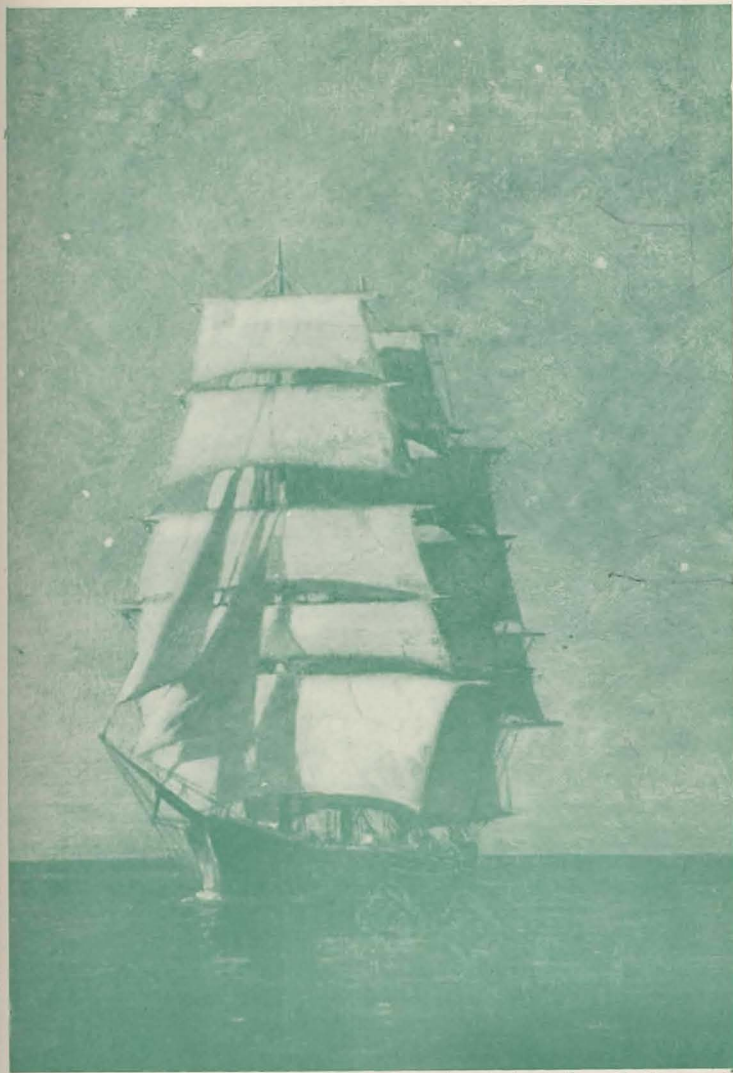


re LOOKOUT



(From the painting by JOHN D. WHITING)

"Moonrise at Sea"



AMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

F N E W Y O R K

VOLUME XXII

--

JUNE, 193

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by

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INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

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or

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Editor, The Lookout

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The Cover

This month's cover is a reproduction of a painting by John D. Whiting, who writes as follows concerning it:

"'Moonrise at Sea' was painted in 1926, and shows one of the few remaining wind-jammers almost becalmed off Portland Head. It was a Norwegian vessel whose name, unfortunately, I cannot recall. The August night was so fair and still, so unearthly in its calm and vastness, as to recall that line of Masefield's:

*'The calm sea sighs, and far aloft
The sails are ghostly in the moon.'*"

The Lookout

VOL. XXII

JUNE, 1931

No. 6

Sing Ho for Our Polo Team!

WE have come to the conclusion that training in seamanship also provides training in sportsmanship. At any rate, our seamen certainly display a splendid spirit at the Saturday night games held in our Auditorium. They never complain of the referee's decisions. They never take advantage. Often the rooters will cheer for the winning team until it has a big lead. Then they will switch and cheer for the "underdogs" to encourage them. Altogether, they show an admirable sporting attitude.

Of the various games kiddie kar polo is by far the most popular. It is played with short curved sticks and an indoor baseball. The brawny and briny tars scoot around on child-sized three-wheeled vehicles to hit the ball. As they have to sit on the kiddie kars and push them along with their feet, their speed is naturally cut down and the game can be played in a comparatively small floor space.

