

The LOOKOUT



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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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Six Sailormen Missing

Six sailormen missing!

And only eleven minutes before they had been peacefully sleeping in their bunks in the fo'c'stle of a freighter riding at anchor in the Harbor.

It was one of those occasions when some strange destiny takes a hand in the weaving of the strands of fate and contrives to get them inextricably tangled up.

Anchored in the Harbor—of course they slept, peacefully and confidently. Only a prank of fate could harm them there. But eleven minutes—and six shipmates missing! Fate had played its prank.

At midnight Brenke emerged from his warm bunk in the fo'c'stle to stand the anchor watch. He was the only man on deck. It was a crisp October night, calm, clear and still. He made his inspection. The *Besseggen's* lights were true and his "all's well" carried to the bridge—at least its Norwegian equivalent, for Brenke and his ship and shipmates hailed from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

There were thirty thousand bags of sugar in the hold. The agent would surely sell them in a day or so and they would be off for the other side. Einas Ellefen, the sturdy old Chief Engineer, would be going home to Norway to "swallow the anchor." His sea-going days would be over and he would settle down on a little farm with his savings. A sailor's paradise! Brenke, just past twenty-five, wondered how soon he might do likewise.

Then from out the night a giant hulk loomed above him. He called to the bridge, but neither his cry nor the skill of the oncoming pilot could avert the crash. The mighty liner had swerved to avoid an ambitious little tug that shot across its path towing barges, and then it veered again to spare a freighter. It could do no more. The *Besseggen* felt its sharp prow.

The boys in the fo'c'stle and the officers midships were thrown from their bunks. They picked themselves up and sailor-



ARNE, THE CAPTAIN'S BABY

fashion calmly proceeded to the deck. The fo'c'stle hatch was jammed but the brawny crew made short work of forcing it. The siren shrieked and other harbor craft took up the cry of distress.

The *Besseggen* turned keel up and sunk. It was all over in eleven minutes and the entire crew of twenty-eight men, and the captain's wife and four-year-old boy and police dog were splashing about in the icy water.

The harbor ferry boats had their own passengers to consider. There was bound to be suc-

tion attending the sinking of the ship and the boilers were almost certain to explode. But life belts were thrown out and some of the victims found hatch covers to cling to until lifeboats picked them up.

Early dawn found twenty-one of the *Besseggen's* men at the Institute — seven officers and fourteen crew. The Captain and his wife and child and their faithful dog had been taken to a hospital. Six sailormen were missing.

The Institute, as usual, was filled to capacity, but the men



REX, THE YOUNGEST SURVIVOR

in one of the dormitories were awakened and told of the catastrophe. To a man they jumped up and offered to make the beds up fresh for the victims of the wreck. Poor shivering exhausted fellows—we gave them all the hot coffee they could drink and put them to bed, away from the onslaughts of the impatient reporters eager for a "human interest" story for the late morning editions.

At nine o'clock the crew reported for breakfast. Many of them were barefooted. One wore a cotton pajama suit. No

one was adequately attired until our "old clothes" man fitted them out.

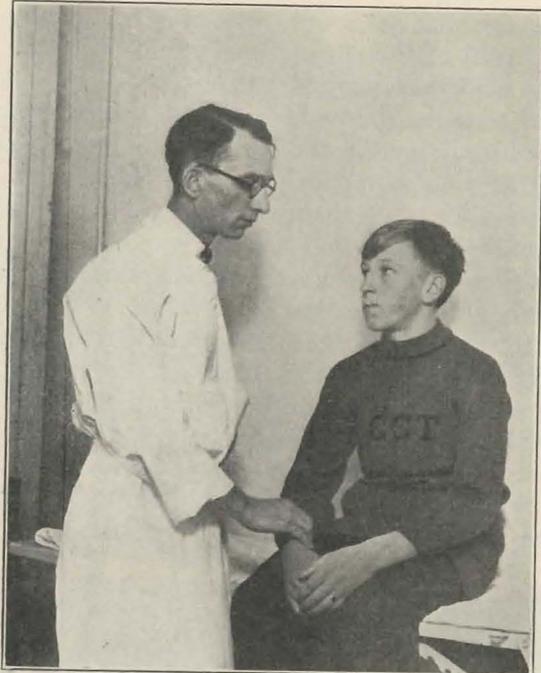
Einas Ellefen was there—the Chief Engineer who was bound home on his last voyage. Einas' feet were of such proportions that we had to give him one bright yellow shoe and one dark brown one. We don't have much of an assortment in that size! But Einas was happy.

