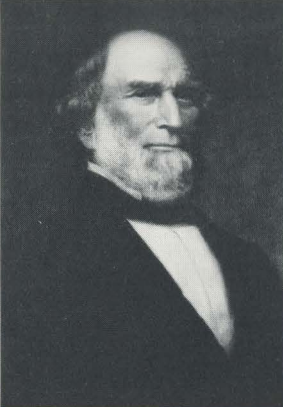




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

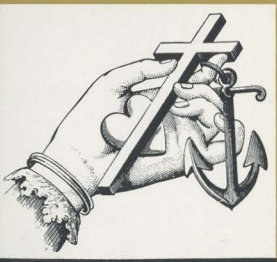


the SEAMAN

his WIFE

his FRIEND

his CHURCH



by the compass



a SHELL

our founder

a FISH

by the stars





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. 54, No. 6 JULY-AUGUST 1963

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710  
The Right Reverend  
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.  
*Honorary President*  
Franklin E. Vilas  
*President*  
The Rev. John M. Mulligan  
*Director*  
Ralph M. Hanneman  
*Editor*

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COVER:  
A kaleidoscope of that which concerns the sea, the men who sail it and those "who also serve".



**seaman of the month**  
▶ *Capt. Ernest Johnson*

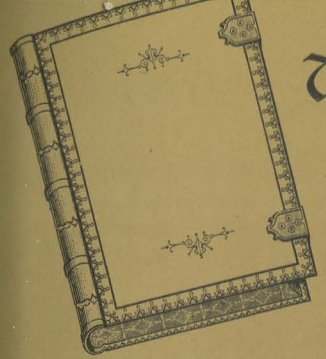
Silvery-haired and deeply tanned, Captain Ernest B. Johnson spoke with quiet humor of his active seafaring career, his retirement in 1949 to a Florida home 250 feet from the Gulf of Mexico, and his decision twelve years later, in 1961, that weeding the garden, fixing the neighbors radio and TV sets were no suitable occupations for a strong, young-in-spirit, seafaring man.

Captain Johnson was born in Portland, Maine, of Scandinavian stock. His father was Danish, his mother, Swedish. He had relatives who ran a Seamen's Institute in Denmark.

As a boy Captain Johnson attended grammar school and high school in Portland, Maine. From there he went to Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, and Boston University, Boston.

He was eighteen years old at the outbreak of World War I and like any red-blooded American boy, he

*Continued on page 19*



*The Book of Moses*

questions ranging from life in America and New York to where they could buy nylon shirts. They affectionately fingered the maps and color post cards he gave them from the Institute.

Someone asked for a Bible. Mr. Nichols admitted he didn't have one with him but he promised to send one to the man before the ship sailed that evening. The request of the single seaman started an avalanche of requests for Bibles, which Nichols knew he could provide from the SCI office of the New York Bible Society. He asked one of them to hop into the Institute car to come back to Manhattan with him for a tour of the building and for their Bibles. In spite of pouring rain, one of the crewmen was given special permission to accompany Nichols to the Institute. The rest of the crew were indispensable to the loading of the ship.

The towering seaman was given a quick Cook's tour of the building's 13 floors in the allowable time and his itinerary terminated at the beautiful Chapel of Our Savior.

"What a beautiful Church you have here," responded the seaman, who thereupon asked: "Do you suppose you could find a copy of the Book of Moses? It is a favorite among my people."

The New York Bible Society was quick to fill the order for the Book of Moses, and enough Moseses for all the seamen, and the requested number of Bibles.

When it was time to leave again for the ship, the grateful seaman, in an accent heavily British, volunteered: "You are a really wonderful Mission. I am much obliged to come here."

Ships Visitors become repositories of a variety of memorable experiences in their day-to-day missions on a person-to-person basis to the seamen of many nations. Some situations are humorous, others inspirational. One of great inspiration was related to the LOOKOUT by new Ship Visitor Chris Nichols, who recently resigned his job as manager of the International Seamen's Club to join the Ships Visitors staff.

Nichols, while on a routine tour of a motor vessel from the Republic of Ghana (West Africa), the *M/V Lake Bosomtwe*, registered from Ghana's Port Takoradi, was invited by the ship's officer to enjoy afternoon coffee in the crew's mess. A few deck and engine hands began to assemble and the conversation was loud and animated. Nichols was introduced to the crew as a representative of the SCI. They showed typical African enthusiasm and one called out: "Boys, come here, the Reverend is here from the Mission!"

As they rushed into the mess-room, Ship Visitor Nichols had the proprietary duty to explain that he was not, indeed, an ordained "Reverend" in the clerical sense of the word, but rather a layman representing the SCI.

It didn't make any real difference to the crew of the *Bosomtwe*, who sustained their respect and curiosity. They bombarded him with

*Continued on page 19*

# SCI-safe harbor for thriving art colony

*South Street and its slips have inspired artists since first there was any commercial activity, and for a good number of years the Seamen's Church has encouraged, fed and warmed an impressive number of artists. What is life like on the slips today for this colony? Here's a quick survey.*

The profile of Manhattan's Battery skyline and especially the SCI neighborhood has been modified from the one Herman Melville saw a hundred years ago as the old three-story Greek Revival and Federal-style buildings give way to stainless steel and glass skyscrapers. The crash of the demolition ball shatters the silence everywhere.

And yet bits of the intrigue and charm he knew of yesteryear may still be enjoyed by the sensitive eye within the relatively unspoiled streets extending from Fulton to Coenties Slip. Here, in white-washed lofts unusually well-lighted through skylights, a nucleus of successful young American artists, escaping the frenetic Uptown, hang on precariously to their studios while here and there, neighboring buildings drop into rubbish. Some of these men, and women, have occupied these buildings facing Coenties Slip for nearly ten years and have been mesmerized by the quietude and desolateness of the South Street waterfront, the sights and sounds of passing ships, and have drawn inspiration from the parade of merchant seamen from all parts of the world through the doors of the Seamen's Church.

