

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII.

MAY, 1922

No. 5

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

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

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.

Those who contemplate making provisions 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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Fifty Years a Saloon

"The old order changeth yielding place to new and God fulfills Himself in many ways."

For fifty years the saloon on the corner of Front Street and Coenties Slip, like many other saloons near the waterfront, fattened on the weaknesses of seamen. After long voyages, with full pockets and a childish longing for a good time, men went in there, as they have gone into such places the world over, only to be thrown out a few hours later, their pockets empty, the bubble of their dreams burst, their months and perhaps years of labor lost and their manhood weakened. That was before prohibition.

Since the Institute building has been on the adjoining corner it has been competing in a very real way with the saloons in the neighborhood. It has been offering the men a clean, safe, warm place; it has been inviting them to put their savings in its Savings Department; it has had a corps of men and women giving their whole time to assisting these men to adjust their lives to their shore environment, that they may be on land, the respectable fine fellows they believe themselves to be.

"The trouble with me is I want to be a lot better fellow than I can be," a child once confessed to a sympathetic friend. The same is true of many of the seamen, and the Institute has strained every nerve to help them be what they desire, but

until recently the saloon stood with its insatiable maw, and lured away many of the weaker men. Penniless and often battered they returned to the Institute to be patched up.

But the hand has written on the wall—the saloons have gone and it seems a symbol of the new day, that the old saloon on the corner after fifty years, should on May 1st come into possession of the Seamen's Church Institute and be made over for its constructive work.

This completes the plot of five lots on which it is planned to erect a twenty-two story annex. The plan at present is to occupy temporarily two floors with overflow departments, i. e., the Barber Shop, Slop Chest, Old Clothes Room, etc.

Fifty years of revelry by night—what stories that old building could tell. And some it does tell as the carpenters tear down partitions and build new; and the painters and paperhangers pursue their work. It is like tearing the rags from a decrepid old, old man—what you find underneath makes the rags seem a fitting covering.

One room is papered very neatly with war pictures. The man who did the work seemed to have a fancy for men of violence. There are generals and armies and naval pictures and disasters and battles. Men brave in battle—regardless of their nationality, hang to the sagging walls—we hope a symbol of the decaying glory of war. The steep stair-

way—but why describe a place that is doomed to make way for something new and clean!

It has been said that a deserted building is like a body when the soul has left—it bears the marks of the life that has surged through it—it still has something of the personality that has dominated it.

We cannot say for that about the old saloon—but it has a depressing effect—and fresh paint and clean paper fail to remove the impression of a painted corpse. We sincerely hope that we will soon be able to tear it down and dig foundations deep and strong under where it stands for a building that will serve the men it so long lured into its tottering arms for what it could squeeze out of them.

After 17 Years

Much water runs under the bridge of time in seventeen years. Dark hair turns to grey, wrinkles pucker the smooth velvety skin and upright shoulders stoop, under the burdens that life imposes. At least, so thought the old mother in England, when the Postmaster in the little town where she lived, sent her word that he had received a letter from her son, and if she would go down and see him, he would let her read it.

Seventeen years before, her boy, longing for romance and the freedom of a new world, had gone to sea, and no word had come back from what she called “them foreign parts” where he had been swallowed up. And then there had been the war, and when other mothers had wept

for their boys in the trenches, she had wept for her boy, and said over and over, as she had said many times, that if she only knew what had happened to him, it wouldn’t be so hard as the uncertainty.

And then had come the letter to the Postmaster, and she was allowed to hold it in her hands, and read it, but she had to give it back, because he had a file and nothing could be allowed to mar the perfection of that record, not even a mother’s desire to hold the letter and take it home and read it over and over. But she took the address from it and went home and wrote to her boy, who was anxious to know whether she was alive and how she was getting along. And in her letter she said she was afraid he would not know her, because her hair was very white and she was old looking, and the only young thing about her was her heart, but he could not see that.

And when the Editor called on the House Mother she was writing to the old mother for the son, who stood near. He was evidently a first cousin to the Prodigal Son, and wanted his mother to hear from a third party, that he wasn’t too bad a fellow. And the House Mother was stretching her conscience to make the most of his virtues, which were not too many, and assuring her that time could not change her beyond his recognition.

And the Editor could but wonder what the mother’s emotions would be could she see the son, for Time, that inscrutable architect of the years, had whitened his hair, had

wrinkled his once smooth velvety skin and was resting her hand heavily on his not too upright shoulders.

Beg Your Pardon

The Chaplain Who Understands the Law was describing the plans for the reconstructed Chaplains' Office when a broad shouldered, husky seaman edged his way up beside him, his hat in his hand, and most respectfully asked to have a few words in private with him.

