



Present status of new Annex construction

The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

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*The
Man
of
Vision*



DR.
ARCHIBALD R.
MANSFIELD

The Superintendent

By EDMUND L. BAYLIES
(President of the Institute)

Thirty-one years ago, a young seminary student joined the staff of a seamen's mission. The problems confronting the man of the sea challenged him. He had dedicated his life to the service of his fellow men and in the sailor he saw a man who needed a particular—a devoted service.

His struggle was not an easy one. The New York water-

front's evil elements were organized against him. There were men who wanted the sailor's money, while he was only a fisher of souls.

But time told a story. This young student grew with his work. He fished for men as well as for souls.

A floating chapel—a church on a barge in the East river—

and a small mission in Pike Street flourished. The service of this man spread among the weary toilers of the seven seas. They came to look upon the Port of New York as a homelike haven. Its evils ceased to strike fear into their simple hearts.

New York recognized the value of this friend of the sailor. Its men of wealth placed themselves behind him. They helped him to rout the forces of wrongdoing and maltreatment which had long abused the seamen. And a great building was erected for his work.

Today the story of the Seamen's Church Institute is the story of Archibald R. Mansfield. Its life has been his life. Thirty-one of its eighty-three years have known his devotion to a race of workers, thousands of whom do not even know his name.

The stride of the Institute's growth has been the stride of a giant. Its service has become an integral part of the well being of seamen ashore in the Port of New York. And larger quarters are needed for this service.

A vision that lived long in the heart of Dr. Mansfield had materialized in the steel, the stone

and the staff of the thirteen-story Institute at 25 South Street.

Then came clouds of trouble. The work of the Institute became hampered by lack of space. The demands on its various services could not be supplied. An Annex to the splendid structure was started but it still stands incomplete. The sum of \$1,500,000 must be raised to bring this Annex to life.

And the Superintendent? He sees his life's work still incomplete.

Dr. Mansfield has poured his very soul into what we know to be the finest seamen's mission on the seven seas. It is just as much his masterpiece as a great work of literature is the author's masterpiece. And he is justly entitled to his reward.

Archibald R. Mansfield is one man to whom New York is tremendously indebted. He is largely responsible for solving one of our city's most involved problems—the care of merchant seamen.

His life is devoted to the cause of the seamen. He must reap his reward in beholding the completed Institute—the vision of his youth and years of untiring service to his fellow men.

A BERTH ASHORE



AN INSTITUTE DORMITORY

Beds

By JOHN E. BERWIND

(Chairman of the Building Fund Campaign Committee)

"Give us men!"

That was a slogan adapted for war purposes.

The war is long over. But the men who fought it must not be forgotten. The Seamen's Church Institute has a peacetime appeal. It is this:

"Give us beds!"

Many a seaman who risked his life to transport troops, ammunition, equipment and supplies overseas now roams the streets of affluent, prosperous New York in want of a bed—a

place to rest his weary bones on cold winter nights.

The Institute has done its best in the past to provide for these homeless men ashore. It converted a building designed to hold 500 men nightly into a home for the nightly accommodation of 836 active seamen. Space for a library, an entertainment hall and reading and writing rooms was impressed into service for the day-worn toiler of the sea.

Yet that space was essential

for the purpose to which it had been originally dedicated. Seamen like to read. They need a library. They love amusement that is clean and wholesome. A concert hall is necessary to their social and moral life. And it is in the reading and writing rooms that they relax and satisfy that desire to exchange words and thoughts with their loved ones in far off ports.

In recent years, the annual transient population of the Institute has been upwards of a million men. Think of it! A million souls passing through this mission, being helped by it and taking away with them the spirit of being more kindly and considerate of their fellow men.

But only some 300,000 of these seamen, men who bring trade, wealth and prosperity to this greatest of cities, can be accommodated by the Institute. The rest must go out into the night and ward off its dangers as best they can. And, as you know, strong men are often weak men. They are safest in a haven dedicated to their service.

The Institute is dedicated to seamen. It should be big enough to hold all who come to its doors for help.

The Board of Managers realized this. And with their great, broad vision, they undertook the construction of the new thirteen-story annex. The Institute building now occupies a city block.

But the most needed part of it is but a shell of stone and steel. The annex, which will give the building a capacity of 1,500 beds a night, is incomplete. The interior finish and equipment is still to be bought and paid for.

The man who gives to the Institute does more than help complete the building fund. He gives service and a bed to some homeless fellow less fortunate than himself.

The Institute has all the men it can take care of.

Give us beds!

SOUTH SHORE ITEM

Lady Armstrong, wife of Sir Harry Armstrong, British Consul-General of New York, and Mrs. David Leavitt Hough were the guests of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Francis Smyth at her home in Syosset, L. I., to interest the women of the North Shore in the work of the Institute.