Whereas the inroads of progress have made New York's heretofore artist stronghold, Greenwich Village, fashionable, the subsequent inflated rents have forced large groups of artists to the east and south in search of larger lofts, cheaper rents, and the quietude to do serious work. They find sympathetic friends and unending subject material, a constantly chang-

ing panorama as the Colony on the Slip. They live where sunlight slanting in from the sea creates the ideal lighting for a painter and where distressed cries of the city give way to the clearer calls of sea gulls.

As one of the "core" of old-timers put it, "We are rather isolated down here, but when friends accept the invitation to visit we know they welcome the opportunity to escape from 'uptown'. I've yet to meet one visitor who reacts unfavorably to our waterfront community."

Whereas there are no popular bars, coffee houses or regular "meeting places" the social life is perpetuated at small loft parties, at which times the current successes, sales, and failures are examined above the chatter of tow-headed children and the tinny yowls of the assorted cats that make their homes among the Bohemians.

It is perpetuated too by the Seamen's Church Institute, which is perhaps more of a headquarters than any other single place in the area. Many of the artists make it a regular morning breakfast stop, and again in the evening. For the few who work in cold water lofts, the SCI has been known to waive its "merchant seamen only" policy to permit the inhabitants of the colony to shower and shave and enjoy a warm lobby during winters when the temperature in the unheated lofts drops to the uninhabitable point.

The Slip on which SCI faces is defined as a narrow inlet reclaimed from the sea in the 1830's, now a

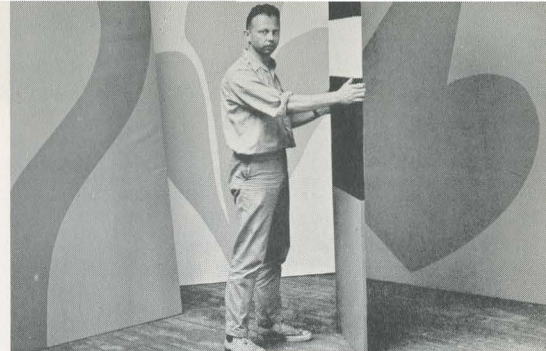
popular noon-day recreational area and park. Some of the ancient buildings still stand, having weathered a century and more of change in the neighborhood. A hundred years ago they served as warehouses for the cargoes of the great sailing ships that made this area capital of the Shipping World. In several of the loft studios, the giant wheels and hoist apparatus still remain, curious testimonies to other days.

Art style in New York has always contained the ingredients of realism and symbolism, typified for example by well-known artists John Sloan and Albert Ryder. During the late 40's and 50's, these tendencies were infused with a style evolving out of the school of Paris and superseding it in important respects into Abstract Expressionism.

In the Coenties Slip neighborhood we have witnessed stages of development since the advent of Abstract Expressionism, which, while profiting from the images of that movement, have reasserted the tendencies of realism and symbolism. In the work of diverse painters residing on Coenties Slip proper, or in neighboring streets, there has developed a new and important imagery.

The neighborhood which gave inspiration to Melville, O'Neil, Whitman, Grant and dozens of other writers and painters is now spawning a new and yet just as illustrious group.

New developments in the Coenties Slip neighborhood include the "Stripe" paintings of Barnett Newman, the neo-Dadaist constructions of Rauschenberg and Johns, abstract symbolist paintings of Fred Mitchell, hard-edge paintings of Ellsworth Kelly, ragged-edge paintings of Jack Youngerman and the



Ellsworth Kelly trained at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and Paris' Ecole des Beaux Arts, completed the metal relief in Philadelphia's transportation building. He titles his canvases simply "Blue-white", or "White-green".



Closer still to the water within earshot of waterfront sounds, is studio of well-known Bob Indiana. A dedicated scavenger, Indiana has collected valuable group of antique warehouse hardware which he combines with plants in room named "Botanica."

Pop-Art imagery of Robert Indiana and James Rosenquist, all familiar names in the art world.

Among the better known of the all-abstractist colony are Jack and Delphine Youngerman and their son, tow-headed Duncan who has never lived anywhere but in Bohemia. Jack's work is currently appearing in the N. Y. Museum of Modern Art show "Fifteen Americans". He has made the gallery circuit in Paris and Washington. His wife Delphine, a well-known Pari-

sian actress, took the lead in the popular cinematic import "Last Days of Marienbad".

Attention was focused on Slip artist Jim Rosenquist in a May 3, 1963 article in *Time* magazine, as well as superlative mentions in this year's April *Vogue* magazine. His paintings are a part of the permanent collections of the Pasadena Museum (California), Brandeis University, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Guggenheim in New York. He has been chosen to exhibit in the new Gallery of Modern Art in Washington, D.C.

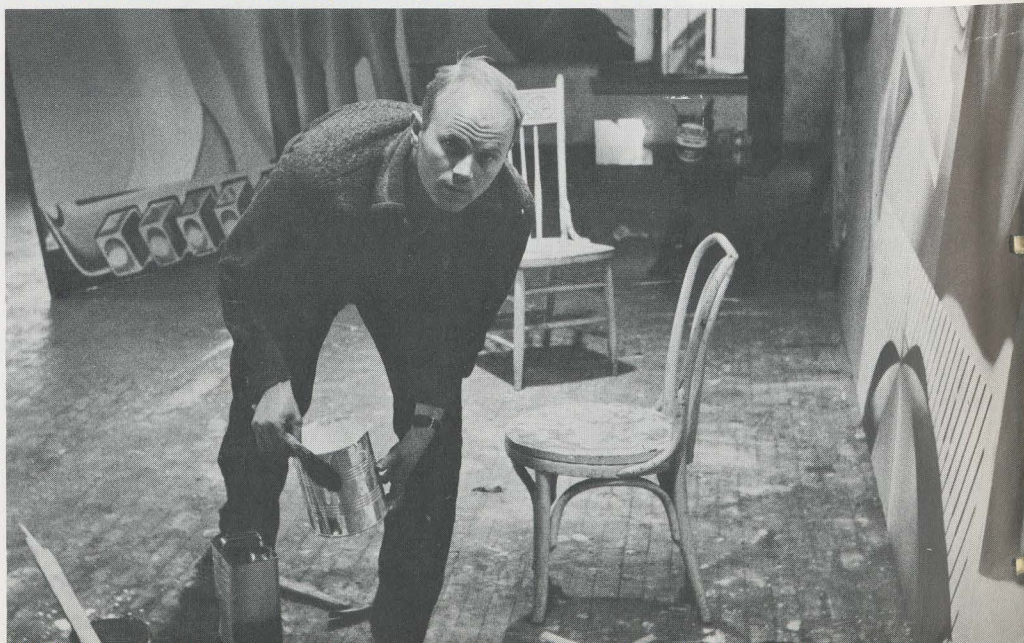
Another Slip artist whose work also will be seen in the new Washington Museum is Robert Indiana (see photo), whose fifth-floor studio looks like a set from the opera *La Boheme*. An exponent of Formalist Art, Indiana uses bold colors to produce road-sign like canvases. Using clear, flat and bold strokes, the artist shows no brush strokes in the flawless sign-painter's finish. In this school the artist is camera or commentator. In the same bold style, Indiana has created the pro-

