

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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Vol. XIII

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No. 12

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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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.

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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

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## HISTORY OF OUR WORK FOR BRITISH APPRENTICE LADS

in the Port of New York Since 1898

"It is success that makes gods," says that brilliant scientist and writer, Henry Faber. He had in mind persons, but it is no less true of ideas that in their infancy they bear no trademark of greatness.

When, away back in the year 1898, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York employed a man, who introduced the work for British Apprentice lads it was a casual gesture. Here was a group of boys peculiarly situated, for whom no contacts with shore life had been provided. They are boys who are apprenticed to a ship to be trained as officers of the British merchant marine. In port they do not live on shore, as does the seamen, but on the ship, the captain of which has assumed a temporary guardianship over them. They are allowed evenings on shore, but the captain has the authority to insist that they return to the ship by a certain hour.

Land life in this port had no niche for this group of youths between the ages of fourteen and twenty years, who came on shore in a great inhospitable city for a few hours entertainment, after months of monotonous sea voyaging.

The worker, who came to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

in 1898, had been associated with a station of the Missions to Seamen in San Francisco, an organization of the Church of England, and later with the same Society in Portland, Oregon, and he knew their need for some social contact with the solid steady world of land institutions, stodgy and inelastic, but comfortable at times, and serving as an anchor for character, as well as for ships.

So the Seamen's Church Institute added this to its many other activities, and from that day to this, some worker has given undivided attention to this particular group of seafarers.

Needless to say the incoming and outgoing tides of commerce bring a great variety of youths to our shore, shy and assertive, dogmatic and diffident, disillusioned, and innocent, adventurous and home-loving but they have, all of them, the instinctive distaste of youth for having its most sacred emotions pried into, by an inquisitive adult world. Well enough if some lad in a burst of confidence tells the worker about the clergyman at home, and how he made a fellow want to be decent, don't you know? Or perhaps, under the stress of emotion aroused by a

near-shipwreck, some boy lifts the curtain himself and says what he feels about life and death, and inquires a little as to the worker's idea of God, and that other world, which it stretches the imagination of youth to believe can be equal to the perfect one we live in. But, like most happy, healthy young boys, they are not concerned with their spiritual welfare, and would intensely resent any conscious interference with it.

So the work is not evangelical in character, but social; friendly gatherings in the Apprentice Room every afternoon and evening, a cup of tea, which has a magic way of loosening British tongues, and often leads a boy to bring out of an inside pocket the picture of "the mater," or, "my kid sister," or very blushing and only in a very private corner, with the worker alone, "my sweetheart." Picnics; now and again a theatre party. Every Sunday afternoon a formal afternoon tea; every Thursday evening a dance. An atmosphere of home; of friendliness; of a genuine interest in their problems; the protection which shields, without seeming to, a group of boys, who have no password to open the right social doors for them in a strange country. This is what the work for British Apprentice lads has grown into in the twenty-four years, since that first friendly beginning, when the idea was born, without noise or ostentation, back in 1898.

### **The Seamen's Benefit Society**

The success of this work has been largely due to the Seamen's Benefit Society under whose auspices the

special performance of the Torch Bearers is being given. This Organization has an interesting history. It was founded nearly twenty-two years ago by Miss Augusta de Peyster, to assist the Seamen's Church Institute in its service to seamen, and particularly in this work for British apprentice boys.

As a child Miss de Peyster traveled widely, and became genuinely interested in sailors. While she was still under the "teen" age she picked up one day, a magazine with a story of the hardships the lives of these men involved, and it made a curiously deep impression on her mind. Shipwrecks, and cold and stormy weather, and fever infested ports she couldn't help, but surely something could and must be done to offer them some compensation when they came to her port, the city of New York. She went, some years later, to her rector and told him she wanted to work for seamen and he sent her to Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. As the result of that interview, she went out among her friends and organized the Seamen's Benefit Society, which has functioned ever since, capably and loyally in the interest of seamen.

