

# The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1920

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 Broad 0297

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

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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 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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Vol. 11

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 0297

SECOND CLASS APPLICATION PENDING

## The North River Station

Seventy seamen, most of them young, with eager, forward-looking eyes, joined in a service of song, in the Church of the Holy Comforter, one evening this month, when the Editor and a friend were visitors at the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute.

"Do the sailors always sing like that?" the Editor asked, as the Manager, Mr. Allen S. Gookin, led the way from the Chapel to the game room where the Ladies' Auxiliary of the British Great War Veterans of America had provided coffee and cake.

"Yes, and we often have a hundred and twenty or thirty—in fact, we have to limit the number. We haven't room for all who wish to come, and they do enjoy the singing," Mr. Gookin explained.

No one who heard them could doubt that—the hymns were all old and familiar, and they not only provided a means of expression for men who have few opportunities to ex-

press themselves, but they brought back memories of other days, days back home—wherever that might be—where they had first heard, "Throw Out the Life Line" and "Pull for the Shore."

There was a wonderful feeling of good-fellowship in the social half hour spent in the game room. No one waited for an introduction, and no one stood apart, waiting to be spoken to, for everyone was at ease. It was a party to which they had been invited from their ships in the North River, and that night they were from the S. S. Toronto, the Olympic, the Anglo Chilian, the La Paz and the Messaba.

After coffee and cake everyone went down to the reading room where Mrs. M. Betts Pescod, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, took charge of the entertainment for the evening, and for an hour and a half she and her assistants drove away all dull care. There were songs and recitations and games and dances, and everyone took part in something.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the ladies of the Auxiliary who have given so generously of their time to entertaining the sailors. Mrs. Pescod's vivacity and versatility make her peculiarly fitted for such work, and her assistants gave themselves with such unself-consciousness, and with such evident enjoyment, that one could not escape the general feeling of a good time.

The Editor and her friend who went up as a matter "of business" to write up an account of what was being done, could not escape the feeling of comradeship, and they found themselves "Going to Jerusalem," and "Picking up potatoes on spoons," and other exciting things.

The North River Station is reproducing departmentally, in so far as it can, the work done on South Street. They have a post office, a baggage department, a seamen's wages department, and free reading and game rooms. They have a special and separate department for boys; they provide free writing paper and magazines and books.

Everything possible is being done with the present equipment, and expansion is blocked because of the uncertainty of the development of that part of New York. But what is being done is tremendously worth while, and a visit to the North River Station has left such a feeling of homey friendliness, that one realizes that the Manager, Mr. Gookin, and his assistants, have solved the problem of making an Institution a home, and that they have put into the atmosphere a kindness and

good will that is inescapable, and make the place unique.

### The Old U. S. A.

"What are you looking for?" the House Steward asked a seaman he found half way up the stairs to the fourth floor. It was in the middle of the day and the men are not supposed to be there.

"I'm just home from a seven months' trip. I couldn't get and mail—and, see!"

He held up his hands, both filled with letters. His eyes shone as he said, "I have thirty-seven letters."

The House Steward smiled sympathetically and he found him a quiet corner in the Apprentice Room, where he could read of the loving thoughts that had followed him during the seven months of his wanderings.

The boy sat down and arranged his letters in piles in the order of the dates stamped on the envelopes, and then he began the pleasant task of opening them.

An hour later the House Steward returned, no doubt desiring to bask in the reflected happiness of the young man, for he had confided to him that twenty-four of the letters were from his girl; but what he found was a pale, anxious sailor, whose hand trembled as he tried to open the last letter before him.

"My father," he said, "he is very ill—and I will not be paid off until to-morrow.

"We'll soon arrange that," the House Steward said, and when he told the Chaplain that he had a bank account, but it was too late to get his money, a

loan was made to him, and he started at once for home.

As he left, he looked back at the employees who had done what they could for him, and said: "It's good to be back in the old U. S. A., among my own folks."

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### The Life Line Crew

Three hundred and eighty sailors who have visited the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute, have joined together in one crew, that they call "The Life Line Crew."

They have buttons that they wear to show their membership, and it is the hope of Mr. Gookin who organized this club, that there will be members of this great crew in every port in the world.

Their object is stated in the hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line."

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### Iron Determination

"I just had to pick it out of him," the Chaplain said, "and then he stood up in front of me, his hands trembling and his teeth chattering, and said he was all right. He could get enough to eat."

