

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VIII.

JULY 1917

Number 7

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

ORGANIZED 1843

INCORPORATED 1844

RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., LL.D.,
Honorary President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES,
President.

FRANK T. WARBURTON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, D.D.
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D.
RT. REV. FREDERICK COURTNEY, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D.
REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D.

REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER
REV. C. F. J. WRIGLEY, D.D.
REV. CHARLES L. SLATTERY, D.D.
REV. FRANK W. CROWDER, PH. D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS, 1868

LISPENARD STEWART, 1883

WILLIAM H. BUTTERWORTH, 1873

J. W. MILLER, 1897

JOHN SEELY WARD, 1902

Lay Managers

JOHN H. MORRISON, 1877
B. T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1877
JOHN A. MCKIM, 1889
ROBERT L. HARRISON, 1901
AUGUSTUS N. HAND, 1902
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, 1902
EDWIN A. S. BROWN, 1904
CHARLES A. CLARK, 1905
CLINTON E. BRAINE, 1905
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, 1905
GEORGE E. CUMMINGS, 1905
HENRY L. HOBART, 1907
EUGENE S. WILLARD, 1907
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1908
AYMAR JOHNSON, 1908
ERNEST E. WHEELER, 1908
ROBERT MCC. MARSH, 1908
CHARLES W. BOWRING, 1909

ORME WILSON, JR., 1910
FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911
J. FREDERIC TAMS, 1911
BAYARD C. HOPPIN, 1911
OLIVER ISELIN, 1912
VINCENT ASTOR, 1912
T. ASHLEY SPARKS, 1912
MARINUS W. DOMINICK, 1912
JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913
LEROY KING, 1913
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY, 1913
CHARLES E. DUNLAP, 1915
SAMUEL N. HINCKLEY, 1915
GEORGE W. BURLEIGH, 1915
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, 1915
BERNON S. PRENTICE, 1915
JOHN J. RIKER, 1916
JAMES BARBER, 1916

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Subscriptions to the Current Expenses of the Institute should be sent to 25 South Street, New York.
Make Checks Payable To FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer.

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 8

JULY, 1917

No. 7

Published Monthly by the
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Subscription One Dollar Annually, post paid, Single Copies 10 Cents

Address all communications and make checks payable to

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Scholars on the "Hamersley"

In the log of the first cruise of the Navigation and Marine Engineering School nothing is said about the difficulties of an amateur seaman on his first real voyage, because it is a businesslike Log. But under the pictures taken of the men who have sailed down the bay on the "J. Hooker Hamersley," the "World" says:

"Suppose you saw this signal wigwagged, would you know what it meant?" (The picture shows a man on the upper deck of the Institute launch signalling "Get under way," or "Request permission to lay anchor" or "Not to get under way until further notice." The editor doesn't know which.)

"Or could you plot out a course for your boat on a chart like this?" (Picture shows Capt. Huntington and one of his pupils working on a chart.)

"And if you were told to lower a lifeboat, would you know how to go

about it?"

"What if you were asked to shoot the sun or read the pelorus?"

"Perhaps even the simple reading of the log might puzzle you."

Anyhow, Capt. Huntington's typewritten copy of his log is easy to read.

At 9 A. M. School assembled in class room.

At 9:30 Fifteen members of the school were designated as the crew and put all necessary equipment aboard for a cruise down the harbor in the "J. Hooker Hamersley."

9 Sextants, Octant, Quadrants.

2 Parallel rulers.

1 Pelorus

1 Chronometer.

2 Dividers.

3 Charts.

1 Log and log line.

1 Rotator.

2 Chart tables.

1 Pelorus stand.

2 Signal Flags.

9:45 Crew instructed in lining up Pelorus' lubber line parallel with ship's keel.

10:25 Got under way.

10:30 Crew instructed in streaming and reading the log.

10:50 Crew instructed in taking cross bearings to determine position.

11:00 Instructions in taking observations of the sun for longitude and finding the deviation of compass. (Horizon very hazy.)

11:15 Crew instructed in ship's position by vertical angles with sextant and use of tables 33 and 34. Ex-meridian altitude of the sun.

11:30 Instructions in horizontal angles with sextant.

Noon. Latitude from meridian, altitude of the sun. Lunch, consisting of sandwiches and fruit, coffee made on board.

1 P. M. Boat drill.

1:30 Fire drill. Sights for first line of Sumner's line of position.

2:00 Instruction on finding deviation of the compass.

2:25 Homeward bound, streamed log which registered 15.95 knots.

2:30 Instruction of compensating compass.

3:00 Instruction on the superiority of the sextant over the Pelorus or any other instruments in determining the position of a ship by horizontal angle. Observation taken to determine ship's position by Sumner's line for determining the ship's position.

