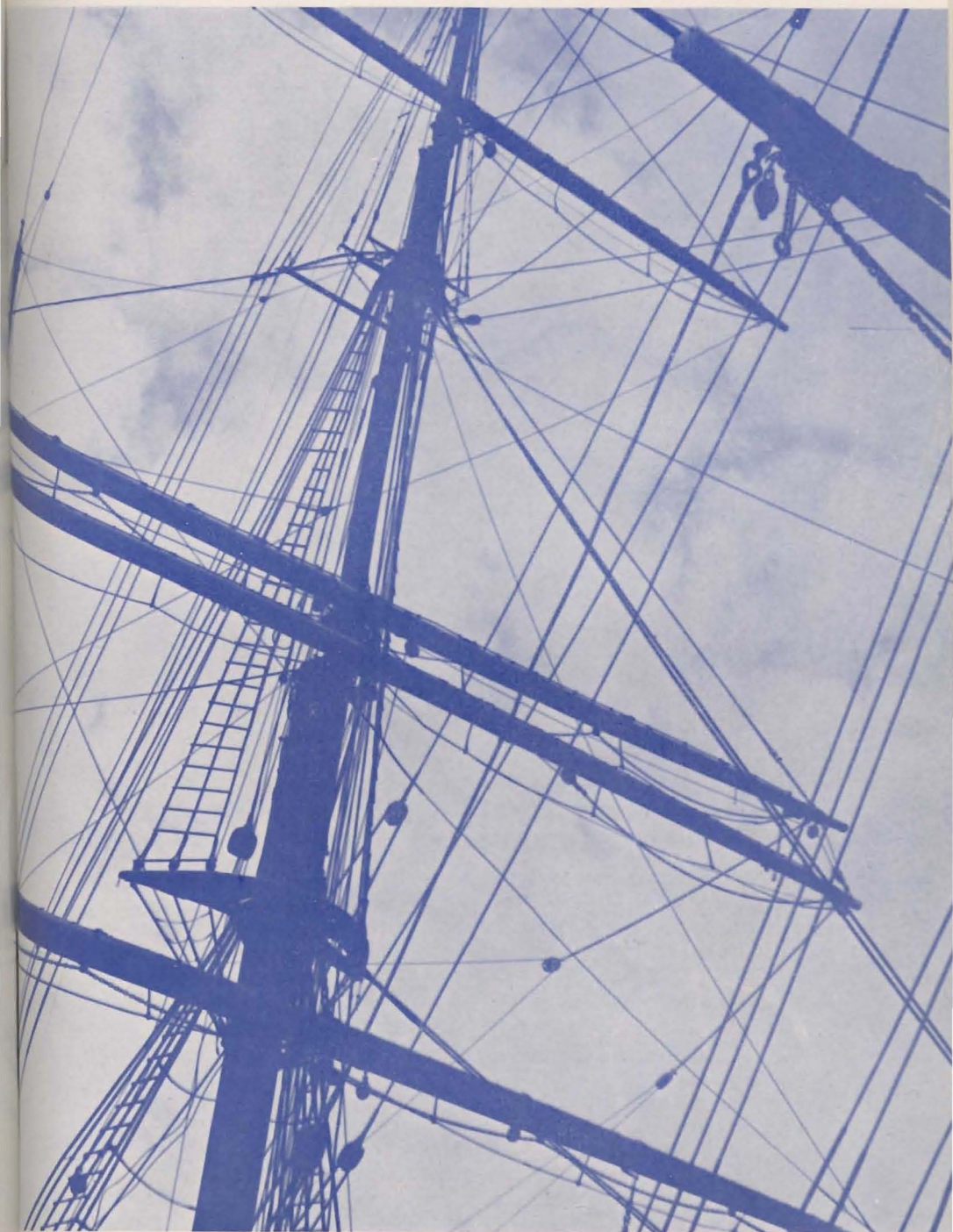


# The LOOKOUT



MAINMAST OF "STAR OF INDIA"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVI NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1925

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from Ewing Galloway, N. Y. It shows part of the detail on the mainmast and rigging of the old "Star of India". This vessel was formerly the "Euterpe", built in England in 1863, originally owned by Shaw, Savill & Albion Co. of London, and was for many years engaged in the New Zealand trade. Purchased some years ago by the Alaska Packers' Association of San Francisco, the vessel was renamed "Star of India". About eight years ago she was purchased by the Zoological Society of San Diego, California, to be maintained at that port as a Marine Museum.

