

The LOOKOUT



Journey's End

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

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EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
First Vice-President

FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

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

or
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
Editor, The Lookout

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No. 7

A Barge Captain's Romance

SOME stories need sub-
titles. The sub-title of
this story might well be:
"WANTED — A WIFE,"
for it was Captain Otto Heinz's
desire to find himself a wife that
led to the interesting adventures
herein related. Life on the barge
seemed somehow incomplete to
the Captain. The evenings were
long and lonely and so, after
careful deliberation, he came to
the Information Desk at the In-
stitute: "I've decided to get mar-
ried," he announced to one of
our chaplains. "Will you find
me a wife?"

Upon being informed that the
Information Bureau was not
qualified to assist him in this per-
sonal problem, he appeared so
crestfallen and so genuinely dis-
appointed that the chaplain
questioned him further. It
seemed that Captain Otto had
once, long years past—fully
twenty years ago, visited the fair
city of Quebec and there ob-
served the charming qualities of
the French-Canadian women. It
was his earnest hope that the In-

stitute would help him find a
wife of this type which had so
appealed to him in his younger
days. He had saved a consider-
able amount of money and was
willing to go up to Quebec to
find his mate.



Further conversation led to Captain Otto's having an idea that he might visit Quebec, establish an office and then proceed to advertise in the newspapers for just the type of wife he yearned for. He urged the chaplain to help him draft several attractive advertisements which would bring in "the right party," but Captain Otto's descriptive words needed no improvement. The result of his laborious struggles as a copy writer was never shown to any of the Institute staff, but that it was effective "sales-appeal" is evident from what happened after the advertisement was published in the Quebec papers.

Two months passed and Captain Otto dropped into the Institute to say "Hello" to his friends and to report with much gusto of his matrimonial success.

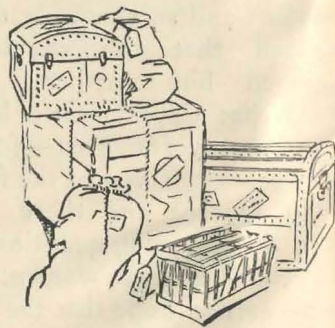
"Yep, I'm married," he told us, "that was a good idea goin' up to Quebec—I found jest the right kinda wife fer me."

He proceeded to relate, in the most serious manner, so that no listener dared to display a smile, how he had rented a little office and waited for the applicants to answer his "ad." Over a dozen young or near-young women ap-

plied, some buxom, others sylph-like. One by one they passed before the Captain's desk as he gravely asked them all manner of questions which he considered pertinent. The first question was: "How much do you weigh?" and the second, "Are you a good cook?"

The lordly manner in which he waved his hand aside, saying, with a shake of his head, to this one and to that one, "No, you won't do!" must have been a memorable sight for the applicants.

And now, instead of smoking his pipe all alone through the long, weary evenings on board the barge, Captain Otto has the congenial company of a French-Canadian spouse. And incidentally, our post office staff at the Institute says that a great many of our seamen subscribe to matrimonial magazines.



Jeanette Park



The recent death of Rear Admiral Robert M. Berry, U.S.N. (retired) who commanded the Jeanette Relief Expedition in 1881, brings to the attention of the public a triangular strip of green at the tip of Manhattan Island which is called Jeanette Park.

The name "Jeanette" is taken from the ill-fated vessel that was commanded by Lieut. Commander George W. De Long and lost in the Arctic ice in 1879. This vessel was named the "Jeanette Bennett," after a sister of James Gordon Bennett, Sr.,

Editor of the "New York Herald," who financed the expedition. Jeanette Park was so named by the city because the "Jeanette" was moored at Coenties Slip, which at that time was a forest of masts, a shelter for small water craft of all kinds.

When water lots were sold along South Street to the man who could rescue his plot of ground, Coenties Slip remained, and it was not until 1882 that it was filled in and laid out as a Park. This park was a rendezvous for all kinds of human driftage and an eyesore to the

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1934
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public. To remedy this condition, Dr. Mansfield requested the Park Department to have the park cemented except for an outside border, so that it could be kept clean easily. A cement platform—so built that anyone in the park can hear or see the person on it—was constructed with a great stage, in memory of the seamen who gave their lives in the World War. The structure cost \$25,000 and was raised by the Institute through dollar subscriptions so that ~~18,000~~ many people had a share in erecting this memorial. There is a bronze tablet on the stage which reads: "Dedi-

cated to the men of the merchant marine who in the World War without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things. They made victory possible and were great without glory."

