



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



"Operation Sail 1964"

A Salute to "Operation Sail 1964"

MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center—"their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 55, No. 7 SEPTEMBER 1964

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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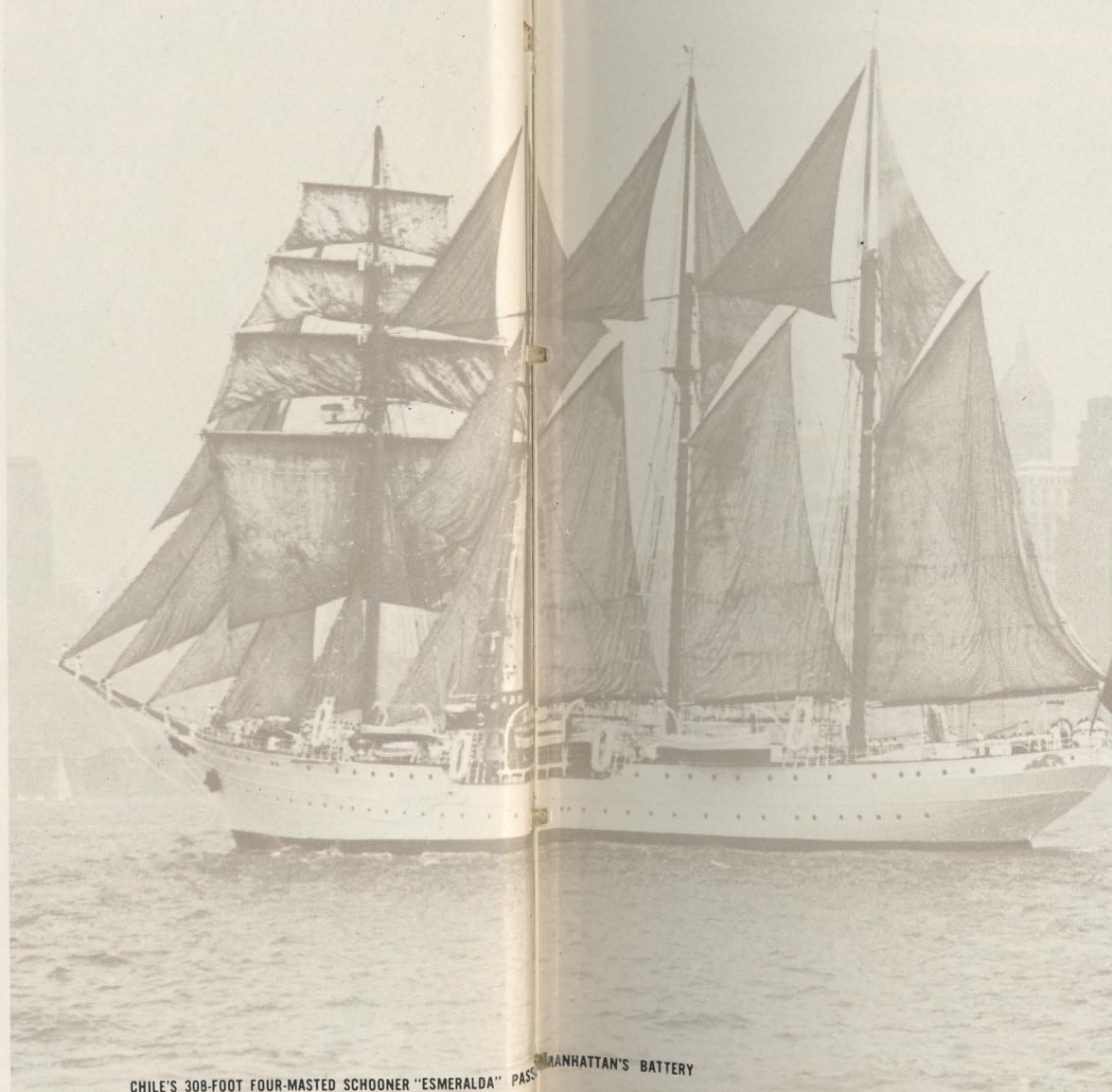
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Member International Council of Industrial Editors
New York Association of Industrial Communicators

Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March, when bi-monthly, \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1; other foreign \$3. Back issues 50¢ if available. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

COVER: Cadets aboard Coast Guard's training barque "Eagle" ascend rigging of United States sailship and single U.S. entry in Operation Sail 1964.



On July 14 the largest fleet of sailing ships since the 19th Century entered New York and sailed up the Hudson River to climax a 4,330-mile trip from England to Lisbon to Bermuda to New York.

Most of those viewing the flotilla had never before seen a great sailing ship. Most of us never shall again.

Operation Sail made it possible for 14 nations of good will to pay tribute to the Age of Discovery, to the thrilling beauty of the windjammers, to the romance and tradition of the Age of Sail.

Seamen, private citizens and whole governments cooperated in the months of planning. Among all was the unifying and compelling love of the old ships and those who go down to sea in them.

There was one common denominator for all of the participating ships. Each is a training vessel, its purpose being to expose boys (and girls, in at least one case) to maritime life.

