

"THE SQUARE"

by Dick Whittinghill

"Square" — another of the good old words has gone the way of love and modesty and patriotism,

Something to be snickered over or outright laughed at!

It used to be that there was no higher compliment you could pay a man than to call him a square shooter;

The young man's promise of a square deal once was as binding as an oath on the Bible.

But today a square is a guy who volunteers when he doesn't have to —

He's a guy who gets his kicks from trying to do a job better than anyone else;

He's a boob who gets so lost in his work he has to be reminded to go home.

A square is a guy who doesn't want to stop at the bar and get all juiced up because he prefers to go to his own home, his own dinner table, his own bed.

He hasn't learned to cut corners or goof off.

This nut we call a square gets all choked up when he hears children singing "My country 'tis of thee"

He even believes in God — and says so — in public!

Some of the old squares were Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, George Washington, Ben Franklin. Some of the new squares are Glenn, Grissom, Shepard, Carpenter, Cooper, Schirra.

John Glenn says he gets a funny feeling down inside when he sees the flag go by; says he's proud that he belonged to the Boy Scouts — the YMCA.

How square can you get?

A square's a guy who lives within his means, — whether the Joneses do or not, and thinks his Uncle Sam should, too.

He doesn't want to buy now and pay later.

A square is likely to save some of his own money for a rainy day, rather than count on using yours.

A square gets his books out of the library instead of the drug store;

He tells his son it's more important to play fair than win. Imagine!

A square is a guy who reads scripture when nobody's watching and prays when nobody's listening.

A guy who thinks Christmas trees should be green, Christmas gifts should be hand picked.

He wants to see America first in everything.

He believes in honoring mother and father and do unto others, and that kind of stuff.

He thinks he knows more than his teenager knows about car freedom and curfew.

So all you gooley birds answering this description please stand up!

You misfits in this brave, new age, you dismally disorganized, improperly apologetic ghosts of the past

Stand up — stand up and be counted!

You squares who turn the wheels and dig the fields and move mountains and put rivets in our dreams

You squares who dignify the human race

You squares who hold the thankless world in place.

Permission to reprint granted LOOKOUT
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the LOOKOUT

VOL. 56, No. 3

APRIL 1965

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

The Right Reverend

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Editors
New York Association of Industrial
Communicators*

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

COVER: An Alfred Hitchcock, London peasoup fog swirled off the East River last month literally obscuring Manhattan's towers. The ethereal effect of SCI's lighthouse vignette through the fog motivated your editor to costume seaman Paul Stephens in slicker and raincap in an attempt to capture the beauty of the fog. You see the result.

**the LOOKOUT**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



MAY 1965



seaman of the month

Jeffrey Sederberg

Old sage Samuel Johnson once penned that "youth enters the world with very happy prejudices in her own favor."

It was restorative, then, to toss away our jaded, preconceived notions about today's youth and look over our clear-eyed, 20-year-old seaman. Jeff Sederberg has a fiery ambition to "be somebody", yet does not know which direction to go or what star to follow.

The clue was evident when an Institute Chaplain brought Jeff to the Public Relations office for an interview, adding "Jeff's in the service because he doesn't really know what he wants to do." And Jeff admitted to it.

The tall young man, with a name more often found in Swedish phone books, is native to industrial Gary, Indiana. Perhaps he finds something at SCI similar to what he remembers from home when he stays at the Institute frequently while his Coast Guard cutter, the *Half-Moon*, is berthed on Staten Island.

Jeff cast his lot with the USCG last year and spent the first six months at a Sonar technical school in Key West, Florida, learning the mechanics of what Jeff describes as "underwater radar." The sonar beams and bounces high-frequency vibrations to detect submarines and underwater objects.

This understanding of highly sophisticated electronic equipment is just one of a variety of skills Jeff has learned in 20 years. He equipped a photographic darkroom in the family home while he was still in high school. Encouraged by his friends he soon was taking photographs and making his own professional enlargements. This interest led to his appointment as

photo editor of the prize-winning high school newspaper, to which he also contributed by-lined sports stories.

With talents bountifully heaped, Jeff became a crackerjack debater both in high school and in the Forensics Club of Indiana University, where Jeff enrolled for a radio-television degree.

Free-style swimming and a mastery of the tympani were two high school skills which benefited him in college. Some tuition was earned by playing the drums in a jazz dance combo, and during summers he worked as a life-guard. Leadership was expected, too, and he held several elective offices. At 14, he was the youngest president of any Lutheran Church group.

