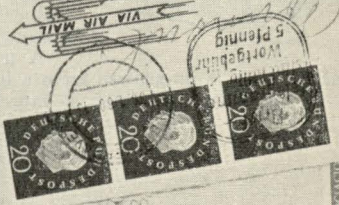
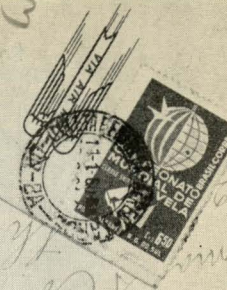


VIA AIR MAIL

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Seamen's Church Institute
of New York
25 South Street
New York
S.A.

U.S.A.



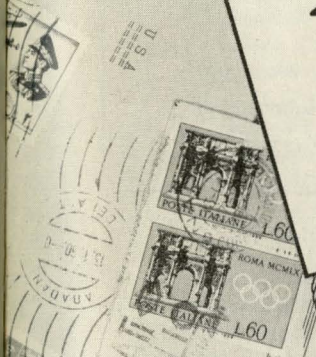
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Church Institute
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The Lookout
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
February 1960



DIRECTOR'S OFFICE
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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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Seamen's Church
Institute of
New York



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

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FEBRUARY, 1960

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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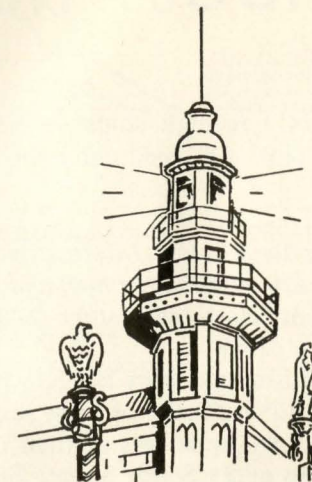
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THE COVER: We get letters! We get them from everywhere in America and everywhere in the world. We get them from seamen, from ministers, from hobbyists, from Governments, from volunteers, from hospitals, from authors, from teachers, from retired sea captains and from little boys in sailor suits. We get them from just about everyone. And they come to the Director, to the Editor, to the Women's Council, to the ships visitors, and to anyone else who has a mailbox at the Institute. Most of our letters come from seamen who thank us for a service we have performed, the very performance of which is in itself thanks enough; the gratitude in these letters therefore make both the giver and the receiver doubly blessed. On Page 1, we list some of the services; on Page 3, we reprint some of letters; and, on Page 6, we picture some of our activities.

At Our House



... good luck in the
Name of the Lord.

THE Seamen's Church Institute of New York through the medium of its "Special Services Department", extends to seamen of all races and creeds a program varied enough to fit all needs and does it as an expression of Christian love. Sometimes our ingenuities are taxed to anticipate the special requirements for groups from very different cultures — like the time we were hosts to a ship's crew from India — or the two or three ship's crews from Germany. Also we have had to make some special plans for the care of a number of the crew of the ill-fated "Andrea Doria".

In these tasks we call on our people who are engaged in ministering to the needs of seamen who regularly visit us and remain as our guests from time to time. These people are part of the whole organized effort to serve seafarers within the program of the Church. We all think of seamen as people, people like ourselves,

whom we serve as we would be served. With a firm conviction of the great worthiness of seamen, we offer them a home. We try to fill this home with a few "extras" that are not to be found in other lodgings or hotels they might frequent. These extras are earnest tokens of our sincerity of friendship. The Psalmist wrote, "We wish you good luck in the Name of the Lord." So we try to wish seamen good luck in the Name of the Lord and to attempt to make the wish come true.

We do not think of ourselves as a "welfare agency." Such a classification may arbitrarily be appended to our work but we want it to be more than that, and we think it is. For men who can furnish their own needs without any special aid we offer a full program of entertainment. In our game room, the Roper room, and the International Seamen's Club we offer diversion for the tedious hours of waiting be-

(Continued on Page 15)

TO BRIDGE THE GAP

TWELVE THOUSAND foreign ships — six hundred thousand seamen of every race, color and creed enter the harbor of New York in a single year.

What an opportunity to promote International Peace by establishing goodwill and friendship between the men and women of our country and these traveling ambassadors from other lands.

Yet three-fourths of this opportunity is neglected and lost. The Staff of the Institute last year did visit 2,194 of these ships to offer its religious and social service, and 25,883 members of their crews did visit the International Seamen's Club at 25 South Street. **But** —

This service should be doubled or trebled. It can be and it will be just as soon as funds are made available to increase the staffs of the *Ship Visitors International and Special Services* (the Chaplains). Specific and pressing needs through which friends may participate directly in these important services are:

- \$12.50 will ADD A SHIP VISITOR FOR ONE DAY
- \$25.00 will ENGAGE A SEMINARIAN FOR PART-TIME SERVICE
- \$50.00 will PROVIDE A WEEK OF SERVICE BY A SEMINARIAN DURING THE SUMMER VACATION PERIOD
- \$50.00 will also SPONSOR AN EVENING OF ENTERTAINMENT AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB (Twice weekly program.)
- \$100.00 will ADD A CHAPLAIN FOR ONE WEEK
- \$500.00 will PROVIDE AN ADDITIONAL FULL-TIME CHAPLAIN FOR A MONTH

Gifts and bequests to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are tax exempt.



Dear S C I

These letters are unedited, and reprinted in full where space permits. The English language may be difficult for those to whom it is not the native tongue, but the meaning intended could not be any clearer.

Matadi, Belgian Congo _____

I cannot express what my heart says for the wonderful Christmas parcel I received from the "Women's Council." All I can say is "THANK YOU" for the happiness and pleasure I got through your generous gift. It seems so inadequate.

