

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 9

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES    FRANK T. WARBURTON    REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
President                      Secretary and Treasurer                      Superintendent

## Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

- |                                                       |                                                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor       | Free stationery to encourage writing home                                                         |
| Hospital Visitors                                     | Free English Classes                                                                              |
| Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals                | Information Bureau                                                                                |
| Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats        | Literature Distribution Department                                                                |
| Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants | Ways and Means Department                                                                         |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families        | Post Office                                                                                       |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen                            | Department of "Missing Men"                                                                       |
| Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift         | Publication of THE LOOKOUT                                                                        |
| Transmission of money to dependents                   | Comfort Kits                                                                                      |
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| Four Free Reading Rooms                               | First Aid Lectures                                                                                |
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|                                                       | Health Lectures                                                                                   |
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|                                                       | Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs                            |

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.



# THE LOOKOUT

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## Keep Smiling

It is easy to keep smiling when the world is smiling with you—but when the bloom has been rubbed off the peach of life by the bony fingers of grim necessity, and what is left does not seem worth while—well it is another matter.

The Chaplain had been sitting hour after hour listening to hard luck stories—that is his business—but too many of them bordered on tragedy. It was getting on his nerves. A man can't see the hunger look in the faces of a hundred men and feel cheerful about it. He may smile, but he doesn't feel smile.

The day was almost over—and the Chaplain was glad. He knew there would be hungry men in the parks and on the benches just outside of our door but he had done his best. His pockets were empty—and—but another man came running up the stairs.

The Chaplain looked up. He had not seen the man before and he couldn't be in want. A man in trouble never runs up a stairs three steps at a time and laughs every step. No—he has another mode of getting to his destination.

Most hungry men—when going to ask for help balk at every step. A battle is fought every inch that is covered. That is the respectable, hard-working kind who are never in want except in an exceptional time like the present. But this man didn't balk—he went into

the Chaplain's office with a rush.

"I just wanted to tell you," he said, joy bubbling out at every word, "I thought I was up against it but the most wonderful thing has happened. You know when I left my last ship I had ninety dollars in the bank and I never thought of being in need. I gave to the other fellows who were out of luck. I drew some out every few days and helped all my old pals and I got down to my last dollar and I couldn't get a ship."

"Yes—yes," the Chaplain said. He wanted to hear a real good luck story.

"I had been sleeping in a room," the man explained, "but I gave that up and went to sleep in the dormitory. Then I couldn't buy a dormitory bed and I slept in the Park."

He paused and smiled, "Today, I was down to twenty cents and I hadn't anything to eat but a cup of coffee and a doughnut, but I gave a fellow I knew ten cents. He was worse off than me."

The Chaplain began to wonder whether it was a new way of telling the same old story.

The man's face beamed, "Then I met a fellow who had been in Hoboken where I used to get my mail and he brought me a letter. It had been there since July. It was a letter from my Uncle saying some money had been left to me and he wanted me to come and help him settle up the estate. Think of it, I

am to get nearly a thousand dollars."

The Chaplain got up and shook his hand.

"I am glad you came," he said, "you are the first man who has brought me a smile today."

"I wouldn't have brought you a whole one half an hour ago," he said, "but I'm glad I shared that twenty cents and I did keep smilin' a little."

### First Aid Book

Dr. Mansfield is busy preparing for the printer a First Aid Manual, which this Society will publish in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service.

This book will be used by the Government as a text book in connection with the following addition that has been made to the qualifications of a licensed officer. This addition was made at the earnest solicitation of Dr. Mansfield, and Dr. Lavindir of the Public Health Service.

"On and after December 31, 1921, no candidate for original license as master, mate, pilot, or engineer shall be examined unless he shall present satisfactory evidence to the inspectors that he has completed a course of instruction in the principles of first aid approved by the United States Public Health Service, duly attested, that he has passed a satisfactory oral examination based upon the contents of the "Hand-book of the Ship's Medicine Chest" or some other manual arranged for the purpose, having the approval of the United States Public Health Service."

### Lines of Fate

We are not fatalists—no not at all. We deny the charge although most people who work long with sailors become more or less that. One unconsciously absorbs some of the philosophy of the people with whom they associate. We cannot give all the time without taking too.

Call it fate—chance—what you will. He called it luck.

They sent him to the Chaplain from the South, when they found he was from Kentucky. There did not seem to be much that anyone could do. There were few positions on ships and they were for those who had friends, to use their influence for them.

