

THE LOOKOUT



FULL-RIGGED YACHT "SEVEN SEAS"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXIX No. 7

JULY 1938

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph by Morris Rosenfeld of the full-rigged yacht "SEVEN SEAS" and is published with the kind permission of Mr. W. S. Gubelman, owner of the yacht. Built in 1912 as a Swedish training ship and named "Abraham Rydberg," this trim little ship was designed by Bergsund M. V. Atkieb. Her length overall was 168 feet and in 1929 she was lengthened 29 feet and converted into a yacht by Inglis M. Uppercu and renamed the "SEVEN SEAS". Last year she raced the full-rigged yacht "JOSEPH CONRAD" to Bermuda.

The LOOKOUT

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 25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....

Dollars.

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title.

The Lookout

Vol. XXIX

July 1938

No. 7

The Crew of the "Mandalay"

By O. R. Pilat*



N. Y. Post Staff Photo
 Some of the Personnel of the "Mandalay"

Editor's Note: Except for good seamanship the collision of the excursion-steamer MANDALAY with the cruise ship ACADIA on May 28th might have been a major marine disaster. The skill and level-headedness of the crews of both ships were praised by passengers and by marine officials in the investigation which followed. Capt. William B. Corning's order to keep the nose of the ACADIA rammed into the hole of the MANDALAY until all passengers and crew had been taken off was especially commended. The fact that the rammed vessel sank ten minutes after the ACADIA drew away is dramatic evidence of what would have happened had the Captain not taken the passengers off first. Members of the MANDALAY's crew, who lost their clothing and other personal belongings, were sent to their homes, or to friends, and a group to the Institute. Members of the ship's orchestra lost their instruments, music, and dress uniforms. But the man who felt the tragedy of the disaster more keenly than anyone was Captain Philip R. Curran, master of the MANDALAY.

MOST of the crew in the Mandalay were old-timers.

They were so accustomed to working with one another for years that they showed no panic, wasted no motion when the famous excursion boat was rammed by the Eastern Steamship liner Acadia in the Narrows Saturday night.

This is disclosed by the formal notarized accounts of the crew that were finished today in preparation for the Government hearing on the accident Friday.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Take Purser H. C. Graff of 320 East 167th Street, who had been in the

*Reprinted from The New York Post, June 1, 1938 by special permission.

Mandalay since 1925, and Freddy Slickman of 672 Jefferson Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J., who had been leading the ship orchestra since 1924. They had an agreement for all those seasons that whenever there was a boat drill the orchestra was to play a specified tune.

Now, mind you, the trip which ended the old Mandalay was the first one to Atlantic Highlands this season, so Freddy hadn't seen a boat drill so far this year. But he and the round-cheeked, white-haired little purser had a quiet agreement that "Rosalie" would be the emergency tune of the summer.

When the crash came Freddy got the boys started. He didn't let them stop until all the 323 passengers were safe on the Acadia. Then he paused to close his piano carefully before leaving.

INJURED DRUMMER PLAYS

A special word should be said for Willie Griffiths, the drummer. He was hurled out of his chair by the crash and broke his wrist. He kept banging away with the other hand.

Richard Murphy, chief steward, who lives at 852 Dawson Street, The Bronx, ran to the main deck after the crash and supervised the handing of life preservers to passengers from the side racks. He knew where everything was. Why not? He had been with the company which ran the Mandalay ever since 1918.

Headwaiter J. Edward Sharp of Harlem, who had been in the Mandalay for six years, was in the messroom when he felt the shock. He went down and made a tour of places where men might have been caught—the toilets, the cutting room, where sandwiches are made, places like that—and then came on deck to help with the life preservers.

There is no use going through what each man did; according to the passengers, they were all heroes. But don't forget that men like Charles Gehl of 534 Palisades Avenue, Jersey City, who had worked himself up over an eleven-year period on the Mandalay from seaman to second mate to first mate to pilot, knew the old vessel and his shipmates intimately.

