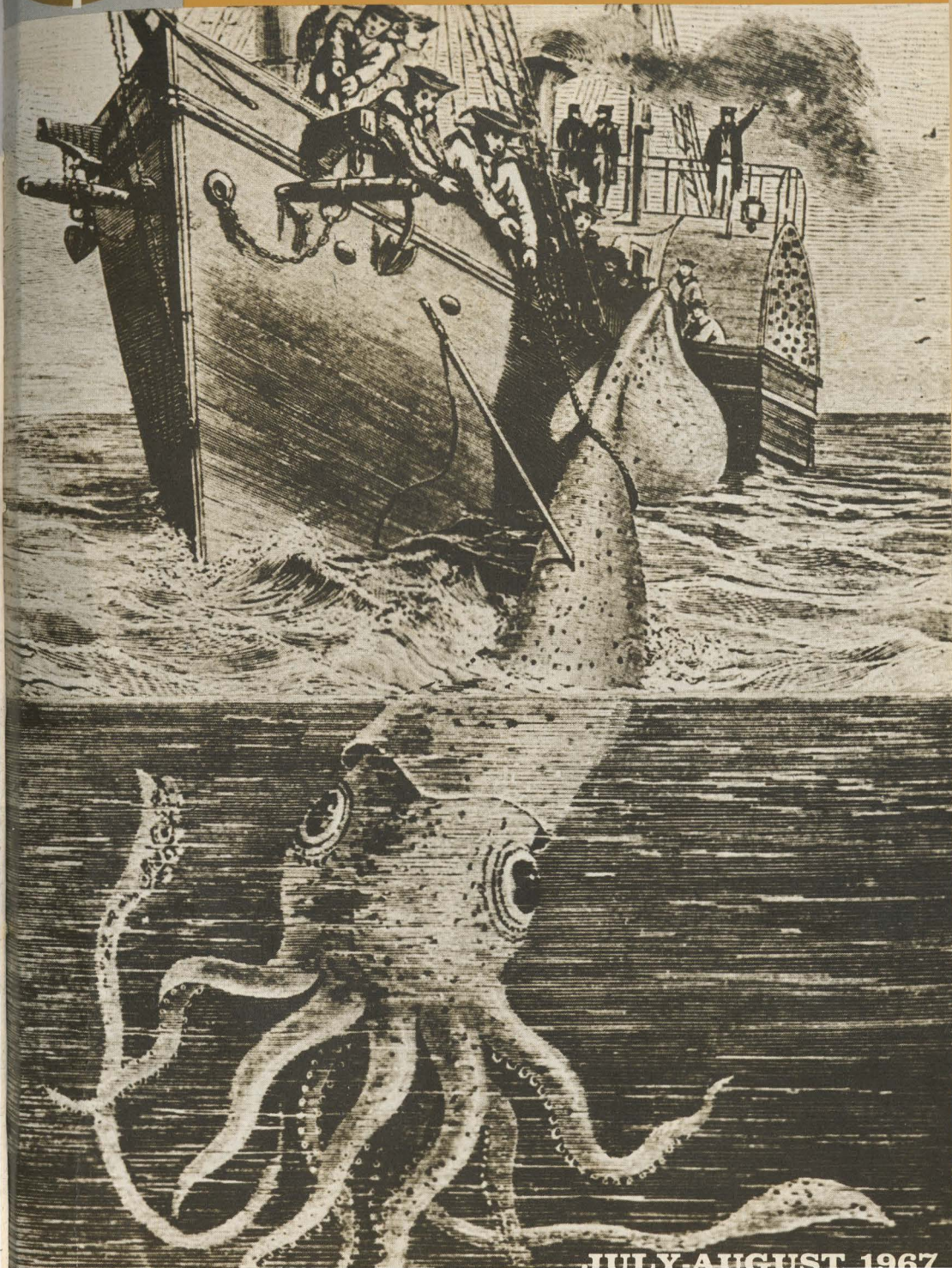


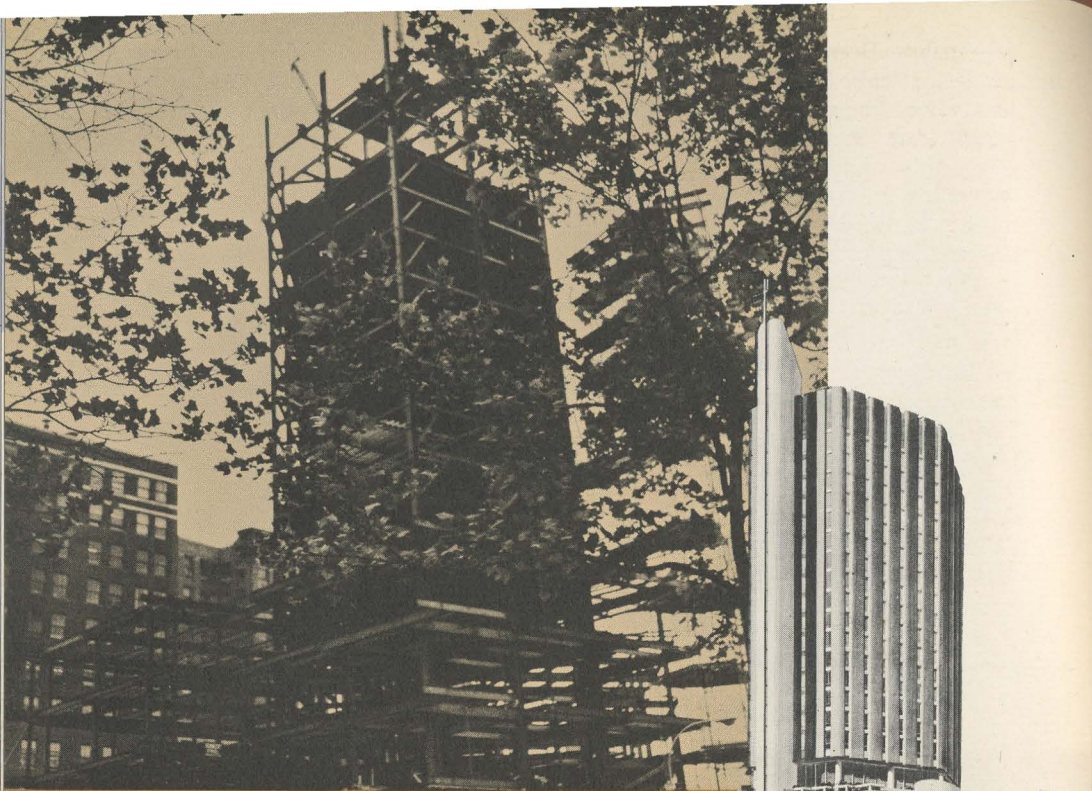


the LOOKOUT

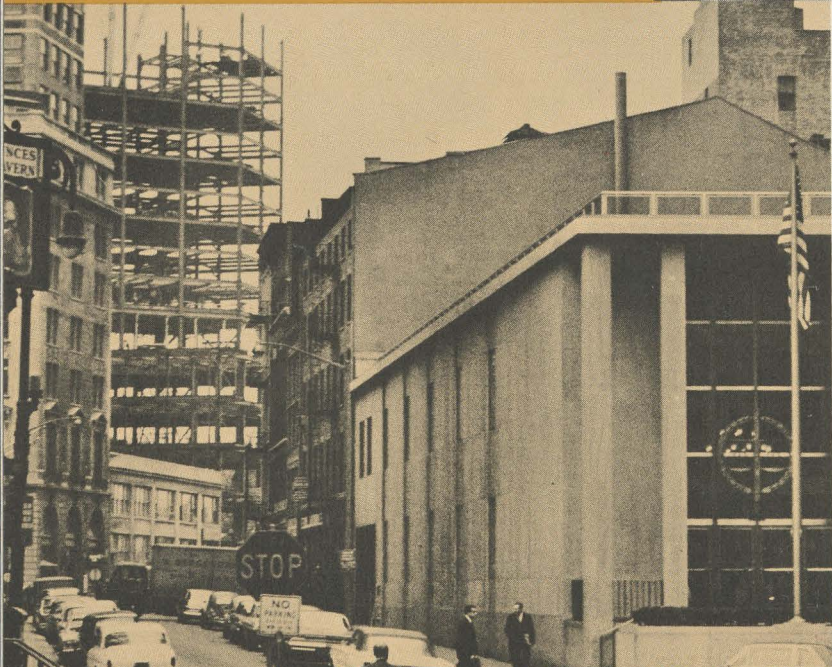
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JULY AUGUST 1967



Above: Tower of SCI building as seen from Battery Park. Both photos taken in mid-June. Below: Looking westerly on Pearl Street in Manhattan from Fraunces Tavern (locale of Washington's farewell to his military officers) new SCI building arises in distance.



Winslow Homer had a passion for the sea. It called to him with an insistent voice. The sea is so huge, so powerful, that it ignored man. Homer knew this and dared to defy it. He spent his life trying to subdue the mighty and indomitable waters, and in his own way to conquer it by capturing it. The sea is the greatest challenge in life to some men.

Homer would have to decide between his loves, however. As he painted, one day in a sunlit meadow the beautiful girl whose wet eyes pleaded her love, he regretfully decided to abandon her and devote his life to a mistress — the sea.

