

# The LOOKOUT



THE CROW'S NEST

Courtesy, Cunard Line

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XXIV—NUMBER 6

JUNE, 1933

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows two lookouts stationed in the Crow's Nest of a modern ocean liner. These seamen are especially selected for their alertness and keen vision. They are equipped with high-powered binoculars and a loudspeaker telephone to the bridge.

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street

## 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, the 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.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

JUNE, 1933

No. 6

## "SPRINGTIME FOR JACK"



Jeannette Park, May, 1933.

Spring has come to South Street,  
That nautical thoroughfare—  
The trees bloom on South Street  
And thrive in the salty air.

Old salts stroll on South Street  
Amid the wharves and slips  
Sailors sleep on South Street  
And dream of clipper ships.

Breezes blow on South Street  
From all the seven seas.  
Freighters dock on South Street  
Let's sail on one of these!

THE gentle Spring sunshine drenched the benches in Jeannette Park, just across from the Institute, shimmered over the pavements, and added a golden glow to the waters of the East River. Even the steps of the unemployed seemed less weary—and, "springier," as they trudged along South Street. For Spring, with its promise of better things,

has come again to the New York waterfront.

From the windows of our Apprentices' Room one may look down upon perennially green trees, shirts drying on the iron fence, and ambitious sailors playing shuffleboard, quoits and baseball. Many sit on the curbstone reading the want advertisements in the newspapers. Their wistful faces, careworn expressions, gaunt countenances and worried manner tell of the long winter through which they have emerged. Without work, without money, many without friends—they have endured hardships ashore with the same patience

and fortitude they display when at sea amid tempest and storm.

Their hands tell most eloquently the story of their suffering. Some bespeak utter despair and discouragement. Others seem to say, bitterly, "What's the use?" Still others, weatherbeaten and roughened by the seven seas, are thin and emaciated from malnutrition and illness, and yet, the warm May sun touched these hands and seemed to send the blood pulsing through their tired bodies, dispelling that air of melancholy which has hung too long over the waterfront.

In a thousand homes all over the world, wives and mothers and sisters are thinking of their sailor-boys and wondering if the Spring season will mean improvement in shipping and consequent jobs for

their men folk who have been out of work so many weary months. Our Employment Bureau, which is a kind of barometer in the shipping business, unfortunately has not reported much improvement, to date, but we are still hoping.

In the meantime the Institute continues to befriend these unemployed men; continues to offer them friendship, sympathy, kindness; continues to make them feel that "25 South Street" is their home where they will always be welcomed. As one Yankee sailor expressed it: "The Institute is your friend, whether you're broke or flush." And we are able to provide them not only with bread and meat for the body but also with the bread of Life through the generosity of loyal friends.

### A NEW USE FOR OLD EYE GLASS FRAMES

HARKEN, gentle reader, to this S.O.S. from our Eye Clinic: Many seamen need glasses but lack the funds with which to purchase them. Through the generosity of Mr. John Markle we are able to provide glasses for the most severe cases of eye strain. However, there are many others to whom a pair of eye glasses would be a most welcome and helpful gift. But, owing to lack of funds and the need for economy, the Institute is unable to provide these. Here is how **you** can help. Send in any old eye glass frames—they can be tortoise shell, silver, gold—bow, or rim, or nose-pieces—with or without the glass, and our Eye Clinic doctors will arrange to have the proper lenses fitted in these old frames for each individual seaman.

Here is a typical letter from a grateful sailor who has benefitted from our Eye Clinic:

"Dear Dr. Mansfield:

The eye glasses which you have so kindly purchased for me, have brought me very much relief and comfort.

I want to thank you very much for your kind generosity, and wish to say that I am very grateful to you.

Faithfully yours,  
Vincent T."

### A MODERN ULYSSES

PATRICK TAYLEUR, who was rejected in 1922 as too old for sea service, and who has walked across three continents since that time, paused here for a few days enroute to the West Coast. Vigorous and healthy despite his seventy-six years of wandering, this modern Ulysses is stopping at the Institute while he earns a few dollars for his westward journey. He is expert in repairing awnings, sails, etc. and in making rope mats.

