



The LOOKOUT

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The LOOKOUT

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or

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*"The keen eye-puckered, hard-cased seamen,
silent lean——*

*They are grander things than all the art of towns,
Their tests are tempests and the sea that drowns."*

—MASEFIELD.

These are days when are written heroic chapters in the great log book of the sea. The rescue of the entire crew of the S S. "Antinoe" will go down in history as one of the magnificent achievements to be credited to the American Merchant Marine and records another story of sea history whose bourne knows no nationality.

The determination of Captain Fried and the gallantry and devotion of his crew have been acclaimed throughout the country, and New York is doubly proud to claim the Captain and the First Mate as citizens.

But she also has paid a silent tribute to Ernest Heitman, boatswain's mate from New York, and Uno Witanen master-at-arms, who gave their lives in the effort to rescue the men on the ill-fated freighter. Sea captains have often said that though the responsibility is theirs in times of danger, it is to the men who manned the boats and who volunteered to cross the mountainous wintry waters to whom the true heroism is due.

There is not a day passes without some reference in the press of the seamen's unfaltering bravery and ingrained devotion to duty. And usually under the caption, "Marine Disasters", a few cryptic lines give the outline of stories of bravery and danger that never reach the average reader's attention but speak eloquently of the

perils that stalk the "windy, green, unquiet sea—the realm of 'Moby Dick'".

Steam may have driven sails from the sea, but danger and bravery are two elements that remain forever part of the heritage of those who man our ships. "Their tests are tempests and the sea that drowns".

Shipwrecked

Like the famous family of verse, they were seven—the captain, the mate, and a crew of five. Picked up by a ship in mid-Atlantic when a storm had de-masted their barkantine and she was slowly sinking, they were landed in Bermuda and then brought to New York. And it was to the Institute they came for shelter and equipment, pending the British Consul's arrangements to send them back to Halifax.

They filed into the House Mother's small office, filling it to the brim, their clothing made up of such odds and ends as they could gather until she could dig up some warm woolens, sweaters, caps, and other element-defying articles that seamen need in winter.

Sometimes you can only interpret thanks by communication of feeling—that was their case. One or two made inarticulate attempts to express appreciation but stopped—the long habit of obedience was on them—the captain, the master of the ship, was the one to voice their thanks. They looked at him, he was having as much difficulty as the rest. But when he did find words, their embarrassment vanished and their cheery smiles made the House Mother know how unnecessary are words when the feelings are right.

Two Tickets

He was ambitious and had been studying for his license as an officer. But it had taken more time than he had planned.

His wife in Europe found the time even longer than he did, so when she received his money order enabling her to come, she took the very first boat to America.

He had overstayed his time and somehow even the bare necessities of life in New York have a way of putting wings on pocket-books. So when she arrived unexpectedly one Saturday, he found himself without the price of a ticket to Baltimore where he lived, where he wanted to go—wife, license and all.

He had a savings account there, but no way of getting money in a hurry. But in the Social Service Department personal problems have a way of untangling themselves. He stated his case in an abashed way to the Relief Lady. A friend had lent him some money, but it was not enough; he couldn't keep his wife over the week-end in New York; they had to get home quickly. She listened, arranged tickets—within an hour they were on their way.

On Monday morning came a telegram thanking the Relief Lady for her quick help, and returning the funds she had advanced. And his wife never knew he wasn't expecting her all the time.

Women's Committee Organizes

Miss Augusta M. de Peyster gave a luncheon at the Colony Club on January twenty-fifth, at which Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies presided, for the purpose of forming a Women's Committee to help the Building Fund. The following ladies were

present: Mrs. Eugene Pool, Mrs. Morton L. Schwartz, Mrs. Henry G. Sanford, Lady Armstrong, Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, Mrs. Frederick W. Rhineland, Miss Catherine Leverick, Miss Elsie Schaeffer, Mrs. Leland Cofer and Mrs. W. W. Hoppin.

