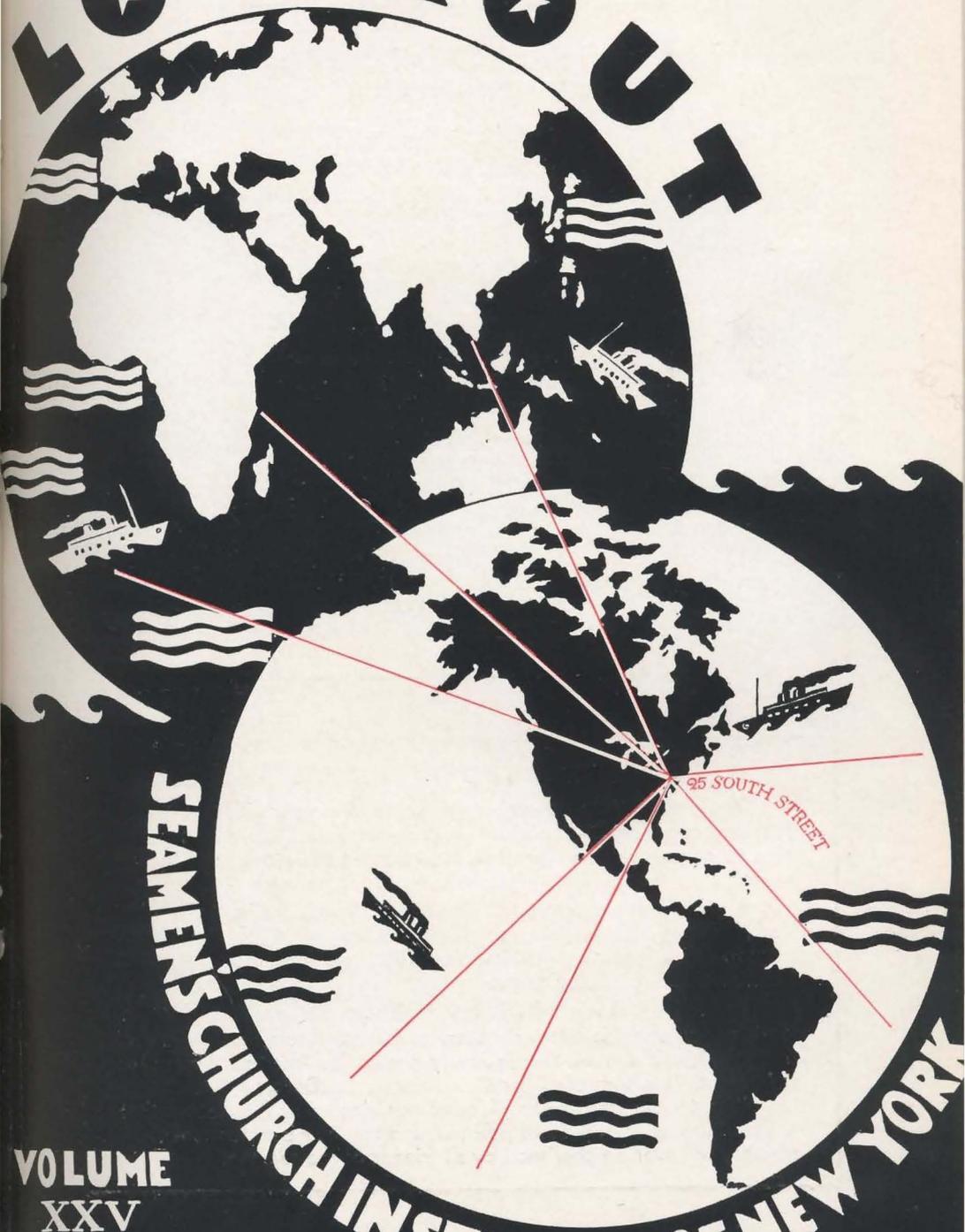


THE

LOOKOUT



SEAMENS CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

**VOLUME
XXV
SEPTEMBER
1934**

THIS MONTH'S COVER is made available to the Institute through the courtesy of Mayor LaGuardia's Poster Committee of Unemployed Artists.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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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," incorporated under the laws 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. XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1934

No. 8

A MODERN TREASURE CAVE



Baggage Room at the Institute

IN the old days of the Spanish Main, of lusty pirates and buccanniers, the treasures of the crew were stored in some secret cavern, guarded by trusted members of the band. If buried, their location was charted, and their owners, confident of their safety, went out in search of additional plunder.

