

The LOOKOUT



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

A Bright Outlook for the New Year

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTION

OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIII JANUARY, 1933

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President

C. G. MICHALIS
First Vice-President

FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS
Assistant Treasurer

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and
over include a year's subscription to
"The Lookout."

Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
Editor, The Lookout

Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

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

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

The Lookout

VOL. XXIII

JANUARY, 1932

No. 1

Christmas in Sailor Town



HE glow of the eternally beautiful Christmas story once more cast its pleasant spell over responsive mankind. Even in Sailor Town, the Yuletide spirit dispelled chill, cast out gloom and fear, and brightened the outlook of many a seafaring man.

A thirty-five foot Christmas tree aglow with lights was erected in Jeannette Park, opposite the Institute, and drew within its radiance hundreds of lonely sailormen. On Christmas Eve, they gathered around the beautiful tree and, under the leadership of the Fellowship Club and an all-sailor orchestra, sang those ever-old, ever-new, ever-beautiful Christmas carols. This was preceded by a service held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour.

The 1354 seamen who lodged in our building on Christmas Eve found on their pillows when they went to bed a cheery red card wishing them "Merry Christmas" and which entitled them to a free turkey dinner—turkey, dressing, vege-



The Institute's Christmas Tree

tables, cranberry sauce, mince pie, pumpkin pie, coffee, cigarettes and cigars. We wish you could have seen the countenances of these sailors and have heard their shy words of thanks and appreciation.

At 7:30 A. M. on Christmas Morning, a group of sailors gathered in our Chapel for a communion service; at 10:30 a regular Christmas service was held. Then, from 11:30 to 3 P. M., the holiday dinner, followed by a moving picture attended by 772 in our Audi-



The Chapel decorated for Christmas

torium. In the evening, too, a group of 876 gathered to witness another "talkie"—Conrad Nagel and Loretta Young in "The Right of Way." As a special feature of the entertainment an all-sailor orchestra played and received a hearty round of applause from the audience. Throughout the lobbies, reading and game rooms, pine rope, Christmas wreaths, holly and other holiday trimmings added a festive atmosphere to the occasion.

In the United States Marine Hospitals on Ellis and Staten Islands, and in some of the city hospitals, sick and convalescent sailors wistfully wondering if the happy spirit of Christmas would touch their lives received lovely comfort bags—filled by devoted women friends of the Institute—1300 in all, containing candy, fruit, socks, ties, stationery, and sewing cases. On Christmas Eve a young sailor boy rushed to Mother Roper's office, his eyes

shining with excitement: "Oh, what a swell Christmas present I've just received!" he exclaimed happily. "I've just got a *job* on the S. S. R.— She sails tonight—and I have to mend my dungarees—have you got a needle and thread?" So Mrs. Roper gave him a comfort bag which contained all the sewing accessories he would need, and she also gave him a warm sweater and mittens for he was going to work "on deck."

So Christmas in Sailor Town, which might have been a very tragic time, turned out to be a very happy time, because of the Institute's hospitality. From wretchedness to happiness is a long, long distance, but our Holiday Fund enabled us to bridge that gap. On behalf of the many seafarers to whom we brought comfort and cheer, we thank our LOOKOUT readers for their generous participation in our holiday plans. The following letter from a sailor boy adequately expresses the feeling of hundreds of his fellows:

December 25, 1931

Rev. Dr. A. R. Mansfield,
Superintendent, S. C. I.
Rev. Sir:

I wish to thank you and your staff for the treatment and favors shown on this Day. The dinner was very good and personally I was treated as well as I ever have been treated at any time even in my own home.

I have long been a member of this Institute and never knew before of this Christmas party. This is my first Christmas without a cent and I shall never forget it, nor the S. C. I. of N. Y.

Also I enjoyed the Services very much.

I hope I shall not be in this con-

dition very long—it's no fun.

Of course I missed my Home and Family and was very much worried over them, but in spite of all that it was a wonderful Christmas and a revelation to me. Again I thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Signed—H——— B———

"Our Merchant Marine"

Excerpts from a radio talk by Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce delivered over the coast-to-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, from Washington, D. C., 7:00 to 7:15 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, Sunday, December 6, 1931.

