

The LOOKOUT



SEA GULLS IN FLIGHT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL XXIII

OCTOBER, 1932

This month's cover is by Earl Rossman from Ewing Galloway. The sea gulls were photographed from the front of a boat among the icebergs of a northern sea.

The LOOKOUT
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 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.

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VOL. XXIII

OCTOBER, 1932

No. 9

AN INTERESTING EVENING AT THE THEATRE

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK takes pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been completed for its Eighth Annual Theatre Benefit, to take place on

WEDNESDAY EVENING
 NOVEMBER 2nd

at the Henry Miller Theatre,
 124 West 43rd Street.

We have reserved the entire orchestra and mezzanine for the **SECOND NIGHT PERFORMANCE** of "The Late Christopher Bean", a new play by Sidney Howard, adapted from the brilliant success of the Paris season, "Prenez Garde à La Peinture", by René Fauchois.

Pauline Lord, the original heroine of "Anna Christie" and "They Knew What They Wanted" will have the leading role. Supporting her will be an excellent cast including Walter Connolly, and Ernest Lawford (who is best known for his roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.) We believe that all the Institute's friends who attend this play will thoroughly enjoy the wholesome and humorous situations and the delightful acting.

Orchestra Seats are \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00.



Miss Pauline Lord

Mezzanine Seats are \$10.00 (first row), \$5.00 and \$3.00.

Tickets will be assigned in the order in which reservations are received, so please make your plans NOW to attend, with a party of friends, the Institute's Benefit Performance of this play.

Kindly make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to: Theatre Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

The Institute has a very large deficit but hopes that, with your support of this Benefit, we may raise a sufficient fund to carry on.

"FISHERS OF MEN"

WHEN Yves Nicole, skipper of the fishing smack Yette II, and his companion, Joseph Colin, put into Cherbourg with seven survivors of the Promethee submarine disaster, they were immediately hailed as heroes by the townspeople.

It happened that two of the *Institute's* devoted friends were traveling in Europe at the time and they read the account of the gallant rescue in the *Paris Herald* and wrote to Dr. Mansfield: "We thought that this article would interest you and that it might not be in the New York papers, so send it to you. These modern fishermen still seem to be 'FISHERS OF MEN.'"

The heroic skipper, Nicole, modestly explained his part in the rescue of seven men in which sixty-three souls were lost. "Voila," said he, waving a bronzed hand toward Cape Levi. "We had to make all possible speed and the nets were heavy. So we chucked them overboard."

Cutting away 4,000 francs' worth of nets must have been a difficult thing for the young skipper to decide to do. But, true to the stern traditions of the sea, they abandoned their nets and by speedy sailing, saved Captain Coespel Du Mesnil and six others from the lost submarine. Nicole has been recommended for the

medal for bravery at sea.

And speaking of gallant rescues — LOOKOUT readers may remember the story in the June issue of Chief Officer Paul Weber who received a check for \$2.42 for the rescue of two Japanese seamen in 1921 in the port of Yokkaichi during a typhoon. We are happy to report that through the influence of the *Institute*, Officer Weber's bravery was brought to the attention of the Life Saving Benevolent Association recognized his deed by awarding him a hundred dollars.

Still another brave rescue took place on South Street one evening in July. Able-bodied seaman Henry Kearney, unemployed, was standing in front of the *Institute* when he was attracted by a crowd running toward Pier 5, East River. Without even stopping to take off his cap, young Kearney, age 28, jumped in. He found his man, Seaman Charles D—, who had fallen in accidentally and who was going down for the third time. Kearney dragged him, unconscious, to a ladder and both seamen were taken to Broad Street Hospital. Kearney's clothing was soaked and ruined, so he came to the *Institute* where Mother Roper outfitted him with a new suit.

Of such stuff are sailormen made!

WHAT ABOUT SEAMEN'S FAMILIES?

WHEN generous-hearted citizens are besieged with appeals from worthy charities for funds, it is a difficult problem to decide which class of unfortunates need help the most. Many people feel that their gifts should go to families, that the single unemployed men should shift for themselves. That is what the majority of seafarers are doing: they are stepping aside in order that women and children may first be helped. But many of these seamen are married and do have families and dependents.

