

The LOOKOUT



ALTAR PAINTING BY GORDON GRANT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIII -- SEPTEMBER 1932

This Month's Cover Illustration:
REREDOS PAINTING IN CHAPEL OF OUR SAVIOUR,
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK—RECENTLY
EXECUTED FOR AND PRESENTED TO THE INSTITUTE BY
GORDON GRANT — MARINE ARTIST

The LOOKOUT
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by the
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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

SEPTEMBER, 1932

No. 8

A MARINE ARTIST'S PHILOSOPHY

By GORDON GRANT

A WISE man once said that a picture, to best fulfill its purpose, must be the playground for the spectator's imagination.

I am reminded of the story of the small boy who was given a complete railway system as a Christmas present. It ran by electricity—the switches worked automatically, the lights popped off and on and it was in every way a mechanical masterpiece. The proud father who had paid a round price for the gift, showed his son the workings of the toy, and in remarking a lack of enthusiasm on the boy's face, said, "Well, how do you like it?" "It's all right," replied the lad, "but what do I do?"

The man who looks at a painting and sees all there is in it at first glance—facts, cold and dry—however skillfully they may be laid out, can say like the boy, "What do I do?" Many a man, carried off for the moment by the brilliant execution of a picture, has bought it and hung it in the best position in his house. In

course of time he has wondered why it no longer interests him. The answer is not far to seek. It has no mystery. The painter put everything in and left nothing for the owner to supply. Technical qualities in a painting mean little to the layman and a painting with only technical points to commend it is of little lasting interest to any but the artist and his fellow craftsmen.

The greatest problem and nuisance to the artist is supplying a title for his picture. Every picture should suggest its own title. I purposely leave out of the question such paintings as depict actual places or incidents. "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is Washington crossing the Delaware and "The Statue of Liberty" could not be anything else in the wildest stretch of the imagination. Such pictures are coloured illustrations and only helpful in a study of history or geography.

The impressionable traveller who gazes on majestic trees or

mountains silhouetted against the sky, is impressed by their majesty and grandeur. He cannot express in words the elation he derives from them. Why give the picture a title? Every spectator who stands before a painting will experience his own particular reaction, and the painter who can affect his audience by playing on their senses, is akin to the musician at the organ.

In planning this painting for the chapel of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, I felt that its position—behind the altar—was too important to devote to an incident in Biblical History, unless it were treated as pure design. Considering my

audience, I was convinced that its treatment should be realistic and should proclaim Space—Light—Creation—Eternity—Sky and Sea—the sailors' Be All and End All. Furthermore, the picture must *light* the chancel; therefore it must be warm in tone and harmonize with its surroundings—Yellows—Reds—Bronze and Gold.

How many have seen a yellow sky—a bronze ocean—red clouds? What matter? Does it give you pleasure to look at it? Does it suggest something beyond the mere works of man? I hope so. That's what I strove to put into it.

WHEN A SAILOR SEEKS ASSISTANCE

INTO our Religious and Social Service Department each day come the hungry, the weary and the sick; young sailors down on their luck; keen-eyed men hating to ask for a penny; despairing men stripped of all pride; old salts seeking a home in Sailors' Snug Harbor. Strange and dramatic are the tales which are told in the busy office on the second floor of the *Institute*.

The members of the staff of this Department consider themselves surprise-proof. No manner of strange request or curious problem can "stump" them. In addition to the heavy burden of Relief work carried, there are the many varied services which go to make up the total of

"68,994 office interviews" recorded in our Annual Report for 1931.

The Relief Department is so crowded the doors cannot be closed. One by one they file into the office to tell their troubles and their needs. Food, lodging, clothing, carfare to a job, trainfare home. "Haven't eaten in two days." "Please, I'd like a flop ticket." "Can I borrow a dime for supper? I'll pay you back when I get paid off." "I've missed my ship with all my baggage on it. Could I borrow an old coat or sweater?" "Nobody wants an old man. Can you let me stay here over night and I'll try to find work again in the morning?" "I came to New York to get a job as deck boy and my money is all gone and not a chance of shipping out until



Seamen Waiting Their Turn Outside the Relief Loan Office

next Friday." "I helped my buddy—he's got to go to the hospital and I haven't anything left to buy us both a bite to eat." "They robbed me and gave me a crack in the jaw and took all my papers and thirty-one dollars and my ship don't sail till day after tomorrow." "I was painting on deck when a cargo boom hit me and broke my arm so I can't get any work now till it gets well." "I got bronchial trouble terrible bad—I cough all night—can you get me in a hospital?" "I could go to work if I had some dungarees." "They tell me I'm too old to ship. What can I do? Been sailing all my life." These are only a few of the hundreds of requests recorded in a day's log.

