

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XII.

JANUARY, 1921

No. 1

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.

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 0297
SECOND CLASS APPLICATION PENDING

Our Christmas

Words are too weak and inadequate to describe the Christmas you made possible for us this year. We do not know why, unless it was that the wonderful spirit in which you gave, reacted on the men, and from them to us.

"Wonderful!" Dr. Mansfield said as he looked at the gifts you sent so generously. Twenty-five years of service for the sailors has but made more keen his appreciation of the goodness in the human heart that makes you respond so unselfishly to any appeal for these homeless men.

"Wonderful!" the House Mother said as she rushed in on Christmas Eve. "I can feel already the most wonderful spirit I have ever felt here. There is a boy in my office now who has just received a Christmas cake from home. His face is tender with memories, and he wants to share his cake and his Christmas feeling with us all."

"What do you do with fish?" a Chaplain called; "I have been giving

these fresh water, but I do not know what to feed them."

He looked doubtfully at a glass that contained some lively gold fish, a gift from one of the seamen. While that proposition was being considered another Chaplain appeared holding the mouth of a sack firmly in his hand. The sack wiggled threateningly from time to time, and we edged away.

"It won't hurt you," the Chaplain laughed, "it's only eels—two live ones. Look at them."

A gift from a grateful seaman that he had brought from afar.

And all this time the committee was putting the gifts in the rooms; and a short time after the men were allowed to go up, a man appeared in "Missionary Alley" with a letter in his hand. He wanted a Chaplain to read it and see if it was all right. It was a letter of thanks to the lady who had sent his gift.

Many letters of thanks have been written by the seamen, and if you do not receive one, it is because the

man who received your gift feels that he cannot express his feelings in writing, or it may be that he does not know our language; but they all know the universal language of kindness and good will.

"It wasn't the dinner or the entertainment that made it Christmas for me," a young sailor said; "but when I saw that present on my bed—the only one I received—it brought the tears to my eyes. It brought back so many memories."

Another man appeared at the office of the House Mother, and he said that part of his gift had been two pairs of socks, and if possible he would like to exchange for a sweater. He needed it worse, and he had been out of work for so long he could not buy one.

Fortunately there was an extra sweater.

But the seaman looked troubled. "One pair of the socks is all right," he said, and he paused, then he pulled up one trouser leg, "but I have the other pair on. I haven't worn them much and I can take them off."

He had thought of the exchange rather late, but thanks to your generosity he kept his socks.

As I write, the building is comfortably warm, but at the door of the reading room there is a sailor with a grey muffler wound twice around his neck. He has worn it thus ever since Christmas, and he is in the foreground of every group on the second floor.

Christmas carols sung by the choir of St. John's Church, Staten Island, ushered in the real Christmas spirit

that began with the gay decorations, that made all parts of the building look festive. The choir began on the fourth floor and sang down to the lobby and into the Chapel of Our Saviour, where it was followed by the largest sailor congregation we have ever had. The Chapel was full and many men were standing.

Dr. Mansfield conducted the service for his large family, and it was wonderfully like a great family gathering. After an address by Archdeacon Pott, Rector of St. John's Church, Staten Island, Our Superintendent gathered us all around him as a father might gather his children in friendly council, and he told the men how much he wanted them to feel that this was a real home, and he explained what we had planned to make their Christmas a happy one. He told them of some of the difficulties of Administration and he asked their co-operation, and then he made the great announcement that he hoped the year 1921 would see the new building begun, and that the time was not far distant when we would be able to give shelter to 1,600 seamen.

And as he talked the audience seemed to rally around him in his great work, and that spirit has been with us all this Christmas season. We have not been a divided family—but one in good will.

We need a magazine twice this size to tell you all about Christmas Day. There was the dinner that everyone has said was immense—and to some hunger was a sauce that made it taste extra good. It must have been because of many

days of short rations, that so many have commented on the fact that the portions served were so generous, they had all they could eat.

Then there were the concerts, Christmas Eve and Christmas afternoon and evening; and the stage just like a home, with a Christmas tree and a grate and stockings hanging in front of the fire, well filled by Santa Claus, and there was a piano, and a reading table and beside the reading table, with a letter in her hand and a picture from her absent child, sat the House Mother, and how the men clapped; and how they enjoyed everything!

The church services were much better attended than ever before; and on Sunday evening during the Home Hour an officer asked if he might be allowed to speak.

He wished to express his appreciation for what had been done for the sailors this Christmas and at other times. He said he knew that he was expressing the feeling of the men when he extended their thanks to all who had made this Christmas such a happy one.

The men seconded him by rousing applause, and when the service was over and the men were scattering, a young man came back to say that he had been away from home for eight years, and this was the best Christmas he had had. And when the hall was quite cleared, another sailor came back, and gave the Chaplain five dollars to help someone in need.

No one escaped the good will that filled every corner of this great building—not even an old sailor who

looked as if life had battered him from every side. But the spirit caught him although his pocket was almost empty. He had to express his feelings, and with a beaming face and a dignity that made his gift very precious, he presented the House Mother with three pears.

"Quite out of line with any other Christmas," the Chaplain said, and that is what it was. It set a new standard for Christmas.

