

The LOOKOUT



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Mr. William G. Low, a generous supporter of this Institute, has accepted as his gift, in memory of his wife, the construction of the new main entrance pictured on the cover of the current LOOKOUT. This includes the three ship's lights, head light, port and starboard lights. These lights are exact copies of old "Dutch Stern Lanters," the designs for which were procured from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Red"

THIS is the saga of "Red," aged sixteen, who hankered to go down to the sea in ships—any kind of a ship, but preferably a yacht. Now when a lad has flaming red hair and a yearning for the rolling deep, it takes a pretty brave person to defy that combination. But there was one person who was "dead set" against Red's ambition.

Strange furrows serried the forehead of Jim, "Red's" sea-going older brother, as he made his way to the Social Service Department and poured into Mother Roper's willing ear his tale of woe. "If my kid brother comes here looking for a job on a ship, hold him here. Don't let him go," he cautioned. "Cable to me at once."

Mrs. Roper asked the logical question: "What does your kid brother look like?" "Oh," said Jim. "He has red hair and freckles. He's about five feet five and he probably won't tell you his right name." Several weeks passed and Jim



shipped off to Buenos Aires. One late Spring afternoon a tall handsome young lad with a glorious mop of curly red hair came in to see Mrs. Roper and confided to her his yearning to become a sailor. After conversing with him a while Jim's warning flashed through her mind and she searched the boy's face for

freckles. Save for a sparse sprinkling of extremely pale ones she saw none. From Jim's description she had expected to see a boy whose face would be dotted with big freckles the size of dimes. But tactful questioning brought out the truth that he was Jim's kid brother "Red."

Of course "Red" had no money, but when Mrs. Roper called Jim the answer came back: "Hold him there until I come Friday night. Advance him money."

And that might have been the end of the story so far as we know. But it turned out that "Red" was a rather active soul, and began to look around the Institute for something to occupy his mind. First he made the acquaintance of the Marine School Principal and then he wandered into the LOOKOUT office to display his haircut and begged us to smell the nice perfume on his hair. Mrs. Roper gave him two dollars which he promptly spent at the Paramount Theatre and at a Chinese restaurant afterward. He returned to us with ten cents left in his pocket. Then he remembered that his mother had given him thirty two-cent stamps (as a guarantee against the excuse of not being able to write

home for lack of postage) and he tried to inveigle the post office clerk to redeem these stamps into cold hard cash.

He discovered a congenial playmate, and the two passed away the time at the bowling alleys and billiard tables. We managed to help him pass a few hours while waiting for brother Jim's ship by having him pose for pictures in our navigation school at the wheel of an imaginary ship. His biggest thrill came to him when we found a quartermaster's coat and cap down in the old clothes room and he paraded proudly around in this outfit.

Friday night came at last, and despite the offer of Captain Huntington to find "Red" a job on a yacht, brother Jim insisted on carrying "Red" off with him that very night on board his tanker, where, in the role of mess boy "Red" may learn to work off some of his surplus energy. Jim explained that "Red" had just graduated from high school and was headed for college in the fall. "If I let him go off to sea alone, without me to watch over him, he might drop the idea of wanting more education. So, believe me, I'm not going to let him out of my sight!" Off they went together, kid brother and Jim.

*Even a Wreck Can't Part a Sailor and His Pet**



Nora, one of the three kittens who not only came near losing their mittens but their lives, as well, when the Spanish Royal Mail line Cristobal Colon rammed the American-Levant liner River Orontes off Quarantine Thursday, passed her first Sunday ashore yesterday and seemed to enjoy it. Over the main floor of the Seamen's Church Institute, No. 25 South Street, Nora, a ball of white fur, spotted here and there with black, found

much to amuse her, and every now and then would peek at the two goldfinches and a canary who, with her, had tasted some of the dangers of the deep, for all four were rescued by pet-loving sailors.