The Chaplain readily consented and the two men disappeared into a small office. A few minutes later they reappeared, apparently very good friends, and they parted smiling.

"Did you see that fellow?" the Chaplain asked.

We acknowledged that we had.

"Well, I had to put him out—he was using awful language here a few days ago and when I told him we wouldn't stand for it he got nasty. He wanted to fight and he could have knocked me out in no time. Did you see the breadth of his shoulders?"

We wanted very much to be polite but we had to confess that if it had come to a fight our bet would have been on the seaman.

"I stood right up to him and told him he had to get out," the Chaplain continued, "and he went quietly. And do you know what he wanted now?"

We didn't.

"He wanted to apologize. Said he had been drinking and didn't know that he had insulted me until

a pal told him. He's an awfully fine fellow."

"Yes, and a very quiet man," the House Mother added.

Reeks With Respectability

The following editorial from the New York Times expresses so exactly what we feel and what the seamen feel that we quote it, hoping you will put the emphasis where the sailor puts it, which is on "accomplice," "reeks with respectability" and "the odor of sanctity."

We are proud that Bishop Manning is Honorary President of this Society.

"Bishop Manning's remarks about prohibition are doubly effective because he has never been a prohibitionist and has no personal or moral objection to moderate drinking. Yet he believes from information coming to him 'from many trustworthy sources that prohibition is already resulting in improved conditions, both morally and practically, in the lives and homes of our people'; and he believes, partly from 'observation in the army, that prohibition properly enforced will make us a healthier, stronger and better people.' With these opinions many disagree. But there can be only one opinion of the Bishop's assertion of the supremacy of law and the duty of every citizen to obey it:

"Prohibition is now the law of our land. Those who disapprove this law have the right to do so and to work in lawful ways for its repeal. But no citizen has the

right to evade or disobey this law, and no one of us can do this without grave harm to himself and to the life of our country.

"'It is asserted,' continued the Bishop—and the assertion is true—that this law is widely disregarded, and especially by those whose wealth and position in the community give them greatest influence. To whatever extent this is true, it is a matter of the utmost seriousness and of deepest concern.' It is to be hoped that the Bishop's admonition will be pondered by those immaculately respectable persons who regard the breaking of the prohibition laws as the most delightful of jokes. The bootlegger is hunted, prosecuted, imprisoned, sometimes shot. His client, customer, accomplice, without whom he couldn't do business, reeks with respectability; may even exhale the odor of sanctity. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Lure of the Sea

"I am very obliged of the job you give it to me painting in Hudson, N. Y. with Mr. Garrett. But Mr. Garrett quit the job, without telling anything too any body and we dont whnow where went, and if I think nest Saturday I quit myself, the reason whi, I liche better to too sea seamen never get use ti it work in shore Excuse of bad writing, I am your truly friend Please let me whnow about shipping is plenty?"

NOTE—The employment department has its troubles. The above letter explains itself, but it does not explain

that Mr. Garrett was a seaman, much in need of work, and he had been sent to the painting job first. He had proven himself such an expert, he was given the position of foreman, and he called on us for another man and the writer of this letter was sent out to him.

"That old devil sea" evidently called Mr. Garrett in the middle of the night, and we have no doubt it has claimed the second man ere this.

Different Faces

Things have many uses. You have all heard some one humming in the street or in the alley and you have caught the words, "Baby's sock is a blue bag now," though what that had to do with anything in particular you did not know. Neither did you find the information particularly startling. If you were practical, it in all probability struck you that it might make a very good bag for that purpose.

But if you had heard the words, "The Kaiser's face is a seaman's now," you would have wondered if the once great man had given up wood cutting and taken to the open sea.

Of course he hasn't—they won't let him.

But our Sculptor performed the miracle. He made a very good head of the Kaiser (as was before his marriage to defeat) and he carried it into the reading room, where the men looked at it without interest.

The young artist, not satisfied with the attention he attracted, put the head on the table, sat down before it, and asked a jolly looking young seaman to pose for him.

The seaman shaped by a thousand

winds and many deeds both good and bad, looked at the head of the Kaiser, then glanced at the sculptor, laughed and hesitated—then with a shrug of his broad shoulders, he sat down, and the sculptor with deft touches, and an addition here and a subtraction there, rubbed out the wrinkles on the old face, and the marks made by a dying social system, and from the clay finally, looked out the round, smiling, hopeful face of the seaman.

But of course it was not quite finished in the one sitting and the young seaman turned ceremoniously to the House Mother and informed her that he would be ready to see reporters in half an hour and that all appointments must be made with his secretary.