North River Station

Christmas at the North River Station deserves a whole long story itself, and it should begin about the decorations in the Chapel.

Three great festoons of laurel formed circles over the center aisle and in the circles (emblems of eternity) were gay bells of red, that seemed to be ringing out the old and ringing in the new.

Long ropes of laurel twined around the posts and around the memorial tablets, and in a peculiar way seemed to bring them into the Chapel, and make part of the congregation those who had made that work possible. And on the platform were two large and two small Christmas trees well covered with snow; and between them a great pile of Christmas presents.

On Christmas Eve every corner of the Chapel was full; and on Sunday evening in the Communion service there was such a wonderful Spirit abroad, that it seemed as if a force quite outside of them, impelled the men to go forward, and consecrate themselves to a better life.

Impressions of Christmas

The following letter from Mrs. Annie Kendall who has long been interested in the Institute and who has interested others to contribute to our work, spent Christmas Day with us and wrote us a letter part of which follows, giving her impressions of the Institute:

"The Lobby was packed with men. Men wearing every kind of hat and cap, men with overcoats and men with none. Some with huge multi-colored wool mufflers about their necks, a few with white collars and an apparent effort at good grooming. Sailor men from the seven seas and many inland waters, from every coast and most of the ports in the round world. The Jap was there, small, neat and quietly alert. The swarthy sons of Southern Europe, Spaniard and Italian, bright looking and quick of gesture. The darkest of negroes with rolling eyes and flashing teeth, side by side with big Swedes and Norwegians, at the other extreme of color, blue of eye, slightly bronzed of cheek and hair almost white. A sprinkling of British, with their inimitable accent and their "nothing can surprise me" air. Not many French, there must be a lack of French ships in port today.

"The place was blue with tobacco smoke, vocal with the patter of many tongues and dialects, at moments noisy with quite infectious laughter, and yet the whole atmosphere was charged with some pathetic quality, not the less intense because not generally recognized even by the men

themselves. A sort of make-believe hilarity, a need of mothering, a sort of reaching out after temporary happiness, which they could not quite achieve, because all of them were absent from home and their own folks.

"In the little chapel with its beautiful appointments, the Christmas service was in progress, lovely in its simplicity, appealing because of its eternal truth, and its ease of application to individual problems. The prayers were made more beautiful by the accompaniment of a thread of organ music, thin, but pure in quality and expression, the "Adeste Fidelis" Oh: Come, Oh: Come, Oh: Come, with tender and insistent emphasis. The singing of the old time carols by hundreds of male voices, the pure tenor notes laid like exquisite tonal embroidery upon the duller fabric of the bass, while right beside me the young unbroken voice of a boy chanted the familiar melodies in a high clear soprano, sweet as bell music.

"Sermon and service ended, the men filed out to take their places in a seemingly interminable line, headed towards the restaurant where more than 700 dinners were served. After dinner there was a concert in the auditorium, the stage decked out with a Christmas tree alight with fairy lamps, a fireplace with stocking depending from the mantel-piece, and other furnishings of a homey looking room.

"From our place in the balcony, we looked down upon the throng, four hundred and fifty or so, young men for the most part. Every type

of face that could be imagined, was there, every shape of head, every shade of hair, every attitude of mind, revealed by the varying expressions, some very young and frankly innocent looking, some older, who seemed to have tasted the dregs of all knowledge, good and bad, a plastic, conglomerate mass, with the spirit of tragedy hovering over it and breathing through it.

"Mobile and unquiet shuttles in the giant loom of destiny, ever tossing back and forth, now on this, now on that edge of the earth, forever in transit, weaving the web of commerce, knitting island to island and continent to continent with bands of wool and steel, a most important part of our social and economic life, these men and boys who go down to the sea in ships upon our business, carrying our products to the back doors of the world, bringing the wares of every land to our markets, and yet without sufficient space in any city of the globe for their adequate housing in cleanliness and decency, as witness the many turned away from these hospitable doors every day in the year.

"Where will they be, next Christmas, we wonder, these men and boys upon whom we are looking down, and whose problems interest us so much more than the doings on the mimic stage. For every night in every year, the insatiable sea claims six of them, so that in ninety or a hundred days, a group as large as this will have gone down to their last sleep in its cold depths. A thought to give us pause at Christmas, and to make us redouble

our efforts to give them joy and pleasure while they are with us.

"But the concert is over now, and we mingle with the crowd on the stairs and hallways, by our side the big, quiet chaplain with the quick smile and merry eyes, who daily performs the marvel which caused such astonishment in the city of Jerusalem at Pentecost, for he speaks to most of them in their own tongue in which they were born.

"And Mother Roper is with us too, she with the heart of gold, and nerves of some marvellous fibre which thrill with swift responsiveness to every demand made upon them, and with the courageous and resourceful mind which deals with recurring emergencies in a manner to excite wonder in one not so gifted."

Tetrazzini Sang

"Far from the maddening crowd" we seemed, as we gathered in the Navigation School to hear Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini singing in her room in the McAlpin Hotel. It was the first public demonstration of our Radiophone, and we were all conscious of a feeling of suppressed excitement.

