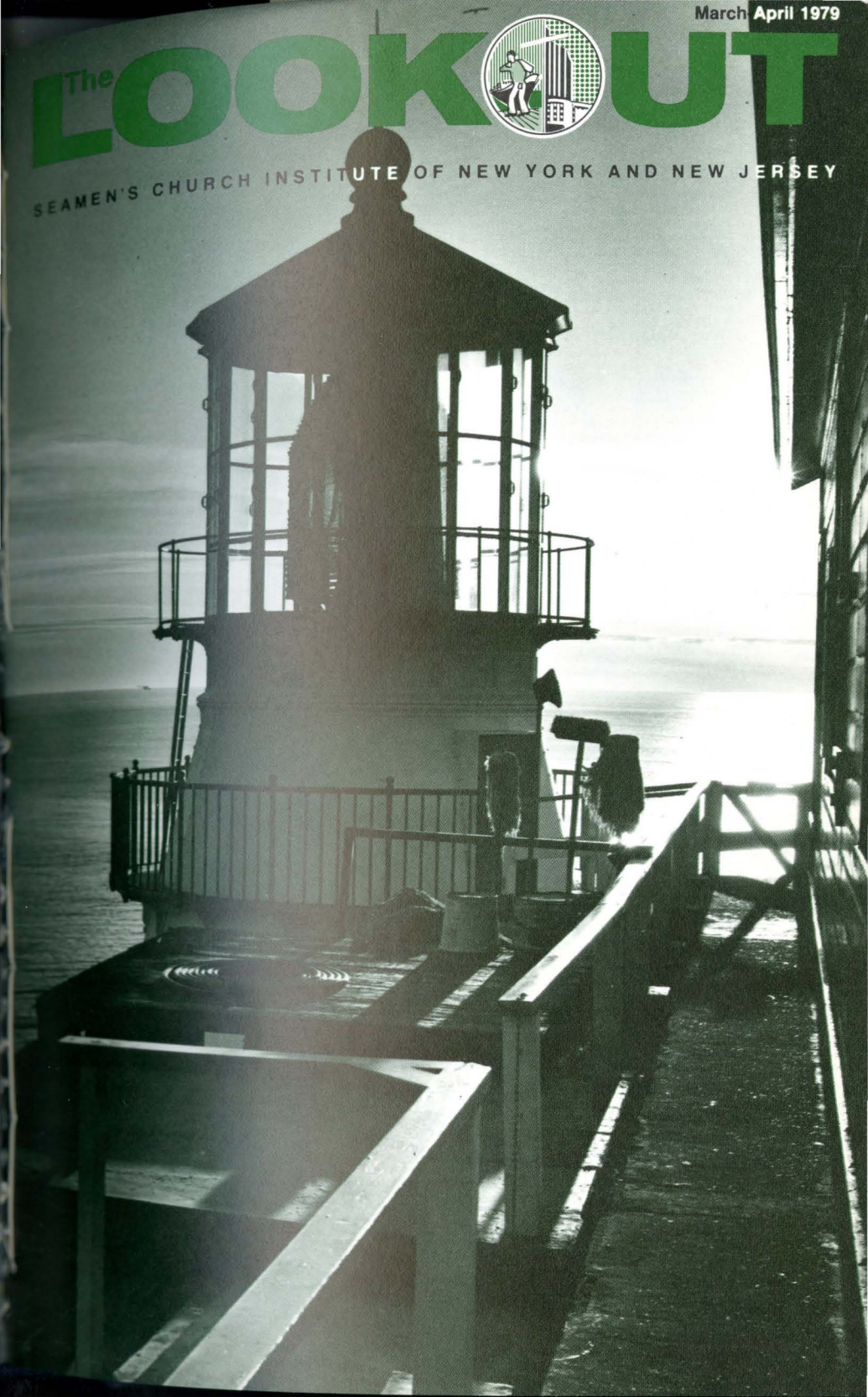


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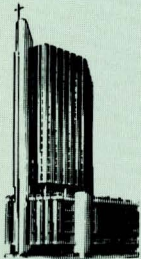
The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church
Institute of
New York and
New Jersey
15 State Street
New York, N.Y.



Mariners'
International Center
(SCI)
Ports Newark/
Elizabeth, N.J.

The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

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Cover: Lighthouse at Point Reyes, California. Photo by R.F. Campbell.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 63% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

THE STAR TO EVERY WANDERING BARK

by the Reverend William McCall Haynsworth,
SCI Director of Pastoral and Social Services

*"And all I ask is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by."*

John Masefield — *"Sea Fever."*



During the past several years an increasing number of men both young and not-so-young have arrived in my office with the question: How can I become a seaman? Underlying the question is an attitude which often seems to say: "I want to get into that giant steel womb and leave the world behind." This yearning to escape a troubled environment with its complexity of economic problems is certainly not a new phenomenon.