This Society bought, and maintained for some time, the steamboat Sentinel, which was much used in bringing parties of boys ashore; gave two of the seamen's bedrooms in this building in memory of the officers and crew of the Titanic; with the assistance of the American and Historic Preservation Society collected the funds to build the



The Apprentices Lads' Room in the Seamen's Church Institute, Built and Furnished by the Seamen's Benefit Society.

Lighthouse tower, from which the green light shines out over the harbor, in memory of those who lost their lives on the Titanic; built and furnished the beautiful room where the work for Apprentice Boys is now carried on; every year at its Lenten sewing class it makes the necessary linen for the Apprentice Room; provides comfort bags fitted with the things the seaman needs, but never gets for himself; buys flowers, fruit and ice cream for seamen who are ill in hospitals; sends boys to places of wholesome entertainment; in fact, it has been generally a good friend to the man who earns his living on ships, and particularly to the Apprentice, who is being trained for the British Merchant Marine.

It will be seen, from the record of these very tangible accomplishments, that this organization has been blessedly free from that sentimentality which spends itself in an emotional sympathy for the "poor boys away from home," only to subside into indifference. For twenty-two years it has gone soberly about its business of friendliness and good will. And today the Institute, and indirectly the Seamen's Benefit Society, is reaping the fruit of the seed it has sown. Off the coast of China or Norway or in the port of Sydney

two ships pass each other; the apprentice lads exchange greetings and those last from New York send back a cargo of messages by the ship coming this way, or if a group of boys is encountered, as occasionally happens, who don't know about the Institute and its Apprentice Department, they are regarded with rather a pitying surprise, and made to feel that they were "jolly slow" to have been in New York without discovering it.

But the best wage this service has brought is that which can never be counted—the goodwill of thousands of British fathers and mothers all over the world, who follow their sons across the seas with anxious thoughts, and who are grateful from the bottom of their hearts, to America and Americans for making these boys at home and happy, and safe from the dangers of a strange port.

The Seamen's Benefit Society realizes that most women already have all the work they can possibly undertake, but they would be glad if as many women as possible would fill out the slip enclosed in this LOOKOUT and mail it with the \$5.00 Associate Membership fee which will entail no responsibility to work or attend meetings.



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# Youngsters of the Seven Seas

By NORMAN DUNCAN

*An article concerning the work for apprentice boys being carried on by The Seamen's Church Institute, Published in Harper's Magazine, December, 1910, and Copyright by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.*

It seems the sea is still a career. It continues to be an honorable one—yet a harsh and unprofitable profession: aspects, however, which only the first voyage can disclose. It is not a career at all on this side, of course; the American youngster, face to face at last with the bothersome problem of what to do, does not, after anxious consultation with the *pater* and a sea-captain friend of the family in the P. & O. service—and despite the *mater's* tears (who must yet against her will admire the flash of manhood)—lift his head and determine: "Well, let St. John take orders. That's his style. *I'll* go to sea!" Nor does anybody in these days run away to sea from the Port of New York: the fashion of boy's reading has changed with the lapse of a merchant marine. The British merchantmen, however, must be officered: indenture to a line comes thus as reasonably into an English boy's consideration of what to do as the profession of law or of the Church. In England, too, the books of W. H. G. Kingston and of "Ballantyne the Brave" of Stevenson's verse still circulate in boyish hands: the spirit of far-off romance has not departed from boyish hearts; nor has the lust of adventure in strange places lost its ancient power upon boyish imaginations. The grand-

fathers' tales are still of the way of the sea: the looked-for letters are fresh from the rosy ports of romance. Moreover, the impecunious gentry continue to have younger sons, the clergy to have large families, the polite tradesman an aspiring progeny; and *de trop* sons must be got rid of, and incorrigible ones despatched, and imaginative, wilful ones indulged.

In consequence of all this, three thousand brass-buttoned English youngsters come sailing into the port of New York every year, most of them desperately homesick beneath a swashbuckling exterior.

A mischievous pack!

"I've two young rascals aboard my ship, sir," exclaimed a wrothy skipper; "and I'd give the devil one, sir, to fly away with the other!"

