

The LOOKOUT

OCTOBER 1930

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The Lookout: "All's Well!"

WOMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

FOR NEW YORK

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The LOOKOUT

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"The Lookout—All's Well" is the title of this month's cover illustration. It was painted by Winslow Homer and the original hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. For further information on the meaning of the term "Lookout" turn to page 7 of this issue.

The Lookout

VOL. XXI

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 10

A World-Famous Cook

WE take great pride in introducing to our readers Mr. George W. Tennant, chief cook of the Byrd Expeditions to both the North and the South Pole. The Institute has always felt a personal interest in Mr. Tennant's achievements, for we consider him as one of our "own." For many a year he has made our building his shore home, and now, returned from a world-famous expedition to the Antarctic he visits us again and regales us with vivid accounts of his adventures in the land of snow and ice. He returns to us with a brand new title: 'I am the champion can opener of the world!' he boasts, and with pardonable pride, for he fed eighty men three times a day for almost two years on canned foods!

Life has had plenty of thrills for George Tennant. A born adventurer, his career began at the age of seven, so he tells us with a twinkle in his blue eyes, with a descent into a well one hundred feet deep by way of the old oaken

bucket, and an equally antique rope to rescue a playmate's dog which had fallen to the bottom. For this act of heroism he was rewarded by an excellent hiding from an irate father.

At sixteen George left his home in Michigan to go as a deckhand on a Great Lakes steamboat. Soon after, he became a cook, for "cook's jobs always seemed easy to get." In this capacity he has journeyed in all parts of the globe. His work carried him through the World's Fair and the St. Louis Fair. Among the famous people who fell to his care were Helen Keller and Alice Roosevelt. At the age of twenty came the hobo urge which could not be denied, so he and a "buddy" travelled across the United States, riding on every conceivable part of a train from the rods, roof, tool boxes to a first row seat under the cow-catcher. Then to



George W. Tennant
Courtesy National
Canners' Association

Alaska as cook on a sailing ship, and in the Salmon Fisheries, months in Africa under tropical skies, and many more adventures. Finally came a call from Commander Byrd to the American Merchant Marine—a good cook was needed for the Expedition to the North Pole. George Tennant answered the call and has been with Commander Byrd ever since.

There was no place for a cook on Byrd's transatlantic flight but "I made the sandwiches they took with them," said Mr. Tennant. His place in the South Pole Expedition, however, was in reality "the life of the party" and how fascinating it is to hear him tell how the contents of every can of vegetables, meat, etc., were frozen solid and how he had to cut a hole in each can with a hatchet and let them thaw out for two hours on the stove! His most exciting experience he describes:

"One time when I left the cook house where some of us lived to go 'over the top' to the library house, instead of using the tunnel. I couldn't see the other house as it was so snowed over. Then when I turned to go back, I couldn't find the opening to my *own* place. I hunted around a couple of hours before I found it and that's no fun when the ther-

mometer is 72 degrees below zero!"

Probably most of *The Lookout's* readers have witnessed the thrilling moving picture of Byrd's South Pole Expedition. Do you remember the cook who brought food and coffee to Admiral Byrd when he landed after his famous flight over the Pole? That was Mr. Tennant. And do you also recall the man whose whiskers were forcibly cut off? That was Mr. Tennant, too. On one page is a picture *before* his red whiskers were cut off!

This adventurous seaman's chief regret in life seems to be that there are only two Poles to which he could follow Commander Byrd.



Courtesy The N. Y. World.

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Eager feet rushing down South Street! From the Institute to South Ferry, through Battery Park, passing the pigeons and the boats bound for Statue of Liberty, around Manhattan, and elsewhere, over to the Aquarium, that joy of children, around that building and then tripping back to "25 South Street" via State and Front Street; they skirt the Institute and skip up the spiral staircase to the Titanic Tower to wave a welcome from the roof. Of course we are not referring to the "Feet of Young Men," but to the feet of towels, yes, miles of them, contributed by the women of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations. This is only one way of telling how far reaching are the 4156 pieces of household linens contributed by these associations from January 1st to June 30th, 1930.

Suppose we measure this accomplishment in another way. Let's pretend we are giving out towels, duly stamped and dated, Institute style, to every seaman

who enters our doors. Now if we were to select September 9th, a comparatively quiet day at the Institute (for only 9,696 visited us) and to give out towels at the rate of one to each seaman, our supply would be exhausted long before the time ball on the tower dropped to note the meridian hour.

