

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 12

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

## Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attention to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Department of "Missing Men"
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Transmission of money to dependents	Comfort Kits
Free Libraries	Christmas Gifts
Free Reading Rooms	First Aid Lectures
Game Room Supplies	Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea
	Health Lectures
	Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment
	Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

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

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

## Form of Bequest

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



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## Two Proud Givers

Two seamen were kneeling on the reading room floor in what appeared to be an attitude of devotion. But it wasn't, as it seemed, at first glance, a private prayer meeting for two. In front of each was a parcel, which was being laboriously wrapped.

The wrappers could have performed their task as well, if not better, on a corner of the table, but they would have missed some notoriety that way, and it was not their intention that anybody present should be unaware that they were sending Christmas gifts home to their families.

It was, undeniably, a notable achievement, first that the seamen should have remembered, away down in Porto Rico, to buy Christmas presents for their friends, and second, that they should be mailing them in November. A consciousness of virtue fairly exuded from them as they made many trips back and forth to the House Mother's office for paper and string.

The reading room looked on awed and sheepish, conscious, for the most part, that it was incapable of such amazing forethought.

## My Home Town

The concert hall was in shadow. In the spot light on the screen the

man with the lantern threw, one after another, the popular songs. The House Manager stood on the stage and beat time with his arms and his feet as he led the singing. From the darkness there rose a great chorus of men's voices. You would have thought they were singing those songs with feeling and enthusiasm, but something happened that proved they had not been singing at all as they could sing.

Suddenly this song was thrown on the screen, and something flashed over that audience of strangers, so real one could almost touch it:

Not Here—Not There,  
It's Fifty Miles from Nowhere  
Not here, not there, it's fifty miles  
from nowhere, but it's my  
home town.  
Not here, not there, but I'm all set  
to go there,  
So I'll make a break and take a look  
in the mirror.  
Where's my hat? Where's my coat?  
Where's my leather bag?  
Send my trunk to the place written  
on the tag.  
Not here, not there, it's fifty miles  
from nowhere, but it's my  
home town.

It is not possible to describe how they sang it. It was something in the timbre of the voice. As you see it is pretty bad poetry, and the music was hardly better, but as these men from the far corners of

the earth sang about their home town with that curious ring in their voices it almost brought the tears to the eyes. A universal note had been struck. Peering down at them from the balcony one could pick out in the half light negroes and Scandinavians, Englishmen, Italians, Americans and Slavs all shouting at the top of their voices, "It's my home town," and what a world of memories and affection they unconsciously breathed into those homely words.

### The Cablegram

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice was chuckling to himself. It transpired, when somebody inquired into the joke, that he was also chuckling at himself.

"A Jewish seaman came to me on Thanksgiving Day," he said, "and asked my advice. He had a very flattering way of asking advice. He allowed the person he consulted to have all the sense of superiority that could possibly come to him from telling the other fellow how and what to do."

This English-Jewish seaman had cabled home to his father-in-law for money, and his father-in-law, being a canny person, had cabled back for identification. The seaman wanted the Man-Who-Gives-Advice to help to send the most conclusive proof of his identity in fewest words. It was an interesting stunt and the Man-Who-Gives-Advice entered into it whole-heartedly. Finally they decided to cable the name and age of one of his children. So the cable

read, "Rachel, age seven, Rosh Hashana."

Then, when the evidence had been clinched and the cable written the seaman stood back and said, mildly, "Of course, I haven't any money."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice felt his enthusiasm for the cable waning. They stood and looked at each other, while he reflected that unless the cable was sent the man would never be in a position to pay back some money he already owed the house. So he took the money from his own pocket and paid for the cable.

"It was good psychology," said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, scratching his head thoughtfully, "because if he had come and asked for money to send a cablegram I would probably have said, 'No'."

### The Ghastly Thing

A drifter along the waterfront on South Street glanced casually down at the debris floating on the water below. He saw cans and pieces of timber and other rubbish bobbing up and down in a film of grease. Then suddenly he saw something else and his hair rose on end and his scalp began to prick. He leaned as far down as was safe.

The intensity of his attitude attracted others, and soon a horrified crowd of spectators had gathered, among them one of the Institute workers.

"What is it?" she asked the man next her, as they both bent nearly double over the parapet.



"A human hand," he whispered back.