Adventures come to these youngsters—veritable adventures—but not in the radiant garments of one's dreams. Adventures are singularly associated with discomfort and intimately fearsome peril. There are thrills, to be sure, as if straightway from Mr. Ballantyne's pages; but if a lad is to come pleasantly close to death it must be in romantic prospect—or in careless retrospect. A youngster of the S.S. *King Arthur*, then placidly achieving ten knots in Mediterranean weather, writes back:





For English Youngsters It Is Still a  
World of Ships

"That was a rotten day when we said good-by to you in New York. We ran right into that rotten weather. For thirty-six hours we were drifting, with hand and steam steering-gears carried away. The best of it was, though, when, through a gap in the railing, I just slipped nicely over the side. Of course it was pitch dark, but luckily I managed to get hold of a wire and climb aboard. We had a jolly good time at Gib." Mr. Ballantyne himself could not have devised for his hero a more thrilling experience in the mid-winter North Atlantic. One reads between the lines of boyish scrawling something of that quality which is the breeding of the Seven Seas. A modest, manly brood of young sons: by whom every personal display of strength and

courage, measuring beyond their tale of years, is blushinglly condoned:

"Luckily, y o u know, I . . ."

The issue of the adventure is unhappily not always so fortunate.

"I am sorry to say," a skipper reports from Melbourne, "that we lost one of the boys overboard in a gale off the Horn."

They said that night at the Institute: "Poor old Cluny!"

"An awfully jolly chap, wasn't he, fellows?"

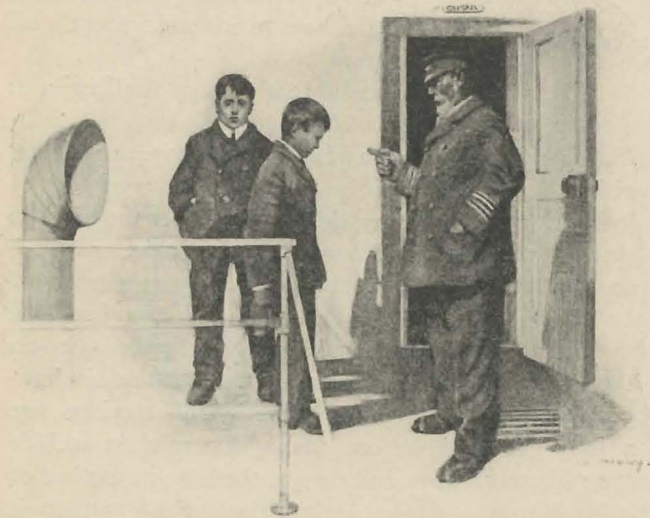
"I say, do you remember the night in Hong-Kong when good old Cluny . . ."

An exuberant young gentleman of the *S.S. Dale*, then discharging in a South American port, records in an unpunctuated epistle: "About six hundred miles north of Montevideo fire broke out among the calcium carbide kegs and we got the hose in use but of course the more water we put on it the fiercer it burned and things began to look so jolly bad and it looked such a bally mess for us that the captain had the boats made ready but luckily we did not require them having meantime got a spar rigged and the kegs hove up and thrown overboard and we

then had the pleasure of seeing them float blazing away astern and my heart went wallop—bang—thump for days afterward." The youngster of the *Dale* has more news—more vital news—and must make haste with the yarn, which he concludes in a rush on shipboard at Malta: "You know of course the Old Man has a dog and he thought it would look better with its tail off so he put it under chloroform and Doctor McCarthy carved its tail off in a most scientific manner. I wanted to bite it off but the Old Man said it was too old for that and needless to say we had some splendid soup next day. You know the kittens well we drowned one and that left two and the cat went out one night and accidentally got locked in

"We had not had sail on her sixteen hours from New York," writes a lad of the good ship *Hope*, disabled in a West Indian harbor, "when the main upper topsail halyard tie carried away. The upper topsail-yard came down with a run, breaking the starboard yard-arm and carrying away the topmast cap. It struck the lower yard and caused that to come down, carrying away the main-stay and the main-yard. They made a *slight* noise when they fell on deck, I can tell you! We had to dump the main-yard overboard, as the yard was sprung in several places, and the starboard yard-arm broke off short. Just after this happened we had two gales, one after the other. The ship was under water the whole time.

