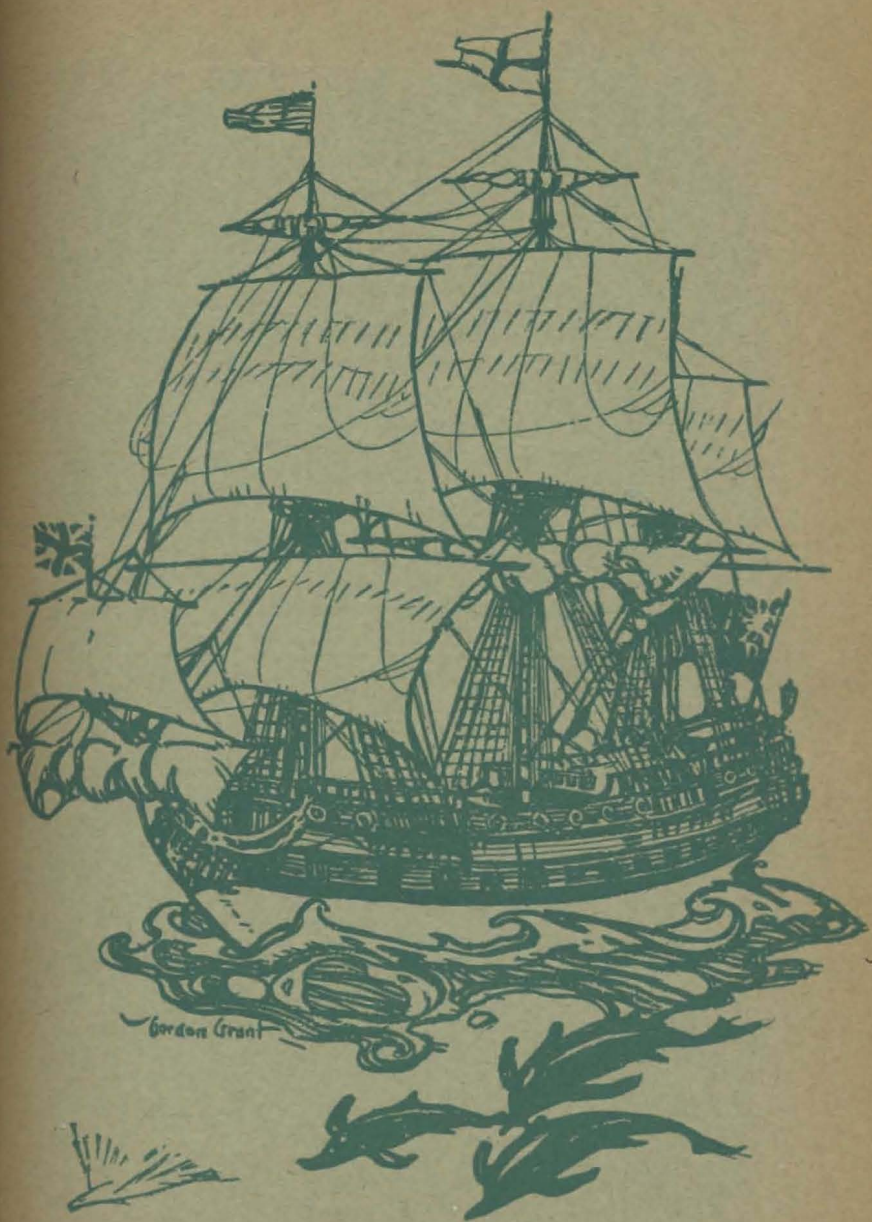


The LOOKOUT



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Under the Stars and Stripes

"Essential overseas foreign trade routes must be kept open and active for American commerce by American flag merchant steamships built in American shipyards."

This is the crux of the policy of Brigadier General A. C. Dalton, President of the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, in an interview with the *Nautical Gazette*, said to be the first declaration of the sort under the new regime.

General Dalton further stated that these American owned vessels must be manned by American seamen and operated by American skill. And this is where the Seamen's Church Institute hopes again to do its bit in service to the Government and people of the United States by raising the standard for American seamen, by training officers in its Merchant Marine School, and by aiding worthy seamen of other countries in their efforts to become American citizens so that they may serve under the American flag.

Manufacturers are coming to agree with General Dalton that "the establishment of an American flag merchant marine as a national venture is inevitable." It may therefore be well for all patriotic citizens, especially those with an interest in the sea and the seamen, to consider further significant statements made by General Dalton to *The Nautical Gazette*.

"These essential trade routes," he said, "must be held by sheer merit; by ships equal in every respect to the best built foreign vessels, and as tonnage becomes obsolete it must be replaced with modernized vessels to suit the special demands of the particular routes served. . . .