The Radio Operators ran backward and forward from the roof to the class room where the transmitter was placed. Dr. Mansfield, as is his way, walked around making an inspection of the school, until a boy with an eager excited face, who was scribbling down every word that came from the instrument called, "Stand-by!"

There was silence in the room—

in the distance we heard the toot of a boat on the East River, and the subdued rumble of the elevated train—and then from the transmitter the indistinct sound of a human voice, followed by a pure clear note.

We listened in tense silence while she sang the "Polonaise" from "Mignon," and later when we heard the familiar "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" we looked at each other, for it seemed that we were standing breathless at the door of the future—and the voice that was calling was the coming generation—that will build—we know not what on this strange power to catch the soundless sounds that fill the air around us, and wire them down for the joy of the sailor at sea; or for the sick on land.

French and Holland Novels

The Librarian is very proud of the library of foreign books that he is getting together through the kindness of those interested in his work.

He has already quite a number of French and Holland novels, that he keeps in his own room under lock and key and issues very carefully when he is approached by a man who would appreciate one.

He would be glad to have more French and Holland novels—as the demand for these books has been greater than he can supply.

It is a wonderful boon to a lonely man, who cannot speak the language of the country, to find an interesting book in his own language. It is like meeting one of the great from his own country, and it makes him feel more kindly toward this country.

"Stretch Out Thine Hand Over the Sea"

No gift of greater potential value has come to the Institute in recent months than that of five thousand dollars contributed at Christmas time by Mr. Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia to cover the installation of a powerful radio station to aid in the development of our free wireless medical service. While our Radio School will be second to none with this new equipment, the gift was made primarily to enable our medical staff to be of the greatest possible service to sick and disabled sailors aboard vessels at sea carrying no doctor, also to ships anchored in the harbor.

The captain calls "KDKF" thru his ship's wireless, and when in communication, gives the name of the sailor, brief history and symptoms. Our doctor immediately radios complete instructions easily understood by a layman; otherwise he consults co-operating specialists and gives the captain the best advice obtainable. It is a freewill offering from the great heart of America to the men of the sea to alleviate suffering and to reduce to the minimum the sacrifice of human lives.

The range of the equipment will be such as to sweep the seas for a radius of twenty-five hundred miles under normal conditions. It is proposed to have a radio operator on duty every minute day and night listening for the cry for help from the mighty deep, thus rendering a ceaseless service to humanity. Sta-

tistics show that seven sailors die every day.

Students in our school, including radio operators, have been receiving first aid lectures for many months, while officers stopping in the building receive weekly first aid instruction and how to take advantage of the wireless medical service. We have nearly ready for distribution to the ships a first-aid instruction book, all of which indicates the rapid progress that is being made towards perfecting the service. It is impossible to forecast the untold blessing to humanity that will be the outcome of this generous benefaction. In a double sense we may quote from Holy Writ: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Distinguished Service Cross

A member of the Board of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York was doing voluntary war service in Washington, and he saw the name of a man who gave this as his address, who had been granted the Distinguished Service Cross.

He wrote to Dr. Mansfield and told him the circumstances, and suggested that he might be able to get in touch with the man and let him know of the honor that was his.

We immediately began a search for the man, but we had absolutely no clue to his whereabouts. The only mail there was here for him was the official notification from Washington.

We put his name on our Missing Men Bulletin, and some time later we received word from the Finnish

Mission in Brooklyn, saying they had received an inquiry from his parents, who had not heard from him.

We wrote to the Mission at once and told them why we wished to locate him; and many months later he called. He said he had gone to the Finnish Mission and they had sent him to us. He was greatly delighted, and asked us to send for the Cross for him. The mail had been returned to Washington, as he had not called for it.

Accompanied by a comrade, he had attacked an enemy machine gun position. His comrade had been killed, but he had killed two of the crew and forced two others to surrender.

According to the Chaplain who interviewed him, he is a hardworking young man who never stays more than a day on shore, and looks as if he hadn't courage enough to hold his own with a child. But you never can tell—we learned that in this war.

Flowers for Christmas Services

The flowers on the altar for the services on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day and on Sunday were given by:

Mrs. George Powell and Miss Frances Prigge.

Mr. J. White Johnston in memory of his Scottish grandparent, Captain John White, Master Mariner of Stromnes, Orkneys, Scotland.

Miss Eugenia Tiffany, in memory of Lieut. Eugene Dodd, Cambridge.

Mrs. Frederick H. Alms, in loving memory of her family.

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Taking Stock

The beginning of the year seems a good time to look before and after, and take stock of our accomplishments and aspirations, and in this number of THE LOOKOUT we have attempted to do just that.

We have devoted many pages to "Our Outside Contacts," our work quite independent of providing food and lodging for the sailors; our work as a social community. The same forces that operate to prevent a sailor living at home, also make it very difficult for him to make the community in which he must live when he is on shore a suitable habitation. In fact, sailors never have been able to protect themselves when on shore; and if conditions are to be made as they should be, it will be the result of the labor of someone who has a permanent residence in the place.

Our association with the sailors has given us a knowledge of the conditions under which they must live and work, and has by reason of this knowledge made us responsible for them. This responsibility we are assuming, in many ways, as outlined elsewhere.

