

# THE LOOKOUT



SUNDAY SERVICES IN THE FLOATING CHAPEL FOR SEAMEN—1844

*See Page 7*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXV—NUMBER 5

MAY, 1944



## Sanctuary

### PRAYER FOR SEAMEN

O God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, who hast promised that the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee; we beseech Thee to have mercy upon all those whose business is upon the mighty waters; and amidst the dangers to which they are exposed, and the temptations to forget Thee and Thy Holy Word, to neglect thy Sabbaths and thy ordinances, by which they are surrounded, may thy Holy Spirit admonish, direct and lead them into a knowledge of Thy truth, and an obedience of Thy commandments. Be pleased to bless the efforts which, in accordance with thy will, thy people make for their salvation. Especially grant thy blessing upon thy Word of Truth, ministered to them, whether on land or on the water; and gather them from all their wanderings into thy blessed fold, to be partakers of thine eternal glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*From Seamen's Church Institute Annual Report—1845*

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXV, MAY, 1944

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

### 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."

# The Lookout

Vol. XXXV

May, 1944

No. 5

## A New Century Begins —

### A Challenge To Pay Off Our Building Debt in This Centennial Year

IT is our earnest hope during 1944, our Centennial Year, that we can free our building of its final debt of \$100,000\*, which is still owed to banks. While in 1929 the erection of our fine building had left us in debt to the extent of \$1,375,000., yet during the past 15 years this heavy load has been reduced until today it stands at \$100,000. This accomplishment has been made possible through the gifts of many devoted friends, supplemented by careful management on our part.

Anniversaries offer an opportunity for looking backward, for summing up past achievements. But now that we have celebrated our 100th birthday, we must not rest on our oars. The Institute is busy with many war jobs; its activities and services are augmented by the increasing numbers of newly trained seamen who are entering our American Merchant Marine. We realize our responsibility toward these young men who come from inland towns and cities, who receive training at the various Maritime Commission schools, and who, when graduated, are "on their own". They, like their older seafaring

brothers, look to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for recreation, guidance, sometimes financial help, and for a pleasant decent place where they can spend shore leave when their ships anchor in New York harbor.

The Institute building offers seamen a friendly haven and a safe anchorage. But we must do more than that. We must continue to keep pace with their changing needs and with ever-changing conditions in the shipping world.

It is our hope that LOOKOUT readers will consider thoughtfully this appeal and will send as generous a gift as their hearts dictate and pocketbooks allow to our CENTENNIAL FUND, in recognition of our achievements and in tribute to our gallant seamen who are risking their lives for their country.

Contributions should be made payable to the "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and sent to the CENTENNIAL FUND, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

NOTE: It is our sincere hope that contributions to the CENTENNIAL FUND will be in addition to your regular annual gift to our WAYS AND MEANS FUND which is necessary for the maintenance of our recreational, educational and social service activities.

\* Friends have already begun to send contributions to our Centennial Fund.



# Centennial Celebration

ABOUT seven hundred friends of the Institute visited "25 South Street" on April 12th and participated in the Centennial ceremonies. The celebration began officially at 3:15 P.M. when the 100th birthday cake was cut by the Misses Audrey and Mary Wainwright, great-granddaughters of Bishop Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, second President of the Institute. At 3:30 p.m. a reluctant sun appeared from behind rain clouds so that it was possible to hold the flag-raising ceremony on the roof where six-year old Peter Lundberg, grandson of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., who was Superintendent of the Institute for 38 years until his death in 1934, raised the house flag symbolizing the start of a second century of service to seafarers. The children wore costumes of 1844.

At 4 p.m. a service was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour by the Bishop of New York, Dr. Manning, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., the Director, and the Institute Chaplains. Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, senior Vice-president, spoke. Music was led by the Institute quartet with Miss Anne W. Conrow, organist.

For visitors who arrived early, guided tours of the building were available, and also moving pictures in the Auditorium where Warner Brothers' pictures "White Sails" and "A Ship Is Born" were shown. Music was provided by the Hoffman Island Maritime Station orchestra, led by Lieut. Emory Deutsch. Tea was served in the Apprentices' Room by members of the Central Council. Guests included seamen, maritime officials, clergy and direct descendants of the founders of the Institute.



CLERGY CELEBRATE CENTENNIAL OF SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
Bishop William T. Manning, Honorary President; Chaplain David McDonald; Choir; Chaplain Lawrence Harkness; Rev. Samuel Dorrance, a member of the Board of Managers; the Rev. Harold H. Kelly, D.D., Director of the Institute, and Chaplain LeRoy D. Lawson, Lieut U. S. Maritime Service. Centennial Service was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour, on the first floor of the Institute's building, 25 South Street, a successor of the original Floating Chapel moored in April 1844 at the foot of Pike Street, East River.