When financing his education became increasingly difficult, Jeff quit the University to fulfill his military obligation. Although he enjoys the sea, he doubts he'll follow shipping for a livelihood because he wants to "settle down in one place," perhaps entering the field of photographic journalism. He discussed his interest with us and we encouraged him to follow his journalism bent. He recently offered his photography talent to his chief officer, hoping to persuade the officer to let him equip a small darkroom aboard the *Half Moon*.

Sea time has already given this young man opportunity to set certain goals. Jeff commented that from his small monthly pay he manages to buy a \$50 government bond which will eventually finance the college sheepskin he couldn't afford last year. "If all goes well, I will be discharged in '68 with a nest egg of \$3,500," he

Alert, bright and congenial, Jeff Sederberg makes a good seaman.

OUR MAN IN THE PORT



A friendly and distinguished group of New York City maritime representatives overflowed the carpeted office on the third floor of the Battery Maritime Building overlooking the harbor late Friday afternoon, April 8. The joviality subsided suddenly into whispers when a short, gray-haired man walked to the front of the group to acknowledge his guest of honor and account for the late afternoon reception.

The gentleman doing the speaking was Commissioner of the Department of Marine and Aviation, Leo Brown, and the gentleman he invited to stand beside him was SCI's John M. Mulligan.

In a brief introduction full of anecdotal humor, Commissioner Brown bestowed the title "Protestant Chaplain of the Port of New York" on the Director, with the assurance of all rights and privileges that go with the title. Mr. Mulligan acknowledged the honor and dedicated himself to the responsibilities of his appointment.

No gathering of men is formal or ceremonious — for long — and this reception was no exception. With tongue-in-cheek, Commissioner Brown handed the new Chaplain an I.D. "badge", created especially for the appointment ceremony.

It was a double honor for the Director. None of the previous SCI chaplains has ever received the appointment, and the appointee is not

drawn from a list of clergymen serving the maritime industry. The selection is made on the professional and personal attractiveness of the individual, his ability to best represent and speak for Protestants, and upon his personal popularity with the officers of the Department of Marine and Aviation Employees Association and the Commissioner. The final selection is made by the commissioner and officers of the Employee's Welfare Association.

Mr. Mulligan, moreover, is the first Protestant Port Chaplain since retirement last October of Dr. Charles Bridgeman, historian of Trinity Episcopal Church.

Mr. Mulligan will join with The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Henry J. Gebhard, Catholic Port Chaplain, (pastor of Holy Rosary on State Street) and Rabbi Alex Burnstein, Jewish Port Chaplain, (Millinery Center Synagogue) in representing Protestants at functions of the M&A Department; he will minister to Protestant seamen in times of emergency. In addition, he will attend departmental welfare meetings, ministering to Protestants among the 500 employees.

Offering congratulations on the new assignment was Franklin E. Vilas, who represented the SCI Board of Managers at the presentation. The officers of the Employees Association and the other guests joined Mr. Vilas in extending their congratulations.

LAST GUN OF THE ARCTIC



In Washington on National Maritime Day, May 22, 1964, a century-old debt of gratitude was paid to an American Merchant Marine hero. Stewart Holland, 22-year-old "engineer under instruction" of the Collins Line steamer *Arctic*, gave his life when the majestic liner, then America's swiftest, went down on the fog-shrouded Grand Banks of Newfoundland following a fatal collision with the little French iron steamer *Vesta*, on September 27, 1854.

The wooden-hulled *Arctic*, homeward bound from Liverpool, had more than 400 passengers and crew on board. Only 86 survived in what noted writer Walter Lord has termed the most dreadful disaster ever to befall an American merchant ship on the high seas. Panic engulfed the vessel and as a result, not a single woman or child was saved.

Detailed by the master, Captain James C. Luce, to fire the signal gun in hopes that a passing vessel might

hear and come to the rescue, young Holland stuck to his post for the four desperate hours after the collision that the *Arctic* remained afloat. Then, as his last shot boomed out over the empty ocean, following an age-old tradition, he and the captain went down with the ship.

It was almost two weeks in those pre-wireless days before the fate of America's most luxurious ocean liner became known in her home port of New York. But when the facts were learned and the callous behavior of so many of the male passengers and crew who appropriated the insufficient lifeboats was made known, a shocked metropolis went into mourning.

