

The

LOOKOUT

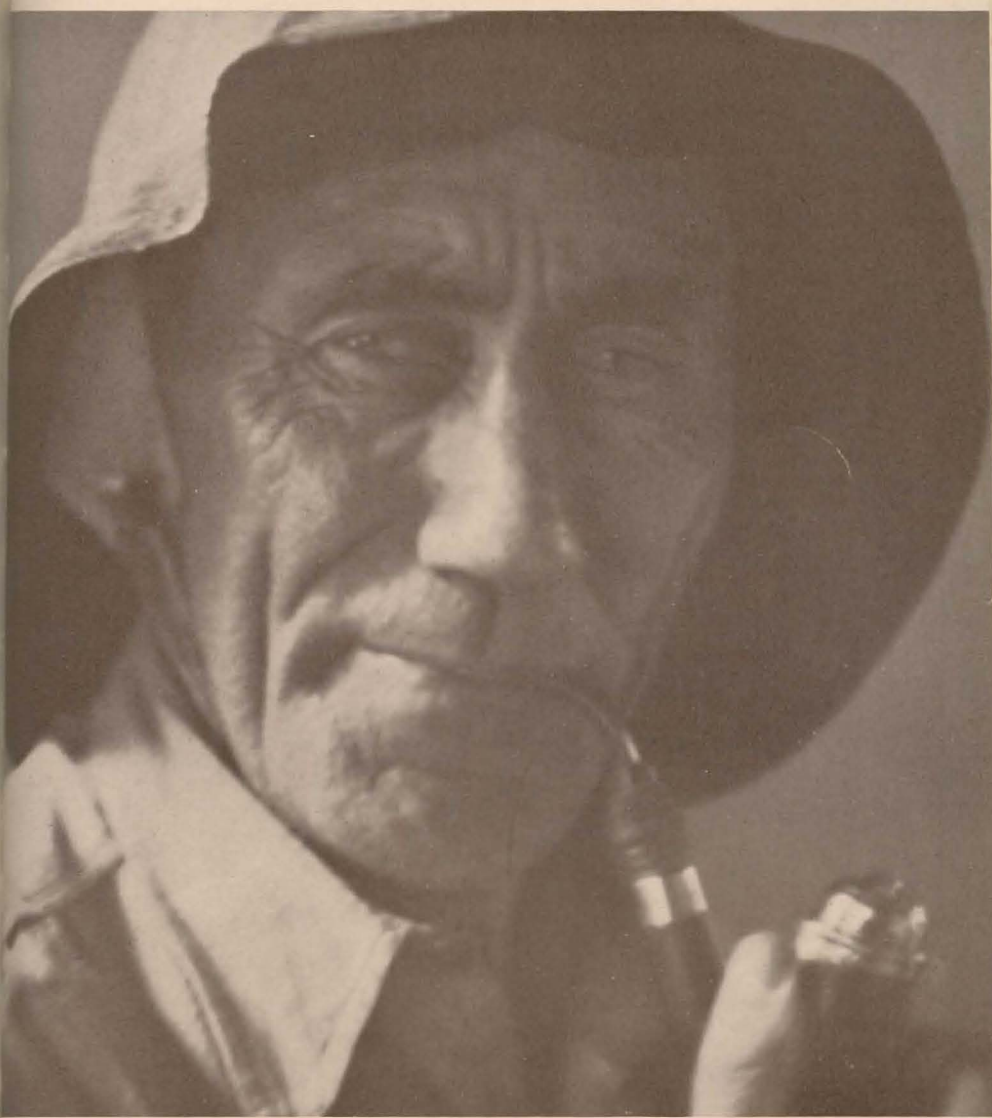


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AMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUT

F N E W Y O R

LUME XXII NOVEMBER, 193

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen. Please note the exact title of the Society as printed below. The words "of New York" are part of the title.

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. The following clause may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of..... Dollars."

In drawing your will or a codicil thereto it is advisable to consult your lawyer.

The Lookout

VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 11

For the Sailors

Editor's Note: For the sake of LOOKOUT readers who did not attend the Institute's Seventh Annual Theatre Benefit on November 5th, we are reproducing here the speech of Mr. Charles S. Haight which was made during the intermission. For those readers who saw the benefit performance of "The Good Companions" and heard Mr. Haight's address, we believe that they too will find it interesting to read.

I HAVE been asked by the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to express to you their grateful appreciation for your support. I am particularly glad to be their spokesman and to have this opportunity of telling you what we are trying to do for the sailors, and how much your assistance means to us at the present time.