An old man of 76 summers who has seen three score years of service before the mast, Tayleur has walked from Leningrad on the Baltic to Odessa on the Black Sea; he has crossed the United States; he has lived in China and Siam, Burma and India, New Zealand and Mexico, Germany and France, Spain and Portugal, Italy and Greece; he has seen service under Allenby in Palestine, has camped with the natives in Africa, in the South Sea Islands and in the shadow of the Pyramids. He tramped across the continent of Australia, from Brisbane to Perth, from Perth to Kalgoorlie, to Wiluna, through the Murchison to Geraldton, Bunderup and to the sea. He claims to have been the first white man to cross the great Australian desert on foot.

Born in Maitland, Nova Scotia, in 1857, this elderly roamer shipped as a lad of fourteen on a sailing vessel bound for Calcutta. In 1887 he joined the Bechuanaland Border Police and saw exciting times in fighting with the Matabele. From South Africa he went to sea again. During the World War he was with the 12th Lancers, 1st Cavalry Reserves—a strange regiment for a sailor—and going to France, was wounded in action. He is the father of eleven children.

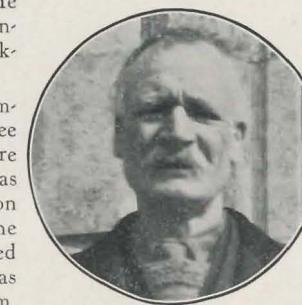
After serving in Palestine as orderly to Allenby, he was discharged as physically unfit for active service, and until 1923 drew a pension in England. He has not

made use of it since. After a year and a half in the Antipodes, Tayleur worked on a schooner and was in China during the disastrous floods in 1931 when citizens of Hangchow were drowned by the thousands. He learned to speak the Chinese tongue in his journeys through China on sea and land. He walked through

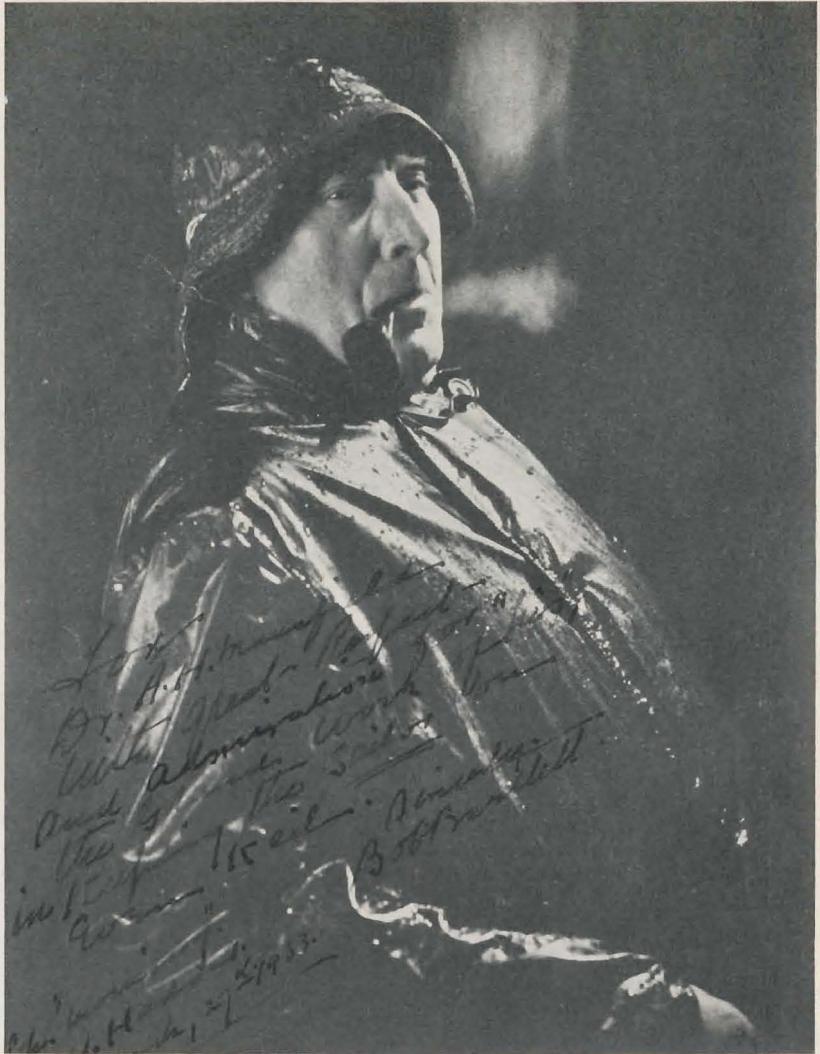
Siam's penal settlement where there are no walls, no bars. Each "prisoner" stays there of his own accord until his time is served. He tramped through Russia and lived under the Soviet regime, supping with land workers and soldiers. In India, he heard Gandhi and his followers; in Mexico he listened to Calles; in Leningrad he saw the multitudes bowing before the tomb of Lenin every evening.