"How did you know there was anything the matter," the Editor asked.

"He had to sign his name to a passport we were making out for him, and I noticed that his hand was shaking. I felt it and it was cold as ice. I looked at him and I saw that he was pale and gaunt and I asked him what was the matter."

The Chaplain paused and glanced out of the window. "He is a re-

turned soldier and there is some mixup about his compensation. He had pawned all his clothes but barely enough to cover him; and he had been walking the streets for four nights, not able to pay for a bed."

"I took him down and gave him some warm clothes and I gave him a meal and I helped him to get a passport and then a job, and I never felt that I had done more worth while work. And he'll come and pay it back, every cent, he is the kind that does."

There was a silence in the office, then the Chaplain said, "I thought if he had been my boy, I would have been proud of his iron determination not to give in, but I'd have hated to see him going through it. I'd have been mighty grateful to the person who gave him a helping hand."

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### Decorations for Christmas

Christmas is not Christmas unless we appeal to the eye as well as the taste. Turkey and cranberry sauce are no more essential than Christmas decorations.

Last year we had festoons of bright-colored paper, around the doors, hanging from the chandeliers, and draped in conspicuous places. It gave to the whole place the festive look, that one associates with Christmas, and it gave us all the holiday feeling. We talked more freely and in a more friendly way.

If you do not feel like giving to anything else, you may wish to add a gay touch of color to our Christmas.

### What Is Great?

The thought and the work of the year came, in the Christmas box, sent in for the sailors by Mrs. Ellen Wheeler Jepson.

There were books and cards and leaflets fashioned of the things that come to all our hands, but are usually thrown away. But in the deft fingers of Mrs. Jepson they were woven into messages of good cheer and helpful thoughts.

In answer to the letter of acknowledgment from the House Mother Mrs. Jepson wrote, "Am pleased to know that my box for the Seamen's Church Institute was so warmly welcomed by yourself and Mrs. Thomas, Editor of 'The Lookout' and sincerely hope the contents will be received with equal favor by the seamen themselves for whom they were made. \* \* \*

"It is my pleasure to join forces with you people, taking this effort of mine 'for others,' using it in your own way. I am happy surely in so doing.

"I hardly know just what to say about myself, whereby you may come to know me better, shake hands with each other, feeling that we are properly introduced.

"First of all I might say I have never done what one would call 'a big thing' in all my life."

Then she tells of a long life of service, first when she went into a home where there were three motherless children to whom she was a real mother; then when she became interested in The Mariner's Temple and in the W. C. T. U., and

other organizations for which she worked long and faithfully.

And as we read her letter we recalled the familiar words, "He serveth best who loveth best."

### A True Shipmate

The following from a letter written to us by a sailor who is anxious to locate the relatives of a shipmate will give some idea of the loyalty of these men to each other.

He wrote: "He was a friend of mine and was lost at sea last February. I know the particulars and have letters that he sent me from New York and Virginia. They had trouble going south; put into New York for repairs, then went south again. On the way north again the vessel and all hands went down. I have the paper clippings in regard to what happened. I have done all that I could do to find where his relatives are, and I could not find any trace of his folks. I knew they would like to know what became of him. He went a good, straight sober man.

"If you have any reason to think this was the man after you read this and want any more information, please let me know. I will do all I can as he was a friend of mine and a good sailor. I think that I will get track of his folks sometime, somewhere. I shall never give up trying anyway. He was with me two nights before he sailed.

"Please answer as soon as possible, as I am liable to sail at any time, but will wait till I hear from you, as I would like to get what information I can, as I have parties in the West trying to find his relatives."

### In Memory

For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him. St. Luke 20.38.

"Do not limit the love and power of God," Dr. Mansfield said in the Annual Memorial service in the Chapel of Our Saviour. "Those who have gone before, are not dead, but living; for we are all knit together in the mystical body of Christ's church, and who shall say that they do not remember us and pray for us, as I believe they do."

Once a year the Staff, and Friends of the Institute, who have given so much of it in memory of loved ones who have gone before, meet in what we call our "Family" day, to remember particularly those who though dead, still live in the building, in constant daily service to the men of the sea.

And as we sang together, and Dr. Mansfield talked in a friendly intimate way of the Saints who have gone before, it seemed almost as though kindness and love and understanding had bridged the gulf between us and those whose memories have made the Institute possible, in its completeness. And who can say what faces and what figures came out of the darkness of the past, and stood beside the donors of our memorials and brought them comfort from that other shore.

