

# The LOOKOUT



**Funds are badly needed to meet Current  
Bills for Work on the New Annex Building**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

# The Lookout

VOL. XIX

JUNE, 1928

No. 6

## *The* LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK  
at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Telephone Bowling Green 2710

EDMUND L. BAYLIES  
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary-Treasurer

*Subscription Rates*  
One Dollar Annually, Postpaid  
Single Copies, Ten Cents

*Address all communications to*  
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.  
Superintendent

or  
ELEANOR BARNES  
Editor, The Lookout

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

## *Your Red Letter Day*

Would you not like to recognize some day which has a special sentimental significance for you, by befriending several thousand homeless seamen?

You may do so by assuming responsibility for the daily deficit in our running expenses—only \$260.27.

It would be a real Red Letter Day for you, for you would surely be gratified to receive the report we would send you of activities on your day—all made possible through your own generosity.

The Institute lodgings are always booked to capacity, so you would be sure of providing clean, comfortable beds for 949 men.

You would also open our doors to between *five* and *eight thousand* other active seamen

who come to us during the course of a day for one thing or another—perhaps to get their mail, to deposit hard-earned wages in our bank, to play a game of chess, to receive treatment in our clinic, to locate a missing shipmate, to get straightened out on a naturalization problem, to write a letter home, to get a job, to strum on the piano, to wash and dry their underwear, or just to sit with friends and feel at home.

Can you think of a more worth-while way to commemorate some significant anniversary?

Your day will be reserved for you if you will kindly mail your check for \$260.27 to Harry Forsyth, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street.

*A Tribute to Mr. Baylies*

The new Main Entrance Hall is now in use, and has been dedicated to Edmund Lincoln Baylies, President of the Board of Managers of the Institute.

A little informal ceremony of presentation took place on Thursday afternoon, April 19, when a group of Board members and other friends who made possible the construction of the Entrance Hall assembled to pay their respects to Mr. Baylies. Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, First Vice-President, presented

Bishop Manning, who as Honorary President of the Board, expressed on behalf of Mr. Baylies' many friends their appreciation of his long years of service to the Institute.

The gift was a complete surprise to Mr. Baylies, and perhaps therefore all the more overwhelmingly gratifying to him.

The idea quite fittingly took root in the mind of Dr. Mansfield about two years ago, when he immediately set in motion

plans for making the tribute a reality. Perhaps no one is in a better position than Dr. Mansfield to realize what Mr. Baylies has meant to the Institute during the many years they have worked and fought for the sailor together.

Mr. Baylies was elected to the Board of Managers forty-three years ago, and from the start he took a very active interest in the affairs of the struggling organization which has now become the greatest undertaking in the world in the interests of merchant seamen. He has been Attorney for the Society since 1893; and he served as Chairman of the Executive Committee from 1905 until 1913, when he was elected first Lay President.

Mr. Baylies' connection with the Institute is the story of a vision inspired by human sympathy and achieved through persistent and courageous effort.

During his first years of association he saw the injustice of the treatment meted out to the sailorman. His determination to fight led him to see the necessity for the great building which now serves thousands of men

daily; and his faith and courageous leadership made the dream come true. His standing in the community, in the Church, and in the social and business worlds inspired confidence which enlisted the support of hundreds of friends for the work in spite of the fact that service to seamen on so large a scale at first seemed folly to them.

All this was briefly reviewed by Bishop Manning and by Dr. Mansfield, after which tea was served by members of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations.

A simple bronze tablet commemorating the occasion reads as follows:

This Entrance Hall  
is a tribute to  
Edmund Lincoln Baylies  
by his friends  
in appreciation of his long years  
of service to the  
Seamen's Church Institute  
of New York

Elected to the Board of  
Managers 1885  
Chairman of Executive  
Committee 1905-1912  
First Lay President,  
Elected 1913  
Erected 1928

*All Aboard for the South Pole!*

GEORGE TENNANT, AN INSTITUTE SEAMAN, WHO HAS SIGNED UP WITH  
COMMANDER BYRD

"Even among sailors, going to the North Pole makes you a bit different." George Tennant admitted this rather modestly. He was cook in the lucky crew that went as far as Spitzbergen with Commander Byrd on the occasion of his North Pole flight, and now he has been signed up as steward for the

South Pole expedition which leaves civilization next September.

