

# THE LOOKOUT



Main Entrance, 25 South Street

—Photo by Marie Higginson.

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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# The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
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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. XXXI

January, 1940

No. 1

## Night Life at the Institute

WHEN night's shadows fall on New York's waterfront, and the ships in the harbor start to show their port and starboard lights, the Institute begins to shine with lights. No five o'clock closing here at 25 South Street, as in the adjacent Wall Street business offices, for day and night our service to seafarers goes on.

One by one the lights in the rooms and lobbies are turned on and our night superintendent, Mr. Daniel G. Trench, whose job is that of a benevolent Pooh Bah, (for from dusk to dawn he serves as superintendent, counsellor, detective, electrician, host, telephone operator, welfare worker, chaplain, banker, postmaster, baggage master, hotel manager all in one) is on the job. Is it any wonder that his job is an interesting one?

With a small and trustworthy crew, he is prepared for all kinds of emergencies; such as fires caused by seamen smoking in bed and falling asleep; trouble with short circuits of lights; difficulties of keeping seamen with portable radios from playing them too loud, disturbing other sailors who are trying to sleep; seamen losing their bed tickets in the dormitories and going to sleep in the wrong beds (it takes a tactful man to awaken them and guide them to the correct bed and transfer their clothing and belongings to the proper locker!). One night a sleepy sailor casually put his clothing into what he thought was his steel locker. Like many sailors who have the habit of getting out of bed during the night to smoke, he went to his locker to get his



A Night View of the Institute

"smokes" from his clothes, when to his surprise he found it empty. He complained of his loss to the watchman on duty and the matter was reported to Mr. Trench. After going over the details of the mysterious disappearance, a near-by window served as a possible solution, and it proved that the seaman had undressed and hung his clothing out the window. It was necessary to get permission of the policeman on duty to send a porter on the neighboring roof to retrieve the clothing so that our porter would not be mistaken for a burglar.

Between seven and eight o'clock the main lobby of the Institute begins to fill up with seamen lodging in the building, and with men from barges, coastwise craft and other ships anchored in the harbor. They are through work, and, after a meal in the cafeteria or lunch counter, are eager to see the moving pictures in the Auditorium. Mr. Trench greets the seamen and he pays tribute to their courtesy and appreciation of the movies when he comments: "I have never attended a



theatre where I saw a more orderly, thoughtful and well-behaved audience." On athletic nights, he says, the seamen are always fair and sportsmanlike and often root for the under-dog in the boxing bout or basketball game.

Telegrams arrive for seamen and special delivery letters and it is a part of Mr. Trench's many-sided job to see that these are delivered to the seamen if they are in the building. He pages them on the "call-o-phone" system in our lobby. Some seamen need money, and with the Seamen's Funds Bureau closed, Mr. Trench has the difficult job of deciding whether it is imperative for the sailor to have money that evening, or whether it is wiser for him to wait until morning and present his savings book to the regular clerk for a withdrawal of funds. This requires the best brand of diplomacy, and often a sailor in a mood to squander his wages, and temporarily annoyed when Mr. Trench refuses to encourage his spending spree, comes back the next night to thank him for being adamant!

Mr. Trench has great respect for seamen and points out that many of them are very well read and sometimes expert in certain subjects. He tells about one night, at an open forum discussion led by an invited speaker. One of the sailors gave a five minute speech on Gandhi and the problems of India, his time was extended several times on request, and when he had concluded, after thirty minutes, the speaker said: "Let me shake your hand, sir. I apologize for calling myself an expert on this subject. You know far more and have studied far more than I have." And on another occasion Mr. Trench heard a sailor playing the piano in one of the reading rooms. A large group of men were gathered around him listening to

him play a difficult piece by Brahms. "You certainly didn't learn to play like that while at sea," said Mr. Trench, and the man replied: For ten years I was professor of music at \_\_\_\_\_ college, and when my wife left me, I turned for solace to the sea. That was over fifteen years ago." This man was really a graduate in music and the real reason he left home was that the girl he was to marry died a few days before the date set for the wedding. They had been sweethearts from the time they were kids.