Accompanying this letter is a short note of "Thanks" from the Engine Room Department (Crew). They asked me to write a short note as I am English and that they preferably wanted it that way instead of their own language (Flemish). As for the Deck and Officers Departments I cannot vouch for, but I should imagine you will be hearing from them as well.

There were only six of us in this dept., but it was a real pleasure to watch them as they opened up their parcels. Their faces wreathed in smiles, and their eyes were radiantly shining, as they took out item for item and unwrapped them . . . I think if you had been here to see for yourselves, you too would have been very happy to see what pleasure you gave to us simple seamen. We all do really thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

This by the way is the first Christmas present I have had since 1922. Then I received a wooden horse for Christmas. Yes I am afraid but not ashamed to admit that my eyes were wet through happiness. And to think that "Friends" who are complete strangers gave me these, that really opened up the flood gates.

I am enclosing something I memorized long ago, which I think is very fitting for the Womens Council. Who the author is, I don't know.

The House of Friendship
Friendship House is made of Gold,
It's doors are open wide.

Where LOVE and TRUST and
HAPPINESS,

Is forever found inside.

It's in the CITY of the HEART,
Where stars shine all year through.
For Friendship's House is made of Gold,
By PRECIOUS FRIENDS LIKE YOU.

P.F.B. (S.S. Burckel)

Lat: 3 37'S — Long: 5 44'E _____

After being on watch in the engine room from 4 A.M. till 8 A.M. on Xmas day it was heartwarming to walk into officers dining lounge and find such a colorful display of Xmas gifts laid on each ones breakfast plate.

Our appreciation of such gifts cannot be too easily conveyed to sender. This letter is the best I can do at present, please accept it with sincere thanks and for the many hours of hard work your ladies put into such a deed . . .

It will be most interesting when we reach the colder climates in a few weeks time, to see all the knitted articles come out, and that is a time when again the crew will thank you . . . We arrive in New York on 6th or 7th January, and after a week or two in American coastal waters we head for Antwerp, our home port.

I am Belgian born and we again thank the American ladies for their kind thought to us, being foreigners to your shores. It is these deeds and kind thoughts that help to bind the nations of the free world together . . .

G. (S. S. Lindi)

Sarasota, Florida _____

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for your kindness in sending me a Christmas Box; everything in it was just grand. You know, I met my darling wife at

25 South St., through a pair of socks that were given to me in a box of Mrs. Roper's. I was heading for the far north; while up north, one day, I was putting on the socks and just a name fell out on a piece of paper (made by Mrs. B). Although the letter I sent to Mother Roper did not get to her for nearly a year, I did write her, and said that it was grand just to think and know that there were such fine people that would go to all the trouble to make such fine things for men of the sea.

On my return to 25 South St., I dropped in to see Mother Roper, and she said that she had given Mrs. B. my thanks, and that she was up in the game room at that time; so I went up to see Mrs. B. (I could say many fine things but I better not). Today we have been married for eighteen years, and I am more in love today than I was eighteen years ago . . .

I wish you Health
I wish you Wealth
I wish you Friends by score
I wish you Heaven after death
What could I wish you more.

C.O.J.

Osaka, Japan

I am Greek religion, Orthodox, 55 years old, married with son 10 years old, live north Greece, my family.

Now I am wireless officer on Greek ship *Michael G. Livanos*. Christmas Eve at sea our Captain divides Christmas gifts given from Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., I was very lucky got your Christmas gift box with nice and useful things, especially your maked wool poolover very much useful for my age and season now.

I have to thanks you very much, God Bless you, also I wish you Happy New Year, Health and a very good husband.

L.S. (MS *Michael G. Livanos*)

Santos, Brazil

You really gave me and my shipmates a great surprise with your nice Christmas parcel. I think none of us had ever expected this. So I want to thank you very much and I can thank you too in the name of my friends here abroad. Your parcel brightened up our Christmas days, as we had to leave B. A. on the 24th of Dec., the night in which our families in Germany celebrate the "Holy Evening". I really do not know how we should thank you enough. But be

sure that we will come to the S.C.I. next time we are in New York.

S.H. (A.B.) (M.S. *Cap Castillo*)

Haifa, Israel

In our No. 51 of "The Israeli Seaman," organ of the Israeli Seamen's Union, we have published a letter from Seaman N.C., on behalf of the crew the S.S. *Israel* reading:

Kindly, publish in our organ this letter of thanks addressed to Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., and The New York Port Society, who took full care of our crew, during stay, after collision in New York, providing for entertainment, excursions, parties, organized a football team and supplied us with reading literature.

Immediately after the collision, when it became known that our ship will have to stay here several weeks, the representatives of the two institutions appeared on board and offered their full support and help in organizing cultural and welfare activities for the crew. They took us for excursions to the U. N. buildings, to the Chinese quarters, to museums, the Planetarium, the Emanu-El Synagogue.

We received reduced-price tickets to shows, and cinemas. Last Tuesday, a birthday party for all the crew members born during the month was organized by the Seamen's Church Institute. Almost all of our crew present and we spent a lovely evening together with seamen of other nationalities. The same institution supplied our newly-organized football team with all needed equipment.

The crew of our ship enjoyed and very much appreciated the care and help of the two institutions. We wish to extend our appreciation and heart felt Thanks through "The Israeli Seaman," and hope to be able, one day to repay for their kindness.

C.N. (S.S. *Israel*)

As the welfare secretary of the Israeli Seamen's Union and Editor of "The Israeli Seaman," I wish to express also our Union's and my own thanks and congratulations on the fine job you are doing for seamen of all nations.

Aharon Michaeli
Editor, The Israeli Seaman"

San Diego, California

Your letter of December 2, 1959 informing me that the Seamen's Bank for Savings has been trying to contact me has been

received.

