



OUT BOUND CONVOY

by Thomas Hill, A.B.

Grim, gray laden freighters
At anchor you ride,
You swing to the ebb and the flow
of the tide,
Where do you come from
Where are you bound?
In what distant harbors
Will your anchors find ground?
Their bells ringing gaily
Steam whistles they roar.
Black smoke from their funnels
Drifts over the shore.
The convoy is forming, the anchors
aweigh
They steam from the haven
Thro' boom and away.

MAN'S FIRST WINGS

by C. C. Thaxter

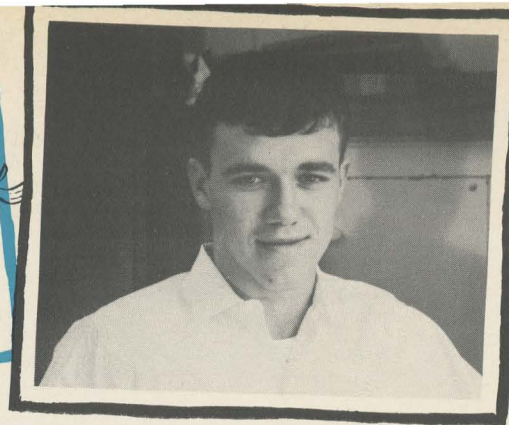
Here, where the tall four-masters come no more,
Salaaming into port, the evening red
As whale blood on their homing sails, the shore
Has raised its own memorial to the dead.
Her prow lifts cloudwards from a sea of sand
As though bound straight into eternity,
And blind the one among us who can stand
Beside her blackened hull and never see
The cold spray drumming on her living deck,
Or hear the laughter of her bearded crew
Defying us to label as mere wreck
This fosseled spirit of an age that flew
On strong, sure wings when space was but a high,
Star-penciled chart to steer a vessel by.

ISHMAEL

by Cornell Lengyel, Purser-Pharmacist Mate

Yes, call me Ishmael if you must name me,
I've heard the knocking on my coffin door;
I'm grim enough about the mouth to shame me,
It's true November in my heart once more.
Too long I've watched the townsmen's slavish faces,
My eyes are dull with questioning and doubt;
It's time for me to try remoter places—
With gear in hand I'm ready to ship out.
I love to sail the morning seas, yet land on
The unanticipated coasts of night;
At sea I swear I never will abandon
My frail pursuit of freedom and of light.
I'd trap the great white whale mad Ahab sought,
The one which all men seek yet none have caught.





seaman of the month

Tom McCarthy

The chaplain introduced the shy young man with the engaging smile and Irish brogue as being a veteran of five years at sea. Tom McCarthy is only 18—he was just 13 when he shipped out as galley boy on Irish freighter **Kilkenny** and he's been at sea ever since. How did his mother feel when this youngster left home and hearth to seek his fortune in a world of men? She would have preferred to see him finish school, but most of all she wanted him to be happy—and moreover, she had Tom's seven brothers and four sisters to keep her from being lonely.

Tom had always wanted to go to sea, perhaps because his father was a seaman, his grandfather, and myriad Irish uncles and cousins as well. The elder McCarthy shipped on the run between Dublin and England, and young Tom was often on the docks to greet his father when he returned home.

Young seaman McCarthy now ships as E.D.H., or "efficient deck hand," a rating equivalent to the U.S. "able-bodied seaman," and is currently aboard the **Irish Hawton**, a tanker running from Venezuela to the United States. His stay at SCI is being prolonged a few days this trip be-

cause he missed his ship, as young men occasionally do, but he's enjoying SCI's facilities to the utmost while awaiting reunion with the **Hawton**. He attends the movies and dances and is learning the fine skills of ping-pong from an American seaman.

Tom's five years at sea have taken him to Egypt, Germany, France, Holland, England, the West Indies, Africa and South America as well as to Philadelphia, Boston, Texas, Florida and the Port of New York. Of them all he is fondest of New York, because of the friendliness of New Yorkers. "The people here are nice; they've been good to me," is the way this Irish lad puts it.

Tom has no regrets about seeking a career at sea. "It's good money and a chance to see the world," he sums it up with crisp practicality. "Those who've stayed at home," he shakes his head, "have seen nothin' outside of Dublin."

A Roman Catholic, Tom reflected on the seafarer's forced separation from his church. "I go to Mass each chance I get," he points out, "but the chances are often a bit scarce."

Every Tuesday and Thursday night throughout the year well-groomed seamen wait expectantly along the driveway of the Port Newark Seamen's Center. Without fail the big, SCI-chartered bus pulls up at 7:30 p.m., and with the whiz of air brakes, it comes to a sudden halt.

The door swings open and seafarers from all parts of the world jump up the steps of the "Dance Bus Special." Sometimes sea-going women from Scandinavia are there, too, heading for an evening's hospitality in Manhattan.

Behind the wheel more often than not is good-humored Irishman, Jim Tierney, of Highland Park, New Jersey, who has safely delivered more than 10,000 seamen to the Institute's dances with "not even a single flat tire."

He began as a charter driver five years ago when the Club was in its infancy and has maintained an enviable record of 17 bus-driving years without accident, 10 of them in the employ of Newark's Public Service Company.