After the luncheon Dr. Mansfield spoke on the work of the Institute, the progress of the Annex, and the work of the men's Committees, and a nominating Committee, consisting of Miss Augusta M. de Peyster, Mrs. Leland Cofer, Lady Armstrong, and Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, was appointed to map out plans of procedure for the women's participation in campaigning for the Building Fund.

Talent

Under the spell of the comradeship that has marked the past few social evenings in the crowded little reading room, there often comes to light some undiscovered talent. Packed as the evenings are, there is something infectiously free and easy about them that draws even the most shy sailor man to his feet to contribute something to the entertainment.

The very last evening brought four entertainments into the lime light. One man gave an original poem on the "Lusitania"; another a real cockney verse of cockney philosophy—"Never Give Up"; a real old time sailor song was an added impromptu contribution; but the climax of the evening came when a very agile-footed and rhythmic sailor lad did the Charleston for nearly a quarter of an hour to the tumultuous applause of all the onlookers, and with a finish that would do credit to many a man from the South or from stage land.

An Operation in Currency

He was an upstate New England boy, canny and capable. But he needed all his canniness not long ago.

Being paid off, he was on his way to the Institute when he met a former shipmate to whom he owed a dollar. Stopping in the street, he took out his roll of bills to pay him. But the man was quicker than he—he liked the look of a prosperous roll. He grabbed it and tore down the street.

In a flash the boy knew where he was going—a place where dishonesty thrives by such as he. But instead of pursuing him, he took a short cut, waited around the corner, and when the would-be-get-rich-quick man appeared, the New Englander downed him. In the melee the roll of bills was torn in two—clean as a knife thrust.

His money recovered, he lost no time in reaching the Social Service office to have the bills pasted together before storing it carefully in the bank where no uneasy fingers could repeat the performance.

"And I haven't paid him back his dollar, either. But I think he got his money's worth in this deal," he confidentially explained to the man in charge.

Central Council Meets

The Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations held its first meeting of the New Year on January twenty-sixth in the Apprentices' Room. The following officers for the Central Council were elected for 1926: First Vice-Chairman, Mrs. H. Schuyler Camman; Second

Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Stutzer Taylor; Treasurer, Mrs. Francis Smyth.

A program of the work reported under way in the various associations indicates a very active year. The Brooklyn and the Staten Island Associations are each planning a benefit bridge for the Building Fund. To the Staten Island Association belongs the distinction of oversubscribing their pledge of \$1,000 towards a seaman's room in the Annex. The Grace Church Association is planning a unique evening benefit for the Annex. Both the Seamen's Benefit Society under Miss de Peyster and the South Shore Association are making plans for a series of Lenten sewing classes. The Elizabeth Association held an evening meeting on January nineteenth at which Mr. Montgomery spoke on the work of the Institute. St. Luke's and South Shore have set dates for visiting the Institute.

The Executive Secretary reported that steps were being taken to form associations in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and Richmond Hill, Long Island. She also announced that the Jack Horner Thrift Shop at 113 East Thirty-fourth Street had purchased the entire stock left from the November sale, the proceeds to be turned into the Building Fund. This organization which conducts sales for some twelve charitable, collegiate, and philanthropic organizations will continue to sell for the benefit of the Central Council any articles properly tagged and sent in. Institute tags for labeling material may be obtained from any of the officers of the Central Council, Miss Clara M. Dibble, the Executive Secretary, at 25 South Street, or any of the following directors of the associations:

Miss Augusta M. de Peyster,
139 East Sixty-sixth Street
New York City.

Mrs. Stutzer Taylor,
138 Columbia Heights,
Brooklyn, New York
Mrs. Henry W. Rowley,
544 West 147th Street,
New York City.

Mrs. George F. Brown,
Broadway and 94th St.,
Hotel Narragansett,
New York City.

Mrs. A. B. Royce,
44 West Tenth Street
New York City.

Mrs. William F. Hunt,
89 St. Mark's Place,
New Brighton, Staten Island.

Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann,
Merrick, Long Island.

Miss Marjorie W. Stillman,
545 Westminster Avenue,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Mrs. John J. Riker,
110 East Thirty-seventh Street,
New York City.

Miss Mary Cochran,
129 Decatur Street, Brooklyn.

Mrs. J. Burton Scanlon,
347 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn.

Relatives

"They sent me up from downstairs to see you," he announced, as his merry blue eyes peered over the top of the Relief Lady's desk, almost as tall as he was.

"You know I might be a relative, my name's the same as yours," and when she smiled back at him, he began to unfold his story. "I am both British and Irish. You see my mother was Irish," and then he told her how he had signed on a ship in England as a wiper, his uncle being a fireman aboard and responsible for him.

While unloading on the West Coast, he went ashore with his uncle, but left him early to go back to the ship to get some sleep. When he woke the next morning, he found that his uncle had missed the boat, they had weighed anchor at dawn—there was no one to look after him.

So when they reached New Orleans, he was put ashore to try to get a job as a work-away home and incidentally to find his relative—his identification papers and his Irish humour his only credentials for the the dual project. And of course he headed for New York, picking up rides here and

there, and landed at the Institute—his fifteen years, his humour, and his empty pockets, his only possessions.

But a relative, real or fancied, must be looked after, especially when he has not reached the sixteen years he claims, when he is in a strange land, when the heart is as full of humour as the pockets empty of cash. So the Relief Lady arranged to care for him until the British Consul could sign him on as a work-away home.

And he is now convinced that it is easy to find a friendly "relative" in the Social Service office than a stray uncle in these United States.

Schoolings

The stamp of college was too fresh upon him to escape the eyes of the House Mother. And she was curious to know why he had gone to sea. Adventure, she thought, or the wanderlust that seizes upon boys and men alike, the desire for new skies, other lands, the moods of the sea.

But she was not a little surprised to learn in the course of conversation that he was studying to be an admiralty lawyer and was putting in a few years as an ordinary seaman to gain from first hand knowledge the human side, the true side of his profession.

"I want to know every side of a question when it comes up. I have studied the purely legal side of admiralty law. But I want to know just what the seaman goes through, just what he experiences, just what the whole life at sea entails. That's why I'm living-it. That's the only way to judge it after all."

Toward the Chapel Fund

Among the church contributions received for the construction of the enlarged Chapel of Our

Savior at the Seamen's Church Institute, Dr. A. R. Mansfield, the Chairman of the Committee on Church Organizations, has announced the following:

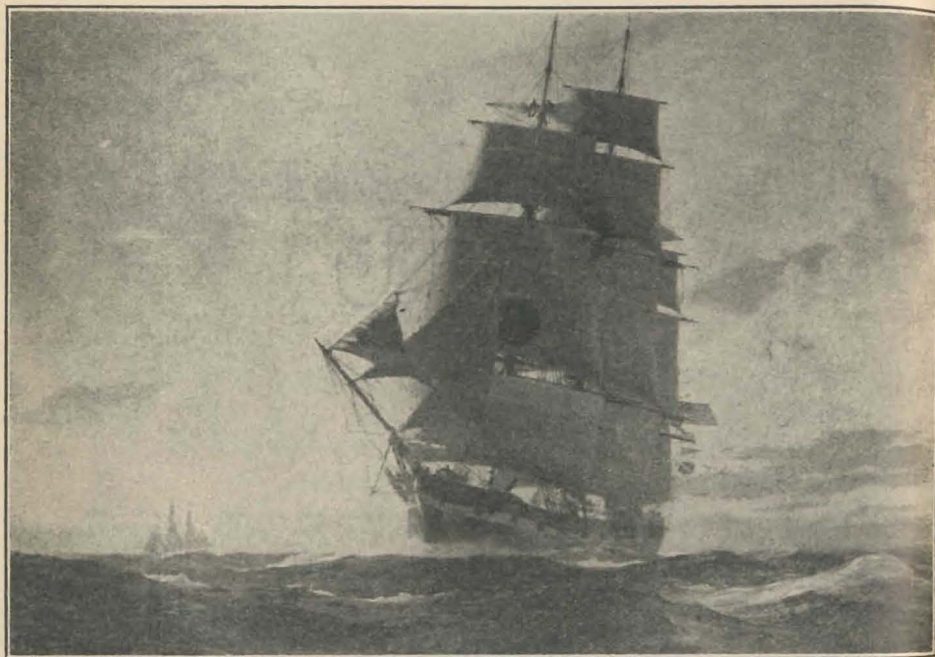
Church of the Incarnation.....	\$1,500
St. James' Church.....	1,000
Church of the Heavenly Rest.....	1,000
St. Bartholomew's Church.....	250
Trinity Chapel.....	200
Grace Church.....	100