Another Unconditional Gift

In James Ward Packard, designer of the Packard motor, the Institute has a good friend and a great one. He has long been interested in the mission's aims and services.

When the Institute appealed for \$1,500,000 to complete the \$2,750,000 fund needed for the new thirteen-story annex, it found that Mr. Packard was also a staunch friend and supporter. He gave \$115,000 to the building fund without condition.

At the outset of the campaign, the motor inventor sent a check for \$10,000.

Last month, a relative of Mr. Packard visited the building, the Superintendent and officers of the Board of Managers. A few days later the Treasurer received another contribution from the inventor. It was the sum of \$105,000.

Mr. Packard expressed his tremendous admiration for the work of the Institute in sheltering, feeding and caring for the seaman. He indicated that his enthusiasm for the mission's work is such that he intends to contribute to its endowment fund.

Announcement of Mr. Packard's \$115,000 gift, which was unconditional, closely followed that of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s. The sum of \$250,000 was given by Mr. Rockefeller.

The gifts of Mr. Packard and Mr. Rockefeller stand as a challenge to New Yorkers of affluence who seek a means of benefiting the less fortunate in worldly goods. These gifts come from discriminating givers. They were made after the Institute was put to the acid test of investigation by experts in philanthropy.

When the Institute is in need, the merchant seamen who come to the port of New York are in need. Their lives have become inseparable.

Tribute to the Institute

By BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING

Extract from his address at the Institute luncheon to the clergy

We are here to express and to pledge our interest, our prayers and our active help in the campaign now in hand for the enlargement of the buildings for the Seamen's Institute, a campaign which we ought to rejoice in because it is made necessary by the splendid way in which the Institute is doing its work and meeting the actual needs of the seamen.

I am sure we all feel and that you will pass the word along in the Diocese that we of the clergy must give to this our fullest interest and support and to command and do everything we can to get our people to give their support and respond liberally to the appeal. I give my pledge to Mr. Baylies, Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Berwind to help them to put it through.

This work is having a deep religious effect in serving to make known to and through seamen all over the world the work this Church is doing as represented by the Seamen's Church Institute.

I do not need to tell you the

splendid actuality of this work. You know as I do that this Institute has literally transformed the conditions which the seamen finds awaiting him when he lands in this great port of New York. The evil and shameful agencies which used to lie in wait for the seaman on his arrival and flourish and fatten upon his undoing have been simply ended and put out of business mainly by the work of this Seamen's Institute.

I know of no work which is being more splendidly done and I am sure you all agree with me—which is more really meeting a real and great human need and which is more truly in the spirit of Christ himself than this work. It is a work which brings help not only to the seaman himself but to their families all over the world. It is a work which reflects honor and credit on the Church, on this great city and on our Diocese.

It is not necessary for me even to speak of the part played in this work by Mr. Baylies and by Mr. Mansfield. We all know

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THE MEN BEHIND THE BUILDING FUND

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DR. MANSFIELD, BISHOP SHIPMAN, DR. BOWIE, BISHOP MANNING, MR. BERWIND AND MR. BAYLIES

The Clergy Rally

The Institute's campaign to raise \$1,500,000, the remainder of the \$2,750,000 building fund for the Annex, is under way.

It was opened by a luncheon on October 13th to the clergy of the New York Diocese. Seventy clergymen met in the Apprentices' Room. Bishop Manning presided.

At the instance of the Bishop the clergy pledged themselves to call on their congregations to contribute generously to the Institute's building fund and to

support them in building the new chapel as their share in the great undertaking.

Suffragan Bishop Herbert Shipman presented a resolution which was seconded by the Rev. W. Russell Bowie and unanimously adopted by the gathering. It read:

"Be it therefore resolved that we, as representing the clergy of the New York Diocese, do hereby pledge our individual and concerted aid in the effort to raise the necessary funds to

speedily complete the new Annex, and in order to promptly and efficiently carry into effect our cooperation.

"Be it further resolved—First: that we now select one of our number to serve as Chairman of the Church Division in this campaign for funds, who shall, with the facilities of campaign headquarters and the assistance of the campaign director, lead us to accomplish the fullest cooperation possible from the Churches of this Diocese.

"Second—That we pledge our concerted aid in the effort to raise, as the Churches' portion of this fund, a sum sufficient to build and equip the new Chapel now under construction as a part of the enlarged Institute Building at 25 South Street—the sum set for this purpose being \$50,000, and to give all further aid possible to complete the \$1,500,000 yet needed to pay for the new Annex."

The Church Division Committee was appointed as follows: Bishop Manning, Honorary Chairman; Bishop Shipman, Honorary Vice-Chairman; the Rev. William Tufts Crocker, Chairman; the Rev. W. Russell Bowie, the Rev. Frank W. Crowder, the Rev. Caleb R. Stetson, the Rev. S. De L. Townsend, and the Rev. Frederick Burgess.