Filling out all kinds of papers is one important service: naturalization papers, birth certificates, passport applications, lifeboat certificates, affidavits for duplicates of ships' discharge papers, notary service, as well as sending telegrams, writing letters for seamen, helping applicants for Sailors' Snug Harbor collect old ships' discharges in order to qualify for admission, etc., etc.

Convalescent patients, recently discharged from marine hospitals, often need special diets. Our Social workers see to it that the seamen follow these diets carefully, even making out specified orders on our lunch counter. Some of these men require crutches or canes, and these also are furnished. Others suffering with nasal conditions need nose sprays which are provided free of charge. More than 100 private bedrooms are reserved each night for the free use of these convalescents.

The other day a carpenter procured a job on a round-the-world cruise. Then the trip was cancelled, but the mate advised him to leave his bag of tools on board so as to insure his getting the job again when the ship sailed. In the meantime, the carpenter was offered a week's work ashore doing odd carpentry jobs. He needed some tools, so—he came to the *Institute*. The head of our Social Service Department took him to our "Slop Chest" and there found a saw, a hammer and a few other necessary tools. He also outfitted him with some work clothes. In the strictest sense of the term, we did not "render relief." But



Inside the Relief Office: An Individual, Friendly Interview with Each Seaman

we did better than that. We made it possible for a self-respecting seaman to get a job and earn a week's wages.

Many seamen needing hospital care have been in port more than 60 days and so are not qualified for admission to Marine Hospitals. Our Social Service Department staff refers these sick men to the United States Public Health clinic in the *Institute* and from there, upon the advice of the doctor, to city hospitals. This is a very important phase of social service rendered daily.

Quite frequently the *Institute* sends seamen back to their homes. Holding in their hands telegrams containing news of their mothers' or fathers' illness, they seek out the Relief Agent to ask for a loan of money to purchase a train ticket to their home town. An

even more common request is for transportation of permanently disabled seamen to the homes of relatives who can care for them. Young boys following the lure of adventure and romance wander away to sea, but after a trip or two, find themselves stranded in New York, unable to compete with more experienced mariners. In many such cases the best adjustment possible is to send them home where they can return to school. The railroads cooperate by giving them the privilege of half-rate fares.

And so every day in the year sees a cross-section of the entire gamut of human wants and human needs ministered to by capable and sympathetic workers who are tireless in their efforts to solve the problems of each individual seaman.

*"Because I have been sheltered, fed
By Thy good care
I cannot see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread
My roof's safe shelter overhead
That he, too, may be comforted."*

AN "OLD SALT" RETIRES

IT'S Adolf Colstadt talking; Adolf from Arndil, Norway, who will be eighty-four come next New Year's Day. He's standing in the lounge at Sailor's Snug Harbor, rocking back and forth on toe and heel, telling in a voice that is a little throaty, how he has kept his "strength" through seventy years at sea.

Adolf has an audience this morning — a newcomer at the Harbor is entitled to be heard, anyway, although believing, of course, is something else again, particularly at the Harbor. Anyway, Adolf has the floor right now. His explanation is full of "nevers" and a good many "don'ts," but listen to him:

"In the first place (he pauses, and his tongue wets his drawn lips) I would say there are four reasons why I am hale and hearty today. First, I never took a drink."

Adolf's nearest listener, who has been a listener on many occasions, is nodding his head, as if to say "I expected that. Umm-h-huh. All right, go ahead."

"Don't misunderstand me, now, (Adolf again) I never signed a temperance pledge. I never voted for prohibition. I believe every man should drink, as he chooses.

"Secondly, I never have smoked; no sir, never have smoked. Thirdly, I never married (just engaged a few times) and last, I never was in jail."

About the engagements: there were three. The first died of pneumonia and the other two were burned to death in factory fires.

Born in 1849, Adolf went to sea at the age of thirteen, shipping from San Francisco, where his parents had moved from Norway. He has crossed the Equator eighteen times; rounded Cape Horn thirteen times in one ship; he has been on six ships that were torpedoed; he was taken off one torpedoed vessel in the Indian Ocean and carried by the submarine attacker to the nearest port.