The strangest experience was described by Mr. Trench: "One September night I was standing near the main entrance at about 2 a.m. and a tall slender fellow, dressed only in shorts, raced by me toward the door. Before he could get out the special officer on duty and I caught him and with some effort led him back to the office, near by. This man had been one of the winning crew in the life-boat race the previous day and went to bed so worked up over the event that he had been dreaming about the race. It was so realistic to him that he jumped out of bed, half awake, pulled on his shorts and, thinking he was late, ran down the steps from the sixth floor and was making a dash for the door. It took us a few minutes to make him realize that it was all over and he had won."

And so through the night Mr. Trench is busy, writing reports, checking various parts of the building where doors may have been left open; supervising the porters and cleaners and hotel desk, inspecting the fifth and thirteenth floor dormitories, rendering first aid, answering emergency calls — doing a hundred and one jobs (even catching a burglar one night who had been stealing seamen's wallets from their

(Continued on Page 11)

## Wooden Ships Again \*

By Ralph W. Barnes\*

SUNG by the poets ever since man first put to sea and mourned in her passing by the veteran mariners of every land, the half-discarded wooden ship has been born again in Great Britain, if only for a day. She was challenged and dispatched into almost total eclipse by the steel-hulled vessel, but now, in this age of iron, she is to be given a chance to go forth once more in the defense of her insular kingdom.

The reason for this renaissance is simple enough. Here at Grimsmouth, where the smell of herring gets in one's clothes to persist indefinitely, the details of the picture become clear, since Grimsmouth is one of the several fishing ports along the coast at which wooden craft are being converted for naval purposes. Today I have seen some of these vessels.

The return of the wooden "warship" is the direct consequence of the advent of the baffling "magnetic mine" — Germany's newest under-water weapon. On each occasion, when a steel-hulled vessel passes over one of these infernal

machines, the vessel has its "bottom blown through its bridge." Acting as a magnet, the steel of the ship, it is said, sets into operation the delicate mechanism of the mine; the terrific detonation follows.

Among the British warships so far sunk by the mine were two steel-hulled mine sweepers, victims of the very weapon whose power they were seeking to neutralize. The picture seemed clear to the British naval authorities: Steel sets off the mine. If the threat was to be met and defeated, wooden vessels, which would be immune, must be pressed into the service.

Time was when the lines of a couplet rang through this island:

"Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men."

It was often said that "Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls," a reference, of course, to British warships of the pre-steel age.

It was in wooden ships that Drake turned back the great armada of Philip II, and the vessels with which Nelson met and defeated the sea power of Napoleon at Trafalgar were of the same material.

\* Reprinted from the N. Y. Herald-Tribune



A FAMOUS WOODEN SHIP: The Yankee packet "Ivanhoe."  
from the painting by Montagu Dawson

—By courtesy of Frost & Reed, Ltd., Publishers, 10 Clare Street,  
Bristol, England, and THE ART NEWS, New York.



Trafalgar was fought 134 years ago. Gradually, in the interval, builders of warships renounced wood for steel. Lines such as those quoted above, in which the wooden fighting ships were glorified, lost all but a historical significance.

Only yesterday it seemed laughable that a wooden hull would ever again play a conspicuous role in warfare. Yet, as indicated above, vessels of wood are now being rigged out at many points along the coast to put to sea in the struggle against the new underwater weapon.

For the most part they are steam vessels of between eighty and 100 tons used in "drift" fishing for herring. Although the fishing fleet of this port still includes many wooden units of this type, the majority of these are twenty years old, and none have been added since 1930. When they rotted, the fishermen said, they would not be replaced.

#### Wooden Fleet Rapidly Reduced

As it has been with other categories of vessels, so with fishing boats. In both drifting and trawling, the wooden ship has been giving place rapidly to the steel ship, partly for reasons of economy. Today the hard-pressed officials of the British Admiralty are glad that the remnants of a wooden fishing fleet are at hand to be called on in the existing emergency.

But the problem cannot be solved alone by supplementing steel-bottomed mine sweepers with wooden "drifters." Sensitiveness to steel is not the only novel feature of Germany's new infernal machine. Unlike the moored mine, which was the common type in the last war, this new mine lurks on the bottom where it is not susceptible to the conventional system of mine sweeping. Thus the British Naval authorities are under the necessity of revolutionizing both their mine-sweeping equipment and tactics.

