

The LOOKOUT



**\$1,074,000 is Still Needed to
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Volume XVIII
Number VI

June
1927

The LOOKOUT

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

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone Bowling Green 3620

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Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

The Lookout

VOL. XVIII

JUNE, 1927

No. 6

Bowling Alleys Wanted

We hope to be able to have two good bowling alleys for our sailors in the New Building.

It will be the first attempt on the part of the Institute to provide active recreation. Seamen get plenty of out-of-door exercise aboard ship and prefer other sorts of diversions ashore. Many are content to sit all day and far into the night over a checker-board, which at present is the most violent form of recreation indulged in by Institute seamen.

But they want bowling alleys.

Bowling is not too strenuous, and bowling alleys would furnish recreation and occupation not only to the participants, but also

to the less ambitious who would elect to sit on the sidelines to keep score and offer advice, or to "set 'em up."

The continuous rumble will bother us no more than it did Rip Van Winkle.

Think what it means to have nothing to do in cold or rainy weather. Think what fun hundreds of active boys could have with two bowling alleys.

They will cost \$5,000 and may be dedicated as the donor wishes, with an appropriate bronze tablet.

It is the most economical and practicable way we know of to furnish amusement to the greatest number of lonely sailors.

Who will give the \$5,000?

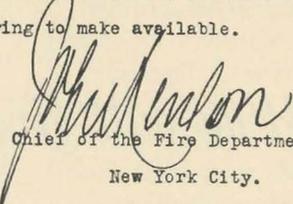
FIRE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORKOFFICE OF
CHIEF OF DEPARTMENT

I have known the New York waterfront for over fifty years. I knew it when it was infested with low dives that preyed upon the sailor. I have seen it improve, and I believe that the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has contributed inestimably to this improvement.

I was a merchant sailor myself for fourteen years, both under sail and under steam, running the gamut from Cabin Boy to Ship's Master; and I know what a decent home ashore means to the sailor who is likely to be practically helpless against the many snares which are set for him.

It is the sailor who has opened up trade routes all over the world, and who has been a prime factor in advancing civilization and in promoting world wealth.

The merchants of the world, and of New York City in particular, would not be doing too much if they provided the facilities which these sailors now need in the Port of New York and which the Seamen's Church Institute is endeavoring to make available.



Chief of the Fire Department,
New York City.

A True Sailorman

John Kenlon, Chief of the Fire Department of the great City of New York, has been a member of the world's most capable fire-fighting force for about forty years; and for fourteen years before that he was a sailor of exceptional skill and experience.

Probably no other man on earth is at one time better acquainted with both the seaman and the Port of New York.

And having such knowledge, John Kenlon states that the merchants of the world, and of New York City in particular, owe it to sailors to provide adequately for their needs in the Port of York.

This statement becomes really significant when one knows Chief Kenlon; and although he is reputed to be the busiest man in New York, still it is quite possible to become well acquainted with him by reading his story of his sea experiences, which he has called "Fourteen Years a Sailor."

This is a most fascinating book, not only because it relates more thrilling adventures than it would seem possible to crowd into fourteen years of a young

man's life; but also because in relating his adventures, Mr. Kenlon has quite unconsciously disclosed a lovable character of great depth and of unflinching integrity.

Nearly every page bespeaks his courage, but like most seamen, he seems to be quite unaware of it, saying: "Heroism at sea is so commonplace it almost passes unnoticed. It is part of the daily duty on ship-board."

All in the day's work to risk his own life to save a man overboard! And still he was quick to recognize valor in his ship-mates.

"Fourteen Years a Sailor" gets under way when John Kenlon, an alert Irish youngster of thirteen, deserted an old mule and a plow on the shores of Dundalk Bay to become cabin boy on a small coastwise topsail schooner. He soon progressed to a brigantine, where his cabinboy duties included cooking. Fortunately his keen sense of humor came to the rescue from the start, even when he himself was the victim of a situation. "As the captain was able to eat al-

most anything, from iron spikes to cabin boys, and as the mate (a thorough-going dyspeptic) was able to eat practically nothing, it cannot be said that between these two worthies my life was one sweet dream."

