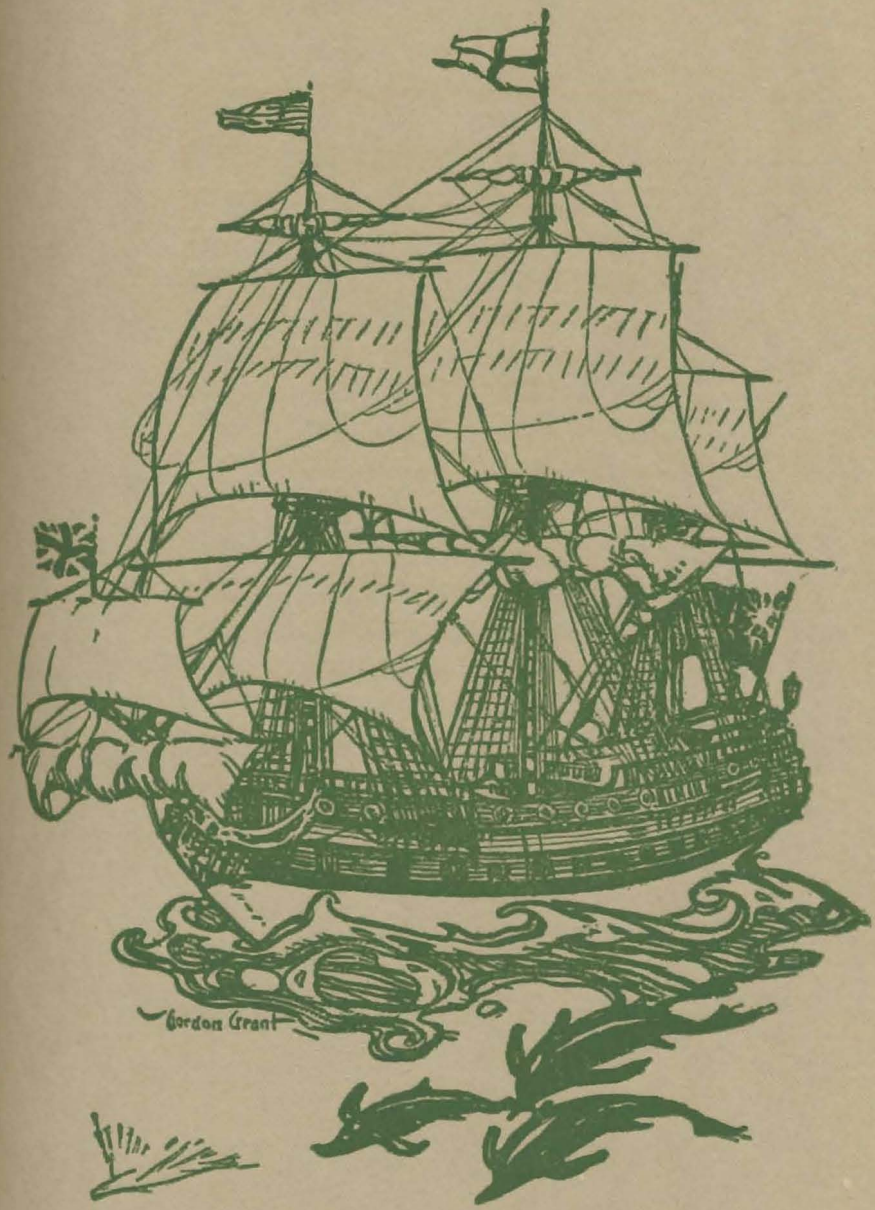
The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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THE cover design by GORDON GRANT is the book-jacket illustration for *"Contemporary Scale Models of Vessels of the Seventeenth Century,"* prepared for the Ship Model Society by HENRY B. CULVER, and published, in a limited edition, by PAYSON & CLARKE, Ltd., 18 East 53rd Street, New York City.

Mr. CULVER is recognized as a leading authority in his field. The authoritative character of this work (which is the first of a series) and the fact that it is the first book to be devoted exclusively to scale models assure its value to collectors and others interested in this fascinating subject.

The illustration was loaned to the Institute through the courtesy of PAYSON & CLARKE, Ltd.

The Lookout

VOL. XVII AUGUST, 1926 No. 8

"Dead at their posts"

No greater epitaph could be written for the men of the S-51.

It was not surprising. Before the submarine gave up its secrets after months of submersion, a Navy Commander said, "We expect to find each man dead at his post."

And they did.

The Commander knew what the world has long since learned—that the hour will never call in vain for the man. The seaman knows no fear nor hesitancy when duty is his privilege.

And so, having endowed us with even higher standards of sea-manhood, the crew of the S-51 pass on.

"Old Ironsides" Trophy for Institute

From painting by Carlton T. Chapman—Courtesy U. S. Navy

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE *Constitution* AND THE *Guerrière*, AUGUST 19, 1812

One of the ten breasthooks of the old Frigate *Constitution* is to find lodging in the new addition to the Seamen's Church Institute—probably in the Chapel.

The acquisition is made possible by the fact that in reconstructing the old ship it will be necessary to replace this particular breasthook from the spar deck, which has suffered a fracture after its long years of service, although it was made of good solid live oak. It is 15 feet from tip to tip, 23½ inches in the throat, and 11 inches thick.