This incident is another example of the wonderful service given to seamen by the Seamen's Church Institute — not only to active seamen, but to those who have "gone ashore". My sincere appreciation and thanks to you and your staff for your efforts in my behalf. J.N.D.

Naples, Italy

This is to thank you most sincerely for the Seamen's Church Institute Christmas gift package which I received on Christmas morning and which bore your card. It is not the usual thing for Navy men to be included in the Seamen's Church Institute Christmas gift program, but, luckily for we men of Oceanographic Detachment 2, we are embarked on a U.S.N.S. Ship, which is operated by the government Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS) and manned by Merchant Seamen in the employ of government Civil Service. So — we were included.

We are a small detachment — 21 enlisted men and 3 officers and we have been separated from our families this past year, doing Oceanographic survey work in the Mediterranean. Thank you, again, for your part in this most welcome and worthwhile practice. D.A.

New York City

This morning the cabbie was one who knew the Institute. (An x-seaman,) he chatted at length about it and said he was so surprised the first time he got a Christmas package while at sea. He was a Frenchman and spoke like Maurice Chevalier. He said he still had the little sewing case he got in one of the packages. One time, he told me, there was a big fight on board just after the packages came and the Captain had to draw his pistol; then one of the men told them, how come they fight in the sight of all those Christmas packages from the Church; it was just like being at Mass, and they all quieted down and went away without a word. Then the Captain told them they should write a letter and say thank you for the packages and they all did — 60 of them — and the next stop was India and they couldn't land — some was wrong, and the letters didn't get mailed, but I should tell the kind ladies that if they got all the letters the men meant to write, they couldn't open them all. E.M.F.

Bahia, Brazil

Finally I got time to write some lines to you. Please excuse me for I didn't write sooner because we had to work very much the last weeks and we were too tired. Now I want to thank you very much for the nice package that my Captain handed me over. I go to sea for ten years but I never had such a beautiful Xmas like this. Your package gave me very much remembrance to my home. All the time I go to sea I had not the luck to stay home at Xmas. Till now I did not feel much about that but this year I had to hide my tears. You can be a very hard character but when strange people have a gift for another one you change your mind!

This trip we come to New York and I hope to find time enough to visit you if you like it. I have relations in N. Y. but they are for vacation in Germany. Now I want to close this letter and I hope to become acquainted with you! The best greetings and wishes for the future. R.L.
P.S. Excuse me Mrs. but I am a German, you like it?

Alexandria, Egypt

Just a line to thank you for your Christmas present and enclosed card.

I do not exactly know how to say it, but you can be sure it warms my heart to know that we still have people (such as you) in this world . . . What I want to tell you in plain language, "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done to bring me happiness this Christmas," and how I can in any other way express myself, I don't know because I have never gotten any gifts that I would have to express meself to a person for.

Thanking you kindly and hoping you have a husband who is not of the jealous type, as I intend to send you a present in return. O.A. (S.S. *Attleboro Victory*)

Rome, Italy

It is with humble sincerity that I wish to thank you for a most welcome Christmas package I have received from the Seamen's Institute enclosed with your Xmas Card.

It is gifts like these with thoughtful cards that makes a seaman realize that there are still fine things and people in this slightly mixed up world of ours.

M.J.C.



— Photo by Dr. Hall

1

SCICANDIDS

ONE. Eight of the charming hostesses arrive via the new door-to-door bus service for the International Seamen's Club party and dance, on January 21. With the aid of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, Inc., the Institute now has a shuttle service from young women's residence clubs, a "thank you" service making things more pleasant for our volunteers.

TWO. Seamen from the Israeli freighter *Haifa* pose for a candid photo by an Institute ship's visitor. The crew was the recent guest of SCI at various International Club dances.

THREE. Papers from home make a big hit among these crew members of the *Port Lincoln*, a British freighter. Institute staff members board ships in New York harbor and offer help in matters such as N. Y. City information, legal advice and, as shown here, how to keep in touch with home.

FOUR. Fireman Henry Brozowski, center, who was the only survivor in last month's sinking of the barge *James Sheridan* on Long Island Sound, gets the royal treatment at the International Club as he tells his story to a volunteer hostess and to Chris Nichols, the Club director. SCI is Mr. Brozowski's "home."

— Photo by Capt. Borge



3

4

— Photo by Dr. H



— Photo by Capt. B



My FAVORITE PORT

THIRD PRIZE, 1959 ESSAY CONTEST

SOMEONE long ago adroitly coined the phrase: "When you leave New York you don't go anywhere." And no other group of individuals in our American society has a better opportunity to uphold or denounce this opinion than the seamen — they who have traversed the oceans and seen the exotic charm and wonders of far and remote places; witnessed their magnificence and beauty; experienced the warmheartedness and hospitality, the simple and easy-going way of life of other peoples in numerous far-flung, world-famous ports. Yet, I believe there are few seafarers who have sailed in and out of New York City not likely to claim the grandiose metropolis as their "favorite port" — and for many understandable reasons.

New York, as compared with other ports, is a colossus of staggering proportions, measured from whatever angle — even to the magnitude of the fourth dimension. Possessed of an animated rhythm and endless syncopation all its own, this port is a throbbing omnibus whose pace, intensity, zest and spirit seem boundless, at times almost incomprehensible. But the overall vastness and scope of New York, which always astonishes and often perplexes so many visitors, only accentuates the idea that "from big dreams — big things flow." Likewise, it never betrays the fact that little things which make for fruitful living — those minute details upon which all big accomplishments depend, still are ever present and constitute the basis for the very hustle and bustle of millions who contribute to the growth of this stupendous metropolis.

