

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

JUNE, 1923

No. 6

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Department of Missing Men"
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Transmission of money to dependents	Comfort Kits
Free Libraries	Christmas Gifts
Free Reading Rooms	First Aid Lectures
Game Room Supplies	Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea
	Health Lectures
	Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment
	Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

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Up an African River

One of the British apprentice boys, who visits the Institute frequently when in port, wrote this illustrated letter to one of our volunteer workers. We thought all of you, and particularly the members of the Seamen's Benefit Society, which supports this branch of the work, might be interested in seeing the type of boy who is being helped by it.

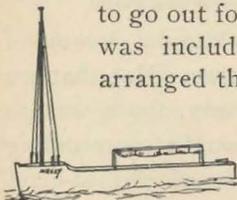
23rd Mar., Year of Our Lord 1923.

S. S. Tartar Prince

Beira to Durban—En route.

Dear Miss J———:

This is a brief outline of a day's outing we had last Sunday when at Beira. We had all pretty well reached the limpid stage. (I don't know whether that is the correct term.) I intended you to understand that we all felt similar to a starched collar after it has been in the rain for a few hours. Do you know anything about a stare—but to carry on. So the Captain arranged for himself and eight others to go out for the day. We, I was included in the eight, arranged the hire of a motor launch with a man ashore.



Nelly Takes a Party for an Outing.

And now having finished the introduction, I can begin the yarn. At 6 A. M. the M. L. Kelly came along-

side. It took some of the party quite a while to drag their heads from out the hollow in the pillow. I consider we were lucky, then, in leaving the ship at 6.30 A. M. Our native helmsman—we had five natives to manage the boat—headed the Nelly toward the mouth of the Burzi River, and we entered about forty minutes later.

We had not been in the river long before our firing party were tumbling

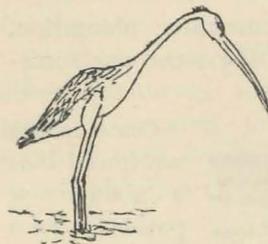


Fig. 1—Before Firing.

over one another and non-combatants as well, to bring down an excellent mark. The cause of this thirst for blood was an inoffensive flamingo dabbling in a few inches of water for tadpoles. A flamingo has a rose-colored plumage, long slender legs, a long sinuous neck and curved bill. A very elegant bird.

However, save for the inconvenience of swallowing a few unmasticated tadpoles, "Flammy" was none the worse after our heavy straff. See figures 1 and 2.

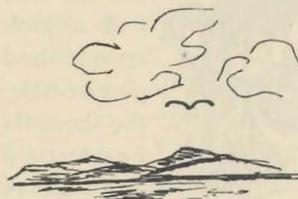


Fig. 2—After Firing.

As this is but a brief outline I'll leave you

to picture the scenery we passed and jump to a spot some 25 miles up the river. In the distance we can see a very primitive jetty jutting out into the river. It is the pier of Burzi vil-



A Primitive Jetty.

lage. Our human siren is now on the foc'stle, and with the aid of a long copper tube is shattering the surrounding silence by a series of weird cat calls. I hope this is not a warning to the villagers. We can see several peeping at us through the bushes.

Burzi village is tucked away in the heart of a cocoanut plantation. From the river the view was something like this:—



A Glimpse of a Village Through the Trees.

Once ashore we found that a narrow pathway ran more or less through the centre of the plantation. Branching off at intervals of perhaps thirty yards were small by-paths leading to kraals. We ventured down one and this is what we saw: a clearing, in the centre of which stood a kraal. Previous to catching sight of us two women had been at work pounding mealies.



Branching Off at Intervals Were Small By-paths.

more or less

They rushed indoors when we appeared. We had a look around and presently the damsels ventured forth. A couple of

cigarettes eased their nerves (these people are not at all particular whether they put the lighted or the right end in their mouths, and one or two of us were allowed to try mealie pounding. It is no light



A Clearing, in the Center of Which Stood a Kraal.

work, this beating of maize into a kind of flour, the staple food of the natives. The operation is performed by first filling a hollowed-out tree stump half full of mealies and then grinding it with crushing blows; they must be crushing because I appeared but to tickle it.



The Two Women Rushed Indoors.

And so we amused ourselves for several hours. Owing to an oversight we hadn't brought any food, and as for there being a quick lunch counter around—well, I don't

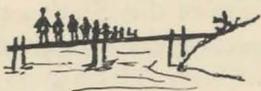


A Primitive Mortar and Pestle.

suppose the inhabitants dream of such a thing existing. Not that we were so very hungry, there was so much food for thought surrounding us, but we developed a first-class thirst. However, we had no difficulty in knocking a number of green cocoanuts down and they provide a delicious cool drink.

