

*The*  
**LOOKOUT**



Quartermasters on Duty

*Courtesy, United States Lines*

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XXX No. 3  
MARCH, 1939

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows two quartermasters at their post on the docking bridge (aft) of a Panama Pacific liner as she is warping into her dock at Havana. The quartermaster at the left is standing by to lower the ensign from the mainmast because the ensign is always flown from the taffrail at the stern when a ship is in port. The other quartermaster's duty is to stand by the engine room telegraph to repeat signals to the Second Officer who is on duty on the docking bridge, and to telephone to the bridge when the officer gives the order. Courtesy, United States Lines.

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**LOOKOUT**

VOL. XXX, MARCH, 1939  
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by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President  
THOMAS ROBERTS  
Secretary and Treasurer  
REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY  
Superintendent  
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor  
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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street

#### LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

# The Lookout

Vol. XXX

March, 1939

No.3

## Portrait of Edmund L. Baylies Unveiled

A BAS-RELIEF portrait of Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies was unveiled on Thursday, February 23rd, at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, in the Baylies Memorial Lobby, 25 South Street, in the presence of seamen, contributors and guests. Mr. Baylies was a member of the Board of Managers of the Institute from April 6th, 1885, until his death on April 29th, 1932. He served as President of the Institute from 1913 to 1932. The Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Superintendent of the Institute officiated at the unveiling and Dr. John H. Finley spoke. Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Board of Managers, who presided and who introduced Dr. Finley said: "Before introducing the next speaker I want to take this opportunity in a few words to pay my own tribute to Mr. Baylies. Without him we would not be standing here now, for he made possible the joint vision of Dr. Mansfield and himself as embodied in this present building. Although he is not with us, his work lives on. To see it, just look around you. He never had a "no" where the good of the Institute was concerned and gave freely of his time whenever it was necessary. His crowning achievement was the self-sacrifice that made this possible. In introducing Dr. Finley I could add nothing to what you must already know about him except to tell you that he, too, is a great friend who has never failed us when we have called on him."



Seamen's Church Institute, which at that time we thought was the 90th anniversary\*, I made mention of a precious map that I have, made in the latter part of the 17th century showing the lower end of Manhattan Island, where are huddled a few houses about a fort, a church and a windmill. But the two very prominent objects are: first, a tall shaft carrying high above the houses a flag to signal the ships coming into the harbor; and second, though the nearest to the water and most conspicuous, a gibbet from

\*Editor's Note: Records of the early meetings of the Society were discovered in 1934 which definitely proved that the date of the founding was March 6th, 1834, ten years earlier than the incorporation date, April 12, 1844, thus making the Institute 100 years old in 1934.

Dr. Finley said: "At the celebration of the 100th birthday of the

which a rope was hanging in threatening readiness. This was the beginning of a seaport which has come to be the first in the world. *Novi Belgii* was inscribed upon her first shield. *New Amsterdam* was her first corporate name. New York she became. And a new city she will always be, not alone in name, but in that youth which will endure so long as the fresh water of the great river runs from the hills to her lips and the brine of the ocean washes her feet.

"But the symbol of her welcome to those who come to her shores is no longer the threatening gibbet. Rather is it this towering friendly home, bearing aloft the flag and showing the lights in whose language ships are accustomed to speak to one another the world around.

"The devoted Board of Managers under the leadership of Mr. Baylies and in cooperation with Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent and clerical Vice-president, has erected this home of welcome to sailors, standing at the waters' edge and lifting its Titanic Memorial Tower to a place in the sky line of Manhattan. Mr. Baylies loved this city all his life, and was prominent socially and professionally. But his outstanding interests aside from his family and his law practice were the creation of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Seamen's Church Institute, with which he was associated for nearly a half century and of whose Board he was lay President during the period of the completion of the Institute building and of the Annex—which together now afford 'every care, protection and needful facility, physical and spiritual, needful for the seaman from the moment he steps ashore to the moment he takes ship again.' I think that he would have put this first of his two prime interests.

