

the LOOKOUT



**\$1,170,000 is Still Needed to
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Volume XVIII
Number V

May
1927

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE *of* NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone Bowling Green 3620

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.
Superintendent
or
ELEANOR BARNES
Editor, The Lookout

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

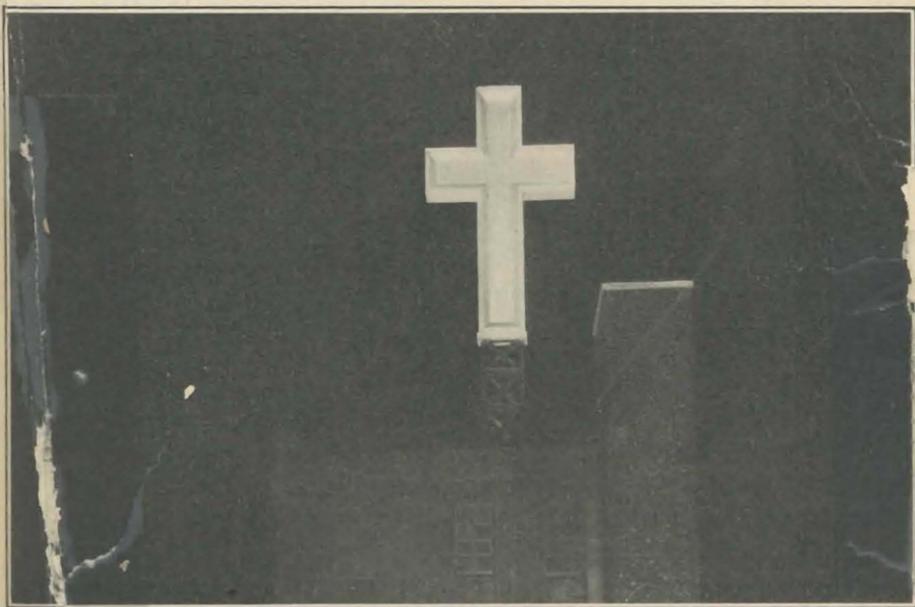
The Lookout

VOL. XVIII

MAY, 1927

No. 5

Seaward and Skyward



To New York's unique skyline has been added what is perhaps its most unique feature—a great illuminated Cross atop the Seamen's Church Institute—gleaming silver alike against the black sky of night and the blue sky of sunny weather.

Shining "seaward and skyward" it proclaims that here is a house of Christian service, and

it hallows for all time the heroism of the brave men of the Merchant Marine who go down to the sea and endure all things for others.

It was fitting that we dedicated this tribute on Good Friday, the anniversary of the day when the Cross first took on its meaning of sacrifice—the day when the greatest Hero of the

ages gave His life on the Cross for others.

It was fitting that the President of this great Christian country paused for a moment to participate in the ceremony of dedication honoring our men of the sea who are ever willing to risk and give their lives to protect the lives and cargoes of our Nation.

It was fitting that our Cross was erected and endowed by two staunch friends of the sailor, whose family traditions are closely interwoven with the history of shipping in the Port of New York.

For the privilege of thus "letting our light shine" we are indebted to the donors of the Cross, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Frederick Schermerhorn. They gave it as a memorial to his father and mother, George Stevens Schermerhorn and Julia Gibert Schermerhorn. Their interest in the welfare of the sailor, as evidenced by this generous gift, was born of a fraternal warmth of feeling for the men of the sea, nurtured by family shipping traditions which have come down from their great-great-grandfather. He

sailed forty ships from the Port of New York during the war of 1812. Old Castle William, built by him, still survives over on Governors Island to bask in the rays of our "wondrous Cross."

The ceremony of dedication was the most impressive event in the memory of those who have been serving the Institute from thirty to forty years.

The night was clear and starry. About three hundred people—seamen, ships' apprentice boys, staff and friends of the Institute—gathered on the roof. The Stars and Stripes, the Institute flag, and the signal pennants spelling "welcome home" waved lustily in the strong spring breeze.

