

# The LOOKOUT



**\$1,032,000 is Still Needed to  
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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# The LOOKOUT

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## The LOOKOUT

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Editor, The Lookout

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## The Old Atlantic's Bell

The *Atlantic's* Bell—a tragic voice from the sea—will soon find a place on the outside of our new Annex Building where it will tell off the hours in its own tongue, ship's time.

Viewed in the light of its picturesque history, the old bell seems to be imbued with a personality.

Its first chapter was brief. It was cast in 1846—the year of the incorporation of the society that later became the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—and it was hung on the magnificent Steam Boat *Atlantic*, which plied between New London and New York.

A few short months later the *Atlantic*, pride of the Sound, lay on the rocks of Fisher's Island, a victim of the November seas; and there, all alone with its wreck, the old bell was found tolling a melancholy requiem for those who perished.

Then it was hung in the belfry of the Floating Church of the Holy Comforter; and in

1883 it came ashore to hang in the belfry of the Chapel of the Holy Comforter which was at that time made part of the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute. For over 76 years it sounded a summons to call sailormen to worship.

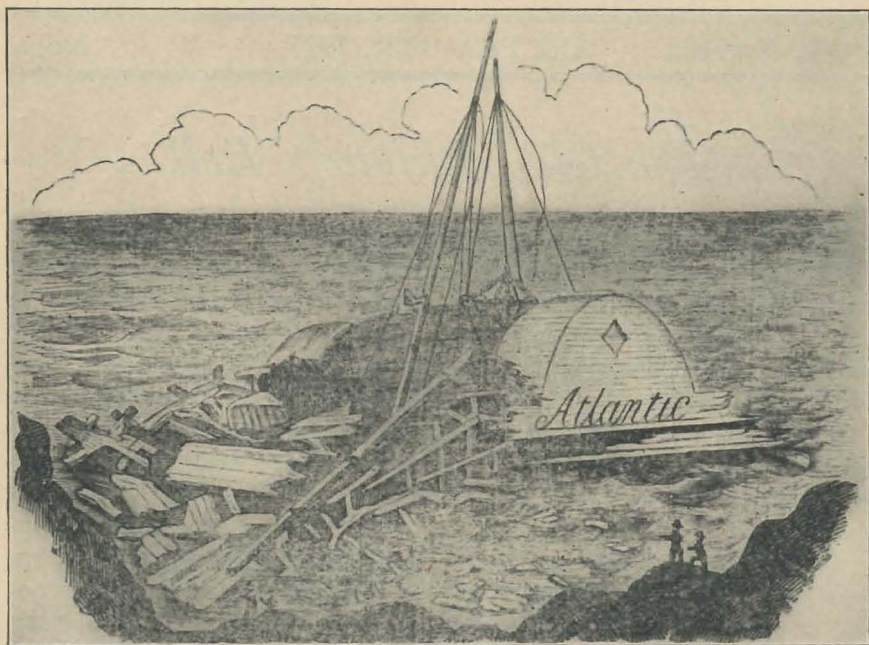
In 1923 the North River Station, the last outpost of the Institute, was abandoned, and until last fall the old bell hung there in the tower, once again alone with its wreck, but this time mute.

Now it is about to serve a real purpose again—its most interesting chapter we hope is still to be written.

It will have to be exceedingly gripping, however, to surpass the story of the Steam Boat *Atlantic*.

She was "finished with all the elegance that modern art could bestow," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* when she was launched in 1846—a description not unlike those recently applied

## THE ROUT



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE REPRODUCED IN THE NEW YORK *HERALD* OF DECEMBER 10, 1846. THE BELL MAY BE SEEN ON THE MAST TO THE LEFT

to the *Ile de France*, flagship of the French Line.

The cost of the *Atlantic* was about \$140,000. Somehow the "elegance" referred to suggests varnished oak and red plush. Be that as it may, the boat was the pride of its time and came to an untimely end.

It left New London soon after midnight Thursday, November 27th, 1846—Thanksgiving Day—with 78 persons on board. Just beyond the New London

light, "the steam pipe running into the steam chimney burst, rendering the engine entirely useless."

Almost immediately a severe gale arose, dragging the ship along with all its anchors cast. It drifted all day Thursday and all Thursday night until it crashed on the rocks of Fisher's Island just before five o'clock Friday morning. Suffering on board had been keen, what with the anxiety and the bitter cold.

