

The LOOKOUT



Chapel of Our Saviour

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

Volume XXI
Number VI

June
1930

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone Bowling Green 2710

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Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

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

New CHAPEL OF OUR SAVIOUR DEDICATION SERVICE

MAY 22, 1930

A beautiful May morning greeted the several hundred persons who made their way to South Street on Thursday, the 22nd, to attend the Dedication Service of the Institute CHAPEL OF OUR SAVIOUR. As the sun streamed in through the stained glass windows, everyone expressed appreciation of the quiet simplicity and rare beauty of the Chapel, which is the sixth to be built since the Society was founded in 1843. The first three were floating churches on the East and North Rivers; the next two were land chapels, and now our sixth and present one has been dedicated by the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York, at a memorable Service.

The procession into the Chapel was led by William J. Boyd, well-known and beloved sexton of Trinity Church, who in the early '60s was in the Sunday School of St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Parish when the Rev. Romaine Stiles Mansfield, father of our Superintendent, was in charge.

The music was rendered by Dr. David McK. Williams, organist and choir master, and the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.

One of the features of the Dedication Service was the reading by Dr. Mansfield, of the list of donors, individuals, organizations and churches, who had contributed to the Chapel Construction Fund. Another interesting feature of the Service



Chapel Organ

was the singing of the hymn, "Fling Out the Banner," with an original verse by Mrs. Hellen Davidson, of the Institute staff:

"Fling out the banner! keep it high
To match our cross flung to the sky
To blazon in our brethren's hearts
The meaning of the S.C.I."

This famous hymn is particularly appropriate for the Institute to adopt as its own, with its words "Skyward and seaward, high and wide!" It was written in 1848 by the Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New Jersey, inspired by the sight of the Bethel flag flying from the steeple of the floating Chapel of the Redeemer of Philadelphia as it was towed down the Delaware River.

After the Service of Dedication, Bishop Manning in his address paid tribute to the Institute, saying: "The work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is one for which we are all thankful and in which we are all glad to have some part and share. I know of no activity of any kind anywhere more noble, beneficent and practically effective than the work of this Institute. It would be impossible to measure the help and blessing that this work brings daily to the seamen themselves and to their families all over the world. And today the dedication of this Chapel is another notable event in the history of this institution. It is done in the name of our Lord, who, as the Gospel records tell us, felt a special fellowship and companionship with the men of the sea. May this Chapel of our Saviour be to the

seamen, all who come here, of whatever race and of whatever faith, a place of heavenly blessing, a reminder and an assurance of the Divine Love revealed."

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood in which he said: "This Chapel, dedicated today for the worship of God and the need of the human soul, pushes out into the conquest of the waters, is the symbol of this great Seamen's Institute, an institution that has made itself historical by achievement of inviting across the waters to the sheltering arms of Jesus Christ those whom He died to save and to whom He has brought the Word of eternal life.

"It is fitting that this Chapel should be a building of rare and simple beauty, for they who go down to the sea in ships and have their business in the great waters have discovered reality. No one can understand beauty who has not found reality. The reason why most lives are tawdry and ugly is because they have never adventured into the discovery of the real. Always has the Master of the human soul walked along the curving shores of bounded existence saying, "Push out into the deep and find reality!" And only as His challenging word is obeyed, do men know themselves to be sons of God and one with the Master in the kingdom of heaven.

"Sailors are among the most lovable as they are among the most companionable of people; simple-hearted and true, they have that within them which is en rapport with Jesus.

"Our Bishop fittingly touched upon the Master's way with the sailors and suggested to us at this service of dedication that the Gospel of the Master is a conquest of the sea. His name has been symbolized through the centuries under the Greek word "fish," in the sign of the Zodiac representing the dominion of the Lord over the waters, and from the day of Jesus until now, man has been busy conquering the waters, and is now ascending by the conquest of the air to rise above that ancient victory into a new relationship with the universe.

"The Gospel of Jesus is never static. It does not belong to stagnant waters. It finds itself in the rush of the wind. It began in a Pentecostal hour when the tornado of God was upon humanity and men began to speak with tongues as the spirit gave them utterance.

"The ship is the best symbol of the church of Christ, and it is as we have the intrepidity of the explorer, moving out into the unventured ways of human experience, that we are worthy of our chart, our compass, and of our cargo, and havens.

"So let us not in this noonhour be satisfied with a momentary out-thrust of our thought upon our destiny. Let us rather reconsecrate ourselves today to better seamanship, and larger cargoes, and still more dangerous voyages. The true sailor is never afraid. He looks out upon the sky and whether the sign of the hurricane be there, or the indication of the moonlit waters, it is his sea, and his ship and his task.

"Let us go down to the sea of God

in the ship of Christ and sail over this boundless mysterious tide of the human soul and its need with a still stouter heart, with a still more contagious enthusiasm, borne along by the blast of the Holy Spirit, until that time when the anchor is over and the cargo is on the shore, and the captain is well content.