He had a letter from his mother and he was frankly crying. He did not care who saw him. His feeling was too deep for that. The Chaplain was crying too when he read the letter. He too, was too deeply moved to care who saw him. It was the letter of a woman who believed she was dying. She told of being in a hospital in desperate suffering and in great need. But she warned him not to do anything dishonest to help her, and she asked him to always be very kind to a cousin who had helped her. The letter trailed off without a conclusion—too weak to continue.

The boy—he was only nineteen—could not get work. What was he to do? How could the Chaplain tell him? He did not know.

He went to the telephone and after a time he told the boy to go to a certain company where he might get



employment for a few days—and if not, to go to the telegraph company where they might want someone. He knew he was sending the boy on the merest chance—and he warned him to come back if he did not succeed. In the meantime he would try and think what to do.

Half an hour later he saw the boy coming and his face was transformed. It was radiant. He was a handsome lad and he looked almost too beautiful as he caught the hand of the Chaplain and said, "As I was coming out of that first place—they didn't want anyone—I met one of my old captains and I told him my trouble. He said he'd give me money to send to my mother and he'd take me on a trip with him. He leaves tomorrow." Was it fate?

### Shipwrecked Men

Thirty-two men arrived at the Institute and asked our assistance. They had been shipwrecked near Halifax and the American Consul there had sent them this far with a letter to the Shipping Commissioner here asking him to send them to Mobile, the port of shipment.

The Shipping Commissioner in New York claimed that he hadn't any funds for such a purpose—he said it was a State Department matter. But the men, hungry and without a bed were at the Institute and something had to be done at once.

The Institute gave immediate assistance to those who were destitute and finally sent the following night letter to Secretary Hughes, State Department, Washington:

"American Consul Gunsaulus in

Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent shipwrecked crew of S. S. City of Brunswick to New York, with a letter to Shipping Commissioner of New York, asking him to furnish transportation and subsistence to Mobile, Alabama, the port of shipment.

"The Shipping Commissioner in New York claims he has no funds and no authority to handle shipwrecked seamen. Thirty-two seamen are here, many of them destitute, waiting for transportation and subsistence to Mobile. No reply has come from Consul in Halifax in response to wire sent Wednesday, asking him to act. Situation is urgent."

It seems remarkable that a nation can hope to build up a great American Merchant Marine, and yet there is no provision made for caring for shipwrecked men—a most usual occurrence.

The men in all other walks of life are protected in some way in cases of accidents and the usual vicissitudes of their employment—but here are thirty-two men, and everyone disclaiming any responsibility.

And while we are still worrying about them, the officer from a six-masted schooner that has just arrived in port comes to tell his troubles. They found the company owning the ship is bankrupt—there is no one to pay them—they haven't any money—what are they to do?

The Institute provided some money to buy food—they will live on the ship until some settlement is reached.

These are the problems we meet every day—and surely the people

who are caring for these men, are doing a big work for the new American Merchant Marine.

### He Fathered Him

The Chaplain believes in system. In fact he preaches it to others, if he finds them with their hand in their pocket, beside a destitute man who has a hopeful expression. He has faith in statistics and you don't get any records from that kind of giving, and besides some were giving more than they should.

That is the way everyone preaches around the Institute, but when you find the Chaplain in charge giving his best boots to one man and his second best boots to another, well, what can you expect? Of course, when he was caught in the act he had an explanation. He sold them, that is, the best pair.

"That boy didn't ask for help" he said in defense, "he merely wanted to buy a pair of boots. He had a sore foot and had had to cut his boot to get it on. Now he was destitute and had to get a ship but couldn't with a sore foot in evidence. So he wanted boots to cover it up."

Of course the Chaplain could not be a party to deception so he assisted the boy until he was able to work and then he sold him his best boots—at a reduction.

The second he could not explain so well—so he answered it by the usual, "Oh, hang it all, what could you do when the man had a job and was actually in his bare feet?" and so the second best pair went.

If you call some day to see the Institute and find the Chaplain in his

slippers you will understand, someone will have gone off with his remaining pair.

### One of the Best

The Naval Prison at Portsmouth, N. H., publishes a paper and in it there was a tribute that those of us who have never made what are called "life's great mistakes" would be glad to merit. Of this man they wrote:

"On Friday, June 17th, there left this institution for civil life one of the most conscientious and indefatigable workers the Mutual Welfare League has ever known—Carl H. Horn. To cite the many ways in which he has helped the boys would require more space than we can spare.

