

LOOKOUT



"Driftwood"

From the Painting by Winslow Homer

WOMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

NEW YORK

VOLUME XXII

-:-

JULY, 1931

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President

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First Vice-President

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Assistant Treasurer

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
Editor, The Lookout

Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

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. XXII

JULY, 1931

No. 7

A Typical Day in Our Superintendent's Office



Paul Parker Photo

Dr. Mansfield and his secretaries, Mrs. Hellen Davidson and Miss Edna C. Naylor

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following formed part of an address given by Mrs. Hellen Davidson, Secretary to Dr. Mansfield, before the Hudson River Association of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at Dobbs Ferry.

YOU have heard from various members of the Institute staff about the Departmental work in many of its phases and now it is time to reveal the mainspring of it all, or, in other words, the mind of our Superintendent and leader, Dr. Mansfield, and something of his daily activities to make the wheels go 'round, because it is perfectly

obvious that such a great organization as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, with nearly three hundred employees, does not just run itself.

There is an intimation that often we are too close to an individual or an object to see its real significance or beauty, and this may be the case in the secretary's point of view—I con-

fess it was somewhat of a shock for a dyed-in-the-wool Episcopalian to go to work for a clergyman who declares that he is first a man and **then** a clergyman—in other words, there is no pretense or bluff about Dr. Mansfield—he is just as you see him, not a sanctimonious pedant, but a virile, aggressive driving force on the side of Right, with a mind and heart which seem to me to be nearly perfectly balanced.

I will tell you briefly of a typical day in the Administration Department, which is the Superintendent's office. A voluminous correspondence which in itself would be almost job enough for an ordinary man, embracing, as it does, so many phases of daily living, business and personal, because Dr. Mansfield, in his capacity as a clergyman, deals with many personal problems. The range of his correspondence takes in such matters as building upkeep in the Engineering and other maintenance departments of the building; employment of suitable people for the various staff positions—because changes must occur from time to time even in such a happy family as ours; letters dealing with the expansion of the Social Service work, such as clinics, library, appropriate entertain-

ment to fill the idle hours of the seamen guests in our building waiting between voyages, a most important feature of so-called "social service." Innumerable other matters, and many, many grateful "thank you" letters. Also the dictating of departmental memos carrying instructions of various sorts, because our rule is that instructions shall not be verbal but written for record.—And in addition to correspondence there are always visitors—people are constantly seeking appointments on all sorts of matters—dear, generous friends come "bearing gifts"—good men keenly desirous of improving conditions in our great city come seeking advice and guidance because of Dr. Mansfield's long experience and sound judgment—influential women who are giving their abilities and time to good works and also feeling the need of guidance—clergymen from out of town wanting to acquaint themselves with this great work of the Church—occasionally an old college or seminary friend—can you see how interesting it is and how broad are Dr. Mansfield's interests and influence? And all are woven as the warp and woof of the Institute life of service.—And his time is not devoted only to visitors, but

members of the staff frequent his office all during the hours of the day as he directs and instructs as to the various departmental activities.

Something which I think will interest you very much is the fact that, in creating and developing the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during the last thirty-five years, Dr. Mansfield has been not only aggressive, with all that implies, but has enlisted and fairly demanded the support and assistance of those in high places and positions of influence. He often mentions persons who during those years have been leaders in the political and business life of New York. For instance, our great Theodore Roosevelt when, as Police Commissioner, he wielded such power—and those were fighting days for Dr. Mansfield when he was warring on the entrenched evil conditions in the lower part of the city where the sailor man was the especial victim. On a different key—in an effort to improve our immediate neighborhood, by going directly to the "powers that be," he was able to have the little park in front of our great building transformed into a practical paved square surrounded by a grass plot and trees so that always our windows will be open

not only to the lovely river which flows past us on the Southeast, but to the "wide open spaces" of fresh air and outlook, and giving our seaman guests a place to sit out of doors in comfort and decency on hot summer evenings when they want to be out.—And, in addition to the foregoing, Dr. Mansfield is responsible for Federal legislation requiring that a seaman have a certificate in First Aid before receiving his officer's license. He is responsible also for Medical Aid at Sea which was accomplished through the cooperation of the Radiomarine Corporation of America.

