



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

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by the

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Who Will Give the Chapel Floor?

\$5,000 will pay for the chapel floor. It will be made of *zenithern*, an imitation stone which matches the stone columns. We hope that someone will choose this floor as a Memorial Gift. A tablet will be inscribed according to the wishes of the donor. What a beautiful memorial it will be for someone! To think of the thousands of sailor feet that will march across it on their way to worship!

The Lookout

VOL. XX

DECEMBER, 1929

No. 12

Chapel Memorials

NO aspect of a seaman's shore existence is more significant or far reaching than the devotional life of the Institute. Our seamen, as well as our contributors and friends, are deeply interested in the plans for the new chapel and are looking forward eagerly to its early completion.

From this beautiful House of Worship there emanates a quiet but profound influence on the spirit of personal devotion. Within its sanctuary there are many memorials to noble men and women, erected by their friends and relatives.

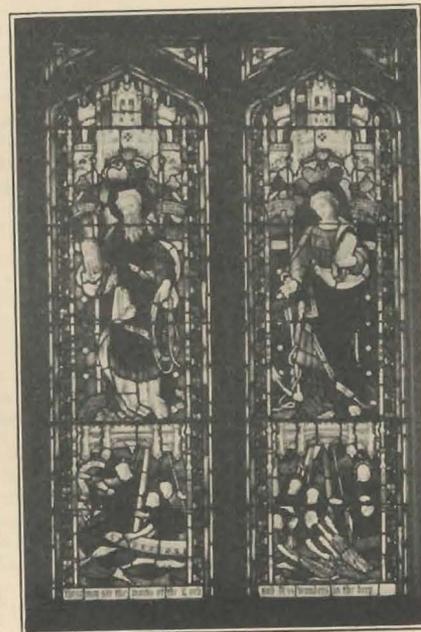
It is Dr. Mansfield's earnest wish that this Chapel to which he has given such a rich measure of devotion, may

be completed in the Spring. The following objects are available for memorials:

Large Bible	\$100.00
Bible in small Chapel	50.00
Two Altar Books, each	25.00
Chapel chairs	50.00
Stairway leading to Sanctuary...	200.00
Chancel rail in small Chapel....	200.00
Wooden Lectern in small Chapel.	100.00
Memorial panels, illuminated, each	100.00
Chapel Floor	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel	5,000.00
Memorial Windows	5,000.00

Surely among these, friends of the Institute who have not already selected memorials may find something appropriate to enrich the memory of some loved one. Suitable inscriptions will be carved in the oak panels and illuminated.

Among those who have contributed generously to the construction of this



Chapel are: Mr. F. Kingsbury Curtis, the Chapel portico, given in memory of his mother, Mary Ann Scovill Curtis, and his sister, Alatheia Curtis. The new Hall organ, given by Mr. Edmund L. Baylies in memory of his mother, Mrs. Natalia Baylies; Mrs. Mary Dexter Chafee, the chapel ceiling and lighting fixtures, in memory of her parents, Lucian Sharpe and Louisa Dexter Sharpe; Miss Mary Strong Udall, the marble altar, given in memory of Stuart F. Randolph; Mr. William F. Randolph, the pulpit, in memory of his brother, Stuart F. Randolph; Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, the doors leading to the chancel; Mr. Charles H. Patterson, the noted marine artist, a beautiful mural painting; Mr. A. J. Wadhams, the organ chamber, in memory of his father, the late Admiral Wadhams; Miss Ethel Zabriskie, the organ console; Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, the doorway, lights and faience, in memory of her husband, Lieutenant B. H. Buckingham, U. S. N.; Mrs. Carrie O. Meacham, the baptistry, "In Memoriam"; Mrs. A. Murray Young, the double doors, in memory of her husband, Mr. Andrew Murray Young; the Misses Helen Stewart and Edith Harman Brown, the chancel rail in memory of Mr. George Norton Titus; the Sea-

men's Benefit Society, of which Miss Augusta de Peyster is Chairman, the carved wood screen separating the large and small Chapels; the S. C. I. Central Council Association, of which Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann is Chairman, the small Chapel, and eighty-six individual gifts of memorial chairs.

