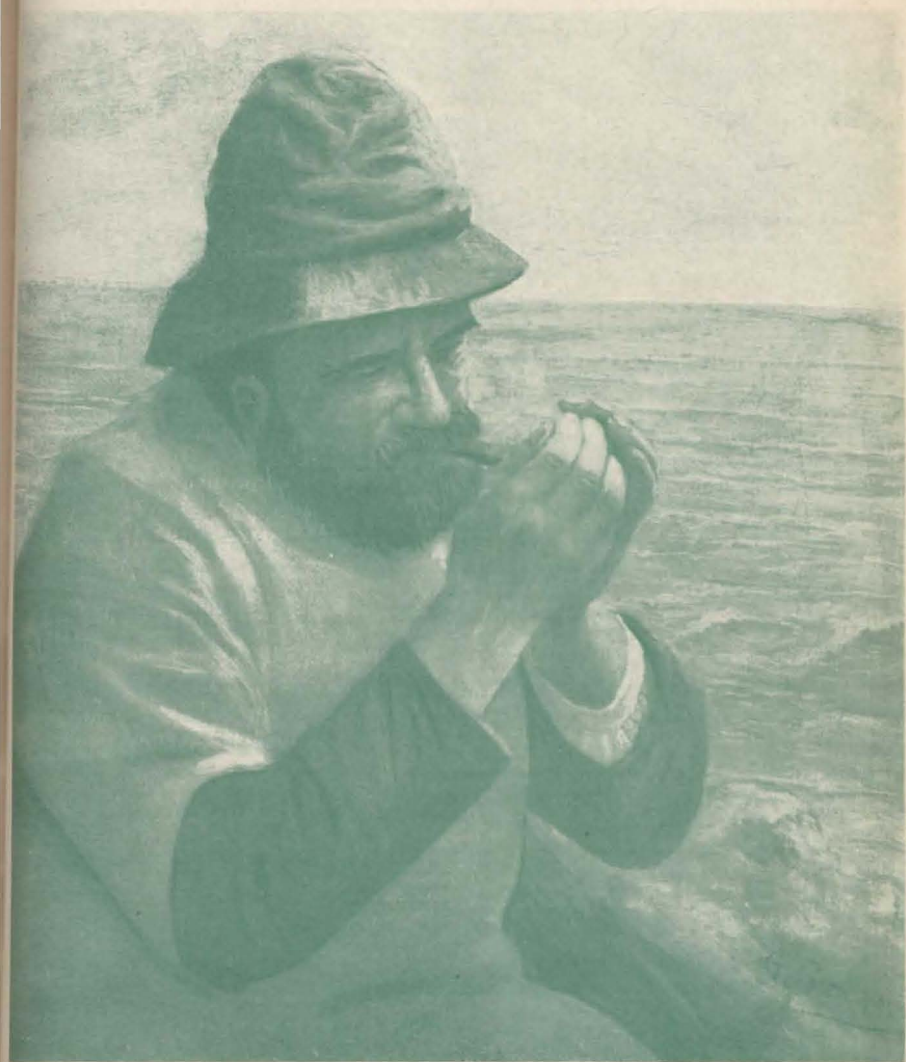


# the LOOKOUT



*From an oil painting by G. Gengoult*

WOMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

NEW YORK

VOLUME XXII

--

OCTOBER, 1933

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

EDMUND L. BAYLIES  
President

C. G. MICHALIS  
First Vice-President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary-Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS  
Assistant Treasurer

*Subscription Rates*

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid

Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

or

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE  
Editor, The Lookout

*Entered as second class matter July  
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under  
the act of March 3, 1879.*

## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen. Please note the exact title of the Society as printed below. **The words "of New York"** are part of the title.

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. The following clause may be used:

*I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.*

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of..... Dollars."

In drawing your will or a codicil thereto it is advisable to consult your lawyer.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXII

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 10

## Make Friends with "The Good Companions"

A Charming Play Founded on the Successful  
Novel by J. B. Priestley

THE Seamen's Church Institute of New York has completed arrangements for its Seventh Annual Theatre Benefit, to take place on

THURSDAY EVENING  
NOVEMBER 5th

at the 44th Street Theatre.

We have reserved the entire theatre for the new play, which, with an all English cast, comes direct from His Majesty's Theatre, London.