Not to be daunted nor to disappoint our seamen guests suppose we continue our souvenir game by giving out knitted articles. What is our supply this year? 177 sweaters, 103 scarfs, 32 pairs of wristlets, 371 pairs of socks and 69 helmets and caps—753 articles in all. How long would they last in this game we are playing? Taking time out for lunch and resuming our giving at 1 o'clock, one garment to each seaman, except of course when we had to give two to make a pair, our 753 gifts would be distributed before 3 o'clock D. S. Generally speaking those letters stand for Daylight Saving, but in this case they might indicate "Disap-

pointed Seamen" for both they and we, the donors, would be destitute of further wherewithal for donations by that hour.

Unless of course we resort to giving our dollars! Happy thought. Here we have a lordly supply to draw upon. Have not the associations either as groups, or as individual members of groups enriched the Institute to the extent of \$15,603.45 since January 1930! So we could begin at 3 o'clock and magnificently dole out dollars—all the afternoon we could act the part of Ladies Bountiful, all the evening, and far into the night.

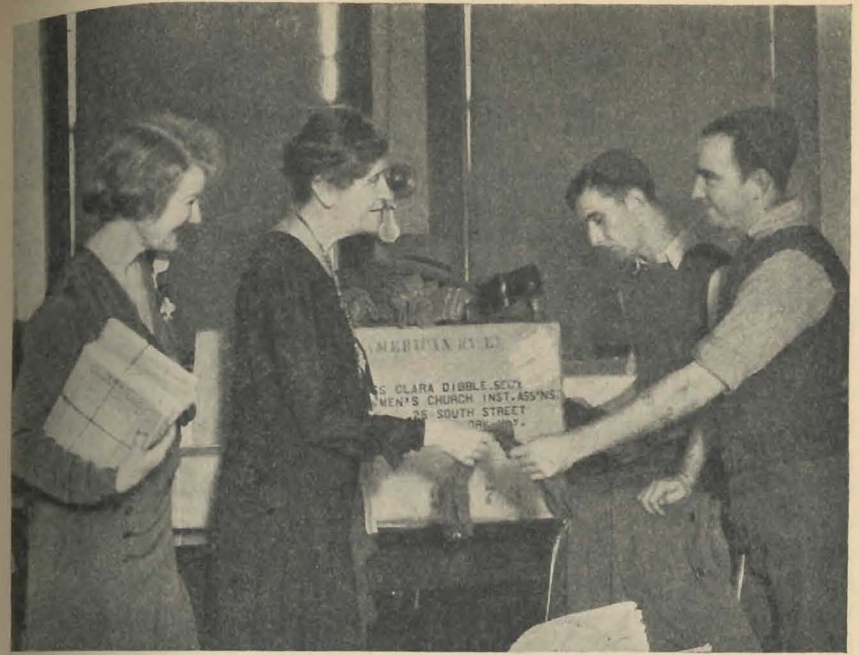
Our "dollar day" could last all the next day too, if only an average number of patrons, say ten to eleven thousand, entered our doors. By the end of the second day, however, we would do well to reduce our gifts from dollars to dimes—nice shiny ones, of course, to make our ducats last longer.

But enough of this game of make-believe! We never did believe in the dole system and have no intention of putting it into practice in our three-quarter self-supporting hostelry. Our aim was to make you visualize the number of towels, knitted things, and dollars actually given by associations in six months. All the figures we have given are facts:—4156 pieces of linen (value

\$552.54), 753 knitted garments (value \$1179.75) and money donations of \$15,603.45, or a total contribution in cash and in kind of \$17,335.74. These figures bear evidence to the fact that there has been no falling off in the stock of the S. C. I. Associations this year, notwithstanding slumps in other markets.

"Woman's intuitive wisdom," we quote Mr. Coolidge, tells us that this is no year to slump. To run a home for a family numbering from 9,000 to 12,000 a day costs a right smart sum, a minimum of \$100,000 a year, a task big enough to challenge the wits of the most capable of homemakers. The S. C. I. Associations, "organized for the purpose of cooperating with the Seamen's Church Institute," have accepted that challenge. They have built a share of that home in the past 5 years—12 rooms for seamen, 13 linen closets, the Service Manager's Office and many parts of the Chapel including Vestment Room, Credence Table, several doors, and memorial chairs; the Little Chapel too was completed by the Central Council, and its beautiful Screen, its Lectern, Chancel Rail, and Altar Books have been given by associations.