Gustav Foss had hurt his foot in trying to jump into a life boat and Bertil Stoerdahl somehow managed to get a splinter of steel into his finger. We cared



THE SHIPWRECKED OFFICERS AT BREAKFAST

P. & A. Photo



P. & A. Photo

LITTLE HAAKON HAD A SLIGHT TEMPERATURE

for both in our Dispensary.

Gustav had been torpedoed twice during the War and when the *Besseggen* was struck, he experienced much the same sensation. He was in the water nearly an hour swimming about with the aid of a life belt which was thrown to him from the ferry.

Then there was Haakon Brenke, the anchor watch, and Ole and Soren and Leif and In-gref and Boryen and Soyven

and another Haakon.

This Haakon the Second was the baby of the ship. He appeared to be as much as eleven years old, but he claimed sixteen. He was a blond, blue-eyed wistful child who confessed to having a headache after his sleepless night. He had stood on the *Besseggen* as it sunk, had gone down with it, and then bobbed up to the surface again. He found a piece of wreckage to

cling to and was one of the last to be picked up.

Haakon's father is a sea captain off the China coast. His mother died recently leaving him all alone in Norway. Not knowing what to do with his little self, he went to sea as mess boy on the *Besseggen*, and thus ended his first voyage. His pal, another sixteen-year-old mess boy, was one of the six missing "men". Haakon was very sad and he declined a gift of money from one of the photographers who took his picture, although every penny he had in the world had gone down with his ship. Haakon didn't eat much breakfast but sat quietly while the pitcher of hot coffee made frequent rounds.

Then a representative of the Norwegian Consul came and asked questions and made notes

and took the boys over to a Norwegian home in Brooklyn. We hated to see them go, for a cleaner, sturdier, more wholesome crew never stepped foot inside the Institute.

It had been a privilege to help them. Hot coffee and crullers, clean beds, warm dry clothing—not a great deal, to be sure, measured by our own everyday comforts, but it was like manna from heaven to this destitute crew. Of course it was all made possible by friends of the Institute, and it was our privilege only to minister in their behalf.

But again we experienced the gratification of having the authorities knock at our door for help; for to the Police Department of the great City of New York, as well as to the merchant seaman, 25 South Street, means a haven for the sailor.

All Hands on Deck

Our Annual Benefit is over, and thanks to the many who helped us, we have cleared \$5,180.45 for the Institute.

Five hundred seventy-one answered the summons for "all hands on deck" and although the Weather Man was a bit un-

kind, no one asked for rain checks. Everyone came, and everyone seemed to have a good time.

The splendor of the *Ile de France* surpassed expectations. Only stray glances through an outer doorway now and then

reminded us that we were on shipboard. It was more like a gorgeous hotel — a gorgeous *French* hotel. For France's foremost artists, sculptors and decorators have contributed their best efforts to make the *Ile de France* the pride of the French Line and of the French nation, with the result that it is veritably "a bit of the soul of France."

Much of the "soul of France" goes into her cookery, and the chef of the *Ile de France*, on the occasion of our Benefit, did his patriotic duty in upholding the reputation of his ilk and in proving worthy of his *métier*.

It seems to be the unanimous verdict of our guests that the real *pièce de résistance* of the evening was the performance of our own seamen. William Joseph Berry led them in the singing of chanties. He is an old-time "sailing sailor" who has seen the Institute grow from a little floating mission.

He told us naively that he used to be a bo'sun—"kind of a high-class sailor, but still a sailor." Now he has "swallowed the anchor", which is a sailor's way of saying that he has settled down ashore.

Berry wrote some original verses for the occasion to explain what the old-time chanties were:

"The advent of steam in the
Merchant Marine
Doesn't call for the chanties to-
day
But their mem'ries sublime
Bring me back to the time
When sail held the sea's right-
of-way.

"The sailor of yore when you
met him ashore
Was apparently simple and mild
But at sea he had work which
he never could shirk
To battle the elements wild.

"In any world's crowd I always
was proud
Of my calling and well I might
be.
Transportation of commerce
and safety of life
Depend on the men of the sea.

"Now many consider we gath-
ered around
On the decks when our day's
work was done
And sang these old songs of the
sea in our turn
To add to our pleasure and fun.