He indicated a young colored boy as his secretary, no doubt because that young man had been much bothered about the way he was posing, and had tried to make him sit with proper dignity.

And as we strolled away, the two faces seemed to rise before us and we mused on the prophecy, "the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

Flower Fund

An endowment of \$5,000 will supply an income sufficient to provide flowers for the altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour every Sunday in the year. We have received \$1,705 toward this fund, and this amount has been given "In Memory."

Anyone who wishes to remember a loved one in this way can have flowers on the altar one Sunday every year by contributing \$100 to the endowment. Give the name of

the person you wish remembered and the date you wish the flowers on the altar and they will be there on that day every year, as long as the Chapel of Our Saviour stands to minister to the men of the sea.

Via the S. C. I.

Look at a map and notice the railroads wabbling across the continent as railroads do. You will see that every once in a while they appear to get lonely and all run in together at such great centers as New York and Chicago and San Francisco. Then no doubt having received cheer and enthusiasm, they branch out again, and sway along to their next place of holding a meeting.

This article is not about railroads, but about seamen who wobble and wind in and out around this old world, and some day arrive at one of their big centers, the Seamen's Church Institute, and often get so much cheer and enthusiasm, that they take a new route through life. And the one in mind arrived by way of the Titanic. It was that disaster that wiped out his family and his means of getting through medical college. Then came the war and he went to sea, and then he took the course of least resistance and kept on going to sea. For when a man loses a father and a mother and a sister all at one blow, it takes away his reason for doing his best, and he hadn't found another big enough incentive.

Then he arrived with his seamen's papers at the hotel desk of the Institute and bought a room, and for a while he lounged around the lobby like any other seaman. But the Chaplains and Mrs. Roper are always there, ready to

fan the spark of dying ambition, and help gather up and weave again the pattern of a broken life. The young man was found a position as assistant to the Clinic doctor, and there, on the thirteenth floor, just under the great Titanic Memorial Tower, old hopes and dreams have come back, the foundation his parents helped him to lay was sound, and he has begun to build his life anew from where the great disaster left him.

In memory—yes—the Tower was raised in memory of those who lost their lives on that ill-fated ship—and of course we are not superstitious—but it is significant, that in the shadow of that Memorial was the healing touch.

He is travelling back to a realization of his powers via the S. C. I.

Lack of Appreciation

The following excerpts are from a letter received by the Superintendent of this Institute, from a Marine Superintendent who knows the shipping game:

"I was indeed very glad to get your letter, but sorry to have my worst suspicions in regard to the trend of matters bearing on the supplying of seamen, confirmed.

"If I may say so, I was very glad also that you wrote so fully and unreservedly on the matter, not that I wanted convincing as to how matters are being run. * * *

"As one who has, I think, consistently appreciated the value, both to the men, Masters, Officers, as well as the Ship Owner himself, of your Shipping Bureau, I was very sorry to be advised * * * that it had ceased to function.

"I have very vivid recollections of the days when, as a young and inexperienced Ship-master, I was compelled, in order to get my ship to sea, to receive in my room, to look up in Saloons along the waterfront, to greet cheerfully in the street, such human perverts as ——— and his lieutenants.

"I clearly recall the manner in which accounts for alleged board, intangible slops, etc., were foisted on the men in the chart room at a time when steam would be blowing off the boilers and the Pilot full of impatience for the Captain to get through 'his business' and save the tide.

"The Shipping Master in those days was accompanied by a muscular set of 'clerks' and his bill forms were so long that a sailor had almost need to climb on the chart table if he wanted to append his signature in such a position as to exclude the possibility of additions being made to the account (?) but as the men invariably arrived in a state of mind which did not admit of their questioning anything, it was not often that difficulties arose owing to Jack scrutinizing same.

"Well do I recall the change which was brought about when the Institute Tender commenced to bring sober crews to us; a cup of tea with a clean-minded Official was substituted on the Master's table for the whisky-bottle, which hitherto was, of a necessity, in evidence; and to think that all that this stood for and the benefits it conferred all round should lack the appreciation of Ship Owners, or more properly said, Ship Owners' Representatives, and that

as a result you have been compelled to abandon the scheme.

"I am sorry, and I can and do appreciate the feelings of disgust and weariness that would possess you after all the striving and scheming over the best part of your life in order to rectify this grossest of all evils connected with shipping.

"At the same time I was pleased to note that, disgusted though you may be, you have not given way to despair and that the matter of the Institute again supplying seamen will be considered by your Committee with the result I hope that the Shipping Bureau will commence its activities anew.