AT CAMDEN, New Jersey, there took place yesterday morning a notable event in the annals of American business—the launching of the great new ocean liner, the "Manhattan," the largest vessel ever built for peaceful uses in an American shipyard, the first one built on this continent since 1895 for the transatlantic passenger and mail service. In itself, it is an important engineering achievement, but it is something more than that; it may be taken as a very tangible announcement to our people and to the rest of the world that the American merchant marine is coming into its own again. It is no longer an eccentric war-baby but a very sturdy youngster striding forward with new strength, new ambitions.

But—come to think of it—it is not such a child in years, at that. In fact, this year marks its three-hundredth birthday. It was in 1631 that the first ships were built in Anglo-Saxon America for the purpose of engaging in regular trading between the Colonies and oversea ports. And from that day onward, seafaring became an essential element in our history. Within 15 years after the launching of these pioneer ships, the American colonies had nearly a thousand vessels engaged in oversea and coastwise trade and in fisheries. No wonder the colonists were ready, a century or so later, to start the Revolution partly in defense of free navigation. It is significant that 5 of the first 11 acts passed by the Congress of the United States contained provisions to encourage and regulate shipping. By 1800 American vessels were carrying 90 per cent of the Nation's foreign commerce in both

directions—imports as well as exports.

Then came the glorious era of the clipper ships, when these fleetest ships that had ever sailed the seas, under unheard-of loads of towering, cloud-like sails, set up long-distance speed records that stood for years even after steamships had come into their own.

That was certainly a spectacular era in American shipping, when an American line established the first regular transatlantic packet ship service; when a European explorer, having fitted out elaborate discovery ships to penetrate the Antarctic, prepared himself with drawn sword and flying standard to take possession of some supposedly undiscovered land in the name of his sovereign, only to sight a Yankee whaling ship calmly going about its business right there among the ice cakes. No wonder that a great British journal declared that "to watch (American sea commerce) is to witness some of the finest romance of our time."

After the Civil War the adoption of iron and steel shipbuilding took away the advantages we had previously enjoyed as to costs of production and operation; then came the opening of the West, the increasing importance of domestic industries, and the rapid extension of our great railroad systems. The percentage of American exports and imports carried in our own

ships fell away rapidly, although the gross volume of traffic grew steadily: In 1860 it was 66 per cent; only 10 years later, 36 per cent; finally in 1900 but 9 per cent of our trade beyond our shores moved in our own ships.

Then came the crash. When Europe took up arms in 1914 many of the vessels carrying 90 per cent of our trade were withdrawn or diverted and most of those that remained available for the shipment of our products restricted their cargoes to products of which their countries were in immediate need. What was the result? Miles of railroad tracks were jammed with freight cars loaded with export products that could not be moved; many factories had to close because imports of essential raw materials were curtailed. Anyone with an option or control of shipping space had the makings of a fortune.

Orders piled up for new vessels to meet these demands. Existing shipyards did not have the facilities for handling all this new business and new ones had to be organized, almost overnight, at abnormal expense—with feverish activity in every shipyard. Congress created the Shipping Board in 1916 and authorized it to form a corporation to build, buy, and run merchant vessels to help in the grave emergency.

Our own entry into the war, as

we can all recall, gave further impetus to shipbuilding. When the Armistice was signed, the Government owned no fewer than 2,300 merchant vessels. We found ourselves better equipped, as far as ships were concerned, to revive American prestige as a sea-going nation than we had been since the days of the clipper ships. But the Government could not go on operating this huge fleet itself, for an indefinite period. . . . There has been a steady retirement of the Government from the shipping business and a steady increase in private ownership and operation. In 1923 only about 40 per cent of our active merchant tonnage was privately owned, but this year over 70 per cent is private shipping. . . . Our shipping is perfectly able to stand on its merits in competition with that of other nations, in every respect—rates, speed, regularity of service, up-to-dateness of design and engineering. And when it comes to officers—well-trained, thoroughly competent leaders both on the vessels and in the important shore posts—our shipping is right out in front. Officers like Commodore Harold Cunningham and Capt. George Fried and hosts of others whose names are familiar to you because of their gallant service are indeed worthy custodians of this precious national heritage of ours. Far-sighted statesmen, from George



Washington down, have favored strengthening our merchant marine.