The old traveller has spent his life on the move; eating rice with the Mongol in the shadow of the pagodas; he has sipped tea in Mandalay and watched the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay'; he has known thirst on the Australian desert, has partaken of johalla in the reed huts of African black men; he has "drawn blood for friendship" with the Zulus and the Matabele. His tales, told in a modest, simple way, are of peasants who have shared their scanty bread with him; of Chinese Buddhists who have given him clean straw and washed his feet; of Russian women and children begging bread from his mess-tin.

This sun-tanned, weather-beaten wanderer, in spite of a full life, still has the urge to go further and to see more. Today, he is in New York, but he will soon be on his way again. When asked if he would like to settle down at Sailors' Snug Harbor, a haven for old salts on Staten Island, he said, "Time enough for that when I'm ninety. The wanderlust hasn't burned out of me yet a while."



Patrick Tayleur



CAPTAIN "BOB" BARTLETT, famous Arctic explorer and author, sent the above photograph to Dr. Mansfield and autographed it as follows:

"For Dr. A. R. Mansfield, with great respect and admiration for the grand work of his in keeping the sailors on even keel.

Sincerely, Bob Bartlett."

Schooner "Morrissey"  
New York Harbor  
March 27, 1933.

Captain Bartlett very generously gave his lecture, "N. E. Greenland" in our Auditorium and was most enthusiastically received by our seamen.

The American Geographical Society, Explorers Club, and the Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation gave an Institute dormitory containing 70 beds in honor of Captain Bartlett, "master explorer of the Arctic seas."

## PRODIGAL SONS

**S**EVEN years away from home! Peter M. was indeed a modern specimen of the prodigal son. Drink and wanderlust had caused his downfall. When the son ran away to sea, the father died, the farm was sold, and his aged mother and sister moved to Montreal. His sister faithfully paid premiums on her brother's sickness and accident insurance even though she heard no word from him.

Our chaplain found Peter, ill and discouraged, in a hospital ward. He helped him to collect \$73.30 compensation insurance which was due him and tried to persuade Peter to return to his family, even reading him a letter from his sister stating that his mother was not well. The chaplain succeeded in having Peter deposit \$45.00 of the money in our Institute "bank" so that if he should decide to go home, he could.

Then Peter disappeared with the rest of the money. After a week of "riotous living", he "came to himself", and returned in rags saying, "I am ready to go home."

Our chaplain wired his family so they might prepare a welcome for their lost son, and then accompanied Peter to a tailor on South Street where he purchased a good suit, overcoat and heavy shirt for \$9.54. Peter was given a suit of underwear, ties and socks from our Slop Chest. He and the chaplain then went to Grand Central Station where the chaplain purchased his through ticket to Montreal.

Here is the letter our chaplain received from Peter's sister: "Your telegram received last Wednesday, saying Peter had left for home, and it was very thoughtful of you to send it. He arrived about 6:30 Friday evening and I was down to meet him. We were indeed glad to see him again and he is looking very well. He told me about the Institute's helping him and encouraging him to come home. You

have certainly been a friend in need. A man he used to work for in Connecticut wrote to me last week, wanting Peter's address as he wished him to go to work for him again. We are delighted having him home if only for a short while and thanks to you for his being here. His mother is seventy-four and Peter is her only son and naturally she is very fond of him. Mother joins me in thanking you again for your kindness."

Another case of a prodigal son was that of James B. His mother wrote to Mrs. Roper last January asking us to locate her son. He had not written home in years. Just the other day a former shipmate of his came in to report that his buddy was in the United States Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton. He knew that James had not written to his mother because he did not wish her to know that he has tuberculosis.

Mrs. Roper wrote an appealing letter to the boy asking his permission to notify his mother that he was at least alive. She received this reply from James:

"Dear Mother Roper: I received your letter today and you may be sure that I shall write to my Mother today, in fact I have done so and will send it via Air Mail. I appreciate your suggesting that you could write and let my Mother know where I was without telling her that I am sick. This is the very reason why I have not written to her and I think that I should write and tell her the truth as I am very much better, in fact I am expecting to have an arrested case by this time next summer. I realize now that by not writing I have caused her more worry than if I had told her that I was sick. I certainly do appreciate what you have done and want to thank you."