"I must say, in fact, I believe that if you are to secure the success you hope for, the Bureau's future activities will have to be of a more aggressive character. And why not? Obstructionists, be they inside Office Staffs, Superintendents, Masters, or Officers will have to be exposed and brushed aside and I would add, for what it is worth, that in my opinion, exposure to the Principals should not be shirked. Too often are Principals kept in ignorance of what is afoot, or what is, unjustly, laid to their charge."

Such Lovely Teeth

People are admired for many things, both physical and mental—and perhaps it was because of comparison that Joe's teeth appeared to be his outstanding and overshadowing attraction.

The Editor asked the House Mother and one of the Chaplains who were standing together, for a good story for The Lookout.

"Here is a letter from Joe," the Chaplain said to the House Mother and handed her a single sheet of paper, "tell her about Joe."

"Oh, Joe!" the House Mother replied, her eyes eagerly scanning the letter, "he has such wonderful teeth."

And that is about all there seemed to be about Joe, except that he was nineteen and he had been beating his way to Buffalo and his letter was an account of how it is done and the mental attitude one gets into when travelling without a ticket.

The employees on the railroads where he was allowed to travel in peace were characterised as "good fellows" and the conductors who kicked him off did not stir up any resentment in him, but he loved them less—and the woman who gave him a long ride in her Rolls Royce and then slipped him a \$2 bill got a share of his heart.

We wondered if she went home that night and talked to her family about his teeth, for after the letter was read, the House Mother finished her account as she began it, "He is such a fine fellow and he has such wonderful teeth."

Appreciation

"You will excuse me for not acknowledging the receipt of your very comforting letter which reached me in due time. I have not felt so happy for a long time as when your letter was read to me. I hope that God will help you in your search for my brother, as it means a great deal to me. I also pray that God will bless you and your associates for the good work you are doing."

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or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Our Support

There has been some confusion in the minds of our friends as to how this great Institution is supported.

Most of those who follow our work closely know that we receive revenue from the commercial enterprises carried on in the building such as the Lunch Counter and Soda Fountain and Slop Chest and Barber Shop, as well as the rent from the rooms and a small income from the Navigation Marine Engineering and Radio School. But when the full scope of the work is presented, it does not require a financial specialist to know, that it would be impossible to accomplish what is done here, without a large income from other sources.

The question that some of our friends have asked is, where do we get the revenue necessary to do such a large and varied work? Are we a beneficiary of any special church campaign? Are we endowed? Do we depend entirely on the voluntary con-

tributions of those who know of the work and have faith in it?

We are not the beneficiary of any church campaign.

We have a comparatively small endowment that brings in a yearly net income of only \$9,390.

We are supported by the voluntary contributions of our friends, and many groups of friends in organizations of one kind and another, who have faith in our work and contribute to it from year to year. But there is no person or organization of persons under any obligation to support this work. If all our friends failed us tomorrow we would have to close down most of our departments.

We live by faith. Faith in the work and faith in those who support it. And we have found it a very good way to live. Faith for us has removed mountains and we know that it will continue to do so.

All we ask is that our faith may be increased, for we know that our work is limited only by our faith in taking hold of the promises of God.

A Great Man

This Institute extends the hand of sympathy across the sea to our sister organization "The Missions to Seamen" in the sudden loss of their General Superintendent, Rev. G. F. Wilson. On the morning of April 11, he passed into endless life, casting aside a never too strong body, that was worn out in ceaseless self-sacrificing toil, for the men of the sea.

It was within the year that our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies was entertained in England by Mr.

Wilson, and those two veteran workers "for the men who go down to the sea in ships," discussed their problems together. It was as brothers, in a service that transcends all petty trade rivalries and national boundaries, that they met; and it is as co-workers that we mourn the passing of a great man.

Mr. Wilson had suffered from heart disease for many years, a trouble which would have been a great handicap to a lesser soul, but with indomitable courage he never spared himself, rarely even taking an ordinary holiday and remained on active service up to the very last. On the Sunday before his death he preached twice, and with almost prophetic appropriateness took as his text our Lord's words, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Thirty-eight years ago, two years after his ordination, he joined "The Missions to Seamen" as Organizing Secretary. But the place at the top that is ever awaiting those with great gifts, was soon to claim him. His unique power of kindling enthusiasm and affection, his wonderful personal charm and organizing ability marked him as a leader. In 1891 he was appointed Superintendent of the Mission in London, and thirteen years later he was made General Superintendent.

