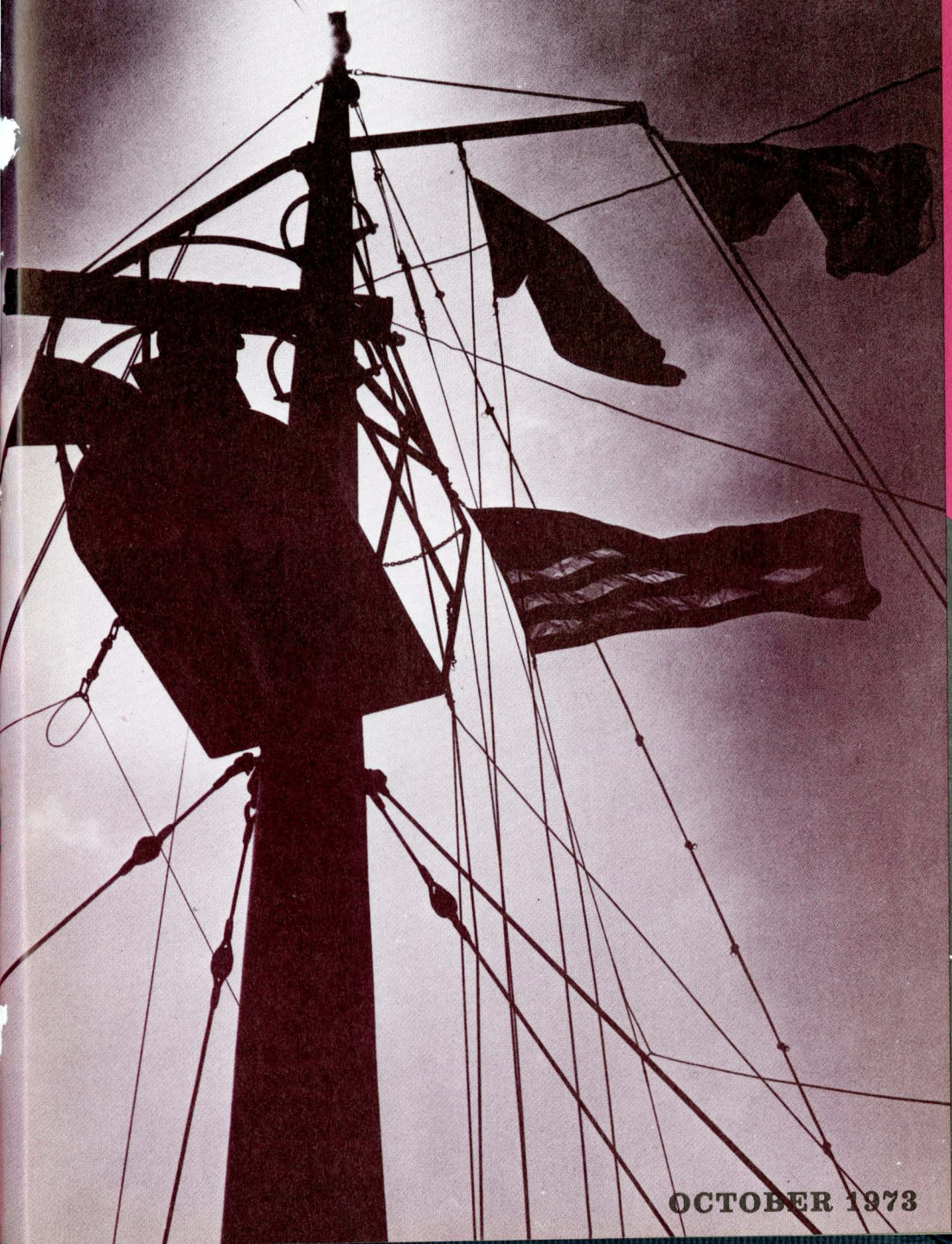




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



OCTOBER 1973

## THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

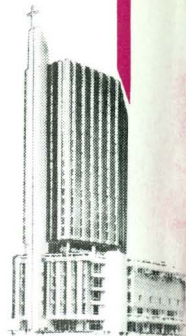
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

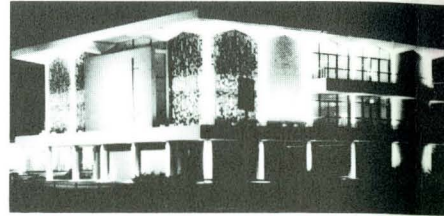
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed and designed, operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted at night) for games between ship teams.

Although 54% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute  
State and Pearl Streets  
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)  
Export and Calcutta Streets  
Port Newark, N.J.

