

The LOOKOUT



"THE STAGHOUND"

From the painting by John D. Whiting

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIII

-:-

MAY, 1932

THIS MONTH'S COVER is an illustration of "THE STAGHOUND," one of Donald McKay's earlier creations, a very graceful ship which, under all conditions, proved buoyant and speedy. The artist, John D. Whiting, writes as follows concerning her: "When first launched she made a sensation, being sharper at bow and stern than any vessel of the times. While not credited with any world's records such as those made later by the "FLYING CLOUD and the "LIGHTNING" she was very fast and made some remarkable passages around the Horn to the California ports. Like all of McKay's ships, she was strongly sparred and rigged, and carried gal-lants and royals in many a top-sail breeze."

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

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

FRANK T. WARBURTON

Secretary-Treasurer

ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE

Editor, THE LOOKOUT

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually,

Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

OF NEW YORK

25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," 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. XXIII

MAY, 1932

No. 5

SIGNS OF SPRING



The Institute Lobby—Spring, 1932

AN observant song writer has commented on the frailty of human nature during that season of the year when birds begin to warble, buds begin to burst and "a young man's fancy lightly turns to love."

In normal years when Spring comes to South Street, we at the **Institute** note with pleasure the signs heralding her arrival. In

those pre-depression Springs, azure skies and balmy breezes meant an increase in shipping. The harbor trade would begin, shipping at the Great Lakes would open up, and transatlantic passenger trade would again become brisk. All along the waterfront we could see the hustle and bustle of ships and seamen. Our telephone would ring busily, as ship-

ping companies called our Employment Bureau, asking for "three A.B.'s to ship coastwise", "a young third mate for a Far East trip", or "a ship's carpenter and two firemen for a freighter." We can recall how, in those days, the bell on our Slop Chest door would tinkle merrily all day long, as seamen came for clothes in which to "ship out". We were able to outfit them with dungarees, boots, sweaters and other "gear" for work on shipboard.

Alas, the signs of Spring, this year, are not as hopeful as in the past. While it is true that a few tankers, steamers, freighters and

even great liners like the Leviathan are getting in commission now that the winter is over, the number of men needed for crews has not increased as we expected it would with the beginning of Spring. Our fervent hope is that the recently announced reduction of travel rates of the big shipping companies is a good omen. This ought to induce people to spend vacations abroad this year and if so, it will help to keep the big passenger ships afloat, which, in turn, will give employment so urgently needed by hundreds of worthy seamen who have been "laid off" for such a long period.

"EIGHT BELLS" and "FRESH WATER"

FOR the last four years Seaman John Cabbage's fortunes have been linked more or less with those of Dumper K of New York City's Department of Street Cleaning. As told in *The Lookout* some time ago, Cabbage made two or three trips each week to sea with the city's ashes and garbage, which combination inspired him to compose numerous poems, some of which we have quoted here.

Cabbage has just had a book of sea poems, entitled "Eight Bells" published by the Parnassus Press. He presented us with a complimentary copy and we have enjoyed particularly the poem

"South Street". See Page 13.

Another interesting book pertaining to the sea has been brought to our attention. It is entitled "*Freshwater*", written and illustrated by George Cuthbertson, published by the Macmillan Company. It is a narrative of the Great Lakes—those blue waters which have colored the history of North America. The book is an epic of ships, dealing mainly with the types developed during the wars, conquests and naval engagements which occurred on the Lakes. The artist's illustrations in full color are beautifully executed and any one of them may be framed.

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES

Born December 2nd, 1857—Died April 29th, 1932

With deep sorrow we mourn his loss

With heartfelt gratitude we rejoice in his life of remarkable service to this Society.

His memory will ever be cherished by those with whom he was associated

His unrelenting fidelity and unselfish devotion will always be remembered

His fine character, ripe experience and wise judgment have left a lasting impression upon this organization and its work

His untiring labors under God's guidance enabled this Society to rear a lasting monument to the merchant seamen whom he loved

We give thanks for the inspiration of his example and rejoice in the assurance that he has entered into his reward.

