

The LOOKOUT



ALL HANDS MAKE THE MAINS'L FAST

Photo by A. J. Villiers

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

May, 1933

ERRATA

Line 6—Article “Many Thanks”—Page 11

Should read: Institute friends sent a total of \$315.00
instead of \$315,000.

THIS MONTH'S COVER is reproduced from a book by Alan J. Villiers entitled "The Sea In Ships", published by William Morrow & Co. The book contains 120 large, beautiful photographs of life aboard sailing vessels.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710
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Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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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," a corporation 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. XXIV

MAY, 1933

No. 5

SEA CHANTIES BEING REVIVED



Left to Right: Charles Kingsley, Harold Hooton, Norman Valentine, James Eastman and Peter DuBell.
The Institute's Sea Chantey Singers Entertain on Board the "Plymouth"
of the Fall River Line.

If you should happen to stroll down South - Street - way some pleasant Spring afternoon, do not be surprised when you hear strange music resounding through the open windows of the Institute to the street below. Male voices singing in unison such oldtimers as "Aye, aye, roll and go," "Blow the Man down" and "Yeo, Heave Ho, Cheerily We Go," simply indicate that the Institute is making special efforts to preserve the memory of the old Sea Chanties, those work songs of the sea once so popular aboard sailing vessels, before the last man who sang them and can give testimony in regard to them, is gone.

In an endeavor to keep alive the tunes of the vanished era of sail, the Institute is sponsoring a group of un-

employed sailors (led by an old-time chantey-man) who have been singing these chanties over various radio stations. These singers are available for luncheon meetings, clubs, etc. at reasonable rates. Here is a rare opportunity to hear the Sea Chanties sung authentically by real seafarers who have actually sung the old tunes while furling sail or pumping the ship out. There are not many old-timers left who know the words and tunes. At Sailors' Snug Harbor, a haven for old salts, a few know the words but are too old to sing them with the vigor and vim necessary to raise and lower sails on a real sailing vessel. When we advertised on our bulletin board for chantey singers, of the 8,000 to 12,000 merchant seamen of every age,

race, and rating who cross our threshold daily, only two could be found who really knew how to sing the chanties. So we decided to teach some of our younger seamen the words and tunes, thus keeping the chanties alive another few decades.

Sailor songs may be divided into several classes such as pulling songs, windlass songs, setting and furling sail, pumping the ship out. Some were used to aid the men when tugging on a rope, to pull at the same precise moment. Some were intended to beguile the men, while getting up the anchor or working the pumps, into temporary forgetfulness of their arduous labor. A lusty, rousing chantey lifted the feet of the tired sailors as they trudged around the capstan.

Let us imagine ourselves on board a Liverpool packet back in 1840. The main topsail has been reefed, and the men are vainly trying to hoist the heavy yard, which refuses to move. Presently, some one says, "Oh, give us the 'Bowlin'," whereupon the chantey man's sharp, clear voice is heard singing the first two lines, then the crew join in on the chorus, and as they sing the last syllable they haul on the halyards, and the stubborn yard yields. Verse follows verse until the yard is up, and the virtue of the pulling song has been vindicated. This is the "Bowlin":

"Haul on the bowlin',
The fore and main-top bowlin'
Haul on the bowlin' the bowlin' haul!
"Haul on the bowlin', the packet is a rolling
Haul on the bowlin' the bowlin' haul!
"Haul on the bowlin', the main-top gallant bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin' the bowlin' haul!"

A well-known capstan chantey was "Hoodah Day." With its swinging chorus, it was used for hoisting anchor. The rope or cable was wound around the barrel of the capstan and the men walked steadily round and round, pushing the capstan bars before them.

"As I was walking down the street
Hoodah, to my hoodah
A charming girl I chanced to meet
Hoodah, Hoodah day,
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho, for
California O'
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
On the banks of the Sacramento.
"I asked then if she'd take a trip
Hoodah, to my hoodah
A-down the docks to see a ship?
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho, for California O'
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
On the banks of the Sacramento.
"Sing and heave, and heave and sing
Hoodah, to my hoodah!
Heave and make the handspikes spring
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho, for California O'
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
On the banks of the Sacramento."