2.30 P. M.

and leaving
the pier for
home. We



One Man Nearly Missed the Boat.

passed a crocodile having its afternoon nap on the bank. It is very doubtful whether a shot hit, but at any rate the noise disturbed it, and move—gee! I never knew a croc possessed such speed.

And that will give you a rough idea of how some of us spent last Sunday.

Harry Gleisner

North River Station

Deconsecration of the Church of the Holy Comforter

On the morning of Tuesday, May 29th, a little group of people gathered at the North River Station of this Society for the ceremony of deconsecrating the Church of the Holy Comforter.

There were present a few members of the Institute staff, Superintendent A. R. Mansfield, Mr. E. A. S. Brown, Chairman of the North River Station Committee, Mr. Allison V. Armour, a Vice-President of the Board of Managers and the Right Rev. A. S. Lloyd, Bishop Suffragan of the Diocese.

Following the opening service, Dr. Mansfield read the following statement explaining the reasons for this act:

At a regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York held early in this year of our Lord 1923, it was unanimously voted to permanently discontinue the work for Seamen at this Society's North River Station, established in 1846, and to dispose

of its properties on West and West Houston Streets.

This action was taken because the Board, after long and serious consideration, had become thoroughly convinced that the Station had outlived its usefulness, due to unavoidable conditions and circumstances.

For the following and other similar reasons, therefore, it seemed wise to the Board to discontinue the Station:

1. It is too disadvantageously located.

2. The buildings are too impractically arranged to meet the requirements of modern institutional work for Seamen.

3. There are on West Street five other Institutions for Seamen strategically located and adequately meeting their needs, thus resulting in reduplication of work.

This Station contains the Church of the Holy Comforter which was consecrated on March 18th, 1888, by the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D., then Bishop of the Diocese, in connection with which service of consecration is the following interesting statement from the Forty-fourth Annual Report of the Board of Managers:

"The Station on the North River, known as the Church of the Holy Comforter for Sailors, under the charge of the Rev. T. A. Hyland, continues its good work with the usual interest. The work here is principally among the crews of the English and French steamers. There are but few ships and canal boats in the vicinity. A new church building

has just been erected for this Mission, and was consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese on the 18th of March."

Note:—The following clergymen were in the chancel: Rev. Drs. E. A. Hoffman, W. R. Huntington, John J. Roberts, Samuel Buel, J. A. Mackay and the Rev. Messrs. Clarence Buel, F. Miles, G. M. Royce, Robert J. Walker, Isaac Maguire and T. A. Hyland.

"This Church and the parsonage adjoining were erected by the munificent legacy to the Society by the late William H. Vanderbilt. The tasteful structures reflect great credit on the architect, Mr. Charles C. Haight, of this City. This Church, with the missionary's residence adjoining on the east, and the reading room and sexton's quarters adjoining on the west, form a very complete establishment of its kind. All that the Mission now needs to make its work permanent is an endowment. This would lift a very serious burden from the shoulders of the Board of Managers, and greatly aid them in extending their work in other portions of this great and rapidly growing City."

In pursuance of the request made to the Bishop of the Diocese by the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, we are here assembled on this twenty-ninth day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, to witness the ceremony of deconsecrating or secularizing this Church of the Holy Comforter for the reasons as stated above, in order that the whole prop-

erty of this Station may be free for secular and commercial purposes.

A. R. MANSFIELD,
Superintendent and Chaplain.

There followed the reading of the deconsecration service, another prayer, and that which had been a church was no longer a place of worship.

There was something wistful about discarding this old, and still beautiful garment of our service to seamen, but we are glad that the spirit of our service to seamen is so young that it does not cling too passionately to any of its material expressions to make growth possible.

Lost Off a Yacht

The family was simply notified that the man had been lost off a certain yacht on which he had been employed. With what seems an understandable curiosity they wanted fuller particulars, just how the man was killed, and who owned the yacht, and other details.

For six months they wrote appealing letters trying to get to the bottom of the brother's death, without having any more information than they had at the beginning. Then, because he had been in the habit of staying at the Institute, they came to us and asked us if we would help them. Within a few weeks we had the name of the owner of the yacht for them and all the particulars about the brother's death.

