

# The LOOKOUT



*Fo'c'sle of a Freighter*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTION

OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIII

--

FEBRUARY, 1931

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

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This month's cover illustration was taken on board the S.S. Musa, through the courtesy of the United Fruit Company.

## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen.  
Please note the exact title of the Society as printed below. The words "Of  
New York" are part of the title.

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. The following clause may be used:

*I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.*

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of.....Dollars."

In drawing your will or a codicil thereto it is advisable to consult your lawyer.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1932

No. 2



Fling out the banner! keep it high  
To match our Cross flung to the sky  
And blazon in our brethren's hearts  
The meaning of the S. C. I.

As Christ who walked by Galilee  
Chose His disciples from the sea  
Let us today His followers be  
And serving thus, draw near to Thee.

Fling out the banner! distant ships  
Shall see afar our shining light  
And sailors toiling on the sea  
Shall find new courage in that sight.

Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, wide and high  
And sailors coming home to port  
Shall bless the name of S. C. I.



## The History of the Floating Churches

WHEN one enters the Marine Museum, located on the second floor of the Museum of the City of New York, at 104th Street and Fifth Avenue, one sees, in a prominent place on the wall, photographs of the original floating churches of which the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is the successor. It is fitting that these churches should be displayed, for they are a definite part of the marine history of this great Port. They played an important rôle in the rise and development of shipping, and today, the Institute stands at South Street and Coenties Slip as a monument to the efforts of the pioneer missionaries who struggled against many odds in behalf of the exploited sailor-man.

The Institute, during its long history of eighty-eight years, has owned three floating churches. The first was built by Charles M. Simonson, February 15, 1844, on a deck of 76 by 36 feet and covered two boats of 80 tons each, 10 feet apart. Dimensions: length 70 feet, width 30 feet. It was erected by the Young Men's Church Missionary Society and consecrated the Church of Our Saviour, and was moored at the bulkhead, foot of Pike Street, East River.

In 1843 this church was transferred by deed to this Society, and became at once an object of attention and a marked institution of the city. The decay of this boat and building rendering it untenable, it was abandoned in 1866.

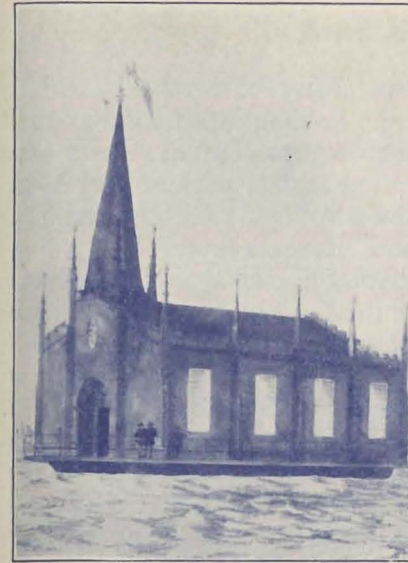
In 1846 (the second floating church), the Church of the Holy Comforter, was built. It was located at the foot of Dey Street, on the North River, where it remained for ten years; subsequently it was transferred

to the foot of Lighthouse Street, and then to the pier at Hubert Street. The Board of Managers disposed of this church in 1868, because of constant and large expenditure to keep it in condition for use and an excessive rental for the slip in which the building was moored.

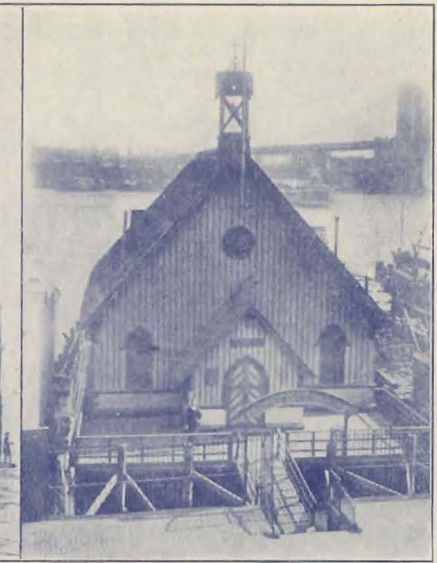
At the close of the year 1869 the third floating church was completed, the second to be consecrated the Church of Our Saviour. It was moored at the foot of Pike Street, East River, and remained in about the same location for forty-one years. This church was first opened for divine service on Sunday, January 9th, 1870, Bishop Horatio Potter officiating, assisted by the Chaplain in charge. On Sunday, Christmas Day, 1910, this last floating church brought its career in Manhattan to a close with a farewell service at midday, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Society, officiating.