And that reminds me: One of the vital factors in a successful American merchant marine is the morale, the spirit of its men. That spirit has been badly hit of late by the stark hardships of unemployment in their ranks. At the suggestion of the President's relief committee, special funds are being raised to help these jobless seamen, 80 per cent of whom are American citizens. There is far from being a life of ease and comfort at any time. They have done a great job in carrying our flag back where it once was on the seven seas, and are deserving of our every encouragement. Now is the time to give it to them. Mr. Kermit Roosevelt at No. 1 Broadway is treasurer of the New York fund, and there are doubtless similar agencies in other ports. We must not forget our distressed men of the sea in this period of their grave need.

The Tall Story Club



Readers of THE LOOKOUT will be interested to know of the organization of a sailors' division of the Tall Story Club, for, after all, who can spin a better yarn than a sea-going man? Here, for example, is Able Seaman Smith's "tall story" which ought to please Lowell Thomas and Kermit Roosevelt:

"I was in Liverpool, on shore leave, and a lad came up to me and said, 'Hey, sailor, will you take a chance on a raffling off of a white horse?' 'And what would I do with a white horse if I won it?' I asked. But the lad was a nice chap so I bought one of the tickets. The next day I got word that I had won the white horse! So I went down to City Hall to receive it, and the

mayor was there in his robe and gold trimmings, and a big crowd. Well, they made a big fuss over me and when it was all over I found myself with a white horse on my hands. I led him by the bridle down the street, wonderin' to myself what I would do with him on shipboard, when we hadn't gone more 'n' half a block and the horse rolled over and died on me then and there! The joke was sure on me for I had to give the knacker—that's the fellow that carts away the dead horses—Liverpool is full of 'em—ten shillings to dispose of my horse!"

And here's one from Steward Barlow:

"We were off the coast of Labrador, and our ship was carryin' a cargo of coal. One blustery mornin' the cargo caught fire. I was below decks when I heard the bad word so I ran quickly to the fo'c'sle to wake my buddy. He was sound asleep. I shook him roughly and yelled in his ear, 'Hey, wake up. The ship's on fire!' But he didn't stir. I yanked his hair and shouted again, 'The ship's on fire!' Then he turned over, reached out his hand and touched the bulkhead and mumbled sleepily: 'It ain't bloody hot, yet!' Then he rolled over and went back to sleep."

And here's one from Oiler George W.:

"Jack and I had been on shore leave at Havre. When we got back to the ship we were pretty well full of French beverages. The mate stopped us and said, 'Your buddy, Pat, died while you were gone.' Well, that sad news hit us pretty badly, so we asked to see Pat's body. 'It's laid out in the captain's quarters.' Well, to get to the Old Man we had to pass through the dining saloon. In the far corner was a piano, and, as I said, we were well lit. 'George,' says Jack to me. 'There's Pat in his coffin.' 'Yep,' I agreed. 'It's sure a swell mahogany coffin.' We approached it and George lifted up the cover of the keyboard and

looked at the ivory keys. 'Well, what do you know about that,' he exclaimed. 'I never noticed before what beautiful teeth Pat had!'"

And this one from able-bodied seaman William J.:

"We were in the life-boats, pulling fast for the shore. The mate was standing up directing the sailors so they'd row in unison. Suddenly, he put his foot through the bottom of the boat and the water rushed in. 'Sufferin' sea cooks' he cried, and with that, he put his other foot through the bottom of the boat, 'so's to let the water run out again,'" he explained.

Editor's Note: From time to time we shall relate other "tall stories" told by our sailors, all in a spirit of fun.



Jack Tar Thanks You

AT THIS TIME when so many friends of the Institute have been knitting and sewing for our sailors' Christmas, it is good to remember that every stitch taken does much more than help to fashion warm and comfortable clothing for the body; a garment of praise is being fashioned to be exchanged for the spirit of heaviness and each bit of sewing helps bind God's Children ashore closer to God's Children on the sea.