And though New York has been unaffectionately described as a cold, heartless, overgrown, overpowering, overcrowded, swarming beehive (where critics

claim that one is more often stung and trampled — seemingly without pity — than recognized, encouraged and uplifted), it still remains my favorite port for some very special reasons, so far as the seaman's way of life is concerned.

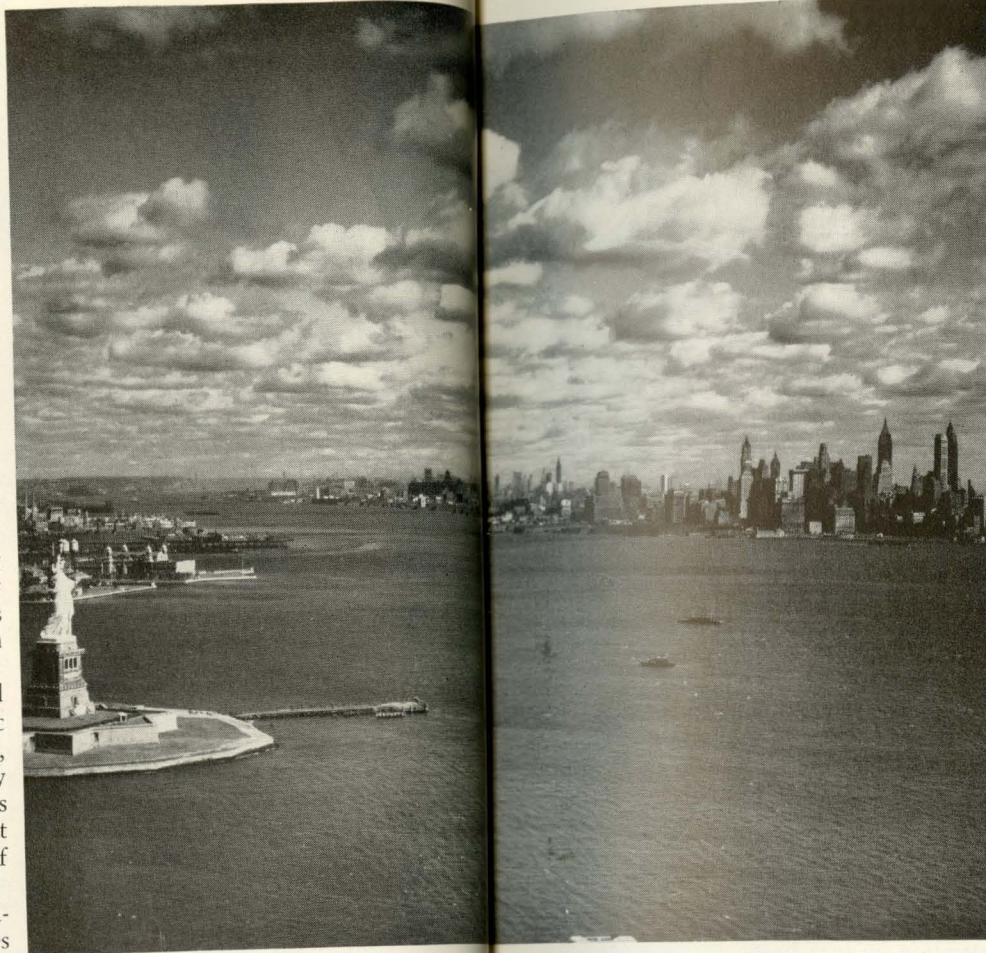
For here in this tumultuous, towering steel and concrete "jungle", teeming with the life-blood of every nation on earth, with a mood and pace fashioned by its seemingly limitless throng of humanity, I find a world within itself where one can be himself and forge his own destiny as he chooses, through the full range of extremities, living as a hermit surrounded but unnoticed and unmolested by millions, all the way to a starlit personality shining in curtainless social limelight, in demand, catered to and sought after. And in between these extremities we find those who share harmoniously with their fellowmen a multitude of modern benefits, ordinary people who, nevertheless, contribute to the wheels of progress in their own small way, acquiring valuable friendships and associations on a plane of life where the sky is the limit. It is the possibility of these diverse modes of living which makes New York an exciting place.

My favorite is not only the world's leading seaport, but a city overflowing with dynamic energy, inspiring a man to the heights of his potentialities with its divergent industries, factories, world-famous churches, museums, parks, libraries, unmatched transportation facilities, shopping centers, hotels, theatres, symphony orchestras, opera and ballet performances, schools and colleges of every description, gay night spots, radio and television shows, and a thousand and one other attractions to suit the needs, tastes and temperaments of the least as well as the most discriminating mariner.

But most of all, to me New York represents a challenge — a challenge for those who seek to make the best of themselves, whatever their ambitions and drives impel them to achieve. And with this challenge comes an inspiration — since I'm well aware that within the walls of lofty skyscrapers and fabulous suburban homes are countless men and women,

young and old, who starting from scratch, have gone about their daily business as ordinary people do in other ports, but who have aspired to and reached goals hardly possible anywhere else in the world. The very toughness, vigor and strength of competition found in New York tend to bring out the best in a man, calling upon his every resource — his determination, guts, grit, tenacity. Accomplishment and personal triumph in this city is, therefore, more of a high tribute to one's fullest effort, and is perhaps the most accurate and precise yardstick for measuring and analyzing his own character and ability. If this is not true, what makes a New Yorker so different? It could be because there is enough contrast here to assist and encourage a fellow in deciding the course and direction his life should take, a contrast seldom found in other American or foreign ports, particularly in those highly publicized foreign places where it becomes obvious (after penetrating the surface film seen and measured so casually by seamen) that a man's expansive scope is limited and that beneath the glitter of romantic environs lie barriers inflicted by birth, leaving whole masses of people hopelessly stymied and subjugated. I believe this is what makes New York a sort of end point in our civilization, a shining example of man's limitless possibilities.