Not since Dickens have critics on both sides of the Atlantic been so unanimous in their praise and appreciation of an author. With "The Good Companions" J. B. Priestley made an international literary sensation. In England it sold over 100,000 copies in its original edition, an unprecedented sale for an English novel. In America it was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The play is as full of humor, wholesome fun, and refreshing situations as the novel, and quite



Hagen - Sin - ar - Paddy - Valerie Taylor  
all appearing in "The Good Companions"

the most notable success of the present Broadway season.

Orchestra seats are \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00. Mezzanine seats are \$5.00 and \$3.00.

Don't miss this enchanting play, so make your plans NOW to attend the Institute's theatre party. Tickets will be assigned in the order that reservations are received.

Please make your checks payable to *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* and mail to: Theatre Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York.

We are counting on your generous help in having a successful Benefit, as funds to reduce our deficit are urgently needed.



## "Going Home"

**H**E DID not wear the bright gold key ostentatiously. But as his quartermaster's jacket swung open we saw—a Phi Beta Kappa key attached to his watch fob. Our business manager spoke to him in a friendly tone and as their conversation continued discovered that the seaman was a fraternity brother of his. "What college did you attend?" he asked.

But suddenly, the man withdrew into his shell and became cold and indifferent. "I'd rather not talk about it," he said abruptly. "That's all in the past and over and done with." Then he walked away, across the lobby.

But the next morning he sought out our business manager and apologized for his brusqueness. "I've been thinking for the past week or so that I ought not to go to sea any more," he said. "I don't really have to, you know. After I graduated from Washington and Lee my Dad wanted me to go in the coal and lumber business with him. But I had a scrap with him and haven't been home since.

"But now," he continued, as his eyes followed the shifting groups of seamen in the lobby. "Maybe I've been selfish. I have a good job as quartermaster and there are a dozen men out there who'd jump

at the chance to get that job. They need it more than I do. Most of 'em haven't any homes to go to. While I . . . I have a home and some work to do when I get there. So . . . I guess I'll be going home. Thanks for your kindness. The Institute has been a real friend to me during these five years I've been going to sea."

Another sailor lad who also decided "it's time to be going home" is Wendall J. who graduated from Ohio State and wants to study medicine in Germany. "I've only a few dollars," he explained. "And when I left college I made up my mind to work my way across to Europe. But now that I've come to the Institute and have seen the hundreds of regular seamen out of work, I've concluded that they need money more than I do. So why should I try to deprive any one of them of a job that he's entitled to, and I'm not?" So, having reasoned it out in this way, Wendall went back to Ohio, to lay his ambitions to be a doctor on the shelf, for the time being, anyway.

We believe that these two examples will demonstrate the spirit of camaraderie which exists among our seamen. Unselfishness shows at its best in time of misfortune.

# Emergency Relief For Seamen

? ? ?

## A Challenge To All Good Citizens

Shall New York, the greatest and wealthiest seaport in the world, neglect its seamen in these days of their distress resulting from unemployment?

## What Shall the Institute Do?

## What Will Good Citizens Do?



*Dr. Mansfield looks from his office window toward South Street and wonders about the approaching winter with its relief problem.*

There are at least 1,000 unemployed, destitute merchant seamen in the port of New York daily.

Will YOU help the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to play its part in this humane work?

Please send a contribution to Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent, and mail it to 25 South Street. Make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York."



## Ten Cent Meals



The Kitchen and Cafeteria Crews That Feed the Hungry Seamen

THE visitor who arrived at 25 South Street between the hours of three and four o'clock on any afternoon will be interested to observe the steady stream of men pouring into our Cafeteria at that time of day. Ever since the Institute announced on July 27th that 10c meals would be served for one hour, from 300 to 400 unemployed seamen have made use of this service each day, with the result that approximately 20,000 meals have been served during the past two months. The highest attendance was 415 on August 11th.

The meal, which our sailors eat heartily, consists usually of a beef or lamb stew, clam chowder, frankfurters and beans (fish cakes and spaghetti on Fridays), hash or other substantial dish. In addition, two large slices of bread, butter, and coffee, tea or milk are served. The food is of the best quality.

Dr. Mansfield outlined the Institute's policy when he said: "The

Institute has undertaken this project because it feels its responsibility to the hundreds of merchant seamen out of work. It has become the Institute's duty and privilege to minister to these men who, through circumstances beyond their control, are hungry. We do not wish to establish a free bread line because the majority of seamen are self-respecting. We expect to continue the 10c meals as long as the demand exists."