Every Saturday night there is either a scratch tournament or



Tri-Boro Photo

Midget Golf, Kiddie Polo, What Next?

a game against an outside team. In the scratch tourneys each member of the winning five-man team receives a dollar meal ticket good at the soda fountain or cafeteria. Which provokes us to modernize the old chanty:
"Oh, the wind may howl and the
spray may dash

And the ocean wave may roll-o
But I will win my beans and
hash

A-playing kiddie polo."

When the Institute's team journeys to Jamaica or Sheeps-head Bay to play against Masonic or Odd Fellows' teams there, we charter a bus and take along a goodly crowd of enthusiastic rooters.

Perhaps some of the readers of THE LOOKOUT saw the Universal News Reel which ran in several moving picture theatres. It showed two teams of our sailormen engaged in a kiddie polo game in Jeanette Park, just across from our building.

From the gallery of our auditorium on Saturday evenings, white-thatched skippers of the sailing ship days look down upon coddled modern seamen as the latter effately bang one another on the bean. Everybody is excited, everybody is happy, and, as our recreation director said as he bandaged the eye of a six-foot Norwegian, "It keeps the boys out of harm's way." It really is a rough game with plenty of chances for spills from the "ponies."

Through the generosity of the members of the S. C. I. Staten Island Association, attractive blue and white uniforms, with the Institute seal on the sweaters, were given to the teams. It is amusing to watch the sailors trying on sneakers. "Give me size eight," says one. "I want a

five and a half," cries another. And once two big fellows who wore size eleven had to wait for each other and swap sneakers since there was only one pair that would fit them!

A few extracts from letters received from outside teams after they have played with our sailormen indicate how widespread is their popularity and reputation for fair play. From the Whitestone Lodge, I. O. O. F.: "And as for the sportsmanship, we say it is O. K.; it was the finest of deals we have received from any of our competitor teams." From the Jamaica Lodge, I. O. O. F.: "We want to send our appreciation and thanks for your kind hospitality and for the fine sportsmanship of your seamen last Saturday evening. Every one of the boys enjoyed it and are sincere when they say the above."

"Baby Polo," as some term it, is fast becoming so popular that our Recreation Director has been asked to draw up official rules so that the game may be standardized and described in Spaulding's book of sports. Now that the warm weather is here, the games will be suspended until Fall. In the meantime, we hope that some of our readers will be interested in helping us to purchase new equipment—

sneakers, uniforms consisting of shorts, shirts and emblems (the old uniforms having seen long and faithful service), kiddie kars and sticks.

As we go to press our Superintendent received the following letter from the captain of the S. C. I. Polo Team, signed by all the players. It speaks for itself:

DEAR DOCTOR MANSFIELD:

May we take this means of thanking you very sincerely for making possible the Winter Sport Season brought to a close on last Saturday evening?

May we also thank you for giving us two such sterling sportsmen as Mr. Barlow and Mr. Price as directors and leaders in the various events which have taken place here at home and abroad, visiting the various organizations which furnished us our opposition in the Polo Games—wonderful people all of them—who took us to their hearts as friends.

We sincerely hope that we may be present next season to renew our acquaintance with them, a thing we may never have had the opportunity of doing had you not been so generous in furnishing us the necessary equipment with which to play the game.

We have striven to play the game fairly and cleanly, and we believe we have met with a measure of success. Our reputation as that type of player is uppermost in the minds of those to whom we have bowed in defeat and also those whom we have defeated, the latter making up the greatest majority.

We feel proud and fully honored that we were able to wear the emblem of the Seamen's Church Institute upon our breast. Your honored self, Mr. Barlow and Mr. Price, and all those who comprise the staff and gave us their whole-hearted support were the main reasons we tried to bring out the best that was in us, and we feel we are better men today for it, enriched with a greater understanding of fair play toward our fellow-men, a trait which might have lain dormant had it not been greatly accelerated through the instruction of those sterling men who handled us and taught us the game.

We leave the reputation we have earned in your care until next season. If the game is carried on again—and we hope it will be—our greatest wish is that Mr. Barlow will be able to place upon the floor a team that will feel just as proud as we did to wear the insignia of this great Institute, and have as much enjoyment and carry their banners to far greater heights than it was possible for us to do.

Our earnest wish is that you with your great understanding of seamen, who gave us such whole-hearted co-operation and support, be spared to us for a great many years to come. Yours very gratefully, S. C. I. POLO TEAM.



