

The LOOKOUT



THE SEAMEN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Volume
XXIII

December
1932

This month's cover shows the Institute's Christmas Tree which each Christmas adorns the Memorial Bandstand in Jeanette Park. Back of the tree is a marble tablet on which are inscribed these words:

"In remembrance of the Officers and Men of the Merchant Marine who, in the World War of 1914-1918, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things. They made victory possible and were great without glory."

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that 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."

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific 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."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXIII

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 11

FREE HAIRCUTS FOR SAILORS

(Reprinted from the New York SUN, November 8, 1932)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since our cobbler and barber began work on October 26th, 747 seamen have received free haircuts and 317 seamen have had their shoes repaired free of charge, up to November 26th.

If he were to wander into port at 25 South Street these days the chances are that the gray-bearded Ancient Mariner would get a quick hair-cut and sally forth on rubber heels to accost the wedding-guest of Coleridge's well-known rime. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which daily serves the needs of more than 12,000 seafaring men, has just opened a free barber shop and a free shoe repair shop for down-and-out seamen.

T. Brancato, the barber, had such a rush of patrons the first day his shop was opened that Institute officials were obliged to establish the appointment system. Each applicant is taken in turn, and upon application at the information desk on the main floor of the building receives an appointment card. Daily thirty-five men, who lack funds to buy haircuts in the regular barber shop of the Institute, are served by Brancato.

"They all want short cuts to last a long time," the barber said



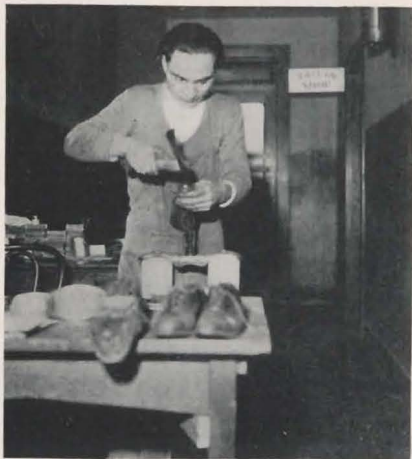
In Our Emergency Barber Shop

yesterday. "Some poor fellows come in here looking like they haven't had a hair-cut for months. I allow fifteen minutes for each man and by closing-time there is a lot of hair on the floor."

The barber shop is located on the mezzanine floor of the thirteen-story Institute building, next to the Dental and Eye Clinics. The hours are from 8 to 4:30 daily.

Look After Shoes Too

Down in the basement, adjacent to the locker rooms, Vincent Caracaglia has set up his



Our Cobbler Is Kept Busy.

shoe repair bench, with a row of chairs for his customers, nearly all of whom wait for their work. Thick leather soles and brand-new rubber heels go on fifteen pairs of shoes daily, and here, as in the barber shop, the applicants are taken in turn.

"The top part of a lot of the shoes are pretty badly worn," Vincent said, "but I manage to fix them up. The men all ask for heavy soles so they won't wear out so fast while they hunt for work."

The need for the two services was "overwhelmingly evident" to the staff members who are in daily contact with the men to whom the Institute is home. The withdrawal of thousands of tons from active shipping has left

many seamen without work, and oil-burning motors and other modern equipment have reduced the crews needed on many modern ships.

Some time ago the game room of the Institute was turned into an emergency dormitory of 300 beds to provide free shelter, in addition to the regular lodging capacity of 1,614 beds. Daily hundreds of ten-cent meals are served in the low-cost dining room for seamen, as well as in the special dining room for ships' officers.

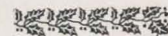
Free to Those That Lack Funds

"These services are provided free of charge for all bona fide active merchant seamen out of funds," a member of the Institute staff explained yesterday. "Every sailor is required to show his ship's discharge papers when he comes to the Institute. It is interesting to note that every one who can afford to pay for barber work and shoe repairing prefers to do so."

The Institute, which has grown out of the Young Men's Church Missionary Society established eighty-nine years ago to serve the spiritual needs of seamen who visited the port of New York, is under the superintendency of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield.