Because there was no longer a congregation at the old mooring, and no place could be secured for it suitable to the work of the Society, the Board of Managers presented it to the Archdeaconry of Richmond, in the Diocese of New York. On January 6th, it was removed by the Merritt & Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company, and towed to Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, where it will end its days on the shore of the Kill von Kull, as All Saints' Parish Church.

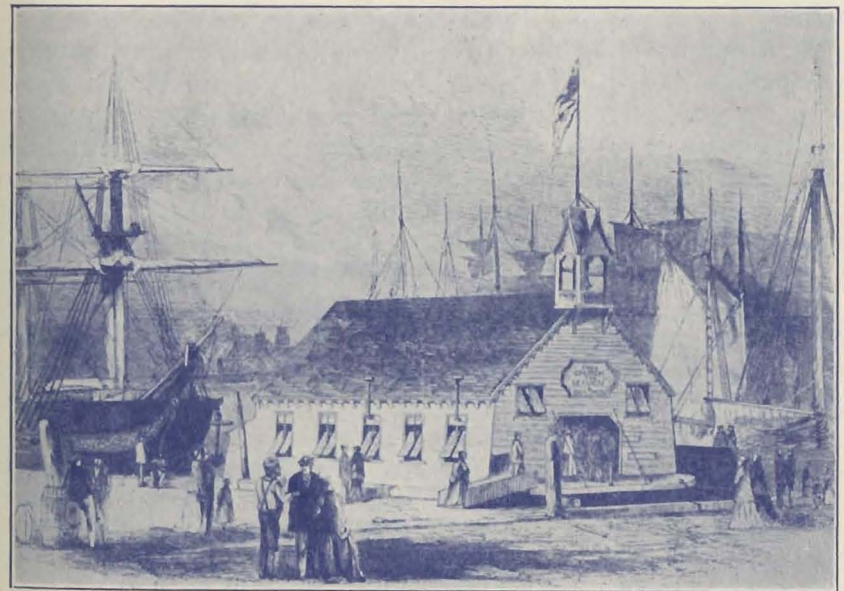
These Floating Churches, unique among the ecclesiastical structures of the world, have been heard of in the remotest islands and lands reached by commercial traffic, as places of spiritual refuge for the God-fearing men of the sea who have visited the port of New York.



*Church of Our Saviour*  
1844—1866  
First Floating Church



*Church of Our Saviour*  
1870—1910  
Third Floating Church



*Church of the Holy Comforter*  
1846—1868  
Second Floating Church



## "Big Pusher Smith"



**N**OW that tree sitting and marathon dancing are passé, it remained for Seaman Al Smith to introduce a new endurance test. With wind-leathered skin, aching muscles and tired eyes, Al arrived in New York City on New Year's Day, thus reaching the end of his long cross-country journey from Seattle.

No, Al was not just a hiker. Al was a pusher. He pushed a motorcycle weighing five hundred pounds all the way from the west coast to the east, and he has a book containing affidavits from principal citizens in all the States he passed through.

However, as he pushed his way eastward, Al was thinking of the reward awaiting him at the end of the trip. An athletic club in Seattle had offered him \$50,000 if he would push the motorcycle to its destination within a limited time. The time set for the arrival was New Year's Day at Noon, on the steps of City Hall. If Al had succeeded, he would have been

met by an official from the athletic club, holding in his hand a check for \$50,000, but the Fates conspired against our hero and Al arrived in New York just one hour and fifteen minutes late. Since that tragic day he has been a guest at the Institute and has decided to return to his first love, the sea.

