

The LOOKOUT



“Eight Bells”

—Painting by
Winslow Homer

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

July
1930

The LOOKOUT

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The painting reproduced on this month's cover is entitled: "EIGHT BELLS," by an American painter—Winslow Homer. It is owned by the John Levy Galleries and is reproduced here through the courtesy of Nathaniel Pousette-Dart.

The Youngest War Hero

STEPHEN WILLIAM HARVEY, who at the age of thirteen served in the front-line trenches, and who has the distinction of being officially recognized as the youngest soldier of the allied armies during the World War, was a recent guest at the Institute.

For several years Stephen has been following the sea in the capacity of steward and has traveled three times around the world on various passenger ships.

Because of his excessive modesty, his shipmates are unaware that he is a celebrity who has been entertained by the King and Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and a host of other notables.

Harvey holds numerous med-

als, including the Medal Militaire, the Croix de Guerre and the Cross of the Russian Order of St. George.

He enlisted with the 13th Battalion of the Royal Highlanders of Canada in 1914 and served until 1919 with the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Contingent commanded by Lieutenant Colonel F. O. W. Loomis, C.M.G. and D.S.C.

Following the war, he served in Archangel with the North Russian relief forces of the American army. He was captured by the Bolsheviks and held prisoner for nine months. It was at the time of his imprison-

ment that he received the Cross of St. George.

He also saw service in the trenches at St. Julien, Ypres, Somme and Passchendale. He



Stephen William Harvey

was decorated with the Croix de Guerre for rescuing Captain J. Ross, platoon commander, in the face of heavy machine-gun fire. Captain Ross had fallen, wounded, several yards away from the trench. Risking his life, Harvey crawled to the captain and dragged him to safety. He received a scalp wound which troubles him to this day.

Stephen was born in Seattle on November 19, 1901. He made his way to Canada in order to enlist.

From such a distinguished young man comes the following tribute: "In all the places I have been and all the hotels and rooming houses I have stayed at," he said, his blue eyes lighting up with enthusiasm, "I have never found a place that I like as much as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. It is so friendly and so homelike and a sailor here feels happy and comfortable. The place is so clean, the food is so good that I intend to stay here between every trip."

In spite of several offers to work in the Stock Exchange and in other remunerative positions, he still loves the sea and will not forsake it for any other work.

In his spare moments he is writing a biography of his interesting life, although he has only lived twenty-nine years.

Harvey's friendship with Lind-

bergh is something of which he is extremely proud.

"Yes," explained Stephen, "I met Lindbergh at the Ascot race meeting last year. I had dropped into London very quietly and was staying at a cheap hotel. But along came Captain Douglas King, M.P., with a communication from the Earl of Cromer, His Majesty's chamberlain, for me to be present at the trooping of the colors on His Majesty's birthday. And then later I was commanded to attend the Ascot meeting in the royal enclosure.

"Well, everybody was there in tall, silk hats, and when I saw another lad in the royal enclosure wearing a light, felt hat I felt better. He beckoned me over. 'Where's your silk hat?' he asked me. 'Same place yours is,' I answered. 'You don't know me do you?' he asked. I said, 'No,' and he said 'I'm Lindbergh.' We had a lot of fun talking then about silk hats and monocles. Lindbergh is a fine lad."

* * *

But of all the naval, military and social invitations pasted in young Harvey's interesting scrapbook, the thing he really prizes most is the certificate he received from old Father Neptune when he crossed the Equator for the first time. Here it is, reproduced with all its nautical terms, for the edification of *Lookout* readers:

Domain of Neptunus Rex

Ruler of the Raging Main

To all sailors wherever ye may be and to all Mermaids, Sea Serpents, Whales, Sharks, Porpoises, Dolphins, Skates, Eels, Lobsters, Crabs, Polywogs and other Living Things of the Sea.

