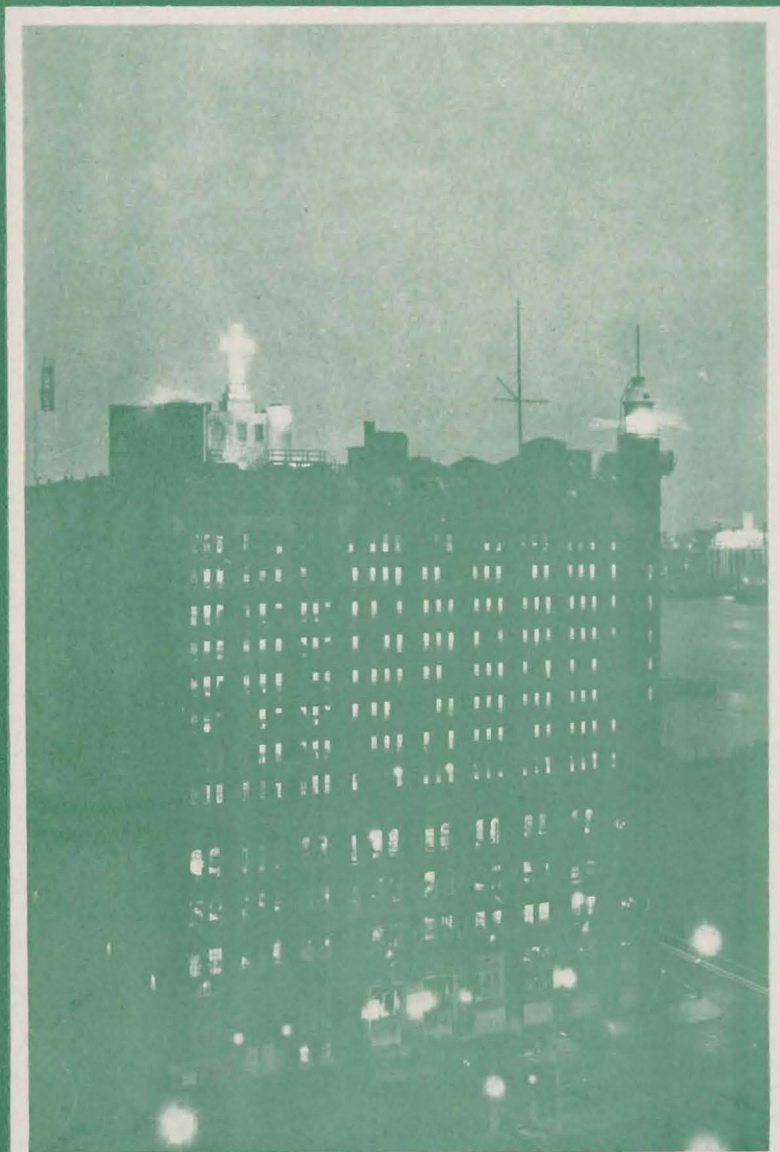


# The LOOKOUT



Help Us Keep a Light in Every Window!

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

Volume XXIII  
Number 3

March  
1932

## The LOOKOUT

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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary-Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS  
Assistant Treasurer

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Editor, The Lookout

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## The S. C. I. Cross

By CAROLINE B. LYMAN

When the sailor comes in  
from the great open sea,  
There's a welcome for him, seen afar,  
'Tis the beautiful Cross  
on the S. C. I.  
That is shining for him like a star.

Neath this symbol that welcomes  
the men of the sea,  
There is waiting both comfort and cheer,  
And the clasp of a hand  
that with kindness will aid  
Every sailor lad while he is here.

And this Cross of pure light  
that is guarding the bay,  
All the harbor, the docks and their slips,  
Seems reflecting the soul  
and the valor, unsung,  
Of the heroes who work on the ships.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIII

MARCH, 1932

No. 3

## A Tribute to Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies

OWING to Mr. Baylies' long absence from this country, and his impaired health, it was the sense of the Board of Managers at the Annual Meeting held in January, to relieve him of his burdens and responsibilities as President of this organization and to create an office of HONORARY LAY PRESIDENT. The Resolution was offered by Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, and Mr. Baylies was unanimously so elected. In his new office Mr. Baylies will continue his active interest in the work to which he has given so much during the past 47 years.

Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, First Vice-President, was elected President to carry on Mr. Baylies' work.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF  
NEW YORK  
Annual Meeting, January 28th, 1932

*Resolution offered by Mr. Satterlee:*

WHEREAS our beloved friend and associate, EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES, has been connected with this Society continuously since he was first elected to its Board of Managers on April 6th, 1885, a period of forty-seven years, during which time he has served its interests effectively, faithfully and successfully, first as a Member of the Superintending Committee of the Church of Our Saviour, 1885, then as its Attorney from April, 1892 until the end of the year 1915 when his firm, at his re-



quest, became the Attorneys of the Society, although he personally continued to attend to its legal matters; in addition, during the period of his Attorneyship and beginning in 1898, he served as a Member of the important Committee on Legislation; added to these labors he undertook, in December, 1905, the Chairmanship of the Executive Committee and in December, 1913, was chosen as the first Lay President of the Society, which was supplemented in January, 1929, by the duties of Counsel and finally, by unanimous choice, he assumed successively the onerous and very important duties as Chairman of the Society's two Building Committees, his popularity and energy resulting in financing, erecting and completing our New Institute in 1913, and the Annex in 1925, and

WHEREAS Mr. Baylies' services to this Society have been rendered, in season and out of season, without regard to his per-

sonal and professional engagements and have been absolutely unique in character, constituting not only the longest active service rendered to it but establishing a record in the City of New York for high-minded, unselfish devotion to the welfare of his fellow-men and for leadership in an important branch of the welfare work of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this Diocese and he has continued to devote his energies to the interests of the Society as its President and Chairman of its Executive Committee and Counsel in spite of impaired health and necessarily long absences from the United States, and

WHEREAS it is impossible for this Board or the Members of the Society, or the vast number of seamen who use the Institute, adequately to express their appreciation of his devoted work and show their regard and personal affection for him and yet they feel that they can, in a measure, do so by relieving him from routine work and responsibility and by formally paying this tribute of sympathy and loyalty to him while he is prevented from taking part in

the Society's activities, now therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that we, the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, in Annual Meeting assembled, on behalf of ourselves and each and every one of us and on behalf of the seamen whom he has so long befriended, do hereby authorize and direct the Secretary of the Society to send a copy of this resolution, signed by the Officers and Members of the Board, to Mr. Baylies as an expression of our friendship and of the hope that his health may soon be entirely restored and that he may come back to us, and furthermore

BE IT RESOLVED that the position of HONORARY LAY PRESIDENT of this Society be, and the same is hereby created by this Resolution, and furthermore

BE IT RESOLVED that the Secretary be and he hereby is authorized and empowered to cast one ballot for EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES as HONORARY LAY PRESIDENT of this Society, his term of office to continue during his pleasure and/or for life.

## A Symbol

THREE Calvary steps now form the foundation of the beautiful Cross which adorns the Institute's roof and which shines "skyward and seaward from this house of Christian service, as a symbol of our faith, hallowing for all time the heroism of those who go down to the sea and endure all things for others." It was given in memory of George Stevens Schermerhorn and Julia Gibert Schermerhorn by their son, Colonel Arthur Frederic Schermerhorn, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, and his wife, Harriett Pullman Schermerhorn, and was dedicated five years ago on April 15th. After consultation with the

architects it was decided to erect the Calvary steps at the foot of the Cross.

An article appearing in the February, 1932 issue of "The Delineator" by Vera Connolly, entitled "Down to the Sea in Tugs," makes reference to the Institute Cross, as follows:

"So I slipped over there (Governors Island), to dine with my friends, that evening not so long ago. We had dinner; then we strolled down to where we could see the lower end of Manhattan Island. Suddenly it burst upon us, as we rounded a building. We were looking across a short stretch of dark water toward a stupendous men-created mountain of massed buildings—soaring towers ablaze with lights.

"It was a heavenly starlight night. Off to our left, Dame Liberty held her torch against the sky. To our right twinkled the lights of Brooklyn Bridge. All about us moved the harbor craft—here a red light darting past close to the water, there a green light moving slowly by, high up, on some big freighter coming in. Yonder two dazzling ferry boats were passing in midstream. Farther off, a great lighted liner was moving up the North River.

"In our ears was the eternal music of the harbor—a deep whistle here, a shrill one there, a ship's bell, the siren of a patrol boat, the churn of a screw, the chugging of a tug, some orders called sharply in the dark.

"The men of the harbor, about their work! Their unassuming, ever-hazardous work!

"My gaze lifted to the pale, lighted Cross of the Seamen's Church Institute Of New York, shining so softly over there against the city's glittering towers. To me it was a SYMBOL. It



spoke of hardship and sacrifice. Of lives lived bravely out at sea. Of lives lived bravely within the harbor.

"The lights in the great buildings were winking out, one by one. Clouds had swept across the stars. But the work of the harbor was going on. We could hear it and feel it, all about us there in the dark."

## A Seafaring Family

CAPTAIN Eugene Nutter, age 75, read of the quarrel between his two brothers, Frederick, 86, and Edgar, 74, both inmates of Sailors' Snug Harbor—left his niece's home in Gouldsboro, Maine, and journeyed to New York with the view of persuading his fighting brothers to put away their belaying pins and grappling irons and to settle down to a peaceful old age.

