

The LOOKOUT



**\$1,072,000 is Still Needed to
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

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by the
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EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President
FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

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Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.
Superintendent
or
ELEANOR BARNES
Editor, The Lookout

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The Lookout

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Red Letter Days

You can run the Institute for one day for \$260.27, and thus befriend approximately three thousand seamen.

They pay \$780.81, or cost price for what they receive each day. Your \$260.27 would represent administration and philanthropic service for which we cannot charge.

Their funds, however, would be quite useless without your gift to defray the overhead.

If we could begin to list half of the things the Institute has the privilege of doing for sailormen in the course of twenty-four hours, we are sure a friend for each day in the year would step forward with the necessary amount to make it all possible.

You may welcome such an opportunity to commemorate a significant anniversary; and purposeful service is perhaps the ideal memorial.

Were you to undertake this one-day responsibility, you would no doubt wish to visit the Insti-

tute on "your" day. You would be most interested and gratified to see the work made possible through your generosity.

You might wish to entertain your friends at luncheon or at tea at the Institute, as one of our Red Letter Day donors has already done.

Can you think of a better investment than to provide safe comfortable lodgings and proper recreation for three thousand lonely seamen?—likable fellows who are ready to give their lives at sea to protect the lives and cargoes of landsmen, but who are practically helpless ashore unless they come under the friendly protection of their Institute.

You may reserve your Red Letter Day at any time and send your check for \$260.27 now or later.

—HARRY FORSYTH,
Chairman,
Ways and Means Committee.

Sailors and their Dollars

The proverbial spending capacity of the sailor is open to challenge or at least to qualification. Money does slip through their fingers in many cases, but there are often interesting extenuating circumstances, as we have learned through our "bank" and other departments.

A remark overheard on South Street contains the kernel of the matter. "I only got three bucks, but here's two." A sailor will divide his last nickel with a fellow sailor, keeping the smaller share for himself.

Among sailors there is a camaraderie and fraternal feeling never observed by us in any other group, not even among school boys. If a seaman has the price of a meal, he is almost superstitious about expending it if he knows of some other fellow with empty pockets.

We even know of cases where a sailor has stinted himself to buy milk for a stray cat. If this sort of generosity and self-denial be prodigal, then our sailors deserve their reputation as spenders.

Our "bank," of course, aims to discourage waste, extrava-

gance and indiscriminate expenditure, and to encourage saving for what we hope will be the sunny day of our sailors' old age.

The largest account we have at the moment is in the neighborhood of \$8,000, representing the life-time savings of a seaman of 56 who is still very active.

Many of the accounts are temporary. Sailors make deposits just for the period of their stay in port, a practice which we favor most highly, for many a man comes to our Relief Desk for a loan to tide him over with the explanation, "I was rolled." This is a seaman's way of saying his bank roll was taken away from him. It still happens frequently for the waterfront still supports too many "unholy rollers" in the form of land sharks who watch their chance to prey upon the sailor. A wise fellow does not go about with too much cash in his jeans.

When our "bank" is closed, depositors may obtain limited amounts from the Social Service Department, upon presenting proper credentials, of course.

// All requests for withdrawals,

however, are subject to the judgment of our staff. We are quite firm in our refusal when we have good reason to believe that the depositor wishes to "throw a party." A diminutive, but adamant member of our staff firmly stood her ground recently on such an occasion. Having exhausted all his arguments, the

sailor finally admitted defeat saying, "You're just like a sister—hard to get along with."

"Blackie" tried a more dramatic method of wheedling Mother Roper. One of her many admirers had just referred to her as "Lady Janet" and she was feeling very dignified about it when she encountered Blackie



"MOTHER" ROPER, ALIAS "LADY JANET," ALIAS "PETE"

in the lobby. He was in a magnanimous mood and proposed to do something handsome for all his friends, using his bank account to cover it all. Mother Roper, alias "Lady Janet," advised against it. Blackie was persistent, however.

"Now suppose you're a pal of mine," he suggested. "Suppose, you're my friend, Pete—Pete Roper—and I meet you on South Street, and I say, 'Hello, Pete' "—

Here Blackie, fully in the spirit of the thing, extended his hand cordially, and the erstwhile "Lady Janet" rose (or perhaps sunk) to the occasion and greeted him in kind. Blackie went through a long dramatic scene with himself as leading man trying to befriend his old pal "Pete." But Mother Roper knew the symptoms and the party Blackie intended to "throw" didn't materialize because the necessary funds remained locked up in the Institute strong box.

The "bank" just received the following letter from a seaman in Galveston where "everything is running smooth except the hot weather":

"I wish you would get Mrs. Roper to locate Hank Graham

who is an old fireman and was in the house last summer he wears a derby hat and by now perhaps is in Snug Harbor well this two dollars is to be given to him as a free will offering."

The donor himself has only six dollars on deposit, but Hank is "on the beach" and old and he therefore is entitled to a share of all his pal has.

One very important function of our "bank" is transmitting funds for seamen. Many send their pay regularly to their families, to an aggregate of \$100,000 per year.

Some send regular payments on houses or to reduce mortgages on farms. One sends remittances to cover the education of his two children who are in a convent in Ireland. Another is putting his younger brother through college because he regrets that he himself did not have this opportunity. Still another saved up and bought a small boat which he now operates as a freighter in New York Harbor. It gives him a very comfortable living.

But our real prize Remittance Man is a figure some playwright should portray. He is a bronzed Portuguese, well dressed, with a heavy gold chain across his chest

and a huge scarf pin. His father used to run a small express wagon in Portugal for his livelihood, but the motive power for the wagon gave out, as all things will in time. He found himself with a down-and-out donkey on his hands and no means of support. His sailor son came to the rescue, however, and sends the donkey a comfortable pen-

sion through the Institute. So "spending like a sailor" doesn't always carry a stigma with it. Sailors collectively constitute a sort of mutual benefit society in which the fraternal bond is so strong and so natural that they do not need a system of taxation to provide for their unfortunate pals so long as any in the group have funds.

Charles Thomas

Charles Thomas, seaman, has died.

He was an engineer or, in sailor parlance, a member of the "Black Gang," although his friends mourn him as "a white man."

He was known and loved at the Institute by seamen and staff, and justly so.

In the days when he was earning an engineer's wage, it was his custom to send contributions to the Institute periodically for flowers for the chapel altar. Certain days appealed to his fancy when he especially wanted to feel responsible for a floral offering on the altar.

And he was forever doing something for some seaman.

There was the case of a man he met casually at the Institute who had to be sent to Fort Stanton, Texas, because of his lungs. Thomas periodically sent him a little money and reading matter.

When one of the Institute chaplains was in the hospital last winter, Thomas either visited him or wrote him a cheering note each day.

Even more touching was his devotion to "old Tom," an old-time wind-jammer with a chronic case of being "on the beach." Old Tom could no longer get a job and frequented South Street to see his pals. Thomas gave him many a gift quite unsolicited.

The tables turned, however.

Poor Thomas became afflicted, wasted away in a New York City hospital and finally died in June of this year. He had befriended his fellow sailors, and the Institute was glad to have an opportunity to perform a last service for him. His very meagre savings (generosity to others having depleted them) were supplemented by Institute funds to cover his funeral, and his Institute friends sent flowers.

Charles Thomas has gone after a life on earth lived not to himself alone, but with due thought for his fellows.

SAILORMEN AND ANIMALS

A light-house tender on the Pacific Coast recently reported to the Marine Journal a strange encounter with a deer. A boat was about to dock when the skipper noticed a buck swimming in the water among a number of logs. The poor creature was trying his best to get clear of the timber, but he was caught between two large logs, and every time he moved they rolled and trapped him again.

The tender hauled him aboard, for they were near a dog-infested town and the buck was so tired it was feared he

might be killed. The game warden was summoned, and the buck was loaded aboard his car and carried well out into the woods.

This incident certainly shows the versatility of the sailor when he can help out wild animals. It is just another evidence of the love for animals that all sailormen worthy of the name have always had in abundance—too much, perhaps, for some mates who like a clean ship.

NEW CHAPLAIN

The Reverend J. Gilmer Buskie has recently accepted the post of Institute Chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital on Ellis Island after a very successful four-year record as rector of St. Paul's Church in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Mr. Buskie was a Senior Chaplain in the A. E. F., and since that experience he has wanted to get back to work which would bring him into constant personal contact with men.

The U. S. Marine Hospital at Ellis Island is one of two in New York Harbor maintained by the Government for the free treatment of merchant seamen who can show discharge papers not more than two months old from an American ship.



The most popular place on South Street these hot summer days is the Institute drinking fountain at the entrance to the building, where fresh water, cooled by our own refrigerating system, may be had at any time by all comers.

The old sailor's argument that "if the good Lord meant us sailors to drink water, he'd a' made the ocean fresh" doesn't hold water. There's a leak in his logic somewhere, for sailors prefer good drinking water when they can get it.

We make it available for them inside the Institute as well as outside. There is a "bubbler" on each floor of the old building. With plenty of fresh cool water

\$250. or \$500.

there is less temptation, of course, to patronize the bootlegger.

Besides, physicians advocate a universal increase in the consumption of water as a general health measure.

There are still two drinking fountains in the new Annex Building which may be dedicated as memorials.

One will cost \$250. to install, and the other \$500. The latter is a more substantial one, being of marble, but both will do service for hundreds of thirsty sailors daily.

It wouldn't be a half bad investment, would it?, to provide this healthful means for them to "wet their whistles."

In the Fo'c'stle

Courtesy of American Merchant Marine Library Association

Joe Vondrachek, able seaman, "breezed" into the Institute the other day and a most refreshing breeze he was.

He is an American citizen from Austria by way of Canada. He is a clean-cut youngster, tanned, obviously glad he's alive, and with a smile that outsmiles the tooth paste advertisements.

He has been going to sea since his childhood—seven years in all—but now he thinks he is going to settle down and be a portrait painter. He has scoured the seven seas till he feels confident it is out of his system. "But do you know, I clean for-

got something?" he told us. "I clean forgot about Australia. I forgot all about it till I landed yesterday, but it'll have to wait now. I'm going to be an artist."

Joe sees life through rosy spectacles, even sea life, and it was delightful to hear his enthusiastic account of "fo'c'stle doin's" which he apparently wanted to deliver to us by way of being his swan song to the sea.

According to Joe, there are no dull moments in the fo'c'stle. "Somebody is always starting something." It may be an argument, or a concert, or a game, or a piece of handiwork.

Arguments are one of the chief diversions. Religious disputes rage on until someone gets out a Bible and finds a passage which settles the question one way or the other. Other controversies are terminated by no less an authority than the World Almanac. This, Joe states, is possessed by nearly every seaman—it is quite likely to be the first thing that rolls out of his sea bag when he comes on board. In case the required information cannot be found in this comprehensive volume, a stop is put to the argument by a well-aimed shoe, which on the whole is the most effective means of restoring peace.

In his discourse Joe kept referring to the "old fellows," meaning those who have attained the ripe old age of forty. These "old fellows" persist in telling the younger ones how things used to be in the good old days; and they argue amongst themselves as to who has shipped on the largest sailing vessel, who has spent the longest time on one voyage, who has been in the greatest number of ports, etc. If there happens to be among the "old fellows" one who has been in a wreck, the crew knows no peace until every-

one on board has heard all about it.

The bouts on ship-board are not all verbal, according to Joe. There is plenty of opportunity for boxing and wrestling and athletic tricks. In these there is competition—also in rope tricks, card tricks and sleight-of-hand performances.

Baseball games at sea, with a heaving deck for the diamond, present difficulties, but Jack Tar's profession consists in surmounting difficulties. Sometimes three or four sailormen spend an entire evening making baseballs out of rope-yarn so that on the morrow they may have an ample supply to allow for the fouls that go overboard.

Quoits qualify better as a deck sport, and the game can furnish plenty of excitement if a tournament is run off between the sailors and the "black gang," meaning the engineers.

The radio, of course, is a source of entertainment when "Sparks," the operator, takes a notion to make it available for all. Ear phones are generously shared, and on one occasion an ingenious bosun made a loud speaker from an ear phone and the wax paper lining of a corn flakes box!

Nearly every crew can produce some sort of music. Harmonicas are the commonest instrument, because they are easy to carry around, and they make a lot of noise, this last feature being the main consideration.

Accordions are found among sailors from the Mediterranean countries, also guitars. Saxophones and ukeleles, as might be expected, are possessed chiefly by the younger men.

A fo'c'stle concert would furnish rare entertainment for landlubbers, Joe suggested, if only it could be broadcasted. It is likely to include songs picked up in ports all over the world, and occasionally an old-time chanty.

Most sailors read or study *en voyage*, and many of them successfully complete correspondence courses. One poor fellow furnished diversion for the rest of the crew when it was discovered he was well along with a course in movie acting. He was a born comedian, but aspired to be a heavy tragedian, and his purpose was so steadfast that he withstood the "ragging" of his shipmates. If mere persistence is enough, his name should soon be flashing in electric lights.

Most diversions take place during the dog watches when all

hands are likely to be on deck. Other off watches are usually profitably spent in the pursuit of various handicrafts. The "old fellows" sew canvas. Even on a steamship, there is need for canvas, and probably nothing gives an old-time sailorman more satisfaction than the making of an awning for the Captain's bridge. There is nothing so pretty as hand sewing, and his happiness is complete when he is putting into such a job all the skill he has been acquiring during a lifetime of seamanship. It takes years to learn to do it properly, so that in this swiftly moving age, it is likely to become a lost art.

Canvas sea bags and ditty bags are produced in large numbers, many of them ingeniously embroidered with compasses, sea-gulls, signs of the Zodiac, etc.

The art of knotted work has come down through the ages and is a direct descendant of the art of knot-making in rigging and gear ropes. It is almost universally known and practised among sailors, although the landsman at first thought cannot quite reconcile what looks to him like fancy crocheting with the supposedly rough calling of the

sea. Still, the fo'c'stle frequently turns out tied shawls of silk and wool for Mother, and knotted hand bags for little Sister. The art is passed on from one to the other, each trying to outdo his teacher in skill and ingenuity.

Carved ships in bottles seem to have had their day. Our observing Joe has never seen one in process of making, although he knows old-timers who have specimens at the bottom of their sea chests.

Carved ship models are another matter, however. If all of these which are manufactured in a year were to be placed end to end, says Joe, they would reach—well, they would reach.

The "swellest" thing Joe ever saw was a vanity box of carved teakwood from Siam, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with a full-rigged ship and mermaids on the cover.

There is one time when a sailor wishes he were not a sailor, and that is when he has a birthday at sea and the crew knows about it. Most anything is likely to happen to him. If there is a supply of oil, he is likely to be dipped in it.

The Fourth of July at sea is usually anticipated months in advance, if necessary, and a supply

of fireworks is acquired in China or Siam, preferably the latter; for, like their musical instruments, sailors' fireworks are chosen for the amount of noise they make. And Siam, it is to be assumed, never heard of a safe and sane Fourth.

In foreign ports, letter writing and letter receiving figure prominently on the program of entertainment. The Captain usually goes ashore immediately the ship docks, and brings back the mail. "She wrote to me" is the hue and cry of the lucky ones. On such an occasion, the fellow who commands the inward respect and admiration of his shipmates is the one who can show six or seven letters from different countries, which is accepted to mean that he has that many scalps at his belt. If it is necessary to show parts of the letters or the signatures to prove they were penned by the lilly-white hand of some girl, the sailor is quite willing to do so.

Most sailors keep in touch with their families by mail according to our Joe, who, it will be remembered, sees the world through rosy spectacles.

While he may not fit the popular notion of what a merchant sailor is, Joe truly represents the

rollicking adventuresome youths of the new school, who go to sea to gain knowledge and wisdom. They know how to work; and how to raise Cain, as all boys should; they know how to face danger fearlessly; they know how to accept discipline, realizing it is part of their education.

S. C. I. Associations

By CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Central Council Secretary*

Has not a young man recently taught us the wisdom and charm of simple frankness and naturalness? We are therefore unashamed to confess quite frankly that we are simply bursting to boast of the accomplishments of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations, and for no other reason are we writing a sort of semi-annual report, which has neither been demanded nor requested and perhaps will not be read. If you are interested, read it and do not weep but rejoice with us that these groups are so splendidly upholding the Seamen's Church Institute in its effort to make seamen have a pleasanter life ashore—and to have it more abundantly.

The Central Council started the year off with a benefit hockey

That is why Joe, and many like him, step ashore to take up their life's work well fortified with a strengthening sea training, with happy memories of days afloat on the seven seas and in the ports of the world, and with good will toward their shipmates and officers.

game, played January 3rd between Dartmouth and Princeton in Madison Square Garden. As a result they were able to give \$2,167.80 toward the Mansfield Fund which has been established to be used exclusively for the assistance of needy merchant seamen. Since then \$443.45 has been added to this fund by different associations and friends in donations varying from \$1.00 to \$100.00.

Now that we are on figures, we may as well add a few more and have done with them. We shall be brief—the associations have given \$947.81 to the New Building Fund; \$715.09 toward the general expenses of the Institute, including the upkeep of the Apprentice Room, which the Seamen's Benefit Society sup-

ports; and \$162.00 for relief work, this latter amount given by the Staten Island Association which has for the past two years budgeted \$325.00 a year out of its treasury for this expense.

If you will add to these figures \$179.50 (the value of 110 articles of knitted work already received), and \$423.34 (the value of 2,881 pieces of household linens contributed), you will see that the associations have aided the Institute to the extent of \$5,038.99, in cash or in kind, since January 1st, 1927.

These figures are given not because we have any special leaning toward finance. They are simply to show that the help of the Seamen's Church Institute Association is not a flimsy fancy, but, on the contrary, a firm fact.

Now that we have stated the case let us proceed to other less commercial aspects of the work of these societies. What gay scenes are recalled! The hockey benefit was followed by other sporting events—a "tournament bridge," introduced by the Staten Island Association, created an element of competition seldom encountered in pursuit of that pastime. The Staten Island group had such a good time and made so much money (some \$600.00)

that the Norwalk Association followed suit, though the latter's was not so truly a Bridge of Size as was that of the former.

The little Richmond group tried its wings too on its first benefit party and now has a tidy sum stowed away for fall work. St. Luke's was next in line with an annual bridge game, netting about \$150.00, which was promptly turned over to the New Building Fund and not held as by other associations, a bit more Scotch, may we say, who budget their expenditures or who are saving their benefit returns in hopes that these nest eggs will assume the proportions of ostrich eggs before they are turned over to the Institute. We heartily approve this thrifty plan.

The women of the Robert Rogers Group have continued their practice of holding frequent neighborhood card parties, at which they earn enough money to pay for the linens which they hem for the seamen. We hope it is a case of "enough and to spare" and that with the spare they will want to provide a linen closet (one of 22 required for the new building and costing \$100.00 each), which would not only serve as a future memorial

to their untiring efforts in the linen line, but would hold their handiwork, forsooth!

Our most recent "bridge" was given on June 22nd by the South Shore branch at the Yacht Club in Amityville, a delightful spot in which to spend an afternoon. The laudable object of this benefit was to earn money to provide the seamen with summer entertainments in Jeannette Park, a kindness which the Grace Church Association extended last summer and one sure to give pleasure to all who attend. The seamen are looking forward to these treats, having been advised by posters that they are to enjoy—

"BAND CONCERTS MONDAY EVENINGS — THE BEST PICTURES FRIDAY EVENINGS."

While the South Shore Association is mindful of the happiness of the seamen in the summer time, members of other groups are providing for their comfort in the cold winter sure to follow. Quantities of wool are being knitted into warm garments by friends of the seamen in Short Hills, New Jersey, and members of the Associations of Hudson River, Elizabeth, Norwalk, St. Luke's, Epiphany,

Richmond Hill, South Shore and Staten Island. If there were a contest for quantity of knitting, the prize would probably go to the women of Christ Church Guild, Short Hills, New Jersey, who, although not organized as an association (we only wish we could claim them as such), are certainly showing a most praiseworthy interest in the Institute work and knitting vigorously for Jack Tar. We feel we owe them this "honorable mention" though it scarcely expresses our gratitude adequately.

Many non-knitters are doing their bit by continuing to hem towels for the Institute during the summer; among these we count members of the Brooklyn, Norwalk, Staten Island and the South Shore Associations. We would not be surprised if told that some members of the Elizabeth Association were speeding the summer hours by completing comfort kits, started at their June meeting. We hope, however, that this is not the case, for we believe there is a vacation coming to folks who have already contributed this year 442 pieces of linen (96 of these sheets!), and 44 knitted garments. Besides they have been working to complete their pledge

of a seamen's room and have less than \$50.00 yet to raise, which we think is more than creditable.

Two other associations, Riverside and Norwalk, are likewise working to the end that their names may be inscribed on doors of bedrooms in the new building.

The Brooklyn Association, having completed its pledge of such a room last year, is this year working to raise money for its Red Letter Day at the Institute—December 25th, 1927; the Staten Island Association, its pledge likewise completed, is incubating \$300.00 already saved toward the Mansfield Fund, hoping to hatch \$500.00.

Perhaps this sounds somewhat repetitious or as though one year followed the preceding one without much shifting of scenery. Indeed, we are all well aware of the old saying "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," and we have struck out into the realm of the unknown. Our hockey benefit was our first experiment; our "teas and tours" another. Whereas we may not care to repeat the former experience, the latter was so happy successful that like Oliver Twist, we want some more. The plan

was simple. We invited friends to visit the Institute on a stated day when they would be "toured" about the premises and later served as many drinks as they desired of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate."

In January the Elizabeth group acted as hostesses, twice in February members of the Seamen's Benefit Society poured, while March found the Robert Rogers group, the South Shore and the Staten Island Associations in attendance; April brought the Brooklyn and St. Luke's Associations to grace our tea-table, and finally in May the Central Council entertained visitors from Passaic.

Three of the associations, South Shore, Staten Island and Brooklyn, came en masse on these occasions, seizing the opportunity to educate their uninformed and unsuspecting members concerning the work which they were perhaps blindly supporting. Many entire strangers came too—and promptly registered as members or at least became enthusiastic for the Institute. So we have turned to teaching, opening the eyes of hundreds who in turn, we hope, will carry the message to others who will want to come and try our

tea in the fall when we resume our "touring" parties.

Some of our visitors, notably those from Jackson Heights, Passaic, and towns along the Hudson, were so impressed and so eager to support the Institute that they expressed their willingness to form new associations—even going so far as to pay dues! These friends, we hope, will organize into real working units in the fall. One group (we are calling it unofficially the Hudson River Association) has over 65 signed memberships, \$99.00 pledged or paid in dues, and has given \$200.00 toward the Mansfield Fund. What could be more encouraging to those women already organized and functioning than to see other "intelligent gentlewomen," as one dear old man has termed them, endorsing their endeavors to help the seamen and organizing, in order that their united efforts may be more effective?

Let us allow our imaginations to take flight, since flying is the order of the day. Imagine that each of the present members is going to persuade a friend to join our ranks before January 1928. Let us, moreover, establish the principle that each new member will want to bring along

another. Pronto! We have reached our 10,000 membership goal—that flight which Dr. Mansfield has hoped we may attain.

Ten thousand women in the states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—organized to support the Seamen's Church Institute of the port of New York. Come, let us hitch our airplane to a star! We may encounter storms but surely no flights seem *impossible* these days.

AN OLD FRIEND

The Institute, through its Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, wishes to extend congratulations to Sir John Joyce Broderick, K.B.C., C.M.G., who has recently been granted these distinctions by the British Government.

Almost fifteen years ago, when Sir John was connected with the British Consulate in New York City, he proved himself a very warm and helpful friend, who effectively cooperated with the Institute in its war against seamen exploitation.

He is now living at the British Embassy, Black House, Sea Street, Manchester, Massachusetts.

The Guardsman



He sits upon a soap box at the entrance to the new Annex Building winter and summer, leaning upon his cane, and shrewdly observing our comings and goings.

We call him "The Guardsman," for he is the contractor's official watchman. We refrain from pondering upon what he

could do, should anyone lead a savage attack upon his domain, for he is eight-four years old.

He is a twin brother of the Institute, dating from 1843 as we do.

He reads the newspapers thoroughly and remembers all he reads, although he mixes it up considerably with such sur-

prising results as "This here Susan Wells is the tennis champion of the whole world."

He is more nearly accurate, however, on the subject of the weather. In fact, his prophecies seldom fail. From his vantage point on the soap box, he keeps track of the clouds and the direction of the wind as indicated by the flags on the ships in the South Street docks.

And he puts his observations into practical use. He is quite likely to stop a girl employee of

Loyal Seaman

A seaman's loyalty is so well established that it needs no proof, but evidences of it are constantly cropping up in the day's news.

W. G. Tennant furnished a recent example. He was cook on the *Chantier* which took Commander Byrd's North Pole expedition to Spitzbergen. Immediately upon his return he "hung out at 25 South Street" and the walls of the Institute resounded with his praises for *his* Commander.

He recently gave up an opportunity to ship for Africa when he heard that Commander Byrd was in New York. "Other im-

portant business" was his reason. He called upon Byrd and told him he had heard there was still a deficit on the Arctic expedition. He then said he had saved a little money and offered to give it all to help defray this deficit. Commander Byrd, of course, was deeply moved. As a result of his willingness to sacrifice and because of his good record in the Arctic, Tennant has been promised a "berth" by Byrd on his forthcoming South Pole expedition.

Tennant is happy, for Paradise to him means an opportunity to serve *his* Commander.

the Institute if she is carrying paraphernalia which would seem to him to indicate that she is going away for the week-end. With great solemnity he shifts his tobacco to one cheek and tells her she ought to have a warmer coat, for the weather is going to "freshen up."

Dear old soul, he always has a cheerful word for everyone. If people who do good on earth are made into angels later on, we nominate for that distinction our friendly old Guardsman.

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Deep Sea Stuff

(BEING THE CHANTY OF AN ERIE FERRY DECK HAND)

Yo Ho, Yo Ho!
It's time for us to go
It's time for to sail away, my dearie.
Yo Ho, Yo Ho!
(Hey, watch them gates there, bo!)
We're off from Twenty Thoid Street to the Erie!

Although I've often spoken
Of shippin' for Hoboken,
And done a lotta talkin'
Of sailin' for Weehawken,
Them places don't belong in this here ditty,
No No
Yo Ho
(Hey, watch them gates there, bo!)
This ship is on a trip to Joisey City!

There goes the startin' bell,
Farewell, sweetheart, farewell,
Perhaps we'll never meet again, my dearie,
For I might sink to sleep
Beneath the briny deep
Somewhere from Twenty Thoid Street to the Erie.

We go (Yo Ho)
A sailin' to and fro
Upon the waves that hasn't any pity.
And so
(Yo Ho)
(Hey, watch them gates there, bo!)
We'll mebbe never get to Joisey City.
Yo Ho
Yo Ho
The salty winds they blow,
So blow your nose and wipe your eyes so teary,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye,
(Hey, watch them gates there, guy!)
We're off from Twenty Thoid Street to the Erie!

BERTON BRALEY in the *New York Times*.

S. C. I. of New Orleans

The Seamen's Church Institute of New Orleans was opened to the seamen of the Merchant Marine, January 18, 1922, in a four story brick building at 535 Decatur Street. Situated in Frenchtown (the old part of New Orleans), it is near the U. S. Shipping Office, the U. S. Custom House, Canal Street (the leading business street) and only one block from the wharves. This building was thoroughly renovated and converted into an Institute containing a Superintendent's office, pool room, dunnage room, reading and writing rooms, lavatories, shower-baths and sleeping rooms for thirty-two seamen.

In a very few months after opening this building, every bed was occupied nightly and many men were turned away for lack of rooms. The dunnage room was filled to capacity and the lobby and recreation rooms were crowded to an uncomfortable degree.

In December, 1924, less than three years after the opening of the Institute, an adjoining build-

ing was acquired, doorways were cut to connect the two buildings and the capacity for carrying on a more efficient work in all phases of Institute activities was more than doubled.

To-day the Institute finds itself confronted with the same conditions that prevailed during the early years of her life, a lack of accommodations, crowding and congestion everywhere.

New Orleans needs a new building in which to render adequate service to the ever increasing number of seamen who stop in this port each year. Such a building would cost in excess of \$100,000, and until this sum can be raised we must struggle on trying to work with equipment insufficient for our needs.

New Orleans has instituted a community chest and the Institute has been admitted a beneficiary member of this chest, which in a measure simplifies the raising of funds for running expenses, but makes more difficult the raising of funds for the necessary improvements and expansion.

THE LOOKOUT aims primarily to make its readers acquainted with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine—to show them the sort of fellow the Seamen's Church Institute exists for and to describe the various phases of the Institute's work.

Anyone who loves the sea is likely to find THE LOOKOUT of interest.

The annual subscription price is one dollar and it is sent to all who contribute five dollars or more to the work of the Institute.

Would you like to have it sent to some friend?

THE LOOKOUT,

25 South Street, New York City.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please enter a year's subscription for

(Name)

(Address)

.....

(Date)



MISSING LINKS

In endeavoring to get together a complete set of annual reports of the work of the Institute, we find there are a number missing and we should be ever so grateful if any of our readers could supply them. The years which we require are 1847, 1848, 1850, 1852, 1864, 1868 and 1869.

We should also like very much to get copies of the November, 1910, LOOKOUT.