



# The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK

Volume XVI  
Number X

October  
1925

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

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or

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# The Lookout

Vol. XVI

OCTOBER, 1925

No. 10

The Honor of Your Presence is Requested  
at the

Ceremony of the Laying of the

CORNER STONE

of the

ANNEX

to the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

at

Front Street and Coenties Slip

New York City

on

Thursday Afternoon, November the Fifth

at 3:30 o'Clock

Edmund L. Baylies,

F. Kingsbury Curtis,

Walter Wood Parsons,

Committee.

R.S.V.P.

So reads our invitation to the readers of the "Lookout", and other friends of the seamen, announcing the laying of the corner stone of the Annex. And thus is marked the first mile-stone toward the completion of the great building that will eventually double the housing space of 25 South Street.

But behind the formal wording of the invitation is a much deeper meaning, a much longer story. And although the story is by no means yet completed, it tells something of the work

of the Board of Managers whose Building Committee, headed by Mr. Baylies, Mr. Walter Wood Parsons, and Mr. Charles E. Dunlap, has been the generating force in co-ordinating and stimulating interest in the building project, and through whose efforts the initial stage of building has been completed.

During the summer the Special Gifts Committee, a part of the Building Committee, under Mr. John S. Rogers, has actively been at work in interesting new people in the building. Lists have been prepared and letters sent telling of the plans of the Institute and asking for participation in specific memorials for the Annex. There has been a genuine response to their requests. In addition, a special Institute Day was arranged at Tuxedo Park, where Dr. Mansfield presented the work of the Institute to interest the people there in the plans for the new building.

The Conrad Committee, under Sir Ashley Sparks, has brought the Joseph Conrad Memorial to the attention of all the important literary figures in America and Europe. A descriptive brochure has been prepared containing the plans of the room which were printed in the July "Lookout". To a reader of the "Lookout" belongs the distinction of having made the first contribution to the fund, even before the plans of the Committee were publicly released.

With the return of our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, after a much-needed rest abroad, the active work of the campaign will be begun this month.

To bring the work of the Institute before the general public, a large Advisory Committee is being formed headed by Rear Admiral William S. Sims, John E. Berwind, Herbert Hoover,

Cleveland H. Dodge, Herbert Bayard Swope, Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, David Sarnoff, Miss Maude Wetmore and George W. Hodges.

In addition there are the following Committee members: Oscar R. Cauchois, French Lines; David W. Page, The New York Curb Market; W. P. Montyn, Consul General of the Netherlands, and Olof H. Lamm, Consul General of Sweden. Others will be announced later.

Mr. Walter Wood Parsons, the Vice-Chairman of the Building Committee, feels that the laying of the corner-stone is not only a symbol of the beginning of the work toward the completion of the building but also of the campaign for funds—the *actual* work on both begins with its being put in place.

The plans for the ceremony on the laying of the corner-stone are not yet fully completed, but the main details have been decided on. The Honorary President, the Right Rev. William T. Manning, D.D., will preside. Rear Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., will lay the cornerstone; there will be addresses by Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, the President of the Institute, and Dr. John H. Finley of the New York "Times." The choir from Old Trinity Church will sing at the services.

During the progress of the campaign the "Lookout" will be largely the organ of the Building Committee. And all the "Lookout" family from coast to coast are asked to spread news of the Institute's building plans in order to help swell subscriptions to the Building Fund.

Have you yet made a personal subscription, and have you asked someone else to do likewise? It is only when you do so that the success of the campaign can be assured.

*Women Aid Building Fund*

A rummage sale for the benefit of the new building fund is being held November 10th, 11th, and 12th under the auspices of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations which comprises: The Seamen's Benefit Society; the Associations of Brooklyn, East Orange, Elizabeth, Epiphany, Grace Church, Incarnation, Riverside, St. Luke's St. Mary's (Manhattanville), St. Mary's Guild, St. Michael's, South Shore (Long Island), Staten Island, and the Robert Rogers Group.

