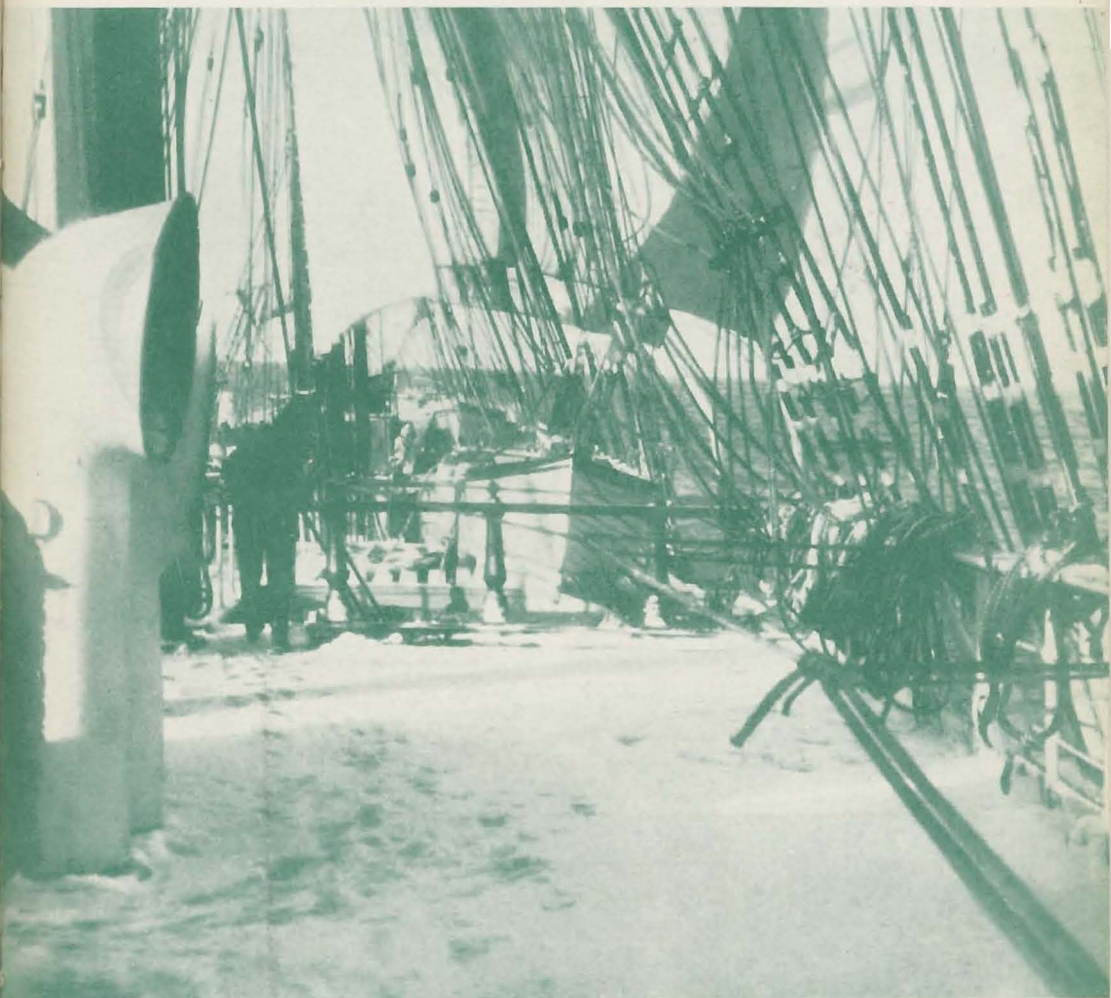


The LOOKOUT



The "Grace Harwar", in Mid-Winter, Just off CAPE HORN

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIV

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JANUARY, 1933

The photograph on this month's cover was taken by CHARLES GULDEN, one of the Institute's contributors, who sailed as a passenger aboard the full-rigged "Grace Harwar" in June, 1932—the winter season in the southern hemisphere—while the vessel was participating in the famous grain race. Notice the snow on her decks.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and
over include a year's subscription to
"The Lookout."