In New York's endless throb of millions, seeking and searching for sometimes one knows not what, I personally experience a feeling of true freedom of choice and perceive the mechanics of a real democracy so well symbolized by the Statue of Liberty in the harbour entrance. Surely I see struggle written on the faces of many people, but it is an expression of the kind of struggle wherein the odds for achievement of personal aims are in their favor, not stacked against them. I see wide-open opportunity for men of every nationality, race and creed in Harlem, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, the Bowery, Westchester, Park Avenue, Wall Street, uptown and downtown Broadway, and the miles of busy waterfront circling the city — opportunity limited only by one's personal insight and capacity to develop and



— Photo by N. Y. Port Authority

“... towering masses of glittering steel . . . vie for honors with the clouds.”

enlarge his own stature. I see indescribable beauty, common only to New York, in the bright yellow glare of a glorious setting sun piercing and ricocheting from defiant towering masses of glittering glass and steel, as they vie for honors with the clouds; in the nocturnal canopy of a zillion midnight lights, decorating the sky with an artistry that challenges the stars — beckoning sailors from far corners of the earth to a night-time extravaganza of fun, laughter, excitement, or to more legitimate

view of the raw elements of life mingled with the ultimate in refinement than in this immense kaleidoscopic melting-pot?

And in spite of this labyrinth of physical and emotional contrast, flowing from the depths and crests of man-made canyons, I find it possible to achieve the most important aim of one's existence, the purpose of all human endeavor — happiness. But mine, from a seaman's standpoint, is an unusual happiness, deriving from an unusual pursuit. Everyone admits that New York is the music center of the world, and somehow, though I make my livelihood on ships in another profession, music has been the secret center of my life's ambition. I find myself writing popular songs as an avocation, and have been lucky enough to have some of my work published and recorded commercially. To my way of thinking, there is no substitute for the thrill of knowing that one's own creative effort provides a source of pleasure and happiness to others all over the world. In my free moments, I would literally fly off the ship to Tin Pan Alley on Broadway in an effort to see and be among those responsible for the harmonious sounds America hears. And though there are many frustrations involved, I believe there is no other place like New York as an outlet for creative work. I grant all due respect to fellow-mariners who find what they are looking for in their favorite ports, whether it be friendship and romance, peace and quiet, wonderful sightseeing, or the typical seaman's wild gallivanting escapades. These attractions and diversions can be had anywhere, perhaps more so in good old New York. But from my own point of view, docking in New York spells more than a mere pastime. Arriving in this city I find myself in a pitch of anticipation, wondering and curious to know what's going on in a world quite unrelated to ships — the exciting world of music. This expectant fever is so great that it stirs within me during the entire voyage and the temperature never diminishes until I'm once again ashore — in New York, my favorite port.

— WILBUR L. MOTTA

The World of Ships

WHISTLING IN THE DARK

Shipmasters encountering the *Golden Eagle*, a cargo ship of the Military Sea Transportation Service, may think they are still ashore, encountering an automobile on the highway. Not so! The *Golden Eagle* has adopted the auto's blinking fender lights and installed its own lighted turn signal system — long illuminated arrows have been installed along the railing of the forward side of the flying bridge. It is an experiment to improve the often-confusing whistle signals (one turning to starboard; two, turning to port) utilized on collision course.

The system is the invention of a Dutchman and has been in use on a Dutch ship for two years. This is the first time an American vessel has installed it. It will be used in conjunction with the whistle signals. Lloyd's of London estimates there are forty-five collisions a week involving large ships, many of which could be avoided by a better-understood system. It is surely worth a try.

HELP THE PRESS

Commanders of all ships in the U. S. Pacific Fleet Service Force have been ordered by the force commander, Rear Admiral Robert L. Campbell, to make provision for the prompt release of information on newsworthy events. Such planning is as essential as drills for collision and fire, he said. "Handle the press ramifications of an incident the way you handle the operational aspects — face them squarely and intelligently and take the most sensible course."

SEAWAY STAMP FILM

"The Story of the St. Lawrence Seaway Commemorative Postage Stamp," a fourteen minute color sound film, is being made available to 36,000 postmasters throughout the nation by the Postmaster General. It tells the story of the 4c stamp from its

inception through initial servicing at Massena, N. Y., last June 26. Postmasters are arranging for early public showings in their communities.

Among scenes in the film are the following: President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth II at the Seaway's formal opening; maps of the Seaway area; postal designs evolved by Canadian and American artists, including the one finally chosen by the two countries; and, procedures used in engraving and production, and first-day cover servicing.

HE SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE?

Did you know that George Washington was once a sailor in the British Navy? asks MSTs Magazine. A recent issue quotes the following item from an 1803 issue of *The Naval Chronicle*, London:

"It is not generally known that Washington, the late enlightened President of the United States of America, at the age of 14 was a midshipman in the British Navy, though he afterwards became an officer in the Virginia militia."

This is news to them, says MSTs. "Until now, all we knew about Washington as a seafarer was gleaned from the famous painting of him crossing the Delaware — standing up in a boat."

ELIZABETH MASTER RETIRES

Captain George H. G. Morris, commodore of the Cunard Line and master of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest liner, is retiring after 38 years of service. He had been captain of the *Queen Mary* since March 1957, and was appointed to the above-named position in October 1958.

The Cunard Line in 1959 once again carried the greatest number of passengers across the Atlantic by sea, 228,849, or 26 per cent of the total. It should be mentioned that the line's passenger fleet is the largest in the Atlantic, comprising eleven liners headed by the two *Queens*.