Tri-Boro Photo

"A Million Miles of Seafaring"



VETERAN seaman is William Howard who holds, it appears, two records: he has traveled almost a million miles on the seas of the world—974,000 to be exact—and before this year is over he intends to complete his millionth mile. His other record is that he has served in many wars and has nine medals, including meritorious service medals.

Seaman Howard is a native of Sidney, Australia. He is a roamer by choice, having first heeded the call when a lad of fourteen. His mother died and he shipped off to sea and served on sailing vessels until he was twenty-one. Then he returned to Sidney and studied medicine for three years but again the call of the wide world was too great to resist and he shipped on steam propelled vessels. His travels took him to South Africa, New Zealand and to the Antarctic in search of black whales. He has shipped seventeen times around the world, has gone through the Suez Canal forty times and there isn't a port on the globe where his wandering feet have not trod.

He served in the Boer War,

also in the Boxer Rebellion in China where a wound in the eye caused temporary loss of sight. After recovery he went into the moving pictures and played comedy roles for several years. At the outbreak of the European War in 1914, Howard enlisted with the Anzacs and served until September, 1919. He was gassed three times and wounded once. Then back again to his first love, the sea, where he qualified for his master's ticket. He was made a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve and served in that capacity until the end of the World War.

When asked to relate his most exciting adventure during his long years of seafaring, Howard said, "The time we were lost on Maquary Island in the Antarctic looking for black whales was the closest I ever came to meeting my Maker. We had pulled our boat into the bay and anchored her. We went ashore but found we were on the wrong side of the island, so we started to hike across—a distance of about ten miles—to see if whales were to be found on the other side. On our way we stopped to kill some wild sheep and wondered how these animals happened to be in such a desolate place. Later we

learned that the New Zealand government brought them there to provide food for shipwrecked sailors.

"Well, a storm blew up and the temperature went lower and lower as we hiked. In the blinding snow we lost our bearings. For about twelve hours we wandered aimlessly in that terrible cold—it was about ten below zero. Finally, some of the crew who had been sent on a searching party built a fire on the beach and we saw the blaze and made for it. I had three toes frozen off from that experience.

"In the two years I was in the whaling business, I was turned into the water about sixty times by whales that got sore at having a harpoon stuck in them. The funny thing is I never learned to swim, either."

The most amusing experience he ever had was when he went to his own rescue! Here is the way he tells it:

"A pal and I were sent down over the stem of the ship to fix the rudder chain. The shackle on the chain had come adrift and was banging on the ship's side. The bo's'n's chair was lowered and my buddy stood above to pass the marlinspike to me below. When I started to screw it up I told the other seaman to get some oil. He was away so

long that I grew impatient. So I shinnied up to the boat deck to steal a smoke. Just about this time my pal returned and, looking over the stern, he could not see me. Excitedly he called the alarm 'Man overboard!'

"I saw the joke and rushed to the lifeboat where a crew on the watch who didn't know me personally were lowering her. We rowed all around looking for the man overboard and of course found no one. On the way back one of the crew, a green youngster who didn't know how to row, smacked me accidentally over the head with an oar. That sort of knocked me out and when the lifeboat pulled alongside the ship again, there was my buddy and my chief officer bending anxiously over me, rubbing my hands and treating me for submersion. Suddenly one of the crew exclaimed, 'He didn't fall overboard. Why, his clothes ain't even wet!' So that is how I went to my own rescue."

When Howard was a lad of ten he knew an old sea captain in Sidney to whom a grand dinner was given in honor of the fact that he had traveled a million miles on the sea. The old captain inspired the young boy to do likewise and that is how Howard set this goal for himself.

The Oldest Ship Afloat: "Success"

LAST remnant of the vast fleet of proud East India merchant vessels, the old Australian Convict Ship, now docked at 79th Street and Riverside Drive in the North River, is attracting a great deal of attention. She is the sole remaining relic of the grim fleet of "hell-ships" which bore 167,000 men, women and children to torture in the Antipodes.