This unique plan of helping idle seamen is proving its worth, if we are to judge by the comments heard around the building and by the letters of appreciation received, two of which are quoted here:

"The Institute has Long Been known for serving high quality food at the Lowest Possible prices to seamen, hence the Patronage. But starting yesterday the Greasy Spoon restaurants akin to the Institute and preying on the seamen received the Jolt of their Lives when the Institute Cafeteria opened with a one hour Special 10c Lunch. I have eaten this Lunch and find it highly Palatable and generously apportioned morsel for the small price charged and herewith pen my sincere appreciation of the same, to you to please pass it on to whoever is responsible for it."

\* \* \*

"Am writing in appreciation of what the S.C.I. is doing for the seamen in serving that special ten cent dinner in the cafeteria below. It is a God-send especially during this lull in shipping—and I know many seamen are grateful for it."

## Radio to the Rescue

DAY and night the call for MEDICO clears the air, coming from any of 10,000 merchant vessels—freighters, oilers, barges—and all ships not carrying their own doctors. The rule of the sea gives MEDICO preference over everything except S.O.S. In that little word MEDICO lies an interesting romance in which the Institute played an important role. We are celebrating this year the tenth anniversary of the installation of Radio Medical Aid at sea. Since 1921 medical service to ships at sea by means of radio has been developed to such efficiency that today the master of a freighter, bending anxiously over an injured member of his crew, may be a thousand miles from a hospital but he is as near to the best medical advice as he is to his radio room.

In an article in the August issue of RCA NEWS, our Superintendent, Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, described the interesting development of this service. Ten years ago the late Mr. Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia contributed \$5,000 to cover the installation of a radio station on the Institute roof to serve sick and disabled sailors aboard vessels which carried no doctors. To the Principal of our Merchant Marine School, Captain Robert Huntington, belongs the

credit for the inauguration of this unique service to our seafaring men. The idea came to him when messages from fog-bound ships calling for information as to their position were picked up frequently by the radio set being used at the Institute. The gift of Mr. Laughlin made possible the installation of Station KDKF. With the cooperation of the United States Public Health Service the Institute maintained night and day shifts and answered calls for first aid advice.

The first year of the service proved its tremendous value in prescribing remedies to members of crews far out at sea. Dr. Mansfield then recommended to the Board of Managers that the Radio Corporation of America be asked to take over this service. Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. David Sarnoff received the suggestion enthusiastically on behalf of the Radio Corporation of America. Mr. Sarnoff said that he knew at first hand what such medical service would mean, because when he was a radio operator in his youth aboard a whaler he once had the opportunity to transmit messages giving medical advice and was credited with saving the life of a man stationed in the lonely lighthouse on Belle Isle.

Dr. Mansfield and Captain



Huntington have had the satisfaction of seeing their dream become a practical reality. The Radio Marine Corporation of America has its own station and when the radio call for MEDICO is flashed across the sea other ships hearing the call immediately clear the air.

Of the thousands of radio messages received almost all of them are urgent, many a matter of life and death. The advice of a United States Public Health Service physician is rushed back within a few minutes to the ship's master who has requested it. Probably the best idea which LOOKOUT readers can get of the significance of this work is by quoting a few of the messages themselves. The ships' masters have learned to describe symptoms correctly in order that the doctor ashore may diagnose accurately the injury or disease. A succession of radio messages like the following are common occurrences.

From: S. S. Hahira  
To: Radio Marine Station at  
Palm Beach, Fla.  
2:10 P. M.

Our pumpman badly gassed by crude oil fumes. Has palpitating heart. Seems to stop, then begin, at intervals.

Master  
To: Master S. S. Hahira—  
2:12 P. M.  
Artificial respiration in fresh air necessary. Administer aromatic spirits of ammonia and apply cold cloths to head. If possible, give hypodermic of amyl nitrate or nitro glycerine. Please advise progress.

Pittman, M. D.  
At 3:48 P. M. this word came by radio to Dr. Pittman in care of MEDICO:

Many thanks for medical advice. Applied remedies. Man apparently fully recovered unless he gets a relapse. He is being watched.

From: Master S. S. Hahira

Dislocated bones are a frequent source of trouble, as evidenced by the following:

From: S. S. Gulfbreeze  
To: MEDICO—Port Arthur, Texas,  
2:10 A. M.

Sailor aboard dislocated right shoulder. Considerable pain. Can you give us Coast Guard or Health Service assistance?

Captain Nilsen

To: Captain Nilsen, S. S. Gulfbreeze  
2:20 A. M.