* * *

MR. EDMUND L. BAYLIES, who had been a member of the board of the Institute for forty-six years and its president for twenty years, "put out to sea" a few evenings ago and was carried far from our bourne of Time and Place. But he will be remembered for what he did for the Institute through all the years of his active interest in it. There was no "moaning at the bar," but he might have heard the chantey which the sailors used to sing for him, some simple tune of gratitude such as MASEFIELD heard one sailor begin, and thereupon

*Among the crew the song spread, man to man,
Until the singing rang across the bay.*

Editorial, *New York Times*, May 5th, 1932.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A WOMAN rushed from her cabin and inquired: "Steward, I heard a crash. Is this ship sinking?"

The steward replied: "She certainly is, Madam. Kindly get ready for the lifeboats."

This conversation took place on board the ill-fated S.S. *Titanic*, twenty years ago, just before midnight, on April 14th.

All day the temperature had been uncommonly low, passengers required extra wraps, the boys in the lifts shivered as they carried the passengers. At dinner the dining room seemed empty, as many of the diners were absent, preferring to dine in their staterooms on account of the discomfort of the ship.

At a few minutes after 11:00 p. m. there was a slight jar, not sufficient to throw one off his feet. No excitement followed, as it was the general idea that the boat was unsinkable. One of the men on C deck opened his port hole and found a considerable quantity of ice. For about a half hour there seemed to be quiet throughout the huge vessel. But there was ever the sound of rushing water from below. Finally a Spaniard who had been on a tour of investigation announced to the passengers on C deck that the baggage room and Turkish bath

had filled with water. Passengers who heard this alarming announcement dressed and donned life belts. By this time the deck steward had arrived with the order—"Everyone on deck".

In reading over old newspaper accounts of the *Titanic* disaster we were impressed by the many examples of bravery on the part of passengers and crew which we believe will inspire *Lookout* readers: One woman said to her fourteen-year old son: "Be a brave boy, John. Get dressed and help sister." "Where are we going, Mother?" asked the lad. "Into the lifeboats, dear. This ship is sinking," replied the mother. "Well, I want to stay with Daddy," persisted the boy. "Only women and girls should go in the lifeboats, Mother." So John stayed with his father, and when the great ship settled into the ocean, his father said: "Jump for your life, son. I will follow you." The boy jumped and was picked up by a passing lifeboat, but he never saw his father again.

One survivor gave the following account: "I was impressed by the quiet bravery of the seamen and officers. A ring of kindness was in their tones as they gave orders. Some of them even smiled as they assisted with almost the grace of a ballroom

dancer the jewelled hands of the ladies as they stepped into the lifeboats."

Other survivors told of the way the lifeboats were swung with superb discipline and from what they related England may well be proud of those fearless sailors who performed their duty with the calm that attends a boat drill. Another told how just before the vessel sank there was a desperate effort to force Captain Smith into a lifeboat. Once he was in the boat but he struggled and jumped overboard and swam back to the ship, up the ladder and again to the bridge. And as the ship disappeared into her ocean grave the captain, true to the heroic code of the sea, was standing on the bridge, meeting death fearlessly.

To survivors watching the receding *Titanic*, it seemed impossible that it was sinking lower in the water, one deck after another disappeared.

Twenty years later, before an audience of seamen and staff members assembled on the *Institute's* roof, a memorial service was held at noon on April 15th, 1932, to pay tribute to the passengers and crew who perished during that tragic night. While a member of our seamen's choir sounded taps, a wreath was placed on our *Titanic* Memorial



Memorial Service on *Titanic* Tower

Tower. This Lighthouse Tower, with its welcoming green light, is a living tribute to the courage of the men and women who survived and who were lost during that disaster. At the service it was pointed out that "although marine transportation has advanced greatly during the past twenty years, there are still grave dangers at sea—such as icebergs, explosions, fire and storm—which travelers must face and from which hazards seamen stand pledged to protect them." Several benefits came out of the *Titanic* disaster: The establishing of the international ice patrol; the supplying of all ships with sufficient life-boats, and, finally, the inspiration of bravery to a shocked and grieved world.