4:05 Hauled in log registering total distance of 28 knots.

4:30 Arrived at school with all equipment.

During the cruise the ship flew the school pennant from the main truck.

As different U. S. Naval vessels were passed, greetings and signals were exchanged by semaphore.

During the cruise Captain William Peete, Captain of the "J. Hooker Hamersley," instructed the crew on steering, the compass course, buoyage, rules of the road, piloting and also answered many questions.

There was a second cruise on June 15th and there have been two since then. Each man carried his own sandwiches, and with a bag of cups from the Institute, the coffee made on board makes luncheon an informal and highly cheerful festivity.

The boat has been out as far as Sandy Hook and when they get where there are not many other boats the students get a chance at the wheel. It doesn't matter so much there if they go backwards or to starboard when they should go to port. They are all frightfully keen about the cruise and most anxious to learn everything. One of them, returning the other night, said:

"When I went out on the boat I thought I was quite a navigator. I have been studying for three months and learning a lot. I have come back and have to admit how little I know about navigation.

And It Really Happens

He ran up the steps and into the Hotel Lobby where the House Mother chanced to be standing. He turned toward her, crying and wiping the blood from his face. His eyes had the

deep terror of a frightened animal and he took her hand as if to assure himself that he was safe and among friends.

"You won't let them touch me here?" he begged, and she promised to protect him.

"I was in a saloon up the street and I met two men in there who knew that I had just been paid off \$137. They asked me to drink with them and finally asked me to go upstairs and play cards. We went up two flights into a little room where there were two other men and a woman. After a while I got suspicious from something they said and I moved over near the door. One of them grabbed something and hit me over the head. I upset the table and I just swam down those stairs into the street. I came so fast I knocked over a policeman and he looked mad, but I knew I'd be safe here."

He was gasping with exhaustion and he sank into a big armchair while the House Mother looked to see how deep the wound was on his head.

"Can you direct an officer to the room?" she asked.

He darted a terrified glance at her and shivered.

"I'm not a coward but I don't stand much chance with fellows like that. They wouldn't stop at killing a man for \$100. Just let me stay here and I'll be safe."

There was something appealingly childish in his belief in the Institute's protection. When he was in trouble he unerringly sought the one place

where he knew nothing could hurt him.

No Food, No Water

Robinson Crusoe was the most picturesque of all the shipwrecked adventurers, but he led a life of pampered ease and sybaritic luxury compared to the crew of the "Gypsum Prince" which was shipwrecked in mid-ocean about a month ago.

Three men in her crew were in a life-boat for eleven days with nothing to eat. At first there was a little water, but that gave out, and the men had to eat the leather in their shoes and to suck on their oil-skins. We had always heard that seamen did this in time of great extremity but it sounded rather like fiction, just as most unusual and horrible tales do. But these men had no desire to glorify themselves by a recital of hardships.

They were picked up with nine men from the "Petrolite," the Standard Oil boat which was torpedoed, and they arrived at the Institute emaciated and full-bearded with the hollows of suffering beneath their sunken eyes.

"There was some moisture in the leather, or anyway, if you chewed on it, your mouth would get moist," one of them told an Institute worker. "We never expected to be picked up, after it got to be the eighth day. We had drifted out of the track of the ships and we had no signals that showed up well. I don't know why we did not jump overboard, but I guess it is human nature to hang on as long as you can."

French and British Gunners

If you run into a man whose blue linen sailor collar is trimmed with two rows of white braid, and whose little blue cap has a scarlet pompon on the crown, you need only guess once. He is a French gunner. There have been a great many of them about the Institute during the past six weeks. They stand on the curb in the sunshine and talk to everyone who can speak French, or to everyone who looks smiling and friendly; they do not burst into the "Marseillaise" whenever they see a French flag, nor do they skip about singing gay snatches of folk-tunes. But they are different from the British and American gunners. They are small and swift moving and keen-eyed and they know how to enjoy whatever happens.

When the oyster man upsets the vinegar cruet they shriek with mirth, but they are meanwhile deftly recovering it and, unworried by microbes, trying to replace the vinegar. When the banana man upsets his cart, they are as pleased, more pleased than children, but they pick up and dust off the golden fruit and sternly rebuke anyone who tries to acquire a bit of the slender delicacy without paying his penny or nickel.

They go about their little affairs, not interfering with anyone, good tempered, quick to laugh and quick to sympathize. They are ideal seamen guests, as are also the British gunners who are staying in the building in ever changing groups. The Britons are more taciturn, more sombre, but exactly as well behaved as the little Frenchmen.

These men are sent over on armed merchant ships which until the last few months have never carried gunners. They not only carry on their own duties but instruct other seamen. Equipping ships with guns and the men to operate them has been a problem fraught with difficulties which few people realized.