Lay the sailor flat on deck. Take shoe off and place your heel in the armpit of the sailor. Grasp the hand of the dislocated arm and pull outwards slightly. The bone will probably slide into the socket. Then bind the arm to the side.

Doctor Korn

From: West Caddoa  
To: MEDICO, Chatham, Mass.  
8:40 A. M.

Third mate dangerously ill. Symptoms nervous shock. Heart trouble. Seems excitable and faint. Advise means of stimulating heart.

Master

To: Master West Caddoa  
8:45 A. M.

Give twenty drops tincture of digitalis. Give grains 1/100 of atropine both by hypodermic. Place icepacks over heart. Repeat the medication every three hours for four doses.

Marine Hospital

From: S. S. Beaconhill  
To: MEDICO, Palm Beach, Fla.  
4:45 P. M.

Patient has what appears to be a boil below kneecap. Has pain. Unable to stand on leg. No temperature. Fainted once. Request advice if serious infection is indicated and treatment advised.

Nelson—Master

To: Captain Nelson, S. S. Beaconhill  
4:50 P. M.

Use sharp sterilized knife and open abscess for drainage. After draining apply hot flaxseed or other poultice to

abscess. Sterilize poultice before applying.

Dr. J. H. Pittman

Another series of messages beginning with the ship master's description of symptoms and diagnosed by the doctor as pneumonia resulted in a successful recovery as vouched for by the following:

From: S. S. Cananova  
To: MEDICO, Palm Beach, Fla.  
1:57 P. M.

Noon temperature 100, pulse 104, respiration 36. Hoping we are over danger I take this opportunity to thank you, Dr. Pittman, for your interest and helpful advice in this case.

Krantz Master

To: Captain Krantz, S. S. Cananova  
2:11 P. M.

Pleased with patient's improvement. Continue diet. Glad I could be of service to you.

Dr. Pittman

A handbook called "Ship Sanitation and First Aid" prepared by Dr. Robert W. Hart in cooperation with the United States Public Health Service and published by

the Institute has been of material assistance to weathered sea captains in helping them to report symptoms in their radio appeals. The book is now in its third edition and a whole section is devoted to instruction of ship masters on the use of MEDICO. The Institute was also instrumental in making it obligatory for every man to have a first aid certificate before being granted a master's license.

Radio companies serving other parts of the world—Norway, Sweden, the Philippines, Honduras and tropical districts—have followed the lead of the Radio Corporation in volunteering their services free of charge. Every year the calls upon the service increase and every year finds its value more strikingly proved. We are justly proud of the fact that it all began at 25 South Street.



Where Radio Medical Aid Began—in the chart house on the S. C. I. roof, the gift of Mr. Allison V. Armour



**D**O YOU believe that a dollar bill has a heart? We at the Institute do.

Come down to 25 South Street, to the Institute which YOU and other loyal, devoted men and women have given your dollars to build. See for yourself that back of the bricks and mortar, back of the tile and glass, a heart beats warmly in sympathy with seafarers from all the seven seas—a heart that offers port in the storm, a haven where seamen in a friendless city may find friends, an anchorage where men who breathe the salt air of the sea may feel at home.

And now, we face a winter of unusual storm and stress. Our Annex Building is only partially paid for. We need as much money as we can get to feed, shelter and clothe hundreds of jobless, penniless men, many of whom have

ONE DOLLAR WILL

DO:

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
|   | Check Your<br>Choice     |
| A FREE MEAL SEAMEN  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| FREE BEDS FOREIGN   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| TEN FREE MEALS SEAMAN   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| CARFARE FOR EN<br>(to look for jobs)  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| TO REDUCE TRADING DEBT  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| TO EMPLOY ADJUTANT HELP<br>(from the ranks employed<br>seamen) to work at Institute | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Kindly make check order payable to:  
"SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW  
YORK" and mail to 25 South Street, New York,

wives, mothers and little children dependent on them.

IF you have a job or a financial margin you will want to help us keep these seamen from becoming trapped, discouraged, hopeless. So we are organizing the DOLLAR CLUB. Will you, *even though you have already sent a liberal contribution this year*, become a member and send a dollar NOW?

Let us tell you how one dollar can be a life-saver to some fellow man who is weary and heavy laden. Please check which way you prefer to have *your* dollar spent, then tear out this page and mail it to the Institute. Because of the expense of paper and postage we will not write you a "thank you" letter, but you may be assured of our gratitude. You also will have the satisfaction of knowing that your whole dollar will be used in the way you specify.



