

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 10

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

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

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

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The Lobby Floor

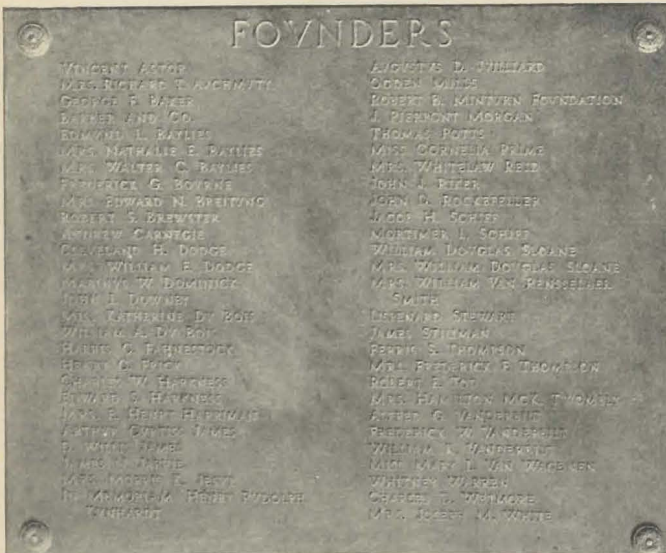
A ship has just docked.

There is a living frieze of seamen along Jeanette Park fence on the South Street side. Some are bowed under the weight of sea bags. Some are carrying heavy suit cases. All are moving leisurely, as if time was not, in the same direction, toward

their calling; shoulder their bags and march on.

Let us follow them in.

To the left, as they mount the next short flight of steps, are bronze tablets bearing the names of the benefactors and founders of this present institution.



The names of some of those who made this building possible.

the open door of the Seamen's Church Institute.

As they enter the hallway they are stopped, one by one, by a uniformed watchman, who demands proof that they are seamen. Pass-ports or discharge papers are the only open sesame to the building.

Stolidly they produce evidence of

Institute be able to bear the additional financial burden of up-keep?

All those anxious questions have been answered by time, but it is fitting that the Institute should hold a permanent memorial to these men and women who had the vision to build on faith alone. Looking backward from the solid ground of an

Seeing this huge place as it is today, thriving, and every square foot of space in use, it doesn't seem such a far-sighted thing to have built it. But in the years before it was constructed there was much heart searching, and trembling over finances. Could the money be raised? Would the building be used if it were built? Would the



The lobby as it was intended to be—a pleasantly spacious welcome to the Institute.



The lobby as it is—standing room only, most of the year. Notice the hotel desk to the right.

accomplished fact it seems a normal, natural expansion. Looking forward into the obscure years it was a leap in the dark. They builded better than they knew, for the Institute was just completed in time to meet the tremendous obligations of the war.

Follow the sea bags on into the lobby. In the winter time all a short person can see of the hotel lobby, without standing on the stairs, is a solid mass of men. In the centre of the marble floor is a large inlaid compass which disappears with the coming of cold weather and is never completely visible again until spring lures the guests of the Institute out of doors.

Curious place, the lobby, more truly cosmopolitan than the world court at Geneva. Nearly every race under the sun congregated under one roof, and at peace. A little oasis of tolerance in a world torn by ra-

cial feuds. Somehow these plain working men have found the common denominator of life, while the more expert mathematicians of the diplomatic circle have bungled over the problem.

Take a stand on the main stairway where you can look down at this patchwork quilt of humanity. To reach it you will have to walk straight ahead into a solid crowd, but some polite man will almost certainly shout, "Gangway," and a path will be opened before you. When you reach a level above their heads and turn to look back on them their faces will be turned up to yours with frank curiosity. Anglo Saxon faces, Celtic faces, Latin faces, Greek faces, Slavic faces, Germanic faces, Norse faces, Negro faces, Oriental faces. Look back at them with discerning eyes and you will see something miraculous. Into all these faces, so utterly different in type, so far apart in habits of life

and thought, the sea has painted a certain likeness. What is this thing that the Chinaman over there has in common with the Englishman? What is it that makes a sharp American boy look vaguely like a big placid Russian? "Romance," the reader of sea fiction answers promptly. The Institute chaplain shakes his head and smiles. There isn't anybody in the world so unromantic as a seaman. Romance is for the person who stays in one place and dreams about a foreign country. The seaman has shivered with the cold in Russia, withered with the heat in India, relaxed in the gentle climate of Hawaii. He has made love, probably, to women of all complexions in every port from Tokio round to Seattle. He has seen nature with every detail etched sharply against a colorful northern sky, he has looked upon it when fairy cities appear dimly out of the mist. He has lost the power to wonder.