Adolf reads all this record of his life without the aid of glasses. He has spent four months gathering the evidence to qualify for admission to Snug Harbor. In that time he has been staying at the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* at 25 South Street.



ADOLF COLSTADT

His last ship was the *Leviathan*, and he was paid off Christmas Day, 1931. The officers were willing to keep him on, he said, but the insurance companies wouldn't assume the risk of his age.

"I didn't really want to retire," he says. "I feel fine and I'd like to carry on, but it's hard enough these days for even the youngsters to get jobs aboard ship, so I just thought I'd go to the Harbor."

Reprinted from THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, May 4, 1932.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Some people confuse the *Institute* with Sailor's 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 partially self-supporting. It depends on voluntary gifts for more than 25% of its maintenance.



eter begins to fall: "Bad weather ahead. Stormy seas. Perhaps a hurricane."

It has frequently been pointed out that all private charities and philanthropies have been "hard hit" by the depression. Demands for relief greater—resources taxed to the utmost—generous contributors reducing contributions due to their own financial reverses—other contributors failing to renew their annual gifts—collections from steamship concerts falling way off—such is the situation at the *Institute*.

With high courage—in spite of the gloomy outlook—we face the critical winter ahead. The shipping situation is not a happy one: Crews have been reduced and wages cut. The first-class travel is not picking up as was expected when the reduction of 20 per cent in the minimum fare was made on April 1st. We earnestly beseech those friends who *can* give—to do so at this time—to help make up for those who are unable to give.

The *Institute* is operating on the strictest economy budget. Overhead costs are as low as they can possibly be. With the increase in the first class postage, our problem has taken on an even more serious aspect. It is customary for us to send our appeals for funds

IF YOU CAN GIVE, PLEASE GIVE NOW

WITH the return of the Fall season, the *Institute* finds itself in much the same position as the sea captain when his barom-

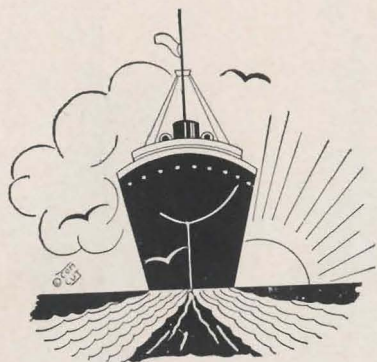
eter through the mails. We remind our contributors when their gifts are due, through a system of "follow-up" letters.

Some of our friends have frankly said that they do not like to receive follow-up letters. Our reply is: *We* do not like to send them. We would like to mail to each donor just ONE reminder and have him renew his donation without any further cost in paper, postage and labor. BUT some of our most loyal and generous friends have a habit of sticking our letter in a pigeon-hole of their desk and forgetting all about it—until a follow-up letter arrives to remind them. Some of our friends travel about a great deal and when we do not receive their contribution we believe that our letter has not been read by them. That is another reason why we must send 2, 3 and sometimes 4 follow-up letters before our contributors renew.

We would greatly appreciate your cooperation in renewing your gifts promptly, within two weeks after receipt of our first letter reminding you that your annual gift is due. This would materially reduce our postage and stationery budget. May we count on you to help us in this way? By so doing, almost the whole of each dollar can go directly to the needs of our sailors, deducting very little for expenses.

Please send your contributions to:
HARRY FORSYTH, *Chairman Ways and Means Committee*
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.





THE ship's bell above the *Institute's* main entrance rang twice, signifying that it was 9:00 a. m. One of the roundsmen on our police force knocked on the door of Room 939. After repeated knocking and receiving no answer, he entered the room and discovered that the seaman lying on the bed was dead. The doctor from Beekman Street Hospital was hurriedly summoned. He pronounced the man dead from heart disease. The man was Max H., age 55, a native of Germany, but a naturalized American citizen.

Lee B., an intimate friend of H., told us the history of his life. Max was a German army cavalry captain during the World War. He fought on every battlefield and was decorated with numerous military medals. After the war he left his home in Hamburg where he owned a large estate, leaving it in charge of an attorney whose life he had saved on the Russian front.