Greetings: Know ye: That on this 26th day of August, 1929, in Latitude 000°00' and Longitude 165 30'W there appeared within the limits of Our Royal Domain, the S. S. Sierra

Be It Remembered

That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof, have been inspected and passed on by Ourselves and Our Royal Staff.

And Be It Known: By all ye Sailors, Marines, Land Lubbers and others who may be honored by his presence that

Stephen Harvey

having been found to be numbered as One of Our Trusty Shellbacks has been gathered to our fold and duly initiated into the

Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep

Be It Further Understood: That by virtue of the power invested in me, I do hereby command all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him whenever he may enter Our Realm.

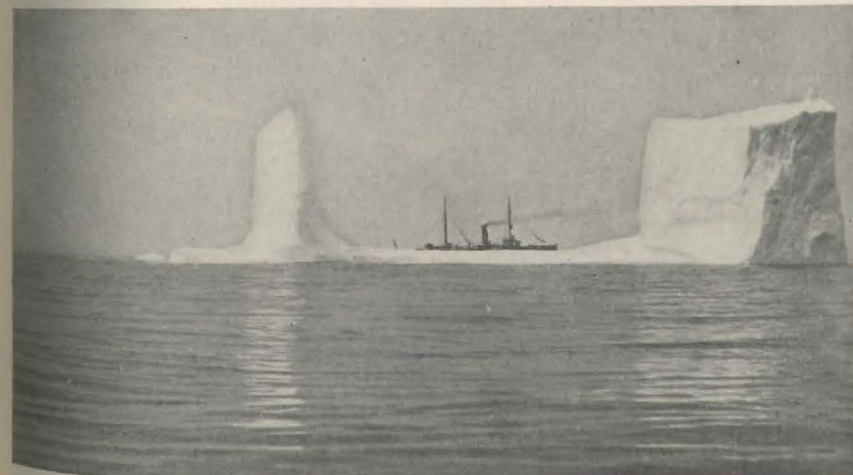
Disobey this order under penalty of Our Royal Displeasure.

Siven under our hand and seal this 26th of August, 1929.

Davy Jones
His Majesty's Scribe

Matson
NAVIGATION COMPANY

Neptunus Rex
Ruler of the Raging Main



A cool picture for a hot July day, . . . taken by one of the Institute's seamen who has just returned from an ice patrol trip.

Unclaimed



HERE is hardly a man or woman who, at some time in life, has not harbored a secret ambition to write the Great American Novel. Some have progressed as far as the first chapter and then, realizing the vastness of the Herculean task, have abandoned it.

What was our surprise, then, on opening confiscated baggage (that is, unclaimed baggage) to find inside a sea bag a full-length novel with 565 pages of neatly typewritten sheets! The author's name is David Gordon Thomas, and the title of the novel is "RUDDERLESS." What patience and diligence and hours of work it represents! The story deals with an ex-seaman, who forsakes the sea for a land job, and of his adventures in life. As a character study it is interestingly and convincingly told. Descriptions of the hero's experiences in jail are vividly realistic.

Whether or not the author is

lost at sea, or has just been too busy to claim his baggage and the precious novel contained therein, we do not know. We have placed his name on the Missing Seaman list and hope to find him or his relatives.

Without a doubt, the novel is worth publishing. Bits of its philosophy reveal the broad, expansive vision of the seafarer:

"I used to go to sea," says his leading character. "I loved it, but I detested engines. I loved the sea because of its cleanness and its strength and its cruelty. The sea is like life—continual motion, moving onward, ever onward along the cycle of evolution. Look at those waves coming irresistibly ashore. Aren't they like countless generations of people advancing forward, always forward?"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—As *The Lookout* goes to press we are happy to report that the author of "Rudderless" has returned to claim his novel. He intends to "rewrite it many times before submitting it to a publisher." He has had several stories printed and a book entitled "A Twentieth-Century Hobo."