And that is just another one of hundreds of examples of the way the Institute acts as a go-between for seamen's families and the authorities.

The Man Who Makes Necklaces

The legless man in the wheeled chair asked the chaplain if he might speak to the men at the Sunday night Home Hour. And because it is almost impossible to refuse a cripple, and particularly this cripple with his clean pleasant face, the chaplain consented. But afterward he began to wonder if he had been wise. He had been here only a few weeks, and did not know the policy of the place very well, and there was a strike going on. Was it advisable to allow a strange man to speak in such inflammable circumstances?

Thinking it over he decided to ask the House Mother to go and ask the man what he wanted to talk about, and the House Mother, being at everybody's beck and call, went willingly.

The man seemed to be terribly upset. "But it would spoil the whole thing if you knew," he protested.

This sounded very suspicious indeed, and the House Mother felt obliged to probe a little deeper.

"But you wouldn't let me do it at all if you knew what I am going to say," the man pleaded. Worse still. Now we really had to know what he intended to talk about.

So the man produced a beautiful bead necklace in black and silver which he had intended to present to the House Mother with an expression of appreciation of what her service here meant to the men.

Physical Subtraction and Moral Addition

A little while ago this legless man was a big, husky fellow, a hard

drinker, and a good scrapper. We know because we ejected him from this building, several times for disorderly conduct. Today he sits in his wheeled chair, clean looking, well dressed, gentle faced.

Between that past of hard living, and the present of hard thinking, he tells us, there was an interlude of furious rebellion. For long black days and nights he raged against fate. Even yet he says wistfully, "If I had only one leg left I would go to sea again." But he will never go to sea again, because both legs are amputated just below the hip. Later on he will have artificial limbs, but he will never be able to walk without crutches.

He is staying at the Institute while he gets a claim for compensation settled. In the meantime he goes about among the men, not preaching exactly, but telling them a little about his past, and the terrible waste of it. And his helplessness, and the evidence of suffering in his face gain him an audience among men who would listen to no one else.

But perhaps the most eloquent sermon he preaches is to patiently and uncomplainingly work away at making necklaces for a living, he who was once so strong, and so proud of his vigorous manhood.

Mother's Day Services

One of the sad things about the seaman's life is that his occupation is apt to wean him away from those home ties, which help to keep the feet of the landsman firmly planted on the moral ladder. So the Insti-

tute was glad to observe Mother's Day, with the hope that by laying emphasis on this occasion those who had lost contact with their homes, and there are many among seamen, would be moved to renew those precious associations.

The altar was beautiful with flowers, adding to the cheerful atmosphere of our friendly little chapel. Instead of contributing to the prosperity of the profiteers in flowers the Institute distributed neat white and gold Mother's Day buttons, which the seamen were delighted to wear.

At the morning service our own chaplain preached an appropriate and touching sermon, and in the evening Rev. H. V. B. Darlington made an exceptionally fine address.

He told a little of his work as army chaplain during the war, enough to establish a bond of fellowship with his audience. He related also the story of how, when he was crossing on an Italian ship most of the crew had been stricken with Flu, and the captain had been obliged to call for volunteers as coal passers and stokers. Mr. Darlington volunteered, and in doing so got some little insight into the hardships of some of the seamen.

From this happy beginning he went on to talk about the common bond established by Mother's Day, inasmuch as all men have mothers.

Then he told of the commencement of Mother's Day. It was originated by a woman in Philadelphia who had gone out to lay flowers on her mother's grave. It came to her,

quite suddenly, "Why should one take flowers to mother after she is dead? Why not give them to her when she is living?" She went home and talked about it to her friends and originated "Mother's Day," with all that it means, of paying honor to one who has born us and suffered for us.

He related some touching instances of the persistence of mother love and forgiveness when it was least deserved, the old apple woman whose son had tried to stab her, and had stolen everything he could lay his hands on, and run away, and yet she went to the police and begged them to find her boy, and she would pay all his debts and forgive him. There was a doctor whose poor old mother had worked and sacrificed to put him through college, but when he had graduated he married, became prosperous, and forgot her, and it was only when he had lost her that remorse overtook him.

Mr. Darlington plead with his audience not to put themselves in the way of having to repent too late of neglect.

To those whose mothers had passed on he said that he was one of those who believed that the dead could see the lives of those they loved in this world, and he urged them to live as they knew the dear ones would have them live.

Getting Into Snug Harbor

The other day the Institute helped a seaman of seventy two years of age to get into Snug Harbor.