The lure of the sea kept Max from ever returning to his native land. "He was in my room between 8:00 and 10:00 p. m. the night before he died," said B. "He was feeling and looking well. We chatted a while and

compared notes about our war experiences. I made his acquaintance in Paris, after the War. Max went to his room about 10:00 o'clock. In about an hour he knocked on my door, saying that he had had a heart attack, the third in the past few months, I got him back to his room, and although very pale, he begged me not to take him to the hospital. He said that if he must die, he wanted to die in the *Institute*, which for the past few years he had regarded as his home. I urged him to drink a little coffee and some water; then he fell into a deep sleep from which he never awoke."

The *Institute* notified the Consul General of Germany who cabled to H.'s relatives in Hamburg. When no reply was received, the *Institute* conducted a funeral service in the Chapel of Our Saviour which was attended by forty-five seamen, and afterward the body was taken to our own Cedar Grove Cemetery, where it was buried at a fitting Committal Service.

Distinguished Visitors

RECENT visitors to the *Institute* have included Ernest Poole, author of "The Harbor," "The Family," etc.; John Anderson, dramatic critic; Dr. Charles F. White, medical officer of health, Port of London, England; Captain Bob Bartlett, explorer and author who gave a lecture, "N. E. Greenland" in our auditorium; Dr. Edward R. Peirce, assistant medical officer of health, Liverpool, England; Mr. Gordon Grant, artist; Richard McKay, grandson of the famous ship-builder, Donald McKay; Richard Sprague, American consul to Gibraltar; and Felix Count Luckner.

IT was Friday, the 13th. A lone rat scurried ashore. A sailor happened to see it. That was enough for the sailor. He told his shipmates and many of them quit the supposedly doomed ship. That was in 1908, when the full-rigged ship *Wray Castle* was about to set out on a Cape Horn voyage.

It was Friday, the 13th. The Cunard liner *Aquitania* was ready to sail. All her passengers, her cargo and her mails were aboard. There was nothing to delay her—nothing but the fear of "hoodoo." That was in 1932. The *Aquitania* did not sail until the 14th. Apparently, sailors are still superstitious.

A. J. Villiers, author of "Vanished Fleets" and "By Way of Cape Horn," says: "Superstitions in sailing ships are easily understood. Every sailor knows of curious experiences at sea, of things that cannot be logically explained away. Is it any wonder, then, that he turns to superstition? That he dreads to kill the albatross, thinking the spirits of his dead brothers fly on in that magnificent bird? That he has lucky days and unlucky; lucky ships and unlucky?"

Captain W. D. Ryan, a former sailing ship master, dropped into the LOOKOUT office one day to discuss some of these old superstitions which

we believe readers will enjoy. For brevity's sake we will simply list them: Bad luck to sail on a Friday; sky pilots are bad luck—if you have a parson on board you can depend on it you'll have a bad passage: gales, heavy seas and accidents. The same holds true if you have a Finn among the crew. If he should be a cross-eyed Finn the odds are all against the ship ever making port again. It is doom for your ship if you kill an albatross or a sea gull—they are the final repository for sailors' souls.

In the doldrums you must whistle for a wind. This never fails if you whistle long enough. Another method of getting a nice fair wind out of a dead calm is to throw an old sea boot or a monkey jacket over the side. Sailors have been known to throw cash over the side to appease the weather gods and induce them to send a wind. A ship which has a male figure head or a male name will be in trouble all her days. If she misses the tide when homeward bound and the anxious crew are held aboard thirsting for shore leave, that's the only logical explanation. If she ships a heavy sea and the O. S. loses the mess kits, it's one's own fault for signing on a ship with a masculine name. Conversely, a ship with a female figure head or a female name can attribute any good

THE MYSTERY SHIP

By SEAMAN GRAHAM PEDWELL
*Whence she came from no man knew
 As down the breeze her pennants flew
 And fast the schooner made her way
 From seas unknown to Bering Bay
 And still in doubt was whisper made
 To darker hue the ship that stayed
 At anchor where a great unrest
 Her sombre sight did manifest
 Odd her crew were to a hand
 And grim as of a blood ship's band
 And not with purpose was the light
 In eyes where shone reflected sight
 Like steel that glitters bright and keen
 And snaked with shadows shifting green
 Of hellish passions that have swayed
 And there its mark relentless made.*



fortune she might have, from making a good passage to getting extra duff on Sunday, to the foresight and prudence of her owners in calling her "Annie" instead of "Andrew" or "Jane" instead of "James."