Following are a few actual case records which show how the *Institute* is using your contributions to help the distressed families of our seamen. So when you send your annual check, please remember that we, too, are helping both the single and married seamen, and make it as liberal an amount as you can possibly spare.

James W., age 29, born in Minneapolis, a third assistant engineer of the self-respecting, self-dependent type. He has always had steady employment and was able to show records of the past four years of continuous service with the D..... Line. During this period he has maintained his family (wife and child, aged 3) in New Jersey. At last, however, with the tying up of ships and the reduction of crews he was discharged. As the weeks passed and no work could be obtained, he found himself unable to provide food and shelter for his family. The relief agencies were unable to assume new responsibilities. His only recourse was to send his wife and child to live with his people who reside on a small farm in Minnesota. He was unable to secure transportation and appealed to the *Institute* for help. Upon investigation it was found that his parents would provide a home for the wife and child but could not pay the train fare. The *Institute* paid this (\$35.68), which leaves James free to look for work without the added worry about his family.



A Letter from Home

Floyd T., born in New Orleans, age 38, engineer, had searched vainly for work. He and his wife started a little restaurant in New Orleans to support themselves and their two young children (4 years and 22 months respectively). Believing that his wife could carry on the business, Floyd came to New York to seek an engineer's job. The restaurant (on which they had no insurance) burned to the ground and, without Floyd's knowledge or consent, the wife and children came to New York, spending their last savings to get here. A man owed Floyd about \$50.000 but until this could be collected they had only \$2.40. The *Institute* paid the room rent and gave the family \$6.00 for food.

Norman S., born in Connecticut, age 21, ordinary seaman. His father deserted his mother and two younger children, leaving Norman the sole support of the family. He got a job on a ship but after making two trips the ship tied up and he found himself stranded in New York. (He had sent all his wages home, expecting to ship out again immediately.) He received an offer of work in his home town so the *Institute* gave him transportation to return home and a little extra to keep his mother and sisters until his first pay day. (\$4.75)

CONCERNING SEAMEN'S RIOTS IN NEW YORK

Reprinted from "The Living Church," September 17, 1932, by Rev. Harrison Rockwell

WHEN, on August 18th, a serious riot occurred at the Seamen's Church Institute here in New York, the writer endeavored at once to obtain from the officials of the Institution an authentic account of what had happened and why. The daily press had reported the occurrence, but their statements were not as complete as one could desire for use in these columns. Churchmen throughout the country know of the great service and influence of the Seamen's Church Institute, and are justly proud of the extraordinary achievements of the Rev. Dr. Mansfield, the superintendent, and his staff of co-workers. It was surmised that many of our readers would wonder why this beneficent institution had been stormed by a crowd of unemployed seamen, and would wish to know the viewpoint of the Institute's managers concerning the affair. Our efforts to obtain this information have been delayed by the absence from the city of the Rev. Dr. Mansfield. He has been spending several weeks in Canada, and has just returned to New York. Today the following information for THE LIVING CHURCH was given out.

The vicinity of South Street and Coenties Slip, where the Seamen's Church Institute buildings are located, is a popular lounging spot for seamen in port. The neighboring park is a favorite place for congregating. Here gather a considerable number of sailors out of work. To this company of unemployed, representatives of the Communists have made their approaches; they have made them with considerable success. Picture South Street, one side of which is the East River. Small, old, and poor buildings

make up much of the neighborhood on the other side. In its midst rises the imposing building of the Institute, offering in its impressiveness a ready target for the men of that neighborhood who are rebellious against present economic conditions. It is not a difficult matter for radical leaders to convince many of the several hundred unemployed seamen who make the vicinity of the Institute their hang-out that the Institution is a wealthy organization, that it represents moneyed interests, that it has no concern for the men out of work, that it exists as a money-making affair, and in that it is exceedingly successful. Headway has been made in convincing unemployed, uninformed seamen from all over the world that the above is an accurate description of the spirit of the Institute.