A Lettish Communion Service

On Sunday afternoon November 10th a Lettish service was conducted in the Chapel of our Saviour by the Reverend Carl Podin, one of the Institute's Chaplains, to a congregation of Lettish or Latvian people, among whom were Karl Kreews, Mayor of the City of Windau, a Baltic port, and Jacob J. Sieberg, Consul General from Latvia to the New England States. Other guests of honor included, Dan Everett Waid, Dr. Mansfield and Chaplain Matthews.

Chaplain Podin first made an address in Lettish and then in English introduced the Reverend Douglas Matthews, senior Chaplain, and after him the Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, who made a stirring speech of welcome in which he traced the vivid and interesting history of the four Chapels of Our Saviour from the first floating church built in 1843 to the present incomplete and largest chapel. In referring to the Chapel as international, he stated that it was his hope and prayer that it would always remain open to seamen and seafolk of every nationality and of all creeds.

Mr. Waid then spoke in praise of the beautiful designs on the Chapel ceiling, and praise from such a well known architect is praise indeed!

Chaplain Podin then presented to Dr. Mansfield on behalf of the Latvian congregation, a money gift to the Chapel. One of the oak panels on the Chapel walls will be inscribed with the gold and red insignia of the Lettish country.

A Sailor Sculptor



From a gray lump of modeling clay, carefully rolled up in a handkerchief, a brown-eyed sailorboy stood in the lobby of the Institute and fashioned a graceful statuette of a seaman carrying his sea bag over his shoulder. The boy, Lauren Van Bernard, aged twenty-two, hitch-hiked his way from Burke, Idaho, his home, to New York in search of a career as a sculptor.

For five years he has been a seaman, working on ships from 'Frisco to Australia, sailing under both steam and sail, and modeling with bits of plastine clever figures during his spare

time in the fo'c'st'le. He has never had an art lesson in his life.

While in Seattle, between voyages, Bernard won a second prize in a soap modeling contest with his clay version of a cowboy riding a bucking broncho. One of his creations known as "Mother Love," depicts three monkeys, a mother, a child and the father, and all show the minuteness of detail and the care with which the young sculptor-seaman works.

And now he is looking for work along artistic lines where his talent may be put to some use, and where he can save money to go to art school.



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
GOVERNOR

October 22, 1929.

Rev. A. R. Mansfield,
Office of the Superintendent,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Dr. Mansfield:-

It makes me very happy to learn of the continued progress which the Seamen's Church Institute is making in the providing of more and better accommodations for the seamen of the Port of New York.

When I look back twenty years, it seems almost that the impossible has been accomplished in the providing of the splendid building and the extension of the work of service. I know, however, that our goal is not yet reached, and I hope that the coming year will see the completion of our plans.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

ET



From the painting by Paul Troubetskoj—Courtesy of "The Mentor."

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt

Governor Roosevelt, who is a Vice-President of the Institute and has been a member of the Board of Managers for over 21 years, recently paid tribute to the work which the Institute is doing on behalf of the Merchant Seamen, in a public letter reproduced on the opposite page.

When Governor Roosevelt was a young attorney in the offices of a

prominent New York City law firm back in 1900, he was of invaluable assistance to Dr. Mansfield in the early fight against the "crimp" system. He cooperated in prosecuting the owners of illicit sailors' boarding houses and other seamen exploiters along the New York water-front.

The Institute is proud to have so notable a statesman among its friends.

1908

A Course in Ship Knowledge



Out of the depths of a terrible sea tragedy there has evolved a plan whereby the possibility of a repetition of the S. S. "Vestris" disaster has been reduced to a minimum.

The plan has taken shape in a course of fourteen lectures on the general subject of "Ship Knowledge" given by the American Bureau of Shipping in cooperation with the Institute Merchant Marine School, in order to meet the more rigid requirements for Ships' Officers' licenses, which went into effect on October 1st.

The lectures are given at 4 p. m. each Wednesday at 25 South Street, by members of the staff of the Bureau, including Professor Seaward of Yale University.

Those who have studied the printed reports of the investigation of the "Vestris" disaster will recall the emphasis placed upon the need for a better and more

widespread knowledge of stability among ship operators.