GIFTS FOR THE MELTING POT

THIS is not an appeal for funds. Isn't this a welcome assurance in these days when every mail brings its quota of requests for financial aid? It is a benefit, if you will, but a unique one; a benefit without money and without price, without patronesses or parties, without tickets, nor does it involve a time or place when your presence is required.



We simply request your presents of discarded jewelry and plate for our Melting Pot. The Central Council and the Associations of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are making a concerted effort to gather together all such material and sell it for the benefit of the Institute.

A reputable firm will take over and dispose of the entire collection. Some articles can be sold profitably in their present state; others will be melted down and sold to the government mint in Philadelphia. Perhaps the United States needs this bullion just now. At any rate, the Institute needs the cash value of the metal we can collect, and with your help a very substantial sum can be secured without asking a person for a penny.

Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Chairman of the Central Council, offers all Institute friends an opportunity to share with the Associations in this novel benefit. She solicits your co-operation. To quote from her letter to association members, "At this time of great stress, these discarded articles of jewelry, plate, etc., may be taken from their hiding places and put to service for the sake of the merchant seamen."



Out should come bracelets with bangles, cuff buttons without mates, stick pins minus stones, antiquated napkin rings, locket and brooches, chains with broken links, temperamental fountain pens, buckles, coins, watches with non-working works, souvenir spoons, medals, loving cups, picture-frames, umbrellas and canes with heads of gold or silver, the no longer used hat pins, and out-of-date plate. All this is convertible stock — convertible into food and shelter, warmth, comfort, and happy times for the seamen at 25 South Street.

Won't you add your drop to the Melting Pot? Address all communications and gifts to The Melting Pot Committee, 25 South Street, New York.

LIFE ON A BARGE



The Barge Captain and His Wife

JUST across the way from the Institute, at Pier 5, a barge community is managing, cheerfully and patiently, to combat the depression. There is one old couple, in particular, that we want to tell our readers about: Mr. and Mrs. G—, married for fifty-eight years, and all that time, spent on the water. You would go a long way before you found a happier, pleasanter pair than these two old people. Penniless, living on the \$2.00 a week supplied them by kind-hearted policemen and sailors, and the generosity of the Murray Barge Company offering them a shelter from the cold, they are managing to radiate hospitality and friendliness to all who visit them in their ninety-foot barge.

When Mrs. Roper heard of their plight she saw to it that a pile of wood for the small kitchen stove on the barge was delivered every week. She received a comforter from an Institute friend and this was used on the tiny wooden bed. Then, some other Institute friends visited the old couple

and brought a basket full of kitchen utensils—lovely rose and tan enamel steamkettle, colinder, double boiler and other things such as red curtains to delight the dear old lady's heart.

But to stretch two dollars over a week's period, especially when one or two extra places had to be set each night for other hungry acquaintances who came to the barge, was humanly impossible. It meant purchasing flour, lard, potatoes but nothing so expensive (yet so necessary) as green vegetables and fruits. So Dr. Mansfield has promised Mr. and Mrs. G—that an extra two dollars will be given them weekly. Mrs. G. needs glasses and through the John Markle Eye Clinic we are arranging to give her a pair of bifocals.

The man is 74 years old and the wife 76. By all rights they should be receiving an old age pension, but about 20 years ago Mr. G. was induced to take out insurance and, because of his fine physical condition, the agent persuaded him to take out a policy, giving his age ten years younger than he really was, thus saving on the amount of the premiums to be paid. With no birth certificate or other birth records in their possession the old couple have very little chance of proving their age. But the Institute is trying to help them in this matter. Last year they bought a barge with their last savings, but it sprung a leak and sunk.

One crisp November afternoon the LOOKOUT editor and Mother Roper paid them a visit. They insisted upon offering us some cookies which Mrs. G. had just baked in the little stove. She apologized for the absence of flavoring and sugar — the cookies were made out of flour, lard and water. She showed us the pair of battered

shoes in which she had walked 750 miles from upper New York State to reach New York where, they knew, they could find a barge in which to spend the winter. They had spent all their savings of \$270 to care for Mrs. G.'s mother, age 104 years, and to bury her when the old woman died. So, having no fare with which to ride to New York, they walked. On arriving here the Institute paid \$8.00 on the trunk — their only possession — which had been sent by freight.