If the informed will pardon a brief explanation to the uninformed, a breasthook is the solid horizontal timber serving as a strut and tie to connect the sides of the hull at the bow. While it is covered by other construction on most large ships, it is familiar to nearly everyone as the triangular piece of wood in the point of the bow of row boats and canoes.

The Institute, of course, is proud to have a part of the most famous ship in our national history and one of the best known warships in the world—the first ship to win distinction for our young country on the waves; and to the seamen continually looking upon it, it should be not only a source of pride, but an inspiration as well.

The old breasthook no doubt came in contact with some of the bolts and copper plates fashioned by Paul Revere; above it floated the flag made by Betsy Ross; and close by on the prow was the name given the ship by President Washington himself—*Constitution.*

The Frigate was launched in 1797. She was one of the first United States naval vessels authorized by Congress and the last word in warships at the time. She fairly reeks with the romance of the sea, as a number of long-forgotten tales about her indicate. Someone should do her justice in song or story, for with the lapse of years her achievements show up in a light even stronger than that which must have inspired Oliver Wendell Holmes back in the year 1830.

Previous to 1812 the British newspapers, sneering at the American Navy, had spoken of the *Constitution* as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting," and had also predicted that "a few broadsides from England's wooden hulls would drive the paltry striped bunting from the ocean."

But the good ship had too fine a commander in Captain Isaac Hull, and she was too seaworthy to succumb to any such predictions. Her unusual sail area and the strategy of her Captain were responsible for a clever getaway from a British man-o'-war when the odds were with the enemy.

The affair with the *Guerrière* took place off Nova Scotia while Captain Hull was A. W. O. L. from Boston with his ship. Had he lost the fight, it would have meant the firing squad or walking the plank or whatever the Navy did to its unruly commanders in those days.

Captain Hull was tired of waiting for orders and afraid that when he did get them they might command him to sit tight, for as yet the Navy had no reason to feel confidence in itself. But Hull fixed that once and for

all. The moral effect of the first American victory on the sea was great on both sides.

Before the war, Captain Dacres of the *Guerrière* bet Captain Hull a hat on the outcome of a possible meeting between their two ships. After the battle, when Dacres came aboard the *Constitution* to tender his sword in surrender, Captain Hull said:

"No, no, I will not take a sword from a man who knows so well how to use it, but I'll trouble you for your hat, sir."

He then asked the defeated commander if there was anything aboard the *Guerrière* he would like to salvage. Dacres mentioned a Bible his mother had given him. Hull sent an officer for it and then dynamited what was left of the unfortunate vessel. Dacres was deeply touched by Hull's humane treatment, and they remained friends throughout their lives.

Hull apparently was quite a sketch. He got his first training as a boy on his father's whaling ships which had been fitted out to annoy the enemy during the Revolutionary War. He refused to go to college because of his love for the sea. At 16 he was shipwrecked and saved his captain's life. At 25 (in 1798) when the United States Navy was organized, he was made Fourth Lieutenant and assigned to the *Constitution*. He became its Commander in 1810. He died like a seaman in 1843, with a smile and the words, "I strike my flag."

He had lived to see the first restoration of the *Constitution* in 1833, which resulted from popular sentiment created by Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem. In 1874, she was again restored, and now she is scheduled for a third overhauling. She is badly off—leaky and unsafe in the rigging.

Congress has authorized the Navy to accept private funds—not to spare the Government the expense, but to stimulate interest, especially amongst school children. About half the necessary $500,000 has been received to date.

New deck beams are required in reconditioning the Frigate, and after a survey by the Government forestry service, timber has been selected from Blackbeard's Island off the coast of Georgia, which is said to be a refuge of the terror pirate who operated under the skull and cross bones early in the 18th

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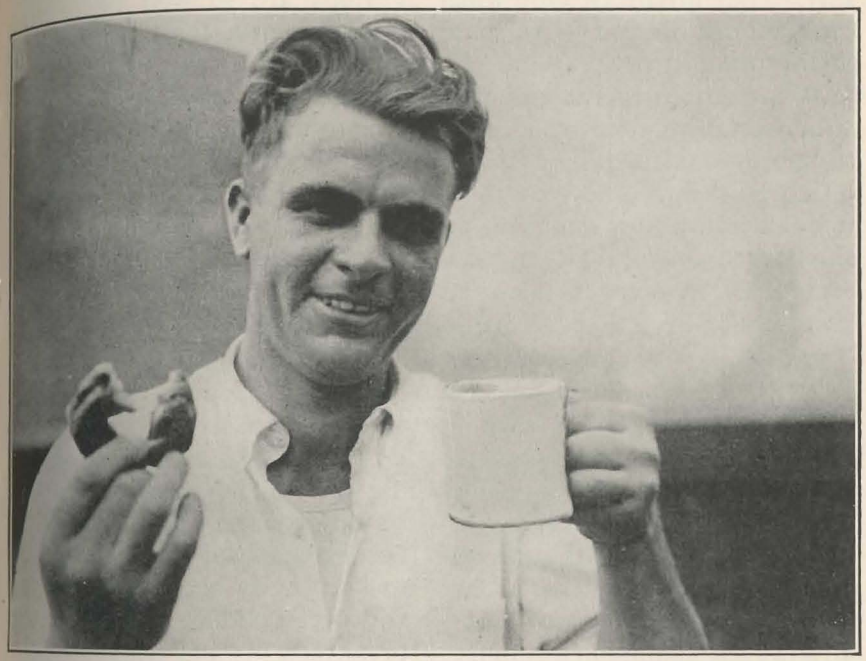
Feeding the Two Thousand



COULD THIS BE THE RASCAL WHO PUT THE PEPPER IN THE ELECTRIC FAN?

