

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

# 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	Game Room Supplies
Hospital Visitors	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attention to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Dispensary and medicine, a doctor and an orderly	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Department of "Missing Men"
Seamen's Funds 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

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.

# THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 15

JUNE, 1924

No. 6

## Mother's Day

Every seaman who had a bed in the Institute on the night of May 10, found on his bed this card:

### MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 11th, 1924

The heart where one may safely rest,  
The love that always stands the test,  
The dearest in the world and best  
Is Mother, just Mother.

The Institute has a purpose in laying particular stress on Mother's Day. One of the reasons why the life of the seamen offers such strenuous temptations to go wrong is because of its freedom from social and personal relationships. Therefore the Institute takes particular pains to keep the men reminded of the strongest of human ties—the love of a man for his mother.

There was a special Mother's Day service in the chapel, and afterward in the Home Hour two of the seamen came to the chaplain and said, "You certainly got me thinking tonight, chaplain." And for these two, who expressed themselves, we knew there were many dumb souls, who also had been carried back by the sermon to thoughts of home, and the fine ideals with which they had set out in the world, and who had done a little private measuring of them-

selves against those early dreams. Not wholly a joyous experience, perhaps, but profitable.

## Shipwrecked

One can almost feel the water splashing on the decks in this first hand account of a storm at sea written to one of the workers in our Apprentice Room:

"This ship, the S. S. Durham, the largest vessel I have yet been appointed to, left Birkenhead on Friday, 4th January at 9 p. m. On the 5th and 6th we encountered heavy weather in the Irish Sea and English Channel but very little damage was done. Monday, 7th, as we entered the Bay of Biscay, the sun blazed forth in a beautiful clear day and a lovely smooth sea. At 5 p. m., weather still glorious, we received a navigational warning by wireless, warning mariners of an approaching gale likely to increase to hurricane force. That night it started and by early morning the ship was "hove to" head on to the waves.

Our cargo, steel and iron, lay like a dead weight at the bottom of the ship whilst heavy seas poured over her. Eight a. m., 8th, saw our decks being stripped, ventilators, hand rails and steam pipes being wrenched from their places and washed overboard. The native crew then refused duty, leaving only ten white men to run the ship. That

ten included my shipmate and myself, both of us having offered our services to the Captain as soon as the crew mutinied. We have no right to interfere with any deck work whatever, but circumstances alter cases and the Captain very kindly thanked us and accepted what little assistance we could offer. Nine a. m. saw the first two accidents, two natives being caught by a heavy sea and smashed up.

Ten a. m. saw a mountainous sea sweep us, hatches being burst in, allowing water to enter the holds. I then received my first summons to assist on deck to batten down new hatches. This was rather a difficult task, having to be done between seas and the continuous heavy pitching and rolling of the ship. Sometimes we ran as a sea approached though I preferred to lie down and hold on to whatever offered, allowing the sea to wash over me, and let my body float, offering the least resistance possible to the rush of water that swept the ship. It was during this struggle that the heaviest blow of all befell us. Quartermaster Morton, on proceeding to the after end of the vessel, was caught by a heavy sea (taking gangway and handrails with it) and carried overboard. Rescue was impossible and, no doubt, if he was not dead by the blow, he would not last long in the water, as he was dressed in oil skins and heavy sea boots.

From that time till ten p. m. our struggles continued. Derricks that had been lashed, broke adrift again,

hatches newly battened down were soon stove in, broken iron works about the deck were either lashed down or dumped overboard, when chances offered, to prevent the tarpaulins being torn off the hatches. At ten, our job being mostly completed, we were ordered to give up as it was far too dark to see what was happening.

My mate was in the wireless room during this, kept busy baling out the water to keep our instruments dry. Things were moderately well off there so I adjourned to my living room for a rest. This did not last long, however, as I was aroused at midnight, two lifeboats having been swept from their position. One of these we managed to save but being only three in number, the chief officer and carpenter being engaged covering the fore peak, we had to cut the larger boat clear and let it go overboard to prevent further damage. Leaving this completely done, I again visited the wireless room, this time staying for an hour or so to assist the process of baling out water.

By Captain's orders a "watchman" was sent to the wireless room, my mate and I risking the seas to have a lie down in comparative comfort. Going "forrad" we were in time to see the Chief Officer being carried in by the remainder of our party who had been in time to pick him up as he was swept from the bow along the ship. His leg crushed and temporarily useless. We left him in the care of the steward and went off to try our

down." This was no time for sympathy or pity, Miss Elliman, for to save others we must first save the ship.