Young Kenlon seized every opportunity to learn, whether the subject was history or a royal yard. He made it a point to get all he could out of every port he visited by way of "improving my mind and enlarging my ideas;" and he eagerly interested himself in all phases of navigation from his cabin-boy days onward.

Think of a youngster of sixteen way off in the Port of Muscat with a severe infection in one of his ankles, and with amputation of the entire leg prescribed as the only alternative for death. The victim was John Kenlon, who had done too much sight-seeing ashore in a chafing boot. Being John Kenlon— young, courageous, and resourceful—he defied the doctor and devised a hydro-therapeutic treatment all his own, with the result that he walked to meet the doctor when he came for the operation the next morning.

A few days out of Muscat the entire crew, with the exception

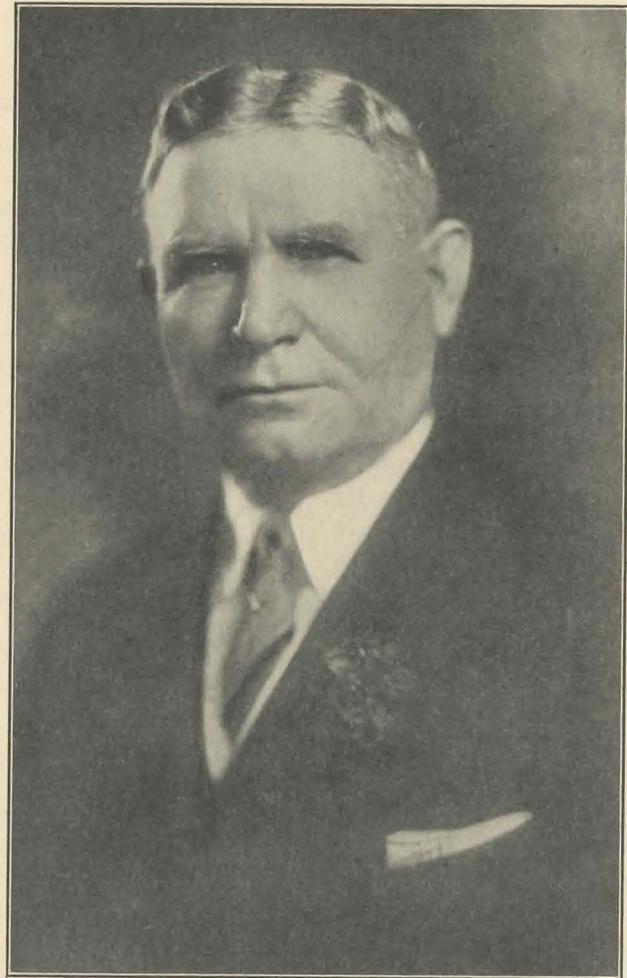
of Kenlon and two apprentices, became violently delirious from a strange tropical fever. The captain had the severest case of all. Young Kenlon not only navigated the ship to its destination—the Bay of Bengal—but he took care of the raving fever victims and devised an apparatus to distill enough sea water to satisfy their excruciating thirst.

Kenlon sailed the seven seas and the Great Lakes of North America, meeting up with an assortment of adventures. Like all old-time sailors, he had his experience with Cape Horn, just missing it by less than one hundred yards.

It is not unusual, of course, for truth to prove stranger than fiction, but a true tale which arranges itself in fiction form with the climax in the proper place and of the proper magnitude, is as infrequent as the proverbial blue moon.

John Kenlon's sea story was evidently enacted by the light of a blue moon. Its climax, fittingly, was a shipwreck.

He was bound from Cape Town to the East Indies as first officer on a sailing vessel. Seven days out a bolt of lightning struck the ship and started a fire



Chief John Kenlon

midships. Kenlon quickly saw that the only chance of saving the lives of the crew was to get the ship to one of the Crozet Islands about thirty miles away. Nearly everything depended upon the helmsman, who stood at the wheel until his flesh blistered and he dropped unconscious. They then managed to steer for the four remaining miles by the sails and finally "beached" the blazing hulk in a crevice of rock on a bleak island.

