

The

LOOKOUT



WOMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUT
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXII DECEMBER, 19

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid

Single Copies, Ten Cents

Address all communications to

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Editor, The Lookout

Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

This month's cover illustration was drawn by one of our own seamen

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen. Please note the exact title of the Society as printed below. The words "Of New York" are part of the title.

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. The following clause may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of..... Dollars."

In drawing your will or a codicil thereto it is advisable to consult your lawyer.

The Lookout

VOL. XXII

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 12

An Eye Clinic for Sailors

"After that He put His hands again upon the blind man's eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly." Mark: 8:25

LAST month's report of our relief work shows, in two cases, * the tragic results of complicated ailments of the eyes. With the hope that more of these conditions may be prevented or remedied in their early stages, an eye clinic has been established on the first mezzanine floor, adjoining our medical and dental clinics.

The clinic, which is believed to be the first eye clinic established by a welfare agency exclusively for merchant seamen, was opened officially on October 30th by our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield. It is known as the John Markle Eye Clinic in tribute to the donor, Mr. John Markle. It is under the professional supervision of Dr. Conrad Berens with Dr. G. Paccione in charge, and is open on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 A.M. to 12 o'clock, noon, to merchant seamen of every nationality who are non-beneficiaries of any other agency.



The clinic affords an opportunity for eye treatment and care among an occupational group where preventive health service has hitherto been unavailable. It is Dr. Mansfield's plan to eventually complete an Institute health center comprised of various units, medical, dental, eye, orthopedic, and genito-urinary.

Dr. Berens, who is director of the Lighthouse Eye Clinic, Surgeon in Ophthalmology at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary and attending ophthalmologist to St. Luke's Hospital, etc., is supervising the clinic because of the great lack of facilities for the care of the eyes among merchant sailors. It is hoped that a comparative study

may be made of the types of vision to be found among sailors as compared with beneficiaries of other clinics.

There is no duplication of service on the part of this clinic and the Marine Hospitals, inasmuch as Marine Hospitals provide treatment only for seamen whose discharges are less than sixty days old. In normal times, there are many seamen unable, because of this fact, to take advantage of Government medical service of any kind. During periods of acute

unemployment, such as we are now undergoing, there are thousands of seamen in the Port of New York ineligible for treatment in Marine Hospitals.

* Patrick C....., age 35, an A.B. seaman, underwent an operation for glaucoma of the right eye. He has lost the sight of that eye and may lose the other. The Institute provided him with subsistence during the period of his convalescence. He then secured employment on shore and subsistence was continued until his first pay day. The chances of his being able to continue his job are very slight.

* Earl S....., age 50, a chief steward, is not too old to work but is disabled on account of failing eyesight. After it was determined that specialists could do nothing to improve his eye condition, admittance to Snug Harbor was secured for him. Until the necessary arrangements were made, the Institute provided him with food and shelter.

Justice for a Sailorboy

A LONG, tedious legal battle which promised to rival Dickens' famous case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce has at last ended, and happily, in favor of one of our seamen. The story of the case reads like fiction and it seems incredible that such a strange series of incidents should occur in this enlightened day.

The story begins several years ago in the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey. Richard L., a young American wireless operator for the E. line, discovered, quite by accident, that two stewards aboard his ship were smuggling dope, hiding it in panels on the vessel and bringing it to America. When they learned that he knew of their nefarious business they urged him to join the gang of smugglers. He refused to do so and from then on his life has been one of persecution and suffering. Determined to get rid of him these stewards attempted to injure him by putting tacks in his food. He was brought to a hospital and the smugglers informed the doctors that on no account should he be set at liberty as he was mentally deranged. Examination proved him sane, but as a precaution the police were notified to keep an eye on him. Fearing exposure, the smugglers reported how violent the young radio operator became

at times, although he appeared sane. So he was arrested and sent to a city hospital, to the observation ward. His employer had faith in Richard, knew of his industry and good record, and so called upon Dr. Mansfield to see if something could be done to protect the seaman from his enemies. Our Superintendent sent one of our chaplains up to the hospital and convinced the doctor and nurse in charge that the Institute would be responsible for him. The chaplain brought him down to 25 South Street and both he and Dr. Mansfield were convinced of his sanity and that he had been persecuted by those who feared he would expose their guilt.

