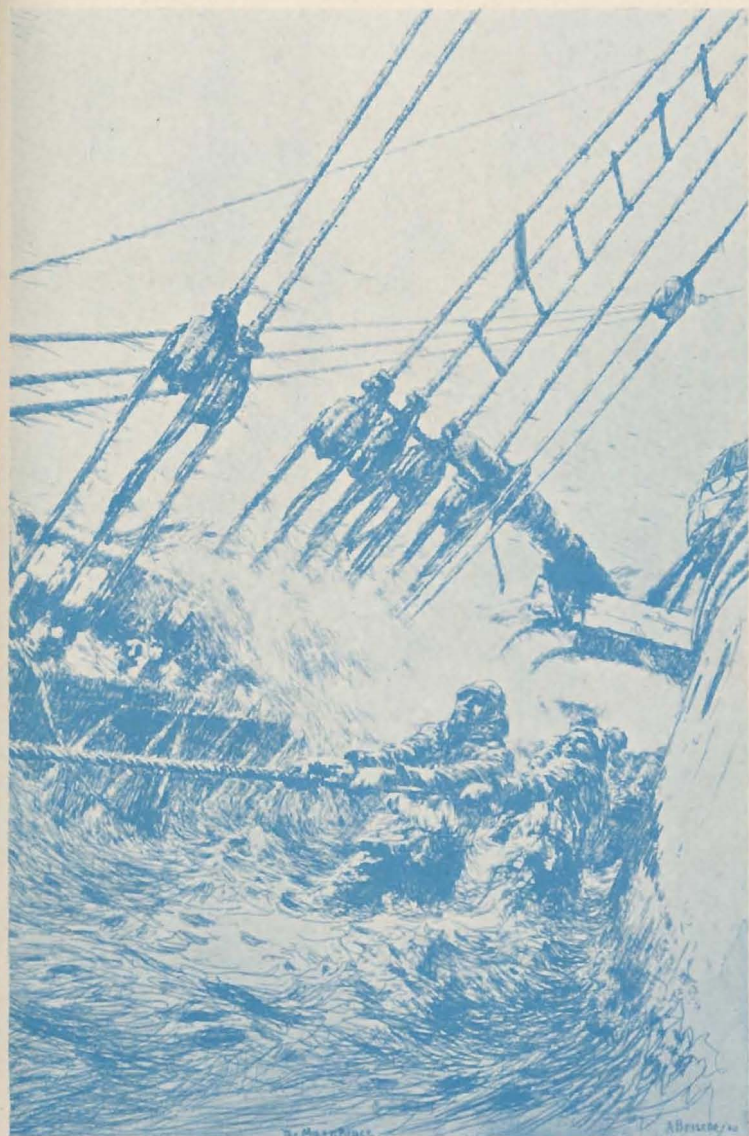


The LOOKOUT



From an etching by Arthur Briscoe Courtesy, The Casson Galleries, Boston, Mass.

"The Main Brace"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

The Lookout

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PLEASE NOTE: LOOKOUT readers may observe the abbreviated form of the current issue. This is in keeping with our policy of retrenchment because of present economic conditions. The Institute is facing a large deficit, and must, therefore, economize at every point. We are counting upon your encouragement and support to see us through these difficult times.

Food—Afloat and Ashore



Behind the scenes in the Institute's kitchens

THE food habits of landlubbers when they go to sea and the food preferences of seamen when they come ashore comprise a vast and most interesting subject. When one reads that the Mauretania of the Cunard Line carries so many tons of live stock, game, etc., to supply passengers and crew for one trip, we are amazed at the quantity of foodstuffs consumed.

Readers of THE LOOKOUT will also probably be surprised to know that a day's food supply in the Institute larders reaches an astounding amount. For example,

in one day 40 pounds of lamb, 32 pounds of butter, 72 dozen eggs, 5 pounds of cheese, 1 dozen fowl, 300 pounds of potatoes, 5 dozen lettuce, 150 oranges, 50 pounds of pork loin, 300 pounds of beef, to say nothing of bushels and bushels of fresh peas, string beans, spinach, tomatoes, etc., are used each day, as well as about 100,000 gallons of water! From these statistics one can readily see that the Institute is a great "ship" ashore, feeding, as it does, about 1,000 men each day.