"As we grasped his hand in farewell we felt very proud that we were able to do so. Here was a man who had paid dearly for one of life's mistakes. He had lifted himself above all petty things, made the best of what was offered him while here and came out of it all 'A Man's Man.'

"The following, 'An Honest Friend,' by Robert Louis Stevenson, expresses our sentiments:

"'We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travelers with a donkey, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them. They are the end and reward of life.'

"'Happy' Horn was certainly happy and so were we."



### Returning Hospitality

"Are you goin' to have a party there tonight?" the inquisitive small boy shouted, as he noticed that the S.S. Essequibo at Pier 42, North River, was brilliantly lighted. Also part of the deck was hidden from the public gaze by a curtain of bright flags, and the tuning of violins could be heard. Certainly something more than usual was going to happen.

Every time the "Essequibo" is in port, some of the crew go to the North River Station of the Institute. There they have enjoyed the homey welcome that Mr. Gookin always gives his guests. The men have been generous in their expressions of appreciation for what was done for them, but they did not wish to take and not return, and that led to the dances on the "Essequibo," given by the Social and Athletic Club, by the kind permission of the Commander.

The "Essequibo" is a beautiful ship and she was all dressed up in her best on Thursday night to receive her guests. She bowed so low in her welcome, that some who did not understand, might have called it 'a list' but of course it wasn't, and it added to the charm of the evening, for one could not forget that they were not on land. All her lights were burning and she seems to have a great many, and an oil tanker that was hugging her side, held her at a distance so that the approaching guests had a good look at her before they arrived.

The deck with its gay draping

of flags made a most attractive dancing floor, and the orchestra seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. It was most generous in "extras" and those who were not dancing could enjoy the music from the open parts of the deck in the more subdued light of the moon that rode in stately calm above them. Or they could watch the busy lights of the ferry, or the brilliant glare from the Jersey coast, or the twinkle of the little watercraft that crept silently past like the shadows of forgotten friends.

Commander A. Chittenden, D. S. C., R. N. R., came on deck and was introduced to some of the ladies; and a number of men from neighboring ships took that occasion to visit the "Essequibo," and everyone was welcomed with a liberal hospitality.

And of course there were refreshments, served in the dining room that looked very attractive. Many were heard saying they would like to take a trip to Valparaiso on a vessel like that, and some claimed to be seasick because of that "bow" mentioned before, but it did not effect anyone's appetite, and certainly everyone appeared to be enjoying themselves. It was a gay night, for when the Social and Athletic Club of the "Essequibo" entertains, it does it generously.

### Happy Days

He walked into the office of the Chaplain with the air of a man of means. He had been there before and the Chaplain with a good memory recalled the time. It was last winter when so many men were beg-

ging for the privilege of sleeping on the floor. He had slept there and had borrowed 75 cents for three breakfasts.

He handed the Chaplain \$5 and he said, "That is to pay what I owe, and I want you to keep the rest for some other fellow who is as badly off as I was. Gee, I needed it then. You certainly helped me when I was up against it."

### Need at Home

We are sending help to Russia—and it is needed.

But there are those right here among us who are going hungry.

In a land of plenty they have not food or where to lay their head.

It need not be if we would each help a little—just a little, and everyone could get through this crisis without undue suffering.

### We Need Men's Clothes

The destitution of many seamen is appalling. They have walked the boots off their feet looking for work. They have worn their clothes to shreds. They have worn the hope and confidence out of their souls.

We dread to think of the approach of cold weather.

Something must be done. They must have clothes. Can't you send something?

Remember we are recovering from the worst war in history. The times are exceptional. They must be met with exceptional generosity.

We are doing our best to "carry on" but we must have such help as you have never given before to successfully cope with what is facing us.

We need men's clothes—all you can spare and more.

### His Passport

A man walked into the Seamen's Saving Department and put down his watch and 10 cents.

The man in charge looked at him and asked for an explanation.

"I am President Harding's secretary," he said, "and he told me that all I had to do was show my watch and put down 10 cents and I could draw \$100 from any bank."

"That is fine," the cashier said, pleasantly, "I'll get the President on the wire," and he rang for the police.

Just a man beaten by the struggle—but his hallucination is a pleasant one, that is the one thing left to be thankful for.

### What \$500 Accomplished

A lady sent in five hundred dollars to be used for relief during this time of stress. We cannot yet tell all that five hundred dollars will do, but we can say what it has done up to date.