"We wish for this Chapel the blessing of the abiding presence of the Master, the hospitality of the Holy Ghost, and the infinite contentment in the hearts of all who gather here, of the shepherding love of the Eternal Father. Amen."

It was especially appropriate that Dr. Norwood should preach in this Chapel for seamen as he himself is sprung from a long line of distinguished seafaring ancestors. His father, Joseph Norwood, sailed from Halifax when he was only eight years of age, and when he left the sea, at the age of eighteen, he had secured captain's papers. During those ten years of seafaring Dr. Norwood's father was educated by Captain Serle of the "Race Horse," a famous Boston clipper that was engaged in the fruit trade in the Mediterranean. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Norwood left the "Race Horse" and enlisted. He was wounded at Fair Oakes. After the war he went back to sea, sailed for a short period, and was offered the captaincy of one of the early Cunarders, but he declined it, having decided to enter the Gospel ministry. He sailed from Philadelphia to Africa, as a missionary, and, in his own words, "forsook the fo'castle for the pulpit."

Dr. Robert Norwood was born in New Ross, Nova Scotia, in 1874, and was early taught navigation by his father. Until he was thirteen years of age, he and his father planned that he should become an engineer and sail on the high seas. But, like his father before him, he decided to become a clergyman. Dr. Norwood's maternal grandfather was also a sailing man: Captain Robert Harding of Barrington, Nova Scotia. Another distinguished relative was his uncle, Captain Robert Stanley. Dr. Norwood now is owner of a large sloop, "Kite II," which he personally navigates. He is a member of the Halifax Royal Yacht Squadron.

Upon entering the Chapel one is at once reminded of King's Chapel, Cambridge, and of Windsor Chapel. This lovely place of worship is one hundred feet long by fifty feet wide. Because of the fact



Baptistry

that it occupies only one story of the Institute building, the architects, Warren and Wetmore, designed it in Tudor style with the low-arched ceiling characteristic of the reign of Henry VIII. As the eye takes in its beauty, one is impressed with its fan-vaulted ceiling, its paneled walls of Austrian oak, with pilasters of native travertine stone, its travertine terrazzo floor and the Chancel and Sanctuary floor of Hauteville marble.

Within the Chancel the Altar of Botticino marble first greets the eye. At the right is the organ chamber and dividing Gothic screen. The Chancel rail is of lovely design, and the organ console, conforming with the wall paneling, is hand carved.

On the Sanctuary wall has been constructed an ornate Gothic frame which will hold the reredos painting to be executed by Charles R. Patterson, noted marine artist.

On the North side are the beautiful windows which were removed from our North River Station Chapel, the gift of the late William H. Vanderbilt.

The lighting fixtures are designed in accordance with the general architectural treatment and are unusual and beautiful, completing a uniform scheme of decoration.

Across the rear of the Chapel there is a smaller one separated by a carved wood screen. Between this Chapel and the Portico is located the Baptistry and a unique Font (see illustration) which was presented to the first Floating Church of Our Saviour by St. Mark's in the Bowverie (New York). It is after the design of

a ship's capstan, surmounted by a shell, the whole exquisitely executed in white marble.

The Institute was honored by the presence of a distinguished guest from London, Mr. T. Clive Davies, vice-chairman of the Committee of the Missions to Seamen, London, who came to New York especially to present the greetings of that organization at the Dedication Service. In order to be present Mr. Davies had to miss the annual meeting of his own Society, but said he felt fully compensated in that he had been accorded the privilege of bringing greetings "to this Society in America at its crowning act of a great effort." Mr. Davies added: "Our Society occupies a great many foreign ports, and in all these we have the privilege of welcoming American sailors."

It was a particularly gratifying and happy privilege to have with us upon the occasion of this "crowning

act" Mr. John H. Morrison, the oldest member of our Board of Managers in length of service—he has been a member fifty-three years. He commented on the remarkable progress of the work from his early association with the original Station of the Society at Pike Street until the present time.

It was a matter of general rejoicing that our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who has served the Society for forty-five years, was able to be with us, and together with the Bishop to preside.

After the Service and luncheon the guests were provided an opportunity to inspect the new building.

Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, Chairman, and the members of the Dedication Service Committee were congratulated upon the success of this notable occasion in the history of the Society.



Altar

A Nautical Poet Laureate



THE LOOK-OUT tenders its warmest congratulations to one of the Institute's British friends who has achieved the distinction of Poet Laureate of England. From a seaman, ship's cook, farm hand and plain hobo, he has won the British Literary Crown, succeeding the late Sir Robert Bridges.

In November 1926 the Institute had the privilege of entertaining Mr. Masefield and of hearing him speak on behalf of the seamen—not as an observer but as a man who personally endured the hardships of the old sailing days. At that time he said:

"I have been amazed to see this great Institute here, doing things which we in our time saw to be needed but never hoped to be attained. Two things I noted especially during my brief trip over the building were the school for navigation where men who have put in the necessary sea time can get their master's papers, and the bank. The school is an invaluable thing which many seamen hoped for. And the facilities for banking their money are fine. When they have made their money like horses they can now put it in a bank and keep it away from those harpies."