"But the chanties, when sung
by the sailors of old

Were not meant to amuse or re-
gale,
But to unify strength and give
zest to the pull
Which we needed in hoisting a
sail."

Berry recited these lines with meaning and then called for "all hands on deck". A dozen of our Institute sailors responded, rushing onto the stage and waving their caps and shouting.

"Blow the Man Down," "Ranzo" and "Whiskey for my Johnny" were the rollicking selections they gave.

Alfred Gordon, who was staying at the Institute awaiting a berth as Quartermaster on a ship going to the Argentine, played his banjo and sang "Around Cape Horn and Home Again". He put real feeling into it, for he has sailed around "Cape Stiff", as sailormen call it, fifteen times. Gordon was enthusiastic about the Benefit. It was with difficulty that we restrained him from reciting "The Face on the Bar Room Floor". He hated to waste the perfectly good bar-room which we had as a setting for our play.

As to the play, we wish all our friends who did not see it would read it—"The Long Voy-

age Home" by Eugene O'Neill. It shows vividly what happens to many a well-meaning sailor ashore when he has no place like the Institute. It was exceptionally well presented by the Episcopal Actors' Guild—busy professionals who devoted their time to it because they believe in our work.

Lady Armstrong followed the play with a charming address showing how the Institute prevents "*long voyages home*".

We had one delightful surprise for our guests which we had not advertised. Dr. John Huston Finley presided in his usual inimitable manner. He paid tribute to Noah, the master mariner who landed a ship on top of a mountain; and Berry (our Chantyman) paid tribute to Dr. Finley by referring to him as "the Gentleman Usher".

We feel that we made many new friends for sailormen; ties with old friends were strengthened; and incidentally another bond was strengthened, for all were quite ready to agree with the President of the French Line that the *Ile de France* will be "an active agent of understanding and good relationship between our two nations."

Annual Sailors' Day

The second Sunday in November has been designated and set aside as Sailors' Day for the purpose of bringing before the public the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of America and giving them an opportunity to express their interest in the work of this great national organization and its affiliated societies. The Seamen's Church Institute of America, now well established in fourteen of our great ports, is a medium through which a practical application of the Christian religion in all its fullness is being brought to a great host of homeless strangers who visit our ports each year.

Our organization comprehends within its activities every phase of religious and philanthropic work. In our local Institutes services are held, lives are changed, the seamen become conscious of a relationship with their God and much of the antagonism toward things spiritual is destroyed and in its place a loyal respect and allegiance is developed.

To provide the seaman with a clean bed, to check his baggage, to bank his money, to sup-

ply him with materials for writing, to give him an opportunity to bathe and to furnish him with a reasonable amount of recreation are all services rendered in order that there may be created in every Institute an environment in which he can live decently and orderly and be better able to comprehend what is his responsibility to himself, his obligation to society and his duty to his God.

The Seamen's Church Institute ever keeps in mind the great commission of the Master and daily struggles to be obedient to the charge laid upon it, to preach the Gospel, to visit the sick and those in prison, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked—to supply the needs of man, body, soul and spirit.

This work from a small beginning has grown beyond all expectation and to-day its place among the foremost charitable and philanthropic agencies in our land. Growth and expansion should continue until there is a Seamen's Church Institute in every port in the United States and thus the influence of this organization be extended to

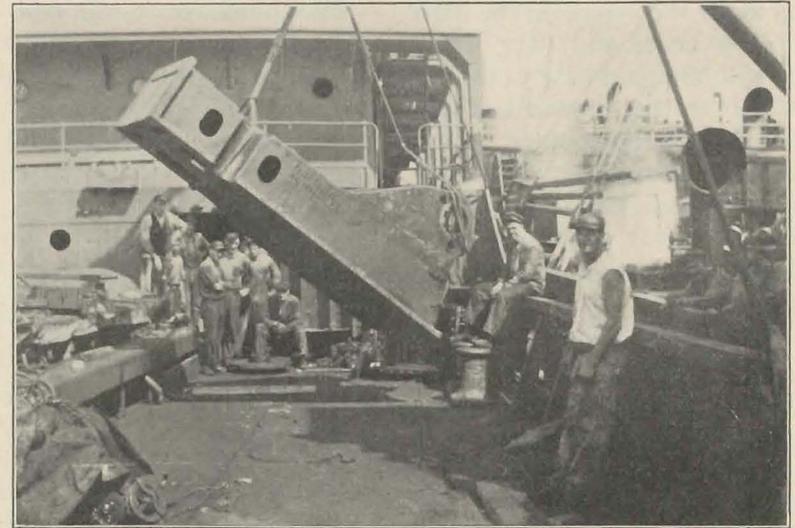
all who go down to the sea in ships. The value of this work is evidenced by innumerable letters of commendation received by this office of which the following extracts are typical:

"The Seamen's Church Institute of America is endeavoring to provide in every port in our land a place where such friendly provision may be given this brother man who is still 'at sea' though now on land. It is doing this wisely and in the Spirit

of Christ. It is doing it in such a way as to preserve the man's self-respect, operating homes and not soup-houses."

"A great world-encircling influence for good, carried on by experienced men who befriend good but weak men just when they most need help, at a cost that is as nearly nominal as any good thing can be."

To establish an Institute in every port is a big task, but we can do it if you will help us.



Courtesy of U. S. Shipping Board
A FEW OF THE ISOLATED SAILORS ON THE "LAID UP" FLEET AT JONES POINT WHO WILL BE REACHED THROUGH THE INSTITUTE HOLIDAY FUND

Hungry on Thanksgiving?

This year, as usual, thousands of seamen will have no Thanksgiving dinner and no Christmas dinner. They will be out of reach—on the high seas or in distant ports—heathen ports, perhaps, where the spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas has never penetrated.

But, the night before each holiday 836 sailormen will sleep under the Institute roof. More than likely they were on the high seas last year, and very likely they will be again next year; but this year we can extend to them a bit of the holiday spirit. Perhaps it will be the only Thanksgiving or Christmas some of them will ever have—at least for as long as they continue to “foller the sea.”

Wouldn't you like to help make the holiday season this year one that they will always remember?—one which they will cherish with some other which they can recall from the days of their boyhood when they had a home somewhere?

There will be turkey dinners for Christmas with all the “fixings” and “seconds.”

We have no restaurant at the Institute this year, but there will be Christmas dinners. The kitchens and dining rooms are temporarily out of business because of the extensive reconstruction work attendant upon joining the new building with the old.

But somehow or other in the midst of broken plaster and rough brick walls and staging and teetering plank floors, we will serve Christmas dinners to the 836 men who sleep under our roof Christmas Eve.

You would take these lonely fellows into your home if you could, but failing that, won't you let us entertain them for you at the Institute? Each dollar mailed to 25 South Street and marked for the Holiday Fund will make one sailorboy happy—and wouldn't it make your Thanksgiving and Christmas a bit happier too?

“Bagging” the Sailor

Comfort kits, or ditty bags—call them what you will—bags of cheer for the Seamen at Christmas time! Made of gay cretonne or pretty chintz they make bright spots in what may be otherwise a drab holiday. The finished bag should measure 10 inches in width by 12 inches in length. They may be made with or without a heading, and should be provided with tape draw-strings—and why not have them gay tapes, matching the colors of the materials?

Women of the Seamen's Church Institute Association are making some of these bags but they cannot make nearly all that will be needed and they have no monopoly of this joy-giving task. Surely the world is full of women who can “sew a fine seam” (either by hand or machine) who would like to clear out some of their store of odd bits of cretonne—saved probably for this very use.

These bags are not uniformly

filled. Some will contain the regular kit outfit of thread, needles, buttons, pins, etc., and others will contain only fruit, candy, or “smokes,” so gratefully received by seamen perhaps too ill to use needle and thread.

In order that there may be no duplication of response to this appeal we are asking for *empty* bags.

Of course we could use as many dollars as you choose to send in for filling these bags suitably. If you can send more bags than dollars, well and good. Someone is sure to have more dollars than time or desire to sew and so we will come out even.

Send bags or dollars (either or both) to the Holiday Committee, 25 South Street, before December 10th. We will inform you through the Lookout how your generosity is appreciated by the seamen in the Port of New York who are the recipients.

:: *Remember the Lonely Sathrough our Holiday Fund* ::

“Tamm Hard Pull”

On Labor Day a great crowd gathered at the Battery to see what the excitement was all about. The harbor was gay with many decorated boats filled with men shouting to each other and to the crowd on shore through big megaphones. Everything was set for a Big Event.