The annual exodus of treasure hunters in search of buried gold focuses attention on the fact that sailors still have the collecting habit. Nothing has changed his love of possession. Trophies and spoils may have given place to souvenirs of odd corners of the globe, sea chests to sea bags, duffel bags to suitcases, yet the sailor's pride in ownership, his love for oddities, his habit of collecting, is as dominant as ever.

As for the island, it is not a fabled one in the Aegean, the West Indies or the South Seas—the modern Treasure Island is Manhattan. No pirates' chart, no baffling signs of cross and compass disclose the location of the cave thereon. Follow any group of docking sailormen up South Street, the seamen's domain in New York, and you will have the clue. At Coenties Slip they will doubtless disappear within the tall shaft of the Institute. But that is only the beginning. Three stories below the ground is the cavern where thousands of items belonging to sailors have found a safe retreat.

Here great racks twice the height of a man's head hold duffel bags, sea chests, solid trunks, boxes, suitcases—old, new, travel worn—and

like a trip around the world is the reading of their tags—Singapore, Tokio, Rio, Calcutta, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Cadiz, Marseilles, Dundee, San Francisco.

Behind the "port of entry," as the seamen have dubbed the receiving window, stands the Captain of the Cavern, Robert Brine, a deep-chested stalwart seaman as salty as his name whose tattooed arms gleam in the electric light. Several men under him keep a steady pace back and forth from the window, stowing away fresh arrivals, digging up parcels claimed, climbing up and down the ladders with the agility of the seamen in the days of tall-masted clippers.

Like the restlessness of the sea tide, there is a continuous ebb and flow of the seafarers' belongings, more than 30,150 incoming pieces being received last year, not counting the innumerable times access is given to some part of a seaman's baggage. The outgoing stream last year alone counted more than 29,085 items.

Simple as are the sailor's tastes in clothes, frequent changes seem to be the order ashore. Daily 235 or more men make use of the "quick-change rooms," the small dressing rooms outside Mr. Brine's office.

The seaman may be accused of being unromantic, but his possessions belie it. The Institute established a Museum adjoining its Slop Chest on the second floor to accommodate the hundreds of unclaimed souvenirs. Spanish guitars, mandolins, Italian accordions, even a compact phonograph await their owners' hands. Sword canes, ivory elephants, Chinese vases, Turkish beads, handcuffs, carved ebony boxes, old coins, these are some of the abandoned items. In another corner framed pictures of sights and

scenes of different parts of the globe likewise await their wandering owners who may claim them upon proper identification.

A wash tub, rusty curtain rod, an old chair, even a bed and a garbage can filled with dishes speak of the domestic tranquillity of barge life near some port.

Racks of overcoats silently await the return of their owners who have temporarily forsaken them for the slickers, woolens, peajackets and sea boots that keep out the bite of Winter winds at sea. Pegs hung with small ditty bags—pocket editions of the sea bags beloved of the sailor—hold small unclassified packages.

A great pile of carpenters' boxes, marlin spikes, "palm and needle," sextants and other nautical instruments, even a few portable typewriters, occupy another part of the same floor.

If a man is lost at sea, if he is killed or dies in some foreign port, his boxes are opened in the "confiscation room," and the story of his life is revealed, strung together by photographs, letters, pictures, a good luck coin or two, a piece of ribbon, a bit of string, mementos and signs of other days. All personal belongings or valuables such as letters, discharges, documents are carefully filed in our Social Service Department to be returned to his family or nearest of kin should they be claimed.

