



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JANUARY 1963



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

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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

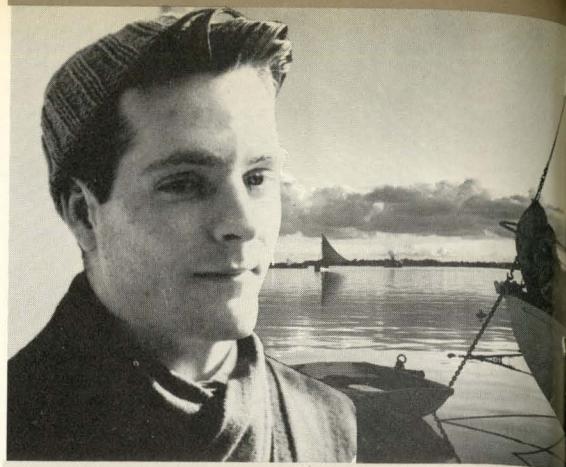
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COVER: A remarkable aerial photograph of New York's downtown Heliport with SCI in the immediate background towering above its waterfront neighbors. What better proves the peaceful co-existence of marine and aviation interests in the Port of New York?



seaman of the month

► Willie Carl Sapp

With a smile as broad and genuine as his southern speech and colloquialisms, 21-year-old seaman Willie Carl Sapp admitted that a football, football pump, tennis shoes and a football "T" were part of his permanent gear on every trip. Gregarious by nature, Willie claims that he makes friends faster in every foreign port by organizing a football game.

That zest for having friends, and his devotion to the out-of-doors and travel, are sanguinal legacies for the American seaman of Apache Indian, Teutonic strains. Even more unusual is the fact that our seaman is one of identical twins, and that his twin and now his father are merchant seamen.

Born to a career military man, Willie Arthur Sapp, at Fort Knox, Kentucky in 1942, the twins both tasted and tired of the itinerant army life at an early age. Military assignments forced the family to many flagstops across the country, at one time to Fairbanks, Alaska. Those three years were full of magic for the uninitiated. Willie's enthusiasm erupted as he described those years of salmon fishing and bear hunting with his father, riding the huskie sleds, watching the Eskimos, version of trampoline as they threw each other high in the air, to

Continued on page 15

1962

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH							APRIL						
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Firsts in '62

New York's crippling longshoremen's strike has hit hardest at the merchant seaman whose forced unemployment has violated his feelings of independence and security. Many of them wait out the negotiations at 25 South Street, the only place many of them know as home, hoping that negotiations will successfully conclude, putting longshoremen and seamen back to work. Those fortunate enough to be our guests since the strike commenced on December 23 are finding a variety of social and educational opportunities which were developed for the first time in 1962. As one seaman put it: "I hate to leave this place because every time I go away for a few hours I miss something good."

Because the list of "firsts" from 1962 could fill the entire LOOKOUT, we shall list only the most interesting and significant ones. Bringing these new areas of service to our friends has been accomplished largely because of the determination of the administration to minister to the total needs of the man—an extension of our Christian concern for the man's religious needs.

Because of the vastness of its responsibilities the most numerous developments as "firsts" of 1962 must be noted within the Department of Special Services. At its head is Dr. Roscoe Foust whose willingness to "gamble" in the interests of the seamen is tempered by eight years with the Seamen's Church Institute. *The year 1962, saw the following new projects conceived and developed:*

■ Ship visitors extended their services to oil tankers to reach an estimated 250 American seamen who arrive daily

within the New York and New Jersey port areas—all ships docked at the most remote areas.

■ Presentation of Annual Football Trophies at both the Port Newark station and at SCI to encourage friendly competition among crews of foreign and American flag ships.

■ Preparation of one-half hour taped Christmas services in eight different languages for shipboard playing.

■ An experiment with the devotional approach in the Chapel of Our Saviour during Lent, at which time great motion picture films, "The Ox Bow Incident," "Question Seven," the classic "God Needs Men," were related to human conditions and Christian plans.

■ Religious services conducted by SCI chaplains for the crews aboard foreign flag ships during the Christmas holidays and aboard ships strike-bound in New York.

■ The first performance of a religious drama in the new Seamen's Theatre of the Beverley Cross play "One More River" which encouragingly reached crowds of seamen.

■ The first two performances of the fifty-piece Broadway Symphony Orchestra under the professional direction of Rasario Carcioni.

■ Adult Education classes offering instruction in investments, languages, music appreciation, comparative governments and comparative religions.

■ An evening program called Nations of the World which featured an illustrated lecture by a diplomatic or cultural representative from a foreign country to focus the current economic and cultural picture of his country.

■ The opening of the Art Studio on the top floor of SCI with a professional



Opening of SCI's art classes late in October of last year offered instruction by professionals, including Madison Fred Mitchell (left) whose work has been exhibited in collections throughout the world. He discusses technique here with German seaman Dieter Erdmann.

staff offering techniques of sketching and painting.