One tug after another arrived bringing the contestants for the first International Life Boat Regatta to be held in Upper New York Bay under the auspices of the Neptune Association. The flags of Norway, Holland, Great Britain, Germany and France fluttered among the Stars and Stripes as the lifeboats were lined up at the stakeboat just off Ellis Island. The interest taken by the shipping companies in entering their boats for the race that was making its first bow to the sporting world, offered great encouragement to the sponsors of the event.

By eleven o'clock on that sunny morning the entrants were all ready and impatient for the start. But a heavy ebb-tide was running, making it almost im-

possible to get under way.

Then, when the tide became more favorable, a further delay occurred. That giant of the sea, the Leviathan, blocked the course with her huge bulk as she nosed out to sea. A fussy, noisy fire-boat added further din and color as she trailed in the wake of the Leviathan.

It was almost eleven-thirty when the Coast Guard Cutter *Cardigan* gave the starting signal with her six-pounder and the yell “they’re off” arose from the shore.

From the start the Norwegian boat *Segundo* had the lead. Several boats were handicapped by their size and construction. But pull they did, nevertheless. The tide still ran against the rowers. It looked like slow going from the shore but little by little the boats came nearer.

The oarsmen of the *Segundo* overthrew two old traditions with the greatest unconcern. They looked back to see how near their goal was, and their coxswain smoked his pipe!

Olaf Nystrom, the stroke oar of the *Segundo* “completed the picture”. He seemed the very

reincarnation of Eric the Red or Leif the Lucky. His fifty-two years added to rather than detracted from his Viking appearance.

A proud Captain, all dressed up in his neatest shore-going clothes, polished square-toed shoes and a ponderous gold watch chain across his vest stood at pier A to receive the men who had honored his ship with victory.

The *Segundo* had made the mile run from Ellis Island to the Battery in fifteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The

second boat (also Norwegian) came in about a minute later. The third boat (also Norwegian!) had not conformed to regulations by entering the race officially and was disqualified. The crew of the French ship *De Grasse* received the prize instead.

Someone on a towboat sensed the disappointment of the men on the *Solhauge*, the disqualified third boat. He took off his hat and passed in and out among the crowd as cheering spectators dropped offerings to good sportsmanship into it. As a result, the



THE WINNING CREW

P. & A. Photo

crew of the *Solhauge* received almost as big a prize as the winning crew.

Captain Milliken of the Neptune Association presented the trophy offered by his association. One of the judges, in his enthusiasm, dropped a one-hundred dollar bill into the cup just as Captain Milliken handed it to the winning coxswain.

Another cup, donated by William H. Todd, was not ready for presentation at the time. When the *Segundo* returns from her trip to South America she will receive the Todd cup to keep until the next race. It is to be retained by the crew that wins it three times.

The crowd gathered around the winning crew who took their victory calmly. College boat racing traditions are evidently *de trop* with seamen. Not one of the losing coxswains was given the customary bath. Neither does there seem to be a seafaring equivalent of the victorious snake dance.

Questions put to the winners found little response. All that could be elicited from the picturesque Olaf Nystrom was the remark that it was "tamn hard pull." He continued to puff his

pipe absolutely unconcerned.

The gods seemed to favor Norway in all but one thing. A life-boat from the Norwegian motor-ship *Sally Mersh* anchored up the Hudson near Yonkers had been entered in the race.

In anticipation of the event the members of the crew had gone ashore on the Saturday before the race and bought themselves new uniforms. They had practiced, too, but on the day of the race their tug failed to appear and they had no way of getting down the Hudson.

When they heard that the race was over they informed the members of the *Segundo* crew that they would be glad to stage a very special race with only two entrants to determine the little matter of the championship of the world.

Garcia and Diaz, agents for the owners of the *Segundo* supplemented the prize money by another \$250 and a two-day vacation for the rowers. One wonders what pranks of Jack-ashoreishness that combination of blessings might bring forth in men who take victories in such an unemotional way.

In sponsoring the race the

Neptune Association had several aims in mind. The most important of these was the desire to increase the efficiency of crews in handling life boats. Many sailors go to sea for years without ever touching an oar. They can name and locate the parts of the lifeboat but are lacking in operating experience.

The construction of the boats themselves is a fruitful and important field for study. In several of the boats the gunwales were too high and the seats too low.