This dedicated man who glorified this benevolent and cruel beauty of nature, knew the sea better than any man of his time. In his paintings you can hear the roar of crashing waves,

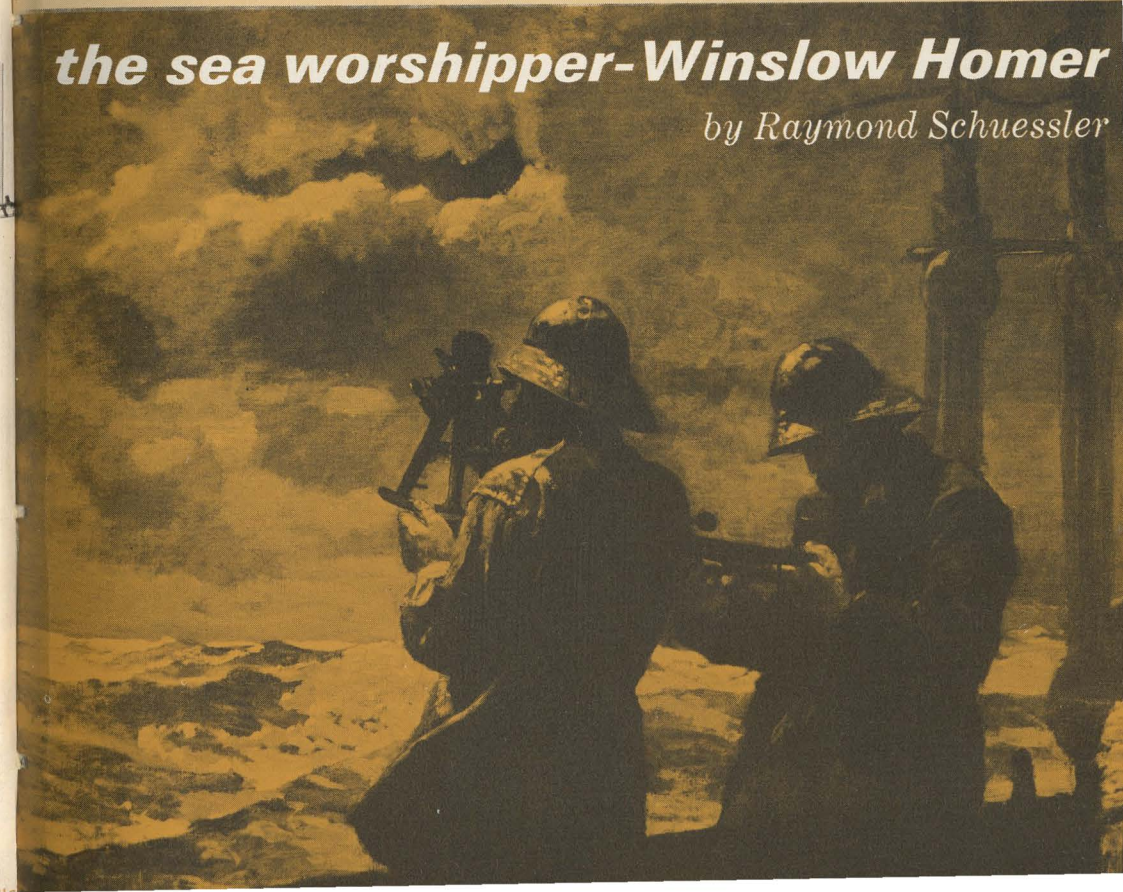
smell the salt and feel the powerful shock of an angry, thrashing sea that had finally become aware of this little besmoked intruder with the magic brush who trapped its soul in a glass enclosed shack.

He loved a storm. The power and the peril of the sea were his themes. This haphazard addiction sometimes led him to play recklessly over the wave-washed rocks during a storm as if by getting nearer to them, and embracing their spray bodily, he might if not gain their favor, at least learn the ageless secret of their movement. All life, he believed, comes from the sea.

As a child he spent many hours fishing, boating, and beachcombing the shores of Cambridge. Everywhere he went he sketched, mostly things that told a story. Nothing arty or pretty, just realism with a tale.

the sea worshipper-Winslow Homer

by Raymond Schuessler





"Kissing the Moon"



"Boy with the Anchor"

"Early Morning After a Storm at Sea"



During the Civil War he joined McClellan's army in 1861 as a special artist for Harpers, his sketches attracting interest as far away as Paris.

He traveled to Europe and spent most of the 10 months of his journey in France.

In 1867 on his voyage he was intrigued by the vastness of the sea — its mystery, its power. This was different than the lakes and streams and harbor he had known. He studied only a few of the masters abroad, since he was jealous of his own originality. As a New England Yankee he rebelled against traditions. His goal was to paint his time, his people and their problems. He went to the fields and the streets, the hills and the valleys for his subjects.