A century and a half ago in the year 1839 (an era when the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey had just begun its ministry to seamen) a young man arrived in New York with expectations of romantic liberation on his mind and one dollar in his pocket. Intelligent, handsome and stalwart, he had decided to abandon the bleak prospects of employment in the agrarian economy of upstate New York and to take his chances in the adventurous world of seafaring. Toting a sea bag on his shoulder, he made his way down Wall Street to "Coffee House Slip" on the East River. There at the foot of that famous street where all the mixed company of the shipping community congregated, he found a job and signed on the packet ship *St. Laurence* bound for Liverpool.

Although his capacity on board the *St. Laurence* was *ordinary*

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South Street ...
around 1887.

Photo: Courtesy
New York
Historical Society

seaman, he was a most extraordinary person. When he walked up the gangway that fateful day, he could not have imagined that he was destined to have a profound influence in improving the living and working conditions of future American seamen. It is an interesting fact that this remarkable man, now firmly established as a bright jewel of the American literary tradition, was born on the site of the present Institute building. Located on the west wall of the building near the Pearl Street entrance is a bronze plaque, erected by the New York Community Trust, which states:

A House on This Site was the Birthplace
of the Novelist and Poet
HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891)
Moby-Dick Among His Numerous Sea Tales

In later years, when literary fame had thrust him into the limelight, Herman Melville claimed with pride that, "The foc'sle was my Harvard and Yale." It could be said that these two ancient citadels of learning have never in all their existence produced a writer who

could excel this graduate of "the ship." In terms of emotional stress, Melville must have paid a costly tuition for the tough education he received during his sea journeys. Van Wyck Brooks, in commenting on Melville's stamina to endure such an education, observes that, "Stout as he was in muscle and bone, with physical courage to spare, he had never imagined a forecastle and the horrors that occurred in that gloomy hole where seamen burrowed like rabbits in a warren and the eager, romantic, sensitive boy, friendless and alone, encountered evils that one could hardly think of."

However sordid life in the forecastle may have been, Melville described that place as being populated with the battered and cast-off furniture of the shoreside world. "Sons of adversity and calamity," he called his shipmates. When he writes of them, in *Moby-Dick* for example, they emerge as full-blooded, authentic sea-going types like Starbuck, the serene, practical mate of the *Pequod*,

or Pip, the gentle black cabin-boy; or the tormented Captain Ahab who, instead of obsessively pursuing the giant white whale, might in today's world emerge as the proverbial alcoholic ready to run his ship onto the rocks. Melville's seafarers draw upon our sympathy not just because of the harsh conditions with which they had to contend, but in understanding their loneliness and isolation. Only then can the reader begin to comprehend their qualities of strength as well as their weaknesses.

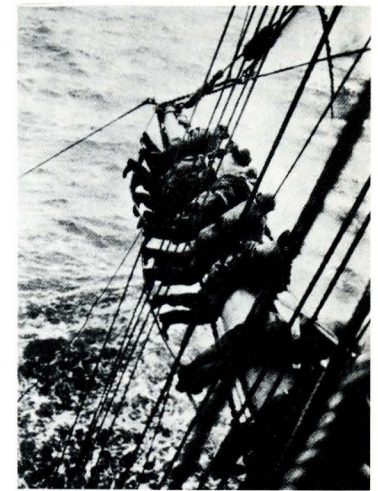
Moby-Dick was first published in London where it was acclaimed as a masterpiece. But the London reviewers were quick to call it a fraud: "No American ordinary seaman could write like this," they claimed. How wrong those English critics were! The American seafaring tradition is a remarkably literary one, replete with such sea-going



HERMAN MELVILLE
CIRCA 1847

authors as Richard Henry Dana, James Fenimore Cooper, Eugene O'Neill and Jack London. Herman Melville was to become the "top-sail yarn-spinner" of them all!

It is an ancient tradition that the sailor is forever on the verge of abandoning the sea, although he almost never does. When he was fifty years old and his short-lived fame had turned to ashes,



Herman Melville returned to the sea. In 1860 he was the guest-passenger of his brother, Captain Thomas Melville, on the clipper ship *Meteor*, out of the Port of Boston. During the course of the long voyage, the ship rounded the Horn. It had just passed the islands of Tierra del Fuego and was headed through some of the most terrifying seas on the face of the earth when Melville wrote the following passage in a letter to his eldest son back in Pittsfield, Massachusetts:

"September 1, 1860. We were off Cape Horn, the Southernmost point of all America. Now it was very bad weather, and was dark at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The wind blew terribly. We had hailstorms, and the snow and sleet, and often the spray froze as it touched the deck. The ship rolled, and sometimes took in so much water on deck as to wash people off their legs. Several sailors were washed along the deck this way, and came near getting washed overboard. And this reminds me of a very sad thing that happened the very morning we were off the Cape — I mean the very "pitch" of