Image cannot be shown due to copyright restrictions

Won't you please arrange a "Conrad Memorial Library" Bridge Party in your own home and invite as many friends as possible?

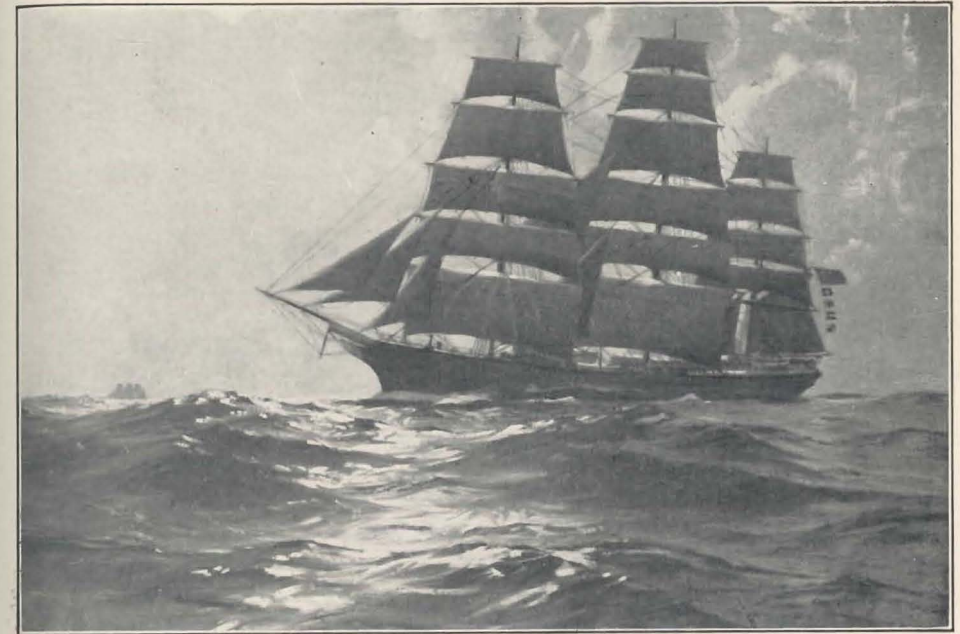
Use the blank below. Kindly make checks payable to "Seien's Church Institute Of New York" and mail to Conrad Memorial Library Fund, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Read
the
Interesting
Details
Below

Courtesy of Mr. Cesare, The New York Times and Arthur H. Harlow and Co.

ALL that is needed for our CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY is money with which to purchase shelves, furniture, and other equipment, and to finance the services of a Librarian. *The need is great.* We have the space in our third floor reading room and many valuable books on all subjects which generous friends have thoughtfully sent to the Institute.

We hope to raise funds to complete this Library by asking *Lookout* readers if they will have bridge parties among their friends, charging \$1.25 per player, or \$5.00 a table. We will furnish the tally cards (lovely cards with Conrad's last sailing ship "The Torrens" in blue and silver). Ask your guests to keep score and at the end of the bridge party to mail in the tally cards to



"THE TORRENS"—From the Painting by Charles R. Patterson

the Institute on or before August Third, the anniversary of the day on which Conrad died. The score cards will then be assembled and a prize will be given for the highest auction score and the highest contract score. Winners will be given a choice of an autographed, first edition of Joseph Conrad's play, "The Secret Agent" or a book entitled "A Conrad Memorial Library", describing the Keating collection of Conrad's works with contributions by Christopher Morley, John Gals-

worthy, Felix Riesenberg, Hugh Walpole, and photographs, reproductions of original manuscripts of Conrad, etc. Surely, these are prizes worth playing for!

Enclosed is my check, money order for \$.....for which please send me.....tally cards for my CONRAD MEMORIAL BRIDGE PARTY at \$1.25 each. I promise to send the scores on or before August 3rd to compete for the prizes.

Name
Address
.....

ROMANCE AMID THE VEGETABLES



It was O. Henry who first pointed out the romantic possibilities of a dingy tenement court, a bleak park bench and even a restaurant menu. Romantic happenings occur so frequently at the **Institute** that we wish O. Henry's genius could record them.