She opened her mouth to ask, "Where?" and left it open in a gasp of surprise, as at that moment she saw it sticking up between two pieces of timber. It was a faded, washed-out looking hand, and it seemed to beckon as it went up and down with the waves.

Then somebody dropped a pail on a piece of cord into the water and the hand turned over.

It was a rubber glove filled out with water.

### **The Man Who Brought the Clothes Back**

In a world full of Oliver Twists, who are eternally asking for more, it is refreshing to find a young man who is satisfied.

A seaman, whom a representative of our Religious Department had visited in the hospital came in the other day wearing rubber boots without socks, waterproof trousers, and an exceedingly odd looking tunic.

The Religious Department got him some clothes that were at least warm and comfortable, as he was being sent home by the Consul's office, and needed some things to wear on shipboard. It seemed he had asked somebody at the Consulate about clothes and had been rather summarily told they could not do anything of that kind. Then a few days later he got in touch with the right person and was given quite a good suit.

So he came back and returned the ones the Institute had given him, with the suggestion that perhaps some other fellow would be coming out of a hospital and need them.

### **Unsympathetic Banks**

A seaman came into the Seamen's Wages Department the other day in a very heated frame of mind and deposited thirty-five dollars.

He had just withdrawn it from a bank uptown, where they did not know how to treat a seaman. This is what had happened. The seaman had come on shore three days before and had deposited some money in the bank. Seaman-like he went back the next day to take some out, and the day following also.

On the second visit the clerk glared at him through the window, "What do you think this is?" he asked, indignantly, "A boy's bank?"

The seaman's feelings were terribly injured. "It was his money, wasn't it? And he had a right to put it in a bank and take it out when he pleased, hadn't he? Well, then."

So he deposited it in the Wages Department of the Seamen's Church Institute, where seamen are understood, and not snapped at if they want money back the day after they have put it in.

### **News Distribution**

There is always a great crowd of men waiting outside of the Employment Bureau looking for jobs. And they wait with one ear cocked to catch the significance of any tele-

phone message that may come into the office.

Immediately the receiver is hung up a man will put his head up at the window and say, "Fireman" or "Deck-hand" or "Engineer" or "Steward," just as if he is sure that the call was for his particular line of work, and then wait hopefully to see what happens.

And, having nothing else to do, they circulate the strangest stories, a combination of the stray ends of telephone conversations they have overheard.

The other day a negro was wanted for some job. The Employment Lady looked over the group of men. There was not a negro in sight. She wrote the call up on the board and in a few minutes a negro appeared and applied for the job, the news having traveled with lightning speed up to the hotel lobby.

### No "Tick"

General Deliver  
Sharon Penne.  
Nov. 26, 1923.

Dear sir:

Unforthon I want be able to come to New York For A while yet I ask if you will plese send me my sea bag C.O.D. By express if you please It is meadem siqe one whit and the top end were tid with A small line my name is found on the bag som place and I did not have A tick I werent gave one I were told to put in the little side room and it would be all OK until I called for it.

I thank you and hop to here from you in return. Send me the chard

bill and I will gladly send you the money at once.

I thank you very much.

Yours very truly

L. W.

Please write on other side.

The question that is agitating the baggage department now is what "little side room?" It denies having any room, side or otherwise, where baggage is taken in without a "tick" being issued. At the moment of writing suspicion is being cast upon "Missionary Alley," where, undeniably, there are little side rooms, but whether one of them has been used to store this seaman's bag has not been proven.

### Which Road to Grace?

The other day the editor called for the House Mother to go to lunch and found, as usual, a seaman in her office. But one would have had to be more than ordinarily unaware not to realize that there was something, not as usual, about this visit. A sense of crisis was in the air. The young man rose to leave, but before going he gave the House Mother his new address, The Franciscan Monastery, some place in New Jersey. The House Mother took his hand and said, "I am glad if anything I have said has helped you to find yourself."

She turned to the editor when he had gone and said, "He tells me that it was one of my talks that started him to think about right living, and that has finally led him to enter a monastery, and the other day a boy



came and told me that something I had said had started him to think and he had become a Theosophist and had found great happiness, and another boy, as the result of something I said, went to the Moody School in Massachusetts."

There are so many roads to grace.

### The Telephone Lady

The Telephone Lady, who by the way, is the best telephone operator in the city of New York, and please don't anybody take advantage of the information, came in the other day with her plans all made to spend her afternoon off buying herself a winter coat.