## THE LOOKOUT

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Several attempts at rescue failed because of the storm and the treacherous shore.

Forty-two of the passengers and crew perished. Captain Isaac Kip Dustan, true seaman, lost his life when his ship crashed, but his body was recovered and buried near his home on Staten Island.

All this information is gleaned

from the New York *Herald* of November 29th and 30th, 1846.

A very quaint account it is, in old-fashioned newspaper style, with interpolation of personal opinion now permissible only in editorials, the facts running along in chronological order instead of starting with the conclusion and the results, as is the practice nowadays.



Eighty years ago a news item could begin like this: "It is with feelings of the most painful nature that we find ourselves constrained to publish the particulars of the loss of the once magnificent steamer *Atlantic*, and about forty lives."

And the article could continue:

"She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island, when a tremendous sea seemed to lift her up on to the very top of the ledge; so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster; it was terrible, and heart-rending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck, she was in pieces. In these five minutes at least one-half of those on board the *Atlantic* were taken from time into eternity. Some were drowned, some crushed, and some frozen to death. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea, were dreadful. There were six females, four children, and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death."

\* \* \* \*

"The body of Capt. Dustan was brought to the city and taken yesterday to Staten Is-

land, where his family, a wife and five children, one an infant, resides—all of whom were dependant upon his exertions for support. The arrival of his body was the first intelligence received of his untimely fate."

\* \* \* \*

"We are informed that the barrel containing the valuables entrusted to Adams' Express has been recovered; yesterday the bank bills were being dried in Wall Street. Mr. Gould's precaution in encasing the barrel in life preservers have thus been attended with success."

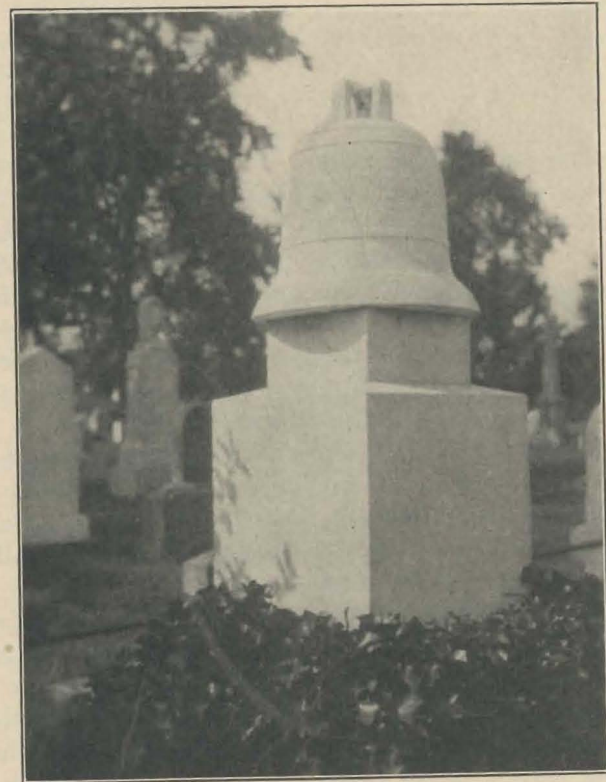
Some of the other items in the same edition of the *Herald* remind us that 1846 really was a very long time ago; for instance:

"Arrival—Hon. Daniel Webster came to the city in the Long Island train, which arrived here last evening."

Under the heading, "Our War with Mexico," we find a dispatch dated at New Orleans, November 19 (ten days before) with news up to the 12th brought by steamer and stating that an expedition against Tampico had started.

A further illuminating sidelight is thrown upon the times by the advertisement of the

Bowery Theatre, which offered three attractions—"Wild Steed of the Prairie," "Dream at Sea," and the operetta "No Song, No Supper." All this might be enjoyed from the dress circle for 25 cents, or from the pit or gallery for 12½ cents.



THE MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN ISAAC KIP DUSTAN OF THE STEAM BOAT *ATLANTIC* AND (BELOW) THE QUAIN INSCRIPTION ON THE GRANITE BELL

Far, far o'er the waves, like a funeral knell  
Mournfully sounds the Atlantic's bell.  
'Tis the knell of the dead but the living may hear  
'Tis a warning to all amid the opening year.  
In the midst of our life as we draw out each breath  
How swiftly we haste to the caverns of death.  
May the fate of the lost one our own warning be  
Like a death knell rung out o'er life's treacherous sea.

