

# The LOOKOUT

JUNE 1932



—From Ewing Galloway

THE STOKE HOLD

VOLUME XXIII

NUMBER 6

This month's cover shows two stokers feeding the fires of a transatlantic steamship. It is an actual photograph of the "black gang" at work way below decks.

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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## MEMORIAL DAY

WITH the flags of our Nation waving  
With bands and with music led,  
To the beating of drums we're marching  
With garlands for our dead.

As we think of our hero soldiers  
In numberless graves that sleep,  
Let us not forget our sailors,  
Their graves in the ocean deep.

For without the fervor of battle  
Or privilege of a name  
They endured all things and dying  
Were great without glory or fame.

And the harps of the wind are playing  
A requiem of the Sea  
O'er the graves of our hero sailors  
Who made possible victory.

By CAROLINE B. LYMAN.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIII

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## SEAMEN'S MEMORIAL BANDSTAND

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—Wide World Photograph

Honoring Seafarers at Memorial Day Service

JUST ten years ago the first sod for our Jeannette Park War Memorial to merchant seamen was turned. The work was begun on faith, without sufficient funds to pay for it, but an appeal brought forth a generous response and in August, 1923, the memorial bandstand was completed when a derrick hoisted into place the large white granite dolphins on either side of the stage.

Since then, time has weathered the copper roof, smoke from the ships and tugs in the busy harbor have modified the gleaming whiteness of the dolphins and the crested waves from which they spring.

Nine successive summers have seen this memorial bandstand used by night for band concerts or moving pictures and by day as the gathering place of many seamen. This year, through the

cooperation of the Department of Parks, the sailors are being encouraged to join in various games arranged in the park, such as shuffle board, quoits, horseshoe pitching, etc., under the direction of a recreational supervisor, assisted by members of the *Institute* staff. These games are helping the men to occupy their leisure hours in a wholesome way.

On Memorial Day, at noon, an impressive service, conducted by Superintendent A. R. Mansfield, with an audience of seamen and cadets, honored the memories of countless sailors, living and dead, who served in the line of duty. When twenty-one guns at Governor's Island were fired in salute the service began. A cornetist stood on our Titanic Tower and played the Star Spangled Banner.

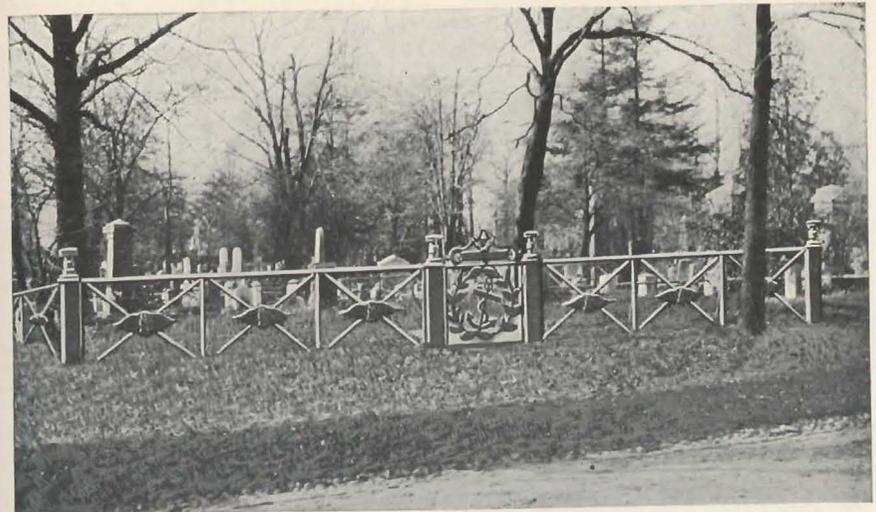
## WHERE SAILORS LIE BURIED

**I**N the environs of New York City, there are six unusual and seldom heard of burial plots wherein hundreds of merchant seamen lie buried—thus disproving the popular notion that "Davey Jones' Locker" is the seafarers' only grave. Each year, many merchant seamen die ashore and are buried in these marine cemeteries. If it were not for the United States Public Health Service, the Sailors' Cemetery Association and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, these seamen might be buried in Potter's Field. Since 1919 the chaplains of the *Institute* have been responsible for

At the close of the program a trumpeter played "Taps" and tears filled the eyes of the audience of sailor veterans.