Notices are being sent this week to all the Associations that the material for the rummage sale should be sent to 341 West Houston Street, where it will be arranged and classified for sale. Arrangements are now being made to secure a convenient place actually to hold the sale, the location of which will be announced later. If you have anything to send in, please notify the Secretary of the Central Council at 25 South Street, who is anxious to have all the material possible in the next few weeks.

During the summer the Seamen's Church Institute Association of South Shore held a successful bridge and mah-jong party at the country home of Mrs. Francis Smyth at Babylon, Long Island, for the benefit of the Building Fund. The proceeds will go toward the erection of the seaman's room in the new building, for which the South Shore Association has assumed responsibility.

*Recognition*

The publication of a report from the Seamen's Church Institute of America, that will be presented this month at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at New Orleans, has

caused a great deal of comment in the American press. We sometimes forget that there are people who do not know of the work of the Institute and its branches throughout America. In New York the Institute—its building and its work—are familiar to everyone who knows the harbour and Sailor Town and to many who never see the waterfront.

But the public mind is impressed by statistics. The reading public was, perhaps, not a little surprised when it was learned that the combined Institutes of America had provided over 392,000 lodgings last year; that over \$712,000 of seamen's money was on deposit in Institute savings departments; that approximately 230,000 letters were sent to sailors in care of the Institutes; that around 50,000 attended the religious services at the various branches during the year; that over 12,000 were given ship jobs during 1924.

New York may justly take a pride in its Seamen's Institute, for it is not only by far the largest establishment of its kind in the world, but it is the parent institution of most of the others that are now bringing to seamen in other ports in America some of the features of home that have long characterized "25 South Street."

Perhaps the feature most commented on was the fact that through the co-operation of the Radio Corporation of America and the United States Public Health Service free radio medical service is now given to any ship on the seven seas that boasts a wireless.

Here again "25 South Street" may claim recognition, for it was the Institute that put the service in operation, and to the Institute belongs the distinction of broadcasting the very first medical advice call relayed to a ship at sea.

*Building*

There is much that goes into building besides its physical make-up. Given a sturdy frame, like a child, it begins the acquisition of a character as marked as that of any individual.

We have always felt that the present Institute had a decidedly distinctive atmosphere. It represents the thought, the feelings, the sharings, the givings of so many different people, it has become the symbol of generous hearts in helping others.

Doubtless in the fusing of these diverse elements, different characters, different peoples animated by a single purpose, we may find the secret of the present character of the Institute. No one ever visits the building without feeling how personalized it is—how really charged with an indefinable but very poignant feeling of humanity.

Certain rooms there are, that seem dominated by the men to whose memory they stand. There is in particular in the present building a reading room where the spirit of repose, of kindliness, of quiet, of joy seems always to prevail, and over which the spirit of the man for whom it was given has been said to exert an especial kindly influence.

And as we watch the new building going up, its deep entrenchments, its firm foundations, the up-flinging of the great steel girders that will bear its weight, we cannot help wondering whether it will have the same character, the same warmth of appeal that the present Institute suggests. It will not and cannot help to hold the same intensified, human feeling nor have so large and vital an appeal to everyone who sees it unless hundreds, even thousands, of interested men and women give of their substance, of their thought, of themselves toward its erection.

It is that sort of giving, of combined, community interest, of devotion to a great instrument of helpfulness that has given to all the great institutions of the Old World their tremendous appeal, and their great force in the life of people whom they serve. The Institute represents the largest and most active instrument of service to seafarers the world over that either America or the Old World knows. To carry on the traditions of its past, to give the entire unit its deep and vivid force, its truest character, hundreds more must give to it, must think about it, must help.

Surely everyone must want to be a part of so great and human an instrument in the lives of the world's seafarers.

*Needed—Two States*

We have lost two states out of the Unity of States where the news of the Institute penetrates each month.