These seemingly irrelevant tidbits are here given to emphasize the age of the old Atlantic's bell and of the Institute and to point out that changes along the waterfront through the efforts of the Institute have

been commensurate with the very obvious changes in journalism, theatres, etc.

May the old *Atlantic's* bell on our new building witness even greater improvement in our future service to sailormen!

### Swallowing the Ox

We are just about to turn the corner of the last million needed to complete the new building. It will be a bit encouraging. \$999,999.99 will seem much less than \$1,000,000.01.

We are going ahead with the interior construction work, for we feel we owe it to sailors ashore in the Port of New York to provide ample accommodations for them before the winter is over.

However, we do not want to be in the position of the boa constrictor who swallowed an ox and was then confronted with the problem of assimilation!

We do not want to open the new building with a heavy debt hanging over us. We shall not have to if the many friends of the seaman will help us with our ox.

What we need is people to talk about us — ambassadors without portfolio.

Those officially connected with the Institute are making every effort to obtain funds from their friends, but there are not hours enough in the day nor days enough in the week to exhaust all the possibilities.

We need old friends to make new friends for us.

We have an almost irresistible appeal. Nearly everyone with a sense of fair play sees the justice in giving sailormen a square deal ashore. We have not had doors closed against us when we have tried to place our need for funds before people—such a situation would be discouraging indeed—our predicament is rather that we have not had a sufficiently large working force to go about knocking upon doors.

There are many of our readers who are not in a position to contribute to our building fund or who have already given what

they can. If each one of these would set out to interest at least one person, our problem would be solved. Our ox would be sufficiently divided up so that there would be no overtaxing problem of assimilation.

Undesignated gifts of all denominations are, of course, very gratefully received.

And for those who consider service to the living the most fitting memorial they can establish, we might suggest the following:

Dispensary . . . . .	\$50,000
Game Room . . . . .	25,000
Block of 34 Seaman's Rooms . . . . .	15,000
Entrance Vestibule . . .	10,000
Organ for Auditorium .	10,000
Motion Picture Equipment . . . . .	10,000
Dormitory of 42 Beds .	5,000
Electric Clock System .	5,000
Officers' Rooms (each) .	1,500
Sacristy . . . . .	1,000
Seamen's Rooms with Running Water (each) . . . . .	1,000
Seamen's Rooms (each) . . . . .	500
Vestment Room . . . . .	500
Chapel Chairs (each) .	50

Think what it would mean to retire in comfort each night for the rest of your life knowing

you had made it possible for a seafaring man to occupy comfortable quarters too.

Jack Tar risks his life to protect the landsman and his cargoes at sea. Landsmen should consider it their privilege to see that he gets fair treatment ashore.

Won't you try to interest at least one friend in Jack Tar's behalf? Incidentally, you will be helping with the assimilation of our ox.

(Checks or pledges may be sent to Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York City.)

### RED LETTER DAYS

This is just a reminder that \$260.27 must be received in contributions to run the Institute for one day.

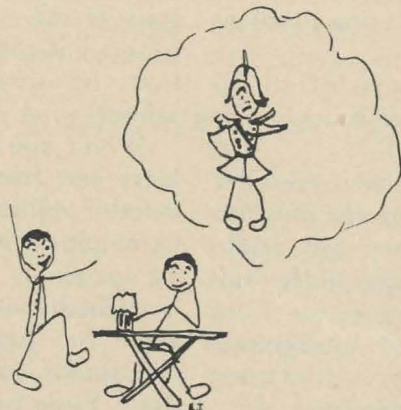
Wouldn't you like to commemorate some significant anniversary date by assuming complete responsibility for our work for a day?

Approximately three thousand seamen would benefit by your generosity.

Checks may be mailed to Harry Forsyth, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street, New York City.

## A Sailor's Near-Revolution

By IRWIN R. STONE, *Seaman*



In the crowded lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute where men whose fortune it has been to fare up and down the world come to meet old comrades and to talk of ships and the sea and adventures in distant lands, you may often hear tales of a curious and romantic nature.