Mother Roper has written to James' mother telling her all about the wonderful hospital at Fort Stanton and the number who have returned from there completely recovered.

Just two examples of what we meant when we said in our Annual Report: "68,911 social service needs filled in 1932."

## OTHER DAYS—OTHER WAYS



From "Sail Ho," By Gordon Grant  
Published by Wm. Farquhar Payson

### SHIPPING A SEA

The men spring to the shrouds as the seas come over the weather rail and fill the deck. A trip from poop to fo'c'sle while she was "taking it green" was a hazardous undertaking, life lines notwithstanding.

"Yet he and his First Officer the bridge and the two lookouts in the Crow's Nest are intent on every shape of sound—  
**THEIRS IS THE FINAL RESPONSIBILITY. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND A SUBSTITUTE FOR FIDELITY AND VIGILANCE. THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIVE GENIUS MAY AID IMMEASURABLY, BUT IT STILL IS MEN WHO NAVIGATE A SHIP."**

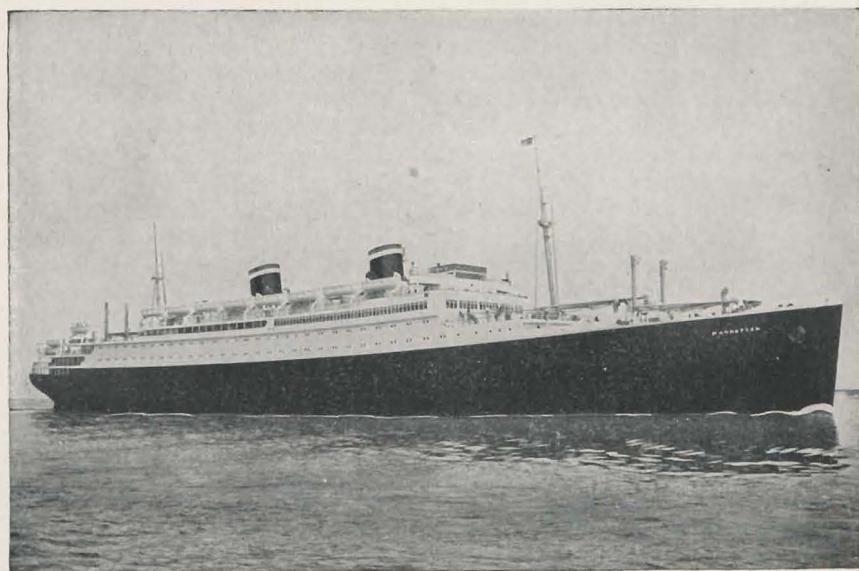
The landsman can pay the debts he owes these intrepid men of the sea helping to maintain and support their shore home—the largest in the world for merchant seamen of every age, race, rating and crew—the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Kindly make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to 25 South Street, New York, N.Y.

SHIPS HAVE CHANGED, but not the weather. The best of modern vessels can "ship it green" in a first class storm, for modern naval architecture shapes the bows to "bend" off all but the heaviest seas.

William McFee, noted marine author, recently wrote in a Cunard Line advertisement: "Crossing the Atlantic today, and looking back over the years since I first went to sea, I am reminded that ships may change but the sea does not. That's why there is something changeless about real seamen . . . It is, of course, a busman's holiday for me to go on a voyage, but there is a fascination in knowing that in spite of all the marvelous improvements in a present day giant liner, the vigilance and discipline of the old-time merchant marine are still there.

"Sitting in the smoke-room, while the ship feels her way in thick fog, I know the Commander, high on the bridge, watches with a seaman's eyes and ears. His fathometer tells him his soundings almost to an inch, but none the less, in shallow waters, he will have the quartermaster heave the lead from the 'chains' to confirm his depth by the line and to check his bearings by samples of the ocean floor. The Sperry Gyroscope that automatically controls his course would in my young days have been just a crazy engineer's pipe dream. The radio direction finder gives him his ship's position with uncanny speed and accuracy. Submarine signals warn him instantly of any approaching danger.