But with curious fatalism many of the belongings of the sea return thereto—sea boots, uniforms, slickers, dungarees—many of these articles are laundered or drycleaned and then given to the out-of-luck seafarer who may be shipwrecked or "up against it" financially. An average of 700 such items of clothing are given out each month to needy seamen.

YARNS OF AN OLD SALT

"He was sixty if a day; a little man, with a broad not very straight back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other. . . . And he had blue eyes in that old face of his, which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul."

THE above quotation is from Joseph Conrad's story "Youth" yet it aptly describes Captain S. J. Smith, an old salt who came to the Institute from Charleston, South Carolina, where he sold his twenty-two-foot sloop *Dawn* after a year's solo voyaging and fishing in the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico.

Bronzed by the sun and wind, with the keen blue eyes of a real sailor, Captain Smith, nearing sixty summers, remarked that he had been voyaging for forty-one years. He first stowed away on the four-masted square-rigged ship *Lord Woolsey* in Melbourne, Australia, in 1893. Though the *Lord Woolsey* was cracked up on the rocks off San Francisco bay on her first voyage which incidentally was his as well, Smith never gave up the sea. At present he has an application in for a berth in Sailors' Snug Harbor, a haven for old salts, but there is a long waiting list, so in the meantime the Seamen's Church Institute's Employment Bureau is helping him to find one more sea job.

Captain Smith is a native of Adelaide, Australia. His parents trav-

elled from England to Australia on the famous *Torrens*, Joseph Conrad's last ship. "It was funny about my first trip, the *Lord Woolsey*," he said. "Her owners gave her up for lost and a salvage outfit got her off, converted her into a seven-masted barkentine and made a lot of money out of her. I think she is still in commission on the west coast.

"I did most of my sailing before the mast in the South Seas and the China sea, though I've also voyaged to Point Barrow, Alaska. Two years and seven months ago I had the *Dawn* built. I started out about a year ago from Jacksonville for Havana, navigating by dead reckoning. I hit a hurricane and lost half my sail and landed up at Matanzas. When the customs officials began to question me too much, I left, though I was there legally.

"I fished along the Florida keys and then went over to Shark river. I spent some time at Sandy Key, where the Louisiana Purchase money is supposed to be buried. One time I brought in four hundred pound of fish and got only \$4.00 for it.

"Speaking of fishing, did you ever hear of a shark playing 'heads and tails' with a fisherman? Some years ago I was in Charleston and shipping was very slack and a command was not to be had for love or money. I met a young fellow who owned a racing yacht, but was as broke as I was. I made a deal with him to



Capt. S. J. Smith

let me have her for a fishing smack in return for 15 per cent of the catch.

"I got a crew of eight fishermen, all oldtimers, to go to the banks for blackfish. Each man had two lines and four hooks on each line and, as we had but one dory, we fished from the deck. One night we found the fish were as hungry as a village deacon at a church social. We had visions of a four-ton catch and selling them at five cents a pound.

"But alas! the blooming sharks bit the tails off every darned fish before we could get them clear of the water. We sailed into Charleston and donated the heads to the Masters, Mates and Pilots Association and they gave us an invitation to their chowder party at Mount Pleasant.

"Of course, there are other fish that will take a bite at a person in the water. Barracuda and even a shoal of mackerel will make short work of a person. Another repulsive denizen of the deep is the octopus. While I was a very young lad I was making a voyage around the Horn in the British ocean training

ship *Macquarie*, with twenty-one apprentices and fifty-seven cadets aboard, with an instructor who was drunk all the time, a horse doctor for a surgeon and a lion tamer for a cook.

"During fine weather in the tropics, we boys used to take our baths over the side, suspended by a rope hung over the jib boom. One Sunday afternoon, while one of the boys was bathing a large octopus stretched forth his tentacles and would have carried the boy away from us, but we managed to haul both of them on board.