Three-fifty a. m. my mate had just "got down to it" and I was sitting warning to him, both of us wet to the skin when—crash—I shouted "Look out"—I knew it was a serious blow—then our cabin collapsed on top of us. It was a matter of minutes to scramble out of the wreckage. Thank God, neither of us was hurt,—my mate setting out to see if the chief officer was safe, whilst I started with a heavy spanner to make an exit for the 3rd officer who was trapped in his cabin. Lifebelts on, we made for the open top bridge and absolutely gutted, steering gear smashed, derricks adrift, fore peak and Nos. 1 and 2 holds open and taking volumes of water.

A dash for the wireless room and S.O.S. City of Durham 46.00 N 1.20 W totally disabled—crash—and part of the wireless cabin comes smashing our power set. Luckily our emergency apparatus with a few adjustments worked o. k. and an answer was received from S. S. Bargo, 166 miles away, stating she could come with all possible speed when sea moderated. Nothing further could be done by wireless, it was too dark to do anything on deck so shorthanded, the Captain having got his foot squashed, so with some shaking of hands we all lay down to sleep, discarding our life

belts, never expecting to see daylight again. I awoke at 7:15 a. m., daylight just coming in and surprised to find the ship still afloat. I soon aroused what fit men remained among us to save this ship.

Though badly down by the head, we worked with a will, the pumps doing their duty gloriously.

By a strange coincidence our life boat was sighted, floating beautifully about half a mile off.

Nothing more can be said. We worked to save the ship, dodging seas all that day, and by night the following day we once more had the ship in command.

In all we received thirty S.O.S. calls from different ships, I believe several having foundered with all hands.

If ever I heard a plea from a man's heart it was during this struggle. "O God, for a white crew,"—the words on every officer's lips.

We made for this port for repairs, arriving here on the 14th. Only actual necessities are being attended to so we expect to continue our voyage to Cape Town on the 26th.

### That Sweet Revenge

There must have been two sides to the story, although Gregory was confident there was only one, and that as black as a starless midnight. But Gregory was young, and the barge captain's son was younger and they got on each other's nerves. Gregory admitted that on at least one occasion he had caught the young man by the scuff of the neck

and shoved him out of the room to wash his hands, which may have been one reason why he and the barge captain did not get on very well, although Gregory evidently missed the connection.

But whoever was to blame Gregory hated the captain, and although he had left his employ he could not rest easy until he had settled his account.

So one day he appeared before the Man-Who-Gives-Advice chuckling to himself.

"Ain't there a law in this country," he demanded, "that kids of thirteen has got to be sent to school?"

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice admitted that the great and glorious State of New York protected its young to that extent.

"Then I've got him," Gregory exulted. "I've got him." He ain't sendin' that kid to school and he ought to be." And he inquired very particularly as to the quickest and most effective method of getting that beneficent law into operation.

"Gee, the captain 'll stew like a donkey engine," he chuckled, "when the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children gets after him," and he set forth exuberantly to wreak his unique vengeance on his late enemy.

### A Dirge

One of the apprentice boys has thus apostrophized the day of departure, not without some skill, as we think you will admit.

"The dawn broke cold and dismal; the heavens overcast and gray,

a fitting dawn, perhaps, for such a day—the day of departure. Departure from the brief spell of 'life' we had so recently embarked upon; departure into the nebulosity, the sea of nothingness, the trackless waste from which we had so recently come.

"As soon as the cold grey dawn was seen in the east a relentless hand (the watchman's) called us to the most dismal task that had fallen to our lot for many a long day, the task of preparing to leave our erstwhile home, and the people we had come to respect more than ever we did before.

"Great New York, looking down saw, and seeing understood, was sad with us, and wept for our going—we poor unfortunate mortals—crystalized tears, which soon covered everything in a mantle of white."

### The Nautical Sexton

Owing to our church affiliation we are sometimes able to place some men in shore jobs they would have difficulty in securing unaided. For example we have supplied several churches with sextons. The last man sent to such a post was Mack, and it appears he is a credit to us. The rector reports that he has scrubbed everything scrubbable in the place and giving the different parts of it nautical names. The choir, for example, is the half deck.