Standing Vigilance

SHE stood at the top of the stairway leading from our main entrance: a lonely, forlorn, bedraggled figure. Her flushed cheeks and shining eyes betrayed that she was laboring under some terrific strain. Each time the door swung open, and a seaman mounted the stairs, her eyes followed him and then, with a look of despair, turned away only to focus her attention on the next incoming sailor.

All day long she waited wearily. One of our officers spoke to her and brought her a chair. But most of the time she paced to and fro, watching the doorway with an unwonted eagerness.

When Mother Roper came in she stopped, and with her usual friendly sympathy, learned the poor woman's story. Her boy had run away from home ten months ago, and during all that time she had had no trace of him. Then, out of the blackness of her anxiety, had come a picture postcard from France, in which the boy stated that he would be in New York for a few days before shipping out again.

So the mother had left her flock of nine children at home, had taken the old ramshackle Ford and had driven six hundred miles from upstate to come to New York to see her boy. A kind policeman suggested that she inquire at the Institute, the shore

home for thousands of seamen. Fearful lest she miss her boy by going uptown to spend the night, the mother had slept out all night in the Ford, parked across the street from our main entrance. Until night settled down on the harbor, even after the Institute doors were closed, she sat upright in the automobile, watching.

For two days she maintained this nerve-racking vigilance. The officers on duty tried to talk to her, to reassure her, to cheer her. They brought her food. Then came news of her boy. He had slept in the Institute the night before and she had missed him! The clerk at the hotel desk found it out. The boy had come to the building very late, had registered, and had gone to sleep in one of the seaman's rooms, all unknowing that his mother slept in the car just a stone's throw away. In the morning he checked out.

When the news was broken to the mother, only a cold heart would not have been touched.

At last, after waiting another day, with a gesture of infinite weariness, the mother climbed into the rickety old car and drove away. There was nothing that anyone could do, but if ever that thoughtless young son of hers comes again to the Institute, he is going to get a long talk from Mother Roper, who will see to it that he writes home to mother.

Playtime for Jack

IF you ask any Institute sailor what his favorite sport is, he'll surprise you by replying, "Kiddie Polo." No, this is not a new kind of deck sport. It is played in our auditorium every Saturday evening (except when the weather is too warm) by teams of seamen. From the illustration on this page you can see that the game is played with kiddie cars, or tricycles. Hockey sticks, shortened, are used to hit an indoor baseball. A generous friend donated twelve kiddie cars, painted green and buff, and a fence to match.

The field of play is 65 feet long by 30 feet wide. The object, as in hockey or polo, is to hit the ball past the goal line. There are five men on each team, and it is their job to stay "horsed," while hitting the ball. On a recent Saturday night there was a championship match between two teams of sailors: the Cohens versus the Kellys. It was a hard-fought, long-drawnout battle, resulting in a draw. The two teams of Hebrew and Irish seamen were then allowed ten minutes of extra time, and the Kellys won by one goal. Another grim battle was the international match, comprised of a Belgian, a German, two Hollanders and an American

versus a Filipino, a Spaniard, an Irishman, an Englishman and a Frenchman.

Another pleasant form of recreation to while away summer evenings for our sailormen is the singing in our auditorium on movie nights of the Stein Song, with the following words:

SAILORS' STEIN SONG

Fill the steins to the dear old sea
Shout till the rafters ring!
Stand and drink a toast once again
Let ev'ry loyal seaman sing;
Drink to all the happy hours,
Drink to the careless days,
Drink to the ships we sail in,
The pride of our hearts always.

II

To the sea,—to the ships,
To the men who are brave and fearless,
To the youth,—to the fire,
To the life that is moving and calling us!
To the Gods,—to the Fates,
To the rulers of men and their destinies;
To the lips,—to the eyes,
To the girls who will love us some day!

Another favorite song is one which Mother Roper revised from a popular hit to suit the sailor's needs:

GIVE YOURSELF A PAT ON THE BACK

Give yourself a pat on the back,
Pat on the back, pat on the back,



The Game of Kiddie Polo

Write that letter today to Mother
and say
You've had a good day today.
She'll tell Dad and he'll tell Bud
and Sister,
Slip in a few bills that also will
assist her,
So give yourself a pat on the back
Pat on the back, pat on the back,
When you have finished the letter
You sure will feel better
And you've done a good job today.