He is at the Institute working out a list of rations which will feed fifty-five men for a year and a half, without counting on whale meat or seal meat or any other sort of game they may find.

Tennant is about as interesting a sailorman as we have encountered for some time, but as a matter of fact his seafaring career has probably been no more eventful than those of most of our men of forty-five or thereabouts. The point is that his association with Commander Byrd at the two poles rather enhances his picturesque in our landlubber eyes.

We are rather inclined to share many of his sentiments toward his young Commander. After the return of Byrd's North Pole crew many of them came to the Institute, and such evidence of hero worship we never witnessed. They couldn't say enough in his praise. They had all been pretty well "sold" on the merits of their leader long before they got to Spitzbergen, but when he got out onto the ice blocks and hopped

about supervising the precarious landing of his plane on pontoons, their admiration grew into almost reverent worship.

"Guess you were glad when you saw that speck appear in the sky and knew that Byrd was coming back safely," we ventured.

"I'll say we were."

"But of course you didn't know until he landed that he had actually been to the North Pole."

"O, yes we did!" This a vehement chorus. "We knew he wouldn't come back at all if he didn't make the Pole!"

Tennant's own tribute to his Commander the other day took this form:

"He's a prince, that fellow. He's a prince—and he likes his eggs soft boiled. You might read in the newspapers that he likes 'em sunny side up, but don't you believe it. He likes 'em soft boiled—three minutes—and I ought to know."

Having recorded this significant point for posterity, we return to Tennant.

He is a most likable person—a simple, honest, generous soul who saves his money carefully and then gives it to other

seamen whom he finds penniless and hungry along the waterfront. An example of his simple-hearted, unselfish devotion recently got into the public press, much to his distress.

Just before Byrd took off for France last summer Tennant heard that there was a deficit on the North Pole expedition. He immediately threw up his job as cook on an Africa-bound freighter explaining that he had "important business" to attend to. He then went out to Roosevelt Field and offered Byrd all the money he had saved in his life to help pay off the debt. Byrd, of course, was deeply touched. His finances had been otherwise cared for, but Tennant's loyalty moved him to promise then and there to take him to the South Pole.

This will be all the more appreciated after reading Commander Byrd's article, "How I Pick My Men," in the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 21st. With thousands of applicants—and as many as four hundred for one job—Tennant has been selected. He has been tried and not found wanting.

Tennant is like a school boy in his eagerness to be off. He talks of pemmican and "bagies,"

which we interpret as an affectionate term for rutabagas. Dried vegetables of various sorts will form an important part of the rations. Pemmican contains corn meal, meat scraps and beans, but beyond that Tennant refused to speculate as to its composition. The chief point is that it is unsalted and especially prepared and canned for use in extreme cold climate. Fresh meat will be taken in refrigerators on the ship and laid out on the ice or snow when they reach their base in the polar region.

Tennant seems to think that supervising the feeding of fifty-five men will not take all of his time, and he has numerous plans for keeping himself out of mischief between meals.

In the first place, he wants to learn to fly, and he thinks there may be an opportunity with the various scout and auxiliary planes to be taken on the expedition. Although he sailed before the mast in the clipper ship days, Tennant recognizes aviation as the coming mode of travel and he intends to be ready for it. Also, we suspect that he figures it is one way to emulate his beloved Commander.

Tennant's second past-time is

to be prospecting for gold. He has already had experience along this line in California and he contemplates no particular difficulties at the Pole, except during the months of darkness in the summer of 1929.

"You find a stream," he explained, "and you look for pay-dirt. If you find any, you follow up the stream until you begin to find quartz and then you go still farther till you find the mother lode."

It sounds perfectly simple *if* with a thick coating of snow and ice you could manage to find the stream with the "pay-dirt." At any rate, it is a fascinating rainbow for our optimistic Tennant to chase.

If he finds the pot of gold at its end, he may settle down there and fly back occasionally—back to Manistee, Michigan—for Tennant is a native son of Manistee.

He grew up on a farm out there, the ninth of eleven children. No wonder he "went to sea" at sixteen on the Great Lakes. That was about thirty years ago and he has been at sea ever since, although he has kept in touch with his family and still pays them occasional visits. When his father died, he in-

herited the ancestral farm, but presented it to his only unmarried sister so that she might have a place to live.

