



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1966

MEET THE BOARD

Gerald A. Bramwell



Elected to the Board of Managers of the Institute in 1942, Gerald A. Bramwell became a lay vice president in 1948. He has served on three committees: Ways and Means, Executive and Business Operations; he was chairman of this latter committee from 1944 to 1954.

A New Yorker born, Mr. Bramwell was graduated from Harvard, then remained in Boston for twenty years with the American Felt Company. He subsequently returned to New York and became a partner in the brokerage firm of Bramley & Smith until his retirement some years ago. He is a member of the New England Society and is on the board of the Judson Health Center.

the LOOKOUT

Vol. 57, No. 3

April 1966

Copyright 1966

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710
The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President
Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

Harold G. Petersen
Editor

Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March, when bi-monthly, \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1; other foreign \$3. Back issues 50¢ if available. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

COVER: Gentle waves probe in from the sea to embrace and nurture spring flowers on the shore.

FEB-RU-ARY

The February-March issue of THE LOOKOUT was printed in blue and black. But color our face red. The reason is that back in March a gremlin somehow invaded our editorial sanctum—while our back was turned—and, in some mysterious way known only to gremlins and type lice, contrived to remove the first letter "r" from the word "February" on the cover of the February-March LOOKOUT.

This shook us up, needless to say. We take some small solace—as we sort out the pieces from our shattered world—in the thought that our readers will likely forgive and forget.

Now lovely April is here. Speaking of April, didn't Chaucer spell it "Aprille"? Around 1,000 A.D. it was also spelled "April," sometimes "Averil."



Gallant Ship

by George R. Berens

On September 21, 1942, the Liberty ship, *Stephen Hopkins*, headed out of Cape Town and into the swells of the South Atlantic. Her captain was Paul Buck...for whom the Seamen's Church Institute was "home" when in New York.

It was war time. The *Hopkins* was bound for Paramaribo—to load with bauxite.

All across the Pacific the days had been filled with drills, and by now her Navy Armed Guard were well trained in handling the guns under their commander, Ensign Kenneth Willett. The merchant crew were equally well trained in their duties at General Quarters, and many of them assisted at the guns or in passing ammunition.

Aft there was a 4-inch gun of World War I vintage. High in the tub at the bow were two 37-mm. machine guns, and on each flying bridge wing the barrel of a 50-caliber machine gun reared

skyward. The ship had sub-standard armament for a wartime merchantman, but guns were scarce at this time.

Five days later the *Hopkins* was steaming on course 310 degrees as day broke with the horizon misty, and dark gray rain squalls blotting it out in places. Visibility was poor, less than a mile when the rain squalls engulfed them; never more than three miles even when the squalls passed on. Second Mate Layman peered anxiously around. On the bridge, on the foc's'lehead, in the gun tubs, lookouts were vigilant.

The wet gray curtain of a very heavy rain squall blotted out the horizon ahead. Minutes later it poured down on the steel decks. As the plodding Liberty emerged out of the squall and visibility increased, Third Mate Walter Nyberg spotted blurred shapes ahead on the starboard bow. He focused his binoculars and could soon make out two gray steamships close together.

Quickly he called the captain on the bridge telephone. But Buck was already on his way to the bridge. In seconds he had his binoculars on the ships, showing clearly now, about three miles off; both looked like cargo vessels of European type. They did not appear to be underway. What was that small speck moving on the surface between them?

"Sound General Quarters," he ordered.

The strident bells rang through the ship, awakening the sleepers, alerting all others. Soon all hands were running to battle stations; to the guns, to ammunition lockers, to the noise-filled engine room, to the bridge and radio room.

Captain Buck saw the smaller of the two ships ahead swing into motion.

"Hard left," he ordered and soon their stern was toward the suspicious ships. This maneuver was barely completed when the sharp rattle of machine gun fire rang out and shells splattered the Hopkins. No doubt about it now — enemy raiders—and they were attacking. Fiery flashes and smoke on the raider preceded, by a few seconds, the salvo of heavy shells that came speeding toward the American ship — to burst with a roaring blast and geysers of water just astern. Shells from the next salvo struck the Hopkins with shuddering impact. The range was now closing fast, with the enemy ship speeding toward them.