## the LOOKOUT

Vol. 64 No. 8

October 1973

Copyright 1973

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.  
*Director*  
Carlyle Windley  
*Editor*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
15 State Street, New York, N. Y. 10004  
Telephone: 269-2710

The Right Reverend  
Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D.  
*Honorary President*

John G. Winslow  
*President*

Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

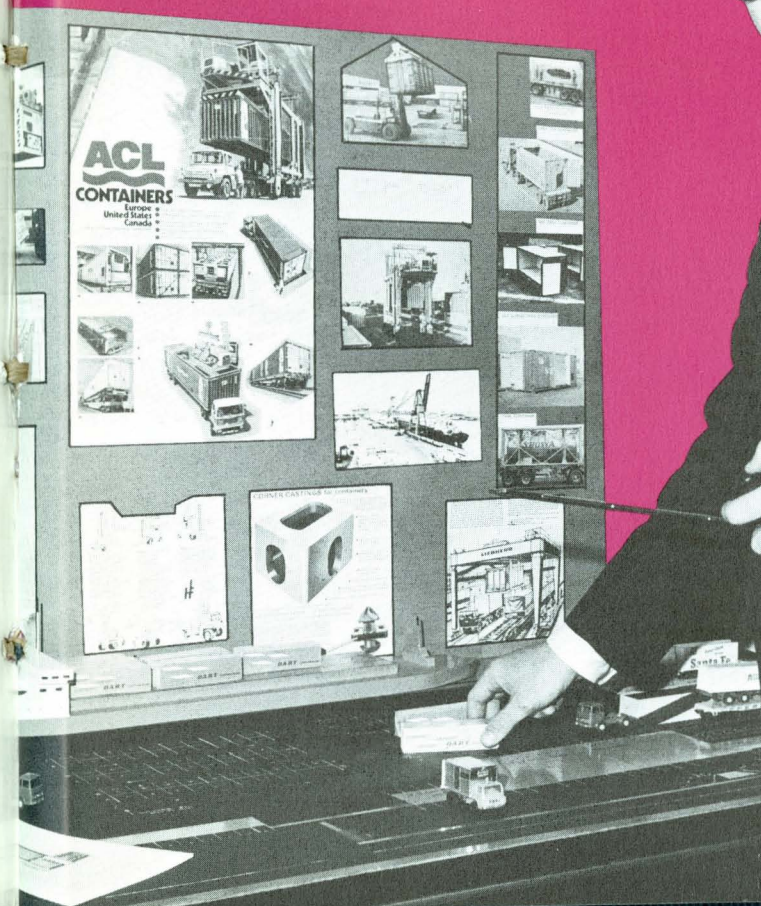
During the day, the SCI Merchant Marine School operates from the fourth floor of the Institute. However, starting each September, students from another SCI school fill these same classrooms on weeknights. This school is our evening adult education division known as the Franklin D. Roosevelt Institute. Here seamen, members of the maritime industry and a variety of other people from the lower Manhattan business and residential community come to take professional and/or personal development courses; many of which are unique to the Roosevelt Institute.

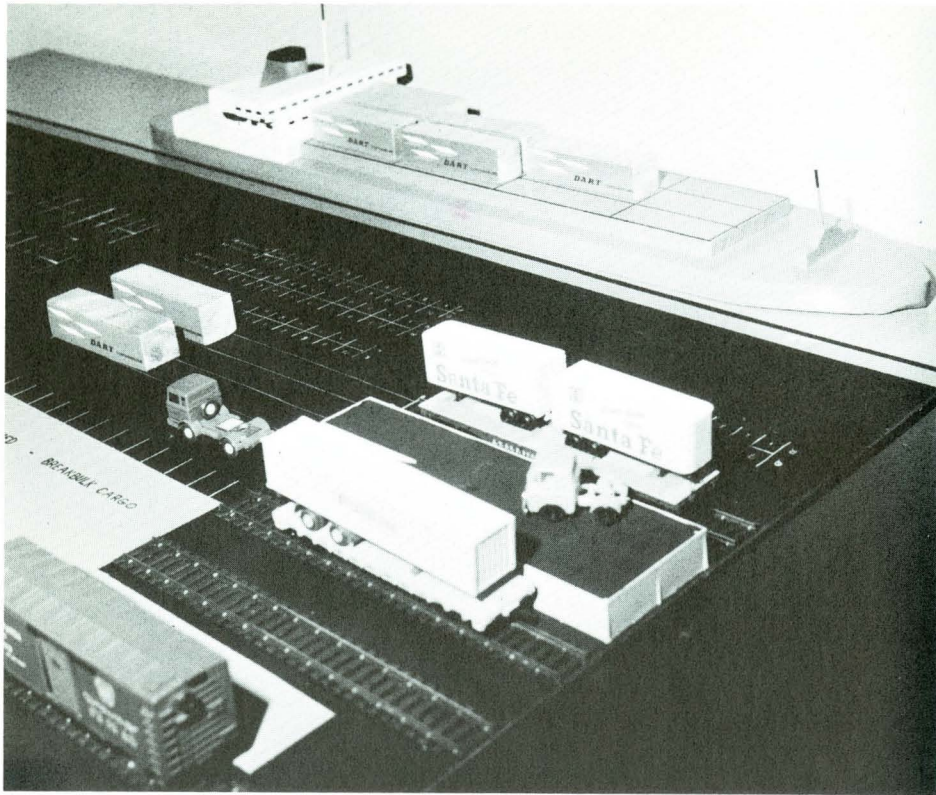
### New Certificate Program

One such program is a special series of courses designed to meet the training needs of the rapidly changing maritime transportation industry. This program started as a single "pilot" course this past Spring and met with such im-

# School Time at SCI

Edward Norberg, Roosevelt Institute lecturer in Maritime Transportation, setting-up lecture charts and container terminal diagram prior to class. A well-known member of the maritime industry, Mr. Norberg is Director of Conference and Regulatory Affairs, Dart Containerline, Inc.