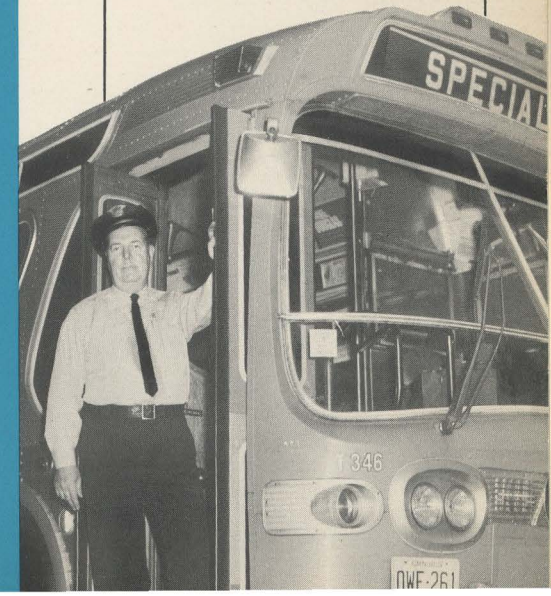
Jim exchanges friendly repartee with his seamen guests and has become a friend and counselor to many of the "regulars." According to the veteran, the trips to SCI have given him a lot of pleasure and are a "refreshing change" from the routine of his regular daytime driving. He, too, has developed great respect and fondness for the foreign seafaring community, and finds it wholesomely naive and friendly.

"The seamen tell me about their native countries and some go so far as to invite me to visit, complete with home address, if I ever get to their home country. I'm playing the Sweepstakes for the fare," he adds with a smile. "If I ever got to Europe I would *never* have to stop in a hotel!"

Jim laughed when he admitted the question he gets asked the most: "Will there be lots of pretty girls at the dance?"

"Dance Bus Special"

Whether or not driver Jim Tierney will ever get to Europe to accept the hundreds of invitations from seamen only time will tell. But meanwhile he is serving as a grand ambassador of American good will to thousands of seamen who shuttle with him to the Institute in his "Dance Bus Special."



the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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When Lot Staged a

The Bible tells us that Lot waited outside the gate of Sodom to warn unsuspecting visitors about the wantonness of the city. An interesting analogy—Lot's witness and the witness of the modern seamen's mission—was developed in a newsletter circulated by a Dutch shipvisitor working in the Port of New Orleans. LOOKOUT is pleased to be able to reprint the story.

For more than enjoying a little breeze was Lot sitting at the gate of Sodom. Though it was very warm in the valley of Jordan at 1500 feet below sea level and there was a breath of air at the gate, it was not the reason Lot sat there.

Lot was on the lookout for strangers.

He knew what was going on in the city. Concerned for what could happen to unsuspecting travelers, he marked among the users of the gate those who came from afar. He approached two coming in whose plans to stay overnight everybody could guess. When they turned down his invitation to come to his home, he advised them: "Spending the night in the street is dangerous, gentlemen; why not come to my house? After midnight the devil is loose in the streets."

Lot's trademark was his Christian concern for others. He was not satisfied with only handing out tracts; he received strangers in his home and offered them a feast and a well-shaken, overrunning measure of hospitality. His slogan was: No tracts but treats. "It is in this way one catches strangers," thought he, "who are neither gain nor loss to anybody and so vulnerable that they need to be met in their own problems."

This hospitality that Lot offered evening after evening is the very thing we have in mind when we speak about a ministry to seamen.

Each year a great number of foreign seamen arrive at the four coasts of America. They turn in for just a night or two, then depart and turn up in

another "harbor." They are strangers who know little of the city, of its traps and landmines, whatever is hidden on land. And if they know, then there is even more reason for Lot to be stationed beside the gateway for there is work for him to do in every port and city on behalf of all strangers, particularly foreign seamen and sailing teen-agers.

"We will spend the night in the street," they told Lot, and we know what they meant. They came to investigate the truth of what was said about Sodom's wickedness. But Lot did not know that; their answer must have sounded in his ears like pure naivete or, worse, as boastful, sinful talk of pleasure-seeking men. Spending the night in the street! In Sodom! Everybody knows what this means. How can they do this?

Visualize for a moment what it's like on ships in port when work is done and golden freedom beckons on land. After weeks of constant employment, confined between four walls in routine of working, eating, sleeping, the gangway is down, the door opens. Finally!

Not everyone flies out; but he who does passes the dockgate and enters the city. Will he spend the night in the streets?

Ports are dangerous. Harbors are safe for ships but not for seamen. It is the "waterfront" that grows around docks that makes it dangerous: the bar-fungus, the cafe-weed and the old rust of men without conscience. The common herd of seafarers does not care too much for these things, like us; but we have our homes, our families, friends, churches, and clubs, the car and summer resorts. We know the way to where, what and how.

Foreign seamen do not have any of this knowledge available.

What an unexpected surprise then when a friendly Lot-incarnate meets him. And what a pity when his chair is empty.



On my travels along the ports of the world I missed him often. There were churches aplenty—50,000 round the Great Lakes, for instance. Their spires stood out high above the roofs and through their winged doors little men went in to seek shelter. But no Lot in the gate to show the way to the communion of saints. I missed his inviting voice, his stretched hand and pointing finger. It seems as if flourishing churches withdrew from the waterfront and forgot that the beginnings of the gospel were here and that the first ones who accepted the glad tidings were seamen . . . Peter, Andrew, John, James.

How many "Seamen's Bethels" have closed the last twenty years?

Still, and this with my own eyes, I have seen Lot in action. I saw him meeting strangers and I am sure it was he. Abraham's familiar character traits were about him; the same interest for travelers, the same hospitality and cordiality which the Father of many nations had, originating in the consciousness of his own pilgrimage.

I did see Lot in the watery gates of New York, Philadelphia, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Geneva. In the Port of London, Capetown, Durban, Vancouver.

The chores were done by a padre, a blackrobed priest or social worker, who as Lot's menservants did the ship-visiting. But in them I saw Lot shaking hands with Mohammedans from Pakistan, with Lutherans from Northern Europe, with Catholics with southern accent. "Welcome. Welcome my friend," he said, "Come in, take and eat from my bread and drink from the wine I have mixed. And do not spend the night in the street!"