It is the Institute's particular good fortune to have the gunners staying here.

On the Roof

They are laying the final flooring, the lovely red which is cool and dusky and reminiscent of Flemish inns where the dark tiles are always being washed into fragrant, alluring dampness.

Up on the roof above the Roof they have put in place the railing of the ship's bridge, and the grey foot-bridge which protects your shoes from the tar and pebbles underneath. About the flag-pole mast the shining red railing looks like a part of a holiday boat when you look up at it from the street, but once on top, it is all very business-like, and when the Chart Room is completed, the Navigation School will have the most wonderfully equipped schoolroom anywhere on the edges of the seven seas.

The little stairs from the balcony of the Titanic Memorial Tower are constructed and they lead down to the bridge, so that the nautical illusion is quite perfect. You have a thrilling sense of being on the hurricane deck when you stand beside the flag-mast, holding onto the rail and looking across the sun-flecked Bay and out

through the Narrows. You are always a little surprised to look down and see that the piers and poor, mutilated Jeannette Park are still where they were. It is so incredible that the ship has not moved out of port, picking her graceful course between Governors Island and Liberty.

Why He Was Certain

They were a little crowded down in the Census Room but Jock elbowed his way to a place at the long table, selected the most friendly of the smiling deputies and waited for the questions. He admitted that he was married and a few minutes later when he was asked:

"Do you claim exemption from military service?" he answered:

"Why, no, that is what I am here for."

It swiftly developed that he thought he was enlisting in the Navy and he was directed to the proper office.

"But, wait a minute," urged the deputy, "I thought you said you were married. Doesn't your wife make any difference about enlisting?"

"Oh, no," Jock assured him, "she wouldn't mind. I haven't heard from her for over a year, so I know she is all right."

Interned Seamen Study

From Ellis Island comes a request for a German-Spanish dictionary and text book and some writing paper. The writer says that a man who has been in South America for many years is giving Spanish lessons to a num-

ber of interned seamen over on the Island.

This seems a particularly opportune service. These seamen, forced to be idle, are very glad to use their time in studying Spanish or other languages.

Dr. Mansfield was able to procure through the City Missions, exactly what the men required.

3,800 Seamen Register

Beginning June 5th the Vestry Room was converted into a Census Bureau and since that time over 3,800 men have registered. The Bureau was in charge of Captain H. Karpeles who had several assistants. Employees of the Institute were sworn in and acted as deputies.

Although June 25th was the last registration date for the average citizen of the state, the time was extended by the Board in order to accommodate seamen who were not in this port during the allotted period. It has become so important for a seaman to show his card, that he is seriously hampered in obtaining work unless he has one.

Any seaman in this port at present who can prove that he was not here during the days between June 11th and June 25th, can still register and should apply at the Institute.

Seamen from Singapore, Portuguese settlements, Calcutta, Bombay, China, Australia, France, Finland, Chile, Brazil, Ecuador, Panama, Germany, Austria, British South Africa, Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, all filed into the little room and worried

over unfamiliar inquiries. The first crew landed from Iceland in five years was registered down here and the torpedoed Standard Oil boat "Federalite" yielded her crew to the pen of the census taker.

What They Answered

"What do they ask you in the census, Jim?" Dick asked in a rather anxious voice as Jim emerged from the room where the registration was being carried on.

"Oh, nothing much," Jim reassured him; "you don't need to tell them how you was in jail nor anything too personal," he grinned.

Dick scowled but he made definite if reluctant progress toward the Census Room. A young woman, much more efficient and businesslike than Dick quite approved of, began to ask him questions.

"Are you married?" she asked presently, her pen poised above the blank. Dick started. He looked puzzled and he waited several seconds before replying.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said at last.

The efficient young woman made no comment.

"Have you anyone dependent upon you?"

"No, I can't rightly say I have," confessed Dick, "you see my wife works in a munitions factory in England."

When they reached the questions, "Do you own a motor truck, an automobile, a power boat," Dick's concen-

trated expression relaxed into a smile.

"Do I look like I owned any one of those?"

"You are answering the questions," remarked the young woman crisply and they finished the list speedily.

The man who followed Dick also looked startled when asked if he was married.

"Don't you know without stopping to think?" she asked, although that question was not on the blank.

"Well, I think lots of us seamen has been married at one time or another," he told her, "being away so much you do find it hard to remember exactly. Marrying's a thing you have to be around with for it to make much difference to you."

And the efficient young woman looked greatly enlightened.

A little later she asked a man if he had been to school.

"High school?" "Yes."

"Technical school?" "Yes."

"College?" "Yes."

"What kind of a technical school was it?"

He looked a bit disconcerted, but only for a minute.

"Very poor," he responded easily, "I didn't learn much there."