An assumption of this responsibility has faced us with another duty, and that duty is to see that sailors have suitable homes not only in New York, but in every other port. We cannot, however, reach beyond our own port; but the Seamen's Church Institute of America can, and is reaching out to every port in America, where there is a need for a sailors' home.

We have asked for a word of greeting and encouragement from the various ports where Seamen's Church Institutes or affiliated organizations are working in the interests of the sailors. Our request was late in going out and went in a busy time, so that we have not heard from nearly all; but the message from the few who have answered is most encouraging and interesting.

And one more thing. In this number we are able to state that the extension to our building is not a shadowy phantom, made dim by its distance in the future; but our Superintendent is working on the plans, a Building Committee has been appointed, and work will be begun at the earliest possible moment.

At present we cannot extend the work in the building; but our community work—we will extend and perfect.

Greetings from Other Institutes

San Francisco, Cal.

"The year has been spent in temporary headquarters. In spite of this fact the largest attendance has been reached in the record of the work," is the report of Rev. Charles P. Deems, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco.

"Institutional activities include the operation of a canteen, billiard room, recreation hall and library. During the past year the "Fo'c'sle" or Hut of the S. C. I. at the U. S. Marine Hospital has proved its value and received the authoritative endorsement of Col. L. L. Williams, Surgeon-at-large, U. S. Public Health Service. At the request of the U. S. Shipping Board a recreation center has been opened under the supervision of the S. C. I. at the Training Station located near the Transport Docks.

"After many years of faithful service, Mr. John Lawson, head of the firm of Balfour, Guthrie Company, resigned as President of the Corporation. He still remains on the Board of Directors. Under his careful guidance the Institute was transferred from the control of the Missions to Seamen, England, to the Episcopal Church in the United States of America and later reorganized and incorporated in order to include in its activities traditions and representatives of the work of the old Port Society, which was founded in San Francisco about 1860. Mr. Lawson gave as his reasons for resigning that he was plan-

ning an extended visit to his home in England and that he felt the time had arrived for an American to take the helm in Institute affairs.

"Mr. Willard N. Drown, of the law firm of Leicester & Drown, was elected to the Presidency. Since Mr. Drown took office there have been added to the Board of Directors several influential business men, and plans for a new building have been once more taken up with aggressive interest.

"The Institute in San Francisco looks forward to the coming year as a turning point in its career from a small institution to one of the large factors in the philanthropic activities of this port."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Percy R. Stockman, Acting Superintendent, of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, writes:

"The Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia was chartered in March, 1920, having previously obtained the signatures of 150 prominent citizens of the city as Charter Members, and having received the commendation of the Mayor of the city and prominent business men associated with shipping.

"Early in July the corporation acquired the first portion of its property, located at 201-17 Walnut Street. Within the past few weeks options have been obtained on additional property, so that by the first of April, 1921, the Institute is look-

ing forward to owning the entire block between 2nd and Dock Streets and Walnut and Moravian Streets. This is considered by experts to be the ideal location for its work.

"On the property first acquired temporary headquarters have been established and a limited number of lodging accommodations provided. These are already taxed to capacity, and the Institute is lodging 50 men each night and turning others away. The Second Annual Meeting of the Corporation will be held in the Foyer of the Academy of Music on Thursday, January 20th, 1921, at which time it is confidently expected that plans for the early undertaking of a portion of the new building will be launched."

Port Arthur, Texas

"The 'Baby Institute' is now nearly six months old, and is developing into a right healthy child.

"During the six months the Chaplain has been in Port Arthur, a building has been purchased and one floor renovated and opened to the men. The Institute now offers a large lounging and game room, a correspondence room, in which there is also a small collection of books of fiction; money is received for safe keeping and the men may have their mail sent in our care. In addition the men in the hospital are visited.

"We hope in the near future to be able to furnish the two upper floors with beds, and to open them to the men, and to add a lunch counter to our equipment. At present it is only with the greatest difficulty that the sailor finds a clean and decent place

to sleep and where he can get clean wholesome food in Port Arthur. The Institute, therefore, has an opportunity to satisfy a crying need.

"The Seamen's Church Institute of Port Arthur extends the greetings of the Season to its 'Mother Institute' in New York, and to its Sister Institutes in San Francisco, Philadelphia, Newport and Norfolk."

Rev. J. A. Frampton is Chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute in Port Arthur, Texas.

Norfolk, Virginia

W. E. Callender, Chaplain, S. C. I. of Norfolk, and Chaplain, U. S. Public Health Service, says:

"At your request I have the pleasure of stating to you the activities in which we will be engaged at Christmastide:

"Not having any building as yet of our own I am cooperating with the activities at the United States Public Health Service Hospital of which I am Chaplain in their entertainment for the men there, of whom approximately 70 per cent are from the Merchant Marine. There are about 250 men in this hospital. In cooperation with the Red Cross we are having a Christmas tree at the hospital and will have a small gift for every man.

"Through the courtesy of The American Library Association I have been enabled to instal a library of several hundred books for the patients, and hope to be able to have a smaller library for the staff, of books which it will be perfectly safe to handle.

"I have service every Sunday

night at the hospital and one night in the week an entertainment in one form or another for the men, both at the services and also the entertainments we have splendid attendances."