It was in the windlass songs that the accomplished chantey-man displayed his powers of improvisation and his mastery of certain tricks of vocalization which contributed vastly to the effectiveness of his singing. One of the best known of the windlass songs was:

"Oh, Polly Brown, I love your daughter,
Away my rolling river!
Polly Brown, I love your daughter,
Ah! Ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri."

This is clearly of negro origin, with its reference to the Missouri river. In course of time the modified song assumed the following song, well known to the old generation of sailors:

"Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Way-hay, you rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Ha-ha, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri!
Missouri, she's a mighty river!
Way-hay, you rolling river!
When she rolls down her topsails shiver
Ha-ha, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri!"

Probably the halyard chantey, "Whiskey for my Johnnie" is known to radio listeners:

Words Arranged by Harold Houston *Music arranged by Pauline T. Melow*

Lento

Call all hands to man the capstan, see the cable run out clear. Heave a-roy and with a will boys, for old Rio's shores we'll steer. Roll-ing home, roll-ing home, roll-ing home a-cross the sea, Roll-ing home to mer-ry Eng-land, Roll-ing home, fair land to thee.

"Oh, whisky is the life of man
Whisky, Johnnie
Whisky from an old tin can
Whisky for My Johnnie
"Oh, whisky makes me pawn my clothes
Whiskey, Johnnie
Whisky gave me a broken nose
Whisky for my Johnnie."

Another, more tuneful chantey suitable for a tenor "lead" is "A-Roving":

"In Amsterdam there lives a maid
Mark you well what I say,
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
And she is mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

"A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you fair maid
"Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Mark you well what I say!
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light;
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

"A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you fair maid."

The most interesting of windlass songs is the following, in which the second chorus extends with the crescendo of the heaving Atlantic swell:

"Oh, the anchor is weigh'd, and the sails they are set
Away Rio!

"The maids that we're leaving, we'll never forget,
For we're bound to Rio Grande,
Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande.
So man the good capstan and run it around
Away Rio!
We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound
For we're bound for Rio Grande.
"And away Rio! aye, Rio!
Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande."

When the sailors left their ship at the end of a long voyage they sang this farewell chantey: "Leave Her, Johnnie, Leave Her:"

"I thought I heard the skipper say
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her
Tomorrow you will get your pay
It's time for us to leave her.
"The work was hard, the voyage was long
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
The seas were high, the gales were strong
It's time for us to leave her.
"The food was bad, the wages low
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
But now ashore again we'll go
It's time for us to leave her.
"The sails are furled, our work is done,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And now on shore, we'll have our fun,
It's time for us to leave her."

(Continued on Page 5)

A SAILOR'S FUNERAL

By Joseph Mitchell in the "World-Telegram," March 13, 1933

SIX seamen wheeled the coffin down the aisle of the Chapel of Our Saviour in the Seamen's Church Institute, at 25 South St. They sat down in the first row and bowed their heads. They kept their overcoats on. It was quiet in the chapel.

Out of a door to the right of the pulpit walked a chaplain to read a few words over the body of Otto A. Otterman, a ship's steward, who died in Beekman St. Hospital at 1:30 P. M. on March 8.

In the chapel sat seventeen seamen. The six pallbearers had worked on ships with Otterman. They knew him well. The others had met him during the last two years as he walked about Manhattan's waterfront, hunting for a job. They did not know him so well. They sat in the back of the chapel.

When the chaplain came out they took books of common prayer from the racks of the chairs in front of them. They held the little red books in their laps.

The black coffin was covered with a robe. The Rev. A. W. Allen, the chaplain, walked toward it, reading.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The door of the chapel opened. A Negro seaman walked in on tip-toes and sat in the last row.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The chaplain turned and walked away from the coffin. He said, "We will now read Psalm 39."

The seamen stood up. They opened

the prayer books and read the psalm which says that man walks "in a vain shadow." Someone turned on an electric light. It lit up an oil painting by Gordon Grant above the altar, a painting of lean sea gulls flying above the waves of a rough sea.

The seamen completed the psalm. Then they read Psalm 90 which says that grass is green in the morning, but in the evening it is cut down and withers. The seamen read haltingly.

The pallbearers did not know very much about the past of the man in the coffin. Otto A. Otterman was 50. He was born in Germany. They knew he had no relatives living. They said he was a good steward, a good sailor. He never tampered with a sailor's slop chest bill. He took his beer with the others and enjoyed it.