"It must be awfully interesting to visit China," says the enthusiastic young person to a shy, quiet man, who has come to report that he has just signed on to go to the Orient, and wishes to bid the House Mother good-bye.

The man looks back at her blankly, "Interesting, I don't know as it is. 'Bout the same as other places."

No, it isn't romance that has written its signature on these upturned faces. Perhaps it is the communistic life these men lead.

Notice that line of men waiting to book their rooms at the hotel desk

over to your right. There is a hold-up in the line just now, as the man who has the window feels in all his pockets for some money he knows, and the other fellows suspect, is not there. Finally the man next in line does what the seeker has hoped all the time he would do, leans forward and puts down the price of a bed. That is one of the fundamental differences between seamen and landsmen. The man out of funds feels no shame in taking help, and the man who is flush gives him a lift without grudging. It is the unwritten law of the sea, and produces an unusual type of character. It discourages the acquisition of large sums of money, and it tends to eliminate fear of poverty. The seaman lives from day to day, leaving his past behind him whenever he sails into a new port, trusting his future to that inscrutable Fate that often twists men's destinies awry however well they may be planned.

Well, no matter what it is, there is a something uniform in these children of many lands, who follow the sea.

But it is only those on the outside of the hotel desk, who can afford to be casual about money. The clerks on the inside are bound down to a thoroughly efficient system for registering rooms and money. Yet supported by one of the best hotel systems, and a sincere desire to serve it is not always possible to please all of the eight or nine hundred men who knock daily at our door for admittance.

Bold signs are prominently placed telling the men that they must

either remove their baggage when they go out in the morning or re-engage their rooms before ten o'clock and yet every day a certain number walk out serenely leaving their baggage behind them, and are intensely indignant when they find it removed to the baggage room and the room let to somebody else.

Also the life of the clerk is complicated by the uncertain nature of the seaman's employment. This morning he books his room for a week. Two hours later he signs on a ship to go to the west coast of Africa. His money must be refunded and a clerk from the desk must go with him to his room to clear his baggage.

Now an Egyptian, without a word of English has to be made to understand that he is being refused a room because all the rooms in the house are sold out, not because we consider him undesirable, now a seaman, who has had a few glasses of liquor, arrives with a fistful of money, which he wants to leave in the safe-keeping of the Institute until he sobers up. Long experience with himself and other seamen has taught him a very wise distrust of his ability to keep his money against the persuasion of his companions in dissipation, so, like a trusting child, he brings it to us to keep for him until he can take care of it himself. The hotel desk is the go-between for the seamen during the hours when the savings department is closed. As much as seven thousand dollars has been taken in at the hotel desk after hours, in one day.

The hotel desk has another func-

tion, and that is caring for the valuables of seamen. Important papers, jewelry, whatever non-negotiable valuables a seaman possesses may be put into an envelope and deposited in our safe.

Also the hotel desk must co-operate with the Social Service Department in the matter of giving practical relief. Suppose a man comes to the desk and says, "I've stayed at this Institute for years, and now I'm on the beach, will you trust me for a room?" The desk refers him to the Social Service Department, and if that department is satisfied that he is telling the truth, he is given an order for a bed, and probably for some meal tickets until he can get a job.

It is the hotel desk, too, which issues bath tickets. For fifteen cents a man can get a cake of soap, a clean towel, and the right to take a bath and wash his clothes. This service is for any seaman in port. He may be staying on his ship, which is perhaps none too clean, and feel that he would like to make himself decent. He comes here to our wash rooms, takes off his clothes and washes them, and while he is taking a bath they are drying, in a big drying machine. Three thousand seven hundred bath tickets were sold in 1922.