A close-up segment of the containerport terminal model used in the Intermodal Transportation/Containerization and Pricing Class.

mediate success and requests for more courses that the Institute developed and is offering this Fall, the nation's first comprehensive Certificate Program in Maritime Transportation. Classes are filled to capacity and this unique program has received recognition from such persons as Helen Delich Bentley, chairman . . . Federal Maritime Commission; Robert J. Blackwell, assistant secretary of maritime affairs . . . U.S. Department of Commerce; and George H. Hearn, vice chairman . . . Federal Maritime Commission.

#### Other Roosevelt Courses

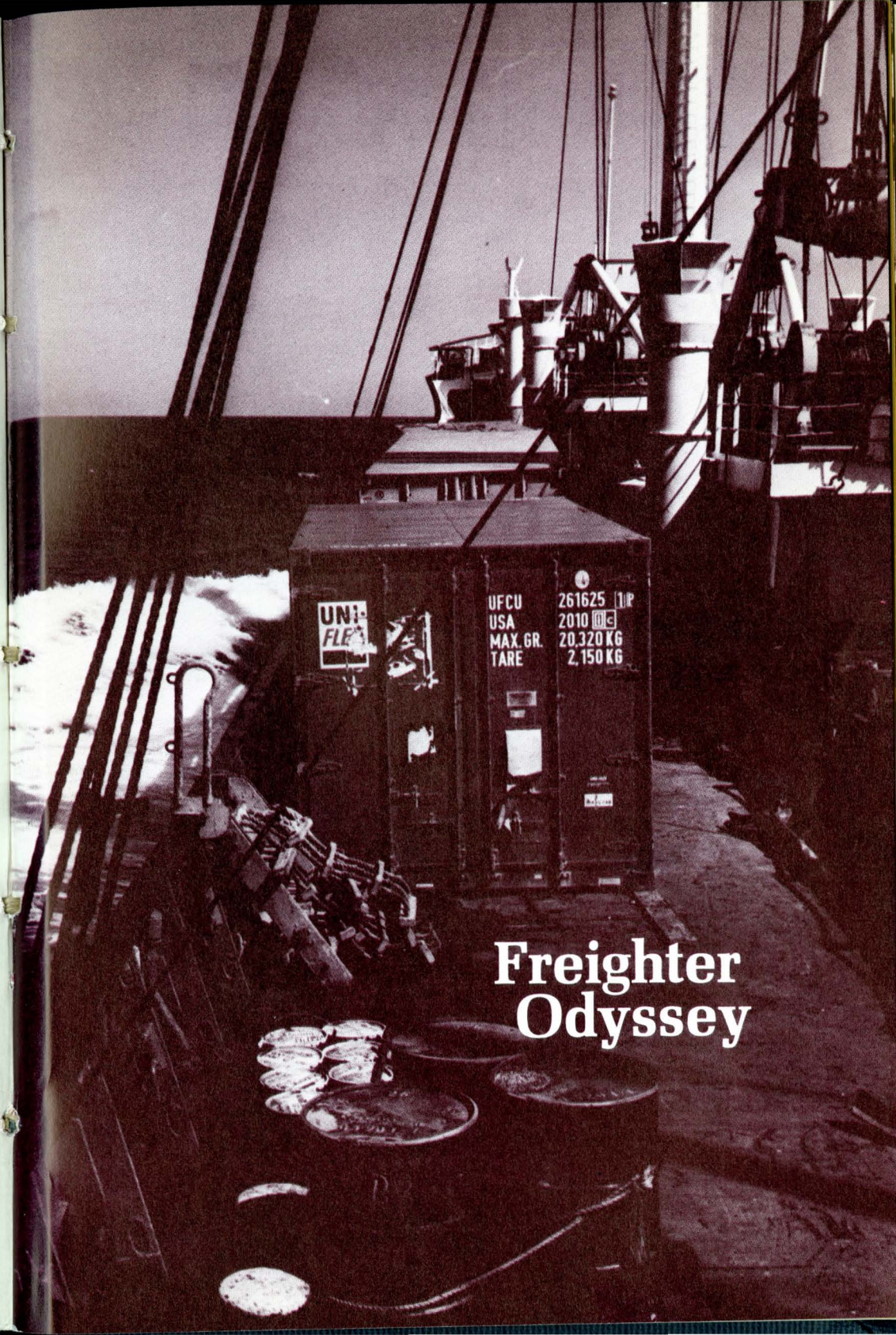
Although the main thrust of the Roosevelt program is maritime oriented, the personal development courses are also important. Various workshops

offer courses in such subjects as rapid reading, painting and drawing, silk-screening, conversational Spanish, etc. Here students from a variety of backgrounds not only learn new subjects, they also get an opportunity to learn more about each other.

#### SUNY Courses

The State University of New York also teaches two maritime courses within the aegis of the Roosevelt Institute; and in addition, it holds week-night classes for its Maritime Graduate Program here at the Institute.

With hundreds of students filling our school corridors on weeknights, no wonder SCI has a reputation for being one of the busiest places in lower Manhattan, even after the sun goes down.