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVI, AUGUST, 1935  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street

## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," 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. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of..... Dollars."

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

# The Lookout

VOL. XXVI

AUGUST, 1935

No. 8

## SOUTH STREET SKETCHES

HAVE you ever watched an artist on a vaudeville stage sketch swift impressions of people? Strolling on South Street—rendezvous of sailormen—one longs to be able to draw with such lightning-like speed and skill the interesting types of humanity encountered. Humor and pathos, tragedy and comedy, go hand in hand in the endless procession of men: young men, old men, men without work, men with duffle bags on their shoulders, sober men, drunken men, hungry men—debonair, discouraged, robust, sickly. Here are a few word pictures—tabloid portraits—which show the diversity of sailors' problems. Day after day the Social Service office on the second floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, at 25 South Street, is thronged with seamen seeking solutions "to their troubles"—and usually, thanks to the public-spirited citizens who voluntarily support this great work for seamen of all races and creeds—the Institute is able to help them out of their difficulties.

### DISCRETION . . .

A seaman, purchasing three postcards of the *Institute* Chapel, explains that he thinks it safer to send a religious picture when mailing a card to a shipmate's wife.

### IDENTITY . . .

Woodrow Wilson D—, seaman, to ask for assistance in proving his identity, having changed his name to Robert in the face of schoolboy teasing.



The South Street Approach

### MOURNER . . .

Funeral of Seaman Mustafa Mohammed in Chapel. Principal mourner: Dutch engineer.

### CLASSMATES . . .

Reunion of down-and-out seaman with vice-president of big New York bank (college classmates 15 years ago). Fortune sent one to the top, the other very low, but alma mater loyalty to the rescue—and all's well.

### GUARDIAN . . .

Shipboard injuries brought Seaman Louis B. compensation of \$2,000; pronto he makes *Institute* trustee to keep money from dribbling through his fingers.

### DEVOTION . . .

Conference with cemetery official in behalf of seaman wishing to arrange perpetual care for his mother's grave when he receives settlement of an injury claim this week.



### SUPERSTITION . . .

Poor woman offering to sell her baby's caul very cheap to some sailor. She had heard sailors were superstitious and a caul carried in a duffle bag prevented the owner from drowning.

### VICTIM . . .

Ship's carpenter, exploited by two unscrupulous lawyers, to ask advice. Handicapped because he can neither read nor write.

### JILTED . . .

Young officer to tell of sad experience of "lady-friend" who threw him over. She returned all his presents, but he cannot get refund from department store and wants to know where to sell them second-hand.

### PENSION . . .

Arrangements made to raise the pension of an old Spanish-American war veteran (seaman) as he can no longer work and live on \$12. a month.

### FATHERS . . .

Three fathers to arrange lodging for sons, one ambitious to be a bell-hop, another to be a wireless operator and a third to be a ship's officer.

### CURSE . . .

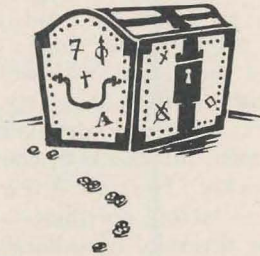
A mother, trying to get in touch with her son. His address found. As one talked with this cultivated, Christian mother one realized what a curse strong liquor can become, as her son is a really fine chap, but the victim of a habit which causes him to lose his jobs.

### DISCOVERY . . .

Asked by his parents to find Martin S . . . Mrs. Roper learns that his body has been found drifting about the waters of Mt. Pleasant Shoals in Halifax Harbor. He was a graduate of the New York Marine Academy and a likeable chap, well remembered at the *Institute*.

### AUTHOR . . .

Steward McA—in to chat with staff members. He is a steward and has written a book on his experiences when a prisoner on the *Emden*. Is now writing another book but still sails as steward.



### TRUNK . . .

A Dutch seaman purchased a second-hand trunk. It chanced to have a double bottom and inside the lining he discovered many documents—on parchment and with wax and gold seals—wills, deeds of property, naturalization papers and other personal effects of a family in Pennsylvania. He wanted help in tracing the descendants, so that he might return the documents.

### HONEYMOON

First mate, on honeymoon, brings in his wife to meet Mother Roper and to show bride his old home at 25 South Street.



## HONORING A LIFE-LONG CAREER

Friday, July 12th \*

MRS. JANET ROPER—"Mother Roper" to hundreds of seamen—sat amid her flowers and other presents today at the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York*, 25 South St., a bit breathless because of the fuss a lot of men and some women were making while reminding her that today is her twentieth anniversary there. The party will last all day, winding up with a tea at 5 o'clock and special moving pictures in the evening.