totype of a new American penny (currently exhibited at New York's Guggenheim Museum) and a new American flag (New York's Graham Gallery). Sharing the loft with two cats and masses of tropical plants, Bob Indiana has adapted well to the lonely waterfront life. As old buildings are demolished, he scavenges to salvage pieces of old hardware and hand-hewn beams which he uses in his sculpture-constructions.

Other familiar names identified with the Slip colony in order of their arrival in the neighborhood are Agnes Martin, Lenore Tawney, Steve Durkee, Mark Di Juvero, Gabriel Kohn.

"There's a kind of end-of-the-world feeling about Coenties Slip," claims Jack Youngerman. "We couldn't imagine living anywhere else in New York, and we have little desire to go back into the city, except maybe to see an exhibit. If this area goes—and they're talking about parking lots and housing projects—well, this is the end of the island, and where to from here?"

One of the most successful of the Pop artists whose studio overlooks Coenties Slip is James Rosenquist. Controversial, his work has been subject of copious news stories (see story).



## RUSSIAN SEAMEN'S CLUB SENDS GOODWILL TO SCI

Nikita's boys had at least their hearts in the right place on May Day, when they were inspired to send a greeting card to the International Seamen's Club. The benevolent thought came on an attractively printed card portraying Russians in various regional costumes, hands joined in national unity, and with a bevy of peace doves hovering above. The encouraging message of friendship handwritten on the blank inside proposed: "We are from the International Seamen's Club from the Soviet Port Zhdanov. We hope that the exchange of views would considerably improve our service of seamen of the whole world. We congratulate you and your visitors on the merry spring holiday, the 1st of May."

Signed: S. Pivovarov  
Manager of the Seamen's Club,  
Zhdanov-port USSR

The Department of Public Relations has placed the Seamen's Club on its mailing list, and the first issue of the LOOKOUT mailed to Russia has not been returned, so we assume it reached its destination. A happy "Independence Day" to the Seamen's Club in Port Zhdanov!

## TACK SÅ MYCKET FOR SWEDISH KRONOR

Returning from Europe after settling the estate of a relative, an American couple decided to "unwind". Foregoing a jet, they settled for the Swedish liner *Gripsholm* debarking from Goteborg. On this voyage, their first by sea, the couple engaged the assistant chief steward in friendly conversation, and he

waxed nostalgic about the Seamen's Church Institute in New York.

"He was most enthusiastic about your program," writes Mrs. W. A. Werdermann of San Antonio, Texas. "We docked on the 31st of May and returned to Texas by air. When I was unpacking our bags I found two ten-Kronor (Swedish) notes that I did not remember having, so we are sending you the 20 Kronor as a kind of thank-offering for a safe and pleasant voyage on the *Gripsholm*."

Responding to the letter, Dr. Roscoe Foust, Director of the Department of Special Services wrote: "It is good to hear that we have a goodwill ambassador on board the *Gripsholm*." Manga Tack! to the Werdermanns and to our super-salesmanseamen.

## RECORD \$21,000 PAID FOR CONRAD MANUSCRIPT

The manuscript of the novel VICTORY, by sea-author Joseph Conrad, brought \$21,000 at a New York auction recently — reportedly the highest price ever paid at auction for the manuscript of a modern literary work. The 1,199-page manuscript was written by hand between 1912 and 1914.

The previous record for a manuscript was paid three years ago in London for E. M. Forster's A PASSAGE TO INDIA.

The SCI library, named for Joseph Conrad, has framed on its walls an original manuscript page from Conrad's early novel END OF THE TETHER, a letter written in 1923 about his visit to America, and a note commenting on his son's return from school.

## SEVEN-TOED PUDDY CAT OFFERED SEAMEN

In the course of a year welfare organizations get donations of many things from the thoughtful public. Most of them may be utilized, but some of the donations are amusing but impractical. When one has an item which has been gathering dust for years and the time comes to chuck it out or save it, the decision eliminates all other avenues of disposal with the exception of a donation to a charity organization. Sometimes even live things are offered as the following letter recently penned by a well-meaning friend of the Seamen's Church relates:

"I have given shelter during recent winter to a fascinating little cat (probably less than a year old) who has seven toes on each front foot and six toes on the back feet. She is loving, affectionate and grateful for food and shelter in my garage. I have heard that mariners consider extra-toed cats lucky and would like to find a good home for her aboard some ship."

The writer is correct. Indeed, odd-toed cats have for centuries been considered good luck mascots of seamen. Public Relations tried in vain by contacting the captains of several ships to help the woman dispose of her new lodger.

Her letter continued: "I can recommend the little animal as intelligent. She followed me onto wet grass the other day and, finding it uncomfortable, immediately stood upon my feet, front feet upon my bare left foot, rear feet upon my right. It shows that she is adaptable and quick-thinking; she should be a good sailor. Her personal habits are fastidious if a box of cat litter or sand is around. Her name is Orphan Annie and I call her

Orphie. We do *not* call her Flippers because I think she is sensitive about her feet. If you can not help place a good pet, perhaps you know of a publication widely read by seamen. I should be grateful for any help."