These are the outward and visible signs of their cooperation. Other proofs of their devotion to the seamen may be seen in re-



*Two of the recipients of those things which are sent to us by the S.C.I. Associations
Left to right: Miss Clara M. Dibble, Secretary; Mrs. Janet Roper, House Mother.*

ords of regular donations sent for relief work; in monies contributed to provide our seamen with entertainment; in endless stitching of household linens, Christmas bags, and even uniforms for women employees at the Institute; in knitting carried on summer and winter by members pledged to produce or perish, so to speak; in contributions to the Holiday Fund year after year; and in the unwavering support of our oldest association whose members have maintained the Apprentice Room unnumbered

years.

We are not differentiating the work of the various associations; not that we need to pursue a policy of "no names mentioned" but because we feel that the essence of competition is cooperation and that all the associations, seasoned veterans or pioneers, are working together in a common cause. We might just whisper, because a whisper is heard farther, that we have two new groups this year (Glen Ridge and Nutley) who are ready to give us "a heave on the windlass."

During these years in which the associations have been helping the Institute and building up traditions of service they have demonstrated their faith in the work and ably substantiated that faith with works. Towels and sweaters, sheets and shoes, caps and Christmas bags, magazines and games, pillow-cases and picture puzzles, sandwiches and ukeleles, socks and spats, overcoats and bed-room slippers, pajamas for convalescents and pinafores for women-workers when they are making up beds of a morning—what a happy miscellany! Ships of good deeds bound for the home-port, 25 South Street, and each convoying its share of comfort, warmth, contentment and pleasure to that home.

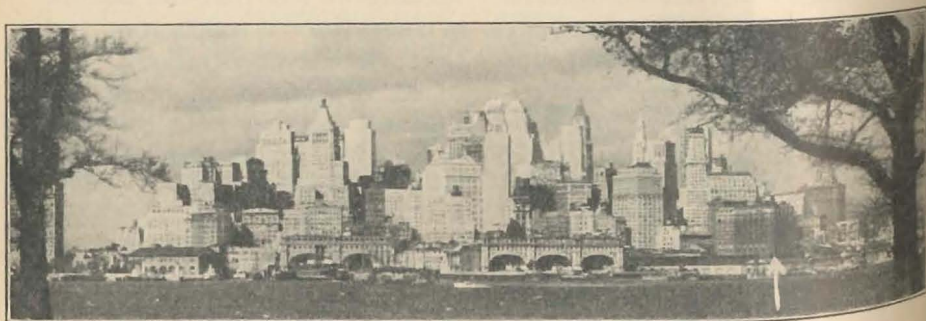
As another seasons opens Mrs. Cammann, Chairman of the Central Council adds her personal word of greeting:—

“On Wednesday October 22nd, at 2:30 P.M. we hold our first

Central Council meeting of the season. I am eagerly looking forward to welcoming a splendid group of officers and members at that time, when the two new associations will officially join our ranks. We are relying on the help and active cooperation of all the associations in planning our winter's activities.

Dr. Mansfield, realizing that the coming season may be a hard one, has voiced a strong appeal to Institute employees, asking that they show an added spirit of enthusiasm and sympathy this year, that a hearty esprit de corps pervade them as a body, controlling their thoughts and actions, upholding Institute standards, and expressing in their work the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Let us, as Seamen's Church Institute Associations, take this appeal to heart and continue our support of this great Institute. Let us help to make Dr. Mansfield's 35th year of service a glorious one indeed.”



Lookouts

By Charles Robert Patterson

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Charles Robert Patterson is well known as a marine painter and learned his subject matter at first hand, as he spent ten years at sea as a sailor when sail was still going strong. Mr. Patterson's father was president of the Whitehaven Shipbuilding Company of Cumberland, England, and built a number of iron sailing vessels, among them the "Windemere", "Thirlmere", "Grasmere", "Ensmere", "Rydalmere", etc.

Charles R. Patterson was apprenticed to the sea at 13 years of age, and served his four years, continuing in sail for six years more, first under the old Hawaiian flag, and later in American wooden ships.

This sea experience has been of the greatest possible value in his work as an artist, of course. Mr. Patterson has offered, as his most generous gift to the Institute's new Chapel of Our Saviour, the beautiful Altar Painting to be executed in the near future.



THE "Look-out" is a term or name that brings back many memories to me, memories of long hours spent in tramping the foc'sle head of a sailing ship, in all kinds of weather, ready to strike the big forward bell in case of sighting a light or perhaps the loom of another vessel in the darkness. At the end of two hours the lookout was relieved, (also the man at the wheel) and the man just relieved from duty had to walk aft and report to the officer on watch, the name of the look-out, and "side lights burning bright, sir." There was plenty of time for contemplation and thought on the lookout, and many a plan as to what would be done at the next port or when the ship arrived home again, was formulated. There was not what you would call much of a promenade deck to walk on, as a ship's fore-castle head was pretty well

cluttered up with obstacles of one kind and another, but one could count on twenty feet or so from side to side. If the vessel was heeled over, you had to climb up to windward, and lean well back when walking down to leeward. Generally under sailing conditions of this kind, she was bumping into a beam sea or a head sea, and heavy spray would drench the foc'sle head, making oilskins necessary. The unpardonable sin was for the man on the lookout to be caught asleep on duty.