"I think one of the most important steps we have to take will be the revision of our Merchant Marine Act and the reaffirmation of our merchant marine policy which should be so clearly and so definitely stated that it may not only assure our own people of what the national policy will be with respect to

building up and maintaining our American flag merchant marine, but will also serve as a definite notice to other maritime nations of the world that it is the intent and purpose of the United States to establish an American flag merchant marine service that will be commensurate with the volume of our overseas traffic and in keeping with the commanding place that the United States must maintain in international commerce if we are to continue to have that degree of prosperity we have had in the past.

"In establishing a merchant marine service for the nation we must naturally give due consideration to the inherent rights of other nations and we cannot demand that we shall have a greater share of the overseas carrying trade of the world than our position among the other nations of the world would warrant.

"Our own prosperity, and particularly our participation in the great international commerce of the world, must depend to a very large degree on maintaining the good will of other nations engaged in the same activities.

"There are certain trade routes in the world which are

absolutely essential to us and we must maintain American flag vessels of the proper type and suitable tonnage on these trade routes to render a service to our people in their commercial activities. . . .

"There are many factors to be considered that are secondary in character but of primary importance. The first factor is what kind of vessels are necessary to carry on the passenger and freight traffic to and from each of the areas of the United States that must be given an overseas transportation service. . . .

"For example, the character of the exports and imports of the great Northwestern area will differ considerably from those of the great Northeastern part of the country. There are certain ports and routes that serve certain areas. . . . For that part of the program for the building up of a merchant marine that will solve the commercial needs of our people in the great interior areas, where it is essential that some form of government aid be given, it is necessary to convince our people in the various sections of the country, and particularly in those areas that are remote from the

ports or points of overseas shipments, of the necessity for the maintenance of an American flag merchant marine to render to the nation the character of service that is imperative to enable their surplus products to be moved to foreign markets in the most direct manner and at the least possible cost for transportation. . . .

"An American merchant marine must be created, primarily, as the final link in the greater National transportation system. We have a highly efficient inland and domestic transportation system which is ample to care for our domestic requirements, and to move to tidewater all of our exports and from tidewater to distribute inland all of our imports. But the most efficient domestic transportation system will be greatly reduced in its importance in maintaining our commercial prosperity if the final link — an American flag merchant marine—is not sufficient in volume, or suitable in character, to render an efficient and economical service in making the final movements of our imports and exports that must complete the cycle of our National transportation system. . . .

"The most perplexing prob-

lem in evolving a program for an American flag merchant marine will be the method by which aid may be given to owners and operators without such aid appearing to serve private interests even though those private interests may be rendering a great service to the nation as a whole. There is a well defined opposition on the part of the people to the giving of aid to private enterprises wherever it is not clear that the giving of such aid is not serving a private rather than a public interest. This hesitation on the part of the people of this country to give some form of support to the maintenance of an American flag merchant marine in the past has been largely due to a lack of understanding and knowledge of the vital effect an American merchant marine will have in the development of our foreign trade relations, the establishment and maintenance of markets for our surplus products, and the advantages which would accrue by having our exports and imports carried in American flag vessels. . . .

"The building program which is so essential must be worked out by utilizing the genius, ability and experience of our ship-

(Continued on page 19)



“Home? This Is My Home”

That is what a friendless seaman told a policeman on the waterfront recently.

The park need not be his home, however, when the Seamen's Church Institute is able to increase its present capacity of 830 beds to 1,500 as provided for with the new Annex.

Of tantamount importance is the matter of supplying adequate and appropriate facilities for recreation.

Seafaring men are grown men with essentially the average man's traits and tastes. In the nature of their calling, they necessarily are without employment ashore. As long as they have no desirable friends with whom to associate and no decent place to go, they will be tempted to indulge in bad habits. They need wholesome companionship. They demand men's amusements. They cannot be in-

trigued by childish games nor bed-time stories.

The recreation rooms in the present building have been turned into dormitories for the time being in order to keep as many worthy sailors as possible off the streets this winter. Unless funds are forthcoming in the meantime to finish and equip parts of the new Annex, the old building will be overcrowded, and at that its maximum capacity represents only 55 per cent of the seamen whom the Institute could and should serve.

The “House That Built Jack” has been toiling up the grade for over eighty years in an effort to improve conditions for the sailor along the waterfront. It has made life ashore safe and pleasant for him.

The friends of the Institute will not wish this work to be undone in the slightest degree.

To keep it up to its high-water mark, funds are immediately necessary if the Institute and not the park bench nor the illicit boarding house are to be Jack Tar's home ashore.

Jack Takes Pen in Hand

What sailormen read is discussed elsewhere in this issue. What they write would not fit into all our issues combined, but we shall endeavor to publish some of their efforts from time to time as interesting evidence of what they think and feel.