C. H. McVay, one of the In-

stitute's seamen, is a ship's cook and whenever he comes to New York he pays a visit to the Institute kitchens, which, in his opinion, are the cleanest and best he has ever seen. In discoursing on this matter with THE LOOKOUT editor, Mr. McVay pointed that the average landsman eats about fifty per cent more on shipboard than he is accustomed to eat on shore. He explained this by saying that the tang of the salt air and the constant exercise that passengers get walking the decks are great inducements for hearty eating. A chief cook's cardinal principle is never to bring in what is called a "hungry ship." Even though the average ship going to Europe arrives in five or six days, the stewards must confer with the catering department of the line and must estimate carefully in order to have sufficient perishable stores for thirty days and enough dry stores for sixty days. That is where the Institute has an advantage because it can order from day to day.

Sugar and items of a strong sugar content must feature frequently in the menus aboard ships as sugar has a high sustaining quality. Mr. McVay remarked that eventually the standard lifeboat ration will consist of chocolate bars, corned beef, pilot bread and water. Such a combination is generally regarded as the most

compact and nourishing food that can be selected for such a vital purpose. "Each lifeboat", he said, "has a capacity for twenty persons and its storage butt is required by law to be stocked with food at all times. Of course, the food contents must be changed periodically, but the water barrel need never be disturbed because fresh water, when it is tightly sealed against the elements, will last forever in potable condition. The water will deteriorate gradually for two weeks to a low point of staleness but thereafter will recover its quality and freshness. Of the energy rations, the chocolate bars are regarded as most important."

"Another advantage that the Institute has", said Mr. McVay, with a laugh, "is that whether it rains or whether it shines, the seamen are still hungry and will eat heartily, but on shipboard whenever there is a storm, we can always count on saving about one half of that day's stores because many of the crew, as well as passengers, are afflicted with mal de mer."

Another ship's cook with whom we talked, Valerie de Fleron, who, as you can guess from his name, specializes in French cooking, has figured out that when the steward makes out his requisition for food he estimates one and one-half pounds of meat per day per man, two eggs a day, one-half pound

potatoes and a half pound of various vegetables and fruits. "Every large liner", he said, "has its own victualing or catering department which, after knowing the number of passengers sailing, estimates the amount of food for the voyages and then confers with the stewards and ship's cooks. "The names of various dishes differ on sea and on shore", said de Fleron. "For example, ashore we call it ragout of beef, but afloat the crew calls it just plain beef stew or goulash. Potatoes we call spuds and corned beef hash with eggs we call 'angels on horseback'. Of

course, in the dining room the printed menus contain fancy French names."

"For many years we have used electric or steam-driven refrigerators on board ships", he continued, "to keep meat and provisions fresh, and usually at each port we pick up quantities of the more perishable foodstuffs."

We feel quite complimented when men who have had so much experience in the kitchens of great liners pay tribute to the fine quality of food that is offered at such reasonable rates to our seamen here at the Institute.

Mother Roper—"Sherlock Holmes"

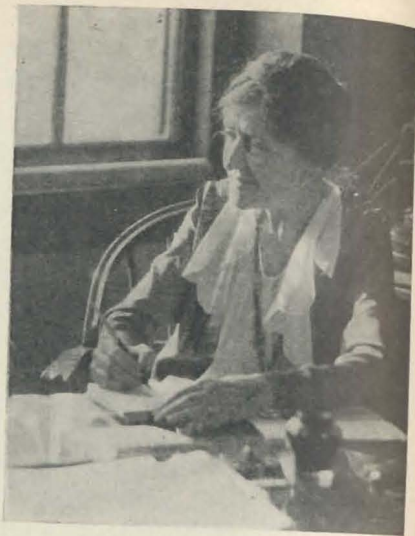
TO the average layman who is not a member of Scotland Yard or who does not subscribe to the Crime Club or is in no way intimately connected with the workings of master detective minds, the solving of any mystery seems nothing short of miraculous. How does one go about finding clues, following trails and picking up evidence? Mother Roper has had a wealth of experience in this direction and we feel sure could qualify as a Craig Kennedy, Sherlock Holmes or Philo Vance any day.