"Masefield sang years ago the song of the wandering sailor:

Oh, I am tired of brick and stone,  
the heart of me is sick,  
For windy green, unquiet sea, the  
realm of Moby Dick;  
And I'll be going, going, from the  
roaring of the wheels,  
For a wind's in the heart of me,  
a fire's in my heels.

But in these days of unemployment even those with the wind in the heart of them and fire in their heels must be grateful for this haven on the sea's edge, the limits of the land, till they can take their hands, their hearts and their heels to sea again.

"Joseph Conrad, the sometime master of ships and all-time master of words, relates that when as a second mate he was leaving a ship at the end of a voyage of eighteen months to take examinations for a master's papers, the captain asked whether he had another ship in view and when told that he had not, said 'Remember that as long as I have a ship, you have one too.' So says this ship, this Institute, with its Conrad room. As long as this ship (which like Ulysses' bark has been turned to stone but with hospitable purpose), is moored to this strand, there will be a ship for every seaman in need of a friend. And in making this possible, Mr. Baylies had an initial and persisting part.

"You have preserved in 'The Lookout' of 1932 a paragraph from a Times editorial in which mention is made of his putting 'out to sea' from out of our 'bourne of Time and Place.' It was said that he might have heard the chantey which the sailors used to sing for him (and which I heard them sing myself one night at a meeting over which he presided)—a simple song of gratitude such as Masefield tells about, one sailor beginning and thereupon

Among the crew the song spread  
man to man

Until the singing rang across the  
bay.

What Mr. Baylies did here has now a record in bronze, but the singing of those who have been helped by him will continue to ring not only across the bay but around the earth with its seven seas."

The portrait, which is in bronze, was made by the sculptor, Earl N. Thorpe, who designed the bas-relief portrait of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent of the Institute for thirty-eight years, which was unveiled in the Chapel of Our Saviour on April 28, 1938.

Miss Anne Conrow, pianist, and Miss Virginia Garland, violinist, provided the music for the unveiling ceremonies. Among those who attended were: Mrs. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, Mrs. M. J. Averbeck, Mrs. James S. Birrell, Mrs. Charles L. Craig, Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Mrs. Alice D. Fox, Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr., Miss Isabella C. King, Mrs. Edward B. Lyman, Mrs. Stacy O. Sears, Mrs. Frederick C. Stanton, Miss Alice Van Rensselaer, and Mrs. Edward A. Weeks. Messrs. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Board of Managers, Harry Forsyth, Vice-President,

Gordon Knox Bell, Jr., Allison V. Armour, Frederick A. Cummings, Joseph H. Darlington, Charles E. Dunlap, John H. G. Pell, Frank Gulden, Benjamin R. C. Low, Morton L. Newhall, Frank W. Warburton, William Williams, Clement L. Despard, Thomas Roberts; Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Rev. Samuel M. Dorrance and Commander J. S. Baylis.

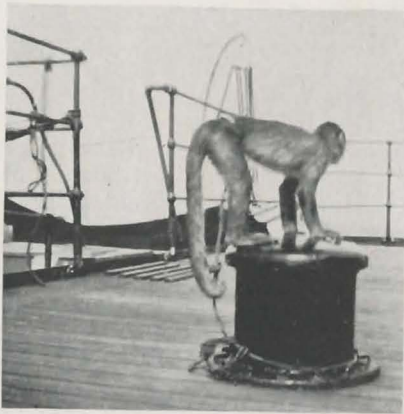
Mr. Michalis read the following message from Bishop Manning, the Honorary President of the Board of Managers: "I wish greatly that I could be present for Mr. Baylies was one whose friendship I most deeply valued and I hold his memory in great honour and affection. Will you please express to all who are present, and especially to Mrs. Baylies, my regret that I cannot be at the unveiling and my great satisfaction that this bas relief is to be in its place as a tribute to the life and example of Mr. Baylies and as a constant reminder of his noble work for the Seamen's Church Institute and for the Church."