"The only way we could part them was by cutting the octopus in one-foot strips, which took a long time, as the tentacles were over eight feet long. The horse doctor surgeon fainted, the schoolmaster sobered up and the lion tamer's cockatoo, which hadn't spoken a word for eighty-six days, spread out his yellow crest, flapped his wings and challenged everybody within sound of his voice to 'Come outside—yes you! I am talking to you, you—!'"

CASE RECORDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our "case record" files in the Social Service Department run into the thousands. Many of them are human documents of misery and suffering. Gleaned from these files are a few unvarnished reports of "cases"—seamen who, by some stroke of misfortune, have been ill, injured, or in trouble. Readers will see how our social workers make every effort to restore these men to self respect, self support and good health. They are eloquent examples of what we mean by "social service." Mere "relief" is not enough. These men receive sympathy, understanding and consideration as well as material help.

John B. Age 21—Born San Francisco, Cal.—O. S. \$3.00

This young man is only 21 years of age but he has been going to sea for five years, and during this time

has helped to support his mother, who has been able to earn some money as a saleslady for a manufacturer of undergarments. A few weeks ago, however, his mother was struck by a motor-truck and had to be taken to Bellevue Hospital for treatment. She has now returned home but her meagre resources have been exhausted. The boy felt that he should leave the ship in order to take care of his mother until she was able to be about again. His funds are now exhausted and he was given \$3.00 for food to tide them over until he could return to his ship.

Roy C. Age 31—Born Nemaquin, Pa.—Fireman \$12.00

This man had been a mechanic before he went to sea. Since leaving his last ship in August of this year he has been unable to find another berth on shipboard. On the 18th of November, he received a telegram from his mother in Detroit stating that there was a job awaiting him in the shops if he could return to Detroit immediately. A bus ticket was provided.

Charles E. Age 23—Born Buffalo, N. Y.—A. B. \$5.00

Charles practically grew up on the waterfront. When he was very young his father and mother separated, and he set out to shift for himself. At the age of 12 he started going to sea and felt quite at

home on South Street. As he says now—"in those days I thought I was a wise guy but now I look at life different." On the beach in San Francisco five years ago, he associated with a rough crowd and one night they attempted a "stick up." They were caught and he has just finished a five year sentence in San Quentin. He hitchhiked his way back to this coast chiefly to avoid meeting any of his old companions, and to have a chance to make a new start. In less than a week our Employment Bureau found a job for him and now, after each trip, he comes in my office to tell me how he is getting along and how greatly he appreciated the fact that we had enough faith in him to help him when he was in need."

One of our numerous seaman-poets composed the following:

IN PASSING

What can I write about today?
You have it Sir! the N.R.A.
This act affects your weekly pay;
Per working hour from day to day.
This act, embracing, code on code
Each working atom will explode.
Creating superhuman power
In "thirty minutes" every hour.
Long have we waited for this day
Utopian times are on the way.
This great co-operative scheme
Will be a fact, and not a dream.
If not, you will allow at least
On fertile fancy we can feast.

Behold those banners blue and red
Which augur better days ahead
And don't forget the colors bright
An eagle on a field of white.
Perforce this Royal bird will squawk,
With talons he will tear and talk.
Whoever thinks he does not mean
He must be heard as well as seen
'Tis plain there is a law of life
That all men must observe
If we do not adhere to it
No mercy we deserve.
Come! Play your part then—
Do your bit—
There's but one life to live
So don't be Scotch, wear rubber heels
They're soft and always give.



Keystone View Co.
Survivors of the Nantucket Being Taken
Aboard the Olympic



Reproduced by courtesy of the artist, Charles Robert Patterson

“WE are far from the sight of
the harbour lights,
Of the seaports whence we came,
But the old sea calls and the cold
wind bites,
And our hearts are turned to flame.”

SO writes the poet-laureate, John
Masefield, who knows the sea at
first hand. . . . All school children
are familiar with his poem “Sea
Fever,”

“I must go down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that
may not be denied.”