Some little while ago I heard told there, among many other stories garnered from the experiences (and, it may be suspected, the imaginations) of several seamen during many voyages, the somewhat ludicrous, and perhaps pathetic

tale of how a merchant seaman, a "black ganger" on American cargo ships, helped foment a comic-opera revolution in South America; or rather, tried to foment such a revolution.

It was in certain respects a story such as O. Henry might have delighted in and Richard Harding Davis and other writers whose adventurer heroes and filibusters and buccaneers have found in South America the properly colorful atmosphere for the expression of their romantic urges; and of all the tales of ships and of shore-

goings which the reminiscent and artistically creative mood of our yarning group of seamen called forth in the lobby of the Institute that day, none was more humorous or more humanly interesting than the story of Dutchy. Fancy two slightly mellowed individuals trying to start a revolution with a horse and a wagon and a barrel of grog, and you have, in effect, the yarn he told.

Dutchy, a big, blonde, blue-eyed Nordic, born in Porto Rico of German parentage, sailed and, so far as I know, is still sailing out of New York as a stoker in the fire rooms of deep water ships. After you have been at it for a number of voyages, it becomes a humdrum business, that of shoveling, slicing, raking, shoveling, slicing, raking. The stoker finds no romance in it, only hard, gruelling hard work.

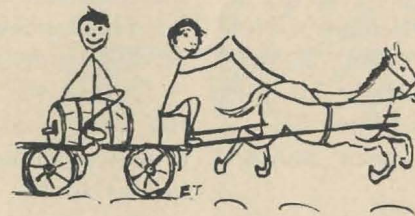
But it is endurable when he

can vary it, once in a while with the business of being a millionaire for a day when he draws his pay and goes ashore in a foreign port; or of being, like Dutchy, a beachcomber adventurer with sinister designs against the tyrannous president of a Latin republic.

But here is the story without further ado.

Finding himself in South America one voyage and wearied with the sea, Dutchy remained there, in a certain republic's capital city, "on the beach." He had some cash, he could speak Spanish fluently, and soon he picked up acquaintances in the town.

One of these was an eloquent gentleman who seemed to feel that, since there had been no insurrections in the land for two or three months—or it may have been six—it was his bounden duty to stir one up. Dutchy, ready at sea for a fight or a



frolic or what-have-you, did not object to an adventure ashore by way of variety; and when his new acquaintance, the would-be *liberador*, proposed that he (Dutchy) help engineer the cherished revolution, he readily agreed; especially as the gentleman, over glasses of brew, pointed out that however laudable and useful the career of stoking a merchant steamship might be, it was much more glorious to be an admiral or other high functionary of the navy of an up-and-coming republic. Such a post, it seemed, was to be Dutchy's reward if the revolution triumphed.

So they set about to create the revolution, Dutchy and his native friend. There were no complex preliminary details such as traditionally attend Latin insurrections; there were no prolonged conferences behind barred doors; no landing of guns and troops on a lone beach at dawn; no dark-eyed *senoritas* to die for; no telegraphic exchanges with gentlemen in New Orleans or Galveston or Wall Street. It was really all very simple or it would have been if only there had been another hogshead or so.

On the day set for the *coup*,

the *liberador* and the sailor of fortune, well fortified internally, hired a horse and a wagon; they bought a huge hogshead of potent liquor and loaded it aboard their four-wheeled craft; and finally, visiting whatever may be the equivalent of a five-and-ten in those regions, they purchased a few tin dippers.

Thus equipped for the cataclysmic overthrow of the government, the twain drove their steed to one of the public squares of the town and there stopped and stripped for action. That is, they removed their coats; and, anyway, there is nothing in the code of what a well-dressed revolutionary should wear which precludes the display of suspenders.

While Dutchy stood by on the wagon seat waiting like an actor for his cue, his associate in Revolutions, Ltd., commenced haranguing the gathering crowds, his subject being that familiar one of what a rascal and tyrant the president was and how good he (the speaker) would be if made president.