Contributions

Since the last number of the "Lookout", the following larger contributions have been received for the Building Fund by the Building Committee:

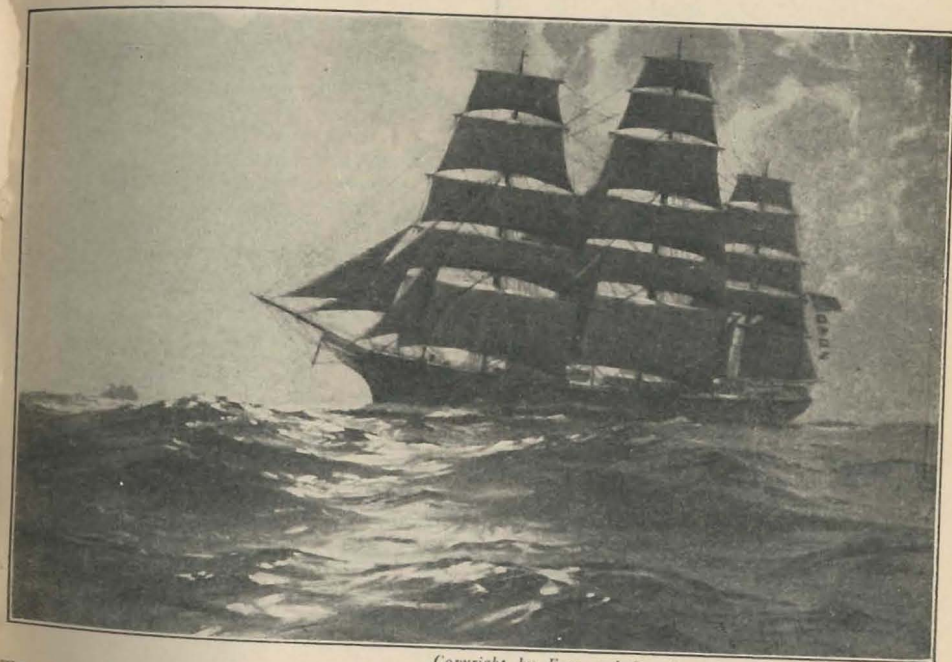
Marshall Field	\$10,000
Miss Anne W. and Mr. A. Van Horne Stuyvesant	5,000
Orme Wilson, Jr.	5,000
Miss M. Elizabeth Lester	1,000
Mrs. Elizabeth Harris	1,000
Robert L. Harrison (additional)	1,000
Miss Louise B. Scott	1,000
Starling W. Childs	500
Mrs. William H. Crocker	500
Miss Clara M. Dibble	500
Thomas W. Lamont	250
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid	200
Charles D. Barney & Company	100
Mrs. Thomas M. Gibson	100
Edward C. Lord	100
Mrs. Seth Low	100
Acosta Nichols	100
Harry T. Peters	100
J. Frederick Tams	100
Ambrose Vanderpoel	100

A Tribute to the Great Masters of the Lore of Sail and Steam



A BLACK BALL LINER, 1826

The ocean greyhound of a century ago. From a painting by Charles R. Patterson of the National Arts Club which has been given by him to the Conrad Memorial Room.