Along about ten o'clock a Danish boy turned up, who evidently had something on his mind, but none of the Social Workers could find out what it was, so he was taken to the Telephone Lady who is Norwegian by birth, and could talk to him.

His brother in California had sent him the money to go out to him, and he wanted somebody to help him buy his ticket, and some of the things needed for the voyage.

Without a moment's hesitation the Telephone Lady put aside her own plans for shopping and took the lad uptown, first to the station, and then to the Five and Ten Cent Store, where the little money he had went a long way.

Once in a while they struck a linguistic snarl, as when he wanted a pad of writing paper and the Telephone Lady could not make out what he was saying, so that they had to resort to the sign language. Also,

when, utterly exhausted, they had finished shopping and he tried to tell her he wanted something to eat he had to put his hand to his mouth to bridge the gap between their ways of saying food.

And when they were through it was five o'clock and the Telephone Lady had not bought her coat, but she had made one boy very happy.

### The Fellowship Parties

If you were to ask the Chaplain who has charge of the religious work what constitutes a fellowship party he would answer, "The feminine touch," and there would be a ring of absolute conviction in his voice.

Should the questioner be literal minded and try to recall to his attention the fact that at most of these gatherings there is dancing, and games or singing and readings and finally refreshments he would still wave them aside. "Just trimmings." The real essence of a Fellowship party is the opportunity for seamen to talk to and dance with decent women.

"Look at the seaman's life, three, six, eight months at sea with only the companionship of men, and then a port here and there with nobody of the other sex to talk to but the sort of women who haunt the waterfront. Why shouldn't they want the chance to talk to decent women? I tell you the feminine touch is the real thing. The rest is just trimmings."

And now that you know what a Fellowship party consists of, will

those of you who belong to organizations try to give us one? You can take the Chaplain literally at his word, and come thirty or forty strong some Tuesday evening to give just the "feminine touch," or you can arrange the "trimmings" on as elaborate a scale as you please. That is to say you can have a whole evening's entertainment planned down to the refreshments, as some of our friends have done, and it must be admitted that, shy as the seamen generally is about showing his feelings, there is no mistaking his appreciation of homemade cake or sandwiches.

All the Tuesday evenings up to Christmas are planned, but there are several vacancies after that which the Institute would be glad to have filled.

### Ten Days' Silence

Just to show that not all seamen go away from home and neglect to write to their mothers for months here is a letter to the House Mother from a young man whose mother became worried when she had not heard for ten days, and wrote to the Institute about him. He sounds like the kind of a son a mother would be justified in caring for to excess, if mother love needed any justification.

S. S. Minnesotan.

Passing through Panama Canal,

August 3rd, 1923.

Dear Mrs. Roper:

Allow me to thank you for your kindly letter to my mother, of

Washington, regarding my ship and my probable whereabouts. Your letter was more of a relief to her than all the company telegrams combined and was second only to my own voice over the long distance telephone.

Partly because of my own negligence and partly because of the failure of a quarter master to mail my letter to her she had not heard from me in a week or ten days—a long, long time for a loving mother not to hear from her son.

Again, I thank you from the very depth of my heart and say with the sincerity of a child (which I am), "May, Glod bless you."

Respectfully yours,

Francis M. Hillman.

### Thanksgiving Poultry?

The post master noticed the package when it came in and observed to himself that some family had sent a wandering son of the sea a Thanksgiving fowl. It was done up in a canvas bag, such as game is shipped in, with a tag of some poultry firm on it.

Several days later he came across the bag again, and his mind registered some anxiety as to the condition of the fowl. Probably the man had gone to sea and missed the gift.

He waited three more days and then the thought of what must be happening by this time inside of that canvas bag got so on his mind that he opened it, and found that waiting had not hurt the contents at all—it was a man's overcoat.



## Grateful for Boots

Dear Sir:

I received the boots you have send to me, and am so grateful to you that they answer all my purposes. Being on the river most of the time I need boots that keep the feet dry and warm and for the leather being hard in a few days it will be soft as cotton.

I thank you very much and will remember the Institute.

I am yours, R. A. K.

## Thanksgiving Dinners

It sounds formidable to say that the lunch counter served seven hundred and seventy-nine men with Thanksgiving dinners, but, when dinner begins at half past eleven and continues until five, and when every man who sits down takes the same fare, it becomes possible.

As a matter of fact most of the dinners had been served by three

o'clock and from that time forward a sleek, comfortable atmosphere pervaded the lobby.