Homer has often been criticized in his day for painting the wrong class of people. Like Walt Whitman he loved "the underdog in the unequal struggle of life" and he painted the workers, the adventurers, the oppressed people. To him the open spaces, the fresh unso-

phisticated strength of sailors—"peasants who plow the sea for their sustenance"—was his field. They said that Homer created so many pictures of common people, because like the Lord, he loved them. Yet, he had not found his life's work.

Some of his best work was done at the fishing village of Cullercoats near Tynemouth in the rugged coastland of Northumberland, England. Here in 1881 he got to know intimately the dangerous work of the fishermen. He rented a small cabin in this land of fierce storms and began his rendezvous with the sea. He painted the blonde handsome women and their rugged work of cleaning fishing boats, repairing nets and hauling fish to market. *His Fishermen on the Beach at Tynemouth* is hauntingly beautiful. Here, too, he watched the work in the Life Brigade House where the heroic men of the village met to rescue others during a storm. Strong men in their sympathy

(Continued on page 12)

Naming British Ships

The Cunard Steam-Ship Company of Britain is searching for an appropriate name for its new Q.4 £25 million superliner, which Queen Elizabeth is to launch on the Clydebank in September, 1967.

What is required is a name following in the tradition of other Cunarders, with royal connotations plus passenger-appeal. The obvious name would be *Queen Elizabeth*, if they did not already have a liner of that name. Suggestions have flowed in from the Brit-



by Alan P. Major

ish public, which include *Sir Winston Churchill*, *Prince of Wales*, *Prince Charles*, *Sovereign*, *Golden Fleece*, and *Queen Boadicea*, the latter a famous queen of the early British tribes who routed the Romans.

It is a traditional but not always a rule for Cunard to name its vessels after countries, provinces, etc., ending in "ia," such as *Aquitania*, *Mauretania*, *Caronia*, *Carinthia*, etc. However, during the 19th century, they owned several ships that did not conform to this rule, such as the *America*, *Canada*, *British Queen*, and *Alps*.

There is a story still in wide circu-



lation concerning the naming of the liner *Queen Mary*. This states that the Cunard directors originally intended to name her the *Queen Victoria*, but during a conversation with her late Majesty, Queen Mary, she thought, through a misunderstanding, that her consent was required to name the vessel after herself, to which she gave her consent. The Cunard directors were thus so embarrassed by the situation they thought it was prudent not to pursue the matter further with her and on September 26, 1934, the *Queen Mary* was launched in the presence of King George V and the Prince of Wales, with Queen Mary performing the naming ceremony.

Recently, however, a Cunard spokesman at Southampton told me, commenting on the story, that it is a popular one, and, with variations, has been printed in a number of books and articles, but he could not confirm the truth of the story which appears to have no basis in fact.

When one considers how many vessels have been built and are sailing the seas, or are being constructed and launched by shipyards throughout the world, the naming of a ship, with something original, is not as easy as it might seem. The name is similar to a

car's registration number. It must not be duplicated or if it does resemble that of another vessel that uses the same waters or ports it must be made different in some manner.

Regarding the naming of ships to serve in the Royal Navy there is a Ships' Naming Committee, that does not actually select the names but recommends a name which is submitted to the Admiralty Board after taking into consideration all details of the type of ship to be named, the most appropriate class of name, previous ships of the same name and their history and any other matters likely to affect the choice of a name.

In general, the policy is usually to recommend a name which has previously been used in the Navy and which has some history behind it. If a name is approved by the Admiralty Board it then has to be submitted to Queen Elizabeth for final approval.

Briefly, deep sea ships that use British ports must register with the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen in Cardiff, Wales. Here is kept a list of over 20,000 vessels' names. The Merchant Shipping Act, 1894 (Part I) provides that no ship can be registered as a British ship unless registered under the provisions of the Act.

Ships not exceeding 15 tons net employed solely in navigation in rivers and coastal waters, also some small boats employed in fishing in Canada, are exempted from registry. Registration is effected by the authorized Registrars of Shipping at certain ports in the United Kingdom and Commonwealth, and the Registrar-General, Cardiff, is supplied with details of all ships so registered. The Registrar-General allocates an official number to each ship and ensures that both the number and the name are clearly marked on the vessel.

All the names selected by owners must be approved by the Registrar and

by George Saunders-Robinson

They Fought a Giant Squid



men gave chase, paddling with all their strength. But it is impossible to row fast in a curragh, and it was nearly a mile before they caught up with the squid.