Now, during the summer evenings, seamen from all over the world gather in the park to enjoy the Institute's moving pictures and concerts, to talk and play games, to become friends. For as a very wise person once said: "Let men of all races play together long enough and World Peace would be both possible and practical."

Seafaring as a Career

He is not more than four feet tall in his stockinged feet. His eyes shine eagerly as the physician of the great Shipping Company gravely examines him for defects. The *pater* stands beside him and, after all the requirements are passed, the signatures impressively affixed, the *pater* deposits £50 as guarantee of his son's good behavior. His small hand is shaken solemnly, and he finds himself in possession of a brass-buttoned blue uniform, a gold-laced nautical cap, a slim

sea-chest, and less than £3 a month.

Such is the British apprentice, aged 16, who selects a seafaring career and goes off for four years training with much the same trepidation as a college freshman in America. Should he run away, after the disillusionments of the first voyage, the £50 is forfeited to the Company. His pay, if he stays and behaves himself, is £150 for four years. His family supplies all uniforms, clothes and bedding. The Com-



At the end of four years, the apprentice goes to a Navigation School at his own expense and takes examinations for a mate's certificate.

Practically every British cargo ship trading to New York carries from one to four Apprentices. There is one Belgian freight line running between Antwerp and New York which has four or six Apprentices or Cadets on every ship, and two Dutch lines which have two each.

On most ships, the Apprentices have their own quarters, separate from both officers and men so that they belong to neither. On some lines the lads eat alone, and in others, they eat with or after the officers in the saloon. They work with the sailors when the latter are white, but when the ship carries a native crew the Mate gives them separate work. Their studying usually has to be done on their own time, not the ship's time. They are free in port from 5 in the afternoon until 7 A. M.

But with very little pocket money (the £3 a month covers laundry, insurance, soap, matches, socks and other necessities) these lads find time hanging heavily on their hands while

pany gives him food and medical service and transport to a home port when his training is finished.

To the average landmen the term *Apprentice* is meaningless. Yet across the seven seas thousands of youngsters bear this title with quite as much pride as do law, medical and theological students. Great Britain, Belgium and Holland employ this system of training their youth to become officers in their merchant ships.

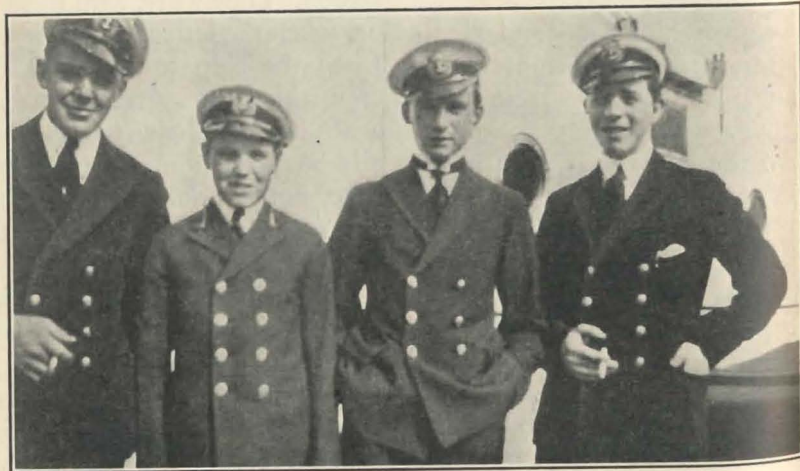
their ships are in the ports of the world. In their most difficult years, from 16 to 20 years, they are completely separated from the influences of home and church, and entirely free, in every foreign port, to succumb to any of the temptations which surround them.