S. S. Manhattan

Courtesy U. S. Lines

## SAILORS ASHORE TURN TO MUSE

By Dorothy Dayton in THE SUN, March 13, 1933

EVER since John Masefield's visit down on South Street, sailors have turned to Mr. Masefield's muse, and with a vengeance. The newly inspired poets range all the way from ships' cooks and oilers to able bodied seamen, mates, and even a few captains. And subjects range all the way from the "give me a tall ship, and a star to steer her by" feeling, to brown girls with flowers behind their ears, and last, but certainly not least, the ship's cat. The muse has taken everybody by the ears—the jobless, as well as sailors still fortunate enough to have a brass rail to clean and a deck to scrub down.

When a sailor lands in port these days, or a sailor out of a job comes down to the Seamen's Institute, he is not always after a free haircut, or a new tooth to replace the one he lost on the streets of Madrid over that dark-eyed senorita, or even a free meal. He is very likely to sneak up the stairs to the office of Marjorie Dent Candee, editor of The Lookout, and there, shifting from one foot to the other, and growing red about the ears, he is even more likely either to ask for Miss Candee's dog-eared copy of the high school classic by Gordon and King, from which to learn the secret and meaning of meter and poetry forms, or to shyly present her with a little piece he ran up on watch, or down in the public writing room of the Institute or in the little park across the way.

### GENUINE FEELING AT LEAST

And, say what you like, there is something about the sea that inspires the genuine poetic feeling. The poetry isn't half bad, some of it. Some is good, and good enough to sell, even

in these days. The poetry oftener than not has merit only in the fact that writing it made the sailor happy.

The avalanche of poetry isn't entirely the result of Mr. Masefield's visit. Sailors always have written poetry. Any piece of unclaimed luggage opened by the Institute has nearly always contained at least one or more literary attempt — novels, diaries, short stories, but especially poems.

And a sailor's poetry is nearly always distinguished by certain definite characteristics. In spite of all the "girl in every port" stuff, very little of it is addressed to women, and if in a moment of nostalgia, it is so inspired, mother is very apt to be its inspiration. What love sentiment it has is apt to be sublimated, and it is always that mistress, the sea, who carries off the chief honors. From even the simplest men, it has a certain largeness of feeling, a certain sublimity, and a fatalistic philosophy. Comradeship of men is a deeper emotion than love for women. Steam has not destroyed the feeling of romance. The stars and the sea and distant horizons are still there. And when it isn't inspired by the sea, it is more apt to be inspired by the ship's cat than by a sweet girlish face in a distant port.

### SEAMEN AND CATS

Why this love of seamen for cats no one can say, but the poetry inspired by this adventurous feline creature comes in by the ream. Often it is amusing but sometimes it is of the noble variety. Traits of heroism are quite often attributed to the ship's cat. Some cats even are carried on the ships enrolled as able-bodied seamen, such as Pete, the cat who discovered a stowaway, won the heart

of the cat-hating Captain, and has borne the official title of able-bodied seaman ever since, and has sailed the seven seas for seven years.

One poet even insists that a real seafarin' cat can be spotted every time by his "rolling gait that was never gained ashore." One fireman, George Elvin, has a cat poem, "Tommy," to his credit, which is quite a masterpiece of its kind.

One thing about the sailor poets, they write for the love of it, and few even suggest trying to have their poems published. Such a one was Seaman John Cabbage, of Dumper K of the New York City Department of Street Cleaning, until friends insisted that he should attempt it. Even going to sea with city ashes and garbage has its source of inspiration, and every seaman in the garbage fleet has his autographed copy of Mr. Cabbage's "8 Bells," published last year by the Parnassus Press, dedicated to "ships and shipmates who rest in the deep, and women whose love I could not keep."

### SAVING FOR A REAL VOYAGE

Cabbage is saving to go to the South Seas, where he can "read and compose poetry, and listen to the waves singing." He writes his poems on the tiny stern deck of Dumper K when she gets out past Ambrose light.

Cabbage's family name was Kepeccs, but he has now adopted the name of Cabbage, both as an author and in private life. He has written some thousand poems in all.

Another sailor poet recently has published poems in a New York newspaper, and the sea failing him, now has a job on a New York paper as a reporter. One of the loveliest prose poems in Miss Candee's collection is by Jack Free, able bodied seaman. And there is, of course, Count Jean Louis

d'Esque, a frequent visitor at the Seamen's Institute, and author of "A Count in the Fo 'c'sle." And one of the prize poems recently published in The Lookout, is by a middleaged Negro seaman, on death, entitled "The Roll Call."