He had all the papers necessary to prove his qualification for entry, but the seaman stands in awe of the law, and where there are papers to be filled out they lean on us for support, feeling sure that we will see them through these snares of the landsman.

A shipmate, who had been with him for eighteen years has already been in the Harbor for three years, so it is going to be a reunion for the two old friends who have served their time on the salt water.

The Post Master's Troubles

A man arrived at our post office the other day almost inarticulate with indignation. His visit had been expected for nearly a month, and it was anticipated that it would not be a particularly happy occasion.

About a month ago he wrote asking us to forward his mail, of which there was a quantity waiting for him, but in a moment of absent mindedness he had neglected such details as the forwarding address. The only indication of his whereabouts was the words, "Lehigh Valley" at the top of the letter and that was not sufficient direction.

It took a little while to get him calm enough to understand that the best intentioned post office can't forward mail without a complete address.

Proud to be Written About

A young Italian lad, as handsome as an Italian lad can be, and some of them are exceedingly good looking,

appeared at the Department of Missing Men to say that he had seen his name on the bulletin board.

The Women - Who - Finds - Lost - Men brought out the file with the correspondence about him and the boy was tremendously impressed.

"Those letter," he asked incredulously, "all about me?"

The Women - Who - Finds - Lost - Men assured him that they were and he swelled visibly with pride in his importance.

Such satisfaction was his in being written about that it was no easy matter to bring home to him his delinquency in not writing to his mother.

Friday the 13th

That notorious combination for ill luck, Friday the 13th, has now one staunch defender.

On a recent occasion when the 13th of the month fell on a Friday one of our seamen, not being able to get a berth as a third officer, to which his papers entitled him, shipped one of the Trinidad passenger boats as an able bodied seaman.

He had been on the boat only a few hours when the Marine Superintendent passed by, and inquired casually of the captain of his ship whether he knew where he could get a third officer.

The captain, being a decent sort, mentioned the man he had just employed and released him from his contract.

The young officer is now one of the very few friends of Friday the 13th.

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or
FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

An Appeal Answered

We are happy to be able to tell you that as a result of our appeal in the last Lookout the sick men at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, got the offer of more pool tables than they could use, also games and books to supply their club rooms.

We don't know how to thank the contributors who responded so promptly and generously to this appeal. Your honoring this and the request for clothes and shoes leaves only one thing for which The Lookout has asked in vain, and that is the last \$2,083 to pay for the War Memorial. Probably this is our fault for not having put the matter to you in the right way. You have never failed us before, and if you did in this instance we can't believe that the fault lies with you.

You may be interested in the pleased and grateful letter we re-

ceived the other day from Fort Stanton:

June 1st, 1923.

Mrs. Janet Roper,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street, New York.

Dear Madam:

Your letter of May 24, received and I want to thank you on behalf of all the members of the Seamen's Social Club, who are all very grateful indeed to you and Dr. Mansfield for all you have done for them, not only at the present time but during the past also. We are all very appreciative indeed to you for your willingness to help us at all times.

Through the publishing of our letter in your paper we have had an offer of a pool table which we have had to refuse as the Knights of Columbus have given us a table since we wrote to you, and as we have only floor space for three tables we were obliged to refuse the other offer. Mrs. Closson, of Logansport, Indiana, was kind enough to offer us the table. We also had an offer from Mr. Robbins, 33 East 74th Street, to furnish us with any games, books, etc., for which we are very thankful indeed.

It is our intention to have a photograph taken of the interior of the club house just as soon as we get the curtains up; we will send you one of these photos as soon as they are ready.

Thanking you for your kindness and cooperation which, I can assure you, will long remain a remembrance to all the boys at Fort Stanton for many years to come. Our

object was to build a club house that would be a pleasure and comfort to all, thereby creating a feeling of good fellowship between us all and at the same time be the means of brightening the lives of those who are destined to follow us when we are well enough to leave here. Our object has been achieved inasmuch that we have now got a real swell club house, and the pool tables you so kindly donated will long remain a source of amusement to the boys at Fort Stanton.

Just as soon as we get the pool table I will write and let you know.

With the very best wishes of all the members of the Seamen's Social Club at Fort Stanton, also my kind personal regards, we are,

Gratefully yours,

SEAMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB.

JOHN R. HERTING, President.