Luckily nobody was washed overboard. We had to lighten her by dumping 2,000 cases of oil overboard. We did not need any elevators then, as we had only to sit on the deck and get washed along, using your sense of feeling as to when to stop. And if there happened to be any plumb-lines handy, why, you just only had to grab one and hang on. Luckily



I've Two Young Rascals Aboard My Ship

one of the rooms and the next morning one of the kittens was dead but the other one is getting along famously now my elder brother has just got engaged to a ripping girl."

we got the oil over without accident." Such incidents as these indulge the adventurous spirit and fashion the type.

You are indentured according to



"We're Ordered—Home!"

law. The P. & O. friend of the family has been called in; you have selected a line according to his wisdom. The requirements are punctiliously observed: the signatures are gravely affixed, the *pater* deposits sixty guineas in guarantee of your good behavior—which he forfeits if you "bunk" the ship, as you may reasonably be moved to do, the captain being a beast, you know, in Sydney or Hong-Kong—your duty is pointed out, your small hand is shaken, and you are presently in possession of a brass-buttoned blue uniform, a gold-laced nautical cap, a slim sea-chest, a multiplying store of trepidation, and a shilling a month. The great transatlantic lines have their own training-ships: you are not, however, of a transatlantic line, nor of any regular trade, but apprenticed for four years to a line of splendid tramps, steam and sail; and you are forthwith ordered to sea. The P. & O. skipper profoundly advises you how to attain

his eminence, the *pater* admonishes with more than a suspicion of pride and hope, the little mother beseeches, the countryside calls with congratulations, a bottle of wine is opened in celebration of your departure to the wide world, there is a confusion of tears, good-byes, kisses, claps on the back, hugs, and hysterical injunctions; and before you know it—before you have fairly mastered your snuffles and dried your wilful eyes—hang it, you know! you're *fourteen*, and this won't do—you are at sea, bound out to the ports of romance, with no prospect of treading familiar paths for years to come, but with a reasonable certainty, D. V., of clapping eyes on the remotest shores of the great round globe.

"I won't see home until 1913," a lad wails from Pisagua, Chile.

From the waters of the Black Sea:

"I had sad news. Mother died a month ago. I had not seen her for three years."

Tribulations of a youngster in the Red Sea:

"The Old Man bought twelve dog-faced apes at Singapore, and they bark just like a dog, and kick up a deuce of a row just when a fellow wants to get to sleep. Two or three of them have snuffed it, and I hope the whole bally lot peg out before long."

"Before going to Manila," writes a larking cadet, "we were at Cebu, a small island of the Philippines, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. The weather was beautiful, and as the water was quite warm one could bathe all day long. There was a fine piece of ground near the pier, and we boys played cricket. At Manila the mate put one of the gigs out, and we boys had plenty of rowing around the harbor. One night us two boys got round the mate to let us have the gig. We went to see the *Neptune* fellows—you know that rowdy lot—and we didn't get back until near morning, and when we did arrive the mate gave us the very dickens. Dickie Floyd turns out to be another Windy Jones—he has a jolly lot more to say than to eat."

Mr. Midshipman Easy is not dead; and Mr. Peter Simple, Master Ralph Rover, and Peter the Whaler still breathe the breath of life. At your service, sir, for a rescue or a lark—from sea to sea and in all the ports of the world! It is still a world of ships—of foreign parts and gales and nights ashore: "We fell foul of a rough crowd in Melbourne, and if it hadn't been for the *Castle* fellows, who luckily happened along just at the time, it might have gone hard with us." Brutal captains still strut the deck and oppress virtuous youth: "The Old Man is try-

ing to ruin my career at sea; he never misses a chance to abuse me"—which is probably quite true. Heroic hearts still beat beneath the blue pea-jackets of English lads at sea: "One of the crew (the ship's carpenter) came aboard dead drunk and jumped over the side, and if it hadn't been for Scottie, who jumped after him, and fought the silly ass, and held him up until we got a noose around him, he would have gone to Davy." English lads, sprouting toward a "ticket" and a young command, are still susceptible to girlish charms in far ports, still indulge melancholy on the high seas, still curse a fate so far beneath the radiant star, still hope, still ingenuously confide: "I met an awfully jolly girl at the Governor's ball in Hong-Kong. Of course there's nothing serious, you know. But I'm going to look for a shore job, if dad consents. There's no chance for a fellow in this gainless sea life." And from all roving of the world—however merry the heart of the young rover—there is still a glad return to the quiet English places of many homesick visions.