The generous contribution from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gordon Babbage of a new Steinway Welte Mignon player piano, is now entertaining the many seamen who use the third floor game rooms and officers' rooms. We need more piano rolls of up-to-date popular, sentimental and dance music. Perhaps some of our readers will help us out in this matter. We also could use some up-to-date phonograph records—

During July and August, on Monday nights, Jeannette Park is crowded with seamen who are assembled to listen to the City band concerts. On Tuesday and Friday nights, the Auditorium is filled to capacity to the number of nine hundred men gathered to see such movies as "Disraeli," "The Green Goddess," "Noah's Ark," "Halleluiah," "Dynamite," "My Man," to mention a few of the pictures shown.

Until some generous friend provides the funds—viz. \$12,000 for the "talkie" equipment, we shall be compelled to show the *silent* versions only of pictures. Our seamen are hoping for the time when we shall be able to announce "All Talking Pictures Tonight!" Will *someone* help us to make this hope a reality?

The Lookout—

The Institute may well be compared to the lookout, who in the old sailing days stood watch in the crow's nest.

His was an important job. He had to shout the alarm when rocks or shoals were in sight. He had to signal to other ships in the distance. He had to strain every muscle of eye and body to keep sharp watch for signs of storms threatening on the horizon.

In the waterfront life of New York, today, the Institute is "the lookout." It is the job of this great shore home for seamen to sight the rocks and shoals that beset their course ashore, between voyages.

It is our task and privilege to recognize the problems, the pitfalls and dangers which seamen unwittingly confront.

Serving the boys and men of the Sea, our new Annex provides an anchorage and a safe haven for these lonely wayfarers.

In the many appeals for contributions to worthy charitable causes, one is frequently at a loss to know where the need is keenest and the opportunity for service is greatest.

The Society of the Seamen's Church Institute has been doing an indispensable work in the Port of New York eighty-seven years. It



W C

Drawing by Wayne Collins

Courtesy, A. G. Becker & Co.

"All's Well!"

is administered by men of experience and integrity. It does not duplicate the work of any other philanthropy. It is supported by contributions and bequests. It is in no way connected with any other New York agency for seamen.

Understanding the need of sailors for some outlet for their energies, the Institute supplies without charge all manner of entertainment: concerts, vaudeville, lectures, moving pictures, games of every description, books and magazines—something to meet every need.

Were we not burdened with our Building Fund debt of \$1,400,000 on which we must pay quarterly interest, we could do much, much MORE for the thousands of sailors who cross our threshold daily. The sooner this debt is liquidated the sooner we can develop our program of progress, expansion and increased usefulness to merchant seamen.

We can assure you that your contribution will bring happiness to many sailors altogether out of proportion to the cost to you.

Please make your check payable to:

Junius S. Morgan, Jr., Treasurer

Annex Building Fund

25 South Street, New York

The Old Ship-Yards of New York

PART III.

WILLIAM H. Webb's distinction as an American ship-builder consists partly in having launched a larger aggregate tonnage than any other member of his profession, and partly in his successful construction of powerful war vessels. At the age of 15, and contrary to the wishes and plans of his father, Isaac Webb, who desired for him an easier berth on the voyage of life, he entered his father's shipyard, and swung the axe, shoved the plane and worked as hard and as long every day as did any of the other apprentices. When he became 24 he succeeded his father and that year launched two square-riggers—the brig *Malek Adhel* and the *James Edwards*. In 1847 Mr. Webb built for Charles Marshall the steam-ship *United States*, the first steamer to enter the Golden Gate. On her trial trip, with Commodore Jacob Vanderbilt, and other guests on board, she made nine and one-third knots an hour in the teeth of a gale and heavy head-sea, a rate of speed regarded as marvelous at the time. Webb built the *General Admiral* for the Russian Emperor, and on its maiden trip to Europe she made the voyage to Cherbourg in eleven days and ten hours, part of the time under canvas alone. In acknowledgement of her success, the Emperor and the Grand Duke Constantine presented Mr. Webb with a gold snuff-box encrusted with diamonds. The British government immediately built two vessels after the same model. Mr. Webb won the contract from the

United States government for his revenue cutter, *Harriet Lane*, his model having been selected from twenty-two models by a committee of sixteen ship-builders.