But in saving Nora, Aurelia Lopez, mess steward on the River Orontes, lost every stitch of clothes he owned, save those he wore. So anxious was Lopez to save Nora and her brother and sister that when the call came

* Reprinted from The New York World, May 6, 1929

to leave the freighter he hastily threw his clothes into a suitcase and placed Nora and her kinscats in a pillow slip, which he tied securely to his belt. As he was being transferred to the city fireboat Zophar Mills, Lopez's suitcase, with his clothes, fell into the harbor and disappeared. But his pets were safe.

Lopez, with twenty-seven other members of the freighter's crew now staying at the Institute, says he does not mind the loss of his clothes as he strokes Nora's furry coat and smiles contentedly. Yesterday she poked her tiny pink nose down in a glass of milk held by her rescuer, and then with her whiskers a-dripping clung tightly to Lopez as any one approached. For Nora seems to feel it was because of her master's efforts that her nine lives are still intact.

The three kittens were born aboard the River Orontes, Lopez explained, when the freighter was two days out of Alexandria, Egypt, and are still less than three weeks old. Nora took a fancy to Lopez and when he rescued the family he gave her brother to the chief fireman of the fireboat Zophar Mills, who promised to care for him. The sister of Nora, Lopez gave to an

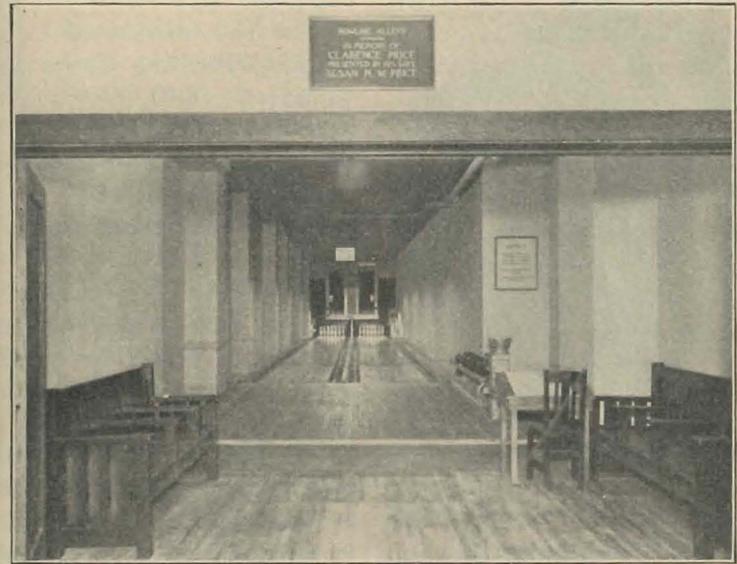
officer on the Laconia, on which the crew passed Thursday night before coming ashore. And Nora's mother is in the safe keeping of the chief operator of the River Orontes.

But the joy of Lopez does not eclipse that of Emanuel Klonaidon and Emanuel Borg, who managed to save their pet goldfinches, nor of Henry Brownbill, who brought his pet canary safely ashore. The quartet, wreathed in smiles, yesterday posed in the lobby of the Institute. And Nora, despite her tender years, kept her eye on Henry's canary as the picture was being snapped.



THE "CRISTOBAL COLON"

The New Bowling Alleys



Early in May the rumble of the new Bowling Alleys began to attract attention in our recreation room. These alleys were the gift of Mrs. Susan W. Price in memory of her husband Clarence Price, who died on April 2nd, 1926. In presenting this memorial Mrs. Price wrote: "It is with a feeling of thankfulness that I have the privilege of making a gift that I feel certain will give happy hours to many seamen all year round."

This form of amusement was decided upon after careful de-

liberation and after careful consulting with Mother Roper and some of the seamen as to the kind of game most in demand. On May 3rd the Bowling season was officially opened by Dr. Mansfield, who threw out the first ball. When Mrs. Roper heard of the ceremony and was told how the Doctor knocked down one of the ten-pins with his first ball, four of them with his second, and ten of them with his third ball making a "strike," she remarked, "Isn't that symbolical of the way in which the Institute has grown!