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

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

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

JANUARY, 1933

No. 1

A PLEASURE TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN

IMAGINE selecting a voyage around Cape Horn in a full-rigged sailing vessel as a pleasure trip! Yet that is exactly what one of the Institute's contributors—Charles Gulden—deliberately chose to do. He tried to sign on as a member of the crew, but the "Grace Harwar" was filled up, so, not wishing to miss this unique opportunity, he persuaded the captain to take him aboard as a passenger.

In this day of radio, aeroplane, telephone and telegraph, a trip on a windjammer seems like turning back the pages of history. Twenty of these old vessels, doomed by the steam and steel of modern shipping, have been given a brief lease of life by the depression. For three months they were in Australia loading wheat for England and the Continent in little, out-of-the-way ports where steamships would not go. Low grain prices and low freights have given them a chance to compete with speedier ships. The owner of the fleet, Captain Gustav Eriksen would keep them in commission wheth-



Hauling on the Weather Forebraces

er they paid or not—for he is a sentimentalist who believes that all the romance of the sea will die with the square-rigged sailing ship. The hazardous voyage around Cape Horn takes from 90 to 135 days. The "Grace Harwar," on which Mr. Gulden sailed, required 132 days to travel sixteen thousand miles from Port Victoria to Falmouth, England.

Excerpts from Mr. Gulden's diary follow. They reveal the terrific and continuous battle of the ship with the forces of the sea. Nowadays when every port has its idle hulls, the sailormen who worked aboard these grain ships considered themselves fortunate in spite of the perilous voyage

and the back-breaking toil. The four-masted bark "Parma," owned by Captain Ruben de Cloux and the seaman-novelist-lecturer, A. J. Villiers, won the 1932 race, arriving at Falmouth in 103 days.

The Diary

May 1st—At dawn I was roused up and told we would sail. Anchor was weighed finally about eight-thirty after it had been dropped over because of no wind. Late this evening a light easterly set in and has held. Mostly all of the sails are new and look well. As the sun set we had our last look at the mainland. There are maretails in the sky and I hope for wind. The nights are very cool and will be more so as we are going south of Tasmania. May 7th—It started to blow hard from the southwest and on Sunday it was blowing a full gale with mountainous seas.

The pig pen was washed overboard and every time she rolls tons of water sweep the decks. I thought several times that the sea would poop her but I soon realized what a fine sea boat she is. On Monday it blew harder and huge seas broke on board all day. Tuesday afternoon it blew itself out and on Wednesday we were under full sail again. It's very cold now and the days are getting shorter. On the 12th of June the first pig was killed. We are now somewhere south of New Zealand. Our ship carries no radio.

On Tuesday, the 17th we crossed from 180 E. to W. Longitude and had two Tuesdays. The temperature is about 3 to 4 Centigrade and continued so till we neared Cape Horn when it went below zero. The temperature of the air and water is taken twice during each watch on account

of icebergs. Soon after we left Australia the running lights were not used (no kerosene). Our best day's run to date is 252 nautical miles. At times we have made twelve knots or more. There have been plenty of albatross about and a constant little bird called a cape pigeon. We have also seen plenty of whales. Our average day's run till the headwinds slowed us was about 170 miles per day. The days until we were in the South Atlantic were very short and mostly always cloudy or foggy. During this period we had several heavy gales. Whenever the wind goes to the South it gets freezing cold. When we were about 1200 miles from the Cape in about Longitude 105 W. the wind started to lead us and what should have taken six days took thirty to reach. We tacked between 55 degrees and 57 degrees S. Latitude. Several times we were becalmed which was unusual for this latitude. Between calms it would be a head wind or a gale in which we hove to. On the 20th of June we had a howling gale from the East with snow and hail; it then shifted and blew a gale from the South with snow and hail. This was the worst weather we encountered and was a real Cape Horn storm.

The cargo shifted and the ship lay over at a dangerous angle and let the seas wash over her. The monkey bridge was almost washed overboard and the lee lifeboat was floating most of the time. One of the pigs went over the side. The crew were set to work shifting the cargo. That helped. The forecastle was flooded and also the galley. Aft below things were in a mess. Several seas swept over the poop. On the 23rd it abated somewhat and that afternoon dropped. It snowed heavily all day and the ship was covered with ice. During the worst of the gale the shroud on the main mast broke and

we expected to see the mast go by the board.