Riot One of Series

The riot of August 18th was the most serious one in a series of hostile manifestations which have been exhibited against the Institute and its managers since the winter of 1930-31. The determination shown in this last attack may have been due to feeling aroused over the arrest, two weeks previous, of one of the radicals who was found disseminating Communistic literature within the building. Not only is distribution of any literature there against the rules of the Institute but this was for the purpose of stirring up prejudice against the Institution. The guards at the door were attacked in the fracas of August 18th, they were bound, beaten, and otherwise severely injured by the group of a dozen men who broke in. Residents of the building and the police prevented the disturbance from going

further than the main lobby. Most of the huge number of seamen who regard 25 South Street as home when on land are not responsive to these appeals. It is said that not more than 2 per cent of the, at least, 8,000 sailors who enter the building daily are in any way sympathetic with the Communist propaganda offered them. They who are informed of the extent of extreme radical sentiment of this sort here in New York state that the vicinity of the Seamen's Church Institute is one of the strongest rallying points. They claim, further, that this home for seamen has exerted great influence in preventing the spread of Communism along the waterfront.

Communist Bulletins

Communist activities in the neighborhood of the Institute are directed by the Waterfront Unemployed Council which has its office at 140 Broad Street. The foregoing is a resumé of the information given your correspondent by one of the authorities of the Institute.

The following are quotations from the mimeographed bulletins passed out in large quantities among the out-of-work seamen by representatives of the Waterfront Unemployed Council:

"The S. C. I. is rooted in Capitalism. It is an outgrowth of this system as much as the police, its institutions of justice, etc., and when we fight it we face Capitalism in its whole panoply. There is but one way of fighting the Institute. Use the same methods as we fight organized Capitalism: DIRECT ACTION!" . . .

"Whatever labor difficulties arose on the waterfront unfailingly the S. C. I. sided with the ship-owners. It helps to break not only marine strikes

but also of industries on shore. Organize and fight the holy flop house. Demand relief from the bosses." (Editor's Note: It is easy to see that these are the violent threats of anarchists, not of law-abiding seamen. Slogans such as "Unite and Fight!", "Strike!", "Demonstrate, Reds!" indicate the nature of the outbreaks against law and order.)

It should be stated, in conclusion, that the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is never self-supporting. By reason of the excellence and completeness of its great plant, provided by generous donors and maintained by income from its residents and from interested friends, the Institute seems to the uninformed, unemployed seamen an opulent organization which could help him but will not. It is the symbol of a hostile capitalism, the group that is responsible for his unemployment, hunger and want. That he can be influenced to attack as his enemy one of the most humanitarian institutions New York has ever had explains the situation there, past and present.

Editor's Note: At the Institute more than 500 unemployed, destitute seamen last winter were given two meals and a night's lodging FREE OF CHARGE every day, at a cost of \$.65 per man per day. In addition, nearly 100 self-respecting seamen took advantage of the "relief loans," a credit system which provides food and lodging during periods of temporary financial difficulties. Only about 25 per cent of these loans are repaid, owing to shipping conditions, which virtually means that 75 per cent are straight relief gifts and not loans.



So Many Ships Tied Up, So Many Men Hungry.

As winter draws near we view with apprehension the months when increased unemployment among seamen is inevitable . . . when inclement weather is bound to bring suffering in its wake. The Institute was never before in its history so sorely tried and challenged as during these trying times.

Although the economic skies are clearing, this improvement has not been reflected in shipping. The report of the British Chamber of Commerce dated January 1st, 1932, estimated that twelve million tons of the world's shipping are tied up, and since January two million more tons have been forced out of active service. This means that seamen all over the world are out of jobs and rapidly losing their status as "active" merchant seamen. There are other reasons besides the tremendous deflation of prices for this abnormal tying up of ships. First of all, all the newer ships are oil-burners, which require less engine room crews and less deck crews, because the ships are cleaner and need less painting and polishing. Furthermore, several million tons of old vessels should be scrapped as they are obsolete and their owners cannot pay to have them reconditioned. Thirdly, the decrease in foreign trade and the reduced number of passengers tend to diminish the number of men employed in the stewards' departments.