THEY JUST KEEP WHEELING ALONG

Century-old steamers are still to be seen in active service plying the waters of Europe, according to an article by C. B. Mitchell, editor, in *Steamboat Bill*, the journal of the Steamship Historical Society of America. There are at least seven built before 1871. The oldest of the group is the sidewheeler *Skibladner*, a 164-foot vessel built in 1856, in service on Lake Mjosa, north of Oslo. Next in age is the 130-foot *Elisabeth*, an Austrian steamer on the eight-mile-long Lake Traun run, built in 1858. The third oldest, built in 1861, is the *Hjejlen*, an 82-foot steam launch on Denmark's Lake Himmelbjergsoerne.

The other four built in 1870 or 1871 are: the *Gisela*, also on Lake Traun; the *Helvetia*, Lake Lucerne, Switzerland; the *Beatus*, Lake Thun and Lake Brienz, Switzerland; and the *Sabilbent*, shuttling across the Bosphorus, Turkey.

SEASICK CAVITIES

There is a dentist from Oslo, Norway, aboard a freighter today somewhere on the seven seas making sure that all aboard have the necessary dental work attended to. When this is done, he'll move aboard another ship. Seems that Dr. Gens Gainer discovered once that seamen seldom find the time to have their teeth attended to while in port. Thus, he is now working on his eighth trip around the world, aiming at the 7,000-patient mark.

MARITIME AMERICA "ON COURSE"

In his year-end statement for 1959, Clarence G. Morse, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board and Maritime Administration, cited maritime America for having scored advances during the year and being "on course" toward solid gains in the "sensible sixties" ahead. However, he said, all was not exclusively bright in the nation's Merchant Marine activity and that problems of tanker employment, ship re-

placement, and proper regulation of the industry posed serious and complex questions with which the Government and the industry would be forced to continue to grapple.

On the credit side, Mr. Morse reported that in shipbuilding during 1959 contracts had been written for \$208,500,000 for the construction and reconstruction of 25 ships. He also called attention to the historic launching of the *NS Savannah* the world's first nuclear powered merchant ship, and the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway-Great Lakes project to deep-water commerce.

Mr. Morse said that the Maritime Administration would continue to address itself during 1960 to continuing scientific research and development for the benefit of American and free world shipping, and would further explore hydrofoil concepts, advanced reactors, more efficient cargo handling methods, and new navigational aids to ship performance and ship safety.

BRIDGE-TO-BRIDGE TELEPHONE

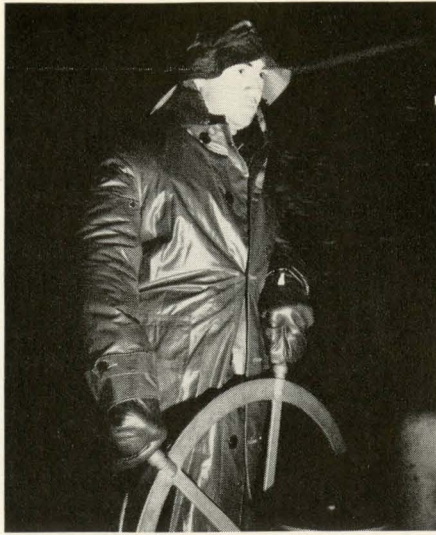
A ship-to-ship radiotelephone has been tested successfully on the supertanker *S.S. Pennsylvania Sun*, based in the Port of Philadelphia. Expected to be a boon to safer navigation on the Delaware River, the new equipment permits continuous, instantaneous communication between the bridges of ships. The telephone system, with an effective range of 10 miles, is the first single-channel bridge-to-bridge telephone system installed on any ship.

TWO DEEP SEA TALES

A friend of mine died of politeness. How did that happen? He was a deep sea diver. A mermaid swam by, and he tipped his hat.

* * *

Grass never grows under his feet, they say. A real go-getter you suppose? No, he's a sailor!



Middle Watch

"ONE bell sir," said the Ordinary Seaman, cheerfully.

The heap of blankets under which presumably reclined the body of Mr. David Brand, 2nd officer of the *MV Gambodian*, remained completely motionless. The young seaman regarded it thoughtfully—he knew from bitter experience that officers going on watch at midnight appeared to regard the person who called them as directly responsible for the miseries of the "Graveyard Watch," by which morbid title the midnight-to-4A.M. watch is generally known.

"Quarter to twelve, sir," he said a little more loudly and, working on the principle that it's better to get your blow in first, he added with a certain ghoulish satisfaction, "It's raining like 'ell and blowing half a gale."

From under the blankets there came an unintelligible grunt; the whole heap appeared to give an involuntary shudder and then settled once more into immobility.

The seaman regarded the motionless heap with distaste. *2nd Mates!* he reflected bitterly. *All the blinking same. Why can't they get up cheerfully, like other human beings?*

"One bell, sir," he said loudly and irritably.

Slowly the top of the heap of blankets commenced to turn back. *Just like a ruddy snake starting to shed its skin*, thought the seaman. He watched with interest as there appeared first a tousled mass of black hair, then a single eye regarding him evilly.

The seaman gulped, "It's one . . ."

The figure in the bunk reared to a sitting position and the now visible second eye was equally unkind; in fact, the whole face, twisted into a scowl, was so menacing that the young seaman took a hasty step backwards.

"I heard you," snapped the face. "There's no need to bawl your head off, and don't stand there dripping all over the place."

"Yes, sir," said the seaman hastily. "It's..."

"I don't care what it is," snarled the figure in the bunk. The seaman gave it up and backed quickly out of the room.