Mr. Podin, an *Institute* chaplain, placed a wreath upon the marble tablet within the bandstand on which is inscribed these words: "In remembrance of the Officers and Men of the Merchant Marine who, in the World War of 1914-1918, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things. They made victory possible and were great without glory." Many seafarers who survived the dangers of mines and submarines while carrying munitions and food to Europe, are now unemployed, but they reverently took part in the service of tribute to their dead shipmates.

officially conducting the funerals of most of the seamen who have died in the two Marine Hospitals. Most of these sailors die far from home and friends, and not infrequently our chaplain is the solitary mourner at their graves. It does not matter so much where one lies, finally, but it matters if there are kindly hands and warm hearts at the end. And it matters to those who live—they want to know that their boys rest in a well-tended spot, in a place that could be easily found if father or mother made the long journey across the Atlantic or a Continent to see the grave.



Sailors' Burial Plot in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. - 1851-1918

One of the largest of the marine plots is in Ocean View Cemetery in Richmond County, wherein more than nine hundred sailors who died in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, lie buried—and over the graves the beacon from the Port Richmond Lighthouse shines each night.

Another burial plot is in Mount Hope Cemetery at Hastings-on-Hudson, which was used for many years for seamen who died in the U. S. Marine Hospital on Ellis Island. Recently, a new burial plot in West New Hempstead Cemetery in Monsey, Rockland County, New York, has been used, the southeast section of this cemetery being reserved for the interment of merchant seamen who die at Marine Hospital No. 43.

The *Institute* owns two large burial plots; the oldest is in Evergreen Cemetery in Brooklyn, which was given in 1851 through the liberality of the Corporation of the Cemetery. Merchants of the City of New York and other friends of the sailor contributed a suf-

ficient sum for the erection of a suitable ornate iron fence to enclose the burial plot.

In Flushing, Long Island, is the *Institute's* present plot, in Cedar Grove Cemetery, which was purchased in 1918, with room for 864 graves. There, a beautiful granite monument, the gift of Mr. Allison V. Armour, with a bronze seal bearing the *Institutes'* emblem—"Anchored Within the Vail"—stands in the center of the plot as a sacred watchman guarding these gallant dead who "were great without glory."

In all five of these plots the *Institute's* chaplains officiate. Under a common earth and sky, seamen of every age, race, rating and creed lie side by side, all having received sacred burial with full Committal Service. Every Memorial Day the *Institute's* chaplain, with the assistance of the medical directors and nurses of the Marine Hospitals, motor to these various cemeteries and the nurses and doctors place flags at the headstones of the sailors' graves.



*Institute Plot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, N. Y.  
Purchased in 1918*

The sixth burial plot for merchant seamen is in the grounds of Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, where in old salts find their last resting place.

"Evergreen Cemetery" has a long and sacred history. During the terrible influenza epidemic, the *Institute* provided decent caskets and burial for many sailors stricken with the disease. The last three to be buried in this plot were three Irishmen, Roman Catholics, and the chaplain called in a priest of their faith to bring the consecrated earth. No more tragic sight could be seen during those dark days when at least once a day our chaplain followed the sad equipage of one, two, and sometimes four or five bodies of victims of the epidemic. Many of them were apprentices and officers.

A line of caskets in our chapel gave mute testimony to the havoc wrought

by the disease among sailormen. Sometimes a British flag was draped over the casket, sometimes a French, an Italian or an American. Early in the morning or late at night the solemn processions left our building and proceeded to "Evergreen." When this plot was filled and the last inch of space was utilized by the *Institute*, the Cedar Grove plot was purchased.

The tall pine trees of Cedar Grove, which stand as sentinels over these graves in summer and winter, lend a dignity to this sacred spot that is remarked by all visitors. Often, as the chaplain stands on an elevated mound and, unattended, reads the Committal Service, automobiles driving past will stop and the occupants with uncovered heads will offer sympathy to the brave toilers of the sea who have found their last harbor.

## NEW BROOMS FOR OLD

**B**ROOMS are Emil S... 's pet hobby. Next, he favors dust-pans. After that, his preference is for mouse traps. He also confesses to a weakness for alarm clocks.

But let us begin with the brooms. It bothered Emil when he saw new brooms becoming old ones—too fast. "It's all due to carelessness," explained the earnest little man. "A broom should never, never be put into a closet with its bristles touching the floor. It should be hung upside down. And so I have invented a broom holder. I have even had it patented. See, here are the blue prints. But times are bad and I cannot find a manufacturer who will buy the patent.

"It is too bad," continued Emil whose job (when jobs are to be had) is an able-bodied seaman on trans-atlantic liners. "When I used to scrub decks, shine brass and wash paint, I thought of all sorts of inventions. I can't afford to get them patented. It costs too much.

"It's a shame somebody doesn't buy my ideas and put them on the market," said the old fellow, shaking his head sadly. "Every time I go to sea I get a new idea for a household device which would save women hours of labor! But I go from factory to

factory and no manufacturer seems to want to risk anything new just now."

