

# The LOOKOUT



*Present status of new Annex construction*

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

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June

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The Board of Managers wishes to announce that for practical reasons the active campaign for the Building Fund has been postponed until early fall.

It is earnestly expected, however, that contributions will be received throughout the summer so that the work of construction may go forward.



*In the Navigation School*

The ambitious seaman wants to be an officer, and the Institute gives him his opportunity. For a nominal fee he may have training in the Navigation and Marine Engineering School, under the direction of Capt. Robert Huntington, a skilled skipper.

In the eight years that the school has been established, it has graduated over 3,000 men, and has proved a vital influence in helping others toward better positions.

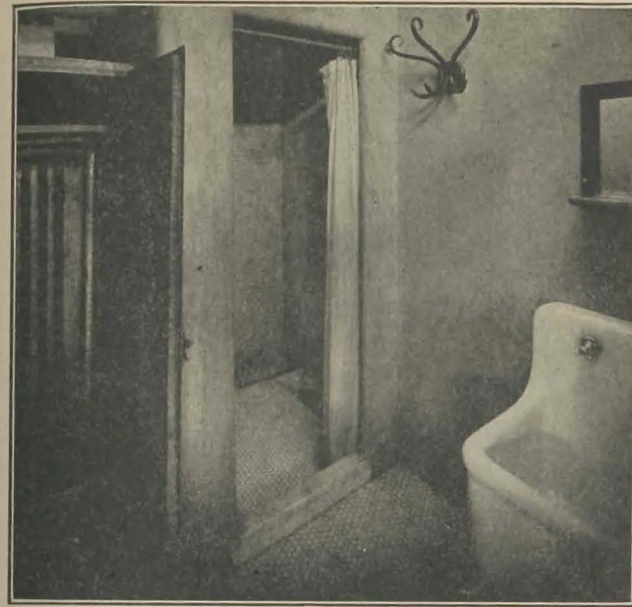
Beginning with courses designed to enable ordinary seamen to pass their "A. B." seaman examinations, the work is so graded as to cover the most ad-

vanced phases of seamanship and navigation.

Approximately four-fifths of the students enrolled each year report passing their Government examinations, and many go up for them who do not report back to the school.

The Institute was responsible for legislation requiring a knowledge of first-aid of candidates for officers' licenses. The Institute publication on first-aid has been accepted as the official Government text book, and over 11,000 copies of it has been printed. Last year 339 lectures were delivered on the subject by a phy-

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The so-called "cubicle" pictured above is one of ten or a dozen similar conveniences at the Institute which were used by over 3,000 men last year. They might well be termed "life-savers."

This is how they work. For 25 cents the homeless Jack Tar takes possession of one for an hour. In the enameled tub he washes his clothes and then hangs them in the drying closet at the left. Here a double-coil

steam pipe arrangement insures quick, thorough drying, while Jack Tar is refreshing himself in the adjoining shower bath.

Very often he emerges in less than his allotted hour, a new man, confident of his improved appearance and ready to get a new job.

"All the comforts of home," one seaman remarked after his first sojourn in the cubicle, but the more usual comment is, "Home was never like this!"

At the meeting of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations held on May 25, 1926, Mrs. David Leavitt Hough, 45 East 82nd Street, formally accepted the Chairmanship of the Central Council, having in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws been appointed by the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Mrs. Hough has a sincere personal interest in the Institute's work for seamen, and is enthusiastic in her belief that the women's associations will do much to support that work commencing with their fall activities.

(The July Lookout will contain a resumé of what the various associations have accomplished during the first half of the year.)

Why is it that when merchandise is carried in a *ship*, it is called a *cargo*, and when it is carried in a *car*, it is called a *shipment*?—*The Sailors' Magazine*.

*"I Was A Stranger—"*

The lonely seaman in New York is always a pathetic figure, but when he is along in years, too, he somehow tugs rather strenuously at the heart strings.

Such an old-timer recently fell into the hands of the United States immigration authorities. As a matter of fact, he had outstayed the provisions of the alien laws, but he needed to remain here to straighten out a legal matter upon which hung his independence for the rest of his days.

No, he told the official, he wasn't acquainted with anyone here, except the man he was working for. That wouldn't do. Didn't he know some clergyman? His face brightened as he gave the name of a chaplain over at the Seamen's Church Institute. It was soon fixed up, and now he is on parole in the chaplain's custody.

Thus, through the Institute's Religious Department, one ancient mariner may return to his native land happy and safe till he puts into his final port.



*The Big-Hearted Sailor*

Flandersfieldsthemselves were never more resplendent with poppies than was the Institute and its neighborhood during "Buddy Poppy Week." Practically every sailorman who came rolling along South Street in his unmistakable sea gait, was bedecked with a bright red poppy—witness to the fact that he had again done his bit for the disabled veterans of the War.

It was not surprising to those of us who knew the seaman, for our experience is constantly showing us that he is the biggest hearted fellow on earth.

But it somehow did take us back to those War days. We remembered that it was these same seamen who carried armies, equipment and provisions "Over There." They constituted a vital cog in the machinery of

war. "They made victory possible and were great without glory."

And there amidst these unsung heroes with the poppies over their sturdy hearts, we turned and again read with even greater meaning the memorial tablet erected by the Institute to the brave men of the Merchant Marine who, "without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things."

Endured all things!

A sailorman will always give the best he has. Is it not a privilege to give to him?