"I mean what branch were you taking, engineering, drafting, agriculture, navigation—what was it?" she persisted.

"Oh, just regular learning," he said, and she wrote "No."

Hot Weather Music

Beginning Friday, the 13th, there will be two concerts a week in the Auditorium. They will be summertime entertainments with gay music and amusing motion pictures. They are to be the lightest of light hours, calculated to make men forget that it is July and August in New York of the heavy humidity.

All the windows will be wide open and a strong breeze from the sou'west will carry a reviving smell of sparkling salt water. The men are to be permitted to sit about in their shirt-sleeves, smoking whatever they choose in the way of cigars, pipes upon which no age limit is set, and cigarettes.

In the intermissions they can find S. C. I. Specials at the Soda Fountain, "Bevo," the temperance drink which tastes and looks like beer but it strictly non-alcoholic, and all the lemonade, grape juice, ginger ale and root beer they can use.

These are the humid evenings when the idle seaman, seeking diversion, can easily drift into much mischief. And these are the summertime movies and songs which will take care of at least two evenings each week and help him over the other ones.

If you want to make a hot weather forgetter your special gift, we shall be very glad to have you co-operate with us.

Flowers in Memory

Last month the Lookout suggested that it would be a very gracious way of remembering if people would send flowers for the Chapel in the Institute to make certain Sundays special memory days.

Easter lilies and red gladiolas decorated the altar on June 24th. They were given by Miss Mary K. Livingston in memory of her mother whose birthday occurred on that date.

On Sunday, July 1st, flowers were sent from Boston by Miss Edith Wood to be placed upon the altar as a thank offering for recovery from illness.

Flowers lend the Chapel services that note of exquisite other-worldliness which the seaman is quick to appreciate. Their delicate fragrance, their intimate beauty, heighten the charm of the most simple devotional ceremony. It would give great pleasure to the men and to the givers if every Sunday were a memorial, not a sad but a joyous symbol.

Willing to Fight

Curiously, most of the seamen registering, even though aliens and not naturalized citizens of the United States, stated that they would be willing to fight if called upon. They did not claim exemption and they usually said that they would choose the Navy as the branch of military service for which they were best equipped.

"I go to fight if they call me," a Swiss boy told the deputy, although he has a father and mother in Switzerland and is himself but twenty.

THE LOOKOUT

Published monthly by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York
at 25 South Street

New York, N. Y.

*Subscription One Dollar Annually, postpaid.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.*

Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Mental Gymnasium

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls, and matter enough to save one's own," the best poet of them all said; and it has been repeated by orators, essayists, lecturers and editors, while all the time Browning Societies all over the country were trying to interpret it, just by way of proving that they took their culture seriously, pursuing it in bands as if it were dangerous to meet alone. It occurred to us as being pertinent to the idea of the Institute as a gymnasium and a hospital.

There is no playing with souls on this wind-swept corner of Manhattan on the Harbor. There is a lot of grim business and careless gaiety but underneath that there is a very definite caring for the men themselves, their human reactions, their "hidden splendors."

The Institute is a gymnasium for the normal, sane, well-poised man. He is guided in the natural selection of healthy pursuits; his mind is exercised; his spirit is kept in good condition. He believes that it is a pretty decent sort of world; he views his responsibilities with calm, serene ac-

ceptance; he is not chafing under the strain of tedious, wearying circumstances. He comes here to keep his moral and mental health in form; he trains down his wayward impulses and guards his ideals. Not, of course, as we must have said before, because it has a familiar sound somehow, that the seaman is ever conscious of doing any of the rather fine things we attribute to him. But it is all a difference in phrases and in the expression of something intangible, elusive, but real and powerful.

And the Institute is a hospital for sick souls. It gives its patients sunshine and salt tonic and cheerful friends. It nurses them with music and kindness and not too exciting recreations. It stimulates them with simple talks upon subjects they understand and want to hear talked about; it shows them pictures and it initiates them into a method of living, a manner of life that is wholesome and, above all, the kind of clean-minded, average life that self-respecting human beings share and find full of happiness and comfort.

Men come here stripped of illusions, their beliefs shredded and their antagonistic bitterness permeating and spoiling every day for them. A course in the Institute hospital treatment for distorted perspective and disordered minds usually sends them off on a new voyage, well on the road to complete cures. You cannot keep your spirit in a state of ailing distemper when everything about you is making grow for you optimism and trust and courage, and a desire to be just a regular person with the ordinary activities and joys and hopes and wishes.

This isn't intended to be merely writing, merely trying to prove an abstract theory because it sounds well. There are concrete examples in the Institute every day, pupils in the mental gymnasium and convalescents in the spiritual hospital. They revive your drooping faith in Things as They Ought to Be.