"25 South Street" is known throughout the marine world and the Institute counts its friends and supporters in forty-six different states of America.

The "Lookout" is read each month from Maine to Florida, from New Jersey to California.

It is no stranger to the Mid West, where are many of its staunchest friends. Honolulu and the Philippines are represented, but there are two states where the work of the Institute does not seem to be known and from which the Institute draws no support. They are Nevada and Idaho.

We are wondering who will be the first to find us a subscriber, a reader, a friend, in either or both of these two states.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*The following article on the relics recently discovered while making the excavations for the Annex was written by Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton of the New York Historical Society who has kindly given the "Lookout" permission to use it.*

*Treasure Trove from the River Mud*

By REGINALD PELHAM BOLTON

Old Conraet Ten Eyck, whose home and shop looked out on the square in front of the West India Company's Tavern, that later became the Stadt Huys, in Nieu Amsterdam, was doubtless wont to spend some of his time on the little pier that extended out into the waters of the Oost River, or to sit on the bulkhead of pine logs that margined the space that came to bear his name.

Coenraetje or Coentje—Little Conrad as we should now know him—must have been a familiar and quite conspicuous character in the locality. His nickname indicates that he was short of stature, and perhaps rotund of figure. He was of some importance, and at the slip or dock which came to be known by his name, the little trading vessels from Europe and the West Indies tied to discharge and receive cargoes of the hides and other goods in which Ten Eyck dealt.

How greatly Conraet would wonder to see Coenties Slip today, its foreshore all filled in, since 1835, as solid ground, on which Jeanette Park is formed, South Street beyond with its stream of traffic, and above all the towering structure that forms the refuge of the Sailormen of today—The Seamen's Institute, high above which the Light-house beams out over the Bay. Back

of that great institution there is today a vast excavation, the site of the foundations for an addition to the building, required to meet the growing needs of the floating population of the great sea-port.

The steam shovel and the workman's pick have cut down into the old river bed, and disturbed the rotting ends of the piles of little Con's pier, and the old logs that formed the one-time bulkhead. And down in the hardened mud that was once the ooze below the tide, they disturbed an assortment of queer objects that have lain there, protected by their mud envelope, ever since they tumbled overboard from some old hooker made fast to the string beams, or were hove into the stream as the best method for their disposal. Today they are displayed on table and floor of an office in the Institute; and with all their crust of dried mud, and their broken condition, they tell a story of their day and generation in no uncertain terms.

The most conspicuous, and perhaps the oldest, is a small cannon, three feet in length, of the moderate bore of two and a half inches. Perhaps it was one of three such guns that were mounted in the little battery which in 1679 was protecting the landing in front of the Stadt Huys, and there are several round shot that may have formed part of its munitions.

Here also is an old axe, long of bit, flaring downwards, and weak in the eye, with part of its wooden helve still in place. Such axes were brought from Holland in the Seventeenth Century, and were traded off to the Indians for land and beaver skins. It may have been used in the work of preparing the piles for little Conrad's dock, and when its handle broke it went headlong into the water, followed by the execrations of its owner.

Among a dozen and a half of black-green glass bottles, there are two of the squat pattern that in the earliest Colonial times carried the means of cheer and of inebriation. The rest are those which were in use before and during the War of Independence, many of which have been found in the abandoned camps of the military of that period.

One object alone bears a definite date. It is a "pig" of cast iron, crudely moulded, and doubtless used, with others, as ballast for some old windjammer, and the workman who made the mould impressed therein with his fingers the words "New York," the figure of an anchor, and the date 1757.

There were other marine odds and ends, such as a broken anchor, three ship's blocks, and five wooden pulley wheels which must have had iron spindles when they sank into the mud, or they would have floated away. Some dead eyes and tarred rope ends speak of the repair work on the boat, and a wooden pump valve, with part of its leather packing, tells of the leaky old tub in which its life was worn out.