But the fundamental activity of the hotel desk is to meet the Institute's guests when they apply for lodgings, give them, as far as possible, absolutely just and impartial treatment, make intelligible the rules of the Institute to those with a very limited English vocabulary.

A man fairly reeking of the salt water shuffles up to the window and asks for a room.

"Please show your passport," the clerk asks politely.

The seaman feels in his pocket for it irritably, "What's the matter with you people? I've been staying here for years. Don't you know by this time I'm a seaman?"

The manager of the desk beckons him aside, after he has been given his ticket. "Of course we know you are a seaman," he explains, "But if we didn't ask to see your passport the man behind you would think we were playing favorites."

Also the men at the desk have to learn to refuse lodgings as gently as possible. In 1922 in addition to the 291,212 lodgings registered, 27,139 were refused, because the house was full to capacity.

Around the corner from the hotel desk is the post office. You read in your annual report for 1922 that the post office received 190,273 pieces of mail. That doesn't mean anything. Statistics never adequately describe any post office, least of all the one at the Institute. Get the clerk to unlock the door and let you in. Here is a young man doing up one hundred and eleven pieces of mail, which have accumulated for one seaman since January. Take a peek in the boxes. They will illustrate the shuffle of nationalities, and interests, which the life of the seaman brings to pass. Here for example is a letter from Austria for Mr. J. P. Murphy, another for Mr. Gudmundsen from England. Lurik, Hermandez,

Venturo, Reynosa, Sahabian, are some of the names copied at random from the rented boxes. Think a moment about the homes these letters have come from. Think of the curiously different mental pictures the men will have as they open their letters from their mothers and sisters and friends. Compare the visions brought up by the letters to Sahabian, the Egyptian, with those of the boy raised on a farm in Vermont. Think, too, of the long intervals between letters, how many things may have happened in the family before the seaman turns up again to demand his mail. Sometimes he comes cheerfully and hopefully to get his mail from home, and walks away very quiet and sober after he has read it. Once in a long while he volunteers the information that "the old man" has died while he was away on the last voyage, or his sister has married, or his wife has gone off with another man. The great majority of letters are no doubt quite innocuous weather reports and the like, but almost certainly there comes every day some message that is electric with possibilities of happiness or misery for some seaman.

Over on the other side of the lobby is the soda fountain, or Cheerfulness Centre. It is a bright little spot in the Institute life where the social amenities are exchanged. Here a Dane treats a Russian to an ice cream soda, and an Italian buys a cigar for an Englishman, and a Dutchman purchases some gum, which he shares with a Japanese. It



A close-up of Cheerfulness Centre, commonly known as the soda fountain.
Notice the compass in the floor.

is a friendly, cheerful, gay little corner, which does quite a brisk business. Last year the customers at the soda fountain numbered 285,265. Now and again a visiting agent has a sale in this department and a penetrating voice enlivens the lobby with the offer, "Buy one and get one free. Buy one and get one free." Notice the soda fountain as you come in the door.

Shut off by a partial partition from the main lobby is the lunch

counter. Questioned as to whether the seaman had a tendency to demand the sort of food to which he was accustomed in his native country the man in charge answered in the negative. Sea life accustomed the men to take what was given them. On shore all they asked was that they should be given substantial, well cooked fare, except perhaps, that the Englishman, finding that he can get two fresh eggs for twenty cents, feels that it would be a waste of a magnificent opportunity



Inside the partition is the lunch counter where the men sit down to substantial fare "that is," as Blackmore says, "enough to make a hungry man thank God for the room there is inside him."

not to eat eggs three times a day.

Curious rumors sometimes circulate among the men. One is that the reason the lunch counter gives such generous quantities of good tea is because Sir Thomas Lipton gives it to the Institute free. Would that it were so, for there is no better tea than that put up by Sir Thomas.

Seamen are a peculiarly absent-minded class of men. Time and again they will walk past the man at the desk with their meal check clasped firmly in their fist, and when they are stopped they are just as apt to lay a medal as a fifty cent piece on the desk, and wait for change.

