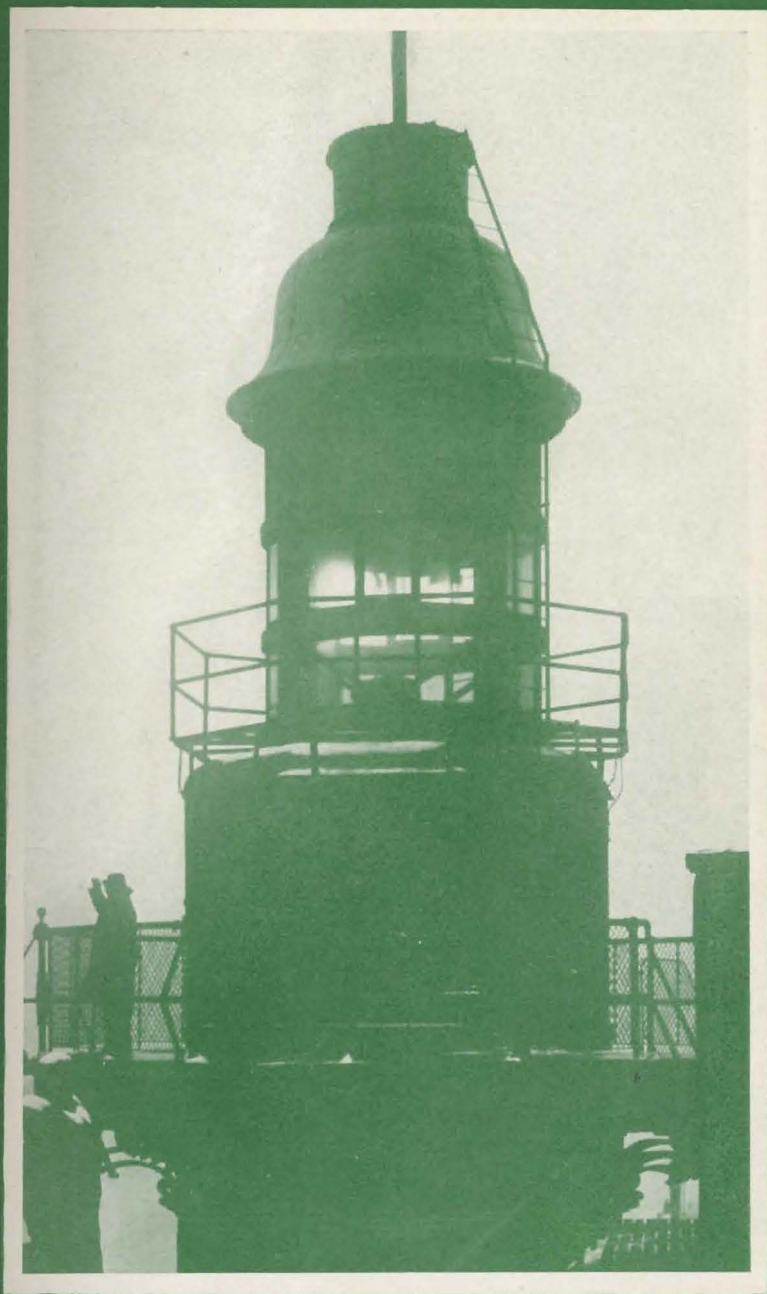


# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK

Volume XXI  
Number III

March  
1930

# The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

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EDMUND L. BAYLIES

President

C. G. MICHALIS

First Vice-President

FRANK T. WARBURTON

Secretary-Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

Assistant Treasurer

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Superintendent

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MARJORIE DENT CANDEE

Editor, The Lookout

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*Dedicated to the Welcoming Green Light atop the Institute:*

"The lights all wink so friendly  
Across the bay at night,  
And one is like an emerald  
A green and steady light.

A beacon to the sailor  
Just coming in from sea  
To guide him to a restful home  
Whoever he may be.

Of all the lights so friendly  
This one seems most of cheer  
That welcomes every sailor lad  
Each night throughout the year."

By CAROLINE B. LYMAN

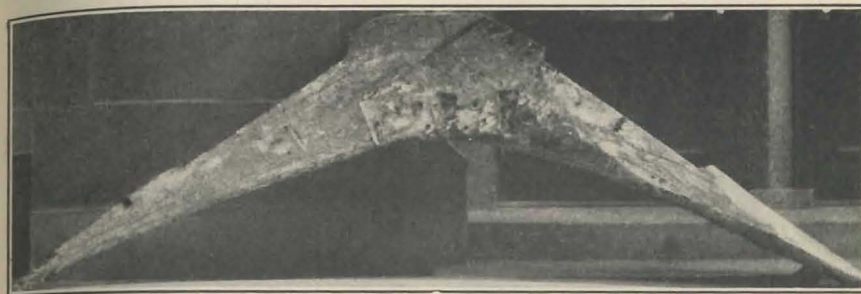
# The Lookout

VOL. XXI

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

## Breast Hooks and Anchors



WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested consigning the old Frigate "Constitution" to "the god of storms, the lightning and the gale" he did not foresee that a patriotic America of the future would wish to preserve forever the famous old vessel. Although "giving her to the sea" was a beautiful, poetic thought, the citizens and school children of this country have preferred to rebuild "Old Ironsides" and that is why the Institute has become the proud possessor of a breast hook which once formed a part of the old ship.

This breast hook, which is nine feet from tip to tip, eleven inches thick and twenty-three inches in the throat, was received from the Boston Navy Yard on February 15th, as a gift to the Institute from the United States

Navy through Commander Marion Epley, U.S.N.R.

In many ways the Institute takes a personal pride in "Old Ironsides." Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, our President, is descended from a family that made one of the original anchors. His great grandfather, Colonel Hodijah Baylies, after the Revolution, devoted himself to the management of his family's Iron Works at Taunton. In 1797 this Anchor, after being inspected by Colonel Cleghorn, of the Navy, was sent around to Cape Cod to Hart's Shipyard in Boston where the ship was built.