To bring you into close touch with the present situation, in spite of his incessant suffering, he has guided the Institute through the perilous economic depression with the consequent unemployment of thousands of seamen, and these men, though temporarily "out of plumb" have really moved one step higher up in the scale, because the relief administered to thousands in the way of lodging, food, clothing, carfares, etc., has been on a loan basis instead of straight charity. The men themselves recognize and appreciate that this is a move in the right direction for self-respecting, temporary assistance to tide them

over what we hope is a brief period of unemployment and to establish them on a sure footing for the future. Visitors always remark the splendid condition of the Institute building as to cleanliness and upkeep—this means an ever-watchful eye, and is one of the things that has caused Dr. Mansfield great anxiety in his state of partial blindness, but I believe an extra effort has been put forth on the part of all employes to do their bit to hold up the standard with a fine spirit of loyalty.

And together with the ability to put the right person in the right place, Dr. Mansfield inspires loyalty and devotion and calls out of people their best with a conscious desire to put themselves personally into the service which the Institute tries to render to the men who patronize it—not just that it shall be a good hotel and a decent place for them to stay when in the port of New York, but a temporary abiding place with the spirit of welcome and home.

Always a steady hand must hold the tiller and guide the ship, and it is this steadiness and sureness, the clear thought and penetration into the fog and mists of present difficulties, that impress me in my daily close

contact with Dr. Mansfield. More and more his judgment and policies are being vindicated and recognized—his advice and guidance is sought by many in the field of welfare work. Legacies in small and large amounts are more and more frequently coming to the Institute, sometimes from people who have been regular contributors to the work and occasionally from total strangers, but in every case giving evidence of the trust and confidence of people everywhere in the worthwhileness of the work and Dr. Mansfield's life of service to his fellows. With the help and assistance of many of New York's fine business men and clergy who have served and are serving on the Board of Managers, he has brought the Institute to its present great position of prominence.

There still remains one huge task to be accomplished, which is to clear the building of the great burden of debt it is carrying—I have a conviction that it is Dr. Mansfield who will clear away this debt and that its accomplishment will be the crown upon the beautiful structure of service to seamen which he has raised. He is visioning still greater service to these men but the debt makes impossible putting these purposes into action.

"Mickey Mouse" and "Squegee"

WHEN you sit in a darkened theatre and chuckle at the antics of "Mickey Mouse" on the silver screen, have you ever wondered how this little comic character was created? Just recently, we have learned, from Seaman Tommy Crawford Hill, all the mysteries of this animated cartoon which thousands enjoy.

Tommy has worked in Hollywood on the staff of Walt Disney, the creator of "Mickey Mouse," but he is now engaged in making an animated cartoon of his own original comic character, "Squegee." "Squegee" is a little pirate who goes through all sorts of nautical adventures and, judging from preliminary showings of the movie, bids fair to be come as popular as "Mickey Mouse." On this page we reproduce a drawing of "Squegee," as, standing at the prow of a boat, he arrived in the Port of New York at the Institute.

"Yes, I have a genuine affection for this Institute," said Tommy, as with lightning-like strokes of his pen, he drew a picture of "Squegee" for us. "When I went to sea in 1920 this South Street building was my only home. And now, I've dropped in here for a week's

visit to get some local 'sea' color and atmosphere for some of the 'Squegee' scenes."

Tommy explained that one-third of all the profits from his "Squegee" pictures will go to endow a "Squegee" bed in every hospital in the country where poor little girls and boys may regain health. The picture will be the first animated cartoon talkie picture to be produced in natural colors. To make such a picture (requiring six minutes to run), a staff of twenty-two artists is employed to make



from 7,500 to 9,000 separate drawings of every "action." The highest paid artists are known as "extreme" artists; that is, they draw the beginning and the end of an action, while the lesser artists draw the "in-between" movements of the comic character. First of all a "gag" meeting is called at which the artists suggest funny "gags" and lay out the scenes. Each drawing must be made to keep time with the "music" that goes along in every animated talkie picture. The music is recorded first and so many "actions" are drawn to the quarter beat. What patience all this must require! As Tommy said, "It's quite a different kind of work from washing decks and chipping rust aboard an old tanker. But then," he continued with a dreamy smile, "the sea was my first love and in all my cartoons I'm trying to bring a salty touch here and there to give them the breeziness of the sea."