## FATHER UNITED WITH DAUGHTER AFTER 25 YEARS

"I am trying to locate my father and have found that he worked as a merchant mariner for awhile. I have no idea what year. My mother separated from him before I was born. Anything at all may be helpful, dates and addresses, next of kin or anything similar to that that you can find. I'm enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope in case you don't have or can't send any of this information I'd appreciate it if you would send me a note back telling me.

E.A.A. (the daughter)

P.S. I am married and 24 years old. My father would be around 65 or 66 now."

This emotion-filled letter came to the Bureau of Missing Seamen more than a year ago, and the processes were set in motion to locate the father.

Late in April this year, a hastily written post card was received by the Bureau, which briefly said: "I was advised that you had my name on a recent circular listing seamen sought by friends and relatives; this is a mystery to me, but would appreciate any information as to the reason for same. Sincerely,

A.L.A. (the father)"

In June of this year, after many letters of explanation both to the father and to the daughter, Chaplain Frank Daley, the Bureau's Director, received the following re-

ply from the father: "Thanks to the efforts of your organization in trying to help others, you have made it possible for me to discover that, at 67 years of age, and after a period of 25 years, there existed, unknown—undreamed of by me—my daughter and my grandchildren. May God bless you and the Institute for your activities. To help your work in a small way I am enclosing a small gift to help your work. Thankfully and sincerely yours,

A.L.A."



## FROM EVERY BELFRY LET FREEDOM RING (OUT)

With patriotic vigah, the SCI's chapel bells were rung for five minutes at the stroke of 2:00 p.m. on Independence Day, as were most church, school and other institutional bells in Manhattan and its boroughs. This happy habit restores one of the American customs begun with the Liberty Bell's resounding over colonial battlefields signalling the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the distressing Revolutionary War period.

When New York radio's popular husband-wife team, Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald two years ago suggested on the air that all church bells be rung on the 4th of July to remind freedom-loving Americans of their hard-won heritage, they could not have anticipated how rapidly their project would sweep to universal popularity not only in New York but across the country.

From Christmas Cove to San Francisco the peal of bells reverberated the promise of freedom and the hope that men in servitude everywhere would someday be unshackled.

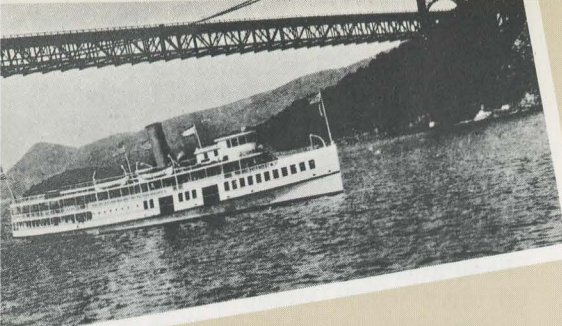
## FOREIGN SERVICE RECRUITS HEADQUARTERED AT SCI

Throughout a New York orientation for officers of the U. S. State Department's School of Foreign Affairs, recruits are lodged in the Seamen's Church, and from this point of departure, visit other significant points.

The relationship has been a sustained and happy one for us, and it motivated Chester Beaman, who coordinated the Basic Officers' Course, to send a recent letter of commendation to the Seamen's Church. In it, Beaman said: "I want to express my appreciation for the attention and service which the staff accorded the young officers. I feel certain that when they hear the Seamen's Church Institute mentioned during their consular tours, it will have much more meaning to them.

"I personally have gotten a great deal out of my association with the Church Institute and hope that in the future, should I visit New York, you will be able to take me in."

# New York's Vanished Steamers *by Richard Elliot*

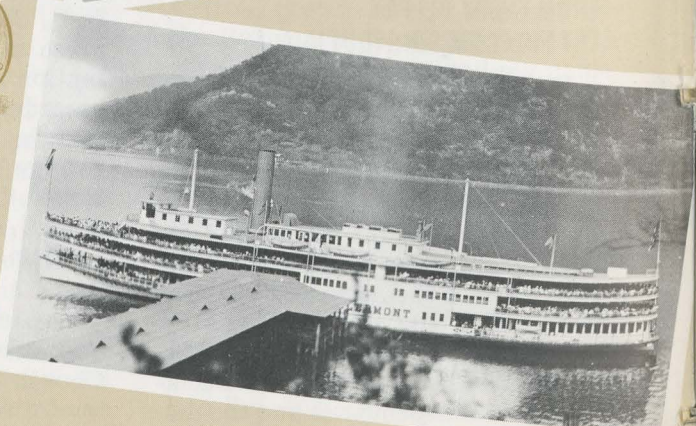
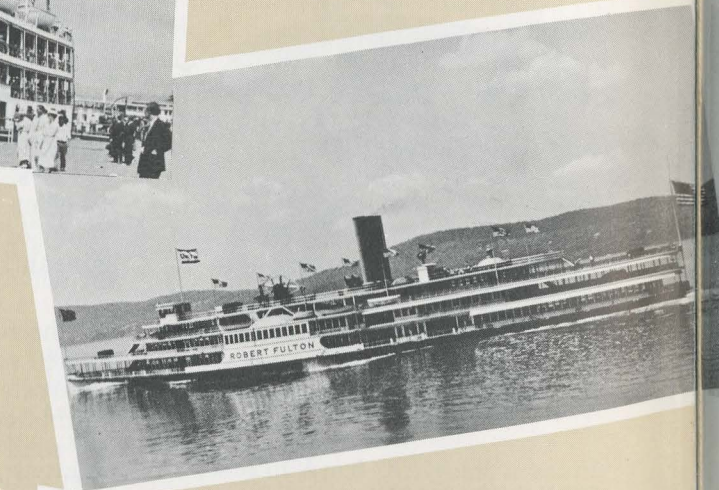


(Top to bottom) Steamboat "Chauncey M. DePew" 1913, now a tender to ocean liners in Bermuda; "State of Delaware"—sent to Brazil during World War II, never returned; "Robert Fulton"—served as dormitory in the Bahamas after 45 years on the Hudson; "Clermont"—shown at Bear Mt. about to depart for New York in the Roaring Twenties. (First three courtesy of the Steamship Historical Society of America, Inc.; "Clermont" courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.)