The other day the Chaplain-Who Understands-Law attended this church and met Mack. While the church was as clean as a ship

*Boston*

on a fine morning day, there was something strikingly un-sexton looking about Mack. The chaplain studied him thoughtfully and decided that a better suit of clothes would help. He made the suggestion as tactfully as possible to Mack, who explained that he had sent all his money home to his family. So the chaplain told him to come down to the Institute the next day and we would give him a suit of clothes more befitting his calling.

But between you and me we have our doubts whether any suit of clothes will transform into a sexton the man who has the audacity to christen the choir the half deck.

It is much to expect of a suit of clothes.

### Wanted! Some Salvation

There is something upsetting about a man walking into the Social service office and saying right out boldly that he wants to see about some salvation. Without lowering his voice, you know, or looking ashamed. So we felt quite sure that there must be a mistake somewhere. People don't ask for salvation that way. But he kept repeating, "I want to see about some salvation," until somebody had a bright idea that, being a foreigner, he had comprehended the words and meant salvage. And that was it.

### That Unguarded Moment

To what extent should life ask us to pay for that unguarded moment, that sudden unpremeditated crime, which the soul loaths? Does society

take the high lights of sin too seriously while it winks at the low levels of iniquity? The question arises when a man like Blinkey is sent to jail for assault. Blinkey is a seaman with a working man's point of view, tempered by a sense of humor. When Professor Reese was speaking down here last winter on economic questions and somebody would suggest that he ought to take off his coat and try being a fireman Blinkey was the one to rise up and say that would be a waste of brains and ability. Blinkey was the one who preached against violence in the society to which he belonged. Blinkey was active in clearing the riff-raff out of the working men's organizations. And then one night, in ejecting one of them from the hall he got into a fight with him, and stabbed the man. And now Blinkey is in jail and he sent this to one of our workers:

### The Dog-Watch

The gloom thickens. It will soon be dark. Somewhere a fond mother sits gazing, perhaps at the poor, dirty little children, at play on the narrow street below; perhaps looking out across the field where her boy used to play. My cell-mate, a clean-cut lad of 23, lies sleeping, a calm, serene look on his face. He is charged with robbery. A criminal? Not yet; there is no guilt on that conscience. As I pace the cell, thinking, thinking, thinking, I wonder did judges ever have mothers? Were judges every boys? Were judges ever in jail? Sleep on, pal. I will tread easy. You will not

*S. Long  
in Justice*

always think thus. Some day a mother's heart will cease to ache. It will be different with you then. But now—ah, rats. There goes that young Mexican in the next cell sobbing again. He was sentenced today—ten to twenty years. Quickly said. There's that hullabaloo down on the street as usual? A bunch of young rowdies. They are singing, "Yes, we have no bananas." That reminds me again—I'm hungry. Curses on them and their bananas. Atta boy; that's better. The big, smiling black boy from Dixie has busted loose again in a clear, musical spasm—"I'm, I'm goin' crazy, don't you wanna come along?" He's soon to leave for his third trip up the River. Everybody is laughing now. I suppose up on Broadway the judges and lawyers are laughing at some other comedian. Why not? It's all a joke. . . . The big clock is striking. Nine. That's funny, It never used to sound like that—so clear, and solemn, and firm—honest, like. You, at least, are not joking. Can it be that you understand? Can it be that the great genius which gave you birth, this ever rising mad torrent, will some day swell out, and sweep you too away, along with all else it has created? I wonder. Here comes the "keeper of men." The lights are going out. Goodnight.

### \$5 or Ten Days

The Irishman had no legitimate excuse, except his nationality, for being either in the fight or in jail, and the other man had not done much either, for the matter of that.

But there they were in jail with a fine of five dollars each against them and no money to pay it, and their ship sailing that afternoon. It was a desperate situation, and being seamen, they could think of no way out except to appeal to the Institute. And appeal they did, intensively, so to speak. And, naturally, the Institute sent a chaplain to investigate who found that the other seaman had been a little drunk, and gotten into a quarrel, and the Irishman had pitched in to help him, and there they were. Sober and repentent and consumed with anxiety lest the ship, which was about to pull up her anchor should depart without them.

It was not securing a job that was worrying them, but the man who was not Irish said that in all his years of going to sea he had never failed to report to a ship when he had signed on, and he did not want to break his record.

So at the sixtieth second of the eleventh hour the Institute was able to secure their release and save the man's self esteem.