The year that the "Constitution's" commander, Isaac Hull, died, in 1843, was the year in which the Institute was founded. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield is related to Commander Hull.



## Emergency Glasses



For the rest of his natural and nautical career old Seaman John Murdock expected to be working for the . . . . . Lines. But it is odd how things turn out. Through thousands of nights he had stood watch on the bridge.

And then, one night as he looked up at the eternal stars, something within his eyes snapped and he found himself in total darkness. Groping, terror-stricken down the deck, he was rescued by the captain and taken to the ship's doctor. It was found that he had gone temporarily blind, for apparently no reason. After eight months in a marine hospital, good food, rest and medical care restored Murdock's eyesight. But he was advised to get very strong glasses and to work on a barge or near-shore job so that he could come ashore for frequent treatment.

But the kind of glasses he needed cost a great deal. After he had purchased them, Murdock found that he had just enough money left to last for the next day's meals. So he came to the Institute's employment bureau to seek a job. But the employers prefer a man with

good eyesight and one who is under 45 years of age. Murdock waited hopefully around, and at last a call came for a mate on a harbor scow. Murdock went below to the basement to wash up and shave in order to make a good impression on the employer he expected to interview. He laid his glasses on a shelf, and when he returned, they were gone.

He stared at the place where he had left them. Without them, his interview with the potential employer would be unsuccessful, he knew. For he could not see well enough to write his name on the application blank! Frantically, he sought help from our Chaplain, who led Murdock to our Slop Chest—that blessed storehouse of all manner of useful things—and hunted around for some glasses. There were thirty or forty pairs of glasses piled up.

The Chaplain waited while the old seaman tried on pair after pair, testing them by picking up books and endeavoring to read the print. Of course, it was not a scientific method of deciding, but the employer was waiting. Anything will do in an emergency.

An hour later he returned, jubilant because he had secured the job, and grateful to the Chaplain for his help.

## Wanted: An "Extra Dance"

Sailors do not shed tears. Even when they feel homesick and blue, you will find them reluctant to display emotion. They take life as it comes.

However, you can readily imagine how bucked up they feel when they can look forward to a gay social time on shore leave, with no solitary, lonely hours to while away. Young sailors, particularly, derive so much enjoyment from Institute parties.

In our Apprentice Room the sun shines all the year 'round. Even on dismal, gray days the sailor lads who gather in this cheery room are seen to be always smiling and contented. No wonder! After dull weeks at sea they arrive in the Port of New York, hasten to "25 South Street," there to be welcomed by the Apprentice Room's smiling Hostess, invited to a cup of tea and music and games and books.

But the greatest fun is on Thursday evenings—at the dances. During January our Apprentice guests enjoyed two lovely extra dances. On January 21st a group of girls from The Church of the Transfiguration in Brooklyn, under the leadership of Miss Van Dorn, gave a dance in our Apprentice Room. Needless to say, the girls had a wonderful time, for there were twice as



many boys as girls, 42 apprentices and 22 girls. Some one thoughtfully remembered to bring prizes, so a "Lucky Number Dance" was staged.

On January 28th another extra dance was given for our Apprentices by the Girls' Friendly Society of Trinity Church, Newark, who have entertained some of the Apprentices in their Parish House several times in the past. There were 40 girls and 51 boys.

If any girls' clubs or church organizations would like to give a dance for these Apprentice lads here in the Apprentice Room, will they kindly consult Mrs. Baxter as to suitable dates.



## The Institute's Oldest Contributor

**D**ISTINCTION comes to people in many ways and for many different reasons. To Mrs. H. Maria Schoonover Mulford of Pleasantville, N. Y., belongs the distinction, not only of having completed and sent the first knitted scarf of the New Year to our sailors, but also of being the oldest contributor, so far as we know, to the Institute.

Mrs. Mulford is ninety-six years of age. She was born in Wayne County, Pennsylvania, in 1834. As a girl she was taught to do all kinds of housework—dressmaking, tailoring and fancy work. At the age of fourteen she learned to do hair braiding, making “jewelry”—watch chains, breast pins, and finger rings and necklaces.

After two years in the university she took up teaching in the district schools. After teaching ten years she married John R. Mulford of Madison, New Jersey. When her husband died fifty years ago she gave one-tenth of all he left her to the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of the Presbyterian Church. The money

she gave to the Home Board went towards helping to establish a theological seminary in the South for negroes. The money given to the Foreign Board went to a girls' college in Tokio, Japan.



In 1905 Mrs. Mulford's eyesight became so poor that she has not been able to read or sew since. Then she took up knitting, making first a sweater for herself, and then about fifty of all sizes for friends and relatives. When the World War broke out, she began knitting for the soldiers under Red Cross instructions.

Since the War, Mrs. Mulford has been knitting and sending many scarfs to our sailors at the Institute. We are confident that the seamen who receive these scarfs would be interested to know that they were made by a woman ninety-six years of age.

### RADIO PROGRAM

Turn your radio dial to Station WNYC, on Wednesday, March 12th, at 7 P. M. The Institute will broadcast a half hour's program of sea chanties which will be sung by a group of our own sailormen.

## The Vanishing Chanty-Man

The chanty-man, the chorister of the old packet ship, has left no successors. In the place of a rousing “pulling song” we now hear the rattle of a steam-winch, and the modern windlass worked by steam give us the clatter of cogwheels and the hiss of steam instead of the wild choruses of the pre-propeller age. “Chanty-ing” and steam are irreconcilable. Let us, then, in the interests of archaeological science, make an effort to preserve the memory of these old chanties before the last man who sang them, and can give testimony in regard to them, is gone.

In the Institute's lobby one may, occasionally, meet an old salt of the clipper-ship era who can be induced to talk. From these old-timers we learn that the chanties had a peculiar individuality. They were barbaric in their wild melody. They breathe the freedom of the great expanse of ocean and are as elusive as the furrow left by a ship on the trackless water.