## Freighter Odyssey

*This past Spring a friend of the Institute's, Mr. Sidney Moritz and his wife took a three-week cruise aboard the Dutch freighter, the Sinon. Upon his return he supplied us with a brief appraisal of the voyage, together with accompanying photographs which he took.*

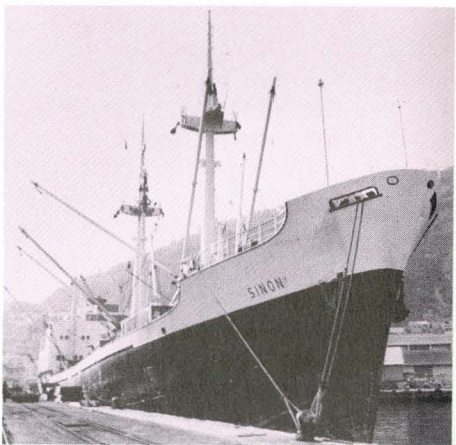
*We thought you would enjoy reading the Moritz's impressions of their jaunt and might even be enticed to venture out aboard a freighter yourself.*

**D**o you love the sea? Are you interested in the seafarer's life? Would you like to visit fascinating foreign ports? Would you like to enjoy a unique vacation at a moderate cost? If yes is your answer, take a 20 day or longer freighter cruise from New York.

Mrs. Moritz and I did that. We boarded a small freighter, only 4,500 tons bound for Caribbean ports. Cranes were lifting huge loads into the hold as we stepped on deck. We were delighted with our attractive stateroom. It had two large porthole windows, a charming vanity, two wash basins, private bath with shower, and two berths. We were to leave at 5 in the afternoon. But we did not pull into midstream until after 11 o'clock that evening. We watched the lighted twin towers of the World Trade Center disappear in the distance.

We awoke especially early the next morning and beheld a most beautiful sunrise. We were enjoying wonderful sailing, the rush of the wind, the sound of the waves, the fresh smell of salt water, and what Masefield described as "the lonely sea and the sky."

We had no idea our little freighter could carry so much—good sized containers, automobiles, enormous crates of merchandise, big machinery, and later on, rum and plenty of it. It was fun to watch the unloading after we had arrived at our first port of call, Willemstad, Curaçao in the Dutch Antilles. The Dutch colonial houses are painted in gay pastel colors for a very peculiar reason. It seems that one of the early governors of Willemstad suffered severe migraine headaches. He attributed this to the sunlight glaring on the white houses, so he had a law passed forbidding the use of white



paint. We do not know if it prevented his headaches or not.

Since our return home, we are often asked, "What does one do aboard a freighter? There are no movies, no entertainment, no night clubs, no dances, and no organized activities." Well, we never tired of just watching the ocean. It was so peaceful, refreshing, relaxing, and restful. We could walk around the boat deck, swim in the crew's homemade pool on the aft



deck. We could bask in the sun, lying on a steamer chair. You can read to your heart's content, write letters, or bring your diary up to date. Freighters carry up to 12 passengers. You can make new friends, or if you wish, you can be all alone with your thoughts. Our officers were friendly, sociable and good conversationalists. If you're a still or movie photographer, you're in paradise. Pictures are just waiting for you. You can watch the sailors at work. They have the never ending job of painting the big booms and the outer hull that are being continually corroded by the salt sea air. Entering or leaving port is always an interesting procedure. You'll have the thrill of stepping ashore onto new lands. You'll see how others live. Yes, as far as we were concerned, we never had a dull moment on our freighter trip.

We were lucky. We had an expert cook, and a capable, friendly dining room steward. Our officers and five fellow passengers were congenial. Dining aboard ship was very pleasant. We even

had a Captain's Dinner. That evening the dining room had a festive air. Just before the dessert was to be served, the lights went out. The chef, wearing his high white hat, walked in holding the tray on which were flaming crepe suzettes for everyone.

After dinner, Captain Pieter Van Hartingsveldt and the chief engineer usually joined the passengers in the lounge for coffee unless our freighter was entering or leaving port at that time. These were always delightful gatherings. Our officers were men of culture and refinement. They regaled us with interesting observations (in an amusing manner) of the behavior of some of their erstwhile passengers. They discussed timely topics with understanding and tolerance.

Every harbor has its secret shoals. There is something about the arrival of the pilot that intrigues me. I never missed watching the arrivals and departures of the pilots as we entered and left the various ports.

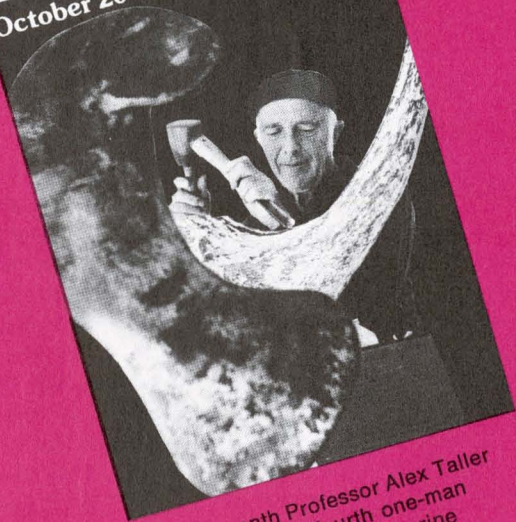
Each port of call was interestingly different. In one we saw that sailing vessels are not obsolete in that part of the world. In the Windward Islands we visited a most fascinating market place. Such excitement, confusion and hectic activity. Such a bedlam of shouting, of auto horns and all else we had never before witnessed or heard. In Venezuela, we visited a school on the outer wall of which was a mural depicting Venezuelan historic events. We filmed school children studying that mural. It was a delightfully happy experience for us and the children. As we were leaving they kissed Mrs. Moritz good-bye.