### A Fisherman's Breeze

The Institute is always discovering that it has unknown friends. One of the pleasantest discoveries of this sort was made lately when it was found that one A. Graham Miles had written a little book called, "A Fisherman's Breeze," the proceeds of which, the preface says are to go to The Seamen's Church Institute.

The sub-title calls it "The Log of

the 'Ruth M. Martin.'" It is, in reality, rather more than that, because it includes the author's efforts to get himself accepted as a working passenger on a fishing boat, for the duration of his vacation away from the busy tickers of Wall Street.

In addition to much interesting inside information on the ups and downs of the fisherman's life the book is beautifully illustrated. Mr. Miles must have had an exceptionally good camera and an eye for the right point from which to take snaps for his photographs are unusually fine, and beautifully reproduced. Indeed, we are tempted to borrow some of them for reproduction in The Lookout.

The book is published by Brentano's, and is on sale in that book store.

### A Christian Spirit

The chaplain in charge of religious work received this self-explanatory letter a few months ago now:

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find a notice, which I would like to have you put on the bulletin board in the lobby of the seamen's home. It is in regards to a life-long Buddy of mine that I have lost track of.

NOTICE—Will anyone, knowing the whereabouts of James E. Harkins, commonly called "Pete," kindly tell him his old Buddy would like to see him again, and all misunderstandings are forgotten. Tell him I will be in Galveston Texas until spring 1924, and in Elko, Nevada, all next summer until fall,

and would like to see him at either place. Thomas J. Keegan (Christy)

P. S. Mr. Harkins is an Able Bodied Seaman, and sometimes sails as Quartermaster.

### The Unpremeditated Tea Party

The House Mother has a hospitable disposition. Well, the other day twenty women came to inspect the building, and the House Mother was one of the guides to take them through. Somewhere in one of the halls they encountered a chaplain whom the ladies had known for years. The House Mother promptly invited him to have tea with them in the Apprentice Room round about four o'clock. The chaplain accepted with alacrity. And round about four o'clock he went down to the Apprentice Room. No party. No House Mother. No tea. No sign of there ever going to be tea. He mildly expressed his surprise to the lady in charge of the department. His surprise was nothing to hers. It was her first intimation that she was to give a tea party to twenty women.

They looked at each other a moment dazed, laughed, telephoned rapidly to the supply department, made a quick dash to the kitchen, and when the House Mother and her party returned from inspecting the building the chaplain was putting the finishing touches to the tea table, while the lady in charge made the tea. It was only after the guests had departed that it came out that the tea party was unpremeditated.

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

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or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

## The Incompetent Dead

Listening to Mr. Homer Folks speak at the Social Service Fellowship the other evening it became evident that the best thing the dead can do for posterity is to resign all participation in earthly affairs, with the screwing down of the coffin lid. However competent a man is in his lifetime it is presumptuous for him to reach back from the grave and seek to influence the destiny of posterity. Life is such a gloriously fluid thing, and it may run in such unexpected directions.

For instance who would have thought that orphanages would ever become obsolete? But it seems that, one after another, they are closing their doors. First because science is reducing the deaths of parents, second, because mother's pensions are keeping half orphans out of such institutions, and finally because modern Social Service workers have

recognized the value of a home environment, and the cost of supporting a child in an institution is now spent to provide for its keep in the home of some relative, whenever a suitable one is to be found. But, unfortunately, there are large trust funds, committed irrevocably and eternally to the support of orphanages. In a civilized world nobody would be permitted to set aside a large part of the world's wealth in ways that in the course of years may become futile, but then in a civilized world the care of the young and the old and the weak would not be left to a casual impulse of generosity.

However, the world is not likely to become civilized inside of many centuries, and in the meantime the best that can be done is to implore those who have wealth to leave behind them to keep their hands off the future, as much as possible. We are having our day, and gathering all the fruits of the past. Let the coming generations have their day, free and untrammelled to build finer institutions than we are capable of dreaming. Today is a good day, but *tomorrow*, if we leave it alone, will be better.

## The Institute at Work

### "Any Boots, Sir?"

"Any boots, sir?"

Mr. Kelly, in charge of the old clothes room, looked up at the speaker, and then down at his feet. They were extremely comfortable looking well shod feet.

"What's the matter with the boots you've got on?" he inquired un-

sympathetically. "They look all right to me."

"Sure they're all right," the seaman agreed indignantly. "They're my best boots. You don't expect me to wear them every day do you?"