Sometimes Lot had at his disposal a well-equipped seamen's home where

Sit-In

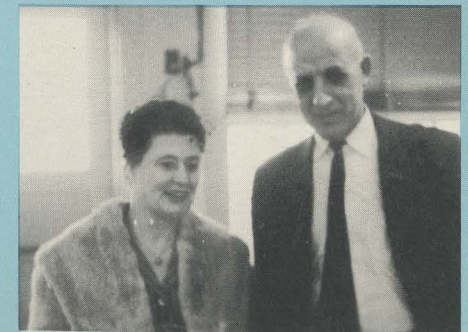
from amusement, evil had been refined away and help was available for everyone who called. Othertimes Lot had only a small trailer, as for instance in Toronto; a tent like that which he had when he moved toward Sodom. Or just a reading room as in all the ports of Denmark.

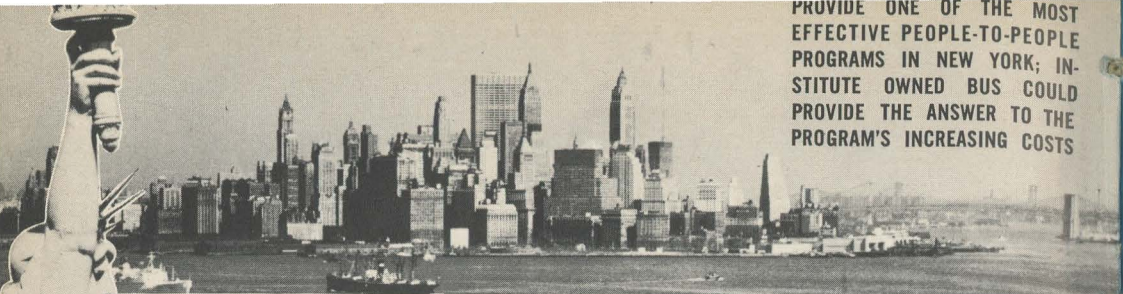
Lot's name among staunch, Bible-reading church members is not good. His wife was not a real "glory of her husband" either and neither were his daughters. But in one thing he stands far out above many Christians of our day—he was not only sitting at the gate looking for strangers, but he was a gate himself, a port, harbor and shelter for people. He was lover of the unprotected and foreigner. He was the man who saw Lazarus at the gate and offered him some of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Lot may then be an emblem of Christian concern for those who man the incoming ships; a man who, though weak, still tried to be of some profit to men without relatives and friends.

As such, he speaks to us long after he has died, and when we listen, he speaks about and in behalf of what sounds like a Ministry to Seamen in your own port. Why not also help him there?

Paster J. Wristers has been meeting seamen in the Port of New Orleans for 15 years under the sponsorship of the Dutch Reformed Church. For several months each year he visits port city churches of all denominations in the U.S. and Canada to encourage congregations to support local seamen's agencies. He has been a shipvisitor since 1944.





PROVIDE ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE PEOPLE-TO-PEOPLE PROGRAMS IN NEW YORK; INSTITUTE OWNED BUS COULD PROVIDE THE ANSWER TO THE PROGRAM'S INCREASING COSTS



HELPING THE STRANGER IN PORT

"Come, come, come to the Fair" begins a popular song. Its message has "charged" the seamen international, arriving through the Port Newark Station who ask our staff in a dozen languages—"How can we get to the Fair?" "What will it cost?"

A year before the Fair gates opened, the Institute expected that the glitter of Flushing Meadows would rival the Port Newark soccer field, competing for the off-duty time of foreign seamen. At that time several hundred reduced price tickets were purchased for resale to seamen. Shipvisitors acquainted themselves with the inexpensive eating places and free and low-cost attractions at the Fair.

During the past year and a half, the Institute has helped 320 foreign seamen to visit the Fair's attractions at rock-bottom prices and to see New York on a shoe-string. SCI's shipvisitors Peter Van Wygerden, (Dutch), Chris Nichols (Greek), Thor Dahl (Norwegian), Basile Tzanakis (Egyptian) and Carlos Travesi (Spanish)—all foreign-born Americans—are conducting tours for seamen who are overwhelmed by New York's immensity, confused by transportation and handicapped by language.

The wonders and idiosyncrasies of

New York, from Chinatown to the United Nations, from the Empire State building to Harlem are revealed to foreign seamen through SCI arranged and guided tours. Visits to outlying attractions can be arranged, too, when ships have a longer stay. Recent strike bound crews were taken to Bear Mountain, upper New York State and other remote points of interest.

SCI's busy shipvisitors sometimes fit two tours a weekend into their schedules, utilizing chartered busses when possible, or Institute station wagons when necessary. Shipvisitor Van Wygerden once drove the station wagon to a Polish ship and was faced by 20 smiling seamen waiting to get to the Fair.

Often these tours show a side of the United States here to fore unknown to foreign seamen. Shipvisitors provide answers to questions about life in America revealing that seamen often have distorted ideas about this country. Visitor Chris Nichols, who recently toured New York's Harlem with 21 Greek seamen, reported: "They were amazed when they saw no open violence in the streets, and the rewarding part of the tour then became the opportunity to explain the mis-

conceptions about life in America."

Visitors Peter Van Wygerden and Chris Nichols have toured New York and the Fair with seamen from Iron Curtain countries, Poland and Yugoslavia, among groups which included Chinese, Greek, Norwegian and Syrian seamen. And sometimes they have been asked questions that would perplex the most experienced State Department Officer. Example: Why do Negroes live in Harlem? They are questioned about union rules, retirement programs and accident benefits which would stymie all but the most knowledgeable union official.