We can even get some idea of the nationality of the craft, for here are two pottery round-bottomed jars or amphorae, which doubtless held olive oil in their day, and proclaim their Italian origin. And a number of large whorls, or Conch shells, are of West Indian extraction, brought to this port for the Campbell's Wampum factory at Passack in Northeast New Jersey, where today we may find quantities of them around the site of the old mill, where their centers were sawed up and drilled into the white man's imitation of the coveted beads.

Here is a fragment of a much more fragile

material, a piece of a tiny bowl decorated with the "cauliflower" coloring originated by Thomas Whieldon in Staffordshire, before 1755, when he entered into partnership with Josiah Wedgwood, whose name is associated with the delicate creamware, of which a little broken tea cup and some saucers also came to light. With these household articles there is associated half a dozen battered copper tea kettles. One wonders why such excellent material was thus cast away on the dock, and if their abandonment could have been a reflection of the hostility to tea during the year of the famous "Tea Party."

Directly associated with that troublous period is a double-head "bar-shot," 16 inches in length, a 1 1/2 inch diameter, used by the British navy, designed for use against the rigging of other war vessels, but not employed, as many other specimens have testified, against the American forces defending New York. With several solid shot, some 6 inches in diameter, and a few grape shot, we have mute evidence of the bombardment of New York City on the afternoon of Saturday, July 12th, 1776, by the British vessels Phoenix and Rose with their tenders.

And here also is a reminder in these so-called "temperance" days, of the convivial Colonial times, in a blue and white "Scatched Ware" beer mug, having the seal with the letters G. R. (Georgius Rex) that warranted it to hold a standard pint. A clay-ware milk pitcher, a cast-iron cooking kettle, a heavy pewter plate, and a leaden ink well carry us back again to the time when little Ten Eyck's house, and his neighbor's, faced the Stadt Huys Square, and a younger Ten Eyck perhaps shed tears over the loss of the little wooden toy-boat that found its way also to the bottom of the river.

*Naturalization*

The road that leads to citizenship is a long and complicated one for the foreigner, and every day sees a group of seamen waiting to get to the desk of the man who gives information of the requirements to be met.

Sometimes the man has to untangle the seaman not only from the mazes of complicated forms but also from untrustworthy legal advisers who, having obtained a fee, make dazzling promises of speedy results.

In this case a seaman from Central Europe came to the Social Service. He had been to see a lawyer who told him his case was complicated; that it would be difficult to secure him recognition as a citizen; that he would have to charge him \$100 for so doing; that he might be able to effect it because of his "pull"; and that he would require an immediate payment of \$25 as a retaining fee. He paid it—nothing happened. Within a reasonable time he received notice from his lawyer saying he had gone to Washington on his case. When another delay resulted, he came to the Institute for advice. The naturalization man found that his papers had been made out incorrectly; that his discharges from American ships had been sent in with the wrong papers, which necessitated beginning anew.

This was done—the Chief of the Bureau had his attention called to the case by the Institute. Within twenty-four hours not only was the man's citizenship assured but his belief in the wizardry of the naturalization man firmly established.

*Memorials*

To date the Building Committee have received the following memorial or designated gifts to the Building Fund:

Mrs. Frederick H. Alms—	A seaman's room, In Memoriam, Frederick Herman Alms.
Mrs. Glover C. Arnold—	A seaman's room.
Daniel Bacon—	A seaman's room, In memory of Mary D. Bacon.
Miss Mary E. Baker—	A chapel chair, In memory of her mother, Mrs. Elihu B. Baker.
Barber Steamship Lines, Inc.—	A room endowed for use of destitute convalescents, In memory of Mr. Herbert Barber.
Miss Emma Bates—	A chapel chair.
Beekman Family Association—	A room endowed for use of destitute convalescents, In memory of Gerard Beek- man.
Mrs. F. H. Beers—	A chapel chair, In memory of Hazyl Beers Young.
Berwindvale Steamship Company, Ltd.—	} 1 officer's room.
Berwindmoor Steamship Company, Ltd.—	
Miss Eugenia J. Bowne—	A chapel chair.
Miss Elizabeth A. Braine—	A seaman's room, In memory of her father, James H. Braine.
British American War Re- lief—	2 seamen's rooms.
Mrs. B. H. Buckingham—	A seaman's room.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Burns—	A chapel chair.
Mrs. Mary D. Chafee—	A seaman's room.
Mrs. Cornelia McLanahan Curtis—	A memorial room, In memory of her father, George W. McLanahan.
Gherardi Davis—	A seaman's room, In memory of Alice Davis, beloved wife of Gherardi Davis.