ALL KINDS OF  
OMNIBUSES  
MANUFACTURED BY  
JOHN STEPHENSON  
NEW-YORK.

From an early New York ad showing the type of vehicle which transported passengers from and to steamboat



More than forty-five large passenger steamboats called New York their home at the time of the 1939 World's Fair. Most of these graceful and long-familiar craft have gone, and it appears doubtful whether the approaching World's Fair of 1964 will have steamboat service of any type.

Far different was the Harbor scene in 1939 when there were passenger steamers and excursion boats carrying tens of thousands of people on daytime cruises that fanned out from the Port of New York. Steamboat fleets offered a wide choice of delightful cruises down New York Bay, out to Long Island Sound and up the Hudson.

The Hudson River Day Line, perhaps the best known river steamboat service in the world, offered daily trips up the Hudson as far as Albany. Their 1939 fleet was made up of the giant express steamers HENDRICK HUDSON, the world's largest day passenger steamer; DEWITT CLINTON; ALEXANDER HAMILTON; ROBERT FULTON, whose walking beam entertained countless thousands; the popular PETER STUYVESANT and the trim CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. Their 22,000 passenger capacity was often not large enough to handle the crowds.

Another Hudson River cruise was provided by the McAllister Steamboat Company's fleet, at the time made up of the "Streamliner" BEAR MOUNTAIN, the ever-popular CLERMONT and three smaller steamboats. The McAllister Line operated to Hook and Bear Mountain and to the Statue of Liberty. Only one of the once impressive steamers of the Hudson River Night Line, the TROJAN, was operating in '39,

and she was using the name NEW YORKER on a special service to the World's Fair marine terminal at Whitestone, New York.

Long Island Sound cruises were maintained by the Meseck Steamboat Company, Sound Steamship Lines and a company which did not have a name in the customary sense. The Meseck fleet was made up of four fine steamers, the RICHARD PECK, long considered one of the fastest boats on the Sound; the "showboat" AMERICANA; the then newly remodeled WESTCHESTER and the small ex-Great Laker WAUKETA. They sailed for Whitestone, Rye Beach and Bridgeport, Connecticut. Sound Steamship's fleet was made up of six old timers called the CALVERT, CAMBRIDGE, MANHATTAN, PEMAQUID, NAUGATUCK and SUSQUEHANNA. The fine steamer BELLE ISLAND and the speedy MAYFLOWER sailed daily for Roton Point Park, Connecticut.

Steaming down the Bay to Keansburg Beach were the Keansburg Line's four picturesque stove pipe-stacked old paddle wheelers POCAHONTAS, MOBJACK, SMITHFIELD and the quaint CITY OF NEW YORK—all formerly Southern Belles—and the flaming red-stacked propeller steamer CITY OF KEANSBURG, the only new steamboat ever built especially for the Keansburg Line. Also heading down the Bay were the Gotham Steamship Corporation's YANKEE, and the last two flyers of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the rakish SANDY HOOK of 1889 and her sleek sister ship, the MONMOUTH. Both had reigned as "Speed Queens" of New York Harbor since their earliest



days. There were also many smaller, but no less colorful steamers heading down the Bay to the beaches at Coney Island, Rockaway, and Staten Island.

Then too, there was the Wilson Line's popular 3,200-passenger steamer, the STATE OF DELAWARE, which while in New York service, was the largest steamer operated on a purely excursion basis. For an extra treat on moonlight sails, she provided motion pictures on her top deck. The massively modern four-decked STATE OF DELAWARE, operating on a tramp schedule, was found on almost all of the routes served by the regular "lines" during the summer months.

On any summer day New York's river, bay and sound steamboats could be seen rushing in all directions with throngs of passengers on their one-day cruises. The pleasant sight of the gleaming white, flag-bedecked steamboats with their tiers of crowded decks, their colorful names, ornamented paddle wheel shields or "boxes", their jazz band music and merriment, and their screeching and booming whistles are now but a memory fading into the past. With most of them gone there is an emptiness about the harbor when summertime comes.

Today there are only two steamboats operating in the area, the

Day Line's fast and beautiful ALEXANDER HAMILTON on the Hudson and the Keansburg Steamboat Company's smart-looking CITY OF KEANSBURG on New York Harbor. They are the last of a long line of wonderful steamers which have served their routes. In less than 23 years the passenger steamer fleet has declined to the point of imminent extinction. Even the five big passenger boats which came to New York in the post-War period, Meseck Line's sturdy JOHN A. MESECK, and the Wilson Line's handsome steamer STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, their diesel powered LIBERTY BELLE, the HUDSON BELLE, and, briefly, the BOSTON BELLE, have rather unexpectedly vanished from the scene.

There are many rationalizations expounded to explain the reason for their disappearance, including auto and bus competition, an increasingly disinterested public, rough crowds, rising costs and the Second World War. The Second World War and the requisitioning of many of the newest, biggest and best steamboats in the area for various government war missions was a major factor. Meanwhile, most of the ancient steamers of the area stayed on, only to be sadly sent to the scrappers, one after another, without being replaced by new tonnage.