Certain it is that we all felt the spirit of Christ with us in a very particular way; a way that broke down all barriers and made us one in our helpless humanity, facing the last day; and one in our faith, that

half the glory of what has yet to come, has never been told.

After the service, many of the friends of the Institute were taken over the building, and they saw the tablet that commemorated their loved one; and they had a glimpse of the service that their gift is daily rendering to some unknown man.

### A Lamp in Memory

Mrs. A. Nielson has sent us a table lamp for the Staff sitting room, in memory of her husband, Alfred Nielson.

### Christmas Gifts

No doubt it is too early to expect many Christmas gifts; but we hope you will not forget us this year.

We will have more than a thousand men here and at the North River Station, who will have no home but this on Christmas Day. And Christmas Day is the most lonely day in the year if you are away from all your friends, as most sailors are.

A gift, even from an entire stranger, makes these boys happy, not only because of the value of the gift, but because it shows that they have been remembered. It is an emblem of friendship.

They show their gifts to their friends, and then they go and write home, if they have a home, and tell them what they received at Christmas. Of course, most of them do not expect to get anything, and when they do, it is doubly welcome.

Anything that your own boy or your husband would like, would be appreciated by some sailor.

### Happiness Comes in Cans

We are accustomed in these latter days to buy almost every kind of edible food which has been kept for months in cold storage or at the grocers' in packages or in cans. There are, however, many other things that come in *cans* which are not improved by waiting. They need to be served hot as soon as prepared. May we open a case for your inspection?

1. I *can* make an annual contribution thru the Ways and Means Department to maintain the work for the seamen.
2. I *can* probably make another contribution later to help relieve the strain on the management.
3. I *can* speak to my friends about the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.
4. I *can* make a special subscription to THE LOOKOUT altho I am getting it monthly by reason of my contribution.
5. I *can* loan my copy of THE LOOKOUT to help someone to get the vision.
6. I *can* subscribe to THE LOOKOUT for our Public Library and for the reception-room table in the offices of my physician and dentist.
7. I *can* make a special donation to the Discretionary Fund to help the management meet special emergencies.
8. I *can* help brighten the sailors' lives by assisting in the Flower Fund.
9. I *can* become a silent partner in the relief of needy and destitute seamen and their families by helping the Destitute Seamen's Fund.
10. I *can* help assure friendless seamen a decent burial with their fellows by contributing to the Cemetery Fund.
11. I *can* visit the Seamen's Church Institute of New York when in New York and get the inspiration of a close range view.
12. I *can* remember the seamen by sending useful books and current periodicals.
13. I *can* bring happiness to many a home by helping reunite home ties thru enlarging the activities of the Missing Men Department.
14. I *can* help some sailor who seldom averages a day a month at home to have a "Merry Christmas" by sending some useful gift.
15. I *can* perpetually serve the living and honor my friend thru one or more memorial bedrooms in the new annex.
16. I *can* make provision in my Will to help not only the present generation as well as to project my personality into the lives of seamen yet unborn.

In this case there are sixteen assorted "cans." Surely you will agree that these "cans" of humanitarian purpose will not be improved by keeping in cold storage. They come within the class of "perishable" and should not be permitted to become stale or spoiled thru delay.



The milk of human kindness often becomes soured thru being exposed to the thunder and lightning of adverse criticism of philanthropies in general.

We are always glad to have those interested in the seamen bring their friends to this service-to-man institution and see what a great work can be accomplished by co-operative effort. We are greatly encouraged by helpful suggestions and criticisms. If you live in or near New York City or ever visit this metropolis, you owe it to yourself to go thru this great Institute from top to bottom. It is known as "one of the wonders of New York."

### Thanksgiving Day

"I don't know what Thanksgiving Day means," an old sailor with a strong brogue said as he came out of the lunch room, "but I like it. I hope I'll always be here when you have a dinner like that, but for what do you do it?"

"Why didn't you go into the Chapel this morning?" a boy standing near asked knowingly, "Mr. Robinson explained it all."

There was a kindly spirit abroad in the Institute all that day, from the early service in the Chapel until the last click of the moving picture camera in the concert hall at night. You could feel that the men from all over this war-torn world had for that day put aside their differences, and we all joined together in a great and deep feeling of thankfulness for the mercies that we enjoy, mercies so much more than others at this time.