Feeding as many as two thousand hungry men per day at a lunch counter equipped with only forty-six stools would seem to be some sort of sleight-of-hand performance; and yet, pending the completion of the new Annex, the Manager of the Institute lunch room is accomplishing this very little trick of magic—with nothing up his sleeve, ladies and gentlemen.

With a surprisingly small galley crew, he supplies the Two Thousand with plenty of good plain wholesome food like Mother used to make, and at prices which no New York lunch room underbids. The counter does a little better than break even, but the real profit to the Manager and his helpers is in the content that registers on the faces of the seamen when they step up to pay

their checks. They don't say much, but sailormen aren't that sort. They broadcast only when they are not pleased—like some of the rest of us.

What sailormen eat and why is a constant source of interest to those concerned in administering to them. They eat some things because they get them on shipboard, and other things because they don't get them on shipboard.

One might unthinkingly associate fish with seamen, but this is one food that figures very inconspicuously on their menus, both ashore and afloat. They don't have them *en voyage* because they cannot get them, paradoxical as that may seem; but even a slow freighter would outdistance the champion swimmers of the finny tribe, provided they wanted to folow along and be caught. Ashore, sailors don't want fish, and that's that.

Fresh salads, however, are very popular, especially those whose ingredients are raw fruits and vegetables. Meat is surprisingly neglected, except in stews, and an interesting point about it is that the bread and butter consumed costs the Institute approximately the same as the meat, but the former is given away—four substantial slices with each entrée.

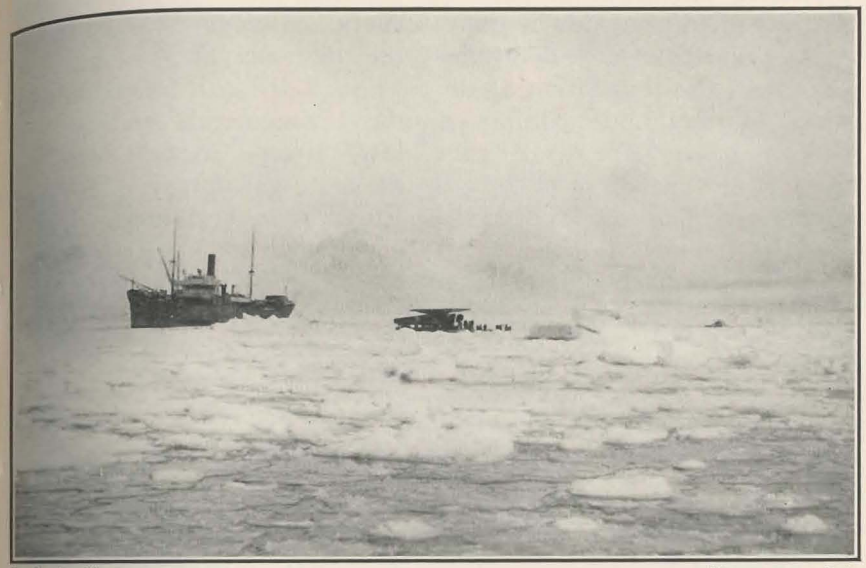
Eggs are so well liked that they present a constant problem in arithmetic. If two eggs cost 20 cents and three eggs cost 25 cents, how much should eight eggs cost? Explanations are frequently necessary, for an eight-egg order is by no means a phenomenon at the lunch counter.

Shredded wheat, corn-flakes and bran disappear in large quantities at each meal, and pastry and tea or pastry and coffee are ordered up at all hours of the day and night. One of our observing countermen reports that he has known a "busted" sailor to keep body and soul together with rice pudding and coffee for breakfast, pie and tea for lunch, and some sort of pastry and coffee for supper. This same tar, smiled upon by Lady Luck at some other time, may indulge in extreme lavishness and run up a dinner check of 75 cents. The average meal check is 25 cents.

An old salt recently imbibed five cups of coffee at five cents each and then confided to the counterman that he could stand another but that he possessed only 25 cents. In deference to

(*Continued on page* 19)

Commander Byrd's Seamanship



P. & A. Photo *Aftenposten, Oslo*

THE *Chantier* AT ANCHOR, AND THE *Josephine Ford* BEING TAKEN ASHORE AT KING'S BAY

The crew of the *Chantier* wrote another page in the history of American seamanship on their recent voyage to Spitzbergen and return. Commander Byrd's enthusiastic praise of them simmers down to a matter of fine character—the basis, of course, of any undertaking requiring courage to sacrifice to the utmost. Trained seamanship was not what got the *Chantier* to Spitzbergen, nor what made it possible to land the *Josephine Ford* on a pontoon. It was rather the hardihood and unconquerable Americanism of the loyal and determined "scrub" crew.