■ The first exhibit of students' paintings produced in the art classes. When our Art Studio opened in the mid-summer of 1962 in the east wing of the thirteenth floor, some said: "You will never get a seaman to art classes." What resulted? The first exhibition of student painting was presented to the public in December. Another is scheduled for this spring.

■ The opening of the physical education and work-out area on the thirteenth floor, which made available to seamen the equipment necessary to improve their physical well-being, at modest cost. The gymnasium was a "gamble" in the interest of the seamen, and began with small participation, but the "gamble" was a prudent investment by the Department of Special Services. Attendance has doubled and is still growing.

■ Cashing disability checks for bed-ridden patients in the U. S. Public Health Hospital, Staten Island, through the ship visitors section.

■ The first presentation of the SCI award in April to the U. S. Coast Guard for its Safety at Sea Campaign, Rear Admiral Richard M. Ross, Commander, Third Coast Guard District accepted the citation.

The development of these new programs for seamen quite naturally led

to the remodeling of certain parts of the building, the modernization and refurbishing of others. Improvements to the physical plant have included:

■ Addition of new lighting and new furniture to the Merchant Marine School in late 1962, and the general refurbishing of the entire space allotted to the school on the thirteenth floor, including the Memorial Navigation Bridge and the redesigning of the beautiful new "crew's lounge" where students not only study but swap sea tales, and the rearrangement of the projection room of the Merchant Marine School for more effective use of audio-visual classroom material.

■ The installation of acoustically perfect curtains and proscenium aprons in the auditorium and the repair to the theatre organ.

■ Expansion of storage and sorting space for the Joseph Conrad Library into part of the third floor, formerly occupied by the bowling alleys.

■ Complete modernization of the former Dutch Club for additional classroom space required by the Department of Education. The project included the paneling of the room in birch, repainting, installation of contemporary lounge furniture, adequate lighting and new draperies.

■ The Rev. John M. Mulligan, who became the Institute's Director in 1960, resolved to place existing SCI wage structures and employment benefits in line with those prevailing in business and industry. Early in 1962 the Board announced to the employees the inauguration of a major medical expense plan designed to supplement certain eligible employees' Blue Cross-Blue Shield benefits already in existence in case of serious or prolonged accidents or illnesses. The Institute agreed to pay the entire cost of the employees' coverage as well as the entire cost of the group insurance plan also begun last year, which provides \$2000 worth of Life and Accidental death and Dismemberment insurance. The new employee benefits have made it possible to offer greater security to the present staff of two hundred and fifty, and to employ additional qualified persons.

Sierre

Tango

Uniform

Victor

Whiskey

Xray

Yankee

Zulu

Cap'n Walt's Page



I. Hi, again, boys and girls! Here are the last eight flags in the nautical code alphabet. See if you can make more words by adding these final flags to last month's, and start sending code messages to your friends.

II. Remember, when looking up the following words in the dictionary always take the meaning marked NAUT. . . that's nautical. Sometimes there will be more than one nautical meaning. Have fun!

1. Belaying pin _____
2. Below _____
3. Bilge _____
4. Block _____
5. Boom _____
6. Bowsprit _____

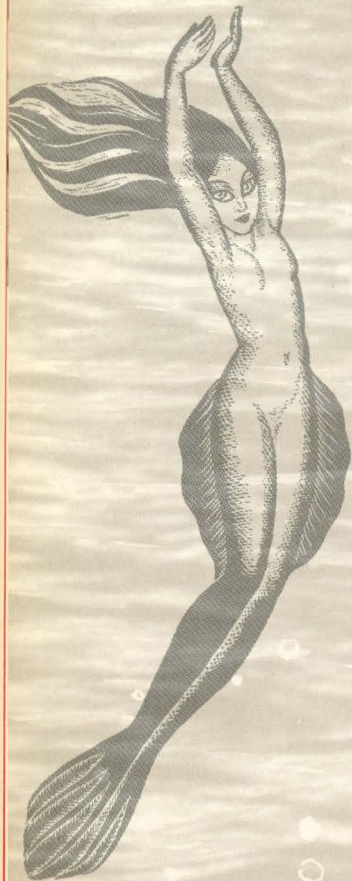
III. What do *you* think the following sentences mean? Check your answers against those at the back of this magazine.

1. "Let her run."
2. "Take a turn around this cleat with the main sheet."
3. "All hands on deck; man the pumps."
4. "Now furl your main and stop it down."
5. "Luff her up, before we have a stove boat."
6. "Trim your braces and belay."

Continued on page 14

Mermaid: Enchantress of the Sea

by Orlan J. Fox



Of the many strange and varied "peoples" of the sea—mermen, tritons, and water spirits—the most fascinating of them all is the mermaid. Almost every age of Western history has fabled her extraordinary powers, and nearly every country with a seashore, lake or river has recorded her legends in its lore.