"What's twenty years?" said Mrs. Roper, looking at the stack of letters and gifts. "I've been working with seamen for forty-five years. And I certainly hope to be here for another twenty years. I'd like to keep the job until all the lost sons and parents find one another again. There's nothing else I'd rather do.

"Many's the reunion I've had in this office—the sort of thing that would bring tears to your eyes. And I hope I'll have a lot more. . . . Well, what a funny present to give a woman who has nine grandchildren!"

Mrs. Roper unfolded her present and held it at arm's length—a cerise silk nightgown from a port in the West Indies. Attached was a little note:—

"I like to think I have two mothers, one in Boston and the other at the *Seamen's Institute of New York*. I always buy the same present for both of you," wrote a man whom she had found for his mother after they had been lost to each other for years.

In another box was an elaborately embroidered coolie jacket and trousers a man had brought back from the Orient, along with a ten-inch

conch shell in which Mrs. Roper may hear the roar of far away seas.

"I came here in fear and trembling on July 12, 1915, from Portland, Me.," she recalled. She was then the widow of a Congregational minister who had died, leaving her three little girls whom she saw through college, then saw married.

"I remember that I was a bit afraid and very much impressed with my new job. This thirteen-story building was new and the highest on the waterfront. I was told to create my own job, and that was how I came to devote all these years to finding missing seamen.

"Seamen are as fine a lot of boys as you'd find in any walk of life. I wish you could read the book reviews they write. We have a prize on just now, \$10 for the best review of Hendrik Van Loon's 'Ships.'

"The married ones are often the unhappiest. Many are married who wish they weren't and that makes me wish that there were some way of getting women to stop nagging their husbands, especially when the men haven't jobs and are doing their best to find work."

Editor's Note: Twenty roses representing each of her years at the Institute were presented to Mrs. Roper by members of the staff at an informal tea given in her honor in the Apprentices' Room. In the evening, Mrs. Roper spoke to the seamen at the entertainment and a crowded auditorium listened respectfully to her words of thanks and advice. As each seaman filed out, after the movies, he was given his choice of cigarettes. All around the building her name was spoken, with reverence and affection, and hundreds of seafarers shook her hand.

\* By Sally MacDougall, Reprinted from the N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM, Friday, July 12, 1935.

## 46 DAYS ADRIFT

A TALE of suffering and hunger by twelve men who drifted helplessly for days in a disabled freighter on the Atlantic, were forced to break open the hardtack boxes in the lifeboats for food and were entirely without food for four days, was told here today by James Smith, chief engineer on the trip.

"We couldn't communicate our plight to anyone, as we had no radio operator," said Smith. "Several of the men were injured by tossing in the rough seas. I lost all of my teeth eating the hardtack.\* We were without light and heat most of the time."

The crew was hired early in March by the Gotham Marine Corporation to go to Bermuda and sail the 600 ton freighter *Longbird* to New York.

The *Longbird* sailed from Bermuda March 8 under Captain Edward Holland, expecting an easy four-day run to New York. Instead they arrived in New York forty-six days later, after despairing for their lives several times.

Three days out of Bermuda Smith discovered a leaking boiler tube had flooded the engine room. Repairs were made, but the ship had barely resumed speed when another tube gave way. Investigation showed most of the boiler tubes (the *Longbird* had over 200) were rusted and pitted from her long layup at Bermuda.

One after another the tubes gave way. Each time the ship had to be stopped and the fires drawn so a man could crawl over the tubes and insert a stopper. Blustery March winds blew most of the time. Draw-

ing the fires cut off the lights and heat.

The pumps couldn't be worked without steam, so they tried to bail out the flooded engine room with buckets attached to a long cable.

"Once after crawling over the tubes to insert a stopper, a sudden jolt of the ship threw me in water up to my neck," related Smith. "I thought I was done for, but a sailor pulled me out. I had to go to bed then to stave off pneumonia. There was no other way of getting warm.

"Finally our food started to run short, and we had to ration it. We had plenty of water, but it tasted of kerosene. We didn't sight a ship until the fifteenth day, but apparently it was too far away as it ignored our signals."

Finally the food ran out entirely, and the men were forced to break open the emergency rations in the lifeboats. All they found was hardtack, a small hard biscuit that had to be soaked in water before it could even be broken. These were rationed at the rate of six per day for each man—two for each meal, with a little hot water and some sugar to make them palatable.