Bequest of \$5,000

A gift of \$5,000 bequeathed by Miss Cornelia Beekman, who died in May, puts another link in a chain of benefactions by which Miss Beekman and her family have shown their great interest in the Institute and in all it has tried to do for seamen.

Miss Beekman has been for many years an Associate member of the Seamen's Benefit Society. She gave liberally to the funds of that Society, was unfailing in her attendance at the Lenten Sewing Classes, knitted many warm scarfs and socks for the men who must be out in all the ice storms and heavy gales and piercing rains. She was a subscriber to the Titanic Memorial Tower and altogether showed a keen delight in the progress of the new building, in the expansion of the work and in everything that was devised to make the sailor comfortable, contented and a better man.

Her brother, Mr. Gerard Beekman, who gave the Public Reading Room in memory of his brother, has made possible the two Noon-day talks which have been given, with music, on Tuesdays and Fridays during the fall, winter and spring months.

About Christmas

Already many letters have been received from Lookout readers asking for directions for comfort bag making and for the knitting of scarfs, helmets and other knitted guards against exposure.

It is a good thing to think about the seaman and his probable Christmas this sultry month of July when tragic happening follows calamity and sober thoughts crowd aside the merry preoccupations.

Christmas and the seaman! Think of them and decide what gift you will make or purchase and tie into a shining package that will bring a smile of pleased anticipation to the man who receives it.

In the six months before Christmas everything can happen, even the declaration of peace. And if the six months have sorrow and terror and numbing anxiety, there is always the chance to lose for a little while some of the black butterflies, by thinking very hard about the seaman. He will be in this port, several thousands of him. Perhaps a thousand lonesome mariners will come to the Institute on that day. He counts, and his happiness is important.

Several letters have asked whether men from the Navy came to the Institute. Of course, as most Lookout readers know, only the merchant seamen come here, but their place in this war is no less exalted than the men in the government's employ.

Without the merchant sailor to man the ships that carry food and clothing and ammunition, the Navy would be virtually powerless. The merchant

sailor is the machinery, the dynamo, the power plant. He risks his life, he fights when he has to, he sticks to his ship, but he does not wear a uniform when he stokes and oils and scrubs and loads cargo.

He Proved It

Before the war, says the Sailors' Magazine, seamen's return tickets were issued by most railway companies from seaport towns at reduced rates. A well-dressed young man asked for one of these tickets recently but the booking clerk demurred.

"Seamen's return tickets are issued only to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I am a sailor," was the reply of the applicant.

"But how am I to know that your statement is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know that I've been doing more than sitting on a stool bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit!"

That station-master was standing nearby.

"Give him a ticket," he said. "He is a sailor."

British Consul Expands

That is a rather misleading heading because of course it is the office of the British Consul which has expanded. War has increased the sort of business carried on in a Consulate and the offices now cover almost half the Basement floor of the Institute.

The Savings Department has been moved and compressed slightly, the Shipping Bureau and Barber Shop moved up to the second floor and the British Vice-Consul now has room enough to entertain ship's crews who come there to be paid off, to hear the troubles of torpedoed seamen, to adjust differences, look up discharge papers, interview officers in the merchant services, all the thousand things for which a Vice-Consul needs assistants and desks and space.

Too Much Trouble

"A sheet of writin' paper, please."

"Certainly, here are two and an envelope. Going to write to your mother?"

"Nope."

"How long since you have written her?"

"Sixteen years, about."

"Don't you think it is about time to break the silence?"

"Nope! I might find she was dead and I don't want to trouble grievin' for her."

"But if she's alive, don't you think she would be mighty glad to hear from you?"

"Maybe. But I guess she thinks I'm dead by now. If I write her she'll know that I'm livin'. I'm signin' on the S—— for England tomorrow. If we get sunk I'd have to give her the trouble of grievin' over me twice. I just wanted this paper to write down what I needed for me trip. Thanks."

—The Seafarer.

What Is He To Do With It?

Sam was, and still is, a friend of one of the Institute's Men-Who-Give-Advice. He had been a drunkard for the past two years and he was forever appearing in a very shaky condition and asking for a job on shore.

"See here, Sam," the Man Who Gives Advice told him one day, "you promise me to stay absolutely sober for six months, bring me a written certificate from your employer that you have stayed sober and I will try to get you a job here at the Institute."

Sam agreed and went away. From time to time he met the Man Who Gives Advice on the street and he was apparently sober, but he did not come back and claim the job, until something over the six months had elapsed. Then he went into the office and spoke reproachfully:

"You never got me that job."

"You never got me the certificate."

"Certificate! Ain't it enough that I stayed sober?"

"I am glad to hear that you stayed sober, but you promised me a certificate and I must have proof that you did stay sober all that time."