Portland, Oregon

Since the beginning of 1918, when our ships were taken to the Atlantic Coast, there has been no institute in the Port of Portland. During these three years Chaplain Howard, who is the social service man for the Church in Portland, Oregon, has visited such ships as have come to port, and also supplied them with books and other reading matter. During the past year the number of ships coming to this port has increased to the extent of causing us to consider opening the institute again.

The University of Oregon is having its pupils, in the School of Social Work, make a survey of the needs of the port.

If the survey should show the need for an institute, one will be opened under the Seamen's Church Institute of America, as the shipping men and other public spirited citizens have left it to be settled by the result of the survey, now being made by the University of Oregon.

Guiding Light Needed

The following from a letter to Dr. Mansfield is one of many kind expressions of appreciation that we are receiving from our friends and supporters:

"Heartily in sympathy with the work that you are doing, when I received a letter recently requesting a

list of people who might be interested in the Church Institute, I dropped it into the waste paper basket (waste paper is valuable these days). But repenting my seeming indifference, I am going to write instead to the several people I have in mind, and trust that you may have at least some new subscriptions for The Lookout which is worth the price of admission to your cause. Of all that comes to my desk, it is the only publication that I read from cover to cover.

"How many missing men might finally have come home to gladden some mother's heart, had your department been instituted earlier. It seems a pity that the Government has not some intelligent guiding light to bring about a little office for the benefit of waiting parents, inquiring for sons gone overseas and not yet returned—."

Calendars Appreciated

Last year we greatly appreciated the gift of a large number of calendars for hanging up in the cabins and fo'c'sles of ships. They were eagerly taken by the men. Advertisements or illustrations make them the more attractive. We would be glad to distribute all that you may be able to send us this year.

You Never Can Tell

"Nothing doing!" the big gruff seaman said to the boy who asked him for money for a bed and breakfast; "if you'd get to work you wouldn't need to pan-handle around here."

The boy mumbled something, and

looked after him with an expression that would have spoiled his sleep that night, if looks could do that.

The seaman went into the reading-room, selected a seat as far from everyone as possible, turned the chair around so that he was facing the wall, his back to his fellows, and he read all afternoon, oblivious of everything that was going on around him. He did that every day, seldom speaking to anyone, and never associating with any of the men in the house.

The House Mother was the only one who understood the solitary silent man—and she did not understand him until just before he was leaving. He went to her office, and he asked her if she would keep twenty dollars for a friend of his who would come out of the hospital within the week.

"I want him to have this twenty dollars as soon as he comes out," he explained, "and I want the banker to pay him ten dollars a week out of my account until he gets work. How can I do that?"

The House Mother explained, and he went down to the bank and made the arrangement. Then he went away without saying goodbye.

When the man arrived from the hospital the House Mother handed him the twenty dollars, and told him the arrangement that had been made for him by his friend.

His eyes grew large with astonishment as he said: "My friend? Why, I hardly know him. I never spoke to him more than half a dozen times in my life, and then he scarcely gave me a civil answer. But it's a relief,"

and he drew in a long breath, and he leaned against the door for support. "I didn't know what I was going to do. I don't feel able to take a job yet, but I thought I'd have to."

He went away puzzling about the ways of dour men—and the House Mother stayed in her office thinking about the queer ways of folk.

Successor to Bishop Davenport

Rev. George Crocker Gibbs has been appointed General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, the position that was held by the Rt. Rev. George W. Davenport, now Bishop of Easton.

Mr. Gibbs is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Thurston in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and in that missionary field he spent nearly the entire time of his ministry.

In February, 1918, he was offered and accepted the position of Director of the Technology Bureau in Paris, France, but this Bureau was closed in August, 1919, and after that Mr. Gibbs was connected with the Endowment Fund Commission, and later he was Curate of St. Ann's Parish, The Bronx, New York City.

Subscriptions for Magazines

The Librarian has been made very happy the past year by your generous subscriptions for magazines; and he hopes that you will continue them during the coming year. He wishes you the happiness you have given others.

Our Outside Contacts

Nightly 714 men lie down comfortably to sleep under the roof of the Institute, feeling that no preventable ills will reach them, when we are on guard. In the morning these men trickle out of our building to their work, to look for a job, to attend to some business they may have or just to see the sights of New York; but as they scatter like an immense family, other sailors bending under the weight of great sea bags and the tug of suit cases, may be seen coming along South Street or bending around Jeannette Park, on their way to us.

All day long the stream meanders around from the hotel desk to the post office, and from the post office to the soda fountain or the lunch counter, and then to the reading and writing rooms. These are the comfortable happy sailors, back for a short rest before the next voyage.

But there is another stream of men that does not meander or trickle into the building; it bursts in, and its goal is the Chaplain's Office. The men in this stream have set faces, and brooding eyes. Sometimes they talk in loud and angry voices, and sometimes their voices are low and passionate. Sometimes they show bruises or breaks—these are the members of our family who are in trouble of some kind, and they have rushed back home to see what we will do about it.

We have all known the kind of parents who say that if their children are punished at school, they always punish them at home to show their approval. That is the kind of parent the world has been to most of the sailors—if he got one blow it gave him another for good measure. But when he comes to us, we listen to him because he is one of our family; and we do as any family should, we go out into the world to right the wrongs under which he is suffering.