"I broke all my teeth trying to eat those hard biscuits, and had to have them pulled out when I hit New York," said Smith, exhibiting toothless gums.\*\*

The hardtack ration had to be reduced to one meal for each man, and on March 22 they ate their last biscuit. For the next four days they drifted helplessly, occasionally getting the engines started, but having to shut them down again when another tube blew.

By this time they had drifted to a point off the Nova Scotia fishing banks. It was so cold the men slept on the low pressure cylinder head in the engine room to take advantage of what warmth remained in the engine.

"Finally the trawler *Kerlew* sighted us," Smith related. "She came alongside as near as she dared, but the weather was so bad she couldn't get close. She had no provisions, but we asked her to wireless our owners in New York for help.

"They sent out planes, but they couldn't locate us. The evening of March 25, when we had been three days without food, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police cutter *Preventor* sighted us. She had no food for us, but she stood by all night. In the morning she tried to tow us in, but the hawsers broke repeatedly, and she was unable to help.

"Finally the tug *Foundation Franklin* came out and towed us in. We were given food and had our injuries dressed. Repairs were made



Photo by Elsie Jansen

### Making Sails

to the *Longbird*, and we sailed under our own power to New York."

The *Longbird* is laid up in New York now, and Smith is living at the Seamen's Church Institute, looking for another berth.

Reprinted from the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, JUNE 14, 1935

## TRANSFER OF SEAMEN FROM INSTITUTE TO BOWERY

Since the last issue of THE LOOKOUT several conferences have been held with regard to the lodging and feeding of seamen on Federal Relief. As stated in the July issue, these men have been transferred to various Bowery lodging houses and restaurants. The Institute is recognized by the Federal authorities and by all others familiar with waterfront conditions as the most suitable place on the waterfront in which to care for seamen.

It is important, however, to stress our program of service as being specifically for active, employ-

able seamen. While we draw no political lines of any kind — a seaman's religion and politics are his own affair — we do aim by example and teaching to inculcate good citizenship.

As we go to press indications point to arrangements being soon completed to send a group of seamen of the type mentioned above to the Institute. In order to maintain our customary standards and to give the greatest possible service to these men in need, it will be necessary as in the past for the Institute to supplement the Federal Government's appropriation for this program.

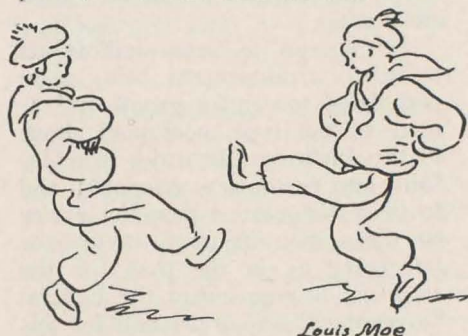
\*On March 27th the Chief Engineer's wife came to the Institute inquiring about the *Longbird*, reported lost en route from Bermuda to Halifax. Several telegrams brought back the reassuring word that the freighter had been towed safely into Halifax.

\*\*Editor's Note: Chief Engineer Smith procured a set of teeth at the Institute's Dental Clinic.

## INNOCENCE ABROAD

OF late we have been concerned with the problems of three unsophisticated young boys alone in a big city and very much in need of help. We had thought that the day of the country hick and the city slicker was dead and gone, what with radio and moving pictures to enlighten the youth of the land, whether in rural or metropolitan homes, but we were mistaken.

Witness the case of John R.—, age 18, who left his \$13.00 a week job in a small town in Georgia to come to New York to make his fortune and to see the world. He wore the kind of a straw hat which is popularly termed “a fried egg” and this might not have given him away as a country lad, but he wore it on a frigid day in April while New Yorkers still shivered in overcoats. He had a bank roll of \$40.00 on which he counted on living until he found a job. He arrived on a Sunday and promptly managed to find his way to Central Park and the zoo, thus realizing one of his ambitions. Alas—the zoo experience proved too costly, for someone stole his bankroll which he had trustingly left in his backpocket while leaning over to feed peanuts to the monkeys. On discovering his loss, his first frantic thought was to tell the police, but fear and bewilderment



Louis Moe

Courtesy Isbrandtsen-Moller Company, Inc.

made him hesitate. Then he remembered that his older brother, a seaman, always stayed at 25 South Street when his ship touched this Port. Someone directed him to the Institute, and the next morning John was in a bus homeward bound.