It has already helped 1,942 men.

It was spent in this way.

\$324 was given to men who were absolutely destitute, and were hungry and unable to pay for even a cup of coffee. It was given in small amounts to 596 men, and was given as a loan, to be repaid when they were again "in luck."

Of that amount \$163.35 has been



paid back and more will be paid and will start on its mission of mercy again.

\$176 was paid for an attendant to keep our shower baths open and 1,346 men had free baths. You cannot know what those baths have meant unless you have slept in a park and were without a cent to pay for a place to have a wash.

This makes 1,942 men that have received benefit from that five hundred dollars and part of it is going on still saving others from despair.

### He Thinks

A seaman came to the Chaplain's office a few days ago and there was trouble in his face, but it was not the trouble of unemployment or hunger. It was quite another kind of trouble. It was the trouble of a father yearning over his children.

"These soup kitchens and bread lines are wrong," he said, and his eyes flashed, "they are wrong. They make paupers of the men. What they should have is work. It is work we must get for them."

The Chaplain agreed with him that it is work they should have but there is no work although there is a world waiting to be rebuilt.

"I saw a young fellow in a bread line the other night at one of the Missions," he said, "and he did not belong there. He wasn't that kind. I went up to him and spoke to him and asked him why he was there."

The seaman paused and smiled, "I was glad I did it," he said, "for I knew how it was. He hadn't had enough to eat for a long time, he had lost heart and nothing mattered. He

was on the toboggan going down and he was too weak to care. I took him to a restaurant and gave him a good meal and paid for him to have a bath, and next day he got a job and wanted to pay me back, and he wasn't ashamed of the tears when he thanked me—and I wasn't ashamed because my eyes were a bit misty."

"Yes, but there is work only for the strong," the Chaplain said sadly.

"That is it," he said, hotly, "they must have work. Can't you do something to get it for them?"

We wish we could—God knows we do—but we can't and we must do the next best thing—keep them from starving until there is work of some kind.

### What Help Does

He was proud, and for days he went without food because he was a First Mate. He would not acknowledge that he was destitute. At last he yielded and came trembling to the Chaplain.

It is a well-known fact, that the higher a man is capable of going the lower he can fall. This man had not fallen—he had the power to come back.

A room and food for two days and his courage returned—his faith in himself was restored, and he went out and got a job on a tug. It was a humble position, but it was work and self-respect and that was all he wished.

Conditions are bad—bad for the nation when they rob men of self-respect. The gratitude of this man was so deep that it hurt.

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

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or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

### Why Relief Is Needed

About 300 ships and 33,000 seamen are in the port of New York daily. In normal times 15% are inactive.

At the present time and for some months past 60% have been inactive. This means that there have been and are 16,430 seamen who are out of work because of the slump in trade.

Some of these men will get work on shore, some will be assisted by their comrades who have employment.

We estimate that of the remaining ten or twelve thousand seamen, from five to six thousand will frequent, and live the best they can, in the neighborhood of South Street.

Five thousand to six thousand destitute men, unsheltered, unfed, and unable to find anything to do are a problem greater than most people realize.

These men must be provided either with work or food.

That is why we are asking for special donations for relief. We never give the men enough to make them comfortable, but we do give them enough to keep them alive and fairly fit, when we have it to give.

### An Inspiration

The presiding Bishop, The Right Reverend Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, D.D., who during the eighty-four years that he has enriched this world has been the inspiration of many good works. He has always had a profound interest in the growth of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and he has helped in many ways.

He has visited the building and made a thorough inspection of the work; he has contributed financially, and greatest of all have been his frequent words of inspiration.

The Bishop was Rector of Zion Parish, Morris, New York, in which Superintendent Mansfield's father and mother were born and lived for many years. The following typical letter received a short time ago, written by the Bishop's own hand, is just one of many that have come from time to time down through the years and made Dr. Mansfield's burdens lighter:

"I am enjoying my summer rest in my country cottage, and I have just been reading THE LOOKOUT.

"What a good work for the sailors you do keep up. God bless you!

"My outing will be all the more helpful to me, if I help you and them a bit. I enclose my cheque."