But on hearing the brothers'

stories, Eugene abandoned his peacemaker's role and said: "While I love both my brothers, I am sure that my younger brother Edgar, who is very hot tempered, is in the wrong and therefore I am going to do all in my power to defend my brother Frederick."

Captain Eugene Nutter is enjoying the hospitality of the Institute while he is collecting the records of his long life at sea, in order that he may fulfill the re-



quirements for entrance into Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Eugene is one of a family of twelve brothers, three of whom died in infancy and the other nine of whom grew up to become sea captains. He and his two brothers, Frederick and Edgar, are the only survivors. "We three are the last of the Nutters," said Eugene. Twelve of us there were in a little town in Maine. Came of the hardiest breed. Men who sailed the seven seas in ships. Real ships made of wood. Those were the days when we set sail in raging gales, every man clinging for dear life to the shrouds, and trying to reef in or shake out the canvas at the skipper's command." He had one sister who married a sea captain. One brother was lost in a storm on the three-masted schooner *Haines*, off the Nantucket coast. Two other brothers,

Leander and William, died at Sailors' Snug Harbor. The father of this seafaring family was also a captain. Eugene made his first trip with his father in 1868, on board the schooner *Henrietta*. He has never sailed on a steamship, but has commanded his own small schooners, carrying cargoes of lumber or coal along the Atlantic Coast. For the last eight years he was in command of the *Robert Pettis*.

All three of the brothers, Frederick, Eugene and Edgar, were married, but their wives are dead. Neither Eugene nor Edgar have any children, but Frederick had a boy and a girl. The boy was captain of a barge and last year died of pneumonia.

Captain Eugene Nutter is enjoying his stay at the Institute. It was a thrilling moment for him when he saw a talking movie for the first time. It was entitled "Rich Man's Folly", starring George Bancroft, and was shown in our Auditorium to about 900 seamen. He now feels that he would like to join his older brother Frederick at Snug Harbor.

Some people confuse the Institute with Sailors' Snug Harbor. There is no connection. The Harbor is for *retired* merchant seamen and is entirely endowed. The Institute is for *active* seamen and is 75% self-supporting. It depends on voluntary gifts for 25% of its maintenance.

## His Majesty, Neptune Rex



**T**HURSDAY evening, January 14th, was the scene of much activity on the stage of the Institute's Auditorium. A play entitled "Father Neptune Visits a Ship Crossing the Line" was presented by our Merchant Marine School Cadets, under the direction of Captain Robert Huntington, Principal of the School. Neptune, traditionally garbed in green seaweed and carrying a trident, boarded the good "ship" S.C.I.-N.Y. and extended his salty welcome to the commander. But with his royal welcome he also issued a warning to landlubbers. Neptune's officials were commanded to search the "ship" and to bring the unshorn landlubbers before His Majesty and Queen.

As the "ship" crossed the Equator, one of the cadets was unable to present a certificate that he had paid the necessary tribute to His Majesty, King Neptune.

Accordingly, the Court barber was hastily summoned and the King decreed that: "There'll be a clean shave for he who enters my domain. The shaving brush is soaking in the slush, the razor measures only half a fathom and my barber is a corker with the brush."

After the shaving, which proved a source of much delight for both actors and audience, the landlubber was given a certificate which gave him permission to: "Sail the seas into every port and in any direction, and every shark, whale and all fishes of the sea shall respect him as one of our children. May his bones rest in Davey Jones' Locker and his poor Soul have happiness with Fiddler Green."

Neptune then turned to more serious business, and directed the installation of a group of the Institute's Merchant Marine School Cadets. These are American boys between the age of 15 and 21.

## Two Sea Disasters



**S**EVEN Bodies Found Where Tug Was Lost." "Twenty-One Perish In Sea Crash." These terse headlines greeted newspaper readers one winter's morning. Behind the headlines we at the Institute knew the grim story of two sea disasters—as told to us by eye witnesses:

Mountains of water, a high-sided ship running light before a Winter gale—snow and flying spume whipped by the wind—barometer at 29—and the two-masted schooner Eleanor Nickerson hove to on the Banks. This was the sketchy picture brought by the six survivors of the Boston fishing schooner, rammed and sunk by the Jean Jadot of the Belgian line. The survivors were

brought to New York, and to the Institute, where they were outfitted in warm clothes and shoes from our Slop Chest, and given a night's lodging and meals.

Arthur Burke, one of the survivors, whose hair turned white from the shock and strain, told of the tragedy: "Suddenly I saw the nose of the freighter loom out of the sleet. It was too late to do a thing. There was a terrific crash as she rammed our ship on the starboard side and practically cut the schooner in two near the stern. I slashed the ropes holding the dories, throwing them into the sea. The captain was in his cabin at the time and the others were in their bunks or below astern repairing nets. The ship went down in a few seconds. The men below hadn't a chance. Four of us were carried overboard and the waves were so high we couldn't keep the dory afloat. The wind was terrific and the sky was so black we couldn't see a thing."