Those at SCI who intimately were involved in "Opsail" cherish vignettes of the five-day spectacle: a senile ex-seaman, tattoo covered now by grey hair, supported on crutches in the 90-degree heat of Battery Park clutching a \$5 camera but too overcome to use it . . . the barely-dry-behind-the-ears Scandinavian boys pulling great black pans of steaming bread from the galley stoves . . . English sailors who uncoiled from hammocks where they had been confined for days in tropic heat and attacked their first showers and shaves at SCI before they were due back on ship for inspection . . . the immaculate grooming and impeccable manners of the 500 sailors who came to SCI's Operation Sail "Celebration Ball."

We have attempted to share with you some of those moments.

CHILE'S 308-FOOT FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER "ESMERALDA" PASSES

MANHATTAN'S BATTERY

"From my first race on Nantucket Sound many years ago to my most recent outing as a weekend sailor, sailing has given me some of the most pleasant and exciting moments of my life. It also has taught me something of the courage, resourcefulness and strength required of men who sail the seas in ships. Thus, I am looking forward eagerly to Operation Sail. The sight of so many ships gathered from the distant corners of the world should remind us that strong, disciplined and venturesome men still can find their way safely across uncertain and stormy seas."

John F. Kennedy
John F. Kennedy



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

1. Making her triumphal entry into New York Harbor was West Germany's 266-foot barque, **Gorch Foch**.
2. Ship's wire-haired terrier mascot, "Dog" was the unexpected celebrity during open house aboard **Foch**. Courteous seaman held camera-shy canine for almost an hour while camera enthusiasts snapped away.
3. Seamen staffing the souvenir concession on the **Foch** did lively business in post cards, Opsail commemoration books, and in answering questions about a seaman's life.
4. Hand-picked crewmen aboard **Foch** were gracious hosts to thousands of tourists who swarmed aboard. Two relax during 15-minute "tourist" break.
5. Thousands of New Yorkers and World's Fair visitors queued up under a blistering sun waiting their turn to climb aboard windjammers during open house.





1. They took this picture on my ship Statsraad Lehmkuhl. I'm the one with my tail in the air. My name is Torstein Royne and I'm 15. This was my first visit to America, and I felt like a mosquito.

a boy who was a man



2. A man called "Amigo" from the Seamen's Church Institute came aboard on the second day and invited us to see their sailors' home. The museum sounded interesting, and he said we wouldn't need much money there.



3. But before I went, I had to have my tooth fixed at the laboratory run by our government. It's just a block from the SCI. The doctor and nurses were very friendly.



4. I liked the museum, and they showed me a model of an old Norwegian ship. I never saw one like it before and I'm Norwegian. They gave me many post cards of the museum and also a little souvenir ship in a bottle.

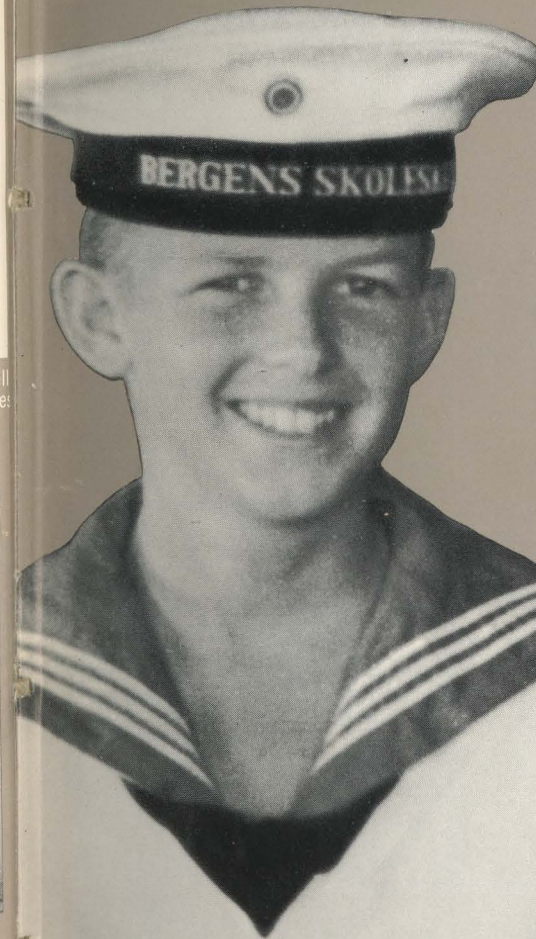
5. SCI was a very big place and I didn't speak English well. They took me first to a lady who speaks many languages. She had a friendly smile and told me about their school for seamen.



6 Then I met the director. There were some people waiting to see him, but I walked right in. He shook my hand and called me 'young man.' He was twice my size and until he smiled I was scared. His name was Mulgren or something like that. He saw to it that I got back to my ship on time.



This is my ship, a barque. My country had two other ships in Operation Sail. Many people visited the Christian Radich because she was in the movie "Windjammer."





SCI's Director dispenses Pepsi while answering the question of 19-year-old crewman from Chile's "Esmeralda."



A quiet corner provides good acoustics for conversation between Coast Guardsman and hostess from Trinity Church.



It was obviously a private joke for she did not understand Portuguese, nor did he speak German.

A dazzling crowd of uniformed revelers, approaching 800, gathered in SCI's lounges and ballrooms on July 16 to celebrate the climax of Operation Sail, and a week's festivities in New York.

Seamen, cadets, officers, hostesses, officials and staff drained all the excitement from five hours of dancing before SCI turned off the lights and guests departed through the quiet streets of Wall.

It had been the largest social event in SCI's history, and some described it as the most successful. Success is never accidental. For weeks, staff committees had been planning for the invited guests. We were well prepared.