And Commander Byrd's modest protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, it was without doubt his own attributes that inspired his men. It was sheer courage and determination—outstanding characteristics of the average seaman—that put the plane ashore in the midst of

treacherous floating ice, and in the face of assurance from experienced sailors of the North that it couldn't possibly be done.

As a matter of fact, determination was the foundation of the whole North Pole expedition—a determination that took root twenty-four years ago in the adventurous mind of Richard E. Byrd, then a boy of twelve on his way around the world alone. The first chapter in the dramatic tale of his flight over the Pole opened with his first taste of the sea back in his childhood.

"Dick was a bit shaky when the ship first left the Golden Gate, but after those early tremors he was not seasick a single mile of the trip. Just before reaching Japan the ship ran into a typhoon, the worst the captain had ever seen. The ship ran up the side of one wave and dropped on the next with such force that everybody thought she would break in two—all but young Byrd, who was having the time of his life. He thought it great fun, and the plunging, groaning ship excited his fancy." So runs a story in the *New York Times*.

After a mad-cap year in the Philippines, Byrd himself further recounts his adventures:

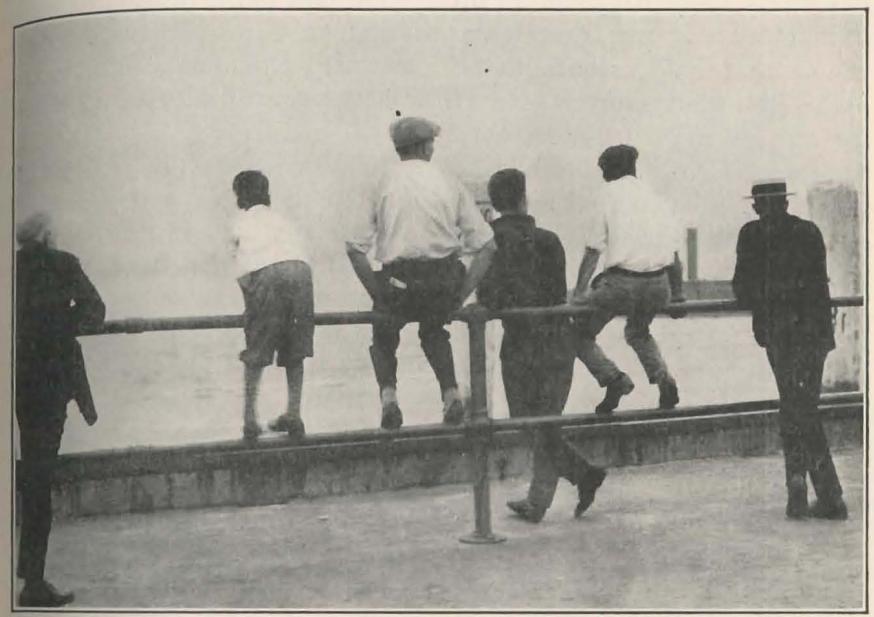
"On the way home we went around by Ceylon and up through the Red Sea, a fairly uneventful voyage except that in the Red Sea the second mate, whom I disliked, forgot to wind the chronometer, and we got lost. I was tickled to death, for the mate got in bad. He was an Englishman and used to tease me about my country. I couldn't se the joke. . . .

"The incident of the second mate impressed on me the value of chronometers. I don't suppose I had ever thought much about navigation before. I knew the compass was necessary and had seen the officers shooting the sun, but I did not know that time was a part of the calculation for determining position. Navigation became at once a mysterious and important function, and I suppose my interest in it dates from that moment.

"I remember that we steered due west as the only means of finding ourselves until we hit Madagascar and then piloted our way up the coast to Port Said."

Thus Commander Byrd's historic first flight over the North Pole may be said to have been born and cut its wisdom teeth on the sea.

"Sea Fever"



"NEARLY EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO SEA"

Why the present nation-wide interest in the sea and all that in it or on it is?

There are ship models on our chimney pieces, and ships depicted on our walls, door knockers, china, magazine, and most prominently on our imaginations. Even our ices are modelled like ships. Of course, all these are merely symbols to express our love for the sea. But why?

"An unusual epidemic of sea fever is sweeping America's coast line. The landlubbers are rushing to the sea as never before. Father and mother and the youngsters are shoving off in all manner of craft, and, as the jolly crew of the *Pinafore* might put it, so are their sisters and their cousins and their aunts." So writes one Mr. Noble. Why?

Perhaps it is because Americans must constantly be going somewhere. The automobile is

last year's Christmas toy. It has no more thrills and besides there is scarcely room for them all on the highways at once, despite the rumor that fordcars are to be made six inches shorter so that we can get more of them onto the road. Crowded off the land, there are still two elements left —the air and the sea. The air we are gradually encroaching upon, but we are still working on the practical side of it and saving it for a later universal possibility. Thus, by process of elimination, we arrive at the sea. It is the only place we have to go just now.

That is one theory of our national embarkation.

Another is that it is as inexplicable as women's fashions. It is simply the vogue of the moment and why bother to try to explain it?