"Look here," Sam said later, injury and an enormous sense of injustice in his voice, "after six months' hard fighting to keep sober, there I was, there I stood with my sobriety on my hands!"

Impromptu Vaudeville

Almost any night now there is likely to be spontaneous entertainment. When the men sit about and wonder where they shall go, the House Mother suggests that one of them show the rest how cleverly he clogs, or does the buck and wing. After the first bashfulness wears off, there are more volunteers than audience. Every seaman fancies he can sing because he usually does sing at sea, and he does not know whether his voice is warped by fog or clarified by shouting through storms. He only knows that he loves to sing anything he ever heard and liked.

When they are not singing pathetic ballads or comics, or dancing, they play games. There are peanut races and blind man's buff and anything they suggest. Sometimes it is a little difficult to understand the directions for foreign games which nobody knows and sometimes the witty ones offer directions which cannot be taken too seriously. One night a very innocent-faced seaman called out:

"Let's play 'Spot the Jabber.' It is a fine game."

"All right, how does it go?" the others agreed obligingly.

"Well, one of you chaps gets down on his hands and knees and someone covers him with a rug or a coat. Then we all get forks (the lunch counter will lend them to us) and we stick him through the rug. The game is for him to guess whose fork it is that jabbed him."

Oddly enough no one cared to be the one that guessed.

Every Finger a Fish-hook

"Yes, sir," wrote the father of a young seaman, "I have mighty good reason to remember the old time Black Ball packet days. I put in 527 of them once in the old 'Shenandoah,' Capt. Murphy. These boys think their life is hard now. But compared to the old days, it is like a Sunday School picnic. They don't have any more calls in the middle watch off Cape Horn to 'lay aloft and reef tops'ls' when every finger has to be a fish-hook.

"Yes, I know what it (a seaman's life) is, and knowing it as I do, I certainly appreciate your work and business to a small extent at least. There is many a seaman in his ocean bed today would have been alive and well had he had one-half the chance men in the Trade have today. I believe that for a young man, sir, two or three years at sea puts him on his feet and compels him to learn to rely on his own powers to make good in times of emergency, and even when he sees sickness and death staring him in the face, he can laugh and often save his own life by his quick wit and actions.

"The only thing that gets Jack today is Chemical Whisky. I followed the ocean for over 12 years and I found out that the sailor and rum were no friends, and if any man readily desires to keep in good condition, and can let rum alone, he will go to the top mighty quick.

"American seamen that carry papers are very much in demand today and it is my intention, if that boy of mine has determined to follow it out, to

make him get his papers as a Navigator, and then he can make a better and more respectable living for himself even at sea. The 'Fore-mast' hand today is only one of thousands that are easily placed. But the mate or master is quite a different affair, especially if he is well known to be a man whose responsibilities are never violated."

A Failing Password

All the twenty-five cent rooms were taken and Briggs had a sense of class distinction which prevented his taking a dormitory bed at fifteen cents. He went back to the Desk several times and inquired if anyone had given up a room but was always met with a negative. Finally he went into the evening service in the Chapel, as it was Sunday and he seldom misses services when he is in port, whether he has a room at the Institute or not.

The clergyman told a story about a man who believed in the power of the Biblical verse from the New Testament, John 3: 16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." He said that this man regarded it as an Open Sesame, that he could go anywhere and demand what he wish merely by saying "John 3: 16."

Briggs listened to this very intently. While they were singing the hymns his lips were moving but no musical sounds issued from them. He was obviously repeating some words which he feared to forget. At last the service was over, and Briggs hurried

through the door into the Hotel Office and pushed his way up to the Desk.

"Come here," he called to the Desk Man, "John 3: 16!"

The Desk Man grinned. He had been to the service too and he understood.

"I hate to see a good password fail," he sympathized. "Try it early tomorrow afternoon before the rooms are all gone."

Eternal Vigilance

It was in October, nearly a year ago, that a woman wrote to the House Mother, imploring her with every urgent pleading known to mothers, to find her son.

The boy had not been at the Institute, and although a list of the various ships on which he had sailed were sent to us, we could not trace him. The House Mother wrote letters of encouragement to the worried mother, reiterating a belief she was far from feeling that the boy would ultimately be discovered. She wrote and telephoned to every available source of information with no result.

And then, the other afternoon the boy came into the Institute, and registered at the Hotel Desk. His name was on the Desk Man's looking-out-for-boys' list, and was recognized at once. He had been on a four months' trip and he was sorry that his mother had been distressed, but after the manner of unthinking youth, he was not quite able to see why she should have upset herself. It truly is only

eternal vigilance on the part of the Inquiry Department which brings the wandering boys back in touch with their anxious parents.

Are You a Navigator?