June 25th—We rounded the Cape in Latitude 57° S. 67° 16° W. In 1929 the "Grace Harwar" rounded the Cape on the same day and in fifty-seven days. We did it in fifty-five. After rounding the Cape a head wind headed us again and were forced to tack. The following day we went the farthest South during the trip, nearly 59 degrees. There was a possibility of our being driven back to the Horn again but late in the afternoon on the 29th a fair wind set in and sent us into the South Atlantic for good. On the 14th of July in Latitude 51° S the trade wind sails were bent on. They are a sorry looking lot, some of them eight or nine years old. On August 2nd we crossed the Line 93 days out. On the 10th we ran into the doldrums.

August 24th—We were in the Northeast trades. On September 1st we were in Latitude 40 degrees N, Longitude 34 degrees W. It took five days to go from 30 degrees to 40 degrees (it took fifteen in 1929). Steamers are becoming numerous now, but no passenger boats. On the 8th of September a strong northwest wind set in and we are driving. A large quartering sea is following us. She is shipping a lot of them. Very heavy squalls beset us and in surprising numbers. On the 10th we near the Scilly Island. We almost ran a fishing boat under during the night. Bound for Falmouth with a fine wind.

September 11th—Passed the Lizard at one o'clock this morning amidst heavy traffic. We signalled with a torch for a pilot. When he came alongside he said: "We thought you were lost." We are now anchored in Falmouth Harbor.

CHRISTMAS ON THE WATERFRONT

LD Scrooge's nephew, who took such a delight in Christmas Day, ought to have been present at the Institute's Christmas dinner and entertainment. He would have been overjoyed to participate, with our sailors, in their celebration of this happiest holiday of the year. Let us tell you about some of the pleasant events of the day:

For weeks and weeks Seaman Francescho L. had hoped to find a job and earn enough money to send his "Ma" (as he called his mother) a Christmas present. He was receiving relief at the Institute and members of the Institute staff had given him postage, so he sent his mother several greeting cards (which are distributed free of charge in our writing room and Social Service Department.) On Christmas

Eve, to his great surprise, he found a little parcel addressed to him, and in the box was a necklace, a bottle of perfume, and a card: "A Christmas gift for your 'Ma'." Francescho mailed off the package and then went to enjoy the holiday dinner in our cafeteria with a light heart and a happy smile.

Young John S. and his wife and three little children were evicted from their home when they were unable to pay the rent because John couldn't find a ship. So they settled down



aboard a barge, moored at an East River pier, just across from the Institute. We soon learned of the family's plight. Tommy, the oldest child, age three and a half, was suffering from badly decayed teeth, due to undernourishment. We persuaded the mother to bring him to our Dental Clinic where the aching teeth were extracted, and on Christmas morning golden-haired Tommy and his sister and baby brother received a bag of toys—blocks, balls, trains, and warm clothing.

At 25 South Street, more than 1400 seamen were the guests of the Institute at a turkey dinner Sunday noon (with dressing and gravy and cranberry sauce and potatoes and celery and turnips and all kinds of pie) according to our annual custom—made possible by the thoughtfulness and generosity—and this year by even the self-sacrifice—of many of our loyal contributors.

One letter from a sailor lad best describes the appreciation of our seamen: "Dear Dr. Mansfield: I have eaten Christmas dinner at the Institute last Sunday and I want to extend sincere compliments to yourself and those responsible for it. The food was excellent — satisfactorily tasty — and the portions rationed out each seaman were generous to the extreme. Accept my congratulations and thanks."

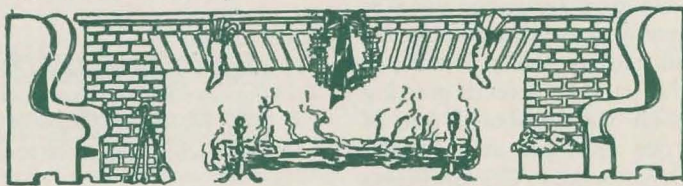
Preceding the dinner at noon there was a carol service in the Chapel of Our Saviour. Christmas carols were sung by the Ralph Ody quartet, and the voices of the congregation of seamen (of all creeds and races) blended

with the organ in the beautiful strains of "Joy to the World." On Sunday evening, the regular service was conducted in the chapel and Mr. Paul Lodsin, a baritone, sang some of the lovely Christmas hymns.