When Mr. Wilson joined the Society it was working in only forty-nine ports, with a staff of twenty-five Chaplains, fifty-three Lay Missioners and a total annual income of about \$100,000. At his death the organization is working in one hundred and twenty-two ports at home

and abroad, it employs seventy-seven Chaplains with a like number of Lay Missioners, the whole work requiring for its maintenance about \$500,000 per annum; and it is to the untiring labors and inspired wisdom of this man that most of the credit for such growth is due.

Of the many tributes paid to his memory, in the magazine of the organization, "The Church and the Sailor," none seemed to us so well to sum up the greatness of a great soul as that of Rev. N. A. Lash, Senior Chaplain for the Port of London:

"He served tables, and yet kept his soul as fresh and fragrant as the flowers he loved to wear. He was never free from the burden of great responsibility, and yet when you went to him he made you feel that your little burden, your little need, mattered to him more than anything else in the world. He had that rarest, that most blessed of all gifts—a perfect sympathy. He would give a precious hour of his time to discussing a plan which a mere business man, with cut and dried methods, might have dealt with in a few minutes; there was nothing cut and dried about G. F. W. It was ever his way to create an atmosphere. He would say, 'Shall we just have a collect together?' followed perhaps by an extempore prayer. He lived very near to God, and taught us all that the spirit in which a thing is done matters much more than the thing done.

"His devotion to the work, his love for his fellow-workers, his love for the souls of sailors—all these

things stood out in our dead friend's character.

"We shall never hear his voice again as he turned to the door to greet us—'Come in, dear man, the very one we want to see.'"

Created Equal

The following letter was written by a seaman staying at the Seamen's Welfare Headquarters:

"All men are created equal. So said one of our greatest Presidents, some years ago. Yes! Man's creation on the whole is very similar in the process, so far as nature and humanity go. If Abraham Lincoln in the foregoing expression really meant that by men being created equal they were in that creation destined to be equal as long as they existed on the earth, he meant mighty well. If his ideals had been accomplished, this earthly abode of ours would be a paradise on earth—Alas! As long as we may look back into the dark and ancient ages of the past we find that at no time has man or men been equal, though created equal.

"Creation and mis-creation—Lincoln's great ideal! To the Reverend Dr. Mansfield, Mrs. Roper and Chaplain Green must be attributed the realization of the aforesaid memorable expression. In this foundation, the principles of real democracy function hourly and daily. Every man is treated alike. Justice is dealt out to the minutest detail. Wops, Spicks, Canucks, Limys, Harps, Sheenys, Frogs, Bluenoses, Squareheads, Heiny's, Niggers, Chilians, Chinks, Monguls, Tartars,

Lascars, Hindoos, Coolies, Arabs, Turks—anything from the Mad Mullah to Shiloh—are welcome here. The same food, the same bunks, the same water to drink, the same lockers, pajamas, clothes, the same recreation and privilege for all, even to the music and good advice by Chaplain Robinson. Yes! We are all created equal! But it is not till we are dead that we will be equal."

Employment

Growth means change—and because we are growing we are changing.

In these pages, you have over and over been told the story of the Crimps and Boarding House keepers in the early days, who fought against the Institute lodging department, with all the fury in their power. As long as they lodged the seaman when he was ashore, they had a hold on him, that satisfied them.

The plan was for a small boat full of boarding house keepers to set off to meet every ship as it came into the harbor. They always carried liquor and often before the seamen had set foot on land, they were much in debt to these men who took them to their boarding houses. Once at the boarding house, their money soon went. They were kept so well supplied with liquor they couldn't count very well and if they did, there were plenty of clubs at hand to persuade them they had made a mistake. But if they insisted there were knockout drops to quiet them and crimps to sign them on a ship going to the other side of the earth. Before they returned they had forgotten about the trouble, they had had so much at other ports.

And so it went voyage after voyage—boarding house keepers to offer a welcome with liquor and their own selfish schemes as a background—Crimps to ship the men as soon as the boarding house keeper wanted to get rid of them, and the man always a pawn in their horrible game.

When the Institute started its lodging department it was a body blow at the boarding house keepers and the crimps who shipped the men. If the seamen stayed at the Institute they would not be able to get their money. They were not going to let it slip out of their hands so easily as that. The Church was all right so long as it didn't interfere with their dastardly business—but—

Boarding house keepers and crimps got together and refused to get a man a job who lived at the Institute. They had him there. He had to go to them if he wished to get a ship.

The Institute no doubt said, "You can't beat the Lord like that—there must be a way."

And there was. A Shipping Office was opened to find jobs for the men who lodged there. Decent shipping firms were appealed to—and they agreed to take men from the Institute. And the time came when that shipping office supplied men to ships whether they lodged in the house or not. It had taken the first steps towards breaking the back of the horrible combine of boarding house keepers and shipping agents. That it was hated by them goes without saying.