It took them all summer to do it, but here they are now, just a stone's throw from the Institute, "quite cozy and comfortable," said Mrs. G. with a cheery smile for her visitors. "With only two of us to look after each other, it isn't so bad. I had ten children," she continued. "Four of them died forty years ago in New Jersey during the black diptheria plague, and the other six have died since. We have never taken charity up until now."

THE ROLL CALL

THE middle-aged seaman in Ward 2 lay dying. Because of the agonizing pain he kept calling, "O Death, take me!" The other patients in the ward listened sympathetically to the dying man's plea. But still the hours dragged on, and the man lived on in his suffering. At daybreak our Institute chaplain came to the man's bedside and said, "I have sent for your wife. She is here to comfort you." And as his soul left this earth he clasped the hand of his loving wife who had traveled many miles to reach her husband before it was too late.

So impressed were the other seamen in the ward by this sorrowful scene, which took place in a Marine Hospital, that they talked about it for several days afterward. Seaman Leon Daniels, a Negro, aged 25, suffering severe pain himself, was inspired to compose the following poem which he gave to the Institute's chaplain. Daniels was born in the Virgin Islands and had received some schooling there. The poem is just a picture of what seamen—and all men—endure when they approach the Valley of the Shadow: We are glad that we were able to bring one ray of happiness to the stricken man just before he died.

THE ROLL CALL

"O Death!" he cried: "How, long, O Death, must I endure
These bitter, tortuous thrusts?
Strike! Strike! I bid thee, strike thy
blow and thus deprive
These mortal pains their lusts!

Break loose these earthly bonds that
bind, set my spirit free
Beyond these tyrant aches and fears,
within the grave's solemnity!
By day and night, he cried aloud his
plea with Death,
His soul's release to grant.
His prayer was heard by the Reaper
grim whom daring men
Oft so boldly flaunt.

"I'm here," said Death, "Hark ye the
calling of the roll!
Art thou prepared to take that journey
now?"
"I am prepared," the victim cried.
"Lead thou me forth!
"I do not fear!" And a hush amid the
watchers fell
As, like an angel vision, comes his
loving wife
To bless his passing soul.



"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME" ON CHRISTMAS DAY

DO you remember in Willa Cather's book, "Obscure Destinies," the story of the two friends? She writes: "Even in early youth, when the mind is so eager for the new and untried, while it is still a stranger to faltering and fear, we yet like to think that there are certain unalterable realities, somewhere at the bottom of things. These anchors may be ideas; but more often they are merely pictures, vivid memories, which in some unaccountable and very personal way give us courage."

And so it is with the sailormen who come to the Institute at Christmas time. Like the sea gulls, creatures of the free wind and waves, they sometimes must go back to something they have known before: The gulls return to remote islands and lonely ledges and the seaman returns to the Institute, cherishing in his memory some past Christmas Day—in his childhood, far away and long ago, when he had a real home somewhere, where he loved and was beloved by family and friends.



But now his only home is the Institute, where, on Thanksgiving and Christmas Day each year, through our Holiday Fund hundreds of sailors are welcomed and entertained and made to feel as though they were in their real homes of the past.

Can you think of a friendlier and more Christ-like act than to bring Christmas cheer and happiness to all the men who will sleep at 25 South Street on Christmas eve? To share your holidays with these homeless men is much more than a gesture of friendliness. This year, it may even open the doors of life to hungry, lonely, despairing men.

And if our holiday dinner and entertainment (which, if funds are received, will be given free to all our seamen), can encourage them and give them a sense of "belongingness and blessedness," if it can restore their faith, can revive their hopes, it will be the **BEST AND HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS PARTY EVER TO BE GIVEN AT THE INSTITUTE.** Please send your check to Holiday Fund, 25 South Street, New York City.

Welcome the Homeless Sailor Through Our Holiday Fund

Thanksgiving Day



"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God"—Thessalonians 5:18.

AT any rate," said Third Mate John G. to Engineer Richard Y as they sat in one of the Institute's reading rooms on Thanksgiving Eve, "the wife and kids will have a turkey dinner tomorrow with all the fixin's."

"How come?" inquired the engineer.

"They're livin' on a farm with my wife's cousins — so at least there's enough food for them."

"How about yourself? Got any money?"