Their letters show a surprisingly shrewd and workable philosophy of life. Their poetry displays unusual delicacy of thought and treatment, and the rhythm is frequently irresistible. Perhaps it is because the rhythmic motion of the sea gets into their pens. At any rate, what-

ever faults their poems have, the meter usually rollicks along.

A potential Jack London, also named Jack, recently “busted loose” at the Institute, to use his own phrase to announce that he had embarked upon a literary career. A few moments' conversation with him was enough to show that he was not entirely to be discouraged in his ambition to write. He had been going to sea for years, had read exhaustively, had keen observation and a sense of humor, and in addition he had the knack of telling his adventures in an original

manner — verbally, at least.

The Institute referred him to a friend with some literary experience and publishing connections. Jack proudly showed this author one of his stories. The scene was laid in a garden in the mountains of California— one of the few places on earth where Jack had never been. The tale started with the notes of a mocking bird drifting in through the window. A man was inside. Nothing much happened, but in the end the man committed suicide by jumping out the window—the same window that had admitted the notes of the nightingale—or maybe it was a mocking bird.

The author suggested that Jack write some of his own sea stories in sailor's jargon, but intelligible enough for a landlubber. Jack didn't like the idea much. Sea ventures are so ordinary, he explained.

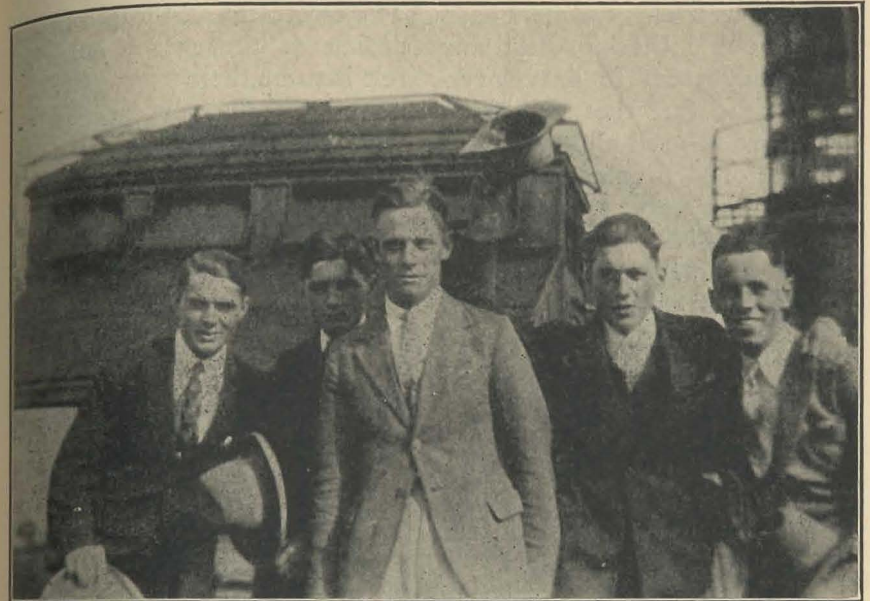
Necessity, however, is the mother of more than invention, and as Jack's money began to dwindle, he decided to take the author's advice. Editors had shown a consistent apathy for suicides in California gardens, so he tried his hand at an article that savored a bit of the sea. He immediately sold this "brain

brat" as he called it; and while one swallow doesn't make a summer, it looks as if the Merchant Marine may lose a good seaman.

A little incident in connection with the Battle of Jutland may throw some light upon the sailor's failure to see adventure in his own experiences. It is a happening which, although officially reported, has been lost sight of in the more absorbing question of who won the Battle anyhow?

During the height of the fray, an officer had occasion to go below decks. He found there a cabin boy of about fifteen years stretched out on his bunk, his eyes popping out of his head with excitement over a sea story he was reading; and above him was raging what was perhaps the greatest naval battle in history!

Frequently friends of the Institute specify what use they wish made of their contributions to our work. It is a pleasure to carry out such a designation as the following: "To be used for two-cent stamped envelopes to be given *only* to men who wish to write letters to their *mothers*."



"HIGH AND DRY ON THE INSTITUTE ROOF AFTER BEING SHIPWRECKED"

"Fancy San Salvador being British!"

Such was one of the greetings of the four shipwrecked British apprentice boys who catapulted into the Institute as soon as they arrived in New York on their rescue steamer. With them was their Fourth Mate, known as the "Prince of Wales" for obvious reasons. They just had to come to tell the Apprentice Room Hostess all about it. Such excitement!—especially for one sixteen-year-old youngster who had never been to sea before.