## What The Bells Mean

Visitors to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, at 25 South Street are frequently perplexed when each half hour they hear the ship's bell over the main doorway striking. The bell sounds ship's time as follows: just as on ship-board, the day is divided into watches, beginning at 8 P.M. and ending twenty-four hours later. First watch (8 P.M. to midnight); middle watch (midnight to 4 A.M.); morning watch (4 A.M. to 8 A.M.); forenoon watch (8 A.M. to noon); afternoon watch (noon to 4 P.M.); first dog watch (4 to 6 P.M.); second dog watch (6 to 8 P.M.). The "dog" watches were designed to shift the order of the watch so that the same men would not have

the same watch every night. No one, of course, has to do any watches at the Seamen's Institute, but they like to tell the hour of the day in the familiar way for the seamen guests, and so the ritual of the bells is carefully observed: (12 o'clock is eight bells; 12:30 is one bell; 1 o'clock is two bells; 1:30 is three bells; 2 o'clock is four bells; 2:30 is five bells; 3 o'clock is six bells; 3:30 is seven bells; 4 o'clock is eight bells. Then this repeats. On modern steamers the "dog" watches are not often observed, since they were intended to benefit seamen who served four hours on, and four hours off; whereas today most ships have a schedule for seamen of four hours on and eight hours off.

## "Monkey Shines"



**Z**IP is a very clever monkey. She arrived aboard an American Pioneer liner, destined for a scientific laboratory, but she managed to escape down the gangplank and hid on the Chelsea piers. It was a bitter cold night, but Zip, undaunted, climbed gaily among the rafters of the pier until she found a warm spot over the engine room grating. Seamen, longshoremen and pier officials attempted to capture Zip, but she eluded them all. One sailor almost outwitted Zip with a mirror, but she got away.

All this happened some months ago, and Zip continued to enjoy her freedom. In fact, as the days went by, she grew bolder and bolder, began to pelt seamen and passengers with coffee beans. She would suddenly leap out and frighten passengers, invade pier officials' offices. She even developed fastidious tastes in food. John Franke, baggage master on the pier, threw Zip a piece of bread the other day and the monkey promptly threw it back. Mr. Franke then buttered the bread and threw it back. This time Zip accepted it! Zip's favorite haunt was near Watchman Chris Kelley; she'd swing by her tail from any

rafter, having long conversations. Chris observed that the monkey had lost her tail—or at least a generous portion of it—in a scuffle with one of the pier cats whose nose was slightly out of joint because Chris was paying so much attention to Zip.

One night Zip amused herself tearing tags off trunks in the baggage cage on Pier 59, and ended up her prank by going to sleep in a doll's perambulator. Finally, Zip wore out the patience of the steamship officials by darting among passengers, particularly young ladies, grabbing their skirts and tugging them into an involuntary merry-go-round. So the S.P.C.A. was sent for. Zip was captured and she was presented to the Staten Island Zoo, where she now leaps nimbly around in her cage, and dreams of her days along the waterfront when she led everyone a merry chase.

A few seamen have monkeys for pets (see above photo) and when they come ashore they check them in the Institute's baggage room.

### Book Review

**ADMIRAL DEATH**  
By Hanson Baldwin

Simon and Schuster. \$2.50

*"He's the Senior Flag of all that Floats and His Name is Admiral Death"*

The title of this extremely interesting collection of tales of men facing great peril at sea is taken from the poem by the late Sir Henry Newbolt. Mr. Baldwin is a graduate of Annapolis, and his love for the sea shines through the pages of his book without in any way detracting from the realities. He writes well, as a trained journalist writes, in terse, vivid prose, and has the ability to convey an idea with the greatest economy of words. Familiar stories are given a fresh touch and the less familiar ones made equally significant. Some very illuminating notes at the end of the book give sources and add authenticity to the narratives.

A. W. C.

## Minnie, the Ship's Cat

By Carla Dietz

**A**NYONE who wants to know the latest angle on mother love among the animals can get the low down from the crew of the *American Trader*. They've just had an interesting experience with this tender emotion, which has left them somewhat shaken and a bit puzzled. We picked up the story just before the ship sailed from New York early last month.