Copyright by Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd., London, England

THE SHIP CONRAD IMMORTALIZED—"The Torrens."

From a painting of Charles R. Patterson of the National Arts Club who has presented this reproduction of the "Torrens" to the Joseph Conrad Memorial Committee to be hung in the new Conrad Room in the Annex.

The following were announced as special memorial gifts:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Miss Anne W. and Mr. A Van Horne Stuyvesant— | Forty-two bed open dormitory. "In memory of their father, Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant." |
| Miss M. Elizabeth Lester— | Two seamen's rooms. "In memory of Ernest Heitman and Uno Witanen, the two seamen on the President Roosevelt who gave their lives in rescuing the crew of the ill-fated 'Antinoe'". |
| Mrs. Elizabeth C. Harris— | An outside seaman's room in memory of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Comey. |
| Miss Louise B. Scott— | An outside seaman's room in memory of her brother, George Isham Scott. |
| Mrs. Thomas M. Gibson— | Two chapel chairs in memory of her husband, Thomas Morton Gibson, and in memory of her son, Major Walter Fraser Gibson. |

Changes

"My toes do come to the tip of them", he said ruefully gazing at his shoes which somehow looked much too big, "and my suit would be all right if I had some buttons on it" and he looked at the House Mother as though wanting her approbation,—an expression that turned to a broad smile when she said she would give him a wash room ticket for a shower and a chance to wash his clothes. "And I'll have a sweater for you too, when you come back, you're not warm enough."

He was sixteen, but undernourished and small for his size. Equally small had been his pay as a mess boy when he landed in a Southern city. And when he reached New York looking for a ship, he had no place to go and not a penny.

"You see I couldn't stay home when my mother died two years ago. So I went to sea. I'll take

any kind of a ship job 'cause I'm going to sea until I am old enough to join the Navy" and he tried to stretch his five feet, two inches as though to register more than his actual years.

He was gone an hour, but he was another boy when he came back—such changes do soap, water, buttons and kindness work. The shower and the Employment Office had done the trick. "I've got a job promised me tomorrow morning as deck boy" he announced as he came back to claim his sweater and to pass the House Mother's kindly inspection.

Bills

Perhaps you know the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. They are familiar to every household.

But you may not know the bricklayers, the plasterers, the masons, the builders and the thousand and one who occupy the same place in the household of the Seven Seas in connection with the Annex.

Like the fabled cupboard, the Treasury is bare, exhausted with meeting the bills for 1925. Still there are many accounts to be met this month in order that the Annex go on, and we are asking all "Lookout" readers to give extra help in February.

The steel work on the building is now all completed, the floor arches in, and the brick work is up to the third floor in the Front Street side and to the sixth on Cuyler's alley.

The basements are completed and the work of enclosing the other floors must be finished in order to shut in the building against the weather.

Always before in an emergency our friends have demonstrated their interest with immediate help.

Again we must depend on extra subscriptions to meet the urgent demands that building entails.

Hero Fund

Through the New York "Times" the Seamen's Church Institute has been appointed the official treasurer-trustee for the public fund for the relief of the families of Ernest Heitman and Uno Witenen, boatswain's mate and master-at-arms of the President Roosevelt who lost their lives in a brave attempt to rescue the crew of the "Antinoe."

A letter from E. F. Albee, President of the Keith-Albee Circuit of theatres inclosing a check for \$500 suggested that a fund be started for the families of Heitman and Witenen and that enough be raised to pay a substantial tribute to Captain Fried, his officers and the crew of the "President Roosevelt". The "Times" sent another contribution received the same day to the Treasurer of the Institute.