WHEN WINTER COMES

Statistics in our Relief Department show that by far the greater number of seamen applying for help are American-born or naturalized citizens and therefore, the responsibility of helping them is America's. The alien seamen, for the most part, have either been deported or have voluntarily returned to their native countries.



*Copyright N. Y. Herald-Tribune
We Must Begin Now to Face It.*

President Hoover, in addressing the welfare organizations of this nation, said: "We must maintain the spiritual impulses in our people for generous giving and generous service—and in the spirit that each is his brother's keeper. Personal feeling and personal responsibility of men and women to their neighbors is the soul of genuine good-will; it is the essential foundation of modern society."

* * *

The morale of the seamen is being seriously affected by the agitators and leaders of the Communist and I.W.W. organizations. Many sailors are easy victims because they are unemployed, destitute and desperate. They look to the Institute. We cannot fail them in their hour of need. Will YOU help us stand by? We are helpless without the generous and loyal support of our friends.

Please send your contributions to:

HARRY FORSYTH, Chairman Ways & Means Committee
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PITFALLS FOR THE SAILOR

By FELIX COUNT LUCKNER, "The Sea Devil"

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Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers,
"A Boy Scout With the Sea Devil."

THE sea is the sailor's power, yet he is always eager to get to port. There are two places that are ever in his mind: his home, if he has any, and the port where he will be paid off. For months Jack Tar handles no money. He dreams of the wad of bank bills that will be placed in his hands and of ways to spend it. Aboard, no magazine or newspaper, no matter how old, is left unread. Old fashion plates go from hand to hand. An evening suit with a waistcoat cut as low as possible so as to show a vast expanse of festive shirt front arouses a general discussion.

"Hans, my boy, look at that rig. What would your sweetheart in Dusseldorf say if she saw you in that?"

Mail order catalogues are thoroughly thumbed.

"What! a gramophone like that for

forty marks? I must have it, and all the latest songs."

They plan trips into the interior of the Fatherland.

"We will go to Munich in Bavaria. They say you can see the Alps from there."

The homegoings are anticipated with elaborate talk.

"Won't the old woman be glad to see me, particularly when I unwrap that silk dress I bought for her in Singapore."

On shore everything is different from what Jack Tar expected. He has had the experience a hundred times, but he always has it again. The crowds do not give companionship. Everything is too much in a hurry. What people talk about does not interest him. He is out of touch with things.

Jack Tar is ever a mark for thieves. Aboard ship the comradeship of man with man will not tolerate dishonesty. A theft between shipmates is the worst of crimes. No sea chest is ever locked. On land Jack Tar likes bright lights and gaieties, and there, for some reason, a great abundance of swindlers are found to take him in. You go about Sankt Pauli, all sails set. You join a group and find that a horse has fallen down and broken its leg. You hear a groan. You turn around, and somebody says:

"Please, young man, can't you tell me the shortest way to a pawn shop?"

"A pawn shop? I don't know of any."

"That is too bad. I am forced to pawn the last heirloom from my dear mother."

"What is it?"

"A diamond ring."

He takes the ring from his finger,

kisses it, and hands it to me. While I look at it, a well-dressed man sidles up and addresses me.

"I beg your pardon for having been curious enough to listen to your conversation. It is luck for you that I happen to be a jeweller. I should not like to see you taken advantage of. Real diamond rings are seldom offered in the streets."

The first fellow gets mad:

"Do you think I would try to cheat anyone with a ring that belonged to my sainted mother?"

"I have nothing to do with you. I am trying to protect this young man."

The jeweller examines the ring through a glass, and then whispers to me.

"Ask him how much he wants for it."

I ask and receive the reply.

"Ten marks at least."

"He must have stolen it," the jeweller whispers again. "It is valuable. Give him twenty marks for it to get it quickly. Then follow me to my store and I will give you a hundred."

Delighted at the opportunity to make money on land, I gave the man twenty marks for the ring. He hurries away. I look for the jeweller, whom I am to follow. He has disappeared. At a bone fide jeweller's I am told:

"It is a rhinestone, not a bad value for three marks."