They salvaged a six months' supply of food, also several sails to use as shelter tents, and a kit of tools. Then followed a sort of Swiss Family Robinson existence during which they jacked wild rabbits with lanterns, ate experimentally some of the vegetable matter which grew wild on the island, made candles from fish oil, and of course devised a rough canvas net for catching the necessary fish. The first one caught was recognized as a Kennebec salmon, which so delighted them that they forgot their serious predicament and became facetious. The salmon, they decided, was spending his vacation in the Indian Ocean.

From the moment of their providential landing, lookouts

were posted day and night on a high promontory. They soon sighted a ship and their hearts beat high. But the ship passed on without seeing their signals. A few weeks later a second ship again passed them by. They then realized that their only hope was to build a boat, for they were more than a hundred miles off the main trade route, and the rocky ledges extending from the islands were no inducement for ships to come closer than need be.

The captain became discouraged, pined away and died within three weeks. The crew dug his grave with their hands and buried him facing the East. Even these supposedly "rough" sailors had poetry in their souls!

Kenlon then succeeded to command and was affectionately known as "Captain Jack." His favorite—the sturdy sailor who had stood at the wheel of the burning ship—suggested that surely he with his superior knowledge could save them all. "Resourcefulness is the test of a real man," says Mr. Kenlon in his book, and according to this standard, he himself certainly qualifies.

He knew the only way to rescue his loyal shipmates was to

build some sort of boat—but of what? There was no wood on the island. The only available materials were wind, water and rock!

But John Kenlon made a boat.

He "built and successfully launched the first reinforced concrete ship that ever floated," and in it piloted his mates to safety. This almost incredible performance Mr. Kenlon has described in one of the most fascinating tales contained between two covers of a book.

The long and anxious days and weeks of labor on the boat were somewhat lightened with recreation—boxing bouts, baseball games between the port and starboard watches and singing. It is difficult to imagine how even "Captain Jack" could get a crew of forlorn sailors, almost bereft of all hope, to sing on Christmas Eve and to decorate with mosses, but this was another of his all-but-impossible achievements. Later in the night they all knelt for two hours in prayer under the stars on the bleak lookout rock. Their

prayers were soon answered, when their ship was launched and found to be seaworthy. Probably no one can imagine what it must have meant to those shipwrecked sailors to have even this faint ray of hope of ever reaching home again.

This story of John Kenlon's sailor career has been hastily sketched with the hope that many may be induced to read his own inimitable account in full, and more especially with the hope that it may serve to accentuate his endorsement of the work the Seamen's Church Institute is doing for deserving sailors in the Port of New York. His letter may well be supplemented with this paragraph from his book:

"It is well for landmen to bear in mind that they inhabit but one-fourth of the globe, and well for them to remember also that, without the tireless lives of sailors who have year after year traversed the ocean pathways, there would exist today no international commerce and no knowledge of foreign lands."



Our Old Curiosity Shop

A rare old book and some boxing gloves; a high silk hat and an egg-beater; a feather fan and a gas mask; a set of false teeth and the fouragère of the Croix de Guerre—these are just a few of the treasures found in the abandoned baggage of sailormen.

Seamen leave their baggage with us with the understanding that it will be confiscated after



twelve months unless we hear from them asking us to hold it longer.

When it is necessary to assume ownership of abandoned baggage, it is opened in the presence of one of the Institute chaplains and carefully searched for valuable papers, such as cash, receipts, references, shipping papers, etc. Such documents are filed and held for five years subject to the owner's identification.

The bulk of the material found is clothing of one sort or another. This is all thoroughly fumigated and washed and made available for needy sailormen. Following the general Institute policy of helping the seaman to help himself, this clothing is sold for a very nominal price, calculated barely to cover the cost of handling.

In cases of emergency, however, such as shipwreck or discharge from the hospital, the clothing is given away at the discretion of the Social Service Department. Even then the sailor's self-respect is given a chance in some such way as this:

"All right, Hans, old man, are you all hunk now?—Just

give them a dollar downstairs some time when you hit the Port in good shape." And Hans often does.