For many years he was a steward on the ships of the Compania Transatlantica. The depression came and he lost his job. For awhile he was night watchman at Pier 8, East River. He lost his job and for two years he was on the "beach," never certain of how he would get his next meal. For five years he had suffered with ulcers. Two weeks ago they found him in his room moaning, twisting with pain.

They called an ambulance, took him to the hospital. On Wednesday at noon he realized he was dying. He asked a nurse to call for an Institute chaplain. Both chaplains were gone. They were paying calls in the marine hospital on Ellis Island. He was dead before a minister got to his bed.

In his sea bag in room 824-L at the Institute, a little room facing Front St., the room in which he lived during the two years he was hunting a job, they found no names of relatives to notify. Most of his papers were pamphlets and clippings from news-



A Burial at Sea

papers concerning gastric ulcers.

There were a few discharge slips from ships on which he had worked. There was a package of postcards.

The chaplain read the Lesson. He announced a hymn. The seamen, scattered about the chapel, sang: "Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide; the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."

The chaplain began his prayers. The six seamen got to their feet. They lined up beside the coffin, three on each side. They rolled it up the aisle. At the door of the chapel they lifted it off the carrier, moved it into the waiting hearse. The six seamen and the chaplain got into an automobile which followed the hearse to Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing.

The other seamen, quiet, walked out. Standing in the cold street, outside the chapel door, they lit cigarets, jobless all of them. They thought perhaps of death, or of a job, or of

the cold day, or of the tangled seaweeds in the Gulf Stream . . . Inside the little chapel the organist played the final hymn.

SEA CHANTIES

(Continued from Page 3)

When the day's work on a wind-jammer was done, during the watch below, singing, dancing and yarn-spinning were enjoyed. It was then that the most beautiful fo'c'sle ballads like "Rolling Home" and "Lowlands" were sung. For the benefit of LOOKOUT readers we reproduce here the music of "Rolling home." This is the first time the tune has ever been published. Dr. Mansfield owns probably the most authentic collection of sea chantey music in existence.

"Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable run cut clear,
Heave away and with a will boys,
For old Rio's shore we'll steer.

"And we'll sing in joyful chorus,
In the watches of the night,
Ancient ocean's thwart us
To that well beloved sight.

"Rolling home,—rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to merrie England,
Rolling home fair land to thee.

"Cheer up Jack as smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair
Though there's thousands miles before
you
Welcome eyes will greet you there.

"Not for long we'll have our pay day
Soon again we'll be at sea
And our merry making shore leave
Will be just a memory."

LOWLANDS

" 'Twas of a lofty ship boys
As she puts out to sea
She goes by the name of the Golden
Vanity
She's likely to be taken by a Turkish
roving canoe
As she sails along the Lowlands, Low-
lands
As she sails along the Lowlands Low."

Are Sailors Appreciative? . . . These Letters Are the Answer

From a chief mate with an invalid brother dependent on him:

"Please believe that there are some sailors who apply to you for help to whom you mean the difference between courage and despair. Thank God. Bless the Institute."

From an able-bodied seaman eager and willing to work:

"You never will know how much it meant to me to get that week's work and also to have a decent looking suit to meet my dear mother in."

SAILORS have been termed a "race apart". They see so much, and yet so little of the world, their vantage point usually the deck of a ship.

* * *

They go quietly about their duties, suffer the hardships of the sea, give their lives gladly when the call comes and get lower wages than similar land labor.

* * *

Now, hundreds of these men need the Institute. There are few crimps or landsharks today to rob them, but they are beset with other troubles: Radicals, Communists, Reds, trying to undermine their faith in God, in Government and in the general goodness of people.

* * *

As always, the Institute is "on the job", trying to keep up their courage and faith; providing meals, beds, clothing, recreation, entertainment and jobs whenever available.

* * *

We cannot carry this heavy burden without the financial support of our friends. During the past two years some of our most devoted donors have been compelled, because of their own financial losses, to reduce or omit their usual contributions.

* * *

To such friends we would like to say: We understand and sympathize with their situation. Their long record of yearly gifts unquestionably indicates that they have not lost interest in the Institute. As their personal finances improve we hope they will again remember us—even smaller gifts than their customary donation—will show their loyalty.