Family reunions, reconciliations after long years, sudden appearances of long lost relatives—these

are the experiences which have become common occurrences in Mrs. Roper's work as head of our Missing Seamen Department. For example, a young Norwegian officer on a ship just leaving the Canal Zone suddenly disappeared. It was thought that he had either jumped ship or had gone ashore just before the ship sailed and had inadvertently missed his ship. His sister in San Pedro, California, could not believe that her brother would completely disappear off the face of the earth without notifying her. She wrote to Mrs. Roper and, after a whole year of patience and persistence, learned that her brother's body had been

found twelve hours after the ship had sailed and had never been identified. It was thought that he had been overcome by the excessive heat in the Canal Zone and had fallen overboard. With Mother Roper's help, a safety deposit box in her brother's name was discovered. Our Institute at San Pedro assisted her in getting in touch with a reliable lawyer who settled the estate in a few days. The sister, who had planned to go to Norway, said, "I could not go home and face my family until I knew definitely what had become of Olaf. Thanks to Mrs. Roper and my friends at the San Pedro Institute, I can now return to my home." During the long days while the sister waited word, she asked Mr. Grenney at the San Pedro Institute if she could not be of some service to seamen. He arranged for her to visit the Marine Hospital and make calls on the various Norwegian sailors convalescing there.

Another incident was that of a woman, Mrs. Davis, who came to New York to meet her seaman husband. However, his boat did not get in as soon as he had expected, so, when he did arrive he found no letter from his wife waiting for him at 25 South Street. Frantically he sought Mother Roper's aid. The way in which Mrs. Roper solved this "case" would have been a credit even to



Scotland Yard. She eventually learned that the wife had arrived in New York but had suddenly succumbed to scarlet fever, had been sent to the contagious disease ward of a city hospital and was not permitted to send any letter to her husband. The joyful meeting of man and wife in Mother Roper's office was the happy ending of this story.

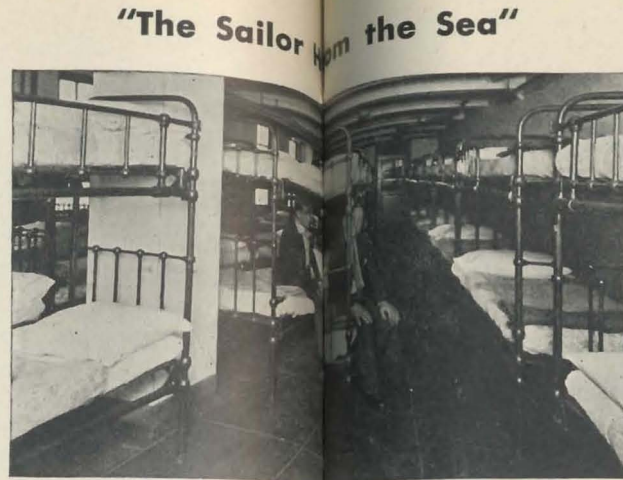
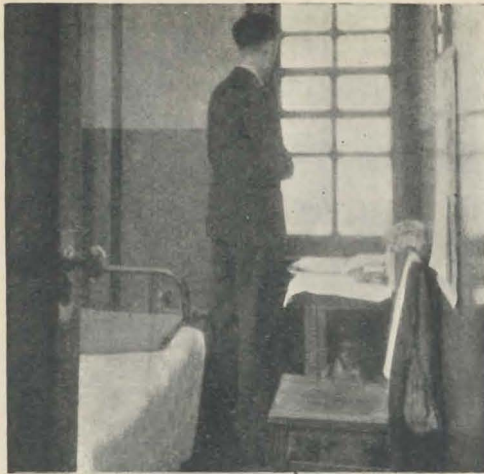
Still another case wherein Mrs. Roper displayed her ability as a detective was that of a seaman who accidentally sent his wife in Memphis wrong instructions about what busses to take to reach New York. As soon as he had discovered his error he rushed to Mrs. Roper and explained that it was too late to get word to his wife for, by that time, she had already started on her journey northward.