"I walked in on them on Christmas Eve, but mother wasn't much surprised, for she said she knew I would try to surprise her, and she was always looking for me."

"Home at last—after four years of it! They were all up to meet me at Paddington Station, and you can just imagine my excitement as the train was nearing the station. . . . Honestly, I think my dear mother looks younger. . . . Helen is so very much grown, and although it may be a bit conceited on my part to say it, being her brother, she is an awfully pretty girl, and so

jolly. I can tell you it is lovely to have such a nice sister. . . ."

You have survived your four years at sea; and in all that time you have seen England but once—or you have not clapped eyes on the old land at all. But you have seen the world—all the waters and shores thereof. And you have had a shilling a month—£2 a year—£4 a year—£8 a year. You have squandered this munificent income, of course: being the son of an apothecary, you have lived within it; being the son of a bishop, or a baronet, or a nabob on 'change, you have had so much money from home—and you have run so lavishly and so wildly in port with a crew of scapegraces like yourself—that the captain has wrathfully impounded your remittances and denied you shore leave. You haven't been allowed to run away; the Old Man has an objection to fines, red tape, and awkward questions from the family at home. To the underworld of apprenticeship you are known in the four quarters of the globe: you are a jolly chap in all the ports of the Seven Seas—you are a wit at dinner, you are adventurous in strange streets, you are a deviser of larks, you are ingenious in predicaments, and as a hoodwinker of the Old Man you are a celebrity. The whole earth is your stamping-ground: you dine with a chap in Yokohama and engage him for dinner in Bombay. They tell tales of



The Sea Has Bred into Them Strength and Self-Dependence

your exploits from Sydney to Suez; your health is pledged at roaring tables on the other side of the world: you are not fourteen any longer—you have had your eye-teeth cut—but still you may honestly call yourself a gentleman. In the mean time you have boned navigation, trig., and the calculus—you have whipped your messmates and been thrashed by your First—you have acquired a masterful acquaintance with your brave and bounding tramp—and you are bound home, at last, an oldster, to sit for your mate's ticket. You cram at a school of navigation—you go up for examination—and you are passed with flying colors.

Then you write a jubilant epistle to the tried old friend of your homesick and improverished young apprenticeship.

"What ho! *I have passed! Mirabile dicunt! The pater is delighted.*"

"Really, my dear friend, how can I bring myself to the level of writing to you!

You have the prospect now of a second mate's berth at £6 10 a month—of a first mate's berth at £8 10—ultimately of a captain's cabin at from £18 20 to Lord knows what! And when, at last, you are established in command, you confide to your old friend in New York, who will be delighted, you are sure:

"It isn't so bad, when you get to the top."

The Institute strives to establish these well-bred lads in discerning and helpful friendships ashore—to open the door of kindly and godly homes to them—to provide good ports of call for their cruises by land—to continue to them the fashioning influences of love and refinement. The theatre, of course—a little party of congenial chaps—when a good friend displays the good taste of a subscription; but, after all, a good friend is of more worth than a good friend's subscription.