Perhaps it is because Thanksgiving is almost exclusively an American holiday, and so many of the seamen are from foreign lands, that it seems to engender such good feeling to share it.

Many of the seamen stopped on the way out and said to the ticket man, "Thank you, that was a good dinner." And one young man gathered up the invitation parts of the card, printed below, and sent them away to a number of his friends to show them how New York treated the seaman on Thanksgiving.

Dr. Mansfield always insists that on these special occasions there shall not only be the entertainment, but a friendly word of greeting, to convey something of the good will and kindness that made it possible. So the Thanksgiving card reads this way:



## Thanksgiving Day 1923

AMERICA'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THANKSGIVING

Those lodging on the night of November 28th  
in the building of the

**Seamen's Church Institute of New York**

are invited to be our Thanksgiving Day Dinner Guests

Let us thank God for all the good gifts with which He has filled our lives; for blessings all about our path, for love that makes life beautiful, for all thoughts that uplift and gladden us, for disappointment and failure which humble us, for pain and distress which teach us our need, but most of all for our hope in Him, and the fulness of joy which His presence brings.

1923

## *The* LOOKOUT

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*by the*

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

*or*

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

### **"How Long Since You've Been Home for Christmas?"**

The other day the editor took up her pencil and paper and went out into the reading rooms and asked the first man she met, "How long is it since you have been home for Christmas?"

"Five years," he answered briefly.

"And where is your home?"

"In Sweden."

"Where did you spend those Christmases?"

"All on the sea."

The next man encountered was from Northshields, England. It was four years since he had been home for Christmas. Asked where he had spent those four Christmases he answered that two of them had been spent in New York, two in the West Indies.

"And did you have a Christmas dinner at either place?" he was asked, to which he replied, "No, I was a stranger."

A boy from Boston had not been home for twelve years, and had had no Christmas dinner in all that time.

Another man from England was home for Christmas, two years ago, but it was the first time in fourteen years.

"And did you never have a Christmas dinner in port in all those years?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said, "I did have one once, at a mission in Australia."

A Russian had not been home for seven years, but he had had one Christmas dinner at the Institute here, to leaven up those seven lonely years.

A big broad shouldered Esthonian said that he had not been home for Christmas for twenty years.

"But surely you have had a Christmas dinner inside of twenty years?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I had one, must be ten years ago, in Savannah."

"What do you do on Christmas day?" we questioned curiously.

"The same as other days."

A man from the Argentine Republic had not been home for Christmas for twenty-three years. He had had no Christmas dinner in that time except one dinner at the Institute in 1919 and another in 1921.

### **Christmas Dinners**

We have printed the above so that you, who give to the holiday fund, may know that you are entertaining men who have perhaps had no other touch of Christmas in five, ten,



twenty years. This is not like a mission ashore, where sometimes the same men hang around year after year, looking for a free meal, and only needing it because they are incapable of real friendships.

These are working men whose job takes them away from home at the holiday season. Many of them have the money to go out and buy themselves a Christmas dinner. We are not asking you to entertain them because they are on the bread line, but because they are strangers and a bought Christmas dinner has no soul to it. We ask you to provide funds enough so that we can ask every man who sleeps in the Institute on Christmas Eve to be the Institute's guest to dinner, because in doing their jobs these men are bound to miss Christmas at least four years out of five.

There won't be any vacant beds on Christmas Eve. Our Christmas guests are seldom repeated, but news travels fast on the sea, and it is widely known that at the Institute there will be a Christmas invitation for every guest.

It will take a very large sum of money, because the Thanksgiving dinner is not quite paid for, so if you will remember this and make your gifts as generous as you can afford we will be grateful and more than eight hundred seamen will be happy.

### Practical Appreciation

A young officer, who was frequently a guest in the Apprentice Room, sent the Woman-Who-Lis-

tens this very charming letter the other day with an enclosure of five pounds for the use of the Institute.

Dear Madam:

I can hardly hope you will remember me out of the hundreds you meet, but I am quite sure I shall never forget 25 South Street, and the splendid time I had there.

I was a wireless operator on the S.S. Newby Hall, and enjoyed an eight week's stay in New York at Christmas, 1922.

I have since given up the sea and am going to work ashore. I believe the other visitors from the Newby are still at sea, so they will probably turn up again soon. We were away for a fifteen months' voyage and have only been back about five weeks.

