

The LOOKOUT



SIR GALAHAD

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

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Number XII

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1930

The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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or

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Editor, The Lookout

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Legacies to the Institute

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen to whom every Landsman owes such a deep debt of gratitude. **Please notice the exact title and address of the Society.**

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."

It is important that a will or a codicil to a will be drawn correctly. Therefore consult your lawyer.

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VOL. XXI

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 12

Sir Galahad



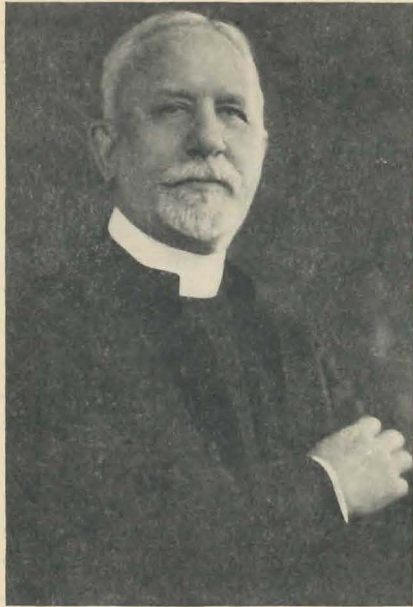
HE old ship's figurehead of Sir Galahad which was mounted over our entrance on May 18, 1927, has received a bright new suit of armor of gold and silver leaf with plumes of red and white. We found it necessary to dress up the old saint in this way because the wood was fast deteriorating from the damp fog and wind and sleet that blow in from the harbor. Although the origin of this figurehead is still an unsolved mystery we know that it has existed since 1760 and the centuries have aged and softened the wood.

From the picture on this month's cover you can see how proudly he stands, sword in hand, poised for action, a determined expression on his noble countenance. What tales he might tell if he could only speak! What battles, what shipwrecks, what stirring sea adventures he must have witnessed in his search for the Holy Grail!

It was presented to the Institute by the late Mr. I. J. Merritt, of the Merritt-Chapman and Scott Corporation, a Founder of the Annex Building, and the figurehead is dedicated to his father, the late Captain I. J. Merritt, who for years was famous for his salvaging of wrecks, sunken vessels, shipwrecked crews and cargoes. How appropriate that Sir Galahad should be selected as a memorial to this brave seafarer!

Dr. Mansfield recently related how the late Mr. J. Frederic Tams, a member of the Board of Managers, helped him secure the old figurehead from an auction sale of antiques. Someone else must have wanted it badly for before the Institute's representative had a chance to bid, another person bid for it! But, it was "knocked down" under the auctioneer's hammer to us because we bid higher. And now it stands over our entrance bidding all sailormen welcome and, by inference, suggesting that they follow the illustrious example of the Knight of King Arthur's Court to "Follow the Gleam."

Dr. Mansfield's Birthday Wish



Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.,
Superintendent

THIRTY-FIVE years of devotion to a single aim, a single ideal, a single goal is the record to which our Superintendent, Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, modestly lays claim. With the approach of his 60th birthday on January 3rd, which also marks the celebration of his 35th year of service to this Society, he can look back over the long, busy years and rejoice that God has given him strength to carry on his arduous work in behalf of the "toilers of the sea."

Five years ago, when Dr. Mansfield was being congratulated by a host of friends on having completed thirty years of service, someone asked him what he wished most to accomplish in the ensuing year. He instantly replied: "An adequate endowment fund for relief work." And, with characteristic energy, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the task of accomplishing that aim with the result that the MANSFIELD FUND was established "to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the Rev. Archibald Romaine Mansfield, D.D., and in recognition of his years of service to this Society and to seamen."

And now, with thirty-five years to his credit, he has been asked the same question: "What is the wish nearest your heart which you desire realized in 1931?" His answer is "The liquidation of the Annex Building debt."

This is a gigantic task, but with the help of all our friends, it can be accomplished. Two million dollars have already been subscribed and there now remains a little less than \$1,400,000. The significant thing to re-

member is this: every cent of interest saved,—which is now being paid at regular intervals on short term notes—could and should be used to expand the social service work of the Institute and to administer a larger amount of relief to seamen.

THE WAY IN WHICH THIS INTEREST CAN BE SAVED IS BY THE REDUCTION OF THE DEBT PRINCIPAL. Surely an economical measure! If we will all put our shoulder to the wheel and say to our beloved skipper: "We're with you, heart and soul and pocketbook in this great and glorious undertaking!" what a rejoicing there will be in the heart of the man who is responsible for bringing into being this great shore home for sailors. He does not ask for any form of personal recognition—but it is obvious that the birthday gift he would appreciate most in all the world would be a contribution—large or small—to the Institute Building Fund from every friend in order that all may have a share in this tribute.