* * *

Several ships having been burned on the stocks, the builders and mechanics organized in 1824 a fire-engine company, the famous old Live Oak, No. 44, whose headquarters were in Houston Street near Lewis. Webb ran with her many a time. Mechanics' Hose Company, No. 47, was organized a few years later, and furnished much amusement for the mechanics. The steamship *Panama*—the first of the Pacific Mail steamers—was on fire in Mr. Webb's yard. One of her sides was blazing, but a dash of water put it out. Charles Forrester, engineer of the Fire Department, asked Mr. Webb: "Where can we be of most assistance?" "If you can save my steamchest," was the reply, "you will help me most." The steamchest was the box about forty-five feet long and two feet wide where the timbers were steamed in order to make them pliable. If it had been burned at the time, most of the men in the yard would have been compelled to stop work. In Adam and Noah Brown's ship-yard in 1824, two steam-boats on the stocks, nearly ready to be launched, were burned. Jeremiah Bunce and several other members of Black Joke Engine Company, No. 33, jumped into the river to save their lives.

* * *

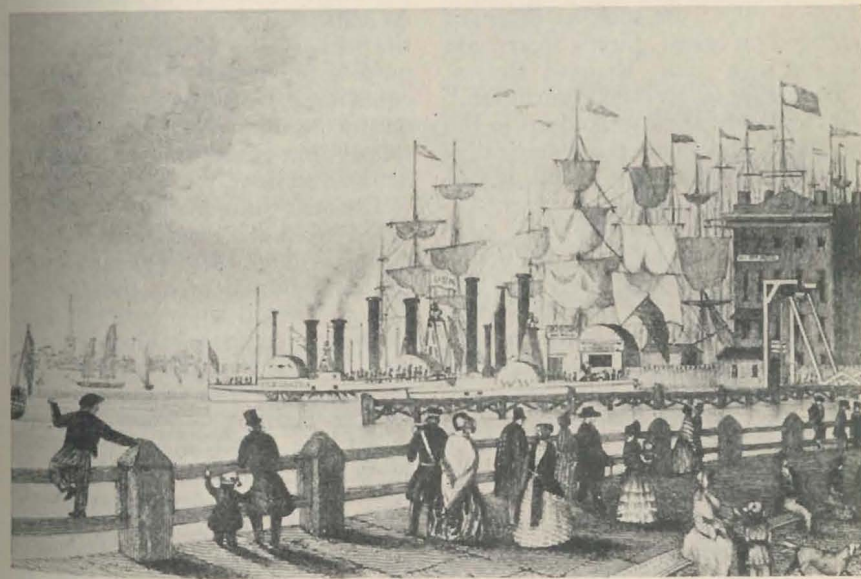
The launching of a large vessel

brought people from the city and all the surrounding country, and made a general holiday. The builders invited their friends, and the owners, theirs. Christian Bergh did not like the saturnalia which the occasion often invoked—almost everybody in the neighborhood was under the influence of liquor—but the proprietors of the packet and clipper lines always insisted upon giving the workmen a blow-out, and usually paid the bills for the biscuits, cheese and rum punch, and also for the champagne drunk by the guests in the mould loft.