Now times have changed—labor Unions, Prohibition, the War and the United States Shipping Board

have all helped to change those conditions. Men are not shipped in whole crews as they were, but are shipped individually, and our shipping office as it was, is no longer needed.

But an employment office is needed as much as ever. Last December when our shipping office was closed the unemployment was greater then ever before. Hundreds of men were seeking relief from starvation and something had to be done, as a matter of Social Service.

Employment is the only solution of unemployment and an Employment Bureau was opened to help our men to help themselves. This bureau is part of the Social and Religious Department and finds both shore and sea jobs for men and since it was opened, it has greatly lessened the work of the Relief Department.

Seamen are strangers in port—and no matter how much they may desire work they do not know how to go about getting it. They must be helped to help themselves and all in all there is no more satisfactory work than helping to fit a man into the place in life where he is happy and can do his best work. And hundreds of men have already been placed, both on land and sea, much to their joy.

As a barometer of the better times, not ahead but right here, may be noted the men placed during the past four months. During February 242 men were found work—in March 263 and in April 426 were placed on shore and at sea. Shipping jobs in April were 114% more than the previous month.

Get Me My Job

Is it to weep? Or is it to laugh?

Perhaps it is to both, for tears and laughter are fruit of the same tree—and while we plucked the laughter with our lips, our eyes held unshed tears at the childish distress, but awfully real terror of the high naval officer, at one time a distinguished man in the Czar's forces.

"For God's sake get me back my messboy's job," he begged the employment department excitedly.

He had given it up to take the position of engineer in a concern that lasted only three days. A Count of the old Russian regime had secured the more dignified position for him, and now at its failure he returned with him to the employment department, to beg those in charge to do everything in their power to help him get back the position he had left.

The Hairy Ape

On Broadway there is another play by the ex-seaman, O'Neill. This has been an O'Neill year on the great white way, and he has made articulate thousands of silent seamen, who feel the currents of thought and emotion, that they can no more express than could an ape.

A smashing blow at society—the play certainly is. Also it is just as smashing in its condemnation of those who would turn loose the ape in man, as a way to better things. "The Hairy Ape" states the problem we all face or must face, states it so baldly and so convincingly that one leaves the theatre a wreck—but he is too much the artist to attempt to settle it.

But who will ever forget the giant fireman standing in the glare of the furnaces demanding who made the daughter of the millionaire that she had a right to look at him as if he were a horrible brute or a hairy ape, as the men said she looked.

The Hairy Ape traces step by step the evolution of the soul of a workman from the minute his faith in his own importance is shaken, until he is ready to wreck the very society of which he believed he was the driving force. It is original in construction, not being divided into acts but into scenes; it is original in the fact that people who have thought little about social problems are swept off their feet by the power of it—it is art. It can't be described—so some night when you are feeling fit and not in need of rest or relaxation go and see it.

All who are interested in seamen should not miss it. It explains so well why many of our men are members of the I. W. W. and the O. B. U.

Captains and Babies

A Captain who has taken shore employment, recently sent to England for his wife and two small children. When asked how he was getting along, instead of talking about ships and foreign ports, he introduced the subject of raising children.

"I haven't been up as early in the morning since I was an apprentice boy at sea," he explained, "my wife and I begin to raise those children at five o'clock in the morning."

"And when do you stop?" we asked, much interested.

"Seven at night," he replied

promptly, "and we don't allow any infringement of Union rules.

"What do you mean?"

"We don't believe in corporal punishment and we don't want our children to be afraid of us and try to hide their faults, but I'll be blown if we can get along without it sometimes. Last night after we got the kids to bed and sat down in peace to dinner, there was a patter of feet and one of them appeared—and I tell you she got it. Parents have some rights."

We agreed most heartily with him—but after we left him we wondered if he ever ran up against a strike between seven at night and five in the morning—the hours he and his wife have declared their Union allows them.

We'll ask him.

Out of Luck

"I'm out of luck," Charley Fine said as he swung his legs from a bench in Jeanette park and looked dreamily out over the East River, toward the ship he had just helped to bring to port.

His companion instinctively turned away as he mumbled, "What's the matter?"

"I'm broke!" Charley replied nonchalantly.

"What's happened? You had \$25 when we were paid off this morning same as me?" Robert McPherson questioned.

"I got a letter—and Jinny is dead," Charley explained in a dreary tone, "and I sent all my money to her mother to buy flowers."

"Hum!" his companion grunted.

"It was all I could do," Charley explained.

"I'd say so," McPherson replied, turning still further away.