It was thought advisable to have Richard stay at the Institute, under the protection of the chaplain. The directors and the attorney for the employer believed in him and supported us in befriending him. Whenever he went out alone he was followed and hounded by numerous members of the smuggling gang. He dared not walk along the docks, or in broad daylight. Another seaman was delegated to accompany him whenever the chaplain's duties took him elsewhere. Richard procured a job as radio operator aboard a small ship bound for Alaska, but so powerful was the smuggling

1313		13 TH
FRIDAY		FLOOR
NOV.		13
1931		
INTERNATIONAL TICKET, NEWARK, N.J.		
Seamen's Church Institute Of New York	Guest Ticket DORMITORY BED 35c	
SEAMEL NOT ADMITTED TO DORMITORY AFTER 1 A.M. ROOMS AFTER 3 A.M.		
TO BE HELD AND SHOWN UPON REQUEST. ISSUED SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS ON BACK. NOT TRANSFERABLE. GOOD THIS DAY ONLY.		
1313	NOV.	13
1931		

His Lucky Day

On Friday, November 13th, Able Seaman Paul G..... walked up to the Hotel Desk holding a pink ticket in his hand. "All I got to see now is a black cat and then I'm sunk," he exclaimed. Inspection of the pink ticket revealed that the number of his dormitory bed was 1313 on the 13th floor and dated Friday the 13th. "And to cap the climax", said Paul, "I got a seat in the 13th row in the auditorium tonight." But, in spite of all these forebodings, Paul met a friend of his who paid him \$15. which he had owed him for the past three years, so Paul is firmly convinced that 13 is a lucky number for him.

organization that he was not allowed any peace even here. False radio messages were sent to various passengers in order to get Richard in trouble. One of his enemies reported him to the captain but again they were foiled for the captain expressed faith in Richard's good character.

Returning to New York, and the Institute, Richard found himself still followed and persecuted by the smugglers. He got a job aboard another ship and the captain who has a reputation among seamen for being very vicious, maltreated him, fined him, and finally discharged him and disqualified him with his employer. But two passengers, a gentleman and a lady, had observed the cruel way in which the young sailor was treated and reported it to influential officials.

In the meantime, out of work and disbarred from ever being a radio operator again, Richard

sought solace at his home with his mother. But the Institute chaplain kept in touch with him and when things looked brighter he came back to New York to fight his case through the courts. This has taken much legal battling, but at last, through the Institute and the employer vouching for his fine character, the E. line has finally made amends for all his persecution by settling with him; the cruel captain has been made to apologize, to destroy the false entries made in the ship's log, to remit the fines to Richard, and to withdraw all charges, and, finally, he has been reinstated as a licensed radio operator. The stewards who had caused him all the trouble were arrested on a smuggling charge. And in spite of all this trouble, young Richard is not one bit revengeful or bitter. He is grateful to the Institute and to his employer for their help. Thus ends one strange sea tale where justice triumphed at last.

Burial at Sea By Seaman Evan H. Winfield

IT WAS three bells in the mate's watch. All hands but the man at the wheel, the oiler and one fireman on watch, assembled about number four hatch. The mates and engineers were in full dress uniform, the crew wore clean dungarees. Some were in undershirts, others had on coarse

jumpers as protection against the chill breeze of early morning.

Valencia had died the night before. He was to be buried in just a little while. The sky was overcast, gray and foreboding; the fresh breeze cutting and chill. A man on the four to eight watch raised the ensign to half-mast. A

fireman, one of Valencia's watch mates, rubbed away a tear. Valencia and he were mates aboard and ashore. There would be no more friendly chats and passionate reminiscences of old Spain and the Andalusian Mountains from which they both came. There would be no more—no more Valencia.