The Institute so strongly believes in the value of tours both as an instrument of better international relations and because of the savings they offer to low-salaried foreign seamen, that it continues to subsidize the program through the Department of Special Services to Seamen.

Dr. Roscoe Foust, Director of the department, observed that convenience is secondary to savings which are critical when a seaman's wages are substandard. "We know that the average Greek seaman takes home from \$95 to \$120 a month, for example. If he spent what the average tourist spends at the Fair he would blow three or four days' pay. We help him enjoy the fair with a knowledgeable guide at a price he can afford."

But the tour program is in trouble this year. During the recent four-month strike which worked a hardship on the foreign sailor, the Institute provided many extra tours of New York and the Fair, and extra buses from Port Newark to the dances at 25 South Street. The funds for special tours have been exhausted. While the seamen themselves have made token contributions to the Institute for the tours, the collections don't go far enough in meeting the high costs of bus rental.

To help meet obligations of pier transportation in Port Newark, more frequent and better tours of Newark and New York, the Institute hopes that interested benefactors or shippers will come forward with contributions toward the purchase of a 45-passenger bus.

In addition to its use for tours, soccer games, and dance transportation, an Institute owned bus would be available for tanker crews, now berthed so far from public transportation they have no chance to avail themselves of Port Newark facilities. For these neglected visitors to the Port of New York, and for all visiting seamen, an Institute bus could provide an expanded touring program and more frequent opportunities to get acquainted with the U.S.A.



The Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch

A continuation of Francis Hitch's account of his voyages to the South Pacific in the 1840's. From logbook of H. Harrison Huster.

Chapter II

Monday, the 4th of February. . . . Hove up Starboard Anchor at 11:00. We got three or four barrels of Mussels and some Oysters. Employed in getting the Boats ready for whaling and doing various other jobs about the Ship; pumped 2000 strokes. Let Elnathan P. Hathaway out of Irons. Steering North with all sail set—it is a most Beautiful evening.

Tuesday, the 10th of February. Employed in Repairing an Old Topsail. Killed a small pig; pumped about 1200 strokes. We are in hopes that we have discovered the principal leak—in looking in the lower Hold yesterday we found that both of the lumber Ports Forward leaked quite bad.

Wednesday, the 11th February. We find that the leak increases. We have pumped from 2500 to 3000 strokes today. . . .

Thursday, the 12th of February. Begins with Strong Trades from East a little Southern. Lying off and on, making short tucks off the Port of Tatonga on the Island of Overloru (Feegee Islands). . . . We filled away at 1½ p.m. and stood in through the Weather Passage between the Reefs into the Harbour of Tatonga. Anchored in 5 Fathoms.

Friday, the 13th of February. There have been a considerable number of natives on board with fruit and shells for sale. We cut the Sheathing off the Starboard Bow to get the Lumber Port. We found the lower part of the Port and the Flood ends very open indeed. It is no wonder the Bark leaks.

FIRE BELOW DECKS

Monday, the 16th of February. Begins with fine weather. . . . Midnight the Anchor Watch being relieved (Samuel Bancroft) went below to turn in. He thought he smelled smoke in the Forecastle and went into the cabin and got a light. When he came forward with the light he found the forehold full of smoke. He called all hands Fore and Aft. After throwing water into the Forehatchway for 10 or 15 minutes, we got a boat hook and hauled off the lower hatch (the Smoke being too thick for any person to go below in the forehold) and found the fire proceeded from abaft the fore hatchway in the Lower hold.

At 1 a.m. we found that the fire and smoke were increasing, and commenced taking everything out of the Cabin and sending them on board of the Ship Russell in her Boats.

At 1½ a.m. we put on the forehatches and shut up everything forward to smother the fire. We let go the Spring and bored two auger holes on the Starboard Bow. Commenced heaving in on both chains to unshackel them. Got all out of the Cabin except the medicin chest, furniture and dishes. At 2 a.m. set the mizen and ran in shore, grounding forward on the Reef, but the Stern was in 4½ fathoms of water. Cut up the Main Spences to put over the hatches and kept it wet to keep out the Air.

At work stripping the Bark of sails, running Rigging, and all movables. Bored two auger holes on the Larboard Side, cut a hole on the Starboard side, and shifted the water on Deck to the Starboard side to heel the ship. At 3 a.m. she began to settle by the stern. Made an attempt to get the chests out of the Forecastle; got out three, but the smoke was so thick we could not get out any more than that. At 5 a.m. the Deck aft was level with the water, and at 6 a.m. the Bark was nearly full of water, except forward where she lay on the Reef.

We all went on board the Russell to eat, a part of us at a time. The fire was out before 5½ a.m.

At 7 a.m. sent a boat to the Island of Ambow to bring the King. A part of the officers and crew remained on board with the commercial agent to keep off the Natives.

At 6 a.m., by request of Captain Gifford, put John Remington in Irons on Suspicion of having set fire to the Bark from some threats that it is said he has made. It is very evident that some person or persons unknown to us set the Bark on Fire, for the Cook was in the hold where the Fire originated at 2 p.m. yesterday without a light and he says that there was no fire there then.

In the morning Captain Gifford called all hands aft and told them that his command over them was at an end, but he wanted to hire them all to work for him to save what they could from the Bark as long as it was satisfactory to both parties.