This going out into the world to right the wrongs of our community has developed into a great extra mural work—extension work the universities call it—and it is a most important educational work, for we educate not only the sailors, but the public, and when conditions are not right, we endeavor to make them right.

We know that there are thousands of men in our port, strangers to our language and laws who are very easily imposed upon—and instead of waiting for each separate one to come to us with his difficulties—when one man comes and we realize that the channels of justice have become clogged, we stir up the stagnant water until it so stinks in the nostrils of the public, that it is declared a nuisance, and is purified.

A Case of Bluff

An elderly sailor of Scandinavian origin, but American by adoption, stolidly waited his turn in the Chaplain's Office one day, and when his turn came he sat down close to the man on duty and told his story in a monot-

onous and rather hopeless voice. He had been injured on a ship (he stopped to show the injury). Fortunately it did not necessitate a removal of all his clothes, for he was so intent on his own problem that he was oblivious of his surroundings.

When he had finished the Chaplain leaned back in his chair and said, "They have to pay it of course, if the Compensation Commission ordered them to do so."

"You say," the sailor acknowledged, and he shrugged his right shoulder forward, "but he won't."

"I'll go with you," the Chaplain said, and he reached for his hat and coat, "and we'll see about that \$385. We'll see."

The Chaplain had made a study of the Compensation Act and he understood his business. The sailor did not understand anything except that he had been told he would get the money and he hadn't.

Up South Street they went, the sailor leading the way, pitter patter out of step in body, but marching as one in their determination to see justice done.

They finally reached the office of the Company and the old sailor who realized that he had a friend who understood the case better than he did, kept his lips firmly shut, and when a question was asked, he looked at the Chaplain.

The man they had to deal with was the company's lawyer and he tried to prove—but the Chaplain stopped him and said that he had not come to argue. He had come for the money, and if it wasn't paid he'd open the case again, and demand compensation for life injuries.

The money was paid at once.

He Did Not Know

There is one language in which all the workers of the Institute are fairly proficient—and that is the sign language, but a young Mexican tested that to the limit one day recently.

It was evident that he was in distress, but what that distress was, whether of body or mind, it was difficult to say. He had practically no English with which to explain, and his gestures were of such a general and sweeping character, that they might mean many things.

After much time and pains, the Chaplain discovered that \$139 was due him for work on a ship but he had not been able to get it. He did not know why—and suspected that someone was trying to cheat him. He did not know who.

He knew the name of the ship on which he had worked, and that was all. The Chaplain then found out where the ship was, but there was no one there to pay him. He then found out the name of the company operating the ship but they did not pay at their offices. They informed him that they paid the men off at the company's dock.

The Chaplain went there with the sailor and he received his money. No one was trying to cheat him; in fact they wondered why he didn't call for his money if they thought anything about it. It was merely a case of not knowing where to go. But many sailors have gone without their wages believing they had been cheated when it was nothing more than the above.

Hospital Privileges

Most sailors do not know, that if they have served for sixty days on an American ship or ships, they are entitled to free treatment at the Marine Hospital, provided they apply for such treatment within sixty days of such service. They do not know that if a man becomes ill on a ship or is injured on a ship where he is working, he is entitled to this free treatment, without the sixty day qualification. All these privileges apply to alien sailors as well as to American sailors.

We accept it as part of our duty to see that the sailors know this, that they may have the very best treatment the Government can give them, in an institution where they will be among their fellows.

Dr. Mansfield is Chaplain of the Marine Hospital, and he has appointed an Associate Chaplain who spends all his time visiting the patients in the hospitals, holding services for them, writing letters, getting their mail and attending to their baggage; in fact doing the thousand and one things that we each do for our loved ones if they are ill, and more, for he must be their Chaplain as well. He must comfort them when they are dying and bury them when they are dead.

The value of this service cannot be estimated; we do not wish to attempt to estimate it. It is our privilege to have an opportunity for such service.

Forgotten Prisoners

Frequently in our mail there is a letter from a sailor who is in a prison cell. Sometimes he is an American, but usually he is a foreigner without friends, who has written to ask our assistance.

An Italian-American sailor appealed to one of our Chaplains by mail recently, and asked him to see that justice was done.

The Chaplain immediately went to the prison to see him, and he found that the man had been caught taking some whiskey to his home. He did not understand that he was breaking the law—and he had been in prison for 11 days and he thought something should be done about it.

The Chaplain thought so too—he knew that others had been caught—men who knew they were breaking the law and they had been let off with a fine. He appealed to the authorities on behalf of the sailor. He was tried next day and let off with a fine of one dollar.

He had been forgotten. It sounds dreadful but it happens, and part of our work is to investigate the law's delays.

Brutality on Ships

Our doctor examined him and found that several ribs were broken and he had been kicked and horribly bruised.

Two of his mates from the same ship came and reported that, not satisfied with kicking him and beating him, the First Officer and a Mate had thrown him down from the Cabin to the Hatch, a drop of ten feet, where he lay all night, and was found in the morning frozen to the deck in his own blood.