(Continued)

the Cape. It was just about daylight; it was blowing a gale of wind; and Uncle Tom ordered the topsails (big sails) to be furled. Whilst the sailors were aloft on one of the yards, the ship rolled and plunged terribly; and it blew sleet and hail, and was very cold and biting. Well, all at once, Uncle Tom saw something falling through the air, and then heard a thump, and then, looking before him, saw a poor sailor lying dead on the deck. He had fallen from the yard, and was killed instantly. His shipmates picked him up, and carried him under cover. By and by, when time could be spared, the sailmaker sewed up the body in a piece of sail-cloth, putting some iron balls — cannon balls — at the foot of it. And, when all was ready, the body was put on a plank, and carried to the ship's side in the presence of all hands. Then Uncle Tom, as Captain, read a prayer out of the prayer-book, and at a given word, the sailors who held the plank tipped it up, and immediately the body slipped into the ocean, and we saw it no more. Such is the way a poor sailor is buried at sea. This sailor's name was Ray. He had a friend among the crew; and they were both going to California, and thought of living there; but you see what happened."

Melville's concern for the human component of seamanship is evident in this vivid description of tragedy at sea, a common occurrence in his day. The intervening century has brought revolutionary changes in the maritime world. Modern technology has long ago eliminated the romantic but awesome perils of climbing aloft into the yards. Excellent educational opportunities, ranging from specialized in-service training to university-level programs at state and federal academies, produce a new breed of seamen who are prepared for tasks requiring a wide range of skills as well as professional expertise. Wages and living conditions are determined by union contracts; a private cabin has



Argo Merchant

replaced the common forecandle and is rapidly becoming the standard accommodation for every American crewmember. A varied menu offers the seaman a choice of food. Herman Melville would doubtless be amazed and gratified to witness these innovations which would have been fantastic daydreams for seamen of the nineteenth century. (It would be a great humanitarian accomplishment if these standards prevailed throughout the seafaring domain. Regrettably they do not. Vast numbers of vessels, floating scrap heaps, traverse the oceans of the world; their crews are subjected to exploitative, demeaning treatment. Living conditions on these ships are at times subhuman. Unfortunately, the numbers of these vessels would seem to be on the increase.)

Recognizing the wide spectrum of advancements in the world of American shipping, it must be noted that the human problems associated with isolation, loneliness and boredom are the historic pitfalls of seafaring which threaten the health and productivity of a ship's crew. The necessary pattern of life on shipboard contributes to these problems: The seaman stands his watch in silence and often alone; off-duty he has the limited option of seeking to find some sociability in the messroom or returning to his cabin. A man of simple faith, the mariner often speaks of his *chapel in the bow*. Here the starry firmament presses in upon him as the heavens declare the glory of God and the eternal sea surrounding him echoes the theme:

Alone, alone all all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

Apart from the psychological hazards of loneliness and isolation, the turbulence of the sea with its sometimes terrible fury produces conditions which make for an accident-prone vocation. It is probably a fair assumption that physical injuries claim the same high tolls today as they did a century ago in Melville's time. (Last year, for example, 41.2 percent of seaman on board American vessels were reported to have sustained injuries.)¹

An injured seaman, recovering from traumatic surgery at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island, was confronted with the prospect of leaving the comforts of the "horizontal world" of the hospital and returning to the work-a-day world of the sea. Following in the literary tradition of Herman Melville, the mariner produced a sonnet to commemorate his recovery.

He entitled it, *Post-Operative*:

I cannot put in words just how I feel.
Nor yet commit to silent ecstasy
This fact of my survival, though I reel
Like one death-sentenced prisoner
set free
Before the prospect of longevity.
Thenceforth I shall not in the
shadows wait,
Myself a shade, for shadows yet to be,
In common fiefdom; chattel to my fate.
But strike-out boldly as behooves
a man
With mind intent on journey — not
its end,
Whose eager eye does all about
him scan
The woods, the road ahead, the
river's bend,
Unheeding of the grim horizon far
That may or may not light up with
a star.²



Student at MARAD Radar School located at SCI

1. Marine Index Bureau, Inc. Statistical Analysis No. 69, 4/17/78
2. Lawrence H. Miner, Deck Engine Mechanic

It is a universal truth that the seafarer is the perpetual voyager, "with mind intent on journey not its end." The horizon of his world of sky and sea, in somber monotony, should be blessed by the comfortable assurance of a guiding star. The mariner's beacon, Polaris, was used by Shakespeare as a symbol for the quality of steadfast love and he called it, "the star to every wandering bark." For Melville's fellow seamen, those "sons of adversity and calamity," life was an uncertain voyage too often devoid of any symbol of enduring love or even sympathetic human caring. Reflecting on the indifference of the world of his day towards the seafarer, Melville expressed a compassionate faith in a caring Providence: "We must not altogether despair for the sailor; nor need those who toil for his good be at bottom disheartened, for Time must prove his friend in the end; and though sometimes he would seem as a neglected stepson of heaven, permitted to run on and riot out his days with no hand to restrain him, while others are watched over and tenderly cared for; yet we feel and know that God is the true Father of all, and that none of his children are without the pale of his care."