Minnie, the ship's cat, it seems, had presented the crew with a litter of five kittens on the voyage from London. When the *Trader* docked at Boston Minnie went ashore, as usual, which was O.K., but she didn't come back, which was definitely not O.K. The ship had to sail for New York without her, leaving the crew with a nutrition problem on their hands. They did the best they could with warm milk and a medicine dropper but the kittens didn't seem to be doing so well.

The crew went into a huddle about it and finally took up a collection, and with Captain Milde's permission they wirelessly the pier office at Boston asking them to find Minnie and ship her to New York by train. There followed several days of anxious waiting in New York—we don't know which was more anxious, the kittens or the crew—but a few minutes before the *Trader* sailed for London again, a crate arrived by Railway Express with Minnie. Everything was now hunky dory. It had cost them \$6.82 but it was well worth it to have Minnie back attending to her motherly duties.

Yes, everything was O.K. except one little thing, Minnie, the unnatural parent, refused absolutely to have anything to do with the kittens, just walked away, and nothing



S.S. AMERICAN TRADER — Minnie, the prodigal mother, in arms of William Collins, A.B., appears utterly bored about being back with her kittens again after jumping ship in Boston. Two of Minnie's quintuplets, in hands of M. J. Land, A.B., are getting the cold shoulder.  
Courtesy United States Lines

would induce her to go near them.

So that's mother love, thought our reporter as he tip-toed away, leaving the crew of the *American Trader* alone with their problem.

Of course, it's just possible that the cat in the crate was not Minnie, at all. If she wasn't Minnie, we bet she's pretty mad about the whole business!

### How "Hell Gate" Got Its Name

The first mariner to sail through Hell Gate was the Dutch trader, Adrian Block, who sailed the "Tyger" through in 1612. He described it as "a most dangerous channel." Its name came from either "Hellegat", meaning beautiful pass, or "Horl-gat", meaning whirlpool channel. Almost 1,000 vessels annually came to grief there. Finally, in 1876, 52,000 pounds of explosives destroyed Hallett's Point and made the passage safer. Powerful lights were once hung on Hell Gate bridge, but they proved impractical, seafarers complaining that the light dazzled their eyes.

# The Seaman's Creed

(To be said daily and acted on always)

"I understand L.L.L. to be the symbol or sign for three things which I must never neglect, the LEAD, the LOG, and the LOOKOUT. I believe in the LEAD, as it warns me against dangers which the eye cannot see. I believe in the LOG, as it checks my distance run.

I believe in the LOOKOUT, as it warns me against dangers to be seen. And I earnestly resolve, that all hope to sail my ship in safety on the ocean, as I wish to spare the lives of my fellow creatures at sea, so will I practice steadfastly that which I believe."

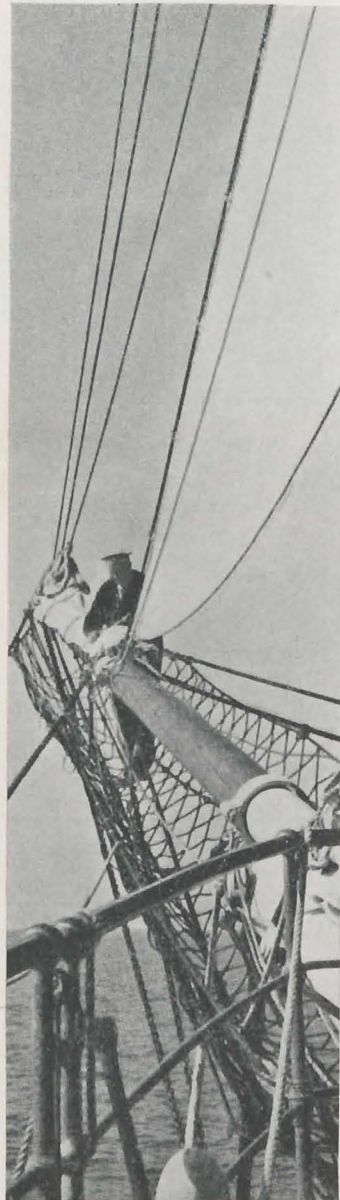
*Reprinted from the American Shipowners' Association Publication, July 1, 1879.*