The Captain of the Jean Jadot, told the tragedy with tears streaming down his face. "Several of my crew volunteered to launch a small boat—but the seas were tremendous—it meant almost certain death. But my men stood ready and waited for a lull. When they sighted the dory with six men in it we swung some ladders over

the side, and my men scrambled down, risking their lives every minute. One ladder from the well deck was swung out toward the dory, and one of the men was able to grab it. In a similar manner we got the others aboard."

... ANOTHER SEA TRAGEDY claimed all seven men of the tug Lonnie B. Shaw which foundered in the same storm off Cape May, N. J. The Coast Guard recovered the bodies.

In memory of the seamen who lost their lives in these two dis-

asters a Service was held in the Institute Chapel on Sunday evening, February 7th. The congregation of more than one hundred seamen reverently stood while the names of the lost members of the crews were read, and the Chaplain then recited the Committal Service.

After this impressive ceremony a member of the Seamen's Fellowship Club was commissioned to take the flowers used at the Service into the harbor and scatter them on the waters in token that those who perish are not forgotten.

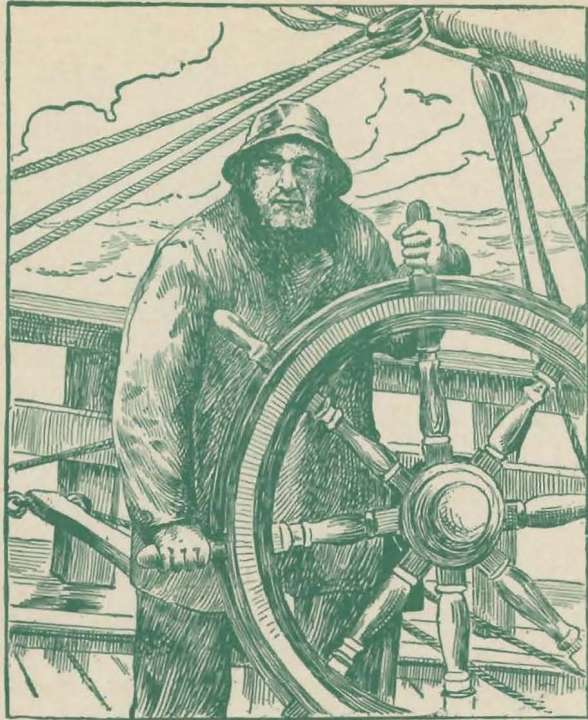
## Hunger

**T**HE other day we talked with a seaman who had not eaten for 36 hours. Too proud to seek relief through our regular Emergency Relief Department, he had existed on cigarettes until he collapsed on South Street and an ambulance took him to a marine hospital. He has been given a week's lodging and food at the Institute. A rather curious thing—when we met him, he was carrying in his hand a volume entitled "Hunger" by Knut Hamsun. "I just got this book from the library," he explained hastily. "I wanted to see what kind of thoughts went on in this other fellow's mind, when he was starving." We opened the book and read:

"I hungered sorely. I found a chip of wood in the street to chew—that

helped a bit . . . Had I really begun to die? I felt over my cheeks with my hand; thin—naturally, I was thin—my cheeks were like two hollowed bowls . . . Naught availed. I was dying helplessly, with my eyes wide open. At length I found a splinter to chew . . . I commenced to be sensible of a shameless appetite, a ravenous lust of food, which grew steadily worse and worse. It gnawed unmercifully in my breast, carrying on a silent, mysterious work in there. I was not ill, but faint. I broke into a sweat."

"And were his reactions the same as yours?" we asked curiously. A smile lit up his gaunt countenance. "Almost the same", he answered. "Shipwrecked, torpedoed and many other disasters have been my lot, but this is the most terrific experience I have ever gone through!"



## THE MAN AT THE WHEEL MAKES HIS APPEAL!

**T**HOU-  
SANDS  
of sea-  
farers in  
the Port of New  
York regard the  
Institute as their  
club and home,  
and therefore it is  
quite natural for  
them to turn to us  
in their adversity.  
Seamen prefer to  
be dealt with as a  
class. They are  
*proud* of their  
calling and do not  
wish to join the  
bread or stew lines  
where drifters and

beggars are accustomed to stand. When hunger pangs compel them to beg for food, they do so not with the cunning of professional mendicants but with the voice of genuine distress.

Hundreds of worthy seamen—not unemployables, but drawn from the ranks of hard-working seafarers—are simply stranded because there are not enough jobs to go around. Some one has asked, "Why didn't these men save when they were working?" Many of them did, as our records in the Institute "bank" clearly show, but their wages are not large enough, particularly when they have dependents at home, to enable them to accumulate enough savings to tide them over such a long period of unemployment.