The Apprentice Room, which looks out upon the mists and winds and steam and moving lights of the harbor—is forever open to lads ashore; there is forever, it seems, an amazing crew gathered there—sturdy, brown, clear-eyed, horny-handed, hearty boys, in years from youngsters of fourteen, making their first voyages, to sophisticated oldsters of twenty, bound home to sit for a mate's certificate. Their talk is of the ports of the wide world—of all the seas of the earth—of great wanderings—of life at its largest—and of the parts they play in life like the men they are. Their lives have no horizon: they have chased the horizon around the world—have proved it a myth of the stay-ashore. Hong-Kong is next door to Algiers; and Calcutta

is across the street from Buenos Ayres; and Cape Town is around the corner from Tacoma. The sea has bred into them strength, self-dependence, courage, faith. It has preserved them in merriment—in the wish for joy—and in an infinite capacity for blushing. Presently, when the ladies serve tea, a troop of bashful young gentlemen in brass buttons will become painfully aware of themselves. It's jolly, though; it's really awfully jolly! And before long the blushes will vanish—and the self-conscious hands will cease to be uneasy—and the tied tongues will break free of their bonds—and a noisy chatter of salt-water yarns and English slang will express to the four grim walls the delight of being ashore in the Port of New York—once more. And you girls, too—Jove! how jolly it is to see you all again!"

There is later a resumption of the astonishing chatter of the sea.

"He's a cad and a liar, and I'll punch his head in Bombay!"

"Beastly cold in Japan this time."

"Awfully good of you, old man, to crack us up to the *Worcester* fellows. We had some jolly dinners with them in Hong-Kong."

"The First is up to his mean tricks again. A cad and a rotter!"

"The *Crown of Germany* made it nine months from New York to Shanghai."

"We did poorly from the line to the latitude of the Cape, but when we ran the easterly down we did 1,800 in a week. Pretty good for the old wind-jammer!"

"The Old Man shaved his mustache

in Port Saïd to show his gold teeth. Quite a fright, I do assure you!"

"A little talk with the governor about chucking the sea."

Lads in port are sailors in port: fourteen or forty—what odds to the fowler?—the same snares are set with the same ancient cunning. Fourteen or forty—wondering child or staggering graybeard—money is money, and wreck is only the ruin of outbound souls. The youngsters of the Seven Seas have a friend in New York—no sissy and no fool—but wise and kind, having convictions concerning right conduct and the duty of a lad to himself, and tolerating no compromise with conscience and the honor of a gentleman. They need a friend in New York: they know it—and are grateful. From everywhere—from the last outlandish ports—from lonely seas—from the boredom of far places—their letters come, in precisely the way that letters go home; and in proof of their affection they bring gifts, ex-

traordinary, boyish gifts, of shark's backbone, of walking-sticks, of carved gourds, which litter the grateful workers' rooms. In mischief—it is a joke of long standing—they threaten a parrot and a monkey. Homesick letters, these. "You good friend! How kind you were to us in New York!" "I was awfully sorry to say good-bye to you yesterday. It was just like leaving home—only there was no mother to say good-bye to." And youngsters die, of course: the roving of the Seven Seas leads to farther wandering in more mysterious places; and the Institute has a green little place, ashore, where dead youngsters may be stowed decently and in order away. *I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.* To the worker there comes from another desolated English home a wail of protest against the decrees of Almighty God.

"He was my only son. . . ."

X  
Yonder the grey horizon lies,  
And there, by night and day,  
The old ships draw to port again;  
The young ships sail away.

And come I may, but go I must,  
And if men ask you why,  
You must lay the blame on the moon, and the stars,  
And the broad road, and the sky.

This poem, I think by E. V. Lucas, is quoted from memory, with apologies for possible errors.—*The Editor.*

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK  
at

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or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

wind comes sobbing over the harbor and raps with cold fingers on the window pane, Winter is here, and Christmas hurrying along so quickly that we will not have another opportunity to remind you of the dinner for the 810 men who will be guests of the Institute on that day.

There is a peculiarly poignant loneliness in being a stranger in a great city on Christmas Day. The decorated windows, the gift laden crowds, the tantalizing glimpses of family circles that unguarded windows afford, all compel a man, on this one day at least, to think of home.

### Will You Sit in the Balcony?

Do you care enough about the welfare of the Seamen's Church Institute to sit in the balcony for it, at the benefit performance of "The Torch-Bearers," which is being given at the Vanderbilt Theatre on the evening of December 12? The sale of the Balcony seats has been very slow, as also that of some of the Four-Dollar seats downstairs. The first two rows in the Balcony sell for \$4.00 a seat, the balance for \$2.50. Seats may now be obtained by application to the Box Office of the theatre.