Sailor songs may be divided into several classes such as pulling songs, windlass songs, setting and furling sail, pumping the ship out. Some were used to aid the men when tugging on a rope, to pull at the same precise moment. Some were intended to

beguile the men, while getting up the anchor or working the pumps, into temporary forgetfulness of their prosaic labor.



Some chanties have a negro origin. They are the reminiscences of melodies sung by negroes stowing cotton in the holds of ships in Southern ports. The chanty-men, those bards of the fore-castle, preserved the melodies and altered the words so as to fit them for salt-water purposes. Other chanties such as “Cheerly, men” are unmistakably of English origin.

Let us imagine ourselves on board a Liverpool packet back in 1840. The main topsail has just been reefed, and the men are vainly trying to hoist the heavy yard, which refuses to move. Presently, some one says, “Oh, give us the ‘Bowlin’,” whereupon the chanty man's sharp, clear voice is heard singing the first two lines, then the crew join in on the chorus, and as they sing the last syllable they haul on the halyards, and the stubborn yard yields. Verse follows verse until the yard is up, and the virtue of



the pulling song has been vindicated. This is the "Bowlin'":

"Haul on the bowlin', The fore and main-top bowlin',

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Four-line pulling songs were popular too:

"Come get my clothes in order  
Shallow, Shallow Brown.  
I'm off across the border,  
Shallow, shallow Brown."

This is Hoodah Day:

"As I was walking down the street,  
Hoodah, to my hoodah,  
A charming girl I chanced to meet,  
Hoodah, hoodah day,  
Blow ye winds, heigh ho, for  
California O',  
There's plenty of gold, so I've  
Been told.  
On the banks of Sacramento."

It was in the windlass songs that the accomplished chanty-man displayed his powers of improvisation and his mastery of certain tricks of vocalization which contributed vastly to the effectiveness of his singing. One of the best known of the windlass songs was:

"Oh, Polly Brown, I love your daughter,  
Away my rolling river!  
Polly Brown, I love your daughter,  
Ah! Ah! we're bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri."

This is clearly of negro origin, with its reference to the Missouri river. In course of time the modified song assumed the following song, well known to the old generation of sailors:

"I love a maid across the water,  
Aye, aye, roll and go!  
She is Sal herself yet Sally's daughter  
Spend my money on Sally Brown."

Probably the wildest, most mournful of all sailor songs is "Lowlands"—the sighing of the wind and the throbbing of the restless ocean translated into melody:

"I dreamt a dream the other night,  
Lowlands, Lowlands, hooray my John,  
I dreamt I saw my own true love,  
My Lowlands, hooray."

The most interesting of windlass songs is the following, in which the second chorus extends with the crescendo of the heaving Atlantic swell:

"Oh, the anchor is weigh'd, and the sails  
they are set,

Away Rio!

"Oh, the anchor is weigh'd, and the sails  
they are set,

Away Rio!

The Maids that we're leaving, we'll never  
forget,

For we're bound to Rio Grande,

And away Rio! aye, Rio!

Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,  
We're bound for Rio Grande."

The most familiar chanty to landlubbers is: "Blow the Man Down," which has an interminable number of verses, such as:

"I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,  
To my aye, aye, blow the man down!  
And trust that you'll join in the chorus  
with me;  
Give me some time to blow the man down."

"Old Stormy" is a mythical character often mentioned in sailorsongs'

"Stormie's gone, the good old man,  
To my aye storm a long!  
Oh, Stormie's gone, that good old man,  
Aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm along."

Another popular and mysterious person was Ranzo. Obviously, this Ranzo was no sailor.

William McFee says that a true chanty is as authentic as a saga, and like a saga it is composed independent of the written word—handed on from one votary to another like a prophecy, a legend or a tradition.

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE ASSOCIATIONS

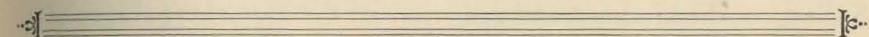
Officers of the CENTRAL COUNCIL—1930

Chairman, *Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann*

1st Vice-Chairman, *Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr.* Secretary, *Miss Clara M. Dibble*  
2nd Vice-Chairman, *Miss I. C. King* Treasurer, *Mrs. Benjamin T. Van Nostrand*

*Directors of Seamen's Church Institute Associations—1930*

Seamen's Benefit Society, *Miss Augusta de Peyster* Riverside, Honorary, *Mrs. George F. Brown, Jr.*  
South Shore, *Mrs. E. W. C. Arnold* Acting—*Mrs. M. J. Averbek*  
Brooklyn, *Mrs. Stutzer Taylor* Staten Island, *Mrs. Medad Stone*  
Elizabeth, *Mrs. John F. McMillan* Robert Rogers, *Mrs. Annie L. Whillock*  
Incarnation, Brooklyn, *Mrs. James A. Drew* Norwalk, *Miss Mary Kirby Jennings*  
St. Luke's, *Mrs. Henry W. Rowley* Richmond Hill, Honorary, *Miss Frances Seeley*  
Epiphany, *Mrs. John J. Riker* Hudson River, Acting—*Mrs. Herbert Hunter*  
*Mrs. Herman LeRoy Edgar*



On January 28, 1930, Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Chairman of the Associations, welcomed some two hundred members and friends at their first open Annual Meeting. As a prelude to Mrs. Cammann's address of greeting, Mr. Goss played beautiful selections on the Auditorium organ, literally luring into the assembly-hall the gathering groups. A time-honored prayer read by Dr. Mansfield and the hearty singing of "Fling out the Banner" by the audience served happily to unite all assembled.

In her cordial greeting Mrs. Cammann explained that the object of the associations was to

support and strengthen the Institute in its work for seamen, and she expressed her joy in the cooperation given her during her three years as Chairman. "Capabilities grow as opportunities for service increase," she said, a statement borne out by the following figure. From a first Annual Report of \$2,000.00, given to the Institute in 1924, the associations have advanced to \$32,000.00, given in 1929, this amount representing joint donations of individual members together with group gifts. Mrs. Cammann mentioned the recent donation of \$3,000.00, given for the construction of the Little



Chapel, and graciously thanked all who had helped in completing this pledge.