We saw wealth, we saw poverty. We were greatly saddened to see how very widespread this poverty is. We had a glimpse into the life of the seafarer, his delights and his deprivations. We gained insights and a better understanding of how others live.

Our love for the sea has deepened. Its call is clear. It will not be denied.

## MARINE SCULPTURE by Alex Taller

at the  
Seaman's Church Institute of New York  
October 20 - November 4, 1973



This month Professor Alex Taller will present his fourth one-man show of contemporary marine sculpture here at the Institute.

In that Prof. Taller (he was a former dean at Hunter College, NYC) works in a wide variety of raw materials, he is always on the lookout for same during his travels. Often the collecting of these materials are interesting adventure stories in themselves.

The following is an account of a quest for whalebone which he and his family made while visiting his son on the West Coast. We think it is a fascinating tale of a sculptor's ingenuity in obtaining whalebone for carving at a time in our history when all of us are concerned about preserving the "future" of this mammoth of the sea.

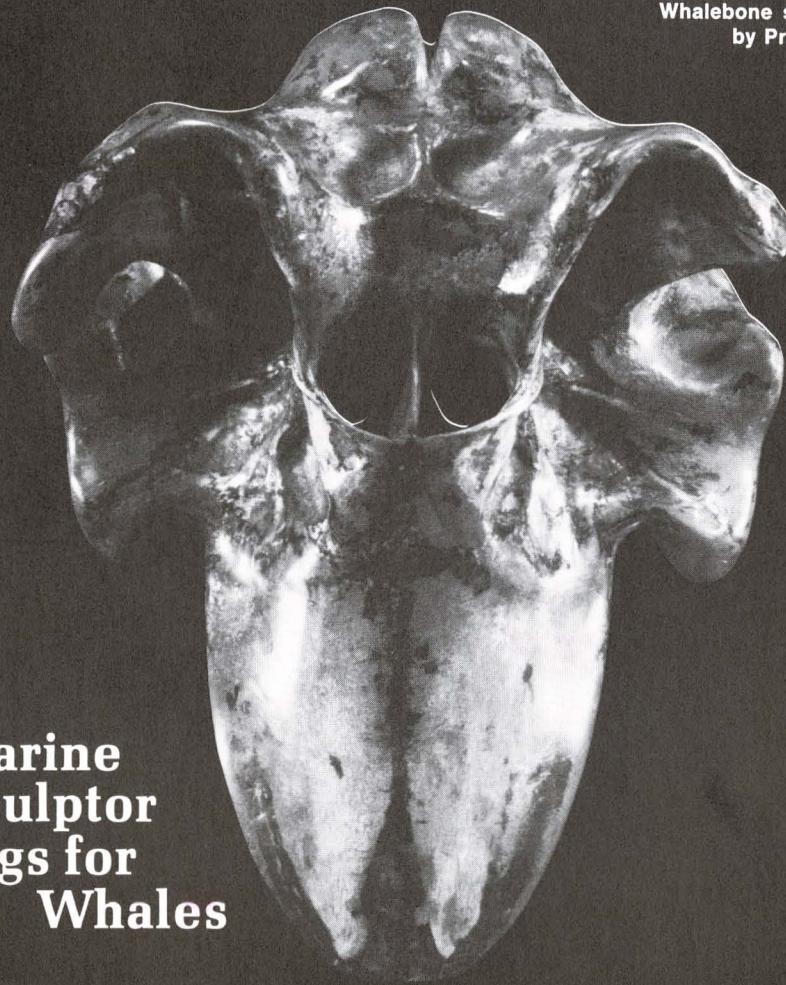
When Alex Taller and his wife, Gladys, were visiting their son and his family on the West Coast in the Fall of 1969, someone in the family happened to read a brochure which mentioned a working whaling station in Hammond, Oregon. To the great delight of the grandchildren, it was decided that an exploratory trip to Hammond was in order.

After driving up the Coast to the small town, the Tallers located a sign "Bio-Products" which was the name of the parent company of the whaling operation. They also saw a large whale jaw chained to a tree next to the sign. Figuring they were on the right track, they drove on to the factory, where