Lest readers doubt Al's story, (and we are frank to admit that it sounds like a "tall story") the engine was removed from the motorcycle when he set out from Seattle as proof that Al, while crossing the lonely deserts and prairies, did not mount the motorcycle and gain time by riding part of the way. He averaged between twelve and fifteen miles a day, pushing the heavy vehicle. It took him just one year and twenty-five days, so you can imagine the depth of his disappointment when he lost out on the prize. A rather curious feature of his stunt was that when he left Seattle he weighed, according to a ticket, one hundred and sixty pounds. On arriving in New York he was again weighed and learned that he had gained twelve pounds, so we do not advise cross-country pushing of motorcycles for those who want to reduce!

Al has been promised a "berth" on a freighter of the L..... Line where he will use his muscles working in the engine room.

## The Old Man Shows His Medals

**T**HE old man fumbled in the pocket of his mackinaw and drew out a crumbled package. The blue veins stood out on his gnarled hands as he untied the string and unwrapped a gold medal hung on a long gold chain. Then he gravely handed his treasure to the Institute's relief secretary, saying: "My name is John Joseph Williams. I wish to borrow one dollar and I will leave this as security."

Inquiry revealed that John Joseph had secured for himself a watchman's job on a barge in Bayonne, New Jersey, but that he lacked the carfare to get there. "I have eleven other medals won in wars, but I keep 'em in Uncle Sol's hock shop. He's had 'em about seven years and he promised me he would never sell 'em to anybody if I kept up the interest charges on 'em."

John Joseph is 79, with a vivid memory and clear mind for dates. He has saved his money carefully each year, but the past three years he has exhausted all his savings in caring for sick relatives, and when they died, burying them properly. His own father, age 97 years, just died a few months ago. And now John Joseph is alone with his medals, but with a depleted bank account. But pride forbade his seeking charity.

"My father was a sea captain," he explained, "and both of us knew the Institute when it was a little floating chapel. I was born in Media, Pennsylvania and I went to sea first on the *Baltic*, in 1879. I fought in the Burma war against King Theebaw in 1885 and received my first medal from Queen Victoria. Then I fought with the 42nd Highlanders, the "*Black Watch*". I was one of the survivors of the U. S. S. *Maine*, commanded by Captain Sigsbee, which was blown up in Havana Harbor. Later, I fought in the Spanish-American war, serving on Admiral Dewey's Flagship, the S. S. *Olympia*. I was in Glasgow in 1914 so I enlisted in the British Royal Navy and served with the mine sweepers for two years of the World War. Then I received a shrapnel wound (and John Joseph displays the wound over his right ear). In May, 1916, I fought in the Battle of Jutland and was one of the eleven survivors of the torpedoed boat *Shark*. My arm and leg were badly cut—I spent nine hours in the water before being rescued. For this I received the British War Medal."

So, with the dollar in his pocket, John Joseph went off to his job in Bayonne, confident that his medal would be in safe-keeping with us until next pay-day.



## Two Telegrams

**W**HEN it comes to bombshells there is none quite so explosive as that flat, yellow envelope known as a telegram. It has no ominous tick, but when opened it can stir up all sorts of trouble or happiness. We are going to relate to LOOKOUT readers the story of two telegrams, one of which brought tragedy and then a miracle, and the other, great joy.

It was New Year's Eve. Billy G's sister remembered that it was ten years since her mother died, and ten years since Billy went away from home. What had become of him? Grief-stricken over his mother's death, he had wandered off, and had never written home again. As the years passed, she gave him up for dead. So on New Year's Eve, 1931, with a heavy heart, she went to the cathedral to place candles on the altar in memory of her mother. And while she was there she said a prayer for her brother: "Dear God, if he is dead, may he rest in peace. If he is alive, may he find food and shelter tonight, and if it is Thy will, send him home again."

Returning to her home, she found awaiting her a telegram. It was from a marine hospital. The bold purple letters stared at her: COME AT ONCE BROTHER

DYING. The Institute chaplain who had been visiting Billy ever since he had been stricken with pneumonia, had finally aroused Billy from his delirium and obtained, much against his will, the name and address of his sister, living in New Jersey.