## An Old-Time Sailorman

**N**ORAH, Irene, Ellen, Magdalene and Marian are the subjects of praise and the inspiration for an old-time sailorman, Patrick Dunn O'Neill. Since rheumatism rendered the valiant old salt helpless he has made a living selling songs which he composed in memory of the aforementioned damsels.

Patrick's memory is beginning to fail and he confuses the incidents of the World War with the Civil War in which he fought. One of his songs is entitled: "The Battle of Chateau-Thierry" and when he sings it in a quavering, melodious Irish voice his dim eyes light up with the memory of battles fought on this side of the Atlantic when he wore a blue uniform and served under General Grant.

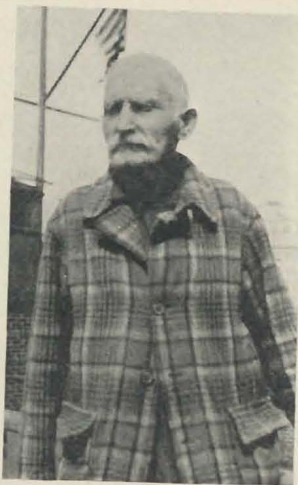
Eighty-eight years of interesting experiences at sea and ashore has Patrick lived and now he comes to the Institute to seek help in getting into Snug Harbor. But his ship's discharge papers are lost and although he has traveled twice around Cape Horn his chances for qualifying at the Harbor are very

slim. Our Relief Secretary purchased a return train ticket for him to Elkton, Maryland, where a job with a contracting company awaits him. The work is strenuous but

Patrick insists that his constitution is rugged enough and he says that the warm climate there agrees with his rheumatism.

"She Passed Him By, She Knew Him Not" is the title of one of his love songs; "We Parted As The Sun Went Down", is another; and "Norah, Old Pal, We Shall Meet Again." The words are quaint but

the rhythm and rhyme are meaningless and confused—that is, until Patrick sings them. Then they come to crackling life and one sees the old-fashioned sweetheart in her silken gown, 'neath the pale moon, speaking in accents sweet and true, to her sailor lover. Or, in his war songs such as "The Advance of The Marines Through Belleau Grove", one reads the words and is confused. There are not many of this old tribe of sailormen left and their memories of bygone days are clearer than their recollections of a few months ago.



## "Contacts"

**I**F YOU will scan the Institute's report of activities on the inside back cover of this issue you will see that since January of this year 29,585 "contacts" with seamen have been made at the Institute's Information Desk. A few of these interesting "contacts" are related here:

A German boy approached the Information Secretary and proudly displayed three letters which were brought on the DO-X airship from Brazil. He wanted to borrow a letter opener so that he would not damage the precious stamps. "I am going to mail them back to my father in Brazil; he may be able to sell them."

Another seaman proudly boasted that he was an old friend of the St. Louis Cardinals' captain. "We used to play baseball together out West ten years ago," he said. And he wanted us to find the hotel where Frank Frisch was stopping while in New York.

A British seaman one evening confessed that he felt like eating "fish 'n chips" and he wondered if there was any place in all New York where he could satisfy the inner man. A shop in Brooklyn was discovered which made a specialty of this well known British dish.

Four or five monkeys and chimpanzees were a part of the retinue

of Seaman Bill S. when he returned from a trip to the African Gold Coast. He wanted to sell the animals, and our Information Desk was able to find a purchaser.

A great many seamen make inquiries about taking out citizenship papers, how to bring their mothers or wives from Europe, etc. These and other legal matters are cleared up for aliens.

A Chinese sailor who could not speak a word of English managed to make the clerk understand that he wanted to go home. Since shipping has slowed up foreign countries have been most cooperative in deporting their own seamen, so we were able to show the Chinaman how to get to Ellis Island.

A brown-eyed, curly-haired seaman was arrested recently in our Lobby because he looked like Vincent Colla, a gangster, and once again the Information Desk came to the rescue.

A young chap suffering with hay fever asked advice as to what would be the best climate to live in to escape his malady. He was referred to a hay fever clinic.