A poem in F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower" in the *New York Herald-Tribune* eloquently describes the mental state of those who are under the shadow of unemployment:

**G**IVE us work!  
Give us work!  
We are rotting away with idleness.  
It has crawled into our souls.  
It hides in the secret places of our mind.  
It feeds on our strength, on our pride.  
Idleness,  
Uselessness,  
Aimlessness,—

We cannot endure these long.  
They suck life from us.  
They lie upon us like heavy weights.  
They press us down.  
They take away hope;  
For no one can hope without working,  
No one can endure a vision, and not be  
going toward it.

We want to keep our seamen self-respecting so that when prosperous times return they will not have acquired the habit of dependence. It is heart-breaking to see so many fine men in our Relief Loan Department. It may be years or perhaps never that many of these loans will be repaid, but at least when we lend the money and a sailor looks into the relief secretary's eyes and says, "I'll pay this back as soon as I can, Sir", we are not encouraging him to be a pauper or beggar. When ships are tied up, the crews are paid off, and as the winter has advanced more and more ships have become idle. These ships will be needed again when business conditions improve, and the men who are so indispensable to commerce must be cared for in the meantime.

Our expenses for 1932 will be as great, if not greater than in 1931, as already the amount of relief given during January and February of this year far exceeds that given in the same period, 1931. So we are counting on you to see us through 1932.

Please make your checks payable to Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways and Means Committee, Seaman's Church Institute Of New York, 25 South Street, New York City.



**WON'T YOU STAND BY JACK ASHORE? HE STANDS BY YOU AT SEA!**

## On Parole

**H**E WAS only twenty-one, and he had never before held a gun in his hand. But he was hungry, and the gang promised him five dollars. So he was arrested for breaking into a store and holding up the cashier. Because of his youth, and clean record, he was sent to prison for only three months, while the rest of the men got three years.

He had been to sea since sixteen, so the parole officer brought him to the Institute after he had served three months. He was given forty dollars and told to look for work. The money was deposited in our Seamen's Funds Department for safe-keeping. He had been promised a job in his home in 'Frisco if he could get aboard a ship bound for there. But weeks went by and he could not ship out. As his savings dwindled, he grew more and more discouraged. At last, the forty dollars was exhausted—he was still without work, and the parole board warned him that unless he cleared out of New York, and got a job, he would be sent back to prison to complete the three year term. He confided in our employment agent, who was deeply moved by the boy's story and telephoned various shipping companies. After several days he managed to get a job for the lad

as a fireman on board the E..... of the M..... Line, bound for the Pacific Coast.

The other day this letter arrived from the boy: "Dear Sir: Just a few lines to let you know I arrived in San Francisco on the day before Christmas and what a glorious day it was for me. I also want to take this opportunity to thank you for the effective and sympathetic manner in which the S. C. I. came to my assistance while I was in New York. In fact, had it not been for you I really think I should now be in prison. So although I am a very poor hand at expressing myself I am truly and deeply grateful to you and always shall be.

"The secretary of the Union has promised to place me on the Australian run again, so in a short time I should be on my feet again. So for the time I shall bring this to a close, hoping to have more news for you later. My tardy but sincere regards to you for a happy and prosperous New Year."

We are confident that this sailor boy has learned a hard lesson which he will never forget, and we believe that he will make good. This is just another example of the Institute's method of helping seamen to regain and retain their self-respect in the face of unfavorable circumstances.

## Fate

By Nicol Bissell

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The following poem was written by the younger son of Dr. Dougall Bissell, who is a close friend of Dr. Mansfield. (In fact, Dr. Bissell brought five of Dr. Mansfield's children into the world.) Young Bissell was seeking information on marine architecture. Our Superintendent suggested that the best background for a marine architect would be to go to sea, so Mr. Clifford Mallory of the Mallory Lines, secured for him a job aboard a freighter. The letter which accompanied the poem is self-explanatory: "Dear Dr. Mansfield: I am enclosing a few lines of blank verse which are an appreciation and a feeble attempt to put in words those vivid memories of the months on the tanker; which you so kindly made possible. It is with keenest satisfaction and pride that I relate those exciting experiences during a storm and those restful days on the calm ocean. The men, their characters, the life at sea, and the picturesque ports at which we stopped, will always create a thrill, as they become a part of that glorious summer. The rugged life on ship and the many hours of hard work on watch, were all my hopes made manifest."

The tanker, light of oil, was rolling high,  
Her hollow hulk seemed helpless with its size.

(Yet tons of steel remained to wallow deep)

As every wave would smash her flaring bows,  
A cloud of spray soon swept her dripping bridge

(Where "lookout", mate, and even Captain watched).

Eight bells had rung; a seaman hit the hay.  
The bunk would roll, he'd brace his back and push.

(What use? The Gods had willed a storm; no sleep).