"Naw," was the rejoinder. "I ate my last ten cent meal today." Just at this moment in the conversation one of our chaplains passed by. The two men spoke to him. He approached them, saying, "Well, I hope you fellows are going to spend Thanksgiving Day here with us. We have a fine dinner planned."

Two pairs of eyes brightened perceptibly. "Well, Chaplain," said the engineer. "I think it's splendid of the Institute not to forget us on Thanksgiving." And the third mate added, "Yes, I was just telling my buddy here that I had my last ten cent meal today. But when the Institute gives us a free holiday dinner it doesn't seem like—well—like a breadline. Everyone's so friendly and we're all men of the sea. I guess that's the difference. This place is our own."

Through the generous gifts sent to our Holiday Fund by loyal friends,

we were able to provide holiday dinners for all the seamen who lodged in our building on Thanksgiving Eve. There was plenty of food for all, and both seamen and officers expressed their satisfaction at the Institute's selection of roast ham instead of turkey because each plate was heaped full of meat and vegetables, and, after all, as one sailor expressed it, "What we want is good food and plenty of it." Turkey being more expensive, and wishing to have enough for all, we decided on the roast ham. With the vegetables, and a choice of apple, mince or pumpkin pie, it proved a most acceptable holiday dinner. A Chapel Service at 10 A.M. started off the day. From 11:30 to 2 P.M. our cafeteria was a busy—and a happy place. One of our gifted sailor musicians sat at the piano and played popular songs. The atmosphere was pleasant and festive. At two o'clock the auditorium was filled with seamen gathered to witness the sound motion picture, "Blessed Event." In all the lobbies, reading and game rooms free "smokes" were distributed. In the evening, at eight o'clock, 1,000 sailormen assembled to enjoy another "talkie". The Four Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers."

How we wish some of our contributors could have been here and, perhaps making themselves invisible, listened in on the conversations! The sight of so many smiling, cheerful faces would certainly have inspired them to say, "If these men—jobless and destitute—can look like that, and be thankful, why surely I can be grateful on Thanksgiving Day for the many blessings I enjoy!"

WOMAN CAPTIVE ESCAPES FROM CANNIBALS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the Institute's Board members showed us a rare old book entitled "Voyages Around the World," which records the experiences of Captain Edmund Fanning on his voyage between 1792 and 1832 in command of the "Betsey." The following excerpt describes one of the experiences while on the voyage.*

AT this moment another canoe was observed advancing very quickly from the shore, and to their surprise contained with the others a white woman, standing at the bows; after passing through, and gaining the space within the circle formed by other canoes, and getting nearer the brig, the chief the while drawing all attention to himself, from the earnestness of his manner, as addressing the woman, she suddenly sprang overboard towards the vessel, and upon rising again to the surface, in few words informed Mr. Wright that the captain had been murdered, and the further intention there was to capture the brig. To deter the natives from pursuing and overtaking her, a volley of musketry was discharged between them; this had the desired effect for a moment, but no sooner had the noise and their surprise subsided, than a most determined attack was commenced; far now from being frightened at the rapid and heavy discharges of cannon and musketry, encouraged too by a great increase to their numbers, they bade defiance to every thing; the sinking of a canoe, or scattering amidst the survivors, of the mutilated limbs of others, the groanings of the dying, and floating bodies of some more spirited than prudent of their party, were regarded, if at all, but for a moment; a fiend-like determination seemed to goad them on, and a settled resolution, cost what it

might, to capture the Union. As a most speedy termination to the battle, Mr. Wright ordered the cables to be cut, and sail to be made; this was the more advisable, as a farther sacrifice of their lives would scarcely have been justifiable. Undeterred they still continued the fight, shouting and hooting, until the vessel had left the harbor, and was out to sea; they then ceased their exertions, and returned to the shore.