And Joseph Conrad too, knew the
sea intimately and wrote of it: “Ah!
the good old time — the good old
time. Youth and the sea! Glamour
and the sea! The good, strong sea,
the salt, bitter sea, that could whis-
per to you and roar at you and
knock your breath out of you.”

So today, in spite of depressions,
we find more and more American
youths seeking to follow the sea.
And older men, once seamen, who
have returned to farms and inland
towns to try to eke out a living
ashore, have begun to flock again to
New York hoping to earn their
livelihood at sea.

Please help the Institute to maintain its position along the waterfront as
a bulwark of friendliness and strength a haven and a refuge for the men who
have heard the “call” of the sea and eagerly, hopefully await work on ship-
board.

Kindly send contributions to:
Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways and Means Committee
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street New York, N. Y.

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“CLL”
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A



Reproduced by courtesy of the artist, Charles Robert Patterson

Naturally, the improvement in
shipping has not been sufficient to
give employment to all these men
and boys and the result is that the
Institute finds an increasing num-
ber applying for food and lodging.

At present, more than 1200 active
merchant seamen are receiving
meals and beds at the Institute with
the aid of Federal Relief funds. But
these funds are not adequate to cover
the large volume of relief serv-
ices rendered. Nor does this appro-
priation cover the social service
work—the recreation, education, en-
tertainment, chaplains, social work-
ers, etc. For these we must depend
on the loyalty and generosity of our
friends.

With the close of the summer
cruise season there will be the usual
seasonal slump in shipping, and the
Institute views with apprehension
the overwhelming number of unem-
ployed, destitute seamen totally de-
pendent on us for the necessities of
life. But as always, we shall care
for them “on faith”, for we believe
that our landsmen friends will come
to the rescue and will not let these
worthy mariners suffer physical
hardships. It is bad enough for a
man's morale to be jobless, but if,
added to that, he endures bodily dis-
comfort—he cannot lead a normal
life.

PORT OF MISSING MEN (Continued)

And still the letters come to Mother Roper in response to her broadcast last January over the Seth Parker hour! She has been successful in locating some of the seamen, notably one Norwegian whose mother had not heard from him in thirty years! And an American sailor's sister saw him again after twenty years, thanks to Mrs. Roper's efforts. Here are excerpts from her correspondence, continued from the July LOOKOUT.

North Battleford, Sask., Canada

"The last time I saw you was in 1918 but your voice tonight was just the same as it was then. Our ship was sunk in collision in New York harbour and while arrangements were being made to ship us back to England, we stayed at Your Institute. On leaving you gave me a pair of socks. While the socks have long since gone the road of all good socks, the memory of your kindness to us boys still remains. May I wish you continued success in your good work and may you live many more years to mother all sailors."

Danbury, Connecticut

"I sure hate to be on the beach in New York for I don't know anyone in the city. I haven't got any home of my own. If it wasn't for a few friends I would have a pretty hard time. I get a few jobs once in a while to get something to eat."

Duluth, Minnesota

"If he is alive he would be 40 years of age. He left home in an angry mood when he was 20 years of age. He was a very hot tempered boy and was always getting into fights. In his more rational

moments he had a heart of gold and would give the shirt off his back to someone else. Our dear Mother passed on four years ago this month and our dear Father whose years are numbered often says he wonders where he is. Tell him even if he cannot come home to write us how and where he is."

San Gabriel, California

"I was so pleased to hear your voice a few minutes ago. I could not put off writing to let you know that your boys after quitting the sea and settling down to home life we do not forget you and are glad to hear your voice. My wife and I often mention your name in our home. She still has the letters you wrote her in 1923 when she was in England."



Mother Roper

Tacoma, Washington

"Tonight we have been listening to your broadcast with Philip Lord. We were intensely interested in the report of missing boys, for we have a brother who has been missing for fifteen years. Our Mother is suffering from an incurable disease and the doctors have told us that she can't last many months more. Her one hope and prayer is to locate this missing son, so on hearing the broadcast we wondered if there might be a chance that you or some of your boys could help us to locate this missing brother. His name is Eugene H., commonly called Mike, or used to be. He is about 35 and his right hand is badly mutilated."