All sailor belongings seem to come under the general designation of "gear." Sometimes he loses it, or it is stolen, or he jumps ship, and then it becomes necessary for him to "shift gears," so to speak. Here the Institute proves to be a life-saver. No one realizes better than we the importance of respectable looking "gear" in landing a good job; and many a Jack Tar has left our Clothes Room completely outfitted in clean, neat clothing *that fits*.

Of course, for much of this, he is indebted to friends of the Institute who send us various articles of apparel no longer of use to them. This is always most acceptable, no matter what the garment and no matter what the season, for sailors are forever setting forth for the tropics or for the northern seas.

Our Clothes Room and Curiosity Shop is one of the main points of interest to visitors on a tour through the Institute. The conglomerate display never fails to excite their curiosity and stimulate their imagination. One pauses before a case of



mounted butterflies, some of them rare specimens, and wonders what sort of fellow the owner was and what actuated him to take such a collection to sea.

Equally difficult to explain are the riding boots and tennis rackets.

Some things were obviously intended for gifts—a gorgeous bird of Paradise, a chest of cheap table "silver," a trick box with secret opening, a Haitian gourd with colorful seeds; and some things were probably just souvenirs that captured the owner's fancy, such as intricate Chinese puzzles, nests of baskets, foreign coins, queer daggers and pistols, a beaded serpent, a tropical helmet.

Other items bespeak occupations of the sea; for instance, marlin pins, a bosun's whistle, oil coats and rubber sea boots, embroidered ditty bags and sea bags, a sea chest with cast brass reinforcements, and a "sailor's palm," which is a sort of mit with a thimble arrangement in the palm for protection in sewing heavy canvas.

Most sailors are rather happy-go-lucky, rollicking fellows, and much of their gear is therefore reminiscent of good times in the fo'c'stle. It is not difficult to imagine how many lonely hours were whiled away with the numerous saxophones and accordions, and more especially with the ingeniously contrived banjo which quite obviously was painstakingly made in a boiler shop, judging from the array of nuts and bolts which figure in its construction.

Entertainment of sufficient variety must have been furnished by the phonograph records which range all the way from "My Little Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isle" to Caruso's heart-rending *Pagliacci solo*. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Asleep in the Deep" frequently crop up amongst the records, although they usually



give way to such lighter efforts as "Somewhere the Gypsies are Playing," "Beautiful Ohio" in Italian, or "My Swiss Miss Misses Me" (not in Italian).

More boisterous diversion is suggested by a framed "Certificate of Initiation" into real sailordom on the occasion when the victim crossed the Equator for the first time. It is tradition that all such voyagers must be shaved by Father Neptune, who rises out of the sea and scales the side of the ship expressly to officiate at the cere-

mony. Inasmuch as he is usually assisted by the biggest fellow in the crew masquerading as Mrs. Neptune, the "lubber" rarely escapes. Even the Duke of York recently appeared in the Sunday rotogravure supplements undergoing the ordeal in the midst of an hilarious crew. The candidate whose certificate we have was given the privilege of taking various liberties with the sea, such as riding the sea horses, but he was admonished against flirting with the mermaids.

The books which Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine reads are always a revelation to anyone not acquainted with him. Technical books on subjects relating to navigation, of course, are common. Abandoned sailor baggage at the Institute has also yielded up Haeckel in German,

"Corporation Finance," Emerson's "Conduct of Life," French laws of the sea, "The Art of Painting in Pastel," volumes on Etiquette, Newspaper Reporting, Bee Keeping, and always a large number of Bibles.

Pictures are another predominating item in sailor baggage—photographs of women and children for the most part, with original sketches of out-of-the-way nooks holding second place.

In a word, one is likely to find almost anything in our Old Curiosity Shop. Its keeper claims to be "surprise-proof;" a white elephant tumbling out of a sea-bag would not startle him. Surely the writer of "Alice in Wonderland" could not have had a more inspiring jumble for his famous "ships and tacks and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings."