On the Titanic Memorial Tower was an interesting bouquet of flowers, sent by order from Stockholm, Sweden, by the widow and daughter of one of the Titanic victims. By a strange coincidence the dedication of the Cross took place on April 15th, just fifteen years after the greatest marine disaster in history. On that night in 1912 the Titanic went down. Survivors were spared to tell of the heroism of those who made the great sacri-

fice, many of them voluntarily. The next day the cornerstone of our present building was laid and it was decided to dedicate our lighthouse to the memory of the Titanic victims. The flowers from Sweden bore witness that the tower is still a memorial.

Half an hour before the illuminating of the Cross was to take place, the Gloria Trumpeters, four young women in simple Greek costumes, played "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and the entire assemblage joined in singing. This was followed by "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

The Reverend A. R. Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent of the Institute, offered appropriate prayers and made a statement as to the purpose of our Cross, ending with—

"It is our prayer that the light from our Cross may be sanctified by Him who died upon the Cross; that our service to seamen may be so acceptable in His sight that this light, shining out over the Harbor, will be as the spirit of Christ walking upon the waters of Galilee, promising a safe haven to the sailor within our gates."

Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies,

President of our Board of Managers, epitomized the general purpose of the Institute.

The Reverend N. A. Seagle, D.D., of St. Stephens Church, Manhattan, spoke of Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens Schermerhorn, in whose memory the Cross was given, and both of whom he knew intimately. He spoke of their many good works which live after them, and of the gratification to all who knew them that they are memorialized in this splendid way.

Three minutes before the hour of nine the lights went out to make it possible for our electricians to open up the Postal Telegraph line over which our Merchant Marine School receives its time from Washington daily. The Trumpeters stood in the foreground with their white satin robes gleaming in the moonlight. All waited breathlessly, eyes fixed upon the Cross. We knew that down in Washington President Coolidge for a moment, at least, was thinking about the Institute. Promptly at nine he released the current and the great Cross fairly leaped to life against the sky. The Trumpeters turned their trumpets upward toward the Cross and gave the

signal for "Fling out the Banner! let it float skyward and seaward, high and wide."

The appropriateness of the words of the old hymn was quite obvious, but the story behind it will emphasize its significance. It was written by Bishop George W. Doane in 1848 at Burlington, New Jersey, when he saw the Seamen's Church Institute flag floating from the spire of the Chapel of the Redeemer which was being

towed down the Delaware River to Philadelphia. "Fling out the Banner," therefore, is a real Institute hymn.

Coming up the Harbor, the Cross stands out predominantly on the skyline, vying even with the Statue of Liberty. And our Cross, too, has its message of freedom for the sailor; for he knows that in the Institute beneath it, he finds freedom from the many evil influences of the waterfront.

Lean Summer Months

If we had time to sing in our Ways and Means Department, we should doubtless compose for use at this season a parody on an erstwhile popular song, and call it "In the Bad Old Summer Time."

Summer for us does not present the usual objections. We get a splendid ocean breeze most of the time—it is seldom we need our electric fans—but our ocean breezes do not seem to waft in a deluge of contributions.

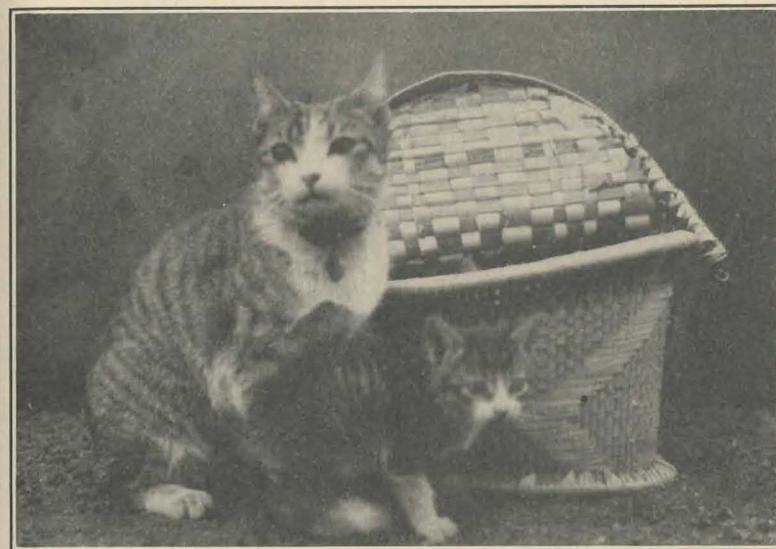
In other words, the summer is a lean, arid season for us; and in still other words—sailor words—we are quite likely to

find ourselves "on the beach" during June, July and August.