"Four-inch ready, on target. Open fire, sir?" queried the Gunnery officer.

"Yes, start shooting. And get the

bastard!" answered Buck.

Ensign Willett passed the "open fire" order over the battle phone, and seconds later the stern gun belched flame as the first shot went toward the raider. Blast followed blast in rapid succession, and the shots from the Hopkins began hitting the target. But salvos from the raider, now half hidden in smoke, continued to strike the Hopkins, and the midships section was severely damaged and aflame.

Some of the attacker's shells had penetrated to the engine room, and soon the ship lost speed. Then a salvo crashed into the after end, killing and wounding men at the stern gun. Ensign Willett threw off the battle phones, dashed down from the bridge. He was running along the afterdeck when more German shells struck.

By the time he reached the gun, blood covered the front of his shirt. Despite the wounds, he struggled to help the few men still on their feet to get the four-incher in action again. But now the raider was wounded, too. Wreathed in smoke, she was slowing and curving away from her victim, her steering gear smashed.

After less than twenty minutes of tumultuous action, the *Stephen Hopkins* was afire, her midships section and decks a shambles. Holed below the waterline, she was sinking. Her engines were out of commission, and two-thirds of her crew killed or seriously wounded. Captain Buck gave the order to abandon ship just before the last salvo from the raider crashed into the bridge structure, killing him and the other men there.

John O'Hara had been assisting in the evacuation of wounded from the engine room. These efforts had ended, for the inferno below made entrance to the machinery space impossible. Seeing the shambles aft where his friend, Ensign Willett, struggled to keep his gun in action, O'Hara dashed over the wreckage and manned the gun with the dying gunnery officer. They managed to fire the remaining shells in the ready box with telling effect on their assailant before the after magazine exploded, killing them and other wounded gunners in the stern mount.

At the end of the twenty-minute action, the mysterious aggressor ship, wreathed in flame and smoke, was sinking from the well-placed shots of her weak victim. She was abandoned, her crew taken aboard her accompanying vessel. An hour after the Hopkins dipped beneath the South Atlantic swells, the raider ship followed her, leaving the sea stilled again, with only oil slick and scattered wreckage to mark the spot where the "greatest single-ship action of the century" had taken place.

The only remaining serviceable lifeboat of the Hopkins had been launched and manned by the survivors of the holocaust, including four grievously wounded crewmen. After a month of terrible hardships, fifteen emaciated survivors landed in Brazil.

It was not known then — not until after the war did the facts become known — that the raider was the German *Stier*, an ex-merchant ship, especially fitted out as an auxiliary cruiser. Manned by a large naval crew, she was armed with six 5.9-inch guns, several smaller caliber anti-aircraft guns, and torpedo tubes. Her mission was to creep up on Allied merchantmen, aided by her disguise. When in range, she would uncover her hidden guns, or use torpedoes to blast her victim to destruction. So far on this, her first cruise, she had sunk four Allied vessels. When she had first spotted the American Liberty emerging from the rain squall, *Stier* was drifting while she received supplies from the blockade-runner *Tannenfels*, which was the other ship Captain Buck had seen.



Captain Paul Buck, skipper of the *Stephen Hopkins*, as he appeared when a deck officer on one of the Luckenbach ships.

Captain Buck was posthumously awarded the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service medal. His citation reads, in part: "His calmness under fire and his fearlessness in defending his ship were an inspiration to his crew. With boilers blown up and engines damaged, masts shot away and ablaze from stem to stern, he reluctantly gave the order to abandon ship. His determination to fight his ship and his perseverance in engaging the enemy to the utmost until his ship was rendered helpless and sinking were in keeping with the finest traditions of the United States Merchant Marine."

Cadet O'Hara, for courageously manning the gun and continuing to throw shells at the raider when his ship was a shambles and sinking, was also posthumously awarded this decoration. At the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, King's Point, N. Y., a building named O'Hara Hall commemorates the bravery of this young seaman.