Except for the engine room noises, the slap of the sea against the vessel's steel sides and the thrash of the screw that at each revolution seemed to churn the water with the dead man's name, there was no other sound, either human or of the elements. From out that shouting silence the boatswain damned loudly and eternally the lazy Swede who had forgotten to stow away a pot of red lead.

Whitey, the ordinary seaman, went below for his camera. The third mate sent his watch and a day-man forward. The boatswain still swore—to himself. The day-man and man on watch carried aft the earthly remains of Valencia to lay it athwartships, starboard of number four hatch. Sewn in canvas, with boiler grates at his feet for weights, he lay upon an ice-box deck grate. The Stars and Stripes of his adopted country covered his body.

The captain, wearing for the first time his dress uniform, appeared with a seaman's Bible in



Courtesy Scribner's July, 1893

his hand. The mate was carefully rehearsing the pall-bearers in their duties. With a nod to the mate the captain turned toward the crew. The vessel had begun to circle three times the burial hole in the sea. The sky was gray and sunless, adorned in fitting garb for the ceremony about to be performed. The sea was running a choppy swell and the stack belched forth great clouds of dense smoke into an already heavy atmosphere.

Death is one of the unfathomable mysteries of creation. Each man gives to it a different solution, but which one has the right answer? Yesterday, Valencia was alive and bright in splendid manhood, enjoying to the full all that life offered to his nomadic spirit. His was a quiet enthusiasm over a glorious sunset in mid-ocean and a keen appreciation of flowers and color. The raging sea only caused him to open wide his lungs and heart and shout for the joy of battle and of life. Ashore, he was

one who sought always a dash of danger and adventure. He loved his carefree and careless life.

Yesterday on his watch below, he was working from a swinging log, painting the overhead leading to the fireman's forecandle. He had made fast the rigging of the stage to a ring-bolt overhead. Some kind of a cow-hitch knot held all—and Valencia. Of a sudden there was a shout, a crash and then the thud of a human body falling against steel, followed by a moaning that soon ceased. Those who heard the fall quickly gathered. There before them lay Valencia, still, except for the harsh and labored breathing through his mouth, the face deathly pale, the mind unconscious. First aid efforts proved futile—then a muttering, and incoherent, delirious prattle.

Sparks, the radio operator, tried to raise a shore station but failed. He tried again; this time a Dutch passenger vessel answered. Sparks transmitted in English his message, but by the time the Dutch surgeon aboard the passenger ship could translate from the English into his language, and put the answer back into English it was two hours later, and Valencia breathed no more. They said it was concussion of the brain.

That night in the sailor's fore-castle some one broke the gloom

by singing popular songs. All joined—all except the firemen of the dead man's watch, comrades who had sweated with him, who had joked with him.

The laws of the sea state that a dead body must be buried within twelve hours after life in the body has ceased. So less than twelve hours after Valencia had expired, the captain turned to the crew, and said a brief prayer over the body:

Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the deep; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the sea shall give up her dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

There was a nod from the mate; the pall-bearers each took hold a corner of the deck grate and at the words from the skipper "We commit his body to the deep," two held the front of the grate over the ship's side, two lifted the back of it. The body, sewn in canvas, slid over into the oblivion of the sea's depths.

Do You Remember?