I remember many times when the look-out was not relieved at the end of two hours, when all hands were up aloft struggling to get in sail. I recall one night that thirty men and boys stayed on the fore yard nearly four hours, getting in the foresail. Thirty minutes after the foresail was furled the mizzen lower topsail, a brand new sail, blew out of the bolt-ropes, and at dawn it was all

hands get another sail out of the sail locker, rig a gantline, get the sail up on the yard and bend it. We were off the north of Scotland in March beating to the westward, with the pilot on board, an unwilling passenger. He was with us for ten days before we could get him shipped back on a fishing vessel. Captain Norman T. Freakley, at one time Superintendent of Transportation of the Hudson Bay Company, Canada, told me of an incident in connection with the lookout on the crack British iron ship *Thessalus*." Captain Freakley was second mate of the *Thessalus* under Captain Jack Henderson, one of the navy's old time skippers who went ashore wearing a silk hat and kept up the prestige and dignity of their profession in their own way. The *Thessalus* was a fast vessel and Captain Freakley used to describe the satisfaction on board when they inevitably overhauled and passed other ships, very often steamers, at that. Like all fast ships, she was wet in a sea-way, her bows were sharp and without much flare to keep water from coming aboard. With her long jib-boom and lofty spars she had a terrific "send" when pitching, as those on board had good reason to know. "We were standing down Channel outward bound" said Captain Freakley, "close hauled

on the starboard tack with a freshening wind that was beginning to kick up a sea. The *Thessalus* under topgallant sails was footing along at speed, and as dusk was coming on, the watches were picked, myself, as second officer, taking the captain's, or starboard watch. A hand was sent on the lookout, and Captain Henderson knowing the driving proclivities of his vessel, cautioned me to post the lookout man on top of the forward house instead of the forecandle head.

The man, a big Russian Finn, grumbled something about not being able to see from the forward house and took up his position on the forecandle head. I walked aft to attend to other duties, intending to enforce my orders to the lookout later, when the *Thessalus* took a wicked plunge into a heavy sea.

Everything forward was submerged, then as she rose and shook herself, the green sea came roaring aft along the main deck, filling her up almost to the lee pin rails. I made my way forward, discovering to my horror, that the man on the lookout was gone. A few minutes later, we found his body jammed between a bulwark stanchion and the deck block of the main topsail halliards, the head twisted completely back. The sea had swept him aft over one hundred feet.

A Poem

Dr. Mansfield, who for two years has been suffering from a very serious eye condition, was most deeply touched at receiving from Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times* and a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a note and poem which are here reproduced:

"I hope that your sight is quite restored. I send you some lines that I wrote for Bishop Greer when in like state."

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"The Sword Fisherman"

Painting by Charles Robert Patterson

Courtesy of Mrs. E. E. Bessey

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Owing to a printer's error, the painting reproduced in last month's LOOKOUT and attributed to Mr. Patterson was really painted by Winslow Homer and should have been entitled "The Fog Warning."

THERE'S not much romance in bricks and mortar. A sentimental song about contractors' bills would scarcely appeal. There's nothing in the term "bank loans" to tug at our heartstrings.

But, back of all these depressing debts and unpleasant bills, stands a HOME for thousands of homeless sailormen! There's a thrill in that word "Home" that stirs us all and makes us feel akin to those seafarers to whom the Institute is the only home they know from year's end to year's end.

Would you have had us deny these seamen shelter? Would you have had us turn them out in snarling Winter winds, in drenching rain? Anyone with a heart that beats for his fellow men would have done just as we did: borrowed the money and built larger sleeping quarters. Bade these wanderers welcome and offered them the fullest measure of friendliness that landsmen can provide.

All the wonderful privileges of our new Annex Building are made pos-



Courtesy, Hall Organ Co.

Please send your contribution to
JUNIOUS S. MORGAN, JR.,
Treasurer, Annex Building
 100 South Street, New York City

sible by the generosity of men and women who have shared in this great enterprise and who desire to see our humane work grow ever more useful. Due to this loyal interest and support, the Institute has won its enviable record of hospitality towards the mariners of the world.