"She is so young and so dependent on me," said this seaman. "I never have failed her and when she finds that the bus I told her to take does not reach New York she will be frantic." Mother Roper hastily got busy in the matter and, after investigating the various bus lines, was told to telegraph word to the young wife and little son. However, the wife proved herself not quite so helpless as her husband had described her, for even before the telegram had reached her she had taken another bus which brought her to New York City. No. 25 South Street was the only address she knew and the next morning she landed in our Religious and Social Service Department, very tired and sleepy from her long journey and with but \$8.00 left. Mrs. Roper assured her that she would find her husband who was working on a houseboat in Flushing and for the moment could not be reached. In the meantime the young wife and child were sent to St. Barnabas House where they enjoyed a good day and night's rest. In the meantime, Mrs. Roper managed to get word to the husband who came and got his little family and now all three live on the boat. "I am so happy," said the seaman, "and Ella and I are so grateful for what you have done for us."

And then another was the case of Carl Tyre who had been re-

ported missing for two years. One day he appeared at Mother Roper's door and learned through her that his father in Sweden had two years previously cabled him money. Carl said that he had never sent for any money, had never received it and at the time the cable had arrived was in South America. Carl's mother had written to Mrs. Roper, complaining that she had received no further word from her son, and that is how he was put on our missing seamen list. Suspecting that the boy had been robbed of his papers and passport and that the robber was the one who had cabled home to Carl's parents for the money, Mrs. Roper wrote and asked the authorities in Washington to notify her when a new passport was issued to a man by the name of Carl Tyre. Thus when this happened Carl was sent to her and full explanation was made. He, of course, was terribly angry that some other person had cabled his family but, as Mother Roper said to him, "If you had been writing home regularly, this trouble would not have occurred." Carl is a tall, blonde, Lindbergh-type, and when he left Mother Roper's office he solemnly promised to write a long letter of explanation to his home in Sweden.

These and hundreds of other cases illustrate the way Mrs. Roper straightens out tangles.



"The Sailor's Home from the Sea"

"**B**E IT ever so humble, there's no place like home" is especially true for our sailormen. They are not fussy—luxurious surroundings are not a part of their lives—but oh, how appreciative they are of the clean, comfortable rooms and dormitories available at the Institute at such low cost.

For, to thousands of these men the Institute is their only Home. From the photographs on this page one can see how they enjoy the privacy, comfort and convenience of our bedrooms. After sleeping long nights in ship's fo'c'sles they quite naturally seek the home-like atmosphere of "25 South Street." No matter how brief their sojourn here, they hang pictures on the walls, put trinkets on the bureau and books on the table. "A man's home is his castle" expresses the attitude of these wanderers when at last they enter their *own* room.

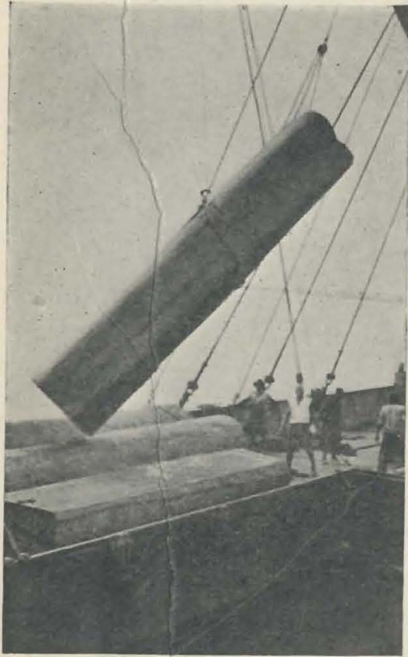
In the Annex of our building there are still 260 of these bedrooms which are waiting for generous friends to select as me-

morials. It would be a source of great satisfaction to Dr. Mansfield, the Board of Managers and the Institute staff if before 1931 is over these rooms could be completely paid for. It would mean that the Building Debt would be greatly reduced, which is the most needful thing at the present time, because each contribution to the Building Fund is applied to the debt principal and thus the interest rates are reduced.