"MY DEAR Dr. Mansfield: I wonder if you would remember an old timer who started out on the briny deep in 1877 at the age of 13 years? The undersigned had the pleasure to meet you in 1898 when my deep water experience came to an end. Can remember when the Institute was located on the south side of Coenties Slip, a little farther west from your splendid Building of to-day. Can remember when 52 Market Street became the new Sailors' home. Also remember when the new Institute was opened in Pine Street, and the old Floating Church took care of our Sundays in Port and what a great day it was when the launch used to call for us to have an evening of fun ashore! 52 Market Street before it became the new home was a notorious boarding house where the writer boarded in 1880-82 when in Port. Thinking many times of how often this A.B. was picked and signed, but was not allowed to go aboard ship, someone else taking his place. In 1883 signed the roll from boarding house situated on Water Street twelve times before being permitted to sail on the *Thomas H. Lord III.* of Baltimore for San Francisco. The undersigned has rounded the Horn on several occasions and one time passing through the Straits of Le



Maire on the good ship *Andrew Johnson* of Thomaston, Maine. Since that time have been employed as Superintendent of Buildings, at the present time being in charge of a 72 family house. Am proud to state that in 1900-2 was a member of the 'Hope Club.' Do you remember the time that we had a competition for the designing of a Club Flag, do you remember that the design of myself was accepted by you and that you had a flag made, the treasury of the club being too low for us to undertake the making of same? The first time it was blown to the breeze was an outing of the Club on Staten Island. When I think back and compare the standing of an A.B. then and now, it is marvelous of the advancement made and we old fellows must give credit where it belongs. You were the mainstay in the Port of New York and you have fought a hard battle for all those who go down in Ships to the sea.

Christmas on the Front

Christmas is a day that arouses in us all a feeling that is general. The gifts which we exchange with friends and loved ones are really a part of that first Christmas when the Wise Men of the East brought gold and frankincense and myrrh and laid them beneath the star at the feet of the Babe in the Manger. It might have been a sad Christmas—when Joseph and Mary were turned away because "there was no room in the inn." They were a quandary what to do. At last they found room in the stable among the lowly cattle, and there you go to Bethlehem, you will see a silver star shining in the spot in that Manger where the Christ child was born.

The spirit of Christmas is something which we at the Institute find one of the most pleasant things of the year. It is our privilege, because we have made room in *your* heart for sailors, to give them not gold and frankincense and myrrh—but comfort, friendship and inspiration. For Christmas is to each of us just what we make it, and I sincerely believe that when you give to our Holiday Fund you are making your own Christmas a happier one. This year, in addition to the men who will sleep in our regular rooms and dormitories, there will be 400 destitute seamen lodged in our emergency dormitories—approximately 2000 sailors in all whose homes are far away or who are homeless on Christmas.

Many of these sailors have children at heart, and they have a child's delight in Christmas trees and all the other aspects of the Holiday. We are planning a moving picture and vaudeville entertainment in our auditorium, a turkey dinner and free smokes. We also intend to fill comfort bags with fruit, socks, ties, stationery, handkerchiefs, etc., and give them to about 1300 sick sailors in the line and city hospitals on Christmas morning. To do all this for the men of the sea is our aim and we believe it will be a celebration worthy of the One whose Anniversary Day it is.

So please won't you include in our Holiday plans by sending your contribution for the Holiday Fund to 25 South Street.



Thanksgiving Day at 25 South Street

"Sing unto the Lord with Thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God."



It was the day before Thanksgiving, about three o'clock in the afternoon. A chill wind blowing across the park from the East River and a dull November sky signified that the warm weather spell was ending and Winter was beginning in earnest.

A long line of sailormen extending far up the main stairway waited patiently for the doors of the cafeteria to open and admit them to the 10c dinner. A young oiler turned to an able seaman next in line and said, "Gee, I wish I was going to be home for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow." Another seaman in a shabby overcoat fingered his thin dime and tossed it up and down in the palm of his hand somewhat hesitantly. There were many others like him who were wondering whether or not to spend 10c for a dinner and

go hungry on Thanksgiving Day or to stave off the hunger pangs until the next day and then enjoy a hearty holiday meal. Suddenly an Institute worker broke through the midst of the line and posted a notice which announced that all merchant seamen lodging in the building on Thanksgiving Eve would receive a free holiday dinner the next day.

The tension in the line seemed to relax and here and there a seaman would joke with his neighbor and pass some jovial comment. Dull eyes brightened in anticipation of the holiday feast and more than one sailor boy began to believe that there was something to be thankful for, after all.