In this crisis, the country requires not only fishing boats, but fishing folk. Last week a call was made for volunteers from among fishermen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with not less than one year's experience in deep-sea fishing. Just as in the time of Queen Elizabeth, just as during the great war, so today the fishermen are mobilizing.

In the epoch of the Virgin Queen, they had the huge Spanish ships of the line to contend with. In the first World War, their problem was to help defeat the threat of the submarine and the moored mine. Last week's appeal for

volunteers was the direct result of the magnetic-mine menace.

British press reports have said that a whole "team" of scientists is studying the problem of the right sort of defense against Hitler's underwater "mystery weapon." That is true, but it is not the scientists alone who are active in the search. Besides giving his ships and his own services at sea, the fisherman has ingenuity to contribute. It is no secret that, in line with suggestions made by the fishermen themselves, efforts are being made to adapt existing fishing gear to the work of liquidating the mystery mine.

It may well be that defeat of the "magnetic mine"—assuming that it is to be defeated—will be attributable more to the instinct of some bluff skipper of the fishing fleet who adulterates the King's English with salt-water blasphemy than to the precise scientific knowledge of an expert with an Oxford accent.

#### Fishing 'Instinct' Stressed

An ex-naval officer with whom I talked here today insisted that instinct was the proper word to describe the ingenious side of the fishermen's make-up.

"Fishing instinct," he explained. "If he doesn't know anything else—and he does, of course—he knows how to fish for things. That's his life, and that was the life of his father and grandfather before him. Now what's our problem today? We've got to fish for something—a mine, it's true, instead of a fish, but I'm willing to wager that the fisherman will have something to say about how this mine-fish is going to be caught.

"Take the situation in the last war. We had the submarine on our hands. For a long time it was a tough pull against this weapon. On one occasion the skipper of a fishing smack from this port was forced to look on while several other smacks were finished off by a U-boat. At first he thought he was finished too.

"But God gave him wind. He made for shore as fast as his sail would carry him, and then he came to us.

"Give us a gun," he said, 'and we'll see if a smack can stand up against one o' them blasted U-boats.'

"We forwarded the idea to the Admiralty. At first they were skeptical, but after a time the skipper got his gun and went off for the subs. He'd been out only twice, I think, before he nipped one off—sent her down just like that. Then we began arming fishing boats in earnest."

## Merchant Ship Officers Start Naval Training

JOHN W. ANDERSON, forty-year old skipper of the United States Lines' ship "American Importer", now a student in the Navy's new school for officers of the Merchant Marine Naval Reserve, says that the hardest part of the project is to be awakened by his wife each morning with: "Hurry, get up, or you'll be late for school."

In company with twenty other officers attending classes in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in the first school of its kind organized since the World War, Captain Anderson pronounced the school a "grand idea." They will not receive pay from the Navy but will continue to receive their salaries with leaves of absence from their regular jobs until they have completed the eight weeks' course.

Captain Harry Earl Shoemaker, commander of the receiving ship "Seattle" and supervisor of the school, said that the course would not include seamanship, as many of the students knew more about that than their instructors. The course takes up gunnery, mine-laying, naval procedure and communications, and convoy tactics so that the reservists will be ready to take command of a naval auxiliary in the event of a "national emergency."

During the World War, here in the Institute's Merchant Marine School, Captain Robert Huntington, principal, gave courses to naval officers in seamanship, and to merchant marine officers in gunnery. Today, the School is cooperating with the U. S. Navy in opening a new course in signalling so that merchant seamen and officers will be familiar with the Navy's signalling code. Two stations for Morse



S.S. WASHINGTON — How deep is the ocean? Quartermaster Ralph Lill, Jr. is finding out with a neat swing of the lead.  
—Courtesy United States Lines.

code practice have been established and a full set of International code signals for class room instruction along with the already established blinker and semaphore flag signalling.