Four hundred and seven thousand six hundred and sixty-three meals were served at the lunch counter last year.

In addition to its regular activities the lunch counter takes care of the

supplies for the Apprentice Room, and serves more than fourteen hundred special dinners at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

We call these departments, together with the Hotel Desk, the commercial departments, but if they did not do their work in the spirit of service there would be hundreds of men who would never get any vision of this institution as a social service activity.

And now there is just one more place on the lobby floor to visit, and that is the heart of the Institute. Turn to your right as you come away from the lunch counter, make your way through the mass of men, past the elevator to the big oak doors behind the stairway. Turn the lock, open the door, let it close behind you, and instantly all the roar and clatter of the lobby has been left behind, and you are in the

House of God—a little space of absolute quiet and peace in this great throbbing building.

Wait a moment in the little chapel and let the peace sink in until we explain why we called it the heart of the building. Back seventy-eight years ago when this service was first dreamed it was conceived as a movement for spiritual uplift among seamen. In the evangelical language of those days its object was to save their souls. The first expression of that dream was a missionary, going about to the ships preaching the word of God, the next was a mission and the final form the Institute. But in all the different shapes this work has taken in seventy-eight years the chapel and its services have always been the kernel of the nut, and the care for the men's material wants merely the shell. Subtract the religious side of the work from the Institute and there would be left simply a cheap hotel.

To your left as you stand there in the quiet and peace of the little chapel you will notice a christening font of marble, in the form of a capstan and shell, a gift to the old floating church from St. Marks on the Bowrie.

Beside it is a mite box in which to drop gifts for the Relief Fund, presented by the old Hope Club, a group of people who used to assist Dr. Mansfield in the early days of his service to this work.

At the far end of the little chapel, over the altar, is a beautiful painting of the calling of Andrew and

Peter given by Mrs. Lucie B. Carew. The bible in this little chapel is the gift of a young woman, Miss Carrie Christ, in memory of a dearly loved sister.

In the archway between the little chapel and the larger one is a bronze tablet in memory of Captain John Rooke, erected by his great granddaughter, Mary Louisa Van Wageningen. At the other side of the archway is a bronze tablet to the Reverend Isaac MaGuire, for 30 years chaplain of the Institute's work in this slip, erected by his children.

The large chapel is the gift of a number of churches in the dioceses of New York, Newark and Long Island. Their names are listed in a bronze tablet up beside the organ. Every chair in both chapels is a gift in memory of some person. The stained glass window is a part of the old floating church.

The central panel of the Reredos is in memory of James Carl Hall, a clergyman, and intimate personal friend of Dr. Mansfield's.

The remainder of the Reredos, the altar, the pulpit and the credence table are in memory of Stuart A. Randolph.

The organ, the lectern and the bible on the lectern were given in memory of Nathalie E. Baylies, the organ by Miss Cornelia Prime, and the lectern by Cornelia P. Lowell. One of the Prie-dieu is also in her memory.

The altar desk is in memory of Thomas P. Cummings. Mrs. William Rhineland gave the altar cross, "to the glory of God and the

salvation of seamen." The brass altar vases are a gift from the Altar Chapter of the church of Zion and St. Timothy. The Prie-dieu nearest the pulpit was presented by Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer; a litany desk is given in loving memory of Marie Antoinette Udall, by her daughter.

The rector's chair and sedilia were given by Orme Wilson, Jr.; the communion silver by Miss Frances de Peyster in memory of her mother, the altar linen, wine and bread are the gift of the Altar Guild, the flowers on the altar each Sunday are in memory of someone who has passed away.

The beautiful faience over the chapel door was the generous gift of Mrs. B. H. Buckingham in memory of Benjamin H. Buckingham and the chapel bell, which calls the seamen to worship represents the kind thought of Mrs. James G. Slack in loving memory of Francis McNeil Bacon. Even the illuminated sign over the door, which announces the service to the passerby, is a memorial to Ove Malling, Prime Minister of Denmark, 1824, given by Frederick M. Pedersen.

It is, you see, a House of Memories.