One hundred and thirty-nine years ago, on the day when Herman Melville embarked upon his first sea voyage, a haven of hospitality and caring existed only a few blocks from the slip on South Street where his ship was berthed. It was called The Young Men's Church



Chaplain Haynsworth meets with two young seamen to discuss their work situation. An Episcopal priest and professional counselor, Chaplain Haynsworth has been working with seamen for the past 15 years.

Missionary Society, the ancestor of The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey.

Today there exists an international *confraternity of the sea*, an association of kindred spirits comprising those agencies around the world which share a common objective: to seek-out and care for the mariner. In such diverse ports as Rotterdam, Holland and Houston, Texas, a new emphasis upon a cooperative, ecumenical approach to the tasks of meeting the unique needs of seamen has taken shape. Sectarian barriers are being dismantled and a new awareness of the advantages and vitality of a cooperative venture for the welfare of seamen is taking root among Christian maritime agencies everywhere.

The boldest and most challenging initiatives toward mutual cooperation have yet to be undertaken. Sometime in the not-too-distant future when every part of the maritime community, including management and labor, is joined in a truly ecumenical movement, the seafarer's horizon will be brightened by a polestar that may shine more brilliantly than any star has ever shone. Such a beacon would truly become *the star to every wandering bark*.

EMIGRATION: Those Who Did



Once again fifth graders from the West Orchard School in Chappaqua, New York came to town with a new musical; played to a capacity audience here at the Institute, and had them standing in the aisles.

Written, staged and produced by the students, this year's play resulted from their research on emigration to the

United States, including field trips to the Statue of Liberty and its accompanying museum.

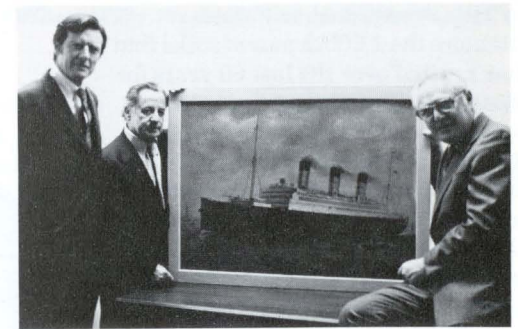
Their play was filled with the straightforward perception, humor and special exuberance given only to the young; and their comprehension of what they had learned and what it means to be Americans gave heart to all who were fortunate enough to see their fine production. From start to finish and, especially, when children of all races formed into a beaming (though slightly askew) Statue of Liberty and then sang about freedom, there was no question that there's always a bright tomorrow if youth can have its way.

Thank you students, teachers and parents — one and all. It was a great show and we hope to see you next year.

About the *BERENGARIA*

The *Berengaria*, ex-*Imperator* (1912) was the first of three great superliners built for Albert Ballin, director of Hamburg American Lines. During World War I she ran briefly under American colors returning troops from France. Turned over to the British, after hostilities, she was overhauled and re-christened the *Berengaria* and became a part of the Cunard Line's weekly express run to America.

Though not a great commercial success she brought considerable prestige to the company because of her size. With the end of mass immigration to the U.S. in 1921, the *Berengaria* was used as a West Indies Cruise ship and in 1938 she completed her last voyage after a series of fires between bulkheads indicated that her wiring was dangerously faulty.



Members of the James A. Lyon's Post #122 of the Roslyn (N.Y.) American Legion present a lithograph of the *Berengaria* to the Seamen's Church Institute.

Presenting the lithograph are Mr. Edward Glannon, artist, who restored the work and Commander Ray Jacobs of the James A. Lyon Post. Accepting on behalf of the Institute is Francis C. Huntington, deputy director.

"STOCKINGS...with care"

When young children think of Christmas, their thoughts include "stockings hung by the chimney with care". When Ida Tilley and Jane Cobbett of the Church Home in Wethersfield think of Christmas, their thoughts go to the seamen served by the Seamen's Church Institute in New York City and the warm socks given them in specially prepared Christmas boxes. Both of these ladies have for years been knitters for the Institute, and in December they had an opportunity to meet its new Executive Director, the Rev. James R. Whittemore. Father Whittemore spoke in December at St. Andrew the Apostle in Rocky Hill, CT at the Advent Corporate Communion for Men and Boys, and he also preached at the morning service. Father Whittemore showed the newly produced slide-tape program which describes the history and ministry of the Institute.

Ida Tilley presented to Father Whittemore the 1,000th pair of socks that she has knitted over the last 60 years for the Seamen's Church Institute. Miss Tilley was born in Gloucestershire, England, and came to America in 1906, settling in Stamford where she was a member of St. John's Church. From 1918 to 1939 Miss Tilley was Registrar and Executive Assistant to the head mistress at Wykeham Rise School in Washington,

Connecticut, and it was there that she became acquainted with the Institute. Jane Cobbett is the mother of the Rev. George Cobbett, who for several years served churches here in Connecticut. As a young girl working in New York City she met the then director of Seamen's Church Institute and became active in supporting their work. She still uses a gold thimble presented her by the Institute director.