Left to himself the 2nd mate swung his legs over the side of the bunk and sat scowling at the closed door. *What a life, he reflected despondently. In what other job do you get dragged out of bed at midnight? I was a fool ever to have come to sea! Yes, I'll certainly have a look 'round*

this time home and see if there are any jobs going ashore.

The chartroom door banged shut and Mr. Kirby, 3rd officer of the *Gambodian*, glanced up from his task of tea-making and grinned at the burly muffled figure which had just entered.

"Morning, David," he said cheerfully.

The 2nd mate grunted and peered suspiciously at the teapot. "No tea yet," he said bitterly. "Can't you try and have it ready just once?"

"Won't be a minute now," said the 3rd mate. "This electric kettle seems a bit slow this morning."

The 2nd mate grunted again and, muttering something about "not the only ruddy thing that's slow" he stalked through the chartroom into the darkened wheelhouse.

The 3rd mate grinned after the departing figure. "Poor ol' David; getting a bit past it." The 2nd mate was only twenty-nine, but to the twenty-year-old 3rd mate that was dangerously close to middle age.

Alone now on the darkened bridge the 2nd mate sipped his second cup of tea and stared gloomily ahead. The rain had stopped, but it was pitch dark and the *Gambodian*, plunging into a short steep sea, threw back heavy water from her bluff bow. He lowered his head occasionally as flying spray rattled on the dodger in front of him.

Yes, only fools come to sea, he thought sourly. *A nice nine-to-five job in an office and every night in bed, that's living. Every weekend off, summer holidays, football matches, television.* Lost in envy of more fortunate mortals, the 2nd mate forgot to duck, and he cursed savagely as a sheet of stinging spray lashed into his face.

Wiping his smarting eyes he stepped into the wheelhouse and scowled at the dimly visible helmsman. *Probably half asleep and off course*, he thought angrily as he peered into the lighted binnacle. The *Gambodian* was exactly on course and the helmsman's face, visible in the light from the compass, showed hurt surprise when the 2nd mate snarled, "Watch your steering."

"She's right on, sir," he said.

"Well, try and keep her on," said the 2nd mate unkindly as he stalked into the chartroom.

For a few moments he studied the chart and then, happening to glance at the clock, he straightened up and stared in shocked surprise. *Twenty past twelve! It must have stopped.* He stared at his own wrist watch in disbelief. *Twenty minutes since I came on watch? I could have sworn I'd been on the bridge at least an hour.* Mournfully he wandered back into the wheelhouse, propped his elbows on a ledge and stared gloomily into the night.

"Steering 265, sir."

The 2nd mate growled response and sipped his newly made cup of tea. *Well, that was the wheel relief. 2 a.m. Half this endless watch is over.* The weather was improving too; a few stars were visible and the sea had appreciably dropped. He glanced at the new helmsman. *The senior apprentice — a good lad, the 2nd mate reflected, He's a Hull City supporter, too.*

Hull City! Of course. How on earth could I forget? It was Sunday morning, and Hull City had played Brighton in the Cup only twelve hours before.

"Who won," he enquired anxiously — no further word was needed between enthusiasts.

"Us; four to one, sir," was the gleeful reply. The 2nd mate beamed. "Now, if we can only get a home draw," he began ...

"One bell, sir," said the ordinary seaman. "Eh? Quarter to four? It can't be! Good heavens, the mate's tea! ..."

"Well, there you are," said the 2nd mate cheerfully. "She's all yours."

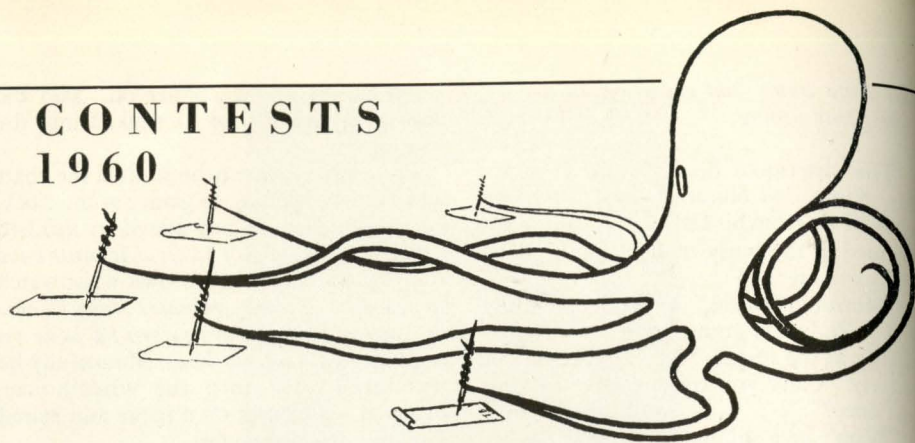
The muffled figure beside him on the bridge grunted.

"Well, I'll push off then," said the 2nd mate tentatively.

Another grunt — and the 2nd mate grinned. *Funny* he reflected as he left the chartroom, *how the Chief Mate always turns out with a bad case of "liver."* *Ab, well, he's nearly forty. Getting past it, I suppose. I'd pack up if I ever got like that,* and whistling gaily he closed the chartroom door.

— H. ASTBURY

CONTESTS 1960



FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

ESSAY

"My Most Exciting Experience at Sea." Limit 1500 words.

POETRY

One poem, any form of verse, any subject. Limit 30 lines.

OIL PAINTING

Any size, any subject. Limit three paintings.

\$100 - \$25 - \$10

PRIZES IN EACH DIVISION

All Contests Close June 30, 1960

(Do not submit entries before May 1, 1960)



Sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York through its Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, these contests are open to all active merchant seamen.

Your name and address, rating and Z number must accompany your original entries.