The Story of a Suit of Clothes

It was an unusually good suit sent in response to the appeal in the May issue of *The Lookout*. A kind friend had probably canceled some of its logical days of usefulness in his own wardrobe to help out a seaman. The House Mother gloated over that suit and gave strenuous thought to the right and just disposal of it. It must go to somebody who would appreciate it, to somebody to whom it would mean a great deal, perhaps to someone who would rather die than ask for it. Obviously also it must go to somebody who was approximately the same size as the garment.

She thought over her family of men, and she hit upon Darby. Darby

has had a strange life. In his young manhood he was deeply religious, a very active member of the Baptist Church. But when two of his children died, one after another, he lost his grip, and his faith and began to go down hill. Then one night, half intoxicated, he went to the home of an old friend, and he compared that decent, happy home with what he had made of his own and was ashamed. From that night he took hold of himself and straightened up, and now he is trying to get on his feet again financially. He is always particular to be clean and neat, but the House Mother had noticed that his clothes were threadbare. So she went to Darby rather diffidently and offered him the suit, which he accepted gratefully. In fact he nearly broke down when he tried to thank her. He told her that with the money this would save him he was going to buy the little wife a nice new suit. She had been a brick in standing by him in all those off years, and even now she never asked for anything for herself. She should have a new suit.

Darby took the suit away and put it on and came back to show himself. Would you believe it, it fitted as if it had been made for him. He and the House Mother rejoiced together over it, and there will be a second jubilee when the little wife gets her suit. No doubt the kind friend who sent it would be amazed to know how much happiness he brought about by packing up a suit of clothes and sending it to the Institute.

Visiting the Majestic

The House Manager put us on our honor to meet him at pier 61, North River at 2.30 exactly, and we did our humble best. Any time from 2.15 on, little hurried groups of us arrived panting, until the whole party which was to make a tour of the Majestic had assembled.

Then we were divided into two parties and began a very interesting trip over this floating palace. From the upper deck to the steerage we went, and even into the Kaiser's suite, an unusual privilege accorded us because our House Manager was at one time a White Star Steward, and had friends on board.

Now we stopped to look down the dizzy distance from the upper deck to the engine room, now we followed our small bored guide into the swimming pool and the gymnasium, and into the dining saloon, where we gazed up at the symbolic painting on the dome.

It was so tremendous, so incredibly splendid in scale, so far a cry from the first wobbling sailing vessel that put out to sea, that we have resolved to call no man a liar no matter how wildly he dreams of the future, nor what weird prophecies he may make for the years to come.

An Appeal from Far Away

A large, square foreign looking letter was laid on the desk of the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law. It was addressed clearly, if not quite correctly, to "The Seamen's Church Institute, 12 South Street, New York

City, U. S. A." Inside was another large square envelope similarly addressed, and inside of that again a letter in Arabic script.

An Institute which houses men from the four corners of the earth is of necessity versatile, but the reading of Arabic script is not among our accomplishments. Generally that which we cannot do ourselves some seamen can do for us, but at this time there did not happen to be a man in the building who could translate the letter for us, so the chaplain took the letter himself and went to that section of the city where these people foregather.

At a corner he stopped and asked a policeman if he knew of a seaman's boarding house.

The policeman promptly answered. "Yes, at 25 South Street."

Our chaplain said that he had just come from there and explained his mission, and the policeman directed him to a little store down the street, where he thought he would be able to get the letter translated. As they were talking a young man, who belonged to the district came up and he volunteered to go with the chaplain to the store. Together he and the woman who owned the store translated the letter. It was from a woman in that part of the world where the British and Turks are wrangling about the oil fields.

Her son had gone away to sea and had not returned and she had heard—great indeed must be our fame—that we located missing men, so she was writing to see if we could help her to find her boy.

We are putting the boy's name on our Missing Men Bulletin, which goes to ports in all parts of the world, and the young man who assisted in translating the letter has promised to look out for him if he turns up among his own people in New York. So we hope we may be able to bring happiness to that far-away mother, who turned to us in her anxiety with a cry that is international, "Find my boy."

Was He in the Hospital?

John Mason, a barge captain, was crushed in an accident, and taken by his associates to Bellevue Hospital. Then it occurred to them that they ought to notify his family. The only one they had any knowledge of was a sister, and they tried in vain to find a telephone at the place where she was supposed to reside.

Checkmated, they came in a body to the Institute and asked our chaplain what they should do. He sent a telegram for them, but the next morning the telegraph company notified him that the woman had moved and the telegram had not been delivered. By this time the man's friends had dispersed, so our chaplain felt obliged to take up the search himself.