Tommy has just sold a full-length moving picture scenario to C—— Motion Pictures entitled "The Black and White Clown." It is the story of a newspaper cartoonist, and in several parts of the story the hero goes off to sea. He is a whimsical philosopher who en-

joys chatting with an old sailor-man about the horizon line. "Ships go out to sea, and some of them come home again, and never reach the horizon line," Tommy makes his character say. "Yet we cartoonists carelessly draw a horizon line on every laugh we turn out—and never realize that some day we shall reach our last horizon line and have our last laugh. And I wonder if 'beyond the horizon' I will meet those great cartoonists, Tad and Briggs, and will they recognize me? For, after all, Life is just an unfinished cartoon, isn't it?"

Tommy was born in Ireland, is red-haired and has a fertile Irish wit. When he was fourteen years old he worked on a Cleveland newspaper and gradually, through the art department, learned the principles of drawing. During the War he drew a "daily laugh," but one day tossed aside pens and ink and joined the merchant marine. After the War he married and settled in Hollywood, working with the "Mickey Mouse" staff. His young daughter, who each night begged him to "tell me a story, Daddy," inspired him to create the whimsical little character, "Squegee."

Amateur Movies—Does This Appeal to You?

HERE is a new way in which LOOKOUT readers may help the work of the Institute. A moving picture showing the various activities within our building has just been completed. It is a two reel movie, printed on amateur 16 millimeter film so that it may readily be shown in private homes, to small gatherings, on an amateur projection machine. We shall be glad to lend you this film (if you are in New York City deliver it by messenger) and if you are out of town to ship it to you prepaid by parcel post if you will pay for its return. A series of cards containing appropriate captions accompanies the pictures—so what could be more delightful than to invite a few friends (who know little or nothing about this great work) to your home and there show them literally the many ways in which the Institute is befriending merchant seamen?

If you personally do not own an amateur projection machine, perhaps one of your friends who has taken up the hobby of "home movies" would lend you his. In New York City and vicinity we shall be glad to supply a machine and also, if you so desire, to send you a speaker. The movie, we feel sure, will hold

your interest from start to finish, and the twenty-five minutes required to run it will pass very quickly. You will see Jack, just off his ship, with his wages jingling in his pockets, as he comes swinging along South Street. You will watch him as he visits our baggage room, post office, cafeteria. You will see him demonstrating his skill at pool, bowling, checkers and feel like joining in when he sings popular songs around the piano in our reading room. You will see Dr. Mansfield, our Superintendent, in his busy office, and "Mother" Roper in hers. You will, in short, make a tour of the Institute *right in your own home!*

Of course, the purpose of the movie is to enlarge the circle of our acquaintances and to gain new friends for the Institute. So won't you write at once and reserve a date when you want the movie shown? During the summer months when you are entertaining a great deal, this movie will provide a pleasant program. (You might even pass around the hat after the "show" and send the money which you collect to our Building Fund!) Address your letter to:

GORDON KNOX BELL, Chairman,
Movie Program Committee,
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



Many seamen along these wharves with no prospects of jobs!

Drawing by Seaman Duane Lyon

SUMMSPECTS

DURING ordinary times the coming of summer means an increase in shipping and a consequent lessening of the number of unemployed men dependent on us for help. With the warm weather the New York waterfront is the scene of much frenzied hurrying hither and thither—tourists embarking for Europe, sightseeing boats, coastwise steamers and all the other evidences of a busy harbor. But this summer unemployment persists and the prospects are somewhat grim for hundreds of men down to their last few nickels and still vainly on the lookout for work.