HAIL TO THE MERCHANT MARINE!

Now that the Navy has gone away,
To you a few things I'd like to say,
About the AMERICAN MERCHANT
MARINE

An outfit no doubt you've never seen.
Go to 25 South, for your views
For publication in the "Daily News"
Of a sailor's version on feminine wiles,
Or perhaps the latest Paris styles.
You have raved and raved about the
Fleet,

But remember, WE bring them what they
eat.

The pudding they had for supper was nice
But WE went to China, to bring them
the rice.

The battleships are fast they say,
WE bring them fuel from miles away.
Coffee makes every breakfast complete,
WE go to Santos, to coffee the Fleet.
The paper on which you print your news
Was brought here by Merchant Marine
crews

That Spanish shawl which you think so
grand

We brought it from its native land.
The caviar, for the Park Ave. elite,

We bring from Russia for them to eat;
That jardiniere, with its flowers so gay
Did we not bring it from old Bombay?
The things you admire in the Fifth Av-
enue stores

We brought them from those foreign
shores;

For those beautiful things that lend you
grace

We went to Malta, to get the lace.

For miles up the Belgian Congo we
grope,

Just to bring you oils for your favorite
soap;

The makeup which makes you look so
sweet

Was never brought here by the U. S.
Fleet.

The Navy always gets the cake,

Why not give us Merchant Sailors a
break?

Just drop around at Twenty-five
And see for yourself that we're alive.

By Seaman A. Montagne.



Courtesy, Cunard Line

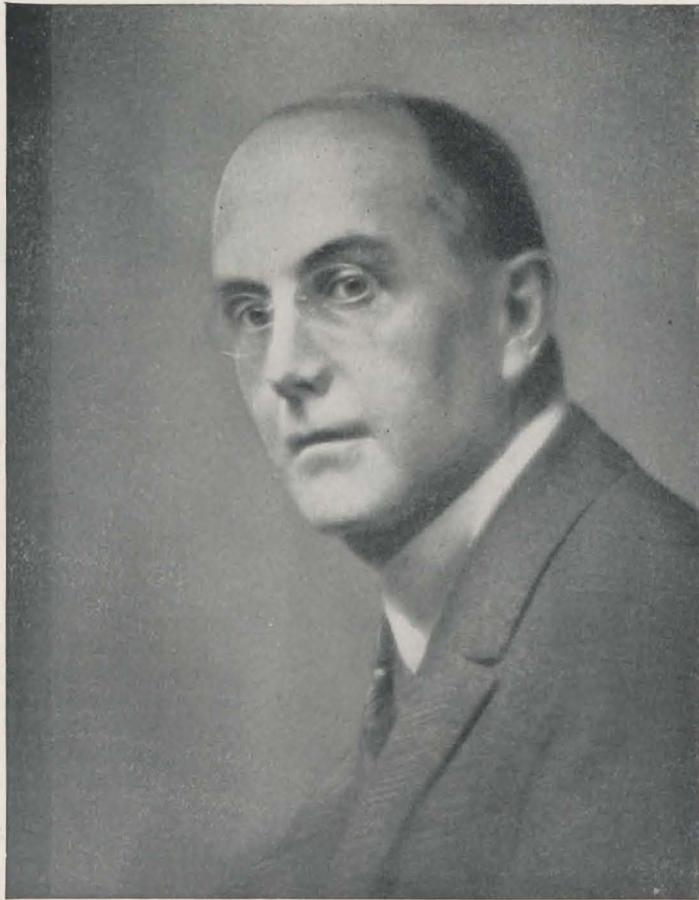
MASTER-AT-ARMS

Once policed the crew; today is chief
of the fire and police departments that
patrol the entire ship night and day.

