

The LOOKOUT



Gordon Grant.

"Beauty Treatment"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVI

--

MARCH, 1935

THIS MONTH'S COVER

From the drawing "BEAUTY TREATMENT" by Gordon Grant
in "Sail Ho"

Mr. Grant writes: The figurehead was the last relic of the olden times when ships were lavishly decorated bow and stern. Some of them were beautiful, manifesting great artistic talent on the part of the carver, and were the pride of the crew. Lovely Ladies, Sultans, Armoured Knights, Dragons and Warriors, Gods and Goddesses.

Resplendant names—resplendant figureheads. Even the little "Mary Jane" of Yarmouth must have hers too, be it no more than the local sculptor's homely effort to portray the captain's or the owner's wife or daughter.

Before arrival in port, when the ship was groomed to make her best possible appearance, the figurehead was given a special coat of paint, and often times Jezebel herself would have hidden her head when the carpenter had finished robbing the rainbow under the bows.

For further details on the origins of figureheads, see the article "FIGUREHEAD LORE" on Pages 8, 9 and 10 of this issue.

The LOOKOUT

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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," incorporated under the laws 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.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVI

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No. 3

MEN AGAINST THE SEA

SURVIVING members of the crew of the ill-fated S.S. MOHAWK, many of them without homes, friends, or funds, were brought to 25 South Street in the near-zero weather of that unlucky Friday, January 25th. Food, clothing and shoes were given the men and the ninth floor turned over to them. As each seaman arrived he was provided with a private room where he could rest undisturbed after the terrific ordeal of a night on the water in freezing temperature. While landsmen shivered in fur coats and overshoes, these men were brought ashore hatless, coatless, many of them with frozen fingers, ears and toes. The most severe cases of frost-bite were taken to the Marine Hospitals. Thirty of the crew were lost. On the bridge as the MOHAWK plunged was the lone, gallant figure of her skipper, Captain Joseph Edward Wood, who had spent thirty years in the Clyde-Mallory service and held the Congressional Medal for bravery. Thus had his grandfather and his great-grandfather died before him.

Thanks to our Women's Associations, we had on hand a goodly supply of sweaters, socks, helmets and scarfs, all of which proved a Godsend to these suffering men. Shipping Companies know that the Institute is prepared for just such emergencies and so the crew survivors of shipwrecks in the vicinity of New York are nearly always brought directly to our building. Little necessities like razors, toothbrushes, cigarettes, telephone and



CAPTAIN JOSEPH E. WOOD
He sank with her secret

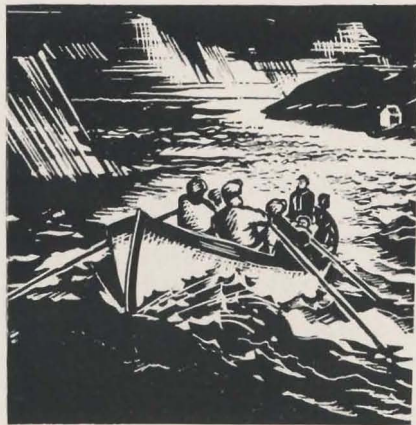
carfare money, are also furnished. Telegrams and cables are sent to anxious relatives and everything is done to make the victims of a marine disaster forget the horror of their experience.

The crew of the MOHAWK were a modest lot, paying tribute to the good seamanship of their shipmates and only admitting their own heroic part in the rescue work when pressed for details. Three seamen survived not only the MOHAWK but also the MORRO CASTLE and HAVANA disasters. They are Thomas Charles, quartermaster, William Tannenbaum, messman and Ray Cayhuc, bath steward. They took the situation stoically enough and even admitted that they

were ready to look for jobs on shipboard again.

Frank Novak and Ernest Cole, assistant radio operator, were mourning the loss of their shipmate, Jack Orlick. THE LOOK-OUT editor interviewed them as they sat at breakfast the morning after their arrival. "Everybody in the crew liked Jack," said Novak reminiscently. "Poor chap. Right after the crash I rushed down to the fo'c'sle where I knew Jack was asleep. Others of the crew also were there shouting 'Where's Jack?' We were horrified to find his body ripped in half." Ernest Cole, his head swathed in bandages, paid tribute to his dead captain, Captain Joseph Wood. Cole was breakfasting with Novak and in the course of the conversation discovered that it was Novak who had loosened the boat falls from lifeboat number eight, in which he and about twenty men were seated. "So you were the fellow that got us free!" exclaimed Cole. "Shake on it, buddy," and the two seamen solemnly shook hands.