Another unsophisticated lad was Gleason L., also 18 years of age, who had heard Mother Roper over the radio but instead of taking her excellent advice to young boys to stay at home and complete their schooling, came to New York. Knowing nothing of the city he wandered around aimlessly, sleeping on park benches, and getting weaker and weaker from lack of proper food. Down to his last dollar, he came to the Institute and wired his mother in Ohio to send him more money. She replied that she could not spare any. It seemed that his mother was a vaultician — which means she manufactures cement burial vaults for morticians, of all things, and that business, as Gleason succinctly put it “is dead.” With relief funds to be used for emergencies, we sent Gleason home.

Our last illustration of rural innocence and naïveté concerns Edward Y.— who fell victim to an old, old “racket.” Edward stood counting his money on a subway platform and an older man who pretended to be his friend offered to show him the sights of the city. Gullible, Edward listened to the glib talk of the man and was persuaded to have a drink in a saloon. The man must have slipped chloral or some drug in the lad’s whiskey for when he woke up he found himself in a South Ferry hotel, “rolled” of his money, and his papers all gone. He came to the Institute and, sobered by his hard lesson, agreed to be sent home by bus to the farm.

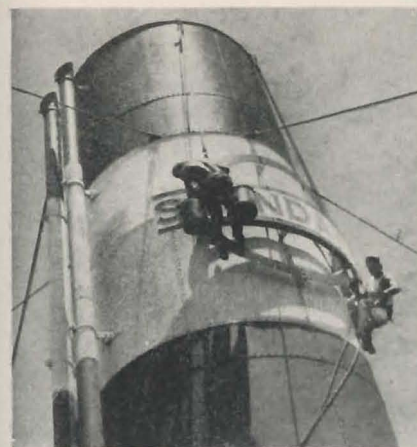


Photo by Seaman Edward T. Russell

Painting Smokestack of Standard Oil Tanker

**S**IGNAL flags fluttering atop the Institute’s roof spell “Welcome Home” to ships entering New York harbor and to the thousands of merchant seamen aboard them.

Crews of the *Manhattan*, *Berengaria*, *Normandie*, *Rex*, or *Europa*, of tankers, tugs, freighters, barges, oilers—all know that shore leave in New York is happier and safer because of the hospitality of the Institute, the hostelry of the seven seas. Speed records and artistic decorations win for a ship a fine reputation, but it is the indispensable man-power that keeps her sailing from port to port safely and securely. In the last analysis, good seamanship is the basis of all commerce. Just so, it is the Institute that keeps the ships’ crews on even keel while ashore, and protects their interests against the subversive and other violent forces of the waterfront ever ready to exploit gullible seamen and to prey upon their desire for friendship.

The Institute has materially contributed to the stability of the waterfront by feeding and lodging thousands of seamen during all the depression years. We have spent

## BIG STEAMERS

OH WHERE are you going to all you Big Steamers,  
With England’s own coal, up and down the salt seas?

“We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,  
Your beef, pork and mutton, eggs, apples and cheese.”

And where will you fetch it from all you Big Steamers,  
And where shall I write you when you are away?

“We fetch it from Melbourne  
Quebec and Vancouver—  
Address us at Hobart, Hong-Kong and Bombay.”

But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,

And suppose you were wrecked up and down the salt sea?

“Then you’d have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,  
And you’d have no muffins or toast for your tea.”

Then I’ll pray for fine weather for all you Big Steamers,  
For little blue billows and breezes so soft.

“Oh, billows and breezes don’t bother big steamers,  
For we’re iron below and steel-rigging aloft.”

“For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,

The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,

They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers—

And if anyone hinders our coming you’ll starve.”

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

thousands of dollars on this relief program with a consequent drain on our resources and therefore, in order to carry on relief, social service and recreational activities, we must raise additional funds. *We are caring for seamen in need up to the limit of funds in hand.* Will YOU help?

## SAILORS

"They that go down to the sea in ships."—*Psalm CVII. 23*

Down to the sea in their  
crazy ships  
Went the sailors David  
knew,  
Swarthy and bearded, lean  
and browned  
A rough-necked, hard-  
boiled crew.  
They had no compass, they  
took no sun  
They steered by a star—or  
a guess  
They sailed when they could  
and rowed when they must  
(Which was rather more  
than less);

And they cursed the skip-  
per and cursed the grub,  
And on every voyage they swore  
That if ever again they got to port  
They would sail the sea no more.