Emil proudly displayed letters from firms commenting on the interesting aspects of his numerous inventions—particularly the combination dust pan and broom holder and a novel burglar alarm. "I used to have a good job as porter in a hospital," he went on, a reminiscent smile lighting up his wrinkled face with its sandy mustache and keen blue eyes. "Then I got the wander fever, and went to sea. Now I can't even get a job as an ordinary seaman. The mate always used to like it when I showed him how time and labor could be saved keeping the ship clean. But" (with a final wag of his head) "my friend, the mate, is shipping as an A.B. and lucky at that to have any kind of a job."

Emil is a versatile soul. He draws odd pictures with a soft pencil of bridges and elevated railroads. The final results look remarkably like Japanese prints—but nobody wants to buy them. He manages to eke out an existence by going from one barber shop to another, earning a quarter or half dollar by painting, in white ink, elaborate landscape scenes on the barbers' large mirrors.



## Shipwrecked Ashore!



### WILL YOU PROVIDE A CHART AND COMPASS FOR SEAFARERS STRANDED IN THIS PORT?

**W**ILLIAM McFEE writes of his character, Captain Fraley, in "The Harbourmaster", as follows: "He was a man unfitted for life on the land. That was his mistake. He could not anchor his soul to the land. He had no charts for that long, stormy passage and he foundered."



There are hundreds of seamen like Captain Fraley who have endured and overcome storm and shipwreck at sea but who are now facing moral shipwreck ashore. Without YOUR help, through the *Institute*, many of them will founder.



A RED LETTER DAY at the *Institute*, for the sum of \$273.97, provides a chart and a compass for land-locked, homeless seamen weary of the long days of gazing wistfully out to sea—weary of the long hours of tramping patiently from shipping office to shipping office—weary of the everlasting struggle to keep body and soul together—month after month—seeking work—in vain.

Please make your check payable to:

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
and mail to Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways and Means Committee  
25 SOUTH STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

A RED LETTER DAY offers to these mariners a ray of hope, a chart and a compass to guide them through the stormy, rock-infested passage into a safe haven and a sure anchorage at 25 South Street.



When you give a Red Letter Day it means free meals and beds for worthy sailors—among their own kind instead of in a general bread line. It means free entertainment, free advice and counsel in our Social Service Department—and jobs in the form of temporary work around the building.



These are some of the many services made possible when a RED LETTER DAY is reserved in memory of some departed relative, or as a tribute to some living friend—or as a thank offering—or to celebrate some glad anniversary. It will save many sailors from "breaking up" on the rocks of despair.

## AN HEROIC RESCUE



A CHECK for \$2.42, dated July 17, 1923, was tendered the clerk in the *Institute's* "bank." The check was on the Miye Prefecture at Tsu, Japan. The seaman who wanted to cash it, Paul W—, showed a letter from the Chief of Miye Branch, Z. Shibata, Teikoku Suinan Kyussi Kwai, explaining that the check was in payment for his heroic rescue of two Japanese seamen. Hard times compelled him to try to cash the check which he had been keeping all these years as a souvenir. The letter follows:

"We send this to express our hearty thanks and admirations for your brave deed in which two lives of our countrymen were saved, while a furious storm was raging on the morning of August 27th, 1921, in the port of Yokkaichi, Japan. In spite of the dangerous conditions of raging billows and rapid tide for which the captain had opposed to your going, you carried out this heroic task with your bravery and skill-

ful seamanship, and two lives were thus rescued by your great many efforts. Your action speaks well of you as a man, and your name will ever last in people's memory. We record your action on the merit document, and offer this letter of appreciation with little reward to express our feeling."

Owing to a law that if a check is not cashed within five years from its date it is outlawed, our banker was unable to give Chief Officer W— the \$2.42. Our Chaplain, however, is helping him to get a job aboard a ship of the M. . . . . Line. We asked him the history of the rescue and for answer he showed us excerpts from the log of the S.S. WEST CAYOTE of the North China Line, in which he had kept the record.

"It was the morning of August 26. Our cargo was discharged and we were ready for sea but unable to sail on account of the Japanese Steamship *Delagoa Maru* laying anchored in the fairway," explained Weber. "About 3 p.m. a strong southeast wind sprang up and storm warnings were displayed from the shore. By six o'clock the wind had increased in velocity, both sea and sky taking on a treacherous aspect. I was chief officer, and assisted by the second officer and carpenter we dropped the port anchor. The crew was called out to hoist the gangway and secure the steamer for heavy weather. By eleven o'clock the

barometer was 29.38, and with wind southeast with heavy hail and rain. It was pitch dark and we became the center of the typhoon. At 4:30 a.m. a sailing ship piled up on a reef outside the breakwater. They requested us to take a lifeboat for rescue work.