A baby born with a caul will never be drowned, nor a sailor who carries a caul in his sea bag. When passing the Cape of Good Hope, if you see the Flying Dutchman's spectre ship, it foretells disaster. If your ship reaches the mystic Sargasso Sea, where driftwood and wrecks abound, it will be impossible to get through its unmoving waters. If the moon is on her back it'll be dry and when she's face down you can expect rain. A ring around the moon means a gale.

Coming again to the sea superstitions of today: On White Star Line ships there are no staterooms numbered 13. They run 12, 12A, 14. This applies also to seats in the dining room. A few months ago while the Finnish four-masted bark *Hougomont* was on her recent long passage from Australia to harden her youthful crew, all grew beards, seeing no reason for shaving. Then, in the doldrums, the captain ordered them all to shave off their beards, as they were holding up the ship! When the fishing Schooner *Eleanor Nickerson* was rammed and sunk a few weeks ago by the *Jean Jadot* one of the superstitions of the sea was violated when the Belgian captain carried his young wife aboard the *Jean Jadot* on her maiden trip. "That is why," said he with the tears streaming down his face, "the terrible disaster occurred!" for the superstition is that no woman should be aboard a ship on her maiden voyage.

Yes—even the supposedly unromantic seaman of the twentieth century has his superstitions—vestiges of the era of sail—which he hesitates to relinquish, despite the scoffings of landlubbers.

AMONG MEMORIALS STILL AVAILABLE AT THE INSTITUTE 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

NATIVE CHIEFS AT BREAKFAST

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 voyages between 1792 and 1832 in command of the "Betsy." The following excerpt describes one of the experiences while on the voyage from New York to the South Seas.

TWO of the chiefs received an invitation from the captain to take breakfast on board the ship; he, having previously observed that his guests were remarkably fond of fried fish, had plenty of this prepared, together with a suitable quantity of coffee, bread, et cetera, for their own, more particular gratification. The invited guests were placed at the after end of the cabin table, himself and officers seating themselves around; before each of the former, the steward, according to directions, had placed a goodly quantity of the fish. Knives and spoons conveying too dainty a morsel for their liking, were left unemployed, hands the while performing the duty, and stuffing as much into their mouths as could there be crammed; as if fearful there was no more for them, another small lot was thrust in by way of filling up, the whole then being twisted and turned about so that the bones might work or be picked out at the corners of the mouth. In the effort to swallow such a tremendous portion, it was necessary to

stretch the neck a little and bring the head forward, a performance somewhat like that acted out by our domestic fowls, who good naturedly have almost choked themselves with Indian meal, the execution requiring sundry laborious attempts to swallow the mass; when this was happily achieved, another mouthful was made to follow as speedily as might be. One of the chiefs, having his mouth thus comfortably filled, pointed to a dish of brown sugar, and the captain, supposing he had set his affections upon having some, took a small matter of it in a teaspoon, and as well as he conveniently could, without being rude, put a little in this chief's mouth, alongside of what was already there lodged, some crowding being necessary to do this however. One would hardly have thought he could taste it; but he did, and not at all liking it, gave one puff, and very unceremoniously blew fish and sugar, pell mell, over the dishes and table. This the officers thought was rather too impolite, and rose to leave the table; the captain, however, reminded them it was best not to regard the offense of the invited guests, whereupon they reseated themselves and concluded the repast in good humor.

JOTTINGS FROM THE S. C. I. LOG

Seamanship and Sportsmanship

THE BERMUDA RACE TRAGEDY

WHEN Mr. Robert Somerset brought his cutter *Jolie Brise* into Montauk with the survivors of the *Adriana*, destroyed by fire at the outset of the Bermuda race, he published no details of the rescue. We are glad that a letter from Mr. Paul Hammond now records the fine seamanship which Mr. Somerset displayed in coming up to leeward of a burning ship in a considerable sea—a maneuver whereby he accepted a greater risk to his own boat in order to make the rescue more certain. Mr. Hammond's letter also brings out the fact that Mr. Charles Kozlay in reality sacrificed his life for the others. Sticking to the helm in spite of the flames in his face, he assisted in the rescue of his shipmates, not himself jumping until it was just too late.

The tragic occurrence at least exemplified once more the loyalty of the modern small-boat sailor to all the highest traditions of the sea. Mr. Somerset has said no word as to what must have been his disappointment in giving up a race that he had come all the way from England to win; that is natural, for it goes without saying that at sea the safety of life stands before every other consideration. But it was the modesty of all fine sportsmanship that left him silent upon the skill he showed in the rescue and upon the fact that the loss of one life was not his fault. We are glad to pay our tribute to him and to the selfless courage with which Mr. Kozlay obeyed a great tradition in the face of death.