But the very next voyage the same  
old crew  
Would be found on the same old  
tub,

Taking again the same old chance  
And cursing the same old grub.  
Out from Tyre with precious silks  
They ventured a chartless sea,  
And somehow or other they made  
at last

The haven where they would be.  
And back to Tyre with gold they  
came

And ivory, spice and myrrh  
And swore their vessel might sink  
or rot  
For they'd sail no more in her.

Now David is dead and his bones  
are dust  
And his glories passed away,  
But they that went down to the sea  
in his ships  
Are in strange new ships today.—  
Mighty marvels of steel and steam,  
They race the foiled seas through,



Barkentine "Norden", Training Ship for  
American Nautical Cadets

And they tame the lightning to lend  
them aid—

But the crew is the same old crew,  
And they curse the skipper and  
curse the grub,  
And in language strong and plain  
They swear they will never—the  
voyage once done—  
Go down to the sea again.

The skies of the future may fill with  
fleets

That dart while the slow ships creep.  
But David's sailors will stick to the  
sea,

Where freights though slow will be  
cheap.

And evermore to the end of time,  
As long as a keel shall swim,  
A man shall go down to the sea in  
a ship.

(May the Lord be good to him!)  
He shall curse his skipper and curse  
his grub

And swear as he always swore  
He will be—unblessed—if he sails  
again

When once he is safe ashore.

By J. WARREN MERRILL.

## OUR SEAMEN PAY THEIR DEBTS

A BRONZED and tattooed young man sat in a famous restaurant on Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai. To the casual observer he appeared to be gazing raptly at a dish of curried squid, a rare Chinese delicacy. In reality, he was thinking of other meals and other days when he was unemployed. This reminded him of his shipmates at the Institute. "Here am I," he meditated, "with a good job on the *President Harrison* and I've been owing \$7.00 to the Institute's Relief Loan for almost a year."

That night the young man went to his ship and wrote a letter to the relief secretary, enclosing the money he had owed:

"Dear Mr. Roseberry:

I have enclosed with this note a money order to repay the loan you extended to me at a critical moment in my life last January. Today, I have a job on the *President Harrison*. While this repays the money, it does not repay the favor you did me or your personal kindness in doing it. I sincerely appreciate it and hope I may be of service to you some time."

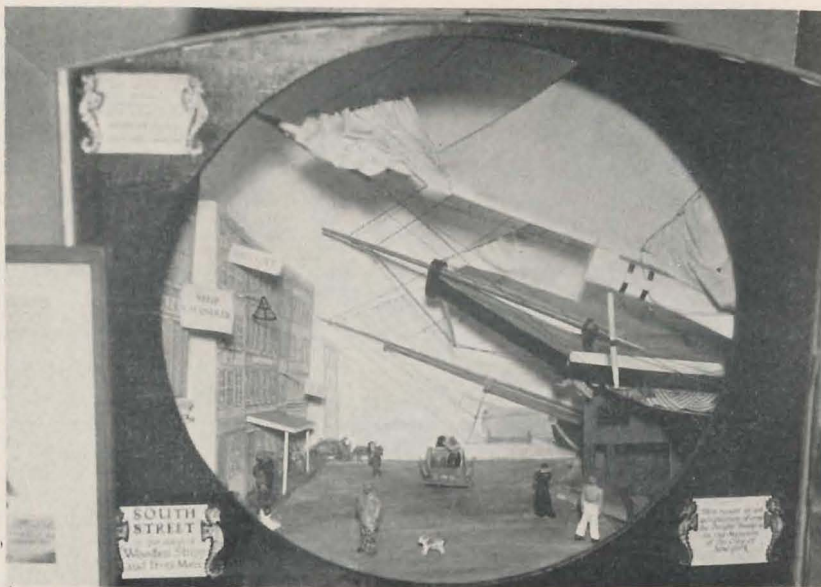
Letters of appreciation similar to the one quoted are a regular occurrence in the Institute's Relief Loan Department. Thirty-two per cent of the men who received these loans last year have repaid them, and therefore enabled us to lend the money thus returned to other needy seamen.

For more than twenty years "Relief Loans" have been used at the Institute to meet the needs of seamen temporarily out of funds. Whether it be for railroad fare to a job in a distant port or only \$.03 for a postage stamp to send a letter home to mother, our Relief Loan System operates with equal effectiveness and expedition.