When the sister came, the Institute arranged that she should stay in a downtown hotel so that she would be near the hospital. No one expected her brother to regain consciousness. One of his pals, Finly J., a frequent visitor at the Institute, had called on Billy daily at the hospital, and had befriended him in many little ways. The sister wanted to thank Finly for his helpfulness, but he could not be found. After she left, our chaplain found him—he was shy, and ashamed to show that his eyes were red from weeping.

And the—the miracle happened. Billy passed the crisis and the doctors said he would live! Billy is now convalescing and he and his sister are happily reunited. She has forgiven him the long years of silence and he has promised to come home often to see her. When she came to our chaplain to say goodbye, she burst into tears—the first she had shed during the long ordeal—and said fervently, "Thank God for this wonderful Institute! Billy might have died

all alone—friendless—with no relative beside him—if it had not been for this great institution. And now that he is going to get well, I can't thank you all enough. There must be other sisters and mothers and fathers whose boys you befriend here who feel as grateful as I do."

. . . . The *SECOND telegram* came to 25 South Street, also on New Year's Eve. It was in answer to a letter which Seaman Roger T. had written, at Mother Roper's request, to his mother living in Providence, R. I. Roger was 28, had been going to sea since he was eighteen, and in all those ten years had not written home. He confided to Mrs. Roper his erring ways and she had urged him to make up for his thoughtlessness by writing immediately to his mother. And then came the telegram: DRIVING DOWN BY CAR TO GET YOU. ARRIVE MIDNIGHT. Roger brought the good news to Mrs. Roper who made a raid on our Slop Chest and found a fine suit of clothes and an overcoat which a kind friend had sent that very day. When dressed in these, Roger looked most presentable. As the hands of the clock neared midnight, he paced up and down nervously . . . it was a long, long time since he had seen his mother . . .

Mother Roper went off duty at twelve, and still Roger's mother



had not appeared. When she reached home, she could not go to sleep with Roger on her mind, so she telephoned the Institute and learned that the mother had arrived, just twenty minutes after the New Year was ushered in, and Roger had gone with her to an uptown hotel. A few days later this letter reached Mrs. Roper:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I arrived home and I want to say it is great. All of my boyhood chums and the girls have been around to see me and it makes me wonder what I ever left for, but that roaming urge has been satisfied and so am I. I want to thank you once again for what you did for me and want you to know that I appreciate it from the bottom of my heart. My mother is very happy and also wants to thank you for your efforts to get me home after all those years. Give my regards to every one at the Institute. I am, as ever, one of your boys, Roger T....."

Just two telegrams—but what a world of import to two sailor boys and their families!





## A GREAT OBLIGATION

**T**HIS month we observe the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Many stories of our first president will be recalled during the bicentennial celebration. There is one which is particularly appropriate for the Institute, because it is so easy to become discouraged about our tremendous building debt of more than a million dollars. In the darkest hour of the Revolution there stands out the incident when Washington replied to a certain despairing officer. Everywhere the Colonists were being defeated. The officer whose heart had failed him cried out—"We are lost—all is lost!" And the great General who believed in and trusted in God answered: "Sir, you do not know the resources and the genius of liberty!"

And so, when we grow despondent, we must remember that we do not know the resources and the genius of our devoted friends who are standing so faithfully by us. They inspire us to wipe out this great debt—to cancel this great obligation.

It should be remembered that interest on a million dollars is a lot of money. The banks have been most friendly and cooperative in granting us a low rate of interest on this loan. But the interest must be paid every quarter. Yet there is one hopeful aspect to our prob-



Please send your contribution to JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR., Treasurer,  
Annex Building Fund, 25 South Street, New York City



lem: every dollar contributed to the building fund goes to reduce the debt principal, and **THUS** reduces our interest payments. The money for interest is taken from our current maintenance fund, and there are so many things we could use this money for! So those who have the wherewithal, we hope, will send now and then a contribution—large or small—to help us reduce this Building obligation which impedes our progress. By so doing we will have more money with which to develop our service to seamen. With less interest to pay we shall have more funds to spend on our relief program.