We feel sure that you will thoroughly enjoy this very entertaining play, but we know that you would come for The Institute's sake even if you thought you would be miserable.

### Those Christmas Dinners

A grey light filters through a leaden sky. The raw November

"Home" to our seamen represents nearly all the countries of the world, and almost all the known ways of celebrating the birth of Christ. One man's thoughts will travel to Norway, another's to Spain; one will be mentally keeping Christmas with a dear old father and mother in the Southern States, while the man who sits next to him will be wondering whether in that home in the Scottish Highlands the we'ens are thinking of their father today. Is it any wonder that there is such a surge of seamen in our direction on Christmas Eve? It isn't just the dinner, they want, but friendliness, and a feeling of having some part in the celebration.

There will be no reluctant guests. It will not be necessary to imitate the Biblical bridegroom and go out into the highways and by-ways (South Street, and the Battery) and compel them to come in. There will be great competition to accept your hospitality, and we know that you



will give even more generously this year than you have done in the past, remembering that the Thanksgiving dinner made an extra drain upon our resources. You have never failed us yet, and we are sure you will not do so this Christmas.

### The Lookout

The Lookout has moved and become in very truth a Lookout. It is now located in what used to be the tailor shop off the landing of the main stairway, and through the transom above the door there comes the echo of the Institute's activities.

A great confusion of voices rises from the lobby, penetrated now and again by a sharp, "pot roast," "beef stew," "roast lamb," from the lunch counter. Our guests seem to have substantial appetites. There rises a great shuffle and clatter of dishes almost drowning out the creak of the turnstile on the second floor, which separates the 810 guests of the building from those who use the Social Service Department only.

Footsteps coming up, footsteps going down, halt on the landing. A chaplain's voice says, "Have you seen the doctor yet?"

The answer is inaudible. The chaplain's voice comes again, "Tell the elevator man at the head of the stairs to take you to the clinic." The footsteps die away.

The Lookout door is beaten upon imperatively, and the editor goes to inquire the cause. "Lady, I want to put a lien on a ship," says a seaman who is going to have his rights or know the reason why. He is

directed to the Social Service Office.

Once again peace undisturbed, except for the throb of the refrigerator machine down in the sub-basement, and the curious faint odor of the incinerator.

Footsteps on the stairs once more and a voice, "You're joost the man I want to see."

Another knock at the door, very timid and apologetic. This time it is a blushing boy, with a letter which he has just this moment received at the post office downstairs, and is burning to answer. May he get into one of the reading and writing rooms in spite of the fact that he is not staying at the Institute? He may. The tendency of sea life to erase family ties is so great that the Institute cannot afford to aid and abet it.

The soda fountain decides to have a sale of tobacco. An enthusiastic young man takes up the refrain, "Buy — and get one free. Buy — and get one free." Each time the second word dies before it reaches the landing. Why can't the man speak up?

The House Mother is a privileged visitor to The Lookout office and has a key for the door. Her light step is heard and the key in the lock, then a voice, "Mrs. Roper, I've got a job." The key is removed from the lock and the voices die away. Once again the key in the lock and once again a voice, "Mrs. Roper." The key is taken out of the lock again. The third time the House Mother achieves an entrance, and this time she has a parcel of

cake in her hand. One of the boys has had a gift from a dear old Southern home, and shared it with her.

She departs and the editor's typewriter goes clickety clack, clickety clack, clickety clack.

From the chapel below there comes the melodious voice of the pipe organ, symbol of the idealism, which has made this work grow and grow and grow for seventy-seven years, changing its material expression, with a changing world, but maintaining always inviolate the will to serve.