From "The Mainstay"

FULL STEAM AHEAD FOR 1932!

ANOTHER year has swiftly rolled around and we stand on the threshold of brighter and better days ahead. With the coming of the New Year we "take stock" of the past and plan for the more prosperous future.

* * *

We at the Institute pause for a moment to thank readers of THE LOOKOUT and all other friends for their ardent and active cooperation during the year just past; for their untiring efforts in behalf of sailors; for freely giving of their time, money and thought to this humane work.

* * *

Our seamen are like the lad described in "The Mainstay"—deeply appreciative of your friendship and help: "If the story which came from his heart to our ears could have been broadcast we are convinced that every dollar that is going to be needed for unemployment relief for the next year would be raised in twenty-four hours."

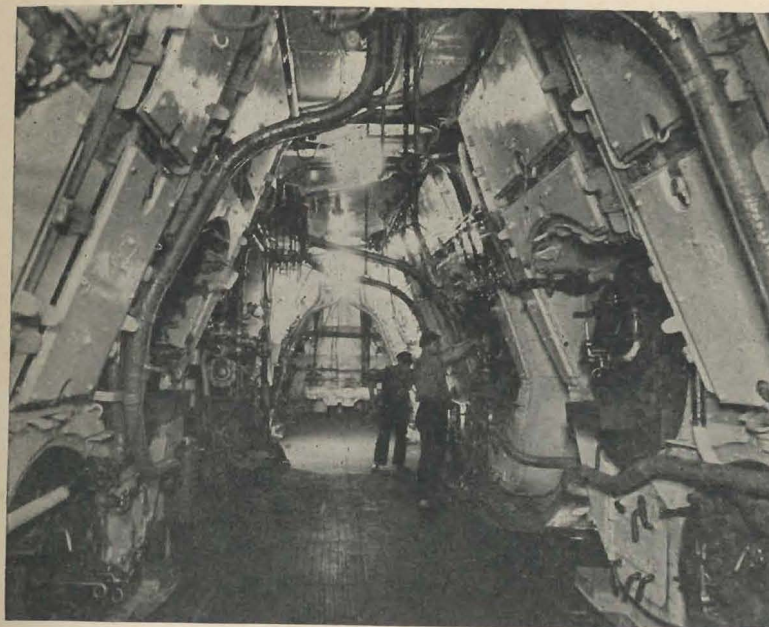
Those of you who have read "The Good Earth", that vivid document of human misery in China, by Pearl Buck, may recall when Wang Lung asked who supported the public kitchens:

"But why should any give like this to the poor and who is it that gives?"

The man answered then:

"It is the rich and the gentry of the town who do it; some do it for a good deed for the future, that by saving lives they may get merit in heaven, and some do it for righteousness that men may speak well of them."

"Nevertheless it is a good deed for whatever reason," said Wang Lung, "and some must do it out of a *good heart*."



Boiler Room of a Giant Ocean Liner

We know that friends of the sailor are generous because of the goodness of their hearts.

It is the encouragement we receive from your letters, your kind comments and helpful suggestions; it is the spoken and unspoken thanks that lies deep in the eyes of grateful sailor lads that makes Dr. Mansfield and his staff face the New Year with high courage and renewed hope.

We have faith that the money will come to enable us to continue our work of relieving human suffering. And so we count on YOU, as you have stood by so loyally in 1931 and in other years—to help us "carry on" in 1932—making life more livable for seafarers.

"Subsistence and Transportation"

FROM January 1st to December 31st of last year, 7,998 merchant seamen were given relief through the Institute's Relief Loan Department. Relief is usually in the form of subsistence and transportation. A total of 25,286 relief loans and 1,500 petty cash gifts have been made. Translated into concrete examples these figures show the usual cross-section of old age dependency, physical disability and complications arising from youthful maladjustments.

The following "cases" where subsistence and transportation were given will bring to LOOK-OUT readers a vivid impression of the Institute's relief program. There are many other sailors in similar situations whom we cannot help until additional funds are secured.