When Columbus first stepped foot on the shores of the New World at San Salvador, his crew could scarcely have been more thrilled than were these youngsters; and the aborigenes of 1492 could scarcely have been more amazed at the arrival of the pale Europeans than was the 1926 model of San Salvador native when the Britons of the *Port Kembla* discovered Britain unexpectedly in these same waters.

"Fancy San Salvador being British!" During their geogra-

phy lessons these boys must have been wool gathering. At any rate, they seem to have overlooked the fact that the Bahamas were colored pink to match the rest of their empire. But of course they weren't thinking of pink islands in the Atlantic when they left home, for they were bound for Australia by way of the Panama Canal with a cargo of wearing apparel, musical instruments and liquor of the more influential variety.

The results of the inevitable "inquiry" have not as yet been broadcast, but the fact is that the good ship *Port Kembla* suddenly found herself securely impaled on a rock four miles off the coast where the reception committee gave Columbus the keys to the city so long ago.

The *Port Kembla* crew stayed on board for two weeks, in no special danger as long as the sea remained calm, but for four days they were without a drop of fresh water and suffered keenly.

It was thought that the ship might be floated off the rocky reef if the cargo were thrown overboard, and it was at this point that the dusky-skinned natives pranced upon the scene like the chorus in a musical comedy.

They were enlisted to aid in disposing of the cargo, but they felt it to be their prerogative to investigate the contents of the cases they were throwing overboard.

They first discovered a shipment of high silk hats, which they placed where hats are supposed to be placed, which isn't at the bottom of the sea: Then they gleefully swooped down on a complete line of dainty silk lingerie made in Paris for the slender flappers of Australia, but destined for rougher wear. It would be an anachronism to suggest that Solomon in all his glory was ever arrayed like one of these.

So there they were — all dressed up and with plenty to do. There were pianos and motor cycles and expensive automobiles to be consigned to the sea. The apprentice boys were detailed to the hold where there was now eighteen feet of water, in which the cargo had been soaking for days. The boys had to swim about and get ropes around the cases so that they could be hoisted to the deck. "It wasn't nice," they admitted, but it was all in the game.

When it became evident that

(Continued on page 15)

Your Red Letter Day

\$260.27 will make you the best friend 1,000 sailormen have on earth.

We want to find 365 such friends, each of whom will undertake to run the Seamen's Church Institute for one day at a cost of \$260.27.

Perhaps you have already generously assisted in our general work, but this would offer you a definite part in our program of helping worthy, self-respecting seamen to help themselves. They pay \$780.81 for what they receive each day. Your \$260.27 would represent cost of administration and philanthropic service for which we cannot charge.

You, and perhaps some friend of yours also, might welcome this sort of opportunity to commemorate a significant anniversary. Purposeful service is perhaps the ideal memorial.

Were you to undertake this one-day responsibility, you would no doubt take pride in visiting "your" Institute for your day. You would be vastly entertained,

and enthusiastic and gratified to see the work made possible by your \$260.27.

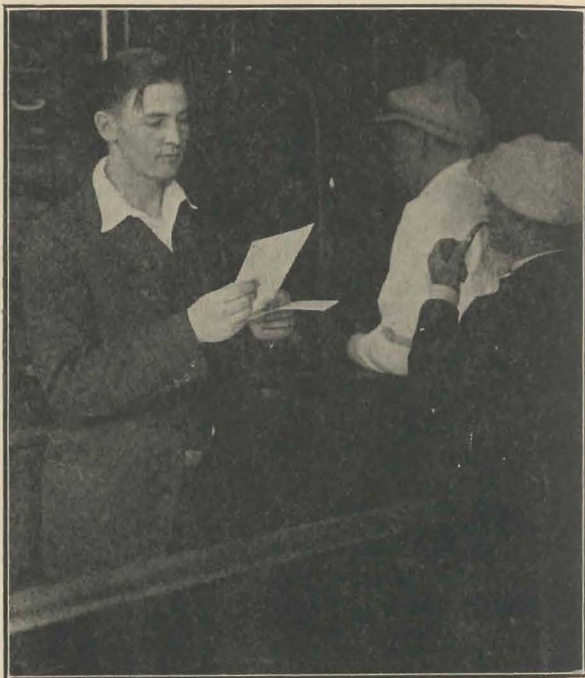
You could wander about and get acquainted with some of your thousand protegés.

You would find many of them eagerly getting their mail; many more at the lunch counter "taking on a cargo"; some would be registering for lodgings, getting jobs, depositing savings in the Institute bank, being treated in the dispensary, studying in the Merchant Marine School, shooting pool, receiving special attention in the Social Service Department, writing letters home, or sitting around swapping yarns.

Can you think of a friendlier act than to care for 1,000 lonely seamen?—likable fellows who are ready to give their lives in an emergency at sea, but who are practically helpless ashore unless they come under the friendly protection of their Institute.