The mermaid traces her ancestry to Ea, Lord of the Waters, worshipped in Babylonia some seven thousand years ago. The ancient seafaring Greeks later perfected the concept of her beauty, which is today stereotyped in the famous bronze statue on the rock in the bay of Copenhagen. Even the Medieval Church, in the great renaissance of sea exploration, did not suppress her altogether, but used her as a warning against feminine allure. As late as the 19th century, American Indians in the Mississippi Valley told frontiersmen that "a very great while ago" mermaids had led them across the Great Ocean of the East and ultimately to the land where they finally settled.

And today? "Eye-witness" accounts of the creature by sea-goers even in the twentieth century would fill volumes. The question of her existence is seriously debated by scientists and sailor alike, and there are many firm believers.

The annual Mermaid Hunt off the coast of the Isle of Man, undertaken with genuine zeal by English seamen and, it might be added, with great expense, is a current example of man's enthusiasm and belief in the elusive maiden. Another recent testimony of credence was the popularity of Barnum & Bailey's sideshow mermaid (the barker's exciting spiel was usually enough to dispel the skeptic's suspicion that he was gazing upon cleverly sculpted wax).

The inquiring mind of the scientist discounts, of course, the mythical versions of the enchantress's attributes which portray her as enjoying eternal youth, usually seen combing her long tresses, mirror in hand, the magic of her voice soaring lyrically across the waters. Amid the fantasy of man's fertile imagination, however, the germ of a scientific possibility does persist. Oceanographers have yet to catalogue fully the strange phenomena which inhabit the depths of the sea. Paleontologists marvel at the extraordinary fossils of now extinct mammals. Naturalists have calculated man's evolution from the creatures of the sea. Why not, then, a being which is half human and half fish?

The common explanation of the mermaid among natural historians and writers of encyclopedia is that what sailors have called mermaids are really dugongs and manatee, or sea-cows, who have the curious habit

She's a lady popular in chanty and legend, symbol of feminine allure by the Medieval Church, mother of Irish clans. Is the mermaid then . . . all bunk . . . or is there credulity in "first hand" accounts, asks the author.

of rising vertically to the surface of water to suckle their young. In this situation, it is said, the sea-cow bears a resemblance to a woman nursing her child, and could thus be mistaken for a mermaid.

But here, the resemblance to the behavior and beauty of the legendary enchantress ends. The sea-cow's head is like a blunt stump, completely expressionless with tiny eyes buried deep in the blubbery flesh of her cheek. Paddle-like flippers are her supposed arms. And further, the sea-cow does not sing, but is completely silent. Almost the only physical feature it has in common is the fish-like tail.

Now, supposing that the ancient Greeks did observe the sea-cow (which is rarely known in the Mediterranean), it is absurd to think that the classical aesthetics of their culture transformed this preposterous mammal into a comely maiden of the sea. It is also asking too much of a maritime race of any period, in spite of the sailor's proverbial love of a lively yarn, to turn the feat. It is not likely that the seaman's trained power of observation, on which his safety and that of his ship so much depends, could make such an outlandish mistake.

The possible confusion of the seal with the mermaid is another matter. There are points of resemblance which might deceive at a distance. Its sleek, fishy shape renders it like a mermaid in general outline. Unlike the sluggish sea-cow, the seal is fond of basking on rocks, and is indigenous to most waters in the West. It utters "musical" notes, which have even been recorded. It has flippers which are surprisingly mobile, and loves to scratch its head or blow its nose in a wonderfully human fashion. Its face is extremely expressive, especially its eyes. Even more convincing is the blushing pink hue sometimes recorded in the skins of seals.

The remarkable likeness between woman and seal has often been noted in the lore of many countries. The seal is not labeled a mermaid, however, but the seal is said to contain a beautiful maiden beneath its skin. The mythology, as is usual, varies with the country. Several Irish clans, for example claim descendancy from seal-maidens, who, according to legend, were captured and bewedded by members of the clan. An entire tribe of ancient Greeks—the Phocans—believed that the nereid Psmathe, the first recorded seal-maiden, was its forebearer. Norsemen and Western Celts held the superstition that seals were the dead condemned to live in the sea. They looked upon the seal as a sort of second cousin in disgrace. These superstitions in the north persisted until the late nineteenth century, and may even exist today. And modern Greeks still retain a popular saying to the effect that when a woman sheds false tears, she cries like a seal.

It should be stressed that man has rarely mistaken the seal for a mermaid—perhaps a logical error—but instead has written an entirely different mythology surrounding the mammal in terms of its real similarity to womankind. Why, then, should scientists and the myth-debunking popular press claim that the hapless sea-cow, notably less convincing than the seal, has caused all the confusion?