Tedje and I take in the Hamburg Dom. From the rows of booths come promises of unparalleled sights. The sights we see in strange lands don't interest us, but at carnivals ashore it is different.

"Step in, step in," a barker howls, "and see what nobody ever saw or ate."

"What is it?" Tedje demands cautiously.

"Step in, and you will hear a canary bird talking Plattdeutsch, Low German. Five hundred marks reward if the bird does not talk Plattdeutsch."

We have never heard a canary bird talking any language, least of all Plattdeutsch. We join the crowd going in.

A canary bird in a cage is brought on to the platform. An elegantly dressed gentleman announces:

"Permit me to introduce this bird to you. His name is Hans."

"Never mind," shouts a sailor, "we want to hear him talk Deutsch."

"You will hear him, gentlemen. Hans—" and now he speaks in the Plattdeutsch dialect—"Hans, tell me what I should smoke, a cigar or a pipe." He pronounces the word pipe as "peep," in Plattdeutsch fashion.

In response the canary bird twitters:

"Peep."

"There, you see, gentlemen, the bird talked Plattdeutsch."

There is loud laughter and we all go out and tell the others that the bird talked Deutsch. Why should we be the only fools?

Perhaps Jack Tar gets engaged to be married to the daughter of a "crimp." That costs him all his money. Or he gets drunk and everything is taken away from him.

Hein and Tedje meet back on their ship.

"Well, Tedje, how did Munich strike you?"

Tedje, who did not get away from the Hamburg water front, merely asks in turn:

"Did you get your gramophone?"

Although the North Sea may not be exactly the sailor's friend, the disillusioned tars are glad when sail is raised and they see water all around them once more.

JOTTINGS FROM THE S. C. I. LOG



The Green Light

A thirteen year old school girl, Betty Barlow, visited the Institute and wrote a composition; here is part of what she wrote:

"While looking idly at the skyline of New York, have you ever noticed a green light emerging from a tower which protrudes from a building in the lower right hand corner of Manhattan? If you followed that light you would find yourself at 25 South Street. Upon entering you would notice men of all descriptions and nationalities. Some were in caps and overalls, while others were attired in spic-and-span suits, with their hats placed at a collegiate angle. Perhaps you would stand looking for a man in a navy blue uniform. Then again you might know that these men without the uniforms are sailors, usually referred to as seamen. After wandering through the cafeteria, game rooms, etc., you would suddenly remember the green light and ask your guide what it is. His answer is, a memorial

to the passengers and crew of the Titanic."

LIFE on the Western waterfront is depicted by Max Miller, reporter on the San Diego Sun, in a new book, entitled "I Cover the Waterfront," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. It is a series of whimsical sketches written in a tugboat office and its principal charm is its informal, humorously philosophical style. The author sets down his impressions of all the events that occur in the busy harbor, as he covers them for his paper. They contrast strangely with life on the New York waterfront, but are every bit as interesting to the reader.

Our Dental Clinic Has a Birthday

WE are very proud of our Dental Clinic's report of one year of service. Of the 1,000 seamen who came to the Clinic during the year, 960 received dental treatment. About 25 per cent have returned for periodic re-examinations as advised by our dentist and hygienist. There has been a total of 3,460 sittings, which include 1,116 fillings, 859 extractions, 113 plates and partials, 350 cleanings and other services such as bridge-work, inlays, crowns and X-rays. Many steamship companies have sent members of their crews requiring dental work and every day the Clinic grows more popular. It was the gift of Mrs. Elisha Whittelsey and is known as the "Dr. William D. Tracy" Clinic.

Illustrious Names

Three seamen with famous literary names have registered at our hotel desk during the course of the past month or two. They are Thomas Hardy (an A. B.); Francis Bacon (an engineer); and William James (an ordinary seaman, or O. S.)