May I ask you to accept the enclosed on behalf of the Institute? I meant to send it at Christmas, but had to change my mind in case I spent it.

I must close now, thanking you again for a very happy time.

Yours sincerely,

N. A. L.

### The Memorial Service

The annual Memorial and Benefactors' Day Service was held this year on the eighteenth of November. Perhaps, owing to the fact that it was later than on previous years, the Chapel of Our Savior was filled with worshippers.

The sermon was preached by the Very Reverend Howard C. Robbins, D. D., and the theme of it was, na-

turally, immortality. After saying that the greatest immortality was that of the survival of the soul after death, Dean Robbins went on to indicate three other kinds of immortality which were possible to men. The first was parenthood, the survival of one's personality in one's descendants, the second was through the affections of very dear friends, who held one in remembrance, the third was in good works. The speaker dwelt at some length on the survival of achievement, as being peculiarly apt on an occasion set apart in memory of those who have helped to create the Institute. He spoke of men losing their lives in organizations to find them in a broader service to mankind than they as individuals could give.

He spoke of organizations, such as the Institute, taking up the lives of those who had helped it, and carrying them along, as the river does the individual drops of water, to an immortality of helpfulness.

The Bidding Prayer at the beginning of the service, and the Memorial Prayer at the end were made by Dr. Mansfield, and carried on the spirit of the occasion.

After service the congregation adjourned to the Apprentice Room where tea was served and parties formed to go over the building.

### **Sailors' Day Service**

The annual Sailors' Day Service, arranged by the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies was held this year in the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue.

The sermon was preached by the pastor, the Rev. William P. Merrill, D.D., and was a very simple and effective discourse on the theme of Faith.

### **The Combined Bulletin**

During the visit of Mr. Stuart Knox to New York he and Dr. Mansfield together worked out a plan for printing and issuing a combined Missing Men Bulletin. This will mean that instead of one bulletin being printed here and sent to the different stations of the Missions to Seamen, and one printed in England and sent to the various stations of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, one bulletin will be printed with the names of both organizations at the top, and the cost of getting it out will be shared.

In addition to the economy of this arrangement it will eliminate any possibility of over-lapping.

### **Epiphany Helped Us**

In the last issue of The Lookout we told of the effort the Institute is making to get the churches to contribute one Wednesday evening service a year. By the churches is meant any church of any denomination. Our magazine goes into the hands of many good Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, and we would be very happy indeed if any of these denominations, or others, would come to our assistance.

The chaplain in charge of our religious work is asking that the minister of the church bring his choir,



or some soloists, and if possible, come himself and talk to the men.

The second of these services was taken by the Church of the Epiphany. The rector, the Rev. William T. Crocker, a vice-president of this Institute, came with a large choir of boys and men, and the procession, which marched down the stairs and through the lobby to the chapel attracted a large audience of seamen.

### The Right Kind of Sea Life

The chaplain in charge of the Social Service Department of the Institute, Rev. George A. Green, spoke the other day at St. Paul's School on the work of the Institute. From some of the very depressing contacts that come to him in this work Mr. Green did not speak very enthusiastically of sea life as a vocation. One of his audience, who has been a seaman and seen the good and the bad of that life, has put in a friendly word of explanation to the effect that there are ships and ships, and crews and crews, and that given right conditions it is possible to go to sea and live the finest kind of spiritual life. His letter is printed below:

Dear Mr. Green:

I cannot tell you how much impressed I was with your talk this evening. I am only sorry that you had to return so early, so that I was unable to see more of you. I am enclosing my "widow's mite" for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute. Although I knew something

of it before, it was an inspiration to have it visualized from your lips.

Fresh from your son's unfortunate experience at sea, and with your experience of the men, who, in their thousands, pass through your doors, I cannot wonder at your strong advice to the boys you were addressing, against going to sea. Yet here I think you err to this extent, and as a seaman—at heart, at any rate—and as one deeply interested in our Merchant Marine, I take the liberty of saying that it is not the sea which is to blame, but a time-worn attitude towards sailors and all "those that go down to the sea in ships," and particularly the belief among many owners, especially inexperienced ones, that fo'csl hands and the black gang are the scum of the earth, and to be treated as such. Add to that the remainder of the old days of "Bercho" mates and "Hard-boiled" skippers, and you have in a nutshell the answer to much of the misery that is still coming before your eyes. It has been truly said, "The ships are all right. It is the men in them."