And so it goes. Now the question is complicated, and there are conjectures aplenty. One thing remains certain, however—the fascination and the enchantment of the mermaid legends are readily felt by anyone who delves into this colorful chapter of sea-lore. No one can read the fabulous tales or see the historical illustrations without emerging with the fond belief that, science or no, mermaids *should* exist.

something old, something new:

10th Anniversary of the Marine Museum

In the Marine Museum of the SCI, the proud history of sailing is unfolded through the use of more than 300 ship models, lovingly and painstakingly scaled to size and duplicating every line, sail or funnel of the originals. The head of almost every country in the world has presented a ship model to the Museum's International Collection: a beautiful gilt and red Swan Boat, the royal barge used by the kings of Siam, the Korean turtle ship, world's first ironclad (1592); and the Manh-Com, used off the Paracelo Islands, with its wooden sides, bamboo bottom and sails woven of Dem leaves. These are just a few of the unusual ones. Other models recall the golden years of international trade when ships plied the seas laden with grain, spices and coffee—with a nasty reminder of the slave trade in the form of a chain whip used in slave ships of the 1800's. To tantalize the nimble fingered: a small display of sailor knots. And to dress the background, there is a bridge telegraph, bells, a ship's wheel, a ship's figure-

head and even a set of pattern cards once used by a tattooer in following his art.

The museum is an important tourist attraction in Manhattan, and in addition to increasing numbers of the general public, a steady stream of school children, scout, recreation and other groups visit us. Their leaders, because of lack of familiarity or due to the size of their groups, often are unable to more than merely expose their charges to the contents of the Museum. One leader—seeing some "Do not touch" signs—roared "Fall in by twos, Hrsh!" "You are not to touch anything; hands in your pockets, Hrsh! Forward, Hrsh!" Marching by twos between glass cases with hands in pockets can hardly be a very valuable educational experience.

A continuing program of service by the Seamen's Church Institute was inaugurated one hundred-and-twenty-nine years ago under the name of the *Young Men's Auxiliary Missionary and Education Society*. The Institute has never forgotten its mission of

The museum as it looks now is a rather haphazard collection of ship models and sea memorabilia with little attempt at grouping developmental periods of transportation, or relating these models to the life and times of the men who tamed the seas in them.



Now preparing for its tenth birthday, the popular marine museum will soon undergo a large-scale revitalization and contemporization to broaden its educational value to the community, make more efficient use of its valuable collections. Museum curator Herbert Jennings here discusses the proposed changes and the reasons for doing so with some suggestions on how Lookout readers might implement our plans.

administering to the needs of seamen; the public, it would seem has never forgotten our initial dedication to education. Through the years, an anchor, a bell, a memento, a model, various objects—some good and some bad—have found their way into the Institute. This pattern of enriching the Institute through such gifts became so firmly established that the collections were brought together, and nine years ago last Maritime Day, it was opened to the public as a Marine Museum.

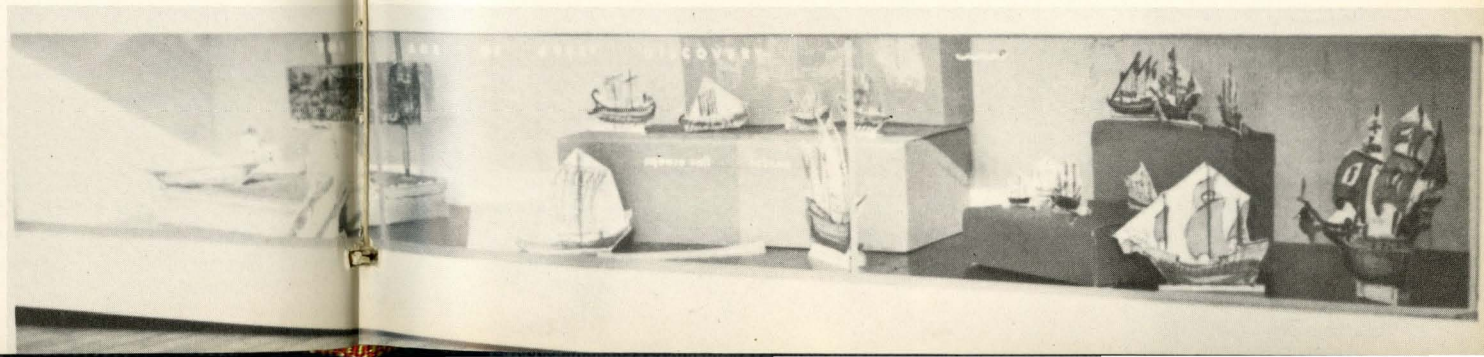
Because no initial policy existed to limit the nature of these gifts, this collection is much broader than any other similar maritime collection. This very wealth of material cries out for organization so that its values will not be lost. If greater value is to be obtained from our Marine Museum by school groups and others, the burden of such accomplishment obviously falls on the shoulders of the Institute itself.