Celebrating the 100th birthday of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Mr. Harry Forsyth and Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, Vice-Presidents, of the Board of Managers; Audrey and Mary Wainwright, great-great-granddaughters of Bishop Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, the second President; Peter Lundberg, six-year old grandson of Dr. Mansfield, who was Superintendent for thirty-eight years; Dr. Kelley, Director, and Colonel J. Mayhew Wainwright, of the Board of Managers and grandson of the Bishop.

## Centennial Address by Herbert L. Satterlee

Senior Vice President, Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
April 12, 1944 Chapel of Our Saviour

THIS is the 12th of April, 1844, — not 1944, — it is 1844, — consequently of course our president is Bishop Benjamin Treadwell Onderdonck. Every one in this room belongs to the group that began working for sailormen in this port through our organization in this blessed year of 1844. You ladies are all wearing crinolines. You have lace mitts on your hands. Your handkerchiefs are scented with old lavender and heliotrope. You wear prunella shoes, and this being

the age of polite Victorian propriety, I blush when I say it, your corsets are stiffened with whalebone, — and if I may say so, — please all hands blush now, — your limbs are encased in white silk stockings. Patmore, one of the favorite poets of the day said about one of his heroines "Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out as if they feared the light." I think if we could project Patmore one hundred years into the era of flesh colored rayon stockings, he might have said "Her knees peeked out like wood-



chucks on a sunny day". Well, you know humanity.

You men have your stove pipe hats made of real beaver fur setting on the floor beside you and in your rear pockets of your long tailed coats you have large bandanna handkerchiefs and your necks are wound round with mufflers. From your flowered waistcoats there depends a watchfob with seals on the end with which you daily seal your letters, and most of you have ornamented snuff boxes in your pockets, but I beg, if you have, that you will not indulge in that noisy nasal recreation now.

You seamen, you have beside you stovepipe hats on the floor, or hats of varnished leather. You wear reefers or short jackets and tight trousers very wide around the feet. You also indulge in finery, — you wear rings in your ears. You have beards and you have knick knacks which show that you have been abroad, things that you have bought in far distant countries which you have visited, India or China.

Now that we know how we all look, and we are all in 1844 because the wizardry of Dr. Kelley has put your speaker and all of us back one hundred years, let us start out on this April 12th. We are meeting at the City Hall Park. In our party I recognize the clergymen, Rev. Smyth Pine and James Whitehouse, and I see among the laymen, Thomas Cummings, Hamilton Fish, Pierre MacDonald, George N. Titus, J. Rutsen Van Renssalaer,—too many to mention,—all old English and Dutch names that you hear about all the time, not only in this port but in many other ports, and in many parts of the world. Now we get in the hacks and we drive down to Pike Slip on the East River. The sun has come out and the late afternoon shadows are falling across South Street as we cross to the bulkheads where we find Bishop Onderdonck and Francis Patton Johnson, a very popular man of the group which has been very much interested and help-

ful in raising the \$4,000 that had built the church that they are looking at. This church is a frame building on scows, — resting on two scows, with a spire surmounted by the church pennant and very Gothic looking. Now, we all belong to the very recently incorporated society called the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen of the City and Port of New York, which is the group that was unincorporated working along the same lines. Going into the church we find it has plain warm rooms. There are no cushions. There is an organ, a stove, and we spend a little time looking at it, and then we start on a walk down South Street, because the history of South Street is very largely the history of the work for the seamen, represented by our Institute since 1844, and we want to take a look at it and get familiar with it. Now we leave the Slip and we go down past Market Slip, Catherine Slip, John's Slip, Peck Slip, — we begin to smell the pungent aroma of fish coming from Fulton Market. I want to say here that these slips, as you perhaps all know, were originally the mouths of little creeks where Dutch and English boats used to come in to sell their hay and produce from the farms on Long Island and along the shore of Connecticut and Westchester. Now those slips have all been filled in and are all covered with cobble stones, like South Street. Of course there is another kind of slip which is the space between the docks, but the named slips were all originally creek mouths so that boats could come in out of the tide and the wind; so we pass these slips and before we come to the various markets we come to the oyster boats which are tied to the bulkheads. Now these are two story houses on scows where the oysters, clams, shrimp and other seafood were brought by the men who took them from the neighboring waters, and from there were distributed to the oyster houses of which there

were many in 1844, — where men met and talked. Then we come to the stalls of Fulton Market. Of course what we are interested in on our trip, is the sights and sounds. Frequently as we go along a couple will break away and dodge through the traffic and show us a monkey or a parrot or something odd that has been brought from across the seas. But what we are interested in is the men that we see. We watch and observe them and soon come to understand what their lives need. So we take a brief look in the stalls of Fulton Market and then come to Burling Slip. There, in No. 38 in 1844 the office of A. A. Low, shipmaster, who lived in Brooklyn, started his shipping business, on this site of Burling Slip. As we go on down we find more and more ship chandlers, clothing stores, provision stores, men who make a specialty of selling sailing gear, "ship-husbands", — and we find the beginnings of those shipping firms that became so well known all over the world. These firms were founded by men who themselves had sailed either as mates or masters or supercargoes, and learned their business thoroughly and then came ashore and started these great shipping firms.