In your program you will note that six months are supposed to elapse between the last scene and the next scene but that is rather misleading. I have been allowed just twelve minutes and in that time I cannot enlarge very much upon the service which the sailors render to the world, but just go back in your minds to the days of the early discoverers—Columbus, John and Sebastian Cabot, DeSoto, Balboa—sailors all of them, and



Charles S. Haight, a Member of the Institute's Board of Managers and Chairman of the Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies

their discoveries made our modern world possible.

And today the service of the sailor, if less spectacular is no less valuable, for he brings to many of us the necessities of our daily life—tea, coffee, sugar, long staple cotton, manganese ore and many other things which we cannot do without, to say nothing of innumerable luxuries and, even more

important perhaps, he takes away our surplus grain, surplus cotton and our surplus manufactured products, which as we have just learned, we *must* export if we are not to be choked to death by our over-production.

Only a month ago I had occasion to look up the figures and I found that in 1929—which is the last year for which we have complete statistics—the foreign commerce of 101 nations amounted to over 69 billion dollars. If you will figure it out, you will find that, beginning with the birth of Christ, over 1900 years had passed by before there had elapsed one billion minutes.

Surely we owe the sailors much, and yet they are the hardest worked and the poorest paid of any class of labor in the world, and they face dangers and endure hardships which most of you do not dream of.

It so happens that I am a lawyer. For over 35 years I have been in active practice at the Admiralty Bar and, during that time, a continuous procession of sailors has been passing through my office—captains, mates, engineers, firemen, oilers, stokers, carpenters, boatswains, and common seamen—and all of them with their troubles. Through that experience, I have come to know the character of the sailor as most of you never could, and I am glad to

testify to its soundness at any time and in any place.

I could stand here until daylight telling you the stories which I have learned from so-called prosaic lawsuits and which are the foundation upon which my judgment has been built, and I am going to tell you one of them just because concrete facts are always so much more useful than words of description.

The story concerns the Norwegian Steamer "*Senator*". She was engaged in the fruit trade and sailed from Jamaica with a full cargo of bananas. It happened to be the hurricane season. When she was three or four days out from Kingston, the barometer began to drop rapidly and there was every indication of an approaching hurricane. A few hours later the sea had risen and had begun to wash over the after deck. On that deck they were carrying a spare propellor. It was covered by a tarpaulin and the seas started to wash the tarpaulin loose. The Captain told the Mate to take a couple of men and go aft and secure the tarpaulin and the Mate started but returned to the bridge in a few minutes and said, "I can't send the men down on to the after deck, Sir. They will be washed overboard sure."

The Captain was a hard-headed Norwegian sailor and expected to have his orders obeyed. He re-

plied: that if he had a blankety blank crew which could not lash a tarpaulin, he would go and do it himself and he started aft. The Mate, of course, followed him and they both went down the ladder to the after deck. But they had not gotten half way across that deck before a solid sea came over and washed both of them off their feet and overboard. As the Mate went over the side he grabbed down through the solid water and caught on to the top of the rail with his left hand. It was a month later when he told me the story and as he did so, he held up an arm which was still almost paralyzed and said: "I have not been able to use it since." But with his life depending upon it he held on and when the wave subsided he pulled himself up and climbed back over the rail. But the Captain was not so lucky. He did not catch on to the rail as he went over, and so the Mate returned to the bridge, in command. Forty-five minutes later a huge sea came over the starboard bow. The rail of the steamer was made of steel plate, braced every six feet by angle iron but it was laid down on the deck as flat as if it had been made of cardboard. Every ventilator on the forward deck and most of the ventilators on the after deck were carried bodily away. The big cargo booms, twelve inches in diameter and



seven or eight feet above the deck, were snapped, like lead pencils. The man at the wheel took a complete somersault and the roof of the wheel house was lifted three inches by that single wave. I saw it myself.

And then, as so often happens, the wave lapped back on the port side and fell with full force upon the deck. The bunker hatches were all stove in; the sea flooded through the bunkers into the fire room and then into the engine room; all of the fires were put out; and with the loose water on board the ship took a list of about 45 degrees to port. The pumps were immediately started, but the coal which had been washed out from the bunkers clogged the sections. They then reached down under water as far as they could and cut the sections and, before the steam had been lost, pumped out two or three feet of the water. When that had been done, the "*Senator*" lay in the trough of the sea, with all of her fires out and steam gone; with fifteen feet of water in the engine room and stoke hole and a 45 degree list,

and outside the wind was blowing about one hundred miles an hour.

