

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME
XXIII

NOVEMBER
1932

This month's cover was photographed by Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway. It is a Norwegian Fjord, the longest and most varied in the world, stretching inland 136 miles.

The LOOKOUT
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by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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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. XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1932

No. 10

SHIP AHOY!



Mr. Salvage, Captain Huntington and Cadets Aboard the "Colleen."

It was a beautiful October morning with just enough crispness in the air to make it a delightful day to be on the water. The good ship *Colleen*, with a cargo of lively, laughing, young Merchant Marine School Cadets, embarked from a City Island pier on an all-day cruise. This day's outing was made possible through the generosity of the *Colleen's* owner, Mr. Samuel Salvage, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers.

Mr. Salvage was a charming host, and very graciously consented to let "The Lookout" Editor come along on the cruise, too. Captain Huntington and his twenty-five Cadets soon made themselves at home in the pilot house where members of the *Colleen's* crew, in particular Captain Atkinson, gave them an opportunity to put into practice the principles of navigation which they had studied in the Merchant Marine School atop

the Institute. It was really great fun to watch these lads poring over maps and charts and compasses, to say nothing of observing them "shooting the sun" as, with their sextants, they brought the sun down upon the horizon (a strictly nautical term which can best be understood if you are a "Cadet"!)

In between the serious business of instruction by Captain Huntington and Captain Atkinson, the Cadets made themselves acquainted with the yacht from bow to stern and from engine room to sun deck. At eight bells (which for the benefit of the land lubber we will interpret as twelve o'clock) a young sailor in an immaculate white uniform appeared and announced that luncheon was ready. Our host led the

way into the lovely dining room where a sumptuous feast awaited the band of hungry navigators. Mr. Salvage soon made all the boys feel at home so that none of them held back when he urged them to have "seconds" and even "thirds" on the chicken salad.

The *Colleen* cruised along the Long Island shore, stopping at the Seawanaka Corinthian Yacht Club and, before returning to Jacob's Ship Yard, Captain Huntington made a splendid "thank you" speech in behalf of himself and the Cadets. In fact, he was inspired by the generous hospitality of Mr. Salvage to write a poem which we reproduce here for the benefit of "Lookout" readers.

The *Colleen* came to anchor
Off a City Island Pier
For boys who would be captains
Providing they could steer.

The *Colleen* never rolled a bit,
And OH, how they did eat.
The cook he nearly had a fit
For they kept him on his feet.

The latitude was right
For the boys did take a sight
When the sun was shining bright
As it came down in that bight.

They liked to steer and practice
And better seamen they will be
When Uncle Sam says, "Get your packs
And come along with me."



The Yacht "Colleen"

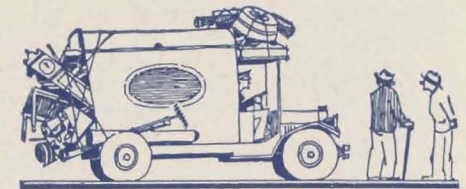
AUTO ACCIDENTS

STATISTICS show that more people are killed each year in automobile accidents than the total number dying of heart disease, tuberculosis and cancer during the same period. It does seem as though our seamen were particularly unfortunate with automobiles. The hazards at sea do not seem to trouble them so much as the hazard of dodging traffic in crowded New York thoroughfares. Just recently we had three such catastrophies. Thomas J., a steward, age 61, was struck by a motor truck while attempting to hitchhike his way from New York to Boston. His leg and head were injured. Blood poison set in the leg and a tumor formed at the base of the skull. There is always a long wait until legal difficulties can be adjusted and compensation collected, so the *Institute* befriended Thomas during the interval.

Then there was the tragic case of Floyd J., young A.B., who was unemployed and was receiving relief through the Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies. He had made a desperate effort to get work, in vain, so he decided to return to his mother's farm in a little village in North Carolina and our relief agent advised him to go and offered to get him a railroad

ticket. He refused, as a buddy of his had a motorcycle and told him he could ride on the back seat. Two months later our relief agent was spending his vacation in Durham, N. C. and he chanced to see Floyd along the main street, clad in shabby dungarees and hobbling on crutches with only one leg. The motorcycle, Floyd explained, had hit a truck (they were driving at night without lights) and he was taken to a tiny hospital in a rural vicinity where his leg was amputated. It was the first amputation in the history of the hospital. Floyd is now helping his mother run the farm. Neither the truck driver nor the motorcyclist carried insurance.

Arnold Y. was hit by a moving van at Third Avenue and 42nd Street and has spent four months in a marine hospital with a fractured hip. He hopes to study to become a radio operator with the compensation promised him. How inscrutable are the ways of Fate which permit a seaman to survive the storms and gales at sea only to precipitate him in front of a motor car!