When Dr. Mansfield started out it was just a small affair and it was like the ball knocking down one ten-pin—just a small fraction of the degrading influence along the waterfront was abolished. And then when the brick building was built—like the four balls, it wiped out a larger amount of the evil forces preying on the sailor. Finally in 1929, with the completion of the Annex, just as he knocked down the ten-pins, he has practically eliminated all of the vicious environment detrimental to the seamen."

Bowling Alleys in this section of New York City are particularly appropriate. In the days before the Revolution, Bowling Green was a small park at the foot of Broadway where our forefathers bowled. Early in the Dutch occupancy of New York this piece of land was laid out as a village green and parade ground. Facing it on the South, stood Fort Amsterdam.

In 1770 citizens erected on this ground an equestrian statue of George the 3rd and many a blow poor George may have received from bowlers whose aim was none too accurate. In 1776 this statue was torn down and melted into 48,000 lead bullets.

In 1787 a Governor's mansion

was erected and devotees of bowling had to seek elsewhere for a place to enjoy the sport.

The first record of a Championship Bowling Game was on January 1, 1840. Previous to this bowlers played with very few formal rules except that the distance where the bowlers stood to the row of tenpins should be 60 feet.

In 1875 the National Bowling League was formed and a few years later the American Bowling Congress, which laid down formal rules.

Bowling is one of the favorite sports throughout the British Isles as our British sailors testify by their high scores. During the reign of Henry VIII, however, there was a law prohibiting his subjects from indulging in this game. In 1825 the law was repealed so that bowling and other similar games of mere skill could be legally played.

We do not expect any seamen to be afflicted with what is termed "spleen" for two lines of the old poem contend that:

"To cure the mind's wrong bias—
spleen—

Some recommend the bowling green."

The new alleys are open from one to ten P. M. and are being extremely well patronized.

A Sea-Going Hack Driver

HE is a mild little man with pale red hair and a quiet voice. He doesn't look like the common conception of the sailor. All his life he has said, "zhh" for "j" and "w" for "v." His peculiar treatment of "r" and "o" will cling to him forever, too. Otherwise there is no marked Danish accent. Rather he speaks almost a New Yorkese gleaned in his experience as a cab driver.

Yet this man, "Red" Christiansen, has survived one of the strangest experiences in the annals of sea history. His recital of a shipwreck and slow death on the Galapagos Islands has proved a popular radio feature. He came to the Institute one Tuesday night in May and told his thrilling story to a group of sailors in our auditorium accompanied by an accordion and a male quartette to lend atmosphere to his tale. "Red" Christiansen held about 400 hard-boiled seamen enthralled for the better part of an hour and a half.

He came into the public notice four years ago when William Beebe, the naturalist, returned from the Galapagos Islands with a ship load of scientific treasures.



Christiansen read in the New York newspapers of Dr. Beebe's return, jumped into his taxicab and hastened to the wharf where he told Beebe a story about the Galapagos Islands which was so authentic in its detail, so vivid in its telling, that Beebe devoted an entire chapter of his book "Galapagos—World's End" to the experiences of the taxi driver.

For nearly a year Christiansen and nine other members of the crew of the *Alexander* out of New Castle, South Wales, and bound across the Pacific for Panama, were marooned on indefatigable Island. The *Alexander* was caught in the doldrums and rendered helpless without a breath of wind. Rations grew

shorter. Faced with starvation the skipper called the crew and told them the situation:

"Boys I got ye all here now. I want you to put the case to yez. There ain't much left in the line of eatables. To be exact, we got just two pails o' water and mighty little food. Louis, show 'em what food there is. There it is men, four cans o' bully beef. Sack and a half o' hard tack and two hunks o' salt pork. I don't see no sign o' the weather changing. Don't look like the wind is ever goen ter blow. Off here to the Nor'west there's some islands, the Galapagos. It's a long pull—200, mebbe 500 miles. I don't know nothin about them—inhabited or not. I think we can make 'em in the boats. Now, who wants to stay by the ship and who says leave her and try for the islands? All right? the boats it is; just this, men. Up to now, we've been captain, officers and men; from now on we're just men. Every man for himself, but we'll all work together to make the best of it. Man the life boats!"