The Seamen's Church Institute was founded in 1834 and is the largest center for merchant seamen in the world, offering the largest range of services available in any port. Groups and individuals are always most welcome to visit the Institute and have a tour. Presently the Institute is anxious to visit in parishes and to present its slide-tape program. If interested, contact Father Whittemore at the Institute, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

Halsey Stevens, III
Reprinted from the E.M.M. News



Father Halsey Stevens (Rector of St. Ambrose the Apostle), Ida Tilley, Jane Cobbett, Father James Whittemore.

(Photo: Charles Robison)

WEATHER CONFERENCE MEETS DURING WINTER'S WORST BLIZZARD



Among the panelists participating in the Marine Weather Conference were (from left to right): Miss Alexis Hoskins; Capt. K.C. Torrens, Sr. Port Capt., Farrell Lines; Mr. Robert E. Beck, Director Service Operations for NOAA (National Oceanic & Atmospheric Administration); Mr. Jack Willis, President Reorganization Project, Office of Management & Budget.

Among the recent major events held here at the Institute, was the second annual Port of New York *International Maritime Weather Conference and Exhibit*.

A resounding success in spite of heavy snows, the conference, sponsored by the Maritime Association of the Port of New York and the Council of American Master Mariners, Inc. was filled to capacity both days of the meeting.

Numerous experts from government and the private sector spoke on a variety of topics including:

- Deck Officers Need for Marine Weather Advisories
- The Contribution of Satellite Capabilities to Marine Forecasting
- The Purpose and Work of the Sea Use Council

- New Developments in Ship Weather Routing
- The Effect of Weather on Oil Spill Containment and Clean-up
- Proposed Re-Organization of the Department of Commerce: what will happen to N.O.A.A. and MARAD?
- Special Requirements for Coastal and nearby Offshore Advisories and
- Future Developments in Marine Weather Sciences.

The exhibit area was a glittering display of all the latest weather tracking equipment; and exhibitors were kept busy providing up to the minute "satellite" printouts showing the movement of the snow storm that hovered over New York during the entire two days of the meeting.

IN TRIBUTE...

a letter to the *Lookout* editor

February 5, 1979

Dear Mr. Windley,

It has been a while since we last communicated. I regret that I have lost a source for the sea stories that I developed for you. My father, Alfred E. Reimann passed away this past September. He had a varied career beginning on coal-burning destroyers of WWI, switching briefly to the last of the wind-ships, then making the more dramatic switch to diesels. Both stories I sent you, "The New Rope" and "The Rooster Tail" were from him. The former I can no longer confirm since the captain who retold the story was not known by me. And alas, the exact facts of some stories will die with the sailors who told them. I believe the ship, from my father's recollection was the *Verbena* of Aberdeen. But I can't find the boy's last name. As for the other story it is an account of a day on board the *Canadolite*, a ship on which my father served as Chief Engineer. The account of her capture is touched upon sparingly by Theodor Detmers, the captain of the raider *Kormoran* who took her. (*The Raider Kormoran*, Kimber Pocket Books, 1961) ... All the best to you for 1979. I had hoped to show the stories in print to my father. But better late than never.

Sincerely yours,
Tyrus



THE NEW ROPE

By Tyrus Reimann



It was the fall of 1904. I'd spent five weeks doing the kinds of things a sailor dreams of doing. A sailor is cut off from the land for so long that he longs to feel the warm earth in his hands. My sister's Liverpool garden was looking shipshape. The flowers were fresh and growing. The weeds were banished. I was feeling really proud of myself.

Then the old hankering for the sea started to come back. I suppose it was the autumn weather that brought it on. I worked in the garden but my eyes were on the wind-swept clouds.

"John," I'd say to myself, "that's a ripe Nor-Easter. The ships will be scudding before it." Then I bent down with new vigour but the longing was there all the same.

I wondered if any ship was loading. One afternoon I took a stroll down by the docks. The *Verbena* of Aberdeen was loading general cargo. I hailed the

Mildred's boy looked at me with those great blue eyes. "She sounds wonderful, Uncle John," he exclaimed. "Does she need a boy? You promised to take me with you when I was old enough!" Lucas stretched as tall as he could stand. "I bet I'm old enough now! And big enough too!"

Mildred looked at him with that sad faraway look that women get when they fear away their menfolk leave. Our family was a long line of seamen. And all the women suffered to see them go.

I towsled his curly hair. "I can't say a word, Lucas! Your Ma has a say, you know. It's for her to decide."

He literally threw himself onto his mother. "Oh, Ma! I'll be good! And I'll be careful too. I listened to every one of Uncle John's stories. I know what to do. I won't get washed away in a storm. Can I go? Please!"

He was such a picture of excitement that Mildred couldn't very well say no. I saw a cloud of old memories pass across her brow but it cleared in a moment. "God be with you, Lucas," she said fervently. "A sailor's life is full of danger."

Lucas hugged her back happily. "Don't worry, Ma! I'll be lucky. I'll be Lucky Lucas!"

Even Mildred had to laugh. His fresh face was a picture of indomitable youth. Only later that afternoon did she shed a tear or two. She had packed my bags and had to pack her son Lucas' gear as well.