"Our ship's master decided the sea was too rough for a small boat, but he called for volunteers. Every man from the chief engineer down responded. I picked three A. B.'s, certified lifeboat men, as the most physically fit and with myself at the steering oar we

pulled for the wrecked boat. We returned bringing two survivors, both of whom were in a state of exhaustion. First aid treatment was rendered. At 8 a.m. a steam tug came alongside and took the survivors ashore, reporting that one other had drowned. As the wind gradually decreased the barometer rose and our captain decided to heave up the anchors. At 8:57 a.m. the S.S. "West Cayote" sailed for Yokohama."

—Just a seaman's simple, modest account of *courage* and *clear thinking* in an emergency!

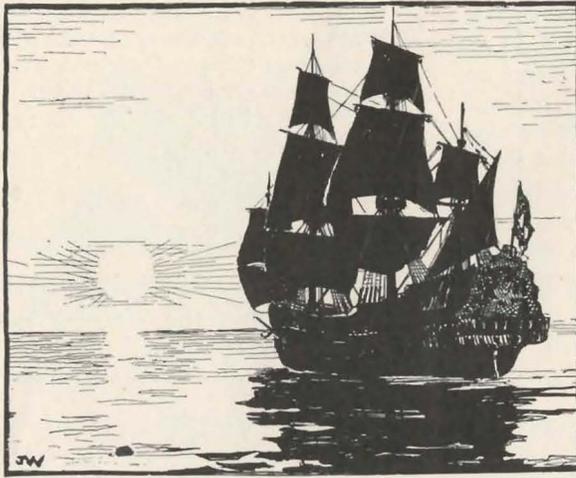
## JUST WHAT IS SOCIAL SERVICE?

DURING these chaotic days the *Institute*, like all other welfare agencies, with well-rounded programs, must put great emphasis upon relief work—and so we are providing, and have been during the past two years, free meals and free beds and free shoes and free clothes for several hundred destitute seamen each day. But we wish earnestly to point out that social service means more—much more—than material relief.

Even in prosperous times a sailor needs social service in its many aspects. He may not need money, or bread, or shelter, but he always needs *friendship* (which we provide); he needs a place he can call *home* (where he and his shipmates can gather); he needs *recreation* (we supply game rooms, moving pictures,

athletics); he needs *education* (we furnish books, reading and writing rooms, a navigation school); he needs *protection* (we provide a Baggage Room for his belongings, a "Bank" for his wages, a Post Office for his mail); finally, he needs *advice* and *counsel* (our Religious and Social Service, Information and Employment Departments help him with his moral, spiritual and financial problems).

In depressions and in booms, year in and year out, since 1843, this *Institute*, YOUR *Institute* (for it is you who support it) renders social service to thousands of worthy seafarers. Perhaps those contributors who label their gifts "Relief Only" do not realize the many other kinds of indispensable service the *Institute* gives to seamen.



Courtesy J. D. Whiting

THE CALL OF THE SEA

Dear MRS. ROPER:

You undoubtedly know me well enough—The old Nova Scotian.

Now, Mrs. Roper, to get over this and down to "tacks," for the last three months Old Father Neptune has been calling me in my dreams—with his old trident he has beckoned to me, and I am anxious to travel on his domains again. The net result is, I would like to go to sea again. Could you please tell me whether a berth as messman could be procured through your Institute Employment Department or any other meagre position other than deck. When I went a sailing discharges were not required as nowadays, so I am eliminated in that respect. So I am asking you to please let me know whether you think I could make the Grade this summer. Am an excellent butler, messman, handy around cabin or saloon. Salary no objective. Sober, industrious, willing to work and totally immune to mal de mer.

Thanking you in anticipation and for past favors, I remain

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN E.....

"WHAT Sailors Read in 1859. From Harper's Weekly, July 1873: "The character of the libraries is strongly religious, but not sectarian. It may appear from the following schedule that a larger proportion of secular works would be a wise change: Nelson on *Infidelity*; *Sailor's Companion*; *Path of Peace*; *Way of Life*; *Hall's Papers for Home Reading*; *Spurgeon's Sermons*;

*Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations*; *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Dr. Cuyler's New Life*; *Illustrated Library of the Bible*; *Captain Russell's Watchword*; *Seamen's Hymns*; temperance publications and other works of a not especially attractive character."