And this change of countenance and reviving spirit was due to the generosity of friends who each year contribute to the Institute's

Holiday Fund, thus making it possible for us to bring holiday cheer into lonely seafarers' hearts.

On Thanksgiving morning a group gathered in the Chapel of Our Saviour and heard one of their own men who is president of the Sailors' Fellowship Club address them on the meaning of Thanksgiving. At noon 1415 holiday dinners were served to merchant seamen, as well as providing them all with free smokes. In the afternoon 743 of them gathered in

our auditorium to witness the talking moving picture, "A Free Soul," starring Norma Shearer. Again in the evening 876 enjoyed Ramon Novarro in the talkie, "A Son of India."

And so we are glad to report to Lookout readers that, so far as we know, no sailor in the Port of New York went hungry on Thanksgiving Day and this is because our friends have accented the "giving" in the word Thanksgiving.

After the Depression

WE WISH to emphasize to our readers that the relief work so much in the foreground now is only a part of the Institute's program for sailors. Many self-respecting seamen who have jobs aboard ships do not require actual relief but when they come ashore between voyages many of them are lonely and friendless. With time on their hands and ship's wages jingling in their pockets, they are the easy prey of an unscrupulous waterfront element — speakeasy proprietors, etc., that exploit sailors. The Institute has endeavored to keep them out of harm's way, yet happy and contented. Every night of the week some recreation program is offered them—lectures, concerts, moving pictures, athletics and social gatherings—*all free of charge*. These help to keep up

their morale, and we must not forget that this kind of character-building—social service—*must go on* as well as emergency relief in the form of meals, beds and clothing.

After the depression or "challenge" (as Dr. Donald Aldrich terms this present era through which we are passing—"a challenge to America and to the best her citizens have to give") when shipping "picks up", the Institute will still have these problems in ministering to sailors. Our relief must take many forms: physical necessities of life, yes; but also work, and recreation. We must do more than save a man's body. We must also save his morale, his self-respect, and his sensitiveness to his skill at his calling. We must save him not only *from* something but also *for* something.

"We Are Sharing"

BECAUSE of the deficit in our budget Dr. Mansfield was prevailed upon to make a personal appeal on behalf of the Institute's Ways and Means Department. His letter has brought forth such kind and encouraging replies—most of them containing contributions, and many pledges of support when good times return, as they surely will—that we are printing for LOOKOUT readers excerpts from some of them. They *all* express friendship and interest in the work of the Institute and reflect the generous, even sacrificial, interest of many of our loyal friends who are "standing by" in spite of their own straitened circumstances and misfortunes. This neighborly spirit of sharing and concern for our sailormen encourages us to carry on in their behalf.

"I am as interested in the Institute as ever, but have been so very ill for the past few years that I have been unable to be helpful to others, I fear. I am sending a little package and some magazines, also will enclose a small check in this letter, hoping it may help your worthy cause. With all good wishes."

* * *

"My brother has lost his memory and had to retire from business, so I am sorry but do not feel that I can contribute much for him, and I do not know how much his annual contribution was. Am sending a small check."

"My friend, Miss M, died two years ago. For some time I contributed her subscription but alas! this year I can only pledge my interest and pray others may support the good work."

* * *

"I am interested in the Institute. I am a tither. My income has come down quite a bit, there are so many wants, but I will send something. Enclosed you will find cash. Hoping your institution will prove a great blessing to many seamen."

* * *

"I really do feel rather ashamed to have neglected the seamen to date—I hasten to make amends by enclosing my cheque for only a small sum (alas) but may it help you in your good work."

* * *

"I am sorry to have to tell you that my husband died in June of this year. He had many charities which he carried on quietly. I am learning of new ones every day. I would so like to keep on with these but of course our income is so vastly less that I cannot do all I would like to do. I am going to try, however, to keep on as far as I can and so enclose my check which I know is not even a 'drop in the bucket' of your need. If all goes well with me I shall be able to do more in the future. Please know that I am sorry it is so little."