"Don't worry," I said at the front door. "You heard what the boy said. He's Lucky Lucas from now on!"

Mildred nodded and waved goodbye until we trudged out of sight over the hill.

The trip started routinely and soon we were outbound in a brisk wind. Lucas did his work well and kept the officers' quarters neat as a pin. Most of his spare time he spent with me, learning a sailor's trade. He got really good at splicing rope. Soon I was asking for him in the late afternoons to make my work a little lighter.

Captain as he leaned on the taffrail. "Need any men, Captain?"

He sized me up and shouted back, "Aye, an ordinary seaman, if that's what you be!" I nodded and climbed the gangplank for a word with him. It doesn't take too much imagination to know that I signed with him. I was a thrall to the old longing.

"So, you're leaving again, are you, John?" my sister said when she heard of my decision.

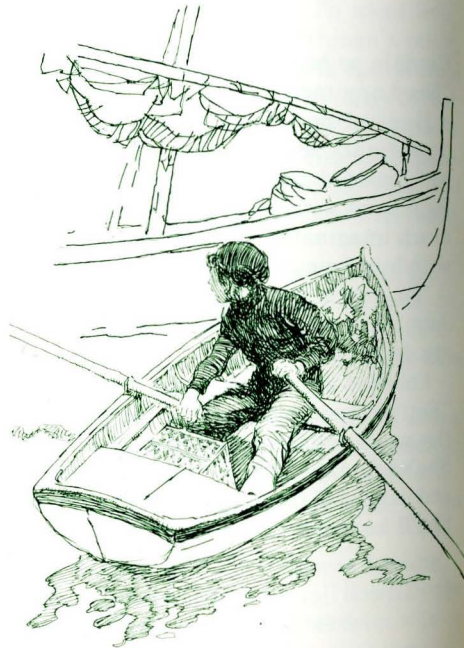
I nodded and swept her up in my arms. "You've been good to me, Mildred. But the sea is calling me and I must answer. She's a fine ship, the *Verbena*. A little old and in need of repairs. But it's good work. She'll keep her men busy with repairs."

You see, the *Verbena* had lain idle for two years waiting for a buyer. Two years can do a lot to make a ship old before her time. The ropes were rotting away and every chance we had we were replacing rope. At first nobody wanted to climb the ratlines, they were so bad. Little by little the old rope came down and the new rope went up. It wasn't until we were well south of the Equator that we got everything in order.

We took two and a half months to reach the Horn and good weather followed us all the way. "Lucas!" I laughed, "You're as brown as a berry. You make a fine fair weather sailor. But can you weather a storm?"

He smiled and rubbed his hands happily. "Just give me a chance, Uncle. I'll prove I'm Lucky Lucas!"

The chance came all too soon. The sky turned black next day. The barometer dropped like a stone. The Captain ordered us to shorten down to lower topsails. The wind shrieked in the sails. It was going to be a bad one.



About eight in the evening, Lucas had to take Captain Canning's tea up to him. I figured I'd go with him just to make sure he had his sealegs on the rolling decks. We almost got to the ladder when the wave hit!

There was a tremendous crash of water and deep within her the ship moaned like a heart-broken woman. I leaped for the lifeline and wrenched myself to a sitting position while I grabbed for Lucas. The cups and teapot went crashing to the deck and were sucked to the scuppers in the wash.

"Uncle!" Lucas screamed. "I can't hold!"

His little hands were wrapped around the stiff new rope, just beyond my fingers. "Hold tight, Lucas!" I roared back and chanced everything on my strength. I let go for a second and another wave washed me in its powerful grip to the boy. I came up spitting and coughing, touched his little hand for a moment, then he was gone. Washed overboard!

I lay dazed and helpless, the sea pounding in my ears. All I could think of was Lucas' wretched luck to grab hold of that new rope.





I roused myself and noticed the bosun on the stern. He was waving his arms like a madman.

"Whoop! Ho! What luck!" he shouted and flung his arms up again in strange jubilation.

Behind him stood Lucas, wet and shivering. But Lucas in flesh and bone,

and flushed with pride. "I proved it, Uncle!" he squeaked in his little voice. "I proved I'm Lucky Lucas!"

I just stood in stupefaction and watched the little gaffer. I had to reach out and pinch him to prove he was real and not a dream. "But the rope! The new rope!"

"Strange luck, isn't it, John?" the bosun laughed and dug his fingers into my ribs. "The swell carried the boy right back on board."

I reached out in the deepening twilight and squeezed Lucas to me in wild delight. "Luckier than the new rope, I'll be damned. Tomorrow I'll replace it."

He grinned back at me and his teeth glistened in the light. "It will make a grand letter to Ma!" he declared gamely, balancing against the heaving deck. "I can't wait till we get to Durban."