But the cold, hard fact still remains: We still owe \$1,400,000 to certain New York banks. We don't like to keep harping on this fact, but what else can we do when each quarter we must pay interest on our loan?

When you make a gift to our New Building Fund it means much, much more than paying for the financial debts of this great shore home for sailors. Your money is immediately transformed into human terms—the happiness and welfare of thousands of men who enjoy the building's countless benefits.

Will you help us now, when the need is so great, to liquidate this debt? Before the wall calendar sheds another leaf, may we count on *YOU* to help relieve this critical situation?

The Unemployment Crisis

Many of the Institute's friends have written to us to inquire how seriously the business depression has affected our merchant seamen. The answer is: very seriously. Jobs aboard ships are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. We see indications of the effect of unemployment first of all in our Religious and Social-Service Department, at the Relief Desk.

During ordinary business conditions there is a line of unemployed seamen averaging from 30 to 40 a day. Now 75 to 80 seamen make application for relief every single day. During the cold winter months, this line increases and we have so arranged our Relief Budget to care for this number of men. But, never before in our history, except in 1920, has there been such a long relief line during the usually prosperous spring and summer months. Our budget is arranged on a sliding scale and is based upon seasonal unemployment. But we had not counted on the present unforeseen period of depression, which has made it necessary for us to increase our daily relief expenditures by a little more than three hundred per cent—a tremendous increase.

Naturally, this has necessitated the over-expenditure of our budget, but **WHAT ARE BUDGETS** when men are hungry and out of work and a few friends stand loyally by us? Would you have us do otherwise when the need is so great and the seamen so worthy of help? Trained ship's officers, who usually have no difficulty in shipping out, now stand in line with ordinary seamen. Self-respecting able seamen who have never accepted relief are now compelled to seek the Institute's relief hospitality. Engineers now come to our Employment Bureau and beg for jobs as wipers, oilers and firemen! Pride is swallowed when these trained men are willing and eager for such menial jobs. And as for the unfortunate untrained ordinary seamen, they have the hardest time of all. Nobody wants them, now, when the size of crews on all ships has been reduced.

Another rule which has had to be temporarily relaxed is the forbidding of men to sleep in the lobbies. But when a seaman has tramped the streets all day and far into the night because he had no place to sleep, **WHAT ARE RULES** in such pathetic cases? The people in charge of our relief work have one of the most dif-

ficult jobs in the world; namely, to find the happy medium between letting the head or the heart rule their judgment. So many pitiful cases, and so little money to go such a long way! And so many emergencies that must be met!

For example, one day a man staggered up to the relief desk. He said he had been unable to get any kind of a job on either land or sea, and, with his last fifteen cents had purchased a pack of cigarettes. On these, and water, he had subsisted for more than two days and nights! We sent him to a marine hospital to be treated for malnutrition.

Then there was the case of a young man who borrowed five dollars from us. We managed to find him a job, as a janitor in an

apartment house. Someone robbed the tenants, and our sailorboy, although entirely innocent, was suspected and placed under arrest. After a few days in jail he was freed and began hunting work. He was ashamed to come back to us until he could pay back his debt. Finally, he came, but he was so weakened by worry, lack of sleep and lack of food, that he is now convalescing in a hospital.

Our Relief line is comprised, of worthy, deserving men who, by circumstances entirely outside of their control, are victims of the unemployment crisis. We face the coming winter with some misgivings and not a little worry. The emergency must be met—and we depend on YOU.



Swabbing Decks on the S.S. Bremen

Photo by Ewing Galloway

"A Certain Man Fell Among Thieves"

St. Luke 10:30

In a remote valley, 'way up in the Adirondacks, the Institute's influence reached out and rescued a man from despair and helplessness. It all happened because a member of the Institute's staff chanced to be spending her vacation in the little valley.

A young oiler who lived at 25 South Street whenever his ship put into port, found, as many others found it necessary to accept a land job because of the scarcity of ship positions. He knew how to drive an automobile, and so it was arranged with his prospective employer that he should drive a work truck over some roads in upper New York State where some construction work was going on. Lacking funds to purchase a train ticket, the young seaman started to hike his way northward. In his pocket he carried the remainder of his savings, eighteen dollars.

After traveling a day or so, a touring car drew up along side of the road and its occupants, two men and a girl, accosted him:

"Want a lift, buddy?"

"You bet I do," responded the seaman, eagerly.

The tourists then explained that if the seaman would pay for the gas and oil, as they were "stone broke," they would drive

him in the car to his destination, some ninety miles further north. He agreed, and hopped into the car. They stopped at a filling station where he paid \$1.70 for the gas and oil, and then started on again. The two men and the girl, who was driving, watched the seaman as he pocketed the change and carefully folded up the ten dollar and five dollar bills remaining.