Friendships were cemented, memories etched. It had been a fitting tribute to all seafarers, past and present, that America, through the Seamen's Church, should extend a warm welcome to these venturesome, disciplined young men and bid them "return again."



In spite of July's heat, no feet were idle for long on the ballroom floor.



Chosen by applause, lovely Connie Ormaechea, hostess from Spain, was crowned "Operation Sail Queen" by Mr. Mulligan.

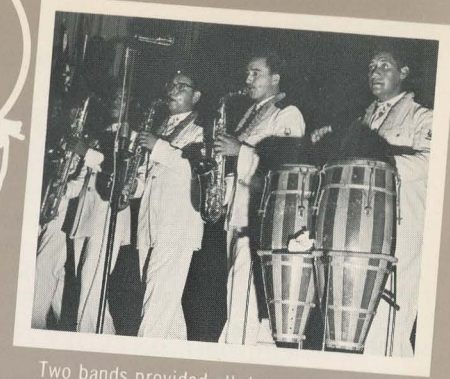
THE OPERATION SAIL

Celebration Ball

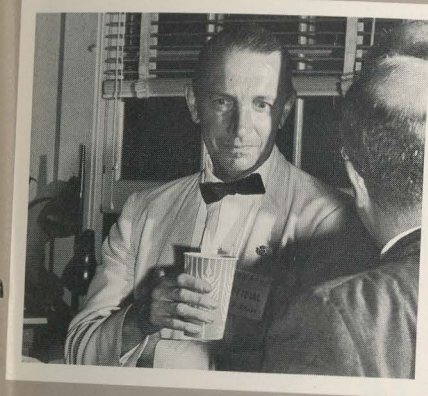
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
25 South St.

Thursday
July 16, 1964

8 pm



Two bands provided all danceable rhythms demanded by the audience.



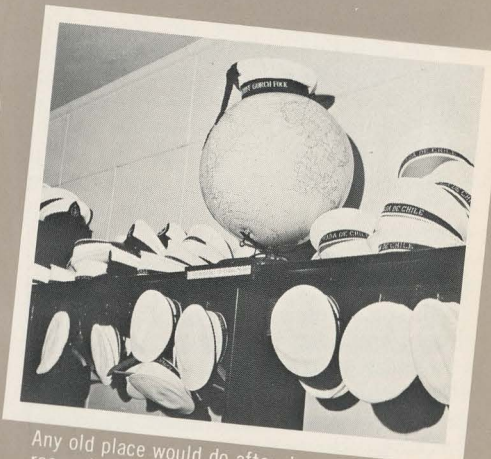
Seaman international and co-ordinator of all Operation Sail activities, Alex Salm chats with SCI staff.



Along about the sand-witching hour, trays of hearty fare were set out, hastily devoured by exhausted and hungry guests.



SCI's everlovely hostess, Ida Cathers, makes her special project entertaining a party of late-comers.



Any old place would do after despairing check room staff began to arrange seamen's hats according to color.

January 13, 1853:

"With one consent, let all the
Earth
To God their cheerful voices
raise..."

I remember the One Hundredth Psalm which we sang Sunday last. I pray it is not our last Song of Praise in the Chapel.

Our ship is in peril. For two days now violent gales have lashed its buttresses and spire, and strained the timberheads to which the chain moorings are made fast. No vessel shields her from the North. She lies prey to the wind and snow, to all Nature's havoc.

This day, as I stood on the bulkhead of the Pike-street Slip, I trembled at the sight of the heavy preponderance of wet snow on the South side of the roof, and the noticeable list leeward. The Sexton informed me that there is already evidence of one of the boat's planks loosened after the injury of the late storm.

O Lord, our Chapel is in Thy Hands. Thy Will be done. I pray in the name of our Congregation: With one consent, we raise our voices . . .

Friday, January 14, 1853:

At 3 o'clock this morning, the Sexton, who had been keeping watch at the Slip, summoned me from my bed. I had not slept, in premonition of his call. At the wharf, the good man showed me the articles from the altar he had saved. His torch illuminated the fearful scene: the Chapel of Our Savior listed dangerously on the Southward boat, which was taking water. Some many tuns of snow crushed it into the water. The old seaman (of 30 years, I believe) cried that not even a Liverpool packet could endure the terrible force of Nature which threatened our Ship.

On toward 4 o'clock, the Chapel began to sink. As we stood in silent vigil, the churning waves of the River slowly engulfed the edifice, she being a helpless victim. The chain moorings held to the wharf, taut under the great strain. As the water filled one boat and soon the other, the Chapel inclined heavily and then quickly righted herself. Erect and dignified, she suc-



The Day the Floating Church Sank

cumbed by slow degrees.

I was much moved. The Sexton wept. Our Ship's death rattle was the breaking of its window panes by the forceful waves, thus flooding the interior. We rejoiced, however, when the Chapel rested on the bottom, her roof and spire still above the surface. . . .

There is great hope! The Chapel is still intact. I today arranged for the resurrection which will begin tomorrow.

Captain Sayre of the Sailors Home on Cherry-street has offered the use of his reading room in which to hold the Services of our Chapel Sunday next, which I accepted. . . .

Saturday, January 15, 1853:

Twenty men were occupied all day in getting two chains under the Church in rigging guys and tackles to raise the Church from the water. The Chapel lies inclined, as a result, at an angle of 25 degrees, towards the South. The water is even with the eaves on one side and about half the height of the windows on the other. The kneeling stools, communion table, and other articles are floating about.