"Farmers make the best sailors," Tennant assured us. "Farming is a lot like sailing. You have to be out in all kinds of weather, and you're at the mercy of the weather. The weather can ruin you if it strikes you wrong."

If Tennant gets his supplies all figured out and ordered and still has time left on his hands before the expedition starts, he will not sit idle. He will get a job cooking on a tug or a coast-wise vessel. He is that sort—a pretty nearly model sailor we should say—sober, self-respecting, thrifty, loyal, industrious, generous and capable. He is the sort of fellow for whom the Institute's latch-string always hangs out.

As for Tennant, he has been coming to us for years, which shows how he feels about us. He is especially grateful now to have a comfortable inexpensive place where he may work out his South Pole supplies. His chief regret in life seems to be that there are only two Poles to which he may follow Commander Byrd.

## PERMANENT INSURANCE FOR SAILORS' PROPERTY

Probably no class of men is more preyed upon than the easy-going sailor.

If we were in the insurance business, our highest premium rate would be applied to sailor property, if, indeed, we assumed the risk at all.

But, seamen living at the Institute do not even have to consider the safety of their money and other property.

Our bank takes care of their hard-earned wages; our baggage department protects their dunnage; and a good reliable lock and key ensures the safety of the belongings of each sailorman lodging at the Institute.

Even the hundreds who occupy dormitory beds each night at a cost of only thirty-five cents may sleep peacefully, secure in the knowledge that their "gear"—Perhaps all they own in the world—is safe in spacious, well ventilated metal lockers.

Three hundred twenty-two such lockers have been installed in the new building to serve the three hundred twenty-two men who occupy dormitory beds there each night.

One entire room is given over to them—a room which has not yet been given as a memorial. It is one of the most vitally needed units in the new building, constituting as it does a safe deposit vault for the use of three hundred twenty-two sailors each night, or for 117,530 each year.

If it is true that "service to the living is the best



memorial," then surely our locker room offers an opportunity to perpetuate some memory through constant service which fills a real need.

Five thousand dollars will pay for the lockers and for the construction of the room.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, *Treasurer*  
ANNEX BUILDING FUND  
25 South Street, New York

WILL YOU ERWRITE IT?

## The New Apprentice Room



This is the second room in the new building to be made ready for service, its opening on April 12 following the inauguration of the new dormitories by about two months.

For three years the boys have been without an adequate recreation room, so that their Easter house-warming party was somewhat of a feast after a famine.

Even the new room, however, did not offer extra space when one hundred boys and girls assembled for dancing.

For the first time in three years it was possible to have a

party without first removing all the furniture—an item appreciated by our porters quite as much as by the youngsters themselves.

The old room has now returned to its original purpose of providing a reading and writing room where the boys may work quietly, while those in more festive mood may play pool or make music in the new room.

The apprentice quarters face almost directly west and during the afternoon, when the youngsters begin to arrive from their ships, they are sunny in more ways than one. These boys seem

to have no troubles. They have chosen the sea as a profession after due deliberation and consultation with their parents, and they are in training under competent officers on well-managed ships, and they have all life before them. Why be down-hearted?

Two young Belgians admitted never having heard the French word for homesickness. They didn't know people ever become so afflicted. Another gap in their general knowledge was revealed by their question, "Is America an island?"

But they will learn. Their sea-faring career will teach them many things that do not fall to the lot of boys ashore. And they are most grateful for their opportunities. Four lively little fellows from a freighter that goes all over the globe had all they could do to keep their seats at the circus here recently. They had seen a one-ring performance somewhere in their travels, but five rings was really too much—and as for the "monkey nuts" —!

But there is a sort of cloud over the apprentice room for the moment. Four of the boys

are missing. They were on the *Asiatic Prince* bound for Yokohama with a cargo of case oil and a million dollars in bullion. Four weeks ago a faint SOS from somewhere on the Pacific spelled their last contact with the world. They are now three weeks overdue in Japan and no word. Perhaps the bullion proved a temptation to pirates, or more likely the cargo exploded. They may never be heard from again, but their fellow apprentices are still prayerful.

Being young, many of them still only children of fourteen, these merchant marine officers of the future are essentially carefree; but like all who follow the sea they are constantly embarking on voyages from which they may never return for another apprentice room party—and they know it.