He telephoned the hospital for further information as to Mason's condition, and told them he was trying to locate his family. The hospital said that Mason had a brother who could be reached through a man by the name of Jacoby and gave our chaplain Jacoby's address.

Our chaplain sent the Woman-Who-Cares-For-the-Books to see Jacoby and ask him to convey the information to Mason's brother that he was in Bellevue Hospital. She went and found Jacoby willing to be of assistance. He went to the telephone, but apparently had some difficulty in conveying the information inasmuch as John Mason's brother was partly intoxicated at the time. However, after much repetition it seemed to register in his mind that his brother was hurt.

So the Woman-Who-Cares-for-the-Books returned to the Institute feeling that everything was settled and the Mason family put in communication again.

But she had been back only a little while when a thick voice came over the wire calling us bad names. It was John Mason's brother and he wanted to know what we meant by frightening him to death. He said he had gone to his brother's barge and found him working as usual.

We are still wondering whether John Mason's brother saw alcoholic visions, or whether John Mason was delirious when he claimed the man Jacoby knew as his brother.

The Anonymous Gift

One young seaman was sitting in the House Mother's office talking to her when another knocked at the door and handed her a box of chocolates, with the statement that one of the boys asked him to give it to her.

He parried all the House Mother's efforts to find out which one of the

boys had done it. Hospitably she opened the box and offered some of the candy to the young man with whom she was talking, and fortunately she expressed great enthusiasm for the candy.

"I suppose I might as well admit that I sent it," said the young man, no longer able, in the face of so much enthusiasm, to hide his light under a bushel.

Wanted—A Pal

It's tough being a boy and lonesome in a great city like New York, and wanting somebody half decent to pal around with, and not being quite sure how to go about to get him.

A young lad from Boston, who has stayed at the Institute only once before, and still feels a little strange, came up to the editor the other day and wanted to know if the House Mother was in. The editor didn't think so, as it was before her usual time to arrive, but she felt sure there must be someone else who could do what he wanted done. She indicated the Social Service Office.

The boy looked dubious, and seemed to be in two minds as to whether to tell her what he wanted. Then he blurted it all out in a rush. He wanted to go to a matinee and he wanted a boy for company. Moreover he wanted a decent boy. Maybe the editor could help him?

Never had she so much regretted her lack of acquaintance among the men as she did at this moment with

the boy looking up eagerly into her face and demanding a decent pal. She assured him that the House Mother was the best possible person to be consulted and he said simply:

"Yes, I like her."

They thought they might as well try the House Mother's office, and there she was, so away she and the boy went to the lobby to look for a pal.

It seems the lad from Boston had had his eyes on a young fellow on the stairs reading a letter, whom he thought might do, so they had a talk with him. The House Mother asked him where he came from, but the boy whispered in her ear, "I don't care where he comes from. It doesn't matter."

It happened that the boy was from Liverpool, and when Mrs. Roper explained that the other lad wanted somebody to go to a matinee with him, the Liverpool boy said genially, "Sure I'll take him to a matinee." The other boy explained that all he wanted was a pal, and away they went together as happy as could be, falling into acquaintance with the easy familiarity of youth.

A Floating Weather Bureau

It would appear that through American and French cooperation the establishment of a floating weather bureau has been consummated by the sailing from New Orleans for Antwerp of the French ship **Jacques Cartier** with French and American weather experts on board. During

the voyage the vessel will act as a weather bureau broadcasting radio forecasts of weather daily to all vessels within hearing distance. The observations and studies will be facilitated by the reports from the various vessels within range and from Arlington and the Eiffel Tower as to the conditions of wind and weather. On arrival in Europe the American representatives will visit the meteorological offices in Paris and London in connection with the scheme. With the Columbus "Dispatch," we are inclined to the belief that with this new floating weather bureau, our floating debt, our floating population and our drifting foreign policy there is still a chance for the American people to become ship-minded.—The Nautical Gazette.

International Medical Service

When the Seamen's Church Institute began to give medical service, by radio, to ships at sea it started a snowball that is still rolling, the ultimate size and nature of which can only be guessed.

Below we are printing a copy of a letter from the Radio Corporation of America to our Superintendent, together with a circular they have received announcing that medical advice will be given out free of charge from Bergen Radio in Norway, and in Sweden from Goteborg Radio. As will be seen by the attached statement this assistance may be asked for in any one of six languages and is free.

June 7th, 1923.

Dr. A. R. Mansfield,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South St.,
New York City.