The strange events that followed were comparable to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and as told by Christiansen they comprise a dramatic epic.

The experience of the crew on the baking beds of dried lava on the Galapagos Islands with only sea turtles for food, brackish water and turtles' blood for drink, and sea lions' skins for shoes, is hazardous and harrowing. Our sailors at the Institute crowded around Christiansen at the end of his tale and asked him all manner of questions. Christiansen's talk will be broadcast by the Institute from WNYC on Tuesday evening, June 11th, from 7 to 8 P. M. We hope that many of the friends of the Institute will listen in on this graphic and thrilling program.



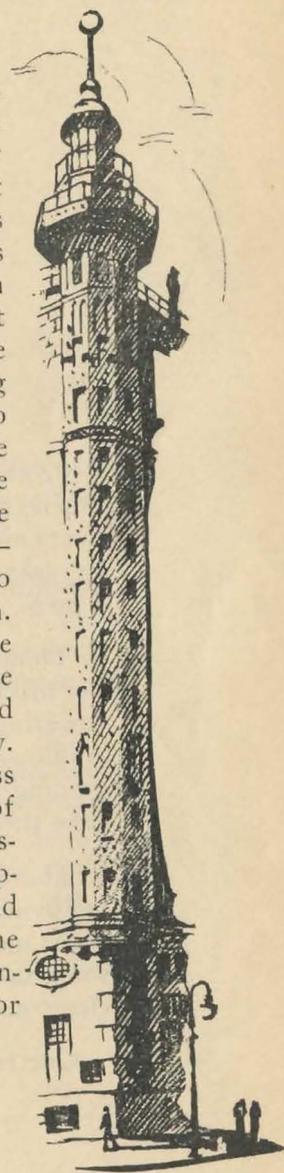
A GALAPAGOS LIZARD

"No Lives Lost"



IT WAS a piece of good luck when no lives were lost in the recent disaster of the freighter River Orontes, rammed by the Spanish liner Christobal Colon. But there were other losses suffered by the freighter's crew: loss of property, loss of morale. The ship's carpenter told how all his tools had been kept in hatch Number 5, where there is now only a great gaping hole. The mess steward in rescuing three kittens lost his suitcase full of clothes. Salvaging crews estimate that it will take a long time to make the freighter seaworthy again. In the meantime, what of the crew? The custom of the sea is to stop wages when a ship sinks. Here the men are in the port of New York—strangers—nineteen of them Greeks, two Egyptians, two Maltesians, two Spaniards, the rest English. Twenty-eight of the men are quartered at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street. The owners of the freighter are paying their bed and board. But the human touch is also necessary. This human touch is supplied by the friendliness and sympathy offered to the crew by the staff of the Institute. To the crew of the Vétris, the Besseggen, the River Orontes and to every shipwrecked crew, as well as to over seven thousand merchant marines on shore leave each day, the Institute offers hospitality, recreation, companionship, and above all, a home for "the sailor home from the sea."

(Reprinted from THE NEW YORK SUN,
May 8, 1929)





"ZERO HOUR" did not end with the war. It still is the crucial hour in a sailor's life. It comes to him at 7 P. M. every night that he is on shore leave. It is the hour when he asks himself: "What shall I do?" "Where shall I go?"

Thousands of active seamen hurl these questions into the maelstrom of New York City. And when from the towering masses of steel and stone, the roar of city traffic and the bustle of business, there comes back no guiding answer, is it any wonder that sailors go off to take their fun where they can find it?

The Seamen's Church Institute is the great satisfying living answer to the question of how to spend leisure time: movies, game rooms, entertainments and wholesome surroundings await these lonely men of the merchant marine.