Lady Passenger: "Could I see the captain?"

First Mate: "He's forward, Miss."

Lady Passenger: "I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys."

—*Nautical Gazette*.

## Central Council Benefit



Photo by Schoenhals  
BRIDGE PLAYERS ON THE BRIDGE

Through the courtesy of Sir Ashley Sparks, Resident Director of the Cunard Line, a bridge benefit was given on board the *Berengaria* on April 23rd, by the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations. The committee included Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Chairman of the Council, Miss Augusta de Peyster, Mrs. J. J. Riker, Miss I. C. King, and Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr.

There was loyal and enthusiastic representation from the Seamen's Benefit Society, from the newly organized Hudson

River group, and from the associations of Brooklyn, Elizabeth, Richmond Hill, Staten Island, South Shore, Norwalk, Riverside, and the Church of the Epiphany.

We hope soon to announce net proceeds as satisfactory as the delightful occasion itself, when over six hundred Association members and their friends rallied to the call to help our work for seamen.

All report a perfect ship, perfect service, and a perfect tea, though unfortunately not perfect weather.

## Cats Again

Once in a while we tell a tale of our Institute cats and their sailor friends by way of pointing out that a seaman who likes animals is a pretty decent sort after all, and it seems to prove another point—that many of our LOOKOUT readers are animal enthusiasts, too.

No other subject which we present in these pages elicits so much correspondence as our cat stories. Letters come addressed to the cats themselves, and sometimes packages containing gifts. Recently a box from a little town in Virginia addressed to King Michael perplexed our post office a bit until someone remembered an article about our prize cat in which it was stated that Roumania is not the only realm ruled over by a King Mickey—not while our Mickey enslaves the Institute sailormen.

The box contained fresh catnip. It was first exhibited to some of our city humans who know catnip only as it comes in compressed packages. They were therefore quite enlightened to see catnip on the hoof, as it were.

As for our city cats, they do

not seem to care for their catnip *au naturel* preferring to wait until it is thoroughly dry before partaking of it.

Mickey's donation was first inspected by Snowball, a jet black feline of dainty habits. She showed more interest in a chicken feather which happened to be mixed in with the catnip than in the herbs. Perhaps she realized it is intoxicating to cats and disdained it purposely, in consideration of her position as the mother of four. Catnip is sometimes an acquired taste, we state authoritatively, remembering the catnip tea prescribed by a solicitous grandmother during our childhood days.

So it has proved with Christopher. Christopher is a hard-boiled lanky cat. He is omnivorous and has no compunctions about submitting to the intoxicating catnip from Virginia. In fact, he provided ample entertainment for our sailors when given his first taste, rolling and yowling to their great delight.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—and that includes sailors and LOOKOUT readers.



## Vignettes of the Seaman

We are called all sorts of things, but perhaps the prize should go to one of our foreign seamen who addressed a letter to us as he pronounces our name, "Seamen's Shirts Institute."

Jim had turned over a new leaf and an enthusiastic missionary was encouraging him to continue in the straight and narrow path.

"Why, if you keep on, you may even be a minister some day," she prophesied.

"I'm very proud to be a sailor, ma'am," said Jim humbly.

"And a good job, too," Mrs. Roper commented in private afterwards, "better to be a good sailor than a poor minister."

Our sailors bring their most valued possessions to us for safe keeping. Sometimes it is a parrot, a ten-dollar gold piece, a girl's photograph, a Chinese puzzle, or a set of false teeth.

It remained for John J. Murphy to bring us an Imperial Japanese medal with a scroll which, unrolled, looked as if it might

be the wall paper from one side of a Japanese tea garden.

This document was the citation for the medal. Not wishing to embarrass our printer by demanding Japanese type, we give herewith the savory translation:

"On February 18th of 15th year of Taisho (1926), when the Japanese steamship *Daisan Daishin Maru* was drifting on the Ocean about 800 miles off Japan Coast, he went himself into a lifeboat, and in spite of storm and rough seas, dangerous to himself, he rescued Captain Nakatani and thirteen crew, after great efforts.

"His noble act, has therefore, been recognized and awarded with a Koku Hoshu (Red-Ribbon Medal), by order of H. I. M. under regulation issued on December 7th of 14th year of Meiji.