Captain Philip R. Curran of 201 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, had served fourteen years as master. Henry Koch had been quartermaster for five years. So it went down the line, with most

of the seamen showing five, six or seven years' service on the excursion boat.

No wonder the seamen were able to work so well together on the hawsers which kept the Acadia's nose in the Mandalay's side until the passengers were transferred.

SHIP'S CAT MISSING

Despite the efficiency of the crew, there was one life lost on the Mandalay, though up to this time no mention has been made of it.

J. Donald Szallar, candy man on the Mandalay for eight seasons, made the confession. The men in the foc's'le had a cat. Captain Curran always threw it on the Battery Park dock when he saw it of a morning, but Saturday he missed it. When the Acadia struck, Able Seaman Ernest Strickland staged a special search for the animal without success.

Rescues at Sea

THE silver medal of the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York was presented on June 3rd to Captain Gilbert C. Bown of the steamer "Lillian Luckenbach" for a rescue at sea last December. Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, president of the Association, and vice-president of the Institute, presented the medal and cash awards to nine members of the life-boat crew which participated in the rescue. On December 5th at 1:55 A.M. in Lat. 24-34 N., Long. 74-12½ W. a woman passenger was reported missing from the vessel. Captain Bown ordered the ship swung around and proceeded on the reverse course until she reached the point where the passenger had last been seen. At 3:24 A.M. a lighted marker buoy was dropped and No. 1 lifeboat in command of Mr. R. Kreutzer, Third Mate, was lowered. Search was made over an area three miles North and South and two miles East and West, but without success. At 4:34 A.M. the boat was recalled. The vessel was again swung around and at 6:30 A.M. proceeded on the base course, North, continuing the search. At 6:55 A.M. the passenger was seen in the water, floating, broad on the starboard bow. Lifeboat No. 1

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Photo by Roy Pinney, Courtesy CORD AGE Magazine
Launching a Lifeboat

Henry Hudson: Navigator

AFTER a lapse of 29 years the 17 foot bronze statue of Henry Hudson, English navigator, commissioned in 1909 at the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, has been completed and was raised on May 7th to the lofty pedestal atop the 107 foot Doric granite column which stands at 227th Street and the new Henry Hudson Parkway. The original model for the statue was made by Karl Bitter, N.A. who died in 1915. Park Commissioner Robert Moses retained Karl G. Gruppe, noted sculptor, who had been a student of the late Mr. Bitter, to produce the bronze statue from sketches in Mrs. Bitter's possession. The statue represents the famous navigator clad in rough sea-going garments over which he wears a loose sheepskin jerkin. The figure reveals Hudson in a mariner's stance, facing the Henry Hudson Bridge, gazing out over the river which bears his name.

The story of Hudson is familiar to every school child (although people frequently erroneously call him Hendrik instead of Henry. He was born in London, England but commanded the "Half Moon", owned by a Holland firm, the Dutch East India Company.) Hudson's dream was to find a passage to Cathay, and in the "Hopewell" and the "Discovery", as well as in the "Half Moon" he made voyages searching for "some sort of a sound or channel" leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Just before his departure in the "Half Moon" Hudson received a letter from his friend, Captain John Smith, in Virginia, urging him to try to find a thin strip of land, to the north of the colony in Virginia, described by Indians as the long-sought passage. Early documents give evidence that Hudson was regarded as "an ex-



De Witt Ward Photo

Statue of Henry Hudson by Karl H. Gruppe

perienced pilot" who spent much time with cartographers and the learned Peter Plancius, trying to find the short way to the East. His accidental discovery of "De Groote Noordt River", later named Hudson River, and his voyages to Spitzbergen and the Hudson Bay Territory opened up the whaling and fur industries.

We like to think of Hudson with a few scientists and navigators discussing that strange place, the North Pole. They hold the notion that the climate at the actual Pole is warm! Hudson is inspired by Sebastian Cabot's declaration that "there is no land uninhabitable and no sea unnavigable".