Keeping behind it, they attacked one arm at a time, slashing with the knife while taking care to avoid being struck by the other flailing arms. Thus the running battle of attrition continued for two hours, and by this time the curragh was five miles out in the open Atlantic.

The quarry was now sufficiently subdued for the fight to be carried to close quarters. Although the stumps of the squid's arms slashed about violently they did no damage. The sea was darkened for yards around by the clouds of ink which the squid ejected.

The men now hacked at the beast's "neck" and cut off its head. The great body sank quickly. But the rest of the squid was stowed aboard, and when, after the long pull back, they reached Boffin Island, their bizarre cargo created a sensation. No one on the island was more interested than the local police sergeant Thomas O'Connor, and it is to him that the scientific world is indebted for the account of the capture. But for his care the whole prize might soon have been converted into bait.

"Of the portions of the mollusc taken ashore," he recorded, "two of the great arms are intact and measure 8 feet each in length and 15 inches around the base. The two tentacles attain a length of 30 feet . . . The head, devoid of all appendage, weighed about 6 stone, and the eyes were about 15 inches in diameter" . . . He forwarded parts of the squid to the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society.

One of the most remarkable running fights, with a kraken, or giant squid, ever recorded occurred off the Connemara coast of Ireland. In April, 1875, three fishermen were at sea near Boffin Island in a curragh. Having shot their lines, the men waited. After a while their attention was caught by a flock of gulls hovering round a large, shapeless mass floating on the surface.

They thought it might be wreckage, so they paddled over to investigate. As they drew near they were astonished to see that the object was a giant squid, lying perfectly still, basking on the surface. Squid bait is highly prized by these fishermen, but is generally available only in small amounts.

The three men could not bear to see *hundredweights* of it just lying there going to waste. But what could they do? A squid of such dimensions was a dangerous opponent and the men's only weapon was knife. A bold frontal attack was out of the question, so the men decided on guerilla tactics. Paddling slowly, they got within reach of an outstretched arm, seized it, and in a moment severed it.

The squid exploded into action. Its arms thrashed around, its funnel shot out great jets of water, and amid a cloud of spray it made out to sea. The

(Continued on page 13)

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...



The annual "Tradition of the Sea" award luncheon was again held in the auditorium of SCI.

This year it honored the captains and crews of the tugboats, "Julia C. Moran" and "Esso Massachusetts" for valiant life-saving action in connection with the collision of tankers "Texaco Massachusetts" and the "Alva Cape" in New York harbor in 1966.

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, SCI director, welcomed the group to the Institute.



erman crewmen



the SCI International Seamen's Club held its ninth anniversary dance gala in May, the event setting a precedent in the number of seamen attending. As usual, the men hailed from every part of the globe.

There were Germans from the *Segero* and the *Traviaba*, Britons from the *Parthia*, Dutch from the *Alkes*, *Princess Margaret* and *Ryndam*, Mexicans from the *Monterrey*, Spaniards and Ecuadorians from the *Ciudad de Manizales*, together with a miscellany of visitors from Finland, Ireland and Argentina.

If the event could be said to have a theme it was that of relaxed fun. The three-piece combo obligingly played a variety of dance music of foreign origin — to suit the international tastes.

The dancers bobbed frenetically about while the balloons floated se-

renely about near the ceiling, sometimes "popping" with a loud report.

A special singer came on strong and was applauded vigorously before she opened her mouth. Curvey she was, and with a pretty face. She could sing like a nightingale, but, to the men, she could have sung like a crow and yet been extremely pleasing — just to look at.

Door prizes were distributed. Gallons of punch were quaffed. The band played enthusiastically . . . some discotheque music for a change of pace.

At midnight — like Cinderella's ball — the gala came to an end.

Next year: the tenth anniversary of the club's establishment.



Door prizes



Table talk



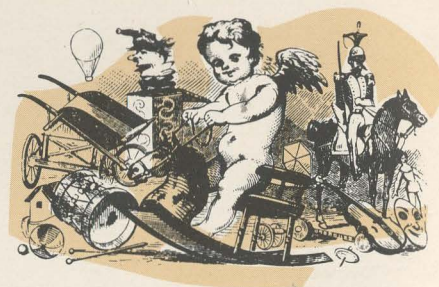
Nightingale



Music makers



The SCI Marine Museum closed to the public June 30 for a general inventory and refurbishing of exhibits. It will remain closed for an indefinite period.



Doll Maker

Thoughts of Christmas are remote from the minds of most people during the dog days of July and August.

Not so, however, with SCI's Women's Council; they think in terms of Christmas the year around; it's a big job to plan out details of assembling and packing the many items which comprise the SCI Yuletide packages distributed to seamen aboard vessels obliged to be at sea on Christmas Day. Over 9,500 such packages were distributed in 1966.