The scene of the latest romance is our Cafeteria, where, behind the steam table, stands red-haired Peggy. Her ready Irish wit has made her popular with our seafaring men as they stand in line to receive their roast beef and potatoes or "vegetable plate".

With the smoke steaming from the vegetables and meats, Peggy can scarcely see the faces of the sailors with whom she exchanges a lively banter. But in spite of this obstacle, apparently one of the men was smitten with Peggy's bright face. At any rate, one

Spring morning, the postman brought her an envelope addressed as follows: "Miss Peggy, Seamen's Church Institute Cafeteria, 25 South Street."

The letter was from Seaman Frank B . . . , who wrote:

"Dear Miss Peggy:

For a long time I have watched you standing at the steam-table and have wanted to make your acquaintance. I have just learned that my grandfather left me \$10,000.00 His estate will be settled in a month or two and after I receive the money, I will come to ask you to marry me and then we can set up a pastry shop together. Looking forward to receiving an early reply from you."

Peggy read the letter in a daze. Was she dreaming? She must be, because \$10,000 these days is not thrown into anyone's lap. Frantically she tried to recall the seaman who had signed his name to the letter, but her memory failed to conjur up her romantic cavalier, the steaming vegetables being somewhat of a hindrance. "I think if I saw him, I'd know who it was", she said with a beaming smile. So until her suitor makes his appearance, Peggy, although bound to her duties amid the vegetables, is walking on air.

A MODERN MIRACLE

Seaman William P, is a staunch believer in miracles—one of them has happened to him. Eighteen years ago, when William was a little boy of five, he was playing one day with his Mother's sewing basket and put out his left eye with a pair of scissors. For years William has suffered with the disfigurement. In 1917, he left home and went to sea. In the various seaports he visited, doctors would promise him that he would again have vision in his left eye. Every penny of his wages he would spend, going from one doctor to another, all of whom falsely held out the hope for him that he would see again. Then suddenly the right eye began to pain him and frantically he rushed to another doctor who told him that there was grave danger of infection from the bad eye.

It happened that William was staying at the **Institute** on shore leave. He saw the little green notice posted on our bulletin board, announcing the hours of our Eye Clinic. As he stood reading the notice, Mrs. Roper came along. "Why don't you go to see our doctor?" she suggested. "I've been to many doctors already," replied William, "and all they've done is take my money". "Well, this examination will cost

you nothing", persisted Mrs. Roper, as she gently led the boy toward the elevator. Our Eye Clinic doctor was so impressed by the unusual aspects of William's case that he immediately consulted **Dr. Conrad Berens** to whose great skill our Superintendent Dr. Mansfield owes his vision. Dr. Berens became immediately interested in William and he was able to perform a very delicate surgical operation in which the muscles of the original eye were preserved intact. These muscles were then fastened around a gold ball and in front of the ball a glass eye was placed.

So perfect does the glass eye match William's right one and so marvelously do the muscles permit the eye to move in a natural manner that William has been able to get an excellent job. A more appreciative sailor-boy we have never seen, when he and Mrs. Roper came up to *The Lookout* editor's office one afternoon. "You don't know who I am," said William, "but answer me this question, — Do you see anything wrong with my eyes?" We had to confess that we did not, and then William burst out laughing and told his story. We believe this one case alone justifies the existence of our Eye Clinic.

CANNIBALS

Editor's Note:

THE other day a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, Mr. William Williams, brought to our office a rare old book entitled "Voyages Around the World", which records the experiences of Captain Edmund Fanning, the author, on his voyage between 1792 and 1832. He was in command of the *Betsey*, the first American vessel officered and manned wholly by native-born citizens that ever sailed round the world from the Port of New York. Many of these experiences were so remarkable, recording as they do the dangers that crews used to face in earlier days, that we purpose publishing from time to time, extracts therefrom in Captain Fanning's own language. Today, we give our readers the following excerpts from Chapter XI.