John Masefield is considered one of the most gifted and versatile figures in the literary world today. He

not only is a poet but is an historian, dramatist, writer of short stories and novelist as well. As a narrative poet, he has no equal—his poetry having the quality of fiction; his prose has the rhythm of verse.

After attaining world-wide fame in the literary world, Mr. Masefield made no attempt to hide the many-sided career of his youth.

Born in Shropshire, England in 1875, he was clever at school, but disdained formal training. He was always off on the road, tramping around the country. He took to the sea at fourteen and by constant reading and actual experiences added to his store of knowledge.

When he was nineteen years old he came to the United States and in New York found employment for a while as a porter in Luke O'Connor's cafe on Eighth Street. He never forgot O'Connor's aid in giving him a saloon job when he was in need of work and when he visited New York again in 1926, he hunted up his old-time benefactor to again express his appreciation.

It is as a poet of the sea, however, that Mr. Masefield achieved his name. His poem, "Sea Fever," is known the world over. His struggle for success came with the publication of his three great long poems—"The Everlasting Mercy," 1911; "The Widow in the Bye-Street," 1912, and "Dauber," 1913. The poems mirrored the hard life he had led and brought him universal recognition.

"Mrs. Found in a Bottle"

A bottle that traveled from the Caribbean Sea to Provincetown, Massachusetts, is the latest true sea story, reported by one of our sailormen. When Seaman Larry Kimmons arrived in New York he stopped at the Institute for his mail. A letter from the keeper of the Wood End Lighthouse, Provincetown, Massachusetts, Douglas H. Shepard, informed him that the bottle which he had thrown into the Caribbean Sea, 1400 miles off the coast of Brazil, eighteen months ago, had been picked up off the Massachusetts Coast.

Kimmons explained that he had shipped from New Orleans in September 1928 as an oiler on a freighter, bound for Brazil, and that the crew was a mixture of Filipinos, Roumanians and Japanese. Apparently the three nationalities did not get along well together and there was constant fighting on board the ship. Matters came to a head when a Roumanian fireman attacked the Chief Engineer with a red-hot burner, and the Chief retaliated with a monkey wrench, resulting in the death of the fireman. The Engineer later died of the burns he received. Feeling ran high on the ship, the food was confiscated, and Kimmons felt that he might never again see the port of New Orleans.

About this time, he said, they were six days out of Santos, Brazil, their last port of call. On the spur of the moment, he took an empty shampoo oil bottle, and wrote a brief message,



LARRY KIMMONS

giving his name, the name of the ship and his address at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York City, and stated that the ship was in trouble. Then, sealing the bottle with its screw cap, he tossed it overboard.

The bottle made its way up the Caribbean Sea, and off Key West was aided by the strong current of the Gulf Stream, which travels about three knots an hour, and then continued on its way north where it was found by the Provincetown Lighthouse Keeper, who immediately wrote to 25 South Street. Kimmons, although 28 years of age has been going to sea for twelve years. He frequently stops at the Institute.

Love-Making By Proxy



The old adage, "Ignorance is bliss", may be true in many instances, but when it comes to the matter of love, ignorance is a tremendous drawback. Such is the opinion of Seaman Albert who can neither read nor write, but who has, during the course of the past year or so, fallen hopelessly in love several times.

Shyly, but determinedly he approached our Information Secretary. "Can you write a love letter for me?" he queried. "Here's some new snapshots of myself, and I'd like to send them to my girl in Nova Scotia, but I can't write."

The Secretary, who happened to have just finished reading "Cyrano de Bergerac", and so, was filled with the romantic lovmaking-by-proxy drama, agreed.

"Dearest Elizabeth," he dictated. "I am fine. How are you? I have a fine job—" The secretary interrupted. "Oh, but you haven't a fine job," she protested. "But I don't want my girl to know *that*," Albert persisted, with pardonable pride.

The letter was mailed, and so successful was its message that the girl sent him a snapshot of herself. Pleased, Albert asked if he could dictate another love letter:

"Dearest Mildred—" he began. Again the secretary interposed. "But I thought her name was Elizabeth?" "Oh, this is another girl," he explained.

Albert has now gone to sea, so the secretary thought she would enjoy a rest from her love-letter writing task. But fate decreed otherwise. Another seaman approached her, holding in his hand an open letter with a French stamp. "I just received a letter from my sweetheart," he explained. "But I can't read a word of French. Can you translate it?"

The secretary obliged. It was a typically French letter—how much she missed him, when was he coming back to her, and would he get a ship that stopped at Marseilles, and it seemed so long waiting, et cetera. But the seaman's eyes shone with the true fervor of love, as he pocketed the precious missive and asked if the secretary would translate into French the letter he intended to write in English.