The man who cares for the chapel will press the buttons and turn the lights on the altar. If you can spare the time sit a moment and try to sense the atmosphere of this modest little place of worship. After you have been a while in this atmosphere of the passing generations your petty cares and worries will begin

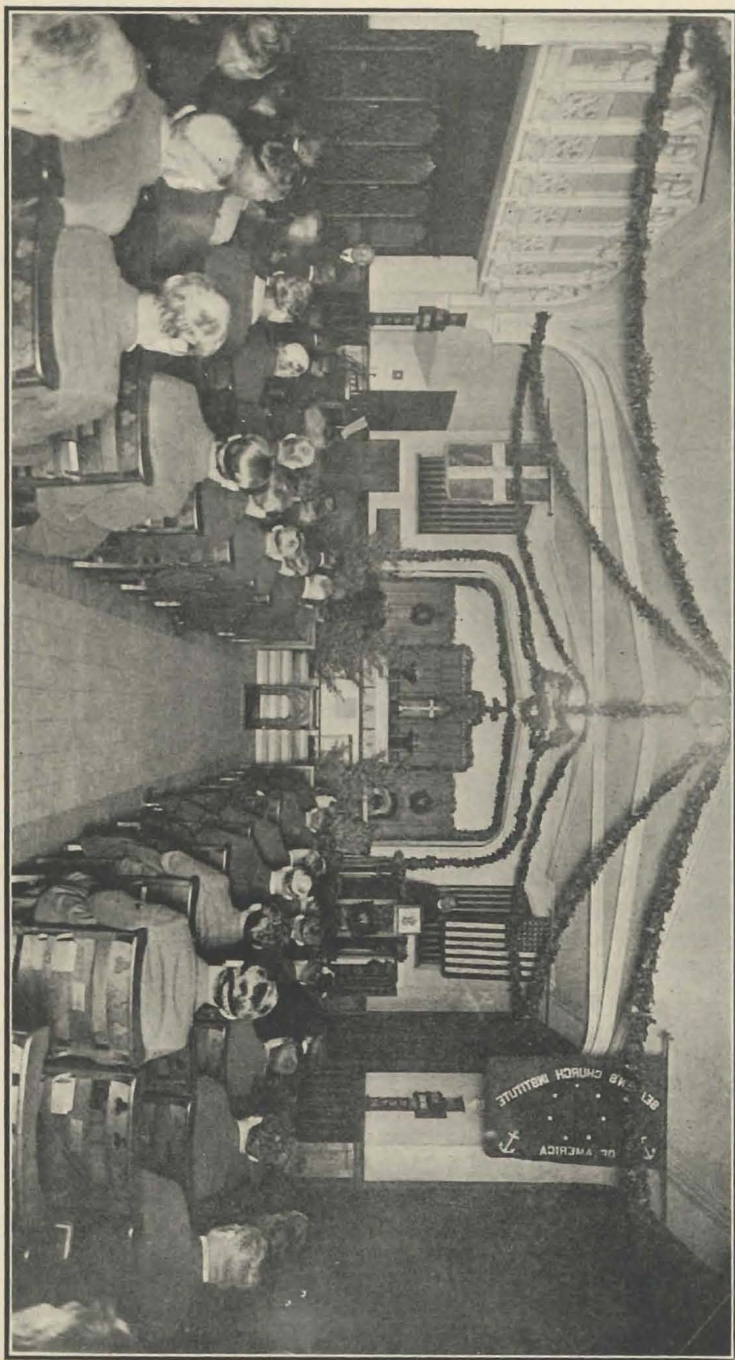
to shrivel into insignificance. It is hardly more than yesterday that those who are memorialized here were hurrying around about many things, which seemed to them vastly important. Today they have gone on, and many of the things they were exercised about have been utterly forgotten.

So, if you have brought any burden, any worry, any care into the chapel leave it at the altar steps. Why take back to your home that which, in comparison with the scurrying centuries, is no more than the cut finger of one's childhood?

Do you get the feeling of spaciousness in time, which those who are familiar with the Chapel of Our Saviour, sense increasingly as they are associated with it?

Services are held regularly twice on Sunday and once during the week, with special services on such occasions as Christmas and Easter.