In response to Mrs. Cammann's call for annual reports for 1929, eleven associations answered—the Seamen's Benefit Society, Associations of Epiphany, Elizabeth, Riverside, South Shore, Staten Island, Brooklyn, Robert Rogers Group, Norwalk, Richmond Hill, and Hudson River. It would be a pleasure to boast of the work of each of these groups in detail, but "*The Lookout*" would become a book in so doing. We, therefore, will not enlarge on the thirty years of service of the Seamen's Benefit Society, of the kindness and generosity of Epiphany friends, of the Lenten labors of Elizabeth and Riverside members, of the "movies" which the South Shore Association financed, of the big benefit at which the Staten Island group cleared over \$600.00; nor will we tell in detail of the loyalty of Brooklyn members, the faithful sewing done by the Robert Rogers Group, Norwalk's card party given at their Country Club, Richmond Hill's famous Christmas bags, nor of Hudson River's record-breaking achievements in the knitting line.

Mrs. Cammann thanked all associations and other groups and individuals who had helped so generously. She then introduced Dr. Mansfield as speaker,

saying that no one was better fitted to give a history of the Institute than he.

Dr. Mansfield first expressed the hope that this open Annual Meeting would become a fixed custom, saying that such gatherings were inspirational and of great assistance in making the work known in the port States, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York. He thanked the Central Council and the Associations for their work which he said was deeply appreciated by the Board and the Superintendent.

Dr. Mansfield's historical sketch of the Institute touched on all the important stages of its growth; its founding in 1843, its incorporation under state act in 1844, the altering of its charter in 1854, and the later charter revision in 1906 including a change in name and allowing the Society to own property to the value of \$6,000,000.00. Mental pictures flashed into the minds of the listeners as Dr. Mansfield proceeded—the first Floating Chapel, the first home for seamen in Greenwich Street, a building leased at \$700.00 a year and housing in its first year 560 men, about a third of the number housed *daily* in our present building.

It was a story of vivid contrasts as told by Dr. Mansfield. In reviewing the early period he paid a deserved tribute to that

guiding genius, the Rev. Dr. D. V. M. Johnston, pioneer chaplain of the North River Station who so clearly visioned the need of a home for seamen ashore and whose work was the forerunner of all the activities we are carrying on today. Dr. Mansfield's own period of service he divided into epochs a conservative period under Mr. Benoni Lockwood, being followed by progressive epochs introduced by Mr. J. Augustus Johnson and carried on in recent years under the leadership of Mr. Edmund L. Baylies and Mr. Clarence G. Michalis.

Especially stimulating was the story from 1906 on, when Mr. J. Augustus Johnson took the helm and began his fight for things progressive. The First Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies, the institution of many reforms, new laws, and protective measures for seamen were among his achievements.

Consistent with Mr. Johnson's plan of coordination of all seamen's agencies was the plan of our present building, concentrating under one roof departments to meet all the shore needs of seamen. This great task could not have been undertaken

without the support and the long periods of service of such men as Mr. Baylies, President since 1885, Mr. Frank T. Warburton, member of the Board for over 40 years and treasurer since 1900, and Mr. B. T. Van Nostrand, whose years of service outnumber those of the President and Treasurer.

A surprising fact, Dr. Mansfield said, was that our present building, still unpaid for, was already proving to be too small—the writing-room, the tailor shop and barber shop inadequate and the Auditorium filled to overflowing.

Dr. Mansfield urged that during 1930 rich and poor alike do their bit to rid the Institute of its present encumbrance, the building debt of a million and a half dollars, a stupendous task, and one in which all associations can aid. The past has seen great achievements; the future holds the promise of even greater accomplishments.

Mrs. Cammann thanked Dr. Mansfield for his inspiring talk and congratulated the Associations on belonging to the "Progressive Epoch"—a suitable watchword for the New Year.



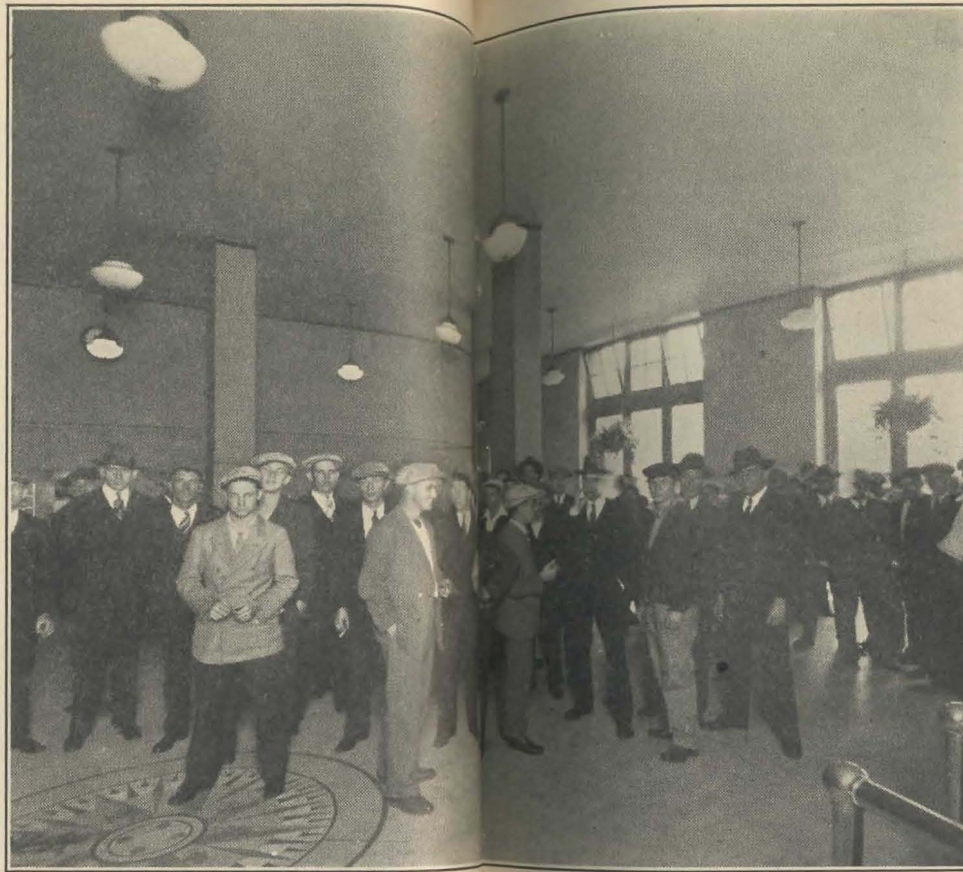


The Institute is even more than "A Home for Seamen Ashore".