Dear Doctor:—

We are in receipt of advice from our Norwegian associates, the Norsk Marconikompani Christiania, Norway, under date of May 26th, to the effect that free medical service is now available to ships of any nationality through the radiotelegraph stations located at Bergen, Norway, and Goteborg, Sweden.

I attach hereto, for your information, copy of circular as received by us.

I am sure you will be gratified to see that the service as instituted by your good self, is now becoming an international proposition.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) T. M. Stevens,
Asst. Traffic Manager (Marine),
Radio Corporation of America.

The Telegraph Administration

I 1442

Kristiania, 4th May, 1923.

Circular to the Ship Radio Stations (Nr. 3.)

Ships of any nationality can, while at sea, when required, obtain medical advices free of charge from Bergen Radio in Norway, and in Sweden from Goteborg Radio.

Requisition for such advices may be sent by the commander in Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, German,

English or French language in form of a radio telegram containing a brief description of the case in question to Bergen Radio in Norway, which immediately forwards same to the local Hospital in Bergen (in Sweden the Goteborg Radio forwards such telegrams to a Hospital in Goteborg, Allmanna och Sahlgrenska Sjukhuset in Goteborg). Reply will be sent to the commander of the ship in form of a radio telegram via the above named coast stations, containing such advices as will be found to be of use in the prevailing circumstances. Radio telegrams as well as the advices given are free of charge.

Radio Treatments at Sea

Shipping Board Doctor Prescribes for Three on One Voyage

Dr. Paul F. Sondern of the steamship George Washington of the United States Lines, is believed to hold the record for radio treatments of patients at sea in one round trip between New York and the Continent. On a recent voyage of the George Washington, Dr. Sondern successfully treated three cases of a widely different character.

The first, and most serious, was the direction for the cure of an abscess that had formed in the tear duct of one of the eyes of the lighthouse keeper at Cape Race, Newfoundland. The light was storm-bound, and no doctor could reach it. The station's operator broadcast for medical assistance and Dr. Sondern, for three days after getting a

radioed description of the case, directed the treatment from the scanty medicinal supplies at the light. At the end of that time satisfactory progress in allaying the spread of the abscess was reported. A hopeful letter of thanks from the engineer in charge of the Cape Race station to the United States Lines disclosed the work of the George Washington's surgeon before she returned from Bremen.

On the same trip Dr. Sondern prescribed for a seaman on board the steamship Scottish Grath, then in mid-ocean, who was apparently paralyzed through lack of circulation in his legs, with success. On the return journey a sailor on the steamship Editor, who was reported as suffering from exceptionally severe internal disorders, was put in cold packs on Dr. Sondern's orders, and within a day or two was well on the way to recovery.

The End of the Story

No better example of the uncertainty of sea life could be offered than this account, printed in the New York Times, of the return of a plank telling of a shipwreck five years ago. Many a ship has gone out and never returned, and not even a plank has wandered back to shore to tell its fate.

MESSAGE ON PLANK

ENDS SEA MYSTERY

Drifts Into Home Port and Reveals

Loss of Schooner and Crew

Five Years Ago

A brief dispatch to The Times

yesterday, telling that a battered plank, bearing a hand-carved inscription, had been cast up by the sea at St. John, N. B., brought a shock to at least one citizen of New York, who for five years has been trying to solve the mystery of the disappearance from the high seas in 1918 of the schooner E. E. Armstrong, her captain, Bill Burns, and the crew.

The plank, according to the dispatch, carried this message, which had been hacked into one side with a knife:

"Lost ship and crew, Captain Burns (me) survives."

According to Herbert H. Benington of 86 St. James Place, Brooklyn, who supervised the loading of the schooner and was the last man to bid farewell to the captain and crew when they cleared from St. John for Jamaica in 1918, and who read the dispatch at breakfast yesterday, the last chapter of the story will never be written.

"The oddest feature of this story," said Mr. Benington, "is that after drifting and tossing for five years on the Atlantic, that plank found its way back to the port from which it started when it was a part of the schooner.

"Captain Burns evidently regarded himself as a survivor when he carved that message and threw the plank into the sea in the hope that it would drift ashore. He was a close friend of mine and a real sailor man."

Relating the story, Mr. Benington said:

"Early in 1918 I was the manager in Montreal for the export department of Grace & Co. At that time the company owned and operated several schooners, and the E. E. Armstrong, with Captain Bill Burns in command, was one of them. The Jamaica office of the company purchased for shipment on this craft several thousand sacks of flour and meal, with a deck load of alewives. Blizzards and heavy snows blocked progress, and I remember going out to a point north of Montreal where, for ten days, bundled in fur coats that we never took off, and getting along with two hours' sleep a night, we at last got the cargo alongside the schooner and loaded.