It appeared that Mr. Kelly had some such idea in his mind, and they found themselves utterly unable to get together on the matter of boots. The seaman departed with his nose in the air, while Mr. Kelly murmured to his departing back, "A mendicant, a natural born mendicant."

And if there is anything Mr. Kelly cannot abide it is a mendicant, a person who accepts charity as something that is his by Divine right, without a quiver of gratitude anywhere about his person. He will tell you that the big problem of the old clothes room is how to help men without pauperizing them.

He has his own ways of accomplishing this end. For example, a year ago last winter, when the heavy snow storms coincided in time with much unemployment among seamen, those who undertook this work were badly in need of rubber boots to keep themselves dry. Mr. Kelly had a limited number of pairs, 18, to be exact, and if he had given them away to the first 18 men who appealed for them his business in rubber boots would soon have been closed. But he didn't give them away. He loaned them, and kept their street boots, as an inducement for them to come back. As a result of this policy he was able to loan rubber boots 104 times that winter.

But there are cases of need that move Mr. Kelly, almost to tears. Shipwrecked crews for instance. Men who, through no fault of their own, find themselves without a rag of clothes. For such as these he will turn the old clothes room inside out, and he prides himself that, thanks to your generosity in sending your discarded garments to the Institute, he can fit out any crew that may turn up, not as a tailor, perhaps, but passably.

And hospital cases. The Institute always gives generous, immediate, and unquestioning help to sick men. Remember that many of them are thousands of miles from their nearest relatives, lonely, helpless and destitute. It is not a time for argument, and the Institute does not argue. It acts. That is why there is a neat little cupboard in the old clothes room filled with clean shirts, some woolen, some cotton, for hospital cases. And the best suits over in the other store room are also for hospital cases.

And besides old clothes there is a little of everything in the way of accessories, razors, and razor strops, needles and thread, vaseline, club bags. Practically everything that would be found in an ordinary department store.

The following report of the outgoing articles for the month of April may prove illuminating to some of our readers:

Clothing Distributed—April, 1924	
Through Old Clothes Room	
Overcoats .....	2
Coats .....	53
Vests .....	5
Pants .....	68 pr.

Oil skin coats, long .....	7
“ “ “ short.....	7
“ “ pants .....	7 pr.
Mackintoshs .....	3
Overalls .....	17 pr.
Jumpers .....	13
Socks .....	72 pr.
Shoes .....	18 pr.
Undershirts .....	16
Drawers .....	16 pr.
Caps .....	14
Suitcases .....	21
White pants .....	11 pr.
“ coats .....	11
Rubber boots .....	16 pr.
Sweaters .....	15
Work shirts .....	28
Dress shirts .....	28
Collars .....	14
Blankets .....	6
Sheets .....	4
Suits .....	1
Towels .....	5
Combs and brushes .....	1
Leather sea boots .....	2 pr.
Mufflers .....	3
Hats .....	2
Grips .....	3
Razors .....	3
Shaving brushes .....	1
Neckties .....	14
Sea bags .....	8

### Cargo

The Ways and Means Department has just prepared a very attractive little folder of a ship in full sail, with an appealing verse and a slit in which to stow cargo. It seems to have caught the imagination of our readers, and brought forth some interesting comments, of which the following are samples:

“This small cargo makes her ride rather high, but we can only ship so much now. Hope she won't make much leeway.”

“In this family, where many a dish, and other things, tell of the Quaker grandfathers, who went down to the sea in ships, yours is a very delightful form of appeal. I will try to launch your three master,

where she will not pitch and toss uselessly for want of cargo.”

### The Institute Dispensary

Two hundred and ninety-six men with little and big ills visited the Institute dispensary during the month of April. Some of their ills were so important that 44 of them were sent to the hospital. Others were treated at once by the doctor in charge. You may be interested to know that half of the cost of upkeep of this department is contributed by the Institute, half by the U. S. Public Health Bureau.

### Philadelphia's New Institute

We are publishing in this issue the picture of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, as it will appear when all of its units are complete.

The building is situated on the corner of Walnut and Moravian Streets and it is anticipated that every foot of its five stories and basement will be needed to make a home on shore for the seamen who visit that port.

Its activities will follow along the general lines of this Institute with a large lounge, chapel, restaurant, baggage room, barber shop, clinic, shipping office and auditorium, and on the upper floors bedrooms and dormitories.

The building is being constructed one unit at a time, so that the regular work of the society can continue without interruption.



The Pride of the Port of Philadelphia—the new Institute on which construction will start this year.