I have often asked myself what I would have done under those circumstances, and I have asked a good many other people but no one has ever given me the right answer. Most of us I think would have felt that there was nothing to do but pray, but that was not the view of the Mate of the *Senator*. He started to bale out his ship by hand.

An ash bucket filled with water was hoisted hand over hand by a rope out of the engine room, up through the skylight and dumped overboard. The water had been heated by contact with the hot boilers and for three days and three nights all hands worked, filling ash buckets and hoisting and dumping them. At the end of that time enough water had been baled out so that the upper grate of the starboard boiler was out of water and a fire started, first of wood, then of coal. The ship still had such a list that no man could stand on the fire room floor, but two men held a third man in position while a fourth man clawed a little coal with his fingers out from his bunkers onto a shovel. The starboard bunker doors could not be lifted because all of the coal would have rushed out at once. After several hours, they actually got a little steam and then enough to turn their propellor and finally

enough to maintain steerage way. The ship was then headed for Watlings Island and at the end of the fifth day she dropped anchor under the lee of that Island and obtained assistance from shore. The natives finished bailing the ship out; the pump suction were freed and repaired and the ship then made almost a record run to Baltimore.

And the *Senator* was just a little, dirty Norwegian tramp and the Mate of the *Senator* obviously was a man of no breeding and of no particular education, but he possessed the divine gift of leadership and the courage which I have found you may rely upon in a sailor.

When the *Senator* reached Baltimore, the owner of the cargo of bananas contended that some of his cargo might have been saved if the Mate had taken his ship to Jacksonville instead of proceeding to Baltimore, so a libel was filed against the ship, alleging negligence, bad navigation and other faults on the part of her owner and his crew.

When I reached Baltimore, most of the men were in the hospital. They had worked for five days and five nights in the water which at the outset, had been heated by the boilers, and when they finally took off their shoes and stockings the flesh came with them.

It is the general theory of

the marine underwriters with, of course, exceptions that no sailor is to be rewarded for anything which he does in an effort to save his ship; that is his business and what he is paid for, just as policemen and firemen are paid to assume the risks of their calling. But, in this particular case, I felt that the Mate of the *Senator* had worked an absolute miracle and that the underwriters, who had been saved a total loss, might make an exception in his favor and do something for him or at least say something, by way of commendation. So I wrote to the underwriters and told them the story as I have told it to you, and suggested some reward for the Mate. I think that I received a polite acknowledgment of my letter but I know that I received nothing more, and I never knew if action had been taken on my recommendation until some two or three years later, when I boarded another Norwegian ship and saw a familiar face. I said to the man "Hello, we have met before!" and he answered "Yes, Sir, I was the Mate of the *Senator*," and I replied, "By Jove, were you? What did the underwriters do for you in that case?" And his answer was "Nothing, Sir, nothing." He appeared almost surprised at my question. He had not expected that they would do anything for him because, in his estimation as

in that of the underwriters, what he had done was simply part of his job.

That is the kind of a man that I have found the sailor to be during my thirty-five years of contact with him. Surely such men are entitled to fair treatment at our hands when, as under the present circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to secure employment, and I am sure that we have done only what you want us to do when we have undertaken to raise a fund of \$100,000, in order that they may be cared for during the coming winter.

I am sorry that it has been necessary to make this special appeal for the sailors but that has been unavoidable and it is at the request of Mr. Gibson himself that this independent work is being done. It is not that the City Officials or the Gibson Committee lack interest in the sailors—far from it—but they are overwhelmed by the demands made upon them and they also find it exceedingly difficult to recognize any particular class of labor. I fully understand that difficulty and, in Mr. Gibson's position, I should probably make the same ruling but, nevertheless, it is true that the sailor is in a class absolutely by himself. He cannot accept a ten percent reduction in his wages; he cannot be offered employment on half time. When cargoes no

longer move, the empty ships must be tied up and the crews are paid off and that is all there is to it.

Today there are over ten million tons of the world's merchant shipping idle, and we have today and certainly until the first of April, we are going to have in the City of New York at least one thousand men who are absolutely unable to secure employment anywhere and who must be fed if they are not to starve, and must be housed if they are not to freeze. Those men can be properly housed and adequately fed for 65c per man per day, if only we can raise the 65c. The facilities are all available. All of the Seamen's Agencies in the Port of New York have agreed to cooperate to the limit of their capacities and we have 1,000 beds promised and the work of caring for the men and feeding them will be done at cost, if only we can raise the necessary funds.