Among those steamboats which were called to duty for the duration of the war were the CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, DEWITT CLINTON, SANDY HOOK, BERKSHIRE, MAYFLOWER, JOHN A. MESECK, which had, under her original name NAUSHON, taken part in the Normandy invasion, NAUGATUCK, RICHARD PECK, STATE OF DELAWARE, BELLE ISLAND, WESTCHESTER and the CAMBRIDGE. A complete list would include many more. None of the requisitioned steamers returned to

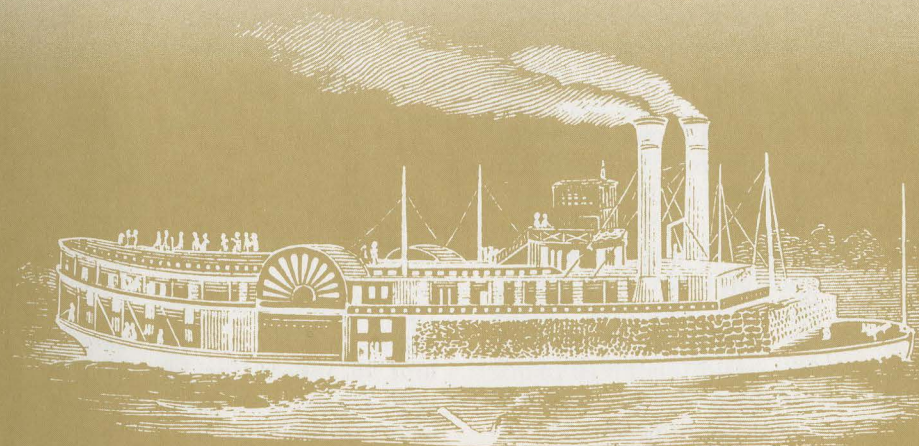
their pre-war routes. Their war records were outstanding. The last four mentioned were sent to Brazil during the war, but never returned to their homeland.

While only two of the big passenger boats are now operating in New York, many others are in existence, though scattered throughout the Western Hemisphere. Laid up for an indeterminate duration are the Day Line's PETER STUYVESANT in Hoboken, New Jersey; PEMAQUID at Perth Amboy, New Jersey; while the Wilson Line's STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA and JOHN A. MESECK remain dormant in Wilmington, Delaware.

Known until 1961 on the Rye Beach and Atlantic Highlands routes, the Wilson Line's HUDSON BELLE is now cruising on the Potomac River between Washington and Mount Vernon, Virginia, sporting the proud new name GEORGE WASHINGTON. The vener-

able Day Line paddlewheeler ROBERT FULTON, minus her paddle wheels and stacks, is permanently moored in the Bahamas. The former Wilson Liners LIBERTY BELLE and BOSTON BELLE are now operating in Cuba and Argentina respectively. The former Day Liner CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, now fifty-years young, is serving in Bermuda as a tender to cruise liners calling there with tourists, many of them New Yorkers, who remember her from her Hudson River days. New York's steamer fleet had a proud record in peace and war. Their vanishing from the scene has been a sad process to witness for those who knew and admired them, but those who will not know them in the future, especially the youngsters, will have the greater loss.

New York's steamer story is not yet over, we still have two fine steamers to enjoy this year. Now is the time for the summer boat ride.



# International Club Log

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Readers have so favorably commented on the SCI Daily Logs printed in past issues of the magazine that we are pleased to reprint a current one covering a typical week's operation in the International Seamen's Club at SCI, and at Port Newark.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB: Total attendance of seamen 445, new seamen 21, on the bus 108; Hostesses 42, Band 6, Staff 9. Countries represented were Spain, Italy, Britain, Greece, India, Germany, Holland, Colombia, Panama, Scotland, China, Norway, Ireland, Venezuela, Chile, Ghana.

*Monday.* We have been looking forward to this evening's program. We presented two films, "The Asian Journey of the First Lady", and "Invitation to Pakistan". The films were brought to us through the courtesy of the United States Information Agency and the arrangements were made by Mrs. Marie Donnelley, one of our hostesses and part-time staff member. Mr. Nichols introduced the program and very graciously acknowledged Mrs. Donnelley's part in making the program possible. The films were fascinating and the photography unbelievably beautiful. There is no doubt about Mrs. Kennedy's charm or chic, and the ladies in our audience particularly enjoyed the films.

Tina Meek.

*Tuesday.* This was a small but very satisfactory dance, starting slowly until enough hostesses came to make the atmosphere congenial. Among our guests were a group of Indians from the *City of Brisbane*. One of these, a Goan, was an accomplished dancer. I asked him if he would like to perform for us and he was enthusiastic until the moment came, then he became too shy. However, it gave them an opportunity to hear our Indian music which pleased them. They enjoyed their visit and told me they considered this the best seamen's mission they had ever visited. An American seaman from the *Earl T. Smith* company, paying his first visit to the Club said he was amazed to find this spot in the Institute and would like to tell the other men in his company about us. Back for the first time in months were the Britains from the *Duke of Mistra* who wired us flowers in appreciation of their last visit.

Tina Meek.

*Wednesday.* It's been a busy day. A seaman interested in working for MSTs asked my advice about drafting a letter requesting an interview. Again we had a seaman who came in with a letter requesting him to appear for jury duty. His appearance was long past due because he had been at sea. I directed him to Mrs. Kadish for help with a

letter explaining the situation. A request was made for information about what is currently showing at City Center. An invitation to attend our dancing class was extended to a young Irishman who has not been coming to Club dances because he'd never learned to dance. Reassurance was given to a senior seaman that he may invite a lady to the dance tomorrow, plus a suggestion that they have dinner here and a tour of the building. Later a raincoat from the Slope Chest was provided for a seaman who'd missed his ship and needed protection from the rain. The suit he was wearing represented his whole wardrobe.

Tina Meek.

*Thursday.* Memorial Day was full of surprises. We had not anticipated the great number of guests from Port Newark, nor the splendid hostess attendance. The activity at the desk was as brisk as the dancing, and we set a record in stamp sales. Requests for guides, postcards and magazines were also high. We were pleased to have as a guest the Captain of the *Otcai Riner*, a ship from Ghana, West Africa, flying the Ghana flag. To my knowledge, this is the first time we have entertained a ship's Captain from this country. We also entertained the Captain and senior officers from the Colombian ship *Cuidad de Pasto*. I met a Mexican seaman-artist tonight named Rafael Fernandez, who is currently exhibiting his work in the "Big Studio" uptown. Also back was our young British matchbook collector for whom I collect matches. I was happy to see him to unload my collection, and he was delighted with his cache.