On Hudson's last and fateful voyage in the "Discovery", he took on board a self-willed scapegrace, Henry Greene, who showed his gratitude by instigating a mutiny

(Continued on Page 12)

Seafaring as a Career

By O. C. FREY, Registrar

Merchant Marine School, Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Editor's Note: The enlarging of the Institute's Merchant Marine School, of which Capt. Robert Huntington is Principal, has progressed satisfactorily, and as we go to press, the work is practically completed. A grant of \$25,000. from the Charles Hayden Foundation, (created especially through the will of Mr. Hayden, to assist American youth), has made possible the complete renovation of the School quarters on the thirteenth floor, the purchase of greatly needed equipment; the granting of scholarships to deserving young men, and the establishment of a rigging loft with cable and rope splicing equipment, model hatch, with accompanying mast head, cargo booms and windlass, indoor rowing machine, life boat equipment and a breeches buoy. A carpenter and ship-model shop and Bos'n's locker adjoin the rigging loft. On the wall are hung model knots and splices, and nearby the bench and vise for instruction in splicing wire rope. The School exists primarily for men already in the Merchant Marine who desire to improve in their work and to earn advancement in their career as seafarers. Each Saturday students in the School go for a day's trip aboard the S.S. "North Star", a steam yacht of 331 gross tons, in order that they may put to practical use their School-room instruction.

OUR School is one of the few offering an opportunity to the unlicensed personnel aboard American ships to prepare themselves for examinations leading to better positions in their particular departments. Consequently, our students represent the highest type of American seamen: ambitious, intelligent, conscientious and eager to advance.

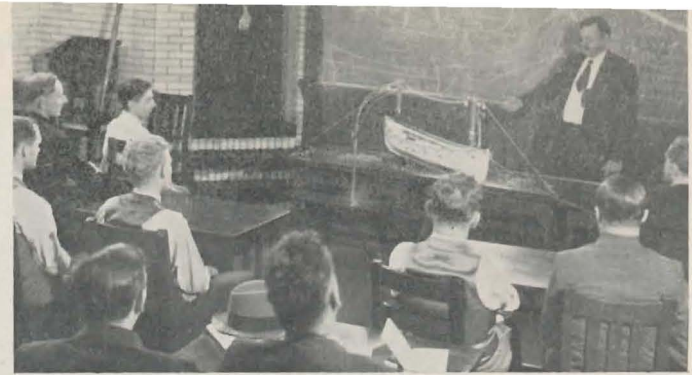
Each day we receive many letters from young men outlining their individual plans and ambitions. For example, one ordinary seaman ("O.S.") on an American liner writes that he wishes to attend our School for a two week period in preparation for an examination by the local Steamboat Inspection office which, if passed, will entitle

him to his A.B. (Able-bodied Seaman) and Lifeboat certificates. At the end of his next trip he arrives, and after securing accommodations at the Institute, is enrolled as a student. His history is an interesting one: Born in the East, he lost his father when he was 16 years old and had to leave school. He began work on a fishing boat but soon turned to deep water sailing where more money could be made to help out with expenses at home. Eventually, he plans to secure his officer's license and then a berth on one of the Standard Oil tankers.

Referred to us by the Travelers' Aid Society was a young man of English and French parentage. He had been in this country only a few months and had limited sea experience. His ambition, however, was to follow in the footsteps of his older brother, now sailing as an officer aboard an American freighter. His many practical questions in the classroom indicate that he is a keen observer.

Brought to our attention by the Welfare Department were a father and son who had hitch-hiked from Chicago to New York. The father, a former Navy man, was returning to sea because his wife had recently died and their home was given up. The son, aged 19, desired to attend our School—an ambition of long standing, recently intensified by a summer's work on the Great Lakes as an O.S. The young man was without money for living expenses while attending the School, and so the Institute provided him with room and board.