### A Satiabie Appetite

The director of the religious department wants some stay-at-home books to be loaned in the reading rooms, and read between voyages. The Institute has a great many improving books on nearly every subject; it has quite a collection of old classics such as "Ben Hur" and "The Last Days of Pompeii," but the shelves are singularly bare of good modern fiction such as "Main Street," "The Age of Innocence," "The Great Hunger," "If Winter Comes," and "Joan Godden"; in short, of the books that are being discussed today, including recent books on history, economics and modern science, especially wireless. Naturally the seaman, as well as the landsman, wants to keep up with the times in his reading. Moreover there is a certain flavor to each age of literature, an elusive intangible quality, reflecting the mood of the

time in which it is produced, and which makes it peculiarly the property of its own day.

There are readers, we are sure, who have some of these modern books on their shelves, and would have passed them on long since if they had thought we needed them.

### Deserted?

"Deserted" is a word in bad odor among landsmen, but he was only a little boy, and as he told the House Mother about it he gulped to keep back the tears.

"Why did you desert your ship?" she asked.

"It was awful cold and miserable, and dirty, and I hated it," he answered. "I don't want to go to sea."

"What do you want to do?"

The boy gulped again, and a useful coat sleeve was brushed across his eyes, as he admitted self-consciously, "I want to go home to my mother in —," and he named a New England city. "My mother hasn't much money, but surely I could get work on land if only I could get there."

Mrs. Roper realized that here was a boy, who was obviously a mis-fit, and fortunately had found it out in time. There is a special fund she can use at her discretion, and she called upon it for the few dollars necessary to send the homesick youngster back to New England. And the other day she had Thanksgiving cards from the lad and his mother.

# General Summary of Work

## OCTOBER, 1922

<b>RELIGIOUS WORK</b>		No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M. ....		5	96
Sunday Services, P. M. ....		9	489
Communion Services .....		5	45
Bible Classes .....		5	256
Gospel Meetings .....		4	43
Miscellaneous Services .....		1	93
Weddings .....		0	
Funerals .....		4	
Baptisms .....		1	

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

Sunday Services, A. M. ....	5	208
Communion Services .....	1	1
Funerals .....	4	

### INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services .....	5	279
Entertainments .....	9	3,600
Lodgings Registered .....		24,302
Incoming Mail for Seamen .....		16,814
Dunnage Checked .....		4,983
Packages Literature Distributed .....		112
Knitted Articles Distributed .....		152

### Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing .....	643
Assisted through Loan Fund .....	68
Baggage and Minor Relief .....	266
Cases in Institute Clinic .....	678
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics .....	26
Referred to Other Organizations .....	48
Referred to Municipal Lodging House .....	24

### Employment

Men shipped .....	622
Shore Jobs .....	320

### Visits

To Hospitals .....	32
To Patients .....	97
Other Visits .....	26

Sea View Hospital	U. S. Marine Hos. No. 21	Hudson Street
To Hospital ..... 5	To Hospital ..... 23	To Hospital ..... 0
Number of hrs. .... 17¾	Number of hrs. .... 108	Number of hrs. .... 0

### EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment .....	19
First Aid Lectures .....	22
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation .....	8

### SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits .....	\$42,274.50
Withdrawals .....	48,040.33
Transmissions .....	13,305.26

## SEVEN BRANCHES OF OUR MANY-SIDED SERVICE TO SEAMEN

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### **Dormitories and Bedrooms**

The Institute is a modern hotel with accommodations for more than 800 men at from 25c to \$1.00 a night.

### **Lunch Counter and Soda Fountain**

Good wholesome food can be purchased here at most moderate prices.

### **"Dunnage" Department**

Baggage is stored and protected. The men have access to their "Dunnage" at all times and for those who do not lodge in the house, dressing rooms are provided where they can change their clothing or repack their bags.

### **Post Office**

Where over 200,000 pieces of mail for seamen have been received from almost every country in the world.

### **Wages Department**

To encourage the open-handed seaman to save his money, and also to facilitate the transmission of money to his family.

### **Employment Bureau**

Many a seaman has found a "job," and many a steamship company has been supplied with loyal, steady crews through this Institute service.

### **Department of Missing Men**

Letters come to us from all over the world from anxious friends and relatives, asking for news of "John Smith." Time and time again we are able to tell the anxious ones at home that "John Smith" is well and will write to them.