"All hands on deck!" the boatswain yelled below.

The glistening oilskin showed the storm had struck.

(That hurricane they hoped would never come).

He grabbed whatever clothes were near his bunk

And scrambled up on deck; the night was black.

The Chief was there, his face was drowned in sweat.

A ring had cracked, he said, "Too rough to stop".

The engine room below was hot, too hot  
For any man; (yet on the tanker

smashed)

"Belay the hatches for'd the bridge!" he heard.

No time to wait; he scaled the monkey walk

Amid a mass of ropes and bended steel.  
(The waves had smashed this rigging hours before).

The biting spray and hissing wind increased.

His dripping shirt was sticking as if glued;  
He tried to shield his eyes, but salt got in;

His gooseskined body shook in every squall.  
A hatch was reached, half washed away

by waves  
That smashed the foredeck; ripping all in sight,

(Except the winches bolted to the deck).

For hours they worked, the tanks below would groan,

As moving hills, like Claws of Fate, reached out

To capture, swamp and sink the shell of steel

Which, made by man, was helpless in this fight

Against the quenchless fury of the deep.  
A sudden lurch, he found himself to port.

She rolled again—he grabbed a stay and yelled:

"Ha-ha! Old man, that time I checked your rage!"

Perhaps this was a challenge to the waves;  
His voice was lost in spray and no one heard

His muffled cry. Those claws had found their prey,

And crushed, to leave him dead with broken back.

## The Famous Blizzard of 1888

Editor's Note: Many a tale has been told about the blizzard of March 12th, 1888. But we believe that the following, as told by Captain Michael McClain, is novel and will prove interesting to readers because it is written from the seaman's, rather than the landsman's point of view.

**T**HE common expression today is that we do not "have" winter any more and when I think of the weak and colorless exhibition of late years with each succeeding 12 months becoming more and more a combination of Spring and Fall, I always think of the freak blizzard of March 12th, 1888.

At various times during my life I have been questioned about this strange phenomenon which I can never forget. Here is the story which I remember most vividly even now.

On March 11th, 1888, the day previous, I was in Bristol, Pa. (my birthplace), on shore leave. It was raining so badly that I decided to return to Jersey City, boarding the 7:05 train which arrived in Jersey City about 9 p. m.

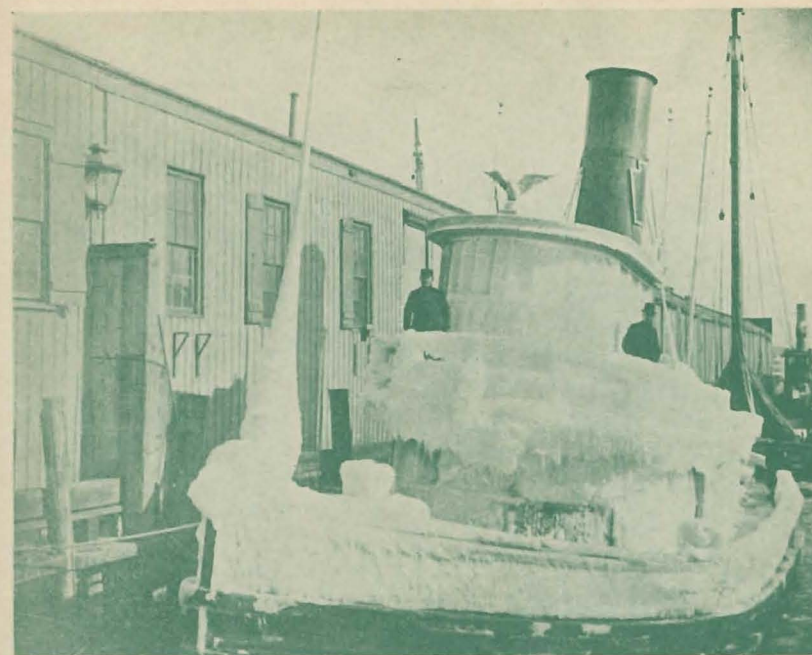
Immediately after arriving, I went to my quarters on the "Mercer" the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. tug I was commanding which

was docked at Pier E, Jersey City. It was still raining and a terrific gale was blowing.

About 6 a. m. on March 12th, I was awakened by voices stating that the snow was 25 ft. high. This, sounded like a joke to me, as it was raining when I retired. I decided to investigate, but to my surprise the door to my cabin could not be budged. So I had to go through the window after laboriously cleaning away the snow from the window. The following is the Weather Bureau report of this Blizzard.