Thirty-five years ago Dr. Mansfield came to the New York

waterfront, a young chaplain fresh from the Seminary. He came with a vision and missionary spirit. He saw the need. He conquered the obstacles. Today, it is safe for sailors to walk along South Street, the shining light from the Institute's Tower shedding its protective glow over all the sea's wanderers. Within the building day and night still toils the man who, like Nehemiah of old, says, "I am doing a great work. I cannot come down." With the years of accomplishment behind him, Dr. Mansfield still carries on, still visioning, still achieving, still pursuing the goal. Motivated by his great dream—the betterment of living conditions for the seamen of all nations in our Port—he is planning and working, meeting new problems as they arise, developing new ways of improving conditions, toiling ceaselessly to meet the ever-growing demands of the future. Shall we give to this man of great vision the assurance that the entire building debt will be dissolved before another year passes? Shall we make his birthday wish come true?

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we go to press we have received from three very dear friends of the Institute large contributions to the Building Fund accompanied by the following letters which demonstrate a spirit of generosity that is most encouraging and inspiring:

"The Seamen's Church Institute,
"25 South Street, New York.

"Dear Mr. Baylies:

"In looking back over your kind letter of July 30 I feel that we are friends though I have met neither you nor Dr. Mansfield nor have I been to the Institute but I have a strong interest in it, and for that reason am writing in this personal way. I am sending from The Chase National Bank check for \$1000 towards the Building Fund. When I save this amount over my expense of living, which is simple, I feel that it must go to paying off this debt, which to me seems overpowering, but you accept it courageously, judging from the bright, cheery, interesting LOOKOUT which I always enjoy.

"Wishing you all success.

"Sincerely

"_____"

* * *

"My dear Dr. Mansfield:

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I enclose my check for \$12,000.00 to be used for the movie tone in memory of my Uncle, who with all the other members of our family have been great admirers of your splendid work for the sailors.

Some time this winter, my Mother and myself hope to come down and see the building.

"Cordially,

"_____"

* * *

"My dear Dr. Mansfield:

"I am enclosing a cheque for \$3,000. which I should like to have expended for the fitting up of rooms, as that seems to me the most important of the needs of the Institute. Either two officers' rooms or three seamen's rooms with running water. I was sorry to hear that you had been obliged to undergo an operation, but hope that you are making a good recovery. With kind regards,

"Sincerely yours,

"_____"



Thanksgiving Festivities at the Institute

ON Thanksgiving morning our seamen assembled in the Chapel of Our Saviour where a special service was held with the Senior Chaplain officiating. Special music was rendered by our organist and soprano soloist.

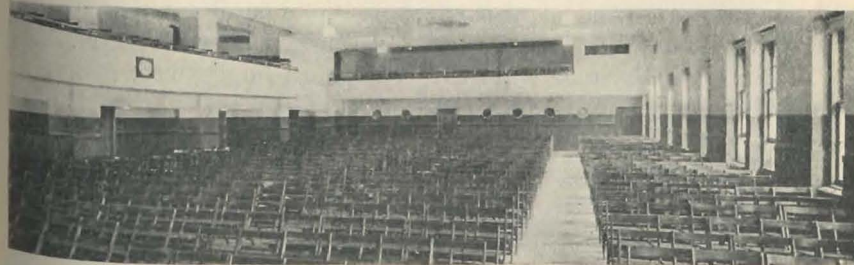
Then at noon came the bountiful Thanksgiving feast—a full course turkey dinner—from soup right through to mince and pumpkin pie. Through the generosity of those who contributed to the Holiday Fund the Institute arranged to serve this delicious meal to 1500 seamen at twenty-five cents each, and for those men who were absolutely penniless, the dinner was provided free.

After the dinner the sailors in the cafeteria indulged in a pleasant "smoke"—cigarettes also having been provided through our Holiday Fund. In the afternoon a special movie, "Good

News" was shown. Everywhere an atmosphere of friendliness and good fellowship prevailed.

In the evening a thousand seamen packed into the Auditorium pictured below to witness the all-talkie picture "The Rogue Song", starring Lawrence Tibbett. It was a gala occasion and every man seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself. Perhaps they forgot, for an hour or two, their troubles and the disconsolate fact that jobs are hard to get.

To all our LOOKOUT readers who helped to make these Thanksgiving festivities possible, we extend our heartfelt thanks on behalf of the seamen who partook of our hospitality. Never before have we been so touched by the sight of so many beaming countenances—expressive of their genuine appreciation of what we were able to do to brighten their holiday.



The John E. Berwind Auditorium, showing the new rear gallery and beneath it, the projection room which was constructed last summer.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are confident that readers of THE LOOKOUT will be interested in the following letters which are typical of those received from our seamen guests. They give first-hand evidence of the sincere appreciation of our sailormen have for the holiday cheer we are able to bring into their lonely lives. Such gratitude amply repays us, and all those who contributed to our Holiday Fund.

New York, 11-28-30.

"Dr. A. R. Mansfield.

"Dear Sir:

"Allow me to thank you direct or express the opinion on behalf of several other seamen friends of mine in the interest which you have taken in this wonderful welfare of the interest of maintaining such a wonderful and exceptionally clean home for the real man called seaman.