The woman then proceeded in giving some account of what had come under her observation, on shore, by stating, although the plans were well matured, and the minds of the chiefs made up to cut the brig off, it was politically concluded as best to receive the strangers under the guise of friendship. This appearance was well carried out, the Captain, Mr. Boston, and the crew, after landing being conducted over a hill, and entirely out of sight of those on board: here, in the midst of a parcel of trees, and surrounded by immense numbers of the natives, they were all massacred. After this, the plan for completing their enterprise, was to request, another boat might be sent for the hogs, roots, and fruit, said to be awaiting them at the shore, whose crew were to be similarly treated. Wishing to escape and save the remainder of the crew, this woman had succeeded in persuading the chiefs to believe, that by taking her along in the canoe with those who were to make the above request, she could induce the commanding officer to consent and send another boat; which resulted as has been already detailed.

Eliza Mosey (as she stated her name to be) had arrived at this island in a ship called the Duke of Portland,

commanded by Captain L. Melon; instigated by the cruel advice of two renegadoes, a white man named Doyle, and a Malay previously left on the island, who were far greater savages, and more blood thirsty than the natives themselves, these last had been induced to cut the ship off, and massacre all her company, except Eliza, a colored woman, a decrepid old man, and four boys, whose lives Doyle had spared, that they might assist him in discharging vessels, afterwards in burning and tearing them to pieces, with the double intention of securing the iron, and preventing any possibility of detection, or causing alarm to such vessels as might chance to stop for provisions and refreshments. To secure the capture of these as they should successively arrive, as well as to gain favor with the leading chiefs, and gratify their savage disposition, Doyle continually presented to their view the quantity of fire arms, iron, and goods suitable for trading with the other islands, each of these vessels most generally had on board;

thus prompted and instigated, they were ready and anxious, by duplicity or force, as would most likely succeed, to enter into his diabolical plans. Providence, however, did not long suffer this wretch to survive the capture of the Duke of Portland; the old man formerly mentioned, with the four boys, and a few natives were every day engaged, under his own immediate superintendence, in discharging the ship's cargo into the canoes and boats: this had been continued for a few days, and still but little progress made, when the old man and boys, who had been watching a suitable opportunity, embraced the moment when his attention was otherwise engaged, and destroyed him, afterwards driving the natives overboard, and immediately cutting the ship's cables, made sail (for these had not yet been unbent), and stood out to sea; this (after repeated inquiries on the part of the author, to ascertain what subsequently befel her) was the last account ever obtained, concerning this unfortunate ship and her crew.

A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE

If you are looking for an unusual adventure between covers, then by all means read "A Count in the Fo'c'sle" by Count Jean Louis d'Esque, recently published by Brentano's. To quote The New York Times' review, "No one can complete a reading of this

tale of a career before the mast without experiencing an exasperating and ambivalent attitude of belief and disbelief. It really doesn't matter whether the amazing events of this often fantastic chronicle happened in just this manner or not. For every man of lively imagination who looks back upon a life at sea mingles fact and phantasy in a magic mirror."

"Chips," the author, tells his lusty story of battles with mutineers, struggles with hurricanes, pirates and shipwrecks, cannibals and cholera, in a vivid, vigorous style. It is starkly realistic, but philosophical in treatment. Certainly an exciting sea narrative!



IN THE S. C. I. MAILBAG

From An Apprentice

On Board S.S. *Westernland*
21st of October, 1932.

"Dear Mrs. Baxter:

On mature and serious reflection I have decided that I cannot leave New York without once more thanking you for the way you entertain us poor and homeless men from the ships. Honestly, I think your place is wonderful and the spirit that prevails equally so, and I can truly say that your dance last night made this trip to New York one of the most pleasant I have ever had and one to be remembered.

Apart from last night, it has been the dullest trip and stay in New York that I recall, we have all been nearly expiring of ennui, and you are an excellent doctor, with the right remedy, fifty cures a night, and no failures.

It was wonderful to come in as absolute strangers (we might have been anybody), and be welcomed as you did us; we were made to feel at home almost immediately, and no one could feel shy for long. I, myself, cast dull care aside pretty quickly; everyone was so friendly and pleasant, not a frigid face in the room.

I hope I was not presumptuous in saying without being asked that I would come again when next I come to New York.

Might I say that if ever there is anything I can do to help in any way, I shall be delighted to do so, though I fear you will say there is nothing, your organization seems so complete. I should like to be remembered to your charming hostess of the evening. Tell her I still regret that Hamburger!"