Captain Seeley

Captain Henry Murray Seeley, supervising inspector of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service at New York, died recently.

Captain Seeley, who had been a sailing ship's captain, saw service in many parts of the world, and was widely known and re-

spected among shipping men. He entered the Steamboat Inspection Service in 1894 as an assistant and later was made local inspector at Boston. He was transferred to New York about twenty years ago as local inspector, and has been supervising inspector for fifteen years.

In The Mail

"I don't believe there is a sailor who does not know where 25 South Street is located. You don't have to say what country or city—they all know." So writes a sailorman.

Apparently the post office authorities know too, for we often receive mail addressed simply to "25 South Street." The mail comes from the four corners of the globe (if a globe may be said to have corners); and it fairly reeks with romance and picturesque messages.

An almost forgotten Chinese boy recently wrote our post-mistress from China in this way:—

"Perhaps you have long forgotten an act of kindness which you had generously given to a stranger from China three years ago. Having worked my way through college and penniless, I was looking for some means to go home. I wandered into your office in Bowling Green to see if I could get a position in some steamers to work my way back. You at once extended your helping hand and wrote me an introduction letter. Like magic it works.

With that letter of yours I get a position as an assistant steward in the S. S. Candal Castle. The steward happened to be a man from our home land who treated me with great kindness. At any rate we sailed through the Panama Canal, escaping most part of the cold winter and arrived home in Canton on the 1st of January, 1924. Shortly after my return home, I obtained a position as a forester. Your card is still in my address book as I was careful not to lose it for I think kindness should never be forgotten. I am really thankful for and appreciate your help greatly."

Gratitude of this sort inspires a large percentage of the letters received in our Social Service Department. A further example is contained in the following note from a rural town in Pennsylvania to one of our chaplains:—

"I arrived home, to My Wife and Children, and the second day I got home, I got a job. I want to thank you and the Institute for the wonderful work you are doing for the boys. I still have thought of what would happen to a good many if it

were not for the good you were doing. I hope to see you again. May God be with you allways. You may not remember Me, but Ill remind you, remember the fellow who wanted to get to St. Petersburg Fla. to My Mothers grave, *that's Me*. I held the S. S. Galena down for three trips and I think Ill settle down with my family and stay off the Sea."

Appreciation finds its way into the business letters of our sailors, as witness this excerpt from an inquiry to our "bank":—

"I know of no place where I can find more kindness than I have received in the New York and San Pedro Institutes."

From London a father with a memory sends his young apprentice son this information and advice:—

"When I was last in New York Mrs. Roper was the House Mother—a very wonderful lady too and we were very good friends. If she is still there, she will recognize my name at once . . . I knew her first when I was an Apprentice in sail in Portland, Oregon . . . I have spent many happy hours in the New York Mission. I suppose you have found out that downstairs in the Restaurant is one of the cheapest and best

feeds in New York and the only place where you can get a real good English cup of tea. Many a meal I have had there."

The reference to Mrs. Roper, of course, is not unusual, for she is almost as well known as 25 South Street, and her mail is by far the most voluminous received at the Institute. To her our "boys" express their various joys and sorrows as well as their undying gratitude for her kindnesses to them. Here are a few random examples, the first being from a veterans' hospital in Arizona:—

"I thank you for taking care of my mail request. I am a patient in this hospital and it is a long, long jump from God's blessed Sea. The wide open spaces may be fine for Zane Greys and movie title writers but they're a bit too arid for a seaman. Will you please put a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that I should like to get into communication with Ted S—. I owe him some money and I want to square up."

A bit of humor from Chicago was much appreciated by us all:—

"Will you please have any mail addressed to me at the Institute post office forwarded to

me here. Please don't think because Chicago is near the Great Lakes, that I have turned sweet water sailor. No indeed. From now on I am going to do all of my sailing on trolley cars."