"Our stock of water had by this time got reduced to a very limited quantity, and imperiously required that it be recruited . . . It was thought advisable to work our ship along shore in search of some harbor on the large island *Nuggoheeva*. An hour after the meridian a large canoe paddled out to meet us, in which was an aged chief, whose white locks gave him a very venerable and interesting appearance; there were also in this canoe, some thirty natives, each one being a paddler. The old man quickly displayed a white flag together with a green branch: these tokens of friend-

ship and amity we answered in like manner, by holding up a white flag . . .

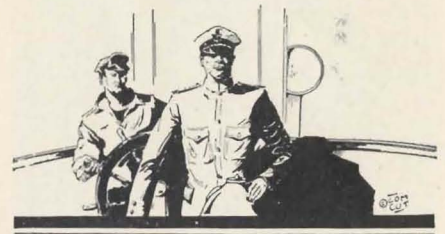
They too were cannibals, or at least so far as the eating of the flesh of their enemies makes them such. As a proof of this I observed one day, while trading with the canoes along side, something wrapped up in some palm leaves, on board of one of them, the native in which did not offer it for barter. This was so unusual that I examined it, and found the same to be a piece of human flesh, baked; surprised, I shrunk back with horror, and asked him what he was going to do with it. The fellow took my meaning, and replaced the leaves around it as formerly, only answering, that as it was a part of one of their enemies, it was therefore very good for him, and whenever he was hungry, he was going to eat it. This, was the only evidence that came under my immediate observation. I endeavored to make him comprehend: how wicked and awfully disgusting such a practice was; with what success, however, I know not."



THE LOOKOUT HAS A BIRTHDAY

WHEN Dr. Mansfield was reading the material for the current issue of *The Lookout*, the thought flashed through his mind that he had read the first issue just twenty-two years ago, this month. During all the years since we began publishing our Superintendent has read the "copy" for every issue. Sometimes he has read it under great difficulties—late at night, straining his eyes against doctor's orders; sometimes he has read it when his heart was filled with grief, and at other times when he was rejoicing over the completion of some project at the **Institute** dear to his heart.

Many pages of history have turned since the day when *The Lookout* appeared as an eight-page booklet, published at our last headquarters, number One State Street. We are proud and happy to say that of our original subscribers, many are still loyal contributors to this great work for seamen. *The Lookout* now reaches 8,000 friends each month, informing them of the Institute's successes and vicissitudes. If you have a friend whom you would like to have receive *The Lookout*, please send the name and address and a dollar to the Editor, 25 South Street.



"My Dear Editor:

As an old seafaring man who went to sea in 1877, at a time before the machine age, when the sight of a steamer on deep water was an event, and one who has rounded both the great capes many times and knows their varying moods, I am much interested in "The Lookout" which comes into my household regularly. I congratulate you on a thoroughly readable little magazine.

If you care to use this little verse of the sea as I have often seen it, I shall be glad to have you do so."

STORM AT SEA

By J. CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

The waves ran high. Each overburdened crest
Swept to the trough and left a wake
Of spume and spindrift which the following surge
Blended within itself as though 'twere food
And added power to the onward rush
Of seas top-heavy, infinite and mad.
With soughing howls the wind god lashed them on,
Bitter and fierce the breath in every blast,
And broke in atoms from the driven crest
Some spars to drop them hissing further on.

AN ETERNAL BOND OF FRIENDSHIP



Photo by Schneider Studio

"The men of the sea understand each other very well in their view of earthly things, for simplicity is a good counsellor and not a bad educator."—this quotation from Joseph Conrad aptly describes the mentality of most seafaring men, for between them exists that bond of brotherhood which withstands many strains, a bond unknown to other callings, and therefore to be cherished.

There is also a bond between landsmen and seamen. The **Institute**, with its friendly welcome to seafarers, has helped to weld that bond. It is the link between land and sea and the numerous Memorials in the building are enduring symbols of friendship which generous citizens have for their seafaring brothers.

AMONG MEMORIALS STILL AVAILABLE ARE:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each.....	50.00

NOTE:—We are greatly in need of athletic equipment (new or old) with which to help our seamen enjoy Indoor Sports each Saturday night. Readers who are in the midst of spring house cleaning may come across some old baseballs, footballs, uniforms, foils, masks, sabres, boxing gloves, ping pong sets, rowing machines, etc., which are taking up space in attic or closet. Won't you please wrap these up and mail to the Institute, 25 South Street. They will be greatly appreciated by our sailormen.