An Enduring Memorial to the "Toilers of the Sea"

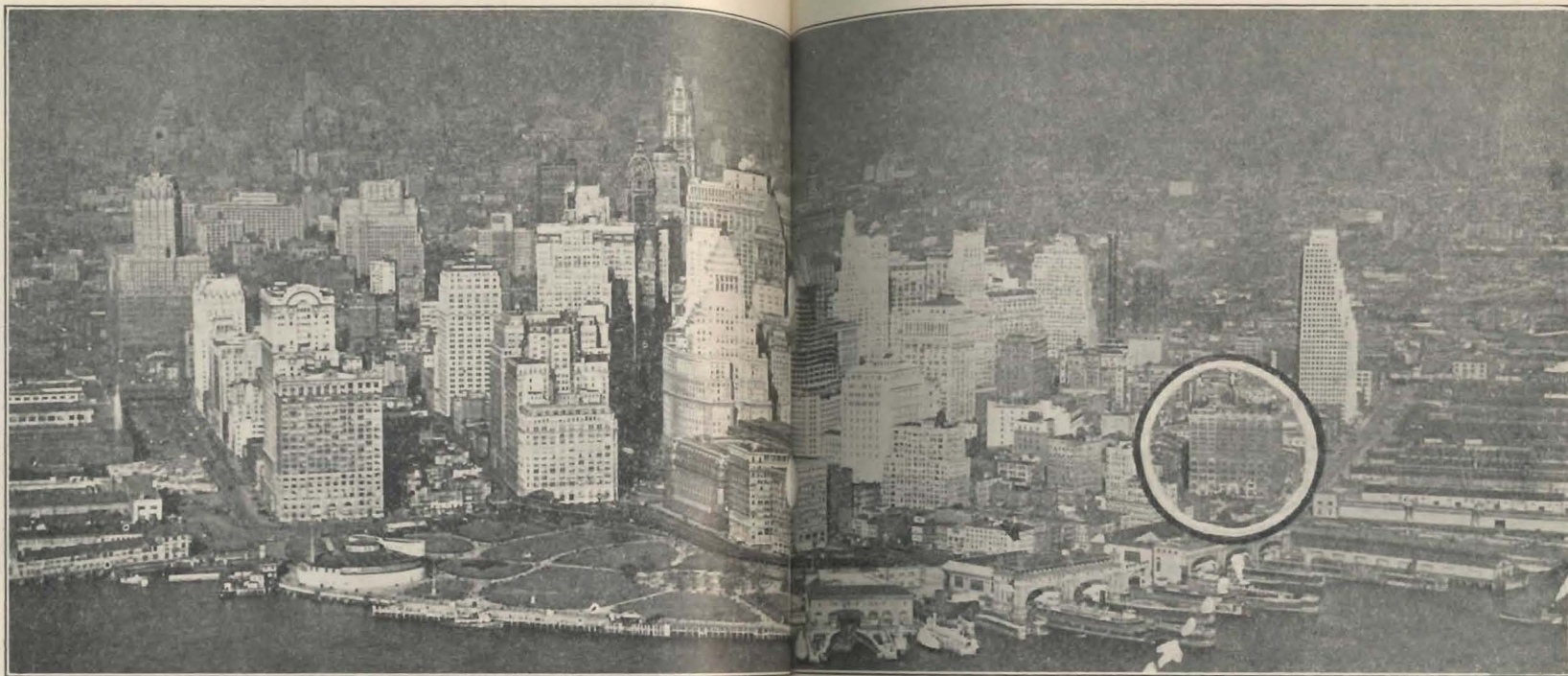


To perpetuate the memory of a loved one by some worthwhile service—that is the desire of many thoughtful persons. In what more beautiful and practical way can you commemorate those who have gone beyond than by giving a memorial in the Annex Building of the Institute?

The following memorial units are still available. Suitable bronze tablets will be provided and inscribed according to the wishes of the donor:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Medical Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Surgical Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each	1,000.00
Chapel Gates	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each	500.00
Stairway leading to Sanctuary	200.00
Cabinet Organ, in small chapel	200.00
Chapel Memorial Panels	100.00
Two Prayer Desks, each	100.00
Credence Table (wood—small chapel)	50.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00
Two Altar Books, each	25.00

Have You Paid Debt to the Sailor?



Courtesy, H. A. Schoenhals

Only 69 lives out of 328,465,552 passengers were lost during 1929 in collisions and foundering of ships examined by the inspection service of the United States Commerce Department, according to a recent report. Life-saving appliances, the report shows, saved 741 lives during last year.

Do you need more concrete evidence than this to prove that our American merchant marine is loyal, courageous, trustworthy?

Yet there are many landmen who never stop to realize the debt they owe the seamen who man our merchant vessels and who carry millions of passengers and millions of dollars worth of cargo safely from port to port.

Statistics show that while American citizens spend 22 cents out of every dollar for luxuries, 14 cents for waste, 8 cents for crime, and 1½ cents for schools, only ¾ of a cent are spent for churches and charities and philanthropies!

Does not Jack of the merchant marine deserve fairer consideration than this? We are trying our best to maintain this great shore home, with all its comforts and privileges, and for all those who are helping us so generously we are deeply grateful.

But what about your friends? If you will send us their names and addresses we shall be glad to send them a copy of *The Lookout* and try to interest them in this great philanthropic work.