## A Tribute to American Seamen:

Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley, (U.S.N. Retired), a member of the United States Maritime Commission, in a recent radio speech paid tribute to the men who man our American ships. He said: "I am especially interested in American seamen. I have found that crews as a whole perform their duties not only efficiently but in the true traditional American and seamanlike manner during an emergency . . . I have recently completed a 38 days' cruise on the American Republics Line liner "Brazil" and I had excellent opportunity to observe American seamen at short range. The good ship ran like a clock. She was steady as a church. She was clean as a whistle. Everyone, from the master down, performed his duties quietly and efficiently. The service on the ship was unexcelled. It was willingly, promptly, and courteously given. I was in close touch with my fellow passengers. I heard unstinted praise from not only our own nationals but the other nationals on board as well . . . It has been my privilege and pleasure to speak this good word because I consider that American seamen richly deserve it."

A practical way of paying tribute to these seamen, in recognition of their gallantry and courage, is to make a contribution to the INSTITUTE.

We hope that you will renew your former gift, for we are counting on the loyal and generous support of our friends in continuing our program of service to the many thousands who come to "25 South Street."



Stowing the Flying-Jib.  
Reprinted from:  
"The Making of a Sailor"  
By Alan Villiers

## Again, American Ships

"Of all the ships that sail the North Atlantic, only ten belong to the U. S. Lines. But in the past 15 years hundreds of imperiled seafarers owe their lives to the hail-fellow flag that the fleet flies from its Johnny-on-the-spot main masts.

"On Christmas Eve a happy knot of women-folk on a quay in Halifax had the U. S. Liner American Farmer to thank that their men were home to tell the tale of what happened when heavy weather struck the venturesome Nova Scotian three-master Fieldwood, bound from Hawkesbury, N. S., for Barbados. Two days out the pumps broke down. Water poured in through the racked hull to disable auxiliary engine and radio. Soon the captain, his crew of six and their mascot bulldog, Yummie, were marooned on the deck of the water-logged ship.

Flying their flag upside down by day, lighting flares by night, they drifted for three days. At nightfall of the third day the American Farmer came along headed from London to New York with Captain H. H. Pedersen in command. Soon the lucky eight, like the crews of the Vestris, Antioe and Florida and many another hapless vessel, were toasting their shins in a U. S. liner galley. Landing in Manhattan just in time to board the departing Cunarder Ausonia for Halifax, they got back home for a Christmas in which wide-awake seamanship played a far greater part than Santa Claus."

—TIME Magazine.



A High Sea Running.  
Reprinted from  
"Last of the Windships"  
By Alan Villiers

Please send your contribution to the  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK**  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

## Shipboard Visiting



Ship visitor James Connell and a member of the crew of the freighter "Black Heron".

A TANKER anchors at a dock in Bayonne, N. J. Twelve hours later the tanker sails. There has not been time for the crew to get ashore, to mail letters, to deposit money in the bank, to see the home folks, to purchase cigarettes, stationery, books, magazines, sweaters and other items.

Thanks to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, the crew is supplied with these items, and what is more, they have received their mail, have sent messages home, and given the Institute's ship visitors money to be deposited in the bank.

On March 1st, 1937 the former practice of sending staff members of the Institute to visit various ships anchored in New York harbor, was resumed. Former seamen were selected, as being the best men to approach ships' crews. Since that time, up to January 1, 1939, a total of 2,401 ships have been visited and revisited by three representatives of the Institute. They are welcomed by the crews, and are serving

as an important link which binds the Institute to seafarers. All types of ships are visited; passenger liners, tankers, freighters, etc. Because of the quick "turn-around" of tankers (seldom being in port more than twenty-four hours) the visitors are rendering an especially helpful service. They bring magazines, books, games, and check baggage for the crews, mail letters and render many other services. At Christmas the visitors distributed 3,675 Christmas cards to ships' crews.