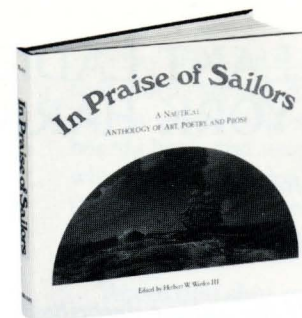


The Maritime Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute honored their great friend and respected colleague George H. Blohm, president of Emerald Marine at a special memorial service held in the Institute's chapel this past January.

A leader in the maritime industry for many years, Mr. Blohm was a staunch supporter of the work of the institute, and an active member of the Friends of SCI.

Because of the high regard in which he was held, the Friends membership chose this service as a way to honor him and to express their respects to his family.

IN PRAISE OF SAILORS



Pictured at right, is one of the most unique and beautiful books of Nautical Art, Poetry and Prose that we have ever seen. Just released by the renown "art book" publisher, Harry Abrams, Inc., this large, 300 page volume is a welcome addition to one's personal library or a very special gift for friends.

Autographed Copy at Special Institute Price

Because we were so pleased with the quality of this volume plus the fact that two of the Institute's paintings are reproduced in color in the book, we reserved a number of advance copies and had them autographed by the book's editor, Herbert Warden, III.

The book will regularly retail for \$45.00 but we are offering this limited number of signed copies at **\$36.00 each**. \$9.00 of that amount can be claimed as a tax deductible contribution to the Institute!

If you would like a copy, please complete the form below and return it to us with your check made payable to *The Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. & N.J.* We will be sure to send you a receipt with the book and we know that you will be delighted with this exceptional volume.

A RECENT REVIEW FROM PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

IN PRAISE OF SAILORS: A Nautical Anthology of Art, Poetry, and Prose
Compiled and edited by Herbert W. Warden, III. Abrams. \$45 ISBN 0-8108-1107-8.

Imaginative in conception, handsome in design, and satisfying in range and depth of material, this is a volume sea lovers will enjoy. The text contains prose and poetry from a galaxy of writers: Conrad, Melville, Richard Henry Dana, Swinburne, Walt Whitman, Masefield, Kipling and Samuel Eliot Morrison, to name some. There are nearly 100 black-and-white etchings and 40 tipped-in color plates by marine illustrators Arthur Briscoe, Gordon Grant and Anton Otto Fischer, by Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, James McNeill Whistler and Howard Pyle, and by many others (some are delightful surprises). The thread that ties them together is editor Warden's concept of a voyage, the entries and illustrations being arranged to create an imaginary trip around Cape Horn to China and back again in the great days of the sailing ships, the late 19th century. This is a loose arrangement and should not keep readers from dipping into the book at random. Both the selections and illustrations are high in quality and good taste. Illustrations, maps and diagrams; glossary, etc.

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THE GALLANT LADIES OF NEW YORK HARBOR

by John C. Fine

Final part – Summary:



In parts I and II the author describes how in reclaiming the marshland of Liberty Island an attempt is also being made to salvage some of the sunken vessels located in the area. An expert team of archeologists together with the New York District Corp. of Engineers personnel have examined the vessels and selected some of historical interest for preservation. Because the harbor waters are quite polluted, the Teredo worm, which bores into the wood of sunken ships, cannot survive. Thus, the sunken vessels are in good condition and almost intact.

Harbor watchers and photo buffs can find ample evidence of America's history among the reeds and shallows of many of the city's canals and bays. When Lake Erie was connected with the Hudson waterway by a 40-foot wide, 4-foot deep ditch, 362-miles long, on October 25, 1825, the City burgeoned with midwestern grain which plunged in price from \$100 to \$6 a ton. Travel time from New York to Buffalo on the Erie Canal took only 10 days instead of 6 weeks. The seaport and harbor of New York boomed as ample stocks of cheap grain surged across the ocean to European ports. As part of this great commerce, canal boats were built, more than 4,000 of them, of all shapes and sizes.

These barges tied up at Coenties Slip at the end of South Street in Manhattan. The canal trade flourished in the mid and latter 1800's. Eventually steam power boats and the New York Central Railroad took over from the wooden canal barges. Most were burned to salvage their iron fittings abandoned to rot, like the 1923-built Gertrude L. Dailey, lying peacefully in the reeds at Tottenville, Staten Island. Other canal boats lie about New York and New Jersey shores,

forgotten hulks, abandoned pieces of American history.

It can be an interesting family excursion, either by boat or from land, exploring the myriad of forgotten corners around New York and New Jersey's waterfronts. I turned up what appeared to be two early fishing schooners thrown up in the mud off Coney Island, hidden among a half-dozen old wood barges. Remember though, that these gallant old girls may have some historical importance, that they may hold the key to some lost bit of history from the day when New York Harbor bustled with windjammers, so treat your finds with respect.

It was only a hundred years ago that harbor records reveal that the Port of New York was visited by 1,074 steamers, 1,451 schooners, 1,076 brigs, 2,234 barks and 389 full-rigged ships. Hardly surprising to the New Yorker that saw the gala parade of old windships under sail up the Hudson on July 4th, yet it is easy to imagine the glory of New York

Harbor in those days and the regal splendor of old sail ships.