The thousands of seamen who are out of work are enjoying the many comforts and conveniences which our Annex Building affords. We believe that this is a better way than the breadline—to give these destitute sailors food and lodging, *and* entertainment *and* recreation to fill the long, weary hours of waiting . . . for jobs. They regard the Institute as their home, their club—they feel they belong here—under our friendly roof. But please remember—that all the facilities—the dormitories, the cafeteria, the reading and game rooms, the auditorium would not be possible without the new building which is only partially paid for. To meet this great obligation is a challenge. Will you accept it?





## A Deep Sea Chest

### EXCERPTS FROM A RADIO SPEECH

BY DR. C. H. LAVINDER, U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE  
on Tuesday, December 1st, 1931 over Station WJZ, 2:30 P. M.

**A** DEEP sea chest—and a broad, wide and capacious chest—the chest of a seaman. This is the implication, which supports the somewhat popular idea that merchant seamen as a group are big, brawny, healthy individuals who live and work in the open under the constant influence of fine, bracing sea-air, but it is not always borne out by the experience of medical men who come into contact with them.

. . . Merchant seamen as an industrial group are subject to the many hazards peculiar to their calling, and in addition are subject to the usual ills of mankind, among which tuberculosis holds no small place, in spite of the fine chests they are supposed to possess.

At first glance it may seem strange that seamen as a class should not be unusually healthy, but the good conditions of their life and work, so far as health is concerned, are more apparent than real. While living conditions aboard ship have vastly improved during the past few years, they are still by no means ideal. The life of the seaman is one of irregularity. He must be up and about in all kinds of weather and in all

hours of the day and night, and must stand his watch and do his work whether it be wet or dry, hot or cold. The food is many times more or less monotonous and probably not always too well prepared. His hours are irregular, his sleep is often broken, and he must frequently live in close quarters in proximity with many other individuals in a forecabin not always too well ventilated. Not infrequently conveniences as to bodily care are lacking, and he by no means enjoys the comforts of the sort of home which is enjoyed by the average landsman. These are not conditions conducive to the best of health.

In addition to this, it should be recalled that the seaman is seldom at home. He is more or less a stranger wherever he goes, and not among his own people. This means that even when he goes ashore he lacks the comforts of life which are common to the landsman. . . He must often live in boarding houses or cheap hotels, with the lack of home food and comfortable surroundings much of the time. He has no community relationships, except through certain established welfare agencies.

The experience of the Marine

Hospitals of the Public Health Service which treat large numbers of seamen of the American Merchant Marine, indicate quite clearly the prevalence of tuberculosis among seamen. The last report of this Service shows that of all hospital patients treated, a little over sixty percent were seamen of the American Merchant Marine. The total deaths during the year were 1,120. By far the greatest cause of death among these patients was tuberculosis.

Among the patients who died or were discharged during the year, 1,199 suffered from tuberculosis, and of this number 846 were seamen.

. . . The U. S. Public Health Service, under law, is charged with the responsibility of treating in its Marine Hospitals sick and disabled seamen of the American Merchant Marine.

. . . Through the Welfare Council in New York and also directly, it maintains relationships with all seamen's welfare agencies, and has had particularly happy relationships with the largest of these agencies, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York; and has cooperated with this organization in work of importance to seamen.

This cooperation has concerned both the prevention of disease among seamen and the treatment of disease when it exists. In such an institution as the Seamen's



*Mother Roper Gives a Comfort Bag to a Convalescent Sailor just out of a Marine Hospital.*

Church Institute of New York, where large numbers of seamen congregate daily, there is often need of a doctor's services. This institution therefore operates a clinic, in which the Public Health Service has a share.

. . . During this time of depression the seaman, as well as others, is suffering from unemployment which bears upon him with particular hardship because having no community relationships and being away from home, he finds himself in serious difficulties by reason of the fact that outside of the welfare agencies directly devoted to seamen, he is considered a stranger in a strange land, and the usual relief open to the citizen of the community is not so freely open to the seaman.

In addition to this, naturally when he loses his job, as time passes on, he loses his status as a



seaman, and this deprives him of his privileges. Of course, under present conditions, the law is applied with all possible elasticity, but even at that, some men will necessarily suffer by loss of status.