"The most modern equipment is a pleasure for every real sailor man who knows nothing better than a good clean bed, showers, reading room and Restaurant of which facilities he has each of the very best here at the Institute and to which they are all very thankful as well as myself to your wonderful supervising and all of your personnel who so generously cooperate with you.

"Again dear Dr. allow me to thank all on your behalf as well as yourself incl. for the wonderful pains taken for our Lord's day of Thanks Nov. 27th, '30 in the wonderful dinner which was served by the Restaurant Staff under Mr. Westerman, Miss

Culp and assistants, not forgetting our beloved Mother Mrs. Janet Roper, and Mr. Kelly and his asst. also.

"I remain respect. yours,

"_____"

* * *

"Nov. 28th, 1930.

"Dear Rev. Dr.:

"I wish to convey to you my appreciation for the elegant dinner supplied us on Thanksgiving Day for such a small sum of money.

"I can assure you that I and all the *Sailor men* appreciate and thank you for all the kind things you have done, and are still doing to make the Sailor welcome happy and comfortable whilst in the Port of New York, N. Y.

"We all hope you will live as long as the Turk who arrived in New York a few months ago who claims to be 150 years old, with the best of health, I am respectfully

"_____"

A Decade of Service

THE LOOKOUT extends its sincerest congratulations to the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia which has just celebrated its tenth year of service to merchant seamen. During the past decade it can claim many notable achievements on behalf of the seafarers to whom it ministers. From a denominational mission for seamen, operating on a budget of less than \$5,000, with a daily attendance of less than fifty, this neighboring Institute has grown into an interdenominational institution, providing a 24 hour-a-day ser-

vice, lodging accommodations for 350 and a program of activities and recreational facilities which are made use of by over 500 seamen each day. The total budget for maintenance for all departments in 1930 is \$104,041.

Of the officials of this Institute, the President, Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer, and the Superintendent, Rev. Percy R. Stockman deserve the highest commendation for their years of devoted activity in bringing this great seamen's community into existence, fostering it, and encouraging it until it is now able



Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia

to point with pride to its contribution to the port life of the City of Brotherly Love.

From our sister publication, "The Crow's Nest" we quote the splendid tribute paid by it to our own Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, who inspired Philadelphia to go and do likewise; and to our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies:—

A Romancer Supreme

There is romance in the bringing of any dream to earth, and watching it develop into reality. No figure in religious and philanthropic circles is in this sense more romantic, and none has more completely realized his vision than the Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D. From a small waterfront Mission, to the most outstanding Institution of its kind in the world, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has developed during the thirty years that Dr. Mansfield has been its Superintendent. As a sharer in the conception of this remarkable growth and a helper in securing the means to promote it, Edmund L. Baylies, lawyer

and banker, has given an outstanding example of consecrated lay leadership of a spiritually-conceived but intensely realistic task.

Fittingly enough, Dr. Mansfield's story of his experience and dreams gave incentive and inspiration to those first interested in the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, and his description of his work in New York greatly helped to center the interest of the Navy League in the enterprise on behalf of the Merchant Marine. At a luncheon given by Mr. Van Rensselaer at the Bellevue-Stratford to the recently elected Officers and Board Members, in April, 1920, both Mr. Baylies and Dr. Mansfield contributed out of their devoted service and accumulated wisdom. Again at the laying of the cornerstone of the New Building, four years later, Dr. Mansfield participated in the exercises and gave a well-reasoned statement of the purposes and scope of the type of work represented by the Seamen's Church Institute. He has also been present on other occasions to inspire and encourage the Philadelphia enterprise.

It has been a great joy during these ten years to keep in touch with the New York Institute and to observe its tremendous expansion and increasing usefulness under Dr. Mansfield's direction.

A Consular Dean

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sir Harry Gloster Armstrong, K.B.E., will retire from active service as British Consul General of New York on December 31st. He and Lady Armstrong are warm friends of the Institute and have never failed to "lend a hand" whenever opportunity presented. Officially and personally they have always recognized the work of this Society and have wholeheartedly cooperated in the common cause of serving merchant seamen. The following editorial from the NEW YORK "TIMES" of July 26th expresses the sentiment of the Board of Managers, the Superintendent and the staff of the Institute:

"A WISH often made for a friend is: 'God give thee years.' But when the friend occupies a position which carries with it retirement at a fixed age, it is not always a welcome wish. Sir Harry Gloster Armstrong, who has the good wishes of thou-