And so it happens that the Institute welcomes these lads as they come sailing into the Port of New York each year, most of them desperately homesick beneath a swashbuckling exterior. Well-bred, mischievous, shy, sturdy, brown, clear-eyed boys, they gather in our Apprentice Room where they are greeted by our smiling Hostess. Most of them have not been home at all

since they became indentured to the line, so you can imagine how grateful they are for a chance to meet a group of jolly girls who pour tea for them, and dance with them, and help them forget their shyness.

Their talk is of the ports of the world, of Hong-Kong, of Algiers, of Calcutta, Buenos Aires and Capetown. Their gay chatter of strange adventures in remote places, on dangerous seas, their salt-water yarns which they mischievously concoct for the delight and amazement of their listeners—all proclaim that they are, after all, just lonely youngsters glad of a chance to receive a little attention.

And among them there is al-



ways one who, because of his diminutive stature, is dubbed "Tich" (for a famous vaudeville actor named Tichbourne), by the rest of the crew and is usually the victim of all manner of boyish pranks.

And the letters they write to our Apprentice Room Hostess!—from faraway ports, from distant countries, their letters come and between the lines one reads of their homesickness; as for example this one from an English lad in the Great Australian Bight:

"To give you some news of our wanderings. We had quite a pleasant though uneventful passage from New York to Brisbane. The first half taken up in bemoaning the fact that we had left the pleasures of Manhattan and the latter half in thinking of the good time we would have in Australia. We have been in Brisbane, Sydney, Port Kembla and Melbourne and are now on our way to Fremantle to finish discharging. After that we go back to Sydney to load grain for Calcutta. After Calcutta—??? Some life!!!"

And this word from a youngster recovering from malaria after a trip to the Far East:

"Mother and Dad had expected to meet an invalid and they got quite a

pleasant surprise to see that I could walk all right. Someone must have spread a rumor round Boldon that I was awfully yellow and altogether a proper wreck. Now that they see me running around they will think that I just said I was ill so I could get home, which wasn't so as you could prove. Thanking you again for your kindness to me while I was in the hospital."

But the happy ending usually arrives at our Hostess's desk—(barring mishaps when young apprentices are washed overboard or shipwrecked or die of fever)—and letters like this reveal that the influence of early training, letters from home, and the Missions, bring the majority safely through their apprenticeship:

"Home at last—after four years of it. They were all down to meet me at Paddington Station, and you can just imagine my excitement as the train was nearing the station. . . . What ho! I have passed my exams! The pater is delighted. And now I'm headed for a second mate's berth on the C— at £11 10s. a month! And after that, just watch me—I'll soon be in command of a jolly ship and will come to New York every chance I can!"

Fear

MATTHEW 8: 26—Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea; and there was a great calm.

He was struggling with a million fiery demons who were beating his temples with iron hammers. He was being burnt in fires that could never be quenched and the whole world was a mass of burning red and he was the center of it all, whirling, gasping in a bottomless nightmare. Every now and then he was spun higher and faster and for one breathless minute he saw the bearded face of the man over him and heard his deep, monotone voice, "You're crazy, crazy, crazy," and then the whirlpool sucked him in and the agonizing whirling began again.

After that terrifying experience Barney found the world a frightening, strange place. That man had told him he was crazy. Was he crazy? What was it like to be crazy? Crazy people that he had heard of were put away and some of them who were very crazy were strapped down and locked in padded cells. They did not do as other people did, they acted *queer*. What if he were queer? The thought obsessed

him. He watched other people. Did they think he was crazy? If he was crazy he could not steer a ship, it would go on the rocks and sink.

Would he ever find relief? There was no one in the world who cared. Barney was like someone in a huge black cage, walking among sane, normal people. One day he entered the doors of the Institute. He sought out one of the Chaplains. Barney told the Chaplain the story of his drinking and about the man in his dreams who had told him he was crazy. "Since then," he said, "I have been going about afraid of everything. Am I really crazy?"

The Chaplain looked at Barney, pitying him. Barney's eyes were filmed and staring with the intent look of a man whose mind is in turmoil over some consuming fear.

Somehow the Chaplain knew that this was not a case for the psychologist or even for the doctor. The man of God in the medieval sense of the word, the

doctor of the soul, the medium between mere man and a kind, forgiving God was needed here. So the Chaplain began to talk to him, telling him that there was no need to fear, that God, the Father of Men, knew about Barney, would take care of him and would help him.