A boy in the San Francisco Marine Hospital recently returned to "Mother Roper" one of her letters to him. It was badly scorched around the edges and was accompanied by this explanation:—

"No doubt you have been expecting to see me since last I wrote you; but it's as Robert Burns says, 'The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley.' So it is with me. I am here suffering with rheumatic fever and tonsilitis so the call will have to be postponed. It is two years since I had the pleasure of seeing you, but you are always in mind, and I always can get news regarding 25 South Street no matter where one may be. I still retain your last letter which I am enclosing. (That's proof you are not forgotten.) Last year we had a fire on board and I lost nearly all I possessed. My pocket book was burned with most of my papers, so you see your letter has had an adventure. It was in China."

And oft-times a fellow's sin-

cerity is obviously in inverse ratio to his literacy:—

"I, Harry F. Dunn, expressed my 2 suitcases from Portsmouth, Virginia to 25 South Street in your care April 11th, 1927 and if you received them please leave me know and if not please leave me know. I will send you the money and you can forward them to me as I am cooking for a railroad company on a work train and say Mother I need my clothes bad. Say Mother I am making better wages as chief cook here than I can as chief cook at sea. A little longer hours but better pay. I clear about 45 per week. I only have 60 men and lots of help. This is good people to work for. Believe me. Say Mother I read an article about you in the American monthly and it was sure grand to read. But Mother you Deserve all the credit you get and more by a thousand times. Thousands of Mothers, can never repay you for what you have done for her boys. Mother you might not reconise my name but you have kept me off of the street many a night. And say, Mother you might think the boys dont appreciate it because many when they go in to Bum you they hang there head and

are ashamed and dont say much as some times. A mans mind wont function when he is that perdictment. But not long ago I ran into a seaman and he was talking about ships and New York and he said to me do you know Mother Roper and I said I certainly do and he said she is a Grand Woman and I said

grandest in the world and he said she sure treated me like a Mother, and I told him not only you but thousands of others. I have heard your name mentioned all over and it is Mother all over the world with seamen.

Will close with love and good luck one of your boys,

Cook Harry F. Dunn."

Contraband

Once in a while the Institute knowingly overlooks an innocent infringement of rules.

For obvious reasons we cannot allow the sailors' many pets and mascots in their sleeping rooms. We should soon have a menagerie on our hands. We suspect that not a few would adopt some of the lank, stray cats along South Street for the duration of their stay in port.

But what would you do in a case like this? We have an idea you would do just what our House Manager did.

On his morning tour of inspection, when he poked his head into an east room, he was greeted with a burst of song from a little

canary hopping about in a new-white-enameled cage in the sun and singing his happy little heart out.

The owner had thoughtfully set the cage on a table in a large paper box cover to catch the flying birdseed. A large sheet of brown wrapping paper, carefully folded and placed on a shelf under the table, told how the little songster had managed to get by the door man. The owner was doubtless quite unaware of the regulations.

What would you have done? The House Manager closed the door quietly and left the little intruder hopping about and singing in the sun.

Ship Aboy!

BY AN OLD-TIME SAILORMAN

Editor's Note: This article was written by an old-time seaman who did his time under sail, to accompany a gift picture of one of the intrepid little pilot boats he describes. While we cannot agree with him that all that makes for "sterling seamanship" has gone from the seas, we print his views as a matter of interest as being representative of the old-school sailor.

A personal inspection of the beautiful picture herewith presented will bring a thrill of proud and enthusiastic recollection to the heart and mind of many an old-time windjammer, whether he is still knocking around in blue water to save funeral expenses or quietly passing his declining days under ginger-bread hatches in the cloistered precincts of Sailors' Snug Harbor.

The old New York pilot boat fleet, of which the sturdy and dashing little schooner "Edmond Driggs" was a picturesque and worthy representative, marked the closing epoch of the most strenuous and daring man-making era in deep-sea commerce of which mortals have ever been capable or that the world has ever known.

Those famous little vessels never hugged the Hook nor cuddled under shelter of the shore,

waiting for the inward-bound European liners or broad-winged East Indian clippers to heave in sight so that they might drop a pilot handily aboard in smooth water, and scuttle back to cover.

No, Mates! Those little stormy petrels were thorough-breds, every one. Honest-to-God, hard-wood boats, built for hard-weather service, and endowed with unlimited weatherly qualities. They were, likewise, managed by hard-fisted, true-hearted, clear-minded sailormen of the old school, who went wherever they were sent and came when they were called.

