



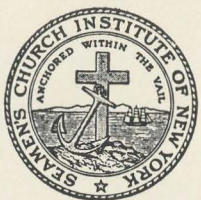
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Season's Greetings



DECEMBER 1962



MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home"

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 53, No. 7 DECEMBER 1962

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President

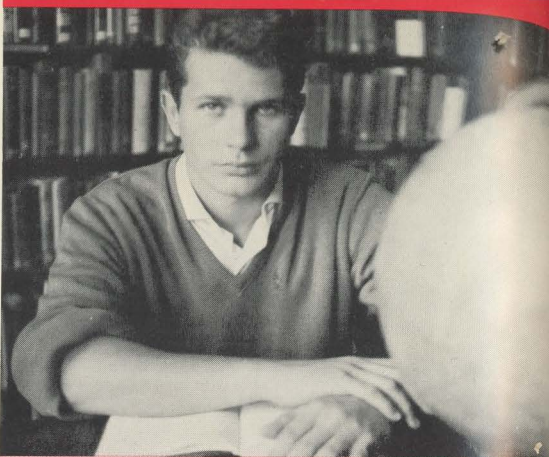
Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

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COVER: Original pencil sketch of Coenties Slip (South Street), Christmas 1881, after first snowfall of the season. Artist: Rosalys Hunter. From SCl collection of originals. Reproductions on parchment suitable for framing available from the LOOKOUT—\$1 each.



seaman of the month

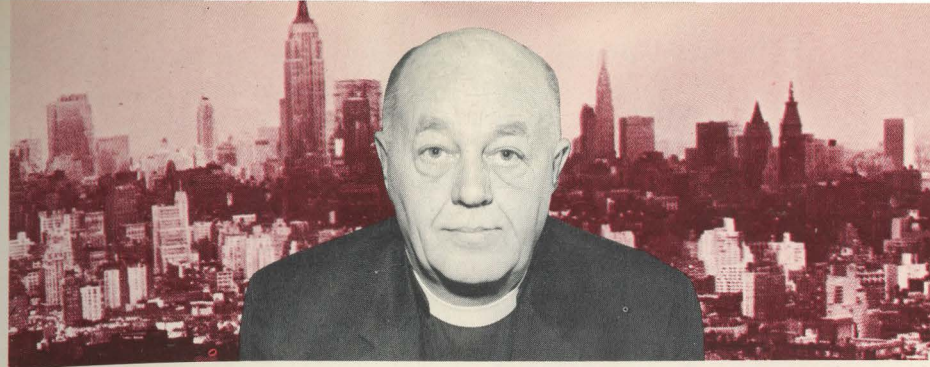
► Arwed Wittenberg

A bitter wind cavorted among pilings of Hamburg's deserted waterfront as a small figure, crouched against empty crates for protection, continued to sketch the awesome grandeur of the luxury liner sleeping undisturbed in the grey water. His hands numbed, snow pelted his face. Seventeen-year-old Arwed Wittenberg made his decision that night. He would withdraw from Hamburg's famous art school, seek a job as a seaman and escape these endless Baltic winters to seek inspiration as a sailor in the balmy ports that beckoned to the South.

"Please don't go, son," pleaded his mother. "If that's what the boy wants, let it be," responded his thoughtful father.

The first tour was not the romantic one that Arwed envisioned, for the life for a young seaman was strenuous. The ship steamed across a snow-swept North Sea for Scandinavia, then to Poland for coal for Scandinavia, to Finland for wood for Germany. But his reward was predestined. On an emergency assignment, his small freighter sailed away from the frigid North headed for the coast of West Africa.

Continued on page 22



Christmas thoughts from the director

Just a few more days and the stockings will be hung on the mantle; the tree glistening with lights and tinsel will seem to be growing right out of a mass of fascinating, gaily-wrapped packages. The very atmosphere itself will sparkle and everyone's spirits will be brighter and cheerier. A wonderful, wonderful day.

For 8,500 seamen ashore and afloat it will be a memorable day because your generous contributions gave them the pleasure and surprise of a real Christmas through the Christmas boxes. Here at 25 South Street nearly 1000 seamen will sit down to a bountiful Christmas dinner provided again by those who know what it is like to be far away from home and family at Christmas time. All through the Institute, in various club rooms, holiday entertainment will make this day memorable for these men. A dedicated staff will be among them, some with their families, bringing the real warmth and meaning of Christmas to those feeling the pangs of nostalgia for "the folks back home" and to those who have no folks back home. Foreign seamen, a long way from their native lands and customs, will learn that Christmas knows no national or racial boundaries. This is the universal festival.