Chief among these services is that of encouraging seamen to be thrifty and making it easy for them to save. The Institute visitors accept for deposit in New York banks part of the wages of the crews. It is gratifying to see men who heretofore squandered their wages in various ways, start a bank account for the first time in their lives, and proudly add to it each trip. This habit of saving helps to stabilize a man's character. Some of them have saved for a purpose, as to study for a higher rating on shipboard. Here, too, the Institute has been able to help, through courses offered in the Merchant Marine School.

The Captain of one ship visited by an Institute representative commented on the savings plan: "It is helping to make the type of men we want on our American ships", he said. "It is good for the company and also good for the future of the American merchant marine and should help to create numerous friends for the Institute".

A typically appreciative comment from a crew member was voiced by a forty-year old mate: "Gosh—(looking at his bankbook) this is the first money I've ever saved! Maybe if I keep on saving every trip I'll have enough to help send my

kid to college—she wants to go next Fall".

Here are a few sample requests by seamen to the Institute's ship-visitor: "Thanks for the magazines, buddy. I wonder, would you mind getting my portable radio out of hock—here's the pawn ticket—and shipping it express-collect to me at Galveston—if you send it today it'll get there before my ship does . . . Gee—thanks a lot!"

"Thanks for the sweater. It sure will come in handy while I'm on duty on the bridge this wintry weather. And—say—thank the lady who knit it, too, will you?"

"Here are some snapshots I took on the last trip. Will you please enter them in the Institute's Photo Contest?"

"Next time you come to visit us, I wonder if you could get from your library a book on painting and drawing. I kinda like to sketch but I don't know the technical rules. Thanks a lot".

"I'd appreciate it if you could bring me a book on engineering, buddy. I'd like to go up for my second-assistant's license some time soon, and during my spare time I might be studying up for it".

"Would you mind calling up my wife? Here's the telephone number—It's a Connecticut call, so here's the dough. Tell her we'll have two days ashore next trip and then I'll get home".

"And here's a letter to my missus. Put a special delivery stamp on it, will you? She'll be anxious. I didn't write from Vera Cruz. Thanks!"

"Here's ten dollars, buddy. Send a money order to my mother, will you? I got a letter from her, and she can't pay the rent, and they'll dispossess her if she can't get the money. I hate to trouble you, but I'll sure appreciate it".

Mr. James Connell, and his two assistants, travel in a small car to the various ships docked in Man-

hattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island and New Jersey. The car is loaded with magazines, books, games and other items requested by the ships' crews. Regardless of the time of day or night, the visitors meet the ships, and are greeted by the crews at the gangplank. We asked Mr. Connell to give us a little word-picture of a typical seaman in the merchant marine today. He described him as follows: "He is young, with at least two years of high school education. He comes from a good home in possibly a suburban district where he cannot obtain shore employment because of the depression. He has always liked the sea, and boats. This man is independent, self-respecting, and has a mind of his own. He is by no means a 'Bum' or a 'Drunkard'. On the contrary, he is thrifty and proud of his calling. As he is now making a higher wage today than in former years, he can afford to be, and is particular about where he lives while he is on shore leave. Not only does he go where he can secure good value for his money, clean lodgings, plentiful, wholesome food, but he also wants a place where he can be respected as a guest and have, to some measure, the comforts and conveniences of a good club, or a private home".

The Institute provides him, in so far as possible, with such a shore home. The wants of a seaman are the same the world over: a place to go where he may find rest and recreation, a place to go when he needs spiritual advice (for at heart the average seaman is a Christian and devout in many ways). He wants friendship, and someone to talk to, some one to help him when he is in trouble, and also some one to share his happiness. He is a clean-cut type: ambitious, efficient, trustworthy, the kind in whom you have no hesitancy in trusting your life and goods. The Institute is co-

operating with the U. S. Maritime Commission in building the personnel of the American Merchant Marine into a fine body of men, and the ship visitors are aiding in a practical and helpful way. The ship

visitors are greatly in need of a station wagon to transport seamen and their baggage, books, magazines, etc. to the Institute from the distant docks. It is hoped that some one will come to their aid.