"A Sailor Named Rodrigo"

(Histories allude to "a sailor named Rodrigo" as the one of Columbus's crew who first sighted the outlines of the New World.)
Night falls upon the unknown sea where creep

The groping caravels across the dark,
Mutiny menacing each haggard bark,
Columbus prostrate in reluctant sleep,
Then, with the dawn's first awe of silver,
leap
Your words, pale watcher: "Land! to the
leeward! Land!
Ship calls to ship, men wake with shouting,
and
"Salve Regina!" swells along the deep.

Still down the years the echo of that cry
Wakes the wild yearning in the hearts of
men
For undiscovered realms beyond their ken
That lure the brave through pathless sea
and sky,
Still gloriously live, and humbly die,
Like you, Rodrigo, those forgotten ones
Who point horizons past the unveiling
suns,
Or hew the trail across earth's stern defy.

Fame's first resource, the last if need
depart;
Alert in peril, loyal past disguise,
The very sinew of all enterprise
Without whose faith were neither road nor
chart.
Yet you alone, perchance, O lionheart,
Who first beheld my country's virginal
face,
Find here your name enshrined within a
space,
Rodrigo, sailor, who stood watch apart.
GRACE CLEMENTINE HOWES.
Reprinted from the New York Times,
October 12, 1931.

The Odd Shoe

An odd shoe was found in some seaman's abandoned luggage. Our Slop Chest guardian decided that it was too new and of too good a quality to throw away even though there was no mate to it. So he kept it for several months. One day a one-legged man came in and asked for the shoe. He was delighted that we hadn't discarded it as it had cost him ten dollars and therefore he kept it "for best" and wore an old one at work.



From a Contributor

"Dear Mr. Forsyth:

"Incomes may rise or fall, but my heart-felt interest in your work for the sailors remains the same. Every time I cross the ocean, my appreciation of their steady, faithful work is increased. I hope that next year I shall be in a position to increase my gift. May I express my admiration of your eloquently worded appeals? It is not so easy to voice, year after year, feelings that carry conviction of their truth and go straight to the heart."

From Fort Stanton, New Mexico

"Dear Mother Roper: Am writing to ask if you can supply us (us meaning the twenty-two patients in ward 10, U. S. Marine Hospital) with seven radio tubes. We have been given a radio but we have no tubes and as you know we have no means of buying them. The radio is a Kolster, type 7-A, Serial No. R106287X. If it is possible to get these tubes we will appreciate your kindness."

May we expect a reply from some LOOKOUT reader who could send seven radio tubes to these men?

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING



WHEN you are thinking of a risky livelihood with meager returns, Reader, think of these gallant men of the sea, brave in death as in life. The world could not do without them, yet overlooks their countless acts of heroism. "Okay, pal," these boys say on their death beds, with reassuring smiles for their shipmates as they pass into the Great Beyond.

There are many worthy seafarers in dire circumstances today. The best way to help them

is through the Institute. A memorial object in the Institute's Annex will pay tribute down the years to these dauntless mariners and will at the same time help the living by providing a roof over their heads during the cold days ahead. "Let the lower lights be burning, Send a gleam across the wave, Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save." By subscribing to a Memorial, you will also help to reduce our Building Debt to the extent of the amount subscribed.

Following is a list of Memorials still available:

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

AN EIGHT MONTHS' RECORD OF SERVICE TO SAILORS



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

257,546	Lodgings Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds)
213,308	Meals Served in Cafeteria
437,622	Sales Made at Soda Fountain
28,494	Pieces of Baggage Checked
37,918	Books and Magazines Distributed
44,395	Special Social Service Needs Filled
11,916	Relief Loans to 4,967 Seamen
3,411	Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics
996	Positions Procured for Seamen
163	Missing Seamen Located
152	Religious Services Attended by 8,569 Seamen
19,422	Services Rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry
33,775	Information Desk Interviews
4,037	Articles of Clothing and 2,162 Knitted Articles Distributed
127	Entertainments in Auditorium Attended by 90,732 Seamen
\$236,837.88	Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

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*As we go to press we regret to announce the death of Rev. Frank Warfield Crowder, D.D., rector of St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church, who was a member of the Institute Board of Managers for fourteen years.