The concert hall was crowded to capacity at the concert in the afternoon, and again at night. Every seat was

full and every inch of standing room was taken. Rows and rows of men, over six hundred of them, from north and south and east and west, from every corner of the earth, their faces mirrors, in which had we the eyes to see, we could read the whole history of the human race.

And yet there they sat and sang together and played together with us, hundreds of men to whom home meant, the desolation of Russia; the despair of Austria; the bitterness of Germany; the uncertainty of Italy; the agony of Ireland; and all the other miseries so near and so real at this time, in our tortured world.

Yes, Thanksgiving Day was a wonderful day at the Institute; a day of rest in which all nations here assembled put aside the differences that are wearing them out, and like one great family they rallied around the House Mother and the Chaplains, and in all languages but in one spirit, they gave thanks.

### Christmas Dinners

Eight hundred men away from home and friends will spend their Christmas Day at the Institute.

We cannot wave a fairy wand and bring their friends from all parts of the world, but we can call on our friends, of whose good will we are assured, to help us provide them with a Christmas dinner.

Unless prices go down with a thump, we will not be able to provide the dinner for less than eighty-five cents each.

Read the letter in this issue with the heading, "A Wonderful Spirit," and then send us whatever money you feel you would like to give.

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Second Class Application Pending.

## A Merry Christmas

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In order to insure it to you, we have asked our wireless operator to send a message to Santa Claus. We did not intend to tell the message, but we cannot keep it.

We asked him to send to each of you a million dollars worth of happiness. There are people who say happiness cannot be measured in gold, but that will give you an idea of the amount we wish you.

It will be in a white box—white is for purity, you know, and it will be tied with pearls, because they are kind thoughts.

The messenger will be a blue bird; and a blue bird always brings happiness.

Do not be afraid to let it in; you will not see it unless you are ready for the gift, "for whosoever will

save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

So many of you have been ready to give that others might have, that the happiness that comes only from thinking for others must be yours.

And so, "A Merry Christmas."

## Assistant to Dr. Mansfield

The time has come, when Dr. Mansfield has found it absolutely necessary to have an assistant. For twenty-five years he has been Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and by giving of himself early and late, he has with the assistance of a sympathetic Board, built an Institute that is a model to its kind throughout the world.

But the man who discovers a new path, has discovered a new responsibility to his fellows; and during the year Dr. Mansfield has been appointed General Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, and the work in that position is demanding so much of his time and energy, that he has found it absolutely necessary to delegate some of the detail work in the New York Institute to someone else.

That someone else is Rev. F. Barnby Leach, and he comes from Vermont, the state that sent us Mr. Davenport (now Bishop of Easton), and Mr. Magoun, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute at Newport, R. I., and Mr. Weston in Cleveland; and with the inspiration of such examples, Mr. Leach cannot fail in the work he has undertaken.

Mr. Leach has served all his ministry hitherto in Vermont, since his ordination in 1897, at Sheldon and East Fairfield, at Richford, at Milton and Georgia, at Brandon, temporarily, and for the last four years and a half as Rector of Christ Church, Montpelier, and he has filled various positions of trust in the Diocese. He was a Deputy to General Convention, chairman of the Social Service Commission, secretary of the Board of Religious Education, and of the Board of Land Agents, in addition to his being Editor of the Diocesan paper.

Mr. Leach comes to us, to the regret of those he has left, a regret they have expressed in many resolutions of good will, and he has been most heartily welcomed to his new position, where the Staff are only anxious that he should, as he so gracefully expressed it on his introduction, "Help them to lift some of the burden from the shoulders of our overburdened and beloved Superintendent."

### Sailors' Day

Sailors' Day and Armistice Sunday were one and the same this year, and nothing could have been more appropriate than that the services of these days should have been merged into one.

On Armistice Sunday we think of victory, the triumph of the great cause of freedom and righteousness, of steadfastness and heroism—of glorious deeds and of great leaders. We think of the great armies and navies and the great merchant service, ours and our allies. We think of all who did not

stop to count the cost, but with unflinching courage, with unwavering purpose, and with tremendous and untold sacrifices, stood for, and fought so gloriously and successfully in the defense of justice and humanity.

And we cannot think of these things without thinking of the Merchant Seamen, who for four long years did such glorious work to secure the victory; of these men who always risked and often gave their lives to protect the freedom of the seas; of these men who won the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

The idea of Sailors' Day originated in Boston with Stanton King of the Sailors' Haven. Dr. Mansfield attended the service in Boston, and conceived the idea of a big united Sailors' Day Service in the port of New York. This idea was accepted by the Joint Conference of those who are working on behalf of seamen in the port, and the first big united service was held on May 7th, 1916, in Old Trinity Church.