Some of the Council staff members have special skills and learnings in the making of handicraft items which can be sold at Christmas bazaars to benefit the Council. Mrs. Rae Keer is such a person.

Her specialty is the making of dolls dressed in period costumes and sometimes depicting historical characters. She has made colorful Santas, angels, kings, queens, drummer boys, High-

lander soldiers, British seamen — the list is endless.

The figures are from five to six inches in height.

Mrs. Keer uses odds and ends of scrap material. When, for example, SCI didn't know what to do with several hundred hard-wood pegs once used to support double-decker bunks at SCI, Mrs. Keer quickly adapted them as a form upon which to construct doll figures. She uses wooden factory "punch-outs" as a steadying base. Everything is grist for her doll mill.

Mrs. Keer began doll-making quite a few years ago, she says, and is not quite sure when. She has made countless numbers of dolls in behalf of her church in Staten Island.

The Council artisan has been on the Council staff for a year and a half, has lived in New York for 35 years, and is a native of Williamsport, Pennsylvania.



New Council Director



Mrs. Chapman

Mrs. West

We welcome most cordially to our staff of the Seamen's Church Institute Mrs. Constance West, who has recently become Executive Secretary of the Women's Council. Already well known to the Board of the Women's Council, where she has served as member and chairman for the past two years, Connie West brings to her new position a wealth of enthusiasm and experience in working with women for the Church, derived from various other positions she has had both at the parish and diocesan level.

At the same time we say *au revoir* and God-speed to Mrs. Grace Chapman, who has directed the affairs of the Women's Council with skill, patience and imagination for the past ten years. More women and parishes throughout the country are now involved in the knitting and Christmas box program than ever before, and we of the SCI staff are the better for her dedication and loyalty. She now retires to enjoy her home in North Carolina.

— DR. R. T. FOUST



In 1962, some readers of THE LOOKOUT may remember, Harold J. Murphy, then a seaman aboard the *Taurus* during Christmas of that year, opened the Christmas box provided him by the Women's Council. The other crew members opened similar gift boxes.

But seaman Murphy's box represented something extra special; it contained a letter saying that the package he had unwrapped was the 150,000th of those packed and distributed by the Council since it began providing gifts to men at sea on Christmas.

When the *Taurus* tied up in Brooklyn in January, all kinds of nice things began happening for Mr. and Mrs. Murphy: a luncheon at SCI, more gifts, a day "on the town" (theater tickets, dinner at the Plaza, etc.). A memorable event indeed, reminisced Mr. Murphy recently at SCI where he has been attending the Marine School preparatory to taking the Coast Guard examinations for Third Mate.

In May of this year he received the coveted Coast Guard certificate and was persuaded to be pictured holding the document. The other photo was taken during the 1963 SCI fete luncheon for the Murphys, Mr. Murphy then pictured—holding a napkin.





for other men during a crisis was to Homer a great human issue — a religion. In his work man shows the strongest bond of human fraternity; his creations would easily die for each other.

The Maine coast was very much like Tynemouth and on his return he built himself a cottage on the craggy coast in 1884 and began a quarter century affair with the sea. He lived at Prout's Neck (a retreat as closely linked to his name as Thoreau's Walden Pond) a barren stretch of land which stuck out into the ocean, telling the story of the sea until his tide ran out in 1910.

A short distance from his cottage he built a portable shelter, 8 by 10 feet with a window facing the sea. During storms that lashed and rocked his box he sat and worked in this fishbowl to capture the internal fury of a storm. Neighbors worried constantly that Winslow might someday be carried out to the bottom of the ocean where he would paint ceaselessly until eternity.

His realism, however, was not conventional or ordinary. He had such an exceptional and keenly selective eye that he portrayed a subject, however true, with a grand and beautiful power. He was a master of colors. Looking at a painting of Homer's makes one realize the beauty of a familiar scene never before appreciated. You knew too, that this is the way it was, not otherwise.

He became the most thoroughly American of our painters, a Mark Twain of the palette.

His first great sea painting was the *Life Line* painted in 1884, depicting the rescue of a female passenger by means of a rope and pulley from ship to shore. In the chair sits a sailor holding an unconscious girl. When he sold the painting sometime after for \$2500 to an American buyer who previously had bought only European masterpieces, his reputation was made.

In his first important exhibition of marine paintings in 1895 at the Pennsylvania Academy he won the gold medal. Scribner Magazine said of him: "Truly there is hope for a country that has produced a painter of such uncompromising honesty. Such art is good foundation for the future — all the better that it is sometimes a little rude. But Mr. Homer has other claims upon our admiration that his independence; his Americanism is so pronounced that one might call him the Walt Whitman of our painters."