A most pathetic instance occurred one evening when Seaman Gene O'Shea announced that he had just had a telephone call from his mother whom he had not seen for five years. "She's coming right



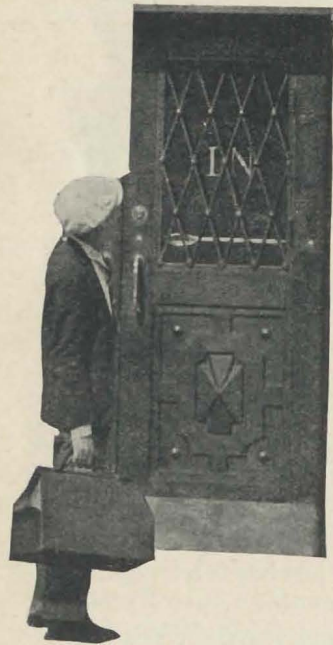
down now," he exclaimed excitedly. "Where do you think would be the best place for me to talk to her?" It was decided, on the advice of the clerk, that the Writing Room would be the quietest and most inconspicuous. A half hour later a gray-haired woman approached the Information Desk and broke the news that Gene O'Shea was not her son. Her son's name was Jim O'Shea, a ship's officer, and it was easy to confuse the two names over the telephone. The woman offered Gene money since his shabby clothes and lean face indicated that he was in need but, like a true gentleman, he refused. "I cannot

take money from any one except my own mother or father," he insisted. It was learned that Jim O'Shea was still on his ship and would not return to the Institute for several days. Gene went out to the Park and, picking up a paper bag, stuffed it with grass, which made him a fairly comfortable pillow as he laid down to sleep on the park bench. We offered him a room in our relief dormitory but his pride forbade him to accept any help. "I'll be getting a ship soon," he said wistfully.

A great many landsmen apply at our Information Desk to inquire if there is any chance for them to get jobs at sea. It is amusing to watch our own seamen draw near and listen to the clerk tell the landlubbers firmly that there is no room for them, that even bonafide seamen cannot get jobs aboard ships. As one sailor commented, "This depression is enough to make a sailor forget his anchors."

**WE** FACE the uncertainties of winter with an optimistic spirit so much so that certain friends have looked rather closely at us wondering perhaps in their minds whether we were quite sane. Well, of course, no one is quite sane. But brethren, if God has kept His Eye on the things of the earth for two thousand million years is it reasonable to think that as long as we do our work in His sight He is going to overlook us and fail to raise up those who can and will see to it that the hungry, homeless and storm-tossed are not going to be forgotten?

From "The Mainstay"



## From Our Dental Clinic Log

**A** RUSSIAN official told Lady Astor that the only contribution America had made to world civilization was dentistry. However true this may be, our foreign seamen are paying tribute to our Dental Clinic and are spreading the word all over the world among seamen that it is the best place to have their teeth fixed of any of the many ports they have visited. Many of these sailors have had dental work done everywhere—in the seaports of China, Japan, Brazil, France and India. They are usually, as they term it, "gypped." The work is unsatisfactory and the prices are exorbitant. You can imagine, then, how surprised and pleased they are when they enter our Clinic on the first mezzanine and discover that it is clean, that the work is done scientifically and at an amazingly low cost. Many of them have expressed, too, their appreciation of the courteous treatment received. Each man is treated, not as a clinic patient, but as an individual entering a dentist's private office. The average attendance is sixty-eight men a week. Half of this number require extractions.

Many amusing and interesting things happen in this clinic, a few of which we shall record here.

The other day a middle-aged seaman came to the Clinic and said that his name was B. Swanson. The hygienist started to write this down on a card and looked up and inquired, "B—Benjamin?" "No," replied the man. "Swedish."

And then there was a seaman by the name of Edward Brooks who had had all his teeth extracted and who looked a great deal older than his fifty-one years. He said that he was unable to

get a job on account of his appearance so, with his last meager savings, he asked the Institute dentist to make him a full set of upper teeth. He came back in a few days for the fitting of the denture and the teeth fit him so well that he rushed out of the office joyfully. This was at 11:45 in the morning. An hour later he dashed into the Clinic, grinning like a big kid and exclaimed, "My teeth are worth a million dollars to me. I have just had a steak dinner and eaten corn on the cob." Then he turned to the dentist and announced the fact that he had obtained a job.

A Jewish sailor had had a little tiff, with the result that his two front teeth were knocked out. "Will you please fix them for me right away?" he begged. "I had a date with my girl last night and she said she wouldn't go out with me any more until my teeth were fixed. If I am toothless, I am dateless," he persisted, and although this was an æsthetic rather than a practical reason for wanting one's teeth fixed, the dentist went to work at once, substituting two peg teeth for the missing ones. The young fellow had his date and the next day, to show his appreciation, he brought to the clinic a beautiful Genoan vase with a swan design. So pleased was he that the following day he brought a cigar humidior which he had purchased in Siam.