Editor's Note: Here is a typical sample of the 1933 Crop of Sea Poetry.

### Mother Of Moods Is The Ocean

It drew me from my mother's breast  
When I was but a child,  
It haunted me away out West  
Where I was riding bronchos wild.

It drew me from my Sunday school  
When I was in my teens,  
It made of me a rambling fool  
Always seeking change of scenes.

It drew me from my loved one's side  
E'er I was wed a year,  
It moaned and groaned and often sighed  
Yet always I did hold it dear.

It laughed at me when I refused  
To ride its snow white horses,  
And oft I found myself confused  
When riding o'er its hilly courses.

It growled at me, it howled at me  
Yet I loved its every motion,  
It fondled me and it cuddled me  
A moody mother is the ocean.  
By G. M. Durkin

### ERRATA—MAY, 1933

Line 6—Article "Many Thanks"—Page 11  
Should read: Institute friends sent a total  
of \$315.00  
instead of \$315,000.

### WHEN YOU MOVE . . .

The attention of our subscribers is directed to the fact that the Post Office does **not** forward THE LOOKOUT to new addresses, under our second class mailing permit. When you plan to move, kindly send your new address to us in order that you will not miss any issues of our little magazine to which you are entitled.

## A BARGE CAPTAIN'S LETTER

**Editor's Note:** Readers may remember the story "Life on a Barge" which we printed in the December LOOKOUT. Here is a letter from the barge captain and his wife whom the Institute befriended.

Dear Dr. Mansfield:

I guess by this time, you must think me a very ungrateful old rascal, but it is getting to be an awful job for me to get started to write.

I do not know why, but I guess I must be getting old. My wife was sick for over a week, and our neighbors came in and looked after her, and she is alright and on her feet again. Thank God. We are both feeling like different people since we got our teeth, for we can chew our food, and it does us more good, for we are not bothered with those old bad roots.

I do not know how to show our appreciation for all you have done for us since we arrived in New York from our long journey, but we both thank you from the very bottom of our hearts.

I hate to think what would have happened, if Mrs. Roper and yourself, had not come to our assistance.

When Mrs. Roper got some of her friends interested in us, I believe it was the turning point in our lives, for I am afraid we would not have been here now to bother anybody. Please let me know when you will be at liberty to referee that Biting Match, for my wife is filing hers to get them sharper than mine, but she will have to go some, for I will soon be able to bite my initials on a piece of railroad iron.

We are both waiting to be able to see you, and to thank you personally for your great kindness to us, and if I can ever be of service to you in any way, please do not hesitate to call on us.



Cast of H.M.S. Pinafore

Please Dr., accept our Heartfelt gratitude for all your kindness to us.

## A CHANGE

Each time a hungry man knocks at my door,  
I see a child with table neatly spread  
In white for him, and some one whom he loved  
To pour his milk and slice the crusted bread.  
For wandering men one time were little boys  
Whose mothers loved them as I loved my own,  
And held them close and dreamed as mothers do—  
O God, be kind to men who go alone!

By Helen Welshimer  
in "The Sea Breeze" Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

## "H.M.S. PINAFORE"

On Thursday evening, May 11th, the well known Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore" was presented, under the auspices of the Riverside Association of the Institute, by the Washington Square Opera Society. The proceeds of the benefit will provide ten cent meals for our unemployed seamen. Our thanks go to Mrs. Charles L. Craig, Director of the Riverside Association, to Miss Edith Whitmore, Secretary, and to Miss Pauline Winslow, Conductor of the Washington Square Opera Society, and to the entire cast who gave so generously of their time and efforts in order to make this benefit a success—also to the Reverend Thomas MacCandless, D.D., who graciously permitted the use of St. Michael's Parish House for the performance.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### ATLANTIC CIRCLE

By Leonard Outhwaite  
Charles Scribner's Sons—\$3.50

This is the true and fascinating record of an adventurous voyage made in 1930, in a small schooner across the Atlantic Ocean and back—14,000 miles. It is the story of a modern man and woman and a small crew contending against the sea and all nature. Mr. and Mrs. Outhwaite touched four continents in their journey and rested in many strange ports. They survived tempestuous nights and days in which human strength and courage seemed all too frail; they encountered days and nights of almost unbelievable beauty. The book abounds with lore of the sea, of ships and adventures in Africa, Spain, the West Indies. It contains interesting information for boating enthusiasts. A kind of saga of a modern man, without the aid of the machine, this book is well worth reading. The illustrations are excellent. The title has a peculiar meaning: to the landsman an ocean is only a vast body of water without contour or form. To the sailor it is a series of varying winds, of well-known tides and currents and the Atlantic is particularly an ocean of persistent paths of winds and of powerful current drifts. They sweep continuously around and around in a great clockwise circle. Calms and storms but flaw their surface; their irresistible momentum goes on. The great liners can ignore these forces or battle against them. A sailing vessel must study and use them. This the Outhwaites did—they followed the arrows—nature's way around an ocean.