The services have been held alternately in Old Trinity and the Old First Presbyterian Church until this year, when the Fifth United Sailors' Day Service was held in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

And not only in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, but in hundreds of churches all over this great nation, Sailors' Day and Armistice Sunday were observed together. This was largely due to the fact that at the triennial convention of the Episcopal Church in 1919, it was resolved "That the established annual Sailors' Day be generally observed in all of our churches on the second Sunday in November, that we may remember the value of the living seamen and

memorialize those who have died."

And so in hundreds of churches the men of the sea were the "guests," and they were made to feel that the people on shore appreciate the work they do and wish to make life tolerable for them both afloat and ashore.

"Sailors' Sunday" is the day of the men "who go down to the sea in ships."

### Relief

This winter is going to be hard for many.

Already hundreds of men are out of employment and they cannot get work of any kind.

Hunger is driving many men to us for help until they can secure work of some kind; and for every job on a ship there is a long line of waiting eager men. Shipping is dull, very dull, and there is no immediate prospects of relief.

Years of prosperity have accustomed these men to a higher standard of living and it will make it doubly hard for them when cold and hunger again claim them for their own. We fear that the vicissitudes of fortune will not be borne with the patience of the past.

We hope that the blackest menace of unemployment will be averted, but in the meantime the need of many of our men is great. They cannot get work, and they have no cash reserve. They are cold and hungry.

"I do not know how I can talk to those men to-night," a Chaplain said as he went to the Gospel Service on Tuesday evening. "How can I expect them to listen to me when I know they are hungry and some of them are almost desperate?"

The after-war depression has come,

and we can only "Help" and "Hope."

These men are in great need, will you help them? Our Relief account is overdrawn.

Our ability to help at this critical time is limited by your generosity.

### Restored Faith and Hope

He was a respectable looking seaman, and he stood at the end of a waiting line of men all anxious to speak to the Chaplain.

When his turn came he tendered a twenty dollar bill and said quietly, "You loaned me some money and I wish to pay it back."

"How much was it?" the Chaplain asked.

"Sixty cents," he said, "but I want you to give me just fifteen dollars change. Keep the rest to help some other fellow who is as hard up as I was."

The Chaplain got the change and handed him the full amount. He handed back the four dollars and forty cents and said deliberately, "I came here one Saturday night without a cent or a friend. I had just come out of the penitentiary, and you gave me sixty cents and put me in the way of a job. I am doing well—I have a position of trust—and I am a man again. You gave me help when I needed it terribly. Keep that and help some other fellow who may be as I was."

In our accounts opposite the name of this man is an entry saying that his loan was paid; and in the loan fund is an entry of four dollars and forty cents that will be used to help someone else who may need it just as badly.

## Sailors' Day in Brooklyn

The fifth annual Sailors' Day Service in the Port of New York was one of sustained enthusiasm, from the opening exercises in Plymouth Church, where Rev. Dwight Hillis is at home, and to which he gave the sailors a hearty welcome, until the close.

Seventeen organizations compose the Joint Conference of those who are working on behalf of seamen in the port, and this conference was represented on the platform by its president, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who is also President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and the Seamen's Church Institute of America; by Rev. Christen Bruun, Pastor Norwegian Seamen's Church, Brooklyn; by Rev. Charles Cedarholm, Director Seamen's Goodwill Center, Brooklyn; and by its Secretary, Rev. George S. Webster, D.D., who is also Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Hundreds of seamen joined in the service of song, and doubly appropriate now that we are celebrating the tercentenary anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers, were the words:

*"O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee."*

Mr. Baylies, in a short address, touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the men when he described his association with the sailors as an Admiralty lawyer. It was in that very practical way that he had learned to know them as a class, and admire them as men, and appreciate their value to the world.

So great was his admiration for them that he wished to give what time he could to making conditions on land better for them, and to do that he had accepted a position on the Board of the Seamen's Church Institute and on the Joint Conference.

Mr. Baylies stressed the fact that the work done by the Merchant Sailors during the war has never been fully recognized; the fact that many of our men were torpedoed once or twice or three times and yet they never hesitated to go back to what might be their death—and to what was sure to be the death of some.