Functional regrouping of models and other items is being undertaken by the Institute and, as it becomes

available, contemporary material such as newspapers, prints, etc. also will be introduced to vividly delineate the lives and fortunes of those who earn their livelihood by working on water—inland, coastwise or deep sea. Significant arrangement of displays will dramatize the technological development of navigation and bring home to the wider community the socio-economic facts of its life, but even more, the inclusion of human factors encompassing the seaman's economic and social position, his culture and contributions during various historical periods will vitalize and add lustre to the present collections. No other museum devotes itself to this human side of navigation

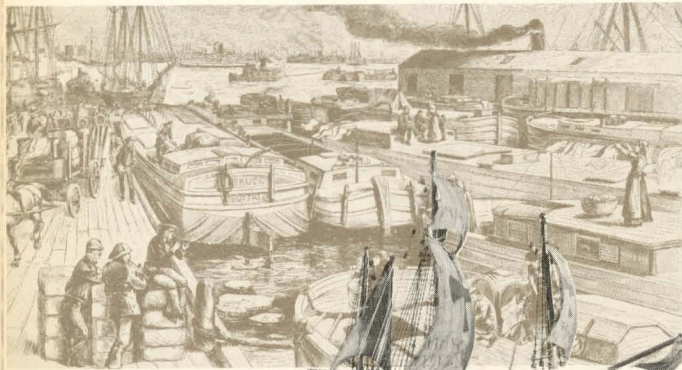
Knowledge of ships and shipping is by no means complete. We have but fragmentary knowledge of ships prior to 1650 A. D. For earlier craft we have to depend largely on information culled from bas reliefs, coins, seals, paintings inventories and descriptions of one kind or another. Even up through the last century, our informa-

Photograph of curator's model of proposed new continuous displays which will integrate the human element with the collection of ships to which it was indiginous. Plans call for animated displays, cut-away models which fascinate and educate even the youngest of our public.



tion about how ships were painted (pigments and media) and decorated is fragmentary, and many a model maker has depended on his own imagination to fill in the gaps. If there is a paucity of information above deck, once we go below deck there is an almost complete blackout, and this blackout extends up and into this century. Disasters and battles usually are dramatic enough to have been recorded, but the amount of headroom between decks most often was not.

Equally spotty and unreliable is information about the crew, what they wore, how they lived (on ship and ashore), what they ate (how and where it was prepared), how many there were, their age range, nationality, social status, and what they did—none of this has been consistently recorded. Source material such as this and the above, as much as possible



This wood engraving of canal-boat life in Coenties Slip late 1800's which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of February, 1884, is typical of the material the Marine Museum is soliciting to be used as a blow-up or as a cut-out behind the models in the present collection. Help from Lookout readers in locating this material will greatly simplify the task of our curator.

contemporaneous with each period, is what the Marine Museum is seeking to fill in the gaps. For this reason, the Marine Museum will gladly welcome donations of source material pertaining to any aspect of things maritime (including inland waterways as well as harbor, coastwise and deep sea) no matter what its period . . . from translation of an Egyptian bas relief inscription down to a contemporary cartoon. Old illustrated magazines such as *Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*, old photographs (do you want to get rid of that cache of

old glass photographic negatives?) letters, inventories, descriptions, literary references LOOKOUT readers may have stumbled across, cartoons (both critical and favorable to our point-of-view) journals, logs, diaries, anything which will serve to illumine the general obscurity, is especially needed.

In sending the Marine Museum any material, please include as much amplifying data as you can, i.e., name of publication and date, who took the photograph, when, where and what it represents, who has owned the item until now and any information about its history or associations, identification of a tool as to when, where and how used and why. Any information you readers supply is not only grist for our mill but also may spell the difference between a valuable acquisition and something valueless because its significance has been lost.

If we may torture a metaphor, the new look of the Marine Museum is to fathom in depth. With the active help from interested readers as outlined above, it will be possible for SCI to prepare the first section of its new museum for the celebration of its tenth anniversary, National Maritime Day, May 22, 1963. Please help make possible the human story of navigation. Contributions should be sent to the Marine Museum, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

You may help the Institute develop graphically this human story of navigation by sending such resource material to the Marine Museum.

Down to the Sea . . . 1890

Chapter V. Continuation of the log of 18-year-old Fred Best as recorded in 1890 aboard full-rigged ship ASIA from Boston.



August 27,

The wind increased all last night and we have taken in everything on the mizzen except the lower topsail. Last night I lost my cap overboard while furling the main topgallant. Some of the seas came right over the bow. One came aboard and wet me and five other men to the skin while we were hauling at the fore brace, and the watch was ordered to stand by on the poop deck for she was shipping so many seas. Two men were at the wheel.

There are lots of sea birds flying around us, and we have seen boobies, cape geese, cape hens and albatross, which are larger than any bird I have ever seen ashore. They can fly very fast and do not flap their wings at all, but sail along with them spread wide out. They, too, are very hungry, and it is fun to watch them when a piece of pork or beef is thrown overboard, for they all sight it immediately and go for it.