HARRY FARMAN
Ways and Means Committee,
25 South Street, New York.

Bozo the Trouble Magnet

From the far-off city of Schogg in the land of the Pyramids, on the banks of the River Nile, has come Ahmed Kern, an Egyptian boy, with strange tales of the sea and of wanderings about the earth. Ahmed, who is now a guest at the Institute, has had his share of trouble; so much, in fact, he calls himself Bozo the Trouble Magnet.

Twelve years ago, leaving his camel hitched to a plow in a maize field, Ahmed, clad in a long, flowing robe, sandals and a betasseled fez and with twenty pounds of English gold stuffed in his capacious pockets, started his troubled globe-trotting career which has finally washed him up on the shores of South Street.

From Shogg a train took him to cosmopolitan Alexandria, where he was soon fleeced of his money. After a night of sleeping in a hogshead he sought refuge in a sailor's boarding house. He shipped as a fireman on the British steamship *Glendale* and was landed at Cardiff, Wales, where he was set down in an Egyptian boarding house and a mess of trouble. He became acquainted with a snake-charmer whom he met in a pub. He took several sea trips, mostly to Mediterranean ports, and on returning to Cardiff he was notified by a lawyer that he was engaged to his lady friend and that if he did not marry her he would be thrown into jail.

"It fairly took my breath away," said Ahmed, relating the incident,

"as I was entirely innocent. I, being a Mohammedan and she a Christian, I could not have married her if I had wanted to. My own father and brothers would have killed me first, for that is according to our faith."

Ahmed fled—on a train to London. Arriving at Charing Cross station, he checked his sailor's bag and took a cab for Fenchurch Street, near the old East India docks. Another sailor's boarding house and another ship—this time an Italian vessel bound for Genoa, where he arrived thirteen days later and was promptly arrested by the Italian police.

The World War was flaming then and the Italians thought him a spy. When he was finally released his ship was gone and so were his clothes. He got another ship, bound for Naples, and during the first night out it was torpedoed by a German submarine. The crew took to small boats.

"We could see the submarine quite plainly," said Ahmed, "and hear the officers giving orders in German. We pulled alongside the submarine, as ordered to do. They—the Germans—took our names, the captain's papers, chronometer and sextant, gave him some orders and left us.

"Our entire crew consisted of Scandinavians, with the exception of the black gang from the fireroom, which consisted of some Greeks, Assyrians, one Somalilander and myself. Our ship was going fast. She was bows under, with her stern high in the air and a heavy list to

port. We had been resting on our oars, waiting for her to go down, but now we pulled away so as not to get caught in the suction.

Light Starts Trouble

"I was seated on a thwart beside the Somalilander. We both had suitcases under the thwart. The Somalilander pulled out a flashlight, God only knows why, and threw its rays out over the water. The mate who was in charge of our boat, afraid perhaps of being taken prisoner, ordered the Somalilander to douse the light.

"For answer he flashed it again. I knew instantly that trouble was coming. Many of the Somalilanders were slaves to Egyptians before the English subjection and so they spoke our language. There were thirteen in the boat, all Scandinavians except us two Mohammedans. I knew if they got the Somalilander they would get me too.

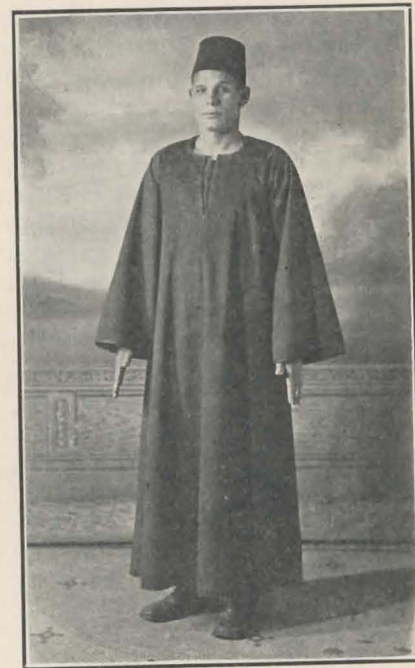
"The mate tried to strike down the Somalilander who drew a knife. In the moonlight I got a glint of a gunbarrel in the mate's hand. I had a bloodwood war club, used by the natives on the west coast of Africa and given to me by a friend. This was strapped on the outside of my suit case. I reached down and got it and laid out on the mate. Things quieted down after that."

Shortly after daylight they were picked up by another ship and landed in Naples where they were paid off before a shipping commissioner. Ahmed tried to take a passenger ship to Egypt but the English consul said: "How do I know you're an Egyptian?"

You might be a Turk." This was in Genoa, where he had returned once more.

So he smuggled himself aboard an English tramp which was going to Port Said and begged the captain for a job. The skipper agreed to let him work his way as a fireman if he would go without wages. The crew of the ship was Chinese, all except Ahmed, and he returned ashore to spend the few hours before the ship sailed, and went into a pub to while away the time.