This year we are hoping some kind friends will come to our rescue — seafarers, perhaps, who, just before they take ship or just after they disembark, will send a contribution for our running expenses as a sort of tribute to the sailormen who make their summer voyages safe and comfortable.

There isn't much that can be done for a sailor on shipboard, but ashore he needs the Institute. Please help us to keep our doors open during our anxious summer months.

Hannah & Son, Inc.



Hannah has four sons—named North, East, South and West—but the greatest persistence failed to get the entire family in one picture. A movie camera might succeed better—if it could be operated at *very* high speed.

For a number of months Hannah reigned supreme as the pet of the Institute. Sailormen and staff members were her willing slaves. From admiring LOOKOUT readers came correspondence, and gifts of a catnip-stuffed mouse, a dollar and a col-

lar. Hannah basked in the fame that resulted from the efforts of an enthusiastic press agent.

But with the advent of the Four Points of the Compass, it became evident that Hannah needed broader horizons than the four walls of our Social Service Department. A baby cat, who elects to bathe in the family bowl of milk and then shake himself, presents a problem; and four kittens romping about have a way of giving the effect of forty-nine, more or less.

So the Social Service Depart-

ment knows them no more. Hannah and sons have gone to the suburban home of our Chief of Police, where they may be turned out to grass.

Now this Chief of Police, while successful in excluding from the Institute numberless applicants who disqualify through unmistakable violation of the Volstead Act, found that five cats in a basket on a commuters' train are just about five cats too many. Even sedate, decorous little Hannah decided she would prefer the other end of the coach.

The Chief frantically held down the basket lid to prevent more escapes, and ordered Han-

nah to return. A Kind Lady brought her back. Then one of those things happened that is forever making someone remark, "Isn't the world a small place, after all?"

The Kind Lady started when her squirming charge was addressed as Hannah. She proved to be a LOOKOUT subscriber from an up-State town on a visit in New Jersey. She had read of Hannah and admired her from afar, but never thought to travel as her nurse-maid!

Hannah is now gone with her performing quartette, but a sadder (and harder-working!) office staff still discuss the dear departed and exhibit her picture.

Red Letter Days

We have had many interesting Red Letter Days at the Institute since we inaugurated this custom last September, but the reddest of all fell on April 23.

The Misses Julia and Ida Lathers assumed the running expenses of the Institute for the day in memory of their brother, Richard Lathers, Jr. It was his birthday. They had also given

a seamen's room in the new building in his memory; and happened upon the very unique plan of entertaining about a hundred of his friends at tea in our Apprentice Room, so that they might see our work in the present building and also the location of the memorial room.

It seemed to be a real Red Letter Day for all concerned.

The Misses Lathers and their guests were, of course, gratified to know how much service was being rendered in Mr. Lather's memory.

The fact that three missing men were located in itself would make the day worth while, for of course at least six people were very vitally concerned. It may change the entire course of their lives. Similarly, the 415 letters given out by the post office may have meant no one knows how much to the 415 sailors who received them, many of whom have no other address on earth where they may receive mail.

In addition over two thousand men used the building for one thing or another—for lodgings, meals, baggage checking, refreshments, employment bureau, barber shop, clinic, etc.