### FULL STEAM AHEAD!

By Henry Lent  
The MacMillan Company—\$2.00

Mr. Lent is a favorite boys' writer by reason of his "Diggers and Builders" and "Clear Track Ahead." Now comes a delightful book about life aboard an Atlantic liner, with descriptions of the S.S. Paris, from bridge to engine room. The drawings



Courtesy, "Yachting"  
and Carl Weagant



Courtesy, "Yachting"  
and Carl Weagant

by Earle Winslow enhance the text and appeal to adults as well as young boys. The reader is shown parts of a great ship not usually open to passengers: the engine rooms, the great kitchens, the captain and officers on the bridge. You discover how the boat runs, how she is steered, all about the ship and the men who run it. The sentences pull ahead at the excited pace of a small boy pulling the arm of the parent in his determination to go over every inch of the ship. There is no "story." The ship is story enough and is told concisely, clearly and dramatically.

### BOWSPRIT ASHORE

By Alexander Bone  
Doubleday Doran and Company—\$2.50

This is more than a book of informal memoirs; it is the work of a new Sinbad returned to tell his tales, a new ancient mariner conjuring up for us an unknown, unbelievable world—a world of seamen, a way of thought and a whole mass of tradition, custom and belief which fled from the face of the seas with the last of the wind-ships. The author's plain, simple, unvarnished studies of the men who butted about the world under sail: captains, captains' wives, crews, apprentices, and his glimpses of the ships, the discipline, duties, pets and superstitions, are as fine a set of first-hand impressions as his brother, Captain David Bone's "Brassbounder." A rugged humor and a natural gift for philosophical reflection combine to make "young Alec's" book both readable and lively. "I once heard a deep waterman who was boatswain of a Union Castle steamer express this sentiment," writes Bone. "Said he to the donkeyman, 'I've taken ships around the world without you and your steam kettle. They say that coal and oil can't last forever, so we will have to go back to canvas again.' 'It won't be in your time, bos'n,' said the donkeyman. 'Perhaps not,' answered the bos'n, 'But I'll be up aloft and see it.' Who knows?"

## IN MEMORY OF . . .

To the younger generation the age of "wooden ships and iron men" is virtually unknown but seasoned Manhattanites may recall the tales told by their grandparents of the bygone days of sail, of the hardships sailors endured when at sea. The Institute Building offers an opportunity to pay tribute to one's ancestors through reimbursing the Institute for the cost of an object of the type listed below, whereupon a bronze tablet will be attached with such commemorative inscription as the contributor may select and the whole will thus become a memorial. At the same time our building debt of over one million dollars will be reduced to the extent of the amount subscribed.

Our urgent need of reducing the principal of this debt has induced us to lower the cost to be paid for one of these objects as follows:

Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	\$ 3,000.
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	3,000.
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	3,000.
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	3,000.
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	3,000.
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,000.
Seamen's Rooms with running water, each.....	750.
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	300.
Chapel Chairs, each.....	30.
For those desiring to select larger memorials there are available: Seamen's Reading and Game Room.....	\$20,000.
Cafeteria .....	10,000.



# Russia ~~~~ ~~Norway~~ ~~~~Iceland

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9 Countries

19 Ports

12,300 Miles

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less than

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Sail July 1 in the S. S. "Carinthia"—most recent Cunarder—a bigger ship; more elaborate shore excursions; and five places not visited by any other cruise.

Mr. Milton C. Work and Mrs. Olive C. Peterson, noted bridge experts, will give free instruction. Price includes return in any of the great Cunarders.

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\* As we go to press we deeply regret to announce the death of John H. Morrison, oldest member of our Board of Managers, on May 16th. Mr. Morrison was eighty-eight years old and had served on the Board for fifty-six years.