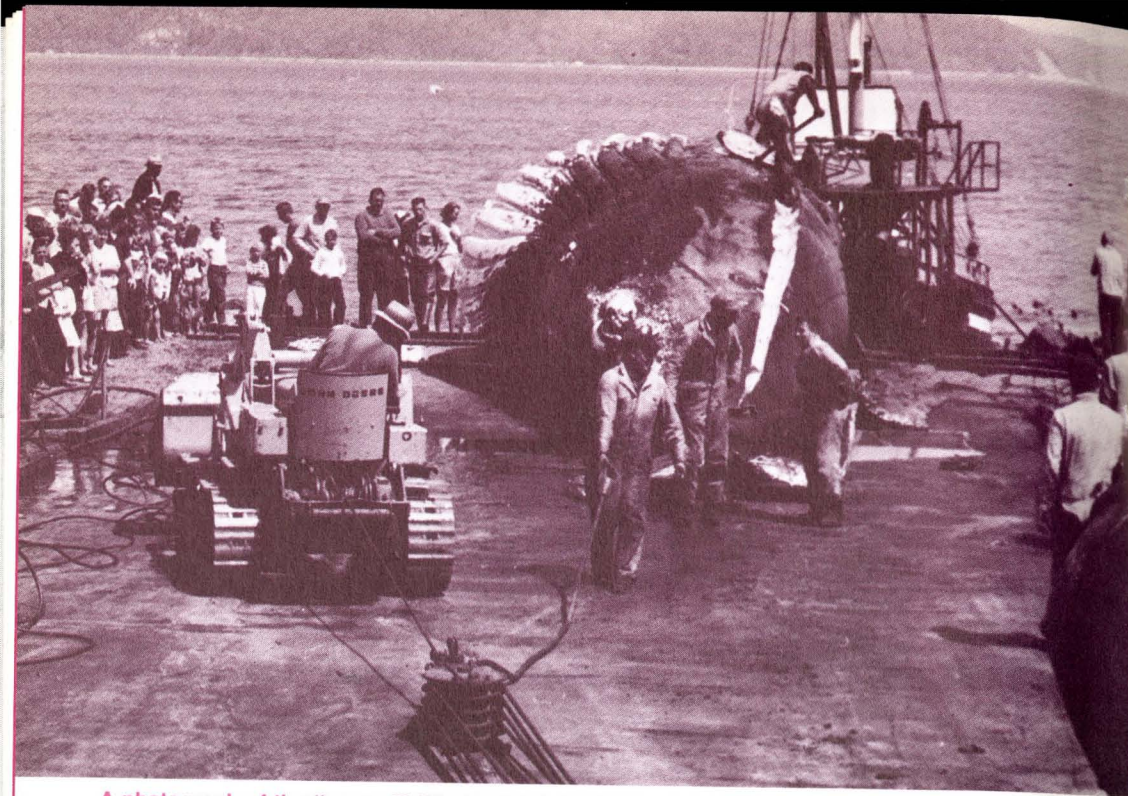
they stopped, went in and asked if there was any available whalebone around that nobody wanted. The secretary there said that she didn't know but gave them the owner's telephone number to call.

Leaving the building, the family was looking around the grounds before departing, when a man came out of the factory, identified himself as the factory superintendent and asked if Prof. Taller was the man looking for whalebone. When told yes, he explained that "... they hadn't been catching whales for several years because the mink who were supposed to eat the meat didn't like it so they were processing other animal products instead." He ventured

Whalebone sculpture  
by Prof. Taller



## Marine Sculptor Digs for Whales



A photograph of the "unused" Whale which the Tallers later dug up.

that except for a whale buried "out in back" of the building he didn't know of any whalebone around. He volunteered to go with them to the burial site to see what they might find.

When Professor Taller asked how one could tell exactly where the whale was buried the superintendent pointed to a heavy growth of grass which was indeed growing in the pattern of a large whale. He noted that this type of grass grew only where whales were buried and speculated that it grew from the algae on the outside of the whale.

In any event, once the Tallers were convinced there was a whale "down there" they wanted to dig, and that evening arranged with the owner to do so. However, the owner suggested that there still might be a lot of rancid whale with the bones so they had better get coveralls and boots or they would smell for weeks.

Undaunted, the Tallers borrowed a

shovel from the owner of the motel where they were staying and early the next morning were on-site digging. The superintendent stopped by on his way to the factory and soon a young man with shovel on shoulder appeared at the dig announcing that he was told to help dig whatever it was they were supposed to be digging. He also commented that this was fine with him because digging "whatever" was just as good as shoveling whatever he was shoveling up at the factory.

Before long, pay dirt! Bones — and Stephen, the son and also a doctor, directed the operation from an anatomical point of view with excellent results.

An abundance of whalefat kept the team from extricating the head area of the whale, but moving aft they found ribs and vertebrae in profusion.

Some of the factory workmen wandered over to check on the progress and reminisce about the old days when

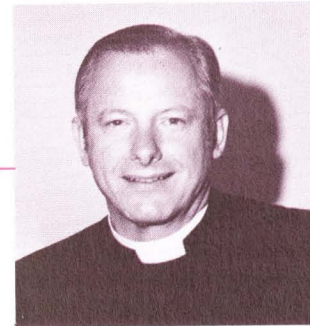
they were taking whales. They helped pull out a number of large pieces that were embedded in the sand, and even found a saw to cut up some of the larger pieces of bone.

After the Tallers had all the bones they could handle, they carried their "find" back to the factory where their young friend cleaned off all the sand and debris with a steam hose. The superintendent supplied large plastic bags for loading and soon the Volkswagen, stuffed with Tallers and whalebone, was headed toward home with a very happy sculptor at the wheel.

The results of some of the day's digging will be on exhibit this month at SCI. Be sure to see it if you're in the area; it will be a real treat.



Some of the whalebones from the day's digging.



### New Staff Member The Reverend A. Dawson Teague

We are pleased to welcome the Reverend A. Dawson Teague to the staff of the Institute. He will be the Protestant Chaplain to the Public Health Service Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.; and, he will also supervise the programming of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Institute.

A native of Georgia, he attended the General Seminary in New York. While a seminarian, he was employed here at the Institute as a ship visitor.

Prior to coming to SCI, Chaplain Teague was Episcopal college chaplain and a faculty member at Georgia State University in Atlanta.