United States Maritime Commission  
Washington  
December 22, 1939

To the Officers and Men of the American  
Merchant Marine:

During recent months you have engaged in a long series of acts of bravery. Indifferent to personal safety in the face of others' distress, you have saved more than 800 lives at sea. In extending Christmas greetings to you, it seems to me that these stirring examples of man's HUMANITY to man should be emphasized. The hope is expressed that during coming months more and more men in all countries may be animated by such unselfish impulses to the end that another Christmas may not make a mockery of peace on earth, good will toward men.

E. S. LAND, Chairman  
United States Maritime Commission



## Code of the Sea: A Thrilling Tradition



Cadets in the Institute's Marine School  
—Photo by Marie Higginson.

THE Code of the Sea is inbred in seafaring men . . . a tradition of steadfast courage and devotion to duty.

. . . It streaked like forked lightning through that January night in 1926 when the crew of the "S.S. Roosevelt," in command of Captain George Fried, raced to the rescue of the "S.S. Antinoe," succeeded against raging seas and terrific odds, but lost two of their own gallant men (A room at the Institute is given in their memory.)

. . . And the tradition continues. It blazed like a rocket on that August night when Captain Frank Spurr, master of the tanker "Esso Baytown", manoeuvred his ship for nine hours before sighting the exhausted victims of the airship "Cavalier." As calm as if he were describing the loading of a cargo of oil, Captain Spurr displayed astonishment only when it was suggested to him that he had done something heroic.

"Why, surely not!" the fifty-six year old mariner exclaimed. "It

was something that is done ashore as well as at sea whenever any occasion requires it."

Through rescue after rescue the tradition leaps like a flame. It inspired the gallant crew of the freighter "Schodack," in command of Captain Clifton Smith. It spread like a prairie fire among the crew of the S.S. "Dixie", with Captain William Sundstrom in command.

And today, with the hazards of mine and torpedo, the code goes on. The Institute is happy and proud to be able to serve these men of the merchant marine, so many of whom are "great without glory".

A practical way of paying tribute to these men, who represent the finest traditions of the sea, is to help to maintain the Institute which exists solely for their benefit, comfort and welfare.

Please send contributions to the  
**Seamen's Church Institute  
of New York**  
**Twenty-five South Street  
New York, N. Y.**



Cleaning the Ship's Superstructure  
—Courtesy, Grace Line.

## Letters of Appreciation

Dear Mr. Kelley:

I trust it is not presumptuous on my part to write so busy a man as your good self. Yesterday I left the N. Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary and wish to thank you and the Institution of which you are the head for having helped me over a difficult time by financing my stay at the hospital for 28 days. It is my earnest hope that in the very near future, my eyesight may be restored and that I may be able to repay the help given me as soon as possible. I am deeply indebted to Mr. Pearson for the courteous way in which he handled my problems and affairs. He is truly a man's man, all one has to do, is to be a man, lay the cards squarely and fairly on the table for his courteous, unbiased and fair consideration. I must confess to some timidity at first about taking my problem to him or any other minister for that matter, what a satisfaction it is to be able to go squarely to a man and not have to crawl or cringe like a dog. It is unfortunate in one way that I have had to be a guest at the Institute for two years, but only in the fact that my eye-sight failed on me, necessitating four major operations. I have been very fortunate in my contacts with your chaplains both resident and visiting, might I mention Chaplain McDonald, Pearson and Father Bensley. Then your executives have been most kind, Mr. Westerman, Capt. Morasso, Dr. Harrison, Mrs. Latimer and her secretary. I am deeply grateful to Mr. Dick Greyble for a friendship reopened and surely needed during these two trying years. While in hospital, twice at Marine Hospital for periods of two and four months and at Eye Infirmary twice for a month each time, Mr. Greyble was most kind in visiting me at least once each week. No doubt you are used, by

this time to receiving adverse criticism and so it is with deep satisfaction and pleasure that I pen these few lines, if what I hope is praise and appreciation, I trust you are able to read this as it is with difficulty I write, as my face is covered by a mask, I am not out of the woods yet, to be truthful I might say I am not a little frightened to look ahead. However my chin is up and am looking ahead no matter and wishing, because wishing makes it come true.

So in closing may I again say Thank You. As the Christmas season is drawing near, may I take this opportunity of wishing you and your staff, your family the compliments of the season.