It is their protection against fraud, robbery and temptation.

The new Annex makes possible protection for thousands more seamen than ever before.

The New York Chamber of Commerce years ago estimated that sailors were robbed of more than half a million dollars every year.



Noon Hotel's Lobby

### WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

Of the thousands of seamen who enter the Port of New York every day of the year, several thousand come to the Church Institute for some kind of service. These sailormen have endured long hours at sea, and are "on trial" during their stay on shore between voyages. As well as every landsman, are the judge whether or not they will spend their money profitably or disastrously. What will your Verdict be?

Please make checks payable to  
Treasurer Annex Building  
Genius S. Morgan, Jr.,  
25 South Street,

The former disgraceful conditions along the docks have been eliminated largely because of the increased facilities which the Institute provides for sailors ashore.

Our tremendous and urgent task now is to pay off our Building Debt. Until this is done, our Progressive program of service must be delayed.

Will you help us Go Forward?



## The Floating Church of Our Saviour For Seamen In the Port of New York

Not many years ago, Mrs. Clara M. Williams, a woman of blessed memory, whose Mother played the organ in the first Floating Church of our Saviour some time in the '60s, presented to me a volume of THE EVERGREEN. "A repository of religious, literary and entertaining knowledge for the Christian family."

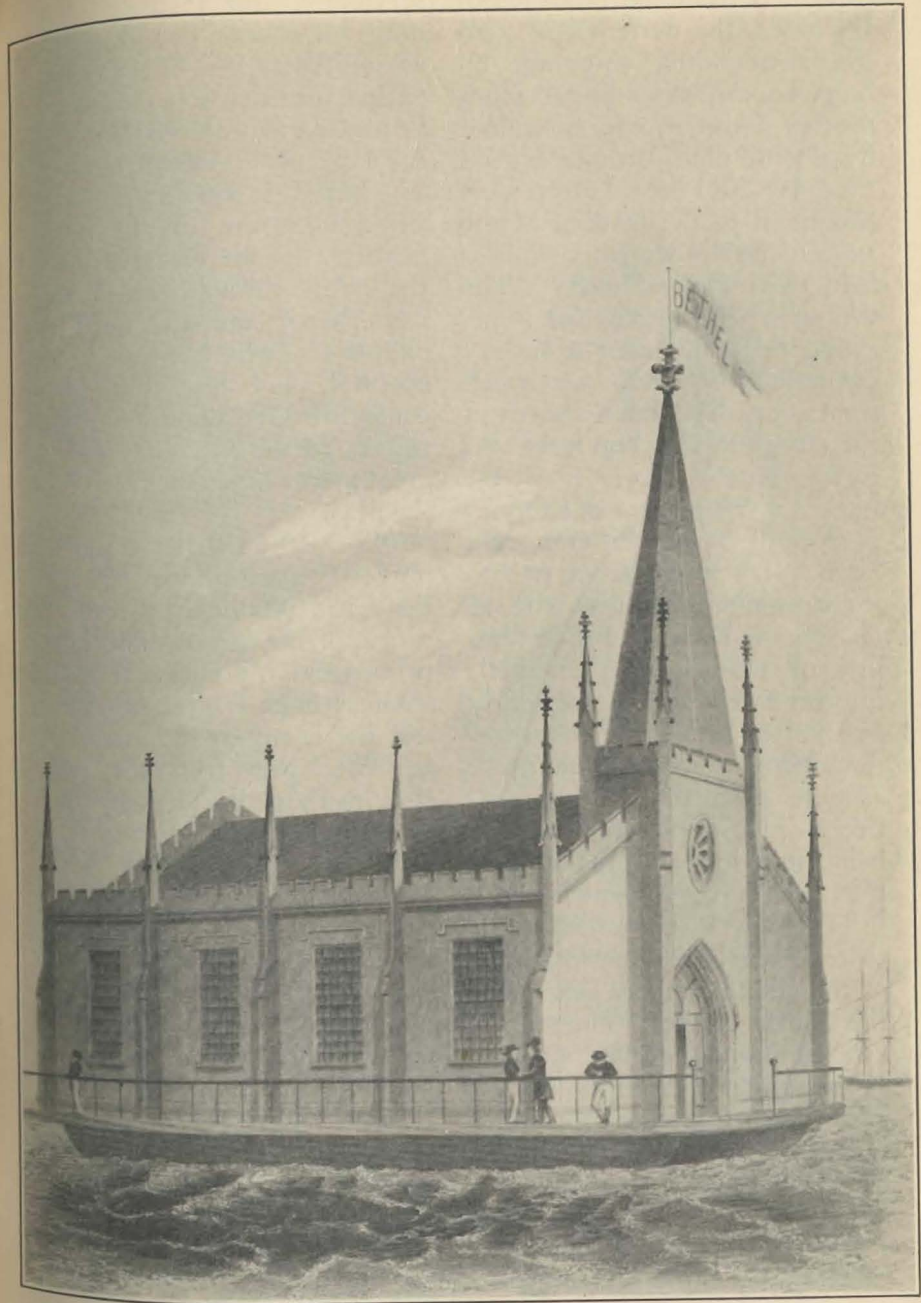
The following quaint article is a verbatim copy taken from the April, 1845 issue of this publication:

DR. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD

There is no building in the city of New York, which would create, in the Christian beholder, more heartfelt interest than The Floating Church of Our Saviour for Seamen, of which we present our readers a fine engraving in this number. The following article, which we have gleaned from several sources, will afford a description of this Seamen's Church, and furnish some interesting incidents connected with it. It is a beautiful Gothic edifice, seventy-six by thirty-six feet, with turrets, a spire, buttresses, and a bell, all erected on the deck of two boats of eighty tons each, and seventy feet long. These boats are placed ten feet apart, and are attached to each other by large timbers. This allows a sufficient space for a broad foundation, to prevent careening when the congregation might happen to be unequally distributed on either side. The guards and railing extend three feet beyond the building, on all sides. The apex of the roof is twenty-eight feet high, the walls at the eaves eleven feet, and the interior

consists of an area sufficient to seat nearly six hundred persons. "The form of the interior of the roof is that of a crushed arch, which, together with the side-walls, are ceiled with matched cypress boards, so closely put together as, when painted, to seem like plastering. The outside is covered with cedar boards, matched together, painted of a dark stone color, and sanded over. The interior has been painted, in distemper, by two ingenious artists, whose imitations of a groined ceiling and Gothic mouldings, and of recesses, which their skill in perspective has apparently sunk many feet deep into the walls, actually deceive the most practised eyes. Many spectators have insisted that they were not looking on a plane surface, and must have miscalculated the real length of the building, in consequence of the success of the deceptions. Probably the city of New York does not present more admirable examples of success in this way."

"It is moored in the East River,





protected from the influence of the tides, the currents, ice and the surrounding shipping, by large booms, extending in connection about it, and is entered by a wide platform guarded on the sides and lowered down so as to extend to the landing at the time of public worship. This is held twice every Sunday. The Chaplain who began this interesting mission, under a society composed of young gentlemen from every Episcopal Church in the city, and who regularly officiates, is the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, a younger son of a former Bishop of Massachusetts. On Sunday mornings, from two to three hundred seamen, with as many more persons of their families or friends, or individuals interested in them, are regularly assembled, making a congregation of from four to six hundred; a more promiscuous congregation of ladies and gentlemen, being mingled with the sons of the ocean in the afternoon.

"There is a fine-toned organ to lead them in their performance of the chants, and in singing in the Church service. The perfect attention and decorum, and the devout appearance of the assemblage, (and from the short time sailors are on shore, it changes every Sunday), has often been remarked.

"One of the most affecting circumstances, in the course of the

services, is the reading of the notes of sailors bound to sea, asking the prayers of the congregation present, that God would be pleased to preserve them from the dangers of the deep; of sailors who have just come on shore, desiring to return thanks to Almighty God for preservation in the perils through which they have passed; and, also, occasionally, of one who has been in the hospital, and just discharged, comes into God's house to return thanks to the Almighty for the great mercy of his recovery from sickness.

"The beautifully touching prayers, appropriate to their cases, are unfailingly used in the course of the service, and in retiring from the house, it would seem as hope was strengthened and the heart made better. At any rate, they feel that, while absent, those prayers for their preservation will continue to be offered; and probably while severed from this Floating Church thousands of miles, at the stated hour of worship, they unite their hearts with their shipmates, in the same affecting petitions which here ascend to God's throne on their behalf.

"But it has been asked, why separate this interesting class of men from the rest of our congregations? The sailor, seldom on shore, with all his recklessness has some pride. His best suit of

clothes is not always a good one. If in a fine church, with a well-dressed fashionable congregation, he does not like to be an object of special observation. At any rate, he does not feel at home there. He feels so only when by his shipmates. In a Floating Church he knows he has a home. If lands-people are there, they are the strangers, not he. If they dislike his baize shirt, he knows he does not intrude it upon them. He feels, however, anything but displeased, when he sees that respectable well-dressed ladies are not ashamed to sit beside him in God's house, and come with the expectation of finding him there, knowing that they are sometimes likely to see him in his working-dress.

"The wrongs of sailors have long been proverbial—few, however, understand what it means. A feeling has prevailed, that the common sailor, reckless afloat, careless and licentious on shore, is a being upon whom sympathy is thrown away. He is so indissolubly wedded to his vices and intemperance, that benevolence towards him, except in cases of shipwreck, has seemed misapplied. It is not so now. Whatever may have formerly been their habits of profanity

and licentiousness, they are now, more easily than most men, accessible to the renovating influences of the Gospel."

It is but a little more than a year since this Floating Church was consecrated. Previous to its consecration it was removed from the ship-yard, where it was built, under the following interesting circumstances which we have extracted from an account that appeared at the time in one of our Church papers.

"About fifty ladies, many belonging to the first families, and one hundred and seventy seamen, sailed round in it. A steamboat with a band of music provided by the sailors themselves, conveyed the sons of the ocean from Catharine Ferry to the Floating Church, two miles off 'round the Hook'. They landed on an adjoining wharf, and marched in procession with their banners, into the building, opening to the right and left as they entered. Nearly all the seats seemed occupied, as if an occasion of public worship had called them together. Visitors, mariners, and ladies, were here mingled in the same group, and all appeared equally interested in the

purpose, which was to sail three miles in a Floating Gothic





Church, through the East to the North River.