At 57 he was at the height of his fame. Gold Medals came pouring in at every exhibit. At 66 he was still working. He produced *Early Morning After A Storm at Sea* in 1902. This work took two years to paint, but only eight hours of actual work. He considered it his best, but it was slighted, even condemned by the critics. But not posterity; it later sold for \$40,000.

Winslow died in 1910 at the age of 74. His body was cremated and the ashes now lie in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts, near the home of his boyhood.

His paintings are in almost every museum in America, and in many abroad, their value increasing almost yearly. He would be pleased to know that the maturity of art in America really came about during his reign as one of the truly great artists of his time. As Conrad, another disciple of the deep said: "This is truth itself . . . one for all men and all vocations."

NAMING BRITISH SHIPS (Continued from page 6)

the policy is mainly to avoid duplication of names. Part IV of the 1894 Merchant Shipping Act provides for the registration of all fishing boats, except those not fishing for profit, and the Registrars allocate port letters and numbers to these boats. Craft are also registered with the Thames Conservancy Board, about 20,000, using waters above Teddington Locks, and the Port of London Authority controlling shipping below Teddington, but these are not exempted from the 1894 Act and so there is dual registration in some instances.

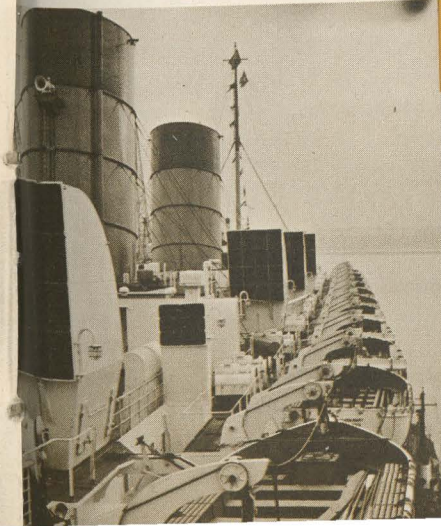
The Registrar-General, Cardiff, also compiles a Merchantile Navy List, containing the names of all Steam, Sailing and Motor Vessels reported as registered in the United Kingdom and Commonwealth, altogether some 16,000 names. No fee is charged by the Registrar-General for the approval of ships' names, but a fee of £10 is payable when application is made to change the name of a vessel. Of course, not all ships built in British ship-yards are ordered by British ship-owners, thus those built for foreign owners are named in accordance with the regulations in force in the countries concerned.

The naming of vessels varies, some of the shipping lines having their own rules concerning names. Instances are the Bergen Line which calls its ships after planets, or the Fred Olsen Line which chooses ships names beginning with the letter "B".

Duplication is avoided by some owners who favor a special name by adding figures to it, thus *Susan* is distinguished from a later owned vessel by *Susan I* and *Susan II*. Another owner with a sense of humor incorporates "Nip" into the names of his vessels viz., *Nip Around*, *Nip Along*, *Nip Ashore*.

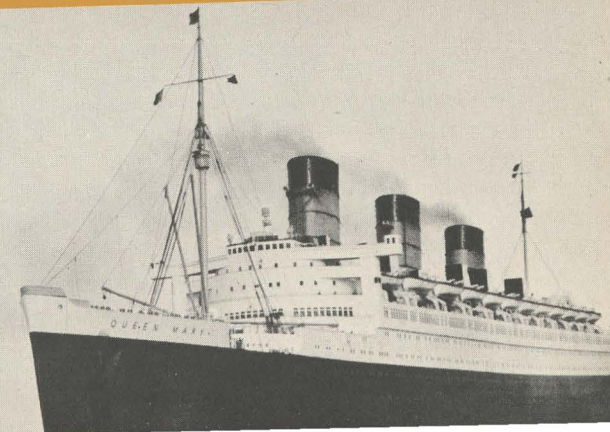
A 164-ton coaster called *Assurity* was owned by a Greenhithe, London, firm for many years. After buying another vessel they decided to retain this name of their faithful ship and so reversed it, naming their new ship *Ytirussa*.

More curious was the change of the name of a ship normally named *Beaverdell*, a few years ago. She traded in the Far East and it was decided that as "beaver" is Japanese for "rat" it was not very complimentary to the ship, especially as she used the ports of that country. So while she was in the Far East the ship's name was altered to *Mapledell*, but when she was used on other routes the name reverted back to the original *Beaverdell*.



Left: Boat deck view of Queen Mary
Below: Queen Mary underway

Photos Courtesy George Berens



YUM, YUM, IT'S SEAWEED!



by Roy Lamont Brown

If there is anything that makes a Japanese water at the mouth, it's the sight of seaweed.