Harry Taylor, fireman, whose ears were badly frostbitten said: "I am a member of the black gang and don't usually go around prais-



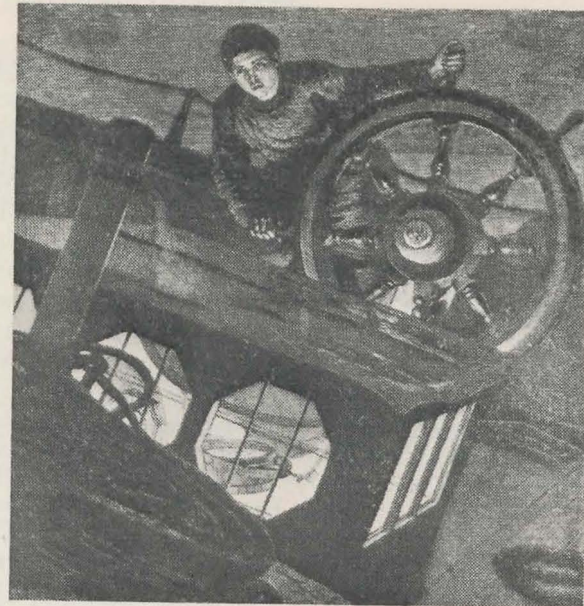
ing the men on deck, but in this case the sailors sure knew their stuff. The lifeboat covers were heavy with snow and I saw the deck gang working with stiffened fingers to loosen them and get the passengers in the boats." Fireman Allen Hill, who hails from Charleston, also praised the good seamanship of the deck crew. In a broad southern accent he told how his Chief Engineer, first, second and third engineers, electricians and the two firemen all went below and worked knee-deep in water in the engine room putting out the fires while torrents of water poured down through the ventilators. He was in the last lifeboat to leave the ship. "It was too cold to row so we drifted for about an hour until the Clyde-Mallory liner the ALGONQUIN picked us up. The flesh was torn from our hands when salt spray froze them on the oars. In my opinion, passengers were calm because everyone thought the MOHAWK had been beached on a reef and they therefore felt there was no grave danger of drowning."

Many passengers praised the heroism of the crew: Mrs. Gita Kassell of Michigan City said: "The crew of the MOHAWK behaved heroically. There was some difficulty in getting the boats away because of frozen ropes, but the crew saw all passengers in the boats before they thought of saving themselves." Mrs. Stuart Maurice of Chappaqua, N. Y. told a graphic story of her experience: "My mother and I grabbed overcoats and blankets and rushed on deck. An officer directed us to a lifeboat. It was lowered without difficulty." Mrs. Evelyn Levine of Brooklyn related: "One of the officers noticed that I had no lifebelt so he took his off and

placed it on me. Our boat was lowered without trouble, thanks to the clear, precise orders of the quartermaster in charge." Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schrader of Cleveland, Ohio, also said: "We have nothing but the highest regard for the actions of the crew." "I," added Mr. Schroeder, "helped to row as did other men passengers." Two young girls, Miss Molly Morgolin and Miss Belle Aronovitch, of New York, testified to Carlo Ricca's, bath steward's cool efficiency. "He's the man who saved us," they cried. "He put on our lifebelts,

cut the boat clear with a surgical knife (very prudently brought along by Dr. Samuel Smith in his surgical kit) and encouraged us to think about other things besides the bitter cold until our boat was picked up."

On Sunday evening, February 3rd, the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York, preached at a memorial service for the crew of the MOHAWK in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Superintendent, and the Rev. David McDonald, Chaplain, officiating. Citing the heroism and faithfulness to duty of Captain Joseph E. Wood, officers and crew, Bishop Manning said: "They met the crisis when it came as brave and true men. We pay our tribute to them. We are here tonight to offer our



From a drawing by L. Smythe in Illustrated London News, Dec. 1879

BREAKERS AHEAD!

prayers and to express our sympathy for all who have suffered through the sinking of the MOHAWK." A congregation of well over three hundred, including survivors and relatives of the victims, sang "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy Like the Wideness of the Sea," "Eternal Father Strong to Save," "Fight the Good Fight" and "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past." Mr. George Baker, soloist, sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The closing hymn was:

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh
Shadows of the evening
Fall across the sky
Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee
Guard the sailors' tossing
On the deep blue sea."