Most sincerely,

WILLIAM M—

(A Master Mariner, to whom the Institute has been "home," between trips, for twenty years)

DEAR MR. FORSYTH:

I enclose a very small contribution in answer to your appeal but I should like, also, at this time to express my warm personal appreciation of the work the Church Institute is doing.

I have been interested in a young man from our district here on the Cape, who has chosen a career at sea. He is only a boy but he has shown courage and tenacity through the troublesome strike times last year and has "stuck to his guns". I doubt that even you, working there, can imagine what the Institute has meant to this boy when he has been in the bewildering vortex of New York—between sailings and between "jobs" in this last year—and he, of course, is only one of many.

With heartiest good wishes, please believe me

Sincerely,

JEAN H.



## "Tusitala" to Sail Again



Captain Carl Gundersen, Skipper of the "Tusitala."

THE historic *Tusitala*, which once got as far as the "boneyard" where she was to be broken up but was belatedly reclaimed by the United States Maritime Commission to train American merchant seamen, will put to sea again next April after years of lying beside a wharf, Capt. Carl Gundersen said recently. She will leave for Florida from Pier 6, Tompkinsville, S. I., where she is being reconditioned by sailors put out of work by the neutrality act.

Thirty-nine sailors on the Work Projects Administration rolls are at work on the ship, and 100 more probably will be added shortly. Before the ship puts to sea she will need 35,000 square yards of new sails and will have her old sand ballast replaced by concrete blocks.

The fifty-six-year-old *Tusitala* was the last full-rigged merchant ship to fly the American flag. Formerly the *Inveruglas*, the *Sierra Lucena* and the *Sophie*, the ship was purchased for use as a yacht by James A. Farrell, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, in 1923. He offered the ship to the government in 1938, but the offer was turned down and the ship was sold to the Marine Liquidating Company Corporation at Fall River, Mass., for junk. Before she was destroyed, however,\* the Maritime Commission purchased the ship for \$10,000, and since that time she has been at the Tompkinsville pier.

\* See September, 1938 Lookout

## Christmas Day

CHRISTMAS was actively celebrated on New York's waterfront in spite of the war across the Atlantic. Here at the Institute, good cheer prevailed, and merchant seamen of all ages, ratings and creeds sat down to a bountiful turkey dinner (provided through the generous gifts of thoughtful friends to our HOLIDAY FUND) and ate heartily, while a pianist played Christmas carols and popular music in the cafeteria. Mrs. Roper, our house mother, and Mrs. Kelley, our Superintendent's wife, were on hand to greet the men personally and to distribute cigarettes and tobacco after the dinner. 1271 meals were served.

A large congregation of seamen attended the eleven o'clock Communion service in the Chapel of Our Saviour on Christmas morning where the Rev. Harold H. Kelley preached. Woolen scarfs or socks were given to all seamen residing in the Institute on Christmas Eve. Sick and convalescent seamen in marine and other hospitals were visited by Institute chaplains and over 20,000 Christmas cards (reconditioned by patient volunteer workers throughout the year) were given out free to seamen. On Christmas eve a beautiful Carol service was held in the Chapel. On Monday night, moving pictures were shown in the Auditorium; the feature picture was "Jamaica Inn", starring Charles Laughton. The Neighborhood Band of the New York City Federal Music Project played in the main lobby and when Mrs. Roper appeared to thank them, the assembled seamen greeted her with rounds of applause and cheers.

## A Ship's Personality

Every ship lover has his favorite ship. THE LOOKOUT editor's favorite happens to be the square-rigger "*Joseph Conrad*." Many people would name the old Cunarder "*Mauretania*." Donald McKay's famous clippers such as the "*Flying Cloud*", "*Sovereign of the Seas*", etc. have their adherents. A very popular ship, with a real personality, is the famous "*Cutty Sark*" which we reproduce here. The old clipper is now moored in the Thames next to the "*H.M.S. Worcester*" (the incorporated Thames Nautical Training College) in Greenhithe, and cadets from all over Great Britain are privileged to study in the historic vessel. If LOOKOUT readers will send us names of their favorite ships, we shall endeavor to find photographs of them and reproduce them in THE LOOKOUT.