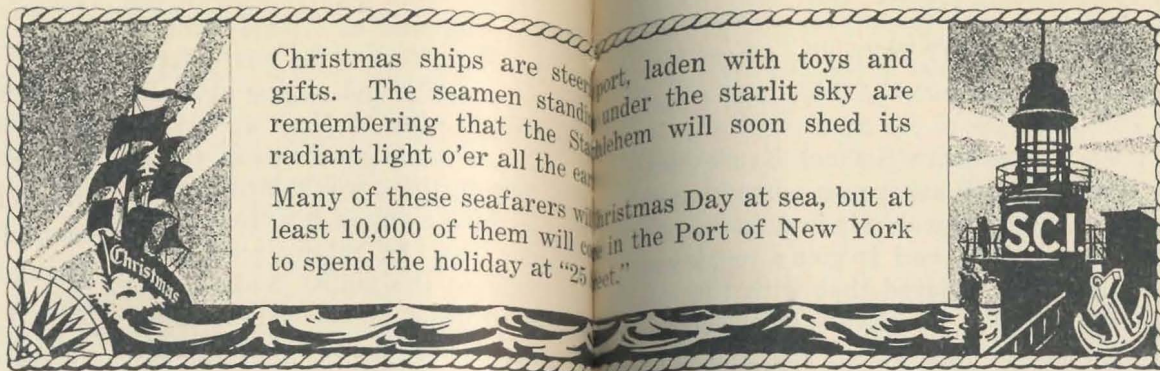
sands of Americans, has accumulated so many years that they now disqualify him under precedent from service beyond the present year as Consul General in New York. He has entered so heartily and sympathetically into the life of New York that, if his home government would permit, there would be a general wishing away of his years in order that he might remain so long as the ability and wisdom with which he has conducted his office continued to defy his years.

"It would be a very serviceable instrument which would take the place of the chronometer in measuring age—an aetameter—for then men might serve their day and generation as long as their real age in strength and spirit permitted, instead of being cut off by the reckonings of sidereal time. By such age measurement Sir Harry has not yet reached the time of retirement, and it is to be hoped that one who has served both his own country and the city in which he has represented its interests may, for the sake of both, be granted, in view of this fact and this service, a 'life extension.' His forty years in foreign service, half of them in America, have given him an experience and an acquaintance which

added years will but make more valuable so long as they do not impair his health and strength. A sometime captain of the Irish Fusiliers and a former London newspaper correspondent, with a strain of the Scot, he is fairly representative of the country whose sojourners here seek his counsel and guidance in a strange land, and he has always been a friend to all in distress.

"An outstanding achievement of his career in New York has been the organization of the Society of Foreign Consuls, of which he was the principal founder and is the president. The chiefs of the consular missions in New York are all 'picked men,' and their offices are rightly regarded as the 'blue ribbons' of their profession. They have no authority over their compatriots here, but they are generally regarded as responsible if things go wrong. So it is men of experience as well as of exceptional ability and of highest probity that are needed in these posts. At their head, by right of tenure and such qualifications as these, stands their dean."

Will December 25th be "Just Another" for Ten Thousand Homeless Sailors?



Christmas ships are steered port, laden with toys and gifts. The seamen standing under the starlit sky are remembering that the Star of Bethlehem will soon shed its radiant light o'er all the earth.

Many of these seafarers will spend Christmas Day at sea, but at least 10,000 of them will come in the Port of New York to spend the holiday at "25 Street."

TO most of us, Christmas Day would mean very little unless we had a HOME in which to enjoy the holiday. December 25th means a gathering of friends and relatives around a cheerful hearth . . . an exchange of presents . . . a delicious dinner . . . music . . . entertainment and good cheer.

But for thousands of homeless sailors this joyous day will mean "just another day" in their lonely lives *unless* the Institute bids them welcome. BUT in order to provide ten thousand men with a gay Christmas atmosphere: good food, good fun and cheer, we are desperately in need of funds.

Hundreds and hundreds of seamen are out of work. The demands on us for the mere necessities of life have been so tremendous that our funds have been greatly depleted. We want very, very much to provide a Christmas entertainment for the thousands of sailors who will swarm to our building on that day, but we need your help.

Dollars are scarcer this Holiday Season than they have been in a long time. But most of us still have enough of this world's goods to enjoy the luxuries as well as the necessities of life.

Will you share just a few of the holiday's joys with these sailor boys and send your dollars to the Institute, designating them for our HOLIDAY FUND? Every cent of every dollar will go toward making Christmas Day a day of gladness for these men who would otherwise regard it as "just another day."

Returning from long months at sea, what would it mean to you to find, coupled with the primal necessities of food and shelter, a warm welcome, a kindly handshake, and a hearty "Merry Christmas!"

So will you please, as you plan your Christmas giving, remember the lonely sailor through our HOLIDAY FUND? May this earnest appeal find an answering chord in your heart.



The Wreck of the Jason

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of accounts of notable shipwrecks. Nearly every country boasting an extensive coast-line possesses a marine graveyard, some spot along its shores where the bones of an ever-increasing fleet of wrecked vessels lie buried—ships whose last Port has been reached, whose very names are forgotten. Shrouded in fog, girt about with treacherous currents or deadly quicksands, woe betide the craft that strikes one of these ocean death-traps.

THE ill-fated *Jason* was wrecked on Cahoons Hol- low, Cape Cod, December 5th, 1893. Of the ship's com- pany of twenty-six men, only one was saved. Eleven bodies of the crew were found and buried in the Weelfleet Ceme- tery, having floated ashore. One other was found hanging to the side of the *Jason*.