"There was the usual crowd to be found in such a place," said Ahmed. "There were Greeks, Scandinavians, Dutchmen and a crowd of mighty tough Liverpool Irish. I told a Greek who understood my language about



BOZO

my trouble and how I got my passage.

"That started trouble. Theseaman considered Ahmed a scab for shipping with Chinese and cutting down wages. Ahmed soon found himself in a fight. Both his eyes were closed and to make things worse the police came and lugged him off.

"I was thrown into a cell," said Ahmed, "and the next morning I was given a stiff fine and one month in jail; and then they try to tell me we all have an equal chance in life. I had been the continuous victim of circumstances ever since I got my first ship. Home was getting further away."

Buys a Passage

Determined to get out of Italy after this experience, Ahmed gave a shipping master two pounds beside his regular fee to get him a ship. The articles were doctored and he went on board a British ship at twelve pounds a month. Three trips were made between Birkenhead and Baltimore, Md., with coal. As the ship was to be laid up he went to Liverpool to get passports and transportation to the United States.

Finding it impossible to get a ship to the States he was put on board a tramp bound for Cardiff to load coal, outward bound with sealed orders, probably for Teneriffe or Las Palmas, Ahmed thought. When well down Bristol Channel, two days from Cardiff, the tramp was torpedoed. The crew took to boats and a subchaser picked them up and landed them at a place called St. Ives. The crew was paid off there, given five pounds for

bag money and had their fare paid to Liverpool.

Ahmed soon had another ship, bound for the River Plata in South America calling at Bahia on the down trip. Under the blistering sun this ship encountered a ship's small boat south of the line. Four men, their heads fallen on their breasts, clutched the thwarts in this small boat.

Implies a Grim Tale

"In addition," said Ahmed, "there was the trunk of a body with the flesh off from the thigh down to the ankles. Two clasp knives and a sheath knife in the bottom of the boat told the grim cannibalistic story. We learned later the four men picked up were the sole survivors of a Norwegian sailing ship, loaded with nitrate from Antifagasta, Chile. The ship was wrecked in a storm."

Ahmed's ship arrived at Buenos Aires, was discharged and loaded with tallow horns and hide for La Havre. Just to make things interesting it ran into a storm on the way which washed overboard everything movable on deck and tore off doors from the chart house and wireless room.

These are just a few things that happened to Ahmed during six years sailing to and from European ports. In his wanderings he made the east and west coasts of Africa, Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, India and the Malay Peninsula, beside the two Americas. In 1920 he shipped to Galveston, Texas, in an English ship. There Ahmed left his ship. It was the time of the big shipping

strike. There were 25,000 men out. But Ahmed was signed on a Belgian ship with English officers. She had been contracted to run for two years carrying oil between Tampico and Gulf ports. At Tampico one day he missed the ship. The captain had been saving his money for him. He waited for the ship to return and then the captain told him he considered him a deserter and Ahmed could not collect his money.

He went then to Port Arthur. He encountered there the captain who he knew stole his money. He promptly beat him, so he says, almost to death. He was arrested for that, charged with assault with intent to kill, and released on bail. The captain was in a hospital and thither Ahmed went, still determined to collect his money.

There was no shipping, but Port Arthur was full of placards calling for men in the harvest fields, so with a number of others, he headed inland. Ahmed got a job with a harvesting outfit and was introduced to the great American game of poker with somewhat disastrous results. Ahmed started for California after he got tired of Kansas. Reaching San

Francisco he went to Los Angeles and then headed back east, going to El Paso and again to Port Arthur.

In Port Arthur he met another Egyptian who had done well and saved money in Cumberland, Md. Ahmed decided to go there. He got a job as a mechanic's helper in a roundhouse. Winter passed and with spring there came the worst flood in the history of Cumberland. Ahmed rescued a man from drowning, but when he tried to do the same thing for a confectioner's stock he was arrested, charged with appropriating goods. But Ahmed was acquitted of that.

Off to Baltimore, another sailors' boarding house and another ship, this time a ship in the coal trade between the Virginia and Eastern ports. Then some trips to South America on one of which his ship ran out of coal and managed to crawl into the Canary Islands by burning up furniture, spare bunks, bunker planks and superstructure. There are gaps in Ahmed's story here and there and chapters left out, but all things considered, this Egyptian now living at the Institute seems to have been around quite a little.

FROM THE INSTITUTE'S LOG:

"THE 'GERMAN GRAF ZEPPELIN' SAILED AT A VERY LOW ALTITUDE OVER THE INSTITUTE, AT 11 P.M. ON MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 2ND, AFTER CIRCLING NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN. SHE WAS HEADED S.W., WITH ALL LIGHTS AGLOW."

The Old Ship-Yards of New York

PART II. THE APPRENTICES



HE life of an apprentice to a ship-builder ninety years ago was by no means one long, sweet song. Those who went through that mill testified to their early hardships. How fine that mill ground is evident from the following portion of a document which hung in a neat frame in the office of John Englis, a successful ship-builder who had his own yard at the foot of East Tenth Street—an immense establishment, covering 140,000 square feet and employing 450 apprentices.