Never have people appreciated the sacrifice of sailors, a sacrifice that is theirs in peace as well as war; a sacrifice of home and friends, but more and more it is being understood, and an attempt is being made to provide some home comforts for these men in every port.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis delighted the men by his familiarity with many of the places and conditions, all over the world, that they know so well. He could travel in fancy with them to the far east and the far west; and he knew ships and men. And he took them back in the history of the race, to the time when its sailors made of Athens a great city.

He travelled with them down through the ages and showed them how a nation could not be great without its sailors; down to the present time when the sailors of America are carrying the wealth of the world to our shores, and we are building up a great Merchant Marine.

## Health by Wireless "KDKF"

"If we had known what to do we could have saved his life," a seaman said sadly, as he stood by the coffin of a friend.

So many sailors have said the same thing about some unfortunate pal, that the need of men who are ill or have been injured on their ships, appealed to the heart and imagination of Captain Robert Huntington, Principal of the Navigation and Marine Engineering School of the Seamen's Church Institute. He thought and thought about the problem, and finally he found what is a partial and most unique solution.

It is nothing more or less than using our wireless station to send medical advice to vessels at sea or at anchor in the harbor, when they are in need of such advice. This means that the Institute doctors will not only be at the service of 714 guests of the house and 250 employees, and all other seamen who may come for advice; but they will be ready to answer the call for help from vessels in the harbor and at sea, by such medical advice as can be given by wireless or by sending whatever help may be possible under the circumstances.

The Commissioner of Navigation in writing of this plan to the Radio Inspector said, "There have been several cases brought to the attention of the Bureau where medical advice which proved valuable in the emergency has been given by radio. It is believed the proposed plan should be given a trial. If it proves of value locally it may be found advantageous to extend its scope. The Bureau will be glad to assist in giving the service publicity by publish-

ing a note in the Radio Service Bulletin. \* \* \*"

And so the first limited Commercial Radio license, called "KDKF" issued to a private institution for the sole purpose of giving Medical Advice, to vessels at sea or at anchor in the harbor, is the possession of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. This license was issued on November 18th, and it is very interesting to know that its first healing message was not for a man but a ship.

On Friday, November 19th—at about 3 P. M. a vessel was calling for a position, on a wave that could not be heard by the U. S. Compass Station unless they tuned specially for that wave.

This call for help was picked up by our station, and the U. S. Station notified of the length of wave to tune to so that they could receive the call; and then the U. S. Station gave the ship a position.

At the time this ship was calling a gale was blowing, and the message reached it in time to prevent disaster.

And so quite unexpectedly our first patient was a ship, but our help is for sick men, and at first, advice will be given only between the hours of 2 and 10 P. M. Greenwich mean time daily, except Sunday; and in order that Officers of vessels may become familiar with it, a free course of Medical lectures are given at the Navigation and Marine Engineering and Radio School here.

## Shipping Papers

The Librarian would greatly appreciate papers and magazines dealing with Shipping and Commerce and Trade Conditions in foreign countries.

### Faith in Us

She was old and helpless and lonely, and when she told us about her boy, the easy tears trickled down her worried cheeks.

"I can't see well—my eyes," she put her hands to her dim orbs, "and when I see a sailor boy I think he is mine. I went up to one to-day, and when I know he is not my boy, I cry."

She stopped and rubbed her knotted knuckles across her eyes.

"The sailor boy said to me: 'What is the matter, lady, that you cry? Have you lost your boy?'"

"I told him I had lost him for many years, and he had been a good boy. Then he said that I must come to you and tell you about my boy, and you would find him and send him home to me."

She looked hopefully at us, and added: "I will always pray for you, every day, night and morning. The sailor boy say you can find my boy, and if you do not—" she waved her hand in a hopeless gesture, and at the thought that even we might fail the tears again rained down her cheeks.

### The Family Feeling

Ninety sailors from the North River Station marched into Plymouth Church together for the Sailors' Day Service.

After the service was over they reformed their ranks, and marched away, making a fine showing with Mr. Gookin leading the procession.

There is a strong family feeling at the North River Station. The men who go there are loyal to the Institute and its Manager.

### That Soda Fountain

The new equipment for the Soda Fountain cost \$2,500.

We have had a few subscriptions for this purpose, but we need a great many more.

If you wish to give a Christmas present to something where it will work eighteen hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, write a check for the Soda Fountain.

The Soda Fountain in Cheerfulness Center.