On November 14th the work of the Institute was laid before practically every congregation in the Diocese. A folder describing the Institute and the purpose of the campaign and subscription cards were distributed.

Other speakers at the luncheon were Mr. Baylies, who urged that the Annex be completed as speedily as possible; Dr. Mansfield, who described its growth and explained the need for the Annex, and Mr. Berwind, who discussed the campaign problems.



Times Have Changed

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Extract from an address

You have done me a great honor in asking me to come here to see this marvelous institution. I can truthfully say, like the Queen of Sheba, I had no conception that such a building could have been planned and consecrated to the use of seamen. When I was a seaman the world looked upon the seaman with very different eyes.

I just came into the world of seamen in time to see the single topsail and the single st'uns'l boom both tormentors to sailors and seafaring men. Sailors in those days were treated with incredible barbarity—as a sailor said to me, "we are not treated, we are neglected." At that time they were a race apart.

They made their money like horses and spent it like asses. They never really got their money. It was placed in their hands at the end of two years. They possessed it for perhaps twenty minutes, then they lapsed into unconsciousness and probably woke up on another ship on another cruise around the world.

In spite of all good intentions they then met some friend of either sex and again lapsed into unconsciousness.

Literally that was true of seamen. They were maltreated at sea. It used to be said of them that their hair was made of rope yarn, their finger a fish hook and their blood of Stockholm tar. They were extraordinarily good fellows and they believed in their simple hearts that landsmen were just as good fellows.

Those who have not seen and lived that life cannot imagine what the treatment was on a sailing ship of thirty-five or forty years ago. The ships were small, always wet in bad weather, the food was atrocious, and I can remember quite clearly how when you split your sea biscuit you found a section of little fat worms which some seaman said were served instead of butter. I could not look upon them that way. I waited until the evening and then I could not see what I was enjoying before.

I remember a great many

years ago when I was a boy in New York there was a branch of this institution on West Street and I used to go there every evening. Mr. Bigelow was the moving spirit, a New York merchant of whom I have very fond and lively memories. In other ports other devoted men were trying to better the lot of merchant seamen.

When I was a young man a seaman was often literally sold to a ship's captain in need of a seaman. A Mr. Fell, a clergyman, I think, had his body scarred all over from the knives and bludgeons of the crimps. Another most devoted clergyman, in Calcutta, was Father Hopkins. Wherever those men are mentioned, Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Fell and Father Hopkins, seamen all over the world will render them most lively gratitude.

It is amazing for me to see the changes that have taken place. The voyages are short—seamen have hours of coming ashore and learning the ways of landmen. The food is pretty good. There is hardly any brutality. Their outlook is enormously improved. Ship captains and owners used to say that if the discipline was relaxed, which

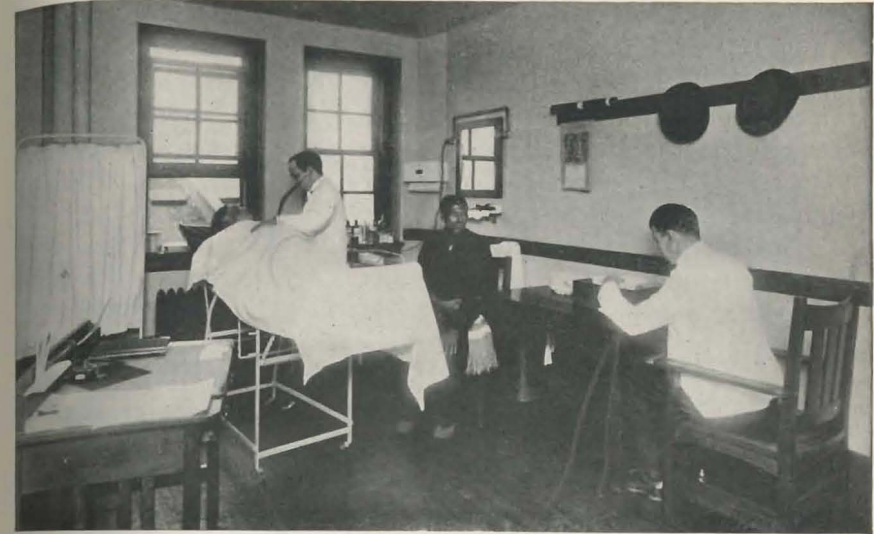
meant "hitting them with a piece of rope instead of a piece of wood," the service would go to the dogs. They have lived to see the seamen treated like human beings. The way to get a square deal is to give a square deal. They have entirely altered their ways of considering seamen. Public opinion has come to realize what they owe to seamen upon whom the wealth of their trading depends.