Then, of course, there is the answer to every modern riddle —the War. The War took the nation overseas, in spirit at least. We got a sniff of salt air in our lungs at that time. We found that the sea isn't so big nor so formidable as we had thought. We got acquainted with it then and enjoy continuing the friendship.

Perhaps in the process of evolution we were once amphibious creatures and our sea-going instincts have not altogether atrophied.

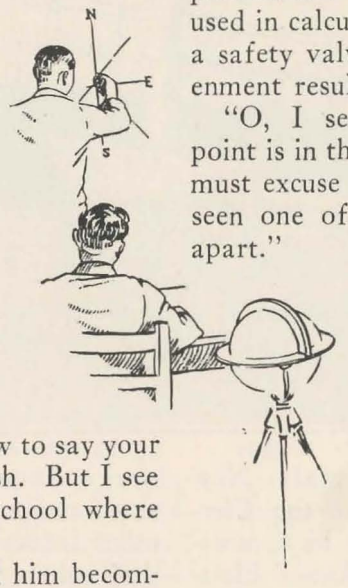
Perhaps it is a divine urge to live up to ideals and illusions. Almost anything can happen at sea. It might well be that there we could attain our goals or could find something to complement our natures.

Perhaps also it is just a restlessness of the age. The theme of most of our popular songs as far back as memory serves us is, "I want to be somewhere else." Perhaps we turn to the sea as the most likely realm where we can be somewhere else. For at sea one is bound to be somewhere else each successive moment.

This explanation would mean that our present "sea fever" is only a recrudescence of a universal and world-old desire to go a-venturing. Nearly everybody wants to go to sea. Perhaps it had better go at that without further analysis. A clam is not an analyst, but still he knows when it's high tide!

That "Dismal" Point

A prosperous looking young seaman of generous proportions ambled into the Institute's Merchant Marine School, and in accents indigenous to his native land, thus addressed the Captain in charge:



"So, you have a real school where I could get a mate's license? When I first came into this place I saw a man in priest's clothes at the door and I thought it was like Newfoundland where I come from, where all they learn you is how to say your prayers and catch fish. But I see you've got a real school where I can get a license."

The Captain told him becoming an officer would depend upon his own efforts—that the School could furnish the necessary instruction if he would profit by it.

The candidate was encouraged and continued, "Now, I haven't much education, but I know more about an engine than some of them fellows that's got a license. Still, they're always talking about a thing called the decimal point. Now, could you tell me, sir, whereabouts in the engine this decimal point is?"

The Captain patiently explained how the decimal point is used in calculating the weight of a safety valve. Partial enlightenment resulted.

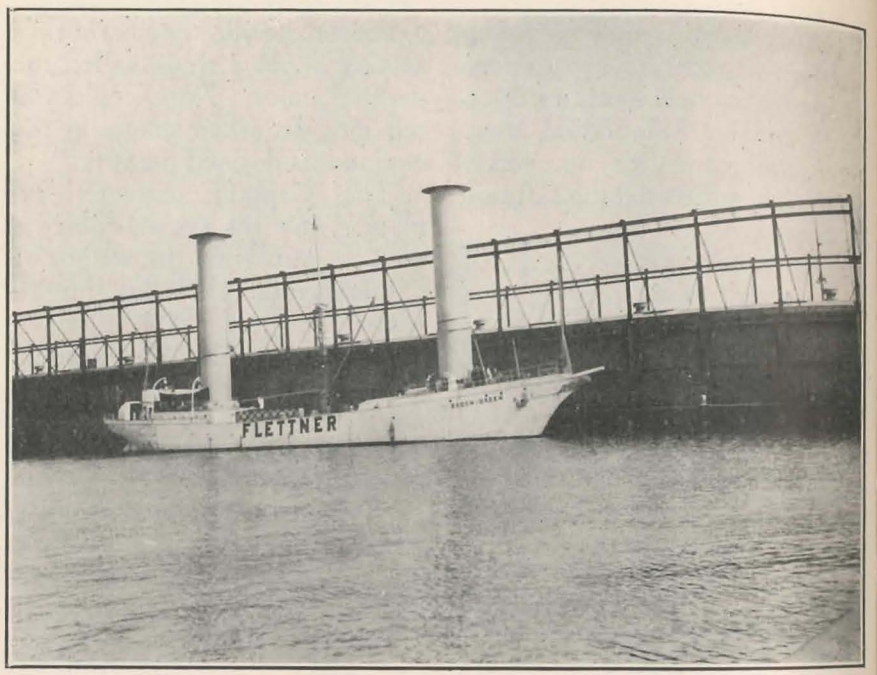
"O, I see, sir, the decimal point is in the safety valve. You must excuse me, sir, but I never seen one of them things taken apart."

More explanations followed until the young aspirant's face suddenly cleared and he exclaimed with very apparent relief:

"O, now I see, sir. The decimal point ain't in the engine at all—it's in the education!"

More things than decimal points were subsequently added to his education, and now he is one of the 3,000 officers that have been graduated by the Merchant Marine School of the Seamen's Institute.

The Rotor Ship



"The queerest craft New York has seen since the *Clermont,*" is what one local newspaper said about Anton Flettner's rotor ship, *Baden-Baden,* which reached these waters May 9th with a cargo of building stones. She left Hamburg April 2nd, making the crossing in thirty-seven days.