*Sailor's Son.*

(New York Times)

Heart of my heart, as I sit by the fire,  
Where a little lad laughs and the candles gleam,  
There comes the murmur of distant waters  
And the rushing of wings where the gray gulls scream.  
Weary I turn from the fragrant furrow  
At the bitter end of each bitter day;  
Heart of my heart, in the crackling fire  
I am seeing tall ships and the salt-sea spray.

Heart of my heart, I shall be going  
Over the hill in the dark of the moon;  
With our lad on your breast you will be weeping  
And praying to God that I come back soon.  
But the sea that calls me is worse than cruel,  
And my heart will break for what I have done;  
Heart of my heart, hug our lad to your bosom—  
He, too, is the son a sailor's son.  
EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

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sician of the United States Public Health Service, jointly paid by the Government and the school.

The Institute policy of helping the worthy seaman to help himself is, therefore, manifest in the aim of the Navigation School.

One of the "regulars" at the Institute spins a yarn about an old salt he once shipped with. He was always at a loss when he got hold of a rope that was too long. If it were too short, he could splice it, but if it were too long, it was beyond him—he just didn't know what to do with it!



*Pegs--Square and Round*

There is a bumper crop of jobs for seamen this year. No worthy sailor need be without employment, if he will just see the Manager of the Employment Department at the Institute.

He referred over seven thousand seamen to jobs last year. Of that number, 71 per cent found employment. With the Annex, the work of this department will be doubled—which is precisely what it desires.

The Man - Who - Finds - Jobs supplies everything from captain to galley boy, but he sees to it that a square captain gets into a

square hole and that the round galley boys find round holes. In other words, the real service which the Institute is now rendering the seaman looking for a job and the shipper looking for a man is one of intelligent discrimination.

Because the Institute really knows the seaman, there is a little likelihood of misfits, with obvious advantages to all concerned.

And this is the sort of specialized understanding service the Seamen's Church Institute aims to give through all its departments.

*Spilling the Beans*

Captain Arnold-Foster, of the British Navy, has written amusingly on the subject of salutes aboard ship, by manning yards, by lowering royals, and by the still surviving custom of gun salutes. The luck of odd numbers is the reason for the odd numbers of guns fired as salutes.

A stop-watch times the interval between successive guns nowadays, but the old style gunner handled the timing problem by walking backwards and forwards across the deck, muttering to himself, "If I wasn't a gunner I wouldn't be here—number two—Fire!" and so on. Captain Arnold-Fisher declares that properly spoken the sentence ensures the correct timing of the guns.

If there is anything which can cause frantic worry on the smaller vessels, it is gun salutes.

I well remember the case of a very junior officer who was keeping account of the number of guns by putting beans in his pocket to the number of guns to be fired. Each time he

gave the command "Fire" he would throw overboard a bean. But unfortunately the saluting primers were not of the best, and there was a misfire, so that a bean was thrown overboard before the gun boomed out. In the ensuing running about and confusion he dropped the whole pocketful of beans! When at last quiet descended on the scene and the smoke blew away, there were twenty-three empty cartridge cases in the tubs where they were put after firing, and the salute had been intended to be of twenty-one guns! It seems funny now, but it was a very serious matter then. For years afterward, when I heard the call "Saluting guns' crews to quarters," I would break into a gentle perspiration. And I was not the one who spilled the beans, either.

It was not a matter of actual trouble, but of what the beloved but exacting captain would say if the salute went amiss.—*The Marine Journal*.

*"Down to the Sea in the Films"*

The romance of the sea, which some alarmist periodically assures us is dead, is coming into its own in the movies.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger recently published an account of the thorough attempts of the leading moving picture companies to reproduce for the thrill-thirsty public the ships and shipping ventures of yesteryear, even going back to the glory that was Rome and the grandeur that was Greece.

In his eternal quest for some new thrill with which to satiate the insatiable public, the producer has raised the cry, "Down to the sea in a film!"

"Down to the Sea in Ships" was the first notable production. The public liked it. Its appearance was synchronous with the ship models that suddenly sprung up on the chimney pieces of the nation. Then came "Captain Blood," "The Sea Wolf," "The Sea Hawk," "The Sea Beast," "The Black Pirate"—and the ship-design book-ends to replace Rodin's "Thinker" of the past decade.

The "marine technician" is a new creature—a product of the age. He must be expert on all phases of life afloat, and he must reproduce ships of every sort, authentic in each and every detail. The seaman, too, must be accurately depicted. The job of the marine technician is by no means a sinecure.

He must "know his stuff," for there is nothing more sure to provoke criticism than a boat incorrectly assembled or rigged or manned. The marine technician must therefore be as familiar with the argosies of ancient Greece as with the United States Navy—as much at home with whales as with his pet dog.

The romance of the sea will not die so long as such commendable efforts are exerted to give us a true picture of the past. Nor will it die after these pictures have run the gauntlet of popular approval, so long as brave sailormen go out to meet the relentlessness of the ocean, be it on clipper, steamer, oil-burner, or rotor ship.

# THE LOOKOUT

## Officers and Managers of the Society

Chosen at the Annual Meeting, January 28, 1926.

### Honorary President

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

### President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

### Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902  
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908  
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900  
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903

REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916  
REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922  
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923  
REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923

### Lay Vice-Presidents

JOHN A. MCKIM	1902	BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND	1887
ROBERT L. HARRISON	1901	HENRY L. HOBART	1907

### Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 49 Wall Street, 1888

### Managers

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

### Honorary Members

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

### Superintendent

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

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.

## The LOOKOUT

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