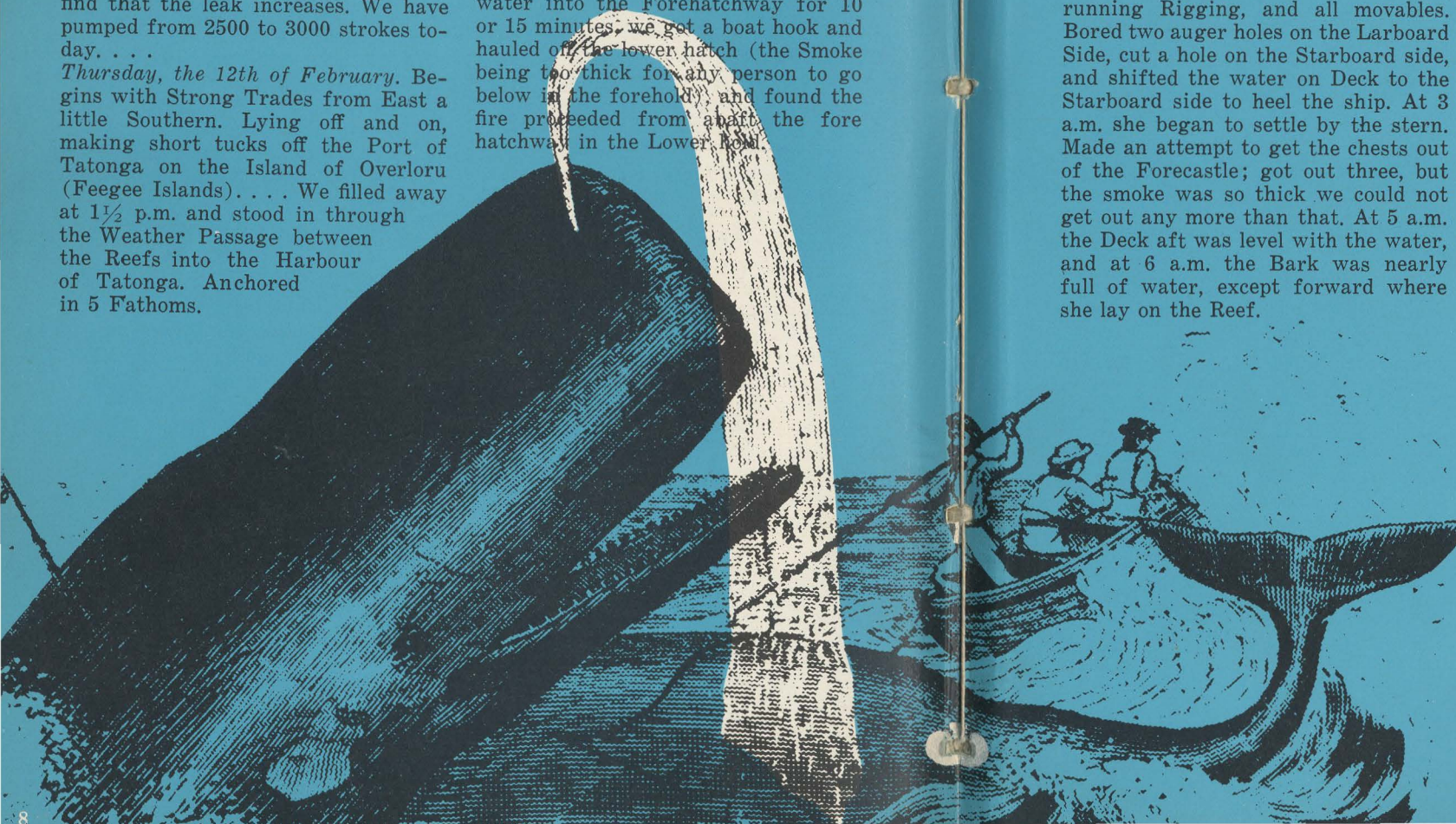
In the afternoon at low water, we stopped up some of the auger holes, and at 11 p.m., it being high Tide, tried to heave her off. We did not succeed, the Anchor coming home. . . . We get all our provisions (except meat) from the Russell, ours being under water.

ABOARD THE RUSSELL

Wednesday, the 18th of February. The Bark Elizabeth of Freetown remains nearly full of water, but they take provisions from this Ship and cook them on board of the Elizabeth. . . . The Officers and Crew stand guard Day and Night; all hands Days, and Nights one Watch on Duty at a time.

Thomas Briggs is quite unwell, the rest of us are as well as usual thanks be to God for the Blessing. . . . All others remain on duty except John Remington, who is in Irons and delivered up to the United States Consul, Mr. J. B. Williams.

Friday, the 20th of February. Begins with extremely warm and clear weather and calm. Employed on board



the Bark in taking down the Try Works and in saving what can be got at. . . . We find everything has turned black that is below decks.

A messenger arrived from Ambow with orders from the King for the Natives to build as many Houses as we want.

At 5 p.m. I attended Captain Gifford on Shore. He went for the purpose of selecting suitable locations for the Houses to be Built upon. . . . The weather is what may be called hot. Thomas Howdon is quite unwell caused by being exposed to the heat and the Night Airs. The remainder of us are all about as well as can be reasonably expected when all the Circumstances are considered. Thanks be to God for His Kindness unto us. The Natives are not so troublesome as they have been. . . .

SALUTE TO KING

Saturday, the 21st of February. At 8½ a.m. the King of Ambow Arrived. He came on board of the Russell and was Saluted with Four Guns by Captain Soule. At 9½ a.m. the King, Captain Gifford and the Consul went on board of the Sir John Franklin. They were received with a Salute of Seven Guns on board the Schooner. When the King left the Russell they fired two guns. . . . There is from two to three hundred Natives at work upon the houses for us. The king appears to be well disposed towards us and so do the Chiefs and most of the natives.

Thomas Houdon is quite unwell. The rest of us are as well as usual in

so hot Weather Thanks be to God for His Kindness unto us. The men that work in the hold have to be in the Water up to their Necks.