- Frederic S. Grand d'Hauteville— A seaman's room, In memory of Frederic S. Grand d'Hauteville 1838-1918.
- Mrs. Robert Dixon— A chapel chair.
- Charles E. Dunlap— A seaman's room.
- Mrs. Frederic S. Gould— A chapel chair.
- Mrs. Louise F. G. Grimke— An officer's room, In memory of Louis Rutledge Grimke, Headquarters Co. 327, Tank Corps Battalion, A. E. F., 1918.
- Mrs. J. Amory Haskell— A dormitory drinking fountain, In memory of her husband, Jonathan Amory Haskell.
- Bayard C. Hoppin— A seaman's room, In memory of William Warner Hoppin.
- Frederick Hussey— A drinking fountain in entrance lobby, In memory of his grandfather, Captain George Hussey, New Bedford, Massachusetts.
- Mrs. Cortlandt Irving— A seaman's room.
- Mrs. John Innes Kane— A gift, A memorial to her sister, Mrs. Bridgham.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Keferstein— A seaman's room, In loving memory of Commander Downs Lorraine Wilson, U. S. N., September 12, 1848-January 29, 1920.
- Miss M. Elizabeth Lester— 2 officers' rooms, In memory of her father, Andrew Lester, and In memory of her brother, Charles Sumner Lester.
- Mr. C. H. Ludington— A room endowed for use of destitute convalescents, In memory of Ethel Saltus Ludington, 1871-1922.
- Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon— 2 chapel chairs.
- Mrs. Sherley W. Morgan— A room, "In loving memory of my father and mother, Lowell M. Palmer and Grace H. Palmer."
- Mrs. George S. Morris— An officer's room, In memory of her grandfather, Captain James Rogers.

- Mrs. H. P. Moseley— 2 seamen's rooms, In memory of her father, Charles Phelps Williams, and In memory of her mother, Fanny Mallory Williams.
- Mrs. Margaret Mullins— A chapel chair, In memory of Henry Mullins, an old member of the Floating Church.
- Miss Alice B. McCutcheon— A seaman's room, "In memory of Rougier Thorne, a lover of the sea."
- Mrs. George McNeir— A seaman's room, In memory of Selden Hibbard.
- Mrs. H. W. Osborne— A chapel chair, In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Zenas King, Cleveland, O., devoted Christians and Churchmen.
- Walter Wood Parsons— A seaman's room.
- Pawling School— A seaman's room.
- Mrs. Edward McClure Peters— A bedroom endowed for the use of destitute convalescents, In memory of her husband, Captain Edward McClure Peters.
- Mrs. Susan M. W. Price— A twenty-eight-bed dormitory, In memory of Francis T. White.
- Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Reeder— A chapel chair.
- Miss Maria D. Rickard— A seaman's room.
- The Misses Righter— 2 officers' rooms.
- Miss Sallie A. Roche— Staff or officer's room, In memory of her dear sister, Miss Mary Caroline Roche.
- Mrs. T. Shaw Safe— A seaman's room, In loving memory of T. Shaw Safe of London, England, March 28, 1859-October 14, 1916.
- Miss Louise B. Scott— A seaman's room, In memory of her father, George S. Scott.
- Mrs. E. H. Scoville— A seaman's room, "Granny's Room."
- Seamen's Church Institute Association of Brooklyn— A seaman's room.
- Seamen's Church Institute Association of South Shore, Long Island— A seaman's room.