The Japanese consume around 350 metric tons of algae every year, which makes up something like 10% of their total diet. Fortunately the coast of Japan is very irregular, and this forms a multitude of natural bays which make havens for marine life.

Seaweed has been featured on Japanese menus for many generations and is rich in several vitamins, including B⁶ and B¹², which are important in daily fare.

The gathering of seaweed has long been a traditional occupation for many of the northern parts of Japan where the industry is an indispensable means of earning a living.

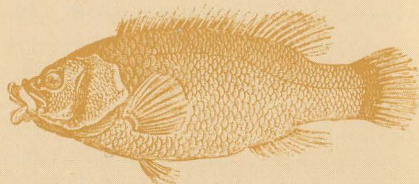
The two favorites among the various genus of seaweed in Japan are *kombu* (kelp) and *nori* (seasoned laver).

Kombu grows vigorously in northern parts of Japan, and is collected from the rocks below the tide level by fishermen from July to October.

After being dried in the sun the roots are removed and *kombu* is tied in bundles for market. In recent years artificial beds for the *kombu* have been employed: chunks, or cylinders, of concrete placed at the bottom of shallow sea inlets.

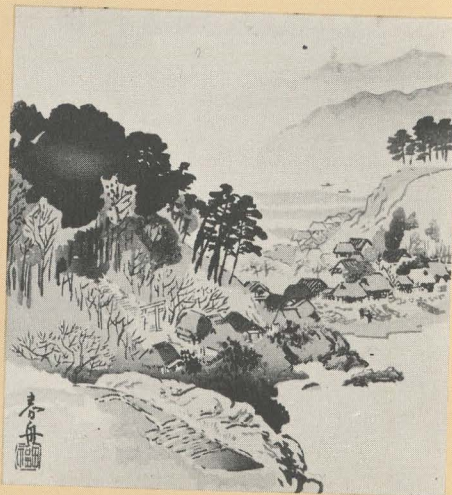
This type of seaweed is used predominantly in soup, but *kombu* is also cooked in small pieces or shavings with vegetables or fish, or served by itself with soy sauce and sugar.

Nori is mainly from red algae genus. This type grows between high and low tide levels, but algae farmers cultivate *nori* in specially made beds.



Near the beginning of the fall, the beds are constructed, and the algae grow quickly during November to March. After the algae has been harvested it is sliced in small pieces and suspended in fresh water to drip onto filter plates. The thin sheets of algae pieces which have dropped onto the plates are dried and stripped off.

Nori is particularly tasty with sea bream and cuttlefish. Although several Western dishes are becoming popular in Japan, seaweed is still top of the menu.



WANTED-YOU!

Yes, you, and all the friends of the Institute, are wanted — as volunteers.

We want and need your help as "Ambassadors of Goodwill."

All of you have helped make possible the new "Seamen's Church Institute" now under construction. All of you have been members of the "Fellowship of the Sea" which has ministered so successfully to the spiritual and material needs of merchant seamen from every part of the world. You can be deservedly proud of YOUR Institute.

Just think — if every friend volunteered to bring just one new member into the "Fellowship," it would double our strength — won't you volunteer?

Please send us a note or postcard stating that you will volunteer, and indicate the number of information kits you would like to have us send to help you tell the Institute's story to your friends and neighbors. Write to:

Miss Juliet Urquhart
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

the LOOKOUT

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COVER: Nineteenth century sketch depicting capture of sea monster. Loch Ness "monster" in Scotland will be sought this summer with modern underwater equipment, including sonar.



AHOY, MATE! *Is Your Marriage Ship-shape?*

You men who are everlastingly wed to the witching waters of the world, but who incidentally have a wife based on land, may fathom some new helmsman tactics in a marriage contract recently unearthed by an Edinburgh lawyer from an old deed box. Drawn up by a seafaring man who thought of marriage in terms he knew best, it envisages each mate's duties in a shipshape union, Bristol-fashion. What a pity his logbook is lost to posterity!

"Having also read to her the articles of War, I explained to her the conditions under which we were to sail in company on life's voyage, namely:

She is to obey signals without question when received.

She is to steer by my reckoning.

She is to stand by as a true consort in foul weather, battle or shipwreck.

She is to run under my guns if assailed by picaroons or privateers.

I am to keep her in due repair and see that she hath her allowance of coats of paint, streamers and bunting, as befits a saucy craft.

I am to take no other craft in tow, and if any be now attached to cut their hawsers.

I am to revictual her day to day.

Should she chance to be blown on her beam ends by wind or misfortune, I am to stand by her and see her righted.

I am to set our course for the Great Harbor in the hope that moorings and ground to swing may be found for two well-built craft when laid up for eternity."