Mail or bring entries to: A. W. CLUB, c/o THE LOOKOUT

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

... in the Name of the Lord

(Continued from Page 1)

tween sailings. The Auditorium is filled three evenings a week for the showing of motion pictures. We give these privileges, the best we can afford, as an offering of our Christian goodwill. The seamen pay their own way for services such as food and lodgings, but these other "specials" cost a lot of money that is not charged to them directly. Men and women from far and near help us to meet these extra expenses. They do so as offerings to the work of the Lord. We have a solemn trust to use these funds in the same spirit in which they are given.



For those who find their needs so pressing that they cannot cope with them alone, we have *extra* extras. We feel that when our help is needed we must give it ungrudgingly and in such a way that the seaman does not lose his self-respect. If we lend him money to tide him over a bad spot we try to do it in a way which will preserve his dignity. Our credit bureau extends financial aid on a basis of "credit standing". A good credit risk is never refused and no interest is charged, nor is there any stipulation about repayment. The borrower is put on his honor. It is a gentleman's loan. Sometimes circumstances alter cases and repayment of loans is prevented by illness or other misfortune. By credit rules further aid is not always justified because such rules are usually based on evidence of resources for repayment. When men in such need cannot be underwritten by the Credit Bureau they are referred to the Chaplain's office. There the case is judged on a basis of human need and Christian love rather than the probability of repayment. And again we try to maintain human dignity and respect in all transactions. The chaplains as servants of the church can win the confidence of those in great need. The seamen know our work is inspired by God's love and are often more

at home seeking help from God's ordained servants, to whom they entrust their secret hopes.

The Seamen's Church Institute clinic serves our guests when illness overtakes them. Our doctors and nurses work with diligence and Christian devotion. The chaplains work closely with the clinic and no one is turned away for lack of the very nominal fee. If the credit bureau cannot act to supply the lack of fee then the chaplain can use resources available to him to pay the cost. The staff workers in the special service department arrange for hospitalization if required. The house patrol makes sure that the sick man is cared for by seeing him safely on his way in an ambulance. They see to it that his private effects and gear are securely stowed away until his return. The chaplains visit him at the hospital and do many little tasks for him, perhaps some unfinished business. The staff guards his interests at the home and arranges for personal care such as forwarding of mail, cashing checks, and writing letters.

All these services — involving contacts with shipping agents, foreign consulates, civic and federal social agencies — would require endless pages to describe. We are confronted with about every conceivable problem of human life in the course of the work of "special services". We know that difficulties are not abnormalities of life — they are life. We know that men's sorrows and distresses are best aided by the power of the One who really knew sorrow, Our Lord Himself.



It is the chapel that is the center of this understanding. There are those who do not join the chaplains in the regular worship at Chapel Altar. They have their reasons and we do not intrude upon men's consciences. But there are others who come to pray and give thanks that their needs have been met or to ask for God's help in times of stress. A few have come with most earnest searching for Divine Aid. Every year some ask for instruction and baptism, others for confirmation. Sometimes a mar-



ONCE IS ENOUGH — By Miles Smeeton.
Foreword by Nevil Shute. 205 pp. and
illus. Norton — New York, 1959. \$3.95.

A more accurate title might be "Twice is Enough," because it was only after two capsizings and dismastings that the author gave up his plan for sailing from Melbourne in Australia to London via Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan.

In his foreword Nevil Shute says: "... ordinary people would undoubtedly have perished," and to the reader this judgment will sound most reasonable. Once it was a

riage is solemnized and the children of the union subsequently baptized. We bury the dead from the chapel. No seaman known to us goes unclaimed in death. We have a seamen's plot and we bury them with Christian concern and dignity. If the deceased is penniless we pay the costs.

Our Special Services staff, along with the staffs of other departments, attend the chapel services as their work permits. Special services and more frequent services are scheduled for Lent. The effort goes on to enlarge the influence of the chapel on the work of the Institute. It is the same work that a parish church attempts to do — with this difference: We have our congregation living on the premises and we meet them in almost every possible phase of activity, day-to-day, and conversely, generally meet them only for very short BUT HIGHLY IMPRESSIONABLE periods during their lives. We know there is room for improvement in all our efforts and we all know that such improvement can come only as we worship at the altar and then carry that altar in our hearts to our very special calling — the care of seamen.

— THE CHAPLAINS

simple capsizing, but another time the boat was turned over end-for-end in a gigantic somersault. That time, Beryl, the heroine wife, was catapulted into the sea and recovered on board with a broken collar bone and a deep scalp wound. Twice under the jury rig they were able to reach Chile for repairing and refitting. After the first accident thoughts crept into their minds of sailing north and through the Panama Canal to England, but they rejected that as being unworthy and clung to their original plan of making it by Cape Horn, only to be overturned and dismayed again.

The *Tzu Hang* is a ketch, 36 feet on the water line, with a beam of eleven feet six inches and a draft of seven feet. The axiom in which the owners believed was that a small sailing vessel properly handled could survive in any water. The analogy has always been with the seagull which, because of its buoyancy, can ride out any storm.

The axiom might hold true in most waters, but as Shackleton found in his epic voyage from Elephant Island to South Georgia Island, the southern ocean breeds an occasional wave which is supercolossal in size and in force and capable of actually standing a small vessel on its nose and then pushing the stern up and over.

Eventually the *Tzu Hang* reached England on the deck of a freighter, and the Smeeton reached it by air.

Miles Smeeton writes with charm and wit and he makes his companions of the trip, including Pwe, the Siamese cat, attractive beings. Except for making understandable the reasons why this particular modern man should want to undergo such perils, this is a very competent and intelligent account of an unusual experience.

— J.S.

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.