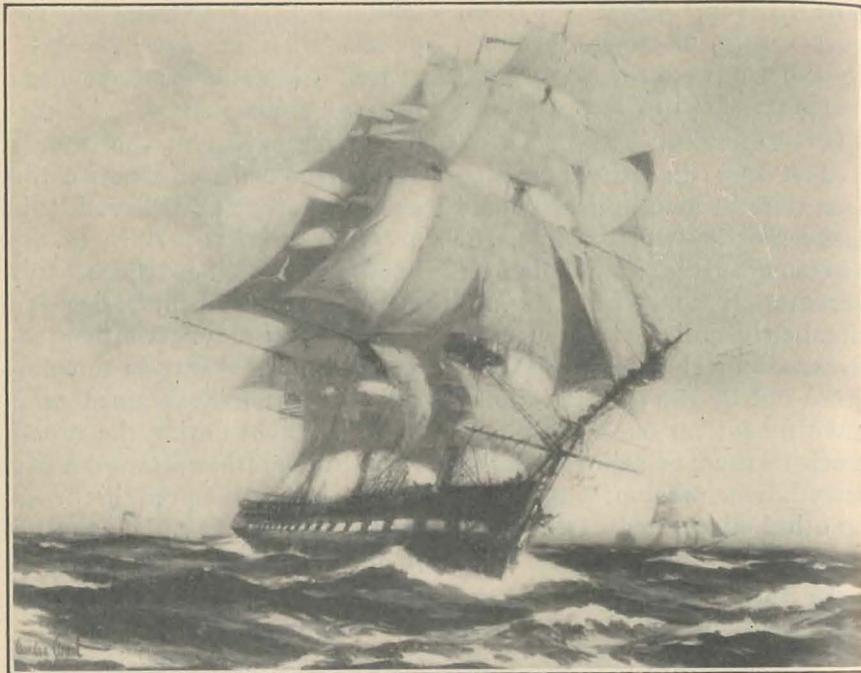
The idea of the Red Letter Days is this: \$260.27 pays the overhead and administration costs for twenty-four hours, the Institute being seventy-five per cent self-supporting. A sailor-man pays 35 cents for a dormitory bed which costs us 47 cents to supply; but his 35 cents would be quite worthless without someone's 12 cents to pay the overhead. This explains why we ap-

peal for funds for running expenses.

Red Letter Days have been selected for a number of interesting reasons. One contributor accompanied his check with the statement that he believed "*the best memorial is service to the living*," and he chose this method of commemorating his father's birthday. Another selected Armistice Day as a memorial to merchant seamen who lost their lives during the recent war. Still another selected a day which punned upon his own name; and one friend of the Institute celebrated her own birthday by thus generously giving to our sailormen.

A Red Letter Day is a gilt-edged investment, and one which allows the investor to actually see the returns if he wishes to visit the Institute on his day.

There are still many unassigned days scattered here and there on the 1927 calendar, and the chances are that your day is still available. Would you not like to reserve it now? Your check for \$260.27 may be mailed with the reservation, or later, to Harry Forsyth, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street, New York City.



"OLD IRONSIDES," FROM THE PAINTING BY GORDON GRANT

"Old Ironsides" is being saved. "Her shattered hulk" is not to "sink beneath the waves" but will sail triumphantly into the principal sea and inland ports of the country after her restoration.

The Seaman's Church Institute of New York is to have a discarded breasthook.

Instead of making the necessary appropriation of \$500,000 for the work of restoration,

Congress has given the people of the United States the opportunity to discharge this patriotic duty.

The fund is being swelled by the sale of prints of Gordon Grant's painting at 25 cents each. They are 17 x 21 inches and delicately colored. Don't you want at least one copy?

Address: Philip Andrews, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, Charlestown, Mass.

"Today We Sail On"

"Today we sail on" is the entry to be found in the log of Christopher Columbus on his first voyage into the unknown West, when things were at their blackest.

"Today we sail on" was the entry made in the log of the Seamen's Church Institute recently when it was unanimously voted to proceed with the interior construction work on the New Building. Our outlook is not at all black, however—only an overcast gray—but we have made our decision with much the same faith that must have possessed the soul of the immortal navigator.

Ours is a faith that the necessary funds to complete our building will be forthcoming as required; and as an expression of our faith we have signed contracts which mean "sailing on."

Once upon a time a certain farming community was threatened with disaster in the form of drought. The minister announced on Sunday that a special meeting would be held on Wednesday to pray for rain. Wednesday came and the entire

congregation turned out, but—only one little girl carried her umbrella.

We have expressed our faith in signed contracts instead of in an umbrella, and real faith is always justified. Ours will be.