From one of the large American shipping companies was referred a young man, aged 23. He had worked his way through the ranks and was



Paul Parker Photo

Instruction in Life Saving by Captain Robert Huntington, Principal, Merchant Marine School.

promised a position as mate as soon as he could secure his officer's license. From the time this young man enrolled we knew that he had unusual ability. Self-reliant, energetic, he had finished the prescribed course in navigation within seven weeks and had obtained his license. Within another week he had shipped out. We understand that he will be married when his ship returns to New York.

Former students often return to the School for additional study. An example of this is an engineer, age 45, who attended here ten years ago. Since that time he had worked with a company operating ships on the Great Lakes. Recently, he was offered a promotion to 2nd Assistant Engineer and returned to study with us so that he might secure his Chief Engineer's license. Since we had last seen him he had married,

established a home and had several children. His ambition is to become a Chief Engineer and to send his son to M.I.T.

A quartermaster enrolled in our School on April 2nd. He is employed on the S.S. Excalibur and is studying to become a second mate. When he sails he always takes work with him to do on the voyage, and returns to his studies whenever his ship is in port.

These, and many other students, all with various homes, aspirations and problems, comprise our School. They come and go—just as the ships do. When they leave we take pride in the realization that they take something with them which we have helped to give—a spirit of loyalty and devotion to duty which makes them better men, better seamen and better officers for our own American Merchant Marine.

Rescues at Sea

(Continued from Page 2)

was again launched; the missing passenger was taken aboard and hoisted to the deck of the "Luckenbach" which at 7:50 A.M., proceeded on her course. Captain Brown was complimented for his "humanity and seamanship" in affecting the rescue.

A story of heroism at sea whereby nine men of the trawler "Exeter" were saved after she caught fire, was told in a radio message. On April 16th the trawler sank, about sixty miles south of Nova Scotia. Crew members launched dories and were picked up by the trawler

"Illinois" which reported that the cause of the fire was unknown. The message from the Coast Guard cutter, "Algonquin", to which the crew was transferred, was as follows: "While under way at full speed engine room of trawler "Exeter" suddenly enveloped in flames, which spread rapidly. Engineer Spinner entered flaming engine room, accompanied by Engineer Woodrow Wilson, who played fire extinguisher on him. He beat out the flames which were spreading to the dories stowed immediately over engine room. Crew launched dories and all were rescued."

"City of Spire and Masts"



Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

"City of Ships!
 (O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
 O the beautiful sharp-bow'd steam-ships and sail-
 ships!)
 City of the world! (for all races are here,
 All the lands of the earth making contributions here);
 City of the sea! City of hurried and glittering tides!
 City of Spires and Masts! My City!"

—WALT WHITMAN

In the maelstrom of a big metropolis it is easy to lose sight of the simple, homely, friendly spirit of neighborliness which makes life in small towns and cities so comforting. A person can be alone in Manhattan, with thousands of strangers surrounding him.

Here at the *Institute* we try to provide the friendly, neighborly spirit which seafarers find lacking on the city's crowded streets. They have come to rely on us for counsel, for temporary financial aid, for help in untangling their innumerable problems, for, in brief, a neighborly hand to tide them over when in difficulty.

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YOU have been a good neighbor to these seafarers by your faithful and generous support of the *Institute*. You have stood by loyally, and because of your encouragement and interest, we are able to befriend thousands of worthy men of the sea. Because of depressions and recessions, some of our good friends have had to make genuine sacrifices in order to continue their contributions, and others have been compelled to omit entirely or reduce their gifts.

Because of this reduction in both the number and amount of donations, we are eager to secure new friends for this work of welcoming and befriending merchant seamen. We would also welcome *extra* gifts or *increased* gifts from our friends who can afford to help in this way. The work of the *Institute* goes on day and night, year in and year out. We must not curtail our services to seamen for lack of funds. We appeal to you, hoping that you will share with us this responsibility and this opportunity of serving the men who protect our lives and cargoes on all the seven seas.