In the issue of December 6th, 1893, the Boston Herald con- tained the following account of the wreck:—

"Highland Light, December 5th, 1893.—A severe easterly gale. At 3 P. M. Captain Bearse, of the Naresett Life- Saving Station, discovered a large ship off that point, under close-reefed topsails, being driv- en helplessly towards the beach.

"The ship was driven ashore one mile south of Highland Light at 7:30 P. M."

"The vessel is the British ship *Jason*, Captain MacMillan, from Calcutta for Boston, with a car- go of jute.

"Seaman Samuel Evans was washed ashore on some wreck- age. The ship is in a dangerous position and is going to pieces. It is believed that with the ex- ception of Evans, her entire crew has perished. The life- savers shot the line over the doomed vessel, but owing to the impenetrable darkness the sail- ors could not see it, and it was soon broken. The *Jason* soon broke up, and the whole crew, who were clinging to the miz- zen mast, were thrown into the water and drowned. Had they taken to the foremast, all would have been saved as that alone stands to-day."

The Herald, of December 8th, after giving an account of the breaking up of the ship, quotes Evans, who was an apprentice:

The Lone Survivor's Story

"On Tuesday afternoon Cap- tain MacMillan was heading the *Jason* for Boston Bay. When the gale set in the ship was out of sight of land. The weather

set in thick, but the crew was in particularly good spirits, for there was the prospect of a royal good time in port after the 125 days' voyage.

"The first part of the gale came from the South-east, and caught us with a lot of canvas on our spars. We furled all but the three lower topsails, and made everything snug. Land was made by the look-out late in the afternoon. Captain Mac- Millan at once realized that he was south of his proper course, and that the highlands of Cape Cod were close to leeward.

"Captain MacMillan ordered the man at the wheel to bring the ship to the wind, and get her on the off-shore tack, but she wouldn't answer her helm. The mountainous seas knocked her bows off at each blow they delivered, and she was sagging to leeward at least two feet for every five she forged ahead.

"We got more sail on, but that didn't help matters, and we were close to the breakers on the outer bar. It was dark and the snow and sleet made it al- most impossible for us to look to windward.

The Captain held the ship as close to the wind as she would work in hopes of clearing the bar where it deepens off High- land Light—five miles to the

Northward. Had we reached that point, and then weathered Peaked Hill bars, the *Jason* would have been safe.

Fight With the Elements

"At about seven o'clock we ran on the bar with a shock that must have ripped the keel away from the plating. A big sea swept the deck from stem to stern, and the mass of water carried overboard everything on deck that was not bolted down. The chest containing the life- preservers was washed over- board in a wall of water.

"Before I could get to the shrouds, the water, as it rushed along the deck, threw me to the rail. The masts tottered, and a section of the deck near the main mast flew upward and the sea rushed into the opening.

"After being in the mizzen rigging a moment, the sea wrenched my hold, and hurled me to the deck. Then another wave picked me up and I was over the rail in a jiffy. An- other sea cast me against a bale of jute and the breath was al- most knocked out of my body.

"After being a long time in the water, only partially con- scious, my feet touched the sand of the beach. Falling upon all fours, I dragged myself out of the warring surf to safety."

Comments on the Institute from the Public Press

FROM: WATERBURY (CONN.) "REPUBLICAN" OCTOBER 19, 1930

SOUTH STREET, WHERE SAILORS OF WORLD GATHER, IS ROMANTIC SPOT

Laundries Advertise Free Mending and Darning; Bulletin Warns Against Wood Alcohol Poisoning

New York—Every class of New York has its own particular street. The sailors' hangout is South street, which curves around the lower tip of the island called Manhattan.

Here is the port of salty fellows who sail the seven seas.

Here they loaf between voyages. Their movements are the casual passings of a restless people. Their brown, leathery faces speak of tropic sun and Arctic storm. They bring a bit of the romance of far ports, strange lands.

Street of Sailors

Where South street begins at the Battery there is a colony of sailors' outfitters. Windows are filled with a conglomeration of equipment for sea-bags—dungarees, knives, manuals of navigation, soap and cigarets, uniforms, caps and, mark of softening seamanship, silk underwear.

Everything is for the sailor. Laundries advertise "mending and darning free." In a tailoring shop Prof. Jack has his tattooing studio. Outside a sailing man in dungarees peddles a workers' newspaper.

A half-dozen or more sailors' unions, including a branch of the I. W. W., have club rooms over the outfitters and restaurants and next to the offices of shipping agents.

In front of the Seamen's Church Institute there is a tiny park where the sailing men lounge on benches, some reading papers, others swapping yarns, some just staring into space or doing their day's sleeping.

A cosmopolitan crowd meets here—Latin, Nordic and Asiatics, blond, black and brown men—telling of fights in Cuban dives, of nights on the west coast of Africa,

From the Church bulletin of the Rev. Frank Warfield Crowder, D.D., Rector of St. James' Church, New York City.