The course is free of charge and the attendance has been very regular, with over 50 of the highest type of ship officials present.

The lectures are presented in a topical and comprehensive manner and are not too technical.

"With the building of larger and faster ocean vessels," declared Captain Huntington of our Marine School, who has trained more than four thousand cadets to become ships' officers, "it has become necessary for the United States Steamboat Inspection Service to tighten up on the requirements and to make the examination questions more up-to-date and more technical. Hence the Institute has opened its Marine School to this course."

Subjects discussed by experts include ship layout and construction, displacement, trim, ship terms, tonnages, stability, practical points on loading, fuel conservation, steering, machinery, safety engineering, speeds, problems of ship powering, etc.



Thanksgiving Day at the Institute

Our auditorium was filled to overflowing with seamen who came to enjoy the Thanksgiving entertainment which the Institute had provided for them.

The chaplain asked for a show of hands: how many were at home the previous Thanksgiving? There were pitifully few. How many were at sea? A vast number. It all shows how true it is, as Bishop Stevens of Los Angeles recently said, that the life of a seaman is the life of a wanderer. It is the price that is exacted from him for engaging in his important calling.

It was a pathetic and touching sight to watch old sailors and young sailors join in the spirit of the entertainment and give evidence of real enjoyment of the program. If the Institute's friends who contributed to the Holiday Fund could have seen the expressions of appreciation and contentment registered on those weatherbeaten faces, they would have felt amply repaid for sending their checks.

Many of the seamen who have wives and children at home must have been reminded of them because the vaudeville program contained three "kiddy" num-

bers, including little 12 year old Maxine Rambeau, a niece of Marjorie Rambeau, stage celebrity, who entertained with character songs and dances, and the three little Wards from the Keith Circuit, and the three Doo-Dabs, of the famous Kiddie Troupers, Cornetists Extraordinary.

These youngsters provided the hit of the evening and must have made the grown-up actors on the program just a wee bit jealous, for they received the most enthusiastic applause from our seamen. There were so many varieties of kiddies doing so many varieties of trooping that every father probably saw his own children reflected in some tiny tot on the stage of our auditorium. Bill Everett, the king of tricksters, delighted his nautical audience. Barney Flynn and Doris Lanehan also entertained. And so the Institute was privileged to bring a few rays of sunshine into the hearts of at least 1,500 sailormen who lodged with us on Thanksgiving Day.



Fifteen Hundred Christmas Smiles

Fifteen hundred pairs of roving sailor feet are turning homeward . . . to the Institute . . . as Christmas Day approaches.

Fifteen hundred pairs of bright, eager eyes are raised wistfully toward the welcoming green light atop the Institute.

Fifteen hundred Jack Tars on board incoming ships are scrubbing decks, polishing brass, stoking fires, waiting on tables, standing long watches, and are anticipating their few days of "shore leave."

Fifteen hundred lonely sailor hearts are longing—oh, so much more than landsmen realize—for the good cheer and happiness that the Yuletide season should bring.

Fifteen hundred seamen are looking forward to

spending December 25th in the friendly and home-like atmosphere of "25 South Street."

Fifteen hundred lusty sailor voices are waiting to sing Christmas carols in the auditorium.

Fifteen hundred "smokes," and fifteen hundred turkey dinners must be ready for our sailorboys.

And—fifteen hundred sea-tanned faces will break forth into fifteen hundred smiles if YOU will give as much as you possibly can to the Institute's *Holiday Fund*. With your help we can make this a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas for our sailors.

Every dollar will be stretched to its very limit in order to spread "Merry Christmas" smiles into every nook and corner of the Institute and into every marine hospital in New York.



An Accidental Artist



'Neath the sunny skies of Florence, in that ancient city of famous painters, Seaman Leo Cavallo first saw the light of day.

Ulysses seeking the Happy Isles had no more of a wanderlust than had this young Italian boy; so one day he followed the call of the Sea and sailed down the blue Mediterranean.

With him he carried a small pearl-handled jack-knife given him by his sister, and one day he chanced to pick up a piece of wood from the deck and began to whittle it. Much to his surprise he discovered that he had quite a talent for carving. Before the trip was over, his shipmates had complimented him on the beautiful figures which he had carved from rough wood.