Monday, March 12th, 1888, Rain turned to Snow at 12:10 a.m., and continued during the day. High winds began during the early morning. Highest Velocity 48 m.p.h. By night drifts had piled up to 15 and 20 feet, but the average depth was but about 16.5 inches to 8 p.m. Temperature at 7 a.m. was 24 degrees, at 3 p.m., 17 degrees, at 10 p.m., 11 degrees. Wind shifted 10 p.m. of the 11th, and 7 a.m. of the 12th, from N.E. to N.W., and continued N.W. mostly all day of the 13th. Light snow ended at 5:55 a.m., and began again at 1:55 p.m., and ended 7:05 p.m. Total fall to 8 p.m. of the 13th was 3.0. Temperature at 7 a.m., 6 degrees; at 3 p.m., 12 degrees; at 10 p.m., 14 degrees. Continued westerly winds all day. Highest Velocity 50 m.p.h. on the 14th. Snow fell intermittently until 2:50 p.m.; total to 8 p.m., 1.4 inches. Total for storm, 20.9 inches. Temperature at 7 a.m., 23 degrees; at 3 p.m., 39 degrees; at 10 p.m., 34 degrees North to Northwest all day. Highest Velocity, 24 m.p.h.



After clearing away a portion of the snow from the deck we received orders from our office on the pier to search for several floats carrying railroad cars which had been blown adrift during the storm. My ship was the most powerful tug boat of the Company, and she had just been built, but it took the combined strength of the Mercer and four smaller tugs to get away from the dock and to pierce through the ice! All the floats were recovered except one, which we discovered two days later off Bay Ridge. This float was jammed in by the ice while a northwest gale was forcing the craft on the Brooklyn shore. A great many seamen who couldn't get to their own ships came aboard the Mercer and we managed to have enough food for all.

Mate Harry Howard, one of my men, volunteered to walk over the ice carrying a long board and small heaving line which enabled him to pull a hawser aboard the float. The board was used as protection against slipping through a hole in the ice jam. After about 7 or 8 hours' hard work the float was released and we towed it to Jersey City.

Great flocs of ice were coming from the

upper part of the Hudson River. This coupled with the snow storm made shipping very hazardous to both Man and Craft. It was very difficult for the ferryboats to navigate in the ice because in those days they had the sidewheelers. Tugboats would assist the former craft into their slips and at times it was impossible for them to reach their berth, then it was necessary to land on the end of a pier. I saw some daring men walk across the East River between New York and Brooklyn near the Brooklyn Bridge. Some of the ice was over 2 ft. thick. This was very impressive to me to see fields of ice about a square block, and people from Bay Ridge were skating on the larger ones. One of these fields of ice tore away half a pier at Edgewater, N. J., and considerable amount of damage in the harbor resulted. I recall also an earlier winter when the harbor was completely frozen over. For days traffic was at a standstill, despite pushings of ice-breakers.

One night when moonlight lay over the harbor, an unsuspecting captain brought his heavily laden ship through the Narrows. The sharp stem of his ship struck into the ice with a shattering blow and broke under the weight of his cargo.



## From the Institute Log



Sidney

### A Youthful Guest

Probably the youngest sailor ever to cross the Institute's threshold was Sidney Pennycook. *Messman*, he called himself, although the usual term is Mess Boy, of the *S. S. Baron Ramsey*, which docked in New York from Glasgow. Sidney is just 14. He came to the Institute to have a tooth pulled (and we'll wager it was a first tooth). He confided that this was his first trip. It took 18 days, 6 of which he was seasick. "But it is worth being seasick to earn 4 pounds 10 shillings a month and to see New York," he said. Sidney's ship is outward bound for Capetown, but before leaving, he wrote a long letter to his Mother in Glasgow and asked us to save any mail which came for him.

### Gratitude

**B**Y KINDNESS and friendliness we are reviving the faith of our unemployed seamen, and with their renewed faith they are expressing in many ways their gratitude for the help given them through the Institute. Recently, the very reverend Milo H. Gates, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, said: "I have come to the conclusion that a just test of character will always be found in the amount of gratitude there is in a man. If you have the power to be grateful, you are on the upward road."

The Institute's Superintendent, Board of Managers and staff wish to express their gratitude to those loyal and generous friends whose gifts made it possible for the Institute to render such valued service to thousands of seamen during 1931. Many economies were practiced within our organization in order to have funds with which to meet the tremendous demand for relief. We feel that the real credit for the past year of achievement should go to those contributors who made genuine sacrifices to keep up their donations. On behalf of our sailors, we thank you most heartily.

### Pals

"I'm real peeved at that guy!" complained Robert G. to a group in our lobby. "'Smatter, Buddy?" inquired Kelly, one of the Institute's frequent guests. "I loaned my overcoat to a friend", explained Robert. "Said he wanted to go over to the C..... Line on the chance of getting a job. Well, maybe he got the job and maybe he didn't, but anyway, he never came back with my coat." "Aw, that's all right", said Kelly, reassuringly. "Here, take my overcoat!" So saying, he pulled off a sacred emblem from the lapel and handed the coat over to Robert. Robert refused, of course, but Kelly insisted. "Ain't you my pal?" he said. "Go on, take it. I can get another one." So Robert went swinging along South Street wearing Kelly's overcoat, his faith in mankind restored, while Kelly joined an exciting pinochle game in our Officers' Reading Room.