“. . . during the full term of apprenticeship, four years, two months and seven days shall the said apprentice his master faithfully serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere readily obey; he shall not waste his master's goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any; he shall not contract matrimony within the said term; at cards, dice or any unlawful game he shall not play; he shall not haunt ale houses, taverns, dance-houses or play houses. And the said master shall use the utmost of his endeavors to teach the said apprentice in the art, trade and mystery of a ship-carpenter; he shall pay to the said apprentice the sum of two dollars and fifty cents weekly for each and every week of the said term; and also shall pay to him the sum of forty dollars per year, payable quarterly, which is in lieu of meat, drink, washing, lodging, clothing and all the other necessaries.”

His apprenticeship fulfilled, the youth became at twenty-one years of age a full-fledged mechanic, which entitled him to the following doubtful privileges: He worked from sunrise to sunset; that is, from 4:30 A. M. until 7:30 P. M.; a period of fifteen hours, for \$1.25 a day. At 8 o'clock in the morning he was allowed an hour for breakfast, but on reaching home was usually too tired to eat much of that meal. At 12 o'clock he had two hours for dinner. His supper came after the day's labor. The heaviest beams, which are now lifted to the stocks by steam or horse power, he carried on his shoulders, his bosses working alongside him. Many hours were consumed in the sawing of a piece of life-oak timber, one man standing upon it, and another below it, his face protected from the dust by a veil, while today a circular steam-saw would go through such a beam as fast as one could walk. Often, when the sun had set, one of the bosses invited his men to refresh themselves from a pail of brandy and water, and then suggested that some timbers be raised, so that it was dark before the men reached home.

Jacob A. Westervelt had to walk three miles to reach his home. Eleven o'clock and four o'clock were the hours for grog, when for three cents the mechanics obtained at the neighboring shops a glass of brandy

much better than that for which the guest in a Broadway hotel paid twenty-five cents. Good cigars cost three cents apiece. Presently wages became \$1.50 a day, and soon afterward \$1.75, when the overjoyed mechanics resolved to strike for a day of ten hours. The bosses offered them \$2.00 a day of the old hours, but the offer was rejected, and a day of ten hours was ushered in. In order that the privilege so won should not be impaired, the workmen passed around the hat and raised enough money to buy a bell—the old Mechanics Bell—which they erected on a small tower in Lewis Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. They hired a saw-filer in the neighborhood to ring the bell four times daily—at 7:00 o'clock, 12:00 o'clock, 1:00 o'clock and 6:00 o'clock—and were insistent in their demand that he be prompt, paying him for his service \$50 a year, and obtaining the money by passing around the hat. At any of these hours he might have been seen crossing the street with his little ladder, which he planted against the shed on which the tower stood, and after mounting it, proceed to ring the bell by means of a lever very much like a pump handle. Every time he lowered the bell it turned a complete somersault. The silver watch of the ringer and the silver tones of the bell lingered long in the memories of thousands of New York shipwrights.

The amusements of these mechanics were simple but thorough. There was a good deal of boat rowing on the river. The “East River Garden” on Cherry Street, a part of

it roofed for a stage, where singing and acting were provided, was also popular. A balloon occasionally made its admired ascent, after a special performance on the tight rope and the slack rope. There was the Mount Pitt circus, managed by Major-General Sanford, the Barnum of that era, who provided entertainments both histrionic and equestrian. On each anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the “Fourth-of-July” ship—a vessel forty feet long rigged to look like a ship about to be launched was mounted on a truck, manned by from 12 to 16 sailor lads, and drawn by eight horses along the streets. A large brick building in Columbia street (afterward known as the “Weary Wanderers’ Hotel”) was headquarters for considerable jocularly; and when at night they embarked on a festive expedition, especially when changing the signs in modern collegiate fashion, so that, for instance, a druggist's signboard ornamented a butcher's shop, they were the terror of the neighborhood although not of old Captain Asten, who did constabulary duty with his wooden leg and club.

Above Thirteenth Street the bank of the East River sloped into a beautiful beach of clean fine sand, and at evening scores of mechanics with their wives and children assembled to bathe in Arcadian simplicity. Dandy Point or “Pint,” as they called it, was the name of this popular resort. Down from the big wagons they jumped, the men going to one spot, the women to another not far off, and when their clothes were ex-

changed for older or less valuable ones, down into the water they ran. "Sandy" Gibson's tavern, with its supply of cakes and drinks, was the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers on the beach. There was considerable bathing also near the foot of Corlears Street, a spot chiefly distinguished, however, for the number of baptisms that it witnessed—the river drained in no sewers then. The Williamsburg shore, with its modest cottages, gardens and orchards, was the favorite free fruit market for the ship-carpenters. They used to row across the river in small boats and steal the apples that supplemented their noon-day meals.