In spite of the fact that for more than a year Federal Relief has been available for destitute seamen, there are many who still prefer not to accept this type of relief. For 5,779 such seamen during the year 1934 Relief Loans provided the assistance needed, and thus fortified their self-esteem. Our Relief Loan system, because of its simplicity and flexibility—covering all emergencies—is a boon and a blessing to seafarers who are "on the beach" through no fault of their own. Because of long periods of unemployment it is unreasonable to anticipate prompt repayment of these loans and yet many seamen make every effort to pay as soon as possible, thus evidencing their desire to be self-supporting and self-respecting.

The loans are willingly given and voluntarily returned. There is no compulsion of any kind unless it be a man's own conscience. Again economically secure, he remembers his former condition and realizes that hundreds of his shipmates are still unemployed and "broke." When circumstances make it inconvenient to pay their loans, some of the seamen send letters of explanation with the promise to repay as soon as possible in the future.

## THE ORIGIN OF SHANGHAIING



South Street in the So-called Days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men"

ABOUT 1852 on the dive-infested waterfront of San Francisco, known as the Barbary Coast, the word "shanghai" was first used as a verb. To sail from San Francisco to Shanghai involuntarily, or forcibly shipped, came to be known to sailors as "shanghaiing." The real origin of the word, which is Chinese, means a rope, and in the city of Shanghai, the houses are grouped together, just as the sailors were often corralled into an enclosure and then herded onto a ship.

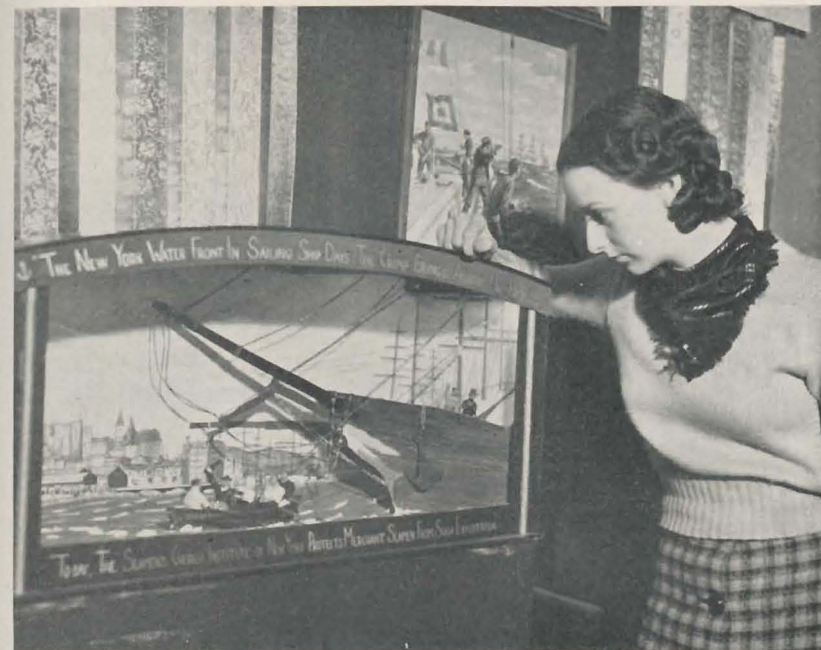
Recent articles in the *READER'S DIGEST* by Herbert Asbury and in *THE BLUE PETER* by Frank C. Bowen, throw new light on this ancient and evil practice. Older seamen around the Institute can recall their personal experiences of being shanghaiied, but to the men who started going to sea after the War it is just an obsolete term like horse-car, and the practice of

NOTE: These dioramas are available free of charge for display purposes. Write *THE LOOKOUT* editor for details.

"crimping" is as extinct as the dodo.

The average crimp did not even play fair with his confederate, the shipping master. He often shipped puny greenhorns who didn't know the first thing about sailing a ship. Sometimes the crimp went so far as to include a dead man among the crew—the deception being easy since they were all apparently lifeless when hoisted aboard. Another fraud was to include a dummy. Many a ship's captain was incensed because he had paid \$100.00 for a bundle of straw wearing a sailor's clothes. The most notorious runner or crimp was Nikko who sometimes made the dummy appear more life-like by imprisoning a live rat in each coat sleeve—the efforts of the creature to escape produced twitchings and thus deceived the captain.