The weather is getting chilly now that we are farther north, and after the hot weather at the Equator, I notice it—and especially when I get soaked to the skin as I did last night. We are now in about 44 degrees S. Lat.

At seven bells one morning, Herbert called me to look over the port side. I did, and what a sight I saw. There were about 300 cape pigeons swimming alongside within a fathom of the side of the ship, quacking, sputtering and having a fine time. Joe, in the starboard watch caught 5 or 6 of them and let them waddle about the deck. They cannot fly from the decks, for when they are caught and put on anything solid like the deck, it makes them sick and they vomit. They are always on the wing or in the water, and they can't stand it to be placed on firm footing.

September 1,

It was a cold windy day, and a cold wet night, very disagreeable, and though it was Sunday with little work to do, there was no chance to read with comfort. But we are bowling along in good style. I am not feeling well today as I have a stiff neck and headache. I did not go on deck tonight with the watch, as I did not feel able to do so.

September 28,

I have been sick ever since Sept. 1st, with fever, which the Capt. thinks was scarlet fever. The first four days I had an awful headache, and then I was better and knew what was going on, but was quite sick and very weak for about two weeks. After that I was able to be up for about an hour on two days while we were "running the eastern down."

A vessel bound to the East Indies does not sail directly north after passing the Cape of Good Hope, but keeps to the eastward for a number of degrees. This is called by the sailors "running the eastern down" and bad weather may always be expected, especially in winter—and this is now winter in the south latitudes.

We had a terrible gale, and I was still spending most of my time in my bunk. The decks were awash, and the seas kept coming over continually, and into our room. It wet me and my bedclothes and the bed, and I laid in that condition for two days and two nights. During the gale oil bags were slung over each side to prevent the seas from breaking over us, but they did not help much. The only sails set were the foresail, forelower-topsail, and main lower-topsail—3 sails out of the 22 which the ASIA carries. Even then we had to run before it, and it was a pretty bad time. The men said it was a gale of hurricane force, but I didn't know much about it for I was so sick.

Continued next month

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

Congressman John V. Lindsey, Rep., NY (at microphone) drew animated crowd of seamen to Christmas-decorated International Club when he discussed foreign aid and other political footballs recently. Discussed by some as potential presidential candidate, Rep. Lindsey welcomed barrage of questions from his seamen audience who sail the ships that carry the foreign aid. The program was one of the most successful presented by the Department of Education in 1962.



The singers, dancers and dignitaries assembled on SCI's stage took part in a commemorative service for Philippine national hero, Jose Rizal, recently. The attractive and exotic program of dances and songs in Tagalog attracted more than 300 members of the Philippine community in New York, and several seamen who are frequent visitors to the Philippines. The hours of the Marine Museum were expanded to accommodate the Philippine visitors.



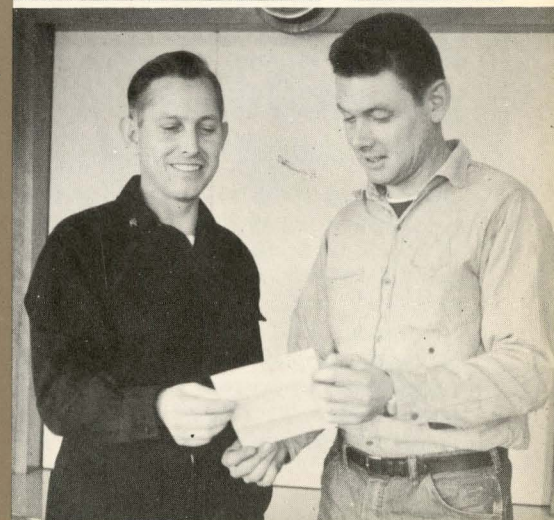
The 50-voice choir made up of employees of the Chemical New York Bank presented a well-received pre-Christmas a capella concert of carols during a noon hour in the SCI lobby. Dozens of seamen, staff members and restaurant patrons strolled in and found standing room only. The professionally-trained group drew heavily from a repertoire of early European carols of many nationalities, and the spontaneous moving of heads by the foreign seamen indicated that the choir had "communicated."



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF Nurses Anderson and Anderson, Inc., of SCI's clinic still smile when they remember the seaman who came to the clinic with a mending broken leg, treated weeks before in a native hospital along the coast of west Africa. Native doctors prescribing a crutch which they did not have, sent to the bush for native woodcarvers, who assembled the three-pound job which Nurse Anderson holds on the left. Nurse Anderson on the right clasps foam-padded American type—weighing little over one pound. The nurses asked the seaman which had been more bothersome, the heavy crutch or the broken leg. The crutch became the permanent possession among the other salvaged oddities of the clinic.