Our records show that over 700 men, an average of



a hundred men a minute! enter our doors between six and seven o'clock each evening—more than at any other time.

The Institute, which means a clean, comfortable home to 1500 of these seamen each night that they are in the Port of New York, is confronted with the tremendous problem of meeting obligations on the newly completed ANNEX.

Without this ANNEX, each "Zero Hour" would find a thousand men victims of loneliness . . . turned away from a friendly home for lack of room! Each dollar you give helps to reduce our building debt. We shall be deeply grateful if you will call this appeal to the attention of your friends.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, Treasurer
Annex Building Fund
25 South Street, New York

Convention Report

WHEN our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, presented the Annual Report of the Institute at the Diocesan Convention, he told of the remarkable progress of the work and inspired the Convention with his enthusiastic and forceful address. "Our present anxiety," he said, "is the completion of the Chapel which it has been earnestly hoped might be the gift of the Diocese. Of the special Chapel Construction Fund of fifty thousand dollars which it was expected the parishes of this Diocese might contribute, sixteen thousand, seven hundred and fifteen dollars have been received. Surely this is not the measure of conviction regarding the work of this second oldest missionary organization of the Diocese. We earnestly trust for fulfillment of the promises of various parishes, and that those parishes which have not contributed or promised to do so will send some gift towards the completion of this fund and of the construction of this House of GOD in which the Merchant Seamen of all nations and creeds may find a place and an opportunity for worship.

"We carry on and by God's help will continue to carry on with the same Christian faith that vitalizes today" as in 1843 when devoted laymen of this Diocese, our Founders and first supporters, determined that there should be here in this greatest seaport of the world such a work and service as this for Merchant Seamen."

He illustrated this by a stirring recital of an occasion when several Mohammedan seamen entered our Chapel with their prayer mats. The other seamen were strangely moved by this spectacle of so-called heathen worshippers kneeling devoutly at a Christian altar.

An Appreciation

An additional gift of 600 Bibles presented to the Institute by the Rev. George William Carter, Ph.D., on behalf of the New York Bible Society, has been most gratefully received. This society made an original gift of 500 Bibles so that every sailor could find a Bible in his room. The present gift will serve the same purpose in the Dormitories of the new Annex.

A Tribute to Our Knitters

A sailor boy who did not forget wrote this to our Hostess in the Apprentice Room. "Just a few lines to let you know that we arrived here today all safe and sound after a fine passage. I must write to tell you that I thank you for coming to see me in the hospital. Please thank Mrs. Roper for sending me up that parcel which I was very glad to receive the same night. I found that the scarf came in very handy for me while we were running close to the banks of Newfoundland. I

am still having a bit of pain in my eye but I am going up to London tomorrow to see a Doctor about it. I hope you won't forget to forward my letters to the Captain of — for which I shall be much obliged. I think this is all so I will conclude.

"Trusting this finds you in jolly good health, I hope to remain, very truly yours,—
P.S. If I come back to the States I shall certainly call and see you again. Thank the lady who knitted that scarf for me."



"SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT"

A Tale of Tattooing



A sailor may not wear his heart-upon his sleeve, but he does wear it upon his chest, across the broad muscled expanse of his back or upon the brawny bulge of his biceps. Some people pour out their colorful stories to juries. Others relieve the tension by writing for the confessional magazines. The sailor enlists the tattooist's needle, and upon his body records in dull blues, greens, reds, yellows, the story of his loves and hates, his triumphs, his religion and his patriotism.

To the dweller upon land, tattooing is a barbarous, vulgar custom borrowed from primitive races in Africa and the South Seas. Its origin is Polynesian, derived from the verb "ta," mean-

ing to strike. But to the sailor tattooing is the essence of self-expression.

In Professor Jack's shop, on the corner of South and Moore Streets, old and young tars assemble, select their motifs, take off their shirts, grit their teeth and give the order to proceed. Love is the favorite theme, according to Professor Jack, for anatomical decoration. "Usually the first thing they want," he says, "is a girl's face. Sometimes they bring photographs of their own and ask me to copy them, and they usually want them over their heart." An ancient but ever-popular favorite is Charles Dana Gibson's famous picture of woman, "The Eternal Question Mark."