I have been amazed to see this great institute here, doing things which we in our time saw to be needed but never hoped to be attained. Two things I noted especially during my brief trip over the building were the school for navigation where men who have put in the necessary sea time can get their master's papers and the bank. The school is an invaluable thing which many seamen hoped for. And the facilities for banking their money are fine. When they have made their money like horses they can now put it in a bank and keep it away from those harpies.

Another thing I used to see—old seamen, the very pick of their profession, wonderful men who after fifty or sixty years at

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MENDING SAILORMEN



THE CLINIC

Perennial Samaritans

A man entered the Institute. A grimy hand futilely clutched at a gaping wound on his arm from which the blood gushed freely. He had slipped on the sidewalk and cut himself on a sharp piece of tin.

One of the Institute's policemen sized the situation up at a glance.

"It's the clinic for yours," he cried, pushing the man into an elevator.

The clinician had a hard job.

Not only was he faced with the problem of staying the flow of blood from a severed artery but he had to cleanse a decidedly dirty wound.

The man was removed to the Marine Hospital. He was treated there for several days and at length discharged. Now he is back on his ship on the road to a rapid recovery.

"The Institute's a great place," one of the hospital doc-

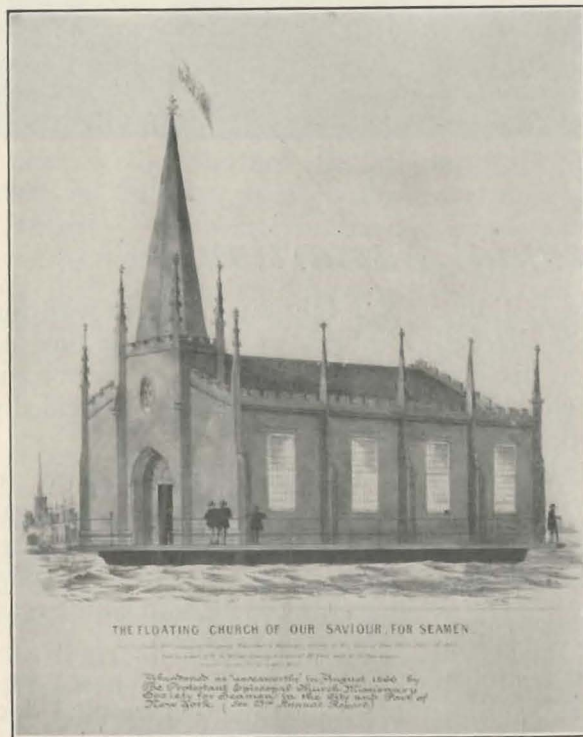
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On the River

The "first Institute" was the Floating Church of Our Saviour for Seamen, which made its appearance on the East River in 1843. It had been built by Charles M. Simonson for the Men's Church Missionary Society of the City of New York.

It was a chapel on two barges.

"THE FIRST INSTITUTE"



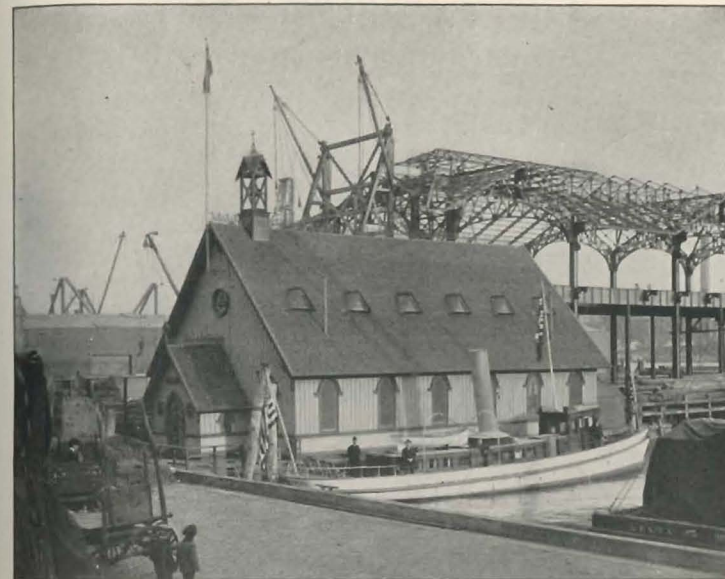
THE FLOATING CHURCH OF 1843

The deck was 76 by 36 feet laid over the 80-ton barges which were 10 feet apart. Compare that structure with the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street, a seamen's haven which covers a square block and drops three stories below the street surface.

This first floating mission was abandoned in 1866 as unseaworthy. The following year a more elaborate chapel was built on a larger barge. The stained glass windows from the first floating church were placed in the new one. Today, they grace the Institute chapel looking out upon Coenties Slip.