* * *

And in the meantime, to make up for these reductions, we need new friends and increased gifts from old friends who can still afford to give. kindly make checks payable to: "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to 25 South Street, New York.

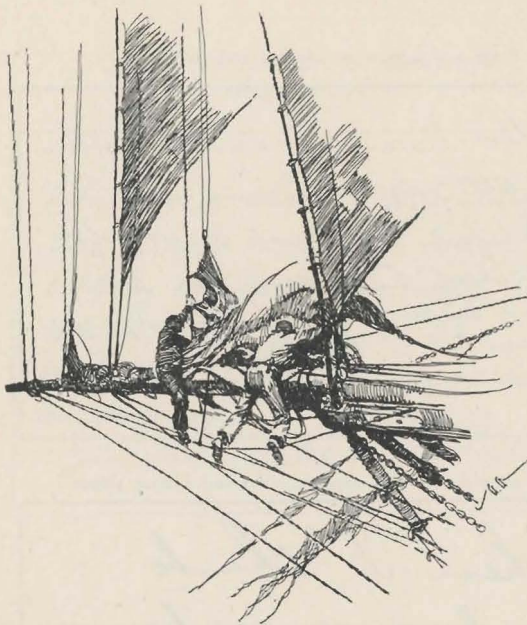
From a young oiler, landed and stranded:

"When I was a victim of robbery of all my cash and was obliged to appeal to you for a relief help and you were kind enough to acknowledge my prayers to that effect until I got another ship."

From an old salt who once commanded sailing ships:

when I think back and compare the standing of an A. B. then and now, it is all due to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—fighting for those who go down in ships to the sea."

GLOSSARY OF SAILING SHIP TERMS



Furling Jib

From "Sail Ho" by Gordon Grant
Published by Wm. Farquhar Payson

- Abaft the beam**—That half of a ship included between her amidship section and the taffrail. (For 'taffrail,' see below.)
- Abel Brown**—An unquotable sea-song.
- Advance note**—A note for one month's wages issued to sailors on their signing a ship's articles.
- Belaying-pins**—Bars of iron or hard wood to which running rigging may be secured or belayed.
Belaying-pins, from their handiness and peculiar club-shape, are sometimes used as bludgeons.
- Bloody**—An intensive derived from the substantive 'blood,' a name applied to the Bucks, Scowrsers, and Mohocks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
- Blue Peter**—A blue and white flag hoisted at the foretrucks of ships about to sail.
- Bollard**—From bol or bole, the round trunk of a tree. A phallic or 'sparklet'-shaped ornament of the dockside, of assistance to mariners in warping into or out of dock.
- Bonded Jacky**—Negro-head tobacco or sweet cake.

Editor's Note:

Have you ever heard of "sea pie"? Well, neither had we until we came across the expression used in a diary written aboard a sailing ship in 1845. So we asked an old-time deep water sailor to tell us. "Sea pie," said he, "was hash with the lid on. It was made of diced beef, onions, potatoes and water cooked in a deep oblong pan with a lid of pastry over it." He also told us about other sea terms: for instance, "scouse", which was a kind of stew made of potatoes, onions and beef. "Blind scouse" is stew containing everything except the meat! A "scuttled but" is a barrel containing drinking water.

We thought that LOOKOUT readers would be interested in the following glossary of sea terms which we reproduce here from "Salt Water Poems and Ballads" by John Masefield, published by the MacMillan Company (\$2.50).

- Bumpkin**—An iron bar (projecting outward from the ship's side) to which the lower and topsail brace locks are sometimes hooked.
- Cape Horn fever**—The illness proper to malingers.
- Catted**—Said of an anchor when weighed and secured to the 'cat-head.'
- Clipper-bow**—A bow of delicate curves and lines.
- Clout**—A rag or cloth. Also a blow:—'I fetched him a clout i' the lug.'
- Crimp**—A sort of scoundrelly land-shark preying upon sailors.
- D.B.S.**—Distressed British Sailor. A term applied to those who are invalided home from foreign ports.
- Dungaree**—A cheap, rough, thin cloth (generally blue or brown), woven, I am told, of coco-nut fibre.
- Forward or Forrard**—Towards the bows.
- Heave and pawl**—A cry of encouragement at the capstan.
- Hooker**—A periphrasis for ship, I suppose from a ship's carrying hooks or anchors.
- Jack or Jackstay**—A slender iron sail running along the upper portions of the yards in some ships.