THE "*Cutty Sark*" was built in 1868 by Scott & Co., Dumbarton. When a princess was christened in the old fairy tales it was customary for fairies to attend the ceremony and to bring gifts of a pleasing kind, except for the last fairy, who endowed the infant with some bad fortune. One can imagine at the christening of the ship "*Cutty Sark*" some such bestowal of gifts; one sponsor saying, "She shall have long life," another "She shall have beauty above her peers," a third, "She shall be loved of many" — while the last dropped the gail into the cup with the words: "She shall outlive her own generation."

The name "*Cutty Sark*" has been the subject of a good deal of discussion. "Cutty" is Scotch for "short" and "sark" means shirt. Robert Burns, the poet, refers to donning a "cutty sark", the garment worn by the damsel Nannie on the occasion when Tam O'Shanter spied upon the witches' Hallowe'en revels. Charles Robert Patterson, the noted marine artist, recalls seeing the ship "*Cutty Sark*" in Liverpool in 1895 with a "golden sark" of metal flying from her main truck.

In 1872 "*Cutty Sark*" had her famous race with a rival tea clipper,



—British Press Combine Photo.  
"Cutty Sark"

"*Thermopylae*." The much-discussed rivalry of these two ships will never be settled. To carry off the blue riband of the China tea trade was the great ambition of many a shipowner during the mid-nineteenth century. It was the Derby, the Grand National, of the shipping world. "*Cutty Sark*" had other rivals, too: the "*Ariel*", "*Sir Lancelot*", "*Taeeping*" and "*Titania*." After many years in the China trade, sailing "faster than the wind", the "*Cutty Sark*" began to suffer with age, grime and neglect. But better days were in store for her, and in 1922 Captain Dowman, a retired skipper, bought her and had her reconditioned. A touching reunion was held with her former commander Woodget, who came from his Norfolk farm after long retirement, to greet his beloved old ship again. Last year, she was given to the British Government for a training ship, a fitting and dignified end for one of the fastest clippers ever built.



## Miniature Square Riggers



The "Isobel III" at the World's Fair

THE arrival of the 18-foot brig "Isobel III" in New York harbor focuses attention on a new trend in sailing — the growing sport of racing miniature square-riggers — a sport which is now going on in this country, in England, in Ireland and in Canada. Last year we told in THE LOOKOUT (November, 1938) of the race between the "Isobel III", owned by Carl M. J. von Zielinski of Staten Island, and another miniature square-rigger "Nippy", owned by Captain Franklin Carter of the Isthmian Steamship Company. Now we learn that in a recent race at St. Michaels, Maryland, the "Isobel III" was defeated by another tabloid model of a famous vessel, the "Queen Anne's Revenge", sailed by Mr. von Zielinski's son, Buddy. The original "Queen Anne's Revenge" was a pirate ship, in command of the infamous Captain Edward Teach, known as "Pirate Blackbeard." The tiny replica carried the Black Flag with the skull and cross bones at the gaff, and the red flag of defiance at the fore truck. The present-day "pirates", young Buddy and his chums, take great delight in firing a miniature gun at passing yachts and holding them up for a ransom of hot dogs, pop, etc.

The British have a replica of Drake's famous "Golden Hind", about 40 feet in length, and each season more of these little vessels appear. And Hans Isbrandtsen of the Isbrandtsen-Moller Co. has a 15-foot model of the brig "Two Brothers".

As far back as 1788 miniature ships, which actually sailed, were built. George Washington in that year received as a gift from merchants of Baltimore a 15-foot sailing model of the "Federalist". The tiny craft was sailed down Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac to Mount Vernon in command of Captain Joshua Barney. According to Washington's diary, June 9, 1788, he ate breakfast with the Captain aboard the "Federalist" (but probably did not stay all night!). A little later his diary reveals the sad end of the little ship: "July, 1788, Thursday, 24th. A very high N.E. wind all night, this morning being accompanied with rain, became a hurricane, driving the miniature ship 'Federalist' from her moorings and sinking her."

Nothing gives Carl von Zielinski more of a thrill than to have an old salt come up to him and say, "Skipper, that's the finest little clipper I've seen since I was a lad." He will always remember one old shellback, his weather-beaten countenance and rolling gait proclaiming his profession, who walked up to him, shook his hand without a word, and turned away, a tear in his eye.