Mr. Albee's letter to the N. Y. "Times" said:

"I am thrilled and filled with pride at the news of the heroism of Captain George Fried and the crew of the S. S. "President Roosevelt" in their daring and humane action in saving the lives of the unfortunate sailors of the sinking S. S. "Antinoe". I am prompted to ask you to start a subscription to care for the families of the two sailors who were lost in their heroic rescue and also to pay a substantial tribute to gallant Captain Fried, his officers and crew."

The other contributor's letter read:

"I am enclosing herewith a check for \$1 as a contribution toward the relief of the fam-

ilies of the two members of the crew of the steamship "President Roosevelt" who died in the performance of their duty while attempting to rescue the crew of the steamship "Antinoe".

Their names—Witenen and Heitman will not be forgotten by those who follow the sea. But glory pays no bills. So I am asking you to start a fund for the relief of their dependents. Surely there are enough appreciative Americans in this city who can and will contribute.

Yours very truly.

G.J.S."

As a further tribute to the heroism of seamen who manned the boats of the "President Roosevelt," two of whom lost their lives participating in the rescue of twenty-five men aboard the sinking British freighter "Antinoe," the New York "Sun" has started a fund heading it with a contribution of \$500. This fund will be administered and distributed among the boat's crew and to the families of the two who perished in the rescue by the Seamen's Church Institute.

In commenting on the plan, Mayor Walker, of New York, said: "In starting a fund for the benefit of the brave seamen of the "President Roosevelt," who snatched from death the entire crew of the British freighter "Antinoe," the New York "Sun" deserves the warmest commendation of everybody.

"It is entirely fitting that the public should reward in a substantial way these gallant sailors, who, at the great risk of their own lives and even after seeing two of their number perish, kept up their heroic task dauntlessly until success crowned their brilliant efforts."

The following members of the Board of Managers of the Institute have agreed to serve as a Committee for distributing the Hero Fund for a recognition of heroism and for the relief of the dependents of the two seamen lost from the S. S. "President Roosevelt": Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, Chairman; Mr. Frank T. Warburton, Treasurer; Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Walter Wood Parsons and Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield.

Comaraderie

It has often been said that the spirit of comaraderie runs higher in seamen than in any other class of men. The Social Service Department has had fresh evidence of this fact only this week.

The boy was only seventeen, and he couldn't keep back the tears when he told the Relief Lady of the letter he had just had from a Western Canadian city telling him that his mother could not last long—she had been caught in the grip of an incurable disease. Another letter from his Parish Church brought the same tidings saying how much she wished to see him.

But Alberta lies many leagues to the West; the fare colossal. There was no one on whom he could rely for help. A ship to the West coast was the thing urgently needed, but everything seemed to be full. The telephones were kept busy. For several days all possible cues were followed. He might have been shipped as a work-away, but that would leave him no money. All the crews going West were made up.

Finally a fellow seaman came to see the Relief Lady, told her he had heard of the boy's plight, and offered to give up his berth on a fast ship for

San Francisco in order that the boy reach home. The Seamen's Church Institute in San Francisco was informed to look out for him, and when his ship steams into the Golden Gate, they will see that he is put on the first train for Canada, that he and his mother be re-united.

Hero Days

The twenty-seven men who faced death on the disabled, weather beaten freighter "Alkaid", who were rescued by Captain Graalfs, Commander of the Hamburg-American liner "Westphalia", were brought to the Institute as soon as the liner docked on February fifth where rooms for the seamen and officers were ordered by W. P. Montyn, the Consul General of the Netherlands.

The full details of the rescue which took place on the first of February have not yet been published, and we are waiting with no small interest at the time of going to press to hear this added chapter of heroism at sea.

The "Alkaid" was a Dutch ship bound from Rotterdam to Philadelphia with a cargo of coal, the crew being rescued some five hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland.

Joyless

She was listed as a pleasure craft, but the two doughty seamen who were engaged to sail her to her owner in Norfolk did not call it a "joy ride."

When they left New York there was no indication of the furious gale that overtook them. She never reached her port. Everything possible was done, but nothing her size could withstand the onslaught of the winter gale. She upset and for two days her tiny crew clung to her before being

picked up by the Coast Guard and rushed to the Institute more dead than alive.