Two weeks ago, I thought that that not only could be done but that it would be a comparatively easy matter, but since then I learned otherwise. You see, we did not start our campaign until that of the Gibson Committee had been under way for months. It therefore happened, through no fault of anyone, that almost all of the people who are interested in shipping and in sailors have either made their subscription to the Gib-

son Committee already or have committed themselves to such an extent that they do not feel free to cancel their commitment. Thus we find ourselves in the position of being forced to appeal to those who are the real friends of the sailors and I know that I am among such tonight, but it is not my purpose to crowd you. If you, also, have already given for the unemployment relief all that you can afford, on the other hand, you cannot be asked to give twice, and if you can give I know that you will do so without any urging on my part. Indeed you have already done much by your presence here tonight.

This benefit was originally intended to help pay off a small part of our building debt. You see we needed facilities so badly that we built our new building on the lines of the sailors' need, and those lines were broader than our resources by over a million dollars. We are trying very hard to pay off that debt as promptly as possible but, when this particular emergency arose and I was asked to head this Committee, I suggested that the Seamen's Church Institute, also, ought to make its sacrifice, and the Board of Managers voted, unanimously, without debate, to forget all about our bank loans and all of our other obligations and to turn every cent which we shall receive from this benefit over to

the sailors' fund, and so tonight they are receiving a little over \$3,000, due to your generosity. And in addition we have other reasons to be thankful. Indeed, today was a red letter day, for Mr. Roosevelt received two \$500 checks and one \$1,000 check and our total receipts and pledges now amount to close to \$10,000.*

I feel sure that we shall be able to raise the balance because of an incident in my own experience. At a meeting of our Committee, when we were debating the question as to whether we should act upon Mr. Gibson's suggestion and undertake an independent campaign, one of our members who is a steamship man seriously doubted our ability to raise the money. He knew that those who are engaged in the steamship business had been terribly hard hit and he felt that they could not afford to give in substantial sums. After he had so stated, I turned to another member of the committee and I said, "Surely, in the great Port of New York, it ought to be possible to find one hundred men who would give \$1,000 each." And his immediate response was "I will be one of them." I am sure that others will follow his example.

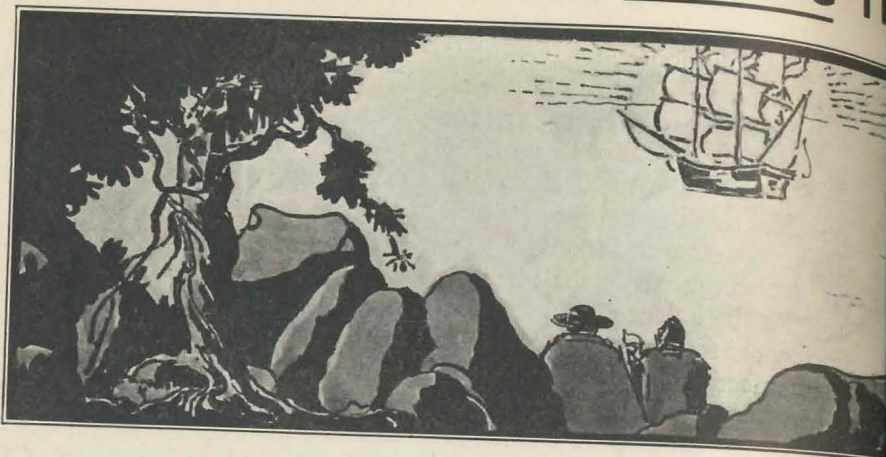
If any of you doubt the worth of these sailors for whom we are working; if any of you feel that they do not deserve the assistance which we have planned and that

* As we go to press, the Committee announces that the contributions which have been received total \$25,000.00.

the trouble which we are taking ourselves and putting you to is not worth while, I wish that you would go down to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York some afternoon between three and four o'clock. During that hour, every day, we serve a 10c meal and the men—all of them sailors—pass by the counter of our cafeteria at the rate of about fifteen per minute, I have timed them. In that line you will find, every day, about twenty-five or thirty Captains—men who have commanded their own ships and chief engineers and assistant mates all lined up with the common sailors, but *buying* their square meal, each day, with their own 10c. There is nothing in the world that those men want so much as a job and in the end, of course, they will get it, but today they need shoes and clothes and, perhaps, most of all, the assurance that, in their present desperate need, they are not being forgotten.

If any of you have old shoes or old clothes no matter how worn, send them to us at 25 South Street. If any of you still have two or three dollars more which you can give towards the unemployment relief send it to us; and if by chance there is one among you who can be one of the hundred, then tonight's performance of "The Good Companions" will be a memorable one for the sailors.