"It was tough going for four months," said the sad-eyed young man in the immaculately clean shirt and carefully pressed suit. "I was injured in an auto accident on Third Avenue and I've just now been discharged from Marine Hospital."

It was our relief agent to whom Seaman George S. was telling his story. During April and May the *Institute* gave this quiet young man help in the form of meals and beds every day. Then he managed to ship out on a Mediterranean cruise as an "ordinary seaman".

He returned, paid all his debts, but seemed greatly depressed. His injured leg was healing

slowly. A few weeks went by and his money was all spent. Rather than be a burden on his friends and the *Institute*, he took an overdose of sedative and jumped overboard from the Staten Island ferry. He was literally fished out of the harbor and our chaplain took him to Bellevue Hospital. The *Institute* arranged that he spend three weeks at Burke Foundation and here is his letter to our relief agent from that convalescent home where so many seamen have found new courage and incentive for living.

"This is a lovely place out here. Exercise, regular hours and good food have made quite some change in me. Optimism is creeping once more into my heart and if I only keep it up, I'm sure things will go well. My health is such now that I believe I could do most any work at once. I will prove to the *Institute* chaplain that they didn't pull me out of the harbor for nothing. I will always remember your kindness. I'm capable of baking, cooking, food control and stewardship—in a country hotel or institution. Do you have any connections which would help me in that direction?"

Out of the harbor and into life again!

BENEFIT NOTICE

As we go to press we are happy to announce that the net proceeds of our Eighth Annual Theatre Benefit totaled \$2,900.00.



AMILO MON-
TANEZ, age 20,
was paid off four
months ago.
Weary weeks of

trudging from one shipping company to another convinced him that there was no chance at the present time for him to ship out either as ordinary seaman or fireman. His ships' discharge papers and letters from former captains and mates showed that his seafaring record was excellent and that his character was good, and yet he is landed and stranded.

As he saw his savings dwindle away, he did not despair. "There must be something I can do," he thought and then suddenly—from out of the mists of memory, he recalled that as a child, he had developed remarkable skill making paper flowers. So with his last few dimes he purchased crepe paper, wire and oil paints. These he carried in a brown paper bag

to the *Institute's* third floor lobby, where he spread them out on a table and began working. As his clever fingers fashioned the red blossoms and leaves, a group of sailormen gathered around his work table. Camilo speaks very little English, but he understood enough to realize that the men were not making fun of his efforts, but were encouraging him. "Who will buy my flowers?" he asked in his broken English, but there was no response. So the clerk at our Information Desk got busy and found some buyers for Camilo's paper flowers and now, until he gets a ship, he is managing to eke out a living by utilizing an old talent which he learned in a Porto Rican mission school years ago. As he spoke of his home, his eyes lit up with longing. "It is the most beautiful place!" he declared. "I wish I could make my paper flowers as beautiful as those real ones back home!"

AMONG MEMORIALS AVAILABLE AT THE INSTITUTE ARE:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
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
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each.....	50.00

REMEMBER THE
LONELY SAILOR
THROUGH OUR
HOLIDAY FUND



FOR
SUCH AS THESE
WE ASK YOUR
AID

WALTER LIPPMANN has well commented on the difficulty of keeping unemployed men hopeful and optimistic. To provide food is one thing, but the next thing is even harder: "to keep men from despair, from the hideous boredom of having nothing to do, from the crushing sense of not being wanted, of having no place in society and no work to do, of being a problem and not a human being—that is the real task of philanthropy in these long dreary days. And for that task extraordinary efforts will be required from the social agencies to provide entertainment, and interests, and sociability, and advice, and friendliness and all those imponderable necessities which help to keep men self-respecting and confident."

So our Holiday Fund serves a *two-fold* purpose: first, it feeds hungry men. Second, it imparts a spirit of cheerfulness and good fellowship which penetrates into the lonely hearts of these seafarers, renewing their faith in God and in man.

Before you sit down to enjoy your own holiday dinner, remember these sailors, and they will bless you for your generous thought. Please designate your checks for the HOLIDAY FUND, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

It is said in the Bible that "Man cannot live by bread alone." A very true statement, but it is also true that man cannot live *without* bread. With the approach of the Holiday season, the *Institute* finds itself using all available funds to provide the necessary bread to feed hundreds of seamen totally dependent, entirely penniless, who seek shelter under our friendly roof.

We are considering the possibility of a turkey dinner for at least 1,614 of these sailors on Thanksgiving Day, and for another 1,614 on Christmas Day. How earnestly we hope and pray that our loyal friends will contribute generously to our Holiday Fund this year as they have done in the past!