THE number of contributions naturally decreases during July and August, and so the Institute this season is facing a serious deficit. Over and above all the material comforts provided year in and year out by the Institute, there are these periods of depression when hundreds of men are not only lonely but are also despairing and hungry. When you spend your vacation in Europe, or in the mountains, or at the seashore, we hope **before you go** you will “dig down in your pocket” and remember to send a check to help us “carry on” through the difficult summer ahead.

Please check to
 HARRY
 Chairman, War Relief Committee
 25 WEST

The Sea Still Breeds Its Poets

THE influence of Herman Melville, James Fenimore Cooper, Joseph Conrad and John Masefield is far-reaching. Spurred on by the achievements of these famous seamen we find dozens of modern sailormen with an urge to write poems or novels about the sea. During the course of the past few months literally one out of every five seamen who enter the office of the editor of THE LOOKOUT seek advice on how to embark on a literary career. In the pockets of their nautical jackets they carry sheaves of poems which they have composed during their leisure hours in the fo'c'stles of numerous ships plying the waterways of the world.

As they pour out the story of their dreams and ambitions some are eager and aggressive, confidently displaying their collections; others are timid and hesitant about showing their creations. But all of them, from the oldest tar to the youngest lad who has made only one trip, tell of their great love for the mistress Sea whose fickle charms hold them more than any lovers on the land. From the magic of ships and seas, the great expanse of waters, far horizons, they derive a wealth of material for

their literary products. In spite of the fact that the days of the sailing ships have long since slipped into the limbo of the past, they still find on steamers, floating palaces, dirty coal barges, filthy tankers and fleet ocean greyhounds the inspiration which finds expression in rhythm and rhyme.

Mother Roper is always a good subject for a poem by an inspired young versifier. Home is a popular subject, too, but the sea itself is their most frequent inspiration. Reams of free verse and handfuls of other verse not so free pour into the editor's office. For example, among the 1931 crop of sea poets there is William W——, 22 year old German seaman who writes the following:

"THE LOOKOUT

"I stand on lookout, a lonely soul
Always watching night after night
For the never-appearing Light
And as I gaze upon the wide, wide Sea
I can feel the fingers of the Wind
Gliding through my hair tenderly
And God's kind face whispering into my ear—
'Poor lonely soul
But even you someday shall reach your
Goal!'"

The majority of these would-be poets have had very little schooling, so they are eager to study books on the technique of writing poetry and are grateful

for the books of poems by famous bards which the editor lends them.

Here is another, more cynical product of life on the briny deep:

"A FOOL THERE WAS (With apologies to Mr. Kipling)

"A fool there was and he went to sea
Even as you and I
And he chose a life of misery
Though the poets call it brave and free,
Yet a fool he was and a fool he'll be
For only a fool will follow the sea
Even as you and I.

"Oh, the years we spent have a bitter taste
When we turn again to the land
And the land rejects us derelicts,
With our withered minds, as mental wrecks,
With a cold, disdainful hand.

"A fool there was and his life he spent
Even as you and I
In danger zones that were never meant
For a thing that God his image lent,
Yet we go to sea by our own consent
For only a fool knows a fool's content
Even as you and I

"Oh, the love we have lost and joys we have lost
And the lights of the home we have planned
Were won by the men who stayed ashore
Who had brains and sense and a whole lot more
Of things we don't understand.

"All the fool owns is his foolish pride
Even as you and I
That is carefully fleeced and flung aside
To sink or float in the deep-sea tide
Where some of him lived but most of him died
Even as you and I."

And this one from Seaman Edwin S——, who has traveled extensively in tropical waters, was stricken with malaria in Panama, spent a year in prison

for fighting, but who has now sobered down to hold a good job aboard a West Indian cruiser:

"A SAILOR'S CREED

"I have known life and love, I have known death and disaster;
Foregathered with fools, succumbed to sin,
been not unacquainted with shame;
Doubted, and yet held fast to a faith no doubt could o'ermaster.
Won and lost—and I know it was all part of the game.

