiring a machine which has a turn table which can be slowed down to 33-1/3 revolutions per minute (standard sized records run at a 66-2/3 speed). It is primarily for electrical transcription on radio stations, but those who wish to run this record in their own homes may use one of the new orthophonic machines which have a slow speed, or they may rent from the Western Union Telegraph Company a Visiomatic Machine, \$1.00 for two hours.

One of the most interesting letters which arrived as the result of our announcement concerning sea chanteys in the last issue was from Mr. Harry Blythe: "I was extremely pleased to read," he wrote "that down in your part of the world some endeavor is being made to revive old time sea chanteys. I am



"25 South Street"

one of the very, very few who can claim to the honor of having a real chantey as my mother's lullaby to me, sung to me on all seas. My father was the "old man" and always took my mother and me with him, and around the Horn, before I was four years old. As I grew older and still went voyaging, I picked up all the chanteys then in vogue. I'm writing now of about 1890 onwards. Finally, when I really became a part of a full rigged ship's crew, I was (the only apprentice) privileged to start a chantey and in those days a boy was just a boy (but did a man's work) and as such had to keep his mouth shut and just obey orders. (My! how times have changed). So you see by all this, that I am really interested in sea chanteys and wish you and your Institute the best of luck in everything. P.S. I forgot to mention the lullaby was "Rolling Home to Merrie England."

## BOOK REVIEWS

### VICTORIOUS TROY, or THE HURRYING ANGEL

By John Masefield  
MacMillan Company, 1935

Price \$2.50

Storm at sea and men fighting for life and ship—no new fiction theme. But this is no common storm that would blast the Ship *Hurrying Angel* into a yawning sea. It is hurricane, cyclone, black thunder cannonading. It is force elemental gone mad, raging, destroying—the fires and fury and Hounds of Hell unleashed. Through 300 pages with never a chapter break it drives the reader near to exhaustion. But he has lived every fear, every dread, every torment, anger and horror of harassed men, whose valor is will to stand it through and save a crippled ship—whose leader is a boy, eighteen, defying a drunkard, incompetent captain. This lad, senior apprentice, the author has singled out to make personal every shuddering moment of that Iliad night. Troy rides conquering over her leveled walls.  
D. G. K.

### THE LANDSMAN'S GUIDE TO SEA LORE

By C. R. Benstead  
Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 6/-

Introducing himself as a sea-going landsman, the author of this surprising book twinkles, bows, and offers a courtly arm to conduct his reader through the intricacies of modern seafaring and life on a vessel of today. And the tour is both instructive and entertaining. It is a glorious mixture of fact and fancy, of technical information and amusing angles. There is also some sound advice which might well be noted by all who travel by sea. This is a book to read aloud on a sun-lit deck—assured of finding something to appeal particularly to every member of the most varied group.

M. P. M. G.

### MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

By Seaman Howard Norman

When I followed the sea for a living,  
I never could save up a dime.  
For I spent what I got, (tho it wasn't  
a lot.)  
And what was left over was mine.  
For that I ate curry, and worm-eaten  
chow,  
And slept in a populous bed,  
And wet to the bone, I shivered alone,  
Standing watch on the foc's'le head.

So I gave up the sea as a calling,  
And I have my decision to thank.  
For a job and a home, and a future to  
come,  
And a nice little wad in the bank  
So if you're desiring a life of success,  
Consider the things that I write  
For the things that I do, are peculiar,  
that's true,  
(I'm shipping out A.B. to-night!)

### SILAS CROCKETT

By Mary Ellen Chase  
MacMillan Company Price \$2.50

A magnificent story of four generations of a family in a little place on the Maine Coast called Saturday Cove. Silas, Captain of a clipper ship who took his wife with him on his voyages; their son Nicholas lost at sea in a storm; and his grandson Reuben whose aspirations toward the sea took him no further than passenger steamers plying up and down the Maine Coast; his great-grandson Silas of the twentieth century who had to leave school and go to work in a herring-factory. . . .