It was a day of anxiety to the builder until the ship was successfully launched. He had so much at stake; the ways might be insufficiently greased; the chains beneath the vessel might break; she might tumble over on her side, as the *Switzerland* did in Westervelt and

Mackay's yard; she might acquire momentum enough to drive her into the opposite bank of the river. But there was no finer sight in New York ninety years ago than that of a noble ship sliding easily into the water, while a young woman broke the christening bottle of wine over the bow, and the sailors heaved anchor, and the saluting cannon boomed, and the wild throng of spectators on river and shore rent the air with cheers.

For the launch of the *General Admiral*, in 1867, in Mr. Webb's yard, the mechanics had erected, the previous evening, a stage for "their really fine-looking families," wrote an eye-witness of the scene, who was on board the vessel. "A slight jar, a rush to the sides, roar of cannon, loud huzzahs from outsiders, Dodworth's Band playing 'Departed Days,' and through the port-holes it was seen that the vessel was in mo-



Steamboat landing, Pier No. 1, North River, 1895.
Courtesy, American Photo Service.

tion. So gentle and steady, was the movement, so slight was the dip, and so gradually was she brought up by her anchors before passing twice her length from the shore that a person standing on board, with closed eyes, could not have realized that any change whatever had been made in her position."

One of the brilliant successes of the clipper era was the yacht *America*, built in 1851 by James R. and George Steers, for Joch C. Stevens and several other gentlemen who desired to secure a vessel which would win the Queen's Cup at the annual regatta of the London Royal Yacht Club. She cost about \$23,000 and her builders were to receive a large bonus if she won the race. After a sail of twenty-two days she reached the neighborhood of Havre, and was met by a Channel pilot boat, which at once showed the French flag, and was supposed, of course, to carry a French pilot. As soon as the pilot stepped on board, James Steers said to his own pilot, Richard Brown, "Dick, that fellow is no Frenchman." Immediately Dick walked up to the stranger, and shouted emphatically: "I tell you what, my friend, if you let this yacht scrape bottom, I'll throw you overboard!" Dick kept hold of the tiller himself, and would not give it up. As the yacht approached the lights of Havre, the pilot confessed his inability to take her in. He left her, and hurried in his own boat to Cowes, with the news that "the Yankee is the fastest vessel going." (Editor's Note: This is the version told in Harper's Magazine, 1892.)

So it came to pass that when the Steers brothers and the rest of the party crossed the Channel and offered to back their yacht with wages,

they discovered nobody to take their bets! Moreover, at eleven o'clock the night preceeding the long-anticipated regatta, the Messrs. Steers were informed that their yacht, which they had brought three thousand miles to sail, was ruled out of the race. Why? Because it was "a rule of the club" that every competing yacht should be owned by but one owner. The *America* was owned by several owners.

The next day, however, August 21, 1851, the *America* sailed from Cowes at the moment the regatta yachts sailed from Ryde, and beat them handsomely, although the distance traversed by her was nine miles longer. The excitement was tremendous. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and young Albert Edward paid a visit of compliment to the winning yacht that did not get the prize. On leaving the yacht, the Queen asked how many men were in the crew, and on being told the number, drew from the pocket of her plain calico gown a purse from which she counted an equal number of guineas, laying them one by one upon a plate that had contained some ginger-snaps brought for her refreshment.

The next thing the Steers brothers heard from her was that she had given them another "Queen's Cup," an exact duplicate of the Queen's Cup for which they had not been allowed to compete. They were invited to visit the Queen at Osborne, and the entire crew were entertained royally there. The Marquis of Anglesea also called upon the yachtsmen, inspected their vessel and invited them to his mansion on the Isle of Wight. He had come, he said, "to see the men who had the brains to build that boat." Upon their return to New York the Steers broth-

ers were given a magnificent banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel. The *America* was later sold by Mr. J. C. Stevens in England for \$25,000. It was bought there by the Confederate government, brought back to this country, and then sunk in a Southern port to prevent the Yankees from capturing her. They raised her, however, and after repairs, made her a tender to a government schoolship in Boston Harbor; but as the raisers claimed prize-money, the Secretary of the Navy ordered her to be sold at the Brooklyn Navy yard, where General Benjamin F. Butler bought the brilliant little yacht for \$5,000. "Why was she so fast?" was asked of James Steers. "Because," he replied, "I studied to get the shape of model that would create the least resistance to water considered as a solid."