In Washington, where young Holland's father was assistant sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, a movement was immediately instituted to honor the young hero of the *Arctic*. President Franklin Pierce lent his enthusiastic support and designated a plot of land on Pennsylvania

In tribute to National Maritime Day, observed this month, LOOKOUT prints this story of 22-year-old cadet engineer Stewart Holland who perished more than a century ago in one of the nation's worst sea tragedies, and was responsible for founding the tradition of rescuing "women and children first" in calamities at sea.

Avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets for the site of a cenotaph. The design for the projected memorial was displayed in the Rotunda of the U.S. capitol.

Unfortunately, this plan was never realized. Funds subscribed were swept aside in the financial panic of 1857, and shortly thereafter the Civil War tore the nation apart. In the resulting turmoil, Stewart Holland and his heroism were forgotten. A few years ago, however, Alexander Crosby Brown, literary editor of the Newport News, *Virginia Daily Press*, whose great grandfather, James Brown, had been president of the Collins Line, discovered the omission while doing research for his book entitled *Women and Children Last*, on the sinking of the *Arctic*.

Resolving that something should be done to rectify history's inadvertence and to complete the 110-year-old "unfinished business," he enlisted the able assistance of the Honorable Thomas N. Downing, Democratic congressman

from Virginia. In time their unremitting efforts were rewarded, and a large bronze tablet was prepared for display in the main lobby of the District Building, overlooking the site chosen for the cenotaph by President Pierce.

With appropriate pomp and ceremony, this tablet was unveiled May 22 last by a descendent of brave Stewart Holland, Mrs. Rosemary Layman Gainer. The tablet was donated by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, whose mighty liner *United States* retrieved for our country the coveted Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic, held a century ago by the *Arctic*.

The inscription concludes: "This tablet . . . belatedly recognizes the heroism of Stewart Holland and other courageous crewmen and passengers of the *Arctic*, who gave their lives to promote American commerce afloat."

And so at last, Washington has recognized one of her bravest native sons.



Mrs. Patrick A. Garner, Stewart Holland descendent, and Alexander C. Brown, author of "Women and Children Last" look at a print of the sinking steamship "Arctic" at the Mariner's Museum, Newport News, Va.

TO THE MISSING SEAMEN BUREAU:

Letter #1

Christ Church
Barbados, W.I.

Dear Sir,

I am urgently trying to locate my relative Mr. ***** who told me on numerous occasions that if nobody in the world could find him just drop a letter to your Institute and wherever he was, you'd find him. Well Sir, I hope this is so, for I have had all my letters returned to me marked "unclaimed" from his shipping office and being a seaman, he could be anywhere!

I must find him and very soon, it's a matter of life and death, if you can help in any way please find enclosed a letter for him.

Letter #2 from the same party

Christ Church
Barbados, W.I.

I can't find words enough to express my thanks to you for delivering my letter to Mr. ***** who did not just reply instantly, but got on a jet and came in person. Can you imagine the joyous surprise just seeing him on my door step, never have I had such fast service or response to anything in life.

If ever I get to NY as I am hoping to do, you are one person I have got to meet in the flesh and thank personally. Mr. ***** spent 2 days on this beautiful island and has left for other islands, but he promised faithfully never to worry me so again in life. It's one year and one month. I had been searching for him.

I thank you sincerely from the bottom of my heart. May God continue to bless you in your good work at the Institute for men far and near.

P.S. Say a prayer for me, please, I need it badly and I have strayed from my Roman Catholic religion. I just lost faith in human beings, not God; he is real!

TO THE MARINE MUSEUM:

Letter #1

I liked to see the ships very much and thanks for telling us about the ships. I am 10 years.

It was a very good trip, but there are some questions I want to ask you:

How big was the Santa Maria and the other two ships that Columbus sailed?

If you want to build a ship like Santa Maria, how long does it take you to build one?

Who built the Santa Maria?

I hope you don't think that I ask too many questions.

Thank you for your help.

Yours truly,
Mary C



Letter #2: The Museum has a hollowed model ship at the entrance to receive voluntary contributions for the maintenance of the room.

I like the ships in the bottle best. There was a ship with money in it. What was it called? What was the money for? I enjoyed the museum very much.

I like the ship with the furniture inside of it. What was that ship called? I like the little church (model of SCI's first floating church) that had the lights inside and the seats. How old is the church. I liked all of the ships how old are they. Please write back.

Thank you.