We also received a letter from a passenger on the ship, telling of what he had discovered on the trip, although the Captain was careful to treat his passengers with every courtesy; and he begged us to see that the sailors were protected from such men, and that such officers were properly punished. Nothing would give us greater pleasure—for we feel that this work is ours. The men belong to our Community.

Income Taxes

While the Editor was talking to the Chaplain "Who Knows the Law," a letter was shoved through his door. He opened it and said, "This is interesting. It explains what we are doing."

It was interesting. It was a letter from the Marine Firemen's and Oilers and Watertenders' Union of Norfolk, telling us about a man who was there, quite out of funds, and he said we had recovered some income tax money for him—an overcharge that had been made by the company.

Our records showed that we had a check for the money, \$29.60, and it was forwarded to him at once. We had recovered it from Birmingham, Ala., along with checks for two other men amounting in all to \$101.38, which means a great deal just now, when there is so much unemployment.

The companies as a rule take for granted that the alien seamen are non-resident seamen and charge them the 8% tax. We recover this money either through the company or the Deputy Collector at the Port.

Sometimes it takes months to get the money, in one case it took four months, but we were able to give back \$300 to the members of one crew—money that had been unjustly withheld, but they did not know enough about it to protest. Neither was it the intention of the company to be dishonest—but it was a misunderstanding of the status of the men.

Snug Harbor

Snug Harbor sounds good—and it looks good—and it is good—one of the finest homes in the world for old men of the Merchant Marine, who are too far gone for repairs.

All the old men know about it—and they expect to go there some day—most of them, and they do not worry about the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil or the good thereof.

But in order to be sure that men who are not entitled to a home there do not get in, the men who wish to end the evening of their life within its pleasant walls, have to prove their right.

The majority of old seamen cannot prove anything. They know that American born sailors to be eligible must have been sailing on American deep water ships for five years. Aliens must have been sailing on American ships on deep water for ten years.

"Ten years," they say, contemptuously, "what is ten years? Haven't I been sailing for twenty-five years? Ten years! I guess I can prove that."

But when it comes to the proof it is another thing. They know they were on certain ships about such a time, but they cannot be sure for a month or two or maybe a year or two.

"Sure its all in the records," they declare confidently, with a wave of their old hands, "you can look it up."

We can but there are many records in the Barge Office—it would take years to go through them all.

Then sailors have a habit of using different names. One old man applied for admission to Snug Harbor who had sailed on 12 different ships under 12 different names, and he couldn't remember which name he used on which ship. Some task to prove his right to a Snug Harbor, and yet we did not doubt that his service entitled him to a home.

And then there was an old man—a sailor who had suddenly gone blind—who was led to us by his two children, a boy and a girl of twelve and thirteen years of age. He had sailed on American ships on deep water for only nine years—but his need was great.

Our Chaplain took him over to the Admitting Officer at Snug Harbor, and when he saw the man, his need bridged the year of lacking service. He was admitted at once.

And so it goes—an almost daily service to some worn out veteran of the sea—but they are part of our Community. We must do for them what we can.

Abroad With the Sailors

The continuity of our work for the sailors depends on the conditions in other ports. We provide clean beds, good food, and wholesome amusement. We have a doctor who cares for the health of the men; and the House Mother and Chaplains who care for their mental and spiritual welfare.

But the men are seldom here long enough to be cured of any deep-seated physical ill; and they are very seldom here long enough to be cured of the more slowly healed ills of the mind and spirit. Our work cannot reach its greatest efficiency until it is correlated with similar work in all the other ports, because our clientele reaches every trading port and every port of call in the world.

One of our Chaplains, who feels very strongly that our care of the sailor should not end when he leaves our door, but should go with him wherever he goes, is now gathering all the information he can in regard to other ports. He is writing to every trading port and port of call in the world, and he is asking for reliable information in regard to conditions in the port, for American sailors.

He asks for the name and address of the most reliable institution devoted to the welfare of sailors, and he asks them to state whether the institution provides meals and beds. He also asks for the name and address of a hospital where the men can get treatment in case of need, and whether this treatment is given free.

The answers so far received have been very encouraging as showing an interest in the matter, but distinctly discouraging as to the conditions at most of these ports for sailors.

At one port heard from—Iquique—the Consul is enthusiastically taking the matter up, and hopes shortly to have a home started for sailors.

With each letter to a Consul our address, with some account of our work, is sent that they may know where to direct sailors coming to New York.

We cannot, until we have a new building, give any more men lodging, but we can give them assistance in many other ways.

Three Card Monte

Two hundred and sixty-six sailors signed a petition urging Dr. Mansfield to use his influence with "the powers that be" to stop the operations of the gamblers along the waterfront.

Two of the seamen had gone to the police station and asked permission to get their shipmates together and clean up the gang. Of course they were not allowed to do that, but Dr. Mansfield went to work.

He found that the crooks who had made their living preying on the sailors, no longer able to dope them in the saloons and then knock them senseless, were getting their money by crooked gambling.

The matter was pushed to the limit—and for the first time in the history of crime in New York City, three card monte gamblers received a jail sentence. Three professional crap shooters were sentenced to six months each. The waterfront along South Street has begun to change its complexion—and before we are through the environment of our home will be a safe place for the members of our large and often easily deceived family.