ONE THOUSAND SEAMEN

AN analysis of 1,000 case records of unemployed merchant seamen who received relief at the Institute during 1932 reveals some interesting facts about the effect of the depression on seafarers as a class.

The case records show that 60% of the 1,000 seamen dependent on the Institute for food and lodging, were American citizens, 25% were naturalized and the remaining 15% were non-citizens. This is conclusive evidence to disprove the popular notion that few Americans today go to sea as a profession. A further analysis of the American born seaman indicates that the majority come from the coastal states, Eastern and Western, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois and California, having the largest proportion. Of the foreign-born seamen the greatest number claimed England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland or Germany as their birthplaces.

The age range of these 1,000 seamen was from 16 to 61, with 89% of these relief recipients in the age period from 20 to 50 years, when their earning capacity is greatest. An analysis of the employment records of these men shows emphatically that they are real seafaring men who look upon employment on shipboard as their sole means of livelihood. None of them had less than one year's service and only ten have less than three years. Nearly 50% had from 10 to 20 years experience at sea.

As a result of the reduction of shipping, the reduced crews, the laid-up tonnage, etc., seafaring men of all ratings, from Captain to Messboy were included in this typical 1,000 analyzed. Able-bodied seamen, oilers, firemen and bos'uns predominated in the group, but there were also 15 masters, 17 chief mates, 18

second mates, 10 third mates, 39 quartermasters, 49 chief stewards and 42 cooks on the list of the unemployed. More than 600 of these men had been unemployed from one to seven months.

A careful study of the educational backgrounds of these men indicates that 145 left school between the ages of 8 and 12 and 645 left between the ages of 12 and 18. Seventy left school at the sixth grade, 154 at the seventh grade and 437 at the eighth grade. Six hundred and twenty-seven gave, as their reason for leaving school, that they were compelled to go to work; 370 were disinterested.

The marital status of these mariners revealed that 870 were single, 130 were married. Their religious affiliations showed 554 to be Protestant and 415 Roman Catholic.

Our relief agent and his assistants had 37,715 personal interviews with seamen and gave 19,524 meals, beds, and petty cash to 8,037 individual seamen in the form of relief loans. In addition to this, owing to the emergency, an average of 400 free meals and beds were given daily. 1,305 free haircuts were given from October 24th to December 31st, 1932 and 900 seamen had their shoes repaired free of charge by the Institute's cobbler.



Seamen's Church Institute of New York

AN HOUR AT THE INFORMATION DESK

It sounds quite commonplace to say that at the entrance to our building is an Information Desk. But note the variety of things that happened at this Desk during a single hour:

Seamen calls to present street guide; inquiry for address of Agricultural Department in Washington by seaman wanting literature on farming. Two asking for Employment Office—Request to have shoes repaired—Is Charles M. registered?—Where is S.S. Livingston Roe, and what her next port of call?—Seaman calls to tell of having been made foreman of snow-shovelling gang—Distressed woman looking for son not heard from for two years—Two cadets, just landed, call to tell of their first trip—Request for haircut—Telephone call for an address in England—Request for ticket to barber—Inquiry about forwarding of mail—Seaman calls to report on new Veterans' Shelter which he hopes to get into—Inquiry for Fort Monmouth and how to get there—Telephone number of the Standard Oil Company docks in Bayonne—The cheapest route to New Orleans (which entailed a lengthy discussion of relative costs by bus and coastwise ship)—Property man of Selwyn Theatre calls in search of an old telescope bag—East Indian re. payment of wages due him at a garage where he has had a stand-by job—Telephone request for address of Home Relief Bu-

reau nearest to barge colony in Brooklyn—Officer, destitute, asking assistance in sale of sextant; Danish boy, wanting visa for Tonga, to ask closing hour of British Consulate—Question re. legal entry by man who has lost all his papers—Frenchman asking about relief at the Central Registration Bureau—Comment on last night's moving picture—Inquiry as to when and where Life Boat lectures are held—Seaman calls to report difficulty in finding American Red Cross Station in White Plains—German seaman, poet and philosopher, back from three months' trip, calls—Officer asking hour of arrival of train from Boston on which his wife was coming.