For the past two summers he has also served as the Protestant chaplain aboard the S.S. Hope, the world's only peacetime hospital ship, during its operations in Brazil.

He is married to the former Elizabeth Peters, daughter of the late Reverend Sydney Peters—rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Bayshore, Long Island. They have two children. Elizabeth, aged seven and Douglas, aged ten, and a new dog named "Moonshine."



The Reverend Julian Eagle, chaplain to the Port of Southampton, England and recent Institute guest explains his work to members of the SCI staff. Father Eagle recently visited the United States to gather information relating to the effects of containerization on the port and personnel of Southampton.

### Bonne Chance and Bon Voyage!

Chaplain Douglas Wolfe (left) and Aldo Coppi exchange best wishes at a recent party saying farewell to Aldo (former club director) who is returning to his native Switzerland and welcoming Chaplain Wolfe as the new manager of the International Seamen's Club. Chaplain Wolfe is also SCI's resident chaplain and is in charge of special weekend events for seamen.



## Part II (Continued from September Lookout)

# A VOICE from the MAIN DECK: Echoes of the Past

by:

Edmund Francis Moran  
merchant seaman

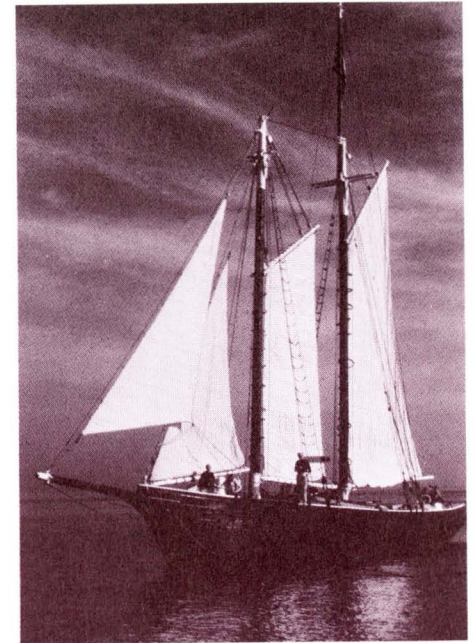
### An American Billingsgate

The Fulton Fish Market is a doyen among fish-handling emporiums which occupies Piers 17 and 18 on the East River adjacent to the South Street Seaport Museum. When I first visited this American Billingsgate in the mid-1930's the fabled "twin-piers" were a forest of schooners' masts.

Most two-masted schooners of that era plied the age-old trade of dory-fishing. Typical of that time were two wooden-hulled, "toothpick type" fishermen, the *Mable E. Bryson* and *Philip P. Manta*.

The traveler *Bryson* originated in Maine in the early 1900's. In her golden prime, this graceful 60-foot vessel fished under sail only. With the change of times the schooner *Bryson* was renovated and modernized. Discarding topmast and bowsprit the craft received auxiliary power. Under reduced rig the tiny workshop hoisted three sails. Sadly, like most of her contemporaries she has vanished. Vale — fisherman *Mable E. Bryson*.

Around 1923 Gloucester's "Golden Age" ended, but the schooner, *Philip P. Manta*, won a niche in world maritime history. Mechanization had revolutionized the New England fishing fleets and the celebrated "flying fishermen" became auxiliaries with sail subservient to propulsion machinery. In 1932, the haddock *Manta* fished out of Prov-



The schooner *Lettie G. Howard* (ex-Caviare) is a sailing Gloucesterman that originated in Massachusetts in the 1840's. The quondam grandbanker is an apparition from the remote past.

incetown, Massachusetts. When the doughty hook-fisherman lost her propeller at sea she made a few fishing trips under sail only. Briefly, the tiny "toothpick" *Manta* had the distinction of being the final engineless Gloucesterman in history. Thus, the craft has gained immortality. Well done, fisherman, *Philip P. Manta*. Yes, these schooners, *Bryson* and *Manta*, still cut a foaming swath through seas of memory.

A recent visit to the bountiful "twin piers" evoked poignant and haunting memories. That roistering region still teems with activity. Ubiquitous gulls shriek a raucous welcome and crowded fish stalls exude a pungent aroma like nothing else on earth.

Reminiscently I boarded two ultra-modern fishing craft. Namely the draggers *Our Lady of Fatima* and *Two Brothers*. Speedy, self-propelled draggers and scallopers are today's worthy successors to the earlier sailing Gloucestermen. These sturdy sea-gleaners make weekly forays to the fecund, off-shore fishing grounds to deliver succulent sea products. Unlike the earlier dorymen, the modern dragger-man never leaves his vessel at sea. The banks fishermen of today are truly adventurous Vikings. I profoundly admire their dauntless spirit and pure atavistic courage.

Late in 1972 an odd-looking stranger visited Pier 17. She was the *W. J. Ellison*, an auxiliary sailer that originated in Newfoundland in 1935. A venerable vessel, all 83 feet of her. The battered newcomer emerged from the depths of obscurity. Although that fisherman came to us as a pole-sparred ketch, I readily identified her. That wooden-hulled craft was once an engineless Grand Banker. To my knowledge, *W. J. Ellison* will become the schooner, *Eclipse*, of San Francisco. Long may she float, to fly the Stars and Stripes. Her brief impromptu visit was a pleasant surprise.