Suddenly the seaman, who was sitting in the rear seat between the two men, chanced to look into the car mirror in the front and saw one of the men raise a wrench over his head. He dodged quickly, and the heavy blow landed on the back of his neck. He was then thrown, unconscious, out of the car and left on the lonely road where, several hours later, a State trooper found him.

And now the Institute comes into the story. He was brought to the tiny hospital in a remote town in the Adirondacks, where he said he received wonderful care and attention. The clergyman's wife in the town, who was a member of the Board of Directors of the hospital, learned that the seaman, upon recovering consciousness after two days, gave his address as "25 South Street." She informed our staff member who

was vacationing there, who you may be sure lost no time in visiting the seaman at the hospital. The nurse had written, at his request, to his brother, also a seaman, for funds, who replied that he, too, was out of a job.

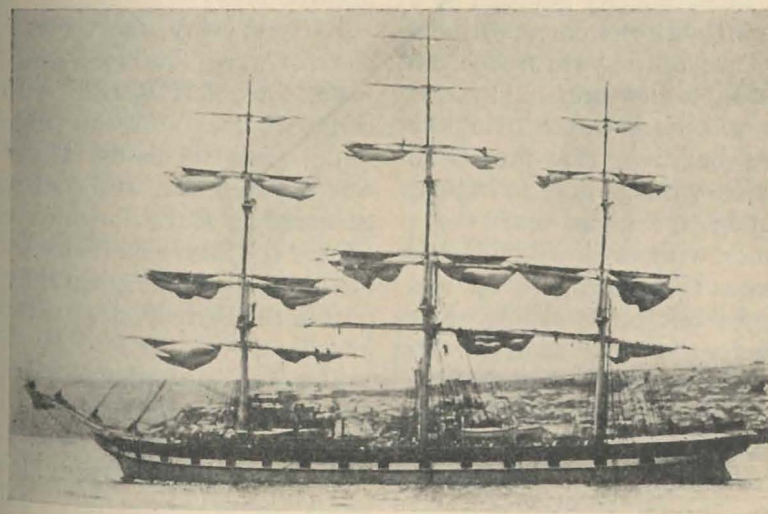
Our staff member telephoned the Institute, where the seaman had left his papers, and she learned that he was an ex-service man and had received a severe injury which entitled him to care by the U. S. Veteran's Bureau. The local chapter of the Red Cross willingly paid for the seaman's transportation to New York, and the County sent an attendant, as he was not well enough to travel on the train alone. His neck and head were in

a plaster cast and he was very weak from loss of blood.

Arriving in New York, the seaman came to the Institute, and then he was taken on a train to John Hopkins Hospital. It was revealed that the silver plate in his side was bent and an operation was required. He is now recovering and is receiving compensation from the Veteran's Bureau.

And, incidentally, the seaman's mother is in Europe, being one of the last of the Gold Star Mothers to make the pilgrimage. A cable was sent her by our Institute staff member and the mother will visit her soldier-sailor son in Baltimore upon her return.

The Institute's care of its own stretches far beyond South Street.



"Thessalus", built for A. and J. H. Carnichael of Greenock, Scotland, in 1874. This vessel was famous in the Australian wool trade for many years.

A Nightmare Voyage

PART I.

BY CHANDOS ST. JOHN BRENON

This is the story of the terrible voyage of the sailing-ship *Benmore* in 1900. While she was in mid-ocean fire broke out in the cargo of coal, and for nearly a fortnight the terror-stricken crew lived over a veritable floating volcano, while the officers drove the burning vessel towards port. The author was an apprentice on board the *Benmore* during that awful run.

The awful terror the cry of "Fire!" conveys to the very souls of those within its danger-zone is only too often illustrated in the columns of the daily press, as they describe the scenes of frantic people leaping from windows many feet above the pavement, only to be dashed to pieces below, preferring this end to the most terrible of all deaths—burning.

If, then, in a city guarded by a splendid body of firemen, with the latest fire-fighting apparatus, assisted by a high-pressure system that will hurl water over the tallest building, this fear is so great, how much more so it must be upon a ship at sea? On a steamer, with auxiliary-pumps to operate the hoses, it is bad enough; but on a sailing ship, dependent on the wind for its motive power, and primitive hand-to-hand appliances to drown a fire raging in the lower depths of the hold, its awfulness passes all conception.