First, of course, we wish to get into operation the income-producing departments. (Incidentally these are the most needed, especially lodgings.) This will cost approximately \$778,587.

We should like, during the summer months, to get twenty Founders at \$10,000 each, which would dispose of \$200,000 of the required amount.

Then there are memorials ranging from \$500 and \$1,000 for seamen's rooms up to \$50,000 for the laundry.

And, of course, we are always extremely grateful for undesignated gifts of any amount to be invested in lath-and-plaster and the thousand and one "ingredients" of a modern building.

Our appeal in behalf of Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine, who needs our New Building so urgently, is three-fold—

(1) *Humane*

Jack Tar is lonely and preyed upon in the Port of New York;

(2) *Patriotic*

Jack Tar gives his best to build up an American-flag Merchant Marine;

(3) *Pragmatic*

Jack Tar transports our cargoes and risks life and limb to protect them, thereby contributing inestimably to our national wealth.

So much for what the merchant seaman does for the landsman. Is it not each landsman's privilege to do what he can for the sailor?

Checks, or pledges for future payment up to January, 1929, may be sent to Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York City.

BOOKS FOR SAILORS

The Institute misses many opportunities to obtain books and magazines because of lack of transportation facilities. We have no car. Sometimes we let a needy sailor earn his lodgings or a meal by calling for bundles, but this arrangement does not

entirely solve the problem.

It has been suggested that some of our friends might be willing to place their cars at our disposal occasionally for the purpose of collecting reading matter. We could use about six cars each month for one or two hours each time.

Arrangements may be made by telephoning the Social Service Department (Bowling Green 3620); and of course we shall be most grateful for any assistance along this line.

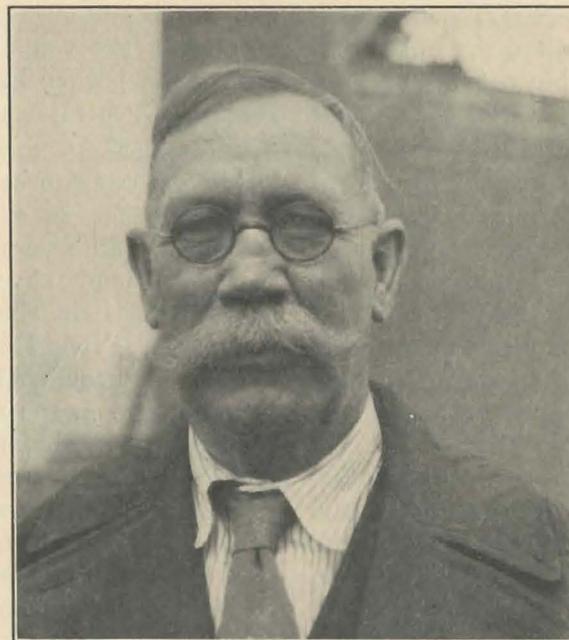
APPRECIATION

The March LOOKOUT told of the explosion on board the *Black Sea* and how the survivors came to the Institute. In this connection it was most gratifying to receive the following note from Sir Harry Armstrong, British Consul-General in New York:

"I meant for several days * * * to express my appreciation of the kindness and consideration shown the members of the crew of the *Black Sea* after their terrible experience on her and miraculous escape. For all I am grateful on behalf of my fellow subjects who were looked after."

(Signed) H. G. ARMSTRONG.

"Chips"



A ship's carpenter is always "Chips" just as truly as the Captain is "the Old Man"; but there are Chips *and* Chips. For real flavor, find an old-timer who learned his trade on a sailing vessel. Then there was plenty of wood about and the chips really did fly.

The Chips depicted above is one Axel, six feet four inches in height and massive. One could almost imagine him as picking

up the mainmast of a clipper ship and running around the deck with it for exercise.

He went to sea as a deck boy 'way back in the eighties. He somehow discovered he was handy with tools and set to work to make a good carpenter of himself. "Them was the days," according to Axel. If a yard went overboard in a storm, Chips became the most necessary man on board for a while.

Nowadays he is quite necessary, but likely to be called upon for "fancy work," such as panelling in the officers' quarters.