But those days are rapidly passing, thank God, and it is partly such organizations as the Seamen's Church Institute which are forcing the change. It is quite possible now to go to sea in any capacity from captain to fireman, and lead a decent, respectable, clean, life, provided of course that you pick, first your steamship company and then your ship. That, of course, is not always possible, but most of the time it is, and it is an affair in which the Institute could do a great work.

Let me tell you a little of my own experience at sea. I was, in some respects, like young Lloyd that you told about in that I had a college education, business experience, and had been in the war (Navy). During my few years at sea I only served on five ships, and with one exception every ship was a home. One cruise remains particularly in my memory. We were gone for six months. We had a fine skipper, an ex-naval officer of Irish extraction, good officers, and a good crew. I was third mate, and before the trip was over became almost an expert on cargo and stowage, and learned more about God and humanity than in any period of my life. As I stood my watch at night and looked up at the stars or leaned against the wind in rough weather I used to wonder how any man could go to sea and not be nearer his maker. I learned, too, the fine companionship of simple men—the sort of thing that is brought by your mention of the generosity in lending among sailors. Some of the young quartermasters studied navigation under me and have since gotten their “ticket.” I forgot to mention that I started out with bed bugs in my cabin but the steward rid me of them, as, on another trip he rid the crew’s quarters, and as any decent minded steward will do, and can. We came home finally with flying colors and a thousand tons of ballast, and laid up for a month. Then with a new captain, who turned out to be even better than the first, we signed on again, and almost every man of the first cruise turned up for

the next—of course there were some exceptions. I have perhaps been particularly fortunate and I confess to one less agreeable experience in the sugar trade to Cuba, under a different, and not particularly savory house flag, an early trip before I had really “learned the ropes.”

My experience has taught me this, that if I had a son, who had the makings of a man, there is nothing I would rather have him do than go to sea provided I could start him off with the right company and in the right ship, and under the right captain.

One never loses his love for the sea, but I think, rather than the carefree life—and it isn’t so carefree with storms, and other hazards, either—it is the fact that here you meet God’s forces as nowhere else, and that they themselves grip one as nothing else, whether consciously or unconsciously.

You may wonder why I have written so much on such short acquaintance, or why, feeling as I do, I have left the sea. I will answer the last first. I have not left it in spirit, and only in form because my job, for the time, at any rate, seemed elsewhere. Some day I shall come back to it, possibly, not to sail on it, but to have to do with it, when the call comes.

On the other matter you have a great power, both of expression and enthusiasm. You spoke of the need of a great Merchant Marine for this country, and we cannot build up a Merchant Marine and at the same time urge our youth, particularly our better educated youth to keep



away from the sea. But we can help them to find the right ships and the right conditions, and you, with the strength of the Institute behind you, can help to bring about a living standard aboard ships, which shall at least equalate conditions in our best industrial centres, and can help to educate ship owners to the fact, realized now by the better steamship companies that better men mean bigger dividends, and better men will sail only under good conditions, when such conditions are available.

Forgive me if I seem presumptuous. I think I can rely on you, at any rate, to read in the spirit in which I have written. I hope for the opportunity to know you and your work better.

Sincerely yours,  
F. W. G.

### Things the Institute Needs

A visitor to the Institute the other day made the happy suggestion that we should print a statement of the things we need, so here it is:

First, old clothes and shoes. All sizes. We never have enough.

Current magazines and books.

Knitted articles as follows:

Sweaters.

Socks.

Scarfs.

Directions for knitting will be supplied on request.

Comfort Bags:

Made of cretonne or other material 10 by 12 inches in size with a tape draw string in top. The following contents are suggested:

1. Spool white sewing cotton No. 16.
2. Spool black linen thread, No. 25.
3. Ball, or card black, brown or white darning cotton.
4. Six large sewing needles.
5. Three medium darning needles.
6. Square of flannel, 3 x 5, for needle-book.
7. Small bag, or string of assorted buttons.
8. Half-paper of pins.
9. Half-dozen safety pins, medium.
10. Strawberry emery bag, with a note to explain its use.
11. Small piece bees wax or paraffin.
12. Large, open-top steel thimble.
13. Box, or bottle of vaseline.
14. Court plaster or reel of adhesive plaster.
15. Muslin roller bandage, two inches wide.
16. Piece of tape, half-inch wide.
17. Pair shoe-strings, one yard long.
18. Comb.