Morning, noon, and evening, Lewis Street was crowded with the multitude of mechanics going to work in

the ship-yards or returning home; the sidewalks did not begin to be wide enough to hold them. The traveller who sailed down the East River and saw the spacious yards that lined the New York shores, the noble vessels on the stocks, the thousands of busy workmen, and the huge collections of timber-white oak, hackmatack, and locust for the ribs of the ships, yellow pine for the keels and ceiling timbers, white pine for the floors, live oak for the "aprons," might have been pardoned for supposing that Manhattan Island was the headquarters of the ship-building of the world, for such indeed it was. The glory has departed; not one of those ship-yards is left. The riverfront has been completely transformed.

In the next issue there will be an article on the launching of some famous old clipper ships.



Courtesy, American Photo Service

South Street from Maiden Lane, 1828.

Musings of the Mate

Pride

HE had seen better days. But he still had pride. So he came to the Religious and Social Service Department to return the two dollars which we had lent to him. He insisted that no record of the transaction be kept. And he refused to pay back his debt until we had erased his mother's name from the slip. His name was John Smith, so we convinced him that we had dozens of "John Smiths" so he needn't worry. No one would ever know that he was the particular John Smith who had borrowed the money.

From an Old Cook:

NEVER in the history of navigation has anything approaching the comforts and conveniences of this building been available for seafaring men, and no reward is too great for the man who has devoted his whole life's work in the fight to bring this building into existence. This is my opinion as a man who has followed the sea for 17 years. Now it is up to us, the men of the sea, to make use of the opportunities Dr. Mansfield and his staff have put at our disposal, and to use these opportunities not only for ourselves, but for the world in general."

Robbed

SEAMAN Anton Marsak had thirty-one dollars in his pocket and his ship's discharges, his passport and other valuable papers. In his hand he carried a heavy suitcase filled with soiled clothing. He was on a Seventh Avenue Subway train on his way to the Institute. He got off the train at Chambers Street to change for a local when suddenly three men approached him. One of them opened his coat and flashed a detective badge. "You come along with us," they said.

Marsak knew there was nothing illegal in his suitcase, such as dope or liquor, but being an Esthonian and not knowing English very well, he thought it useless to protest. When he had followed them out of the subway to a dimly lit corner, they punched him in the jaw, fracturing his jawbone. Then they robbed him of his thirty-one dollars and all his seaman's papers, and left him with the suitcase.

When he recovered consciousness, he hastened to the Institute, and reported his plight to the police officer on duty. The police are investigating. Of a thrifty nature, Marsak had saved five hundred dollars of his wages, which were deposited in a bank in another port. The Institute gave him board and lodging until he obtained these funds.

Jails

THERE are many types and varieties of connoisseurs, but never before had we heard of a connoisseur of jails, until we met Jake. Jake was a likeable chap, with bleeding hearts tattooed on the backs of his two hands, a frank and engaging smile. But Jake, whenever his ship docked in a foreign port, always seemed to feel it was time for horseplay. So, with as much vigor as a collegian playing pranks, Jake would proceed to paint the town red. The foreigners never could quite understand the exuberance of this laughing young American, and, more often than not, Jake would find himself behind the bars of a musty old jail. Then his ship mates would bring the American consul down to bail him out. We chanced to overhear Jake bragging to an acquaintance of the innumerable jails he had frequented. "I never was in any of 'em for more'n twenty-four hours," he commented. "But believe me, that was enough. The jail in Cairo is somethin' terrible, but if you want to see a swell jail that's the one in Singapore. An' the one in Marseilles—oh, boy, never again. What rotten food!"

When a Seaman Cries

IT is an unusual sight, not often seen around the Institute lobby. And yet, on one day, we saw two seamen sobbing pitifully. The one was a young lad,

only 15, who had worked his way from California on board a ship. The ship was supposed to return to San Francisco, but orders came that she was to change her course and proceed to South America. Poor little fellow, he didn't want to go to South America and he had no money with which to get back to 'Frisco, his home.

The other seaman was about fifty years of age. He carried his left arm in a sling. For days he had trudged the streets unable to find a job. His wife was ill in a hospital in Brooklyn. His two children needed food and clothing.

Burdened down by their grief, the old sailor and the young one did not seem to know that the Institute would help them. At last, the head of our employment bureau, on questioning the two, found a porter's job for the old seaman until his arm could heal and he could go back to sea. For the young lad he found a job as mess boy on a ship going back to 'Frisco, and until she sailed he was the Institute's guest.

Appreciation

ONLY a poor German sailor, but he wanted to show his appreciation of the splendid treatment he enjoyed at the Institute. So he came to the Chaplain's office, a bright, pleasant-looking chap. "Here is five dollars," he said simply. "I wish it were more. Use it for some poor seaman so he won't need to go cold and hungry. You've got a wonderful home here and I just want to show in my small way how much I appreciate it."



SOME of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the year 1929:—

417,612 lodgings registered.

335,409 meals served.

822,042 sales made at the soda fountain.

83,534 pieces of dunnage checked and protected.

26,141 books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.

73,241 special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.

1,566 seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.

8,637 seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.

316 missing men located.

\$607,364.35 received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.

13,675 seamen attended 219 religious services.

28,345 seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.



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