EDITORIAL TRIBUTE

The steamship Lexington was an unpretentious old tub.

She hadn't the latest automatic machinery. She hadn't ornate salons, a famous reputation or a wealthy clientele.

But she had something more—a crew of seamen.

They saved every one of the 130 passengers, although the Lexington sank within fifteen minutes after being rammied by a freighter in the East River. Five of the crew lost their lives.

Invention has "conquered" the sea. But courage, clear-headedness and steamship still count.

—Reprinted from *The New York Evening Post*, Friday, January 4, 1935.

No matter who was responsible for the Mohawk collision, there seems to have been little panic after it happened, no breakdown of command, no failure to radio promptly for help.

The country will see in the Mohawk sinking the need of further safety measures in ocean travel—measures which will make vessels as secure as it is humanly possible to make them. But it will also see, with pride, that calmness and courage in an emergency are still traits of American seamen, and that these are the RULE, not the exception.

—Reprinted from *The New York Evening Journal*, January 26, 1935.

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR DR. MANSFIELD

THE constant remembrance of Dr. Mansfield, whose life inspires all of us at the Institute, was emphasized on the first anniversary of his death as he would want it by services in our beautiful Chapel of Our Saviour. On Sunday evening, February 10th, Chaplain George Green and the splendid choir from the chapel of Sailors' Snug Harbor were with us. From the pulpit, Chaplain Green (for eight years a fellow-worker here with Dr. Mansfield) looking out over the great congregation, chiefly seamen, said: "This is a memorial which Dr. Mansfield would appreciate most, this Chapel filled with seamen. He built it for you men and wanted it to be a light for you."

On Monday morning, February 11th, the anniversary of the death of the Institute's great leader, prophet and builder, a goodly congregation of seamen and staff joined in the Holy Communion, the Superintendent officiating.

"Catching Dr. Mansfield's man-

tle," said Mr. Kelley, "we all pray as did the ancient prophet's successor, 'Let a double portion of his Spirit be upon us.'"

Progress Reported by Mansfield Memorial Fund Committee**

As we go to press, letters are arriving from men and women in all walks of life, paying tribute to Dr. Mansfield. There is space to quote just one in this issue:

Tribute from A Chief Engineer (the first contributor's letter to the Mansfield Fund)

"Gentlemen:

Some of us who were happy to know of Dr. Mansfield's unselfish character and disinterestedness for our benefit and general welfare fully appreciated his work and his worth. His name will always be fresh in our hearts. Please accept this my humble token as a token of my own personal and sincere gratitude to his memory."

**Contributions to the Mansfield Memorial Fund should be sent to Mr. Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York.

MOTORBOAT SHOW



Morris Rosenfeld Photo

A BACKDROP of the East River showing the Institute prominently on the waterfront provided a novel feature at the Institute's thirty-foot booth on the mezzanine floor of Grand Central Palace during the week of the Motorboat Show. Through the gracious cooperation of Mr. Ira Hand, Secretary of the Show, the Institute is privileged to have an annual exhibit and thousands of visitors enjoy the educational displays.

Debutantes and other volunteer workers collected \$219.00 in dimes to help our unemployed seamen. Visitors to the booth especially enjoyed the miniature stages (made by Mayor LaGuardia's Committee of Unemployed Artists) depicting Fo'c'sle Life Aboard a Clipper Ship in 1850; South Street in the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men." Paintings by marine artists Gordon Grant, Charles Robert Patterson, Franklin De Haven and Fred J. Hoertz attracted much admiration. We also displayed paintings by seamen artists: Charles Rosner and Edgar Liepen.

Two eight foot ship models, one

of the *Normandie* (loaned through the courtesy of the French Line) and one of the *Bremen* (North German Lloyd Line) attracted many visitors; also large murals of the *Berengaria* and *Aquitania* (Cunard Line), a diorama of Pier 62, (United States Lines) and a poster by the Italian Line.

Sailors' handiwork, rope belts, rope frames, ash trays, bookends, souvenir ships in bottles, silhouette prints by Captain R. Stuart Murray, and the like, were sold. Captain Robert Huntington and a cadet from the Merchant Marine School, showed ambitious navigators how to "hand, reef and steer."