During the earlier stages of the oratorical proceedings the crowd was lukewarm in its opinion as to the respective merits of the incumbent of the presi-

dency and the aspirant for that honor who addressed them so eloquently, urging them to join him at once in marching on to the presidential *palacio*; but after Dutchy had come on the stage and distributed brimming dippers from the hogshead to the multitude until the hogshead was exhausted and Dutchy, too, they were all agreed that their president was a villain and a wretch who rated nothing better than instant beheading; they *viva-ed* very lustily for the new *liberador*, and they looked fire and brimstone at the few minions of the law who cautiously patrolled the square.

It was really all very simple, and yet in vain did the *liberador* exhort the populace to violent action; in vain did he begin moving towards the *palacio* with the

horse and wagon in the hope the crowd would follow. The crowd reeled a little and rolled a little, but advance it did not. The revolution refused to revolushe.

Sadly the orator and Dutchy drove back to their *pension*, the former to return to the ineffectual business of making maudlin speeches in open air cafes, and Dutchy to the waterfront to find, at the urgent insistence of the authorities, a ship to take him home to New York.

Dutchy—for it was he himself who told the story there in the Institute lobby where men meet who have fared up and down the world—Dutchy was sure he would not have to be a lowly black ganger now—he might have been wearing admiral's stripes if only there had been another hogshead or so!





## “Too Much Hypocritus”

Sham is one thing the sailor does not know and does not want to know. He is nothing if not natural, and of course he is quick to recognize artificiality when he encounters it ashore.

“Too much hypocritus” is what Miguel Carlos calls it and “too much hypocritus” is the thing that has driven him back to sea after an attempt to settle down ashore.

Miguel is a sea cook by profession, born in Portugal, and now an American citizen, much to his satisfaction.

“America is very nice for me,” he asserts. “I want to live not anywhere else.”

He was brought up on a tiny farm nearly two hundred miles inland from Lisbon, and although he worked very hard as a youngster, “one day my father make a bunch of ropes and kick me out.”

Miguel then worked his way to Lisbon where he got his first glimpse of the sea. Ships fascinated him and he didn't like the job he had in a grocery store, “so I pass away and come to United States.”

That was nearly twenty-five

years ago, and Miguel is now a dyed-in-the-wool seaman of forty who looks at least ten years younger. He is short and chunky with a round beaming face. Several magnificent gold teeth, a heavy gold watch chain and the largest sapphire stick-pin in captivity, proclaim his thrift, almost too loudly to Sailor Town. Beach combers are often attracted by his apparent opulence and his good-natured smile and ask confidently for “two bits,” which is always forth-coming, for Miguel is generous. In fact, he thinks perhaps he will pack away his chain and stick-pin to avoid looking prosperous, but the gold teeth must remain.

Miguel's generosity is directed toward Portugal for the most part. “I am very good for my father and mother,” he admits. Many a foreign postal money order with Miguel's signature passes through the institute bank en route to the tiny farm in Portugal. In spite of the rope incident of his youth, Miguel is still a loyal son.

And besides, there is Caro-

line.

Caroline is a mule—a very special variety of mule who does not kick. She and Miguel were young together on the little old farm in Portugal and Miguel does not forget her now in her decrepitude.

Caroline used to “make the transportation” from the railroad station for Miguel's father. Of late, however, she has outgrown her usefulness and this, added to the fact that the old stone bridges in the neighborhood have been washed away by floods, has crippled the old father's little express business.

Things looked pretty black for Caroline. Her appetite did not diminish with her efficiency and it was decided to dispatch her to the happy hunting grounds to save her board bills. But they reckoned without Miguel and his affection for the pal of his childhood.

The foreign money orders are a bit bigger and a bit more frequent nowadays to cover Caroline's food and an occasional bottle of wine—her one dissipation. Perhaps this is not too much of a concession to a mule who does not kick. Virtue of that sort surely should be rewarded.

Miguel, like most seamen,

has a very carefully thought out philosophy of life and a religion which fits his daily needs. He finds “too much hypocritus” in most so-called religion, and he is firmly of the opinion that “too much church is not necessary to worship the God.” He prefers to pray at night on the sea rather than in a church with colored windows where people come to show their new clothes.

Miguel is now an ardent American. After sailing the seven seas and knocking about in all the principal ports of the world, he chose America as the country which best embodied his ideals, and the land to which he wished to pledge his allegiance.

The great day came for him to appear before the judge to prove himself a worthy candidate for citizenship. He dressed up in his best suit and yellow shoes, not forgetting his watch chain and the largest sapphire stick pin in captivity. His own account of the ceremony couldn't be improved upon.