The men themselves are not looking forward to these two great holidays in the year. They know that the *Institute* is low in funds and therefore they are not expecting us to carry on the custom of other and better years. Many have celebrated these holidays toiling on the high seas. But now the ships

are tied up and the few men who have jobs will at least be sure that their Captains will order extra helpings for the crews at Thanksgiving and Christmas. But *without* your gift, there

will be no holiday dinners at all for the men stranded on shore, and certainly no extra helpings.

With your gift, and that of other friends—well, that is a much happier prospect.

To The Dentist:

PLEASE find enclosed fifty cents which I owe you for a cement filling. Much obliged for trusting me and thanking you kindly for all the good work you done on my teeth." The seaman who wrote this letter was a middle-aged Norwegian who came into our Dental Clinic one day. He was broke but was leaving on a long trip and needed to have a tooth filled. He offered the dentist 20 shares of an oil stock as security. We trusted the seaman without any security and our dentist put in a cement filling. A month later, the above letter and a money order for fifty cents arrived from Honolulu.

To the Baggage Master:

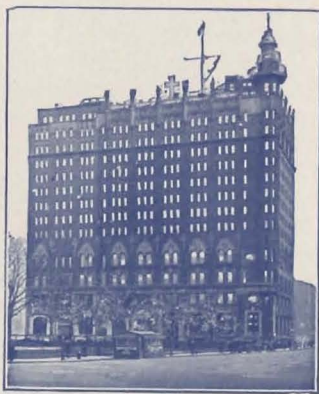
"I thank you for your letter re. my baggage. The suitcases arrived here safely and I wish to thank you and the Institute for your kindness in the matter. It is service like this that makes your organization appreciated and well spoken of by seamen all over the world."

To Mrs. Roper:

"I wish to thank you for your kind letter of the 23rd advising me that you had located my son. 'Thank You' is but a feeble expression of the heart-felt gratitude felt by both mother and father, to realize that he is alive. He has promised to write regularly, as you requested." This letter was from a Negro father who came in, with tears streaming down his face, to beg the Institute to find his son.

To the Lookout Editor:

"The September Lookout, with its very attractive cover of the Altar painting by the artist, Gordon Grant—is beautiful—and most appropriate for the Seamen's Church—The flying



gulls and rolling waves, whose twang one can almost hear, show the great talent of the artist—truly an inspiration, appealing to every sailor's heart—with its love for the sea. Kindly give Mr. Grant my congratulations."

To Dr. Mansfield:

I doubt whether there is not as much distress in West Texas as in New York, but I cheerfully make my usual contribution and trust that I shall be able to respond to other calls, including a French war orphan's, as they arise.

This is a purely ranch country, raided by Indians not so many years ago and far removed from the sea (Lat. 31°N. Longitude 100'), but I read your reports with the greatest interest. It is splendid work and I hope you may be able to keep it up."

To Mr. Harry Forsyth:

"I am increasing my subscription out of gratitude to the seamen who recently brought me from Europe through the roughest seas I have ever seen in 30 crossings. I am sorry my absence in Europe kept you waiting for this check."

THE meter of the verse may not be the most perfect in the world and the rhyming a bit strange. But consider that the author is a young world wanderer who went only as far as the fourth grade in school. Nelof D. Pitts-iaac was born in Memphis 24 years ago. He made his first trip at three months' old when his parents moved to Indianapolis, Ind., and he has been traveling ever since.

Nelof's parents were killed in an accident when he was just a child and he was reared by friends. But his father and mother, natives of Russia, had been wanderers, and they passed this restlessness of soul on to their child. So it was not unnatural that when Nelof was 12 he decided he had been tied down long enough and struck out for New York. There he landed a job as cabin boy on the old Baltic and made six trips to Europe before he again became restless and deserted the liner for two tramp steamers. Since then he has made four trips around the world. He has been an Alaskan fisherman. Always on the move, there still remained his ambition for an education. He spent those long hours off watch reading and jotting down his impressions in little notebooks.

From California he hitch-hiked

across the country to New York and eventually came to the Institute. Four times around the Seven Seas in twelve years without losing a pair of socks from his dunnage bag. But while hitch-hiking to New York, Pitts-iaac woke up in Texarkana one morning reduced to his underwear, a couple of letters and a few sheafs from the stack of voluminous notes and writings which he has accumulated in his wanderings. For Pitts-iaac is a poet of sorts, and his poems go down in minute handwriting in his notebooks, along with addresses, recipes,

ideas for inventions, anecdotes and mottoes. His gift for poetry remained but not his faith in human nature, shaken by the tricks of a fellow hiker whom he had picked up in Globe, Ariz., and with whom he had shared the last of a small amount of money.