We are indebted to Mrs. Harris Parsons, Mrs. Charles Saltzman, Mrs. John Jay Schieffelin, Mrs. Howard A. Clark, Mrs. Carl Braun, Mrs. Albert Bickford, the Misses Katharine Cammann and Peggy Schusser, Mrs. Norman Donald and Miss Marian Holyoke for their assistance at the Booth; and to P. Lorillard for donating Old Gold cigarettes and Life-Savers, Inc. for donating life-savers as prizes for ship games.



Mother Roper Gives A Seaman A Comfort Bag

SEAMEN appreciate the efforts of those generous citizens who provide a shore home for just such homeless seafarers . . . They enjoy the comforts and facilities offered at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and say a blessing for those who made all this possible.

To many a roving sailor "home" is any place where he may hang his hat. For that is the chief difference between a seaman and other craftsmen. His very occupation—sailing the high seas—hinders normal life, with the social and domestic blessings landsmen enjoy. The best substitute for HOME is "25 South Street" when their ships turn shoreward.

And when, by a curious turn of circumstances, they find themselves stranded ashore, their ships tied up, their savings exhausted, they look to the Institute as their haven and anchorage.

One of the important forms of social service rendered by the Institute is its Missing Men Department in charge of Mrs. Janet Roper who is remarkably successful in restoring "missing" seamen to their own homes and anxious relatives.

IF I WERE HOMELESS

If I were homeless, this
 last hour of day
 Would break my heart;
 If I were fated to tread
 a home-like street
 Alone—apart
 And watch all houses
 being made
 Ready for what:
 A door closing—a shade
 drawn down between
 Me and the light,
 I could not bear it—I
 would know too well
 What lies within:
 The lamp-glasses spread,
 the good warm food,
 The merry
 Of home-families
 together here!
 I know how dear
 And intimate the picture—
 all the bits
 Would be so clear:
 The animal voices—the
 bright
 Of silver and glass . . .
 If I were homeless on a
 night like this,
 I could not bear it.

—Nell Crowell
 Parents' Magazine, Dec., 1934



Our Writing Room Is A Busy Place

Some of these men have for years considered themselves "homeless," believing their families to be dead or no longer concerned about their welfare. It is a joyous and soul-satisfying sight to see some of these lonely men united with their dear ones. Often, the knowledge of home ties encourages their self-reliance and resourcefulness, and gives them added incentive for living.

But for those others whose only home is—and always will be the Institute—when on shore leave or when unemployed—every effort is made to help them maintain their self-respect and to keep up their morale; in short, to prepare them for the day when new ships will be built, when old ships will be reconditioned, when trade improves and when the call comes for men—sturdy, stalwart, reliable men to man these ships. To help the Institute to help these mariners, please send contributions to:

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
 OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

FIGUREHEAD LORE



THE recent unveiling of the figurehead of Joseph Conrad on the bow of Captain Alan Villiers' square-rigged vessel, the JOSEPH CONRAD, focuses attention on the curious and obsolete practice of adorning ships with replicas of personages, human or mythical, in the form of figureheads. Recently there seems to be a revived interest in these quaint old figureheads. Gifford Beale had an exhibition in

New York two months ago of his paintings of figureheads.

The placing of figureheads under the bowsprits of ships appears to be a custom both ancient and honorable. Ovid tells us that the vessel in which he was carried to his place of exile bore a bust of Minerva under the bow. The ship that rescued Saint Paul from the island of Melita bore a double image of Castor and Pollux, the divinities who made it their special business to look after mariners. The Carthagenian merchantships had their crocodile; the Punic war fleets their figure of Bael's sacred horse in a plunging, forward posture; the Norsemen and Danes their dragons and serpents.

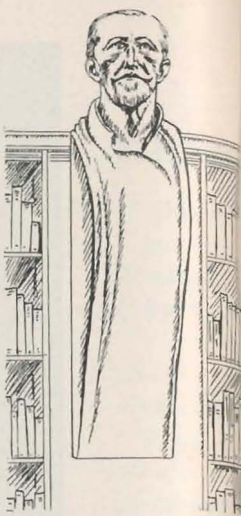
The Institute is particularly interested in ship figureheads for we are the pardonably proud possessors of two beautiful carvings, the one of Joseph Conrad, by the sculptress, Dora Clarke, which adorns our Conrad Library, and the other the mysterious romantic figurehead, Sir Galahad, which is mounted over our main entrance.