The project to assess and preserve some of this nautical heritage comes at the best possible time.

"The time is right for this project. I'm very encouraged. People are receptive to the idea. Maybe it was the Bicentennial, but there's an appreciation for America's history today," Throckmorton said, looking over the hulk of the Newton, a wooden ship beached in the mud behind the Statue of Liberty, calculating what they would have to do to save her. If it is the Newton, then the sleek wooden hulk represents the last of 560 wood steamers made in America.

One wonders how a ship like the Newton could have been forgotten, abandoned in the mud. Perhaps after the war, with a peacetime Navy cutting back, burdened with an old wood steamer, it's easy enough to see how she was left to rot on the Jersey shore, a few hundred yards from the Statue of Liberty.

More than three-quarters-of-a-million seamen from all over the world come into the Port of New York each year and almost 100,000 steam into Port Newark aboard some 2,300 modern container-carrying ships. They may pass to within hailing distance of the Newton and a hundred other fine ships that once carried their own proud crews, sailing to far distant ports.

"I don't know who would remember her now. All the oldtimers I knew that would know when she was left there are dead," Bob recalled, sitting in a car with his son.

"They used to break out the planking and sell it back to the barge builders. The wood under the water is in good shape, but you guys know that," Bob continued, eating his lunch. He was working on the Liberty Park Project with his son, remembering the waterfront and the boatbuilding activities on the Jersey flats.

"They broke out those boards; boy, was that work. Mostly Polish laborers. They hit 'em with a 32-pound sledge, sold the boards back and used them over. Boy, what work, they don't make men like that no more," Bob added, shaking his head remembering how it was in the harbor.

"About that ship, gee, I don't know who could tell you," Bob added as Throckmorton and Ira Abrams left, still trying to positively identify the old wooden ship.

John Russo, a man who runs a small boat club on a rickety dock nailed together with flotsam on the borders of the Liberty State Park Project, laughed when Abrams asked him about the Newton.

"Now I'm old, but I ain't that old to tell you when she was brought in here. I been running this boat club here 20 years and she was here before that. She was here in 1933-34, I know that. We used to go crabbing over there then, that's how I knew she was there," John said, pointing to the old wooden steamer.

"There used to be a work house on her and decking you could walk around. We could go out there and throw our nets in," John Russo reflected, pointing to the after section of the hulk, now only a shell of staves.

"The kids set fires on there. Once we put one out, but one night she burned. When we came by in the morning it was all burned. It was beautiful here up until 5 years ago. I used to chase the kids off her, but what could you do," Russo continued reflectively, offering hot tea, coffee or Sanka to the visitors from the Corps of Engineers and Throckmorton's group.

(Continued on back cover)

The Gallant Ladies of New York Harbor

(Continued from page 19)

"They started a fire on her. We came back in the morning and it was burned down," Russo said again sadly.

"Say, who's that feller there?" John asked me, pointing to Simeon Hook, Chief of the Corps' Environmental Branch. I told him.

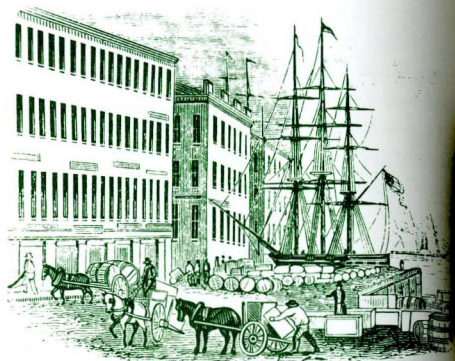
"Maybe I can talk to him. You know, ask if they can leave us just a little piece for a dock. Heck, these are mostly retired folks. I charge them \$50 a year to tie up here," John said looking at the string of small, not too luxurious, wooden boats tied to the makeshift piers.

John's Boat Club would be gone, gobbled up with the rest of the piers, ships and wooden debris to make way for the new State Park.

"I know it's useless, but you know, I guess, we like to hold out until the end. There's just no place to go. Maybe we can have that little space over there," John said, walking faster to catch up with Simeon Hook to plead for a place that would save the little boat club.

Progress is like that. Sometimes I think it's just one great misadventure after another.

"It's a place to hang out. Everyone gives you a hand here, one does somethin' and everyone gives a hand. It's mostly retired people. They come here, spend the



day, cook out, then go home," John said finally, as I took some pictures of the Newton from a ship's steel bulkhead that serves as his crabbing shack at the end of the dock.

John Russo had said enough to make Dr. Abrams wonder if the old steamship was indeed the Newton.

"He said she was there in 1933 or 1934. It can't be the Newton if that's true. The Navy says they abandoned the Newton in 1946," Ira grumbled to Throckmorton as we got into the old Rambler.

"Well, we'll see. Anyway, what we've got here is a fine old wooden steamer," Peter Throckmorton said, his enthusiasm for the old ship undaunted.

The mysteries surrounding these old wooden ships may only partially be solved, but surely one thing will come of it; America will have a better appreciation for the place New York Harbor played in Bicentennial history.