Mr. Satterlee then traced the growth of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York from 1844 to the present, mentioning the outstanding achievements: the building of three floating chapels; the building of the 13-story Institute at 25 South Street to replace the succession of lodging houses and recreation rooms which dotted the East and North River waterfronts. The legislation abolishing the crimps and others who preyed upon seamen. He told of the war against the boarding house keepers who kept the sailors in virtual slavery, shanghaiing them and robbing them of their wages.

He related personal anecdotes. I remember he said, "in 1882 — that was the year when Coenties Slip was filled in and paved and



Raising the House Flag on the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y. — symbolizing the start of another century of service to merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds. Six-year old Peter Lundberg, grandson of the Rev. Dr. Mansfield who was Superintendent of the Institute for 38 years, pulls the cord, while the Misses Audrey and Mary Wainwright, great, great granddaughters of Bishop Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, second President of the Institute in 1854, assist in the flag-raising ceremony.

there was room there to hold some open air meetings for our little mission. That part of town — the waterfront — had a great attraction for a boy. I remember spending all my Saturday afternoons down there, and I found that the passport to a ship-keeper, when the ship had been unloaded, everybody ashore, officers and crew paid off, the passport was a plug of chewing tobacco. Many a boy learned the names of the sailors and the parts of the ships, and the ports of the world by spending holiday hours on these empty ships. Some of the sailors would give the boys some little piece of shell or curio, or a monkey or a parrot, which the boys would treasure."

He described the work of the Institute's two boats, the SENTINEL and the J. HOOKER HAMER-SLEY, in meeting the ships and pro-



pecting the crews' money, mail and baggage.

He paid especial tribute to two men who served the Institute for many years and who were largely responsible for its tremendous growth from a floating chapel to its present home — the largest in the world for active merchant seamen of all races and creeds. These men were Edmund Lincoln Baylies, who served 47 years, and was the first lay President from 1913 until his death in 1932; and the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent for 38 years from 1896 until his death in 1934.

In conclusion, Mr. Satterlee said: "Let me close this account of the 100 years of the life of our Institute and the walks that we have taken on South Street by urging you all to take the same walks as often as you can. You will not see the fine offices of the grand old shipping firms, nor the flying jibbooms or the tall spars of the clippers — that is all changed. The seamen whom you will meet on the sidewalks or coming out from

the entrances to the covered piers will not be bearded and have gold rings in their ears, but they will have the *same hearts, the same daring spirits as the men who drove the packets and clippers of other days.* They too know the fogs and the ice floes and the bitter cold of the high latitudes, the heat and the hurricanes of the tropics and the storms of the great Capes. They make the most dangerous runs that have ever been made. All of that and more too. They sometimes have to plunge into a mass of black, smothering oil or through a sea of fire. They sometimes have to live for days in life-boats in which they have been cast adrift without food or water, or starve on rafts. They are doing a tremendous piece of work in helping to win the war. I know how glad you are not only to be of service to them and give them your thoughts and prayers, but your warm, personal friendship to make them feel that this place is a real home to which they can always come back to find a welcome."



IN AN EAST RIVER SHIP YARD 100 YEARS AGO

The material assembled for this exhibition has been classified in four sections: Sail, Steam, Ship Building and Seamen. In the ship-building section is a set designed by Gordon Grant and executed by Eugene and Andrew Dunkel which shows a typical shipyard, through the door of which is seen a packet ship under construction. About 150 "Western Ocean Packets" were built in yards along the East River.

## "Shipmates Ashore" Exhibition



SHANGHAIING IN A SOUTH STREET SALOON IN 1844

This set, designed by Gordon Grant and executed by Eugene and Andrew Dunkel, shows a man who has been given "knock-out" drops and so conveyed through a trap door into a waiting dory below; and kidnapped to fill a vacant place in a ship's crew. The word "shanghai" used as a verb means to ship a man involuntarily. The origin of the word, applied to the Chinese city, means a rope. Among the most infamous saloons on South Street where the evil practice of shanghaiing flourished were "Blood House Bar," "Gyp and Jake's," "Hole in the Wall" and "Shamrock Bar."

DRAMATIC waterfront scenes of a century ago, peopled with characters wearing authentic costumes of 1844, form the main feature of a special exhibition, "SHIPMATES ASHORE" — The Sail-Steam Decade in New York (1840-1850) — which opened April 18th at the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK at Fifth Avenue between 103rd and 104th Streets with a preview to members and friends of the Museum and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The exhibition is in honor of the centennial celebration of the Institute, which shares sponsorship with the Museum and the Marine Museum of the City of New York. The exhibition will be open to the public through July 2nd, daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. (except Mondays).