### An Arrogant Bridegroom

The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up named him the Arrogant Bridegroom.

It has been our experience that as a class bridegrooms are extremely modest, having really so little to do with the whole thing beyond murmuring, "I will," at the right juncture.

But our bridegroom was an exception. He was quite young, not more than twenty-two or three at the very outside, and suspicious of a world which is apt to conspire against youth and Cupid. So there was a certain aggressiveness in his voice, almost a threatening tone, as he came to the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up and demanded that we lend him a mere trifle of fifty dollars on which to get married.

And of course his worst fears were realized. The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up, although himself young enough to have had a fellow feeling, proved hard and practical; talked—you know the way he would—about earning the money, and all that sort of thing, which infuriated the would-be bridegroom.

"I want a tell you," he said angrily, "that me and my girl love each other, and we ain't going to let any parson come between us. I'm going to get that money and get married," and he went out with a furious look at the obstructionist.

A few hours later he came back crestfallen. The whole world, it appeared, had entered into a conspiracy against youth and romance. He had not been able to borrow the

money anywhere. Would we lend him the money to go home, and he would come back in the fall and get married?

We compromised on lending him two dollars to get some food while he worked his way home.

Truly it is an unpliant world.

### The Wednesday Night Party

If you want to forget that you are a responsible adult, with maybe a gray hair or two, drop in some time to the Wednesday night party. Take last Wednesday evening, for instance, if you had come down you would have had a free airplane ride. Well, that is what it was called, and that is what it felt like—for a moment, and that is all we are going to say about it in case it should be on again the evening you call.

Then there was the Village Store. No doubt you have played it. Everybody sits around in a circle and the Instigator turns to the Assistant Instigator, and says, "I went to the store and bought a pound of butter," and the Assistant Instigator turns to the next person on his right hand and says, "I went to the store and bought a pound of butter and a pound of sugar," and so on around the circle, until people are pointing frantic fingers in their neighbors' faces and murmuring, "Fig biscuits," "Jam," "Onions."

And there was the winking game. A row of people behind a circle of chairs and all the chairs occupied but one. And the person behind the unoccupied chair winks one of the sitters into his chair, while the vigi-

lant person behind tries to hold him. The game is greatly complicated by the fact that there are so many poor winkers; people who mistake a vague contortion of the face generally directed toward the sitters opposite, for a wink.

And so the evening moved rapidly and strenuously toward tea time, and biscuits and yarn swapping over the cups.

### The First Aid Manual

A recent issue of the Pacific Ports Commercial prints the following review of the First Aid Manual prepared under the direction of the Seamen's Church Institute:

#### "Manual on Ship Sanitation and First Aid for Merchant Seamen"

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York; by Robert W. Hart, Past Assistant Surgeon, in conjunction with the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., and the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. Second edition, 188 pages, profusely illustrated, price \$1.00.

This book fills a long-felt need. It is undoubtedly the most complete publication on the very important subject of ship sanitation and such numerous problems in relation thereto. From the standpoint of humanitarian aspect alone, its value is incalculable. As a book of instruction and ready reference it must be considered in a class by itself.

The chapter devoted to medical advice for ships, giving the radio code and the numerous stations where medical advice may be obtained by cooperation of the Radio Corporation of America and the

United States Health Service, should prove of greatest value to the master of any ship.

The numerous highly instructive views, enabling the layman to receive a perspective of how best to attend the injured person or the afflicted patient in case of need, are brought out in most creditable manner before the reader. Pacific Ports Commercial has nothing but praise for this wonderful publication.

Review by Julius Rosbloom, well known author of numerous technical books.

The United States Naval Medical Bulletin also reviews it as follows:

"This manual has been prepared to meet the need of seafaring men, who will find in it much valuable information on general ship sanitation and hygiene and on the common medical and surgical conditions which occur on shipboard, together with clear directions for the treatment of disease and the care of injuries. As some merchant ships are long at sea without a doctor on board the author has included in this book practical information concerning bedside nursing and instructions which will enable the sailor to cope with those medical and surgical conditions which frequently arise at sea.

"Sanitary conditions on board ship are often not all they should be, due not so much to willfulness as to ignorance regarding even the most elementary rules of sanitation and hygiene; therefore it is pleasing to note that the manual opens with a clear and practical discussion of general sanitation and hygiene as re-

lated to conditions on shipboard. This is followed by chapters on anatomy and physiology, the ship's sick bay and medicine chest, medical first aid, and surgical first aid.