LET US GIVE THANKS BY SHARING THE GIVING DAY WITH LONELY SAILORS



The Landing of the Pilgrims

*"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.*

*And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."*

VERY little tribute has been paid to the gallant crew of the *Mayflower* who brought the Pilgrim Fathers safely to the shores of this country. These brave mariners made the long, perilous ocean journey and then sailed back again to England to bring another band of Pilgrims to these shores.

The present-day seamen are the descendants of that fearless tribe of seafarers. On *Thanksgiving Day*, when tribute is paid to the Pilgrims, we feel that the least the Institute can do is to provide a bountiful turkey dinner for homeless sailors. At our Thanksgiving dinner this year we hope to have seated around the tables at least 1614 seamen. They will be given a full course dinner for the modest price of ten cents.

President Hoover, in a recent radio address said: "This month we shall celebrate our time-honored festival of Thanksgiving. I appeal to the American people to make November 26th the outstanding Thanks-



Drawing by Seaman Duane Lyon

giving Day in the history of the United States; that we may say on that day that America has again demonstrated her ideals; that we have each of us contributed our full part; that we in each of our communities have given full assurance against hunger and cold among our people; that upon this Thanksgiving Day we have removed the fear of the forthcoming Winter from the hearts of all who are suffering and in distress—that we are our brother's keeper."

The picture of the unemployed seaman is an unpleasant one, but nevertheless terribly true. The Institute has a two-fold problem: the number needing help has increased; the number of contributors has decreased.

In spite of the bleak outlook, we are determined to make Thanksgiving and Christmas a cheerful time for our sailormen. We have planned, in addition to the dinner, moving pictures and entertainment in our Auditorium, but of course we cannot do any of these things unless we have the funds.

WE HOPE THAT THOSE FRIENDS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED REGULARLY EACH YEAR TO THE INSTITUTE'S HOLIDAY FUND WILL STAND BY US THIS YEAR AND ALL OTHERS WHO CAN POSSIBLY DO SO. PLEASE SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO HOLIDAY FUND, 25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

An Institute Romance

OVER and over again we have cause to rejoice in the fact that the romance of the sea is not dead. Scoffers and cynics may point to the vessels of today and say, "Where is any romance in these machines of the ocean?" But we at the Institute know better. Almost every day something turns up to demonstrate our point.

For example, there was the case of Carl C. . . . whose ship was torpedoed during the World War. All hands were supposedly lost. But his wife whom he had married in our Institute chapel had faith that her husband had survived. After six months of anxious searching she gave him up for lost. She came to Mrs. Roper who promised to let her know if any news concerning him was ever brought by some other seaman. One of our Chaplains persisted in the search and learned from the British Intelligence Office that two lives were saved during the shipwreck. Through the Consul General it was discovered that the two survivors were taken to Liverpool. The names of the men were not known. Within an hour the Institute was in communication with the Liverpool consul who cabled the good news that Carl C. . . . was one of the rescued men. He was penniless but had secured a job on a ship bound for New York.

Meanwhile, the wife was stranded in New York, having spent all her savings in the search. Mrs. Roper and our chaplain found work for her in a hotel and several evenings a week she would come to the Institute to help entertain the Apprentices. Then one evening a tall blue-eyed Britisher walked into the chaplain's office: "I'm Carl C. . . ." said he. "I see by the bulletin board that you're looking for me. I've just come off my ship." Carl was escorted upstairs to the Apprentice Room and was joyfully reunited with his wife. Then off he went to sea again as an engineer aboard a British ship making a regular trip to Liverpool and back to New York.

A year later our chaplain was called to christen their little girl baby. The day of the christening was unusually stormy. The streets were slippery with ice and snow. The church was far out in Brooklyn and the family, with the chaplain, took a taxi to the church. As they reached a square where three streets intersected two big cars skidded and collided into theirs. But the guardian angel that looks after all good seamen intervened and no one was hurt. The christening took place as scheduled.

All this happened ten years ago. Then, to make the romance truly

complete, just a few days ago, a timid knock was heard by our chaplain on his office door. "Come in," he called. The door opened and there stood a beautiful golden-haired child who announced herself as Carl C. . . .'s daughter. She had come to the Institute to

meet her father who was due back that morning from Liverpool. "Papa often talks about you folks here," she confided happily, "he says that if it hadn't been for the Institute I wouldn't be here! Now what do you suppose he means by that?"

A Sailor Boy Makes Good Ashore

Editor's Note: We believe that LOOKOUT readers will be interested in this unusual account of the way in which a landsman befriended a sailorboy.