Went on shore this afternoon and took a look at my future place of Residence. It does not look much like home.

The Natives appear quite civil, more especially the Females. . . . their features are so much alike it is impossible to distinguish one sex from the other from a sight at their faces, but below the head they show pretty plain how they are made for they go almost naked both Male and Female. . . .

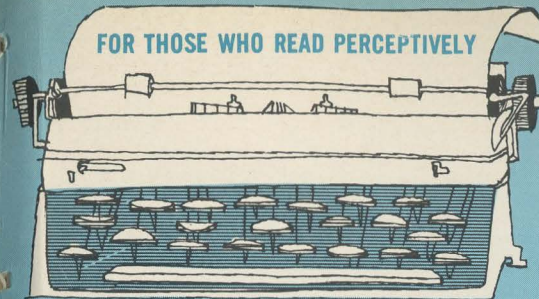
Tuesday, the 24th of February 1846. The Bark lays on the edge of the Reef heeled off shore. We are getting out some of the small things from her. At 12 noon Captain Gifford came to the conclusion that it is no use to send any of the provisions or cargo on Shore as the Natives Stand ready to knock out the Bungs before they get fairly on Shore and the Salt water gets into them which spoils the most of them. . . . The Natives have taken as many of the cask as they pleased and carried them out of our sight into the woods. . . .

Wednesday, the 25th of February. The chiefs appear to have lost their command over the Natives as they take everything from us that they think proper. The King and Chiefs appear friendly towards us but I think sometimes that it is all a sham to blind us. . . .

Thursday, the 26th of February. It being impossible to save the Oil in the present state of affairs by landing it, Captain Gifford came to the conclusion to sell all that can be saved to Captain Soule, Master of the ship Russell of Dartmouth for one dollar for each Barrel of 31½ Gallons. There is no Person here at present that would buy the Oil at any Price. So thus ends our Voyage in the Bark Elizabeth of Freetown, and it amounts to a considerable sum out of Pocket to each and all.

Next month: Many weary, profitless weeks in Tatonga, Fiji Islands, and treachery in Tahiti.

FOR THOSE WHO READ PERCEPTIVELY



Port Newark Log:

Saturday: With the soccer field now playable we had our first official soccer match in some time. The competition between the *Cleanthis*, a Greek vessel, and the *Heranger*, Norwegian, was a hard-played game in the best sporting tradition resulting in a tie score.

Other visitors at the Centre, making up a heavy attendance, came from Italian and Indian ships with a very large group from the Ghanian ship *Korle Lagoon*. As always the boys from Ghana were an enthusiastic, cheerful and very polite company of men who show an unusually keen interest in all things American. All recreational facilities were in continuous use. . . .

Sunday: Another "standing-room" only situation at the Centre from 7 p.m. on. There was soccer practice amongst men from the *Carlin Fassio* (Italian) with over 20 spectators sitting outside to pick up the breeze. Indoors, despite the heat, men played table tennis, darts and billiards and the TV lounge remained full through the night. Transportation and 'phone call assistance was given to many of our guests. . . . Slope and snack-bar were very busy with men consuming inordinate amounts of sodas and hamburgers.

Tuesday: Twenty-three men from Greek, Swedish, German, Italian and South Korean ships attended the International Club dance in New York tonight. At the Centre it was mostly a South Korean night; some 15 men came armed with South Korean L.P. records and asked that we play them. So from 8 p.m. to closing there was a cacophony of sound understood only by our oriental friends but greatly enjoyed by them.

Chaplain Basil Hollas

International Club:

Tuesday: A colorful party tonight, with Indonesians, South Africans and South Koreans among our guests. . . . Our Korean guests spoke little English but were eager to communicate. Quite unexpectedly, an American seaman arrived who became their host for the evening. Formerly a Korean interpreter with the Army, he was delighted to have an opportunity to speak the language with Koreans again. It was a situation they had not anticipated and we enjoyed sharing their pleasure. In the British section, on their usual busman's holiday, three musicians from the *Queen Elizabeth* sat in their favorite spot and listened to the orchestra.

Thursday: Top attendance honors went to Norway with a mixed crew of Norwegians, Spaniards, and Portuguese from the *Herangen*. Germany came next with the *Brandenstein*, *Salome*, *Cape Verde* and *Schwartzenfels*, then Italy with the *Pia Costa* and *Michelangelo*.

In the Norwegian section we entertained three seawomen, who were spending their first night in the Club. Two were stewardesses, one the radio operator. It was exciting to have six Italians from the *Michelangelo*, fresh from their maiden voyage. They were all new to the Club and were most enthusiastic. They found the Club attractive and the atmosphere congenial.

We had a request from a German seaman for permission to take pictures from the roof, and we arranged for a guard to escort him, for which he was most grateful.

Another enjoyable evening with many expressions of appreciation from the guests as they departed.

Mrs. Tina Meek

Musicians from Brazilian cruise ship *Rosa de Fonseca* volunteered entertainment in the Club June 24 and played to one of the most enthusiastic audiences in the Club's history.



MIDNIGHT SAILING



Back in the 30's, sophisticated New Yorkers followed a chatty, Damon Runyon style daily column called "On the Gangplank" appearing regularly in the old *New York American*. Its by-line said "Harry Acton, shipnews reporter."

Acton's beat was the steamship industry where he reported on commercial activity in the port. But sometimes he fancied himself as a society columnist.

In those days, midnight sailings of the great transatlantic passenger ships, with their bon voyage parties, were gala affairs—gentlemen in high silk hats, tuxedos and walking sticks, their ladies in floor-length gowns. Their gleaming Minervas, Packards and Rolls Royces kissed bumpers along the piers.