Your check for \$260.27 will stake your claim for any day you specify.



Sailors' Mail

The traveller who has had to give Morgan Harjes, Paris or the American Express Company, Rome, for his address abroad can perhaps appreciate to some extent what it means to a seaman to have "25 South Street" where he can always come for his mail. In some cases it is the only permanent address a sailor-man has on earth.

From 8:30 in the morning un-

til 8:30 in the evening they line up outside the Institute post office window—men of all ages and nationalities but all tan of countenance and eagerly expectant.

"No mail, brother," says the clerk and a disappointed sailor steps aside to make room for the next one.

"Martin Harris?" inquires the clerk. "Where are you ex-

pecting mail from, Harris? Guatemala? Right you are." And Harris gets a square letter with a scrawly address and a gay stamp.

"Spell it, please. D-r-z-i-k? Yes, we have a registered letter for you, Drzik." The clerk gets a carefully recorded registered letter from the safe, and Drzik signs for it with apparent relief.

"Conrad Borgman's my name. Give me one and I'll be satisfied."

The clerk hands him a letter and continues to look through the stack of B-o's.

"Don't bother to look any more," says Borgman. "One's enough. She hasn't forgotten me anyhow. That's all I want to know."

And in sharp contrast, Charlie Hawkes requests, "Please look again. There must be one from Violet."

"Sorry, Latham, no mail."

But Latham has had experience.

"Look in the hesses," he suggests. "Most people makes their hells like hesses."

And so it goes all day long. Five clerks handle an amount of mail equal to that of a post office in a town of 20,000, but more varied. It comes address-

ed in all sorts of languages and queer scripts, including Arabic. Countries whose existence was never even suspected are represented in the Institute mail, and the variety of stamps would tempt any collector.

Over 3,000 pieces of registered and special delivery mail have been received this year. Each is carefully recorded and kept in a safe until called for. If necessary to forward any of them, they are always reregistered. The post office had been doing this for some time for a man whose letters all came registered from abroad. Finally he instructed us not to bother to reregister them, explaining that they were "not valuable but just congenial."

Letters are held for six months and then every effort made to forward them to the addressee or to the sender. Handling Christmas cards in August is not unusual.

Mail comes from the four corners of the globe addressed to the "House with the Green Light, New York" and it is delivered to the Institute without trouble. Another favorite form of address is "Cosmopolitan Hotel," which is accurately de-

(Continued on page 16)

Kaufman from Latvia

Kaufman had finished telling his pathetic story in the Social Service Department. A tell-tale tear ran down his cheek and fell beside a tell-tale button—a white pearl button sewed to his blue shirt with black thread—evidence undeniable bearing out his tremulous statement that his wife was in Latvia.

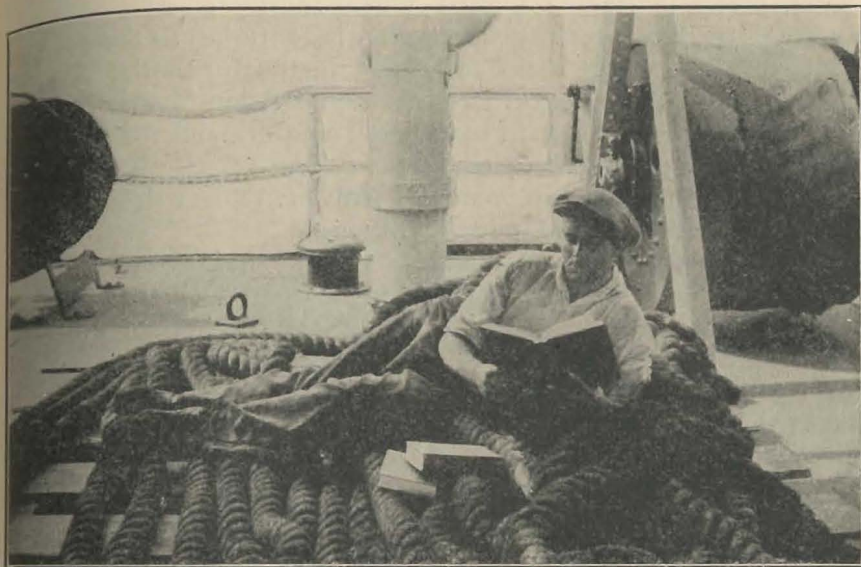
That was the trouble. His Vera was in Latvia and he, a Latvian, was here in America. "And now I never see her—maybe." He was irresistible. He had a simple, honest, child-like face with wistful eyes that appealed even to the Social Service workers who are accustomed to hearing all sorts of hard-luck tales.