Ensign Willett, U.S.N.R., was decorated posthumously with the Navy Cross, and a destroyer-escort was named for him.

These were the outstanding men in the epic of the *Stephen Hopkins*, but all her men were heroes.

In 1944, Lieutenant Gertrude Buck, Army Nurses Corps, christened another Liberty, similar to the Hopkins, at a Portland, Maine shipyard. She named the ship *Paul Buck* in memory of her late husband.



A Liberty ship similar to the *Stephen Hopkins*

STRANGE NAVY

The *J. Hooker Hamersley*, second launch owned by SCI. It was dedicated in 1915 and taken out of service in 1921.



What must surely be one of the oddest navies in the world belongs to an army, but has no guns. Its fleet drops anchor in England, Alaska, Japan, France and the Netherlands, but only one vessel has ventured out into the open sea. And on one the captain was a lady.

What is this fleet that flies a flag of blue, crimson and yellow? It is the "navy" of The Salvation Army. Its mission — to offer hope and help in the name of the Lord.

There are five vessels — the *Noah Maru*, *Febe*, *William Booth*, *Salvo* and *La Peniche*.

Longest in Salvation Army service is the *Febe*, a former pleasure yacht. Before World War II, she was purchased by The Salvation Army, rebuilt and outfitted as a gospel boat. Evangelistic meetings were held on her decks as she cruised the inland waterways of

the Netherlands. When the Nazis invaded Holland in 1940, the Army's Corps building (combination church and community center) at Rotterdam was destroyed and the *Febe* became the spiritual home of Salvationists there.

Two years later it was commandeered by German forces, who later abandoned it as they withdrew. The British used it for a while. Then, when the canals were being cleared of bombs and mines, it was placed at the disposal of the Dutch Red Cross, serving as a hospital boat.

In 1947, however, the *Febe* once again hoisted The Salvation Army flag. Now, each summer she takes a four-month cruise with a different skipper and crew who conduct meetings in about 60 towns and cities. In a typical summer, 15,000 adults and 12,000 children were contacted.

Across the globe in the Kyobashi

River at Hiroshima, Japan, the *Noah Maru* (Noah's Ark) offers free food, shelter and rest to troubled men.

La Peniche, a barge on the River Seine in Paris, has 75 beds but often provides shelter for 200 homeless men on cold winter nights. For nearly a decade Captain Georgette Gogibus watched more than 40,000 homeless men shuffle up the gangway. She took such a motherly interest in each one that she became an almost legendary figure along the waterfront.

Launched in 1950, the *Salvo*, a motorized yacht, is a floating evangelistic unit that tours Britain's hundreds of miles of inland waterways the year around. It has a small meeting room for services and living quarters for the two-member crew. During recent years young Salvationists have signed on as temporary crew during the summer months. Groups of seven young men, Bibles and musical instruments in hand, spend their vacations working as evangelists.

In the far north of Alaska, the *William Booth* is familiar to Eskimos and traders, carrying the message of the gospels to remote places. Dear as it is to Salvationists, however, its days may be numbered, for it may soon be replaced with an airplane.

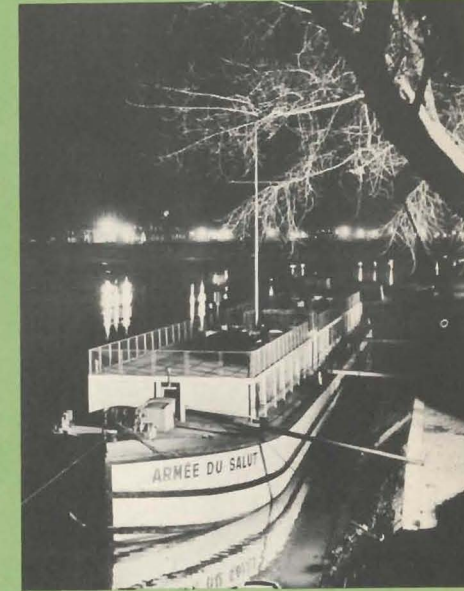
The SCI operated launches in the New York Harbor during the early 1900's. The first of these was the *Sentinel*, a 70-footer, dedicated to the SCI service in Nov. 10, 1903, and sold in March, 1915, her name then changed to the *John F. Dunphy*.