On Monday, at 2:30 P.M. nearly 1,000 seamen gathered in our auditorium to see Richard Dix in "Cimarron" and some lively comedies. In the evening, another group of as many sailors witnessed the talking picture, "Madison Square Garden" with Jack Oakie. A Christmas tree above our Ship's Bell (the historic bell which was rescued from the shipwrecked "Atlantic") over the entrance to our building, added a festive Christmas atmosphere. The New York Edison Company donated the electric lights and decorations.

The Institute's hospitality also extended to the U. S. Marine Hospitals (at Stapleton and on Ellis Island) where our chaplains, representing Dr. Mansfield who is the U. S. Government's chaplain, conducted the Christmas services. More than 1300 comfort bags containing candy, fruit, socks, sweaters, stationery, etc., were distributed to sick and convalescent sailors.

But perhaps the happiest seaman of all was Henry M. who wrote to one of the chaplains: "For the first time in 20 years I attended religious services. I feel better. I thought of my mother when I heard those hymns and prayers—who died forgotten in Rio de Janeiro, and I have decided to pray again just as my mother taught me when I was a little kid."



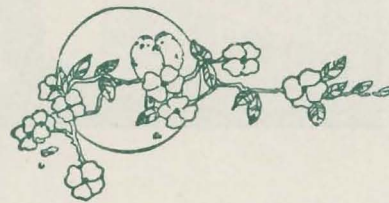
A DEPRESSION ROMANCE

A BACHELOR'S life is best for a seaman, decided John R. and vowed to his doubting shipmates that he would never let a girl lure him to the altar.

That was several years ago but circumstances alter many things, and a vow, once solemnly sworn, is forgotten under the pressure of a depression. John R., like most other seamen, found himself "on the beach," jobless and penniless. Perhaps the thought flitted through his mind that at least he had no wife to worry about.

And then, when life seemed blackest, a cablegram arrived from Australia. John R. brought it to our Relief Secretary, and in his quiet, shy way told this story:

It seemed that he met a girl in Sidney about a year ago when his ship was in port and it was a case of love at first sight on the part of the fair maiden. John thought she was very nice and attractive, but, after all, he wished to remain a bachelor.



But the heroine of this romance did not forget her sailor. The cablegram offered him a job in her father's business with a good salary, and she would send him passage money if he would give up the sea and return to Australia and marry her.

If John had been at sea when the message arrived, if he had had the assurance that a "berth" was awaiting him on some ship, we doubt if he would have considered the proposal. But since he was "on relief" here at the Institute, and no job in the offing, he decided without any hesitation that he was very much in love. Our relief secretary loaned him funds with which to cable back his answer "Yes." The money for his voyage arrived and John, after paying his debts and thanking us for our assistance, sailed for San Francisco, from where he will embark for Sidney—and a wife and a father-in-law.

ANSWER THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS!

When breakers roar and tempests
blare

And peril stalks the sea,
The signal of a blazing flare
Means: "Help comes speedily."

"Distress," the vessel's rocket says.
The watcher on the land
An answer to the call displays:
"Assistance is at hand."

Because there are many hundreds of sailors in the Port of New York in straitened circumstances the Institute is no longer 75 per cent self-supporting. In good times the seamen gladly paid the small charges for meals and beds at 25 South Street. But now, we must operate at a loss of 60 per cent instead of 25 per cent. That is why, instead of needing \$100,000 to carry on our work in 1933, we need \$160,000.

Each day we serve FREE meals to several hundred penniless seamen and give them FREE beds each night. Ten-cent meals and twenty-cent beds are available for those sailors who can and wish to pay something — even a little — to maintain their self-respect during these trying times.



Courtesy, Nelson Harding in the New York Evening Journal.

The Institute's Board of Managers is doing everything humanly possible to meet the overwhelming demands for relief. Overhead expenses, salaries and personnel have all been drastically cut in order to have more funds available to relieve actual suffering and want among our seamen.