"New York," said a metropolitan newspaper, about the year 1852, "is one of the greatest ship-yards in the world. Our clippers astonish distant nations with their neat and beautiful appearance, and our steamers have successfully competed with the swiftest-going mail packets of Great Britain. In the farthest corners of the globe the Stars and Stripes wave over New York built vessels."

Contrast this statement with the following from a New York newspaper thirty years later, on the 21st of December, 1881:

"WHAT THEY STARED AT"

"Passengers on the Brooklyn ferries

between 9 and 10 A.M. on Tuesday saw something which made them stare. The curious object was a new trim-built clippership, fresh from the ship-wright's hand, and flying the American flag at the fore. The old flag has become such a novelty and a new-built clipper such a rarity that as she sailed leisurely down the East River, old-timers recalled the days when such objects were common and ship-building was at its zenith. Many looked upon the sight as an omen of better days to come."

The causes of the decline of ship-building in New York City are clear and simple. The war for the Union was one of them. Our vessels were captured by the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers, and at one time were supposed to be in danger from British men-of-war. There was little encouragement to invest money in such property. The substitution of iron for wood was another cause, and the Civil War left us with a high protective tariff on iron, as well as on copper, chain-cables, rigging and canvas. The use of steam diminished the need for sailing ships. A steamship could carry the cargoes of five or six sailing vessels. Furthermore, the value of land formerly occupied by the shipbuilders increased to an extent that forbade its use for the old purposes. Wages were lower on the coast of Maine, with timber from the woods close at hand. Finally, the old ship-builders all retired rich, and their sons did not begin where their fathers did, living over their own shops.

THE END



Musings of the Mate

Strange Sights

A Crucifix tied to the iron bedstead in a seaman's room. . . a foreign sailor being instructed by a Yankee tar in the art of writing a ten-word telegram. . . the following books found in a seaman's locker: "A Preface to Morals;" "Shakespeare's Works;" "Leaves of Grass;" "Why We Misbehave;" "Idea of a University;" "The Works of Oscar Wilde;" "Electrical Guide" and "The American Mercury". . . an enlarged snapshot of an attractive girl on the wall of an officer's room with the caption: "Vivacious, eh?". . . a sailor delivering an oration on the need for World Peace. . . an Arab and a Jewish sailor discussing conditions in Palestine. . . a sailor having his will made out, leaving all his savings and insurance to the Institute. . . a seasoned old salt carrying a bag full of navigation books which he says he intends to study when he gets into Snug Harbor. . . a veteran of the Boer War receiving a check for \$2,800.00!

"The Toughest Job On Shipboard"

At last we have learned, from a sailor who chanced to feel in



the mood for a frank confession, what, in the unanimous opinion of every member of a ship's crew, is "the toughest job on shipboard." It is the job of stowing away the anchor chain. This is done down in the Chain Locker, forward of the storeroom, below the fore peak. Two ordinary seamen are usually assigned to the task. They climb thru a manhole down a ladder into the Locker. Each link of the chain attached to the anchor weighs from 20 to 50 pounds, and they are covered with mud, having rested on the bottom of the harbor. If the chain should happen to slip, it is likely to carry the unfortunate seaman along with it thru the anchor winch and out into the water, grinding him into pieces.

Farewell

Old Charlie Clary came to bid us' goodbye. We had arranged that he be sent to a convalescent home for old sailors. "Bless you, bless the Institute," he said. And, with that, he left us, after placing in our hands a 500-word essay on "Manners," which he had once written and for which he had won a prize. It was his most cherished possession.