Chips has had the sort of career small boys (and perhaps bigger ones) would read about with popping eyes.

He sailed around the Horn sixteen times, once being plenty for many sailors. On one of these voyages he was shipwrecked near the Horn. With three companions he managed to keep afloat for four days, using hailstones to quench their thirst. Then they were picked up by a Scotch ship. Inefficiency was Axel's idea of the cause of the wreck, but his exact words were these: "The Old Man had no savvy."

He tells quite casually of a time when he was washed overboard in a storm, but it really didn't matter much because the ship—a Swedish brigantine—was making no headway.

During the War he was torpedoed six times. It almost became a habit. His first experience was off the coast of Central America in 1914, when a German cruiser sunk an English freighter carrying sugar. Chips was one of the crew picked up

by the cruiser. He had managed to rescue the ship's mascot—a tame pigeon. He presented it to one of the officers and in return was given the run of the ship for six days, when he, as a citizen of a neutral country, was put safely ashore.

His sea adventures old Chips seems to take as a matter of course like all true sailors, but one wild land adventure has gravely indelibly in his memory. He found himself deep in the Congo country some twenty years ago in the midst of a cannibal tribe. He learned their language. He learned to like them and won their confidence—so he thought. Then he discovered them well advanced with a plot to serve him up in a nice cannibal stew. He outwitted them, however, and took to the sea again. The cannibals had to look elsewhere for 300 pounds of nourishment.

Chips is a thrifty soul, as most ship's carpenters are likely to be. They are required to have their own tools, and a good complete kit is worth from one hundred to three hundred dollars. Owning such an outfit apparently creates a feeling of possession which induces the average Chips

to be careful with his money.

Axel came to the Institute to stay while looking for a new job. He had savings on deposit in our "bank" and could therefore afford to wait till he got a good ship with a reputation for considerate officers and good food. He is most enthusiastic about the Institute because its moderate prices made this possible for him.

Chips is a good old scout, genial, honest, kind and proud of his calling because "it was good enough for the Man of Nazareth."

ABOUT DR. MANSFIELD

The National Institute of Social Sciences recently elected to its membership the Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute, the Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.

Membership in the National Institute is extended to men and women whose work in humanitarian or social service toward the betterment of man has been of signal importance. This, of course, applies to Dr. Mansfield's work during his thirty-one years' association with the Sea-

men's Church Institute of New York.

To quote from the year-book of the National Institute, Dr. Mansfield is a man "who could understand other men, who could interpret the needs of the seaman to the landsman and force fair treatment for the seaman ashore. His has been a service to the individual seaman, to the shipper, to the Port of New York, to the nation, and even to international interests."

BACK NUMBERS

The January 1927 edition of *THE LOOKOUT* is completely exhausted; and as we are still receiving requests for copies of this number, we should very much appreciate receiving any that have served their purpose and are no longer required by our readers. Please address them to *THE LOOKOUT*, 25 South Street, New York City.

EXCUSE (?)

A perfectly temperate seaman recently gave this excuse for some of his fellows: "If the Lord intended us sailors to drink water, He'd a made the ocean fresh."

The Lass of San Pedro

(Written by one of our sailormen
who calls himself "the Poet Laureate
of the S. C. I.")

'Tis Christmas Eve in the Doldrums
The dog-watch tales are told.
Some talk of home and mother,
Others tell of ventures bold.
While some remember sweethearts
Left behind in the long ago,
I smile in fondest memories
Of a lass in San Pedro.

O'er countless leagues of travel
I've roamed the world around,
From the gay white lights of Broadway
To quaint old London town;
From the ice-bound shores of Greenland
To the wilds of Borneo,
I wander on while dreaming
Of a lass in San Pedro.

Though every land is favored
With maidens sweet and gay,
And I've won the hearts of many,
Holding them each for a day;
(A kiss and a tear and a parting—
Just an act in a passing show)
But there's one dwelling on in my mem'ry—
'Tis the lass of San Pedro.

Of heaven's hosts of fairest
I can picture none so fair:
The nymphs of Neptune's harem
To her would ill compare;
And each night I sigh for the Beacon,
With its friendly, beckoning glow.
That will welcome me to anchor
With the lass of San Pedro.