He put up with his friend at a hotel one night, and entrusted his two suits to his companion, bidding him have them cleaned. The man never returned. A kindly hotel manager helped Nelof out his plight. As you are reading this issue of "The Lookout," Nelof will be on his way to sea again, still seeking new places, new faces and new inspiration.

DEFEAT.

BY SEAMAN NELOF D. PITTSIAAC.
*"Lest some unrisen dawn of tenderness
 Impale the sable vestments of my
 heart,
 I made your love, your words, your
 cares
 Remain an unappreciated art.
 I hearkened to the throbbing chant of
 blood
 Daring the ghostly darkness of my
 heart;
 I startled at its rhythmic thud . . .
 But from all this your love was held
 apart.
 I thought this armor of indifference
 Would sure resist the spear heads of
 your love
 I did not reckon on the violence
 Held in the frail wings of a cooing dove
 Now since the glory of your victory
 Is not at all as sweet as my defeat
 Are you to seek still more suprem-
 acy?"*

A SHIP ON BEAM ENDS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—One of the Institute's Board members showed us a rare old book entitled "Voyages Around the World," which records the experiences of Captain Edmund Fanning on his voyage between 1792 and 1832 in command of the "Betsey." The following excerpt describes one of the experiences while on the voyage.

Captain Robinson having returned from London, and there being no further cause for delay, we soon had the ship ready for our homeward voyage; there were a few cabin, together with a large number of steerage passengers, engaged to go out with us. These last were mostly in families; and so soon as their various domestic and farming utensils, their provisions, and all their most needed articles for the new country, were duly stowed, we sailed for New York in ballast; the passage was unattended by anything more than that of usual occurrence, until our arrival at the eastern edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, when, at about three bells, a. m., (half-past one) it blowing a violent gale, and a heavy sea running at the time, our ship then laying-to under a reefed fore-course and mizen stay-sail, was struck by a mountainous sea, which broke on board, and knocked the ship over on her beam ends in such a manner as to bring the lower yard-arms at the leeward in the water, shifting a part of the shingle ballast over to leeward, the water at every lee lurch making its way down the gangways; our stay-sail also was split and torn to pieces by the force of this breaker. As soon as the stroke had passed, all on deck at the time were striving to secure the safest place, at the weather side of the ship. I had gained a station on her side, by the main channel, Wright, the old seaman, by my side; when, observing by

the force of the gale on the upper or weather yard-arm of the fore-course, that the ship's head was paying off from the wind and sea, the thought occurred to me that if we could now but humor her with the fore-sail, she might go around on the other tack, and yet save us. Bidding Wright to follow, we crossed by the fair leader from the main rigging down to the main-mast, by which the fore-braces lead: here I directed him to cast off the weather-brace, and pass it to his shipmates on the other side, to haul in upon; at the same time, by gradually loosing the lee one, (the lee yard-arm and lurch of the fore-course dragging in the water) kept the ship going off around before the wind, and as she went off partially righting, the helm then being put hard a-weather, and getting headway on her, she fortunately went around, and came to on the other, the larboard tack, with about two streaks of her deck under water, on the now weather side, with such a rank heel to windward, against the gale, as enabled those below to come on deck.

At this moment, Captain R., started from his rest by the noise and confusion, appeared seeking anxiously to know whether all was safe. He was answered, the only loss was the mizen stay-sail; when, after looking around, he ordered the fore-sail to be trimmed, to bouse taut the fore-braces, brace all the yards about, and all hands, except two seamen, were sent below, to ascertain the quantity of water in the ship's hold, and to endeavor as quickly as possible, to turn over and secure the ballast. This last operation we completed, by lashing amidships, bights of cable, and spars, fore and aft, to the stanchions, so as to prevent

the ballast from shifting again, and then trimming it over to the starboard, until the ship was brought "upon her legs," when, to our great joy, the pumps soon freed her.

The awfulness of the night, in addition to the heaving of the ship, and the repeated gusts of wind which continually swept over our deck, together with the shrieking and crying of the women and children, made these few hours (so nearly fatal) to be the most wretched of my life.

Nothing could exceed the terror of the steerage passengers during this gale; many of the principal, and most aged, were devoutly engaged at prayers, not expecting the ship could hold out through the storm. Some difficulty was experienced in persuading

them (while we were proceeding to regulate the ballast) that the danger was nearly over; their young men, however, readily consented to assist us while busy below, and worked most faithfully, as men usually do, when their lives, and all they possess, are at stake.