It will help a great deal if you will send your contribution after you have received ONE reminder. We can thus save the expense of postage, materials and labor in sending you two or three additional letters. Your cooperation in this respect will be most sincerely appreciated.

We need a minimum of
\$160,000
to maintain the Institute
during 1933

Kindly send checks to:
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF
NEW YORK
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

OUR VOLUNTEERS

WHEN someone once asked our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, if there were any standards or requirements for volunteers, he replied: "Invaluable service can be rendered at the Institute by volunteers who possess enthusiasm, practical sense and a clear conception of team work, and who give allegiance to the daily task."

The volunteer help which the Institute is receiving from interested men and women who devote several hours each week to the work in our Religious and Social Service Department measures up to the high standard set by Dr. Mansfield. They contribute far more than the lightening of staff burdens. In their varied interests, in their intelligent contribution to daily problems and in their willingness to serve and share, they are of inestimable help.

It has been due to the inspiration and leadership of Dr. Donald B. Aldrich, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, that the Institute has on its staff of volunteers several of its parishioners who are especially competent. They were selected for their particular aptitudes and training. Other women not affiliated with any Church are also proving their usefulness by their efficiency and dependability.

Rev. Dr. Floyd Van Keuren, executive secretary of the Social Service Commission, when addressing a group of volunteers of Grace Church, said: "One of the most distinguished and successful workers in one of our largest case work agencies is a volunteer with training in neither college nor social work. Qualification for any position depends after all upon enthusiasm, common sense, loyalty to the cause and to the boss, an eager de-

sire to learn, and an alarm clock. The latter symbolizes punctuality and dependability." Several of the volunteers who are aiding the Institute's regular staff are admirably qualified by reason of their friendly, sympathetic personalities, to carry on in social service.

In a huge building like the Institute there are many seamen in real need of social service as well as actual relief. The man who comes to borrow a needle and thread may be seeking an opening to discuss his personal problems. He may be desperately lonely and wanting a friendly word. It is not easy to remember this when busy answering many questions.

Our volunteers, when on duty, are stationed at the "contact desk" on the second floor where hundreds of seamen pass daily. It is their responsibility to try to solve the individual seaman's difficulties. This desk is entirely responsible for lost and found articles, sale of various books and postcards, for chess sets to be borrowed for use in the game rooms, for distribution of magazines, for hospital references, for telegrams, for immigration papers, for messages, etc.

The Institute provides each volunteer with a book of instruction which gives general answers to every social service problem likely to arise. When in doubt about a specific problem, they refer seamen to our Information Desk.

Every day of the week, from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. this desk is covered by a volunteer. One of the most competent is Miss Francis Seeley who has worked in various Institute departments for several years. Her skill in keeping our "Missing Men" files is especially appreciated. Every one of the staff pays tribute to her ability.



EXECUTIVE MANSION

ALBANY, NEW YORK

December 7th, 1932.

Rev. Dr. A. R. Mansfield,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Dr. Mansfield:

Now that the smoke of battle has somewhat cleared, I have time to thank you for that splendid telegram you sent immediately after the election.

I want you to know that I appreciate both your own congratulations and those which you extend on behalf of the Institute, where you are doing such splendid work. I only wish that I could keep in closer touch with its activities, but you know that the staff there, as well as those to whom they minister, have my very best wishes.

Yours very sincerely,

*Governor Roosevelt has been a member
of the Institute's Board of Managers for
twenty-four years.*

A HERO OF THE SEA

Reprinted from THE WORLD-TELEGRAM, By JAMES EDMUND DUFFY, Marine Editor.

THE gods of the sea tested the great new Italian liner, **Conte di Savoia**, on her maiden voyage to America. In the rain and the wind and the darkness of the night of December 5th Captain Antonio Lena and his crew rose magnificently to the challenge. But it was little stout-hearted Gennaro Amatruda, 45, father of four children, who was the hero of the duel between man and nature.

As the proud 48,000-ton sister ship of the **Rex** steamed along, 900 miles east of Ambrose Lightship, mounting seas, rising wind and squalls of rain came on

with twilight. But the **Conte di Savoia** is the first great ship in the world to carry the most advanced type of gyroscope stabilizers and rolled only a degree and a half.