Letter #3

My mother and I are going to see the ships in october sometime. I wish I could come with her. The ships were all made well and beautiful. Everyone liked being there at the museum. How did you put the boats on the shelves? How would you like us to come again. Did you get any more boats? I hope you are having fun talking to other children other pleases. Would you kindly write back to us soon.

Thank you four your explanation.

Yours Truly,
C.D.

Letter #4

I enjoyed the ships. They were nice. What is the oldest ship you have in the room? How many years old is the building? Who made the ships? How old was he? Thank you for telling us about the ships.

Yours Truly,
Ronald T.

Sincerely yours
(signed in Japanese)

And I am now in the state hospital, long islan, but no sicknese, so I like live outside, but I live out side.

May ask you I want address immigration office and cost card office. if you know, please let me know i love your letter the past time.

LETTERS

Would you like to share a smile or two with the Institute staff? At the same time you may become master at "reading between the lines." The names of correspondents and specific Institute personnel have been deleted from these recent letters.



Letter #5

We enjoyed seeing the beautiful ships and specially Coumbus ship and the Vikings ships and the bottle ships and the cannons and cannon balls and the treasure chest you said that we could write to you and ask you questions and here are some how big is the nina the pina and the santa maria

Thank you for your hosplaittea

TO THE SECURITY DEPARTMENT:

(From the wife of an ailing seaman whom we escorted to the airport for the plane trip home to California)

I have intended to write to you many times and somehow the time has just slipped by. But I do first want to thank you at the Institute who helped Earl. As I told you folks, I was so shocked when I saw him that I was almost numb and I felt in back of my mind that there must have been an answer for it . . . He kept saying "I need help." Luckily there were not many people on the plane so they fixed him a bed and he rested sort of listlessly the entire trip. Friday morning I got him to the doctors as soon as I could. The doctor gave me the terrible news tonight that he has a brain tumor but there are to be more tests before they make a decision as to what is to be done, if anything. The doctor says his chances to recover are slim.

I have met a Mr. ***** at the Marine hospital in San Francisco who knows some of you at the Institute and he has been so helpful and kind. Would like to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. *****
South Gate, Calif.

TO THE PERSONAL PROBLEMS DESK:

The envelope read:

The Madam
Social Savece office
upstaire.
S.C.I. 25, south, st. NYC

Dear Madam

I no see your long time past how do you do. I wish keep good health, and happy. I never forget the past kindness.

Scrimshaw

ART OF THE WHALEMAN

On January 22, 1829, the Nantucket whaleship *Susan* lay becalmed off the coast of Japan. On the deck slick from whale oil, seaman Frederick Myrick sat laboring over a glistening whale's tooth, jackknife in hand, perspiration running from his forehead into his homespun. Painstakingly, he chiseled the finishing touches into the intricate carving, then carefully rubbed the design with India ink. This was the last of a series of seven whale's teeth whaler Myrick had carved on his voyages, and he scratched into it this motto:

Death to the living

Long Life to the killers

Success to sailors' wives

Greasy luck to the whaler.

Today all seven carved whales' teeth, depicting various whaling scenes, are on display at Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, specimens of the earliest and best in American scrimshaw. Frederick Myrick is acknowledged to be a past master of the art.

What is scrimshaw? It is the sailors' handicraft, the distinctive folk art of the American whaler, who worked in bone, wood or rope to create intricate carvings, useful or decorative objects for the folks back home. Scrimshaw includes the carving of whale tooth and walrus tusk, and the ingenious use of whalebone, tortoise, and seashell as inlay for wood. In practicing his art, the whaler used only his jackknife, sometimes implemented by a small saw, sharpened harpoon fragment or sail needle. The word applies both to the practice of the craft and the product itself.

Since whaling voyages often lasted for two or three years, there was plenty of leisure available between long cruises on the whaling grounds. The excitement and adventure of the chase were followed by endless days of routine, when boredom and homesickness plagued the whaler. Then it was that he turned to carving scrimshaw. Perhaps the meticulous work involved lightened his spirits and brought him closer to loved ones at home.

When the whaler's job was done and the captured whale "cut in", (blubber cut off and stored) the bones and teeth suitable for scrimshaw were cleaned. Often they were trailed behind the ship until washed clean by the salt water. Then the first or second mate in charge doled out the whale ivory to those who wanted to carve.