If you ask a sailor why he gets himself tattooed, he will give any one of a number of reasons: "protection against disease, as good as vaccination" is an old tradition; "for the purpose of identification;" "to show the folks back home," et cetera. But we suspect the real reason a hard-boiled sailor patronizes the tattooist's art is that his softer sentiments have been severely inhibited, and he must perforce unburden his pent-up soul.

Never pass judgment upon a sailor until he takes off his shirt. Many an ingenious design is concealed beneath a brawny exterior. Mermaids, clipper ships, clasped hands, bleeding hearts, dragons, tombstones, angels, crucifixes, are popular items in the tattooist's catalogue.

One old tar who frequents the Institute's cafeteria wears upon his right hand an Irish and American flag intertwined, with "Erin Go Bragh" and "Hands Across the Sea" etched beneath. With proper persuasion he will also display "For the love of Tessie" writ in dull red across his right breast, while upon the left shoulder blade there is pictured a girl's head with only a cryptic "Elizabeth" above it. A tombstone commemorating the death of his father embellishes the upper left

arm. Over the left breast, supposedly the seat of the tender passions, are two hearts from which blood trickles down to the first floating rib. Written underneath in simple script is the grand old name "Mary."

Tattooing, though of ancient origin, enjoys modern improvements. A celluloid stencil is applied to the sailor's arm or torso, and with Japanese inks and an electric needle the design is pricked into the skin. An elaborate pattern which used to take two hours to tattoo can now be done, thanks to this modern electrical age, in less than half an hour. Still more recent is the development of a process for removing the colored motifs from the skin, painful and expensive, but possible if the sailor is willing to go through the ordeal.

Ho Sing—Ho for a Sailor

NEVER a sight of ship or shore,
Sea behind us and sea before,
Off on a good long trip once more.
Ho, sing-ho, for a sailor.

Beached far south with a Spanish scum,
Frothing mouthed with a cry for rum,
Guess we'll stay until Kingdom Come.
Ho, sing-ho, for a sailor.

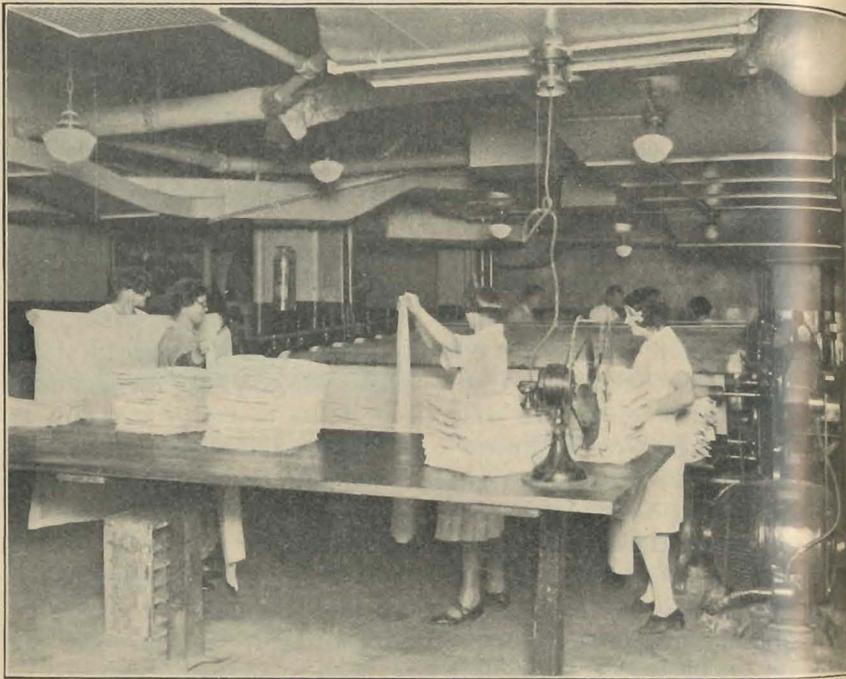
Rotting here on a jail-house bunk,
Fed on rice and a piece of punk,

Just because we were stupid drunk,
Ho, sing-ho, for a sailor.