The Marine Hospitals find themselves also faced with difficulties by reason of the fact that under present conditions naturally men seek hospitals and they dislike to be discharged even after convalescence is well established, because there is no job open for them and no place to go. This makes it particularly trying upon the hospitals. The general policy of the Marine Hospitals at a time like this is to minimize, as far as

possible, difficulties of admission and to prolong stay in hospital as far into convalescence as possible.

A Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies in the City has cheerfully assumed the burden of attempting relief to the seamen under present conditions, and they are seeking funds to help him in his difficulties. This is necessarily a separate fund. This is another sort of "Deep Sea Chest," which must be filled if the seaman is to receive help. Contributions should be sent to Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, Treasurer, One Broadway, New York City. They are deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes.

### Associations' Get-Together

THE Good Ship of the Association is launched for another year. January 27th was the day for setting sail on the voyage of 1932, and 25 South Street, New York, the port from which she sailed and to which she will return.

Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Chairman of the Central Council of Associations of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, presided at the Annual Meeting called to order at 11:30 with a record-breaking attendance of Central Council officers, Association directors, and guests. No data or details of that meeting will be here noted—suffice it to say that the reports of the Associations showed none of the talked of depression and hence were inspiring not only to all the past directors but to the newly elected ones and to the official family in general.

Reports gave way to a repast served at 1 o'clock by the Institute's Restaurant Department. This luncheon, in honor of Miss Augusta de Peyster, retiring director of the Seamen's Benefit Society, was served quite appropriately in the Apprentices' Room, that department maintained and supported for many years by Miss de Peyster's group. To bespeak the love and esteem in which the associations hold her, Mrs. Cammann, again presiding, presented Miss de Peyster with a corsage of orchids.

In happy reminiscent vein Doctor Mansfield recalled the early days when the Institute was housed at 34 Pike Street to which came, among other distinguished visitors, Miss de Peyster, all eagerness to find out from the Superintendent how she could help him in his work for seamen. The Seamen's Bene-



Miss Augusta de Peyster  
Retiring Director,  
Seamen's Benefit Society

fit Society was organized as a result of that first visit and has never ceased to render assistance to the Institute, by no means confining its support to the Upkeep of the Apprentices' Room, although that has been its major work. In concluding his story, that happy mixture of personal and Institute history in which he is at his best, Dr. Mansfield read resolutions which were later passed by the Institute and Board of Managers in honor of Miss de Peyster at their Annual Meeting, in grateful recognition of her devotion to the cause of seamen and of her cooperation with the Board in their mutual interest.

Hardly had the curtain been rung down on this hour of the Association's busy day than it was rung up again on a new scene: the bridge of a ship—Captain at the wheel, watch on deck, and "lights burning bright" was greeted with applause by the delighted audience. And well it might be applauded, for a more ingeniously constructed ship can hardly be imagined. A smoke stack made of three ash cans, a whistle of a talcum powder box, painted black, and rivets of bottle tops helped to make this creation of "putty, brass, and paint" a ship which looked like "what she ain't". All this was confided to the on-lookers by Dr. Mansfield in his brief word of introduction of Mrs. Cammann to her family of friends, now increased from the 46 at luncheon to some 300.

But there were more surprises in store. The pleasing solos and songs by captain and crew were interrupted by

orders to the latter to take on a cargo and to have a care for it held breakables. The huge crate, swung and knocked about from port to starboard side, was stopped midship to see how the breakables were getting along. This revealed a stowaway — Mrs. Roper! Our House

Mother said she could explain her conduct. This new role was thrust upon her because of the necessity of getting to the crew the sweaters, literature, and comfort bags she had, the gifts of the kindly disposed women of the Associations. After these had been distributed, the stowaway was regaled with refreshments and further dancing and singing in which she herself joined, showing that neither her spirit nor step had been broken by her brief sojourn in the stowaway's cramped quarters.

The leader in the last song and dance was Trevor M. Barlow (a former White Star Line steward and now in charge of Institute entertainments for our sailors) none other than the ship's designer and builder whose cleverness was further proved by his ability to dismantle said ship in jig time. In seven minutes this phantom ship was removed to make way for the movie screen, pushed into place by the singing Jack tars.