MARINERS' "MALAPROPS"

A "Boner" is a humorous misuse of terms or ideas usually found in examination papers. But a "malaprop" is a coined word derived from the character, Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's play, "The Rivals", who continually misused words. Records show that 80% of a survey of 2,000 average seamen left school before the age of 17 and 75% left by the time they reached the eighth grade and from this we can see the great need for adult education among seamen. The following "malaprops" will indicate the importance of English in the curriculum! Perhaps the Conrad Library may encourage seamen to further study.

A sailor came to our Clinic and reported that he thought he had "a con-found fracture of the arm." Another seaman said that he didn't want to be sent to a hospital to have "any internals" working on him, and a ship's steward, wanted his birth certificate from "the Bureau of Vital Strategics." An oiler urged a social service worker to "vote Fuzzion" (Fusion). A deckhand complained that he had strained "the tenements" in his leg. A cabin boy said: "The dentist says my tooth is obsessed." A ship's carpenter said: "I don't want to be complicated in the affair." A barge captain reported that his boy was very "ill-lustrious" in school and got good report cards.



IT IS with profound sorrow that we record the death on July 29th of Mr. Walter Wood Parsons, who had been a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York since 1921 and a Lay Vice-President since 1931. Mr. Parsons was junior warden of All Saints Church, Great Neck, L. I. and a vestryman of St. James Church, New York. He was president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, New York, president of the New York Board of Underwriters and director of several banks and insurance companies.

He served the Institute from 1925 to 1927 as vice-chairman of

the Building campaign which raised nearly \$2,000,000. for the construction of the Annex Building. He was also one of the most active members of the Joint Emergency Committee which in the past three years has raised the special funds for unemployed seamen. His wise counsel and untiring efforts were always at the disposal of the Institute and his loyalty and devotion were a constant inspiration to his associates.

The Board of Managers, Staff and friends of the Institute join in heartfelt sympathy for Mr. Parsons' widow and children in their great loss.

BOOK REVIEWS

WATERFRONT

By John Brophy

MacMillan Co. Price \$2.00

The waterfront life of Liverpool is depicted in graphic language in this novel by a writer who combines fine revelation of character with exciting plot. The Mersey estuary with its slums, docks, liners and tramp steamers, its tides and winds and fogs affects the life of the heroine, Nora McCabe. She is a shop assistant and is in love with a ship's engineer out of work. Her father is a ship's fireman. A murder is committed yet this is not a murder story. Mr. Brophy is primarily concerned with the effect of the waterfront upon the lives of his characters. "And because," (Nora reasoned) "the estuary was now not half so busy as in its prime, because so many ships lay week by week under the derricks of the dock walls, her lover was penniless and desperate, economically unwanted. There formed on the fringe of her awareness, a conception of the estuary as it affected her life."

MEN, FISH AND BOATS

By Alfred Stanford

Morrow. Price \$3.00

This is a pictorial record of the intrepid and picturesque fishing population of the North Atlantic coast. Mr. Stanford's excellent captions tersely and effectively explain the photographs of the various activities of fishermen. Here are graphic sequences of "hand-lining", "beam trawling", "seining", "swordfishing" and the Gloucester races. Pictures of ice-laden schooners, Swampscott dories on the banks at night, fighting swordfish, prize catches and many others reveal the hardihood and heroism of these fishermen of the northern waters. Mr. Stanford knows his subject and has assembled a group of fascinating illustrations for his succinct story.

OCEAN RACERS

By C. Fox Smith

Published by Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., London Price 2/6 net.

London to Melbourne in 63 days—this passage was made in 1868 by the famous clipper THERMOPYLAE in the Australian wool trade. ROBIN HOOD logged 1200 miles in four consecutive days, and once 364 (sea) miles in twenty-four hours some time previous. In



Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Painting One of the Leviathan's Smokestacks

the China tea trade in 1852 FLYING CLOUD sailed from Canton to New York in 94 days.

Are these not racing records worth preserving? So thinks C. Fox Smith, and an enthusiastic and very readable history of the great sailing races of the second half of the 19th century is the result.

The author must have delved deep into ancient shipping records, poured long over faded newspapers and musty log books, listened tirelessly to many old-timers reliving voyages of the past, for every line of the book is aglow with the spirit of the era of tall masts and great spreads of canvas, and the men who sailed for trade.