The tooth of the sperm whale provided a remarkably good base for a test of scrimshaw skill. The tooth was prepared with great care after having been cleaned and dried out. It was then smoothed, polished with pumice or ashes from the tryworks, where the blubber was melted into oil, and rubbed with the palm of the hand.

Walrus tusks, much larger than the whale's teeth, were eagerly sought for scrimshaw. The tusks were considered to be equally good for working, and they provided some variety as well. Etchings on these included naval battles, patriotic motifs, all types of ladies ranging from Greek goddesses to South Sea Island belles, and of course many whaling scenes.

The designs on the teeth were not



Sketch by Gordon Grant,
from book "Greasy Luck."

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Heavily-detailed whales' teeth showing battles of Lake Champlain and Lake Erie. Patriotic and battle motifs were popular subjects of seamen. From Mystic Seaport collection.

Whale's tooth, ditty box, pickwick and a cup. From the collection of H. Harrison Huster, Cranford, N. J.

always original. Sometimes a picture from *Harper's Weekly* or *Godey's Lady's Book* was pasted on the tooth, and traced or scratched on. The picture was then removed, and the etching done with the tracing as a guide.

The designs were carefully colored by rubbing ink into them. India ink of red, black or blue was used if available, sometimes native dyes from the South Sea Islands.

Herman Melville knew scrimshaw well from his voyage on the *Acushnet* of New Haven, in 1841, and in *Moby Dick* he tells us of the procedure:

"Throughout the Pacific, and also in Nantucket and New Bedford, and in Sag Harbor, you will come across lively sketches of whales and whaling scenes, graven by the fishermen themselves on sperm whale teeth . . . and other like scrimshander articles, as the whalers call the numerous little ingenious contrivances they elaborately carve out of the rough material in their hours of ocean leisure. Some of them have little boxes of dentistical-looking implements, specially intended for the skrimshandering business. But in general, they toil with their jack-knives alone; and with that almost omnipotent tool of the sailor, they will turn out anything you please, in the way of a mariner's fancy."

For wives and sweethearts practical gifts were fashioned. Among them were candle bases, work boxes, elabo-

rate yarn winding wheels, clothespins, butter scoops, jaggng wheels for sealing and marking the edges of pies. Baleen, taken from the jaw of the whale, made umbrella ribs, whips, and sometimes busks—supports or stays for women's corsets.

Many small pieces for use on shipboard were also carved by the seamen. Cooper's scribes, seam rubbers for canvas sewing, fids for men handling the whaleboat harpoon lines, wedges, mallets were all turned out by the deft knife of the industrious whaler.

Of almost unlimited variety, and certainly of excellent workmanship, scrimshaw tacitly tells its own story of whaling days, and of the hardy, adventurous men who manned the whalers. Adventurous they were, but human, too, and often lonely. Perhaps scrimshaw was their way of saying so.

In their mastery of the craft, they left us a priceless folk-art heritage, and amply proved their resourcefulness, their artistic ability, and their real sense of beauty.

The Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute would gratefully acknowledge contributions or loans of any scrimshaw to be put on public exhibit.

IN JUST FOUR WEEKS . . .

1442 seamen made use of Port Newark Station facilities, and 1683 seamen were entertained in 25 South Street's International Club. International ship-visitors welcomed 392 ships to New York and Newark, ships representing 36 different nations—from Chile to Poland to Korea to Iran.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB LOG

Tuesday: Tonight's guests were colorful and varied. Germany was best represented with seamen from the *Heidelbergl*, *Berkenstein* and *Newharlinger Siel*. Greece was in second place for attendance honors, with Italy and Norway tied for third.

It was interesting to have both China and Japan represented in one evening, and to have our Turkish and Yugoslavian seamen back with new guests. The Yugoslavs brought eight Spanish crew members, and the Turkish seamen introduced an Australian member of their crew. It wasn't long ago that having Yugoslavian seamen was a thing of moment; now we greet them as regular members of the Club.

The party spirit reached a peak tonight, and the splendid attendance of hostesses insured the success of the evening.

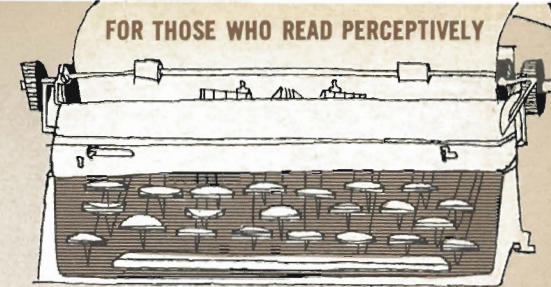
Saturday: At 3:05, Spring ushered in the biggest blizzard of the year in full force. Because of the snow we had a capacity crowd watching TV and 22 more seamen in the snack-bar as well as the usual pool and billiard players. Among our afternoon guests were the wife and four children of a Chinese-American seaman who stayed for refreshments.