* * *

"I have not lost interest in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York though my contributions have always been small. Clergymen's widows don't have an overabundance of this world's goods and many demands on what little they have. However, your plea brings forth my small response."

"I hasten to assure you that nothing on the Institute's part influenced my long silence, rather have I in spirit often been a visitor there while absorbed in the interesting stories in 'The Lookout'. Too much of your time would be taken up were I to relate the story of where many of my dollars have gone since last one sent the Institute—so I'll just send your cause that is so noble the one dollar this time to help hold the dollar value you have so abundantly endowed, and try to send reinforcements at the first opportunity."

* * *

"Your note touches me deeply. I only wish that I could respond as I should like to. My interest in the Institute and its splendid work is as strong as ever, but my financial circumstances have been such of late, that I have not been able to make my usual contributions. I have had, most reluctantly, to stop almost all my contributions, and to curtail even my Sunday contribution to my Parish church. I am very sorry about this, for I realize how hard pressed you must be for funds. Please accept the enclosed dollar as an expression of my wish that I could do more, and believe me, with all good wishes."

* * *

"I feel the same about the Institute as always and only wish I could give you more. Under the present circumstances, with my sons and daughters depending upon me, with their educations still unfinished, and the business depression of the past few years which has greatly reduced my income, I cannot give any large amount to charity. Enclosed is a check which I hope will help."

"In reply to your inquiry as to my not having contributed recently to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, I must explain that it is indeed not due to any lessening of any friendship and deep admiration for the work! Other more personal and exacting claims draw too deeply on my resources for me to continue giving as I did at one time. This cheque for \$25.00 comes as a good will offering, having been unexpectedly 'released.' Please understand that I shall always have the work in close interest even when not sending the help which you have so richly earned."

* * *

"I have only respect and admiration for the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and for those who carry on its work. While I have not made any pledge of an annual gift, my purpose has been to send in at least a check a year. The enclosed check for fifty dollars leaves a gap, I think, but must do—certainly for the present. I had expected to make a modest gift to the building fund but cannot assure you that I shall do so. Any reminder of the Institute is always welcome and your letter is especially so. I trust there may be a tidal wave of gifts. My feeling is that you are laying all of us—the entire community here and, indeed, the country as a whole—under obligation. I am grateful that this noble and wonderful Christian work is being done, and I am glad to have a share in it."

* * *

"The Lookout came this morning. Although my income, like many another, is considerably less than formerly, your present needs impressed me so greatly, that I am impelled to triple my check for your work."



A Family Reunion

A family reunion was consummated in our Cafeteria one November morning when Seaman Peter J..... met his wife and little daughter Margaret and partook of a hearty breakfast of pan cakes, eggs and coffee to celebrate his homecoming after a six months' voyage to South Africa.

For Safety's Sake

A sailor brought his mother's wedding ring to the Institute's Dental Clinic and asked to have it melted and made into a gold tooth. The dentist was somewhat annoyed at the seaman's lack of sentiment until he explained: "It's been stolen from me twice and I've gotten it back, but the third time would be fatal so I think it's safer to have it in my tooth."

Rescued

We were very much interested to note in the accounts of the rescue of the crew of the Diesel Schooner Baden-Baden by the U. S. Naval Mine Sweeper Swan at Colon, Panama, on November 14th, the statement of the captain, who said: "A hard gale was blowing when the mate saw the Swan about five miles away. It approached slowly. We had been suffering the greatest agony and had almost decided that we could not hold out any longer. Rain was falling hard when I was finally taken aboard on a stretcher. *The men fell on their knees and prayed* when they reached the deck of the Swan."