A seaman came into the Clinic one day holding in his hand three English sovereigns. He wanted to have the gold melted to make a plate for his upper teeth but our dentist advised him to exchange them for money as the sovereigns were not suitable for making a denture.





**S. O. S. For Our Polo Team!**

Our Kiddie Polo Team has been dubbed "the champions of Manhattan," but alas, an embarrassing situation has arisen. They cannot defend their title this winter unless some generous friends will provide new uniforms. The old ones are past repair. Shorts, shirts, sneakers and emblems are needed, as well as new playing equipment; kiddie cars and sticks. Who will come to the rescue of our gallant team? \$50 will cover the entire expense. A Polo League has been formed; our team has been asked to join, and they hate to have to say why they can't. Entertainment and clean wholesome games are helping to keep up the morale of unemployed seamen.

**Sympathy**

When members of seamen's families die it is pathetic to watch sturdy, brawny men break down and weep like children. Our Information Desk secretary listens sympathetically to their tales of woe. For example, recently there was a young Danish seaman who had just received a letter stating that his mother in Copenhagen had died. "She thought I was a failure," he wailed. "She told me I hadn't made good. And now she is gone and I can never see her again." The letter with the sad news had been waiting for him in the consul's office since April, and because the letter did not mention the boy's father he, in his grief and hysteria, concluded that he, too, had died. It is a difficult task to bolster up the courage of these

seamen when tragedy touches them. "What shall I do?" asked one sailor whose buddy had died of pneumonia in a White Plains hospital. The only solace we could offer was to give him carfare to attend the funeral.

**Coincidence**

Again we are compelled to comment on the smallness of the world. Seaman William P..... stood in our lobby one day waiting in line at the hotel desk. Next to him in line stood Seamen Charles S..... Suddenly they both glanced up simultaneously. Recognition flashed from one countenance to the other: "Haven't we met some place before?" asked Charles. "We sure have . . . now where was it . . . let me see . . ." responded William. "I know!" exclaimed Charles excitedly. "It was in France. I borrowed ten centimes from you. I was with the 27th Division." "And I was an engineer in the Australian Army," said William. "Well, here's a dime. Just to settle an old debt," laughed Charles, and off they went, arm in arm, to win the war all over again in conversation.

**Plucky**

Every one around the Institute calls him "Plucky" and he is most appropriately named, for he has endured five major operations during the past year. He was shot by outlaws as he was walking along the main thoroughfare of San Pedro, Mexico. The bullet pierced his lung and infection set in. One lung was removed and also five ribs, with the result that he has no protection around his heart and vital organs except flesh. A man who has gone through such an ordeal might be excused for accepting help. But not "Plucky." He found himself a job as an A.B. seaman and in spite of being short winded, manages to perform his duties conscientiously. Surgeons at the marine hospital said that there was only one other case in medical history like that of "Plucky's." There are other seamen, also, who, in spite of physical handicaps, are making pitiful endeavors to retain their independence. It is an inspiration to be of service to such proud-spirited men.

**"Room 845"**

The room it is a corner one, with windows three,  
A room to please a sailor, home from the sea.

It gets the slanting rays of the setting sun  
As it looks down on the shore when the day is done.

\* \* \*

And after dark, as I lie upon my bed  
I watch the lights of harbor craft, green and red,  
Weaving back and forth in the gloom  
Like colored fairy shuttles in a magic loom.

\* \* \*

While to my ears come the musical notes  
Of a score of sirens of various boats.  
Puffy little tugs with heavy laden scows  
Garlanded with white water at their bows.

\* \* \*

A deeper note, and with lines cast free  
The Spanish Transatlantic boat leaves for sea.  
Tug-boats or freighters, all swell the song  
Of the ship's sirens the whole night long.

\* \* \*

I fall asleep, and dream of the time.  
When with flying fish weather we crossed the line.  
With our wake like scattered silver chips  
Left in the trail of the passing ships.

\* \* \*

I awake, and presently to my ear  
The sound of "eight bells" comes ringing clear.  
The dream is gone, it eludes pursuit  
As I realize that I am at the Institute.