Passengers boasted of her to one another as they prepared for the Captain's dinner, the great occasion on the last night out.

Suddenly, in the midst of their preparations, all the lights went out. It was 5:15. Darkness had fallen over the squally sea.

From a stable world, passengers were plunged into one of anxiety. Whistles blew, voices called, members of the crew

raced about on mysterious missions. Passengers rushed from their cabins. The broad sports deck, made largest among liners by the placing of its funnels far aft, became filled with shadowy figures illumined by the glowing tips of cigarettes, sparks whipping down wind.

Families sought each other in darkness. What was up? What had happened?

Then the word spread. A large valve of the port generator had cracked off, fallen into the sea. The sea was pouring into the great ship. Captain Lena was conferring with engineers.

Soon through the candle-lighted cabins, along the dark decks, spread the word that men must go down into the dark sea to plug the hole. Volunteers were called for.

All the time, the dynamo supplying lights was put out by the inrush of water. It was not for two hours that lights were supplied by an auxiliary dynamo. But everywhere through the darkness ran the word and volunteers responded.

They gathered in a little group around Captain Lena at the head of a swaying fragile rope ladder dropping seventy feet to the sea. Seven men were in the group. Behind them crowded the passengers.

Suddenly, spectacularly, a floodlight came on. Its bright beam fell full on the group. It showed a little steward and Captain grasping hands.

"Not you, my Captain. I go first," said Gennaro Amatruda.

He dropped overside. The others followed. Down they went. At the bottom Amatruda dropped into the sea, burdened with plug to put in the hole and a mat to be drawn over the plug.

For an hour he worked. He was the spearhead of the attack. The others passed things to him, grabbed at him when great waves broke over him, guided the hawsers into place beneath the giant hull as they were dropped over the bow. But it was Amatruda who was always at the forefront.

Within the turbo compartment, behind the hull at which Amatruda toiled, Staff Captain Giorgio Cavallini and Chief Engineer Carlo Denegri worked away at the same time in three feet of water, lighting themselves with flashlights, welding a casing to hold the temporary plug firm.

Climbing to the ladder directly above Amatruda, directing him now here, now there, as submerged almost as his little steward, Third Officer Corrado Pinotti also fought against the inrush of the sea.

At last Amatruda, Pinotti and their five associates finished their task. They had put the plug in place, drawn a mat over it, lashed it with great cables. Now it was the task of those working inside the hull to make all secure. They climbed back to the deck.

More than an hour had passed while they toiled in the sea. Passengers crowding the rail had watched in awed fascination. As they came back, as Amatruda mounted to the deck, Captain Lena and his crew cheered, and the passengers burst into a great salvo of applause.

Captain Lena embraced Amatruda.

"You want me to put in another block of wood?" asked Amatruda modestly.

But the Captain shook his head.

"No, no," he said. "It is enough, Amatruda. You are Italy's great hero. I thank you from my heart."

Reluctantly, then, the passengers went back to their cabins for a hasty dinner toilet. The repairs were far from completed. For hours more stout hearts were to continue toiling in sloshing water deep down inside the hull ere the entire job of repairs was done. But the auxiliary dynamo had brought lights, and the captain's dinner was waiting to be served.



Gennaro Amatruda, Hero of the First Crossing of the Conte di Savoia

Usually, at such a gala affair, all would be in dinner clothes. But now they came, many of them, in the sack suits and sports clothes.

Captain Lena begged to be excused from presiding. So they sat down, and a great laugh went up when on the menu was discovered this item: "Coupe Sweet Memories."

The stewards passed champagne. It was "on the house."

"Drink this," they murmured, "and it will bring you and the Conte Savoia luck."

Captain Lena, his officers, his crew, Amatruda—all were magnificent, said the passengers. The passengers were magnificent, said Captain Lena.

BOOK REVIEWS



WIND DRIVEN—By Jacland Mar-
mur. *The Dial Press.* \$2.00.