A few months ago, Cavallo se-

cured a job on the Leviathan and in his spare moments continued his carving of wooden figures, of cherry wood, koa, and mahogany, mounting them on mirrors and picture frames and presenting them to friends and relatives.

One night as he was carving, the knife slipped and in the dimly lit cabin he was unable to find it, so, borrowing a pencil, he drew in the eyes and other facial features of the angel's head.

He was both amazed and pleased at its beautiful facial contour. He resolved to abandon carving and take up painting.

He found a photograph of one of the Italian masters' paintings in an old newspaper and proceeded to copy it, mixing oil paints as best he could: the result is reproduced on this page.

The colors are softly blended, yet rich and glowing.

Cavallo came to the Information Desk and asked if the Institute would give him the names of books which an amateur artist might study.

Who knows but what there are other seamen who come to the Institute with hidden artistic talents, waiting for an opportunity to have them trained and developed?

Captain Benson's Own Story

EDITOR'S NOTE: (In the November issue of "The Lookout" Captain Benson began his adventures on board the "El Dorado." The rest of the story takes place in the "El Dorado's" life boat, in which were eleven men of the crew. In the rush to escape the collapsing bulkheads of the wrecked ship, Captain Benson was unable to rescue the ship's chronometer.)

"As we pulled away from the 'El Dorado,' my green-hand crew looked dejected. They were meeting death bravely, but there was not a grin in the lot. The mates and I tried to cheer them up. But they were thinking about that lost chronometer!

"Before dark I held a consultation with the mates to ascertain our position. By consulting our charts, we found that Easter Island was our only hope. It lay about 700 miles to the north east by east as the crow flies, but my sextant being our sole navigating instrument, I saw that I must run out the latitude first.

"That first night in the life boat was a night of terror. We were cold and hungry and sleepy and the salt spray swept over us repeatedly, but we dared not go to sleep. During the night it rained and we had to do a lot of baling.

"Morning finally arrived. I happened to remember that it was my birthday and for some fool reason I felt within me the desire to have at least one more birthday. I fixed it up with my

mates that whenever one should see the other falling asleep, he should forthwith kick him until he woke up.

"We stepped the mast and bent our spreadsail and jib; the wind filled them and we were off at a great rate. About noon I judged it was time to have something to eat. We had to be extremely economical. My birthday dinner consisted of one-eleventh interest in a one-pound can of corned beef and two cans of soup mixed with cold water.

"We got through the next night safely, steering by instinct, for we had no matches and there was no moonlight to see the compass. The sea ran very high. Time and again our life boat was half filled with water. We had a frightful time keeping the boat's end to the seas. One oar was broken. At daylight we were so exhausted that it did not seem possible to survive much longer. I was crazy for a sea anchor. However, since 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' we bundled six heavy woolen blankets together and tied them

firmly in the middle. That anchor was a marvellous success. It reduced our chances of swamping providing we could keep her baled out.

"The next day we commenced seeing things—green fields and trees. Strange how each man fighting for his life sees the things of his desire. What we wanted was land, and we all saw every port from Puget Sound to Valparaiso.

"Three more days and nights of constant baling and we had ridden out of the hurricane! We had been soaked in salt water so long that now our hands and feet began to swell very badly from the effects of this salt water pickle. We tried kneeling until our knees began to grind, because sitting down became sheer agony.

"The next day was clear and I managed to shoot the sun and discovered that we were in latitude 27°08. Easter Island is in 27°10!

"Having come 900 miles through worse than death with galled and bleeding bodies, we were now appalled with the horrible fear that we might run by Easter Island in the dark! We knew if we missed the Island it

was us for Davy Jones' locker. It would be terrible to lose the kind of fight we had waged.

"Our soup had long since gone. We were living on crackers mixed with condensed milk.

"Suddenly our lookout announced that he saw land. None of us believed him, but he insisted until finally I saw it myself. We celebrated by having a double allowance of grub! Some of the crew took the trouble to thank the Almighty for His care of us.



CAPTAIN BENSON

"About 8 o'clock that night we hove to on the south side of the Island and pulled with our last ounce of strength until we found a little beach.