This day I assisted Mr. Jardine, the organ builders' man, to take to pieces the organ and secure the pipes. The bellows were wetted. But the organ was played upon before being dissected and was in good tune and uninjured . . .

The following is a personal account of the sinking of the Church of Our Saviour for Seamen, from the journals of the Rev. Benjamin Clarke Cutler Parker, who served as missionary to the chapel, 1844-1859.

Friday, January 21, 1853:

After a week's labor in the extreme cold weather, the Chapel was this day raised out of the water to within one foot of the guards, and at noon 48 oil casks were lashed under the guards. Two steamboats towed the Chapel, which was then floating with the guards under two feet of water, out of the dock to the Sectional Dock at the Foot of Clinton-street, nearly one-half mile from the Slip. She was then lifted out of the water.

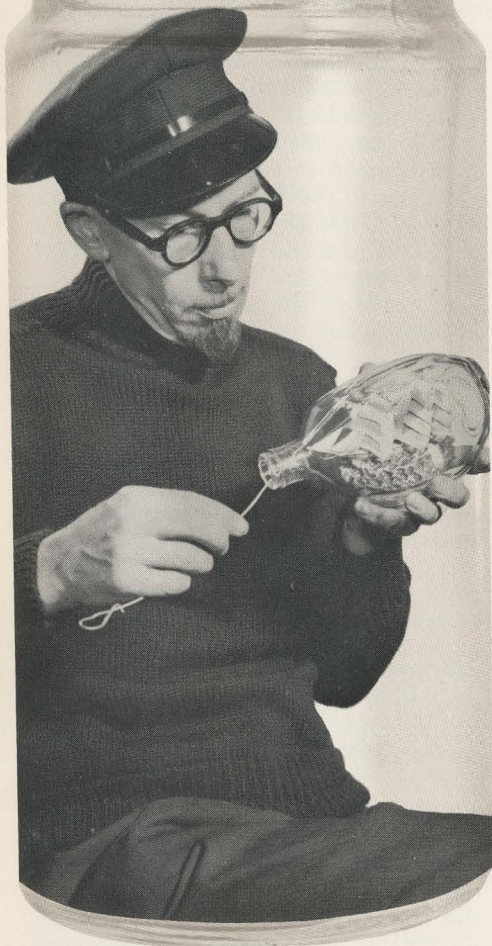
The sum of the injury is estimated at 1500 dollars.

Sexagesima Sunday, January 30, 1853:

In the morning, without an organ or desks, prayerbooks or Bible, without carpets on the floor and in an otherwise uncomfortable state on account of the dampness of the building, Divine Services were held this day in our Chapel again after it had been sunk. . . . The congregation was double in number from what I expected, and quite a number of seamen were present. Before the commencement of the singing of the Psalm, Mr. G. S. Parker had brought in from Miss Bagley's residence, her Seraphina, and the music was very much improved by the accompaniment it afforded to the voices which had sung two of the Chaunts of the Morning Services unaided by any instrument, the organ of the Church being now at the Organ Factory of Mr. Jardine, undergoing repairs needed from injury from dampness while the Chapel was sunk in the water. I preached on the text—"Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

The first Floating Church of Our Saviour for Seamen was built by Charles Simonson for the Young Men's Church Missionary Society of the City of New York, Feb. 13, 1844, and moored at the foot of Pike Street and the East River. This Chapel was the predecessor of the present Seamen's Church Institute. It was continuously in use until 1866, with the exception of the brief period in 1853 when a violent storm caused it to sink at its moorings.

the art of deception



"But how did it get in there in the first place?" asked the 17-year-old from Westchester, after purchasing one of the exquisite ships-in-bottles from the souvenir counter in the Marine Museum.

"You'll have to ask the man who got it in there," smiled the museum employee, unwilling to reveal the secret which puzzles most people and makes the novelty one of the greatest conversation pieces of all time.

The probability of asking the man who supplies bottles for the Marine

Museum is remote unless the customer were summering on the coast of England in the picturesque fishing village of Robin Hood's Bay.

There, John Milsom and his wife and four children continue a waning nautical art, supplying the greatest museums in the world with ships-in-bottles.

"I had been making standard ship models of one sort or another since I can remember, as a hobby," Milsom relates. "But on our honeymoon I saw a ship-in-bottle in a tiny antique shop. I couldn't rest until I'd worked out the secret!"

When serious illness following World War II forced him to take up light work, Milsom began tinkering with bottle models again, this time crafting the most elaborate windjammers. He discovered that friends were begging to buy them.

"It was as simple as that," claims he. "In the late 1950's I made contact with U. S. and Canadian firms and since then production has tried desperately to keep up with demand." (When SCI places an order, it often takes as long as eight months to arrive.)

Milsom's wife alternates housework with stints in the workshop, rigging and painting the hulls. "But the final job of putting the models in the bottle is still in my hands—everybody tries to avoid the responsibility," he says.

It was after months of correspondence that we got the Milsom company to supply the SCI Marine Museum with this popular gift item. His models are offered for sale in only two other exclusive stores in Manhattan. The quality of his models excels those of the few other commercial makers.