"DEAR Dr. Mansfield: I want to tell you a tale of one of your sailors that I think will interest you. One evening on my way home a ragged young man—one of the horde of unemployed on the streets—asked me for money for a cup of coffee. I talked to him, and found he was in need of a pair of trousers so I brought him home. He turned out to be John F—, a New Hampshire boy who had run away from home at 15 to go to sea ten years ago, and made his home at the Institute whenever he was in New York. It was evident that he came from a nice family—his table manners were perfect and his talk excellent. It ended by his staying over night, sharing one of my son's rooms and spending most of the next day. He divided his time between playing with our four year old, Jimmy, and reading

Kipling. We let him go the following day but we couldn't get the discouraged tired look in his eyes out of our heads and two days later, I wrote and asked him to get a physical examination and then come and spend a week with us and we would try and get him a job. He wrote the nicest sort of reply and appeared shortly after.

"I forgot to say that he had hung around New York four or five months waiting for a deep sea job and then had started west with \$40 in his pocket thinking he could get a ship to the Orient. On getting here he registered but found he would have to wait several months. His money gave out—no job to be had and he was begging on the streets, washing his one shirt at night and sharing a small room with four others.

"Here is the extraordinary part. He has been with us four days and is like one of the family. We are all devoted to him. Jimmy nearly cries when he can't be with him.

The sailorboy is blissfully happy and grateful and the tired look has almost gone. My nurse was suddenly called away and we have turned the two small boys entirely over to him—which is a full sized job and he is a born nurse! I think we shall keep him here until he gets a ship and end by being very grateful to him. He says he brought up young brothers and sisters of his own before he ran away! If all your sailors are like that, I am more glad than ever that I've been able to add my mite to helping the Institute. He is a great admirer of Mrs. Roper—says that sailors love to grumble, but he never has heard anything but praise and affection for her."

P. S.

I can't resist telling you the sequel to my sailor story, as you were so appreciative of the first part.

I am helping to run the Relief drive here, and am also concerned with the care of transients. A "shelter" is being made ready to feed and house seventy-five and meanwhile, headquarters have been established for registering them, giving out meal tickets to a cafe next door, and supplying food that they can cook in their "jungles". John, our sailor, is in charge of the place! When his duties with the children were over he offered his services very quietly,

and is being invaluable. He is on both sides of the fence—being able to talk to the men as one of them, learn their stories, size them up, help those in real need, and then he can come home and discuss plans with me, give the men's point of view and offer good suggestions. Without saying much he is heart and soul in the work, can think of nothing else—is down there from early morning until sometimes ten at night.

He is an education to me—doesn't think at all well of himself—has fought and drunk and done as other sailors do, but in some ways is as simple as a child. The money he earned taking care of the children went partly for new clothes, and I found out later that the rest all went to the men in the street, till he literally hadn't one penny. He didn't care. He really is of value to the whole community in the work he is doing."

We Thank You!

The response to our appeal in the October LOOKOUT for dollar contributions has been most gratifying. Many loyal friends have made the extra sacrifice and have become members of the Institute's Dollar Club. Some have sent much more than a dollar. To ALL we wish to say "God bless you for your generosity." Although we stated in last month's issue that no acknowledgments would be sent, nevertheless we wish that we might individually thank each one of you. We hope that you will read this and know how deeply grateful we are. Again, on behalf of hundreds of sailor boys, WE THANK YOU.

Here and There Around the S. C. I.

A Radio Fan

Mother Roper was speaking over Station WOR one morning and while she spoke all the radios in the stores along South Street, as well as the Institute radio in our Apprentice Room was "tuned in" and many seamen heard her pleasant voice. Upon returning to the Institute she found on her desk a huge box of flowers, roses, carnations, lilies, tulips, and a little card which read: "In appreciation of your radio speech—Walter F. . . ." Mother Roper learned that afternoon that Walter was captain of a barge in the East River and, quite by chance, he had turned the dial of the small radio set he had on board to WOR. "When your voice came over the air I could hardly believe that it was my dear friend, Mother Roper," he said. So he went out and spent half a month's wages to express his friendship.

"Like Mother Used to Make"

As we strolled down South Street one autumn afternoon we saw a nice looking young sailor lad, in neat but shabby garb, standing in front of a restaurant window. On a glass shelf within reposed a large, luscious lemon meringue pie. We walked over to the boy and said, "Does that look good to you?" He turned and said, with a smile, "You bet! It reminds me of those pies my Mother used to make—oh boy, what I wouldn't give to be home in Alabama eating one of 'em right now!"