After many years of service at the foot of Pike Street, the last floating chapel was given up in 1911 when the mission was preparing to

A STURDY PIONEER



THE LAST FLOATING CHURCH

move into the present Institute building. It was towed down the bay to Staten Island where it was hauled ashore at Mariner's Harbor of the Kill Van Kull and today it is still serving as a house of God.

The old chapels lacked the highly trained, efficient staff of the present Institute. In those days all the work was carried on the shoulders of the chaplain, a colporteur who distributed Bibles and literature and a janitor who sorted mail, held baggage and kept track of men as they en-

tered and left port.

The Institute has grown!

HANNAH

The Institute has a new addition to its four-legged staff. It is Hannah, a queenly feline, who prides herself on her mousing ability.

The Ladies' Tuesday Club of the Mice of Cuyler's Alley adjourned to call on her last week via the open spaces of the uncompleted Annex. She, however, would have none of them and put the lot to rout.

The Salvation Army

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

120 West 14th Street, New York

October 18, 1926.

My dear Doctor Mansfield:

I was just about to write you to welcome you home, and to tell you of Mr. Armour's speaking to me of your inability to complete your building—so much needed for the advancement of your splendid work—and to assure you of my prayers and faith on your behalf, when I learned of Mr. Rockefeller's great gift of \$250,000

Now the purpose of my letter is twofold. First, to assure you of my personal appreciation of your continued and devoted efforts for the spiritual and moral benefit of the crowds of erring and needy along the waterfront.

Those who have labored for the good of the churchless classes; struggled against the disappointments and discouragements unavoidably associated with such ministering, and have experienced through long years the extreme difficulties of securing the necessary financial aid can better understand how great is the achievement evidenced in the statistics and blessing of which Mr. Armour was telling me, and I am anxious to express my admiration for your personal toils and sacrifices, with those associated with you, which have brought this about, as well as to assure you of my gratitude to God for such an agency as the Seamen's Institute in our great City of New York.

My additional purpose in writing is to tender my hearty congratulations for this gift of Mr. Rockefeller's. This is great. What a joy it will be to you that you can now continue with the building, and realize your ambitions for the men in its completion.

With exceptional happiness I look forward to coming to see you if spared, and going through the place, and also ridding my conscience of its condemnation through having failed to keep the promise I made to Mr. Armour some time ago to conduct a meeting with the men. I wonder if the invitation is still open, and if it is possible I should find pardon at the Chapel door?

With sincerest hope that your health has improved, and prayer that the advance of your work shall, by God's grace outstrip your highest thoughts.

Yours on the same battlefield for good,

Signed, EVANGELIN BOOTH,
Commander.

WRITERS AND BUILDERS



DR. MANSFIELD, MR. MASEFIELD, MR. BAYLIES AND MR. FORD

The Conrad Memorial Meeting

Yarns of the old sailing days when all that a seaman got was barbarous treatment and no pay were spun by John Masefield, the English poet and playwright, when he spoke on November 3 at the luncheon of the Joseph Conrad Memorial Committee.

Anecdotes on his collaborations with Joseph Conrad were recounted by Ford Madox Ford, the English novelist. He was escorted to the Institute by Herbert S. Gorman, the American

critic and novelist. Thomas W. Lamont, the banker, accompanied Mr. Masefield.

A gift of \$115,000 by James Ward Packard, inventor of the Packard motor, to the Institute's \$2,750,000 building fund, of which \$1,500,000 is yet to be raised, was then announced by Edmund L. Baylies, president of the Institute. This fund is being raised to complete the new thirteen-story annex to the Institute which will double its capacity.

The Conrad Memorial will take the form of a library, which is to occupy an entire floor in the annex. The committee, headed by Sir Ashley Sparks, director of the Cunard Line, is raising \$100,000 by popular subscription to build and endow this memorial library.

Mr. Masfield was introduced by Col. George W. Burleigh, who presided. Thirty years ago when he shipped to this port as a boy, he stayed at the Institute's station at Houston and West streets. He lauded the work of the mission and expressed great enthusiasm for the building after a tour of it with Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, the superintendent.

Mr. Ford was deeply moved by the tribute the memorial committee is paying his old friend and collaborator. He characterized Joseph Conrad as the noblest man he ever knew.

ANOTHER ROOM

The Central Council of Institute Associations, of which Mrs. David Leavitt Hough is chairman, has pledged a \$1,000 seaman's room. This pledge will be filled by a rummage sale.

RICHMOND

Dr. Mansfield addressed the Staten Island Association at a meeting and luncheon in the Richmond County Country Club. He stressed the need for the new \$2,750,000 annex after recounting the past history of the Institute and its many services to the men of the sea.