William M.....'s home is in Milwaukee. He is twenty-one years old and an ordinary seaman. A telegram came to him at the Institute announcing that his mother was ill. Her illness gave the lad an excuse for returning home, which he had been wanting to do for several months. He had a few dollars left from the time he was paid off on his last ship, so the Institute provided the balance of transportation money needed in order that he might go home.

Thomas G....., age 22, American, had an advanced case of tuberculosis. He left the Marine Hospital in order to return home to Philadelphia and see his parents before he died. The Institute provided transportation to his home and return.

John F....., Irish, aged 50 an A.B., had spent five months in a hospital with kidney trouble. We provided subsistence until he was sent for rest and care to the Burke Foundation.

Peter McC....., Irish, aged 71, a bos'n, was too old to work. We provided subsistence until he could be admitted to Sailors' Snug Harbor at Quincy, Mass.

Arvid A....., Swedish, a bos'n, had been in a hospital six months undergoing treatment for injuries received on shipboard. We provided subsistence and money for braces and plates which would enable him to walk again.

Ralph B....., American, barge captain, age 40. He is almost totally deaf and finds great difficulty in getting employment. After having been out of work several months, he secured a job on a barge at Bellport, L. I. He had to report to work at once and was without funds for transportation. We provided them.

John H....., American, aged 54, messman. Disabled, just out of hospital, we provided subsistence and transportation to Boston, after relatives were located who would take care of him.

Frank V., aged 41, waiter, American. We provided uniform, equipment and transportation to his ship in Philadelphia, he had been out of work for four months and had exhausted his savings.

Ingold P., age 31, A.B., Norwegian, discharged from hospital after prolonged illness. Provided subsistence and transportation to his job awaiting him in Baltimore.

Jesse B....., aged 36, oiler, American, injured in motor car accident; knee fractured, leg broken, jaw broken. In Kings County hospital four months. We provided subsistence until he could obtain compensation from the Insurance Company.

John W....., aged 36, Oiler. He obtained work on a scow, but had to provide his own food. He had no money with which to purchase provisions, to carry him over till pay day. The Institute provided the necessary funds.

Thomas C....., American, aged 43, an engineer, injured in war, shrapnel wound in left leg and arm. These wounds opened up again. Had been in hospital three months, was given food and shelter by the Institute.

Charles A....., English, age 75, carpenter. Slipped and fell while carrying a heavy piece of lumber. Broke two ribs. In hospital five weeks and at Burke Foundation three weeks. We provided subsistence.

Hans H....., German, age 28, messboy.

On board a barge and fell through defective hatch cover and broke one wrist and sprained the other. Bruised about face and body. We provided subsistence until he could get compensation.

John P....., English, age 53, chief engineer. Suffered an injury to his foot on shipboard. Out of work five months. Has an invalid wife to support. Compensation checks lost. We provided transportation to Washington to get duplicates.

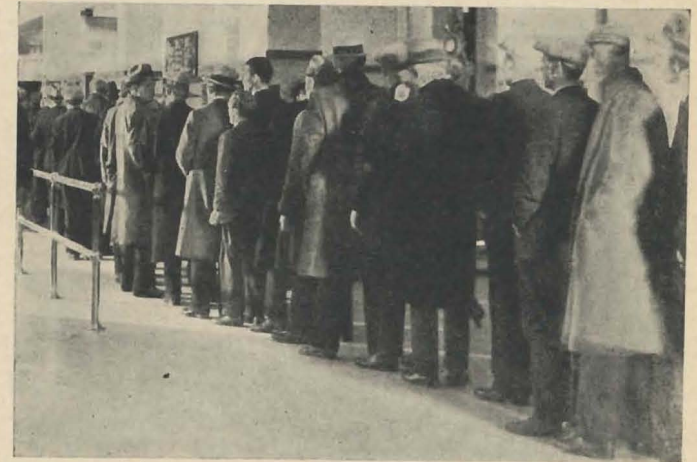
Herman A....., Norwegian, age 67, carpenter. Elderly seaman had been out of work for more than a year. Hitch-hiked from New Orleans to New York. We provided food and lodging until he found work.