"I was wondering where I'd get a bed," Charley remarked after a long pause, during which the sun sank below the horizon, leaving a glow in the sky but a chill on land.

"It's a bit cold to sleep in the park," McPherson answered drily. Charley did not reply but when McPherson got up and walked toward the Institute he followed him. He also stood in line with him, in front of the hotel desk, to buy a bed for the night.

"I had a letter from my sister and my mother is sick and she needs money," McPherson mumbled, half turning toward Charley.

"Dear me what a lot of trouble," Charley said, at once much interested, "How much did you send?"

"The letter was two weeks old and I thought she might be better so I wrote to find out," McPherson explained, "you can't get a ship every day and lots of the fellows is on the beach."

"I never looked at the date on my letter," Charley said feeling in his pocket for it. He and McPherson bent over the envelope together and they agreed that it was three weeks old.

"Then Jinny must be buried," Charley said drearily, stepping up in the line after McPherson.

"I'd hope so," McPherson grunted, "and you wouldn't have knowed her if you'd seed her. You ain't been home for five years."

"I was thinkin' of goin' home after the next trip."

"You been thinkin' that fur five years and me spending time and missing good ships to go and see my mother."

McPherson bent down in front of the desk and asked for a room. The clerk made out his room slip and handed him back 50 cents in change. He took the room check but left the 50 cents which Charley pushed back and asked for a bed. He pocketed the 15 cents change that was handed to him.

In the afternoon next day, the two men sat basking in the sun in the park, when McPherson suddenly decided that he must get his shoes shined. Charley did not speak but shoved out his boots lazily. He had spent the 15 cents change in a shine and McPherson had paid for his meals.

"They look good," a seedy looking sailor beside him remarked.

Charley looked at him closely and asked, "Didn't I sail on the "Prairie Queen with you?"

They were still discussing the matter when McPherson returned on the run.

"I been robbed," he said excitedly, his face red, his eyes glaring, his shoes shining and his clothes dishevelled, "I been robbed," he repeated, "this is all he left me. You hold this and I'll go and catch the fellow what did it. You stay right here. I'll be back."

He thrust \$5 into Charley's hand and rushed away. Charley glanced at the bill and put it carelessly in his pocket.

The man beside him watched the transaction interestedly, and he soon remarked that he was out of luck. He hadn't had anything to eat that day.

Before he had finished his story two other sailors had joined them. They were out of luck too. Charley understood without any explanation, and he put his hand in his pocket and kept it there, while he turned slowly around and looked in the general direction McPherson had gone. He wasn't in sight."

"I never let a pal go hungry," Charley then said boastfully, and he stood up and shook down the legs of his trousers.

The men all stood up, and accompanying them, Charley went into the "Elesyian Cafe" where he told them to order whatever they liked, which they did.

The bill when finally presented was for five dollars and ninety cents without the tip. Charley gave the waiter the five dollars and told him he'd give him a present when he came back from his next trip. The waiter was a man without faith and he appealed to the Manager, who followed them to the door, and out on to the sidewalk telling them what he thought of them in a loud advertising voice, that soon drew a crowd.

"You come and order like millionaires with only five dollars—five dollars!"

A man broke through the crowd at the mention of five dollars. It was McPherson, and he looked as if he had been in bad company.

His lip was cut, a tooth had been knocked out, his eye was black, his

coat was torn, and what expression he had was bad.

He jumped toward Charley and demanded, "Give me my money!"

Charley looked around for his companions, but they were edging away with a vanishing look; he glanced at the red face of the restaurant Manager and from him to the threatening look of his pal, and he turned and ran.

McPherson caught him before he reached the elevated railway. The men formed a ring around them and offered advice.

But the police interfered and they were taken to the station.

Just Thinking

—Well Mrs. S— I was very sorry to leave New York, really it was like leaving home again and you know how one feels then.

So I am going to express my deepest thought of gratitude to you on paper which I could not do by speaking, so after you read this don't think I am getting sentimental or I've got the "blues."

You are the most kind person I've ever met since I left home. When I was in your company I used to picture myself back again by my dear mother's side. The way you chaffed; you have her ways. Its no wonder a fellow makes himself at home with you.

When we young lads get home and tell our mothers of a kind lady in New York and of all the happy time you give us, what will our mothers say? I'll bet they are glad to know there is some one in the world who is good to HER BOY when he is far away from home. So you see Mrs. S— how I

feel; and appreciate your kindness towards me while I was in New York. I'll never forget you, it will be a happy memory.

Dave is of the same mind as myself, he didn't speak for a little while after leaving your place until I said: "What is the matter?" Then in a dry throat tone he said: "Nothing, I'm just thinking."