TRIBUTE TO THE INSTITUTE

(Continued from page 6)

the devotion with which they have given themselves to this Institute without ceasing year in and year out. And you know the splendid part played in it by the members of the staff and the fine company of laymen who are constantly giving their aid, the Board of Managers and all related to it. I am sure you all rejoice with me that the chairmanship of the campaign committee has been undertaken with a deep sense of giving his help to this work by one who in a very large degree holds the honor and respect of the business men of this community, Mr. John E. Berwind.

A Memorial on the Sky

A great cross—the emblem of sacrifice and a shining symbol of the seaman's service to humanity—will challenge the night and the eyes of all men who look toward the Institute from the harbor or the towering skyscrapers which stand behind it. Illuminated at night, it will appear to hang high in the heavens over the Institute.

This cross is to be a memorial in recognition of the heroism of "they that go down to the sea in ships." It will be a monument to those sailors who lay down their lives for their fellow men.

Who will give this memorial?

The memorial calls for \$10,000. Part of that sum goes toward the construction of the cross and the remainder toward a maintenance fund. A tablet will be placed in the entrance hall bearing the name of the donor.

Who will be this donor?

This unique memorial will blaze forth the Institute's message at night against a background of twinkling office buildings or harbor lights. The seaman entering the port will behold it as the Magi beheld the Star at

Bethlehem. It will mark a house of Christian service toward men. To the office worker, it will be the cross of the men who bring to his doors the ocean borne commerce of the world.

By day as well as night, the cross will be glitteringly conspicuous. It is so designed that it will catch the sunlight, too. Three and a half feet wide, the cross will stand twenty feet high with arms twelve feet from tip to tip. It will have a steel frame and copper facing shaped convex and painted with aluminum to catch and reflect sunlight and lamplight. It will stand fifty-six feet above the Institute roof, higher than the light of the Titanic Memorial Tower. The Westinghouse Company is planning the lighting.

This cross is to become a part of the Institute's life. As long as the Institute stands, it will send its message of Christian service forth to the harbor and to the city.

As a memorial it is suitable for individuals or service organizations. The largest cross of its kind in the world, it will become a New York landmark.

The Chapel Fund

By REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER
Chairman of the Church Division Committee

For twelve years I worked among the seamen in Boston; for twenty-three years more I have been personally and intimately connected with Dr. Mansfield and the Seamen's Church Institute. I do not know of a greater work or of a greater leader in the Church.

The men of the sea are asking for a bigger home and the Seamen's Church Institute is asking the public for the means to erect a new building.

Surely the Episcopal churches through their Rectors will realize their duty and privilege in providing the new Institute

with the Chapel of our Saviour.

There is no prayer more often called for than that for "those at sea." Surely, we cannot in all fairness use that prayer in our churches without doing our utmost for those who at the risk of their own lives help to insure our safety. Every time we cross the ocean, we depend upon the loyalty and courage of these men.

Through the Church Institute, they, who give us a safe home at sea, are asking from us a safe "home" on shore. The gift of the Chapel of Our Saviour should be our glad response to this appeal.

CHAPLAIN ILL

The Rev. William H. Cumpston, chaplain of the Institute, suffered an attack of pneumonia. He was removed to the Beekman Street Hospital where prompt treatment forestalled a more serious siege of illness. He is now resting at his home in Riverton, N. J.

Mr. Cumpston is very popu-

lar with the men who call the Institute their home. They have missed him.

His popularity rests in a large measure on his knowledge of the men. He spent seven years before the mast. After studying at the Virginia Theological Seminary, he served in France with the Foyer des Soldats and the American Y. M. C. A.

HELPING MEN TO HELP THEMSELVES



THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Helping Larry

Larry was hard up. He had been in sick bay—the Marine Hospital. The doctors told him it would not be safe for him to work at sea for at least three months.

He had never worked ashore in his life. And now he found himself still weak from his recent illness and broke—terrible broke.

Then he remembered the Institute. It had sent him to the hospital and it had been his "home" while he was ashore. To

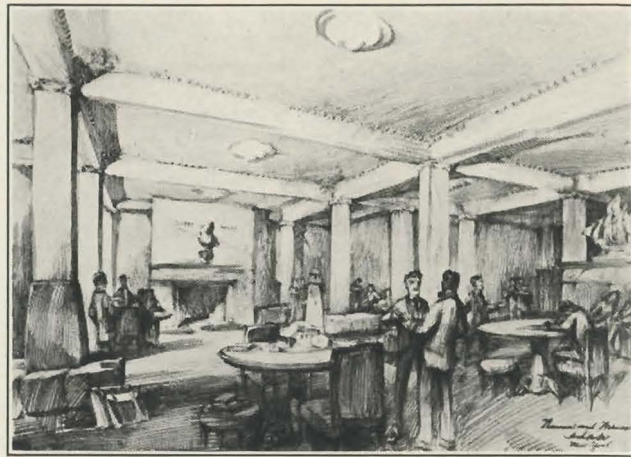
the social service department he took his problem.