Today, a museum graphically illustrating by exhibits in wax her tale of man's inhumanity to man, the old vessel in her 141st year, is fulfilling the last years of her life educating mankind to the value of prison reform. She is in New York for the summer months under the auspices and for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The famous ship was built in the shadow of the Moulmein



Old Man Noah from the cast of "Green Pastures" visits the ship

pagoda, British Burma, in 1790, and the teak-built full rigged vessel was the pride of the British East India Company's fleet. The original pumps of the ship are still used today to keep her free from water. The original mainmast, of solid Burmese teak, perhaps the most valuable stick in the world, still stands, even though it is scarred with the indentation of a pirate's cannon ball way back in 1800.

A trip through the old yellow hulk, which crossed the Atlantic Ocean under her own sail in ninety-six days, seems to turn back the clock to the Middle Ages. Here, in their original state, are preserved the cells and dungeons in which prisoners were confined. Here are the old handcuffs, locks, keys, flogging frame and triangle to which hundreds of unfortunates were manacled, and the cat o'nine tails used to flog them, as well as the "coffin bath," into which they were dipped in brine. Visitors are shown the original leg irons which varied in weight from seven to fifty-six pounds. The massive shot-marked armor, fashioned and worn by Ned Kelly, the Australian bushranger prototype of Jesse James, hangs on the for'ard deck.

Father Neptune's Camera Man

WITH seafaring as a vocation and photography as an avocation, Seaman Chris D— finds life always adventurous. His greatest delight is in taking photographs at sea—the ocean in all its moods, calm and placid, seething and mountainous waves, moonlight and starlight, wind and gale. We asked him if he ever got tired of going to sea, and his answer was emphatically, "No." Chris is thirty-one years old and has been in every port in the world since he left his father's farm in Wisconsin at the age of seventeen.

For three months Chris was in a marine hospital and only recently has he been able to go back to sea. When he was paid off on his first trip he came to the Institute to repay the relief loan which we had given him to tide him over during his period of convalescence. "I have paid back all my debts," he announced proudly, "and now I can get my camera out of 'hock.' You don't know how I have missed taking pictures. It seems years since I made my last 'shot'."

Chris heard that one of our chaplains had been longing for a camera. Chris had a small pocket camera in addition to the large press size which he prizes



so highly. So, with the generosity characteristic of our sailors, Chris presented it to the chaplain, saying, "I hope you get as much fun out of this as I have." Chris explained that the photograph of the man in the lifeboat was taken when the S.S. *Illinois* transferred to the S.S. *Virginia* a man whose hand had been injured in the rocking arms of the power engine. Since Chris' ship had a doctor aboard, they were able to render immediate aid to the injured seaman. "It's the only photo I've taken of people," said Chris. "I prefer to 'shoot' seas, skies and ships."

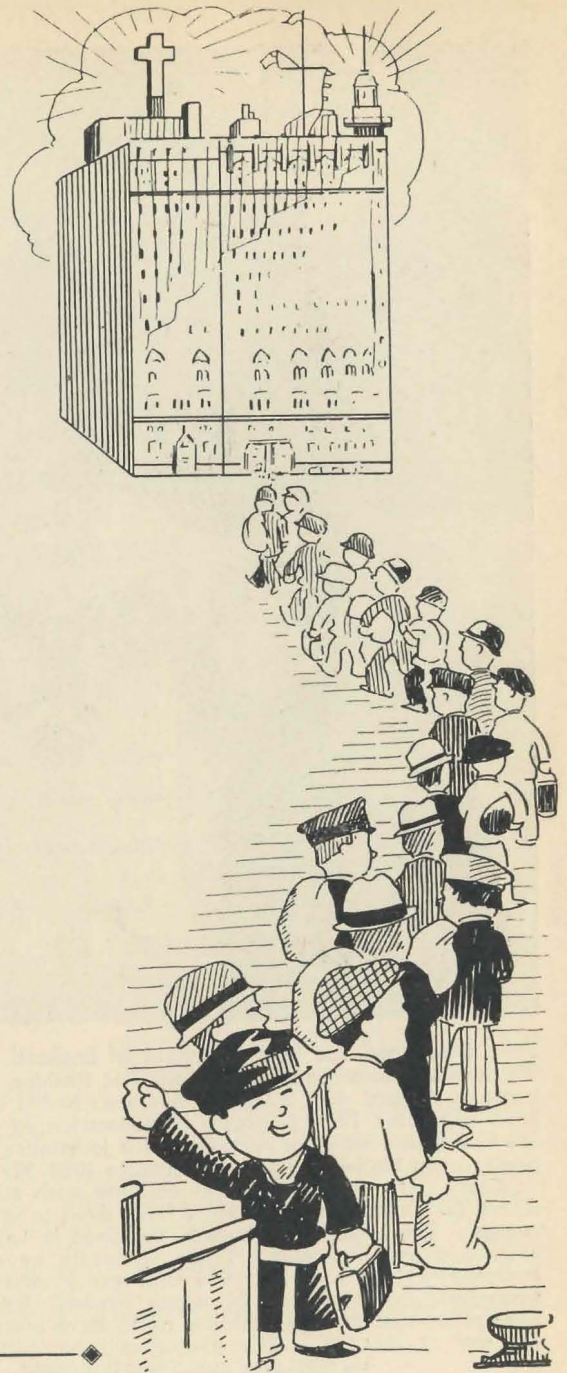
The Link Between Land and Sea » S. C. I. of N. Y.