Oh, we'll have the consul down with
bail,
And we'll say good-bye to this scorching
jail,
For when our ship pulls out we'll sail.
Ho, sing-ho, for a sailor.

BERTRAND L. SHURTLEFF.

Our New Laundry



Let us start this story with a bit of romance: Tom strolled into the Social Service Department, his ruddy face beaming. "That's a swell new laundry you have down in the basement," he commented. "How's the chances of me gettin' a job down there?" When pressed for a reason for his sudden interest in the usually unpleasant subject of clothes-washing, Tom finally admitted

that his desire to become a laundry man had been borne five minutes before on the strength of seeing one of the young and attractive laundresses industriously plying her iron across Tom's best shirt.

At any rate, the opening of our laundry has at last justified the title which one sailor boy gave to us when he sent us a letter addressed to the "Seamen's



Shirts Institute!"

Our sailors are enthusiastic in their praise of the laundry. Its big advantage, in their opinion, is the quick service which enables them to bring their soiled clothes to the laundry in the morning, and to have them all clean and fresh and nicely pressed late the same evening. Commercial laundry service is so slow that they are frequently compelled to go off on their ship before their clothes are ready. The chances of redeeming their belongings the next time they arrive in New York are very slim, as most of them lose their laundry checks during the long interval.

The Institute laundry is well equipped with the very latest labor-saving devices—washers, extractors, mangles, pressers, et cetera. To illustrate the tremendous quantity of work performed

each day in the laundry, we estimate that about 1,400 beds are used every night; this means that every morning two sheets, a pillow case and two towels are removed from each room and sent downstairs to be washed—a total of 7,000 pieces!

Another advantage which our sailors are quick to appreciate is the care with which shirts and other delicate apparel are laundered and ironed—they need have no fears for the welfare of buttons nor need they be anxious concerning tearings and rippings, for the Institute realizes the value of these clothes to their owners and the laundry staff is instructed on this point.

The laundry is not yet working to capacity, but the sailors are spreading word of its merits to one another, and this is the best method of advertising.



Musings of the Mate



Colorful Epistles

Tony Sebastian sat busily writing at the desk just under Holbein's picture of the old lady in our writing room. He had scorned the use of the Institute's conservative writing paper. Perhaps Tony was fed up on grey seas with grey skies and wanted a more colored stationery ranging from vivid purple to flaming orange. We did not ask him who were the destined recipients of these brilliant letters, but we venture to say that the dullness of the words was compensated for by the flashiness of the paper. Every few moments Tony would hold up two pieces to the light as if to decide on their respective merits. His fellow seamen chided him a bit on his gaudy taste but Tony calmly proceeded to select the brightest green of the bunch

and borrowed a fountain pen filled with purple ink to begin his message.

A Telescope

The Don Toledo House at St. Augustine is a mecca for tourists who visit the quaint old city. From this house came to the Institute a letter asking for information where a marine telescope might be purchased. This seemed to be lacking in the nautical collection in the Don Toledo House.

Dr. Mansfield passed the request on to his secretary who in turn sent several of the staff searching pawn shops for just the type of antique telescope desired. One day in our "Treasure Chest" a small marine telescope was discovered. It was rather a beautiful one and seemed to be suitable for such a purpose so it was sent on to Mr. Mills, the custodian of the old house. We reproduce his reply here:

"This morning an express box arrived from your address containing a beautiful old Marine Telescope, much nicer than I could have hoped for.

"I am most grateful, but what am I indebted to you for it? or

were you able to secure it as a relic, I shall be looking for a letter stating this.