For over a year Kaufman had worked hard and steadily and in some miraculous way he had saved a thousand dollars which he sent to his wife telling her what ship to take for America. With childlike faith he had gone eagerly to meet the ship, but Vera was not on it. He had received no letter from her. He had frantically besieged the immigration offices, but to no purpose. Vera had not come. After

an anxious period the news came. A clerk in the Latvian consul's office had succeeded in getting four hundred dollars away from Vera under false pretenses. He had told her that for that amount he would deliver her f. o. b. New York. Confident in his promise, she had proceeded to sell her household effects and the little confectionery shop that had meant bread and butter to her since the war. Then she returned to the consul's office for her papers. The swindler had been arrested on other charges, and Vera found that she could not come to America because of immigration restrictions.

Kaufman went to sea. He must earn more money and wait for his American citizenship. During his absence he was summoned to appear in Chicago to be examined for his final citizenship papers. When the notice reached him several months later, he thought it must be too late, and besides he was miles away in New York and couldn't afford to take the trip and run the risk of being in Chicago^o

(Continued on page 17)

What Sailormen Read

"What do sailors like to read?" is a question which might elicit the same answer as "What do carpenters like to read?" or "What do clergymen like to read?" And the answer is, "It depends on the man," for sailors are just as individual and just as widely diversified in character, temperament, background, education and tastes as men in any other walk of life.

"What do sailors read?" however, is a different question. In many cases they read what they can get; but the range of

what they can get is gradually being broadened by the American Merchant Marine Library Association, with headquarters at 82 Beaver Street, New York City.

The Association is an outgrowth of the service rendered to the Merchant Marine by the American Library Association during the War. It is now incorporated to supply library service for the free use of crews and officers of the American Merchant Marine, the United States Coast Guard, and light-

houses; and to facilitate its work of distribution, it has twelve dispatch offices in leading United States ports, four of which work through various Seamen's Church Institutes.

In general it may be said that when a sailorman wants to read at all, he wants to read something worth while. Even the fellow who asks for "something light" goes off with *The Three Musketeers*.

They seem to be unanimous in the opinion that the National Geographic Magazine is worth while. It is probably for somewhat the same reason that tourists use Baedekers.

"Anything about the East," one intelligent lad told us was his idea of something to read, which is also easy to account for. To a seaman "deep water" means the Orient. Any other seafaring is known as "plum-duffering," and besides the charm of the Orient is almost as alluring as the sea itself. Kipling says it this way: "When you hear the East a-callin' you can't hear nothin' else."

Kipling, by the way, is popular in the fo'c's'le, where he shares the honors with Jack London. Conrad is read midships for the most part. He is a bit

too psychological, however, to be generally popular, and his "here and there" style of narration is confusing to the average man in the forecandle. Strange to say, one ship reports an overwhelming demand for poetry in the galley.

Adventure is welcome in all disguises.

Dumas, Cooper, Victor Hugo, George Elliott and Dickens are much in demand in good editions, meaning in type large enough to be painlessly readable.

Service's poems are always enjoyed—also *Don Quixote*. Some sailors ask for Aristotle and Socrates, *The Secrets of Bee Keeping*, and *How to Choose a Farm*.

Travel books run a close race for popularity with the classics, and then comes *good* recent fiction.

Many seamen use their off watches to replace the classroom study they have had to forego. Technical books on marine engineering and navigation are therefore eagerly sought after.

Needless to say, *Miss Lulu Bett* wouldn't be missed from a sailorman's library. "Give us some *he* books," someone scribbled across the fly leaf of a stray

copy which found its way on ship board.

Sailors seldom deface books, and they always send them all back—with one exception. The one book which is invariably pilfered is the Bible, strange as that may appear. It is not surprising to librarians, however, for their experience everywhere seems to be that Bibles and books on religion disappear from the shelves in amazing numbers. Perhaps the worthy desire to absorb the contents justifies the act—at least to the perpetrator.

The boxes of books sent out by the American Merchant Marine Library Association are the result of careful and intelligent selection, in so far as their resources permit. The assortment is hand picked with a view to producing a well-balanced diet for the sailorman, which will at the same time be palatable. An average box contains 60 works of fiction, 20 of non-fiction, and always the Geographics.

Books of the character above noted are always acceptable to the Association—also funds. Funds are needed for binding and more especially for piecing out the collections of donated

books so that properly rounded-out assortments may be made from them to fill a ship's needs.

Supplying books is without doubt one of the greatest services being extended to seamen at sea. Their own enthusiastic testimony proves it. They write in to the American Merchant Marine Library Association that books are a "consolation in the monotonous dreariness while off watch"; that everyone from captain to deck boy appreciates them; that they help to create good feeling among the crew; that they are a "prize beyond words", etc.