Tina Meek.

*Friday.* Total attendance 28. Activities: Card games 6, TV 14, Pool 4, Ping-Pong 4.

Hildegard Woest.

*Saturday.* Weatherwise it was a lovely day. There were very few men in the Club except for those who were interested in the ball game. The real big attraction was behind the snackbar. Mr. Sarafian and Richard Dorian were trying to make the snackbar and kitchen a much cleaner place, and they succeeded. All the men commented about the changes and how much neater and cleaner things were. With both of them hard at work this left the snackbar unattended for sales, so I helped out as much as I could—it was fun. Everything went well and all the men that were here seemed to enjoy themselves.

Cathy Artesi.

*Sunday.* I had a call from a hostess who has not been with us for the past year. She asked permission to bring a friend for the dance on Thursday. Chaplain Haynsworth came in with a group of boys and girls accompanied by two chaperones and the Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in Hoboken, New Jersey. One of the ladies suggested Pierce House, a church affiliated women's residence for working girls, as a possible source for hostesses. The other lady is coming back with a donation of books. A young lady in the group said she would like to work here after she has finished her schooling, and I suggested that she see the Institute on a working day for a clearer picture of its activities. They stayed for dinner and the evening service performed by Chaplain Haynsworth, and later they told me how



much they had enjoyed being with us. This evening, three Italians from the *S.S. Centerport* came in for stamps and refreshments. They will be here for the dance on Tuesday.

Tina Meek.

## PORT NEWARK

**Tuesday.** Today publicity photos were taken by Mr. Dahl, under the direction of Mr. Hanneman, aboard several vessels to illustrate the many phases of our work here. Other members of the Port Newark staff also participated. Thirty men accepted invitations to the Dance in New York. In the evening there were two soccer games played—*Maasdam vs. Queen Mary*, and *Sylvania A vs. Sylvania B*. Other visitors came from Italian, British, Israeli, and Greek ships in port. We suffered our first broken window as a result of soccer after being surprisingly lucky for the past two years.

**Wednesday.** Our guests at the Institute today included Italian, British, French, Dutch and Greek. The weather was bad but a goodly number ventured ashore. A soccer game was played between teams from the *France* and the *Statendam*. Because our two public phones were out of order there was a constant stream of requests from the men to make their calls for them. This small service is always much appreciated. Every Italian seaman seems to have a relative or friend in the Bronx!

**Thursday.** Mr. Romney, our new Ship Visitor, received 78 acceptances to his invitation to visit the International Club Dance tonight. Normally this number would call for a second bus, but, it being a

public holiday, no relief driver was available, therefore—71 by bus, 7 by Mr. Romney's car, so that no one was disappointed. Here, a soccer game was played between our old friends in the *New York City* and our new friends in the Scottish ship, *Clarkford*, resulting in a tie. As always on Thursdays, it was wrestling on TV all the way from 9:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

**Friday.** The Club was moderately busy with TV and table tennis in constant use. Still a heavy demand for assistance with phone calls as public phones are still inoperative throughout the port. An attack was launched today against the enclosing foliage, and as the weeds disappear we are conscious of a denuded landscape, many of the plants having succumbed to the rigors of winter.

**Saturday.** The port is very quiet. Many of the ships have sailed and the club attendance is small. Our visitors include Greeks, Italians and two Japanese.

**Sunday.** No new arrivals in port and attendance at the Club is still small, but the few who did attend stayed on until closing time, chiefly to watch TV, write their letters and enjoy their own language newspapers and magazines. A few men from a Yugoslav ship visited us. At first they appeared suspicious of the "literature"—our display of magazines and newspapers—and were unwilling to sit down. After watching a game of table tennis they asked permission to play themselves. In a very short time they were relaxed and happy. Before leaving they took measurements of our table tennis table, intending to make one for their own use at sea.

Chaplain Hollas.

ATLAS OF THE WORLD. 304 pp. Washington: National Geographic Society.

Did you know that the hottest spot in the world is Al Azizeyah, Libya? That the wettest spot is Mt. Waraleale Hawaii, which has an annual rainfall average of 471 inches, while in Calama, Chile's Atacama desert no rain has ever been recorded at all?

These and other fascinating facts are readily available in the new National Geographic ATLAS OF THE WORLD, published on the first of July. This large and handsome volume presents the culmination of 65 years of cartographic research in 115 pages of 11-color maps reflecting the latest changes in the face of the earth: the shoreline of Maryland shows the alterations wrought by the storms of March, 1962; Venezuela's new bridge across Lake Maracaibo, the Berlin Wall, and the new auto tunnel under Mount Blanc all appear.

Besides the fine maps the ATLAS contains a number of unusual features—maps of the national parks of the United States, maps of ocean bottoms, a Global View of the World presenting the earth's wrinkled surface, a Lines of Fire map tracing the pattern of volcanic eruptions, a weather table, and unique endpapers which give a graphic description of mapping techniques and of the earth in space. The accompanying text is both lively and informative.

An invaluable reference book, the National Geographic's ATLAS OF THE WORLD is also a delight to all who love fine books for their own sake.

FLAGS, FUNNELS & HULL COLOURS. By Colin Stewart, extra Master; revised edition by John S. Styring. 88 pp. New York: John de Graff.

Tiny but crammed full of information, FLAGS, FUNNELS & HULL COLOURS presents four-color reproductions of over 1,000 flags and funnels of shipping companies. It also includes hull colors, international code flags, merchant flags of various nations and a full alphabetical index of shipping companies, all in 88 information filled 5" x 7½" pages.

A colorful and accurate little book, it provides an authoritative reference work for use in ships and shipping offices, and an up-to-date pocket book for ship lovers throughout the world.

AMPHIBIOUS OPERATIONS. By Arch Whitehouse. 346 pp. Garden City: Doubleday and Company.