"Barney, do you believe in God?" asked the Chaplain finally. "Do you believe God can help you? You are not sure? Do you know the power of prayer?"

Barney shook his head slowly.

The Chaplain, reaching out his hand to Barney, knelt down on the floor of the little office and said, "Barney, let us pray."

The Chaplain raised his voice in prayer asking God's help and the surety of faith in His goodness for one of his lost children.

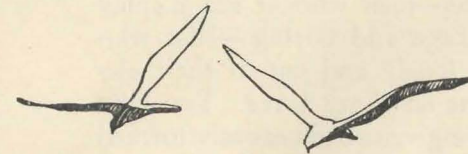
He heard Barney's voice haltingly repeat the prayer's after him. When the prayer was finished, the Chaplain threw his arm around Barney's shoulder and lifted him to his feet. The Chaplain looked at him in wonder. Barney's eyes raised in reverence toward him were as clear as a child wakened from sleep.

"Your face looks different," murmured Barney.

"So does yours," replied the Chaplain.

Suddenly they both knew that something alien to this commercial age had transpired. Barney's faith had been restored.

The next day Barney again sought the Chaplain's office. He told him gladly that he was sailing for Buenos Aires as third mate on a good ship.





Washing, sewing, or eating, our seamen are glad of a chance to spend their time amid wholesome surroundings, away from the evil influences that prey upon sailors in port. The Institute's new Annex building makes it possible to lodge a thousand more merchant seamen each night—men who at sea display courage and daring—but who are lonely and out of their element on shore leave. You who have given so generously toward the construction of this new building, will you not ask your friends to give also?

Intimpes
of ilors
“n”



We are anxious to be free of our building debt so that the interest we now pay on loans can be used to expand our program and to make more sailormen welcome when they come into the Port of New York.

EDMUND L. BAYLIES,
Chairman,
New Building Committee.

Please make checks payable to
Junius S. Morgan, Jr., Treasurer
Annex Building Fund, 25
South Street, New York.

Fathers and Sons

LUKE 15: 18—I will arise and go to my father.

It has always been considered a manly virtue to practice restraint in the matter of sentiment. That is why the letters we usually receive from fathers are formal, attempting to conceal their anxiety as to the whereabouts of their sons, or to lay the responsibility for the letter on their wives. One typical letter came to the Social Service Department recently: "My wife has asked me to write to you as *she* is anxious to know the whereabouts of our son Albert. He is 25 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches tall, has brown eyes, light brown wavy hair. I'm sending a picture of him. This looked like him when he left home about four years ago. He was last heard from in a hospital in —, but he left there and hasn't been heard from since. He is a sailor, but do not know his capacity as a sailor. His mother will be very thankful for any information that you might get concerning him. She would like to have the picture returned later if possible, but keep it as long as you think it's necessary."



A SEAFARING FATHER WRITES HOME TO HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD SON

Our Missing Men Department got busy and found Albert, who promised faithfully to write to his parents and to continue to send regular communications. Albert's comments throw an interesting sidelight on his father: "Dad always did worry about me—a lot more than Mother. If I don't write she understands, but not him. But I bet he never lets on to you he was worried. That's his way."

And then there was the letter from Clint's father couched in business terms: "Yours of the 5th instant received today in regards to the whereabouts of a lost relative and contents noted. Would state that writer appreciates the Institute's promptness and kindness in efforts on behalf of said relative. Am pleased to report that relative sent a letter to me, which arrived the same time as yours. He is still in New York and is doing fine. Writer wishes to thank the Institute for advancing him whatever money they did and am glad to know that he has paid same back. Very truly yours, . . ."

A third letter requires no explanation:

"Dear Mrs. Roper:

"My mother has asked me to thank you for the assistance you are giving in helping to locate her grandson, Fred. She wishes me to ask you to forward mail which comes to the Institute for my son, as from that mail she may be able to learn something about him. I personally have no fear that he is lost or in trouble. Because he has not written for six months may just mean that he is careless in writing, but his grandmother worries and I de-

sire to relieve her anxiety. If you should find him, please ask him if he needs any money."

The result of the efforts of our Missing Men Department is chronicled in a note from Fred: "Please thank Mrs. Roper for sending my father's letter to me. I wrote to my grandmother right away giving her my address. She sent me a cablegram which I enclose: "Your father is much relieved. Write often. Love, Gran-ny."

In contrast to these prosaic landsman fathers is the sailor father who from the depths of his grieved soul penned these touching lines and sent them to our House Mother:

"I think it is only fair and really a duty to inform you how much I appreciated your remarks as it was really a touching sermon and the manner in which you introduced your text and explained it was wonderful.

"Yes, I reckon there are many of us who have a 'Shadow' with us all the time, but unfortunately it is kept very much in the background and it is only when one is reminded of it that we realize how near it is to us.

"I myself have a very pronounced 'Shadow' but it was re-

vealed more clearly this evening than ever by your interpretation of 'Sonny Boy' and home.

"I have a wife and little son at home whom I have not seen for three years and five months. He was exactly six hours old when I left (a long while, isn't it?), and yet I am as far from getting home now as I was then. The old, old story, my own folly. But thank God your reminder has made me think and resolve

that it won't be through any fault of mine if the time I had originally estimated for seeing them is not cut by half at least.

"Believe me, here's another who will offer many a silent prayer that your efforts will succeed in the results you achieve, and that you will be spared many a long day to come to carry on with your good work. I am more than grateful and will think kindly of you at all times."

A Night in Matadi

By JACK FREE

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of sailor yarns written by our own seamen. The comments of readers are invited.

Chile hung on my shoulder like a weeping ape. In a beerful voice he prayed me not to leave him. He only wanted to take a little walk around the town. I could think of any number of more pleasant ways of spending an evening than in walking about the outskirts of a Congo village. But Chile was determined and, considering his 250 pounds, it was as much good policy to let

him have it his way as to attempt to steer him back to the ship.

The pair of us, a strange enough pair, for that strange country, walked. Up a long gravel path that led from the river to the jungle and hill country of the backland we trudged and stumbled. A little pebble would skip under Chile's foot and his whole 250 pounds would lurch forward with the serious intention of hurting the ground. Timely intervention on my part saved the helpless earth but sorely bruised my shoulder. In this manner we plunged up-

hill. The last lights flickered feebly in the distance and we stood at the top of the slope looking down to the uncertain river lights. Our own good ship, staunch venturer into dark highways, winked intimately at us with its yellow deck lights. From somewhere far below, a vague notion of a song floated up to us.

Chile stopped dead in his tracks. "Say, P'fessor, that the ship there?" "Looks like it," I answered, "think we better go back?" "Naw, not yet." The native village be around here somewhere. Less go there and have some fun. I don't like these here Frenchies." And again, not so much the persuasive logic of his arguments as their sheer force, settled the question. We set out to find the native village.

In Matadi, a white man is forbidden to visit the native quarters of the town without express permission from the Chief of Police, so that the notion naturally appealed to us. But walk as we might, for hours it seemed to me, no native village could we find. It got so dark that we avoided with difficulty running our noses into some of the solitary trees that kept wandering



about the neighborhood. Every light had long since disappeared and we no longer knew the way the river and the ship lay. And still we wandered. Around us the night crackled with the queer noises of the jungle, and I, sober as Kingdom Come, thought long thoughts. It seemed to me the longer we walked the heavier grew the darkness about us. I felt sure we were plunging straight into the heart of the jungle.

Suddenly Chile announced, "I'm tired. I'm gonna sleep." And he flopped into a thick mass of leaves and grass beneath a great tree. I begged and im-

plored him not to stay there, to come back to the ship but,—he was already fast asleep. What a night that was! I would doze off only to wake with a start at a faint rustle in the grass that could only have been made by a snake, or a rushing sound like some padfooted animal running would send thrills up and down my back, or a shrieking sound in the branches of the tree overhead would warn me of my last moment. What a night! And there slept Chile utterly dead to the noises of the night, to the chill in the air, to the effects of imagination. He breathed deeply and smoothly as though he were possessed of all the hard comforts of his own bunk aboard ship. The night passed. I could trace its movements through the sky and never a snake or a wild beast disturbed Chile's peaceful slumber. At the first sign of the false dawn, I kicked Chile into consciousness and hoisted him heavily to his feet. He blinked once or twice and was immediately wide awake. We surveyed the neighborhood. We had slept in the front yard of some white man's estate. A large tropical bungalow hid behind a few trees a hundred yards away. There

was a dim light in a window which, throughout the night, I had taken for a distant star. It must have been about five in the morning when we started the long trudge downhill to the ship.