In subsequent races some means must be found whereby the large life boats from the trans-Atlantic liners shall have an equal chance with the smaller craft.

To provide a thoroughly seaworthy sport for seamen was another aim of the Neptune Association. The success of the first trial will undoubtedly attract a greater number of entrants for next year.

The city and federal authorities of the port were interested in both the practical and sporting aspects of the race and helped in every way to make it a success.

It is impossible to foretell

whether or not the *Segundo* will be in port for the race next year, but one cannot help hoping that her crew will have another chance to try for the permanent possession of the Todd cup.

JACK TAR ON POETRY

The sea-going Bohemian sat in his chair and scowled at a would-be pianist. "These fellows who think they can play are the limit. I never yet knew a seaman who could. If they can play you can be sure they haven't been to sea long. No, the sea isn't much of a place for music.

"The best sort of thing to cultivate at sea is literature. Not that it's the easiest thing to be a success at by any means, but a sailor has much time to meditate. And being by one's self so much gives one all sorts of complexes. They say all writers have complexes. Well, maybe.

"I knew one sort of poet. He wasn't so bad in most respects but he had an awful nerve to call that stuff of his poetry. It was that *verse libre* kind—you know what I mean—you can understand all the words by themselves but not when they are put together."

Tommy Goes to Egypt



This little boy went to market—in Cairo.

There are only two bird stores there, Tommy says, but he invaded both, heckled with the respective proprietors, parted with the equivalent of two dollars, and came away with a downy sunny yellow

canary for his aunt back home in the Middle West.

Tommy made a unique sacrifice to be able to do this. He walked through the Valley of the Kings in Egypt when he might have had a donkey for two dollars. It meant a great deal to him to do this. All his life (which means seventeen years) he had wanted to go to Egypt. From his earliest childhood when he first learned to read, he has thought and dreamed nothing but Egypt. He explains his obsession naively. It was Cleopatra who first bewitched him and interested him in all the splendor of the ancient civilization bordering the Nile.

Tommy went at Egypt with a vim. He accumulated statistics on the heights of all the pyramids, he untangled dynasties, he memorized dates, and he let his imagination run riot fed by history and all the fantastic tales of the land he could lay his hands on.

Then he came to the Institute and got a job as deck boy on a steamer bound for Egypt. With about thirty dollars' wages he saw the country to his heart's

content. Just one thing was missing from the picture—the dancing girls with live snakes about their arms. That was a tragic disappointment to him, but the rest more than made up for this one lack.

Tommy did some shopping in Cairo and got a ship home. He arrived at the Institute all out of breath with his enthusiasm for Egypt, and for a deck boy's

privileges, and for canaries and seamen's institutes, and just about everything in the world, for Tommy is very young and full of dreams.

Tommy may not follow the sea all his days, but at seventeen he has learned one thing—if you get a worthy ambition, you should stick to it until you have attained it, especially if it is to see Egypt.

Vignettes of the Seaman

"Officers are funny guys, always talking about who is the brains of the ship. Get a bunch together when they are off watch, and the first thing you know they are at it again.

"But on this last ship I was on we settled it for good and all.

"We were passing Monkey Island on our way to the Canal and the carpenter gave that island a good look. He had a bright idea.

"Look here,' he says, 'we're all supposed to be descended from monkeys. Well, the engineers are the nearest to the monkeys because they are the smartest. Them that are too dumb to be engineers becomes

mates, and them that are too dumb to be mates have their brains knocked so's they can be wireless operators.'

"That was telling them—ain't it so?"

Christian Carlson has a rose-colored outlook on life. "O, I had fine time" is his most characteristic expression.

He had been a butcher on board the first transport to take our men to France. The glory of it—a cruiser and three destroyers and a submarine for escort—and aeroplanes flying out from the French coast to meet them. "That vas fine ting." The Germans "couldn't vent near them."

It was surprising the number of things Christian's ships "couldn't vent near."

In Archangel—if only marks on paper could give an idea of Christian's delightful pronunciation of that name—his ship couldn't vent near port because of the ice packs in the cold White Sea.

In the West Indies his ship couldn't vent near shore because it was a ship noted for its speed, and in their efforts to impress the famous general who was making a tour of American possessions, the engineers "did went" on a rock. Christian laughed his big rumbling laugh at the weakness of *homo sapiens*. Nevertheless, he "had fine time" in port while the ship was being fixed.