SNEAK PREVIEW — For those of you who can't wait until February for a look at the seaman who received the 150,000th Lucky Christmas Box distributed by the Women's Council, here's a peek at him. He's Harold J. Murphy (right) and he's accepting the congratulations from his skipper, Captain Joseph Semon aboard the S.S. Taurus on Christmas Day. He has just learned of his good luck in this picture, although the recognition luncheon is being enjoyed at SCI as this issue of the Lookout goes to press. Full story of his reception will be featured in the February Lookout, and he will become Seaman Of The Month, too. But for the present, seaman Murphy says "thanks" to all 2,000 of you whose good wishes went into his Christmas Box.



from the mailbag



New York City

Dear Editor:

I found the article on porpoises in the November issue of "the Lookout" most interesting. As you know, our Marineland of the Pacific in California makes a great feature of these animals. They are just as the article says—friendly, intelligent and a great friend of man.

Henry Harris
Harris, Upham & Co.

New York City

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

Sometimes in our leafing through magazines a photograph, or a story or an article, strikes us as exceptional.

Your December, 1962, issue of The Lookout—all of which was informative and interesting—contained one piece that was particularly enjoyable to read: The Seaman-of-the-Month feature. It was a human interest story rich in the qualities that show why young men will continue to turn to the romance of the sea. A reader could sense with the 17-year-old Arwed Wittenberg the feverish thrill of decision as he stood in the raw-cold on the Hamburg waterfront, and we could feel, too, the anguish of his mother, a maternal concern that was tempered by the more realistic view of the boy's father.

I commend you on this particular feature and look forward to reading other Seamen-of-the-Month articles.

John P. Callahan
New York Times

Manila, Philippines

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

I have flown over many countries, alighting now and then, but here I am settled for ten days in an air-conditioned room overlooking Manila Bay. There are about eight ships at anchor, having unloaded, and two more tied up at the famous Pier #7—which my Uncle Fred (Fred Best of "Down to the Sea" series in LOOKOUT) mentioned so many times to me in his later years.

I find the Filipinos a most friendly, happy people, and immersed in Girl Scouting up to the hilt! Theirs is copied after our American system.

Enjoyed so much the article on Bombay in the last LOOKOUT. It was so apropos—for I stopped there enroute!

Dorothy Prescott

Hamilton, New York

Dear Sir:

In the December Lookout, Mrs. Benjamin Tinsley wrote you that her father was Commander and Captain of the "Carnegie" which was used in scientific research. I was interested in her comment because my father was the original Commander of the "Carnegie", commissioned, in my recollection, about the year 1914-15. Further, it is my strong belief that the "Carnegie" is now stationed in Woods Hole, Mass., in connection with the work of the Marine Biological Laboratories. On this latter point I am not certain.

John W. S. Littlefield,
Colgate University

New York City

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

Thank you for your excellent publication which I have read with appreciation. There is a good photograph of the Thanksgiving Day Service, and I am sending my copy home as a special reminder of the happy day spent at the SCI.

Rt. Rev. John Matthews
Bishop of Carpentaria

Reading, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

In the recent issue of "The Lookout" there is an article on Page 9 (Oct. 1962) which is titled "Who Discovered America?"

In this article, which is very interesting and informative, there is an article describing a typical Viking ship as determined by excavations in Norway in 1880 when the "Gokstad" ship was discovered. I believe this was supposedly a ship which may have sailed the seas in 1000 or 1100 A.D., or was typical of that era.

If your author can sort of pinpoint the age of this ship and also what type paint, caulking compound or anti-fouling compound, if any, might have been used on this vessel, it would be of extreme interest to me.

My hobby is the history of paint. Thus, any information which the author may have found in his research that might indicate color of paint if any, type of paint if discovered, or any antifouling compounds that might have been used on the bottoms if any, would help me.

I enjoyed the article very much and turned the article over to one of my friends who has a hobby of proving the possible discovery of America long before Columbus. He, too, was very much interested in the article.

L. E. Wagner, Technical Dir.
The Glidden Co.

The International Club needs used guitars for the use of Seamen. Lookout readers who have instruments in good condition are urged to contribute them to the Seamen's Church Institute.

Bookwatch

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP. By Thomas Helm. 232 pp. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$4.00.

Unusual creatures that inhabit the waters of the world have always fascinated and awed mankind. This book tells the dramatic story of some of those creatures and man's exposure to them, both factual and legendary. Throughout history, seamen have sung and spoken of sea serpents and all sorts of monsters of the deep. In recent times, fiction has occasionally been turned into fact by the discovery of prehistoric anachronisms such as the weird coelacanth (pronounced "seelakanth"), which might have brought terror to the hearts of primitive fishermen. Jules Verne's exciting description of a giant squid's attack on the Nautilus might have been suggested to him from old maritime records, which contain authenticated accounts of such accounts, although it

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 2

be caught in a sealskin blanket. Willie became an authority on igloo construction, and he could build one now down to the finishing detail, he claims.