An 18-year-old Greek seaman who is staying with us temporarily signed in today. He does not speak a word of English and, fortunately, was befriended by an ancient Greek mariner who makes his home here.

Sunday: Our first guest today was a former seaman named Melvern Schroeder from Wichita, Kansas. He is now teaching history in the South East High School in Wichita. Nostalgia brings him to the Institute whenever he is in New York.

The day has been active for the foreign guests, with seven German boys

FOR THOSE WHO READ PERCEPTIVELY



from the *Brunsgard* spending most of the day in the game room. They were given German guides and invited to the dance tomorrow. An English seaman came to buy a collection of souvenir cards. We received a present of artificial flowers which were made by a gifted seaman who is taking the Monday evening crafts course sponsored by the Education Department.

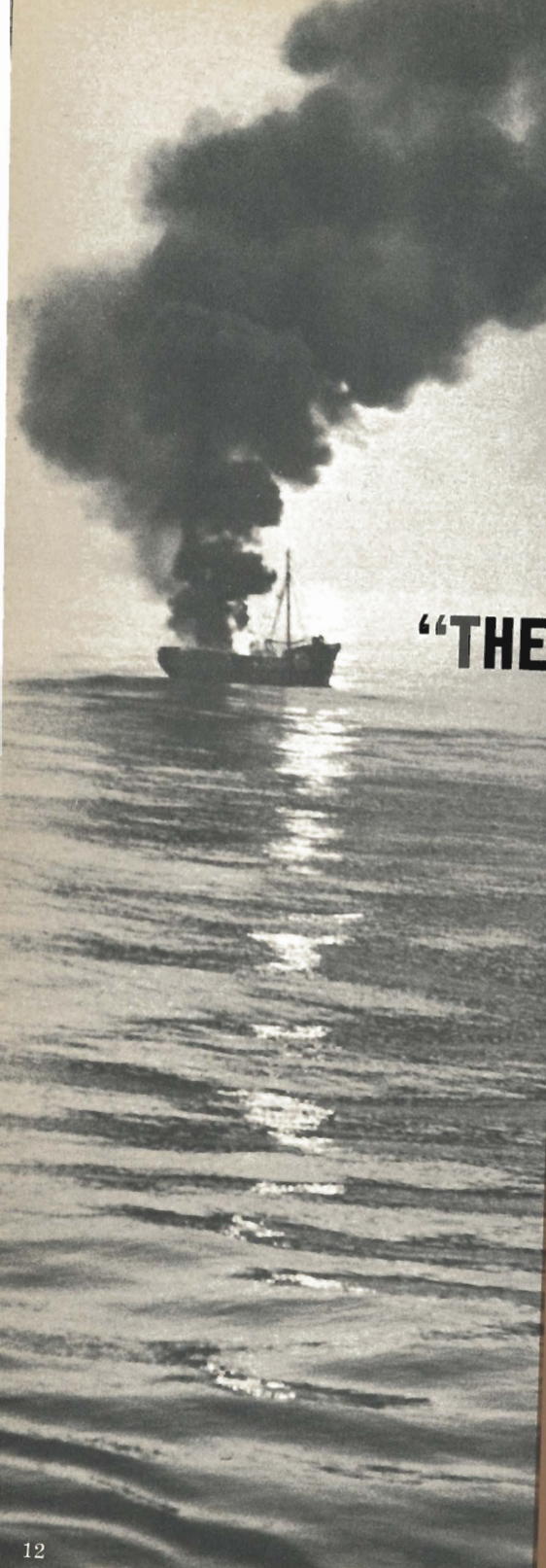
For Palm Sunday, I made every man in the Club a small cross of palm. I also gave some to Elder Boyd to distribute at the evening Service.

Monday: For our regular evening program we enjoyed a film "Today in Britain" followed by an address by Her Majesty's Consul L. J. Evans. Instead of a travelogue, the film was a profile of England working toward progressive change. Mr. Evans' address provoked a long and stimulating question and answer period — he was so pleased with the response from his audience that he stayed for quite a while after the program to answer more questions.