“The judge ask me who is father from this country and I explain him who is father from this country. I explain him all about George Washington and then I don't stop. I explain him who is Abraham Lincoln who is

more than father from this country.

"Then the judge ask me do I believe nineteenth amendment from the Constitution and I explain him yes, American women got sense enough to vote.

"Next he ask me eighteenth amendment from the Constitution and I explain him too much hypocritus. The prohibition give the rich man wine and the poor man poison. Better let the people make temperance themselves. The prohibition too much hypocritus.

"And the judge say I make good citizen. Goodbye."

Thus Miguel Carlos became one of us.

When in New York Miguel comes to the Institute for a "flop bed." Each time he makes up his mind to go somewhere else, but he says some invisible force brings him to 25 South Street. He can't explain it.

Perhaps it is because he does not find "too much hypocritus" here. We hope so.

#### APPRECIATION

The following letter from the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service in Washington came to us quite unsolicited. It will doubtless be

as interesting to our readers as it is gratifying to us.

My dear Doctor Mansfield:

In looking over some of the annual reports, particularly those from the marine hospitals at San Francisco, Fort Stanton, and Stapleton, I am deeply impressed with the value of the welfare work which your Institute is performing for our seamen beneficiaries. The various medical officers, in compiling their routine reports, have thought it of sufficient importance to devote a considerable amount of space in some instances to a description of the valuable things which your agents are doing to promote the welfare of the seamen in the marine hospitals, which are, I presume, the same things that you are doing in a great many places elsewhere, particularly at the Institute in New York; and I wish to express my appreciation for your interest in patients in whom the Public Health Service has had for more than a hundred years something much more than a professional interest, and to wish you well in your enterprises.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) H. S. CUMMING,  
Surgeon General.

## The Conrad Prow

Through Mr. Elbridge L. Adams of our Joseph Conrad Memorial Committee, we have been able to secure this wood carving of Mr. Conrad in the form of a ship's prow, by Miss Dora Clarke of England.

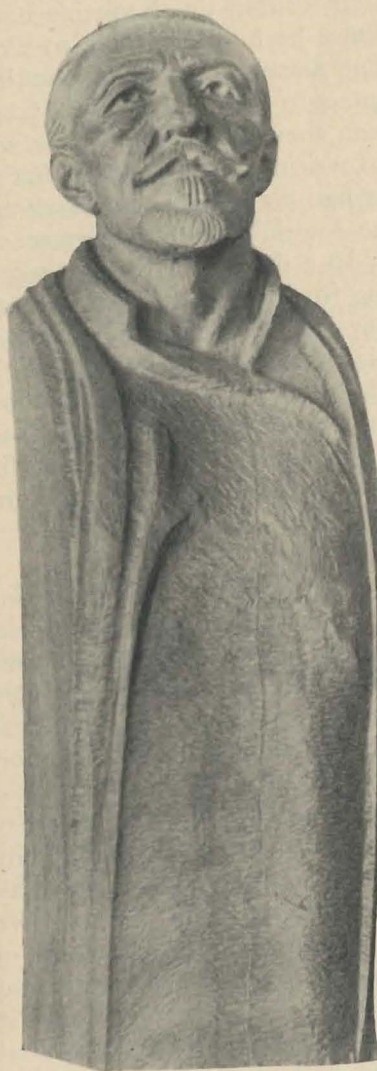
It is considered by Mrs. Conrad to be the best likeness as yet executed.

The block is of oak nearly five feet in height, and it will be mounted in our new marine library which is being given as a tribute to Mr. Conrad.

It is obviously fitting that such a library should be dedicated to this greatest of sea writers who has so well depicted the true sailor and his inviolable code of honor.

It will be a comprehensive reference library on all subjects relating to seamanship and navigation, including the best sea literature, and its primary purpose will be to aid seamen who wish to study to improve their rating.

Those interested in this phase of our service in the new building may send their contributions to the Chairman of the Conrad Committee—Sir T. Ashley Sparks, 25 Broadway.



*Vignettes of the Seaman*

It was the first letter Roscoe Biggers had written home since he had gone to sea three years ago. He held a pencil and stared at the unaddressed envelope. His eye flashed an S. O. S. and soon the envelope was being addressed for him by an Institute worker.