### Sitting Bull and Blue Water

Have you ever heard of an Indian Reservation in New Jersey? No? Well, neither have we. But Able Seaman "Sitting Bull," a real, full-blooded Indian, assured us that there was a Sioux Settlement there. "Sitting Bull" is getting on in years and is not so well as he used to be. He has been injured twice on board ships and has

received tidy little compensation checks for his injuries. He makes the Institute his port of call between voyages. Another Indian seaman is "Blue Water." He visits the Institute occasionally.

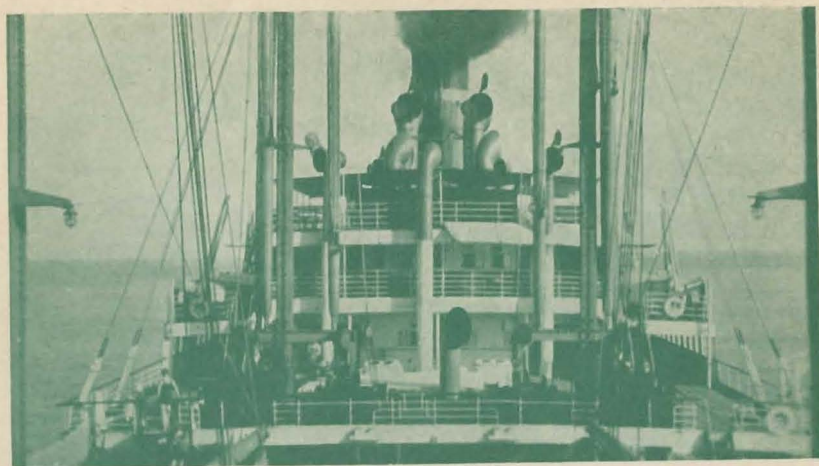


### A Great World Port

The port of New York is used by more steamship tonnage than any other port in the world. The net registered tonnage of ships entering the port during 1930 exceeded 31 million tons in foreign trade and 12 million tons in domestic coastwise trade. The significance of this intensive use of the port is better grasped from the statement that a ship arrives or departs every 10 minutes during daylight hours. The vessels in foreign and coastwise trade sailing from the port during the year 1931 numbered 15,253. If placed end to end they would make a continuous bridge from New York to the lighthouse at Key West, a distance of 1050 miles, according to a recent publication issued by the Port of New York Authority.

Steamship services out of the port of New York include 159 foreign routes, 13 intercoastal to the Pacific ports, 14 coastwise to Gulf and Atlantic ports, and 17 to New England.

## Sharing



"Looking For'ard"

THOSE who do not heed the call of distress, who fail to share their "Enough" with those who have "Not half enough" are like the two people described by Ludwig Lewisohn: "They are in a ship. The ship is on the rocks; her sails are rags and her masts are splinters. Most of the passengers are dead, the rest and the crew are suffering with scurvy. You two happen to be in the first cabin and have private supplies. You say, 'Things look bad, but we can escape disaster. So let's fiddle a tune!' . . . Yes, if we truly love our fellowmen, that means bearing their burdens as though they are our own.

All landsmen have a bond with seamen . . . it is the debt we owe them. There are many ways of paying this debt—one of the most helpful and useful is an ENDURING MEMORIAL in the Institute Annex:

### Among memorials still available are:

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

Notice: We are greatly in need of an up to date encyclopedia for our officers' reading room. Will some one who has a more recent set than ours of 1895 which they do not need let us know and we shall arrange to call for it.

### What \$16.00 Will Do

Our Recreation Director has figured out that \$16.00 will entertain between 600 and 700 seamen on a Saturday evening with kiddie polo, tug of war, relay races, etc. The \$16.00 pays for the prizes of \$1.00 cash to the first winner of each event, and \$0.50 to the seaman who comes in second in each event. Thus, the money serves a double purpose—it stimulates interest in our Indoor Sport Night—thereby providing entertainment for a large number—and secondly, it gives these unemployed men needy cash with which to look for jobs. If you feel inclined to sponsor such recreation, send your check for \$16.00 and designate it for our Entertainment Fund. It will be most deeply appreciated.

### A Tribute

"Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 26th inst., I enclose herewith my check as a contribution to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. I never cease feeling thankful that such a wonderful work is being carried on through the years by this Institute. Two years ago I had the pleasure of going through the Institute with a friend and I was tremendously impressed with the way that it was run, its cleanliness, its cheerfulness and its atmosphere. With sincere expression of the very best wishes for the continued prosperity and the extension of the work of the Institute and heartiest congratulations to those who are responsible for its management."

### 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.

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