\* \* \*

By Fireman George Elvin



Seaman A. J. Villiers

Recent Interesting Gifts to the Institute include: Subscription to the National Geographic Magazine, sixteen new books of fiction, Dr. Fosdick's "Meaning of Prayer", nine basins for the 12th floor officers' wash-rooms, linens for the Chapel from the New York Altar Guild, boxes of shoes and clothing, and an oil painting.

**An Institute Movie**

If you are looking for a novel and interesting way of entertaining a group of friends some evening, why not consider the Institute Movie? It is a two-reel moving picture film for use in an amateur projection machine, and it depicts in lively and entertaining fashion the ways in which Jack Tar uses the Institute. To borrow this movie all you need do is write to Gordon Knox Bell, Chairman Movie Program Committee, 25 South Street, and we will send it to you prepaid by parcel post if you will pay for its return. If you live in New York City or vicinity we can also arrange to supply a projection machine and a speaker if you so desire. Not more than twenty people can comfortably view it at any one time as the projector only enlarges the film to about two and a half by one and a half feet.



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
(Established 1843)  
25 South Street, New York City

**NEEDS FUNDS**  
to complete payment on its  
new thirteen-story building.  
*A real home for merchant seamen  
while they are on shore leave.*

**WILL YOU HELP?**




SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE of New York  
25 SOUTH ST.

### Gallant Seamanship

"THERE is a thrill in the telegram exchanged by the presidents of the Panama Mail Steamship Company and the United Fruit Line over the wrecking of the Panama liner Colombia. Each brings out the heroic efficiency of each other's seamen when the Colombia's passengers and crew were transferred to the San Mateo. The transfer of 234 persons in all to the United Fruit boat was made at night and in a storm. Yet no man or woman suffered injury or loss of life. Although the Colombia was blown on a rocky reef off Lower California at midnight, the passengers were roused, held under discipline

and safely put over the side in lifeboats without delay or mishap. Panic, as one of the passengers testified, "was averted by common sense on the part of the officers and by precise and stern orders at the same time." We like that phrase "precise and stern." It conjures up its own picture and it would be a comforting one for the average cowering and bewildered passenger. We like, too, the statement of President Ford of the Panama Line, that the whole gallant incident offers convincing evidence of the efficient seamanship of the American merchant marine."

*From N. Y. Evening Post, Sept. 15, 1931*

Since the list of available memorials in the Annex was published in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT, the following have been subscribed by friends of the Institute:

Officer's Room.....\$1,500.00

The following Sundays have been memorialized for the *Chapel Flower Fund*:  
first Sunday in November; first Sunday in April.

### Among other memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria .....	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each .....	50.00

## A Record of Service

SOME of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York from January 1st to September 1st, 1931:

299,931	lodgings registered.
175,386	meals served.
581,084	sales made at the soda fountain.
39,732	pieces of baggage checked and protected.
27,973	books and magazines distributed among merchant-seamen.
47,102	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
21,811	Relief Loans.
5,880	individual seamen received relief.
2,450	seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
1,775	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
283	missing seamen located.
\$371,735.19	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
6,903	seamen attended 131 religious services.
22,072	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
29,585	Information Booth contacts.



TOLL OF THE STORM

*A striking picture from South Africa, showing a sailing vessel that was driven ashore near Port Elizabeth during a "Sou' Easter."*



# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## OFFICERS AND MANAGERS

### *Honorary President*

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

### *President*

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES

### *Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.

REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER

REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D.

REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D.

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. ALFRED R. MCWILLIAMS

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

### *Lay Vice-Presidents*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, *First Vice-President*

BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND

HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE

WALTER WOOD PARSONS

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

FRANK T. WARBURTON

THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

### *Board of Managers*

ALLISON V. ARMOUR

WILLIAM ARMOUR

HENRY McCOMB BANGS

EDWARD J. BARBER

GORDON KNOX BELL

CHARLES W. BOWRING

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

F. KINGSBURY CURTIS

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY

HARRY FORSYTH

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

OLIVER ISELIN

AYMAR JOHNSON

LE ROY KING

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.

BERNON S. PRENTICE

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

JOHN J. RIKER

JOHN S. ROGERS

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

SAMUEL A. SALVAGE

ARTHUR F. SCHERMERHORN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS

J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

FRANK W. WARBURTON

ERNEST E. WHEELER

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

ORME WILSON

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

### *Honorary Members*

JOHN H. MORRISON

REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.

ROBERT L. HARRISON

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

### *Superintendent*

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.