This book gives the history of amphibious operations from Caesar's invasion of Britain to the nuclear age, concentrating mostly on the marine originated attacks of World War II, including the ill-fated Dieppe landing of 1942, Guadalcanal and the rest of the Pacific campaign, Anzio, and the landings in North Africa. Mr. Whitehouse details with clarity and precision the complex planning and scheduling and the elaborate timetables that go into the sending of man and supplies across the sea. A competent and workmanlike presentation of what has become a whole new brand of strategy and discipline, AMPHIBIOUS OPERATIONS makes an interesting addition to wartime history.



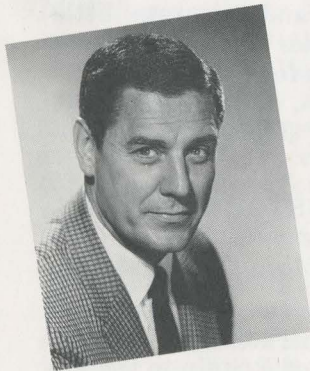
Please Save This Date!

Wednesday evening, October 16, 1963

for  
The Seamen's Church Institute

# Here's Love

an early performance of the new musical  
based on "Miracle on 34th Street"



Co-starring Craig Stevens, TV's "Peter Gunn", who makes his Broadway debut in "Here's Love"



Janis Paige stars as the gal who's up to her gorgeous ears in the delightful situation of sending Macy's customers to Gimbel's



Book, music and lyrics from Meredith Willson who gave us "The Music Man" and "Unsinkable Molly Brown". This time he's happily coupled with a sentimental, blithesome Character called Kris Kringle.

A detailed invitation will be mailed to New Yorkers in September.  
Seats will be assigned in order as reservations are received.

Order Early! It Looks Like A Hit!

Mrs. David R. Grace  
Chairman

25 South Street  
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# U.S.A.

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH  
*Continued from page 2*

promptly joined the Navy, spending the years of conflict on a submarine chaser plying the waters of the North Atlantic on convoy duty.

Following the War young Johnson returned to Bates College for his Bachelor of Science in Physics degree. After graduation he joined the Army Engineer Corps and was attached to amphibious units carrying demolition crews, divers and floating machine shops, mostly around the Cherbourg area.

Captain Johnson is married, the father of four children and has a round dozen grandchildren. One daughter, married to an air force officer, lives in Uxbridge, England. Two other daughters are married and living in the Portland, Maine area. His son is engaged in electrical engineering work for the space program in Massachusetts.

Captain Johnson's favorite port of call is London. He likes the people, the city, Grosvenor House, the fact that there is no language barrier, and he proved it—his wife is British-born.

Captain Johnson's last trip was carrying ammunition and explosives to the NATO countries. He was away two months.

In Europe he shops for French perfumes for his wife, bringing home all the enticing scents including Arpege and Miss Dior.

When in his Belair home between ships he is what he describes as a "compulsive gardener."

He continues to fix the neighbors radio and TV sets, fools around with electronics—"Did you know," he demanded with enthusiasm, "that one tiny dot moving on a TV screen is giving you the image, moving so fast that it traces the picture?" (We admitted we had not known.)

For the rest—well, Captain Johnson likes swimming, baseball, football, boxing. He enjoys good musical comedies and his reading material is chiefly scientific.

Will he continue to ship out? Of a certainty. After all, you can't make a lubber out of a hale, hearty seafaring man whose gaze is as bright and direct as that of a young man, and whose interest in places and people remains undiminished with the years.

BOOK OF MOSES  
*Continued from page 3*

Chris Nichols returned him to the ship and was touched when he learned that although the men work for painfully low wages (less than \$15 a week) they insisted that he accept the small bag of silver they had collected for the "Reverend" from "The Mission."

With voice filled with emotion the chief officer said, "Just take it, please. We insist. Just take it for 'the box'." They pleaded with such sincerity that Nichols knew that it would be an insult to their generosity if he did not accept the money.

"I will never forget that day," Chris promised himself as he added the incidents to his book of memories.

### THE SEA AND MAN

Man may reduce the forest; axe's haft  
Levels the firm-set tree, the ancient green;  
He tunnels through a mountain, drops a shaft  
to garner wealth for aeons kept unseen;  
He bends the mightiest river from its course,  
Forestalls by dike the inroad of the tide,  
Irons out the plain to build thereon, his force  
Commensurate with tasks that tempt his pride.

But let him leave his stronghold of the land!  
He meets a giant of such awesome power  
That though he sails its waters, his command  
Is frail as eggshell; he has need to cower  
Where he can never wrest the mastery,  
For that is thine, unconquerable sea.

*by Anna T. Harding*

### UNCHANGING

There's beauty in the moon, the sun,  
There's beauty in the stars,  
Which man, the restless egotist  
Nor challenges nor mars.

There's beauty in the wilderness  
And in the lonely sea,  
Unploughed, unchanging, unassailed  
By human mastery.

And when, destroyed by futile strife,  
Man's noisy day is done,  
In rhythmic majesty will move  
The seas, the stars, the sun.

*by Anna T. Harding*

### WHITE CLOUDS

Last night a tired sky  
Dropped her soiled clouds;  
Ocean waves washed all night  
Morning winds hung them up to dry.

*by Priscilla L. Delp*

### FIREROOM

Move aft with me below the weather decks.  
Come down the deep hold to the fireroom  
Where men are coated thick with stinging dust  
And daylight never parts the daily gloom.  
There the white globes stare in grinning masks  
On faces marred by black and blistered skin.  
Pick up your shovel, now, my landsman friend;  
There's not a soul down here that's free from sin.  
I've stoked before and roared with the leaping flame,  
While marching by the scorching, furnace door.  
I've lost my sight in gazing past the fire  
And know the depths to which the heat can bore.  
So dip your shovel in the hill of coal  
And join the endless circle. Close the bight.  
Don't waste your thoughts on hope or moments past,  
The ladders all have melted in the night.  
I leave you now my young and pallid mate  
For I must go above and scour the land  
In search from Port Said to Panama  
To find this ship another black-gang hand.

*by Sanford Sternlicht*