It was during those ascetic years in Alaska, too, when the boys fell behind in their education. "We never were too interested in classroom work, and the schools there were very bad. We were called 'too advanced' or 'not advanced enough' or 'too tall.' We never got to know our teachers or classmates very well."

When the family again returned to the South, the twins Willie and Wilton asked their father's permission to quit high school to go to sea. The elder Sapp was a wise and indulgent father and gave their adventures his blessings. "Although I often regret that we didn't finish up school, I never regret going to sea. I have seen much of the world and hope to see the rest. And I'll get the education later . . . somehow."

With his twin as bunkmate, Willie shipped from Jacksonville on the "Ocean Jenny" bound for Aruba, Venezuela, and Rio, carrying diesel fuel.

is far more likely that the squid will engage in death struggles with its natural enemy, the giant sperm whale. The truth is often as thrilling as the legend.

THE AMERICAN PRIVATEERS. By Donald Barr Chidsey. 161 pp. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$4.00.

This carefully documented history of America's unsung heroes, the "legalized pirates" like Thomas Boyle, Seth Harding and even the notorious Captain Kidd, touches on the fights, triumphs, and terrible risks they ran. From earliest colonial times through the Civil War, privateering was in full swing. Its survival in the early days shocked many persons, but excited others. Donald Barr Chidsey recaptures many of these moments of glory with gusto and flair in his book, which includes a number of excellent photographs.

The four-and-a-half month trip whetted the quixotic spirit of young Willie, and uninterrupted trips have brought him to India, Pakistan, all ports of South America, to the Virgins and Dutch West and East Indies, and many more.

"Rio" was a wonderland, and his favorite port-o-call, he reminisces. "I took lots of trips up to the hills and into the bush, and couldn't get enough of their movies. If I could return to one city, Rio would be my choice."

What are his future plans? He would spend another score years at sea, then retire to the South to find a bride. He described the South with as much reverence as he described the sea, and waxed nostalgic about those times he carried the tenor line in the Southern Baptist choir. This love for singing has staved off hours of boredom during some of his routine jobs as wiper aboard ship. He managed to learn a few of the less indelicate sea chancies.

When seaman Willie Carl Sapp returns to the South he will have lost no enthusiasm for the soil, but a mature appreciation of the responsibilities in "putting down roots" at last.

CAP'N WALT'S PAGE *Continued from page 5*

Answers: 1. *Keep on the tack you are on.* 2. *Take a couple of turns around a cleat with the line which adjusts the main sail.* 3. *Everyone on deck. Some of you work the hand pumps to keep us afloat in case we're taking in water.* 4. *Roll up the main sail and tie it down with short lines.* 5. *Head our ship into the wind so that the sails flap before we have a collision.* 6. *Haul in the lines which adjust the trim of the sails and tie the end to a cleat on the deck.*

**SEAMAN'S VERSION
OF THE 23RD PSALM**

THE Lord is my pilot; I shall not drift. He lighteth me across the dark waters. He steereth me in the deep channels. He keepeth my log. He guideth me by the star of Holiness for His Name's sake. Yea, though I sail 'mid the thunders and tempest of life, I shall dread no danger. For Thou art with me; Thy love and Thy care they shelter me. Thou preparest a harbor before me in the homeland of eternity; Thou anointest the waves with oil; my ship rideth calmly. Surely sunlight and starlight shall favor me all the days of my voyaging and I will rest in the port of my Lord forever.

TITLE UNKNOWN

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so. Amen.

Author unknown

TIME AND THE SEA

The sea has long defied the cruel hand
Of Time that ages all we know on
land;
So on the days that I arise and go
To walk beside the ocean's rhythmic
flow
I listen to the songs the waves have
sung
Since that dim era when the Earth
was young,
And that unending music of the sea
Awakes the bravery of youth in me,
And as the billows near me leap or
climb
I, too, defy the cruel hand of Time.

by John Van Brakle

ROLLIN' DOWN TO RIO

Rollin' down to Rio,
When I was a lad,
I was king of all the world,
More than mighty glad
I had left the valley
an' the lights of home
For the tumblin' waters
an' the flyin' foam.
Rollin' down to Rio,
I was seventeen,
On my way to find the things,
That my dreams had seen:
Peacocks in the palm trees,
Palaces an' pearls,
Prester John out walkin'
With his dancin'-girls.
Rollin' down to Rio,
On the greasy swell,
Wouldn't I be bearin' back
Wondrous tales to tell,
When I wandered homeward
In the fallin' dew
With the gold an' jewels
That Aladdin knew?
Rollin' down to Rio
In a rusty tramp,
Old an' gray an' withered up,
Just a burned-out lamp,
Flickerin' an' smokin',
While I long to be
Plowin' in the valley,
Flouted for the sea.

by Edgar Daniel Kramer