One night Mr. Acton was assigned to cover the sailing of the *Majestic* from Cunard's pier. He took note of the stateroom parties, popping champagne corks, the confetti and streamers, who was and who wasn't there. But his pencil didn't stop. He described what he saw beyond the gaiety of the ship, to where, under the steel beams

of the elevated highway adjacent to the pier, men huddled around small fires made from packing crates. Unemployed seamen positioned themselves nearer the fires to keep from freezing. Some were near starvation, but they waited around for any kind of job. Seafaring was a casual and seasonal occupation and no special skills were required.

In his column the next morning, Harry Acton described what he had seen. He asked his readers whether it would be worth a dime to see the excitement of a big liner sail from the west side, to see the great figures of politics, industry, the arts, athletics, going aboard enroute to Europe. He suggested that the money could benefit the idle, destitute seamen and their dependents.

A year before Acton's challenge, representatives from seamen's agencies in the New York Welfare Council were struggling with the problem of finding money to shelter unemployed seamen idled on the waterfront. A man could be housed and fed for an estimated 60¢, and the committee needed \$100,000 immediately from

somewhere. An impossible goal!

To provide the leadership in getting such an improbable amount, an Institute vice president came forward. Charles S. Haight, considered the dean of maritime law throughout the world, agreed to guide a new group—Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies—to raise the money. He called upon his influential friends for help. He solicited advice from another Institute boardman, Clifford Mallory Sr., a New York shipper. He received cooperation from the foreign and American steamship owners associations.

In the first year, the committee surpassed its \$100,000 goal for the welfare of seamen.

Mr. Acton's column with the idea for ship collections appeared in the second year of Haight Committee's existence, and it was immediately accepted. In November of 1932, Dr. Archibald Mansfield, SCI's Superintendent, loaned the services of Capt. Alfred O. Morasso, a former ship's master, to organize the program.

Soon visitors to the piers of all American and foreign passenger vessels were contributing 10 cents to the "Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies."

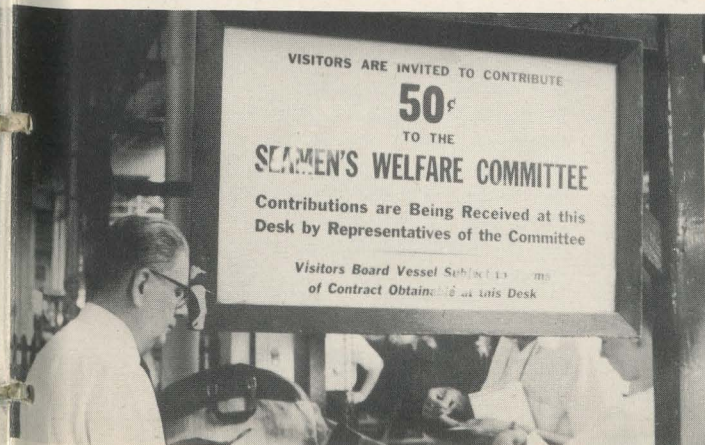
"The program was approved on a Friday," remembers Capt. Morasso, "and collections on the first three ships were made with tin cans. By the following Wednesday we were given tickets and numbered receipts, and have been ever since."

The Seamen's Institute has always been among the 12 agencies sharing the collection receipts. Other money goes to aid orphanages, an asylum and mariners chapels. Half of all collections are returned to seamen's agencies in the countries of the ships' origin.

In addition to Mr. Haight, the first officers of the Committee were Kermit Roosevelt of the U.S. Line and Leeds Johnson of the Seamen's YMCA. The last two served until their deaths, and Charles Haight, Jr., has succeeded his father as chairman. Capt. Morasso is the only member of the original group still associated with the Agency.

The LOOKOUT editor visited the Cunard pier to watch the sailing of the Queen Elizabeth. Beneath the sign "Seamen's Welfare Committee" courteous men were welcoming visitors to the huge liner, and accepting the contributions which have provided so many necessary services for seamen and their dependents through the years.

Harry Acton's advice in the *New York American* back in 1930 came to mind: "As a matter of common sense, there shouldn't be any hesitancy in flipping over a dime to see one of these giant houseboats. You get a good show for your money. Stand on board any of these great ocean liners on sailing night and you see the world pass in review. All in all, it's great fun, these sailing parties. More entertainment than you get at some show. So step right up, folks, and enjoy yourself. . . . Say, buddy, you can spare a dime can't cha?"



The author of this story, Thor Dahl, is a shipvisitor at SCI's Port Newark Seamen's Center. A photographer and journalist, Mr. Dahl has had his pictures and news stories printed in the Newark press and by many newspapers and magazines in his native Norway.



Engineer With A Paintbrush

Story and photos by Thor Dahl

It was one of those hot and humid summer days in New York when the thermometer climbs into the nineties.

At Port Newark there was not a breeze, not a whisper of air.

In the afternoon I made a round of the ships to distribute newspapers and magazines and to post "Welcome" posters from the Seamen's Institute.

When I boarded the British cargo ship *Aden* of London, all was quiet. Most of the crew, except those on watch, had gone ashore to find a place to cool off.

In passing the ship's officers' quarters to put up one of our bulletins on the official billboard, I noticed that the door to the Chief Engineer's cabin was open and there, in a white jacket and shorts, was the man, looking very relaxed and cool. He smoked a pipe,

and seemed to be adding the finishing touches to a painting placed on an easel in front of him. When he noticed me his head nodded in a friendly manner, and he asked if I needed directions.

I responded that I was a shipvisitor from the Seamen's Institute, which explained why my arms were filled with books and magazines. He asked me inside his stateroom and offered me a cup of tea. Would I like to take a look at his paintings? He was justifiably proud.