Michael E., American, aged 44, cook. Disabled for several months on account of bad teeth. Now able to work and secured a cook's job at Northport, L. I. We provided necessary clothing and transportation.

The whole picture is a sad one, but terribly true. The bright spot on the horizon, however, is the generosity and loyalty of Institute friends. More than we can ever express, we appreciate what is being done by landsmen to help their seafaring brothers.

Ten-Cent Meals

FROM August 1st to January 1st, 121,216 ten-cent meals have been served by the Institute in its cafeteria and soda fountain. The ten-cent break-



The Long Line That Begins and Ends in Sailor Town

fast, which was inaugurated on October 12th, and which consists of a large bowl of cereal and hot milk, a roll and butter and a cup of coffee, tea or milk, has an average daily attendance of 250 at the soda fountain and 425 in the cafeteria. The afternoon meal in the cafeteria averages about 500 and consists of beef or lamb stew, with a roll and coffee, tea or milk, or baked beans,

two vegetables, spaghetti, etc. The following letter indicates the way our sailormen feel about these ten-cent meals: "Dear Dr. Mansfield: Please excuse me for taking up your time, but I was just thinking if any one ever thanked you for making it possible for us fellows to get the ten-cent meals downstairs. It is a wonderful help at these times. Please accept my thanks."

Religion on the Water Front



HE place that religion occupies in the minds of the hundreds of unemployed, destitute seamen who come to the Institute does not readily reveal itself. Many of them are reticent and there is no way of opening up a conversation with them on the question of religion. These sailors are of every age, race, rating and creed. About one hundred of them have joined the newly organized Fellowship Club under the guidance of Canon John F. Mitchell, one of the Institute's chaplains. This club is primarily social but the members attend en masse the chapel service held on Sunday evenings, in the beautiful little Tudor Chapel of Our Saviour.

Long hours on watch with nothing but the immutable stars above them and the great expanse of ocean beneath them tend to make sailors, as a class, meditative and philosophical. Solitude helps them to find, in their own way, the eternal spiritual truths. Never does an officer "shooting the sun" bring his sextant down without realizing the marvelous Oneness of the Universe and that "The Heavens declare the glory of God." Through the firmament the wisdom, power, goodness and purpose of God are revealed. Rightly has the Psalmist said: "These men

see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

And now, with the Winter setting in, and with 10,000,000 tons of the world's shipping idle, about 2,400 of them have registered through the Central Registration Bureau at the 39th Street Ferry House on South Street, thus indicating that they are both jobless and penniless. As they stand, morning after morning and night after night in these long lines, are they indifferent to all that is going on about them except, perhaps, to the smell of newly made coffee? Are they, like the prodigal sons, regretting the journeys they have made into far countries where they spent their time in riotous living, and are they now yearning, perhaps, to go home to their fathers? The majority of these sailormen have no homes, no doting fathers waiting to receive them with open arms. Man after man with whom the writer talked replied, in answer to the question, "Have you any relatives?" "No, ma'am, they're all dead" or "They've all they can do to support themselves without me bein' an extra burden on 'em" or "Yes'm, I have a wife and child but they're livin' with her parents and I can't go home till I've enough to support 'em." Yet generous to a fault, they are ever ready to help out their "pals"

and "buddies", sharing their last dime or crust of bread.

On Thanksgiving Day a chapel service was held at the Institute, conducted entirely by seamen. Of the audience of 120 men, at least 90 per cent were unemployed and yet these men went on record as being thankful (1) "That God endowed the Pilgrims with determination, stamina and courage to face and overcome the tremendous obstacles which confronted them and that we should be proud to be their descendants; (2) For the roof over our head at this moment, thankful to the benefactors, many of whom have gone to their reward, who made it possible, together with the efficient past and present administrations, to have this home for seamen, which we can truthfully call our own, where we can come while in Port and find a refuge and welcome; (3) That we have been blessed with the administration of Dr. Mansfield who, through years of untiring effort, has been endowed with the strength and the fortitude to carry the Institute to the high standard of perfection it has attained; That we have our loyal house mother who has given her entire lifetime to the welfare of the seafaring men, and, finally, even though we may not be seemingly so plentifully endowed as in other years, let us give thanks for what we have, no matter how fru-



gal it may seem and let us live in hope that the dawn of another Thanksgiving will find us giving thanks for peace and plenty."