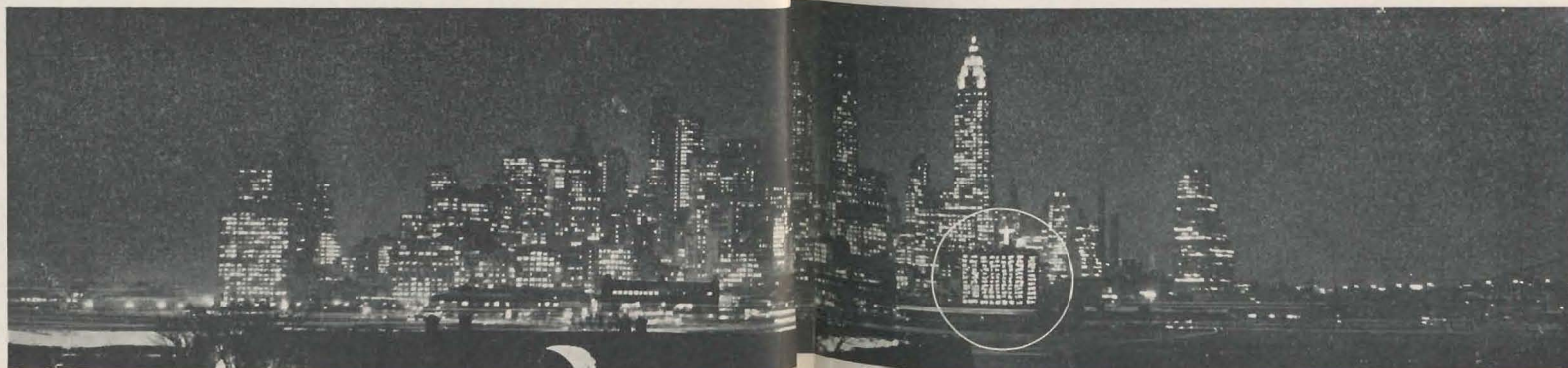


Photo by Brown Bros.

BY DAY, BY NIGHT, NEW YORK WELCOMES THE SEAFARER

South Street, Ahoy!

By ARTHUR STYRON*

ON the South Street water front, that tip of Manhattan overlooking the bay, stands a massive steel structure from whose lofty roof flags flutter by day (a huge lighthouse shines by night) spelling out the word *Welcome* to seamen entering the harbor. This is the famous *Seamen's Church Institute* where each year about two hundred thousand sailors are lodged and many times that number use its facilities. Besides private rooms, there are dormitories where clean beds are provided for 35 cents. There are wash rooms and showers; steam and drying rooms where men may do their own laundry; game and reading rooms; a "Joseph Conrad" library; an auditorium where free movies, vaudeville, and lectures are given; and a beautiful chapel where choirs from the large uptown churches often sing for the sailors. Under the same roof there are a free employment bureau, a medical dispensary, and a baggage room where the men may store their dunnage while ashore. The sailors have their own bank and post office. A cafeteria and lunch room supply food practically at cost. On the roof is a navigation and engineering school.

In its way, the Institute is a small sailor-town in itself, providing a communal life for seamen that is not merely institutional but family-like in many of its aspects. True, it is a large family; but where any group exists under one roof with common tolerance, the use of that word is not inapt. Business reports of the Institute indicate the number of lodgings and meals provided, receipts and disbursements, gifts and legacies bestowed; but

only personal contact with the life of the place can gauge its human worth. Sailors, sentimental as a class, but frequently clairvoyant because they are close to reality, are quick to sense this distinction; for though they sometimes grumble at institutional regulations and restrictions, they embody their real love for the Institute in the person of a gentle, elderly woman who has for nearly fifty years made their welfare her own life work. Mother Roper, as she is affectionately known, would tell you that the institutional work is necessary, the social services helpful; but being modest she would not admit that it is her womanly human touch that adds luster to the Institute's accomplishments. Mrs. Roper—her work is vaguely listed as locating missing seamen—has a wide correspondence with sailors all over the world and with their anxious parents and wives; and her work perfectly complemented the practical efforts of the late Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent, who discovered in Mother Roper the element he lacked! To these two sources the writer of this article, once a chaplain at the Institute, acknowledges his gratitude for material used.