Miss Chase has given us a stirring tale not only of the Crocketts, but of the passing of the supremacy of sail, and the disintegration and tragedy of the coast of Maine. The steadfastness and heroism of the American character, innate stubbornness of sea-going families has been perfectly depicted in "Silas Crockett." A fascinating and inspiring novel which should be read by all lovers of good fiction.

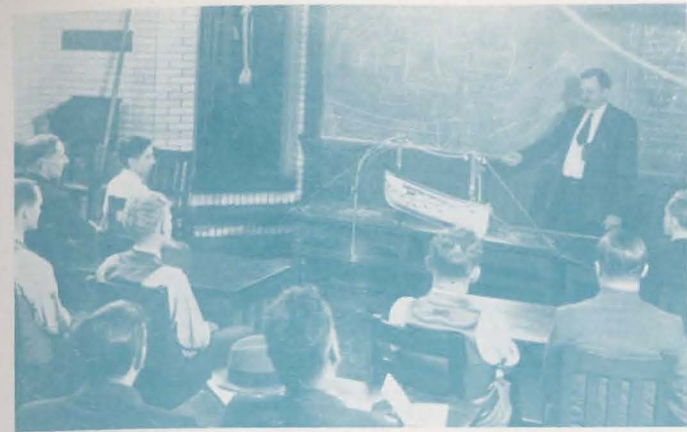
R. B.

### WIND IN THE RIGGING

By Howard Pease  
Doubleday Doran and Co. Price \$2.00

Howard Pease has written an adventure story and throughout it has a salty tang. A murder mystery is in the background involving the smuggling of arms into Africa, a timely topic. The Institute is often mentioned and clearly shows what an important place it has in the lives of seamen. Tod Moran, the hero, a young man, promptly responds to a mysterious order from his old captain, Tom Jarvis. The author, noted for such fine sea stories as "The Jinx Ship" and "The Ship Without a Crew" has produced a lively and thrilling tale.

A. O. M.



Instruction in the Manly Art of Life-Saving, by Captain Robert Huntington  
See Merchant Marine School Statistics below

### Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

by the

### SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to December 1st, 1935

- 328,199** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 160,516** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 1,034,089** Sales at Soda-Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 300,052** Sales at News Stand.
- 74,455** Institute Relief Meals served.
- 25,671** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 11,414** Attended **270** Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
- 4,211** Cadets and Seamen attended **376** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **62** new students enrolled.
- 140,409** Social Service Interviews.
- 14,549** Relief Loans.
- 7,104** Individual Seamen received relief.
- 84,612** Books and magazines distributed.
- 5,482** Pieces of clothing and **1,982** Knitted Articles distributed.
- 496** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
- 142,272** Attended **187** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 846** Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
- 3,358** Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
- 8,096** Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
- 299** Missing Seamen found.
- 1,917** Positions procured for Seamen.
- \$191,144** Deposited for **2,983** Seamen in Banks.
- 23,972** Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
- 12,820** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.



# 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:

WILLIAM ARMOUR	JOHN H. FINLEY	BERNON S. PRENTICE
HENRY McCOMB BANGS	HARRY FORSYTH	FRANKLIN REMINGTON
EDWARD J. BARBER	FRANK GULDEN	JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.
CHARLES R. BEATTIE	CHARLES S. HAIGHT	KERMIT ROOSEVELT
EDWIN DeT. BECHTEL	CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.	CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
REGINALD R. BELKNAP	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	SAMUEL A. SALVAGE
GORDON KNOX BELL	AUGUSTUS N. HAND	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
CHARLES W. BOWRING	BAYARD C. HOPPIN	THOMAS A. SCOTT
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	OLIVER ISELIN	T. ASHLEY SPARKS
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS	AYMAR JOHNSON	J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT
F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	FRANK W. WARBURTON
CHARLES E. DUNLAP	RICHARD H. MANSFIELD	ERNEST E. WHEELER
SNOWDEN A. FAHNESTOCK	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.	WILLIAM WILLIAMS
De COURSEY FALES	JUNIUS S. MORGAN	WILLIAM D. WINTER
F. SHELTON FARR	HARRIS C. PARSONS	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

## HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

JOHN MASEFIELD

### **Superintendent**

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY