

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 11

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

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|---|--|
| 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 Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants | Ways and Means Department |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families | Post Office |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen | Department of Missing Men" |
| Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift | Publication of THE LOOKOUT |
| Transmission of money to dependents | Comfort Kits |
| Free Libraries | Christmas Gifts |
| Free Reading Rooms | First Aid Lectures |
| Game Room Supplies | Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea |
| | Health Lectures |
| | Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment |
| | Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs |

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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Visitors from England

Dr. Mansfield had the great pleasure of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Knox, of London, from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-seventh of October. Mr. Knox is general secretary of the British Missions to Seamen, which has one hundred and twenty stations or missions all over the world.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Knox and Dr. Mansfield began their work for seamen at about the same time, and have been in touch with each other by correspondence for most of those years, without ever before having met.

The first visit of Mr. and Mrs. Knox to the Institute was to the Apprentice Department Dance on Thursday evening. Dr. Mansfield brought them to this gathering so that they might see, with their own eyes, the work the Institute is doing for these British boys, who are sent to sea to be trained as officers in the British Merchant Marine.

Replying to the splendid welcome he received Mr. Knox expressed his appreciation of the reception that had been given him, and his deepest gratitude to the Institute for the work it was doing for the boys from his own country.

Linking this Institute, with those of his own organization as part of a great chain of service, Mr. Knox told the boys that all that was expected of them in return was that they, going about from country to country,

should be peacemakers. Never in the history of the world, he said, was good will so desperately needed, or so rare.

On the following afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Knox met the heads of the Institute departments at tea in the Apprentice Room. In introducing Mr. Knox to the staff, Dr. Mansfield spoke of the work the British Missions to Seamen had done on the west coast of this country before the people of America had awakened to the need of such protection for seafarers. He dwelt also on the need for international cooperation in this service to seamen, mentioning specifically the Apprentice Work and the Missing Men Bulletins.

Mr. Knox began his informal little talk by saying that, while the Board of Managers of any organization controlled its policy, its destiny was in the hands of the actual workers, by whose efforts it was either great or small, and that it therefore gave him genuine satisfaction to have the opportunity to meet and talk to those who were responsible for the work of the Institute.

He said that in a ten weeks' tour of the country, visiting the organizations for seamen in every port, and in a half hour inspection of the New York Institute, impressions had crowded in upon him so thick and fast that it would take him weeks to get his new ideas sorted out and arranged in any kind of order. He found much to be thankful for in

that, during the period of his own ministrations to seamen, the condition of the mariner had been so generally ameliorated, but there were still many ports where there was a crying need for service, which the financial stringency of Great Britain made it impossible for his society to meet. He hoped that America would join with her in establishing these places of safety in foreign lands, for seamen of every race.

In conclusion he stressed the importance of keeping the religious ideal uppermost. He said he felt sure the Institute workers would agree with him that it would be impossible to go on carrying the burden of such work if one did not feel that it was being done for The Master.

Mrs. Knox also said a few words concerning her relationship to the Missions to Seamen. Her job, altogether unofficial, was listening. When the different Superintendents of their missions from all parts of the world returned to London she supplemented the welcome given them by the office, by inviting them to her home and listening, sometimes for hours, to the story of their experiences, their difficulties, their hopes, their ambitions.

In a very happy little speech Mrs. Roper expressed the gratification the staff felt at having been given the opportunity to meet Mr. and Mrs. Knox and get a broader vision of the work as one link in a great international chain of organizations, all working toward the same good end.

During his visit to the city Mr.

Knox was the guest of the Board of Managers of the Institute at a luncheon at the Down Town Club, presided over by John A. McKim, at which the directors of this institution listened, with great interest to the story Mr. Knox had to tell of the work of the British Missions to Seamen. Sir Harry Gloster Armstrong, the British Consul General, also a guest of honor, spoke very ably and eloquently on international relations.

Just before Mr. Knox sailed for England Dr. Mansfield had the following letter expressing his appreciation of the wonderful reception that had been given him in this country:

31 October, 1923.

My dear Mansfield:

It is quite impossible to express in the slightest degree adequately our appreciation of the welcome which you and Mrs. Mansfield gave us and the unbounded kindness and hospitality you showed us during our visit. I can assure you that our hearts are overflowing with gratitude to you both and the days we spent in New York will stand out in our memories as red letter days so long as we live. I look upon it all as an honour to The Missions to Seamen and, coming as it did from the man who has done a greater work for Seamen than any other living man, I value it enormously and I am quite sure my Committee will also.

We were deeply touched, too, by the kindly welcome given us by all the members of your Board and of your splendid staff of workers. It has been a real privilege to meet

them and I congratulate you very heartily on having gathered round you such a devoted band of men and women giving their lives so wholeheartedly to the wonderful work you have, by God's blessing, brought to such perfection.

As for your Institute and its marvelous organization, I will not attempt to put on paper the admiration I feel. It has been an inspiration to me to see it and to meet face to face the man to whom God has given the idea and the powers to carry it all out and I trust that He will enable me to use some of the things which my visit to New York has taught me for His Glory and the Welfare of Sailors in the Ports where the flying angel flag flies. I pray too that God will speedily open the way for the enlargement of your building and the completion of the object which I know lies so near to your heart.

It is a real joy to me to feel that our visit has drawn you and your work so much nearer to us and to the Missions to Seamen and I feel sure that, by God's help, we shall in future be able to cooperate more effectively in the work for Seamen all over the world.

When Mr. Baylies returns will you please tell him how very sorry we were to miss him and how much we hope that he is restored to health and will be spared for many years to preside over your Board?

The Memorial Service

On the eighteenth of November the Institute will hold its annual Memorial Service in the Chapel of Our Savior. Originally this service

was intended for those who had made gifts to the building in memory of some dear one who has gone on. Now the scope of it has widened and the Institute extends a very pressing invitation to all of its friends, who have been under the shadow of a great personal loss to attend this service.

It used to be held on the Sunday nearest to All Saints, but last year's service was so inspiring and comforting, and so poorly attended, that it was decided to hold it later this year so that more of our friends will have returned from the country.

Will you accept this notice as a personal invitation to come to the memorial service? It will begin promptly at 3:30 o'clock and tea will be served afterward in the Apprentice Room. The sermon this year will be preached by the Very Reverend Howard C. Robbins, D. D., a clerical vice-president of the society.

We Want to Be Adopted

A floating parish, now on the high seas, now in South America, now in China, is a difficult parish for a rector to manage. The attendants of the Church of Our Savior are here today and gone tomorrow. Out of such incoherent, drifting elements it is not possible to build a congregation, with a choir and other musicians trained to cooperate in adding to the beauty of the service.

Your city churches have all these things, and take them as a matter of course. Mr. Montgomery, the chaplain in charge of religious work, is asking the ministers of Greater New York if they will give the Institute

one Wednesday evening service a year, including the sermon and some special music to draw the seamen to the chapel between sabbaths.

Already the ministers of some of the large churches have been generous enough to promise to come down and bring their full choirs. The possibilities for good of just this one friendly service are beyond measure, and we hope that many others will take us under their wing.

An Illuminating Trip

The other day an ex-seaman arrived with his wife and asked the House Mother if she would show them the building as he wanted his wife to know about it. They began at the Titanic Tower, as usual, and worked down. It soon became apparent that the function of the House Mother on this occasion was merely to unlock doors, the seaman himself assumed the role of guide. He acted as if the Institute were his personal possession of which he was inordinately proud. And fearful and wonderful in its inaccuracy was the information he imparted to the trusting little lady.

"But what could you do?" asked the House Mother, speaking of it afterward to one of her associates. "It wouldn't do to humiliate a proud man before his adoring wife, would it?"

From which you may judge that the House Mother's success is not entirely accidental.

The Wrong Suit

It has been told in these pages over and over again, how the House

Mother gloats over any particularly good suit that is sent in by a contributor. She lays it by and looks out for an especially deserving man on whom to bestow it.

Great was her satisfaction, then, when a fine brown suit, hardly worn at all, was brought to her office. She would have to see that just the right man got this one, somebody who would appreciate it and take good care of it.

As so often happens with the House Mother the right man turned up. He was not asking for help. He was simply trying to put up a good front with the poor clothes he had, and get a job. The extra good suit just fitted him.

So the House Mother wrote a beautiful letter of thanks to the gentleman whose name appeared on the under side of the box. She told him the use she had made of it, and how grateful the man was to whom she had given it. Some of you have received one of her graciously friendly letters and have been warmed by the geniality of them.

But this letter failed to arouse any enthusiasm in the man who received it. Instead he arrived at the Institute almost speechless with indignation. He was a seaman and had sent his suit to the Institute so that it would be here when he arrived. He didn't care anything about the poor fellow-seaman who had been helped by it. He wanted his suit. The House Mother explained to him that he should have either addressed it to himself or written the Institute asking us to hold it for him, as

gifts are received every day addressed as his box was.

Fortunately the young man has a sense of humor and sat down and laughed heartily when he saw how it had happened. Then the House Mother set out to find another extra good suit, to make up to him for the loss of his own, and to reward him for a sense of humor.

The Lookout

Last month one hundred and eight people subscribed for The Lookout for friends, and Dr. George R. Van de Water, Rector of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, was so pleased with the October number that he sent out, at his own expense, seventy copies to people whom he wanted to read it.

This is very encouraging to the Institute and the editor. Do you think we can get three hundred subscriptions this month and perhaps four hundred in December? Choose somebody whom you think we might keep as a permanent friend, and send the name with one dollar. Your name will not be mentioned unless you request it.

The Little Stow-Away

There wasn't much of him to hide because he was only a bit of a boy who ought to have been in school. He had stowed away on board a South American boat and come on shore in New York. He just had to get back to America, he told the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief and the family funds had not been equal to his passage money. It was a tragic

and heroic tale he told, as he sat there and looked up at her with big serious eyes.

His home was originally in California, but a smooth-talking person from South America had persuaded his family to buy a farm in Brazil. Reading between the lines of the child's simple story one could picture the high hopes with which the family had set out to pioneer in that strange country, only to find, when they arrived there, that the land was worthless.

Counting heads and pennies they found they had money enough to return to America, all but one. So the little boy decided to stow-away and arrive a little unwanted stranger in the great city of New York. That was high courage, was it not? It may be that in his whole tale of years he will not rise to a greater moment than that.

Fate accepted the challenge the little lad threw down and drifted him our way, and the Institute got him a job as messboy on a ship that would land him in California.

The Incarnation Service

Dr. Silver, of the Church of the Incarnation, was the first of the rectors to respond to our appeal and bring his choir to the Institute for one Wednesday evening service.

Dr. Silver came himself and talked to, rather than preached at, the men. His years of service as an army chaplain have peculiarly fitted him to reach an Institute audience and it was evident at once that he had their attention and sympathy.

He compared their lives to a ship setting out on a voyage. The ship had within itself everything needed to reach its destination if its captain knew how to use what was there. To be able to guide his ship aright the captain must know where he wanted to go, and so also a man, to make the most of his life must aim straight for some goal, and it must be a goal worth striving to reach.

So he went on, talking simply of ships and of character, and of seeking things that were worth while, and when he had finished, the seamen, the most inarticulate of people, were turning around and nodding to the men in the seats behind them, as much as to say, "Here's a man who knows what he is talking about."

The choir sang two anthems very beautifully, and concluded the service with a delightful rendering of, "Now the Day is Over."

The first Wednesday night service was an unqualified success.

The Better Times Dinner

A number of the Institute workers were privileged to go with Dr. Mansfield to the Better Times Dinner, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on October 31.

It was a significant occasion. Whether or not it was accidental the speeches delivered on that evening seemed to indicate a swing of the pendulum away from the pure science of charity and back again to religion.

Three different speakers said quite

frankly, what the Institute has always maintained, that without religion charity is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, that unless there is a spiritual element to the service that is given to the poor and needy it is often more apt to degrade than to elevate.

The speeches covered a wide field of interests. Governor Alfred E. Smith spoke at length on the program for the better housing of the state's dependents, showing pictures of the frightful conditions resulting from over-crowding.

Dr. Lee K. Frankel, Chairman of the National Health Council, attributed most of society's troubles to physical illness, and looked forward to the day when most of the sicknesses from which we suffer today will have been wiped off the social slate.

Mr. Homer Folks, Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, talked briefly on the part of the private Social Agencies in bringing about better times, for the poor and needy, Mrs. John M. Glenn on the public's part, and Commissioner Bird S. Coler on the City's. Robert W. De Forest, President, Charity Organization Society, acted as chairman for the gathering.

All Saints Service

The feast day in memory of the dead was observed at the Institute by a special morning service. A little before ten o'clock the doors were opened and the organ began to play its melodious invitation to the seamen to join with the Institute

employes in prayer for those who have passed on.

Quite a number of the seamen drifted into the service and took part reverently.

After the opening prayers and hymns the chaplain spoke briefly on the significance of the day, and of the answer that Christianity had been able to give to the old question as to where the spirits of the dead have gone.

The Orphan

"I don't care what you say, there ain't any orphan that has as good a time as other folks."

Needless to say it was an orphan, who delivered himself of this profound bit of philosophy. He had been adopted from a foundling home in New York by a family in Texas. He did not know who his parents were or what, but it was an Irish name he remembered as his own, something quite foreign to the Russian one bestowed on him by his adopted parents.

It was pitiful to hear him as he sat in the chaplain's office measuring his debt to the people who had brought him up.

"There was about thirteen years when they had to take care of me for nothing," he said impartially, "and that's quite a lot."

"Were they good to you?" somebody asked him.

He didn't know how to answer that question. Evidently he had no

standard by which to measure kindness in the home. On the whole he seemed to think they were not bad. As he talked it was evident that his was a nature that had to expend itself in love for something, and they were all he had to care for.

He was just eighteen and had worked at everything that an unskilled worker can attempt, finally going to sea. He sought the chaplain because he had a vague idea that he wanted to go back to school. It was a very fugitive idea indeed, and when the chaplain tried to get down to details and send him to some society that would help him he mentally retreated and put another voyage between him and going back. And after that there will probably be another voyage in the way, for the sea has a trap laid for such casual drifters as himself.

The Man Who Refused

He had the seaman's usual lack of self-consciousness in asking for help. He needed socks and he asked for them without apology. But there was something unusually straight forward and decent about him.

Perhaps that is why the House Mother was moved to say, "I have some shirts here?" with a rising inflection in her voice that asked whether he needed shirts.

"No, ma'am," he said simply. "I'm fixed all right for shirts, and some man might come along who needed them badly. Just give me the socks."

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by the

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or

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The Discretionary Fund

Last month we told you that the Discretionary Fund needs replenishing. It still does. Some contributions were received but not enough, and not large enough to bring it up to the required amount.

Perhaps we did not make it clear that quite a big amount of money is needed, say ten or fifteen thousand dollars. That seems a large sum, but it should be remembered that it is only once in years that the Discretionary Fund is mentioned in The Lookout. Between whiles the Superintendent administers it for the help and comfort of seamen in a thousand ways which are not covered by the regular funds of the Institute.

We feel sure that there are among our readers hundreds, personally familiar with the wonderful work Dr. Mansfield has built up here, who would not have him hampered for a day in the matter of this fund if they

realized how urgent was the need for it to be replenished.

Christmas In A Strange Land

Suppose your boy were going to spend Christmas alone in London or Paris or Rome, where every dive of wickedness threw its door wide open, and every decent home was shut to him because he is a stranger. Wouldn't you pray from the bottom of your heart that some kind man or woman would hold out a friendly hand to him to lighten his loneliness?

In this port on Christmas day there will be thousands of strangers, seamen from every country of the world, who will be twice as lonely as usual because it is Christmas time and they will be thinking of their homes, and mothers, and fathers, and wives, and children.

We are not going to ask you to have these men as guests in your home. They would be too shy to come. But you can give them a Christmas dinner at the Institute. We will entertain them for you, and gladly. We will undertake to surround them with the Christmas feeling. We will see that they feel that they are a part of the great festival, although so far away from home.

Altogether, between Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners we want to supply holiday meals for two thousand men. This means that we will need a great deal of money for these funds, more than we ever needed before. Will you see that we get it? We have never yet asked your help in vain, and somehow we

feel sure that you will be behind us, to the last one of you, in showing these strangers what American hospitality means.

Gallantry During Typhoon

"During the course of the great storm at Hong Kong many gallant rescues were effected, and much good work done by the members of the crews of H.M.S. 'Tamar,' and certain merchant ships then in harbor. Conspicuous among the latter were Lieut.-Commander W. J. Donohue, and Messrs. J. Cropper, G. R. Jenkins, G. T. B. Huggins and G. Pearson of S.S. 'Bowes Castle.' Captain Donohue and his officers were subsequently invited to attend a ceremony at Government House, Hong Kong, when the Governor, on behalf of H. M. Government and the community of Hong Kong thanked them for their deeds in saving life during the typhoon."

The above clipping from The Dolphin, Liverpool, Eng., was of special interest to the Institute workers as the G. T. B. Huggins and G. Pearson referred to have frequently been guests in the Apprentice Room.

The following extract from a letter from Pearson mentions it casually, as if heroic rescues were their every day fare:

"Leaving Saigon we proceeded to Hong Kong, arriving there on the 17th of August. On the 18th we had that awful typhoon, of which I expect you will have read ere this, so that I will not go into any details. Our ship put a boat out to rescue some survivors of the Loong Sang,

which foundered during the typhoon. Later on, after everything was normal, the Captain, Chief Officer, Mr. Jenkins, Huggins and myself were presented to the Governor General in Hong Kong to be personally thanked for services rendered."

Hallowe'en

The House Manager surpassed himself at decorating the concert hall for the Fellowship party. The "flivver" went away out to Staten Island and brought back quantities of living green branches to form the background for the witches that scampered and hopped and skipped all over the place, and the black cats that sat solemnly up on their tails or slunk along the walls.

The party was provided by all the women, and some of the men of the Institute staff, and by a unanimous vote they have decided that it was a good party. So far no seaman has raised a dissenting voice.

Chaplain Montgomery, the head of the religious department, and his assistant, Miss Beisser were the instigators of the entertainment, ably assisted by the Employment Lady, who has a genius for directing games, and the Telephone Lady, who made two wonderful cakes full of thimbles, and rings and money bags, and the Purchasing Department Lady, who was at everybody's beck and call, and the Secretaries in the Administration Department, who were quietly capable and helpful. It is no wonder that the party went with a swing from the moment the doors were opened at 8 o'clock

until the last lagging, backward-looking merry-maker departed, on towards midnight and took himself reluctantly to bed to dream of a riotous evening.

The ice was broken by attempts to pin tails to black cats, and caps onto witches, when blindfolded. This was followed by the Honey-moon Express. A man and woman are each given a hand bag with certain garments, such as a bungalow apron, a suit of overalls, hats, and gloves, which they are to put on and run to the far end of the room and back and take off and return to the bag. The couple that did it in the shortest time won the prize. Other games, characteristic of Hallowe'en, were interspersed with the dances.

Perhaps the funniest feature of the evening was the band conducted by the Woman-Who-Sings dressed as a very temperamental Frenchman, and headed by the House Manager made up as a demure gray headed woman, who played the drums.

This was the first of the Hallowe'en celebrations, and set, as our English friends would say, a "smart" pace for the others to live up to. Then came

The Wednesday-Night-Girl's Party

There is a certain young woman among the volunteer workers who has undertaken to make Wednesday nights in the Apprentice Room, an occasion for playing games and doing stunts. It happened that her night was really Hallowe'en, so she

had the best excuse in the world for giving it a Hallowe'en flavor.

Immediately upon their arrival the visitors were caught in a spider's web, which they were obliged to unravel. But, unlike the unlucky passerby, who is caught in the true spider's trap, they were rewarded for their efforts by finding favors at the end of the string.

Some Institute workers on their way home from a dinner encountered one of the boys who was present and he, with shining eyes, began at once to tell what a wonderful time they had at the party, which began with the spider's web, and continued its glad way through a whole joyous evening.

The Apprentice Dance

The Apprentice dance on the Thursday nearest to Hallowe'en is always a fancy dress party, and one of the most festive occasions of the year. This year Indians in war paint stalked about among innocent baby dolls in rompers, and a colored preacher, with a pipe in his mouth rubbed shoulders with a stately dame of the Victorian period. Prizes were given for the most beautiful and the funniest costumes of both men and women, and the grand march in which the contestants paraded before the judges occasioned much laughter.

There was also a spotlight dance with quantities of delightful favors supplied by the Seamen's Church Institute Association of the South Shore of Long Island, and fortune telling, and enough ice cream and cake for everybody to have plenty.

So great was the enthusiasm for the party that only the strong-mindedness of the woman in charge prevented it from continuing indefinitely. But there will be another Hallowe'en, and other ships sailing into port in time for the fun, and more happy memories laid by for stormy weather.

The Stray Japanese

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief went through the reading rooms with the light of a set purpose burning in her eye. Her glance fell speculatively upon the men who were cluttered about reading and playing games, and they looked back at her curiously. Now what was afoot?

At last she stopped beside a man and said firmly, "Jack I want you."

As meekly as a small child he rose and followed her back to the Social Service office.

There she pointed out to him a Japanese seaman, who knew English not at all, had wandered away from his ship, and was taken to Ellis Island. He did not belong at the Island because nothing was farther from his intentions or desires than to become an immigrant. So they brought him to us to return to his ship.

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief, knowing the casualness of seamen, fixed Jack with a stern eye. "Take this man to his ship in New Jersey," she said, giving him the number of the pier, "and bring me back something to show that you did it, but don't bring the man back here. You understand?"

Jack gave an uneasy assent, and departed with the Japanese. It was a very long time before he returned and showed the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief the letterhead of Kokusai Kisen Kabushiki Kaisha, Kobe, Japan, with the words, "Thank you," written on it, and signed P. Sotomuri.

"The ship had moved," he told her, "and I thought I'd have to bring him back, but I remembered the look you gave me and I didn't dare, so I got a policeman to help me find her."

Back to Jugo-Slavia

A slim young foreigner waited in line for the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. When it came his turn to be attended to he limped over to her desk and in reply to her question, "What can I do for you?" he whispered back, "I want to go home."

The huskiness came from T. B. of the throat, the limp from an accident on a ship, but even with these handicaps, either one of which would be enough to make an ordinary man pity himself, he was game as they make them. He asked just one more thing of life. His mother has a little farm over in Jugo-Slavia, his dear old mother. If he could get home to her she would take care of him.

He didn't come asking to be sent home. He wasn't that kind. He wanted the Institute to use its influence with some company that had ships going his way to let him work his way across. The companies had a perfectly legitimate reason for refusing. They were afraid that he might meet with an accident

as a result of his sickness or lameness and they might be liable to a suit for damages.

Below we print a letter from the young man to one of these companies assuring them that he had no idea of taking advantage of them in any such way.

Dear Sir:

Following your instructions I went to Dr. ——— and was examined by him. He told me that my case was up to Mr. ——— and that only he could disregard general rules in such exceptional cases.

I think that the only trouble is the fear that employing a physical defective may involve the Company in a lawsuit or some trouble. Now that is not the case with me, I am ill, I need money to go home and I need it very badly. By getting a job as night-watchman I could earn all I need in three trips and then I would be able to go. As you see I am not a politician after easy money but an unfortunate, incurable, sick man whose last wish is to see his family and who is trying to sell the lasting remains of his energy for the few dollars he needs to fulfill that wish.

Why, sir, it would be an absurdity to think of any lawsuits after the doctor examined me and knows my ills. After you know it and every-one who has helped me in my predicament knows it. Furthermore, I can swear to an affidavit of my present conditions, or have a doctor do it for me. After I first became ill many lawyers came to me but I re-

fused to sue, for, being a Christian, I do not believe in trouble.

Now if that is the only reason that prevents you from giving me a job, I hope to make it clear that your fear is useless, and I beg you to help me in this matter which is of "vital importance" to me.

I believe that a word from you would help me with Mr. ———, and trust that you will do all within your power.

Respectfully,

Signed by — V. Bassaro.

In spite of this appeal the company felt obliged to abide by the decision of the doctor and refuse him a chance to work.

Finally, however, the young man did succeed in getting a company to give him a job, and the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief had a post card from him the other day, sent from the last port before he reached his destination. It is only a little while before he will set out on another journey, to a port from which no one has ever yet returned, but it is good that for those last few months he will be surrounded by the love of the little mother in Jugo-Slavia.

The Merchant Marine and the Young Fellow

Under this caption William McFee, author and seaman, has an article in the October Atlantic Monthly in which those concerned about the future of the American Merchant Marine cannot fail to be interested.

Mr. McFee discounts the attempt to build up a merchant marine

through newspaper propaganda. He feels that "selling" the idea of a merchant marine to the American people is not enough; this country must somehow, in spite of the prosperity of its land life, in spite of all the things a sea life compels a man to renounce, set aside a group of men who accept it as a vocation. He says, in part:

"The young seaman needs a very definite call to his profession, since he is not likely to come from a sea-going family, as so often happens in England, in France, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. He will quite possibly find his family benevolently antagonistic, and his sweetheart, if he have one, is not likely to consider a ship otherwise than as a rival. He has to cultivate, in spite of these distractions and the inconvenience of a modest salary, a spirit of loyalty and never-ending vigilance. He must in most cases resign the great prizes of business life to those who select other careers. He must discover in some way best suited to his own character the solution of many problems that never arise for those who live their pleasant lives in civic communities. He must become intelligently aware that his usefulness consists, not in knowing more than his commander, or even in knowing very much at all, but in being competent to carry out the routine of the work. Perhaps in no profession in the world is the brilliant intellect and efficiency-monger regarded with more suspicion. Nor is there any walk of life where stark, silent competence is more valued. Hence what is com-

monly known as character not only is indispensable but is the main requisite for success.

Poor Indian

A little man, so high, brought a big Indian, who was about seven feet tall, to the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. The little man was almost in tears.

"This man has been refused a room by the hotel desk," he said, "and it ain't fair. He's more of an American than anybody in this place. He's more of an American than you are yourself."

"Wait a minute," the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief objected, but the man was not in the mood to wait.

"It ain't Christian," he insisted, "to refuse a man a room just because he's an Indian."

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief looked at him mildly. "Nobody refused him a room just because he is an Indian," she replied.

"Well I'd like to know the reason then."

"If you would just keep quiet a moment I'd tell you," she answered. "He was refused a room because he had no passports to prove he is a seaman."

"But he is a seaman. He's a ship mate of mine."

"All right," she said quietly, "and I'll give the Hotel Desk an order to let him have a room, but they can't give rooms without passports, or an order from this office."

The small man's indignation sim-

mered down at that. "Then it ain't because he's an Indian," he said, a little taken back.

"Not at all because he is an Indian," the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief told him, "though I do think he is almost big enough to take care of himself," she added, with a smile.

"Pedro" Again

The Navy Gives a Concert

Things happen with startling rapidity on the West Coast. Last month we told the readers of THE LOOKOUT how the Navy gave the Institute in San Pedro a building. This month we have a new gift to chronicle. It is not a building that the Navy gave us, but it was something that all of us want to have once in every so often—it was a concert. The Institute at San Pedro is one of our two Institutes that "specialize" in Navy sailors. Every night, if you chance to go by the White House on the Hill, you will see almost an equal number of Navy and merchant seamen—all engaged in having the time of their young lives, and judging sometimes by the sounds of merriment coming from the Institute, it seems that they are succeeding in their chosen task.

It is a good thing for the men of the Navy and merchant marine to get together. Many of the merchant seamen have served in the Navy and vice versa. The Institute is there to serve all sailors, and in bringing together these two branches of the sea service, it is promoting the general morale of all

seamen. Something of this must have been in the minds of the authorities of the Fleet when it was in the harbor of San Pedro, for, on the night of October the second, the Band of the flagship Seattle, gave a concert in the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute. The concert hall was packed full of boys from the Fleet and the merchant ships, and everyone present voted the concert the success of the season.

The Commanding Officer of the Seattle sent us the programme of the concert with this letter, which we are sure the readers of THE LOOKOUT will want to read:

United States Fleet
U. S. S. Seattle
San Pedro, California,
29 September, '23.

In this remarkable port of Los Angeles, the merchant seaman and the man-o'-war'sman meet at the Institute: the mutual benefit is obvious.

W. T. Cluverius,
Captain, U. S. N.,
Commanding.

Stolen Discharges

The landsman has no conception of the importance to seamen of discharges and passports. For a seaman to lose them is very much as if a landsman were to go to apply for a position and find that suddenly, overnight, all his former employers, who could give him a reference, or verify his claims of service, had died.

But it often does happen that a seaman has his past wiped out by

having his pocketbook stolen with all his papers. Only the other day a seaman in this predicament came to our Social Service Office and the Chaplain - Who - Never - Gives - Up undertook to see what he could do for him.

He took down a list of the ships on which the man had worked and was able to secure from the companies operating them more than two year's discharges.

Sentenced for Life

Our post master received a letter the other day from a seaman, who has just been sentenced to Atlanta penitentiary for life. It was a very brief communication simply stating that after such a date he would go to Atlanta for life, and that he wanted to retain his post office box here so that his mother need never know.

It happened that the post master remembered the man quite well, as a quiet-seeming inoffensive person. He had also seen the account in the paper of the man's trial for murder. It seems that in a quarrel on board ship he had stabbed a man, and the man had died.

Before the Lookout goes to press the prison doors will have closed upon him never to open again until death turns the key in the lock.

Sea Songs and Ballads

From a review in the London Chronicle of Sea Songs and Ballads by C. Fox Smith we quote the following concerning the ghosts that haunt an old sea port, ghosts of

sailors, ghosts of shipwrights, ghosts of the ships themselves.

Deptford Ghosts

And there be stout old skippers and mates of mighty hand

And Chinks and swarthy Dagoes, and Yankees lean and tanned,

And many a hairy shellback burned black from southern skies,

And brassbound young apprentice, with boyhood's eager eyes.

And by the river reaches, all silver to the moon

You'd hear the shipwrights' hammers beat out a phantom tune,

The caulkers' ghostly mallets rub-dub their faint tattoo—

If ghosts should walk in Deptford, as very like they do.

If ghosts should walk in Deptford, and the ships return once more

To every well-known mooring and old familiar shore,

A sight it were to see there, of all fine sights that be,

The shadowy ships of Deptford come crowding in from sea.

And all their quivering royals and all their singing spars,

Should send a ghostly music a-shivering to the stars—

A sound like Norway forests when wintry winds are high,

Or old dead seamen's chanties from great old days gone by.

Thanks Some More

Generally when we render some service to a seaman, he mumbles a

word of shy thanks and is gone, erased from our minds as a case that is past. But when the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law saved the young Spaniard from being sent to jail over a quarrel in the park it was different. At the time he thanked the chaplain with all the eloquence of word and gesture of which a Latin is capable, when he is stirred to the depths of his being.

However that was not enough. Arrived in port again after the first voyage since his release, he came back to the chaplain to thank him once more from an overflowing flood of gratitude.

Thus does a man unconsciously, now and then, salvage our faith in his class.

Trouble in the Social Service

Loud and raucous sounds issued from the Social Service Department.

"And if I make a slip," said a high pitched, indignant voice, belonging to an irate, bald-headed man, "it's not for you to stamp on me." The stamping was demonstrated with a heavy foot. "It's for you to lift me up." The angry one lifted with both hands, as if raising a heavy pail of water.

Terrible accusation! Was the Institute really stamping upon a man because he was down?

Then came the chaplain's mild voice, as he looked at the intoxicated man benevolently over his spectacles, "Still I do think you had better wash your hands."

Adrift

He is the one failure in a successful ambitious family. The most he has been able to do with his life is to be a seaman on one of the coast barges. But he has a great capacity for loving, and he concentrated his affection upon his mother. When he went home tired at night and found that the mother had not quite got dinner ready he set the table for her, and helped finish preparing the meal. Nothing seemed hard or tiring that he did for her. They were pals. She was the anchor that kept him morally steady.

Then Death cut the anchor rope. His mother left him and he was adrift in a world that had suddenly become meaningless.

Our House Mother came across him the other day and was shocked at the change in his appearance. He was unkempt, sick and dissipated looking.

She asked what had happened to him, and he told her.

"Don't sympathize with me," he said, "I've got to fight this thing out alone. Nobody can help me."

"Perhaps your mother can," she suggested gently, "even better than when she was alive."

"No," he said, with conviction, "she can't. Mother and I were pals. She wouldn't leave me alone like this if she could help it. The others had their jobs, but I had only her. I don't want you to pity me," he said again, as he turned away. "I've got to fight this out alone."

General Summary of Work

SEPTEMBER, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services A. M.	3	51
Sunday Services P. M.	5	596
Communion Services	3	15
Bible Classes	0	0
Fellowship Meetings	3	80
Weddings	0	
Funerals	0	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services	5	143
Communion Services	1	3
Funerals	4	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	5	621
Entertainments	8	7,385
Packages Literature Distributed		10
Knitted Articles Distributed		0
Visitors in the Apprentice Room		633
Lodgings Registered		24,641
Incoming Mail for Seamen		13,703
Dunnage Checked		5,933

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	867
Assisted Through Loan Fund	57
Baggage and Minor Relief	128
Cases in Institute Clinic	409
Referred to Hospital and Clinics	13
Referred to Municipal Lodg. House	74
Referred to Other Organizations	21

Employment

Men Shipped	446
Shore Jobs	135

Visits

To Hospitals	15
To Patients	112
Miscellaneous Visits	41

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

Number of Visits	25
Number of Hours	129¼

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	16
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	3
First-Aid Lectures	25

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$33,877.64
Withdrawals	27,651.07
Transmissions	4,215.38



The Institute repeats the offer made last month to change checks of any denomination, sent to the Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinner Fund into happiness. It also agrees to pay contributors compound interest in good will.