Dominating the exhibition are three life-sized sets showing various activities along the New York waterfront. Two were designed by Gordon Grant, marine

artist, and one by Eugene and Andrew Dunkel, scenic artists, who executed all of the sets. The vista from the entrance shows the Floating Chapel, ancestor of the Institute, moored at the foot of Pike Street, East River, with seamen, ladies and children going up the gangplank to Sunday worship. The original of the chapel was in that location from 1844 to 1866 and was the first of the floating chapels erected according to the purpose of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York "to build floating or other churches and to provide chaplains to act as port missionaries.

A second set shows the interior of a waterfront saloon where a sailor is being shanghai'd. In 1898, largely through the efforts of the Institute, shanghaiing was made illegal in the United States. The third set portrays workmen in a shop of a typical East River shipyard, through



## CRIMPING ON THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT



reproduced from the New York Press, March 12, 189.

### THE CRIMP BRINGS ASHORE HIS PREY

"Three dollars are charged the sailor for the boat which brought him ashore, two dollars for the hack and three more for the poisonous drinks supplied him." "In a few days all he has earned by very many days of severe toil is exhausted, his hands are unsteady, his head giddy, and again dreary fore-castle life is resumed."



Photo by Lawrence Thornton

Six Ship Visitors are sent by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to vessels arriving in New York harbor to receive seamen's wages for safe-keeping—and to sell Travellers' Cheques and War Bonds.



Photo by Marie Higgins

The Institute's Ship Visitors take magazines, zines, books, Christmas packages, calendars, seamen's wallets, victrola records, games, etc. to ships' crews ready to sail.

the door of which is seen a packet ship under construction.

In addition there are over a hundred items including ship models, paintings and prints lent by many prominent old New York families and organizations, graphically displaying the thrilling conflict between sail and steam a century ago. New York in those days was the world's greatest seaport and shipbuilding center. One section of the exhibit is devoted to shipbuilding, with models, portraits of shipbuilders and pictures of shipyards, while another portrays famous sailing ship captains and mementoes of these men who were regarded in their day and age by small boys with the same hero worship as baseball players are regarded today.

Among the exhibitors are:

Mrs. Frederic Augustus de Peyster, Mrs. Berwick B. Lanier, Mrs. Kermit

Roosevelt, Mrs. Diego Suarez, Mrs. Jane de Peyster Van Beuren and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt also the Messrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Arthur W. Butler, Charles E. Dunlap, Ethelbert Ide Low, Richard McKay, Clarence G. Michalis, Ralph Moran, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Benjamin Sloat, Louis S. Tiemann, Leonidas Westervelt, Blair Williams, William Williams and Edward Wilson.

Organizations lending material are the: Cunard White Star Line; Kennedy & Company; Life-Saving Benevolent Association; R. H. Macy & Company; The Mariners' Museum, Newport News; New York State Historical Association; New York State Maritime Academy; The Old Print Shop; Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island; Seamen's Bank for Savings; Webb Institute of Naval Architecture.

## Ocean Travel On The Pacific, 1866-73

By William Williams

of the Board of Managers.

THINKING that it may interest those of our readers who have travelled on the luxury liners of the Atlantic to learn how passengers by sea fared in the late 60s and early 70s on the Pacific, I am offering some of my experiences gained as a small boy during this period when it fell to my lot to make several voyages on vessels of a type of which the present generation is largely unaware.

Of these vessels nine were steamers and two square riggers. The capacity of the former ranged from 2929 down to 770 tons and their lengths from 300 down to 209 feet; their speed ranged from 8 to 11 knots, depending on the vessel. The first class passengers slept and were fed at a long table in quarters at the stern, and since the staterooms opened off from what may be euphemistically called the dining saloon they were most of the time permeated with the odor of food. All of these steamers practiced the art of rolling to perfection and port holes could be opened only in very

calm weather. There was much seasickness in those days.

Several of the steamers in question were side wheelers with walking beams which caught my boyish fancy, since they furnished ocular proof that the vessels were hard at work. But side wheelers have their objectionable features for in a heavy sea each paddle is in turn apt to be "racing" out of water, causing the boat to shiver from stem to stern, while its mate is doing all the work half buried in the sea, thereby subjecting the shaft and other machinery to undue strain. All of these steamers carried sails which were always used with a fair wind.

Since refrigerators were unknown at the times of which I am speaking, all vessels carried livestock — on long voyages several beeves and a lot of sheep, pigs and poultry. The slaughter of an ox was quite an event, usually flooding a portion of the forward deck with streams of blood. For reasons which I am unable now to explain I attended some of these functions.