Once during the year a Memorial Service is held for those who have enriched the Institute by gifts. Formerly it was the Sunday nearest to All Saints. This year it is planned to hold it later, on November 18th, so that a greater number of contributors will be back in the city and have the opportunity of attending. But aside from this special occasion the chapel bell, which rings every Sunday morning and evening, calls anyone who will to worship, and if you hear it ring, and if it calls to you, come into this House of Memories and pray. It may be you will find peace there. Many do.



The Chapel of Our Saviour—the pulse of the whole Institute.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

The Discretionary Fund

This fund was founded years ago by two good friends of the Institute, who felt that Dr. Mansfield had the same right to a discretionary fund as any rector of a parish. It has been maintained latterly by general contributions.

Inevitably a man in Dr. Mansfield's position has many appeals made to him for help in cases to which he could not apply the regular funds of the Institute. To catalog the uses to which such a fund is applied would be to betray the confidence of those who have trusted him with their personal affairs, but such instances as the brave young men down in the Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, who were trying to scrape together enough money to build a recreation house is one of the less personal cases that can be recorded.

Some of you know Dr. Mansfield personally. To those of you who

do nothing need be said concerning his right to your confidence. But nobody knows, except those who have worked beside him in the Institute, the tremendous enthusiasm with which he has given himself utterly and whole-heartedly to it. For twenty-eight years he has done the work of two men. From early in the morning until far into the night he has dreamed, planned, supervised, directed. The work of the Chaplain - Who - Understands - Law and the House Mother, and the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief are some of the things he dreamed after the rest of the staff had gone home.

Such untiring service ought to have inspired the confidence and respect of everyone interested in seamen. So we are going to ask you to make your gifts to this fund, which is administered by Dr. Mansfield himself, an expression of your appreciation of those twenty-eight years of undivided loyalty to this work. It would please him more than anything you could do for him personally.

We hope you will give to this fund, as you have never given to any Institute fund before, so that he may know that you consider those strenuous days and nights well spent.

Mister Cinderella

It is not an uncommon thing for mothers to expect their long lost sons to be standing in the lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute waiting to be found. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are disappointed.

The hundredth time—but this is the story of the hundredth time. The House Mother had brought a woman and her little daughter down to the hotel desk to inquire whether one James Randolph was registered with us. As they came into the lobby the woman said, "Why, there he is over there." Then he disappeared around a corner.

It is not unusual for these anxious mothers to fancy every second man they see will be their boy, but this woman insisted, so the man at the desk called the name, and sure enough, a young man detached himself from a group of men and came forward.

Instantly the woman swooped upon him, and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, then the little girl hugged and kissed him, right there in the middle of the lobby, to his everlasting confusion, and the secret envy of the other fellows.

Having embraced him his mother stood back and looked him over. He was just a trifle shabby. "Is there any place," she asked, "where you can wash up and change into your better clothes?"

A look flashed over his face which the House Mother knew meant that he had no better clothes. She did some rapid thinking, the first result of which was that she insisted upon showing the mother the building. When she got her as far as the fourth floor she set her down to a cup of tea, and excused herself for a few minutes while she hunted up the son who was supposed to be changing into his good clothes.

She took him to her office and gave him a very nice suit of clothes some kind contributor had sent in, a shirt, a tie, and an overcoat, and she, being a fairy god-mother, they fitted as if they had been made for him.

When the boy came to call for his mother she looked him over with pride and satisfaction. "Why did you say you weren't fixed up to go home?" she asked. "That's a very nice suit you have on."

Then the House Mother came as near to telling a lie as it is possible for her to come. "Many of the boys don't wear their good suits around the lobby," she said, "they often leave them in the baggage room."

Behind his mother's back the boy flashed her such a look of wordless gratitude as rarely falls to the lot of man or woman.

Our Thanksgiving and Christmas Offer

Bills and Checks of Any Denomination Changed Into Happiness

The Seamen's Church Institute guarantees to change all the money our contributors feel they can spare for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners into pure, unalloyed joy for fifteen or sixteen hundred seamen.

Isn't it a great thing to know that you can send a check in here and be sure that it is going to be changed into happiness?