Tuesday: We had 32 boys from the British ships — as picturesque a group as we have ever had. Almost every one a "Beatle!" The youngsters were full of spirit and humor and were wonderful guests. Two British musicians from the *Queen Elizabeth* were the only staid "old conservatives."

Among the most appreciative guests were six Chinese seamen from the *Siana Yung*. The second officer of the ship spoke for the group. He said they planned to make a gift of Chinese lanterns to the Club as an expression of gratitude for our hospitality.

A seaman from the *Martha* came to the desk to exchange currency and buy stamps. He said the men had gone to other seamen's agencies and nowhere else could they find these services.



“THE BLAZE OF THE P. K. HUNT”

A British seaman who participated in the dramatic rescue of the crew of a sinking trawler off the New Jersey coast gives an eyewitness account to LOOKOUT and his personal photographs of the distressed ship and the moments of rescue.

Six veteran fishermen took their luck calmly last month as they answered questions from newspaper reporters in the lounge of the Port Newark Station. They related the events of their escape from the burning 100-foot fishing trawler “P.K. Hunt” in the icy waters of the Atlantic 42 miles southeast of its home port, Cape May, N.J.

Leeroy Chewning, a deckman aboard the trawler, had the wheel as the vessel steamed south at 10 knots on a calm sea.

“I smelled a funny smell, like smoke,” Chewning said, “and called the captain as I was instructed to do.” Capt. C. E. Mansfield of Gloucester, Mass., came from his cabin to the pilot house and ordered “Shut her down.” “Smoke did come in then, sure enough,” Chewning added.

Crew members said that the trawler suddenly caught fire at 1:30 am. Within five minutes, the entire ship was ablaze. Captain Mansfield tried to reach the radio shack but was driven back by the flames. Explosions shook the ship and the men scrambled into one dinghy. The other was burning. The boat was lowered gingerly into the water.

[From that point on, we have the eyewitness account of 4th Engineer D. Maddy]

“Our ship, the S.S. *New York City*, left Norfolk on the afternoon of the 20th of April, bound for Port Newark. At five am the following morning the alarm bells were sounded for all hands to muster at fire stations.

“The powered life boat was quickly swung out in readiness. About two miles ahead of us a vessel was burning fiercely. Thick black smoke and flames belching and licking their way skywards.

“We approached the blazing ship cautiously and after making certain no one was on deck, commenced to circle around in search of survivors if any.

“An hour went by and no sign of anyone in the sea. Hopes of picking up any of the stricken ships crew were fading when an orange dhory was sighted about a quarter mile dead ahead. Her position was almost four miles from their vessel.

“As we drew close to the craft we counted six men in her, far too many for such a small boat.

“Pilot ladders were dropped over the ship’s side, also ropes to secure.

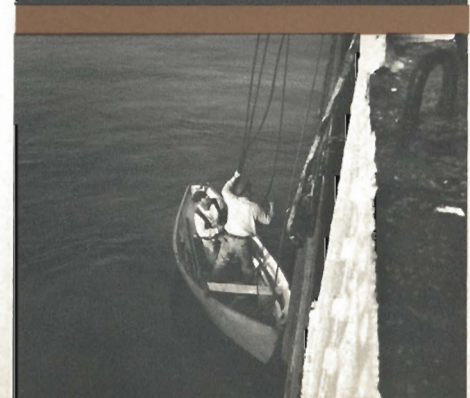
“All were well except for the chief engineer who had suffered leg cramp due to the immobility which had to be maintained constantly in the dhory for fear of capsizing her with too much movement.

“When all were aboard their boat was pulled up onto our ship deck and we continued on our way leaving the fishing vessel blazing.

“The coast guard had been notified at the first sight of the stricken ship and a coast guard craft was hastening to the scene to attend her.

“Whether the “PJ Hunt” will ever be safely salvaged and put back to work we may never know. Let’s hope she is.”

[Most of the regular crewmen of British freighter New York City are visitors to the Port Newark Station, and the ship’s 3rd Engineer was captain of the team which took the soccer trophy in 1963.]