- Seamen's Church Institute  
Association of Staten  
Island— A seaman's room.  
Mrs. Elizabeth D. Shepard— A gift for the Chapel.  
Mrs. Maude S. Shriver— 2 Chapel chairs,  
In memory of Frederick S.  
Salisbury and In memory  
of Lucy A. Salisbury.
- Miss Helen Hall Smith— A seaman's room,  
In memory of John Hewell  
Smith and Mary Helen  
Smith.
- Mrs. William Eliot Smith— A gift,  
"In memory of a dear sailor  
brother who many years  
ago stood much in need of  
such a home."
- St. Mary's School, Peeks-  
kill— 2 Chapel chairs.  
Mrs. Belle J. Stewart— A drinking fountain,  
To the memory of Lieuten-  
ant Commander Robert  
Stewart, U. S. N.
- Mrs. Edward N. Strong— 2 drinking fountains,  
Given by Evelina W. Strong  
in memory of her husband,  
Edward N. Strong.
- Miss Mary L. Swift— 3 Chapel chairs,  
In memory of Thomas  
John Chew, U. S. N., 1777-  
1846; Abby Hortense Chew  
Swift, 1821-1898; and Alex-  
ander Joseph Swift, 1849-  
1924.
- Mrs. Lavinia Thorne— A drinking fountain,  
In memory of her son, Rou-  
gier Thorne.
- Miss Myra Valentine— A drinking fountain.  
Mrs. Richard Van Voorhis— An officer's room,  
In memory of Rochester  
Cuming, Thomas Barnes  
Cuming, and Allen Jackson  
Cuming.
- Miss Elizabeth VanWinkle— A Chapel chair,  
In memory of Elizabeth  
Mitchell VanWinkle.
- J. Albert VanWinkle— A chapel chair.  
Mrs. Frederick J. Warren— A seaman's room.
- Miss M. Louise and Miss  
Susan S. Warren— 2 Chapel chairs.  
Mrs. William R. Waters— 3 officers' rooms,  
In memory of my mother,  
Mary Harris Lester; my  
husband, William Rossiter  
Waters; and herself, Adele  
Lester Waters.

- William D. Winter— A seaman's room.  
Miss Ethel Zabriskie— A seaman's room.  
George Zabriskie— A gift to be selected.  
George Zabriskie— A Chapel chair,  
In memory of his mother,  
Martha L. Zabriskie.

Have you sent in your memorial subscription yet?

### Payment in Full

There was something about him that appealed to the Lady-Who-Gives-Relief when first she saw him. He had the tall vigor of the north and about him, a curious, childlike frankness of expression that made her know she could trust him. It was in the winter when he came. He had been injured on his ship, and \$1,000 compensation had been paid to him which he had deposited in the little basement bank at the institution. He wanted a ship. And there seemed nothing in New York. It was winter and times were bad. He decided to go to Philadelphia. He also decided to take with him his \$1,000. Against the advice of the man who runs the "bank" he drew it out and started down South Street.

Just what happened was never quite clear. He met some men he thought he knew. There was a drink—several, in fact—a taxi ride, he was evidently drugged, for when he woke up, every cent was gone. He came back to the Institute and the Relief-Lady tided him over for some time. Each day he was sure he would have a job, each night he returned despondent. The skeptical shook their heads. But the Lady-Who-Gives-Relief never lost faith in him, though her patience and hopes were almost gone when he finally came with the glad news that he had a job running a hoisting engine on a ship going South.

For several months there was silence. He had disappeared and only a little card in the office file

showed what she had done for him. Then one day, just before the summer holidays, came a letter enclosing eight dollars to be applied to funds advanced and two dollars for the doorman at the Institute. On the very next pay day came a note with a cheque for payment in full—a note saying that he never could have pulled through last winter without the help of the Institute, for he knew no one in America on whom he might have relied. It was his hope to come back to the Institute some day, but he hoped never to be caught again by the South Street gangsters.