## Awarded for Rescue at Sea



Scene aboard the American Banker when Captain Moore and members of the lifeboat crew were presented with medals by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York. Left to right, front row: Mr. Charles Kaiser, who commanded the lifeboat, Captain Moore, and Mr. Herbert Satterlee, president of the Association. Back row: John Ponchance, bos'n, who received his second award for bravery from the Association; George Halpin, A.B., holding the rescued cat Fluffy, now rechristened "Shipwreck Kelly"; James Wiess, quartermaster; Hans Hanson, fire watchman; Olin Minott, A.B., and Arne Raaen, quartermaster. Two of the crew, Alex Craig, A.B. and William Evans, A.B. were on leave at the time and received their awards later.

Photo by courtesy of United States Lines.

On December 30 last, for the third time in his career, Captain Alfred M. Moore, master of the United States liner American Banker,\* was honored for heroic service to humanity by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

At 11 A.M. aboard the American Banker, berthed at West 18th Street, Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, president of the Association,\*\* presented Captain Moore with a second gold bar for attachment to a large gold medal previously awarded to him. The occasion for the present award was the rescue of five men from the blazing schooner *Pioneer*\* on October 1, near the eastbound steamship track,

south of Nova Scotia. Having sought escape from the flames by using an improvised life raft, the five men tossed helplessly in a heavy sea before being picked up by a rescue crew from the American Banker.

Charles Kaiser, chief officer of the American Banker, and the lifeboat crew he commanded also received recognition for their valor. Mr. Kaiser was presented with a silver medal, while the men each received \$25 in cash and a bronze medal.

\* See article in December LOOKOUT page 10.  
\*\* And First Vice-President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

## A Saga of Modern Whaling

MORRIS D. MILLER, the young Third Engineer for two years on the American Whaling Company's Floating Factory Ship, the *Frango*, gave an illustrated lecture on his experiences, in the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, on Friday evening, February 17th, before a large audience of merchant seamen who listened appreciatively to his talk, and asked questions.

In 1936 the United States, along with 24 other nations, signed an International Whaling Treaty to conserve the supply of whales by limiting the size, kind, location and season of the catch. The treaty requires the presence of Government inspectors aboard ships in the whaling trade, and last May Lieut. T. R. Midtlyng of the U. S. Coast Guard boarded the *Frango*. On the 1938 voyage of the *Frango*, Lieut. Midtlyng charged that of the entire catch of 619 whales, valued at \$1,500,000., 63 were illegal, that is, undersized, thus violating the international treaty.

Mr. Miller bought a Leica and a moving picture camera and on his second whaling expedition to the Australian whaling grounds, photographed the ship from crow's nest to hold, and obtained a complete record of modern whaling. Fifteen of his "still" pictures appeared in the December 9th issue of LIFE. Miller studied at the New York State Merchant Marine Academy and was graduated in 1936. From there he often visited the Institute. Before signing on the *Frango* he worked as motorman on a Diesel tanker, and as refrigerating engineer on a fruit ship.

Modern harpoons are used, according to Mr. Miller, and are equipped with bombs which explode after contact, kill more quickly and

mercifully than old hand harpoons. After the kill, he explained, air is pumped into a dead whale's abdominal cavity in order to keep it afloat until it is towed to the factory ship.

In the folklore of whaling, the hunt is only a part of the job. After the kill follows the unromantic business of reducing dead giants to the profitable ingredients of soap and margarine. In contrast with Engineer Miller's photographs of modern whaling, a book entitled "Greasy Luck" by Gordon Grant, marine artist, is recommended, with drawings showing whaling methods of the last century.

Mr. Miller joins the ranks of marine authors who have told of their seagoing exploits at the Seamen's Institute, such as Captain Alan Villiers, Felix Count Luckner, Captain "Bob" Bartlett, Captain Felix Riesenberg, Dwight Long and Gerry Mefferd.