Roscoe watched. "That's pretty good," he remarked casually. He offered the letter to be read. It began, "Dear mother i am feling fin." It went on to say that "the ship amgem broak down" and the ship "ram agroum." But nobody had been hurt and Roscoe had reached port safely.

In port Roscoe had gone shopping. He bought his mother roller curtains, a lace collar, a handsome souvenir tray and a handkerchief that rivaled the setting sun in hue. He fumbled in his breast pocket and pulled out another brilliant handkerchief. It also had been intended for his mother but he decided he could spare it as a thank offering to the lady who addressed his envelope.

When Roscoe was complimented on the fine letter he

had written he shook his head. Once he had been able to write fine letters but where he had gone to school in South Carolina they had a funny new way of writing they called "Palmer." It had made his fingers lazy and he couldn't write any more.

In a day or so Roscoe is sailing for his home port. His memory is stored with things to tell his mother—matches that light at both ends in Mexico, doors that lock from one side in New York, and all about seeing the Statue of Liberty through a "microscope" in Battery Park.

Mother Roper was looking through the "log" of the Social Service Department and came upon the notation that Jerry Cook, seaman, had died and was lying unclaimed at the city morgue.

Something in her memory clicked. Jerry was the boy whose mother and sister had come down from Boston five years ago to try to dissuade him from his purpose of continuing to go to sea. She made sure it was the same Jerry who had died and then telegraphed his

family. His sister said her mother's constant prayer for Jerry had been that he would never lie in an unknown grave.

That was months ago. Recently Mrs. Roper received this word of appreciation from the sister:

"We were thinking of you especially Memorial Day, while the members of the American Legion Post which Jerry organized gathered at his grave and marked it, blew taps, etc. If God had not sent that notice into your hands that day last November, he would lie in an unknown grave and we would not know."

Slim had just landed from an oil tanker where the fair sex were entirely missing. He looked eager for a chat. Of course the talk drifted to ambitions.

"Aw, you'd only laugh if I was to tell you what I like."

"Of course not."

"Well, then you'd laugh inside yourself."

"Never."

"Well, I want to be an actor." His eyes were twinkling Irish eyes.

"Comedy?"

Slim hesitatingly admitted,

"Well, I appreciate humor and I think I could put it across."

Two of Slim's chums strolled up. They had never been to New York before, and Slim was showing them around.

"Have you been to Broadway and 42nd Street?"

Slim's face wrinkled up in a smile. "Sure, I'm taking them up tonight to show them where my name is going to be in electric lights when I get there."

Jim Petrova has been sailing from New York for seven years, but he knows no one in port whom he can count a friend save Mother Roper. To her he turned, therefore, when he needed help.

He wrote from Honolulu enclosing twenty-two dollars and a pawn ticket. Months before he had been obliged to "hock" his watch, intending to get it back within a few days, but he lost the ticket. The watch held a sentimental value for him and he mourned its loss.

Then he gave away an old suit of clothes to a fellow seaman who found the ticket in one of the pockets.

Jim lost no time in sending his letter, and Mother Roper, good

sport that she is, went to the pawn shop and redeemed his precious watch for him.

Poor old Hans literally "got in Dutch" because he couldn't speak English well.

He had a temporary job on a boat down on the Long Island shore where he was arrested for having a gun without a permit. It wasn't his gun, but he couldn't seem to prove it. He misunderstood the judge's question as to what he would do if freed—if he would leave Long Island.

Hans replied he would go back to his employer, who is located in New York, but the judge thought he meant to stay in Long Island. This he interpreted as defiance and Hans got five years.

He put his case before one of our chaplains who has worked on it with the Voluntary Defenders Committee with the result that the sentence has been reduced to less than two years and there is a possibility that Hans may be pardoned altogether.

Meanwhile he is studying English assiduously.

Seafaring folk say that if one were to go down into the engine room of any ship in any part of the world and call for "Mac," a Scotchman would be there to answer.

Jimmy O'Riley is a Scotch engineer sure enough, for all his Irish name. But there is some Irish in Jimmy and he takes turns being a Scotch engineer at sea and an Irish shoe salesman on land.

He has been at the Institute several days pondering, while shoes and ships hang in the balance.