The *Sentinel* was used to visit ships, bring apprentices to church and entertainments, the sick to the hospitals, and by the Legal Aid Society to obtain evidence against the "crimps" and loan sharks of the time.

A larger launch to replace the *Sentinel* was the *J. Hooker Hamersley*, which could accommodate 100 seamen and their dunnage. It was donated to SCI by Louis Gordon Hamersley in memory of his father, J. Hooker Hamersley. Mrs. Samuel Nielson Hinckley (Catherine Hamersley) christened the vessel when it was launched at Croton, Nov. 23, 1914. The boat was dedicated Jan. 3, 1915 at a wharf near the Institute. She was taken out of SCI service in 1921.



Salvo cruises Britain's inland waterways all year 'round.



La Peniche on River Seine, Paris, where homeless men find shelter.



The *Sentinel*, first launch operated in the service of SCI in New York Harbor.



William Booth carries Salvationist evangelists to many areas in Alaska

THEY ROWED THE ATLANTIC



by James M. Powles

It was during these weeks that Harbo and Samuelson realized how difficult their voyage would be. The weather changed from fair to cold and rainy. The sores on their hands became worse and others appeared on their seats from the long hours of sitting on the hard wood planks. The cold and wet spray penetrated their clothing, bringing aches and pains to their weary bodies. "You know Frank, I don't think this trip is worth fifty dollars and our names in the papers as heroes," Harbo said one night after dinner.

"Well," answered Samuelson, "we got this far and there's no sense in turning back since we only have about 2,500 more miles to go."

Both men laughed and went back to their rowing, despite their discomforts. They were to get a rest a few days later, on July 7th, when they met the *Leader*, a Gloucester fishing schooner returning from the Grand Banks. The *Leader's* captain invited

them aboard for dinner. Neither had to be asked twice; they hadn't had a hot meal since they were a few days out of New York. After their meal was finished, the pair sat back and listened patiently while their host argued against continuation of their foolhardy voyage. When he had finished talking, they thanked the captain for the meal and the advice, and returned to their dory.

They were to regret that they had not paid more attention to the *Leader's* skipper a few days later, when a strong gale blew up. For three days it blew, tossing giant waves at their dory. During this time they slept very little, being too occupied with trying to keep their boat afloat and the stern facing the gale. Fortunately, the gale was blowing to the west, pushing them toward their goal, England.

It was just after dark on the third day of the gale, when what both feared happened. As Samuelson was rowing, exhausted from the strain of

the last few days, a gigantic wave picked them up. Just as the dory was about to reach the crest, the wave broke, throwing tons of water onto the *Fox*. All that Samuelson and Harbo could do was to hang on and pray. Down the side of the mountain of water toppled the dory, followed by the wave's broken crest. Seconds later, all were submerged under the Atlantic.

Both men quickly fought their way to the surface, hoping that their dory was not on its way to the bottom of the ocean. Their fears were erased when they saw the *Fox* floating bottoms up. Swimming to their boat, they realized that to right it would not be easy, but this obviously had to be done if they wanted to stay alive. Although they were willing to row the Atlantic, they certainly had no intention of swimming it.

Grabbing the handholds, both men rocked the dory back and forth. Slowly the dory's swing increased, until with the help of a passing wave, she swung right side up. Full of water, the *Fox* lay almost submerged. Harbo quickly slid into the dory and bailed as fast as he could. Meanwhile, Samuelson held onto the side, knowing that he dare not climb in until his partner had bailed some of the water out. A half hour later, Harbo had removed enough water to allow Samuelson to climb in and help to empty the rest.

With the bailing accomplished, they took a look around to see what they had lost. A good portion of their food stores had disappeared, along with a set of oars. Fortunately their water tank was intact, and they would at least have enough water, if not food.