As we came to the outskirts of the town, we passed a large crowd of natives, men, women and children hurrying to the village to begin their day's work. Chile was thirsty and finding nothing open in the village at this disreputable hour, we stopped in front of a bungalow where a white man dressed in grey tropicals smoked a short pipe. We asked for a drink and he got us an ice cold glass of water. He was an inquisitive fellow and asked how we happened to be about at that hour. We told our story and he laughed skeptically.

By the time we reached the pier, there was a considerable bustle about the waterfront. I stumbled wearily over the gangplank and fell into my bunk for a snooze. It was then that I noticed that Chile was missing. He had given me the slip somewhere. That night we heard that Chile had been put into the calaboose where he remained for the rest of our stay in Matadi.

Musings of the Mate



How Is Tings By You?

The following letter reached Mother Roper's desk and a special conference had to be called to decipher its meaning. See what you can do with it:

"My dear Mrs. Ropper will you be so kind and go to the Bagig Room and exrt my Cot and i will be bak ther soon. Dear Ma it is very good out her and we Boys talking often of you i am very sorry to tell you i had bad luck i get blind for 6 weeks and i am getting along good i ting you will no the man you have bin with me for my citizen papers and . . .

"Please don't vergit i dont lik to loos it is very good in the winter. Dear Ma how is tings by you i hopp you ar well and still in good health i wish you the best of all you the ohnle one we boys

ar able to talk too and you no how tings gos at us allways.

yours very

Truly Freind Hans.

Please dont vergit the Cot pay the money.

Dear Mrs. Ropper gieve the Cot to my aunt she will com to see you and lik to talk to you i have told her about how good you bin to me."

At Home in Every Port

He walked into our Cafeteria with the proudest, most confident smile on his face that one could ever see. He was bundled up in a huge mackinaw and was carrying a canvas bag. The ruddy tan of his complexion and his bearded chin proclaimed him without a doubt an old salt. One of our sailors, feeling in a facetious mood, hailed him.

"Are you a sailor, sir?"

"I sure am," replied the old Tar, "I can splice a rope better'n any of you young 'uns."

"Oh," continued our flippant sailor, "You are a stranger here?"

The old man drew himself up indignantly. "No, sir," he answered, "I am an Irishman!"

Not Wanted!

Those who have read O'Neill, Conrad and McFee will be indeed interested to know that we have now a sea-humorist for whom we predict a great future.

He penned his masterpiece in huge letters on the cover of a cardboard suitcase and placed it unceremoniously outside the door of a seaman's room. Lest this work of art be lost to posterity we quote it herewith in full:

"NOT WANTED!

Finders May Keep Same Donated by
a Bum.
Signed I Dont Care.

Contents

2 prs. Sheepskin BVDs.
1 pr. socks—need washing.
1 necktie—Whoopie style.
1 blue serge dress coat (a sheik did own it).
This is a real chance to dress up cheap.

Added Attractions

1 Palm Beach Bathing Suit AND
1 one-day-old FLOP TICKET."

Six Bells

The Institute was getting ready to broadcast over WNYC when it occurred to someone that a ship's bell would lend a bit of sea atmosphere to the occasion. Our Marine School Principal

provided the bell but with this warning: Be sure you do not ring six bells.

"Why?" we asked.

The Captain obligingly explained. A mutiny was once planned on the high seas in the British Navy. The signal for the mutiny to begin was to be the ringing of six bells on every British ship. Some loyal subject of the king got wind of the plan, however, and the six bells were never rung. This is the story and the tradition has continued through the years. No British ship ever rings six bells in the second dog-watch.