Seamen's Identification Cards

He worked at night to get enough to keep him during the day while he walked around trying to get his identification card.

He had been without sleep for four days when he at last appealed to the Chaplain in desperation. He had done his best and failed. It seemed

that the part of Europe where he was born, was in such a state of revolution that no Consul cared to claim it and him. He was a man absolutely without a country, and men who get passports must have been born in some locatable place.

It was a new problem for the Chaplain but he solved it, and he has ever since been solving problems for men who have difficulty in getting their identification cards.

We issue affidavits of certificates of American citizenship, and with this certificate and a promise of employment, the man can get a passport at the Barge Office. We issue these certificates when the man can get two men, usually seamen, to swear that they know about his past life, and testify to the correctness of his statements. This certificate is accepted in lieu of a birth certificate and the sworn statement of witnesses other than seamen, as is usually demanded.

At the present time there is much unemployment and the companies are not promising anyone a position. This means that the men who have passports get all the positions, and the men who have lost their passports, and the young Americans who wish to go to sea for the first time, have very little chance of getting an opportunity. In some cases where this has seemed to work a great injustice, we have been able to get the passport for the man concerned, through the sympathetic co-operation of the Barge Office.

Health by Wireless

We have a license, the first Commercial Radio license issued to a private institution, for the sole purpose of giving medical advice to seamen in vessels in the harbor or at sea.

Our wireless operators have sent out word that we are prepared to give medical advice at certain hours, and requests have begun to come for help. One poor unfortunate fellow, was taken ill while our doctor was not on duty, and the call for advice was not answered. He died, and we cannot but feel that had we been able to keep a doctor on duty all the time, his life might have been saved.

This is an opportunity for service, that science has brought us, and we rejoice that through the generosity of those interested in the Institute we have been able to give the assistance we have; and through the great generosity of a friend mentioned elsewhere our service to the men in ships in the harbor and at sea, will be extended and improved.

Tricks of the Trade

At the present time there is much unemployment—shipping is very dull—and hundreds of sailors are wearing out their shoes walking from shipping office to shipping office and from the waterfront on the West Side to the waterfront on the East Side.

And as is ever the case in a social disaster, the class that fatten on the miseries of their fellows, is already in evidence.

Two sailors have explained how this is done. A seaman goes to certain Shipping Offices, and asks for a job. He is told there is nothing. The Shipping Agent shakes his head in a way that implies that it is quite ridiculous to think of getting a job at such a time, but he asks to see the man's passport. If the seaman is "wise" he will have prepared for this emergency by putting a five dollar bill somewhere in the folds of the passport. The Agent will then remark that he will see what he can do. This is absolutely against the law, and if it could be proven it would be very serious for the Agent. We are trying to get the necessary evidence against the men who are doing such nefarious work. An unemployed man cannot fight his own battles.

Emergency Employment

We have made arrangements with some reputable employment agencies so that we can send men to them, for temporary work. We wish to extend this system, so that employment agencies all over the city, desiring men of all kinds, may know us, and be ready to employ the men we may send to them, in so far as they can.

In a large community like ours it is inevitable that scarcely a day passes without some unlucky fellow coming to us who needs an immediate opportunity to help himself. Through some unfortunate combination of circumstances, his own fault or otherwise, it does not matter much which, he is absolutely destitute, but he does not want charity. He merely wants a chance to get on his feet again.

We get temporary employment for many of these men, and a great percentage of them make good.

Other Contacts

Space does not allow for a complete account of all our outside work for the men of the sea, but even a casual survey would be most incomplete without a mention of the fact that Dr. Mansfield last year went to Washington to ask that it be made compulsory for officers on merchant ships to have had First Aid training, and he has reason to believe that his desires will bear fruit and it will become law this year.

We are co-operating with the Consuls of all nations, for we are dealing with the men of all nations, we are working with the Unions, with the Shipping Companies, with Government Officials, in fact with every agency that can assist us in our great community work.

Such are our outside contacts now, and because we are alive and growing, our plans for the future are greater than our past—but that is another story, that we hope to tell from month to month and year to year as our work grows, keeping pace with the growth of our Merchant Marine.

General Summary of Work

NOVEMBER 1920

Religious Department

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	5	203	219
" Evening	7	784	870
Miscellaneous	5	223	234
Bible Class Meetings	3	272	287
Communion Services.....			5
Baptisms			1
Weddings			0
Funerals			4

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainment	19	5,319	6,841
Home Hours	3	450	486
Ships visited			89
Packages of literature distributed			1,018
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			124

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing.....	70
Assisted thru Loan Fund.....	115
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	432
Referred to Hospitals.....	27
Hospital Visits	55
Patients Visited.....	6,231
Referred to other Organizations.....	21

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"	
Trips	19
Visits to vessels.....	42

Educational Department

Navigation and Marine Engineering	
School enrollment	60
First Aid Lectures.....	4

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	21,404
Letters received for Seamen.....	14,431
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	5,527

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	33
Men shipped	272
Given temporary employment.....	16
Total	288

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$84,823.07
Withdrawals	89,145.34
Transmitted	19,235.03

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.

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