She lay alongside Battery Park for over a week, where curious spectators looked her over and wondered out loud how she functioned, or explained to other innocent by-standers what they believed to be the principle of operation. Later the public were permitted to board her at a dock over on Staten Island. Almost as amazing as the grotesque appearance of the ship itself was the ability of its officers to explain it in perfect technical English.

One's interest first centered on

the huge stacks or rotors which rise to an ungainly height, exactly vertical, thus offending the eye, which has been accustomed to the graceful lines of the gently leaning stacks of our lordly steamers.

The color of the rotors was a bit alarming also—a daringly original shade somewhere between the recently fashionable "love-bird" and a common garden variety of pea soup. But new inventions are likely to "look queer," and so unusual is Mr. Flettner's rotor ship that keen interest and admiration for his ingenuity overwhelms any desire to be facetious about the *Baden-Baden's* appearance. It has made the entire shipping world sit up and take notice and speculate as to whether it may be an epoch-making innovation in ship propulsion.

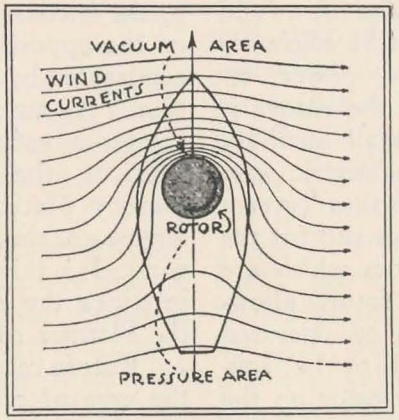


FIGURE 1

The following explanation of the rotor principle is taken from a folder published by F. O. Willhofft, New York representative of Mr. Flettner:

"The principle, as applied to this ship, represents a complete change from the primitive ideas of sail propulsion that mankind has employed in one form or another for the past two thousand years. The simplicity of this invention and its economy of operation, when applied to ships, permits the use of wind power, utilized through rotors instead of sails, to an almost unlimited extent.

"The new system of propulsion is not intended for a revival of the sailing ship; it is intended as an auxiliary for ships equipped with propellers and other motor power . . . the chief advantage being that it makes the vessel entirely independent of the wind while avoiding the drawbacks of the combination of ordinary sails and motor. . . .

"During periods of dead calm the rotors will be standing still, and the engine power must be such as to give the vessel a cer-

tain minimum speed. As the wind increases, the engine power is reduced, with the accompanying saving in fuel. Naturally, this implies an adjustable propeller, since otherwise rotors and propeller could not be efficiently coordinated. The power required to revolve the rotors is derived from a small auxiliary engine driving an electric generator which furnishes current for general purposes and for the small electric motors which are coupled to each rotor, allowing each rotor to be operated independently and to be controlled by the navigator on the bridge. . . .

"Figure 1 shows a rotor ship seen from above. The rotor, a cylinder perfectly smooth on the outside and closed top and bottom, is rotated by electric motor power, as explained in the preceding paragraphs. Rotation in this particular case is in a clockwise direction, and the wind comes from the left. The fact that a cylinder rotating in a current of air exercises force in a direction at right angles to the direction of the air current is a principle that has been known since the middle of the nineteenth century, known as the 'Magnus Law.' . . .

"The action of the rotor may be partly explained in simple form when it is stated that the wind meeting a circular revolving body is retarded on one side by the friction of the rotor shell; on the opposite side the wind is accelerated by the revolving motion. As acceleration of speed creates a vacuum, resultant action of the wind forces is thereby placed at about right angles to the direction of the wind. It is this application which provides the driving power of the Flettner rotor ship. . . .

"Rotors require but one-tenth the area of canvas sails to produce the same effect. This is also one of the reasons why the stability conditions of a vessel are not materially affected by the substitution of rotors for sails. The rotors weigh only one-eighth of the combined weight of sails, masts and tackle which they replace.

"Another and most valuable characteristic of the rotor ship is that it will sail very close to the wind, 20 to 30 degrees as against 60 to 75 for the ordinary sailing vessel. This, of course, in the case of headwinds, very materially shortens the distance to be traveled and adds to the economy of operation.

"A rotor ship can get full power from the wind in about half a minute (the time required to bring the rotors to full speed from standstill), while a large sailing vessel needs many hours for setting sails.

"The rotor ship has the same advantage when tacking, a movement of the controller handle on the bridge being all that is required.

"The saving in the numbers of the crew is so obvious that it needs no explanation. Furthermore two different crews are not needed as in the case of the auxiliary motor ship with the old type sails."

"Only those who have been aroused from sleep on board ship by the terrible cry, 'Man overboard!' " said the lecturer, "can fully realize its terrible meaning."

"That's not right," interjected a little man in the audience. "I heard it once when I was not aboard a ship and I realized it more than anybody."

"You couldn't," objected the lecturer.

"Oh, yes, I could," persisted the little man; "I was the man who was overboard."