AS SAILORMEN on barges, tug boats, tankers and ocean liners steam into New York harbor, each of them with eagerness and expectation at the skyline. What adventure ashore? What friends will they meet, what entertainments enjoy? What loved ones see again after long weeks at sea? Within every Jack Tar there beats the wistful hope that someone in that mass of skyscrapers will be glad to welcome him.

◆ ◆ ◆
For those who have no homes, and for those whose homes are far from New York, the S. C. I. of N. Y. exists. For their comfort, first of all. And for their enjoyment of pleasures which landsmen have all year round.

◆ ◆ ◆
We are the link between these intrepid seafarers and the great city. By the way we welcome them they will judge New York. It can be warm and friendly or cold and cheerless. With us we can always give them a hearty welcome. Our Building invites their doors are open wide—and thousands of these men avail themselves of the opportunities offered within our walls. Will you do your share by contributing to reduce the debt on the Annex? That is the greatest service you can render at the present time—for our Annex provides the greatest good for the greatest number of seafaring men ashore.

◆ ◆ ◆
Please send your contribution to JUNIUS S. MORSE, Treasurer,
Annex Building Fund, 25 South Street, New York





John Masefield, the Poet Laureate of England, with his sundial, the face of which came from the Pillars of the Old Sheldon Theatre, in his garden at his home at Oxford. Mr. Masefield has been hailed as "Poet of the Sea" and has been appointed Poet Laureate in succession of the late Dr. Robert Bridges. He had been a sailor, a barman and a journalist before settling down to write poetry. On his last trip to America, in 1926, Mr. Masefield paid a visit to the Institute. On seeing our great building with all of its comforts and conveniences for sailormen he said: "I have lived to see seamen treated like human beings. The hours are shorter, the food is better, the living conditions on shipboard are improved. There is hardly any brutality. Their outlook is enormously improved. I wish that every citizen could pay a visit to the marvelous institution at 25 South Street. Until you see it, you have no conception that such a building could have been planned and consecrated to the use of seamen." The photograph reproduced above was sent by Mr. Masefield to our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield.

Vagabondia

"I said in my heart, 'I am sick of four walls and a ceiling. I have need of the sky.'"—RICHARD HOVEY.



HE above quotation expresses the average sailor's cramped - up feeling when he stays too long on land. The call of the sea comes to him when the city begins to pall and he yearns for the wide expanse of water and sky.

An exception to this general rule, however, is Seaman Cliff M——, who boasts that he cares nothing at all for the sea but regards it as a necessary method of transportation in order to see the world. "I get on a ship to get off it," he explained. "Never yet have I made a round trip on a vessel. I always 'jump ship' and indulge in 'stop-overs' in whatever port the boat happens to dock. That is why shipping company employers don't like to see me coming. When I apply for a job as an oiler or on deck they say, 'Are you going to stick it out the whole trip?' and I have to admit that I probably won't."

Cliff has seen a great deal of strange countries and foreign strands in his roamings. "I'm just a hobo," he confessed. "Not even a dignified vagabond. I love to roam and see new sights but

oh how I hate ships! They're the cheapest way of getting around. That's why I use 'em."

He has written a good many articles on his wanderings for such magazines as "Scribner's," "New Republic," "Commonweal," etc. When he wants "copy" for an article he wanders down to the docks and persuades some captain or mate to take him on. He has been to the Far East five times and many times to the Near East. Each time he gets back to New York he stays at the Institute and regales us with accounts of his journeys.