In the winter of 1865 my father took his family from Connecticut to Honolulu where he had shipping and other commercial interests requiring his attention. There being no railroads west of the Mississippi we proceeded via the Isthmus of Panama, taking *S. S. Henry Chauncey*, 2900 tons, to Aspinwall (now Colon), crossing the Isthmus by rail and resuming our sea journey by *S. S. Sacramento*, 2640 tons, which was awaiting us at Panama and took us in 14 days to San Francisco, a distance of 3270 miles. The journey thence to Honolulu was made on the *D. C. Murray*, a comfortable sailing vessel, which covered the distance of approximately 2100 miles in 19 days, or at the average rate of 110 miles a day — not a bad record, seeing that we were approaching the tropics. Due to the inferior character of the steamers running between San Francisco and Honolulu, some travelers between these places preferred to make the trip by sailing vessel, deeming this method both pleasanter and also, for reasons that will soon appear, safer.

Since I was less than four years old at the time of the outward journey just described I recall but few of its incidents and these only vaguely. Fortunately my father was in the habit of keeping a journal, now in my possession, and I have drawn on it freely in preparing this paper.

Between 1869 (when I was seven) and 1873 I made with my father four round trips between Honolulu and San Francisco and recall the important happenings, especially after refreshing my memory through a reading of his journal. In 1869 we sailed for San Francisco on the *S. S. Montana*, a very poor vessel, my father characterizing the trip in these words: "I never was so tumbled about in my life and am glad enough to land." The return voyage was made on the square rigger *Free Trade* of which he wrote that the quarters were "comfortable"

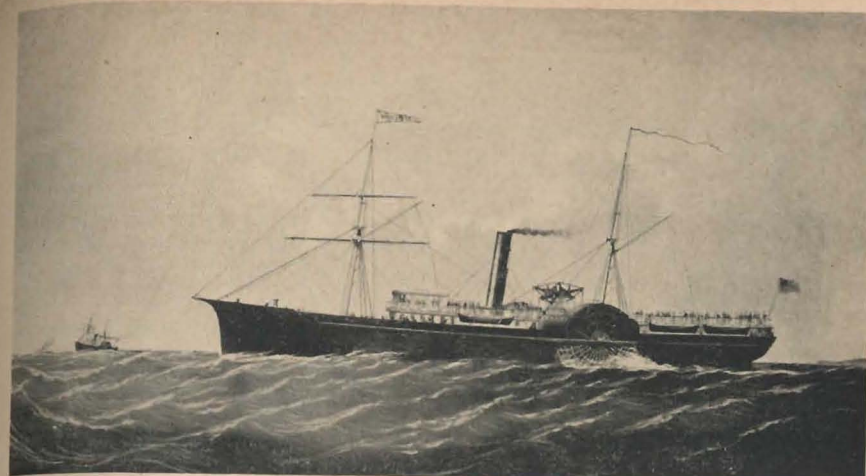
and that we were 20 days en route. He adds the following: "The manner in which sailors are treated on these large ships is peculiarly trying to the feelings of a looker on and I can truly say that I should not like to make another trip and see men regarded only as brutes". I well remember seeing the Captain go up to the man at the wheel and administer to him a severe blow on the nose which drew blood. Except for this shocking incident I recall the voyage pleasantly, with much fine sailing, for which pastime I then acquired a taste which has stayed by me through life.

In the spring of 1871 my father and I took a short trip to San Francisco on *S. S. Ajax*, a small vessel of 850 tons, returning to Honolulu shortly on *S. S. Moses Taylor*. Soon after the latter had gotten under way a tragedy occurred which is best described in my father's words:

"We were steaming down the outer bay when a slight noise like the discharge of a pistol was heard, and soon after the boat listed over on her port side and did not return to even keel. Feeling assured that something was wrong I went immediately on deck and soon found that a flue in the starboard boiler had exploded. Four men had been instantly killed and two others so severely scalded that they died within three hours."

It appears that following this serious accident the crew insisted that Captain Bennett take the vessel back to San Francisco for repairs; feeling, however, that she could proceed under the remaining boiler, he declined to accede to the crew's demands. Whether or not he was justified in assuming this risk the writer has no means of knowing, but with some delay the ship was able to reach Honolulu.

The *Mohongo* was a small, iron-clad "doubleender", so called because she was pointed at both ends. It is my best recollection that she began her career as a Confederate



Courtesy, India House

S. S. MOSES TAYLOR — An old-time side-wheeler referred to in the text.

cruiser or blockade runner. However this may be, she was in 1872 one of the several job lot steamers (probably the worst of them) on which voyagers to Honolulu were at times obliged to take passage, and finding myself again in San Francisco it was my misfortune to have to do just this in March, 1872. My father has recorded what happened to us in these words:

"We had a rough start and after being out twenty-four hours the steam chest burst and so disabled us that we were for 57 hours in quite a helpless condition. During a part of this time a heavy gale was blowing and a bad sea running and we experienced much uneasiness and anxiety. At the expiration of this time the engineer managed to repair the steam box to an extent that admitted of our making about 2½ knots and the gale abated. We got steam on the vessel and returned to port on April 3."