### Appreciation From Rear Admiral Sims

No man in the United States Navy, probably no man in America has a keener appreciation of the value of the merchant seaman than has Rear-Admiral Sims. Nor can we think of another distinguished man who has been so generous in giving public expression to his admiration and respect.

The first contact of Rear Admiral Sims with merchant seamen was on the state training ship of Massachusetts and from that time until the present he has taken an intelligent and sympathetic interest in their welfare. Dr. Mansfield was gratified by receiving from him the other day this cordial letter of approval of the First Aid Manual.

77 Rhode Island Avenue,  
Newport, Rhode Island,

May 9, 1924.

My Dear Mr. Mansfield:

I have just been reading the Manual on Ship Sanitation and First Aid, and I think it admirable. I have seen from time to time various pamphlets giving advice to seamen concerning the care of their ships and themselves, but nothing so authoritative or so complete as this.

It is a satisfaction to know that such information and guidance is

available to my friends—for I shall always regard as friends the fine chaps upon whom we depended so confidently during the war, to give us in full measure their invaluable experience, skill, and splendid courage. They're a bully, upstanding body of men. The sea and their job make them that. I have heard it said that horsemen and seamen are always good men—efficient men—because neither the horse nor the sea play any favorites; those who can't manage them are killed or drowned. Anyway, the seamen deserve all the help we can give them as I know from ample experience.

Please remember me to them when you have a suitable opportunity.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) WM. S. SIMS,

Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield,  
Superintendent Seamen's Church  
Institute,  
25 South Street,  
New York, N. Y.

### Report of the Flower Fund for Month of April

On the first two Sundays of the month flowers were placed on the altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour but they were not in memory of any special person.

On the third Sunday, which was Easter Sunday, flowers were given by Miss Mary Strong Udall, "In Memoriam." This Sunday has been reserved in perpetuity by Mrs. Wil- son Farrand and flowers were also placed on the altar in memory of her

laughter, Katherine Farrand Free- man. On account of its being Easter Sunday the church was made very lovely with some potted tulips, daf- fodils, and other flowers besides the memorial flowers.

The fourth Sunday has been re- served by Mr. Wilton Moore Lock- wood and flowers were placed on the altar in the names of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lockwood.

### Two Seamen

Both these seamen are hard work- ers, and can always get a ship, even in periods of depression, and they invariably pay their way. But those are the only points of similarity.

The first is an American. Medium height, sandy, square jawed, belliger- ent. He came to the House Mother's office to inquire whether we had any stenographer whom he could pay to copy a letter for him. The letter was a demand for com- pensation for a slight injury, which had caused him to lose some time from work. Perhaps there was some doubt in his own mind as to the justice of his claim, because he in- sisted so belligerently upon its fair- ness.

"They," (meaning the company) "don't care what happens to me, so why shouldn't I make them pay?" he demanded. "They got the money all right, and it's up to them to pay me for my loss of time. See! May- be I would have been working if I hadn't hurt my foot, maybe I wouldn't, but that ain't their busi- ness. That's my affair."

The second seaman is one of

"Those — foreigners" against whom it is so easy to work up a patriotic resentment—a Scandi- navian by birth, a big, broad shoul- dered man with an easy smile. He stopped at the House Mother's office to say a pleasant "Good day."

"Were you at the lecture last night?" she inquired, referring to a lecture given by a gentleman sent by the Board of Education to speak on economic subjects.

"No," he answered, "That stuff ain't any good. What we want is to evolve a little higher. There is too much of the brute in us. We need to learn to 'do unto others as we would that they would do unto us.'"

### "One and a Half Ships"

We gather that the Belgians are not much more unanimous on in- ternal affairs than the Irish, if the Belgian apprentices who come to the Institute are typical. Also, that, like the Irish, they feel very intense- ly on any little matter that is raised.

There were three of them at tea one afternoon in a very belligerent frame of mind. As two of them undertook to explain their difference to us simultaneously in broken Eng- lish we are rather hazy as to its nature. And especially as the ex- planations were interrupted at least once in each sentence to appeal in rapid Belgian for the right English word. The appeal was usually made to the cynical one who leaned over the back of a chair with a bil- liard cue in his hand, and smiled at the other two contemptuously.