Etruscan figurehead adopted by the early Greeks.

Our Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, was present at the unveiling ceremony of the figurehead of Joseph Conrad, carved by Bruce Rogers, for Villiers' ship. Many notable people in the marine world were present and some of them fell to discussing the subject of figureheads and quite naturally several mentioned the Institute's Galahad. As

pointed out in THE LOOKOUT (July, 1933) this figurehead might have come from the British tea clipper, SIR LAUNCELOT, which historians describe as having a figurehead of a knight in full armor, his vizor open, his right hand in the act of drawing his sword. But Mr. Charles Robert Patterson, well known marine artist, advanced his personal theory that our "Galahad" (which is still called "Galahad," although diligent search of old shipping registers has never disclosed a ship of that name) might have been the figurehead of an American ship, the BLACK PRINCE. She was 1086 tons, built in 1857 in the shipyards of Newburyport, Mass. Mr. Patterson gives as his reason for believing the figurehead to be from an American or Canadian wooden ship the fact that the figure is shown stepping forward, the forward foot resting on a billet head. To his knowledge no British built ship used this adaptation of the human figure, the tendency among British designers being to incorporate the lines of the draperies or legs, etc. into the sweep of the vessel's bow, in as nearly as possible an unbroken line. The Amer-



Figurehead in Joseph Conrad Memorial Library



Elizabethan figurehead. Borne by the first "Victory" in the Spanish Armada battles of 1588

ican ships DAVID CROCKETT, GREAT ADMIRAL, SEMINOLE, PAUL JONES, and a number of others had figureheads showing figures stepping forward much in the manner of the old cigar store Indians, and it was distinctly North American in type. Some day, it is hoped to have conclusive proof as to the origin of the old figurehead, but in the meantime the seamen still call it "Sir Galahad."

Believing that readers may be interested in some of the legends and lore about figureheads, THE LOOKOUT editor embarked on a search for information on the subject. The following are the result of her researches, giving particular credit to Carr-Noughton's volume: "Old Ship Figureheads and Sterns" (Minton, Balch & Co., publishers) and to several old clippings from C. R. Patterson's library, notably one in the *London Graphic*, May 17, 1890 and from the *Illustrated American*, March 14, 1891.

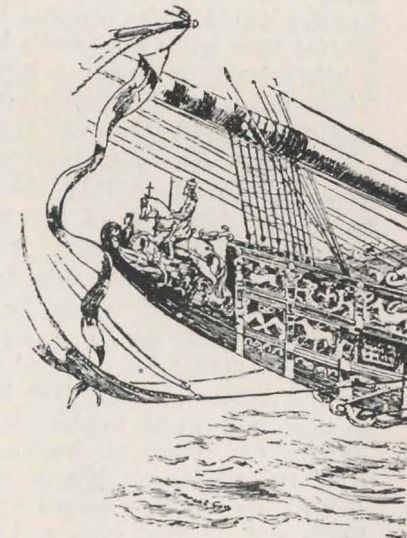
Antiquarians date the figurehead to primeval times—to the days when man's only method of getting across a body of water was by propelling himself astride of the nearest fallen tree trunk. The first idea of a figurehead was in the grim and grotesque face resemblances which would be left in the trimming of the roots of the tree trunk in order to make it float head-first. Another theory advanced is that the Egyptians' and the Phoenicians' war galleys had fish-like snouts or beaks and in 700 B.C. records show that the bows of biremes were finished off into heads of sea monsters. In the Greek men-of-war these sharp beaks (often fashioned to resemble a ram's head) were of hard metal and proved useful weapons in ramming the enemy's ships.

Figureheads in the earliest historic times seem to have been sacred emblems borne on board ships to ensure good luck and avert the perils of the sea. Egyptian sculptures give numerous vessels with heads of the Sacred Ram of Ammon, or Ibis heads at the prow, and we read that images representing the mystic Cabiri—divinities who had special power of protecting mariners from storm and shipwreck—were similarly