Warm clothing, food, and the comfort of woollens are great restorers. But when they were ready to ship again—"Any old ship, any old tramp, if you will," they explained to the Employment Officer, "but nothing doing with these joy riders."

Tributes

On Saturday morning, January the thirtieth, a few hours after the press announcements of the miraculous rescue of the crew of the S. S. "Antinoe" by the men of the "President Roosevelt" under Captain Fried, there came to Dr. Mansfield's desk in the Institute a letter from Miss M. Elizabeth Lester of Philadelphia dedicating a gift of two seamen's rooms in memory of Ernest Heitman and Uno Witenen the two seamen of the "President Roosevelt" who lost their lives in trying to rescue the men on the British freighter "Antinoe".

And so it was a woman who thought to provide shelter for the shelterless in memory of the men who gave up their all for their fellow seafarers.

A Friend of the Seafaring

To the House Mother's desk comes this letter telling of a beautiful life characterized by doing for others. For many years interested in seafarers and the work of the Institute, this loyal friend occupied a very special place in the hearts of all those at 25 South Street.

January, 31, 1926

My Dear Mrs. Roper:

With deep sorrow I write to tell you that our darling mother has gone from us.

I felt that I wanted you to know how much pleasure your letters have always given her, and how she enjoyed making the socks for the seamen during the latter years of her life.

She especially treasured and was so fond of the letters she received on several occasions from the sailors. She was also greatly interested in *The Lookout*, reading it every month from cover to cover.

Her loss has made a great break in our family, as she was such a vital part in all our lives.

But we have the comforting thought that she had such a lovely long life, and was able to enjoy it with us all, right up to the last few days.

We all appreciate that you, in your very busy life, took the time to write her such nice letters, the receipt of which meant so much to her.

Thanking you for your kindness to my dear mother, I am

Very Sincerely yours,

J.

General George Uhler

A few days ago, after the publication of the last "Lookout", General George Uhler had resigned as Supervising Inspector General of the Steamboat Inspection Service after twenty-three years of faithful service. Long a friend of Dr. Mansfield and the Institute, his loss from the department will be much regretted by all, and anyone to whom he may bequeath his mantle, official and personal, will be the richer. Dr. Mansfield's letter to General Uhler is reproduced below.

My dear General:—

I did not know until I read in a recent marine publication that you had retired or were about to do so, and I cannot allow this to happen without joining with the multitude of friends in expressing to you this Society's and its Superintendent's gratitude for all that you have done for them and for merchant seamen in both your official and personal capacity.

You certainly have commanded and merited the heartfelt esteem and affection of all who have been privileged to know and to understand all that you have been and have done throughout your long life of most valuable service. One of the most outstanding things in my judgment, brought about by your influence, approval and official action, was the adoption of the regulation making compulsory First-Aid knowledge and certificate for our licensed officers.

I complete my thirty years with this Society next week and during most of those years your name has been a most familiar one to me. In my younger days and earlier experiences I can recall the late J. Augustus Johnson frequently referring to correspondence and conferences with you, and as a man interested in and working for the welfare of the whole marine community.

I send you my greetings with a fresh assurance of my friendship, good-will and gratitude.

Faithfully and gratefully yours,
A. R. MANSFIELD.

Wanted—Shelf Friends

To most men there is something friendly about books. But they lie particularly close to the seamen's heart. They are his solace, friends, inspiration, guides. And seamen as a class are inveterate readers.

The past few months there has been a distinct falling off in their receipt at the Institution due undoubtedly to the fact that we have had to abandon our trucking service that was used in their collection.

That is why we are hoping that "Lookout" readers will mail in literature or arrange to send it themselves to the Institute, for there is at present a great and unappeased book hunger among the men these winter days. There is at present no auditorium for the entertainments which have been great contributors to their happiness ashore in day past. So books are more than ever in demand.

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

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