Back in San Francisco the boat was "patched and tinkered up" and after three days we made a second start for Honolulu. My father re-

marks that "it certainly is shameful to run such a boat."

In the following October my father & I had occasion to return to San Francisco, this time on the *Idaho*, and the voyage was not lacking in excitement or anxiety. He writes:

"On Thursday October 31 at 7 a.m. a crankpin gib broke and the piston rod came crashing through the head of the cylinder, entirely ruining it. For a little while we were aghast at the prospect of having to sail 630 miles in the *Idaho* and thoughts of 30 days added seemed dreadful, but our engineer set to work to fit a wooden head and in 24 hours after the accident we were steaming along at 6 knots with a cylinder head made of 3 thicknesses of 2 inch white pine plank carrying 10 pounds of steam. Of course we had to deal gently with it but as days pass on we still find it doing its work faithfully . . . Examination has since shown that our situation was much more critical than we had imagined. The piston head was nearly broken in two. Had that given out we should indeed have been in a sad condition."



It seems that the "wooden head" so cleverly installed by a Yankee engineer functioned until it became necessary to back the vessel as she approached the wharf, when it refused further duty and quickly blew out.

At a recent discussion of this unusual type of accident with Mr. Gano Dunn, President of The J. G. White Engineering Corporation and President of Cooper Union, he informed the writer that a similar accident happened in mid-ocean to the machinery of the *Devonia* of the Anchor Line on which he and his father were passengers returning from Europe in 1882, that her engines lacked a governor to prevent the screw from racing when a big wave lifted the stern out of

the water, and that this racing at one time produced such excessive speed that the connecting rod of the low-pressure cylinder broke, whereby the piston drove upward with such force that it blew off the cylinder head. He added that while repairs were in progress the ship drifted out of the regular steamer track and at one time was believed to have been lost. New York was reached after a voyage of 26 days.

The writer's experiences with ill equipped steamers came to an end in 1873, when the family returned to the United States. While traveling in later years on luxury liners his thoughts have often wandered back to the less attractive types of vessels on which as a small boy he so often went to sea.



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Distinguished British Visitor to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on April 28th, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett, welcomed by Bishop Manning, Dr. Kelley and the President, Mr. Michalis, at the entrance to the Chapel of Our Saviour.

## "25 South Street"

Today the Seamen's Church Institute of New York observes the centennial of its incorporation. One hundred years ago it was a tiny floating chapel moored at an obscure wharf. Now it is the largest shore home and haven in the world for merchant seamen in active service, and its lighthouse atop its commodious building on the South Street waterfront beams welcome to them—such welcome that the fame of the good-will of New York has spread to the seven seas.

The Institute is the only home and mailing address for hundreds of ocean toilers. It is a complete shore community used for rest and recreation by thousands daily. Here between voyages they find a library, a medical and dental clinic, an employment bureau, a funds bureau where a loan can be arranged, a school for those who aspire to rise in their calling, and a church for all creeds. Here in their long absences they may store their belongings. This is their club.

The day is past when a sailor in this port was friendless and a prey to sharpers and the shanghai gang; when a sick or injured sailor at sea was virtually doomed for want of medical ad-

vice, and when knowledge of first aid was not required of ships' officers. For those improvements in the seamen's lot and for many others, including the founding of seamen's hotel-homes in other ports, the Institute can be thanked.

These war years are the busiest the Institute has known in its century of humane service. Since 1940 it has been host and good friend to more than 100 crews of ships sunk by enemy torpedoes and bombs. It opens its doors to the 35,000 men who have returned to seafaring at the imperiled nation's call and to the men preparing for merchant sea duty in near-by Government training stations. In eleven months of last year it provided more than 360,000 lodgings, its commissary served almost 1,200,000 meals, its auditorium entertainments had an attendance of 126,000.

John Masefield, who in his wander days knew the welcome of "25 South Street," asks in a congratulatory letter, "Can it really be that the Institute, so young in spirit and so vigorously growing, is now a hundred years old?" May the Institute remain young and its beacon light shine as long as ships ply the seas.

Editorial, N. Y. Times, April 12, 1944



Worsinger Photo

### SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE WINDOW AT R. H. MACY & CO.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is one of the 403 member welfare agencies receiving supplementary aid from the Greater New York Fund which appeals to industries and employee groups once a year. The Fund awarded R. H. Macy's window display of the Institute's activities second place in a contest among 29 leading department stores devoting window space to New York City health and welfare organizations.