And the Lady-Who-Gives-Relief wore a confident sort of smile. After all it is a pleasure to have one's faith in humanity justified. It gives one new belief in mankind and confidence in those one is helping.

### *A Modern Noah*

To the harbor of the House Mother's office drift many interesting human elements of sea life. Not the least interesting of those who have visited her of late is an old seafarer who is having his first glimpse of New York after an absence of nineteen years. Since last he sailed into the harbor much has changed in lower New York. Where here and there a tower lifted its head, there is now a great cliff of towering buildings; the present Institute building was not erected; horses' hoofs clicked up and down South Street, instead of rumbling motor lorries. But there was still much of the Battery and South Street that was familiar to him.

For the past eighteen years, he has been living in Alaska, Prince Ruppert, where his "ark," anchored in Sea Cove where he sailed and fished, was a quiet backwater of life known only to the

fishing people about him. But one morning he woke to find the "ark" famous. The American round-the-world fliers had stopped, like migratory birds, on the Cove. They visited him. They wrote about him and when the Canadians came along they did the same thing, too.

The "Yanks," as he called them, all wrote their names on the door of his house, and the door became so famous in the neighborhood that some covetous neighbor stole it when the owner was away. As for the Canadians, they were so pleased with his habitation, that the Air Service of the Department of National Defence considered buying his floating home as a stopping place for their "bird" men when they make their trip to Northern waters. It was here that he entertained the airmen of both countries with his great collection of sea yarns.

He bears his sixty odd years lightly, this old man of the sea, for it would be easy to credit him with twenty years less. He has known strange ports and out-of-the-way corners of the world, the tropics and the long, white winters of the North, hardships and times of ease, for he has sailed on pleasure yachts that a decade or more ago were known throughout the great ports of Europe and America and whose owners roamed the seas with nothing but their fancy to direct them.

He has also seen hard days round the Horn before steam appeared on the ocean. Through it all he has guarded a simplicity, a calmness, and a love of his fellows that is given to few men nowadays. His are the fundamentals of the sea—courage, straightness, honor. And as he sat talking in the House Mother's room, reminiscing on the old days when sails still out-

numbered stacks, one could not help but wish that some of the old picturesqueness of life before the mast would come back to the ways of the sea.

"They are nearly all gone," he said, "the men of that day—the old captains, the old seamen I knew. And men have changed as ships have changed. But other things have changed for the better. When I was last in New York, a seaman never had a place like this to stay. I remember the old 'Mission' and how crowded it was. I see now how crowded you are here, too, but I am glad to see also of what's going on next door. I was very proud to be one of those present when the Philadelphia Institute opened. I wish I could be here for this but I am leaving in a week to go back to my ark in the North, to watch for more great flights.

"You don't know, do you," said he, looking at the House Mother and the Lady-Who-Gives-Relief—"of any lady who would like to spend the winter in Alaska?" . . . But we never could find out just what it was they told him.

### Three Nickels

In this day of high prices we do not think the purchasing power of a nickel very great, but three tall, growing English lads recently acquired a wholesome respect for the amount of happiness a nickel can buy.

Youth at sea is proud and shy and does not easily ask favors. So when they docked in Bayonne and none of the three apprentices aboard had any money, they could not even leave the ship when off duty.

Not until several days did they get a little money out of the "old man" for some extra serv-

ice performed. Then they laid their plans to get to 25 South Street. They got to Staten Island in the company's launch. Then a long walk from their landing place to the New York ferry.

And it was a nickel apiece—three nickels—that permitted them to cross to South Street, where, in the Apprentices' Room billiards, the Victrola, fellows from other ships, tea and chatter, a place to write, evening and dancing with those nice volunteer girls who come in, made a wonderful afternoon and evening.