By morning the gale had vanished, and both men took to the oars immediately after breakfast. With the food so low, the knew they had to sight a passing ship soon, or starve. It was almost a week later that they saw a ship, the *Zite*, a Norwegian bark. When the *Zite's* captain heard their story, he opened his locker of food and told them to take all they needed. After a short rest and a good hot meal, the two men climbed back into their dory and continued on.

They watched the *Zite* sail into the horizon and then dug their oars into the Atlantic. With the warm, pleasant weather of July giving them renewed energy, they cut their hour meal breaks in half and set their backs to the oars with new-found strength. It was nine days later when they saw their next ship and hailed her as to their position. She was the *Eugenie*, another Norwegian bark, on her way to America. The *Eugenie* brought good news to the pair—they were only 400 miles away from the Scilly Isles off the southwest coast of England. In the space of nine days since meeting the Norwegian ships, they had covered a little over a thousand miles, or about 110 miles a day.

On the evening of August 1 they rowed into St. Mary's, a small fishing village on one of the Scilly Isles, where incredulous villagers gathered around, while the two ate appreciatively at a local inn. After finishing their meal and answering the villagers' questions, Harbo and Samuelson went to bed.

It was their first night's real sleep in 55 days.

The next day they left the village and headed for London in their dory. They were no more than a half a day out when they changed their minds and direction, setting a new course for France. Reaching Le Havre, France, on August 9th, they exhibited their boat there for a few days and then went on to Paris for three weeks.

Unfortunately, the French did not seem interested in the voyage, and few people paid to see them and their dory. Leaving Paris, they shipped the dory to London, hoping that the English would appreciate their feat more. They didn't.

Harbo and Samuelson, disgusted with their reception in Europe, returned to New York by ship. When they arrived at New York, they found an entirely different reception awaiting them, thanks to Richard Fox and his publicity. They were heroes for the time but were then quickly forgotten. Few people know of the voyage of these two oystermen. The feat has faded into an obscure memory.

132nd ANNUAL REPORT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Seamen's Church Institute: 25 South Street, New York City • Port Newark Station: Calcutta & Export, Port Newark, N. J.

DECEASED BOARD MEMBERS



The Rev. Dr. John Heuss



Charles E. Dunlap



Orme Wilson

Three members of the Board of Managers, all long associated with SCI, died within recent months.

They are: *Charles E. Dunlap, The Rev. Dr. John Heuss* and *Orme Wilson*.

Mr. Dunlap, who joined the Board in 1915, was identified with many important SCI committees. He was also a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital and the New York Historical Society.

The Rev. Canon John Heuss, D.D., was rector of historic Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Street; was elected to the Board of SCI in 1952 and a clerical vice president at the time of his death.

Mr. Wilson became a member of the Board in 1910 and a lay vice president in 1934, serving on many committees of SCI through the years. He was also a director of the National Symphony Orchestra and a trustee of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. He was appointed Ambassador to the Republic of Haiti by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944.

These few pages present the statistics which make up the Annual Report for 1965. To those accustomed to reading statistics they speak for themselves. To those who have been reading THE LOOK-OUT for the past year, they are something more than mere statistics. Within these statistics are tremendous stories of human endeavor, of dedication, of devotion to fellow human beings in the name of Christ and His Church, of service for the sheer joy of service. These statistics are not a success story nor are they a story of failure. They are simply a record of the attempt by a very loyal group of humans to carry out as best they are able the responsibility of our ministry to our brethren of the sea. What we have been able to do could not have been done without the tremendous support of you, our friends and benefactors. In the name of the Board of Managers and Staff and on behalf of thousands of seamen the world over, I say a most sincere and grateful "thank you."

If we could give the year 1965 a title, I would suggest calling it "the unsettled year." During the year we have had strikes, both maritime and municipal; we have had a very upsetting condition pervading the whole of the Merchant Marine world; we have seen more clearly the impact of the Viet Nam situation as it affects our program and our operating finances; we have had to undergo the arduous and challenging process of arriving at vital decisions which will go a long way toward shaping our future.