#### A MARITIME WEDDING IN A SEAMEN'S CHAPEL

The Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour was the setting for the marriage on March 25th of Miss Evelyn Kelley, daughter of the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, to Ensign Walter M. Isbrandtsen, U. S. Maritime Service and a recent graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. LeRoy D. Lawson, Chaplain, U. S. Maritime Service at Hoffman Island.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Seamen trainees from the U. S. Maritime Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. sing sea chanties at the opening of the "Shipmates Ashore" exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York in honor of the Centennial of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

#### A BISHOP'S TRIBUTE

It gives me special happiness to have part in this service for the observance of the hundredth anniversary of this great Institution. We look back today over a whole century and think of the great work of the Institute from the days of that old floating church in which it began, its work on through the years of wonderful development under the Rev. Dr. Mansfield and those who labored with him, and on through the years of further and still greater development under the Rev. Dr. Kelley and the present Board of Managers. Through its whole history the work of the Institute has been one of splendid and ever increasing service and today under the present war conditions its work is greater than ever.

I give my congratulations to the President and the Board of Managers, to the Rev. Dr. Kelley and the Staff and to all who are connected with and share in helping the work of the Institute. On this anniversary we give thanks to God for all that the Institute has accomplished in the past, for all that it is doing today, and we ask His blessing upon its work through all the years of the future.

BISHOP WM. T. MANNING.

#### PRAISE FROM "MONTY"

General Bernard Montgomery, Britain's fabulous "Monty", in an exclusive interview at his headquarters recently gave Allied Merchant Seamen much of the credit for the North African victories. "Their contribution was just as important as that of the troops," he said.

"During the Tripoli campaign," he went on, "I went down to the waterfront and personally thanked the men and skip-pers of the Merchant ships for getting through with the stuff to the various ports which were opened up by the Eighth Army as we pushed westward along the shores of the Mediterranean."

"Our fighting men would not have suc-

cessfully carried out their task of clearing the desert if these seamen had not been determined to defy all conditions of air and sea attack to see that we got the stuff — and the air attacks on the Mediterranean convoys were extremely heavy."

His words of praise for merchant seamen were genuine and sincere and he spoke not in terms of glory and drama but rather in terms of warm, heartfelt appreciation of the men who by their courage, stamina and perseverance helped to make possible this United Nation's great military victory.

*Dispatch from Overseas Correspondents  
Section W.S.A.*

#### LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY-FOUR

In his trim cabin atop a ferryboat plying between St. George, S. I. and Sixty-ninth Street, Brooklyn—a voyage averaging twelve minutes — Captain Thomas Cavley, a veteran of the first world war, may have thought his adventurous days were over. But as he spun his brass-trimmed wheel he could see on the wall his master's certificate for steam or motor vessel, authorizing him "to ply the waters of any sea or ocean in ships of any tonnage." Temptation was strong. The Narrows furnished small excitement, save for fog and rushing tides, with risk of collisions, and Captain Cavley remembered with longing that there was a good deal going on outside the Hook just now in which it might be agreeable to have a part.

So when his old friend George Bickford was made master of a new 8,000-ton Liberty ship, the Wagstill Avery, she sailed from Newport News for Khorammshakr, Iran, with a first officer named Cavley. Unfortunately, Captain Bickford died of heat prostration in the Persian Gulf. His first officer succeeded to the command, with a second mate who had worked only on tow-boats. As showing the adaptability of American sailors, the ship was brought safely from the Persian Gulf across the South Atlantic into New York Harbor. Captain Cavley describes the voyage as uneventful and very quiet, but lights were out most of the way and he says: "There were many times when I wished I was back on the Staten Island ferry."

His weight declined from 123 to 102 pounds. After a short rest he says he would like to try it again. Undoubtedly he will. He is now fifty-four years old.

*New York Herald Tribune*



## Book Reviews

### THE NAVY AT WAR Paintings and Drawings by Combat Artists

With a Commentary by Hanson W. Baldwin  
and an Introduction by  
Admiral A. J. Hepburn, U.S.N. (Ret.)  
William Morrow & Co. \$4.00

This collection of paintings and drawings by five artists is a vivid portrayal of our Navy, and also includes dramatic scenes of merchant ships in convoy. Lieut. Commander Griffith Baily Coale, U.S.N.R., and Lieuts. Dwight C. Shepler, William F. Draper, Mitchell Jamieson and Albert K. Murray have been on active duty in the Atlantic, Pacific, the Aleutians, the Caribbean and North Africa. Their eye-witness records in oil, watercolor and crayon of sea, land and air battles, their portrayal of life aboard armed merchantmen and their pictures of landings in North Africa form a unique and significant Naval record. The book is also a graphic argument for the merits of sea power — the ship and plane combination — because of its mobility. Hanson Baldwin points out that the Navy was at war long before the nation. He tells how, two years before Pearl Harbor, our Navy kept the seas—despite relentless wintry seas, and how it then took on a new adversary — the U-boat — and the Battle of the Atlantic had begun. Both pictures and text make this book an outstanding contribution to maritime history. M. D. C.

### MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY Trail Maker of the Seas By Hildegarde Hawthorne Longmans, Green. 1943. \$2.25

Any book that makes the world aware of its debt to Matthew Fontaine Maury is an important one and Hildegarde Hawthorne's biography, while written for young people, might be read with interest and profit by people of all ages. In 1825, the nineteen year old Southerner was appointed to the U. S. Navy by General Sam Houston. Fourteen years later, an accident caused a lameness unfitting him for active service and from then on he devoted his full time to his pioneer work of charting pathways across the oceans, studying winds and currents and barometric pressure. He distributed prepared log books to captains, which resulted in the maritime nations taking combined action in this field. He organized the Brussels Convention of 1853 which had great influence on marine travel. His services were acknowledged and he was given decorations by almost every Government in Europe. In 1855 Maury was finally more generally appreciated in the United States and he was given the rank of Commander in the U. S. Navy. The picturesque details of his experiences in the Civil War, his life in England and in Mexico with Maximilian and the details of his happy family life are entertainingly described. I. M. A.



Convoy entering Mers-El-Kebir

Reprinted from "The Navy at War"  
Wm. Morrow & Co. Publishers  
From a drawing by  
Lieut. (jg) Mitchell Jamieson, USNR

## Marine Poetry

### THE WOMAN IN THE HARBOR

There's a woman in the harbor  
And her arm is stretched toward God  
She stands and guards the precious miles  
Of earth my feet have trod.  
She's there both in the sunshine  
And from dusk to break of day  
Just keeping watch for all her sons  
Who've journeyed far away.  
She stood there back in seventeen  
When all the world was made  
And watched her sons go forward then  
To give the best they had.  
And now a quarter century  
Of time has hastened by  
She stands and sees her sons go forth  
To march, to sail and fly.  
When there I never realized  
How much she meant to me  
I took my life for granted  
In that Haven of the free.  
But now since I have traveled  
Over half this troubled earth  
I know there is no other land  
Like that which gave me birth.  
Like all her many thousand sons  
Who now are "over there"  
To God my heavenly Father  
I raise this daily prayer.  
That He will grant I'll see the land  
That one and only sod  
With the woman in the harbor  
Whose arm is stretched toward God.  
By Frank Michael Marosits  
Engineer aboard the  
"Statue of Liberty" boat

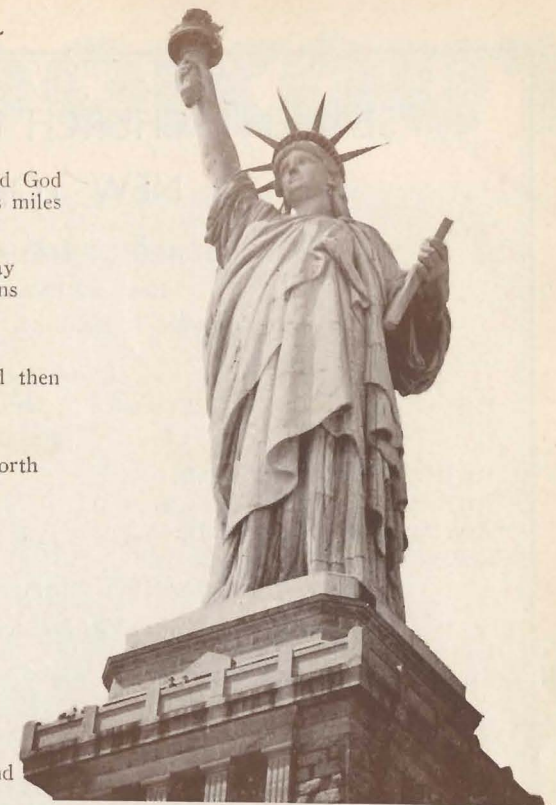


Photo by Lawrence Thornton

### THE HOSTESS By John Hartley

Here's to the ladies who serve out the  
tea  
And entertain the seamen back from the  
sea.  
Some have their sons in the Merchant  
Marine  
So they know what the life of a sailor  
can mean,  
Away from their home and those that  
they love  
God watches over them from the hea-  
vens above.  
Regardless of what the weather may be  
The ladies come down to greet the men  
from the sea.  
So Good Luck to you ladies, you know  
what we mean —  
You are doing a fine job for our Mer-  
chant Marine.

John Hartley, *Steward*  
25 South St., N. Y. C.

### SALUTE FROM THE MERCHANT CREW (New York Harbor)

This transport, brown with men, inflames  
our blood.  
We group along our rail, and raise our  
hands.  
Ten thousand households pour their  
khaki flood,  
Torrent of freedom, on the conquered  
lands!  
How many wives and mothers move  
their lips  
When children pray upon their dimpled  
knees  
For these brave men who dare infested  
seas  
To bind the beasts that wield the fascist  
whips!  
We sailors wave them Godspeed, and  
shall bring  
Their utmost need in bursting, groan-  
ing holds:  
And by each stripe and star of precious  
folds

We both adore, we'll stick, come weal  
or water high,  
In love with life and not afraid to die.  
This is the oath we take, the song we  
sing.  
—John Ackerson  
U. S. Maritime Service



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