KATSUO USAMI,

President of the Imperial Board of Decoration."

Murphy is an able-bodied seaman on the *Java Arrow*, a freighter sailing under the American flag, and while he is a modest youth who has been coming to the Institute for sev-

eral years, we somehow cannot help feeling that bringing in the "Koku Hoshu" for deposit in our safe was intended to be informative as well as precautionary.

In other words, our dashing Murphy of the Decoration is human enough to like appreciation.

Mack is just an A. B. There is no special tale of high adventure that we can attach to him. We give this little vignette of him just because he is an average Institute sailorboy.

We discovered him at our "service" piano—the one which is open to all comers, as witness its tone. He was working out a two-finger rendition of what seemed to be "The Road to Mandalay." He stopped and looked up with a shy smile at our approach, his tan cheeks flushed. He raised himself almost imperceptibly from the piano stool by way of bow, and gave a tweak to his cap to indicate his awareness of the presence of a lady.

He didn't know just what to talk about, but was quite willing to answer questions.

Mack was Scotch by birth

but "came out" to America eight years ago at the age of eighteen. (He doesn't look a day older now.) He has his first papers and he intends to get his final citizenship as soon as he qualifies.

His favorite run is to South America, and he likes to come to the Institute for many reasons. Important among them is the fact that he can use the piano, a special privilege for the officers on ship-board.

There's nothing special about Mack—just a clean, wholesome, good-natured industrious Institute sailorboy.

The Institute is officially located at 25 South Street, but as a matter of fact, it is wherever there is a merchant seaman. That may be most anywhere—a Mexican jail, for instance.

To such a place the helping hand of the Institute has just reached to smooth things out for Hendon.

About two months ago, on shore leave, he stood in the street in Mexico City just passing the time and wondering what to do next. He took his tobacco pouch from his pocket and tore a cigarette paper from its moor-

ings in his little book preparatory to "rolling his own." But the pouch was empty.

A seemingly friendly Mexican close by saw his predicament and offered Hendon some tobacco. Hendon accepted gratefully but before he could get his cigarette made, an officer took him firmly by the arm. The tobacco offered by the hospitable stranger was alleged to contain a forbidden drug.

All Hendon's protestations of innocence were of no avail. He was sentenced to four years in an unsavory jail.

His first thought was of the Institute, and he wrote us. We immediately put the facts before the American consul, not hoping for too much from Mexican officialdom. To our delight, however, Hendon descended upon us the other day, a happy, grateful boy with four more years of life to look forward to than he had been counting upon recently down in that Mexican jail.

A sailorboy who didn't forget wrote this to the Head of our Merchant Marine School:

"You may not remember me. But I am one of the two young men who bothered you considerably during the middle of July,

who were trying to ship out for anywhere. If you remember, I was broke and you lent me a dollar to tide me over the night and to get me over to Captain Kelloch's office. I went and landed a job on the *Blue Triangle* which was to sail for Egypt the 24th. I shall be in New York again one of these days and when I come I shall call on you to thank you for your patience and your generosity, two traits which have been lost by the majority of New Yorkers."

Our sailors are forever telling us how the sea "gets" them. They often try to break away, but the first thing they know they are back again. Sometimes they stay ashore heroically, silently yearning for the sea. One of Mrs. Roper's boys thinks he is doing this. He's in the Army now and has written a stoical letter telling cheerfully of his life. It would be quite convincing if his pen had not slipped at the close. This is the tell-tale signature:

As ever a Sailor  
James A. Baker  
13th Field Artillery Battery  
B  
Schofield Barracks, Honolulu.

## DON'T READ THIS

if you have subscribed for THE LOOKOUT for all your friends who would be likely to find it of interest.

Through its pages we aim to acquaint our readers with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine for whom the Seamen's Church Institute exists. He is a likable fellow—picturesque, debonair, deeply philosophical, courageous, open-hearted and selfless—but the loneliest man in the world.

The true stories about our Institute sailormen as published in THE LOOKOUT are stranger than fiction and, we venture to say, just as entertaining.

In subscribing for THE LOOKOUT you are helping us to serve our seamen.

THE LOOKOUT,

25 South Street, New York City.

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

(Name) .....

(Address) .....

(Date) .....