#### A Ship Lover's Paradise

The Seamen's Church Institute at 15 State Street occupies hallowed ground — namely the birthplace of novelist Herman Melville. That savant gave the world much which is beyond price. Within the Institute is the spacious, commodious Joseph Conrad Library. There shipmaster Conrad is commemorated. A superb wood-sculpture of him dominates the main reading room. For many, that enclave is an El Dorado, a ship-lover's paradise.

Joseph Conrad, a Polish-born patriot, lived from 1857-1924. He was a shipmaster commanding the *Otago* in 1888, as well as a distinguished novel-

ist. I have read his literary works omnivorously. His classic volumes will long endure. In 1923 when author Conrad visited New York he appeared in newsreel pictures, but I never had the opportunity to hear a recording of his voice. That same year Conrad presented a message to the ship's company of the *Tusitala*, a graceful windship, that was America's final full-rigged merchantman. That work in Conrad's handwriting is preserved, framed under glass, in the Institute's library. I have read its text countless times. As a fleet admiral would have it: Well done, shipmaster Joseph Conrad. Sadly, the *Tusitala* has vanished.

Conrad's modern counterpart, author Alan J. Villiers, was born in Australia in 1903. From 1934 to 1936 the versatile Villiers commanded the sailer *Joseph Conrad*. In that tiny, full-rigged ship he girdled the earth. Perhaps a modern Odysseus. In the mid-1930's shipmaster Villiers boarded the once-proud *Otago* formerly commanded by Conrad. That sheer hulk reposed in the alluvial mud on the River Derwent in Tasmania. From her cabin Villiers retrieved a metal port-hole assembly. That priceless nautical treasure, now too, belongs to the Conrad Library at SCI.

#### Epilogue

Although the sailing merchantman has bowed to progress there is still room on the ocean for the small engineless sailing yacht. As a sailing devotee I might yet own just such a craft. However, such an event is still beyond the visible horizon. Meanwhile, my nautical research will continue.

To friends, colleagues and others who have occasion to read this article, I wish each of you good luck and fair winds for all time to come. As Cape Horn shellbacks once said: I will see you in Liverpool.

## A Helpful Hint for Holiday Shopping

Starting your annual Christmas list is always a pleasure, but there are those you want to remember who sometimes are a little difficult to find "just the right gift for."

For example, there might be your Uncle Duard in a retirement home; and kind, widowed Mrs. Braxton who's really quite alone. Or, there's your brother John, career merchant seaman; and his namesake, Johnny in the fourth grade. Oh yes, your daughter's favorite teacher, Mrs. Argentine—no more pin and earrings for her; and Dr. Hubert, he always has time for the family but those raggedy old magazines in his office. Then there's the Joneses, they really do have everything but. . . .

Well, we think there's an answer to Christmas problems like these. Subscriptions to *The Lookout* . . . a book that's entertaining, educational, enlightening and unique; good for adding to a family library or for passing along for others to enjoy. With ten issues annually, it keeps your "best wishes" coming throughout the year; and at five tax-deductible dollars per annual subscription it's at a price that's hard to beat. That means something nowadays.

To start your Christmas shopping now, just use the blanks below. We'll send each recipient a handsome, special edition Christmas card in your name informing them of your gift; and you, of course, will be receipted for all subscriptions.

To: The Editor, The Lookout  
SCI  
15 State Street  
New York, N.Y. 10004

Please send a year's subscription to each of the following persons:

Name _____	Name _____
Address _____	Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____	City _____ State _____ Zip _____
	* * *
Name _____	Your name _____
Address _____	Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____	City _____ State _____ Zip _____

One check for the total amount may be sent payable to . . . Seamen's Church Institute.

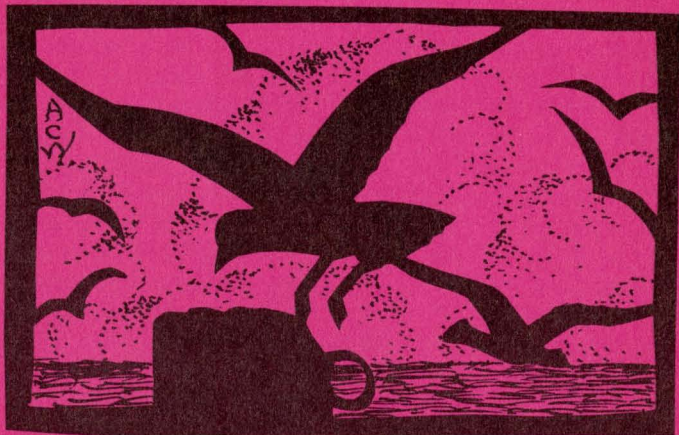
Thank you



**Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.**  
15 State Street  
New York, N. Y. 10004

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID  
AT NEW YORK, N. Y.

Address Correction Requested



## Surfing Seagull

A surfboard-riding seagull has become a family pet this past summer on Mystic Island. Rescued by a group of boy scouts who had to pry him from the jaws of a dog that had just killed his mother, they brought him to the Gus Craig family, the island caretakers. Their 15-year old daughter immediately made him her personal charge & now he perches like a figurehead on the end of her surfboard right at home. He has a good appetite eating mussels and clams and lots of people food—his favorite being spaghetti. To a young seagull like this, summer is forever.

*ed note:*

*We wish to thank one of our readers, Dorothy L. Getchell, for sending us the above article.*