The tuneful and colorful sound picture, "Kiss Me Again," recalled to many the days when Fritzi Scheff as Fifi charmed her audiences. Nor had the sweet melodies of this musical story lost any of their charm nor the sprightly ballet any of its fascination if one is to judge by the rapt attention with which



Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann,  
Chairman, Central  
Council of Associations of  
the Seamen's Church In-  
stitute of New York



the audience looked and listened until the last sweet note left the united lovers happy and the audience satisfied.

We trust that equally satisfying was the tea which followed the matinee. From the Auditorium all flocked back to the Apprentices' Room now set with tea tables from which tea and coffee and delectable viands were dis-

pensed informally by an efficient family of association members, Institute's staff, and waitresses.

Echoes of pleasure at the happy time were heard as friends and guests left the Institute with all its lights burning bright after this annual Get-Together. May Captain and Crew steer a clear course through 1932 and at the end of another year return safely to port.

### From the S. C. I. Mailbag

**M**OTHERS and fathers, sisters and brothers, cousins and aunts by the dozens, as well as sailors and former sailors express their appreciation of the many services rendered by the Institute. From every port in the world, from every state in the Union, these "Thank You" letters pour into the busy offices of the Institute staff. Here are a few:

#### *Sailor Turns Cowboy:*

From the wilds of an Arizona ranch comes this S.O.S. to our Business Manager: "Dear Sir: I have a suitcase in the check-room at the Institute and would like to know what I have to do to re-check same, in view of the fact that I have lost my half of the check. The check which was given me, a blue one, was eaten by the cows here at home together with all my ships' papers. This may seem ridiculous, but it is none the less true. Kindly inform me what I have to do to obtain new check."

#### *An Anticipated Reunion:*

From a mother in Georgia comes this letter which her son, Willie, proudly showed our Relief Secretary:

"Dear Willie: I will answer your kind letter I just got and was so glad to hear from you and is so glad you said you was

coming home. O you don't na how it did lift my heart for is bin sa sad. Well deary I is well as common and hope this will find you well. When you get this rite and let me na if you is coming or not. You won't have much time if you come on the 9 of this month. Sa Willie I did wish you could come we is having a Revival going on now I do wish you was hear to ga ever night with me. O how glad I would be well dear, you never did say what was the troble with you. I have bin praying for you to come home if you could come as I did want to see you sa bad. You said you hope I had a good Chmas. I did not get anything. All nar it look like Sunday to me when you come. It will be like old times a gain well—dear, will close for this time hoping to see you soon. I will look for a letter first of all from you. as ever your mother. All the love is yours. Please rite when you get this and let me na if you is coming or not. Your mother All the kisses is yours."

Willie is in a marine hospital being treated for a serious abdominal disorder. When we sent for the ambulance he was so doubled up with pain and so frightened that he clung tightly to our Relief Secretary's hand. Finally, he straightened up and said, "I'll go to the hospital if you say it's all right to." He is eager to get home to help his mother sell the farm. We have promised to give him a week's work washing walls at the Institute and with

the \$15.00 thus earned he can get home to Georgia. We have also promised that when he gets out of the hospital he shall have a suit of clothes. Willie writes, "You never will know how much it will mean to me to get that week's work and have a decent suit to meet my dear mother in."



*From on board the S.S.P....., in New York harbor:*

"To the friends of the late Miss Helen E. Platt:

Friends: Kindly excuse me for the delay in acknowledging the receipt of your generous gift. My lack of knowledge of our language leaves me powerless to express my gratitude.

When I called for the key to my room—1001-L, the clerk—Mr. Forrest—also presented me with your gift, for no other reason than I was the fortunate occupant of the "Miss Helen E. Platt Memorial Room."

My first impression was some mistake had taken place, but Mr. Forrest assured me no error had been made. This gift is one bright event in my life, the memory of which will always be cherished as long as I live.

Therefore to the family who have done so much to assist in making a home—a permanent home—for seamen, the magnificent donation of a splendid room, assisting Dr. Mansfield to realize his ambition—The Seamen's Church Institute of New York—complete.