"New York City is always the place to get the quickest response from of any place I know, it always takes me a year from any place else."

"If the old telescope could speak it would tell of horizons in the distance, of breakers ahead, of a ship in distress, of the sight of the shores of the Home-Land, of an owner long since gone to a Mariner's grave. Now others will gaze on it and wonder of its history.

"We are having delightful weather, fine trade winds and the patio full of colorful flowers and the well full of sparkling sulphur water.

"I trust some day you will be able to visit our city and the Don Toledo House.

"Again thanking you for the safe arrival of the valuable telescope, I remain

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) HALFORD P. MILLS."

A Lucky "Strike"

Mrs. Roper was in for it when she chanced to pass through the recreation room during the busy bowling season. The seamen

stopped her and insisted that she bowl with them. As she did not wish to lose cast with her sailor acquaintances, Mother Roper agreed to join in the sport. Of course, they selected the biggest and heaviest ball that could be found and as she took it up and walked to the foul line they watched her with mingled pride and amusement—pride in the knowledge that Mother Roper was one of them, and amusement because they did not think she could really play. It was just good luck or a good aim or something for the first ball knocked down all ten-pins. She related with much gusto the surprised expressions on the men's faces. But they were good sports and heartily congratulated her on her feat.

The Magnet

Four walls do not a prison make, but when they are the four walls of an office they are the nearest things to a prison in the opinion of Tom. Tom's father owns a profitable manufacturing business in a small western city and Tom went to sea at the age of 18. His father hoped he would "outgrow" it and come home. Last winter Tom was 27 years old and he went home. His father

received him joyfully, taught him all he knew about the business and expected to retire in a few years leaving Tom in full charge, but alas! the old demon the sea drew Tom like a magnet, so now he is off again sailing the briny deep. I guess with some people it is like the old man in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie"—the sea is an old devil and when it gets into a man's veins it takes a lot of talking and a lot of ties at home to turn him into a landsman again.

A Way With the Women

Kelly left the sea ten years ago, found himself a plump pretty wife named Dora and determined to fight the lure of the great expanse of sea and sky. The other day he wandered into the Institute and told us with much gusto how he had learned a way to make his wife, as he expressed it, "eat out of my hand." "Just as soon as we start a little tiff and I see her getting the best of the argument all I have to do is start pulling out my duffel bag and say: 'I guess I'll pack up and go to sea.' Then that's the end of all arguments. She kisses me and begs me to stay home. It is a swell idea and I am glad to pass it on to all who can use it!"

What Is Truth?

Pontius Pilate is not the only man who ever asked "What Is Truth?" The old Salt spoke: "In the days of wooden ships and iron men, said he, "sailors were not so finicky about standing on the side of truth." A good story was a good story and who would dare to question the veracity of the story teller. My sailor friend bemoaned the passing of the imaginative sailor and yet in concluding his conversation with us, "I guess it is better this way for if a sailor tells a shipwreck story today, you can bet your bottom dollar that it is pretty close to actual fact."

A Wordy Subject

The dictionary in the writing room which for some time has been conspicuous for its worn and weary covers, its torn and tattered leaves and its marked pages, has now gone the way of things that have out-grown their usefulness. It has been replaced by a brand new dictionary.

We discovered one seaman industriously hunting for the word "thrasonically." He emerged triumphantly from his search and reported that it means boastful.

Memorial Units

Many thoughtful persons perpetuate the memory of those dear to them whether living or dead, by making gifts that will commemorate the life of the loved one through some worth-while service. If you are contemplating doing this, will you not consider a gift to the Building Fund of the Seamen's Church Institute? Such gifts will be used for the purposes indicated and suitable tablets provided indicating the memorial thus established.

Seamen Guests' Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000
Cafeteria	15,000
Apprentice Room	10,000
Medical Room in Clinic	5,000
Surgical Room in Clinic.....	5,000
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth	5,000
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each	1,000
Seamen's Rooms, each	500
Chapel Chairs	50

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
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