On the sixth floor there are six seamen's rooms available for memorials at \$500 each; on the seventh floor there are fifty-seven rooms at \$500 each and on the eighth floor there are thirty-six. On the ninth floor there are fifty-eight \$1,000 rooms which have the added convenience of hot and cold running water. Also on the tenth floor are thirty-seven such rooms and on the eleventh, fifty-six. On the twelfth floor are ten officers' rooms, a bit more spacious—some with double windows, at \$1,500 each.

Please send your contributions to
S. MORGAN, JR., Treasurer,
Annex Building Fund, 25 South Street, New York City

The Romance of a Freighter



The average log weighs three tons.

"So here's to the captains
And here's to the mates
The sailors and stokers
That bring in the freights!"

"TO look at me, you would never know that I carry thrilling cargoes and that my 6,000 tons have voyaged up many winding rivers, past bright-foliaged mango trees far into the heart of the famous African jungle." Such might be the words uttered by a commonplace freighter if it had a chance to talk.

"As the sun glistens on my iron

decks while I lie docked in New York harbor, I do not make a particularly favorable impression at first glance. Your ocean greyhounds and floating palaces are far more attractive to the eye, but beauty is only skin deep, and within my bulk I transport everything that is beautiful as well as useful: jewelry, silks, cotton, sewing machines, Quaker Oats, medicine, cosmetics to brown-skinned natives who, in turn, fill me up with palm oil, cocoa, ivory and mahogany logs."

One summer afternoon THE LOOKOUT editor paid a visit aboard a freighter which makes a regular run to the West Coast of Africa, laden with all the modern inventions that American manufacturers have perfected, and returning to New York after a hundred days or so bearing the products of the tropics.

When you admire the "school girl complexion" of a charming young lady, have you ever stopped to realize that the palm oils which make the soap she uses are brought to this country on freighters? Far in the heart of the jungle grows a fruit similar to our plum. The natives crush the fleshy pulp of this fruit and extract the yellow oil which, after many processes becomes the familiar "Palmolive Soap." From the kernel of the

fruit they squeeze a white oil into barrels provided by American manufacturers and from this oil butter, fats, and soaps are formed. As will be seen from the picture on this page, the natives of Nigeria load their canoes with barrels filled with these oils and float them down the narrow creeks to ports like Cameroun where the freighter is anchored and tied to the overhanging trees with their strange, upturned roots. Pipe lines are then run from the shore to the ship and the oil is carried into huge tanks in the hold of the vessel.

As soon as the freighter reaches Dakar or Freetown, it takes on a crew of about sixty-five Negroes who are experienced in loading and unloading the products of the

country as the ship progresses up the rivers of Nigeria in its quest of the palm oil.

On the once famous "Gold Coast" cocoa is now the chief export and on the "Ivory Coast" mahogany is the principal product. Here solid mahogany logs are loaded aboard the freighter, the average log weighing from three to five tons. From the illustration one can see how these logs are conveyed through the surf by ropes attached to the ship's launch and are brought to American ports and metamorphosed into somebody's grand piano or dining room table.

When the trading companies have loaded the ship, they pay the natives for their products, and the natives, in turn, purchase kitchen



African natives carry palm oil in canoes to waiting freighters.



Mahogany logs are conveyed through the surf to the freighters.

utensils, rugs, straw hats, high-heeled shoes and other products of the East.

"Life aboard a freighter," said one of the crew, "is a lot more interesting than life aboard a passenger liner. Of course the journeys are long, but it's all in the day's work, and the food's good, the pay's more than it used to be and the watches are four hours on and eight hours off duty. Of course, there are no big cities on a route like this to visit, but the

sights we see as our ship goes up and down the rivers are interesting enough." Another member of the crew displayed, with great pride, photographs he had taken of two daughters of an African chief who were shown carrying what we would call a lady's handbag, except that it is balanced on the head and is known as a "calabash." Other sailors on board the freighter related with gusto their various encounters with monkeys baboons, and leopards.