Which Way Out?

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but it is often stranger and more amusing than musical comedy.

We relish the account in *The Vicar of Wakefield* about the painting which was too large to be removed from the room in which it was made, and now we have a worse problem in the Fore River ship yards up in Massachusetts.

The *Lexington*, which will soon be ready to be added to the Navy's fleet as far as her builders are concerned, may find herself bottled up because of the too shallow channel leading to the open sea. The giant craft will be all dressed up, but with

no place to go. If no prestidigitator volunteers to "get the ship out of the bottle," Congress may be called upon to figuratively smash said bottle by appropriating funds for the deepening of the channel.

It is somehow reminiscent of the situation which arose during the War when the diminutive Republic of San Marino decided to be in style by buying the latest thing in the way of a gun. Then they wanted to test it, of course. But it was such a good gun that its range was beyond the extreme limits of the Republic. There wasn't room to shoot it off at home and over the fence might mean war!

Seamen's Church Institute of America

On the 16th day of October, 1889, General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in New York City appointed a Committee to ascertain what might be done to aid any present organizations working among seamen and to originate missions in those ports where no work existed.

As a result of the findings of

this investigation a Commission to be known as "The Joint Commission on Work Among Seamen" was appointed by General Convention assembled in Boston, October, 1904, with power to concert measures for a closed cooperation of existing agencies, and the inauguration of new work where needed.

In 1907 General Convention

THE LOOKOUT

received with so great enthusiasm the comprehensive and exhaustive report of the Commission on the needs and necessity for a national work among seamen that a Board, to be known as "The Seamen's Church Institute of America," was appointed as a central body endowed with authority to establish common methods of operation, activities and general standards of conduct, and as far as possible to disseminate the facts relative to the life of the sailor ashore, and the best means for aiding and assisting him.

On the 14th day of June, 1920, the Seamen's Church Institute of America was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and thus from a humble origin this great National Organization came into being, for the expressed purpose of promoting religious and social welfare work for the mental, moral and physical development of all those who, whether as officers, seamen or boatmen, are employed upon or in connection with the sea or upon the inland waters of the United States of America.

AFFILIATED SOCIETIES AND DATES OF AFFILIATION

- Seamen's Church Institute of New York, March 1, 1921 (founded 1843).
- Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, June 15, 1921.
- Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, June 15, 1921.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Newport, June 15, 1921.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Port Arthur, February 16, 1922.
- Seamen's Church Institute of New Orleans, February 16, 1922.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Los Angeles, April 6, 1922.
- Sailors' Haven, Charlestown, June 27, 1922.
- St. Mary's House, East Boston, June 27, 1922.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Tacoma, February 2, 1923.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Tampa, June 23, 1923.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Mobile, September 10, 1923.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Houston, January 4, 1924.
- Seamen's Church Institute of Manila, May 6, 1924.
- Charleston Port Society (Harriott Pinckney Home for Seamen), May 6, 1924.

"Now this business of the Income Tax is very distressing to two classes of people—those who have to pay it and those who do not. However, it is an ill wind that does not blow some good and we fancy that there must be some who if they did not have this annual reminder that they must take account of their oxen, he-goats, olive-yards and vineyards, the latter for jelly purposes of course, would not know where they stood.

"This accounting we can imagine, because the experience is one that has never been ours, sometimes shows more wealth than one realized. If that should happen to you we would be bold enough to ask about your will because of course you have made one out. Is the abundance which has been given to you to be kept intact for those who do not need it or is some of it to do for you the things in the future that you are now doing yourself? Now do not make any mistake, we do not feel that the Seamen's Church Institute is the most vital and important thing in the world. Far from it—but we are trying and we hope we shall always be able to continue to try to help, in a helpful way, men and boys of the sea, and we can assure those who remember us in their wills that we firmly believe that they will never have cause to be sorry they did so either in this world or the next."—*The Mainstay*.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

The INSTITUTE has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. No precise words are necessary to a valid legacy to the corporation. The following clause, however, may be suggested:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the LAWS of the STATE OF NEW YORK, the sum of Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

If land or any specific personal 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."