Bottle ships are one of the oldest products of the seamen's skill, probably because he had all the ingredients—hours of leisure time, knowledge of ships and rigging, and empty bottles. Early seamen usually modelled the ships on which they sailed. Detail on the rigging of the models depends on the size of the ship in the bottle—obviously the thumbnail models can't be rigged in detail. It is interesting to note that one bottle ship in the Museum collection is so petite that rig-

Continued on page 19



If you can honestly say that among your friends there is not one who would enjoy some of the articles in LOOKOUT do not continue reading this article. But if you do know of ONE person who WOULD enjoy sharing adventures of seamen and the Institute's continuing work among them in the name of Christ, then we earnestly solicit a minute of your time right now.

You are among LOOKOUT readers in 22 foreign countries and 49 states. Forty-nine? Which one is missing?

The LOOKOUT is no stranger to the Midwest where many of SCI's staunchest friends are, but there is one state where the work of the Institute does not seem to be known and from which the Institute draws no support. That state is South Dakota. We are wondering who will be the first to find us a subscriber, a reader, a friend, in South Dakota.

We're attempting to bring the LOOKOUT and the unfolding story of SCI's 130-year-old ministry into the homes of people who could and would help support us.

Bringing folks down to see our work is one of the best ways we know to make friends for the Institute. LOOKOUT is second best, but it is a beginning. We welcome visitors and proudly point out the tablets bearing inscriptions carrying on the memory of a loved one in a practical contribution to the welfare of men. But the most convincing argument for the work is the seamen themselves, and in the LOOKOUT new readers will find human interest stories of their hopes, aspirations, failures—men to whom encouragement and advice may tip the scale that measures the worth of a man to himself and to society.

The SCI could not long exist without the support of its friends, many of whom first heard about the ministry to seamen through a copy of the LOOKOUT which found its way to them through thoughtfulness of a friend. One of these contacts is a classic example of the LOOKOUT to SUBSCRIPTION to CONTRIBUTION to ENDOWMENT story.

The friendship began in 1942 when Mr. and Mrs. "C" living in an upstate town received a copy of the LOOKOUT from a well-meaning friend attending the same church. The C's liked the SCI story and mailed a \$5 contribution to the Institute. For the next eight years Mr. and Mrs. C made annual contributions of from \$5 to \$10 toward the work of the Institute retold in the pages of LOOKOUT. When the C's planned a visit to New York in 1951, after years of curiosity about SCI's building and employees, they wrote to see if they might enjoy a conducted tour.

They came. They saw. And they were overwhelmed by the scope and depth of our responsibility in molding men. They asked their host, SCI's former staff member Jay Dennis, "What would SCI do if we offered to give you \$10,000?" A sudden question needed a thoughtful answer. Miss Dennis asked for a few days before suggesting a good use for the money.

After the C's returned home, Miss Dennis wrote that the annual interest from their money, when invested, would cover the expenses (above what the seamen themselves pay) of the Institute for one day. She designated this kind of perpetual giving a Red Letter Day. The person memorialized on each Red Letter Day would be mentioned by name in the chapel prayers on that day.

The C's were delighted and established the first Red Letter Day to the memory of their son who drowned at the age of 20 in a yachting accident. During the following years three more Red Letter Days were established by the C's.

We relate the above friendship between SCI and a LOOKOUT family to point out that from unexpected sources come friends devoted to our work who generously support us.

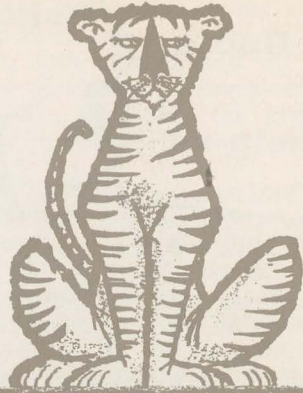
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Bring 'em back alive

That silver-haired old seaman, Noah, afloat 40 days and 40 nights with his overloaded ark, must have encountered complex veterinary problems indeed. Diesel-age sailors, assigned the responsibility of bringing zoo animals back alive, encounter complex and challenging problems, too.

We asked some modern Noahs in SCI's lobby about their most exciting sea adventures; often the unforgettable events involved wild animals—not surprising, really, when one considers that seamen are generally tenderhearted and suckers for any of God's critters. We'll talk about them later.

We would not lead you to believe that Farrell Lines' fast fleet of cargo ships are modern Arks, but the very geography of their ports of call—equatorial Africa and southern ports—makes it obvious that they are called upon to provide accommodations for cantankerous and sometimes odoriferous cargo. In cooperation with the New York Zoological Society, Farrell and other animal carriers go to extraordinary trouble to provide comfortable housing and safe, well-attended transportation on the long



Falconry, the sport of ancient kings, is the hobby of seaman Jim Fowler who formerly sailed on Farrell's *African Glen*.

journey for the animals entrusted to them. The cages, generally assembled on the decks, must be strong enough to resist damage in heavy weather and abuse from the animals themselves. Animals sensitive to changes in temperature are housed in the holds of the ships, where humidity and temperature are controllable.

One incident "beyond the call of duty" for the Farrell Line's *African Glade* called for the care of a pigmy hippopotamus (pictured) on an eight-day journey to the Washington Zoo. The hippo was a gift from Liberian President William V. S. Tubman to President Eisenhower. To keep little Totota in good condition his skin had to be soaked periodically. To assure him of frequent showers, arrangements were made to house him in passengers' quarters. There, "Tot" had his showers and also easy access to a fresh supply of drinking water (he simply dropped his spatula-shaped lower jaw into the toilet bowl). Tot's luxurious quarters were the subject of the crew's gossip even after the little fellow was delivered to the Washington Zoo—where he chose to ignore the attentions of three female hippopotami.