Well, I think I've expressed myself the best I can, hoping you won't mind my doing so.—

NOTE.—This letter was written by a young apprentice to one of the volunteer workers who helps make the Thursday night parties "where a fellow makes himself at home."

War Memorial

See the back of the back cover.

There you can find the status of the War Memorial Fund up to date.

So far we have not received enough to warrant us in beginning to build. It all depends on those interested whether this great undertaking can be begun this spring.

To Him That Hath

The following letter was written by one of our contributors to a friend of his, who sent it to us with a contribution:

"I am handing you herewith a letter from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a most worthy organization, carried on under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, which may commend itself to you. I might say that I have been contributing regularly to this Institute for about seven or eight years. You will note that they are in need of funds

and a contribution from you at this time might help them out of their difficulties.

"I am convinced of the fact, more and more as I grow older, that we receive in proportion to the amount we give. Sometimes it is a little hard to see what we are getting back but it is bound to come. In this particular case, I had often thought I would withdraw my support, but it happened that only a few weeks ago, in my efforts to help a boy return to his family, that this Institute was one of the main factors in getting him back to his worried parents. This fact alone has caused me to say that I will continue my contributions to this active Christian work as long as I am able to.

"If it appeals to you, the way is open."

The Man Who Won

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows,

Who has measured his pace on the battle line and given and taken the blows,

Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan.

But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman;

Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with a thousand spears—

Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen;

Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread and stuck to the world-machine,

Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt

The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt.

Who was tempted and fell, and rose again, and has gone on trusty and true,

With God supreme in his manly heart and his courage burning anew.

I'd give my all—be it little or great—to walk by his side to-day,

To stand up there with the man who has known the bite of the burning fray,

Who has gritted his teeth and clenched his fist, and gone on doing his best

Because of the love for his fellow-man and the faith in his manly breast.

I would love to walk with him, hand in hand, together journey along,

For the man who has fought and struggled and won is the man who can make men strong.

Sent by a Friend.

Names and Occupations

He was successful. How could he help it? His name was Philpot and he was a florist. That is to quote or rather misquote, 'adapting the occupation to the name.'

But what could you do with a seaman who gave his name as Mombcat and said his nationality was Maltese?

General Summary of Work

MARCH, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	4	102
Sunday Services, P. M.	4	894
Communion Services	4	29
Bible Classes	2	161
Gospel Meetings	5	159
Weddings	0	
Funerals	3	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	4	174
Communion Services	1	5
Funerals	8	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	4	766
Entertainments	9	3,721
Lodgings Registered		25,165
Incoming Mail for Seamen		16,132
Dunnage Checked		3,240
Free Baths		4
Free Clothes Washings		4
Packages Literature Distributed		434
Knitted Articles Distributed		463

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	308
Assisted through Loan Fund	53
Baggage and Minor Relief	205
Cases in Institute Clinic	926
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	110
Referred to Other Organizations	21

Employment

Men Shipped	136
Shore Jobs	127
Temporary Jobs	29

Visits

To Hospitals	9
To Patients	44
Other Visits	24

U. S. Marine Hospital, No. 21

Fox Hills Hospital		Hudson Street Hospital
To Hospital	9	To Hospital
Number of Hours	38¾	To Hospital
		5
	To Hospital	Number of hours
	24	5
	Number of hours	
	116½	

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	34
First Aid Lectures	2

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$44,606.36
Withdrawals	53,465.58
Transmissions	10,720.86

WAR MEMORIAL

For Whom?

MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

Other Nations Have Recognized the War Services of Their Merchantmen—This Country Has Not.

This INSTITUTE appeals to AMERICANS for help to erect immediately the proposed outdoor stage which will be a splendid utilitarian monument to our Seamen, whom Admirals Sims and Rodman have lauded so highly. None know better than they what their services did for US in the GREAT WAR.

Although today the war seems far off and the danger is past, yet notwithstanding let us show that we have not forgotten them.

Did you care about the seamen when we were in the war? Then be fair and care **today**.

The location for the Memorial is Jeanette Park, named for the ill-fated polar vessel, that was commanded by De Long, and lost in the ice in 1881.

The park is on the East River, near South Ferry.

The amount required	\$15,000
Pledged conditionally	\$ 4,250
Cash received	\$ 2,583
Amount to be raised	\$ 8,167

I am determined and confident, with a faith that this must appeal to a sufficient number of patriotic admirers of them who went down to the Sea for us, in the midst of **special perils**, to call forth gifts of gratitude that will accomplish this splendid object at once.

A. R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent,
25 South St., New York, N. Y.