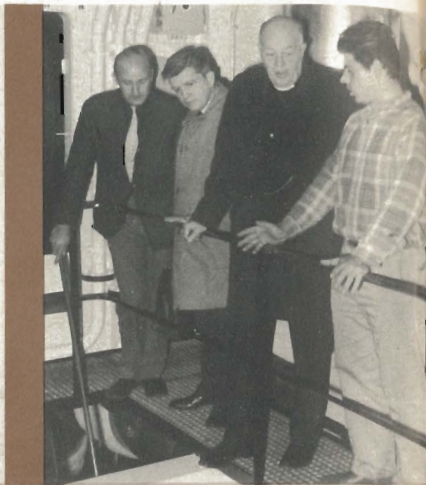


We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



SPECTACULAR SHIP—When Holland's block-long, nearly-new ocean-going tugboat "Zwarte Zee" dropped anchor in New York for two days, swarms of curious sea buffs paid her a visit to see the heavy duty engines which propel her at 20 knots. The sleekly modern craft travels from Holland to all ports, participating in rescue operations, pulling disabled ships, large dredges and drilling equipment to mid-ocean, ships to be scrapped to salvage yards. SCI Director, John M. Mulligan and Dutch shipvisitor Peter Van Wygerden (2nd from l.) have the unique features in the engine room described by two of the ship's 32 seamen.



MOBS OF MODS 'N REAMS OF ROCKERS—If an American cameraman were looking for typical London "West End" cast, he could have set up equipment at the Port Newark Station last month when dozens of beatle-haired seamen from British freighter "M/V Gloucester" descended on the recreational center. Several of the seamen wore shoulder-length hair with full beards and bore some resemblance to Vikings. Port Newark shipvisitor and cameraman, Thor Dahl, photographed this British trio as they were preparing to play the latest American rock 'n' roll hit. (See "Tina's Notes")



WHAT AND WHY—Vehicular traffic and rubbernecker who pass the construction site of SCI's rising Port Newark Station now get the quick what's and why's of the Institute's investment on a very readable sign erected along the highway last month. It was a gift to the Institute by the New York Port Authority. There to make the presentation to Chaplain Basil Hollas (L) were Newark and Elizabeth Port Manager, Cornelius Flemming and his assistant, Derwood Hall. The Port Authority presented another sign when construction on the first unit of the Station began in 1960.

NEVER TOO EARLY—Behind any successful project go months of planning and detail work as anyone knows. Strategy was begun this month for a midtown exhibit on October 14 of the paintings of East River artist Waldemar Neufeld, whose oils and watercolors capture much of the drama and fast-disappearing charm of the waterfront and environs. The preview and champagne reception is an idea conceived by the Women's Council, whose president, Mrs. Robt. A. West (left) and board member, Mrs. Norton Faus, are both artists.



BOOKS GALORE—Months of reading pleasure for our merchant seamen were assured through a generous gift from New York's Viking Press. More than 11,000 paperbound pocketbooks, many by the world's greatest fiction writers, and others on history, sociology and biography, made up the 11,010 pound bundle. Also included were collections by Shakespeare, Steinbeck, Dorothy Parker, Mark Twain, Voltaire, Dante and others. SCI's book distribution manager Jerry Yurkins is momentarily perplexed about where to begin the job of sorting the books into small packages for delivery to ships leaving the port.

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

SAILOR TOWN REMEMBERED

by seaman C. Fox Smith

Along the wharves in sailor town
a singing whisper goes
Of the wind among the anchored ships,
The wind that blows
Off a broad brimming water, where the
summer day has died
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the
sunset tide.
There's a big China liner gleam-
ing like a gull,
And her lit ports flashing; there's
the long gaunt hull
Of a Blue Funnel freighter with
her derricks dark and still;
And a tall barque loading at the
lumber mill.
And in the shops of sailor town
is every kind of thing
That the sailorman buy there, or
the ship's crews bring:
Shackles for a sea-chest and pink
cockatoos,
Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead
men's shoes.
You can hear the gulls crying, and
the cheerful noise
Of a concertina going, and a
singer's voice—
And the wind's song and the
tide's song, crooning soft and low.
Rum old tunes in sailor town that
seamen knew.
I dreamed a dream of sailor town,
a foolish dream, and vain,
Of ships and men departed, of
old days come again—
And an old song in sailor town,
an old song to sing
When shipmate meets with ship-
mate in the evening.

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VOL. 56, No. 4 MAY 1965

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Member International Council of Industrial
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New York Association of Industrial
Communicators

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

COVER: This month's cover personality, "Smoky," is an
endearing porpoise who performs six times each day at
the Florida Pavilion at the World's Fair. The amazing marine
mammal can jump 13-feet out of the water. The antics of
this intelligent creature must be seen to be believed.