An official of a big steamship company maintains that the work of the Association in distributing books at sea is bringing about a higher type of seamen on American ships. And it is because we also believe this to be true that we feel there is a common purpose in the work of the Association and this Institute.

SAN SALVADOR

(Continued from page 8)

the ship could not proceed on her way without repairs, the captain signalled for help, and the United Fruit liner *Maravi* came

to his rescue. She first put twenty tons of fresh water aboard the distressed ship, and then took 68 of the crew to New York, leaving the captain and eleven men on board.

At the time the apprentice boys left the wreck the natives had succeeded in getting a motor cycle and a piano ashore. The motor cycle was harmless because of lack of gasoline, but the necessary man power to manipulate the piano was not wanting. The fact that they had absolutely no musical education did not deter the natives from trying their hand at it. Who knows—they may evolve a new school of jazz!

What happened to that part of the cargo which was wet when it started is not known. The natives were aware of its existence, however, and were thought to be patiently awaiting the moment when it would be necessary for all hands to abandon ship. In the meantime, the captain saw to it that the stock was carefully guarded. He was taking no chances on the potential enthusiasm of the islanders inspired by a \$100,000 jag.

Fortunately our little apprentice boys were spared the scenes that might have been, and dur-

ing their brief stay in New York the Institute Hostess saw to it that they were properly amused in the Apprentice Room; and as they enjoyed the distinction of being shipwrecked youngsters, they were taken to the Woolworth Tower, to the Statue of Liberty, and to the biggest movie house in town.

Now they have gone home to get another ship. Their exciting adventure they charged off to a sailor's experience. They will always remember San Salvador, but just fancy it's being British!

SAILORMEN'S MAIL

(Continued from page 11)

scriptive if not accurately appellative.

Of course there are pathetic moments in the post office. A mother wrote in to inquire if her son had called for any of the letters she had written him, and we had to reply that he had, alas!

On more than one occasion a sturdy sailorman has burst into tears when handed a letter. They must have been tears of joy or relief—none of us will ever know.

And there are incidents that provoke laughter—at least after

they are over. It wasn't funny during the two months the small package of dried fish was sojourning with us, but now that the post office is well aired, we can appreciate it. It was from Greece. We wrapped it in several layers of heavy brown paper, but still we were always aware of it. Had the electric lighting system gone bad when it was called for, we could have found it in the dark.

But even an experience like that is compensated for in full measure by the knowledge that our post office service is all that preserves some of the slender threads that tie sailormen to anyone at all.

KAUFMAN FROM LATVIA

(Continued from page 12)

without employment for a matter of weeks.

It was at this point that he appeared in our Social Service Department and gave way to his tears. He was heartbroken. He thought he would have to start all over again to apply for citizenship and that it would take years. He was bewildered

and lonely. He was very apparently a good sort, hard-working and thrifty. The fact that he had saved a thousand dollars in a year would prove that.

First we got Kaufman a job ashore to keep his mind occupied and to satisfy his thrifty instincts. Then the Social Service Department pulled Government red tapes in such fashion that Kaufman's case was transferred from Chicago to New York. The great day soon came when he went to court with his two witnesses—one of them an Institute worker who had known him several years—and Kaufman got his final papers and a little silk American flag, which meant more to him than the certificate of citizenship, and now there remains only one chapter to be written to complete the Kaufman story. Some day he will come to the Social Service Department with a smile even brighter than the one he wore when he got his little silk American flag, and all his white buttons will be sewed on with white thread, and he won't have to tell us in his naive English that Vera has arrived from Latvia.

*The Breezy Bay*By MARTN GALE, *Able Seaman*

I stood one day by a breezy bay
 A-watching ships pass by,
 When an old tar said with a
 shake of his head,
 "I wish I could tell a lie.
 I've seen some sights that would
 jigger your lights,
 And they've jiggered my own,
 in sooth,
 But I ain't worth a darn at spin-
 ning a yarn
 That wanders away from the
 truth.

"We were out in a brig, a tough
 looking rig,
 A mile and a half to sea,
 When Captain Snook with a
 troubled look,
 He up and he said to me,
 'Bo'sun Smith, shake a limb for-
 with
 And hemstitch the for'rd sail,
 Accordion pleat the dory sheet,
 For there's going to be a
 gale.'

"I straightway did as the Cap-
 tain bid
 And no sooner the job was
 through
 When the northwind woof!
 bounced over the roof

And, murdering lights! she
blew!
 She blew the tars from off the
 spars
 And the spars from off the
 mast;
 Anchors and sails, pails and
 nails
 Were swept by the wings of
 the blast.