"In due course of time we were advised of the ship's safe arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, where she discharged a part of her cargo, and of the fact that she then proceeded to Martinique, where a part of the cargo had been sold. Right there the curtain was rung down on the schooner, her captain and the crew. Not until this plank was picked up in the very harbor from which the boat had sailed were any of them ever heard from.

"For months I tried to trace the boat, but to no avail. Nor could we ever get news of any great storm that might have swallowed them up. There is but one plausible explanation, and that is that a bolt of lightning might have sent the schooner to the bottom, Captain Bill getting clear in a boat for a brief respite. Perhaps when he carved this grim message on the plank he had an idea

he might be rescued. He perished, of course, because no word has come for five years until now, and Bill was not the sort of Captain to leave his home office in doubt if he lived."

Making Communication Easy

It was quiet in the Social Service Office on the morning of Decoration Day so a young man took advantage of the peace to slip in and ask if we would address two envelopes to a woman in Latvia.

"Your sweetheart?" the chaplain asked, with a sympathetic smile.

The young man admitted, without any embarrassment, that it was.

"And how long are you going to be away?"

"Two months."

"Then you want more than two envelopes," the chaplain said, firmly.

He had four addressed for him, and the stranger took them with a grateful smile.

Down to the Sea in Ships

Old whaling days and that period when New Bedford was the center of a great shipping industry are revived in the moving picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships." The story meanders thingly to a highly improbable conclusion but the picture of the killing of a great whale is fascinating and full of thrills. One sees the whalers in the open boats and the harpoon thrown and then the chase of the tremendous brute, and finally his turning and charging the small boat, and spilling the men out into the water, and their final exciting rescue.

The Price of Being a Hero

The price of heroism is paid by the hero alone. However much a well-intentioned society may want to lift the burden for the returned soldier, the heaviest part of it, the consciousness of physical or mental impotence, must be borne by the man himself. This fact came home to us with new force the other day when a wireless operator sat down at the piano in the Apprentice Boy's Room and played it as only a person here and there can play.

One after another the worker's in the Institute drifted in to listen for a few moments to his music, and to ask each other what that man was doing on a ship.

Finally someone put the question to him and he told us. He had been shell shocked during the war and lost his memory. Before he went to war he had been a professional musician. After that experience his mind retained none of the things he had learned previously, and except for the technique he had acquired he had to begin all over again. He has been going to sea in the hope that with restored health the mind may be able to throw off the blanket of oblivion, and if the day ever comes when his memory is restored he means to go back to his beloved profession. In the meantime he sits by the hour and plays upon the piano in the Apprentice Room, the recent gift of the late Miss Prime, which has given this one young man enough happiness to justify her generosity.

General Summary of Work

APRIL, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK		No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	98
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	547
Communion Services	5	51
Bible Classes	3	158
Midweek Services	1	20
Fellowship Meetings	4	215
Weddings		
Funerals		
Baptisms		

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	5	98
Communion Services	1	18
Funerals	1	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	5	359
Entertainments	9	3,380
Lodgings Registered		22,305
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,065
Dunnage Checked		5,840
Packages Literature Distributed		68
Knitted Articles Distributed		427
Apprentices Visiting Building		1,153

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	805
Assisted through Loan Fund	43
Baggage and Minor Relief	246
Cases in Institute Clinic	403
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	22
Referred to Other Organizations	48
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	16

Employment

Men Shipped	750
Shore Jobs	64

Visits

To Hospitals	30
To Patients	48
Other Visits	70

U. S. Marine Hospital

To Hospital	26
Number of Hours	165

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	25
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	3
First Aid Lectures	30

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$29,977.18
Withdrawals	28,827.25
Transmissions	4,837.73

BEQUESTS

Make your bequests to this Institute a thank offering to God for a prosperous life. But since prosperity is entirely relative it need not only be those of great fortunes who respond to this appeal.

If you have been without fear of hunger or destitution you have been blessed beyond thousands of your fellow men. Will you show your appreciation of your good fortune by leaving some of your worldly goods to protect others, less happy and successful?

We, who are now directing this work, will die but this institution has proven its virility by thriving for seventy-eight years, during which time it has rendered a unique service to the stranger in port.

SUGGESTED 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.