Therefore accept the thanks of one seaman who has enjoyed the generosity of your two gifts. Yours most respectfully, Robert M....."

*From the P..... Shipping Co., Philadelphia, to Mother Roper:*

"Dear Lady: in every emotion I feel it is a part of my duty as an intelligent Seaman to come forward with my true impulse in dealing with the by gone matters, of last June or July. When I was a victim of robbery of all my cash and was obliged to appeal to you for a relief help and you was kind enough to acknowledge my prayers to that effect until I got another ship. I owe

you four (4) Beds and four (4) Meal Tickets, \$2.60 for which I thank you adoringly, and with my first opportunity this day, I am sending you herein \$3.00. And many hearty thanks with it for such a help you extended to me. Here in on this side if you care to hear about it as to how I got robbed. I quit the ship in Philadelphia quite sober and conscious entered in the train all by my self, and there in that train I met a nice good looking girl who expresses herself, that she is in love with me.

This young lady asked me if I care to have a piece of chocolate and I of course accepted and we both ate one piece and then that was my last recollection of the girl and all my pay day of \$100.00. When the conductor woke me up at the 33rd Penn. railroad station he told me that this is your destination by this train. I had 16 cents left on my pay day and only been on shore 3 hours, that's something, isn't it? Well with the compliments of the Season, please if you have any mail at the Post Office, General Delivery, would be exceedingly glad to have them, thank you. Yours very truly, hereafter, Lawrence D....."



*From on board the S.S.S....., in the harbor of San Francisco, to our Superintendent:*

"Kindly accept my thanks for the courteous treatment you gave me during the past 42 days while I was looking for work in New York.

Sometimes I wonder if it is possible for you to realize the pressure some of us are under while we are applying to you for aid and just what your kindly reception to us means.

As you perchance know, I have a brother who depends on me for support. He is totally blind and the constant worry he causes me at times nearly drives me to desperation. I must work. Not mainly to support him but mostly to keep mentally active and be occupied with other things than worrying about him.

I can appreciate the fact that you are ready to give up at times yourself, due to perhaps being disillusioned regarding some one, but please believe that there are some who apply to you to whom you mean the difference between courage and despair. Thanks. R. K. S."



## To Pay Tribute to Gallant Merchantmen



**T**HERE is an interesting collection of heroic tales of seafaring life of Nova Scotian ports entitled "Sagas of the Sea" by Archibald MacMechan. They exalt one virtue—Fortitude.

They proclaim that in an emergency at sea it is well to have aboard a brave man who

can keep his head, inspire hope and sustain morale.

At the Institute there are many brave mariners who are passing through the present economic stress with the same fortitude they display when on the high seas. Stranded on shore, they are tempted every day to say "What's the use?" But the discipline learned on shipboard stands them in good stead. So they put their shoulder to the wheel, and with the same courage with which they face gale and tempest, they meet adversity. Don't you want to pay tribute to these gallant merchantmen by reserving a memorial in the Annex Building?

Following is a list of memorial units which are still available in the Institute's Annex Building:

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

## 1931—A Year of Achievement

**S**OME of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York from January 1st through December 31st, 1931:

- 449,540 Lodgings registered (including emergency beds).
- 269,687 Meals served.
- 837,883 Sales made at the soda fountain.
- 56,347 Pieces of baggage checked and protected.
- 43,193 Books and magazines distributed among merchant-seamen.
- 68,994 Special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
- 27,750 Relief Loans.
- 7,998 Individual seamen received relief.
- 3,650 Seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
- 2,306 Seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
- 330 Missing seamen located.
- \$542,708.21 Received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
- 11,582 Seamen attended 207 religious services.
- 33,664 Seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
- 46,317 Information Booth contacts.
- 422 Seamen and employees treated in the Dental Clinic (July 13th-Dec. 31st).
- 121,206 Ten cent meals were served to seamen (from August 1st to December 31st).
- 5,008 Articles of clothing were distributed.
- 152,264 Seamen attended 198 entertainments in the Auditorium.





# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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