One of the most spectacular crimps was "Shanghai Kelly", who once, in the 1870's, needed crews



A Sea Captain's Daughter, Miss Genevieve Huntington, looks at a scene showing Crimping on the New York Waterfront in Shanghaiing Days

for three ships. He found his boarding house devoid of sailors, so Kelly shanghaiied strangers: he chartered an old steamer, announced a picnic party to celebrate his birthday. The crowds came and when 90 guests had come aboard, the daring crimp cast off, and the picnickers began drinking his health with great gusto—in heavily drugged liquor. In two hours every guest was asleep and aboard the sailing vessels as members of the crew.

Many an old seaman still living remembers the exploits of "Shanghai Brown". One of the best known stories concerns his father's death some thirty-five years ago when he decided that all the estimates of the San Francisco undertakers were exorbitant, so he shipped his father's corpse on an outward-bound British sailing vessel, disguised as a drunken seaman. Brown pocketed the ninety dollars "blood

money" due him from the shipping master.

"Kits" were supposed to contain the seaman's mattress, his clothes for work on shipboard, and the crimp drew a liberal amount as "advance" on these kits. Actually, the boarding house master had a chance to show his sense of humor. Often the kit contained nothing more than a high silk hat, or an umbrella, or a lantern. The seaman was then forced to get equipment from the "slop chest" on board ship or, if this was refused, from his charitably inclined shipmates. According to Captain Robert Huntington, principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School, who remembers those old days vividly, "Gallus Mag" was the best known crimp along the New York waterfront. She held forth at the "Hole in the Wall", in the 'fifties, an establishment kept by one-armed Monell.

She was a colossal Englishwoman who was always armed and often knocked out seamen. One of her less likable habits was that of biting off her adversary's ear, her trophies being kept in a pickle jar behind the bar. This infamous house was closed after seven murders in two months, which was rather too much even for that district, although New York crimps could always rely on official support.

The Institute's late Superintendent, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., fought the crimps. It

was a long fight, but finally in 1906 an act was passed to prohibit shanghaiing in the United States, largely through his efforts. The practice began to decline with the passing of the sailing ships. Crimping is dead, and most of the old-time sailors' boarding houses are dead, too, killed by, as Frank C. Bowen says, "the changed condition of the shipping industry, the precautions taken by officials and, as much as anything else, by the far greater care, intelligence and sobriety of the modern sailor."

## GLOSSARY OF NAUTICAL TERMS or THE SEAMAN'S COMPLAINT

By George Franklin (Able Seaman and Marine Artist)

The SHIP has three masts.

The masts all bear yards.

The yards spread the sails when the seas heave under her keel.

She rolls her rail into white salty foam

When the fury of gales whips her wake into spume . . .

That—is a ship.

**But the landlubber calls her a sail-boat.**

The family BLOCK

Is a numerous clan.

The gin-block, the tail-block, the fiddle-block also

Are well represented on windjammers all.

Rove off as purchase, as tackle, as halyard,

They multiply man's puny strength to a power

Which baffles the wind and defies gravitation . . .

Such—are the blocks.

**But the landlubber says: "Ooh, look at the pulleys."**

The SMOKESTACK rises out of the fidley.

Roundhead rivets grip plate over plate, circular, up,

In rhythmical cadence.

Guys hold this tubular structure pointing to Zenith

That the smoke may pour forth, writing a fluttery message of speed. . .

That—is a smokestack.

**But the landlubber calls it a chimney.**

The BITTS are standing as trustworthy guardians

Of the vessel's position alongside the dock.

Tides rise, tides fall,

While sturdy and stout

The bitts hold the hawsers which many times twine

In figure-eight turns 'round their wrought iron bodies. . .

That's what the bitts do.

**But the landlubber points at "those things that look like a mushroom."**

The SEA comes marching before the wind,

And behaves according to Beaufort's scale.

When sufficiently ired by man's clumsy handling

Of the tool he devised for marine transportation

She'll come walking on board, green roaring and vicious,

Break lashings, bend stanchions, smash hatches and bulkheads,

Wash drunkenly over the decks and depart

Gushing through waterports, gurgling through scuppers. . .

That—is a sea.

**But the landlubber, bless him, calls her a wave.**



The Institute's Place in the East River Skyline

Photo by P. L. Sperr

## PRINCIPAL FACTS ABOUT THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

- It is the largest institution for merchant seamen in the world.
- It is 100 years old, built a floating church in 1843, and now occupies its own modern 13-story 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, school, library, employment bureau, clinic, club and church combined.
- It is open to active seamen of all nationalities. 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 cooperates fully with other seamen's welfare agencies, but should not be confused, e.g. with Sailors' Snug Harbor, which is for retired seafarers.



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