Happiness is a great regenerator of men. Watch the happy man walk down the street. He pats little children on the head, he laughs heartily at his friend's stale joke,

he helps the blind man cross the street. For the moment he is a good man, and incapable of malice. It may be for the moment only, but to be able to change money into kindness and good will is probably the greatest miracle in the world.

But we guarantee to perform that miracle with every dollar you send in to the Thanksgiving and Christmas Fund. We go even farther than that. We promise you that if you do, as you did last year, and give till it hurts, you are going to share in that happiness. When you sit down to your own Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners your happiness in the occasion will be increased by the knowledge that over in the Seamen's Church Institute some men, from the far corners of the earth, are having a wonderful day that you made possible.

Remember, any bill or check of any size, will be changed, to the last cent, into happiness. Send your contributions to the Thanksgiving and Christmas Fund.

The Institute at Houston

Last January there was added at Houston, Texas, another member to the family of Seamen's Church Institutes. Generally, where a great need exists, some person will become aware of it and shoulder the burden of meeting it.

In this instance it was Port Director B. C. Allin who realized that Houston ought to do something about the seamen part of its floating population, and stirred his fellow townsmen up so that the town do-

nated the land, the Rotary Club the building and the Episcopal Diocese of Texas the maintenance. It begins with a recreation room for the playing of games, smoking, and swapping yarns, a library and writing room, and six bed rooms with convenient shower baths. It will perform in a smaller way all the functions of this Institute, beginning with surrounding the men with cleanliness and protection and including friendliness and understanding.

This extract from the Houston Chronicle of August 24 gives some further details of its activities:

With the Port of Houston, still in its infancy, offering to the world advantages of water transportation and industries along the Ship Channel standing out as beacons of commerce, there is still an institution on the waterfront that is often overlooked by the casual observer, but is a haven of refuge for the seafaring man, a stranger in a strange city. It is the Seamen's Church Institute.

In addition to furnishing a home for seamen, the institute performs other services. A sub-postal station has been installed where stamps and money orders can be obtained and loans are made to worthy seamen and aid is tendered the destitute. The institute also performs as an employment office and steamship agents are using it as a means of securing additions to crews.

The institute is in charge of Clarence Hyde Jenkins, an experienced man in such work, who was overseas with the Y. M. C. A. and served at the front.

The institute keeps a record of services rendered and acts in an advisory capacity to seamen who are strangers to Port Houston.

Can You Spare Us a Pair of Men's Shoes?

Last year we heard of more than one case of a man coming out of a hospital, getting his feet wet, because his shoes were worn out, and going back with pneumonia. Some of them never returned to the Institute.

We want to prevent that happening again.

We would like to gather in, before the cold weather, all the second hand shoes, rubbers, and overshoes you can spare.

Some of the women who read this will belong to organizations in New York City which might be able to help. If any of you could gather twenty or thirty pairs together in one place we would be glad to send our "flivver" to collect them.

We know we can trust you to solve this shoe problem as you have solved our other difficulties.

The First Fellowship Gathering of the Season

"I'm having an awful good time," said a swarthy young seaman from southern Italy, at the meeting of the Fellowship on the evening of October 2. It would be more romantic to represent him as making the remark in the picturesque Italian dialect, but as a matter of fact he, like so many foreign seamen, spoke English without an accent. His brown

eyes sparkled and satisfaction beamed in almost visible rays from his countenance, as he listened to the program of readings and music, he beamed and perspired through the dances, which he performed with a funny little step, and tremendous enthusiasm, he beamed and chuckled over the refreshments. His radiant joy in the occasion was woven like a silver thread all through the evening.

And he was only one of many. It is a question whether he had a better time than the shy young Dane, who at first pretended he couldn't dance, later admitted he had danced, and finally, when the House Mother insisted upon it, got up with her and danced beautifully.

It was the first Fellowship meeting of the season, and there was a good attendance of young men of many nationalities. At one table, where refreshments were being served, there was one American of Finnish descent, two Italians, one Dane and one Canadian.