Farrell Lines provided free transportation to an assortment of North American animals, a reciprocal gift from the late President Kennedy to the Liberian president. The crated cargo, elaborately secured to the decks, included three American buffalo, four raccoons, four white ring neck pheasants, two mute white swans, three cardinals and two blue jays. They all made the trip in fine style.

Just recently one of South Africa's most valuable race horses, Colorado King, was purchased by American buyers who entrusted this valuable equine to Farrell's *African Sun*. With King secure in his deck stall, the ship sailed from Capetown, enroute to Boston and New York. Seaman Eric Osting was appointed to care for the statuesque animal, and according to witnesses, a mutual admiration society quickly developed between man and animal. Orders were soon issued that only seaman Osting was to care for the \$40,000 racer. Confirming the relationship, on one occasion the seaman was in the stall in a bent-over position when the powerful horse picked him up by the belt, shook him like a dog would a bone, and set him

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A sudden jerk in the wrong direction would break the neck of the importer's most delicate cargo, the giraffe. Giraffes will not tolerate drastic dietary changes on the long haul to America, so native foods must be carried.

America's best known mammal, the bison—looking a bit apprehensive—leaves aboard the *African Pilgrim* as a gift to the people of Liberia from former President Kennedy.

Immense enclosures able to withstand the stresses of a ship's pitching in heavy seas, insulated against hot and cold weather, must be constructed on ship's decks where good air and sunlight are plentiful.

Reversing the usual routing, Farrell Lines delivered this Hollywood-trained sneaker-footed stunt chimp to East Africa for a motion picture to be filmed there. Land rover is painted with zebra stripes.



down again. It was a sad parting for King and Eric, and even Farrell Lines Board Chairman, John Farrell, came on board to see King's keeper and the "fastest horse in South Africa."

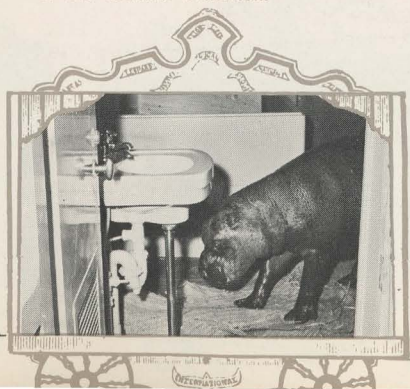
Infrequently, the curious captives escape in spite of security precautions, or a seaman or keeper comes too close to an animal's confines. One seaman who walked into our office while we were preparing this story remembered a trip from India to New York during which a crate of baboons escaped, and while resisting capture in mid-ocean, viciously bit several seamen.

Miss Grace Davall, Assistant Curator of Mammals and Birds at the Bronx Zoo, has fond memories of seamen who were animal lovers. She related that in the early days of animal collecting, before veterinarians accompanied them, seamen's attentiveness often meant the difference between survival or death for delicate specimens. Seamen sometimes volunteered to sit through the night offering bottled formulas to baby animals or tossing extra blankets over docile specimens, and even today they will befriend animals terrorized by their new confinements.

Miss Davall, who said that she devoted much time to the SCI after a visit here with a choral group a good many years ago, remembered two seamen in particular whose interest in animals enhanced the Zoological Society's collections.

"Immediately coming to mind is Albert Vida, a wireless operator on the S.S. City of New York. Al died when

Seamen still laugh about little "Tot" the hippo who was accommodated in first-class passenger quarters because of his delicate condition.



his ship was torpedoed off the coast of South Carolina during the war, but before his life was taken, he brought us many exotic reptiles and large mammals, including the two Eastern Waterbucks. Anybody visiting the Zoo now can still see the female wattled crane that Al brought us back in 1940."

Miss Davall remembered another seaman, Charlie Fagan, a wireless operator on Grace Line, who collected and donated to the Zoo a collection of rare birds. "The Inca terns from Peru are still part of our collections," she said. As a humorous footnote she added that in pre-union days, wild animal cargoes became the responsibility of the ship's butcher! Even today the ship's commissary department attends to the preparation of the food when no vet is present, and the Society is well aware that it owes a lot to kindhearted seamen who provide TLC, an invaluable ingredient to animal well-being, she told us.

Seamen sometimes "bring em back alive" on their own hook, much to the consternation of SCI's security staff. Last month a seaman's pet, a lively rhesus monkey, escaped on the 9th floor, and it took five staff men in leather gloves to remove the screaming monkey from his perch atop a fire extinguisher.

Wild animals sometimes are free-riding passengers too, even though most companies prohibit seamen from keeping animals in their quarters. Those of us who have visited ships know that parrots, monkeys, cheetahs, and lemurs are sometimes purchased by the sailors, secreted aboard ship and kept as pets shoreside and on ship. The pets are generally fed what the seamen can con from the galley staff. Even when this infringement of ship's law is known, a captain will rarely punish the pet's owner, respecting traditions as old as seafaring.