"No, we did not look for help, because we found we were unable to walk. When we moved we crawled on hands and knees. I can't tell you how good it felt to stretch out and sleep.

"The next morning a party of Kanakas came down the cliffs, addressed us in Spanish (which, fortunately, I understood), and conducted us to the residence of the only white man on the Island.

"A few days later a British steamer touched in at Easter Island, took off our crew and landed us in Australia."

Musings of the Mate

A Life-Long Promise

Eleven years ago a man in Massachusetts became interested in the work of the Institute and sent us a check for \$5.00, promising to increase this amount by \$5.00 each year for as long as he lived.

The other day we received a contribution from him for \$55.00 and the following letter:

"I promised to increase \$5.00 each year but I did not expect to live so long. I am now 76. However, I shall keep my promise if I live to be 100."

It is such generous enthusiasm as this which encourages us to carry on on behalf of our merchant sailors.

"Home"

A seaman collapsed in our lobby and was taken in to the United States Public Health Clinic on the Mezzanine floor.

He was found to be malnourished and had been going around for several days with a broken rib.

When he became conscious, he looked around the white-walled clinic, tried to sit up, but feeling the pain in his rib, sank



back among the pillows and remarked:

"Aw, I'm going to get out of here good and quick and get to the Seamen's Church Institute where they have some good doctors!"

He was much relieved and overjoyed to learn that he was not in a strange hospital but in his own shore home, at 25 South Street.

Gypped?

Seaman William Brown hustled from his ship to 25 South Street and breezily entered the General Stores.

"I have been gypped," he announced. The attendant inquired for details. Seaman Brown furnished them, to wit:

"I bought a suit of wool underwear here and it was guar-

anteed 100% all wool," he explained, "but it cannot be all wool for it scratches me. I want my money back," he demanded.

The store attendant generously offered to exchange the article of apparel, but was interrupted by Brown:

"Oh, I can't do that," he protested. "You see I got the suit on me and I have had it on ever since I bought it here six weeks ago!"

Gratitude

We are confident that the women who so faithfully and willingly knit woolen garments for our seamen will derive a great deal of satisfaction from the following letter written on board the S. S. "Venetia" by one of our seamen:

Gibraltar,
October 11, 1929.

My dear Mrs. Roper,

According to promise, I take the pleasure of dropping you this short note, in the hope that the same finds you all well and happy at the Institute.

I am pleased to say we had a very pleasant passage all the way here, and the time did not seem so long, thanks to the splendid magazines you gave us. I gave the Captain one of the bundles and he was quite delighted with the "Geographic." I also gave him one of the big scarfs, also a pair of socks which will be fine for him wearing with his sea boots. The scarf will come in handy for him on the Bridge of a cold night. So I am sure you will share with me a double pleasure with your gift; he feeling so comfy and we feeling so happy.

He has promised me that he is going to call upon you next time he is in New York. He was telling me he stayed in the Institute when he was Chief Officer, some time ago, but I was telling him the wonderful improvements you have since then, so he is going to see it for himself.

I am pleased to tell you we are all well on Board and fairly happy in our various duties.

Kindly remember me to all friends.

I beg to remain your sincere and grateful friend,

D. LAIDLAW.

A Request

The Religious and Social Service Department urgently requests all the Institute's friends who are planning to send gifts to the seamen, to mail these as early as possible to the Institute.

The committee is eager to begin the packing of these gifts at least one week before Christmas, so the earlier the contributions are received, the easier will be their task.

Sailors' Day

The Fourteenth Annual Sailors' Day Service was held at Old Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Street, on Sunday evening, October 27th. The Service was conducted under the auspices of the Joint Conference of Allied Societies for Seamen in the Port of New York and was presided over by the Reverend Caleb R.

Stetson, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church.

Dr. Mansfield read the memorial prayers for all seamen who had lost their lives at sea during the past year.

Sailors' Day Services have been held by the Conference for the past fourteen years in churches of various denominations.

Theatre Benefit

Our Fifth Annual Theatre Benefit gave us a net profit of \$3,945.55.