ONE "WHY"

Occasionally a contributor to the Seamen's Church Institute gives us a reason for his generosity. The most romantic reason received for some time is embodied in the following excerpt from a letter:

"This is given as a memorial to my grandfather, born December 10, 1763, died August 21, 1824. He was an old East India merchant captain who owned his ships and sailed them himself. His son, my uncle, was also a merchantman who was appointed Sailing Master in the Navy by James Madison, so I have a good deal of interest and sympathy for the men of that calling. An old directory I own gives the residence of the older Captain as 14 Wall Street."

The old captain referred to may have stood in his front door yard as a boy and heard the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and someone in the family must have seen Washington pass on his way to his inauguration farther down Wall Street. It is all food for the imagination.

AVAST, DEMONS!

Perhaps the seven evil spirits so effectively disposed of in the Bible are still roaming the earth. At any rate, the fact that the coolie crew reports exactly seven on the British cargo steamer *Wray Castle* would seem to be more than a mere coincidence.

The ship left New York last January, but the troublesome demons (who had apparently sneaked aboard as stowaways) did not disclose themselves until they reached the Philippines. Then they saw to it that an apprentice fell from a painting scaffolding and broke his collarbone. That accomplished, they went into hiding until they felt it was safe to venture forth and push the Second Officer into a hatch, just barely sparing his life.

Their success emboldened them and they became so careless in the matter of inflicting miscellaneous injuries upon the crew that their presence was inevitably discovered. At Singapore the aid of a priest was invoked. He undertook to adjust the matter by giving the coolies a few fireworks and much advice—price twenty dollars.

When the ship was again under way, the crew didn't even wait for the Fourth of July to set off their explosives. They also burned joss sticks, and threw overboard three savory roasted chickens—a temptation for even a hard-boiled evil spirit to desert ship.

For a while all seemed well, and then they got to the bottom of the thing. The ship's cat had two black kittens! No wonder they ran into a bad storm! Wong Jong, the cook, took matters into his own hands and presented the Captain with an ultimatum. But the Captain, not realizing the seriousness of the situation (dull fellow!) merely compromised. He permitted one kitten to be consigned to Davy Jones, but weakened when he saw the other. Of course, they had rough weather all the way to New York!

A little girl was crossing the Atlantic with her mother. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as the proverbial mill pond for the first three days; then the ship began rolling and pitching heavily. The child could not understand what had happened. "Mamma," she said, "What's the matter; are we on a detour?"—*American Boy.*

The Old Ship Mast

By Louise Driscoll

FAR I grew on a lonely hill—
Brother of mine, do you stand there still?
Long is the time and long the way—
Brother of mine, are you green today?
None of my high kin stood so high,
Braving the wind and the storm, as I
Spreading my boughs to the brooding sky—
Brother of mine, do you stand there still?

I have taken the things of the sea to me
As those of my blood and family,
But the little green leaves call to me yet—
Brother of mine, can a tree forget?
Men will not wait for the wind to blow,
And the mast and the spreading sail must go,
And the steamship, scorning the miles, I know,
Brother of mine, replaces me.

Once when a great ship passed me by—
Brother of mine, how fast they fly!
I watched the wake of her throbbing keel
With revery that the dying feel,
A long, white lady abreast the sea,
Making her way right royally;
"Ah!" cried the heart of my sail to me.
"What shall not man to the sea reveal?"

Far, oh, far, is my wooded hill—
Brother of mine, do you stand there still?
My little green leaves are a memory—
Brother, have you forgotten me?
Man gave me a sail to be my bride,
And I learned the ways of the wind and tide,
But I dream, at last, of a green hillside—
Brother of mine, do you grow there still?

TIME AND TIDE

Once a day many eyes in Lower New York and out in the Harbor focus on the time ball atop the Institute, and many a watch, clock and chronometer is adjusted by its daily drop. Navigators, watch makers, district courts, steamship companies, police stations, and individuals whose identity is unknown, phone the Merchant Marine School for the correct time. It is always cheerfully and accurately given, to the second. The attitude of the Captain in charge of the School is that if a person goes to the bother to call up, he will go to the bother of giving him the information.

The Institute's time ball is a spherical bronze frame four feet in diameter, covered with canvass, and painted black to stand out against the sky. It is mounted on a rod atop the Titanic Memorial Tower, over 220 feet above mean high water.

At 11:45 a.m. it is hoisted to the top of the rod. At one minute before noon a signal is communicated to the Tower from Washington via Postal Telegraph by means of a click that comes in every second for 28 seconds, when there is a pause of one second. Then there are 20 clicks and a pause of 10 seconds. Then there is a final click which causes the time ball to drop approximately 16 feet to the base of the rod, indicating that it is 12 o'clock noon—five hours slow of Greenwich mean time.

AT THE "SESQUI"

The Seamen's Church Institute of America, with headquarters at 25 South Street, New York City, has an exhibit in Section C, Block 6, in the Palace of Education and Social Economy at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

The main feature of the exhibit is a typical institute bedroom. There are photographs of Institute activities, and a small but interesting display of nautical instruments showing, for instance, the development of the sextant from the model of one hundred years ago, and the evolution of the intricate log of today from the old "chip" log.

The space for the exhibit, which has considerable renting value, was given free of charge by the Director of Education and Social Economy because of the fact that his travels all over the world had given him a keen interest in the welfare of sailors.