One old seaman remembers a trip from Montreal to Poland—a voyage of nineteen days—on which 1100 work horses were tied in stalls to the top deck, between decks and in the hold. "You won't believe this but 25 of them got seasick. They react just like people; they lie down on their sides and

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LINKS TO THE PAST

A collection of nearly 50 early documents on yellowed vellum will make history come alive next month in a new SCI exhibit, "Links to the Past," opening in the Marine Museum October 15. Many signatories of the rare seamen's papers, customs papers and other documents were intimately involved in the American Revolution—such men as Thomas Melville, leader of the Boston Tea Party, General Benjamin Lincoln of Yorktown fame, President George Washington along with Jefferson and Hamilton Fish, one of the founders of the SCI. The exhibit reveals the hardships of America's seamen both at home and abroad in the quaint vernacular of the period.

Most of the rare documents are being loaned for the Exhibit from the collection of Ernest L. Chambré, an official of a New York customs brokerage firm. Mr. Chambré, a collector of more than 30 years, has mustered 350 manuscripts and has done a considerable research into the background of the documents because of the light they shed on U. S. and maritime history.

Relating to the ships' papers, seamen's papers and official documents will be several models from the Museum's collection of ships commonly used in that day. A separate exhibit will display two of the earliest manuscript logs of the Seamen's Church Institute (1834, 36) discussing conditions of seamen in the Port and the need for an agency to fight for them.

"There's more to history than events in high school textbooks," says European-born Chambré, who concentrates on the activities of the common man of the day. "No one was more common than the seaman, and likewise suffered more indignities." Through detailed captions for the documents, Mr. Chambré will highlight the historical significance of each document in a meaningful way to the life and times of seamen.

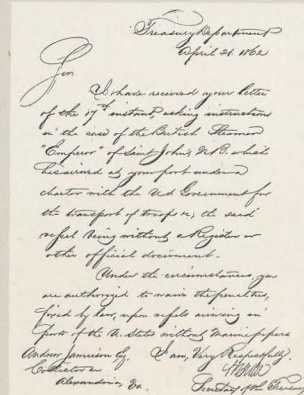
Especially appealing among the 50 documents to go on exhibit are: a "ship's passport" dated 1794 and

signed by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. The document is printed in the three languages in use at the time—Dutch, French and English. An American seamen's docket from 1801 will be shown. It spelled out the first social legislation to protect the seaman from forceful detention or abduction by foreign governments for service in their merchant navies, an abuse which eventually precipitated the War of 1812.

Another document from the Treasury Department to the New York customs warns of smuggling from "foreign states," namely Texas.

Included will be the original letter (1777) authorizing the exchange of two British seamen for two American seamen held prisoners on a British prison ship; a privateer charter signed by President John Madison and James Monroe as Secretary of State in 1814 allowing a captain to forcefully seize any armed or unarmed British vessel and sell it and its contents. On view will be one of the first American passports signed by SCI's founder and then Secretary of State, Hamilton (after Alexander) Fish.

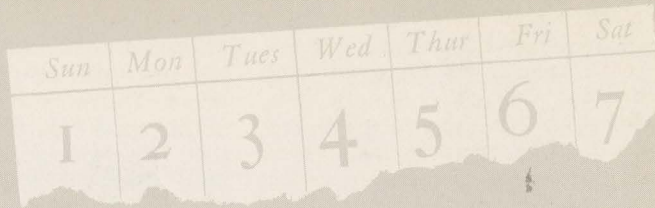
The document collection opening on Columbus Day, October 15, and commemorating U. S. Customs' 175th anniversary, will be on exhibit until the end of the year. Visiting hours in the Marine Museum are from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. every day of the week.



Letter from Solomon Chase, founder of Chase Bank and Secretary of the U.S. Treasury in 1862.

For those who read perceptively

Random pickings
from the daily log.



July 16:

"Our first guests for the Operation Sail Ball were Japanese seamen from the *T. S. Shintoku Maru*. They were about an hour earlier than scheduled and had an opportunity to tour the building before the ball began. In the happy confusion that developed, it was difficult to say which guests followed. The Club became full of Argentinians and Chileans, and it was soon impossible for each man to sign the register. A look at the guest book later revealed the record number to sign in were the Chileans from the *Esmeralda* followed by Argentinians from the *Libertad* and Germans from the *Gorch Foch*.

It was a delightful scene. The shining white uniforms lit up the Club, and every man wore a happy look of anticipation. Our hostesses arrived slowly, many of them stopping on the 4th floor to observe what was going on in the big ball room before coming into the Club. I saw the beautifully decorated auditorium and was amazed at how quickly the dance had developed the spirit that indicates success. We presented each girl with a Hawaiian lei as she arrived, and found they were just as popular with the boys. In short order our supply was exhausted.

The girls introduced themselves as they came in and mentioned by whom they were referred. We were especially pleased to meet the group from Port Society, many of whom were visiting the Club for the first time.

We had many compliments from our Operation Sail guests about the atmosphere in the Club. They found it charming and intimate, and expressed surprise that so much luxury was available to the ordinary seaman. The refreshments served were complimentary for the occasion, and the beer and sandwiches were excellent and

ample. We did a record sale in souvenir postcards and sold stamps for the convenience of the men.

We were entertained by an orchestra made up of members of the crew of the Chilean *Esmeralda*. They were received with great enthusiasm. We also featured a professional entertainer who sang several selections, and said later she had never performed for a warmer audience.

It was a starry evening. The happiness of our staff reflected the happiness of our guests. Our dance ended at 1 a.m. As our guests were leaving we accepted the countless compliments and thanks. It was an evening to be proud of—an unforgettable occasion."