Editorial in THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE, July 5, 1932.

Initiative

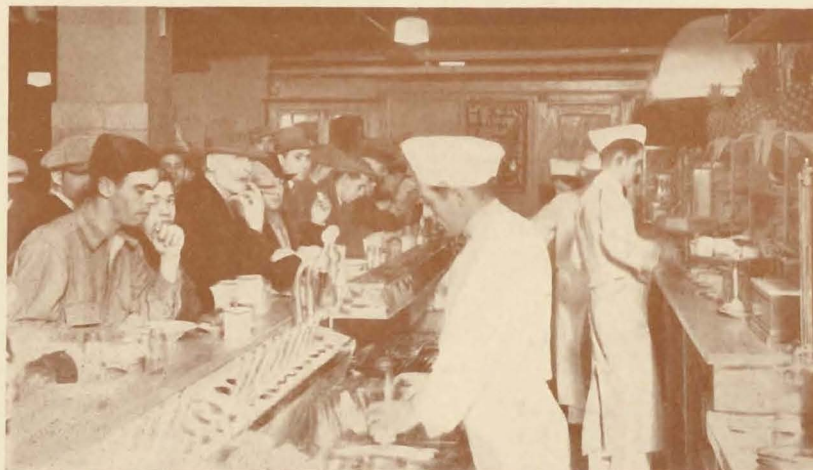
"THE modern girl certainly knows what she wants and goes right out and gets it," commented the head of our employment bureau one morning, about ten months ago. "That blonde young woman you just saw leave my office came here to the Institute yesterday to ask me to help her get a job as stewardess aboard one of the new E.....Line ships. I told her that many were trying for the position and that her chances were slim. So she just went out on her own initiative, told them of her experience on other ships, and got the job. She just dropped in to tell me the good news."

Three months later, our efficient stewardess was the first woman patient in the Institute's dental clinic. She was convinced that, as a seafarer, she was qualified to attend our clinic. Our dentist agreed that there was no law prohibiting a sea-woman, so he fixed her teeth.

A few days ago this same stewardess reported to our employment bureau head that she was going to be married to the chief steward on the same ship on which she worked. The Institute's chaplain arranged a pretty little wedding for them in the Chapel of Our Saviour. One seaman volunteered to play his violin and our organist played the famous march from Lohengrin. (After the wedding the violinist obtained a job through the bridegroom to work on his ship.)

So an attractive young woman, through her initiative, and the Institute's friendly help, obtained a job, had her teeth fixed and found herself a husband!

SIX MONTHS OF SERVICE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN



356,128 Sales Made at Soda Fountain—January 1st to July 1st, 1932

Some of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK from January 1st to July 1st, 1932:

- 204,997 Lodgings Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds)
- 179,848 Meals Served in Cafeteria and Dining Room
- 356,128 Sales Made at Soda Fountain
- 21,626 Pieces of Baggage Checked
- 27,663 Books and Magazines Distributed
- 33,942 Special Social Service Needs Filled
- 8,774 Relief Loans to 3,791 Seamen
- 45,707 Emergency Relief Transactions
- 2,665 Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics
- 861 Positions Procured for Seamen
- 117 Missing Seamen Located
- 125 Religious Services Attended by 7,398 Seamen
- 15,009 Services Rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry
- 25,928 Information Desk Interviews
- 3,387 Articles of Clothing and 2,104 Knitted Articles Distributed
- 118 Entertainments in Auditorium Attended by 83,431 Seamen
- \$175,617.08 Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

The Institute's Champion Kiddie Polo Team is in despair. Its uniforms are threadbare; its equipment, like the famous "one hoss shay" is about to fall into pieces, after two seasons of strenuous polo games. Will some of our kind readers help us to replenish the supply of sneakers, shorts, emblems, hockey sticks and kiddie cars by sending a contribution and designating it for our Recreation Fund? To outfit two teams of ten seamen costs \$50.00. Last year we had four teams. Let us hope that our friends will come to the rescue as generously this year. Any amount will be most acceptable.

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*It is with feelings of deepest regret that the Board of Managers announces the death of two of its members, MR. ROBERT L. HARRISON, who for thirty-one years was a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and also MR. JOHN J. RIKER, who was a member of the Board for sixteen years.