"25 SOUTH STREET"

By JOHN CABBAGE

The Babel Tower is the place where we are about to come.

They call it the "Institute", the Sailor's Home.

The big hall is packed. "All roads lead to Rome."

Yes, all are coming here to look for their lost friends, landsmen, or shipmates . . .

"Hello, Cabbage"—this is my friend Big Charley, the ex-schooner mate;

He just came off a racing yacht in the Great Lakes.

"Give me a cigarette," "Give me a dime,"

"Give me a chew," or "Give me the price Of a coffee and, or the price of a stew."

Here in this corner is the post office, with a big line

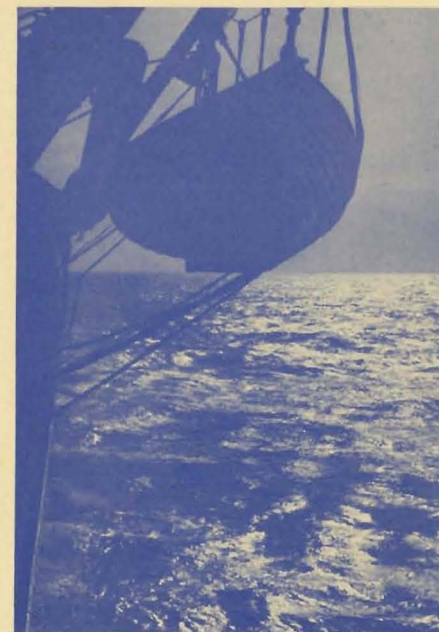
Where they wait for their mail. From home? From District?

Or friends who came in or went out for a sail?

They tell each other the tales of their last trip . . .

They still look for a ship. They give each other a tip.

Where to look for a "standby" or sign on a ship.



Courtesy, "The Cunarder"

SOME of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the **Seamen's Church Institute of New York** from January 1st to April 1st, 1932:

114,258 Lodgings Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds)

114,218 Meals Served in Cafeteria

206,347 Sales Made at Soda Fountain

10,640 Pieces of Baggage Checked

14,326 Books and Magazines Distributed

18,374 Special Social Service Needs Filled

3,368 Relief Loans

1,985 Seamen Given Relief

1,517 Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics

403 Positions Procured for Seamen

56 Missing Seamen Located

63 Religious Services Attended by 3,841 Seamen

7,621 Services rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry

12,982 Information Desk Interviews

2,110 Articles of Clothing and 1,838 Knitted Articles Distributed

65 Entertainments in Auditorium Attended by 46,275 Seamen

\$91,869.76 Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

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

President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.	VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER	REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D.	REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE
REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D.	REV. ALFRED R. MCWILLIAMS
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.	REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE	HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
	WALTER WOOD PARSONS

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON

THOMAS ROBERTS, Assistant Treasurer

ALLISON V. ARMOUR	CHARLES S. HAIGHT	JOHN S. ROGERS
WILLIAM ARMOUR	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	KERMIT ROOSEVELT
HENRY MCCOMB BANGS	AUGUSTUS N. HAND	SAMUEL A. SALVAGE
EDWARD J. BARBER	BAYARD C. HOPPIN	ARTHUR F. SCHERMERHORN
GORDON KNOX BELL	OLIVER ISELIN	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
CHARLES W. BOWRING	AYMAR JOHNSON	THOMAS A. SCOTT
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	LE ROY KING	SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT
F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR.	FRANK W. WARBURTON
CHARLES E. DUNLAP	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.	ERNEST E. WHEELER
DE COURSEY FALES	BERNON S. PRENTICE	WILLIAM WILLIAMS
JOHN H. FINLEY, LL.D.	FRANKLIN REMINGTON	ORME WILSON
HARRY FORSYTH	JOHN J. RIKER	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON	ROBERT L. HARRISON
REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.	FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.