Wanted—Stage Properties

A bookcase and a settee are needed as stage properties on the stage of our new Auditorium. If you have either of these pieces of furniture lying useless in your attic or storeroom, will you telephone the Social Service Department, Bowling Green 2710, and see what arrangements can be made for delivery here?

County Jail

In our March issue we published a story entitled "Understanding?" It is with regret we

report that a letter from the sailor in question arrived the other day from a county jail in a western state. He goes up for trial next month and judging from his letter he had knocked down a man in self-defense. His description of his jailmates is a commentary on his character.

"It is really good to see how game a real tough guy is in these places. Why, they almost get sociable. There is really some of the whitest of men in jail and I think that I won the friendship of one of these at least, in my short stay here. So you see one can always get something good out of the worst. I like to think of that old proverbial saying: 'In every port a sweetheart and in every ship a friend.' In so far as the latter, it has always held good with me. I was never too strong on sweethearts as they usually depended a great deal on whether I was paid off or had jumped ship. But in case I should happen to give up sailing deep water and start in hoosegowing coastwise, I certainly hope that I will be able to say when the trip is finished, something like this: 'In every jail though rogues may rule therein abides a man!'"

Memorial for British Seamen

The Imperial War Graves Commission which is engaged in the work of erecting permanent uniform headstones on the graves of all members of the British Forces who died in active service during the World War, has made arrangements with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to erect memorials over the graves of nine Canadian seamen who are buried in the Institute's plot at the Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn.

The Cemetery, which since 1851 has been the burial place of merchant seamen of every nationality, will be closed up after the Canadian memorials are constructed. The Institute purchased in October, 1918, additional property in the Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, L. I.

No Interpreters Needed

The Institute was very pleased to have as its guests one Wednesday evening thirty of the Spanish cadets who were on board a training ship of the Spanish Navy. While most of them could speak little or no English the girls who danced with them said they were marvelous dancers, so

what's a little difference in language when one excels at the terpsichorean art?

The Chaplain and the Star

The Information Desk in the Religious and Social Service Department has a world-wide reputation for answering questions. Seamen come in with every imaginable request for information, and the Department rather prides itself upon its ability to supply accurate replies to almost every possible inquiry. But, alas, pride goeth before a fall. The other day one of the Chaplains was walking about in the Lobby talking to different men when an unusually wide-awake looking sailor approached, took him by the arm and leading him to one side, said, "I wonder if you can give me some information?" Confidently, the chaplain replied "I will be very glad to." "Well," said the sailor, "will you show me how to cast my horoscope?" The Chaplain had to confess with chagrin that he was stumped. Pursuing the conversation, the sailor volunteered the information that when one was born under a certain conjunction of the stars it meant foot trouble for the unhappy individual. And

if one was born under another conjunction it meant one was in for adversity. "Oh, poor chap," said the chaplain, "is he pursued all the rest of his days by trouble because of that meddling star?" "No," replied the sailor lad seriously, "the trouble lasts just three months." That was some consolation, and the Chaplain walked away pursued by two thoughts, how dangerous a possession pride is, and how credulous the human race.

Misinformed

A pretty little Italian girl just off a ship came to the Institute looking for a man whose name she gave. She said he was an engineer on board one of the English liners. We called up the line and we discovered that such a man did work on such a boat, not as an engineer, but as a wiper! This goes to show that the characteristic of wanting to appear what you are not is not entirely a patent right among landlubbers. Psychologists might tell us that the man in the story is suffering from an inferiority complex but we believe it was just a sailor's way of trying to make a hit with a pretty girl.

Memorial Units

Many thoughtful persons perpetuate the memory of those dear to them whether living or dead, by making gifts that will commemorate the life of the loved one through some worth-while service. If you are contemplating doing this, will you not consider a gift to the Building Fund of the Seamen's Church Institute? Such gifts will be used for the purposes indicated and suitable tablets provided indicating the memorial thus established.

Seamen Guests' Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000
Cafeteria	15,000
Apprentice Room	10,000
Medical Room in Clinic.....	5,000
Surgical Room in Clinic.....	5,000
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth.....	5,000
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000
Seamen's Rooms, each	500
Chapel Chairs	50

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