A "Tough" Break

Albert G..... graduated from M.I.T. in 1929. He earned money for his schooling by going to sea each summer as an ordinary seaman. After graduation, he married and got a good job in an engineering plant in Philadelphia. A year ago March his wife died in childbirth, so he took his little son home to his parents and then he went off to sea again. While on shipboard he became very seriously ill and was sent to a marine hospital where he had to undergo nine abdominal operations. After

fourteen months in the hospital he came to the Institute, saying, "I hate to ask for relief but I've had a tough break and my father has just lost his job, so I cannot ask for help there since they are taking care of my boy." We were able to arrange for Albert to be sent to the Burke Foundation for six or eight weeks to convalesce before going out to look for a job.



Shoes

Courtesy "Masonic Outlook"

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things—
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings."*

Unlike the Walrus, we are interested only in *two* things: shoes and ships. The shoes, we mention, because every day from 10 to 20 sailors come to our Slop Chest seeking shoes, only to be told that we have no more. So if you *do* have some men's shoes discarded by the male members of your family, won't you please mail them to the Religious and Social Service Department, 25 South Street? It is unpleasant enough to spend a long day afoot hunting vainly for work, but it is even more unpleasant to have holes in the soles of one's shoes—and experience has shown that bits of pasteboard or newspaper last for only a few blocks. The men who "go

down to the sea in ships" find concrete pavements make difficult going.

The Cross of Honor

Our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, is receiving the congratulations of his host of friends upon the receipt of the following letter:

"It is with great joy that I write to inform you that you have been awarded the Cross of Honor of the Order of the Sangreal for service to God and humanity through the Church.

"This award is made to you because for the whole span of your life's service you have battled with courageous wisdom on behalf of the wanderers of the seas, providing for them a safe home and a clean welcome in the havens of our land through the Seamen's Church Institute of New York."

A \$2.00 Bill For Sale

One of our contributors has sent to our Holiday Fund a \$2.00 bill dated 1869. Perhaps among our readers there is one who is interested in collecting old coins and bills and, if so, might offer us a price on this rare bill. It is a Treasury note with a picture of Thomas Jefferson on it and is in excellent condition, the years not having destroyed its crisp appearance. If you are interested in purchasing this bill, kindly write to the Editor of The Lookout and state the price you are willing to pay for it.

"Like Ships That Pass in the Night"



Photo by Ewing Galloway

A sailing vessel and a steamship pass each other in Bombay Harbor.

A MEMORIAL in the Institute exerts a beautiful and lasting influence on the men who make use of the memorial room or object. Often we have watched a sailor lad stop before a bronze tablet and read the inscription thereon. Often we have seen him pass by the tablet, after that first perusal, and with misty eyes, continue on his way. Just as ships that pass in the night continue on their way, the passengers of each feeling the thrill of some vague contact with the other across the expanse of water, so these seamen feel the influence of those to whom the memorials pay tribute.

Following is a list of memorial units which are still available in the Institute's Annex Building:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each.....	50.00

The first Sunday in November has been memorialized for the Chapel Flower Fund.

A Report of Ten Months of Service to Sailors



A GLIMPSE INSIDE THE INSTITUTE'S TIME BALL

For the first time since it was erected on the Titanic Tower in 1913, our Time Ball was repaired and this photograph shows the way it looked when the canvas covering was removed. The Time Ball is controlled from Arlington and drops each day at 12 o'clock noon.

SOME of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute Of New York from January 1st to November 1st, 1931:

369,895	lodgings registered (including emergency dormitories).
213,462	meals served.
699,583	sales made at the soda fountain.
48,515	pieces of baggage checked and protected.
35,472	books and magazines distributed among merchant-seamen.
57,672	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
23,624	Relief Loans.
7,032	individual seamen received relief.
2,939	seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
2,054	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
330	missing seamen located.
\$458,945.96	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
8,274	seamen attended 161 religious services.
28,087	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
37,603	Information Booth contacts.
272	seamen and employees treated in the Dental Clinic (July 13th-Nov. 1st).
78,370	Ten cent meals were served to seamen (from August 1st to December 1st).

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