What a contrast these titles offer with the literary tastes of modern-day seamen! Biography, history, science, travel, fiction (detective, mystery, Wild West, adventure, love stories), as well as textbooks on navigation, astronomy, engineering, et cetera, are greatly in demand today by seamen.

Have YOU ordered your tally cards for the "Conrad Memorial Library" Bridge Parties? See Page 7, May LOOK-OUT for details.

Enclosed is my check for \$..... for which send me.....tally cards at \$1.25 each.

Name .....

Address .....

SHIP AFIRE

EDITOR'S NOTE:—One of the Institute's Board members showed us a rare old book entitled "Voyages Around the World," which records the experiences of Captain Edmund Fanning on his voyages between 1792 and 1832 in command of the "Betsey." The following excerpt describes one of the many hazards aboard a sailing ship.

OUR passage across the Indian Ocean, was unattended by any thing more than the usual occurrences of similar voyages; watching the wind, trimming sails, making and mending, constituting our daily business.

January 6th, 1799. This sameness was rather uncomfortably and unprofitably relieved by a seaman, who had been set to watch the boiling of a small pot of pitch in the caboose, which the carpenter, who that day was busy on the yawl boat, had need for, to pay her seams with. The man let this boil over and take fire, and with a view to carry it to the lee waist, caught the pot off, but in so doing burned his hand and let the whole fall upon the larboard deck; in an instant the whole, extending from abaft the mainmast to abreast the foremast, was in a bright flame. I was then seated in the cabin, but hearing the cry of "the ship is on fire!" and the man's screams, sprang to the deck, and had his hands bound up in a woolen jacket, while other blankets and woolen jackets passed up from below, were wet and spread over the flames, and being kept wet, prevented the fire from running aloft, and finally extinguished it, not however until it had charred our deck, and burned through the side of the boat, stowed in the choks amidships. This was an unfortunate occurrence, and, by the force with which the flames raged, placed us for a time in a very perilous situation, distant as we were one thousand miles from any land. It had such



Life Boat Drill—S.S. Lapland  
Courtesy, Miss Jeannette McMillan

an effect on my mind as to deter me ever since from suffering tar, pitch, rosin, or the like, to be heated on ship board, at sea; I can earnestly recommend the same prohibition to other sea captains.

STRANGE REQUESTS

One of the Institute's contributors wrote to us inquiring for "a sea-going cat—preferably black." At the moment we had no feline guest which would fill her requirements—although there are plenty of South Street cats. A number of sailors have promised to bring ashore, after their next trip to sea, a genuine sea-going pussy. So we may have quite a few on our hands! . . . Another odd request was from a college boy who wrote: "I have three months' vacation, I can pay \$20 a week for room and board on a freighter. Can you find some freighter that takes in boarders?"

## CAUGHT . . . IN THE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCE!



LET us picture for you just *one* of the thousands of seamen who come to the Institute:

He ran away from home three years ago when his mother died and his father remarried. He felt that he was no longer wanted, so off he went to sea.

It was easy for an industrious boy to get work aboard a ship then.

But now, with ten million tons of the world's shipping idle, with passenger and cargo trade greatly reduced, he finds himself caught—a victim of circumstance—stranded on shore, jobless and penniless, through no fault of his own. There are many others like him—where shall they go, and what shall they do?

Thanks to YOU, and other generous landmen, the answer is the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street, New York City

### AMONG MEMORIALS STILL AVAILABLE AT THE INSTITUTE ARE:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Safeteria .....	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each.....	50.00

## SAILOR TOWN

By C. FOX SMITH

ALONG the wharves in sailor town  
a singing whisper goes  
Of the wind among the anchored ships,  
the wind that blows  
Off a broad brimming water, where the  
summer day has died  
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the  
sunset tide.

There's a big China liner gleam-  
ing like a gull,

And her lit ports flashing; there's  
the long gaunt hull

Of a Blue Funnel freighter with  
her derricks dark and still;

And a tall barque loading at the  
lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town  
is every kind of thing

That the sailormen buy there, or  
the ship's crews bring:

Shackles for a sea-chest and pink  
cockatoos,

Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead  
men's shoes.



You can hear the gulls crying, and  
the cheerful noise

Of a concertina going, and a  
singer's voice—

And the wind's song and the  
tide's song, crooning soft  
and low.

Rum old tunes in sailor town that  
seamen know.

I dreamed a dream of sailor town,  
a foolish dream, and vain,

Of ships and men departed, of  
old days come again—

And an old song in sailor town,  
an old song to sing

When shipmate meets with ship-  
mate in the evening.

### LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

I give and bequeath to "**Seamen's Church Institute Of New York,**" a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, a sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

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