The history of the Institute, which embodies the work of many years in coordinating and perfecting the scattered remnants of attempts to ameliorate the sailor's hard life ashore, is a fascinating one that is worth reviewing, interwoven as it is with the history of New York's old Sailor Town which the Institute has replaced.

Sailor Town, as the old Cherry Hill section of the East Side was called forty years ago, comprised



From a Contemporary Etching

South Street, 1878

those narrow and ill-smelling streets under Brooklyn Bridge in the heart of Cherry Hill. On either side of the narrow gorges of time-worn brick, which exuded dark slime from every loose joint, were signs telling mariners of the entertainment to be found there. Decayed and squalid boarding houses were marked with tug-plates indicating that the various owners would provide lodging for sailors who had the money. Dinky shops displayed signs that cheap caps and coats could be bought at high prices. Liquor stores, concert saloons, and other resorts, paraded legends to the effect that beyond the glass windows were the only friends of sailormen. *Seamen's Rest*, *Little Christiana*, and such homey titles, indicated inns of more or less doubtful repute where sailors were welcome—provided they had money. . .

In 1896, when shipping was in transition from the sailing ship to the steamship, the situation for seamen was as bad as it could be. Shanghaiing—stealing men for involuntary servitude on ships—had

theoretically been stopped by law, but actually there was a modern form of it in vogue:

This is how it worked:

A ship, the cargo stowed, was awaiting orders to sail. The captain had to get his crew at once in order to obtain clearance papers, for sailing orders might come when the customs house was closed or he might save a day by taking advantage of the tide. On the other hand, he might have to wait several days for orders, and in the meantime the crew's pay would be increasing. How, then, was the captain to have his crew and get clearance papers, and at the same time *not* have a crew till the last minute?

The captain called upon a friendly shipping agent who collected a gang of beach combers and loafers and marched them to the consul's office to sign the articles, after which they were rewarded with tips and the ghost-crew disappeared. The skipper went to the customs house, cleared his ship, and moved her from her loading berth down to the lower bay (as a precaution

*Excerpts from an article in "GLOBE" Magazine, May, 1938. Reprinted by special permission.

against the last minute crew escaping), and awaiting sailing orders. When this word came, the captain called upon a boarding house "master" for his real crew.

Now, this latter gentleman was sure to have a houseful of "guests" who were penniless and who, in return for lodging and drink, had promised to ship off whenever required to pay. There was no use balking: The penalty for disobedience would have been eviction with no money, no chance of getting into another boarding house (for these resorts had formed a "trust"), and no chance of ever getting berth on another ship (this having been also forestalled by the boarding house keepers combining with the shipping masters). Thus the boarding house keeper was always able to assemble a last minute crew, fit them out with boots, oilskins, and other trappings (at excessive prices), and march them, generally drunk, to a tug which conveyed them to their ship in the lower bay.

In case a man was lacking in the crew, a "runner" was sent to find him. This runner (sometimes an attractive woman) would engage a young, husky fellow in conversation and lure him to a saloon. The next morning the young fellow would awaken, with a throbbing head and a confused memory, in the fo'c'sle of a ship far out at sea. If he returned to New York at all it would not be for perhaps six months, by which time he would be unable to identify the runner.

As soon as the entire crew was aboard, the pleasant task of dividing the "swag" would begin. The sailor was "permitted" to sign an "advance note" or allotment over to the boarding house keeper for what he owed, which was paid by the shipping master who in turn deducted it from the sailor's piti-

fully small salary. The law prohibited charging seamen for finding them berths, but the boarding house keeper could always pad the lodging charges—"shipping fees," the sailor called them. The art of sailor robbing was known as "crimping," and the terse name applied to the boarding house keeper was "crimp." Forty years ago the sailor boarding house was a profitable business; and since it was profitable for the shipping masters and captains as well, they all combined to maintain the system which kept the sailor in a state of practical servitude. New York was the most crimp-ridden port in the world.