"In those days
Of whose ways
Nothing's left
But the fame."

Back in the 70's and 80's, before the New York Pilots' Association was formed, and competition among the deep-sea pilots was rife, those sturdy little caravals used to scatter all over the Western ocean in search of homeward-bound trade.

Regardless of wind or weather or the season of the year,

they would venture to any distance, or in any direction abroad in search of game.

There was no closed season for the Sandy Hook pilots, and no tempest ever caught them skulking in port. Consequently they were almost as well known and as greatly admired on the Grand Banks, and near the English Coast, and off the Bermudas, as they were at home. Gone now are the brave little pilot boats.

Gone, too, are the gallant and graceful, three-skysail yarders, and rapidly passing are the reckless, self-sacrificing, true-hearted tribe of valiant sailors who made and manned them both.

The vigilant mosquito fleet has vanished from the commercial outposts of the solemn seas; the ringing chorus on the windlass brakes and topsail halyards is stilled forever, for the old order changeth every hundred years. The steam winch rumbles in the singer's place, and the strident siren screeches a raucous and defiant challenge, a warning rather than a welcome, to the inward-bound mechanical monster, be she liner or tramp, which retorts in kind.

And the homeward-bound joys are shrouded in smoke, ob-

scured by sordid avarice and deadened by the clank of machinery and the clink of gold. The joy, the romance, the grace and glory of the old windjammer days have departed, and with them all that made for beauty, symmetry, elegance and honest pride in oaken keels, in naval architecture, and sterling seamanship have gone besides. *Pax Nobis.*

"WE"

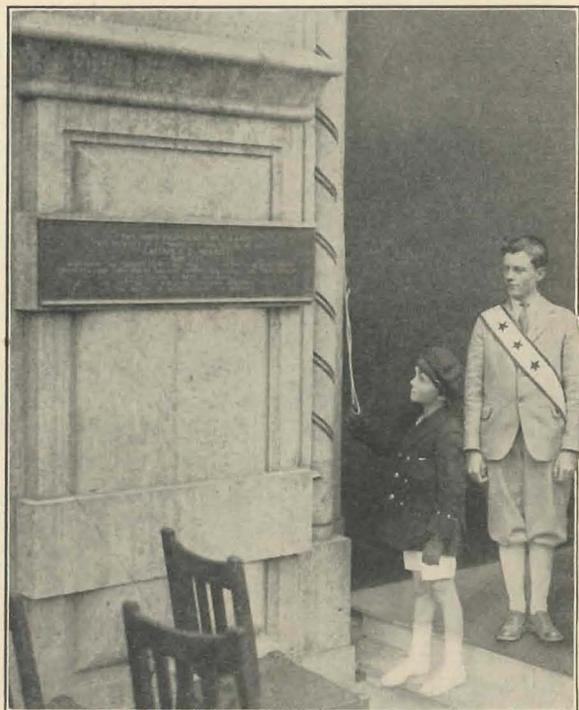
Probably no one on this whole admiring earth appreciated one particular phase of the glorious Lindbergh adventure so well as the old-time sailor.

It was the "we" in Colonel Lindbergh's own accounts of his achievement.

To him his plane was a living being with whom he worked in double harness.

And that is just the way the old seaman felt about his sailing vessel. To him "she" was alive and had a personality. He fought with "her" against the elements, and when he came through it safely, it was "we" who had won the fight.

Said an old-timer simply and conclusively: "Sure it was *them* that done it — him and his plane."

Sir Galahad Dedication

Our old ship's figurehead Sir Galahad has been mounted on the outside of our new building and was unveiled on May 18th.

Mr. I. J. Merritt, in becoming a Founder of the Annex Building, dedicated the figurehead to his father, the late Captain I. J. Merritt, who for years was one of the best-known figures in the Port of New York.