To all "Lookout" readers and other Institute friends, we are most grateful for their helpfulness in making this a big success.

We are confident that everyone enjoyed the performance of Mrs. Fiske in "Ladies of the Jury."

S. O. S.

Our slop chest is depleted. The stock on overalls, shoes and underwear is very, very low. Will "Lookout" readers help us out in this emergency and send us a supply of old clothes for needy seamen? A great many sailors depend on our slop chest to outfit them when they go to sea. They

pay whatever they can, from ten cents to a dollar, for the clothing that they use. Will YOU help the Institute to replenish this supply so that no seaman may go away unoutfitted?

Building Fund Benefit

Members of the Building Finance Committee held a special Supper Dance Benefit on October 24th at the Club Plaza in the Hotel Plaza. The sum of \$669.00 was cleared and also \$110.00 was realized from the auction of a quilt, donated by two of the Institute's friends.

The program was a very lively and entertaining one. Gertrude Lawrence, star of "Candle Light," sang several of her charming songs; Fred Keating, the aristocrat of magic, swallowed needles and cigarettes and delighted the audience with his amusing tricks, and Francis Mann and Frederick Carpenter performed some lovely costume dances, and Mr. Gordon Knox Bell, our worthy Chairman of the Building Finance Committee, did some clever auctioneering.

Altogether it was a very gay social evening in spite of the fact that Wall Street was in deepest gloom.

Testimony

The Reverend R. W. Magoun, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of Newport, writes in "The Mainstay" of the following incident:

A seaman who had not been to sea for ten years, but who was doing some other work and doing it very well, came in to see Mr. Magoun on a matter of business, and before he left he gave this testimony:

"I shall never forget the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. My ship was off the Grand Banks when I was taken sick. A radio message was sent through the Institute, and medical advice was immediately given so I would be given prompt relief. An ambulance was waiting at the dock when we reached New York and I am alive today because of that wonderful service inaugurated by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York."

A Good Samaritan

He sat in a corner listening to a gay phonograph record being played by a group of seamen gathered in the Reading Room one rainy afternoon, but he did not join in with their hilarity.

Suddenly one of the group looked across and saw the young-

ster, lonely and forlorn, in his little corner.

"What's the matter, Buddy?" he asked as he approached.

"I'm waiting for a letter," replied the lad.

"Need any money?" persisted the older seaman.

"Naw," was the rejoinder, as he lowered his eyes and fumbled with his cap.

"Well, if you ask me," continued the friendly one, "maybe you don't need money but you *do* need a shave and you do look hungry, so come on downstairs and I'll buy you a dinner."

A few hours later a much happier looking sailor boy came to the Social Service desk and received his letter which had been delayed. It contained \$25.00 from his family.

Popularity!

When a seaman stands at our Post Office window and receives five or six letters he is usually the envy of all onlookers, but recently a young seaman appeared at the afore-mentioned window and broke all existing records for popularity: since October 15th there had accumulated in his mail box, awaiting his arrival, 150 letters from 38 out of the 48 States in the Union!

Letters to the Lookout

From a Clergyman

"I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation of the last number of 'The Lookout'. I think it is one of the best numbers I have seen. The Seamen's Church Institute is one of the great glories of our church in New York. So broad, so kindly, so human, so Christian in its appeal and methods. You are building an enviable memorial."

From an Architect

"I have received the August number of 'The Lookout' and have read the same with interest. I think it is one of the best issues of 'The Lookout' that has appeared in some time."

From a Merchant

"I certainly enjoy receiving your little magazine regularly through the year. I am in hearty sympathy with your work and realize the stupendous need for support which you have."

From a Banker

"A spicy little magazine; I enjoy every issue."

From a Lawyer

"Your magazine, 'The Lookout', reached me this morning and as usual I read it through at once. Several of the stories I read twice."

From a Senator

"I am so glad you sent me the last issue of 'The Lookout' giving an account of your profoundly interesting and valuable work. It certainly is fine publicity for the Institute."

From an Editor

"I wonder if you could send me an extra copy of this month's 'Lookout', that eminently racy and readable publication?"

From a Teacher

"'The Lookout' is a monthly delight."

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12 Issues for One Dollar

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