From An Anxious Mother

"My Dear Mrs. Roper:

Last Winter I wrote you—telling you of our son's being away—asking if you would post an enclosed note on bulletin board near Postoffice desk where it would catch the eye of one who came in. I do not know how long it was there. We have not heard from him or of him.

Will you do this for me again? I suppose it is not wise to give address on the posted note. But if you should be asked about it—any help you could give him toward getting in touch with us would be most promptly repaid as far as money goes and would never be forgotten by his hearbroken parents.

I enclose \$2 which I wish you would use to let any young fellow between 22 and 25 get his mother a message—or serve his immediate need. How I wish I could send more. May God bless your work and help us all."

"Billy—Billy Dear:

Your home has been such an aching, empty place without you. The door has never been locked nor the hall light out since November 9th. It won't until you come. Each day with no message from you hurts—you can't know how much. Your home—your room—your clothes—everything you left—your folks—are all waiting for you—we love you and want you so.

Let us know where to send you anything you need. What we need is you.

Your Mom,

Oh, Billy, we want you!"

DEDICATION OF CHAPEL PAINTING

A FORMAL presentation and dedication ceremony for the seascape by Gordon Grant was held on November 17th in the Chapel of Our Saviour, after the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Managers. Mr. Grant presented the altar painting, saying "the picture has found its true home — here at the Institute among real sailors." Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, a vice-president of our Board of Managers, accepted the painting on behalf of the Institute and Dr. Mansfield, our Superintendent, offered the prayer of dedication. So, in place of the empty reredos frame on the chancel wall, we now have the beautiful painting with "its last message of the setting sun." Following are some of the lobby views of the picture:



Chapel of Our Saviour

"Good. Very good. I've seen sky just like that before a hurricane."—A Down-East-er, master's ticket, has lived in many parts of North America.

"Jus' right. Don't see how it could be improved."—Middle-aged Southerner, electrician.

"Say, that's swell. It makes you think of the mountains as well as the sea, and makes you forget South Street."—Young boy who seems to spend half of his time writing letters.

"That's not an Atlantic sky or sea—it's a Pacific one, and mighty fine. There should not be so many seagulls,—they don't come so far from shore."—A valuable A.B.

"She's not bad at all." Being pressed, "Sure the sky often looks like

that."—Old Hollander waiting for Snug Harbor admittance.

"Lovely. I've often seen such a sea and sky in the Pacific. I don't think that the horizon line is quite right."—Quiet young man who made Fellowship Club speech the night Capt. Bartlett was here.

"Who painted that picture? He sure knows a thing or two about the sea. I'd like to meet him on a ship."—Enthusiastic German who "paints a bit himself."

"If I was out and saw a sky like that, I'd strip every inch of my canvas at once; there'd be trouble ahead."—Old sailing ship man.

"When the sun goes down clear after a storm, you know that the world's all right."—Irish radio operator.

"I ain't much on paintings, but that seems about right to me."—Young boy, fireman.

Institute's Radio Talk

Tune in! Mrs. Janet Roper will speak over Station WINS on Wednesday, December 14, at 9:30 A.M., on "Christmas on the Waterfront."

On Giving

"What! Giving again?" I asked in dismay,

"And must I keep giving and giving away?"

"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,

"Just give till the Father stops giving to you!"—Selected.

A RECORD OF SERVICE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

SOME OF THE SERVICES RENDERED TO WORTHY
SAILORMEN BY THE
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

from

January 1st to November 1st, 1932

- 313,674 Lodgings Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds).
- 250,590 Meals Served in Cafeteria and Dining Room.
- 515,175 Sales Made at Soda Fountain.
- 34,384 Pieces of Baggage Checked.
- 41,661 Books and Magazines Distributed.
- 54,937 Special Social Service Needs Filled.
- 15,039 Relief Loans.
- 6,386 Seamen Given Relief.
- 4,119 Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics.
- 1,217 Positions Procured for Seamen.
- 193 Missing Seamen Located.
- 187 Religious Services Attended by 10,557 Seamen.
- 23,183 Services Rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry.
- 40,822 Information Desk Interviews.
- 5,255 Articles of Clothing and 2,447 Knitted Articles Distributed.
- 148 Entertainments in Auditorium Attended by 106,021.
- \$281,631.93 Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

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