The U. S. Naval Academy uses a 38 foot replica of the "Constitution" as a training ship and Sea Scouts of Hewlett, Long Island, use the 38-foot brig "Nancy Belle".

In the Institute's Merchant Marine School, Captain Robert Huntington teaches young cadets "the ropes" on a 12-foot full-rigged ship.

## Coincidence of the Galatea

GORDON GRANT, the marine artist, visited the Institute recently and told a good yarn about the clipper *Galatea*. A young architect came to Mr. Grant and said: "I'd like you to paint a picture of the *Galatea* as a birthday present for my wife. Her grandfather, Captain Harry Barber, was in command of that ship in 1854, making the passage from Boston to San Francisco in 115 days." Mr. Grant agreed, and set to work on the painting. Several days later he received a long distance phone call from a man in San Francisco who said: "Will you paint me a picture of the clipper *Galatea*? My wife's grandfather ran away to sea and joined that ship as a cabin boy. I thought she'd like to have a painting of her as a Christmas present." The similarity of the request amused Mr. Grant and he chanced to mention it to his friend, Dr. Karl Vogel, noted collector of marine antiques, who said: "That's curious. This isn't the first time I've heard the *Galatea* mentioned today. Just this morning a man came in with the original chronometer from the *Galatea* and he asked me to see if it was worth repairing!" So Mr. Grant told the architect about the chronometer, and he has bought it from the collector. It will rest on the mantelpiece underneath the new painting of the *Galatea*.

The ship had an interesting history. She was launched on March 16, 1854 from the yard of Joseph Magoun, at Charlestown, Mass. She was a medium clipper of 1041 tons, and owned by W. F. Weld & Co. of Boston. She made 13 passages from eastern ports to the Golden Gate. Her other passages were from Shanghai to New York (in 1855, 102 days); Whampoa to Liverpool in 1856, (104 days); Calcutta to New York in 1859 (101 days). In 1875 she was sold for \$18,000. to

Prendergast Brothers and carried machinery for the Brazilian Government. In 1882 she was sold to go under the Norwegian flag for the trans-Atlantic trade. Her further career, however, was short as she is not listed in registers of 1887.

She had one interesting race with the clipper *Golden State*. They both left San Francisco Oct. 14, 1854 and both had the same passage to Shanghai, in 42 days, the *Galatea* beating her rival by a scant fifty minutes.

She was named, of course, for the goddess, Galatea, queen of the deep, in Greek mythology.

## Night Life at the Institute

(Continued from Page 2)

bedrooms!). When the Auditorium entertainments are over, and the game rooms and Apprentices' room close at ten or eleven o'clock, the seamen go to their rooms and dormitories. Some like to read in bed; others like to sleep as soon as they hit the pillow, and many a verbal battle Mr. Trench has had to referee when a sailor complains that his neighbor snores too loud! Some seamen stay up late washing their clothes in the washtubs provided on every floor and very cleverly "ironing" them by pressure against the hot steam pipes! Some are convalescent from illnesses, and require special diets and quiet, and it is Mr. Trench's job to see that they have an undisturbed sleep.

Sometimes he has arranged for marriages and baptisms in our Chapel, and at times he has to welcome shipwrecked crews brought ashore and requiring hot coffee, good food, and warm clothing.

Such is the night life at the Institute — showing that your contribution works both day and night for you in welcoming and befriending thousands of men of the sea.



## Book Reviews

### SALTS OF THE SOUND; THE STORY OF STEAMBOATING ON LONG ISLAND SOUND FROM 1815 TO THE PRESENT.

By Roger Williams McAdam.

Stephen Daye Press, 240 pp., 1939. \$3.75

Not all of the captains who have gone down in the history of New England's Golden Age sailed to distant ports. There was also that vigorous race of men who commanded the steam boats on Long Island Sound. Mr. McAdam writes of them and their boats. It was in 1815 that Captain Elihu S. Bunker brought the *Fulton* on the first hazardous 75 mile journey from New York to New Haven. It had always been supposed that the Sound could not be navigated safely by steamboats because of the roughness of the sea and the dangerous strait at Hell Gate where a swift current always ran. Consequently, the *Fulton* was built with the strength of an ocean steamer. Within two years of the *Fulton's* maiden voyage a regular steamboat line was operated from New York to New Haven and on to New London.