He said he was glad of the opportunity to do something for the seamen, whom he has always admired.

MAN OVERBOARD

Some call it a coincidence and some call it a miracle.

Tony Madison, a coal trimmer on the freighter *Ripley Castle,* fell overboard in the middle of the night somewhere in the South Atlantic on a recent voyage from Capetown to New York City.

He was bitten by a small fish, probably a bonita, and pecked by large sea birds, but he managed to keep afloat for an hour and a quarter. He was not missed for about half an hour after his fall, when the ship was turned back on her course with full steam ahead.

Tony's faint cries finally reached the crew and he was located by means of flares.

"It was a true miracle, and the direct work of Providence," the Chief Officer said. "While I was steaming back toward the man I prayed, and he prayed in the water. It was no coincidence that we rescued him. Without God's assistance it could never have happened."

"OLD IRONSIDES"

(*Continued from page* 4)

Century. The New York *Times* points out:

"Blackbeard has been removed from the seas these two hundred years. It may sound strange that timbers from an island bearing his name are under consideration for *Old Ironsides,* but as a matter of fact the *Constitution* herself had battled pirates, and so such timbers might be regarded as trophies of the foe."

Old Ironsides has come into her own at last. Congress and the American people have signified their intention to preserve her forever, and the Institute will preserve forever the treasured breasthook, for

"Seamen boast and landsmen toast the Frigate *Constitution.*"

FEEDING 2,000

(*Continued from page* 6)

his remarkable capacity, he was permitted to have one on the house.

Tea quite eclipses coffee in popularity, perhaps because a small pot of it costs but five cents and the pot may be refilled with hot water without charge *ad infinitum.* The Manager tells in

trembling accents of an epoch when he attempted to introduce tea bags. What happened made the well advertised tea party staged by the "Indians" in Boston Harbor look like a Sunday school picnic. Tea bags and paper cups are two subjects a kind person does not mention to the Manager. Whether the latter were too dainty or whether it was felt that they were not full measure will never be known. At any rate, it was made plain to all concerned that they are absolutely taboo.

But what happened to the patented sugar shakers strikes the Manager's funny bone. In the interests of neatness and convenience, he instituted containers from which the sugar might be poured, the quantity being regulated, *but not limited* by a patented device within, alias "dewdab," alias "hickey," alias "——" (deleted by censor). The sailorman could get just as much sugar as he wanted, but it necessitated turning the container right side up at intervals to permit the patented device to function. The only trouble with it was that it took time, and time is a huge item to a seaman who has nothing to do but wait for his ship to go out. Passive resistance was the policy adopted to settle the affair of the patented sugar shakers. Each one has been operated upon and the tricky little "hickey" removed. No trace of any of the spare parts has ever been found.

Quick service is one thing the lunch room Manager prides himself upon, and it must be said that it is not entirely in the interests of his hungry customers. It is partly because he knows too well the truth of the proverb that Satan finds work for idle hands to do. The eternal boy will crop out in the best of sailormen, given half a chance, and it is better to fry their eggs post haste than to give them respite to sit and think what fun it would be to deposit their chewing gum on someone else's stool. It does happen sometimes, however, even in the best regulated of institutes. But for the prize display of fireworks, credit (?) must go to the nimble rascal who occasionally manages, undetected, to get a fistful of pepper into the electric fan. One would not mistake the scene which follows for a peace conference.

But on the whole, feeding the Two Thousand is a peace-time measure, attended by the satisfaction of ministering to one of the sailorman's most vital needs.

Officers and Managers of the Society

Chosen at the Annual Meeting, January 28, 1926.

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903
REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916
REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923

Lay Vice-Presidents

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS..... 1926
JOHN A. McKIM 1902
ROBERT L. HARRISON 1901
BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND..... 1887
HENRY L. HOBART 1907

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 49 Wall Street, 1888

Managers

AUGUSTUS N. HAND..... 1902
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE 1902
EDWIN A. S. BROWN 1904
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW 1905
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT 1908
AYMAR JOHNSON 1908
ERNEST E. WHEELER 1908
ROBERT McC. MARSH 1908
CHARLES W. BOWRING 1909
ORME WILSON 1910
FRANKLIN REMINGTON 1911
J. FREDERIC TAMS 1911
BAYARD C. HOPPIN 1911
OLIVER ISELIN 1912
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS..... 1912
MARINUS W. DOMINICK 1912
JOHN S. ROGERS 1913
LEROY KING 1913
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY 1913
CHARLES E. DUNLAP 1915
GEORGE W. BURLEIGH 1915
EDWIN DET. BECHTEL 1915
BERNON S. PRENTICE 1915
JAMES BARBER 1916
JOHN J. RIKER 1916
ALLISON V. ARMOUR 1917
F. KINGSBURY CURTIS 1920
EDWARD J. BARBER 1920
JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR. 1920
WALTER WOOD PARSONS 1921
HARRY FORSYTH 1921
HENRY DEARBORN 1922
KERMIT ROOSEVELT 1923
JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN 1923
THOMAS A. SCOTT 1924
LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR. 1924
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE 1925

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON 1877
FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE 1917
LISPENARD STEWART 1883
REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L..... 1889

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D..... 1895

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.

The LOOKOUT

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