"Just as the steamboat, which was to take it in tow, had made fast her hawsers to the timber heads of the boats on which it rested, and was ready to turn-wheels, the company within, at the suggestion of the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, the Chaplain, all rose up and commenced singing the one hundredth psalm—

'With one consent, let all the earth

To God their cheerful voices raise, etc.,'

To the tune of Old Hundred. The scene then became delightfully and irresistibly impressive. The voices of the ladies were sweetly mingling with those of the weather-beaten tars, in this animating concert of praise. The Church was slowly moving out of the dock, on the waters, the shores appeared to recede and the vessels and ship-yard seemed to be passing by, as the eyes turned towards the windows. The edifice fast receded from the wharf, and all felt the unwonted motion while standing up in the pews, as it advanced into the middle of the East River. It was soon drawn by the tow-boat into the current of the channel, and floated easily along with the tide, following it with scarcely resistance enough to part an inch rope. Now and then it is true, one of the boats would strike, with

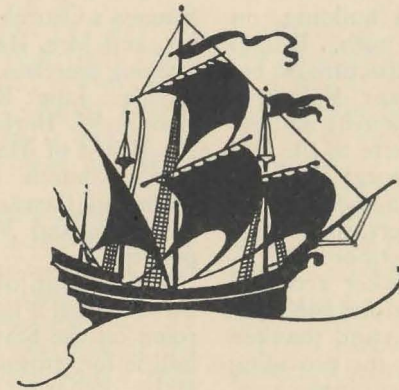
rather an appalling shock, a cake of drifting ice in the stream, as they followed in the tow-boat's wake, but the honest tars assured the ladies there was no danger, and entreated them not to be alarmed. 'They could easily save them, if the boats should spring a leak,' of which from their firm structure, there was no more likelihood, than of the sinking of a Liverpool packet. The wharves and shipping were passed in rapid succession, and the edifice moved onward at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

"In one half hour it reached the Whitehall slip, a distance of three miles, where it was safely warped in by the seamen, and securely moored. It was then, after the people had all landed, closed for the day, and the next two days and the Monday following, opened for the inspection of the public.

"It was difficult to determine which most attracted attention and enlisted admiration. The beautiful symmetry and rare novelty of the edifice seemed to please every one. The admirably painted Gothic embellishments and specimens of perspective and apparent (for they were only apparent) deep recesses in the walls, were truly deceptive. The very beautiful, appropriate, and nicely chisled marble font, near the chancel rail, in front of the communion-table, in the

shape of the capstan of a ship, was as much admired in its idea as execution; it was an object of universal attraction. On the drum-head of this novel design for a church, was a shell of exquisite workmanship sculptured from the same block with the shaft.

"The day previous to the consecration, (which took place on the 20th of February, 1844), the edifice was again filled with about two hundred ladies and gentlemen and was towed by the steamboat Hercules to the East River, a mile and a half distant, in beautiful style, and placed in its permanent location in the dock, out of the reach of tides, ice, and currents, and in contact with the adjacent shipping. A lease for a number of years has been taken of the owner, for which, as is necessary in such cases in the port of New York, to prevent the interference of a harbor-master, the sanction



of the city authorities had been obtained."

The sailor has now a Church in the port of New York, where he can feel fully at home. He can engage in a Liturgy in which he finds that there are prayers peculiarly applicable to his own condition, and which have been provided for his own benefit. He can enter heartily into the petition

"to preserve all who travel by land or by water," into the Prayers, "for a Person or Persons going to sea," and into the Thanksgiving, "for a Safe Return from Sea," and when abroad upon the watery element, he will

hardly find himself in any situation for which the Church has not provided suitable petitions, in her "Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea". Sure, he will thus be led to love and reverence that Church who, in her liturgical services, has so fully remembered him—his life of temptations, of toil and of danger.



## Congratulations

Our heartiest congratulations go forward to our sister Institute at Newport, Rhode Island.

"By name an Institute, by appearance a club, in reality a home" is the way Rt. Rev. James DeWolfe Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island, described the new home of the Seamen's Church Institute on Market Square, during the dedication and formal opening of the attractive and completely equipped building, on Wednesday, January 29th. Bishop Perry accepted the structure on behalf of the Protestant Episcopal Church during an eloquent address in which he paid tribute to the late Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, in whose memory it was built by their daughters, the Misses Edith and Maude Wetmore.

Judge Hugh B. Baker accepted the key and the deed on behalf of the Board of Trustees and thanked the Misses Wetmore for providing the building and the equipment.

Admiral William S. Sims accepted the building on behalf of all seafaring men and spoke of the greatly improved conditions which exist nowadays for sailor-men. He paid tribute to the parent Institute here in New York and to the excellent

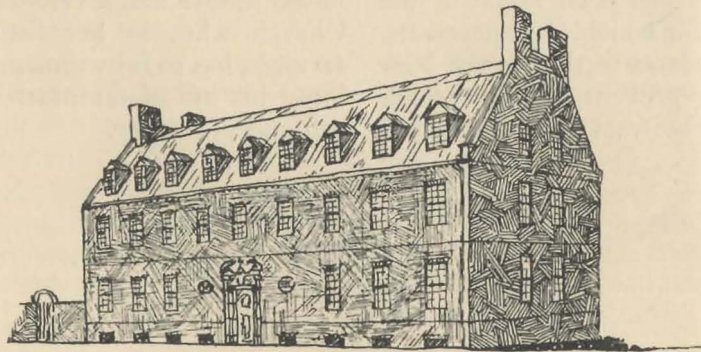
service we provide for the merchant seamen.

All three speakers at the dedication paid tribute to the splendid work of the Rev. Roy W. Magoun, Superintendent and Chaplain of the Institute, whose efforts during the past ten years have brought about the existence of the new structure.

Our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who is also president of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, and Mrs. Baylies attended the opening exercises. Our House Mother, Mrs. Janet Roper, and Colonel George W. Burleigh, a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and Treasurer of the National Institute, and Mrs. Burleigh were present.

This beautiful shore home has three offices, a lounge and a writing room on the first floor. The upper hall is for games of chess, checkers whist, billiards and pool. The library across the hall is one of the most attractive rooms in Newport. The third floor contains pleasant sleeping quarters.

We are very proud of the Newport Institute. It is a credit to the City, the Architect and the donors.



## Musings of the Mate

### What the bells mean

Visitors to the Institute are frequently perplexed when each half hour they hear our ship's bell striking. For the benefit of the uninformed we will take this space to explain what this bell means:

On board ship every sailor knows that when it strikes eight bells it is the end of the "watch". For example 12 o'clock is eight bells, 12:30 is one bell, 1 o'clock is two bells, 1:30 three bells, 2 o'clock is four bells, 2:30 five bells, 3 o'clock six bells, 3:30 seven bells, 4 o'clock eight bells.