"I'll try anything once," Larry said, "but I've never had a land job."

"See Morasso!"

Larry hied himself down to the employment bureau. Mr. Morasso, the Institute's labor expert, sized him up. He knew just the job for Larry. It was that of a freight checker on one of the piers; it was light work that gave him a living while recuperating.

FOR A SEA WRITER



THE JOSEPH CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Thoughts on Joseph Conrad

By FORD MADDOX FORD

Extract from an address at the Institute

I was associated with Joseph Conrad for nearly twenty-three years. We produced a book which was called "Romance." The first review of that book was written by Mr. Masfield. We spoke of it and he remembered it. Well, as your Chairman said, I was very young.

For ten or fifteen years Conrad and I met every day and discussed every problem. I do not think any man could have been more intimate with Conrad than

myself, which was the highest privilege of my life.

What I want to do today is make as impassioned a speech as I can for funds for this Institute. The way to make an appeal is simply to say that I know Conrad. He was, I think, the noblest individual I have ever known. He had a peculiar rectitude which the English expressed by the word "ship-shape," but the whole of his life he was always proficient in all

that he undertook, whether it was saddling horses or writing.

He knew the English language relatively ill. I have seen him suffer with almost physical agony in an attempt to get the right word. An occasional suggestion from myself helped, but always, and always and always he got the right word for the right expression. He carried that principle all through life.

In spite of being an intensely nervous man he was a seaman of extraordinary power, and under such conditions it is a very fine and very splendid achievement. He was one of the most adventurous of men. He had the same job as Drake or Hudson. He represents an era which is past and he lived it very splendidly. If any plea of mine can make people unloose their purse strings I am sure there is no object under the sun on which money could be more splendidly spent than in this Institute.

*PERENNIAL SAMARITANS**(Continued from Page 11)*

tors remarked. "If that man had gone much longer without medical attention, he might not be among the living today.

"In the first place, the man was losing blood rapidly. He could not have stood much more of a loss despite his great strength. And the wound might have been seriously infected. I am certain that the prompt service of the Institute's clinic saved not only that man's arm but his life."

This was a serious case but not a rare one.

In the past year, the Institute's clinic has treated about 3,000 seamen. Their troubles ran toward colds, sore throats, split thumbs, infected fingers, cuts, bruises, aches, pains and the many ailments that rob a man of comfort, ease and health. Minor operations are performed and local anaesthetics are administered. Of course, the very serious cases are shipped to nearby institutions for hospital attention.

The services of the clinic are free. A doctor assigned by the Marine Hospital is in daily attendance. George Goldsmith, surgeon's assistant, is the resident clinician.

Since January 1 the clinic gave 1,949 American seamen 3,808 treatments. Its total number of patients ran to 2,298, who received 4,994 treatments.

A Red Letter Day for You

The sum of \$260.27 will make you the best friend about 1,000 sailormen have on earth.

We have already enlisted several of the 365 friends who we hope will undertake to run the Institute for one day each during the forthcoming year, at a cost of \$260.27.

Perhaps you have already generously assisted in our general work, but this would offer you a very definite part in our program of helping worthy, self-respecting seamen to help themselves. They pay \$780.81 for the material comforts they receive each day. Your \$260.27 would represent cost of administration and philanthropic service for which

we cannot charge. You could feel that you were making it possible for 836 lonely sailormen to put up for the night in clean comfortable beds, and for several thousands more to enjoy the varied privileges of the Institute during the course of the day—likable fellows who are ready to give their lives in an emergency at sea, but who need a helping hand ashore.

Don't you want to extend that helping hand?

Select the day you wish to commemorate and stake your claim to it by sending your check for \$260.27 to Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street.

"Home"



AN
OFFICER'S
ROOM

A Boy and a Bird

Mrs. Roper wants it strictly understood that she is not running a pet shop. A newspaper writer recently turned out a story which led many readers to believe that her office was the roosting place of untold numbers of parrots gathered from the corners of the earth by seamen friends.

An 11-year-old boy in Elizabeth, New Jersey, was one of those who read the parrot yarn. Forthwith he applied to Mrs. Roper for one, promising the bird the best home in Elizabeth. He particularly wanted a bird that could talk and he wasn't particular whether it cussed.

As a postscript, the lad added: "If you can't send me one let me know so I won't be expecting it."

Mrs. Roper was about to relieve the boy from further expectation by telling him that her office is devoid of the talking birds when a seafarer dropped in for a chat. She showed him the letter.

"I know a place where them boids is as thick as folks on a rush-hour subway train."