### Reclaimed by the Sea

He was leaning on the top of the desk, when the Chaplain finished an entry in the Log Book and looked up, and asked, "What can we do for you?"

"Well, Chaplain," he said, "I want a little advice. I was injured on my ship at Brest, and I cannot get compensation. How do you go about it?"

"You had better go to the Seamen's Branch of the Legal Aid. I will give you a note to take with you. You will get more help there than I can give you."

Looking hard at the Chaplain, he asked, "You don't remember me, do you?"

"No," acknowledged the Chaplain, "honestly I don't."

"Don't you remember me bringing you a letter from a lady, asking you to send me to sea, after I had been cured last February?"

After searching his memory the Chaplain did remember. The poor chap had come out of the Drug Addicts' Hospital. He wanted to run away from New York; they all do. It smothers them. They are afraid to

stay, so this good lady had suggested the sea. He had never been a sailor and the Chaplain was doubtful of success.

But the man got a job and did not return until November.

"How are you getting along? Going straight?"

"Yes," came the reply good and strong, "ever since I left I have been clear of it."

"Going to sea again?"

"You are right, I am," was his reply, "it is my salvation."

After all the sea is capable of some good. It depends on how you use it.

—Contributed.

### A Petition for Books

A few days ago the Librarian received a petition signed by 25 Holland seamen, asking him if possible, to have papers and books in their language, in our library.

"The Hollanders are the greatest readers we have in the house," the Librarian said, "and I wish to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a library from a leading Dutch Society in Holland. These books we received through the Consul General of the Netherlands; and while it will partly meet the need of these men, we will be glad to receive papers and books in all foreign languages.

### The Book Would Go

A sailor wrote to the Chaplain Who Understands, and after telling him of great danger they had been in, during the terrible storm at Galveston, he continued, "I remember those words you said once in the Institute, Who believe in Him and trust in Him shall never die; there

I told one of my friends here about those words, in very little of my experience that I have, I said to him, Who trust in Him and believe in Him shall never die. Also I says to him we must trust to Him and pray to Him to save us from this danger; the danger was that the wild sea was jumping upon the helpless ship to swallow her and all the men was on board.

"There I remember again the book, which you has given to me some time ago; it bears your name and address. I went down in my room and I got that Book with me and put it in my pocket, and I said to friend of mine here, 'this book has given to me by certain person in Seamen Church Institute and it is an Religue for me; if I am going into the water to-day this Book will go with me in memory of my good friend.

"When I said this to him, he says to me you know that person? I says yes. Why then he says to me, he is my countryman. I know him well and he is very good man. There we was talking and I told him all about that you has done to me when I was in hospital and he was surprised to hear that long history that I told him. Also I told how much peoples are fond and glad to see you in that Institute, also I told him how when you went away from Institute how many peoples were sorry and even they didn't like to go there because they were missing good friend in that place. \* \* \*

"I always prays to the Lord God to help me because you know He is only one to me helper."



### Toe the Mark

You may think from what has been written in these pages from month to month about the House Mother that she is a very gentle, mild lady of whom no man would be afraid.

We thought so, too; but we had a demonstration to the contrary in the hall that we call "Missionary Alley" the past month.

The House Mother's office is at the end, and to get there the men have to pass the offices of the Chaplains.

Persistent whispering was heard in the hall, and a couple of Chaplains put their heads around their doors to see what was happening.

There didn't seem to be much.

A man with the judicial attitude of a referee was standing at the end of the hall. In front of him was a sailor past middle life, with his eyes fixed on a crack in the floor.

"Now see if I can do it," he whispered, and with arms extended to balance himself, he tried to walk the crack.

One step—two steps—and then he lurched to the right, and leaned against the wall.

"I'll try it again," he said, and he went back to make another start.

"It's no use! You can't get by with that," the referee said, and he leaned nonchalantly against the door.

"I guess I can't," the old sailor agreed, and he walked unsteadily away.

"What did that man want?" the House Mother asked, appearing at the door of her office.

"I guess nothing," the referee said, and he crooked his knee and rested the toe of his right boot on the floor, and tried to look unconcerned with everything within at least a thousand miles.

"He wanted something," the House Mother insisted. She knew the referee, and she looked inquiringly at him.

He grinned sheepishly and explained, "He said you had written to his wife and he wanted to know whether you'd had a letter."

"Why didn't he come in and ask me?"