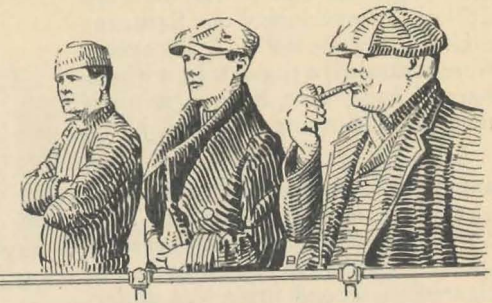
Then this repeats over again. 4:30 is one bell, 5:00 two bells, 5:30 three bells, 6 o'clock four bells, 6:30 five bells, 7:00 six bells, 7:30 seven bells, 8 o'clock eight bells.

And that is why the bells at the Institute toll off the ship's time every thirty minutes.

### Seaman drowned in Bay

Few of us notice the paragraph tragedies. They are on the inside pages of the newspapers—hidden at the bottom of a column or under an advertisement. Only deluxe misery merits the front page. Yet, the following paragraph from a New York daily meant the loss of one of our seamen—homeless, no relatives or friends save those whom he knew at the Institute after sojourning here between voyages for the past six years.

"Bobby Doyle, twenty-six, an unemployed seaman of 25 South Street, was drowned early this morning when he fell into the bay while at-



tempting to board the municipal ferryboat, Bronx, which was tied up in a slip at the foot of Whitehall Street. His body was recovered by members of the police emergency squad."

Last rites were performed for Seaman Doyle in our Chapel. He was buried in the Institute plot at Cedar Grove Cemetery.

### A youthful subscriber

From Rev. William T. Crocker, came the following letter: "Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a small amount of odd change and a one dollar bill. The dollar is for one year's subscription to "The Lookout" to be sent to Master Jack Weir.

"The odd change is a small amount which Jack, aged seven years, collected. He is a grandson of Dr. Hammarskold of Yonkers. During the Christmas holidays he dressed himself up in the garb of a choir boy, using his grandfather's clerical hat, and held a service. At the service he took up a collection; his grandparents asked why he wanted the money; his reply was, 'For The Lookout', a copy of which he had seen on his grandfather's table. I thought he deserved to be a subscriber."



## Indoor Sports

It all began when some of our seamen suggested that we run off a few athletic events during our Saturday night "Fo'castle Follies". Six events were arranged; a tug of war, a wheelbarrow race, spar boxing, a quoit race, rope climbing and high jump.

More than six hundred seamen appeared to witness the running off of these sports and anywhere from 25 to 50 of them entered the various sports. First prize was a carton of cigarettes, second prize was underwear or a working shirt and third prize was three pairs of socks and two handkerchiefs.

Our sailormen love these competitions but our problem is to find funds with which to purchase prizes. Due to the unemployment conditions, many sailors are out of jobs and without funds to purchase the necessities of life. They frankly admit that they enter these sports contests with the hope of winning much-needed clothing.

We have decided to include lodging and meal tickets among the prizes—a total of \$5.00 for each event, \$2.25 worth of tickets for the first prize, \$1.75 for the second, and \$1.00 for the third. These tickets



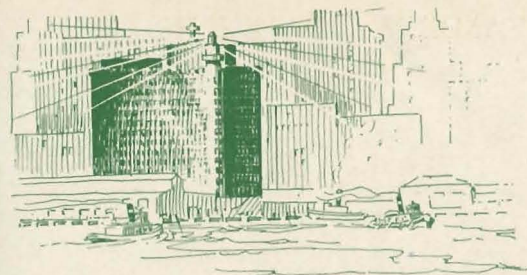
may only be spent within the building for food, clothing or lodging.

The seamen select their own judges for the contest—a ship's officer, a steward or engineer and an able seaman. It is interesting to observe the absolute silence which precedes a high jump or the beginning of a quoit race. For many of these sailors it is the first time in many months that they have had an opportunity to play.

We wish we could give every contestant a prize but since we cannot, we hope that some of our generous contributors will want to help us out in the matter of prizes.

### Men's shoes needed

It is almost time for Spring cleaning, and when you go to that closet full of old clothes please do not forget the Institute. We particularly need shoes. If you will call the Social Service Department, Bowling-Green 2710, we can arrange to have a messenger call for them, if you reside in New York City. If you do not live in Manhattan will you bundle them up and send them by Parcel Post?



## "Quotes" from the Institute's Correspondence Files

### From a Superintendent of one of our National Institutes—

"I congratulate you on "The Lookout", each number of which seems to be an improvement on the last, and I am sure that it is doing its part in helping to keep the Institute warm in the hearts of its friends."

### Extract from a Letter to Dr. Mansfield—

"I am anxious to express once again how deeply I enjoyed the hours spent with you Saturday afternoon. It was a delightful luncheon and a most instructive inspection of a great and monumental institution, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. You have created and established an organization carrying into effect practical application of Christian fellowship."

### "Dear Dr. Mansfield—

"Just a brief note to try to express to you my delight at the most interesting afternoon you afforded us last Saturday. Would it be superfluous for me to say that you ought to be a

tremendously happy man and are much to be congratulated. Your work is unique. It indeed is the Church in action. I should prefer, I think, to say it is God himself in activity through the genius of one of his great servants."

### From Seamen—

"Your kind Xmas gift heartily received with many thanks and wish to extend to you and staff Holiday Greeting. And every good wish for the coming year."

"Received Christmas present from Seamen's Church Institute, and thanks very much. It sure did come in handy. Wishing you and Staff a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year."

### "Dear Mrs. Roper—

"Give my Best wishes to all officials of 25 South, hoping you enjoyed a hearty good Christmas and New Years. Also hope you are enjoying good health as I am at present, Thank God."



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