## Five Years in San Francisco

On Sunday evening, July 10, the completion of the first five years' work of the Rev. C. P. Deems as Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute was celebrated by a service and social hour. About one hundred seafarers and some twenty-five visitors attended. Evening prayer was said by Mr. Deems and the Rev. H. H. Kelley, Assistant Superintendent, in which familiar hymns were sung with great heartiness by the whole congregation. Bishop Nichols gave the address of the evening, in which he congratulated Mr. Deems upon his five years' work and praised him for his faithfulness. In his inimitable way the Bishop played on the figure five, mentioning its frequent use as a biblical symbol and showing the part it played in Mr. Deems' work for the Institute during these five years and the way in which he was fulfilling St. Paul's admonition in the five-word text: "Be thou faithful unto death."

In the course of his address the Bishop referred in a general way to the outstanding events in the course of Mr. Deems' superintendence of the S. C. I., among the most important of which were the unification of all English-speaking agencies for seafarers in this city into the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, incorporated under the laws of the State, and the official recognition of the Institute by the United States Marine Hospital and by the United States Shipping Board as the community agent for the welfare of merchant seamen. He referred also to

the growth which statistics would show.

Attendance of seamen—1916, 30,000; 1920, 62,000; for first six months of 1921, 62,900, indicating 75,000 for the year.

Pieces of baggage stored—1916, 222; 1920, 1,378.

Seamen assisted financially—1916, 76; 1920, 418 with loans totalling \$1,250, of which \$756 was refunded.

Seamen's deposits for safekeeping—1916, \$3,800; 1920, \$22,700.

Staff of workers—1916, 3; 1920, 11.

Cost of operation, namely, amount of work done—1916, \$10,000; 1920, \$38,200, including canteen, which opened in 1918.

The assets, it may be added, considering the value of property held less moneys owed on account of deficits, etc., are now from two to three times greater than in 1916.

A social hour followed the service, with brief addresses by Mr. Warren Rommel, vestryman of Trinity Parish; Mr. W. J. Dutton, a trustee of the First Congregational Church and a member of the Board of Directors of the S. C. I., who told of the Board's appreciation of the Superintendent's work; and by one of the seamen, Mr. Clement Hunter, who, in a pretty simile, likened Mr. Deems' influence at the Institute and along the waterfront to the purifying rays of a light.

Mr. Deems then responded with one of his able impromptu talks which carried a message of appreciation for the kind words said about his work by the Bishop and the other speakers.—H. H. K., in *The Pacific Churchman*.



### Jeanette Park

On the opposite page there is a picture of the front yard of the Institute on our "Community Night." That is Jeanette Park with the cement platform scarcely visible where we hope to erect the great Memorial Stage. In the background you can see the tent about which we wrote in our last LOOKOUT. Doesn't it look well with the flags—but you cannot see what a bright spot of color they are.

We could not wait until the stage was erected to make use of the Park, and so three weeks ago we took out our Moving Picture Machine, and a piano, and we wish you could have been there. In the foreground were the women and children of the neighborhood; the sailors never let a woman stand. The children brought in boxes and sticks and even a milk can was rolled in to serve as a seat. Many sat right on the cement, as you can see. Some of them had never seen a moving picture before, the very small ones, and how they enjoyed it.

In the background were the sailors—not only those who stay in the Institute, but those who stay in boarding houses and other places in this neighborhood, and a few other men from the neighborhood. There was a policeman in the background, but he was not needed. There was a spirit in that gathering that cannot be got with a policeman's club.

There was the Community spirit. It is something that cannot be described. It has to be felt to be understood. It is the feeling of confidence that one gets when they are

with their own folks, in their own environment.

The clear voices of the children joined in the popular songs that were thrown on the screen, and seemed but to add to the enjoyment of the men. And how they all enjoyed the picture and often accompanied it, singing softly something the pianist was playing—but never taking their eyes from the exciting scenes that were passing before them.

Back of the Park rose the great buildings of lower Manhattan, great blind monsters chained by the darkness, while around them crept the elevated railway like a serpent with a thousand eyes, winking impishly as it twisted along. In front the East River caressed the piers in passing, and smiling down upon it all was the Institute, every window a blaze of light.

It was the Institute's "At Home" night, and the green light even seemed to shine brighter than usual, and every window from thirteen floors sent out a welcome to the people of the neighborhood who had gathered with us to enjoy our Friday evening. Never did the Institute look so pretty—as it seemed to smile down on the hundreds who had gathered around its feet, to sing and laugh and enjoy life together.

The representative of the Park Department who was there, said he estimated that there were 1,500 people present, and the number is steadily increasing. We need that stage—that Great Memorial Stage that we are going to erect.