This was the ship's Chief Engineer, J. C. Chapman, who on this warm afternoon preferred to stay aboard ship to relax and putter around with his hobby—painting.

Paintings were fastened to the

bulkheads of his cabin, and others were visible in the corners. He remarked that a sea-going life certainly offered endless opportunities for his particular hobby; he could constantly see new places, drawing inspiration from the people and the land.

On his easel was a watercolor painting of a scene he remembered from a visit to Venice.

Every seaman I meet has a story, and Mr. Chapman's certainly was an interesting one. I made notes during our conversation, and I learned that almost from his birth in Hampstead, London, in 1927, ships and seascapes have fascinated him. Hampstead, he told me, is often called the Montmartre of London, because many artists live and paint there. Mr. Chapman's father had been interested in painting as a hobby, and from him the young boy received encouragement.

At sixteen, he went to sea as a cadet. That was in 1943, and following World War II he served three years aboard British troop ships in the Mediterranean. During this time he sketched hundreds of towns and villages and peasants which he used later as subjects for water color and oil paintings.

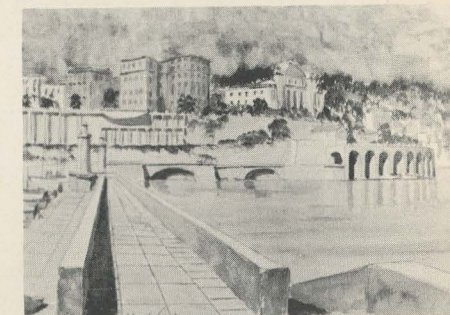
He has been a frequent visitor to art galleries and says that his favorite masters are Giorgione, Canaletti, Monet and Utrillo. He classifies his own work as basically impressionistic in which he prefers muted, conservative colors.

He exhibited his watercolors at an International Exhibition under the auspices of Jean Cocteau at Villefranche in 1957, and some of his oils have been shown in London at the Imperial Institute as part of The Army Art Society exhibition. He still holds a commission as Lt. Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve and goes on Royal Navy regular cruises and training.

He takes a special interest in the good ship *Aden* where he organizes social and athletic events for the other crew members. When the *Aden* docked at the Norton Lilly piers at Port Newark, the crew participated in a spirited soccer match before continuing their voyage to Australia.

I asked if he spent many evenings on board the ship while in port and whether he had seen New York and the World's Fair. His answer was that he was planning to visit the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum in New York, but what he was especially looking forward to at the World's Fair was the new Winston Churchill exhibit with his many paintings of famous fellow-countrymen.

"There's always plenty to see and do both on land and at sea," said the talented Chief Engineer-artist.



Top to Bottom: Venice, behind Campo Formosa (Oil)
Dartmoor—South Devon, England, Oil
Monte Carlo, Watercolor.



THE SEA ROVER

by seaman Herman Swerdloff

Let me lie and dream on a sun drenched beam
As the gulls go wheeling by;
Watch the line-taunt mast bend to the blast,
Watch the gallant rake the sky.

Let me know the feel as she kicks her heel
And leans to the northeast trade;
Set my spirit free, on the windswept sea,
Let my soul be not afraid.

Let me stand by the bow, in the phosphor
glow
On the rise of a gentle swell;
Let me watch my stars, to guide my spars,
Let me breath that warm salt smell.

Watch the billowed sail like a bloated whale
Tack in a spanking breeze;
Let me hold the wheel, and the spindrift feel,
As I set her course on the seas.

Let my spirit rove to an unspoiled cove
By a beach of coral sand;
Let me steal like a thief, past the white
foamed reef,
In sight of a palm fringed land.

Watch the reeling stars light the tropic bars
Watch the sunset's flaming gold;
Feel the hush of peace as the clouds of fleece
Drift o'er the headlands bold.

Let me range and roam o'er the restless foam
To the distant lands I know;
Let the anchors ride on the ebbing tide,
Watch the stars dance heel and toe.

Let me feel the breeze of the tropic seas,
Watch the porpoises at play;
Let me watch the moon, gild the coral lagoon,
Watch the combers curl and flay.

Let me commune with a sea drenched moon
On the open sea and sky;
And consign my bones to Davy Jones,
On the distant day I die.

SEA LEGS

I hear the call of the wind ships tall
Unfurled sails on the flood;
Outward bound, to the whaling ground,
With bold adventure's blood.

Strange I feel, on the landman's keel
On sea legs swayed by brine;
I feel apart, in the crowded mart,
Out of step with the hurried line.

I feel at home on the white flecked foam,
Laying aloft in the stays;
The feel of the trade, where her track is
made,
To the distant reefs and bays.

My gypsy blood surged like a flood
To the bold adventure run;
She ploughed green seas, in the forty-knot
breeze,
And rove to the midnight sun.

Sixteen knots by the taff-rail log
She leaped through the driving rain;
Buried her nose like a rooting hog,
Where the trade blows down her main.

Beat a wind swept tack, on a white foamed
track
Dip your rails on a westward course;
Plunging her main, in the South Sea rain,
Drive with the trade wind force.

Lively now lads to your places
We're beating a hasty retreat;
Lay aloft on the braces,
Shorten and clew up her sheet.

The ratlins' whined like a banshee,
Tight as a drum they sang,
Fighting the gale fury; can she
Run from the snarling fang?

To be a tar on a lofty spar
Is to set my spirit free;
Let her gallants reel, let me spindrift feel,
Let me challenge the stormy sea.

Give me the smell of the salty swell
Give me sea legs swayed by brine;
Give me a ship whose white sails dip
To the trade when we cross the line.