At last one of the voluble ones mentioned the Belgian Navy, at which the cynical one, hitherto silent, roared with laughter. "The Belgian Navy," he said, looking over the heads of his countrymen at us. "That is a joke. One and a half ships. When she fires a salute you think a pop gun has gone off. The Belgian Navy. It is to laugh." And with a disgusted look at the heated arguers he took up his cue and returned to his game.

### The Gift of Words

Sometimes a potential journalist goes wrong and drifts out to sea as an apprentice, and then his friends at the Institute have the good fortune to receive such vivid word pictures of life on ship board as are contained in this letter:

"We arrived in Honolulu this morning at 7 a. m. and left at 4.20 p. m. We were promising ourselves a most hectic evening ashore, but the powers that be decreed otherwise and we are now (10 p. m.) pounding our way along in the general direction of Yokohama. I managed to get ashore for a couple of hours this afternoon and was inveigled by the third engineer to bring him six quarts of ice cream, the general idea being to store a portion of it in the 'fridge. But one thing led to another, the second engineer led to the fourth and we consumed the lot. Some people will say, "What pigs!" Others, apprentices, for instance, would remark in hushed tones of admiration, "What capacity!"

"We have on board a passenger rejoicing in the name of Brown. He is a terrible man. Favorite occupation is an impersonation of the Ancient Mariner. He catches one just at that moment when one has succeeded in losing our pet aversion, the chief officer, and talks and talks and talks. He has three phrases, and three only, 'Is that so?' 'Wonderful' and 'Ab-so-lute-ly' with most pronounced stress on the *lute*. For the past year he has lived in the U. S. A. and has acquired a marvelous accent and the inevitable horn-rimmed glasses. He invariably tells everyone in the most naive way that when in China three years ago he had a sunstroke. He told this to the chief one evening, said chief having just come up from a breakdown job and was answered with, 'Everything is explained.'

"Well, I suppose if you manage to plough through my screed this far you will think I am writing a book. When I get one of these voluble moods I simply go on and on in the approved fashion of Tennyson's brook.

"This morning our new fifth engineer tried to boil a Chinaman in the donkey boiler. Said Chinaman was engaged in cleaning it out and the fifth, who is a most original man, opened a new combination of valves which, as he explained to a very irate old man, ought *theoretically* to have produced the desired result. Unfortunately the Chinaman was not boiled sufficiently to detain the ship over night as we hoped.

J. B."

## South Street Institute

APRIL, 1924

### HOTEL DEPARTMENT

Lodgings registered .....	24,524	Sales at Soda Fountain.....	27,906
Mail received .....	13,220	Barber Customers .....	1,422
Baggage received .....	6,389	Tailor Shop Customers.....	277
Meals served .....	34,808	Laundry Customers .....	155

### RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

Institute Services .....	9	Marriages .....	0
Attendance .....	693	Funerals .....	5
Communion Services .....	4	Baptisms .....	1
Attendance .....	26	Social Service Office Interviews..	1,548
Bible Classes .....	1	Relief, assisted through M. M. & B.	
Attendance .....	56	Fund and Other Funds .....	867
Other Services .....	6	Knitted articles distributed.....	76
Attendance .....	459	Old Clothes distributed .....	515
Home Hours .....	4	Treated in Institute Dispensary..	296
Attendance .....	297	Sent to Hospitals .....	44
Seamen's Fellowship Meetings...	4	Visits to Hospitals .....	40
Attendance .....	242	Other visits .....	37
Educational Lectures .....	5	Referred to outside agencies.....	13
Attendance .....	864	Entertainments .....	6
Hospital Services .....	4	Attendance .....	2,299
Attendance .....	139	Total attendance in Apprentice	
Communion Services .....	7	Boys' Room .....	1,226
Attendance .....	45		

### EMPLOYMENT BUREAU AND SEAMEN'S FUNDS DEPARTMENTS

Men referred to ships .....	1,057	Number of deposits .....	429
Men accepting sea employment..	693	Amount of deposits and trans-	
Number of Companies supplied..	74	missions .....	\$44,463.84
Men referred to land employment	131	Amount of transmissions.....	5,843.04
Men accepting land employment..	87	Number of transmissions .....	214
Total accepting employment.....	780	Notary signatures .....	44

### DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND OTHER EDUCATION AND HARBOR SERVICE

Students enrolled .....	10	Average attendance .....	26
Daily average attendance.....	9	Examined and passed by U. S.	
First Aid lectures .....	30	Local Inspectors .....	10

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The National Geographic

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