Daniel Webster called Long Island Sound "the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere". This was an understandable hyperbole. The traffic which moved over it and still does was enormous. In 1850, for instance, 21,000 craft of all descriptions passed the Lightship off New London — an average of nearly 60 a day.

## Reunion in Manhattan

A barge captain's wife called at the U. S. Post Office (located on the second floor of the Institute) for her husband's mail and the clerk asked her: "Do you have a 25-year old son living in Florida?" She replied that she had been married for 17 years but had no children. "Was your husband married previously?" "Not that I know of, but I'll ask him", was the answer. The next day the barge captain himself came to the Post Office and said: "I believe you have an inquiry for me from my son?" After reading the letter he announced joyfully to his sea-faring friends: "I've found my six children! My first wife died 20 years ago", he explained. "I went to war and my six children were placed in foster homes. When I returned after the war I could find no trace of them. I searched and searched but the people who had

And the men who piloted the steamboats in this 100 mile long, 20 mile wide land-locked arm of the Atlantic form a fascinating chapter in the human history of transportation. With their rivalries, their wrecks and rescues, their courage and skill, they played an important role among American pioneers. I.M.A.

### WHITE SAILS CROWDING

by Edmund Gilligan.

Scribner, 1939, \$2.50

Gloucester's hardy days of sailing vessels are recreated in *WHITE SAILS CROWDING*. Here is a vigorous picture of the hazards of the halibut fisheries in winter. The story centers around a young law student who sailed on a clipper schooner for the Grand Banks. After losing his ship in a storm, he rows a dory through the grinding ice banks over a hundred miles to Newfoundland. This incredible feat has its basis in fact for it was really done in 1884 by Howard Blackburn, one of the great Gloucester dorymen. In his story, Mr. Gilligan gives a good picture of the conflicts of the deep-water fishermen against the ice and the sea and the frightful cold. Much of the feeling of authenticity probably is due to the fact that the author has spent much of his life in Gloucester and has often gone to sea from that port on schooners and Coast Guard Cutters. I.M.A.

taken them had moved away and left no address. Now, here comes a letter from my son who says he remembers somebody saying that I worked on barges in New York and so he wrote a letter to the Postmaster asking for his help in finding me. An inquiry was sent to the Seamen's Institute on the chance that I might be calling here at 25 South Street for my mail."

The Captain got in touch with his six children and yesterday his wife came to the Institute proudly announcing that she was going to visit one of her step-daughters, who now lives in Chicago. "I write regularly now to my new 'sons'" she said, "and my husband sent for two of the boys and has got them jobs working on barges in Manhattan. It seems funny — and nice, too, having a grown-up, ready-made family."

## Principal Facts About the Seamen's Church Institute of New York



—British Press Combine Photo.

Nearly 100,000 Pieces of Seamen's Baggage Protected Annually.

- It is the largest institution for merchant seamen in the world.
- It was founded in 1834; in 1843 built a floating church and has now grown to a modern, thirteen-story shore headquarters.
- It is a partially self-supporting welfare organization for active seamen who need friendship, guidance, recreation and emergency financial help.
- It provides a complete shore community for thousands of self-respecting seamen each day. It is home, post office, safe, library, employment bureau, clinic, club and church combined.
- It is open to active seamen of all nationalities, although eighty percent of the men served are American citizens from every state in the Union.
- It befriends ship apprentice boys from foreign countries and hundreds of American cadets every year.
- It instituted free radio medical service for ships at sea, thereby saving hundreds of seamen's lives in emergencies.
- It instigated legislation requiring first-aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license.
- It has trained over 4,000 seamen in its Merchant Marine School and helped them to better positions.
- It is associated with the Society for Seamen's Children, 56 Bay Street, Staten Island.
- It cooperates fully with other seamen's welfare agencies, including Sailors' Snug Harbor, the fully endowed home for retired mariners but which, because of the similarity of names, is sometimes confused with this Institute.



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