"Youth and the dreams of youth, hope, and the triumph of sorrow.
I took as they came, I played them all; and I trumped the trick when I could.
And now, O Mover of Men, let the end be today or tomorrow—
I have staked and played for Myself, and You and the Game were Good"

If you doubt the fecund influence of the sea, just read this one by Able Seaman George E——:

"GYPSY WINDS

"Hey Ho! Wind from the North,
Do the 'Northern Lights' still blaze forth?
Do schooners still sail when the day is done
To make wonderful pictures against the sun?
Tell me, Wind, and quiet my longing,
Are the geese in their northward flight thronging?"

"Hey Ho! Wind from the South,
You recall the scenes of my youth,
Bring me the murmur of palms in a breeze;
Of coral beaches pounded by seas,
Tell me, Wind, and cool my spring fever,
Are flying fish as plentiful as ever?"

"Hey Ho! Wind from the East,
Do the gulls still congregate for a feast
Around vessels that are painted gaily,
That arrive at the wharves daily?
Do you ruffle their feathers as they sit on the ropes?
Tell me, and satisfy my hopes.

"Hey Ho! Wind from the West,
Have the wild ducks yet begun to nest?
Are violets growing in sheltered ravines,
Are fish running in mountain streams?
Tell me, Wind, set my heart at ease
It is fluttering like a leaf in the breeze."



Photo by Ewing Galloway
Rubbing down the walls of the "Bremen"—An inspiration for a poem?

It's lucky we know where to stop and where to begin.
 We grumble, kick and growl
 But what in the world is the use to howl?
 Daylight will soon be dawning,
 The pilot's aboard and the weather's fine,
 It's a great life sailing for the Line."

The most conducive time for inspiration is on the bridge of a ship during the long, silent hours of the watch, with only the sea and the starlit sky as witnesses. Such a philosopher-poet is Otto W——, a portion of whose long poem, "The Voyage of Life," is quoted here:

"Our ship is carried through the waves
 Home to our port of Destiny,
 Port of the truth that mankind craves—
 The truth that still shall make us free"

If virtue laid the course we chose
 And faith in truth survives,
 Then Death's dark port could never close
 The voyage of our lives.

When all the water of the sea
 Has passed through human sweat and tears,
 A better place this earth shall be,
 Where goodwill drives and reason steers."

New blood, cleansed by daily contact with the open sea and the constant lashing of the waves, has found expression in other verses such as "A Toast To Greta Garbo," "The Out-Going Sailor," "The Figure-Head," "Goodbye, New York," etc. From these samples it is readily seen that the age of steam has certainly not dried up the greatest source of literary material.

Deckhands, wheelsmen, oilers, wipers, even captains, feel the urge to entwine dactyls, anapests and trochees into immortal verse, as witness these realistic lines penned by the gnarled hand of a weather-beaten seafarer:

"FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

"It's four o'clock in the morning,
 Daylight will soon be dawning.
 The pilot is aboard, let's go;
 Let go fore and aft, what makes you so slow?
 Stand by, engines, full ahead.
 We don't have time to get out of bed.
 The speed we make would make an eagle quail,
 We even beat the U. S. Mail.
 Seventeen ports in fifty days,
 Not so worse, yet not so bad,
 We did the best with the means we had.
 It's cargo out and it's cargo in,

A Coastal Landscape Artist

QUAINT Dutch town nestling by the sea, sun-baked villages on the Kentish Coast, colorful harbors of Sicily, the blue waters of Mediterranean ports—these are the inspirations for Seaman Duane Lyon's color sketches and black and white wash drawings. Skylines and landscapes, cities and towns, winding streets and waterfronts—these are his joy—and his sketches are lovely to behold. But times are hard and buyers are scarce, so that is why he came to the Institute to try to find work of any kind. Lyon is more of an artist than a seaman (having studied at the University of Missouri) and invariably employers seem to choose other men when they are making up the personnel of ships. "I love the harbors and ports," he said. "I find them more beautiful than anything else. As the var-

ious ships on which I have sailed enter and leave port, I am busy with my pencil and drawing board."