## Book Reviews

### SEVEN SEAS ON A SHOESTRING:

Sailing All Seas in the "Idle Hour".

By Dwight Long

Illustrated with Photographs  
by the Author.

(Introduction by Alan Villiers)

Harper & Bros. N. Y. \$3.00

Here is a modern Odyssey of an American youth who, with little knowledge of navigation, managed to bring a 32-foot ketch from Seattle, westward, around the globe, to New York. Thrilling enough as a travel book, to those who have dreamed the same dreams, it is of especial interest to sailormen who must realize the author's problems which are so vividly described. It is ordinary prose, enhanced by the descriptive glamor of romantic places: Tahiti, Papua, Java and Singapore, among them. Human interest, irony, humor, lucid imagery are welded into an unquestionably fine book which this reviewer, an able seaman himself, can recommend highly to all lovers of good marine literature.

Seaman Donald Snyder.

### BEFORE THE WIND

By Wilbert Snow

Illustrations by Gordon Grant

Gotham House, N. Y. \$3.50

Limited Edition

Wilbert Snow is a New England poet who has written of a Maine fishing village on a Fourth of July celebration. His colorful craftsmanship is admirably suited to tell in rhyme the story of one of the old skippers' races on the Penobscot. The personalities of the Maine fishermen are beautifully drawn. Gordon Grant's line drawings also depict dramatically the spectacle of hurrying sails against the sky. The book itself is a choice item for collectors.

M. D. C.

"THE SEALERS" by Peter Tutein; tr. from  
the Danish by Eugene Gay-Tiffit.

Putnam. \$2.50.

Here is a stirring account of the men who hunt for seals on the ice floes of the POLAR BASIN.

Peter Tutein signed on as an ordinary hand in the spring trip of the QUEST to Greenland. He tells of going out in little boats to the floes for the seals, of

the mad tempo the men worked under, killing and skinning them and of the incredible labor of dragging the skins for hours over the jagged ice. The various members of the crew stand out as individuals. Mr. Tutein has captured to an amazing degree their spirit of companionship and of heroism in the face of unbelievable danger.

I. M. A.

### FLYING COLOURS

By C. S. Forester

Boston. Little, Brown. 1939. \$2.50

Mr. Forester's last book, "SHIP OF THE LINE", left Captain Hornblower, his injured first mate, Bush, and his servant, Brown, captured by Napoleon's forces, after a fierce battle against superior strength.

"FLYING COLOURS" is the story of their escape from France, their audacious theft of a French cutter and crew, and their return to England, where Captain Hornblower, instead of being court-martialed for piracy, was honored as the hero of the hour. While this is an historical novel of the sea, the author's penetrating character analysis and clear style of writing, lift it out of the sheer adventure-story class and give it interest that should appeal to most types of readers.

I. M. A.

### ANNAPOLIS TODAY

By Kendall Banning

Funk and Wagnalls. 1938. \$2.50

Mr. Banning has written a vivid description of the life of a midshipman from the moment he receives his appointment through "June Week" of his last year. A prospective visitor's questions about tradition, history and regulations are answered in detail. The reader follows "Midshipman Gish", reporting at the Administration Building, through a series of rigid physical examinations, in and out of "scrapes" and the resulting disciplinary action, to dances with his "drag" (midshipman slang for best girl), on cruises, to athletic meets and football games until that final day when he receives his commission. The book fills a real need inasmuch as there has been nothing written recently which gives such a well-rounded picture of the Naval Academy today.

A. W. C.



A Scene in the Conrad Library. 21,193 Seamen Readers Enjoyed this Service in 1938.

## SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1 TO JANUARY 31, 1939

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- 2,139 Attended 14 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
- 1,501 Cadets and Seamen attended 103 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 154 students enrolled.
- 4,056 Social Service Interviews.
- 1,006 Relief Loans.
- 460 Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 5,870 Magazines distributed.
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- 354 Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
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