Alas, for the well laid plans of Cliff! He chanced to fall in love with a girl who lived in the Bronx. He married her and now they have a baby son and Cliff mournfully announces that he will have to settle down and write book reviews. "No more traveling for me," he vowed, wistfully gazing out to sea. "But I never did like ships, anyway!"



Page Diogenes!

WE are more and more impressed with the innate courage and integrity of seamen. The old salts may scoff at the "soft" modern sailors but thousands of men aboard steam-propelled vessels adhere to the same stern code of the sea that their illustrious forebears followed.

As an example of the integrity of present-day seamen there is Anton Kondoré, who, in more prosperous times, worked on trans-Atlantic ships as a fireman, but who has been out of work for the past five months.

The lobby of the Institute is filled, these days, with tired-eyed seamen vainly looking for work. They are willing to go on tankers, oilers, coastwise vessels, even to take land jobs in order to keep body and soul together. Kondoré was waiting in our lobby, just outside the free shipping office, his eyes alert for notices of jobs to be posted. Chancing to glance on the floor he saw a

ten dollar and a one dollar bill. Stooping to pick up the money, Kondoré hurried to the officer on duty at the main entrance and turned in the eleven dollars. Since he speaks very little English it was necessary for us to ask another Italian seaman to act as an interpreter and to thank Kondoré for his honest deed. It was learned that he was both jobless and penniless.

We are making every effort to find work for him. There is a rule at the Institute that lost property, when found, must be held several days in case the owner can claim it by proper identification. Since no one arrived to claim the eleven dollars we decided that Kondoré needed the money as much as any other seaman. When we offered it to him he refused at first. Such a splendid spirit encourages us to carry on in behalf of seamen—and there are many others like Kondoré.

Concerning Our Annual Report:

DEAR DR. MANSFIELD:

I have just received the copy of the Eighty-sixth Annual Report of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and congratulate you upon the splendid showing made therein. What a record your 35 years "on the job" is, and how much every seaman owes to you, as well as the gratitude of the world that belongs to you for your noble, unselfish work!

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) H. G. ARMSTRONG,
Former British Consul General to New York.

Guests of the Institute

I'VE been goin' to sea for forty-seven years," said the ship's cook, "and I never have been to the Port of New York before. It's a great place you have here, a fine Institute, the finest place for sailors I've ever been to." This was the tribute paid to us by one of the rescued men of the *Sam and Priscilla*, a fishing schooner which ran into rocks off the Jersey coast. The entire crew consisting of captain, ship's cook, engineer and three A. B.'s were picked up after being adrift in a life boat by the Coast Guard of the Atlantic City station.

With all their belongings and their clothing lost with the ship, the crew were destitute. The captain remembered the Institute and the Coast Guard got in touch with us immediately. Through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad we arranged to bring the men to New York on half-rate fare. We gave them dinner and breakfast, and comfortable beds for the night and the next afternoon, through the generosity of the Eastern Steamship Lines, we arranged to send them back to Boston on the regular Boston boat free of charge.

Those of us who have never



been through the harrowing experience of a shipwreck find it hard to imagine ourselves stranded, with home and friends far away. How much more difficult must it be for these shipwrecked crews many of whom have no real homes or relatives! To such as these the Institute means not only food, clothing and lodging, but also a shelter from the stormy and tempestuous experience which they have managed to survive. Our Relief Fund, supported by generous friends, makes it possible for us to act as the Good Samaritan in such instances as the one described.

Concerning the Convict Ship

If you have not yet seen this ship plan to visit her soon. The Institute's Building Fund receives a liberal percentage on each ticket sold.

Jottings From the S. C. I. Log

He Didn't Belong

A man came to the Institute and when he was unable to show seaman's papers the officer on duty explained that he was ineligible and requested him to leave the building. A few minutes later one of our sailormen came in and said: "You know that man you just put out? Well, he doesn't belong here. He's no seaman. He kicked our cat (our cat being the Institute's gray cat) and no seaman would ever kick a cat!"

In the Company of the Great

Dr. Mansfield was quite surprised to read in the January 12th issue of "Time" the following item which lists our Superintendent among several celebrities in political, literary and military circles: "BIRTHDAYS. Maj.-General Clarence Ransom Edwards, 'Daddy of the Yankee Division' (71); Author—Rudyard Kipling (65); Dr. Archibald Romaine Mansfield, chaplain of Manhattan's waterfront Seamen's Church Institute (60); ex-Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith (57).