On the center page of this issue, readers of THE LOOKOUT may see one of Lyon's sketches of the famous skyline of Manhattan with the Institute prominently in the foreground. He sketched this one Spring afternoon while sitting on some piling on the Brooklyn waterfront. He is now at work on some New York and foreign studies for an exhibit in an uptown gallery next winter.

Let us hope that he will soon be able to find another berth on a ship bound for Genoa, for he tells us that he began a sketch there and was interrupted by the mate, so that he still has the unfinished drawing in his sketch-book.

For The Chapel

We need an ecclesiastical tapestry for the ornate Gothic frame back of the Altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour. We hope that one of our readers who has moved from a large house to an apartment may have such a tapestry in storage and would be willing to present it to the Institute. The measurements of the screen on which the tapestry is to hang are eleven feet seven inches wide and nine feet high. The subject of the tapestry would, of course, have to be in keeping with the spirit of our Chapel. If such a tapestry can be found, we believe that it will enhance the beauty of our altar and will be an artistic as well as a spiritual improvement in the appearance of the entire Chapel.

Jottings from the S. C. I. Log

IF YOU HAVE A JOB or an assured income you should get down on both knees and express your thanks, and incidentally while you are in that religious position, you might say a little prayer for those who have neither of these blessings that their patience and hope may not fail, and after doing all this it would be very nice if you would give just a thought to those of us who for months past have been trying to find jobs for other people and to house, feed and clothe those who have needed these things. If after all this you are not too weary in well doing, why of course you could rise to your feet and put your hand in your pocket.

—From "The Mainstay"—

Good News

As we go to press we receive word that THE LOOKOUT has won the annual contest conducted by the Social Work Publicity Council for "the best house organ for the lay public." The award was announced at the Convention of the National Conference of Social Work held in Minneapolis the week of June 15th. We may be pardoned for being proud of this achievement. THE LOOKOUT was selected from among several hundred magazines submitted by charitable and philanthropic organizations throughout the United States. We are glad that our readers enjoy this little magazine of the sea. As we are always eager to improve its appearance and content, we welcome constructive suggestions and criticism.

"Blow Me Down"

One of our talented sailors, Lauren V. Bernard, about whose attractive clay models we wrote in The Look-

out a year or so ago, dropped into the editor's office one day recently. He proudly displayed his latest creation, a humorous figure in clay, called "Pop-Eye," which graces the comic pages of each Saturday's New York American. Lauren was all excited and wanted us to know that he was engaged to be married, that he was an uncle—one sister having a baby boy and one brother a baby girl—and that his mother had started a mink farm in Bremerton, Washington. All this gossip he poured out breathlessly and finished with a smile, saying, "I just got off my ship, and since yesterday was Mother's Day, I wired her some flowers, and since today is my sister's birthday, I sent her roses, too." Lauren has a steady job on an oil tanker but finds time for his modeling during his off hours in the fo'c'stle.

"God Rest His Soul"

On a bleak March day one of our chaplains stood over a wind-swept grave and said the last rites for Seaman August Treylieb. For many years a frequent visitor at the Institute, Treylieb, a Latvian by birth, is mourned by his friends in the merchant service. He survived the Russian Revolution, but his wife and one child were killed before his eyes. He and two other children spent five years in prison. Since his release he was quartermaster on the yacht "Meteor." His childhood friend, Captain Arnold Berthold, who built the Kaiser's private yacht on Staten Island before the War, attended the burial service. Captain Berthold spoke so touchingly of his companion. Seventy or eighty other friends stood at the grave to pay their respects to Treylieb, who died suddenly of heart trouble while walking down South Street.

Sailors' "Small Talk"

Lest our readers be deceived into thinking that sailors' conversations is usually on nautical subjects, the following specimens will convince them of their universal interest. These were overheard around the tea table in our Apprentice Room one warm June afternoon: brands of coffee, the latest style in tuxedos, the view from the Eiffel Tower as compared with the view from the Empire State Building, lamb chops vs. porterhouse steak, Greta Garbo vs. Clara Bow, Mercedes vs. Hispano Suiza (if you could have only one car!) and other subjects equally remote from seas and ships.