The incoming sailor usually arrived penniless, and even if he wasn't, he soon would be. The British paid off in gold, and the office was swarming with crimps, runners, and prostitutes. Practically underneath the shipping office (No. 2 State Street) there was a thriving saloon; usually the sailor was drunk when he got his pay. Anyone could sign for him, and it was quite easy for the clerk to drop a random gold piece on the floor and cover it with his foot. Incoming sailors were expected to "treat" outgoing men, so that a perpetual bacchanalia reigned in Sailor Town. Well did the Cherry Hill neighborhood deserve its sobriquet, "Hell of Seamen."

Left to the mercenary and unwholesome allurements of the saloon, the subterranean dives, and the degrading boarding houses which absorbed their vitality, and to the crimp who robbed him of his liberty, the sailor led a miserable existence of hardship and danger ashore. Even at sea, his life was oftener than otherwise a nightmare. Scarcely would the towboat take the ship's hawser before the officers would begin belaboring the miserable crew into a state of sub-

servience and fear that passed for discipline—"knocking the hoboos," they called it.

Such were the conditions when Archibald R. Mansfield, then a student at General Theological Seminary, decided to make the welfare of seamen his life work. His first assignment was as "missionary" in charge of the floating chapel moored in the East River at the foot of Pike Street, its connecting mission house nearby, and three other "stations." At that time the sociological aspects of philanthropy were not so sharply defined as they are today; but young Mansfield shrewdly foresaw that the seamen's moral and spiritual development was being retarded by adverse social conditions. His attitude was not that of the sentimental dilettante nor of the subversive political doctrinaire, but was the hard common sense of a man of culture and discernment. He realized that the sailor's importance as an individual and as a follower of a dignified profession must be recognized by society if his status was to be lifted; and he saw that the adjustments attending the evolution of maritime profession would result in even more cruelty and suffering unless his vision was put into practice.

Dr. Mansfield went to work quietly, coordinating units, extending the influence of his organization, getting ready for battle. The problem was the evolution of the whole mass of seafaring men upon a solid basis looking to the steady growth of a class of men upon whom the public was dependent for service the world over—in other words, the higher standardization of the profession. Legislation was necessary up to a certain point; but there was a psychological attitude that was of equal value. There was no use praying over men who were



Drawing by John O'Hara Cosgrave II
Reprinted from "Promenade"
By G. B. Lancaster, Courtesy Reynal &
Hitchcock, Publishers

preyed upon. The sailor ought to have the best of everything because he was a good sailor, not because he was a bum to be protected. . .

Dr. Mansfield decided that the time had come to strike the final blow at the sailor's besetting evils. His first move was to establish a reading room just above the saloon on State Street—curiously enough, the very house in which Robert Fulton had lived many years. It was a forlorn rookery, but it served its purpose, and in the end it triumphed . . . The next move was to establish a bank in the consulate where seamen could deposit their salary *before they reached the street*. All persons but sailors were prevented from entering the shipping office. Next, it was necessary to establish a free shipping office; and finally, if the boarding house keepers were to be run out, to provide a home for the sailors.

In time all this work was accomplished . . . A general plan was worked out for concentrating all departments under one roof—the plan of the present Institute. The conquest of old Sailor Town was complete!

It is a far cry from the shabby little sail-loft on the East Side, where nearly a century ago the fore-



Echo Publishing Co.
Photo by Walter Suessman,
The Compass in the Institute Lobby:
where Shipmates meet

runners of the Institute made their first venture, to the present five million dollar structure on South Street; but it was a thought-seed sown in that humble loft, in the desire of helpfulness only and without great ambition or desire of reward, which has grown into a great plant—a plant that proclaims

to the world what perseverance and unity will accomplish upon the principles for which the Institute stands; the importance of every individual as a member of the community and his right to decent surroundings if his work is to be raised to its proper dignity.

