

The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XII.

JUNE, 1921

No. 6

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

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Operation of Institute Boat
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Department of "Missing Men"
Transmission of money to dependents	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Free Libraries	Comfort Kits
Four Free Reading Rooms	Christmas Gifts
Game Room Supplies	First Aid Lectures
	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 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.

THE LOOKOUT

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The Unknown Sailor

There's a message in the music of
the deep,

When great ocean's heaving swells,
Like God's big cathedral bells,
Boom their solemn-sounding knells,
As they sweep

In an ecstasy of pride,
At the flowing of the tide,
Over those who fought and died,
Fast asleep. "W. W."

"It must have been a wonderful sight," he said as he handed back the illustrated paper to me.

We had just been talking of the burial of the Unknown Warrior, and looking at the pictures in the pages of a weekly journal.

"Yes," I replied, and my mind wandered back to those lines of little wooden crosses I had so often seen across the sea.

It was just that hour, when one's memory floats back across the waves of time. All the household had retired for the night, and he and I sat smoking a last pipe before turning in. I was the guest of his mother, one of those splendid women to whom we Englishmen owe so much, and he the son, a sailorman, who had served with distinction in the R. N. R. during the war.

We smoked on, wrapped in thought, when all at once he broke our reverie.

"I know what it means, padre, for

I once came across the Unknown Warrior!"

I nodded and listened in silence as he continued. "You remember, I told you I was 'No. 1' on one of our old 'River' class destroyers, a coal burner at that, but we kept the sea fairly well in spite of our age, and other infirmities, and really were a very happy ship.

"Well, one spring morning we were coming out of Portland on our usual patrol. It was bitterly cold, although a bright sun was shining, and no sea to speak of running to disturb our comfort. We had been steaming along for a couple of hours on our beat, when we saw something visible on the port bow, which we could not properly make out. Knowing that Fritz was up to all kinds of tricks we kept our weather eye lifting, but as we came nearer we saw it was a man lying across a piece of timber, which rose and fell as it was caught by the long swells, as they rolled by in endless succession.

"Our captain, who was a most kindly soul, ordered our whaler away at once, and sent me in charge to see if we could do anything for the poor fellow, or in any event give him a Christian burial. The hands were quickly piped, and away I went pulling hard for the wreckage, whilst my ship zigzagged around waiting to pick us up, yet taking care to run no risk from any hidden

submarine. My boat's crew gave way like one man, and indeed they needed no urging in a matter of this sort.

"As we came close alongside I saw it to be the figure of a man dressed in a worn singlet, and dungaree pants, whilst around his neck was a sweat-rag—the emblem of the stoke-hold—he was evidently a fireman off some ship lately torpedoed, and after his ship had gone had clung to the piece of timber that now supported the lifeless body. What the poor fellow must have passed through his God alone only knew.

"The sudden explosion, the sinking ship, the wild rush for the boats, or perhaps no time to lower them, and one last despairing rush for safety, as he raced for life with a rushing tide flooding the bed-plates of the stokehold. Then those hours that followed, almost naked after the burning heat of the stokehold, in the piercing bitter cold until merciful oblivion closed over all.

"We pulled closer, and I ordered the bowman to try and hook on to the timber, and get the man. Just then a sea larger than the rest surged towards us, and just as he caught the timber the bowman slipped. His boathook caught the end of the plank, tilting it, allowing it to slip from the dead man's grasp, as he lay sprawled along its length with arms outstretched. The body remained for a moment erect in the water with its arms stiffly apart, and looking for all the world like one crucified, an emblem of the figure of the Great Sacrifice; then it

sank beneath the waves, and the green seas rolled on silently as before."

We finished our pipes, and watched the last embers as they flickered in the grate in a silent reverie to our gallant dead.

S. B. in The Church and The Sailor.

New Orleans Next

Watch the Seamen's Church Institute in New Orleans grow.

It is the youngest member of the S. C. I. family—and already it has shown some of the characteristics of other Institutes. It has enthusiasm, faith in itself and in the work, and it has a devoted committee of workers.

New Orleans has decided to go forward at once to the completion of its Charter, and its By-Laws will follow those adopted in Philadelphia, with some changes made necessary to meet local conditions. Incorporation will follow as soon as possible.

The need for a club room is felt to be so urgent that a club room committee has been appointed to select a room and make all arrangements so that it will be ready to be opened in October.

The Seamen's Church Institute of America has agreed to train a Chaplain in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during the Summer and to pay his salary for one year in New Orleans. It is hoped that a man will be found who will be ready to take up his duties in New Orleans in October when the club room is opened.

In Memory and in Recognition of the Merchant Seamen Who Made Victory Possible

Unhonored and unsung, the men of the *Merchant Marine* went silently about their task during the terrible years of the war, without even a uniform to show that they were doing their bit. Over and over again they were stopped on the street and asked why they were not in khaki, and their only answer was a grim laugh. They knew that within a few days or hours, they would be in the very jaws of death, but they never faltered and they never explained.

Man after man brought his few papers and his will to our Chaplains and asked that if he did not come back, they would attend to his affairs. Their good-bye was perhaps a little more serious then, but there was never any show of feeling. One man, who was taking across a terribly dangerous cargo, told us two or three times just when he would be back. We told him we would be looking for him, because we knew he was bolstering up his courage by looking forward, but most of them did not even do that. Whatever feelings they had were securely locked in their silent breasts.

And now the war is over and many, many of them have not come back. An unknown soldier has been honored, but not the unknown sailors who gave their lives without any hope of glory—gave just because it was their part—a glorious part and they played it well and nobly. Unhonored and unsung they made the great sacrifice; unhonored and unsung they sleep beneath the waves; unhonored and unsung those

who are left go about their daily task.

It is fitting that the *Seamen's Church Institute*, which is home to so many seamen, should lead the way in erecting a *memorial* to these men, so many of whom we knew and loved. And it is fitting that the *memorial* should be a recognition of all *merchant seamen without whom we could not have won the war*.

With your assistance we wish to erect in Jeanette Park, a great covered stage, to be made of wood and brick and copper, according to the plan shown on another page. At the back there will be a plaster motion picture screen, and on each side a small room to hold the piano and motion picture machine and gymnasium equipment and whatever else should be under cover.

This Park, which is in front of the main entrance of the Institute, has for several years been under the control of the Public Service Commission, being used in connection with tunnel building. Previous to that time the grass was worn off by the tramping of many feet; men slept under its few straggling bushes during the warm months, and were usually robbed. It was littered with paper and refuse, an eyesore and an assembling place for thieves.

Dr. Mansfield asked the Park Department when restoring it, to cover the whole park, with the exception of a border around the outside, with a cement floor, so that it could be kept clean. This floor has been put down

and is separated from the grass border by a high wire fence, that protects the grass and bushes, but does not hide their beauty.

The park is the shape of an isosceles triangle, the small angle opposite the base being cut off by a street. At this

who risked their lives that we might live. A picture of this stage as it will look when completed, is on another page and we think that you will agree with us, that such a memorial and recognition, where Concerts, Lectures, Religious Services, Motion Pictures,



JEANETTE PARK, COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK,
BEFORE IT WAS RESTORED

narrow side of the park we have had a cement platform built, and it is in such a position that a speaker or performer on it, can be seen by everyone in the park.

The Institute has been given permission by the Park Department to erect on this platform, a great stage, in remembrance of the seamen who gave their lives and in recognition of those

Vaudeville and in fact everything that entertains and uplifts the seamen, can be held, is the kind of *memorial* the men who have passed on would desire and the kind of *recognition* those who are left will appreciate.

It is the hope of the *Institute* that this park can be made a real play center for this part of the city, for we all need to play. The sailor is never

long enough in one place to make his own playground, and while we owe something to the men who have gone, we have not paid our debt to the men who are still with us, so long as they have no place in which they can have wholesome entertainment and play.

some entertainments. It will be the first time in their lives that some of them have played and we hope to make it an event for them to come to *Jeanette Park*. An event in which it will not be forgotten that it is all in honor of the heroic deeds of the men



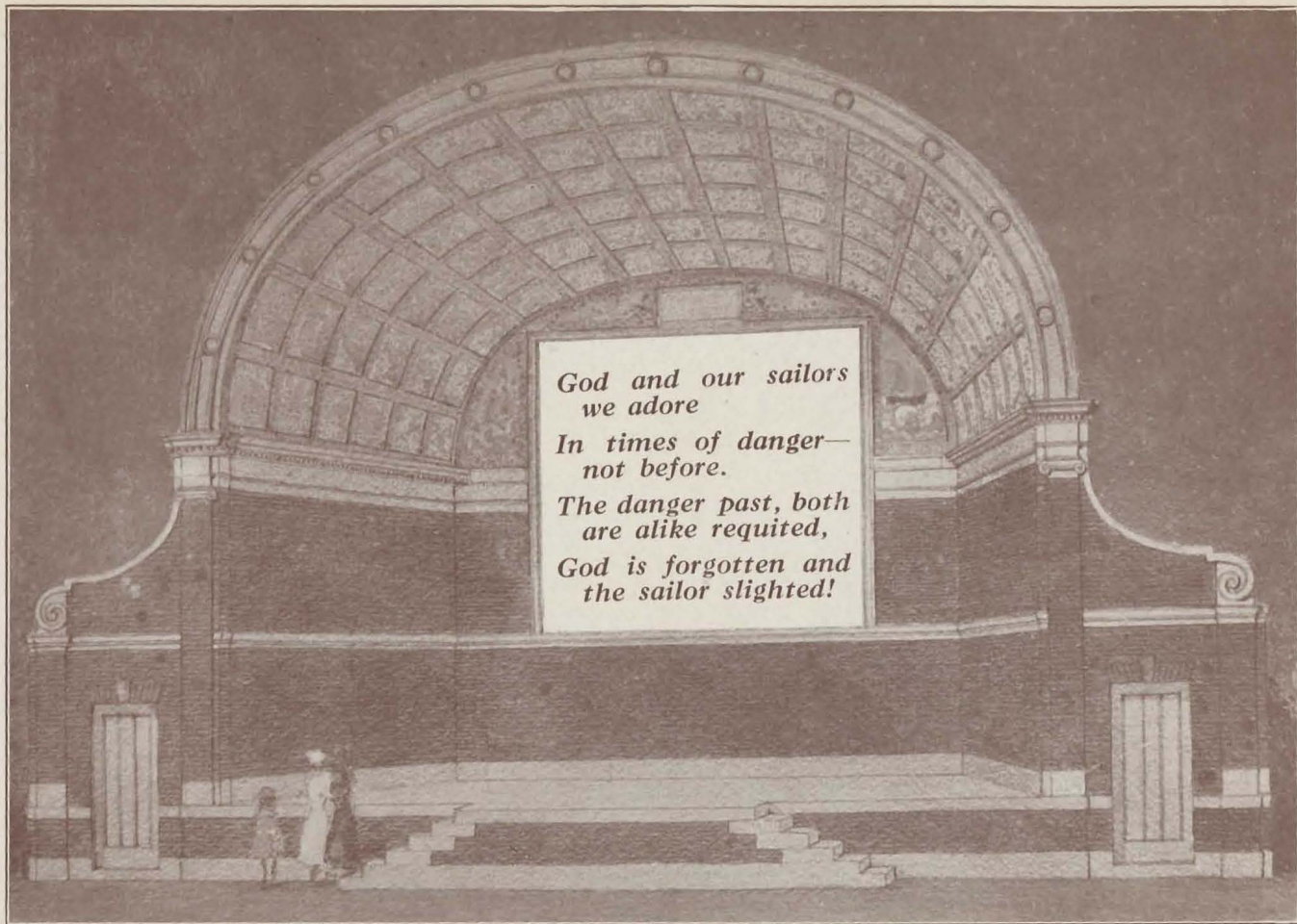
JEANETTE PARK, COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK,
AFTER IT WAS RESTORED

The front yard of the INSTITUTE and a playground for the men of the Merchant Marine and the neighborhood.

We have erected fine brick posts at the two entrances and we hope to be able to get gates worthy of the rest of the Park Structure. We will get gymnasium equipment and engage a trained man who will spend all his time leading the seamen and others in this part of the city in play and whole-

of the Merchant Marine during the war. A bronze tablet with suitable wording expressing the purpose of the structure will be on a conspicuous part of the stage.

The structure as pictured on another page, with complete equipment, will cost **\$25,000**. That is our objec-



*God and our sailors
we adore*

*In times of danger—
not before.*

*The danger past, both
are alike requited,
God is forgotten and
the sailor slighted!*

THE PORT OF NEW YORK'S PROPOSED WAR MEMORIAL TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

To be erected on the waterfront in Jeanette Park, Coenties Slip, New York, in recognition of all they, the dead and living, did to help win the World War.

tive for this purpose, **\$25,000** and it should not take more than a few weeks to raise this amount in such a *community effort*. It is a great opportunity to recognize wonderful service and to serve those who are still with us.

You may not know it, but downtown New York in the evening is a serious and gloomy place. Broadway is a canyon; Wall Street is a gorge; and the other streets are corridors from which the world seems to have just vanished around the corner. Great buildings filled with gloom and dignity tower above the pedestrian whose footsteps echo as in a deserted house. It is as if the Pied Piper had played his seductive notes and had lured away all the youth and life and color and vitality of the downtown life.

And yet thousands of people are left; all our seamen population is left downtown and every one of these men has an intense desire to express something of himself in play, and play promotes co-operation and friendliness. Let men of all races play together long enough and a *League of Nations* will not be necessary. They will understand each other better than statesmen around a table ever will.

And in this enterprise our inspiration is ancient Athens where outdoor games and wonderful entertainments were the welcome given to the seamen when they came off their ships. They were made to feel that their service to the nation was valued, and they gave in return such service that *Athens* was known over the then known world.

And so in *Memory* and in *Recognition* of the men without whom the war could not have been won and in order

that life may be richer and more inspiring for all seamen who come here, we seek your assistance in erecting this tribute.

Send your contributions to *Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York, N. Y.*

A Merry Party

Fifty-two girls, with Sister Mary Antony, Sister in charge of St. Mary's School, Mt. Saint Gabriel, Peekskill, N. Y. and three teachers arrived at the Seamen's Church Institute on Saturday, May 28th in time for a jolly luncheon in the Apprentice Room and a trip through the building.

Dr. Mansfield addressed the students of St. Mary's school during the term just closing, on the work of the Institute and the girls were so much interested, that they wished to see the place for themselves. So when the question was raised as to how the Seniors could treat the Juniors, someone suggested that they come to the Seamen's Church Institute. This proposition met with general approval and so they came, the greatest number of girls we have ever had in the building at one time.

After luncheon they were taken through the building from Titanic Tower right down to the engine room, and every department had its special admirers among the girls.

Some were interested chiefly in the Navigation School and the Radio; while others and perhaps the majority were interested in the housekeeping arrangements necessary for nearly a thousand men a night. Everyone commented again and again on the cleanliness of the place.

The engine room with its great powerful machines had its attraction while many felt their greatest interest in the Chaplain's Office where we have direct contact with all the needs of all the men. And our bright corner, Cheerfulness Center, that is glistening with happiness in being free from debt, had many admirers.

All in all it was a most interesting day for the Institute Staff and if the Juniors enjoyed their treat, and the Seniors enjoyed giving it, as much as we enjoyed having them, it will not be their last visit to the Seamen's Church Institute.

Dangerous Doctors

A fine broad-chested young sailor burst into the Chaplain's office and, without waiting for his turn, began to talk in a loud, excited voice. He was so awkward with the language that it was difficult to understand what he was trying to say but anyone within sight or hearing could not fail to know that he had just passed through some terrible experience.

"What is the matter?" the Doctor asked as he tried to calm him.

"I leave the hospital and I am seek, seek. I have fall down and I am dead for forty-five minutes."

"Why did you leave the hospital if you are sick?" the Doctor asked in his most sympathetic voice.

"They have me laid out to cut up!" he announced, his eyes very large and shining.

"What?" the Doctor gasped in astonishment.

"Yes," the seaman insisted, too excited to try to be spectacular, "I

was carried out of here to the hospital very, very seek. They give me a little medicine and the next morning the doctor come to my bed with many other doctors and they open my shirt and the doctor say, 'He has a fine broad chest. We will use him for example.' And then he mark me out."

The seaman pointed to his heart, his lungs and his abdomen, his breath coming in pants, and said: "He marked me out, all over and then they went to get their knives to see what was inside of me—and I slipped out of the bed and got my clothes and came down here as fast as I could."

"But he just wanted them to know the position of your vital organs," the doctor explained, trying to keep a straight face.

"I am alone in a strange country, and they could cut me up and who would know the difference," the seaman protested. "I am far from my friends. They must learn—my chest is broad."

"But that would be murder—they wouldn't do that," the doctor explained.

The seaman looked sceptical and put his hand on his chest that was exceptional in its breadth, "It's my chest—not many like it. But they'll not get inside me to find out what it is like. I came back queek."

Victory Medals

We have been asked to let every man who was fully inducted into the army know, in so far as we can, that he is entitled to a Victory Medal.

Some people have spread the idea

that only the men who went overseas are entitled to this medal. That is quite wrong. Any man who served honorably in the army is entitled to a medal, and he should apply for one.

The Victory Medal and the sentiment surrounding it will become increasingly valued as time passes. The application may be approved by the commanding officer of any camp, post, station or hospital, or by the Victory Medal Officer of any Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, or by National Guard Inspector-Instructors wherever located.

Out of the Mud

The Sunday afternoon Bible class was over. Some of the men had gone and some still lingered, as if loath to leave the atmosphere of peace and love that had surrounded them for that brief hour.

One and another had stepped up for a word with Mrs. Roper, who leads the class, but still one young man waited behind the others. His brown eyes were fixed hopefully on the House Mother, and when the others had gone he went up to her as a son or younger brother might have done.

"We all look on you as our mother," he said simply, "and we believe all you say."

The responsibility that comes with such faith seemed for a moment almost too much for the class leader, but it was quickly followed by a prayer of thankfulness when he continued:

"I have not been a good boy, but

I have had a vision—I have seen things differently. I wish to be different, and you must help me."

The House Mother talked to him and found that he wished to go to night school and study and be a man who would be a blessing to all who came in contact with him. She also found that he was not staying in the house, but he came that he might get the inspiration she gave.

It was a big thought, a great thought, that she was the mother not only of the boys who stay in the house, but of others who come here for the unselfish, unself-seeking, feminine touch that they cannot get elsewhere.

And as he was going away, when other duties claimed her, the young sailor said: "I am in the mud. I am stuck down in the dirt, but you must help to get me up into the purer air on the higher land."

And with his hand of Faith, held firmly by the House Mother, he is starting his upward climb into the purer air of a life of service.

Sheltered Ten Thousand

Since the new year we have given 10,108 men lodging in our Reading Rooms. There were no beds, but they slept on chairs and on newspapers on the floor.

These were all active seafaring men, who were out of work because of the depression. It wasn't much to do for them, but they appreciated it, for the rooms were at least warm. Otherwise they would have had to steal rides on the subways all night or hide in some warm corner.

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or
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The Romance of Jeanette Park

It is fitting that Jeanette Park should be a playground for seamen, when on shore, for it is within the memory of men still living that it was rescued from the water. It was after Battery Park had pushed its little green nose into the harbor, it was after Front and South Streets had claimed their share of the East River that Coenties Slip still remained 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 1884 that it was filled in and laid out as a Park.

The name, "Jeanette," is taken from the ill-fated polar vessel that was commanded by DeLong and lost in the ice in 1881. This vessel was named the Jeanette Bennett, after a sister of the late James Gordon Bennett, Editor

of the New York Herald, who fitted out the expedition.

Coenties Slip has had a long and colorful history. One of its claims to fame is the fact that Governor Kieft of Fort Amsterdam built on its borders the first tavern of the settlement. Up to then Governor Kieft, who is described as "little, fussy, fiery and voracious," had been in the habit of entertaining strangers in his own home. But the tax upon his hospitality became so heavy that in self-defense and at the Dutch company's expense, he built a stone tavern on Coenties Slip.

And again history is being made. The last hotel has gone and for years there have been more than enough; and now we are building a play center. To the men of the sea we are going to give a place where they can enjoy themselves without ruining body and soul as so many did in the old-time saloons.

So we ask your assistance in getting the **\$25,000** for a reconstructed Jeanette Park.

Be Ye Also Ready

His history so far as the Institute knew him was brief.

He attended a religious service on a Wednesday evening and on Friday he attended another in which he rose and said he had lived an ungodly life, never having had any religious impressions; but the truths told on that Wednesday evening had sunk so deeply into his heart that he had ever since been seeking for that love about which he had heard. The next day he was found dead in the hold into which he had fallen.



Marie Louise Bennett

**Private Secretary to Superintendent Archibald R. Mansfield
December, 1910 to March, 1921**

Since our tribute to the late Miss Bennett, in the April issue, it has been decided to create a Marie Louise Bennett memorial fund, with which to erect at once a bronze tablet to her memory in our Chapel and later in the proposed Institute Annex, the large structural memorial authorized by the Board of Managers, in recognition of her invaluable services to this Society and of her whole young life loyally devoted to this work for the men of the sea.

We know that her host of friends and others will be glad of the privilege of contributing now, while her memory is so fresh, to a fund commensurate with ten years' devotion and self-sacrifice.

What Is a Hero?

He is a young captain—one who has been through the war—one who knows what it is to be torpedoed, who is responsible for the statement, that no one is brave. Bravery is merely a combination of impulse and necessity, he says.

Without arguing that point—we asked a young fellow who had spent sixteen months in a German prison; who had tried six times before he finally escaped to Holland; who belonged later to the "Suicide Fleet," if he knew he was a hero, and he laughed derisively.

"You don't think about things," another young fellow who had been through the horrors of Gallipoli, said thoughtfully, after he had described seeing lifeboats all round his ship, filled with dead men; after he had described seeing barge loads of dead bodies glistening white in the southern sun as they were towed out of the harbor to be consigned to the deep. "You don't think except at night. Then men begin to talk of their wives and children and their mothers and—it ain't so bad except at night."

At night, memory lifts the drawbridge between the past and the present, and her mellow light glorifies all that we have loved. Who has not stood and watched the sunset on a foreign shore and felt that elemental tug on the heart strings that is too refined to be called pain—a heritage from a long line of ancestors who at nightfall turned their steps toward their own tribe, or their

own hearth, that they might rest in peace.

In times of danger or in times of peace, when the darkness begins to creep up around us, and we are far from home and friends, something stirs in us all, something inarticulate. We long for we know not what—and that is the experience of nearly a thousand men who stay in this house every night. They all know what it is to be lonely—to feel that crying of the heart, that has no outward expression. It is at such times that men seek company, any company—so long as they can forget that they are alone in a strange land.

It is for such men that we are appealing when we ask you to give to Jeanette Park, that the homeless men in this part of the city may have one bright spot where they can go and enjoy wholesome companionship. Many of these men have proven themselves heroes in the great war—and we do not wish them to now fall by the wayside, because they are alone and lonely in a strange land.

Cheerfulness Center Rejoices

The Soda Fountain is paid for in full.

The whole deficit has been wiped out by a splendid big check, sent by a gentleman who will not let us tell his name. All he will let us say about him is that the money comes from an inland city where there are no sailors.

But he can't prevent us thinking about him—and that day "The Lookout Office" was Cheerfulness Center.

We did wish everyone who has contributed to that Soda Fountain had been here—it is so stimulating to accomplish something. Everyone who contributed will, we know, always have a special interest in that part of the building.

We thank you on behalf of the sailors.

The Chaplain's Office

Comedy and tragedy follow each other in quick succession into the Chaplain's office, which at times seems to be a clearing house for the misery of the world.

There come the young and the old; the strong and the weak; the good and the bad; the dark and the fair and the people who are neither; the American born and those who were born in every part of this old earth, all come into the Chaplain's office at some time or other when in need of some kind.

It would require infinite knowledge and infinite patience to handle every case perfectly—and sometimes it seems that the Chaplains almost measure up to the requirements. Come into the Chaplain's office for just half an hour and see what you think.

Half a dozen men are standing around the desk and the Chaplain is writing out the address of the naturalization office for a young sailor who is anxious to become an American. The Chaplain has just promised that he and the House Mother will meet him at nine o'clock the next morning, to help him get his papers.

But before the man has time to fold the paper the Chaplain looks up at a man who is waiting. He springs from

his chair and pushes the waiting man into it, while he demands what is the matter.

The poor fellow who has been waiting his turn is trembling and his teeth chatter as he tries to explain that he is sick. The doctor takes his temperature, which he finds is 105, while the Chaplain telephones for an ambulance. The sick man is made as comfortable as possible, and when he whispers that he wishes to make his will, the Chaplain writes down his wishes, holds him while he signs the paper, and says a prayer over him as he is carried out to the ambulance.

Next is a lady—and as not many ladies come for help, the men gallantly withdraw, while the Chaplain listens to her story. It is the story of a marriage in haste—and five years of repentance. Her husband deserted her three weeks after their marriage and she has neither seen nor heard from him since. He was the Captain of a vessel, and she tried for two years to find him but failed. Did the Chaplain think she could get a divorce?

She had a lover who was very anxious that she should, but she wished to do what was right. Did he think it would be all right for her to do so?

The Chaplain thought it would—and told her where to go to start proceedings. She soon left, her face beaming—but when she reached the door she turned back to ask if she might bring her friend to meet the Chaplain—and perhaps—she blushed very prettily—perhaps if she got a divorce, the Chaplain would marry her to the man she really loved.

The Chaplain wished her well, and turned to a young man who was wait-

ing. He explained that he was a seaman who had secured work in a hospital during the unemployment situation. He was tired of it—the sea was again calling him, but he wanted one of the sailors to get his job. Would the Chaplain help him?

The Chaplain did. He ran downstairs and came back with a sailor who had been out of work for a long time but had by some means kept himself clean and neat. He would do anything that was honest and they went away together.

The next was a man who had a burn on his elbow. The Chaplain dressed it, and also the sore finger of another man, before he turned to a man who wished to get a check cashed.

The next man was a large Hollander who, in broken English, explained that he wanted a Dutch Bible. This was secured for him and he went away happy.

But the man who followed looked as if he would never be happy again. He was pale and he trembled from weakness. He had just left the hospital and he was weak, and discouraged, and lonely, and he hadn't any money. The Chaplain cheered him up, gave him meal tickets and a bedroom ticket and told him to come back in the morning. He thanked the Chaplain and went away, looking as if he thought the world wasn't as hard a place as he had been thinking.

Next was a sailor who evidently believed that cleanliness was next to godliness for he appealed for a bath ticket although he hadn't the money to pay for it; his plea was granted and he was followed by a man whose hair was straggling around his ears. He

hadn't the price of a hair cut, but he didn't believe in long-haired men. He was referred to the head of the department as this was a new kind of request.

The next was an old sailor who walked proudly in with a small ship that he had made by hand, and after it had been admired by all, the Chaplain called up the office of a man who wanted to buy a small ship, but the man had gone. The old man was advised to call at the office the next day and the address was given him—then—

But the half hour is up. We must leave the Chaplain's office and move on—but wherever we may go, the procession, like a long chain of human needs, passes through the hands of our Chaplains, who sometimes grow weary, but never turn a deaf ear to anyone in trouble.

Holland Novels

We never have enough novels to satisfy our Holland seamen.

Those chaps are such readers we cannot keep them supplied and yet we are sure there are plenty of just the books they desire that we might have if you only knew how much we need them.

When Chaplain Nicolls was our Librarian he was constantly talking about the Holland seamen who were such great readers. You know a Librarian always loves a man who is fond of reading.

This week our new Librarian strolled into The Lookout office and said, "I wish you would ask for some Holland novels. I never have

enough for those fellows and they are such fine fellows too. The books I have are almost worn out. When I give them to the men they are sure to return and report that some pages are gone."

That is rather hard on the men and also on the Librarian.

KDKF

More than 75% of the vessels at sea are without a doctor on board. If any of the men are sick or there is an accident, they have to depend on the medical and surgical ability of the officers or anyone who has any such knowledge who may be on board. If there is no one who can help, it is a race between the vitality of the patient and the injury or sickness. If he gets better he gets better and if he dies, well he dies.

That is as it has been, but things have been changed.

First Dr. Mansfield called the attention of the proper authorities to the fact that many vessels were not carrying the required medicine chest. Now such chests are being carried.

Next our Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School has been conducting a series of free lectures on First Aid for the instruction of officers on board ships, and already 1,939 men have qualified in our school alone to give scientific aid in cases of accident and sickness. Now a First Aid certificate is necessary before a license is granted.

Then came the question as to how aid to men at sea might be extended. Of course, there was only one way—by radio; 80% of the ships at sea

have radio equipment and can be reached in that way.

With trained officers on board who can read thermometers and describe symptoms intelligently, the possibility of broadcasting a healing message came into the mind of Captain Robert Huntington, Principal of the school. He took up the matter with Dr. Mansfield and we applied for a license for the purpose of transmitting medical and surgical advice by radio.

It was a new idea but then everything about radio is comparatively new and everyone concerned with it feels that its possibilities are only beginning to be realized. So a special license was issued allowing us to operate a Medical Advice Radio Station on the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute building.

On November 3rd, 1920, a special Commercial Radio License K. D. K. F. No. 176 was issued to operate between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., which was the time of the day that the doctor was on duty at the Clinic.

Since the issuing of the license the Public Health Service has been taking an interest in the medical work that the Institute is trying to do by radio. The Hudson Street Hospital is now furnishing free medical advice any time, day or night, that is to be sent by radio to vessels under all flags.

On April 20th, 1921, the Commercial Radio License was endorsed to operate for the full twenty-four hours, and on May 12th a continuous watch was established by experienced radio operators. A telephone line from our Radio Station is in communication with the hospital without interference.

As soon as it becomes known to all

vessels that "K. D. K. F." is a call that will bring medical or surgical advice it will be used more and more. Any vessel that hears the call will know that the advice of a doctor is needed and if there is a doctor on board he will give it. If not the call will be relayed and sent on and on until it reaches the Seamen's Church Institute in New York. Then the advice will be sent back in the same way, and much suffering will be avoided, and many lives may be saved.

The expense of the Medical Advice Station has been carried by the Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School of the Institute. Mr. Henry A. Laughlin donated enough money to make the service continuous for 24 hours a day.

Since the Radio License "K. D. K. F." was received the station has assisted 65 vessels at sea. It has given help of many kinds. On May 24 our operator heard a call for the Police boat, to which no answer was being made. He called up the Police Department by telephone and the Police boat started off at once to a man who had broken his leg.

What They Say

The House Mother came into the office a few days ago with a poem that had been slipped into her hand by a young sailor. He had requested that she have it typewritten and posted up in a conspicuous place. It was intended to be most complimentary, but some of the references were like those made to the wife of a Chaplain of another Institute who was taking the place of the organist.

This lady saw a sailor lounging up with a conversational expression on his face, so she greeted him with an encouraging smile.

"Before the war our organist here used to give recitals," he said.

"How fine!" the lady remarked not knowing just what was coming.

"Yes but of course we had a good organist then," he explained quite unconscious that he might be trampling on artistic feelings.

Another evening a sailor said to the same lady, "I'm a musician myself but don't play or sing. Do you know a lovely piece called 'The Maiden's Prayer?' It goes right up to the top of the piano. Don't know it? Ah, well! I suppose it's a bit too difficult for you!"

A burly black sailor after singing several well known hymns proceeded to descend to ragtime.

"Please will you play 'Anna Maria Susannah Sophia?'"

"I'm afraid I don't know it!"

"The chorus goes like dis—"

"No! I don't know it at all. I'm sorry."

He turned with a wide white smile to those around and with a pitying thumb jerk toward the incapable musician said: "She does not know de play."

Pacific Coast Work

Rev. William T. Weston, who for the past year has been working in Cleveland and other Lake ports for the Seamen's Church Institute of America, has been promoted to the position of Organizing Secretary for that organization.

In June, Mr. Weston will go to San Pedro, which he will make his temporary headquarters. His object is to establish a Seamen's Church Institute in San Pedro and he will study the opportunities for developing the work on the Pacific Coast.

The S. C. I. Family

New York is, of course, the oldest member of the Seamen's Church Institute of America family, but when it measures what it has accomplished with what there is to be done, it feels very youthful, the goal of its life is still so far ahead. At present it is planning to double the capacity of its present building.

Next comes San Francisco with a list of accomplishments and a still greater list of hopes and ambitions and plans, that will soon be materialized in a great building to meet the needs in that growing port. Like the West, the San Francisco S. C. I., dreams big dreams.

Philadelphia and Newport are an inspiration to all who watch them grow. They have the enthusiasm of youth, the judgment of maturity and the vision that comes with a knowledge of what is to be done. One can't predict how far these Institutes will go, but it can be safely prophesied that they will do big and worthy work.

Norfolk has its Chaplain and is working toward an organization and an Institute; Port Arthur has a Chaplain and an Institute and is strengthening its organization; and just within the last few weeks New Orleans has been added to the list of healthy children of the Seamen's Church Institute of America.

All these organizations are vital, dynamic groups of men and women—a united force that must tend to change the conditions of life for American sailors and all other sailors, while in American ports.

First Aid for Seamen

More than a year ago Dr. Mansfield went to Washington and spoke to representatives of the Steamboat Inspection Service urging that all applicants for a license on steam vessels be required to hold a standardized First Aid Certificate.

The Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, represented by Assistant Surgeon General Lavinder, supported Dr. Mansfield in this request. They gave instance after instance of where men might have been spared great suffering and some cases where life and limb might have been saved if someone on the vessel had been trained in the simplest principles of first aid. They pointed out that what they were asking was not new as it had long been a requirement for licenses in the British Merchant Marine.

The matter had the heartiest sympathy of the Board but for practical reasons it could not be granted at once. This year Dr. Mansfield went back and success has crowned his efforts. The General Rules and Regulations prescribed by the Board of Supervising Inspectors has been amended by the addition of another paragraph, to read as follows:

"On and after December 31, 1921, no candidate for original license as master, mate, pilot or engineer shall be examined unless he shall present

satisfactory evidence to the inspectors that he has completed a course of instruction in the principals of first-aid approved by the U. S. Public Health Service, for this particular purpose, and not until he presents a certificate from the U. S. Health Service, duly attested, that he has passed a satisfactory oral examination based upon the contents of the "Handbook of the Ship's Medicine Chest" or some other manual arranged for the purpose, having the approval of the U. S. Public Health Service."

And as one change in this life leads to another, it was felt at once that there must be a simple intelligent First Aid Manual available, and that is being prepared.

Next it seemed advisable to improve the structure and equipment of the ship's medicine chest. This is being done under the direction of the Public Health Service.

From this work we stumbled naturally into the idea of arranging some way by which those on land could cooperate in furnishing medical and surgical advice to men in ships that do not carry doctors.

Of course there is only one way in which that could be done—by radio—and that is another story. But you will find it in this issue of "The Lookout."

Down But Not Out

He was out of luck. Months of unemployment and not quite enough to eat had their inevitable effect. He had lost faith in himself and the world. It was particularly hard because he had no one on whom to depend.

He had always, away back in his mind, believed that if the worst came to the worst, his father would help him. But that hope was gone. He had written and no help had come.

Well, he hadn't any kick. It was so long since he had been home that he would not have known his father if he had met him on the street. It was the Chaplain who speaks most languages, who noticed him and found out his trouble. Then he insisted on sending a telegram to the father for the son's fare home.

And while this was going on the Librarian was called from his books by a middle-aged man who said he had come from Cleveland to find his son. In his simple way he asked, "Do you know my boy?"

The Librarian looked around in a puzzled way and repeated the name of the boy and thought of the thousands of boys and men who are here every week and he shook his head, while he mused on what a great thing it is for us all, that there is someone who thinks we are so important that those who once see us will never forget us.

The man explained in broken English that he had sent his boy thirty dollars in a special delivery letter, and then he thought he had better come himself. He couldn't sleep thinking that perhaps his boy might not have a bed.

The Librarian left his books and went with the man to the post office up-town and it was soon found that the special delivery letter had never been delivered. Then they returned to the Institute and found the

Chaplain who speaks so many languages.

Yes, he knew the boy. He made the father sit down and he said he would go out and find the son. He explained that he had just sent a telegram for him. But as he left, the father caught his arm and explained that his boy had been away many years, and he would not know him.

The Chaplain said they would soon get over that, and he went into the lobby and called the boy's name. He came at once and the Chaplain took him into his office and said: "There is your father."

The men looked at each other—the one middle-aged and sturdy and strong—the other young, but pale and emaciated. They clasped hands and the father caught the sleeve of his son's coat and said: "Come and get something to eat."

Half an hour later they were back and the father sought the Librarian and tried to express his appreciation, but he couldn't. His language was all right for ordinary everyday affairs, but when it came to the deeper emotions it failed him entirely. He held the hand of the Librarian in both his. He tried to speak—and then as if ashamed of his emotion he blurted out: "When is there a train to Cleveland?"

"Every hour," the Librarian said relieved, for his emotions too were stirred.

"Then we'll go," the father said, and he went to say farewell to the Chaplain to whom he could talk in his own language. But not satisfied he again returned to the Librarian, took his hand and held it a second in both his, and then he darted out the door.

YOUR "LOOKOUT"

To our many friends "The Lookout" is a bond between co-workers. It is your support that enables our workers to "carry on" day by day, interpreting in terms of service your interest in Seamen. Through years it has been a record of dreams of opportunity fulfilled for those whose lives have been cased in life's sternest realities.

The "Lookout" must reach our friends. It is sent to those who have contributed five dollars or more regardless of whether they have subscribed. Printing costs have seldom been higher than at present, and many friends have voluntarily sent us one dollar to cover the subscription cost of their "Lookout."

Will you join their ranks? Will you send an additional dollar naming a friend for whom we may enter a new subscription?

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NOTICE

Officers of vessels who desire to become familiar with this Radio Service, are invited to attend the free lecture courses of the Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School of the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620.

Capt. Robert Huntington, Principal, will gladly furnish further information.

General Summary of Work

APRIL, 1921

Religious Department

Chapel of Our Saviour, 25 South Street

	Services	Attendance Seamen	Total
Sunday A. M.	4	135	157
" P. M.	4	948	1,021
" Communion	4	35	48

Church of the Holy Comforter, West Street

Sunday P. M.	4	240	281
" Communion	1	7	7

U. S. Marine Hospital

Sunday A. M.	5	160	160
" Communion	1	12	12

Ellis Island Hospital

Sunday P. M.	3	365	365
Bible Class Meetings	4	357	357
Miscellaneous Services	3	190	196
Baptisms			3
Funerals			6
Weddings			0

Relief Department

Boarding, Lodging and Clothing	214
Assisted through Loan Fund	74
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	652
Referred to Hospitals	11
Hospitals visited	57
Patients visited	5,544
Referred to other organizations	11

Social Department

	Number	Attendance Seamen	Total
Entertainments	23	4257	4933
Home Hours	4	813	867
Ships visited	46		
Pkgs. literature distributed		599	
Knitted articles distributed		90	

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	27
Men shipped	191
Given temporary employment	16
Total	207

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,102
Letters received for seamen	15,402
Pieces of dunnage checked	5,180

Educational Department

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	26
First Aid Lectures	0

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$86,143.08
Withdrawals	98,973.95
Transmitted	19,302.88

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 five dollars or more to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
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