The sailorman promised to notify the lad that he will have his parrot, though it will take some time, since he must journey to the southern seas to catch one.

*Treasures
from
the
Sea*



THE
BAGGAGE
ROOM

HUNGRY ON CHRISTMAS

You will have a Thanksgiving Dinner and you will have a Christmas Dinner.

You will be at home or with friends.

Thousands of seamen will have neither the dinners nor the congenial companionship. They will be out of reach, on the high seas or in distant ports.

But 836 men will sleep under the Institute roof on the eve of each holiday, and to those men it is our duty and privilege to extend the spirit of the two most festive occasions in our national life.

Even a lone sailorman can usually look back to some Thanksgiving or Christmas somewhere when someone was kind to him.

Wouldn't you like to make this year's holiday one he can always remember wherever he

may be?—a festive day marked by kindness, an appropriate little gift, and a home turkey dinner, with all he can eat.

A dollar will give a seaman a Turkey Dinner at the Institute. Address contributions to the Holiday Dinner and Gift Committee.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

(Continued from page 10)

sea would be standing up there at the wheel dressed in perhaps a shirt, a thin pair of trousers and a belt with a knife attached to it, and having absolutely no other earthly possessions after fifty or sixty years of life.

I again say from my heart that I shall hope to have the privilege of seeing that wonderful Joseph Conrad memorial room which is now being built to honor not only a master sailor but a master of craftsmanship in my own profession which is an even more difficult one.



Officers and Managers of the Society

Chosen at the Annual Meeting, January 28, 1926.

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902	REV. CALER R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903	REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, D.D., 1926
REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916	VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD, 1926

Lay Vice-Presidents

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, 1926	
JOHN A. MCKIM, 1902	BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1887
ROBERT L. HARRISON, 1901	HENRY L. HOBART, 1907

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 49 Wall Street, 1888

Managers

AUGUSTUS N. HAND, 1902	CHARLES E. DUNLAP, 1915
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, 1902	GEORGE W. BURLEIGH, 1915
EDWIN A. S. BROWN, 1904	EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, 1915
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, 1905	BERNON S. PRENTICE, 1915
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1908	JAMES BARBER, 1916
AYMAR JOHNSON, 1908	JOHN J. RIKER, 1916
ERNEST E. WHEELER, 1908	ALLISON V. ARMOUR, 1917
ROBERT McC. MARSH, 1908	F. KINGSBURY CURTIS, 1920
CHARLES W. BOWRING, 1909	EDWARD J. BARBER, 1920
ORME WILSON, 1910	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR., 1920
FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911	WALTER WOOD PARSONS, 1921
J. FREDERIC TAMS, 1911	HARRY FORSYTH, 1921
BAYARD C. HOPPIN, 1911	HENRY DEARBORN, 1922
OLIVER ISELIN, 1912	KERMIT ROOSEVELT, 1923
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS, 1912	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN, 1923
MARINUS W. DOMINICK, 1912	THOMAS A. SCOTT, 1924
JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR., 1924
LEROY KING, 1913	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE, 1925
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY, 1913	

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON, 1877	LISPENARD STEWART, 1883
FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE, 1917	REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L., 1889

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., 1895

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.

Changes of the Sea

Editorial from the *New York World*, Nov. 5, 1926

John Masefield, speaking to a New York audience, recalls from his own experience the days of crimps, weevily biscuits, endless back-breaking labor, wet bunks, brutal mates, wretched pay and shore harpies who took all a sailor's earnings an hour after he reached port. Other men still alive or recently dead—Frank Bullen, Morley Roberts, Jack London—have pictured the same seafaring conditions. Now they are almost as extinct as the clipper ship and stuns'l boom. Union organizations led by reformers like Andrew Furuseth, philanthropic agencies like the Seamen's Church Institute, legislation like the Seaman's Act, improvements in ship construction, have wrought a swift change. They have altered seafaring as much as other changes have altered ranching in the Wild West, where cowboys ride in Fords and carry wire-clippers instead of lariats; or exploration in the Arctic and Africa, carried on from aircraft; or pioneer farming in Rhodesia and Manitoba, done with the aid of radio, telephone and tractor.

This is all very well for the sailors, it may be said; but what of the old-time color and brutal drama of the sea? Is not that verging toward extinction too? It is no more being extinguished now than it was by the change from the wooden ship that Melville knew to the iron ship that Mr. Masefield knew. Mr. Masefield has himself expressed poetically the idea that the dirty Tyne freighter butting the Channel with a load of Birmingham ironware is as romantic as a Spanish galleon or a Phoenician galley with ivory and gold dust. Mr. Kipling has made good use of the liner and the destroyer. Our stories of peril and heroism on the high seas come by wireless, but last winter showed that they still come.