You can become one, or an engineer if you will come to the Institute's Navigation and Marine Engineering School.

Here are a few reasons why this is one of the best schools in the country:

1. All modern methods for discerning a ship's position at sea and finding the deviation of the compass are practically demonstrated by observations taken from the building.
2. You are given instruments upon which to practice.
3. You are instructed in their use and adjustment.
4. You are instructed from observations that you take.
5. You are instructed by diagrams.
6. You make up a book under the supervision of the instructor with diagrams and examples.
7. This school is here to stay as long as the Seamen's Church Institute stands.
8. You can live in the building as economically and as well as anywhere else.
9. There is plenty of fresh air, light and a comfortable place to study. The school is open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. and 6 P. M. to 10 P. M. daily except Sunday and holidays.
10. Interesting and practical lectures on subjects with reference to

Navigation are given weekly. You are cordially invited to visit this building and school and take advantage of the opportunity offered to become a practical navigator or a marine engineer.

Weber Piano

At last the Institute is receiving the adequate number of pianos for which it has asked so many times since the Lookout first uttered an appealing voice in 1910.

A Weber upright piano, the gift of Mrs. J. A. Lienau, 141 East Seventy-first Street, is the most recent acquisition. It has been placed in the Officers' Reading and Game Rooms where it is extremely useful. Many of the officers have had good musical training and are very glad of a chance to practice and to amuse themselves and their companions.

Perhaps we could not have too many pianos. If there were one in every public room, there would always be a performer ready and eager to coax pleasant (for the most part) melodies from their responsive keyboards.

Natural Pride

He gave his name to the Census taker as Bertrand, but he really did not look like one. He was the deepest caramel color and he came from Barbadoes where he had received more than the average educational advantages; there was that in his toplofty manner which forced one to be-

lieve that Bertrand valued himself in the highest terms.

"What is your work? Have you a trade or profession?"

"Profession, I should say," he submitted proudly, lifting his shining face until he looked at a spot just above the inquirer's head.

"I'm a steward."

Lars Has Adventures

Several months ago we printed a story of a young Dane, very pink and white and gold, who spoke no English but who understood when the House Mother said, in his presence:

"I am sure he is a good boy."

Well, Lars has been sailing the dangerous seas since that was written and has been having exciting moments crowded into his youthful capacity for thrills. He has been torpedoed twice, the last time on a Standard Oil boat; and the last time he managed to secure a piece of the torpedo. Lars is, it appears, enterprising as well as good.

"Let me see that piece of steel a minute, sonny," a seaman asked him the other morning as he sat in the Lobby holding his fragment of destruction and displaying it proudly.

"Why, that was made over here in Brooklyn," exclaimed the other, after examining it closely. "Probably it went over to a neutral country and got into the hands of an enemy submarine. Funny having an American ship hit with one of our own torpedoes," he mused. But Lars only smiled.

He did not understand, but he knew that life was for him a thing of breathless and vivid fascinations.

Understanding a Son

"My reason for asking your assistance in locating my son," began the letter from a man who combined a thorough understanding of human frailties with a sympathy and tolerance which should make him an unusual parent, "are concerned with certain persons whose interest will be well served by getting the boy out of the way at the earliest possible moment. They will see to it that he is charged a full price for everything he gets.

"It is impossible to drive him at all. Threats only make him look around and try to see what it is that is coming his way. But he can be, and is, mighty easily led, especially if he meets those he has known before. That is why I am anxious that you shall keep a lookout for him, and if he returns to the Institute and desires accommodation, give him what he wants, and if he is short of funds communicate with me and I will be there at once.

"I want to be sure to catch him on this return trip to see if I cannot wake him up to the chances in life that he is now by his present existence completely throwing away, and with nothing he will be able to show for it later."

Service Books for "Noma"

Dr. Mansfield was able to furnish prayer-books and hymnals for use on

the U. S. S. "Noma," Mr. Vincent Astor's yacht which the government is now using in the Naval Reserve. A Chaplain has been appointed, a small organ given, and services will be heard on board every Sunday.

In his note of thanks to Dr. Mansfield, the writer announces that he is seaman, chaplain and librarian of the "Noma," at the government's service.

Vincent Astor is now serving with the American Naval Patrol in British and French waters. Mr. Astor was recently commissioned an ensign in the United States Navy Reserve, but the fact that he had been assigned to duty abroad was not made known until after he had arrived on the European side of the Atlantic.

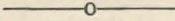
Ensign Astor gave to the Government for use during the war his steam yacht Noma. Several of those who placed their yachts at the disposal of the Government for war purposes have been rewarded by being sent to active service in European waters.

New Lay Executive

It sounds rather imposing but it is an official title and it is Mr. A. O. Washburn who has come to the Institute to be Lay Executive to the Superintendent. He succeeds Mr. M. E. Hopkins who resigned his position to go to the Officers Reserve Training Camp, Madison Barracks.