This veritable text book of ocean racing of the past, filled with authentic glimpses of characters who dominated the trade, is unconditionally recommended to every man who smokes a pipe or has a drop of salt water in his veins.

NAVIGATION AND NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY

By Capt. Benjamin Dutton, U.S.N.

Published by the United States Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md. Price \$3.75.

This book is used as a textbook at the United States Naval Academy. It is of the fifth edition and a great improvement over the previous editions especially in working problems on the diagram of the plane of the meridian, and much more clearly on mooring and manoeuvring board problems. This book is commonly known as "Dutton's" by all navigators. The librarian believes that it will be very much used as a reference by all students and experts in navigation as it is one of the few books technically correct in all phases of navigation. It is used as a textbook in conjunction with the Mariner's Guide, by Capt. Robert Huntington in our Merchant Marine School on the top floor of the Institute.

FROM FARM TO FO'C'S'LE

FROM the rugged farm lands of Missouri to the fo'c's'le of a freighter came Roger G....., as picturesque a sailor as ever stepped across the Institute's threshold. Twenty-five years of age, with probably no more schooling than the second or third grade, Roger is quite a character. He turned up at 25 South Street, having lost his ship's papers, or rather, to quote him (his dialect is inimitable); "Ah came to Noo Yawk, yes'm, and a fella he musta tooken ma things right outa ma pocket, 'cause I kin't find 'em thar no mo'."

We managed to find Roger a suit of clothes, for his shabby overalls and unkempt appearance would never have aided him in his search for a job, unless as a "character" actor on a stage. We checked up his ship records with the company, found

that he was a good worker, and hope soon to find him a job. In the meantime, his wife and three children are living on charity down in Missouri.

A SCOTCH SEAMAN

ANDY McB..... was born on a schooner and although only 31 years old now, has lived 30 years aboard ships. His mother was killed by a cargo boom when he was 12, and he missed her so much that he ran away and joined the Japanese Navy. With a lovely Scotch burr he recalls how beautifully his mother played the harp, and how the exquisite melodies were so strangely sweet when heard during a storm with the sails shaking, the schooner's planks groaning and the wind whistling through the canvas. Although Andy has never been a day at school he has patronized the public libraries in every port where his ships have stopped and he has concentrated most of his reading on psychology and philosophy. He talks like a college professor about "emotional adjustments", "neurotic psychosis", etc. A few months ago Andy was injured aboard a freighter and spent some time in a hospital in Cuba. There he met a girl and they were married. He came to New York to claim damages on his injuries. Added to all this, Andy is six feet four in his stocking feet and he says that his father and mother were each six feet three inches tall!



Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

By The

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to July 1st, 1934

266,967	Lodgings (including relief dormitories).
18,732	Pieces of Baggage Checked.
913,104	Sales at Soda Fountain and Restaurant.
611,683	Relief Meals provided.
14,258	Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
6,613	Seamen attended 121 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
68,330	Seamen attended 95 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
182	Lectures given in Merchant Marine School; 43 new students enrolled.
67,302	Social Service Interviews.
3,302	Relief Loans totalling \$3,716 .
2,248	Individual Seamen received relief.
38,127	Books and magazines distributed.
1,873	Knitted articles and 6,125 Old Clothes distributed.
343	Cases treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
1,324	Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
2,033	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
6,158	Interviews for barber, cobbler and tailor relief service.
173	Missing seamen found
1,774	Positions procured for Seamen.
1,765	Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$100,643.	Deposited for Safe-keeping and transmission to Seamen's families.

Visitors are welcome at the Institute on weekdays, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., or by special arrangement. To reach the Institute, take 2nd, 3rd, 6th or 9th Avenue "L" trains to South Ferry; 7th Avenue subway to South Ferry; BMT subway to Whitehall Street; or Jerome Avenue subway to Bowling Green station. Walk three blocks east to 25 South Street.



Photo by Ewing Galloway

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