For the Unemployed

It was one of those Indian Summer days in late October when spring and baseball were in the air, rather than autumn and football. There have been so many baseball games for the unemployed that we found it rather novel to witness, across from the Institute, in Jeanette Park, a baseball game of unemployed merchant seamen. As they slid to bases, batted out, and pitched, a large group of unemployed sat on the bleachers (the park benches) and cheered lustily.



John Paul Jones Cottage, Kirkbean

One of the Institute's friends, Mr. Robert McKie, sent us this interesting photograph of the birthplace of "The Founder of the American Navy." Mr. McKie was born and lived in Dalbeattie, Kirkbean, and attended the same school where, years before, Paul Jones learned to read and write. Mr. McKie comes naturally by his keen interest in the sea. His cousin, Chief Officer Murdock, was on the bridge of the *Titanic* when it struck the iceberg and went down with his ship. We at the Institute remember Paul Jones not only because of his naval exploits during the Revolutionary War but also because he worked in behalf of the seamen. One of his first acts was to throw the whip overboard. He advocated humane treatment of his crew and appealed on behalf of American seamen imprisoned in British jails.

A Youthful Ship Modeler

He rides on "mushroom trucks" from Wilmington, Delaware to New York, helps to unload them, and then is free to view the sights of the metropolis. Such is the procedure of young Harry C., age 20, who comes to the city in this way three or four times a year. Harry is studying navigation and always returns to Wilmington laden with books lent to him by our Merchant Marine School principal. His hobby is making miniature models of ships, and although he has never been to sea, his studies have helped him to make accurate designs. His ambition is to become a draftsman and to design the great ships of the future. Judging by his models he bids fair to realizing his ambition.



A Modern Cyrano

One of our chaplains, who is a confirmed bachelor, has taken to reading a book on how to write love letters. On questioning him, we learned that many of the seamen in the marine hospitals where he visits beg him to write to their girls. Not being very adept in the art of love-letter writing, he purchased the book and has now become so proficient that the sailors are receiving replies containing sentences like the following: "What lovely letters you write, Bill." "I never knew you could say such nice things." "I was thrilled to get your wonderful letter, Jim darling," etc. And the chaplain goes around with a romantic look.

Baseball

The World Series broadcasts from the Institute's reading room proved to be extremely popular. Between 300 and 500 seamen gathered each afternoon to listen to Graham MacNamee graphically report the famous baseball battle. Moments of tense silence on the part of the audience would suddenly give way to moments of wild cheering. While the series progressed a large number of seamen played checkers, ping pong, billiards or pool, stopping now and then to smile as their favorite team took the lead.

Danger on the High Seas

Most people think that the peril of ocean travel has been reduced to a minimum since steam began to dominate the sea. But even on floating ocean palaces there is danger. One of the Institute's friends returning from Europe reported this tragic incident: It was a very rough sea and a seaman was assigned to duty on the lower deck of the great liner. A huge wave weighing hundreds of tons picked him up and threw him onto the deck above. As it did so his leg was caught in the windlass and torn off. The boat was stopped while the ship's doctor operated but that night the sailor died. The next day the ship was stopped again while the sad, impressive funeral service was held and another seaman found burial at the bottom of the ocean. The tragedy spread a feeling of gloom among the passengers, especially when it was learned that the sailor was only a lad of 22 years and that he had a mother and sister dependent on him. A collection was taken up and sent immediately to his relatives.

An Optimist

The trials of a relief agent are many, but once in a while an incident brightens up the gloomy atmosphere. The Institute's relief agent was walking along 42nd Street, at Times Square, when suddenly a young man burst forth from a cigar store, shouting, "Hey! Hey! I owe you twenty cents!" The astonished agent turned and beheld one of our seamen. "I don't suppose you remember me," said the seaman modestly, "So many fellows come to you for meals, or beds, or money. But here's the twenty cents I borrowed from the Institute about three weeks ago. I have \$1.50 left and so long as I can sleep at 25 South Street I'm as rich as anybody." "How's that?" inquired the agent. "Well," beamed the other, "I figure it this way. Why be pessimistic? Why not be an optimist? I haven't a job, but neither have thousands of others so why should I worry? The sheets I sleep on at the Institute are as clean as the richest millionaire sleeps on. I have an uncle living here in New York. I went to visit him yesterday, but did I tell him I was broke? I did not. In fact, I gave each of his three kids a nickel so they wouldn't suspect!"