"As the galley shook, she blew
 the cook
 Out through the port-hole
 glim,
 And pots and pans and kettles
 and cans
 Went a-clattering after him.
 She blew the fire from our gal-
 ley stove,
 And the coal from our galley
 bin,
 And she whistled apace past the
 Captain's face
 And blew the beard off his
 chin.

"O-o-o-h, whistle me dead,
 the Captain said,
 As the words blew out of his
 mouth.
 'We're lost, I fear, if the wind
 don't veer

And blow a while from the
 South.'
 And 'whistle me dead' no sooner
 he'd said
 Them words that blew out of
 his mouth,
 When we switched around with
 a hurricane sound
 And the wind blew in from
 the South.

"We opened our eyes with great
 surprise
 (Ah, laddies, what can I
 say?)
 For in changing her tack the
 wind brought back
 The things that she blew
 away.
 She blew back the tars upon the
 spars
 And the spars upon the mast,
 Anchors and sails, pails and
 nails,
 Which into the ship stuck
 fast.

"Afore we could look, she blew
 the cook
 Smack into the galley coop.
 Back came the pans, kettles and
 cans
 Without even spilling the
 soup.
 She blew back the fire in our gal-
 ley stove

Where it burned in its proper
 place,
 And all of us cheered when she
 blew the beard
 Back into the Captain's face.

"There is more to my tale," said
 the sailor hale,
 "As would jigger your lights,
 in sooth,
 But I ain't worth a darn at spin-
 ning a yarn
 That wanders away from the
 truth."

UNDER THE STARS
AND STRIPES*(Continued from page 3)*

builders, shipowners, and opera-
 tors, under the general co-ordin-
 ation and supervision of such
 governmental agency as may be
 established by Congress. The
 Government agency that now ex-
 ists is the United States Shipping
 Board, and it has been charged
 by the Jones resolution to sub-
 mit to Congress not later than
 January 1, 1927, a definite pro-
 gram for an American flag mer-
 chant marine.

"The financing of a great
 building program, and the meth-
 od by which financial aid may
 be given to private shipbuilders
 and operators in the actual con-

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struction of merchant marine vessels, is a more difficult problem than the mere determination respecting the number and types of vessels to be constructed. Too great a burden must not be immediately placed upon our people by way of an increased annual national appropriation. Future generations will receive the greatest benefit from this great effort and the plan of financing should provide for a suitable distribution of this burden among the people over a long period of years.

"Initiation of a building program, however, will no longer admit of delay. Vessels of the American merchant marine now engaged in overseas trade are inadequate in number and largely unsuitable in type and class for the service that should be rendered. Other nations have undertaken extensive building programs since the world war and have produced modern mechanical ship units of a type and class that make it impossible for our war built and war acquired fleet to successfully compete with them, particularly when the American merchant marine is handicapped by the cheaper cost of operation and maintenance of the vessels of other nations.

"The great increase in the

volume of our exports, the necessity for finding a market for our surplus products and the ever increasing volume of our essential imports, renders it a vital matter that the means of transportation by which this great volume of trade must be moved be owned and controlled by the American people to such a degree that we may not lose command to such an extent that other nations who are competitors in world trade shall be able to shut off our communication with the world's markets.

"The merchant marine problem has in the past been largely local and the solution has been largely left to the shipping interests who were the most vitally affected. This problem has ceased now to be a local matter and must be regarded as a national problem. Its final solution must be worked out in such a manner that the interests of the nation and the people of our country shall be served and benefited. The establishment of an American flag merchant marine as a national venture is inevitable.

"We have reached a stage in our industrial development and world trade relations that will not admit of failure in our shipping policy."

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

BY. REV. ERNEST M. STIRRA, D.D., 1902	REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916
RE. REV. EDWIN S. LINZE, D.D., 1908	REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923

Lay Vice-Presidents

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS..... 1926		
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	GEORGE W. BURLEIGH	1915
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL	1915
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	BENSON S. PRENTICE	1915
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT	JAMES BARBER	1916
AYMAR JOHNSON	JOHN J. RIKER	1916
ERNEST E. WHEELER	ALLISON V. ARMOUR	1917
ROBERT McC. MARSH	F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	1920
CHARLES W. BOWRING	EDWARD J. BARBER	1920
ORME WILSON	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.	1920
FRANKLIN REMINGTON	WALTER WOOD PARSONS	1921
J. FREDERIC TAMS	HARRY FORSYTH	1921
BAYARD C. HOFFIN	HENRY DEARBORN	1922
OLIVER ISHLLIN	KENMIT ROOSEVELT	1923
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS.....	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN	1923
MARINUS W. DOMINICK	THOMAS A. SCOTT	1924
JOHN S. ROGERS	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.	1924
LEROY KING	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE	1925
LOUIS GIBSON HAMBERSLEY		1913

Honorary Members

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

Superintendent

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

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.