Yet for a fortnight, with a fire raging under their very feet, the

crew and captain of the full-rigged sailing-ship *Benmore*, bound from Cardiff to Antofagasta, stuck by their vessel until she reached port—but at what a cost! Eleven sailors drowned, one burnt to death as he stood on deck, the captain killed by a falling block just as he saw the haven of safety within his reach, and the ship's carpenter stiffened on the deck, starved in three days!

Early in May, 1900, the *Benmore*, a very fine steel ship of 1,460 tons, left Cardiff with a cargo of coal and carrying all told, twenty-six hands. The crew was a mixed one, and had been garnered in Cardiff, which city offered the least experienced sailors for the simple reason that no port in the British Isles paid such low wages.

The *Benmore* made a practically uneventful voyage as far as the Falkland Islands. In these latitudes, however, she ran into a series of southwesterly gales, which prevented her from getting around the "corner" for some

five weeks. The continued heavy weather necessitated the batten-down of the hatches and the unshipping of ventilators.

The storm was a source of double anxiety to the master of the vessel, Captain John Scott, for it meant not only a long voyage, but—more serious still—the imprisoning of the gases that came from the coal. Coal is a dead weight upon a vessel, causing her to lose a great deal of her buoyancy, so that in a heavy sea it is frequently the cause of a ship rolling her masts out, but it has a very nasty habit of catching fire by spontaneous combustion, and can very rarely be extinguished.

Every endeavor was made to prevent such an occurrence arising, and the moment the weather permitted hatches were opened and ventilators shipped to allow the dangerous gases to escape. But sudden squalls are frequent in the higher latitudes, and they carry with them heavy downfalls of rain. These would catch the ship with hatches off, and long before they could be replaced the coal would receive a wetting—the thing to start combustion.

In order to keep a watch on the temperature in the holds, lengths of piping were placed against the stanchion in the centre of the hatches, and down these, twice a day, a thermometer was lowered. At the first testing of these pipes

after the ship had rounded the Horn the temperature was normal. The fire must have started at a place farthest away from the pipes, and then worked its way up.

One morning the eldest apprentice took off a section of the quarter-hatch, and lowered the thermometer. A thin stream of yellow smoke lazily curled up through the mouth of the narrow piping! Quickly he hauled up his line, but brought up only a few feet of charred spun-yarn, the end of which was a glowing spark!

Stopping the pipe with its wooden plug, he quietly walked aft.

Captain Scott paled when he learned the news. He said:

"Don't sound any of the other hatches until tonight. If this crew hears of it, pandemonium will break loose in no time. Sound nothing until dark, and for heaven's sake keep your tongue between your teeth. Go for'ard and send Chips and the mates."

A few minutes later they met in the skipper's room.

"We can't spread this news among the bunch of lubbers we have aboard, sir," said the mate; "and the only thing we can do is to seal the hatches and let her rip until the fire breaks through; and then Heaven help us! There is a chance of our making Coquimbo. However, it rests with you. We'll stand by you clean through, sir!"

(To be continued in the November issue of *The Lookout*.)

Musing of the Mate

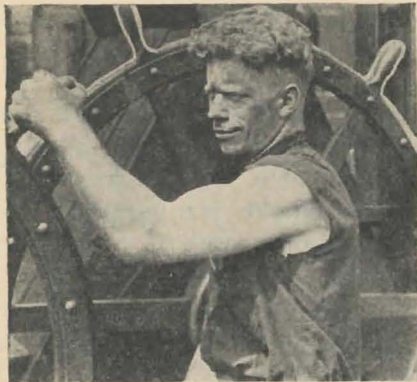


Photo by Ewing Galloway

Why They Follow the Sea!

He lived in Sweden and, as a youth, enjoyed sliding down snowy banks, much to the detriment of his pants. Finally, his mother forced him to wear pants with leather patches on them and this provoked much laughter and sneering from his playmates. He was so humiliated that he stowed away on a windjammer and has been following the sea ever since . . . He lived in Massachusetts and at the age of sixteen was invited to a party of high school friends. He borrowed his older brother's dress shirt to wear to the dance and upon his return was so severely reprimanded by his father that he, in hot anger, ran away to sea. That was twenty years ago. He has never returned home—because of a shirt!

Interference

To some seamen the Monday night Band Concerts across the street in Jeanette Park during the summer months were a source of great enjoyment. But not to Mike, who was apparently not a lover of music. For one evening when the concert lasted a few minutes longer than usual, Mike whispered in the band leader's ear: "Hurry up and get through. You're interfering with my flop. I have a nice soft bed over in that corner of the band stand!"