Does this sound like the talk of irreligious men? No. Sailors are proverbial grumblers—but in all their complaints we hear no blasphemy, no bitter denunciation of the Deity, even though hungry stomachs are yearning to be filled with bread, and there is no time for talk about the Bread of Heaven. Many sailors are superstitious and place an undue amount of faith in what they call "luck" or "chance" or "fate." Their favorite expression when things go wrong is "that was tough luck" or "I had a bum break" but so far as God is concerned, most of them feel that He is a God of Love. In their talks with the Institute's chaplains many of them consider the Deity as a kind Father who watches over sailormen and protects them during the many hazards and hardships they endure. Most of them have more trust in God than they have in their fel-

lowmen who so often have exploited them.

A sailor who has spent any time in the tropics cannot fail to be impressed by the beautiful Southern Cross, and most of them believe that this is a true witness of the Divinity of Christ in the skies.

Seamen abhor hypocrisy and insincerity of any kind. When they are asked to select hymns to sing they invariably choose the manly type of hymns, such as, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "Fight the Good Fight," "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc. From January 1st to December 1st, 1931, 9,554 of these seamen attended 183 religious services.

In the marine hospitals where two of the Institute chaplains make daily visits among the sick seamen, many confessions are heard. Here again the sailors are frank to state their preference for a brief and personal prayer. Our chaplains find that the following is effective in calming their troubled souls: "May the healing power of Jesus Christ dwell in your heart forever," and this frequently brings mental repose, and many of them, while suffering acute pain from major operations, drop off to sleep with smiles on their lips. Chaplain Carl Podin, who for thirty-eight years has worked among sailors, testifies to their belief in the efficacy of prayer and in the promises of God's

word for those who obey Him.

Seamen are citizens of the world rather than of any particular country. The roving character of their calling does not permit them, usually, to strike deep roots ashore. This is all the more reason why they need the strengthening influence of a religious faith. This must not be forced upon them; they must not be bribed by free meals and "flop tickets" but the need and desire must come from within, and the Institute's Religious and Social Service Department tries to be ready at all times to answer the need when it arises. For example, the following excerpts from a seaman's letter to one of our chaplains reveals that he is wrestling with a spiritual problem and is seeking guidance:

"Dear Chaplain:

I am writing this to you in order to show that a ship's 'glory hole' can and does, at times, produce discussions far removed from those generally credited to sailors.

Last night a very interesting discussion took place. It started with some remarks about governments and revolutions; then it drifted to religion. Little by little the discussion became restricted to the differences existing today between the Protestant, Roman and Eastern Churches. I, naturally, was the champion of Protestantism in its Anglican form. The old, old questions of the Filioque, Purgatory, the celebration of the Eucharist, the Apocrypha, the Theologos theory, the influence of Neo-Platonism on Christian thought were discussed."

Here and There Around the S. C. I.

A Young Sea Dog

This little "Peke" pup was checked by a sailorman in our Baggage Room. Notice how much at home he appears, sitting in a life preserver.