However, in the course of disruption, we learn again and afresh that the seaman's vocation, except perhaps in periods of extreme national crisis, is still marked by occupational instability which produces serious problems for him. In the consciousness of the general population he is still a man apart. In the national and political consciousness, the industry which employs him is still a step-child. Therefore, our ministry to him is still called for and desired. Here we still have our traditional role to play but not necessarily in the traditional ways. To feed him "Sunday truths" in a "home away from home" atmosphere may be a pious activity, but by itself it is an ineffective and inadequate ministry. The ministry to the whole man is a ministry in depth. To pursue it today requires competence in many areas, chief of which is a perception of the meaning of the Gospel and an awareness of its relevance. This must be present in every aspect of the program or it degenerates into self-serving activity. Traditional methods of presentation or implementation cannot be presumed to be tried and true, even in a church agency. In all the special services area of our program, including the religious, intelligent imagination has to be continually at work if the expectations of today's seaman, recognized or unrecognized, are to be fulfilled.

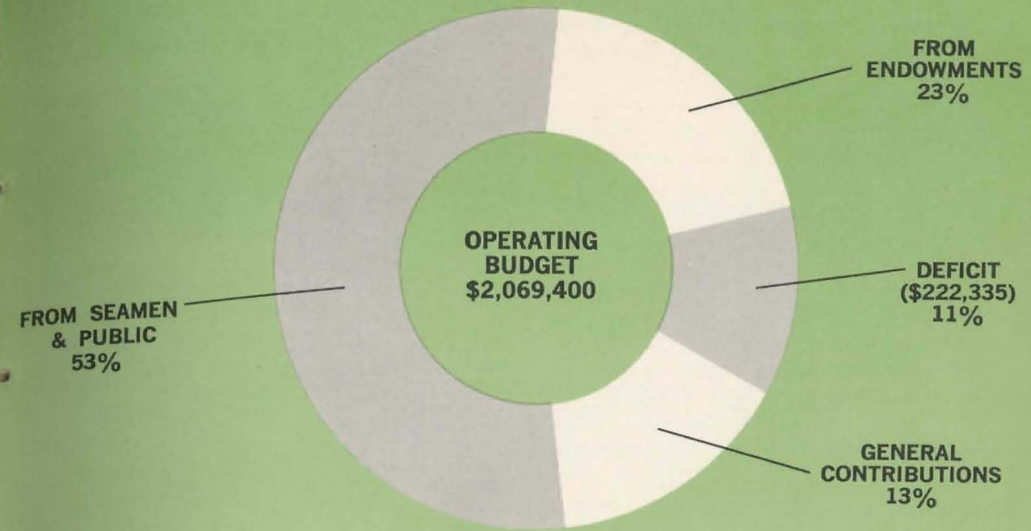
In this respect the greatest single achievement of the past year has been the completion of our Port Newark expansion. The reception this has been accorded by seamen from all over the world is sufficient testimony to justify everything that has been done and every sacrifice that has been made to bring it into being. Already we are experiencing with gratitude the vastly increased opportunities we are now afforded to increase our service and expand our ministry.

In another area it becomes increasingly apparent that if we are to further the true vocational integrity of today's seaman, much more time and effort must be put into our Merchant Marine School. Founded fifty years ago, ours was a pioneer school and is today a highly-rated school. Even so, developments in the industry are creating new educational demands. Vocational education is entirely compatible with our ministry and as an agency of the Church, we should be leading, not following. Some governmental interest in this is being aroused, but as a Church agency, no governmental support is being extended in our direction. Therefore this may in the future call for additional support in the way of funds from our own resources for additional faculty and equipment. I sincerely hope that support will be forthcoming. This is an area too important to be allowed to go by default or suffer from lack of our interest or preoccupation with other matters.

This report must necessarily be a brief digest. The monthly LOOKOUT carries the report of our activities in greater detail. We hope you will continue to read it and circulate it among your friends. Better still, encourage them to join our list of contributors and thereby receive their own copy. We need their help even as we continue to appreciate yours. In this ministry in which we are joined we continue to find that the more we do, the more there is to do. Thank you for your past help and may God continue to bless you.