King Coffee

If you saunter up to our soda fountain and put your nickel down on the counter, you will receive a cup of steaming, fragrant coffee without bothering to even ask for it. Coffee is the most popular drink—it reigns supreme in the tastes of our seamen. More than 40 gallons are made and sold every day.

Identified!

"Dear Mrs. Roper," he began. "You won't remember me, but I'm an old salt, past sixty years, and about ten years ago I had a long talk with you in your office at the Institute. Maybe if you remember that I'm the fellow with the cauliflower ears and a broken nose which I got in an amateur prize fight, you will remember who I am."

Back to Back Bay Boston

The most logical place to look for a runaway boy is—in the opinion of one of our staff—the writing room. And, there, he found the boy, Fred Shaw, whose father had sent the Institute a telegram from Boston asking us to help find him. Fred was seated at a desk busily engaged in writing a letter to his mother. He had a badly sprained ankle and was waiting for it to heal before shipping out. We found him a job on a ship sailing in a week back home to his mother and father in Back Bay.

Lonesome

From the wilds of Africa he sent us the following notice, and begged us to please post it on our bulletin board:

"Notice to the Friends and Shipmates of Henry; also known as Tommy, the Piano Player, last on the S. S. *Exandria*, was left over in Seville, Spain, and is now in the Squadron of Cavalry of the Spanish Foreign Legion at Dar Riffien, Spanish Morocco, Africa. Mr. Thompson will greatly appreciate receiving letters from friends and acquaintances, and asks will the boys please write. Will be glad to exchange postage stamps, foreign coins, picture postcards, and snapshots."



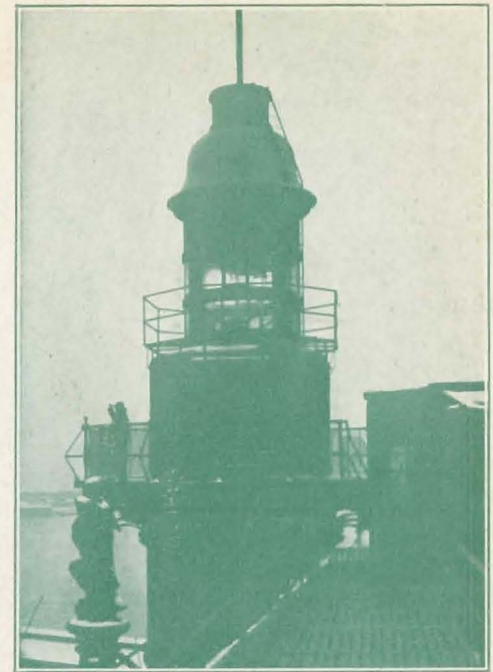
SOME of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the year 1929:—

- 417,612** lodgings registered.
- 335,409** meals served.
- 822,042** sales made at the soda fountain.
- 83,534** pieces of dunnage checked and protected.
- 26,141** books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
- 73,241** special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
- 1,566** seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.
- 8,637** seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
- 316** missing men located.
- \$607,364.35** received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
- 13,675** seamen attended 219 religious services.
- 28,345** seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.

In Memory Of

The Institute has been called the House of a Thousand Memorials. There is scarcely a corner in the entire building that is not a continual reminder of the generosity of some friend of the seamen, or of the thoughtfulness of a giver whose donations have been translated into a constant practical reminder of the donor—departments, rooms, furnishings—all these accessories of the great building are eloquent reminders of those for whom they are named.

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



Apprentice Room	\$10,000.00
Credence Table (in Large Chapel)	100.00
Credence Table (wood—Small Chapel)	50.00
Chapel Chair	50.00
Altar Books	25.00

Among the memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth (Talkie Equipment)	12,000.00
Medical Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Surgical 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
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each	1,000.00
Chapel Street Entrance Iron Gates	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each	500.00
Prayer Desk and Sedalia, Small Chapel	500.00
Stairway leading to Sanctuary	200.00
Cabinet Organ, in Small Chapel	200.00
Chapel Memorial Panels	100.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00

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