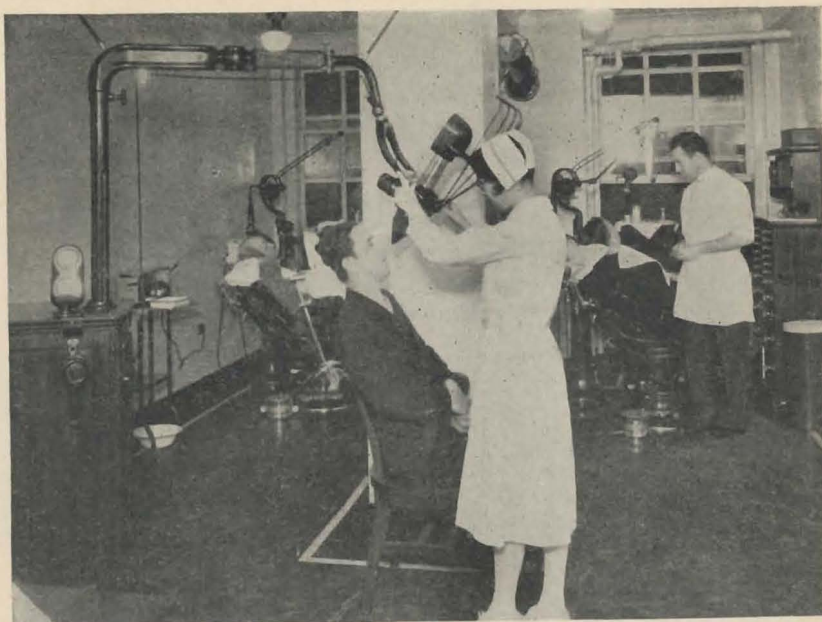
Strange Sights

A row of sailormen sitting on the brass rail of our soda fountain "bar" reading the want ads in the Herald-Tribune. . . . A large gathering of seamen, chairs pulled up close to the radio in our third floor reading room, listening to the Notre Dame-Navy football game. . . . A sailor boy making a 5' 2" high jump during an athletic meet. . . . An entire audience of sailors "booing" a news reel of Aimee McPherson. . . . An old salt and a young cadet engaged in a three minute boxing bout while 700 men shouted, "Give him a break," during an exciting moment at one of the Monday night boxing tournaments. . . . 900 sailors standing with bowed heads, caps in hand, while the organist played Taps in tribute to the memory of Thomas Edison.

A Hopeful Sign

He was told that he had a toothache and was referred to the Institute's Dental Clinic. An x-ray revealed that the poor chap was suffering from a broken jaw and that he needed hospital care. Our dentist asked him if he had any recent ship's discharges which would entitle him to free care at a marine hospital. The sailor lad pulled out of his dungaree pocket a heap of papers in their midst a small pocket mirror which crashed to the floor, breaking into several pieces. He looked at the broken bits ruefully and remarked: "Well, at least it's some satisfaction to know that I'm going to live for seven years!"

Useful Memorials



A View of the Institute's Dental Clinic—one of the many useful memorial units in the Annex Building, serving hundreds of worthy sailormen.

Since the list of available memorials in the Annex was published in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT, the following have been subscribed by friends of the Institute:

Seaman's Room (with running water)\$ 1,000.00

Among other memorials still available are:

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

Certificate of Award

of the

Social Work Publicity Council

1931

HOUSE ORGANS FOR THE LAY PUBLIC CONTEST

First Award to

The Lookout, Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Committee
W. A. H. H. H.
 Chairman

Have YOU Subscribed
 to "THE LOOKOUT"
 for all your friends?

Use this convenient order blank.

THE LOOKOUT,
 25 South Street,
 New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$..... for which please enter a year's
 subscription for the following persons: (at \$1.00 a year for 12 issues)

(Name)

(Address)

(Name)

(Address)

(Name)

(Address)

My Name

My Address

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

President

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.

REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER

REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D.

REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D.

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. ALFRED R. McWILLIAMS

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, *First Vice-President*

BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND

HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE

WALTER WOOD PARSONS

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON

THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

Board of Managers

ALLISON V. ARMOUR

WILLIAM ARMOUR

HENRY McCOMB BANGS

EDWARD J. BARBER

GORDON KNOX BELL

CHARLES W. BOWRING

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

F. KINGSBURY CURTIS

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY

HARRY FORSYTH

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

OLIVER ISELIN

AYMAR JOHNSON

LE ROY KING

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.

BERNON S. PRENTICE

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

JOHN J. RIKER

JOHN S. ROGERS

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

SAMUEL A. SALVAGE

ARTHUR F. SCHERMERHORN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS

J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

FRANK W. WARBURTON

ERNEST E. WHEELER

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

ORME WILSON

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON

REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.

ROBERT L. HARRISON

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.