Annual Sailors' Day

"We are asked to observe today as Annual Sailors' Day; to think and pray for those who toil on the great

or dancing with Eskimo maids in Greenland.

Shore Home

The Seamen's Church Institute is an impressive building, the only pretentious structure on South street.

Endowed by citizens throughout the United States, it combines with a chapel all the material and spiritual conveniences. It offers lectures, movies, games. It has a bank, a laundry, a barber shop, a post office, a merchant marine school, an employment agency.

Rooms are rented for 35 cents to \$1 a night. There is always a crowd of seamen entering and leaving, messages are pinned to a large board. It is a clearing house of sailors from all over the world.

"Russell called and said for you to telephone Riverside—" reads one message. Another notifies Olaf Olson to report at a certain ship. Many of the messages are in envelopes. In the corner of one was written, "Your brother Joe."

On another bulletin board a sign warns sailors that the poison cannot be extracted from wood alcohol and to beware of drinks in this port.

Sailmakers and chandlers have their warehouses along the street beyond. Great heaps of coiled rope, oakum, anchors and canvas, ships' lanterns and bells, seen through open doorways, make South street the city's nautical lane.

ships upon which we travel, often without a thought of the numbers of men who are caring for our comfort and safety. These men, so strong at sea, are often weak and lonely on shore. So our prayers are especially asked today for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute. Here a man may find a comfortable and safe lodg-

ing instead of going to one of the undesirable rooming houses along the waterfront. Here his baggage is cared for; his money may be safely deposited; he can find recreation, entertainment; receive medical care. The employment office may find him a new job, or he may even join a study class to help him advance. Missing men are put in touch with their families, letters written and received. Here he may attend religious services and the chaplain and other workers are always available for personal conference, and to them the seamen go with their many problems, perplexities and sorrows.

The President of the New York Institute, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, is a member of our Vestry, and the General Superintendent is the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., who has done and is doing a remarkable work in the great building at 25 South street, where church people are always welcome as visitors."

From the New York TIMES Editorial Page, September 26, 1930.

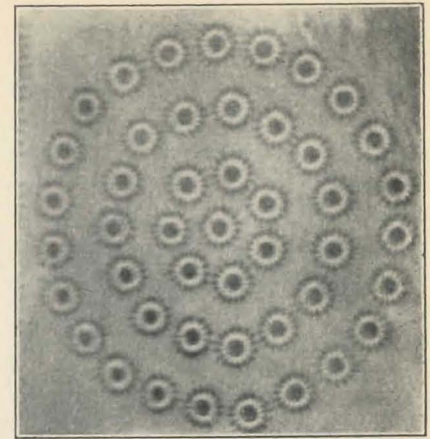
Land School for Sailors

A sailor's days in port are generally held to be a time of brief but violent celebration. But when his days lengthen into weeks and months because there's no berth to be had, a seaman is apt to have a dull time of it. With most of his money gone, waiting until a sea-going job turns up is a dreary business.

As a means to make the hours pass pleasantly, profitably and cheaply, the Seaman's Church Institute is offering a free course of seamanship to Americans of 16 years or more. Classes will start Oct. 1. In a time of depression it is the inexperienced seaman who is first out of a job, and to make good this lack the Institute is planning its courses.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and a sailor is the man who should know how to trim his sails before a bad one. By studying while marooned on land, many seamen should become competent to sign on for better jobs when better times round the corner.

For Sale!



We hope that some of our readers will be interested in purchasing the beautiful hand-made quilt pictured on this page. Two of the Institute's generous and devoted friends donated the quilt to our cause. We should like to sell it for at least \$100. We are confident that it is worth much more than that. If you are interested in purchasing this quilt will you kindly write to THE LOOKOUT Editor immediately?

A Famous Carpenter

Mr. Gould, the chief carpenter of the Byrd Expedition, spent several days at the Institute. He thought our new Annex couldn't be beat, and we may be forgiven for feeling pleased when he said: "We talked about the Institute lots when we were in the Anarctic."

A Nightmare Voyage

PART III (Continued from the November LOOKOUT)

By CHANDOS ST. JOHN BRENON

LIKE a herd about to stampede, the crowd swayed toward the Swede. There came a deafening roar and the port side of the deck opened up. A long, narrow tongue of flame burst forth, wrapped itself around the Swede and then suddenly disappeared, leaving him dead on the deck, his flesh blackened and blistered.

Aft flew the men towards the boats, but when they were stopped in a huddled heap by the apprentice who pointed a large Colt directly at them, Captain Scott ran quickly up the ladder and called:

"Boys, this ship's on fire!" he cried. "We can make Coquimbo in a few more days and save the ship, if you'll stand by her. There's a month's pay, too, for every man who sticks. The worst is over; the gas is released. We've got the boats ready but no man gets into those boats until I give the word. I am duty bound to bring this ship into port, and, by Jupiter, I will try! The first man that attempts to rush those boats gets a bullet."

Turning to the apprentices, he said: "I mean it! Shoot any man that tries!"