An Investment

A seaman by the name of Joseph Swatzchek, was having a terrible time with his eyes. He had been in the hospital a long time and it seemed doubtful whether or not he would ever see again. The Institute secured for him proper glasses. Our Employment Bureau had a call for a Czecho-Slovakian interpreter. Swatzchek is a Bohemian and landed the job on the S. S. *President Harding*. In addition to Czecho-Slovakian, he speaks French, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, and Malay. Certainly our small investment in glasses has brought a rich return.

A Mother's Sorrow

One of Mrs. Roper's most interesting and yet most pathetic duties recently was to show a seaman's mother over the Building. The mother had come from Albany to New York to get further particulars concerning the death of her son who had died in Bellevue Hospital. Yearning for details, she besieged Mother Roper with all manner of questions. She seemed to derive great satisfaction, after having seen the bedroom where her son slept, to know that he had spent his shore-leaves in New York in such a splendid place as this. She was deeply grateful for the friendly services we had rendered her son during his last days of illness.

A Good Thought

When Able Seaman Steve Harvey, "shipped out" he left his room in hurried disorder. There was no time to pick up the scraps, so, hastily pencilling a note to the cleaning woman, he apologized for the condition of his room. When he returned to the Institute he found this note: "You are a good boy. I am glad to have you on my floor. I am your mother while you are here as I know every man likes their mother. I thank you for having a good thought."

Over the Tea Cups

Five o'clock in the Apprentice Room sees a group of young sailors gathered around the tea table while their hostess pours tea and makes them feel comfortable and at home. By the time the plate of cakes is passed for the third time the "ice" has melted and strangers begin to get conversational. Now and then a captain from a British line drops in for tea and regales the youngsters with tales of the sea, with jokes about "green" sailors, such as the one about Sandy, who, when asked to reverse the ship's direction, simply switched the starboard and port lanterns!

Legacies to the Institute

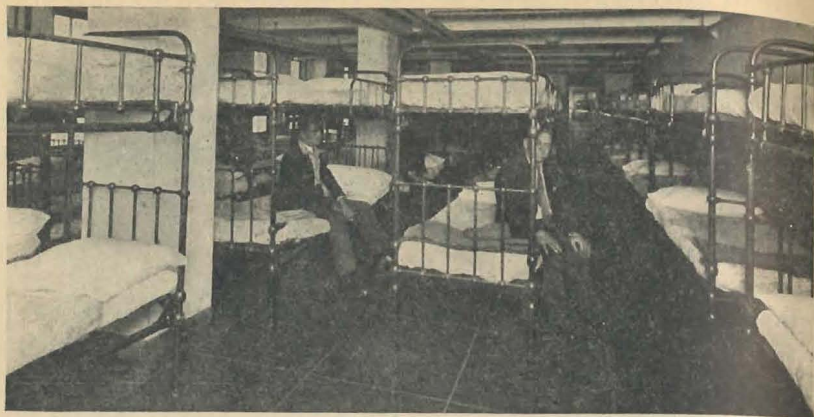
The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. No precise words are necessary to a valid legacy to the corporation. The following clause, however, may be suggested:

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."

A Memorial to the Men of the Sea



The Institute has been called the House of a Thousand Memorials. There is scarcely a corner in the entire building that is not a continual reminder of the generosity of some friend of the seamen, or of the thoughtfulness of a giver whose donations have been translated into a constant practical reminder of the donor—departments, rooms, furnishings—all these accessories of the great building are eloquent reminders of those for whom they are named.

Since the list of available memorials in the New Annex was published in the last issue of *THE LOOKOUT*, the following have been subscribed by friends of the Institute:

Surgical Room in Clinic.....	\$ 5,000.00
Conrad Memorial Fund.....	1,000.00
Conrad Memorial Fund.....	100.00
New Annex Building Fund.....	5,000.00

Among the memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria.....	15,000.00
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth (Talkie Equipment)....	12,000.00
Medical Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
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
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Chapel Street Entrance Iron Gates.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Prayer Desk and Sedalia, Small Chapel.....	500.00
Stairway leading to Sanctuary.....	200.00
Cabinet Organ, in Small Chapel.....	200.00
Chapel Chairs.....	50.00

A Half Year's Record of Service

SOME of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the first six months of 1930:

- 244,657 lodgings registered.
- 188,240 meals served.
- 533,368 sales made at the soda fountain.
- 44,653 pieces of dunnage checked and protected.
- 18,879 books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
- 43,572 special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
- 1,882 seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.
- 2,889 seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
- 233 missing men located.
- \$304,681.51 received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
- 6,091 seamen attended 106 religious services
- 19,715 seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
- 60,683 seamen attended 91 movies and entertainments.
- 4,329 seamen attended 17 lectures.



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