"The Church Plus"

"What is the Church Plus? Whenever and wherever a Church organization reaches such a degree of effectualness that it ranks with secular organizations in standing, the question is sure to come. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York: when this fine work grew to its present proportions, visitors usually put the question. They were accustomed to think of social work on a large scale as 'undenominational'. One of these, going over the fine building on South Street, seized a moment when Dr. Mansfield was out of hearing to ask: 'How does a clergyman happen to be the head of *this* kind of thing?' How indeed! Did anyone ever inquire at Toynbee Hall, when Canon Barnett was taking a party over it, and had stepped out of hearing? Very instructive was the expression of astonishment, with which an explanation of how Dr. Mansfield 'happened' to be the head of the Seamen's Church Institute was received. 'Why not call it the 'Seamen's Institute'; why 'Church'?"

"The seamen must belong to all kinds of religious groups or none. Wouldn't 'Seamen's Institute, be enough?' . . . Then what *is* the Church Plus? Is it not the attitude taken by Church people toward the problems of life, whatever they may be? And what is this? Surely it is the attitude that the vista is eternity. Because each man and woman and child is beloved of God, and is a partaker in the redemption of mankind, what will aid the straight growth and right unfolding of each individual's bit of life on earth is a matter of tremendous importance. Church people are bound to stress the 'value of the individual' by every implication of their being. Often, perhaps as often as otherwise, the social workers do not even so much as speak of the Church to those for whom they are working. No, they have no aim except to help those with whom they deal to solve their problems. But their problems are viewed in the light of eternity. Since a seaman's life on earth is only a small part of his whole life, the solution of his problem here takes on an importance that it could not have without the Church Plus." From: THE LIVING CHURCH.



His Only Friend

An old Finnish seaman who had lost all his ship's discharges needed a shelter wherein he could spend the rest of his days. Our Institute chaplain arranged that he could be sent to Welfare Island but in the meantime, while certain necessary formal arrangements were made, we called an ambulance and had him taken to Bellevue Hospital for special medical care. He was all alone in the world, with not a single friend to care whether he went to the poorhouse or not. As he was helped into the ambulance he turned toward our chaplain who had befriended him, saying in a pitiful tone, "You'll come to see me, won't you, Mr. Reverend? Because you're the only friend I got."

A Gift

One of our sailorboys who apparently inherited his mother's love for plants and flowers, came to the Institute one day and announced soberly: "Mother's gone, and I've given away to neighbors and relatives most of her beautiful pots of plants. But there's one plant which is really too big for a private home—it needs a high ceiling—so I'd like the Institute to have it." It took a truck to deliver it here but now it graces the windows overlooking the harbor in our officers' reading room on the third floor—a bright touch of green to refresh the mind and soothe the eye.

Memorials



A Typical Group of Sailormen

SEAMEN at heart are deeply human and appreciative. Many a man who has stopped at the Institute has appreciated the friend who made the building, the room and the service he enjoyed, possible—the friend whose name he knew only from a tablet on the door of his room or in the corner of a building he favored.

Seamen often remember the names of the donors in whose rooms they slept on previous occasions and they ask that they be permitted to have such rooms again. With some it is for "luck," with others, sentiment. It is their simple homage to a friend they never saw, but one who has taken a place in their minds—and hearts.

Below is a list of suggestions for memorials—memorials in the form of important units in the building.

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each.....	50.00



"And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters." Genesis 7:18

A MODERN ARK

So often we have thought of the Institute as a "haven", an "anchorage", a "harbor", a "port in the storm." But on reading the seventh chapter of Genesis the other day it occurred to us that "the ark" was a most appropriate term to apply to this great shore home for merchant sailors.

Generous friends have built this modern ark, as a safe abiding place for merchant seamen, wherein they may be protected from the tempests and floods—of temptation and exploitation. Just as literally hundreds of sailors seek shelter within our building on rainy days, and in stormy weather, so, too, they find it a moral shelter.

With hunger assuaged, bodily vigor renewed and spiritual strength revived, they go forth after the storm, full of courage and grateful for the many comforts provided in this modern Noah's ark.

The running expenses for an entire day at this great Institute are \$273.97. We are facing a tragic winter of unemployment—there is no talk of luxuries now for our sailors—every cent is going to provide the simplest necessities to keep them fed and clothed.

A Red Letter Day means much more than \$273.97 to thousands of merchant sailors. It means, in fact, holding open the doors of life. Their fate is in the balance. With you lies the power to tip the scales in their favor.

And while your dollars are ministering to these sick, poor, homeless men, you also can pay tribute to the memory of some dear one in whose name you reserve your Red Letter Day—a happy day for those sailormen who come to this Modern Ark on YOUR DAY.

Please mail your check to Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways & Means Committee, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street and reserve a day on our Red Letter Calendar.



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