Wanted—More Shoes

Again we come with an appeal for shoes for our seamen. We cannot possibly make our request too urgent for we know that there are many men walking up and down the waterfront wearing shoes that are worn through. Patient and pitiful are their efforts to repair them with bits of pasteboard or folded newspapers, but the holes persist in appearing after a few hours treading the hot pavements. So, dear readers, won't you please ransack the closets of the male members of your families and tie up all the old shoes they can spare and mail them to the Religious and Social Service Department at the Institute, 25 South Street, New York City. Your efforts will be most heartily appreciated by us and will be a Godsend to the seamen.

Jottings from the S. C. I. Log

Sailor's Philosophy

According to one of our sailors, who is anything if not frank, there are only two good ships in the opinion of the average seaman—the one he has just left and the one he intends to find on his next trip. He perpetually complains against the ship on which he is working, but after he leaves it, it is the most marvelous vessel in the world! Another axiom is that a sailor does all his sailing on shore and leads all his high life at sea. By this it is meant that a sailor's conversation while on shore is usually devoted to the topic of sailing whereas when he is in the galley, messroom or fo'c'stle his talk is generally concerning the adventures he has had ashore.

"Shipmates"

The following excerpt from a letter to Mother Roper was proudly displayed by her: "Dear Mother Roper: How's my old shipmate? Greetings from God's country and how! Why the deuced haven't you written to your old pal? Sincerely, you bet!" Mother Roper says she is always pleased when the seamen regard her not so much a guardian angel as a "pal."

Friendship!

Our business manager was walking through the lobby one day when a short, stocky, blue-eyed sailor accosted him, saying, "Hello there, old friend! Maybe you don't remember me, but one day about five years ago I came to the Institute with a smashed thumb. You asked me how it happened and you were so doggone sympathetic that ever since then I have felt you were my friend."

P. S. He Got the Ticket

Owing to the fact that our auditorium seats about one thousand men and we have anywhere from 9,000 to 12,000 men coming into the building a day, it is necessary for us to make a ruling that only those seamen who can show a room or dormitory ticket will be admitted to the moving picture show. An old salt waited in line one long afternoon and, when he finally arrived at the Relief Loan Desk, said, "I don't care so much about a bed ticket, but I sure would like to see the show tonight."

A Talented Seaman

Seaman Edward M. T., who has been sailing for eighteen years, is a skilled maker of mats. The mats are of natural rope color. The rope is first split, braided and then woven into an attractive design. Tollson has just finished making a mat in the shape of a semi-circle to fit around the chair in a dentist's office. The dentist who had ordered the mat seemed much pleased with it when it was completed. Tollson said that it required about fifty hours to make it. He thanked us for giving him a place where he could work on it.

Tragedy

One of the most tragic cases in recent years is that of Seaman Charles L., who fell off a ship's gang plank and dropped between the ship and the dock, breaking both legs, knees, hips, fracturing his skull and knocking out all his teeth. Miraculously, he survived, and has been in a marine hospital for nine months. He is only now managing to limp about on crutches. He received a compensation of \$1,200, but this sum has been used up for special treatments on his injured limbs. He is now totally disabled and in constant pain.

In Memory



Since the 60c which sailormen pay for a room never covers the cost of construction, equipping, cleaning and maintenance, we are asking you to reserve one of these rooms as a memorial to some departed relative — to endow a seaman's room in perpetuity. On our sixth floor there are two of these rooms left which have not been reserved as memorial objects to pay tribute to friends and relatives who have lived worth-while lives and whose influence is still felt by those who loved them.

To endow such a room costs \$5,000, which means that convalescent seamen can use these rooms absolutely free of charge and that this great service will outlive the donor, going on for years and years serving a humanitarian purpose.

Among other 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



A Record of Service

SOME of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during the first six months of 1931:

231,050	lodgings registered.
143,195	meals served.
462,024	sales made at the soda fountain.
29,591	pieces of baggage checked and protected.
21,339	books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
37,838	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
18,749	received Relief Loans.
1,962	seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
1,435	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
226	missing seamen located.
\$291,978.80	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
5,805	seamen attended 106 religious services.
15,935	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
21,432	Information Booth contacts.



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