"I'm not asking you to do what I won't do myself. We'll all go together, and have the satisfaction of saying we stuck. I'm going to trust any man that comes up on this poop, puts his hand in mine, and says, 'I'm with you, captain!' Who's coming?"

Several men stepped clear of the crowd, walked up directly to the "Old Man," and solemnly shook hands.

Burrows, a squat negro from the crowd below, howled.

"To blazes with your ship! Ain't our lives wuth somethin'? Come on boys."

Yelling, he leapt to the rail. Crack! crack! went the revolvers. With a high-pitched scream the man slipped overboard. He never appeared on the surface of the water.

After this sudden tragedy the crew surged back to the mainmast fiferail and there they stood for the whole night while the apprentices kept watch. The next morning cold preserved

meats with hard tack were rationed out.

On the following day loud crashes from the lower holds shook the masts from heel to truck. With a roar the deck tore asunder, and a round puff of yellow smoke shot upwards. The angry flames licked the white paint off the lower mast and set fire to the mainsail.

Screams, oaths and muffled cries of pain filled the air. The crew jammed into the starboard boat, but, in the rush leaving an Irishman behind. In his frenzy, he sawed his sheath knife rapidly across the aftertackle fall. The stern of the boat went down but the fore part held, and the entire crowd of eleven men were precipitated into the sea. The mate frantically tried to release the boat, the fall fouled, and before the gig fell clear the drowning men were far astern. Not a sign was left to tell of the awful tragedy.

"God rest their souls!" whispered Captain Scott.

Suddenly the lazarette, or storeroom, blew up, and with it went all the food and drinking water. Pangs of hunger and thirst assailed the men. Every face showed a wound and was scarred by the flames.

Then cramps seized the car-

penyer, and his agony was awful to see. His screams cut the hearers like a knife. Captain Scott alone seemed oblivious to all this suffering, and never took his eyes from the eastern horizon. That night poor "Chips" died.

"Who will be next?" was asked as each silently crouched and watched until, one morning, upon the starboard bow, low and grey, appeared land. Each man stared ahead with lack-lustre eyes.

Captain Scott himself took the wheel. He allowed the ship's head to pay off and brought the land well on the beam. Suddenly the mizzen shroudbolts, weakened by the fire, snapped.

A heavy, iron block loosened from the mizzen mast, hurtled straight down upon the captain's head, and clove it like an egg-shell. The ship staggered under the weight of the debris and then she began to come up in the wind. The boatswain rushed to the wheel and jammed it over. The mate took the lee side of the wheel as the crippled ship slowly and painfully crept towards the harbor ahead.

The crew were taken off, housed, fed and made heroes of, finally returning to England.

The End.

Musings of the Mate

An Outdoor Laundry

IN the rear of Jeannette Park, diagonally across from the Institute, is a watering trough for horses. At least, that is what the Sturgis family who donated it intended it should be used for. But horses are getting scarcer and scarcer along the waterfront, and so the trough has evolved into an outdoor laundry — and it is meeting a keen need entirely unforseen by the donor! If you come along Coenties Slip any morning you will see literally dozens of sailors who have spent the night sleeping on the bandstand or on the park benches, enjoying their ablutions under the open sky. On the trough they hang mirrors and proceed to wash with slivers of soap and shave. Then, they remove their undershirts and dip these up and down in the water, after which they hang them all along the iron fence to dry in the sun! Surely, no one can say that



sailors are not clean when they will go to all this trouble. Of course, we should explain that any seaman who sleeps in our dormitory is entitled to the use of our washrooms, but times are so hard that many of the men would prefer to sleep outdoors and use their pennies for food.

Theatre Benefit

OUR Sixth Annual Theatre Benefit was considered a decided success. Our net profit was \$3,602.77. This money was immediately turned over to our Ways and Means Fund for the general maintenance of the Institute.

We are exceedingly grateful to all those friends who cooperated by taking

tickets and also to those who, although unable to attend the play personally, generously sent contributions. It is our sincere hope that the audience enjoyed the performance of "The Man in Possession."

A Suitable Christmas Remembrance

Instead of an elaborate Christmas card this season, why not send each of your friends one of the Institute's attractive new Memoranda Booklets? They are on sale at the Institute and through all the S. C. I. Associations at \$1.00 each. We can give only a partial idea of how pleasing in appearance these booklets are with their blue leather covers and gold seal, with seven photographs of the Institute, a foreword by Dr. Mansfield, a 1931 calendar and plenty of space on each page for you to jot down memoranda. When ordering by mail please make checks payable to: Junius S. Morgan, Jr., Treasurer, Building Fund.