Mrs. May Kidder Chase brought a group of people to entertain, who provided a pleasing program, which with the dancing and refreshments rounded out a very delightful evening.

Wants to Be an Aviator

He is a nice, clean-looking, young Danish boy, who has taken out his first papers to become an American citizen. He is twenty-two, and has a wide forehead and a wide smile and is determined to become an aviator.

He has been going to sea for

years, and for a very long time he has been staying at the Institute, and has never asked for anything until five months ago when he came to the House Mother and asked her advice as to how he could get into aviation.

He is willing to do anything just to get on an aviation field. He has done some flying, he says, and the more he flies the better he likes it.

Inasmuch as THE LOOKOUT goes into the hands of all sorts of people, bank presidents and brokers and government officials, it might happen that somebody who reads this might be able and willing to give the boy his chance.

The Park Entertainments

Another successful season of outdoor entertainments has closed, and once again the weather man, incredible as it may seem, sent fine weather on every occasion.

It is estimated that twenty-seven thousand people enjoyed these movie shows and band concerts, although an accurate statement is impossible, as so large a part of the concert audience leaned out of windows, and sat in obscure fringes along sidewalks, and was therefore not countable.

On the other hand they were obliged to come right into the park for the picture shows and they came in droves with boxes and dinner pails and garbage cans. Anything that could be used to sit on through the entertainment.

This contact with the landsfolk added a new interest to the life of the seamen.

Pursuing a Bag of Clothes

Not even a bag of clothes can elude the vigilance of the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law. He has an uncanny way of unearthing things when he starts out to investigate, so when he began to seek the missing dunnage of a young colored seaman who was arrested at Cardiff for some misdemeanor and sent to jail, it was a matter of course that he would find out about it, bleak as the outlook appeared at the beginning.

Starting with the shipping company, he worked back through the American Consul's office to the Cardiff police and found that at the same time as the seaman our chaplain was looking out for, had been arrested, another seaman had been sent to jail from the same ship and the dunnage of the two men had been put away in the name of the second man, who was released first and took it all.

Who's Toes Were Pinched?

One of our employes went up to the Apprentice Room the other Thursday evening to dance with the young lads from the British ships. Being the kindest of women she good-naturedly danced with the clumsy ones who were just learning.

On one occasion, after she had dragged a very inexperienced youth about the hall for some time, he stepped firmly on one of her feet. There was a pause for readjustments of step, when, to her surprise, the youth said politely, "That's all right, Miss, it's only my second time to dance, too."

General Summary of Work

AUGUST, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services A. M.	0	0
Sunday Services P. M.	4	353
Communion Services	0	0
Bible Classes	0	0
Fellowship Meetings	0	0
Weddings	1	
Funerals	0	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services	5	173
Communion Services	3	4
Funerals	6	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	4	264
Entertainments	9	11,450
Packages Literature Distributed		11
Knitted Articles Distributed		6
Apprentices Visiting Building		829
Lodgings Registered		25,009
Incoming Mail for Seamen		14,335
Dunnage Checked		6,877

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	668
Assisted through Loan Fund	57
Baggage and Minor Relief	137
Cases in Institute Clinic	386
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	32
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	12
Referred to Other Organizations	12

Employment

Men Shipped	414
Shore Jobs	72

Visits

To Hospitals	22
To Patients	116
Other Visits	51

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21

Number of Visits	21
Number of Hours	97¾

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	11
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	2
First-Aid Lectures	27

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$35,568.65
Withdrawals	30,427.99
Transmissions	5,948.79

Wills That Don't Protect and Wills That Do

"I spend much of my time untangling the blunders of people, who tried in their wills to protect the future of those they love," a philanthropist said to us the other day.

In reaching out from the past to touch the life of some one person we may easily blunder, but in reaching out to help a whole class of men some are certain to find protection and encouragement.

We believe, rightly or wrongly, that this great Institution of ours is blessed by a sort of divine guidance, which raises up men to carry on, generation after generation, the ideals on which it was founded.

Those who leave part of their worldly goods to maintain this service to seamen can be sure that no matter how the unknown quantity of futurity may alter the outlook their bequests will be used to make it easier for men to live a decent life.

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.