To Improve Himself in English

From Brussels comes the following letter, addressed to our Apprentice Room hostess: "Dear Madam, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take to send you this letter. I have been, two years ago, a cadet on board of the commercial ship *Emile F.* . . . , a Belgian one, and sailed to New York. I had so the opportunity to visit your 'seaman's house' where we all are so kindly welcome; you hold this home like a mother and the few times we passed there on speaking over a cup of tea, listening music, dancing, enjoyed us for long, for all our home trip. Once more I thank you heartily for your kindness. I should have some favour to ask you: I abandoned the marine and get a student at the

(Institut superieur de Commerce) at Antwerp, and now to improve myself in English I should wanted to have some friend (a lady or a boy) there at the city of my dreams 'New-York' and get in correspondence with him. I thought you could realize this there, some ladies come at your home. Hoping you will reply me, I am Your respectfully Marcel." Needless to say, some of the apprentices have written to Marcel, as well as several young women who desire to improve themselves in French, as Marcel desires to do in English.

A Noteworthy Gift

From one of our friends comes this letter: "I wish to donate my late father's books of standard works and bound volumes of 'Harper's Magazine' and 'Chambers' Encyclopedia,' about seventy-five books in all. I want them to go where they will be read and appreciated by intelligent people and am confident that such will be the case if sent to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. There is a beautiful edition of Walter Scott's novels; three or four large handsomely bound 'History of England' full of fine engravings; Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico' and 'of Peru'; Shakespeare's works, etc., possibly others you will not care for but all are given in a spirit of great kindness."

A Friend In Need

An extract from our Police Department report reveals one of the many sad and significant things that are happening in connection with the Bonus Legislation: "At 9:30 P. M. a seaman arrived at the Institute and asked the sergeant if he could tell him where he could cash his bonus check. The sergeant noticed that another man, standing by, was interested in the seaman. He was told that he would have to leave the check at the hotel desk until the next morning and he then could do business when he was sober. The check was deposited and

cashied the following day. The seaman was persuaded to deposit \$200 in our bank. He then left the building to do some shopping, as he planned to get newly clothed and then proceed to Braddock, Pa., to visit his mother. This was to be his first trip home in five years. Upon leaving the Institute he expressed his gratitude for the good work done by the sergeant in taking so much interest in his welfare. And thus, another speakeasy operator has been disappointed and this loss should go on the red side of his ledger."

To Our Old Friends

We are deeply concerned that some of our old friends have not renewed their contributions. We wish that they would realize how greatly we need help at the present time. Unless we can count on them in this time of financial depression we shall be unable to come through the year 1931 without a serious deficit. Unemployment and consequent overwhelming demands for relief have created a difficult situation which we *must* meet. In view of this, will you not make a special effort to continue your assistance by sending us a donation at this time?



Wedding Bells

The Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour was the scene of a very pretty April wedding when the second officer of the S.S. *Western Prince* and an English lass were united in marriage. The groom's attendants were all officers of his ship and the bridal party included a group of our Apprentice boys. At the conclusion of the ceremony our ship's bell rang jubilantly as though it quite approved of such a thoroughly nautical wedding.

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.

In Memory of



BUILDING DEBT to the extent of the amount subscribed.

Since the list of available memorials in the New Annex was published in the last issue of **THE LOOKOUT**, the following have been subscribed by friends of the Institute:

Eye Clinic\$ 5,000.00

Among the memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00

If it is true that "service to the living is the best memorial" to those who have gone beyond, then surely our Annex Building with its numerous useful memorial objects offers an opportunity to perpetuate the memory of relatives and friends through constant service which fills a real need. Will YOU subscribe to a Memorial to commemorate some life of service? By so doing you will help to reduce our

A RECORD OF SERVICE

SOME of the services rendered to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during the first four months of 1931:

154,190	lodgings registered.
102,633	meals served.
325,194	sales made at the soda fountain.
18,510	pieces of baggage checked and protected.
14,463	books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
27,263	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
14,575	applications for Relief Loans.
1,509	seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
975	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
138	missing men located.
\$197,056.42	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
4,355	seamen attended 72 religious services.
10,182	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
13,315	Information Booth contacts.

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