John M. Mulligan
The Rev. John M. Mulligan, Director

SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1965



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

Employment Bureau
Library
Game Room
Alcoholics Assistance
Foreign Shipvisitors
Religious Activities
Missing Seamen's Bureau

Partially Subsidized

Baggage Room
Credit Bureau
Museum
Adult Education
Lookout
Bank
International Seamen's Club
Mariners Int. Center,
Port Newark
First Aid Station
Women's Council
New York Port Society
American Shipvisitors

Nominally Self-supporting

Hotel
Food Services
Tailor
Newsstand
Barber



YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1965

Gross Income from departments\$1,097,456

Operating Expenses

Salaries and Wages	\$1,045,619
Food & Merchandise	233,534
Employee Benefits	116,570
Electric current, fuel, telephone service.....	75,052
Supplies	55,883
Insurance	33,921
Publicity and Printed Matter, including "Lookout"	33,555
Women's Council — wool and gifts.....	24,210
Miscellaneous	23,292
Merchant Marine School and Education.....	22,471
Investment Counsel, Legal and Accounting Fees	17,497
Repairs, renewals and equipment.....	5,955
	<u>\$1,687,559</u>

Religious and Personal Service Departments

Salaries, expenses and relief	265,686
Mariner's International Center, Port Newark	
Salaries, expenses	63,153
New York Port Society	
Salaries, expenses	53,002
	<u>2,069,400</u>

Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments (971,944)

Less dividends, interest and other income from endowments	471,407
Credit Bureau recoveries	14,826
	<u>486,233</u>

Deficit from Institute operations (485,711)

Contributions for general and specific purposes

Pier Collections	61,300
Ways and Means Department and special items..	170,351
Women's Council	26,526
Benefits	4,189
Diocese of New York	1,010
	<u>263,376</u>

Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1965.....\$ (222,335)

() Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1965 is derived from the detailed financial statements of the Institute which have been audited and certified to by Horwath and Horwath, independent public accountants. A copy of the detailed statements is available at the Institute for inspection.

Respectfully,
HENRY C. B. LINDH, *Treasurer*

DURING 1965

At 25 SOUTH STREET

1,180	American ships were visited and welcomed.
2,844	Foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
17,926	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
28	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
415	Services were held in the Chapel.
50	Missing seamen were located.
278,860	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
17,000	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education projects and programs.
332	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School. 159 students were graduated.
41,799	Visitors passed through the Marine Museum.
47,629	Readers used the Conrad Library.
150,388	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships (including Port Newark).
30,120	Pieces of luggage handled.
723,876	Restaurant meals served.
21,568	Calls at laundry, barber and tailor shops.
19,630	Banking transactions.
14,855	Personal Service Interviews.
10,155	People attended 114 programs in the auditorium.
9,435	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.
4,522	Seamen found temporary jobs through the Employment Bureau.

At PORT NEWARK

2,348	Seamen took advantage of official soccer matches and informal games.
210	American ships were visited.
1,515	Foreign ships were visited.
215	American and foreign tanker ships were visited.
12	Religious services were provided on ships and in the Center for crews.
18,998	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark. Countless personal services, such as counseling, letters, telephone assistance, money transfer and exchange were taken care of for seamen.

Seaman's Church Institute of N. Y.
25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Return Requested

AT NEW YORK, N. Y.



Christian cross atop SCI building gets annual painting for the Lenten season. It was donated to the Institute by the late Col. and Mrs. Arthur Frederick Schermerhorn. Illuminated at night and visible from several miles down the New York Harbor, the cross was dedicated the evening of April 15, 1927. On this occasion, Calvin Coolidge touched a button in the White House which activated flood-lighting here to illuminate the symbol for the first time.



One of the oil sketches done by artist John M. Barron. Mr. Barron exhibited a selection of his oils during April in the lecture gallery of SCI. All of them were of ships and docks of Manhattan.