#### DR. SALMON

When the sea claimed Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, who fell overboard from his yacht in Long Island Sound, August 13th, the Seamen's Institute lost a good friend of long standing.

It was Dr. Salmon who made the first move to place Public Health Service officers on the same rating as Army and Navy medical officers, which resulted in providing better medical and surgical care for the men of the Merchant Marine.

Since that time he had made a distinguished war record and

had become one of the foremost psychiatrists and alienists of this country, and through it all he never lost an opportunity to say a good word for the Institute.

#### INITIATIVE

All the great tragedies of the stage are relieved with moments of humor, not only to accentuate the tense situations, but to give the audience a sort of respite.

It is the same in our work, fortunately. Funny little incidents are bound to creep into our daily dramas, although the actors are not always conscious of the humor until afterwards.

Our Chaplain was called to a city hospital just before midnight at the request of a young seaman in a critical condition. The boy wanted to be baptized. The Chaplain, convinced of his sincerity, asked an orderly for a basin of water and a towel to protect the pillow. It happened to be an orderly with initiative, so he returned with the basin and towel, and a cake of soap for good measure.

#### NO JONAH

The following is taken from "The Mainstay," published by the Seamen's Church Institute of Newport:

"As all sorts of people come in and out of the Institute, so do all sorts of sea stories, some old, some new, some true, some not so true, but all of them interesting. The following is vouched for by a retired captain who in his younger days sailed from New Bedford on whaling ships. It seems that on a certain occasion a whale came up almost alongside the ship and in the excitement that followed a member of the crew fell overboard directly into the whale's mouth. The whale evidently was determined not to contribute anything that would make more controversy in religious circles and allowed the sailor to escape and he was soon hauled on board his ship. When this man had sort of recovered from his remarkable experience, his captain asked him what he thought about when he was in the whale's mouth. Being a true born son of New Bedford, he answered that he thought the whale would make about forty barrels."

### *Seamen's Church Institute of Manila*

Because of the action of the National Council in reducing by \$5,125, its appropriation to the budget of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, it was necessary to recall our Chaplain from his work at the Institute in Manila and discontinue all financial support of this most important field.

Through the efforts of Bishop Mosher, who was unwilling to abandon this Institute which had already proved such a factor for good in the lives of seamen entering this port, the work was revived and a layman was put in charge.

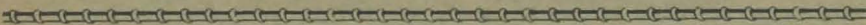
The local Government recognizing the importance of this work in Manila proposed a grant of land to the Seamen's Church Institute of Manila, contingent upon the erection of a suitable building within six months from date of acceptance of this grant. Such a building would cost \$12,000 and of this amount we now have in hand

the sum of \$2,500.

The U. S. Shipping Board in Washington has promised to give all offerings taken at Church services held on board the ships of the Admiral Orient Line and the Pacific Mail Line, sailing from Seattle and San Francisco, to Manila to the support of this work. These offerings, together with the local financial support available, will guarantee sufficient income to carry on this work with the exception of a Chaplain's salary, which obligation should be met by the Seamen's Church Institute of America, and our purpose is to raise \$2,400 a year for the support of a Chaplain.

There is no port under the American flag where an Institute is more needed than in Manila, where the seaman looks to the Institute as his only friend and refuge while in this strange and unfriendly environment where he is confronted with every temptation to go astray.





THE LOOKOUT aims primarily to make its readers acquainted with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine—to show them the sort of fellow the Seamen's Church Institute exists for and to describe the various phases of the Institute's work.

Anyone who loves the sea is likely to find THE LOOKOUT of interest.

The annual subscription price is one dollar and it is sent to all who contribute five dollars or more to the work of the Institute.

Would you like to have it sent to some friend?

THE LOOKOUT,  
25 South Street, New York City.

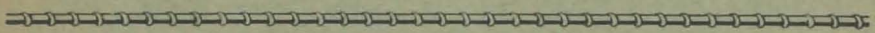
Enclosed find one dollar for which please enter a year's subscription for

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## MISSING LINKS

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In endeavoring to get together a complete set of annual reports of the work of the Institute, we find there are a number missing and we should be ever so grateful if any of our readers could supply them. The years which we require are 1847, 1848, 1850, 1852, 1864, 1868 and 1869.

We should also like very much to get copies of the November, 1910, LOOKOUT.