American cities do not appeal to this happy Dane. They are too dull. "They have all the same difference, only one is bigger as the other." He likes the pomp of kings and queens, and from almost any starting point at all he will veer off into a discussion of the great kings of Denmark and their wonderful "cas-tles".

"Rain, rain go away
Come again another day."

If Jack and Mack had remembered their nursery rhymes that might have been the burden of their song.

Indoors, the post office had that subdued hum that murmurs about warm dry places on rainy days.

Everything was snug and cozy unless one ventured too near the open window on whose sill Jack and Mack leaned, indifferent alike to wind and the rain.

They stared across puddled South Street to the gray river beyond. Neither spoke a word.

What could there have been in that bleak prospect to produce the sudden burst of song that scattered smiles the length of the post office as beautifully harmonized strains of "Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you" floated inward from the unmoving pair at the window?

On a rainy afternoon a group of seamen were discussing love and life and the sea.

One, dubbed Gay Lothario because he admitted with not too much modesty that he was accustomed to having women around him, held forth at great length.

He didn't like the linen on

his bunks, nor the food, nor many of his companions, nor, apparently anything else on a ship. The sea was altogether too messy. He hadn't been brought up to live like that.

One of the listeners to this tirade scrutinized the Gay Lothario carefully. "Do you know, Lothario," he remarked casually, "it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to start a hope chest—you're just the type."

Carl Merkel, a German pastry cook on one of our largest ships, came to the Social Service Department of the Institute with his daughter. He could scarcely speak English. His daughter had been in America for only a year. Between them they managed to tell their very sad story.

Mr. Merkel had three daughters, all of them married and living in America. Two of them had American husbands. His wife, whose mind was slightly deranged, had been placed in a hospital on Long Island. She had been in America not quite five years, but because of her condition, she was to be deported to Germany.

Mrs. Merkel's sister's son, a

naturalized American, lived in New York. He had the right to have his mother come to live with him irrespective of quota limitations because of his citizenship. His mother had completed all of her arrangements to leave for America. One of her chief reasons for coming was to take care of her sister. Mr. Merkel explained that there would be no one left in Germany to take care of his wife. Everyone who loved and cared for her lived in the United States.

The Institute social workers took up the matter with the immigration authorities and the societies who aid foreigners in these matters. When Mr. Merkel left again on the great ship bound for Europe he was able to go with a reasonable amount of assurance that his wife would be permitted to stay with her daughters and her sister and receive the care that only "own folks" can give.

An entire ship's company turned nursemaid! What a theme for Gilbert and Sullivan! The young Jack Tar at the Institute who told the tale declared with vigor that it was

anything but humorous.

He hadn't signed up for any kindergarten stuff, and he had been born without a maternal instinct in the first place. But there was nothing else to do about it, and, and O well, the kids weren't so bad after all, now that it was over.

It seems that a man in the government service in China had not been well. The authorities decided that they had better send him home as quickly as possible. But all the passenger ships were filled to capacity.

Our Jack's freighter with its load of merchandise from Oriental ports was ready to leave. Orders were issued to the Captain that he must take the ex-government worker and his wife and five children back to San Francisco. Orders were orders, of course.

After the ship had been at sea for two days the man's illness became serious. He became wild in his delirium. He lived the days of his boyhood spent in Iowa over again. Two seamen were with him all the time trying to stop him from plowing a field with a team of horses.

The youngest of the children was barely four months old. The mother, in her distress, could do little more than look after this child. The other four—the oldest was eight—needed to be watched continually. Open hatchways, railings far enough apart for a tiny youngster to slip through, deep stairs, and a ship lurching always from side to side threatened danger.

From the Captain down the men on that ship "stood watch" in a sense that was anything but nautical until the long voyage home was over.

OBVIOUSLY

A pair of the captain's pants hoisted on a boathook as a distress signal led to the rescue of the crew of the Liverpool steamship *Beatty Rose* by a Norwegian vessel. The *Beatty Rose* (1,119 tons) sprang a leak off the Casquets in very heavy weather, her steering gear broke down and she became unmanageable, while the sea made clean breaches over her.—*Scots Paper*.

Why not have used the clean breeches instead of the captain's pants?—*Punch*.

THE LOOKOUT aims primarily to make its readers acquainted with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine—to show them the sort of fellow the Seamen's Church Institute exists for and to describe the various phases of the Institute's work.

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