### Mr. Green's Pocket

He is a genuine old salt. The Institute workers will tell you that he is a "real" seaman. He gets drunk sometimes. Often he borrows money. Always he pays it back. His banking system is original.

His right hand trouser's pocket is Mr. Green's pocket, the left is Mr. Brine's pocket, another Institute worker from whom he sometimes seeks help. His right hand hip pocket belongs to himself. When he is paid off he distributes his money justly between these different pockets, and, no matter how low his

own funds may drop he never thinks of touching Mr. Green's pocket, or Mr. Brine's pocket.

### The Lobby Visualized

After the October LOOKOUT went out a contributor sent the following letter with a gift of twenty-five dollars to the Holiday Fund:

Dear Madam:

Please use the enclosed for your Thanksgiving and Christmas Fund as a slight return for the pleasant hour spent in reading your last report.

I have long waited for someone to give me an idea of the Soda Fountain, the Desk, and all the appurtenances of the crowded lobby, and no picture was ever more complete than the words written on the "Lobby Floor." It really did not need the photographs to make it all clear. You are doing a wonderful piece of work, and you know how to make people see it.

Sincerely, and with my best wishes,

S. B. W.

### Home for Thanksgiving

Everybody explained to him that it wasn't reasonable for him to want to go home for Thanksgiving. If he would stay over until the day after he could see the Man-Who-Understands-Law about a legal claim he had, and the Man-in-the-Wages-Department about his money, which had been forwarded to him in India, and missed him. It would be very unwise, for the matter of a couple of days, to go home

and leave these things unattended. So spoke age and experience.

The boy listened respectfully, as becomes youth and enthusiasm, then he repeated, "Still, I'd jes' like to get home for Thanksgiving."

He had been left in a hospital in India by one ship, sent home by another and had just arrived in New York on his way to a little up-state village of three hundred souls. As he talked with his slow drawl it was not difficult to visualize that little village where everybody used first names, and slapped each other familiarly on the back, and gossiped about each other, and sat up nights with each other in case of sickness. And although this boy had roamed the world he was still a villager at heart, and ought never to have gone to sea.

The point of the argument was that, having missed the money in transit to India, he was out of funds, and if he went home for Thanksgiving the Institute would have to send him, and it seemed a foolish thing to do.

But he sat there and looked at them with his pleading eyes, repeating over and over, "I'd like to get home for Thanksgiving."

And the Institute workers remembered what it was to be young and to want something, something that dollars and cents could buy, with such a tremendous wanting, and they gave in.

A time table was brought out and it was found that a train left at eleven o'clock Wednesday night that would get him home in the morning at seven.



Having given in they did it wholeheartedly and started him off to the train with a decent suit and pair of shoes, as his clothes had been carried away by his ship. So the boy started off to his home with such an aura of happiness shining from him that those who had helped him wondered if foolishness is not sometimes the highest wisdom.

### The Whippoorwills

Maybe you think it's lonely on the sea. Maybe you feel that it must be desolate to stand on watch at night and see the ship go on and on and on, plowing her way endlessly through endless waters.

Well, we know two seamen who will tell you that standing watch at night on an ocean going vessel is a gay celebration compared with staying nights on a little passenger boat on Lake Champlain.

When they were sent up last summer by the Institute Employment Bureau and returned in less than a week they had elaborate explanations to offer.

"It was so lonesome," said the first.

"Nothing but mountains all round," corroborated the second.

"And the whippoorwills," added the first, while the second made a gesture that indicated that the whippoorwills would not bear thinking about.

### A Stirabout of Crews

As one of the apprentice boys on the Egremont Castle told the story

of the typhoon at Hong Kong one almost felt himself being sucked into the heart of that aerial whirlpool.

The ships were strung along the path of the wind like beads on a chain. First the Loong Sang, which foundered, then the Hwah Ping, then the Egremont Castle, then the Bowes' Castle, then the Tamar and then a Chinese quarantine ship.

Almost immediately after the Loong Sang foundered the Hwah Ping sighted men floating down past her. She launched a boat into the fog, which the wind had beaten up from the sea, and the boat picked the men up, but could not return to her ship against the gale, so she steered for the Egremont Castle, and her crew was taken on board. Then more men were sighted and Egremont Castle put out a boat. It likewise was unable to return against the wind so it was carried down to the Bowes' Castle. Still more men came past and the Bowes' Castle put out a boat, which did its work and sought shelter with the Tamar. The Tamar also put out a boat, which arrived at the quarantine ship.