There are, of course, always romanticists to sigh for the old picturesque days, and cynics to decry present maritime conditions as evidence that the seafaring profession is not yet socialized; but both viewpoints are equally deceptive since they are not based on a real understanding of the sailor. It was Macaulay, I believe, who once said there are two kinds of men, men of the land and men of the sea. . . . As a middle-aged sailor, who was planning a world voyage on a small sailboat because his active merchant-ship days were over, remarked: "I enjoy adventure, and I enjoy danger." In this simple explanation lies the sailor's whole philosophy of life . . .

Only the most stupid reactionary or reformer wants to re-mold a sailor in a landsman's pattern.

Henry Hudson: Navigator

(Continued from Page 3)

against the Captain. Hudson and eight of the ill members of the crew were forced out of the ship and in a small shallop they landed on Danby Island, in the ice-blocked waters of a bay. The statement of the ship's carpenter, "Philip Staffe", who refused to desert his beloved captain, has been retained for posterity: "I hath not heard the bells of St. Mary-at-Key knoll to church for nothing. I know what is right and what is wrong. As for myself, I will not stay in this ship with you mutineers unless you force me. Give me my carpenter's tools, for I choose rather to commit myself

to God's mercy and for the love of the Master go down into the shallop, than with such villainies to accept of likelier hopes." Eight poor sailors were thus abandoned in the great unexplored Arctic "without food, drink, fire, clothing or other necessaries." And so Hudson, the great seaman and navigator, died a hero, believing that, at long last, he had found the long-desired passage to Cathay. History records that the instigator of the trouble, Henry Greene, was killed by a flight of arrows from Indians or Eskimoes while attempting to anchor the "Discovery."

Book Reviews

FIRST CLASS PASSENGER

By August Mencken.

Alfred A. Knopf \$3.00

The excerpts from travel journals of real people, which H. L. Mencken's brother August has collected into a book, make one wonder why no one has thought of this capital idea before. Perhaps only Mr. Mencken knows about the obscure volumes from which he has extracted some of the most revealing and fruitiest portions. The result is the intimate story of first class passenger travel, from 15th century Venetian galley to modern liner, told with variety, humor and spice.

C. D.

SQUARE-RIGGERS ON SCHEDULE

By Robert G. Albion.

Princeton University Press. \$3.50

Three types of ships have dominated the history of the old American merchant marine—the whalers, the clippers and the packets. Prof. Albion has now provided a history of the packets, and has made it complete with appendices, statistics and bibliography. The names of famous ships and of famous captains, misadventure, shipwreck are all here, with some excellent illustrations.

M. D. C.

PLEASE SAVE THIS DATE:

OCTOBER 13TH.

The Institute's Annual Fall Benefit will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, October 13th. We have reserved the entire orchestra and boxes for the second night of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—a merger of the two famous Russian Ballet Companies led by Massine and Fokine, and accompanied by the Metropolitan orchestra. Please mark this date on your calendar. Details regarding tickets will be mailed to you early in the Fall.

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121,094	Lodgings (including relief beds).
43,894	Pieces of Baggage handled.
335,302	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
133,191	Sales at News Stand.
9,356	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
6,038	Attended 255 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
2,051	Cadets and Seamen attended 259 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 49 new students enrolled.
22,455	Social Service Interviews.
5,736	Relief Loans.
4,382	Individual Seamen received Relief.
2,860	Books and 37,412 magazines distributed.
2,201	Pieces of clothing, and 650 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,579	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
47,046	Attended 95 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
1,127	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
146	Missing Seamen found.
410	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$99,609.	Deposited for 1,383 Seamen in Banks.
9,001	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
4,801	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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