JEANETTE PARK WITH 1,500 ASSEMBLED TO SEE A MOVING PICTURE.  
THIS IS WHERE THE GREAT MEMORIAL STAGE WILL BE ERECTED.

### The Stage in Memory

Does this picture not show the need of the Great War Memorial Stage that we desire to erect?

The Special Committee on the Jeanette Park development has given Dr. Mansfield permission to begin the erection of the Memorial Stage when half the amount necessary has been subscribed.

Later estimates have been received, and it has been found that the Stage can be erected for \$15,000. This means that as soon as \$7,500 has been subscribed work can be begun. The last five hundred has been promised already.

Don't you wish to help? Now is your chance.

### Happiness is Service

Happiness is a by-product. We can't buy it because it has no price. Some people try to purchase happiness by getting drunk; others build fine houses and some travel around the world. But the goal is as elusive as the horizon.

The main issue in life is service, and happiness is incidental to service. To try to win happiness from the world without serving the world is like trying to distill gasoline from water instead of from crude oil. It can't be done.

The contractor who erects an honest, substantial building wins happiness. The statesman who forwards the cause of humanity wins happiness. The judge who reads the law in the light of common sense wins happiness. Those reckless fellows who balance themselves on four-inch beams, ten stories above

ground, and toss white-hot rivets back and forth, win happiness.

The law of happiness is as inexorable as the law of gravitation. Without service there shall be no happiness, says nature. And it's a good law, too.—Brooklyn Life.

### Keeping Up Courage

As I write there is a combination ball and concert—an impromptu affair going on in the reading room. It is simply wonderful the way the men are keeping up their courage although many of them are almost down to their last dollar. Some are, and are depending on friends. But a friend in luck is as good as a bank account any day.

One of the men plays very well. First he played a few classical selections and was heartily applauded. Then he played some lively dance music. Quick as a flash the men were on the floor. There was the shuffling of feet and couple after couple danced past all in good order. But he did not weary them with that.

Someone volunteered to sing and although his voice could not be called a grand opera voice, still it received hearty applause. He had evidently done what he could. Then followed a popular song in which all joined, and others followed.

Next was a classical selection and now he has again pranced into jazz and the feet are shuffling, the voices are louder and the laughter less restrained. Couple after couple are whirling past the glass that separates my office from the reading room, but all in good order—the



men themselves see to that. They like things done properly.

One man became a little loud and boisterous. Immediately he was shouted from the floor. That wasn't what they wanted. Now to the music of "Blowing Bubbles" there is the shuffling of the feet of the dancers, the clatter of the checkers of the confirmed players, and the humming of the voices of those who wish to express themselves in song. Its a comfortable homey scene, just another proof that the men like innocent amusement if they can get it.

### Getting Well Known

The Missing Men Department is becoming well-known and the wide appeals being made to it show that it is filling a need. In one day's mail that department had appeals for assistance from the Consulate General of Denmark, the Salvation Army Missing Person's Department, the Information Bureau at Washington, and the Council of Jewish Women. There were many other appeals from private sources, but this gives an idea of the service being rendered.

### A Cheerful Bootblack

You may see him along South Street. He has a regular bootblack's outfit and in addition he has a regular sailor's grin. He laughs at himself all day, but he is making enough to keep himself and his wife—and shipping will be better some day and then he will go back to sea. In the meantime he cleans boots and he cleans them well.

A Captain came in and showed his hands. They were black and bleeding. He had taken the position of fireman—couldn't get anything else, and he wouldn't take assistance unless he had to.

They are not easily discouraged, these men of ours, and they are doing their best, but some cannot get work. It is hard for a man who has always worked hard and never owed any man anything to have to confess that he is hungry and penniless. But they are doing it—even officers, men who have held responsible positions for years.

### Ready to Do Anything

An officer who had been first and second in command on large merchant ships came hesitatingly into the office of the Chaplain. He extended a paper—it was an application for a license to drive a cab.

"I have to have someone who knows me sign this," he said, "and you are about the only people in New York who know me."

The Chaplain looked at it and then he looked at the man's papers.

"Sign it!" he said, "I should say I would. I'll not only sign it—I'll write those folks a letter and tell them just what kind of a fellow you are. They don't seem to know."

He told them that the man they were afraid to trust had held positions with as much responsibility as the assistant manager of a million dollar mill.

The men are doing anything they can get to do.

There was a report of a Captain having shot himself when he was

offered a messman's job—but we admire the men who are doing "just anything."