Appreciation

Our Business Department received from Seaman Richard J—the following letter:

"I acknowledge receipt of my gear, also money order. Everything is shipshape and O. K. I take much pleasure in thanking you for your much appreciated services and cannot express enough gratitude for sending me my outfit—since I was stranded here in Montreal with only one suit of clothes and one shirt. Wishing much success to the S. C. I."

What a Life!

A letter to Mother Roper from one of her sailor boys waxes philosophical in the second paragraph: "I got home last night, had a wonderful night's sleep and awoke this morning to find a letter from you. Oh, the world ain't so bad, after all, is it? I am no longer thinking that sailors' conversation is almost gone already and I think in a week or so I will be back in trim again. Then I guess it will be out and start something: ship out and come back and pay off and pay out and get in and get out; and Oh, what a life!"

Society Notes!

Twenty-six boys and girls from our Apprentice Room attended the "Toc H" Benefit Dance aboard the Berengaria on May 11th, through the kindness of the Rev. Pryor Grant and the Benefit Committee, who gave the tickets at a very reduced rate. There was almost continuous dancing, a treasure hunt, and delightful speeches. Our apprentice lads didn't miss anything and were still dancing when the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home" at 2:15 A. M.

Our Neighborhood Hospital

The Beekman Street Hospital is planning to extend its service in lower Manhattan and the financial district, according to its President, Mr. Howard S. Cullman. Ever ready in

an emergency, this Hospital responds promptly to ambulance calls from our Institute. We commend its program of expansion and recommend that all those who can do so will lend their financial support to such a useful and humane institution.

A Collegiate Prank

One evening a student from Columbia College appeared at the window of our hotel department and asked for a room ticket for Friday, the 13th. We do not sell room tickets ahead because seamen occupying rooms have until twelve o'clock the next day to rehire the same room. We told this to the student and also told him that he was ineligible to sleep at the Institute. It turned out that this was a part of the day's fraternity initiation stunts. He was instructed to do the impossible, that is, procure a room ticket. Evidently some one knowing the Institute hotel rules thought up the stunt.





Paul Parker Photo

Chapel Flower Fund

There are nineteen Sundays still available on our calendar for memorial flowers on the altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour. The sum of \$100 will reserve for you one Sunday in perpetuity and on that Sunday, every year, the chaplain will refer to the flowers and will read an "In Memoriam" message during the service. It is a most fitting way to pay tribute to some loved one or relative by beautifying the altar in our Chapel where seamen

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 BUILDING DEBT to the extent of the amount subscribed.

of every age, race, rank and creed join in worship. The Sundays which have not as yet been reserved are as follows: The second and fourth Sundays in February; the third and fourth in March; the first and second in April; the first, third and fourth in June; the first, second and fourth in July; the second, third and fourth in August; the second and third in September, and the first and second in November.

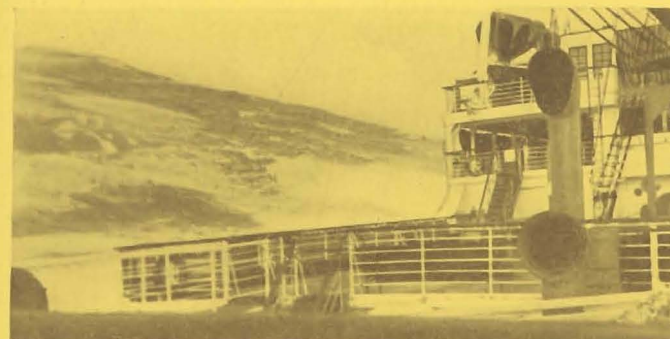
Among the memorials still available are:

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

A Record of Service

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

195,238	lodgings registered.
124,230	meals served.
399,684	sales made at the soda fountain.
24,278	pieces of baggage checked and protected.
17,863	books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
32,548	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
16,812	received Relief Loans.
1,754	seamen and employees treated in the Institute Dispensary.
1,228	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
173	missing men located.
\$251,538.91	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
5,218	seamen attended 91 religious services.
13,001	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
17,512	Information Booth contacts.



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