It was six hours after the worst of the typhoon was over before the crews got themselves sorted out, and knew that their men were safe.

### Jimmy

You could tell he was sick the moment he came in the door. He had a hospital color, with two bright spots in his hollow cheeks, and big pathetic brown eyes, and a

gentle anxious smile that wrung the heart.

He was a young apprentice boy, only seventeen years old, who had been put off his ship sick at Ellis Island. They kept him there a day or two and then passed him on to New York, where he expected to meet the Agent from his company to give him some money. They failed to make connections, and the steamship office was closed and he had not a cent. But the immigration authorities at the Island had told him, if he failed to meet the Agent, to go to the Seamen's Church Institute and he would be taken care of.

So he came into the Apprentice Room about five o'clock one evening and told the Woman-Who-Listens his story, and she promised that a bed would be found for him some place. She took him down to dinner with her but he just tasted his soup and drank a glass of milk and smiled.

Then they went back to the Apprentice Room and Jimmy took a book and sat down to read, and the Woman-Who-Listens went about making other strangers welcome. A little while later she came back into the Apprentice Room and found that, sitting almost back to back with Jimmy, were two boys from his own ship, who had not seen him.

She went over to them and said, "Look who's behind you."

They turned, and seeing Jimmy, rushed over to him, with a hundred eager questions on the tips of their

tongues. Then the fourth officer of his ship came in, and he too, was glad to see Jimmy and took him away and put him to bed, when the desk man came up to report that a room had been found for him. And the Captain wrote us about Jimmy, and sent five dollars for him, and afterward he called us up on the long distance telephone several times from Philadelphia, and wrote to the company and to the British Consul insisting that Jimmy be sent straight home. Undoubtedly he was a very unusual captain. But Jimmy is an unusual boy. He stayed with us less than a week waiting for his affairs to be straightened out, and in that brief time that patient, gentle smile won us all.

That last night in the Apprentice Room when he came to say good-bye so that he could go to bed and get rested for his sailing the next day for England, there were tears in the eyes of the Woman-Who-Listens when she took his hand. She knew, if Jimmy didn't, that it was a last good-bye. It is a queer feeling to take the hand of a person you like, and wish them good luck, and yet to know that, unless all the laws of Nature are upset, there is only one kind of good luck ahead of them—Death.

And yet he has lived, this lad of seventeen, lived so that everywhere he goes people love him, and put out gentle protecting hands to him. Some men have to be beaten up by life for fifty years to learn as much as that, and some never learn it.



# General Summary of Work

## OCTOBER, 1923

### RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M. ....	4	84
Sunday Services, P. M. ....	4	638
Communion Services .....	4	21
Bible Classes .....	0	0
Fellowship Meetings .....	5	330
Weddings .....	0	
Funerals .....	0	
Baptisms .....	0	

### U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services .....	4	139
Communion Services .....	3	4
Funerals .....	3	

### INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours .....	4	478
Entertainments .....	9	3,387
Packages Literature Distributed .....		20
Knitted Articles Distributed .....		91
Visitors in the Apprentice Room .....		1,232
Lodgings Registered .....		25,350
Incoming Mail for Seamen .....		14,294
Dunnage Checked .....		6,014

### Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing .....	1,395
Assisted through Loan Fund .....	68
Baggage and Minor Relief .....	192
Cases in Institute Clinic .....	424
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.....	13
Referred to Municipal Lodg. House .....	75
Referred to Other Organizations.....	37

### Employment

Men Shipped .....	406
Shore Jobs .....	113

### Visits

To Hospitals .....	10
To Patients .....	83
Miscellaneous Visits .....	37

### U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Number of Visits .....	25
Number of Hours .....	100

### EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment.....	11
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering .....	2
First-Aid Lectures .....	28

### SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits .....	\$33,415.36
Withdrawals .....	32,991.85
Transmissions .....	8,234.99

## Can You Knit Sweaters?

There is nothing the Institute has more need of in the winter time than good warm sweaters. So many men are coming out of hospitals with hacking coughs, and few warm garments, so many other men have to send money home to families, and have to go short themselves, and the winds on deck are biting.

We prefer them in plain dark colors—gray, maroon, navy blue, and red—and either with or without sleeves.