It was Captain Merritt who developed marine wrecking and salvaging. His invention in 1865 of a pontoon for use in raising sunken vessels revolutionized the wrecking business and this device has not been improved upon since that time. His career is a long history of salvaging shipwrecked crews and cargoes, very often at the

risk of his own life. On one occasion he directed the work of salvaging a ship, living on the wreck for ninety-three days.

It was therefore most appropriate for his son to interest himself in service to seamen in memory of his heroic father.

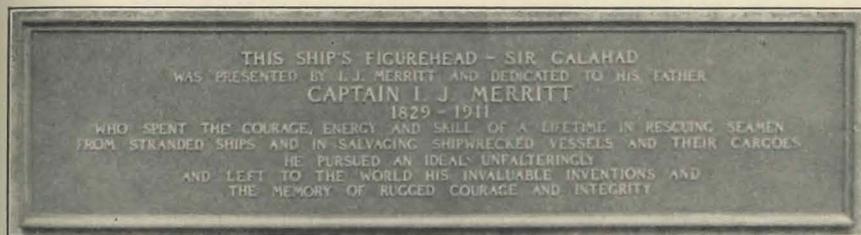
At the ceremony of dedication, Clinton T. Roe spoke of Captain Merritt's life and achievements, and little John Merritt, the Captain's great-grandson, unveiled the figurehead and memorial tablet.

Harold Hughes, an honor boy

from the Order of Sir Galahad, read the statement of unveiling.

The Gloria Trumpeters played for the singing of the Galahad hymn, and also the Recessional, "Lest We Forget."

The old figurehead is attracting much attention and it is hoped that some old-time sailor may recognize it and be able to cast some light on its past history. Meanwhile interested friends of the Institute from San Francisco to London are searching for a trace of our Sir Galahad's origin and history.

*Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia*

Through the efforts of the Women's Auxiliary of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, a dormitory containing seventy-five beds has been opened on the fourth floor of the new building. This action on the part of the Auxiliary has sup-

plied, at least in part, the ever increasing demands for beds at the Institute.

The new building now contains 106 bedrooms and 75 dormitory beds, and the old building 36 bedrooms and 25 dormitory beds, thus affording sleep-

ing accommodations for 242 seamen. The one remaining need at the Philadelphia Institute is for the completion of the fifth floor, which will contain 51 bedrooms and a lounge room for the use of the disabled and aged mariners, who are beneficiaries of the Maskline Clark Mariners' Home.

During the past year the Institute completed and opened its spacious and beautiful chapel which, together with a memorial organ, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Three memorial windows have been placed in the chapel in memory of Solomon Shepherd, who for over fifty years was a member

of the Board of Managers of the old Churchmen's Missionary Association. These windows typify the Church as a ship upon the high seas, the Ark of Salvation and the harbinger of a new day.

MISUNDERSTOOD

"Dear postmaster please I have been trive out from this instituted and I want clear that because I still a Seaman and honest and I called the inst my sweet home my only home in this country but some day I will be back."

We hope he will come back, for he is not "trive out."

After the dedication of the Sir Galahad figurehead, one of our seamen who witnessed the unveiling, was moved to write the following stanzas:

THE TASK SIR GALA-HAD

So many years have passed and gone, since Gala was a lad,
 And many times you folks have read, the trouble that he had;
 The many dangers that beset: the foes who would assail:
 The Crusades of the knights of old who sought the Holy Grail.

What is this Holy Grail? we ask.—The chalice of the Lord,
 A solace to the mind and soul, a final great reward.
 So when we think of ancient years, it makes us very glad,
 We know that they had faith in God—at least,—Sir Gala-had!

THE LOOKOUT aims primarily to make its readers acquainted with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine—to show them the sort of fellow the Seamen's Church Institute exists for and to describe the various phases of the Institute's work.

Anyone who loves the sea is likely to find THE LOOKOUT of interest.

The annual subscription price is one dollar and it is sent to all who contribute five dollars or more to the work of the Institute.

Would you like to have it sent to some friend?

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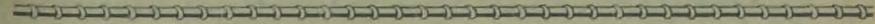
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FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the LAWS of the STATE OF NEW YORK, the sum of Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

If land or any specific personal 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."