ORDER BLANK

**Building Finance Committee
Seamen's Church Institute
25 South Street, New York**

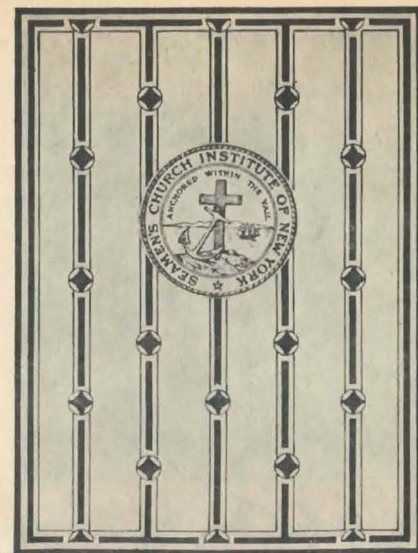
Please send me of the Souvenir Booklets containing memoranda and 1931 calendar at \$1.00 each, for which I enclose—

(Check
(Cash
(Money Order

for \$.....

.....
Name

.....
Address



Important!

The newspapers have recently been carrying items about the Emergency Employment Committee which is being directed by Mr. Seward Prosser. From him comes the following: "THE COMMITTEE DESIRES TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT ALL FUNDS IT OBTAINS MUST BE IN ADDITION TO THE ORDINARY BUDGETS OF CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS. IT, THEREFORE, URGES ALL THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTE REGULARLY TO THESE WELFARE AGENCIES TO CONTINUE THEIR SUPPORT AND, IF POSSIBLE, IN VIEW OF THE EMERGENCY, TO ADD TO THEIR USUAL GIFTS."

Information Booth



Who will give the *Information Booth* in our Lobby as a Memorial?

This booth is being constructed in our main lobby, opposite the street entrance. It will represent the first point of contact which seamen have with the Institute. Here they will be welcomed, their questions answered, general information regarding railroads, boats, guides to New York, amusements, reference to all the departments of

the building, etc., will be supplied.

This may be subscribed as a memorial for \$300.00.

Since the list of available memorials in the New Annex was published in the last issue of *THE LOOKOUT*, the following have been subscribed by friends of the Institute:

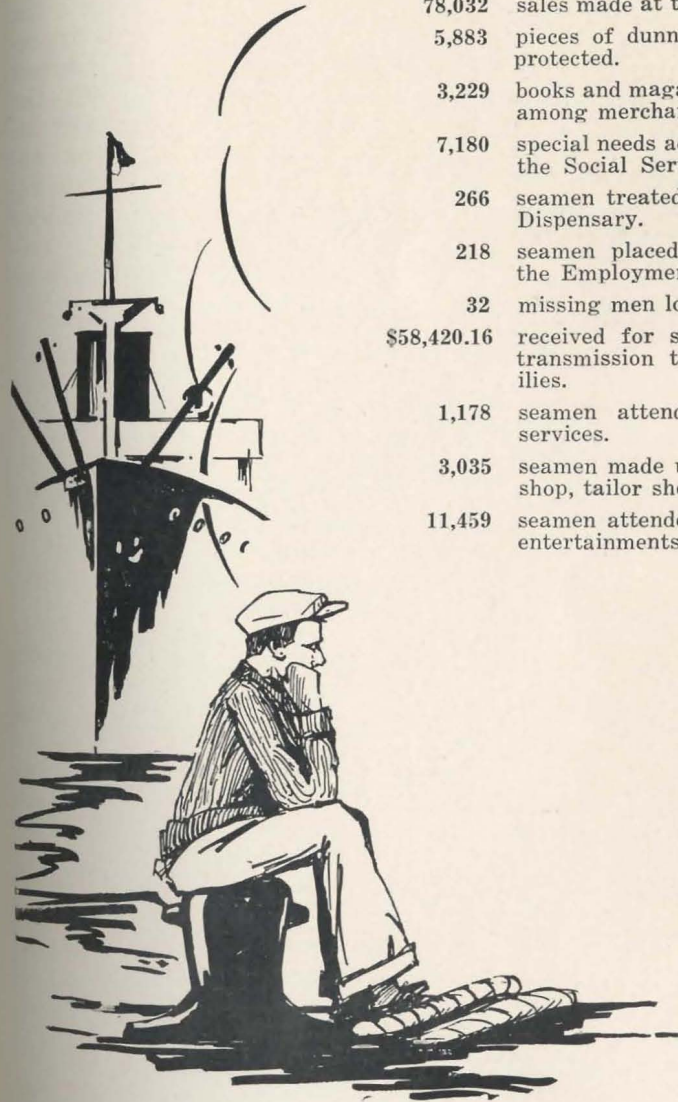
Two Officers' Rooms.....	\$3,000.00
Building Fund	1,000.00

Among the memorials still available which may be reserved in memory of some departed loved one, or as a tribute to some dear friend who is still living, are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Medical Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
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
New Doors to Main Entrance.....	1,500.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each	500.00
Prayer Desk in Small Chapel.....	300.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00

Some of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the month of October, 1930.

41,051	lodgings registered.
26,575	meals served.
78,032	sales made at the soda fountain.
5,883	pieces of dunnage checked and protected.
3,229	books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
7,180	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
266	seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.
218	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
32	missing men located.
\$58,420.16	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
1,178	seamen attended 17 religious services.
3,035	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
11,459	seamen attended 14 movies and entertainments.



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