### The Port of Astoria

With the Northwest Wheat Growers' Associated bidding for the tide-water business and establishing offices in Portland and Seattle, August 1st, for the handling of the 40,000,000 bushels of wheat for which they have contracted for sale, Astoria is expecting to get a large lump of the water shipments, through facilities offered by the grain departments of the port of Astoria terminals. Pier 1 of the terminals has the largest bulk grain elevator on the Pacific Coast, with a capacity of 1,250,000 bushels, while the freight warehouses of this pier are among the most modern equipped in the world for the handling of grain.

The Kinderdyk of the Holland-America Line recently established a precedent which gives promise of being followed up by other vessels. This ship put in at the port of Astoria for a consignment of freight and with cargo for Astoria and Portland. Instead of proceeding up river with her goods for the inland city and thereby consuming several days, she discharged her Portland freight here to be sent to Portland by rail.

Following the long tie-up occasioned by the shipping strike, the steam schooner fleet is again operating and will serve to bolster the cargo shipments of lumber from the Columbia river for the month of July. Shipments during May and

June fell off decidedly owing to a lack of coastal transportation, but the number of steam schooners operating during the closing weeks of the month have served to augment the amount of lumber shipped, to a considerable degree, while the moving of stocks on hand has permitted the lumber mills to commence cutting again on something like normal schedule.

### High Finance

"Can you lend me 40 cents to get out my baggage?" a stalwart seaman asked one Friday evening.

The Chaplain inquired into his case and loaned him the money. On Monday he came and paid it back.

"How did you manage it?" the Chaplain asked. "You didn't get a job did you?"

"Not exactly," he said with a grin. "I borrowed a quarter and I bought some newspapers and I sold them and I made \$1.25."

"But don't you have to have a license?"

"No, but you have to have muscle or they'll run you off," he explained, as he raised his arm to show his strength.

### S. C. I.

The letters S. C. I. that stand for Seamen's Church Institute, have been said to also stand for "Safety—Comfort—and Inspiration."

The latest interpretation of their meaning comes from a Journalist at the Pacific Coast, who says they stand for "Sedulity—Consecration—Idealism."



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## THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Rev. George C. Gibbs, General Secretary

Mr. Gibbs, on visits at several hospitals of the United States Public Health Service, in different ports, has talked with many seamen and officers of the American Merchant Marine.

These men all knew the New York Institute very well, most of them from personal visits, and spoke of it in the best praise and without adverse criticism.

There was only one answer to the question, "Wouldn't you like to have a Seamen's Church Institute in this Port?". It was always in the affirmative.

That is the best and most effective reason for the establishment of the National Organization.

### **To Reproduce the New York Seamen's Church Institute**

A very large order, true, but the seaman wants it, nay, needs this splendid service, and that is our reason for initiating work in other ports.

Also the seaman has many "Friends in Port." There are over forty clergymen in as many ports who have offered their help and advice to seamen, if they will apply. Some time we are going to have Institutes in some of these forty ports.

A new edition of the little pamphlet, "Friends in Port," will soon be printed for the year 1921.

The ideal of the Service of the National Organization is to have a chain of units up and down the coasts of the United States. At present we have institutes at some of the larger ports, and between them, and connecting them, the "Friends in Port."

### **Travelling Libraries**

The National Organization is helping to furnish a field for the placing of these libraries by the Church Periodical Club. These boxes of readable books are put on board ships at local Institutes or through the "Friends in Port," and are exchanged in a similar manner.

One Captain writes to Chaplain Callendar of Norfolk to thank him for the library furnished at that port, and to express regret that there was no exchange library to be had on the Canal Zone, where his ship was then located. We are glad to say that in a few weeks we expect to have some "Friends in Port" located in the Canal Zone.

### **New Sleeping Quarters at Port Arthur**

New accommodations are now offered at the Institute at Port Arthur. The second and third floors have been altered and refitted as follows:

On the second floor there are now, eleven sleeping rooms, six of these containing two beds.

On the third floor are two dormitories, one with six and the other with seven beds.

This makes a total of thirty lodgings. There are new bathrooms with shower baths.

A charter and by-laws have been drafted by the Chancellor of the Diocese of Texas for the **Seamen's Church Institute of Port Arthur**.

Action will soon be taken, and a board of directors recruited. This organization will probably include other Gulf Ports besides Port Arthur in its jurisdiction.