Shortly after, the storm began to abate, and twenty-four hours' time, we were favored by a moderate and leading breeze. Three days after, we had soundings on the Grand Bank, where we caught a few fine cod; these excellent fish came very acceptable to our passengers, as well as to the ship's company. A few days more of making and taking in sail, concluded the voyage, and saw us safely returned to New York.

AFTERMATH

FOURTEEN years after the World War we at the Institute are still making efforts to rehabilitate lives broken by the worst conflict in the history of mankind. For example, there is Gerald E., only 33 years old. He has been a second mate, but an acute lung and chest condition resulting from gas poisoning has weakened him to such an extent that it is difficult for him to perform his duties on shipboard. He is very well known at the Institute and is well liked and respected by both seamen and staff members. Always cheerful and friendly, Gerald is bearing his burden with more grace than many would under the same circumstances. The other day he received a letter from Washington asking him to report there to arrange an increase in his pension. We provided his transportation. There goes a handsome, ambitious, intelligent young man but with his health ruined.

Another war tragedy is Sandy G., age 41, a ship's carpenter. He joined the Canadian forces and went to France in 1915. He was badly shell shocked and suffered from amnesia and completely forgot about his early life in the United States. His family thought he was killed. For fifteen years he sailed on British ships under the name of Stuart D. . . . By some chance, his real identity was verified and the authorities deported him to America. He arrived here in New York without funds and so bewildered by his strange awakening he could only remember that he had been told to return to his home in this country. He did not know where that home was. The Institute secured the address (in Florida) from the State Department and provided subsistence until communication with Sandy's relatives was established.

Human values shattered by warfare!

JOTTINGS FROM THE S. C. I. LOG



Courtesy G. P. Putnam Sons

An Institute Neighbor

THE New York Aquarium at Battery Park, just a few blocks from the Institute, is a mecca for tourists. Our sailors, too, like to visit this strange dwelling place of fishes.

The woman who answers the numberless questions about fish which are asked each day over the telephone, and in person, is Mrs. Margaret Kerns. The Bible tells us that Job held the record for patience, but surely Mrs. Kerns would be a close runner-up for the title. "Fishy" questions such as, "Please let me speak with Mr. Sea Lion," or "Connect me with Mr. Al E. Gator," when repeated dozens of times each day over the wires by people who think they have invented the puns themselves, are enough to test the patience of a Job. But the seamen ask intelligent questions, says Mrs. Kerns.

One of the most curious water creatures at the Aquarium is the sea

horse. The father sea horse does the breeding: carrying and hatching the eggs in a pouch like a kangaroo's. He has a head like a horse, but is not related to the equine. He has a prehensile tail, but has no connection whatever with monkeys. He has a pouch, but couldn't be called a marsupial. He is, in short, says Mrs. Kerns, "a highly specialized offshoot, and from the way he holds his head when he swims, it seems that he is proud of his unique traits. When born, they're the size of mosquitoes, but the babies might be called 'sea colts.'"

Permanent Relief Agencies

CITIZENS of New York are setting about their preparations for the coming months of stress. Yet there is danger that in the pressure of this emergency work, the agencies and institutions which have stood year in and year out for those forms of permanent relief which modern society always requires, will be overlooked and hampered . . . This is, no doubt, partly the result of the hard times and heavy taxes which have disabled many once wealthy contributors from giving to these charitable institutions so generously as they used to do. It is probable also that the very acuteness of the situation of millions out of jobs, has tended to obscure in some minds the importance of maintaining the permanent agencies of relief and betterment which have been built up through years of wise planning and administration, and which are now in danger of having their beneficent activities seriously impaired.

They are needed now more than ever, and will be needed from one generation to another.—*Editorial, New York Times, October 15, 1932.*

A RECORD OF SERVICE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN



39,801 Books and Magazines Distributed

Some of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK from January 1st to October 1st, 1932:

- 282,356 Lodging Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds)
- 227,329 Meals Served in Cafeteria
- 472,995 Sales Made at Soda Fountain
- 31,525 Pieces of Baggage Checked
- 39,801 Books and Magazines Distributed
- 48,656 Special Social Service Needs Filled
- 13,391 Relief Loans
- 5,579 Seamen Given Relief
- 3,757 Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics
- 1,081 Positions Procured for Seamen
- 177 Missing Seamen Located
- 166 Religious Services Attended by 9,184 Seamen
- 21,323 Services Rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry
- 37,205 Information Desk Interviews
- 4,394 Articles of Clothing and 2,260 Knitted Articles Distributed
- 127 Entertainments in Auditorium Attended by 90,732 Seamen
- \$258,594.75 Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

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