A great deal of "human nature" comes to the surface at the Information Desk and patience and good humor are required in meeting numerous demands which on the surface might appear trivial but to the seaman are matters of importance; and so we make it our duty, as it is our pleasure, to assist him in every way we can. During the past year there occurred 46,317 interviews at the Information Desk and these were in addition to 37,316 relief interviews held with seamen.

ODD REQUESTS

A Spanish seaman came to the Social Service Desk and wanted the address of a Spiritualist church. He said that he wanted to communicate with a dead friend . . . A young British deckhand wished to have his shoes repaired at our free cobbling shop, "My heels have a terrific list," he said. . . . A sailor inquired: "Will you please help me find my former wife and children?" He had been separated from them but accidentally learned that they were returning from England—he did not know how, when or where. We called the Travelers' Aid Society who reported that his family had arrived the day before! The sailor, delighted, went off to see them, hoping for a reconciliation.



From "Grain Race" By A. J. Villiers
Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers

IN THE S.C.I. MAILBAG



Mother Roper Dictating Replies to Some of Her Voluminous Correspondence

To Our Superintendent

I wish to thank you and the Seamen's Church Institute for the services and burial of my friend, Albert W.

Not only that it kept him from being buried in the Potters Field, but for the friendliness that it showed.

I assure you I appreciated it a lot more than I can tell you in a letter and hope some day I may be able to show my appreciation even more than just words.

Again let me tell you I will never forget this service.

Respectfully yours,
Harry B.

To Our Business Manager

Received the suit O. K. Many thanks for the prompt reply and courtesy of sending it right away.

I wish to thank the whole Institute for the courtesy they have accorded me in all my dealings with them, especially under such trying conditions as we have been under for the past two years.

Bertram Z.

To Our Relief Agent

As I have secured another place of abode—in Veterans Cantonment—I thought it proper at this time to thank the members of the Institute for the hospitality extended. Kindness and courtesy by all those concerned will always be remembered, so I am sorry that my gratitude could not be of a more substantial nature.

Cordially,
Charles V.

To Our Chaplain

Wish to take this means of expressing my praise for your good service which means so much to us umble Seamen. You have took such pains in your selection of a preacher and also Augunast (Organist) and Choir of Mail and femail.

Yours sincerely,
Joseph S.

MANY THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all our LOOKOUT readers who so generously responded to our DOLLAR CLUB appeal in the February issue. It makes us very happy to report that 119 Institute friends sent a total of \$315,000 in response to this appeal. We also wish to thank the 41 friends who sent a total of \$83.00 in response to our "Dime for Meals" appeal in the March issue. We wish we could write a personal letter to each and every one who contributed, but the money spent on postage, stationery and labor would have to be deducted from the receipts, so we know you will understand and appreciate why we have not done this. By having no overhead at all, we were able to use every cent directly on Relief work. And with hundreds of seamen dependent on the Institute for meals and beds, we could not do otherwise. Again, many thanks.

BOOK REVIEWS



Courtesy, Cunard Line

Checking the Course by the "Repeater-Gyro" Compass

"GRAIN RACE"

By ALAN J. VILLIERS

Published by Scribners—\$3.00

Sail has almost disappeared from the sea but there is still one route, the proverbially dangerous one around Cape Horn, which the last of the sailing vessels still ply. Mr. Villiers is the historian of the last big wind ships and he has written the story of the voyage of his four-masted barque "Parma" during the 1932 "grain race" from Australia to Falmouth, with 5,200 tons of grain aboard. His ship won the race, making the trip in 103 days. Endless, terrifying moments are described as the vessel weathers storms and gale. This is authentic sea stuff, and romance and drama are here. There are remarkable characters aboard the "Parma"; amazing yarns are spun; hurricanes are endured, and the hot sun shines on a becalmed ship. A truly fascinating tale of one of the last of the square-riggers. When these ships are lamed, they die; and no more such ships will ever be built. One of the ships in the 1932 race limped back to port never to put out again, and the *Melbourne*, after a safe 105-day voyage to Queenstown, was run down by a steam tramp and cut in two, with the loss of almost all her crew.

BLACKWOOD TALES FROM THE OUTPOSTS

TALES OF THE SEA

3s, 6d. net (about \$1.84)

These are stories which have appeared

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