### Havana, Cuba

The Rev. K. L. Houlder will be in training at the New York Institute until the 24th of September, at which time he expects to sail for Havana on the United Fruit Co.'s steamer "Ulua," to begin work as Chaplain to Seamen.

### An Anxious Father

He was one of those fathers that you cannot resist. It wasn't that he was pitiful or anything like that—but he did love that boy and he was fearful for his welfare. He had been so distressed that he left his home and came down to try and find him, and of course among thousands he couldn't find him.

The Chaplain's department all took a hand in the search. The boy had been home for a visit and he had shipped his dunnage to the Institute. The dunnage had been returned without a word of explanation and the boy had disappeared. Of course they thought the worst. Something had happened to their boy and we could not find him.

At last the father gave up the search and went home. A few days after we received the following card: "You will be pleased to know I found cards from my boy waiting for me at home. He explains that he shipped his bag home as the

prospects were so poor in New York. Then in fifteen minutes he was signed on a tramp for Hamburg and he wrote from Florida. Thanks. God bless you."

### Duty First

Much is being said and written these days about the indifference of workmen. But that the same old standard of courage and daring holds for the men of the sea was proven recently when the four-masted schooner Cecilia Cohen was fighting a losing battle, sixty miles off Cape Henry.

A New York paper in reporting the wreck, told how the men risked their lives battling for hours to save the vessel, and added: "That duty remained uppermost in the minds of the sailors at the moment of giving up the battle for their craft is shown by the fact that several of them further imperilled their lives to set the little vessel afire and prevent her becoming a watter-logged menace to navigation."



# General Summary of Work

## JULY, 1921

### RELIGIOUS WORK

South Street Institute, 25 South Street			North River Station, 341 West Street		
	No.	Attend- ance		No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services A. M. ....	5	128	Sunday Services P. M. ....	0	0
Sunday Services P. M. ....	5	1,191	Song Service .....	0	0
Bible Classes .....	1	95	Weddings .....	0	0
Gospel Meetings .....	4	102	Funerals .....	0	0
Weddings .....	2	0	Baptisms. ....	0	0
Funerals .....	1	0			
Baptisms .....	0	0			

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43, Ellis Island			U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island		
Sunday Services P. M. ....	2	249	Sunday Services A. M. ....	4	127
Funerals .....	0	0	Funerals .....	1	0

### Institutional Service

South Street Institute			North River Station		
Home Hours .....	5	1,057	Home Hours .....	0	0
Entertainments .....	2	764	Entertainments .....	0	0
Lodgings Registered .....		22,127	Incoming Mail for Seamen .....		611
Incoming Mail for Seamen .....		14,071	Dunnage checked .....		161
Dunnage checked .....		3,817	Free Baths .....		0
Free Baths .....		1,086	Free Clothes Washings .....		0
Free Clothes Washings .....		287	Packages Literature distrib. ....		49
Packages Literature distrib. ....		237	Knitted Articles distrib. ....		4
Knitted Articles distrib. ....		66			

### Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing .....	381	Meals, Lodgings and Clothing .....	17
Assisted thru Loan Fund .....	67	Assisted by Loans .....	0
Minor Relief .....	232	Minor Relief .....	0
Cases in Institute Clinic .....	404	Cases referred to Institute Clinic .....	0
Referred to Hospitals .....	176	Referred to Hospitals .....	3
Referred to other organizations .....	27	Referred to other organizations .....	0

### Employment

Ships Supplied .....	13	Ships Supplied .....	0
Men Shipped .....	122	Men shipped .....	0
Temporary Employment .....	0	Temporary Employment .....	0
Shore Jobs .....	30	Shore Jobs .....	2

### Visits

To Hospitals .....	3	To Hospitals .....	0
To Patients .....	7	To Patients .....	0
Other Visits .....	0	Other Visits .....	0
		To Ships .....	6

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43		U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21	
To Hospitals .....	1	To Hospitals .....	12
To Patients .....	50	To Patients .....	2,548

### Educational

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment .....	47
First Aid Lectures .....	0
Other Educational Lectures .....	2

### Seamen's Wages

Deposits .....	\$40,274.69
Withdrawals .....	67,531.50
Transmissions .....	12,654.96

# SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive **THE LOOKOUT**:

1. **Founders or Benefactors** receive **THE LOOKOUT** for life.

2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to **THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT**.

3. All who contribute **annually five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

4. Those who **make any gift** receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

If you have not done so already, please renew your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, subscribe now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send **THE LOOKOUT** except under the above conditions.