Six bells—time to shove off—the ferry to Staten Island—three nickels again!

"Where away, lads," said a man in a motor, "come aboard, I'll run you over to your landing."

The ship—eight bells—time to turn in!

Casting up accounts of the day, eight hours—total cost? "Looks like thirty cents," said the youngest lad. Just twice three nickels but joy is cheap when one is young!

### Phenix

With the demolishing of the auditorium, which has already begun that the fourth floor of the old building become the permanent administration offices of the combined buildings, there goes out from this place the scene of many of the Institute's joy times.

Here it was that the friendships were made through Fellowship Club activities, the movies, and vaudeville shows, the Apprentices' night, and the Home Hour after chapel of a Sunday evening,—ghosts that will haunt the administration department, kindly ghosts of happy hours, asking only "watchman, what of the night"—Who will build our new playhouse?

*High and Low Tide*

A man's intentions may be good. In fact, most seamen's are. And it is their belief in the genuine intentions of others that makes them comparatively easy victims in wily hands.

This time it was a young Welshman. He knew the Institute; had stayed here. Just off a ship where he had been paid off—he was on his way to 25 South Street when he fell into the hands of a couple of "runners" who helped him with his baggage.

They seemed to have unusual acquaintance with his ship, referred easily to one or two men he had shipped with. How about a drink to celebrate arrival? And they took him into the nearest place where bad stuff, high prices, and bad company can be found.

He woke in the gutter; his money, papers, letters, even his coat gone; his clothes in such shape that no one could have recognized in him the young Welshman who left the ship.

It was thus he arrived at the Institute—destitute, discouraged to the point where nothing seemed to matter. He was fitted out, fed, and the tide of courage rose.

It reached a true high tide when the Employment officer found him a job and he shipped—out beyond the reach of land sharks.

*A Stranger's Strange Story*

(Will be continued in the November issue)

*Giving*

Generosity seems an innate part of a seaman's make-up. He is always willing to help a pal—he likes to do for those whom he counts his friends, and generosity with him is usually spelled with capitals. No time has he for the landsman's smug system of budgetting and so it sometimes happens that his desire to give causes painful shrinkage of the wallet. Nor does he care to publish his gifts.

Not long ago the House Mother was surprised to have delivered to her office a large and tempting basket of fruit. No card—nothing to identify it. Who was she to thank? But she had learned to be canny in trailing her gifts. She waited.

The next day came a seaman, a man whom she had befriended, and liked. And in the conversation he made a casual inquiry as to whether or not she had received a basket of fruit. Indeed she had, and she told him of her pleasure, and of her bewilderment in wondering who had sent it. "It must have been you," she concluded. And before he left he blushing admitted that he was the donor.

Not five minutes later he was back in her room again, and blushing more than ever. "You couldn't lend me a couple of dollars for a few days, could you? I'm plumb broke," said he of the generous heart.

*The Import of Export*

He was Polish. He came to the Social Service Department a year ago, said he had entered America in 1921—wanted to be naturalized. He was advised and his first papers made out. Then

he fell under the enactment of a law passed by Congress last year restricting immigration, and touching even men who had entered the country before 1924. The law being retroactive the Pole came under its influence. He had married, set up a home, had a job, and two small children. He reported to the immigration authorities whenever they desired, but the law does not always know the story underneath. He was held subject to deportation.

When he came to the Social Service they listened to his story, decided to make an investigation and stand by, that he be granted a fair chance to state his case.

A good workman, he had dependents on him, had been an officer during the War in the Russian Army, served loyally, been wounded. His wife and children were frantic at the thought of losing him. It might mean that they would become public charges. It was the Social Worker who uncovered all these facts when the man appealed to the Institute for help, and it will be on this evidence that the case will be judged when it comes up for a hearing. Whatever the decision the Institute will have proved again its humane help and service for those who are in need of intelligent comprehension.



# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

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