Tina Meek

COLLECTORS!

SOUVENIR HUNTERS!



The first quality set of SCI souvenir post cards in superb color ever offered. Six views: Titanic Lighthouse and "Flying Bridge"; Portuguese riverboat in Marine Museum; Teakwood model of 16th Century Carrack in Marine Museum; Beautiful Chapel of Our Saviour; Aerial view of SCI and the river; Interior of Marine Museum. Set of six only \$3.00 in coin, postpaid by return mail.

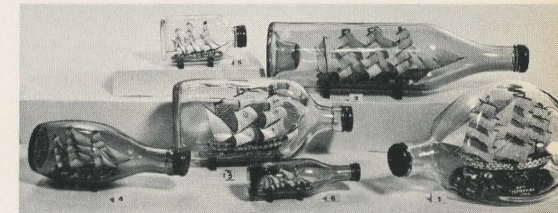
MARINE MUSEUM

Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South St. New York, N. Y. 10004

ging is made from human hair! But most lines are now made of nylon, according to Milsom, because it resists mold-oxidation. Sails are cut from stiff white shade material that will not discolor with age. Lines for each mast are threaded with exceptionally slender needles run through deck holes on either side. The entire model, masts and all, lies horizontally ready to slip through the neck of the bottle. First supported by hand, then by steel pincers, the model is gently inserted into the bottle, resting securely in putty. The model's masts are raised individually by pulling marked strings that hang from the neck of the bottle. Slack lines are pulled taut with a steel hook, and a dab of glue at the base of each mast secures it. Masts and rigging in place, the bottle is sealed with putty as a precaution against oxidation, and seamen, skilled at knot tying, will often conceal the putty with a most elaborate rope knot finial.

Even with the deception exposed,

there is no other single item that creates so much curiosity and conversation as a quaint ship in bottle. And readers who would like to purchase them for gifts may refer to the photograph and the post paid price list below. Please order through the Museum, not LOOKOUT.



TABLET BOTTLES — Style No. 5	
Small Tablet with Cutter	\$ 2.00
Medium Tablet with Brig	2.50
Large Tablet with Frigate	3.00
ROUND BOTTLES — Style No. 2 & 6	
Long Round	19.50
Miniature Round	3.50
PERRIER BOTTLE — Style No. 4 With Clipper	6.50
DIMPLE BOTTLE — Style No. 1	19.50
FLASK BOTTLE — Style No. 3 "Galleon"	9.00

Bring 'em-back-alive Continued from page 16

moan. Some of them died from seasickness, but most recovered. They were the days before Dramamine."

Then there was Chief Engineer John Stewart of the *African Pilgrim* who was assigned the care of a handsome police dog en route to West Africa. The lady became a mother about half way over, producing five puppies under the guidance of Engineer-cum-midwife Stewart! Mother and puppies did fine on the rest of the trip.

"I told the crew they were welcome to visit the rhinos any time,"

wrote New York Zoological Society collector Harry Overbaugh, on the return trip from Zululand with six of the world's most valuable animals, white rhinos. "For in my experience, sailors have more curiosity about animal cargo than a class of school kids visiting the zoo for the first time."

The addition of live animal cargo adds an incalculable factor and considerable excitement to the seaman's life, and seamen will no doubt continue to exert all their native patience and ingenuity to "bring 'em back alive."

help us find a friend

Continued from page 13

Whether or not you have a friend in South Dakota, will you take a minute to jot down the name of a friend who *would* enjoy receiving three issues of *The LOOKOUT* as an introduction to the SCI?

Yes, I would like to add the name of the friend below to receive three sample copies of LOOKOUT.

Name Apt.
Street
City

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter. Mail to LOOKOUT, Seamen's Church Sta. New York, N.Y. 10004.

ATTACH
LABEL
HERE

name

address

city

state

zip

HOMeward BOUND AND FIRST BIRD SIGHTED

by ex-seaman Sanford Sternlicht

(from GULL's WAY)

By the Triton spear I'm glad to see you!
Come aboard! Old Cookie
has some bread crumbs.
We've been tacking two weeks
from Gibraltar,
Heading homeward one year to the day.
Tell me, does my Molly still remember?
Is she waiting on the Land's End for me,
Knowing that this voyage is my parting
And at last I'm sailing home to stay?
Have you seen the tavern men
on Thames Street
Rolling hogsheads full of rum
and brandy,
Neptune's tonic for a half dead sailor?
Mate I've got to spend
a whole year's pay!
Come aboard and sing a fo'c'sle chanty,
Oh you first and happy bird of home.
Come aboard and bring
your shipmates with you.
We have been a long time underway!

NOCTURNE

by Seaman George Felix Howland

When, cradled in the tender sweetness
of the night
I watch the sky with pomp
enact its mystery,
I see new worlds flare up and fade
before my sight
And think on Man: his fear of failure,
hope of victory.

For what is man in all this
never-ending dream
That he should hope with puny
instruments to prod
Behind the veil of darkness
and that he should scheme
To find behind the skies
the dwelling place of God?

Oh was it not presumption
such as this which cost
The race its heritage of earthly
paradise?
And was it not alike
at Babel that we lost
Our tongues, for delving in
the secrets of the skies?

We could not, then, an equal
impudence contrive
If, since that day, God had not lived
on Earth as Man
And said to us, "Fear not to ask,
and I shall give;
Seek, My secrets are for him
to find who can."

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