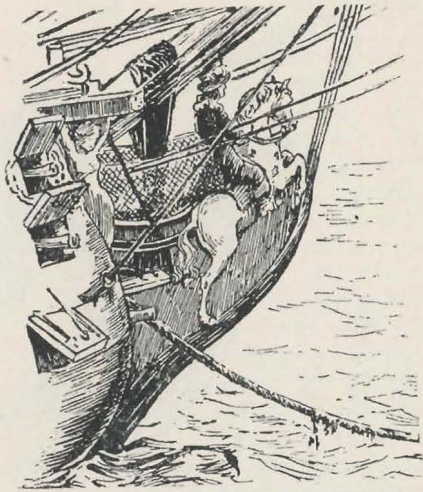


The Dutch "Hollandia." A famous flagship of the old Dutch Navy

made use of by Phoenician seafarers. Jason's Argo ship had a bough cut from the sacred Speaking Oak in Dodona's aged grove, which served as a figurehead and safeguarded the fifty heroes through all the perils of their Euxine voyage. The ships which Achilles took to Troy had golden Nereid images as their figureheads. Old Nestor's ships were ornamented with the



Charles I's famous "Sovereign of the Seas"—1637



The "Royal Charles" Charles II's famous flagship captured by the Dutch in the Medway, 1667

figures of the demi-gods in the act of being transformed into bulls.

The ancient Greeks gave up attaching any special religious significance to figureheads, but adopted them as convenient distinguishing marks for their vessels, especially for the purposes of war. Leaders would select personal badges for their galleys, a swan's head a boar's head, or simply a helmet. These three devices were most in vogue in the times between Homer and Pericles. The swan-head prow gave way to other birds, such as the owl on the prows of Phormio's dashing Athenian triremes. Herodotus describes that when the Samians were defeated at sea by the Aeginetans, the victors sawed off the boar figureheads of the captured ships and carried them home to deposit them as trophies in the Temple of Athens at Aegina. In later times, Roman fighting ships forsook the Grecian animal figureheads and depicted gods and goddesses. A full-length human figure

is said to have been the usual shape on Byzantine trading vessels.

To look northward for a moment, the Danish rovers of the sea were curiously devout in the reverence they paid to the dragon and serpent figureheads. The Sagas tell us how the Viking Chiefs, upon retirement, had their old vessels' figureheads mounted in their homes, to be formally consulted before every marauding expedition. Elizabethan ships had figureheads, usually a dragon or erect lion. The lion was also typical in the Spanish and Holland navies in their palmy days; also of the Georgian navy. In 1608 King James built a ship for the Navy called the PRINCE ROYAL with a figurehead representing the King's son on horseback. Shipwrights of the 16th century thought much of the appearance of the ships they built and the carvers' art was employed to give them "goodly port" and "pleasing countenance." Symbolic human and mythological figures began to be used in the figureheads which were intricately carved and ornately decorated in bright colors.

Some one has asked of what kind of wood were most figureheads made. The answer is that oak stood the weather best, but pine or other soft light wood was sometimes used so as not to make the figurehead too heavy for the ship. In 1640 elm was used, with a core of oak to give strength. St. George slaying the dragon was a popular subject, King Edgar on horseback trampling on seven kings, lions passant and salient, Jupiter seated on an eagle, Neptune, Queen Charlotte with surrounding Cupids, Victory, were some of the subjects carved into figureheads.

(To be continued in a later issue).

TRIBUTE FROM A BISHOP

My dear Chaplain McDonald:

Your letter brought back the picture of the Chapel Service at your Institute and throngs of men being made to feel at home in your care and generous hospitality.

It is a wonderful work—and way beyond the power of imagination in its scope. I know you must be very happy in it, and that you find it always interesting. There seems to be such a tremendous personality to the Institute—the building itself—and the personnel of the

staff. One feels the touch of this personality the moment he enters the door. There is an element of welcome—and relaxation among the men themselves. The thought of having a home like that in Port—and knowing that it is an open door for every sort of the Sea—is something that grows on a man the longer he thinks about it.

GEORGE A. BEECHER, *Bishop*
Missionary District of
Western Nebraska.

"DESIGN FOR GIVING"

When you give, as many of you devotedly and generously do give, to unselfish work such as that of the Church and its charities and missions, what are you giving? You are giving not so many bank bills and pieces of coin; you are giving yourself. For money is yourself made transmissible. It is your stored-up energy, put into terms of exchange; or it is the result of your self-denial, made available for use. When you have earned a sum of money and then give it away, you give that part of yourself which went into the earning. When you refrain from some luxury in order that you may help somebody else, you are passing on that part of your own self-discipline which went into that money's saving. . .