Mr. Washburn has been for ten years connected with Y. M. C. A. work, and during that time has become thoroughly familiar with the multiple branches of that organization. Since his more recent experience has been in the educational department,

he is entirely qualified to attack the Institute problems, many of which offer perplexing difficulties which require all that a man has of sane judgment, wise decision and intuition.

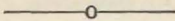


Donations Received June, 1917

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, knitted articles, shoes, clothing, piano.

Anonymous—3

Ashman, Mrs. E. J.
Benton, Mrs. M. F.
Breitung, Mrs. E. N.
Briscoe, Miss Daisy



Church Periodical Club and Branches

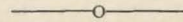
Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, N. Y.
St. Agnes' Church, New York.
St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, New York.
Comer, Miss M. A.
Dall, Mrs. H. H.
Dennis, E.
Eyre, Miss M. T.
Francis, M. M.
Gerrish, Mrs. Frank S.
Gookin, Mrs. W. C.
Gouzalez, Mrs. A. C.
Grant, Madison
Gray, Mrs. Henry W.
Hayes, Thos. B.
Hicks, J. C.
Hilton, Percy K.
Hunter's College of Y. W. C. A.
Judson, Mrs.
Laurie, Miss
Lienau, Mrs. J. A.
Livingston, Mrs. H. H.
McGowan, A. P.
Mallory, George
Mann, Mrs. S. V.
Moran, The Misses
National Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild

Palmer, Mrs.
Pinero, Alberto
Prime, Miss Cornelia

Requa, Miss E.
Robertson, Wm. A.
Robinson, Mr.
Robinson, Henry J.
Roebing, Mrs. J. A.

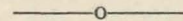
Taft, Frank K.
Thurston, Miss M. D.

Warner, Miss Mary C.
White, A.
Wood, Miss Edith
Woodward, Mrs. M. P.



Contributions for Special Purposes

Unknown Organization, "Coffee and Bun Fund".....	\$ 2.00
Gammell, Mrs. Robert I., "Social Fund".....	35.00
Irving, Capt. George H., "Needy Seamen".....	5.00
Marwick, Mrs. James, "Social Fund".....	10.00
Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, "Religious and Social".....	31.80
Stanford, Miss M. E., "Discretionary Fund".....	3.00
Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y., "Ice Cream Fund".....	5.00



Signal Flags \$50.00

A set of 27 signal flags used in the International Code is needed for the Institute flag-staff. We have had an odd collection which the four winds have shredded into ravelling ribbons. And now that the flag-staff is forming a part of the splendid ship's bridge upon the roof, it should have fresh flags and a complete set.

Such a set costs \$50 and is suggested as a gift.

General Summary of Work

JUNE 1917

Seamen's Wages Department.

June 1st Cash on hand.....	\$81,483.72
Deposits	36,098.97
	\$117,582.69
Withdrawals (\$ 5,486.19 trans- mitted)	34,362.92
	July 1st Cash Balance.....
	\$83,219.77

(Includes 39 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$20,412.24)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	33
Men Shipped	480
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	117
Total number of men given employment	597

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	35
Visits to vessels	44
Men transported	140
Pieces of dunnage transported	314

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,572
Letters received for seamen	3,396
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,294

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing 269
		Referred to Hospitals..... 26
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies. 61

Social Department.

	Attendance
	Number Seamen Total
Entertainments	
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	}
Public School Lectures	
First Aid Lectures	
Hospital Visits	10
Patients Visited	234
Ships Visited	299
Packages reading matter distributed....	255

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	12	485	635
Scandinavian.....	4	68	75
Special Services	3	28	28
Sing Songs.....	6	340	380
Bible Classes	3	93	93

Holy Communion Services	0
Baptismals	0
Funeral Services	1

TO REMIND YOU

Constant Expansion and Improvement are being made in the Institute's various departments.

New Equipment, Additional Aids to Efficiency are continually demanded.

There remains only the Laundry (\$1,000) out of the long list of special gifts.

\$500.00 of the original cost of the Laundry (\$1,500) has already been subscribed, leaving a balance of \$1,000.

Will someone make the Laundry his or her gift to the Institute?

Will you remember that the Relief Fund, the special Discretionary Fund always need to be replenished?

Subscriptions to the **Seamen's Church Institute** or to the **Ways and Means Department** should be sent to

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

ORME WILSON, Jr. Vice Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON

JOHN S. ROGERS

ROBERT L. HARRISON

GEORGE W. BURLEIGH

CHARLES A. CLARK

SAM'L. N. HINCKLEY

CHARLES W. BOWRING

JOHN A. McKIM

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN J. RIKER