Profoundly romantic in conception and treatment, this novel deals with a theme that might well have attracted Herman Melville or Joseph Conrad. The author, a Polish writer of arresting ability, has a vast knowledge of the sea: "the opaline, the beautiful and strong"; likewise, the perilous. His literary style is exceptionally well adapted to this theme, and he attains at times a lofty and tumultuous beauty of description and phrase.

He has drawn a unique record of a sailing voyage with precision and with a depth of feeling beyond the mere adventure tale. He penetrates into the inner spirit of his subjects: Captain Halvor Nettielsen who read philosophical books. "After all," he told the mate "A tie of any sort is a ruinous thing. Yes! Because, well, because it depends for its idealism, let us say, it depends on human frailty. Do you see? But out here, you know, I

thought, well, the stars and the sea and the sky—These things are imperishable, they are unending; they never change." And his wife, Lela, and Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Winter—these are all splendidly portrayed. The pathetic death of the shipmaster's wife and the fate of the unlucky *Bougainville*, and a South American revolution make up a story that the reader will thoroughly enjoy.

TRUE TALES OF THE SEA—By
C. Fox Smith. *Oxford University
Press.* 5/net.

Here are some tales of adventure by sea which Miss Smith has gleaned from the rich field of narratives of voyages and travels which exist in the English language, but which is not easy of access to the ordinary reader. Times have changed since even the most recent of these true stories occurred. But one thing remains unchanged with the passing of centuries, and that is the spirit of adventure which keeps the soul of man alive; the spirit of John Foxe, leading his fellow prisoners to freedom against what seemed hopeless odds; the spirit of those four marines of the *Wager*, crying out "God bless the King!" as their shipmates sailed away and left them to almost certain death; the spirit of the young skipper of the *Trafalgar*, taking up the burden of command as part of the day's work.

Most of the tales are first-hand accounts written by the men whose exploits they set forth; some of them the editor has retold. All the stories are true and are none the less thrilling for that. And by way of interlude, scattered through the book, are poems that carry the full flavor of the sea, and reveal the author's love of ships and knowledge of seamen.

WANTED—339 "HAPPY DAYS"

Won't you reserve one RED LETTER DAY and bring "Happy Days" again to thousands of worthy seafarers who, without the Institute, would be destitute, hungry and homeless?



THERE are many holidays in the year which would make appropriate Red Letter Days. Of course, Thanksgiving and Christmas are already reserved, but the sailors need the Institute on other days just as much.

OR, you may prefer to select your own birthday, or your wedding anniversary, or the birthday of a son, daughter or friend. Perhaps, too, you would like to visit the Institute on your day, with your friends, and have luncheon in our officers' dining room, then make a tour of the building and see the wonderful view of New York harbor from our Titanic Memorial Tower.

ONE of our contributors who has taken a Red Letter Day every year, has written us, when sending this year's check: "My gift to the S. C. I. always is sent from my heart. I cannot quite explain it to myself. It is partly from loving memories of _____, whose birthday my gift commemorates. But that does not explain it all. I think it is a mystery . . . like the sea." And another friend writes: "Nothing but actual destitution would ever make me forego the pleasure of drawing a cheque for the modest sum, that, in the hands of the wonderful administration at 25 South Street, is multiplied to an almost unbelievable extent, in the service of those 'who go down to the sea in ships.'"

THE other day we heard a well-known orchestra playing that popular tune, "Happy Days Are Here Again," and we could not help but think how happy we at the Institute would be if we could paraphrase the song and sing: "Happy Red Letter Days Are Here Again."

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if every day of the 365 could be Red Letter Days at 25 South Street? What a world of happiness our sailors would live in if 365 friends of the Institute paid the daily operating deficit of \$273.97 so that we could carry on all our activities. We have never charged for such humane services as relief, recreation, entertainment, social service, etc., and the amount expended each day, for these, just totals the cost of a Red Letter Day.

EVER since we inaugurated our First Red Letter Day on October 2, 1926, we have had an average of 26 friends each year send their gifts to reserve a Day on our calendar, either to commemorate a birthday or in memory of some loved one who has passed on. So we need 339 other friends to pay for 339 other Days in order to end each year, with our budget balanced.



The Institute desperately needs funds to provide 500 free lodgings each night.

Please send your check to: SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK,
25 South Street, New York City.

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