From "The Bells of Grace Church", New York

Editor's Note: Many people confuse Sailor's Snug Harbor with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. As a matter of fact, The Harbor is for mariners retired from the sea; it is endowed. The Institute, on the other hand, is for active merchant seamen; it depends on voluntary contributions for a part of its income.

At the Seamen's Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*:

The writer had occasion recently to visit 25 South Street. This is known as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an organization which carries on a social service in the interests of those who follow the sea.

As I entered the building I ascended a few steps and immediately at my left found a great square room filled with groups of men engaged in conversation; others were seated against the wall; while still others were eating at a counter at one side.

I was fascinated by the sight, for here in our great city is being daily enacted a scene reminiscent of 300 years ago in old London, at a place known as Will's Coffee House.

While the constituency of the patrons of the Institute is, of course, made up of those whose conversation is "surrounded by deep waters," nevertheless one's imagination supplies him with the miscellaneous characters who held forth at Will's famous place, of which Pepys, under date of February 3, 1664, wrote:

In Covent Garden tonight, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the Poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole, of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming hither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse.

As I departed I could not help thinking of the wonderful work carried on at this sailors' rendezvous, which the men of the sea no doubt regard as their landlubber home, and who "find it good coming hither."

S. E. M.

Staten Island, January 23.
Reprinted from THE SUN, January 25, 1935

SHIPMATES

A MODERN Damon and Pythias, they were dubbed. And what a strange pair of seamen they made! Inseparable, ashore. The one, a Filipino, aged forty. The other, a Hollander, age 56. They had met at the Institute twelve years ago and whenever their shore leaves coincided, stayed at 25 South Street, spending many happy hours playing checkers and billiards. They corresponded frequently.

And now Henry, the Dutchman, was dead. He had no relatives. Fernando, unemployed and his savings gone, came to the Institute's relief secretary weeping pitifully. "If only I had money to bury my dear, dear friend," he sobbed. "I am a good Catholic—my friend Henry—he was a Protestant. So I went to the priest but it will cost \$50.00 for a funeral."

So they talked it over, the relief secretary and the grieving Fernando. It seemed that he still had about three dollars, but he was told to keep his money. It was decided to bury Henry in the Institute's plot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, where other homeless seamen lie buried. Fortunately, the Institute has a special burial fund and when

Fernando learned this, the realization that his friend would receive hallowed burial, helped to ease his grief.

A group of about fifty of the Hollander's friends joined Fernando in the Chapel of Our Saviour for the funeral service. Henry's body had been brought from an uptown hospital. Solemnly the pallbearers marched down the aisle. The seamen sang reverently. Several went to the committal service, braving the icy winds of that January morning. The Filipino consoled himself by showing the relief secretary a package of envelopes containing Henry's letters. Many of them read like this: "Dear Fernando: Please do not send me any more money. You need it more than I. I hope to get a job soon. Then I can help you out. Ever your friend, Henry."

Friendship—born of adversity, loneliness and a mutual love for the eternal sea!

As we go to press a letter comes to our relief secretary from Fernando (he has secured a job as second cook on a passenger vessel) in which he thanks the Institute for its kindness in burying Henry. "In 1926," he writes, "my friend, Henry, who was an honest and quiet man, met my father in the Philippines. After my father died I treat him like my own father. He walked far — not even spending a five cents for carfare — like my father he smoked pipe. I send you this letter with a very great pleasure and thank you heartily for your kindness."



Waiting in Line for Rooms at the Institute's Hotel Desk.



Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

By The

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to January 31st, 1935

47,081	Lodgings (including 37,059 relief dormitories).
15,852	Pieces of Baggage handled.
174,960	Sales at Lunch Counter and Restaurant.
112,971	Relief Meals served.
2,408	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
1,486	Attended 22 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
35	Lectures in Merchant Marine School with a total attendance of 346 cadets and 959 seamen; 8 new students enrolled.
17,652	Social Service Interviews.
1,126	Relief Loans.
519	Individual Seamen received relief.
11,325	Books and magazines distributed.
1,214	Pieces of clothing and 828 Knitted Articles distributed.
49	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
16,910	Attended 21 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
102	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
417	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
1,353	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
38	Missing seamen found.
161	Positions procured for Seamen.
271	Made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$16,135.	Deposited for safe-keeping and \$2,395. transmitted to families.
3,175	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
1,521	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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