"He'd promised you he wouldn't drink any more; and he'd had a drink and he was scared you'd know. He thought if he could walk that crack he could get away with it and you wouldn't know, but he couldn't do it. He's been trying most of the afternoon."

### For Seamen in Hospitals

Mrs. F. W. Whitridge and friends have, through the kindness of Miss Adelaide White, sent us 158 sets of pajamas to be distributed among Merchant Seamen in the hospitals this Christmas.

### A Wonderful Spirit

"Dear Sirs:—Unemployed and nearly 81 years of age, I find myself no longer able to continue the contribution of my earning days to the many worthy purposes which call for help—but I am enclosing one dollar for a Christmas dinner for some homeless sailor.

"No acknowledgment is necessary or wished."

### Thanks for Socks

The following letter was written by a sailor on the S. S. Plow City to the House Mother:

"I am taking the liberty in writing you from a far off country. I arrived in Christiania Nov. 1st, after 16 days' run. From here we go to Gotenburg, Stockholm, Helsenforse, Finland, Riga and then to Alexandria, Egypt, and this will bring me back in U. S. A. about February.

"Mrs. Roper, you cannot imagine how much I can thank you for those socks, sweater and helmet you gave me before I left New York. They are just wonderful; weather up here is getting colder every day—about 8 or 9 above zero.

"Well, I haven't much to say tonight but will try and write you in Egypt. I must now close with best regards to all and may God bless you in your work for the sailors of all nations."

### The Just and the Unjust

"Here is twenty dollars. Give some fellows who need it a feed at Christmas," an Officer said to the House Mother a few days ago.

"Never mind whether they deserve it or not," he added, "if they need it give it to them."

### Magazines and Books

Everyone will be busy getting ready for Christmas when THE LOOKOUT makes its appearance; but we hope that before you get too much absorbed you will send the usual package of books and magazines to the sailors.

During the Christmas holidays we keep up all our usual activities

and a few more. We wish to keep the boys supplied with plenty of good reading material, that it may take the place of other and less helpful amusements.

### Flowers in Memory

Flowers on the Altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour on Sunday, November 21st, were given by Mrs. Walter Katte, "In Memory of Walter Katte."

### A Wife's Appeal

"If you can trace my dear husband tell him I know all the trouble he had, but have forgiven him completely, and if he will return, his mother and myself will welcome him and never reproach him, but start life afresh. I know he is ashamed to face us knowing we always believed him free from sin and guile. Oh, Mr. Mansfield, I trust you may find him and so help a broken-hearted wife and mother. I know, left to himself he will never redeem himself; his will is too weak and he has no courage.

"God help you to find him and rescue him. Our minds are tortured thinking of him sinking lower and lower. I know so well he cannot pull himself together without some strong hand led by God's power."

### Watched for Us

The Captain on a ship visited the past month said that his boat lay in the harbor for two months last winter, and every Sunday they watched for the Institute boat and it never disappointed them. Every Sunday the Chaplain had held a service on board and it was much appreciated.

# General Summary of Work

## OCTOBER 1920

### Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning .....	5	158	182
"    Evening .....	11	1,017	1,222
Miscellaneous .....	4	229	240
Bible Class Meetings	5	405	435
Communion Services			6
Baptisms .....			2
Weddings .....			2
Funerals .....			4

### Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing .....	51
Assisted thru Loan Fund .....	87
Cases treated in Institute Clinic .....	367
Referred to Hospitals .....	19
Hospital Visits .....	55
Patients Visited .....	6,229
Referred to other Organizations .....	12

<b>Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"</b>	
Trips .....	40
Visits to vessels .....	126

### Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainment .....	20	4,353	4,837
Home Hours .....	5	567	638
Ships visited .....			185
Packages of literature distributed .....			600
Knitted and other useful articles distributed .....			77

### Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering	
First Aid Lectures .....	5
First Aid Lectures .....	21

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered .....	22,126
Letters received for Seamen .....	15,553
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	6,913

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	36
Men shipped .....	273
Given temporary employment .....	14
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>287</b>

### Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits .....	\$ 98,640.37
Withdrawals .....	101,553.44
Transmitted .....	20,806.98

# SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive THE LOOKOUT:

1. **Founders** or **benefactors** receive THE LOOKOUT for life.

2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT.

3. All who contribute **annually one dollar or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

4. Those who **make any gift** receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

If you have not done so already, please renew your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, **Subscribe** now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send THE LOOKOUT except under the above conditions.