Were it possible for the thousands of you who have supported our work to be our guests and meet these men, you would understand the importance of making Seamen's Church Institute a true "home away from home," not just Christmas Day, but every day all year long. Your generous contributions

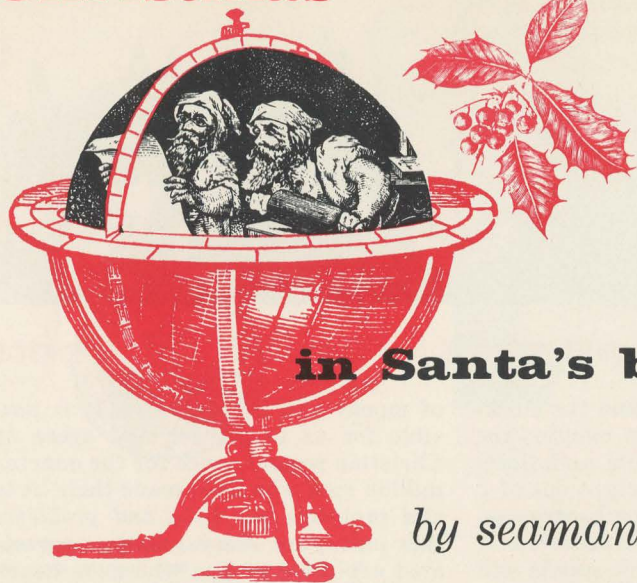
of money and time have made it possible for us to pioneer new areas of Christian social service for the quarter million men who have made their lives and problems *our lives and problems* this past year. Very greatly appreciated are those of you who gave hours of personal leisure time knitting warm articles of clothing. Hundreds of letters will come to us after Christmas from men at sea, in hospitals or in rooms here saying how grateful they are to you for your thoughtfulness and concern. We too are most grateful to you for all your efforts and we look forward to your continuing support throughout 1963.

To our staff members who give long hours of attention to our friends of the sea—sometimes more than they give to their personal concerns—the Board of Managers extends heartfelt thanks for jobs well done. Without you we could not continue our vital "person to person" program with seamen in this great and growing port.

On behalf of the Board of Managers may I wish all of you and all friends of seamen everywhere every possible joy of this blessed season and the best of everything for the New Year.

Again it is our prayer:
"That the true joys of Christmas
with you will abide,
That your course will be
blessed with a favoring tide,
With no storm and no peril may
your voyage be fraught.
May God bring you safe home to
a welcoming port."

Christmas



in Santa's back yard

by seaman Robert Boyd

Christmas spent aboard an ice-bound ship near the top of the world can be an interesting, rewarding and thought-provoking experience. I must admit that at the time I wasn't very enthused over the prospect of spending Christmas in the Arctic, but, as with all things, time softens the harshest experiences when viewed in retrospect.

Our vessel, a craft built especially for Arctic operations, was designed with an ice breaking bow, reinforced hull, and an enclosed ice-pilot station complete with throttles for controlling the twin diesel engines in addition, passageways burrowing beneath her decks which allowed one access from the bow to stern without being exposed to the Arctic elements.

We had been functioning as a unit of the large fleet of United States and Canadian ships supplying our northern defense bases as well as the tiny DEW-line (Distant Early Warning) radar sites strung across northern Canada and the small offshore islands.

This operation, of necessity, begins in the Spring, and winds up in the late Autumn.

During these few months, everything which is vital to maintaining life in these barren, frozen wastes must be transported to the thousands of servicemen and civilians needed for defense of this northern perimeter.

During the Arctic supply mission our home port is St. John's, Newfoundland, where we put in for stores and fuel. Most of the time, however, we are operating far north of this area.

The Arctic is an uncompromising foe, a vast region where man has made very little real progress and practically no changes, so Nature dictates the terms and man as an unwelcome guest accepts them.

Our ship was trying for one last supply run through the ice fields, making several miles a day when we became solidly entrenched much as an automobile spinning its wheels in heavy snow will do.

As it becomes quite apparent that this will be another Christmas away from home, a cool Yule in effect, one's mind begins to wander.

One thinks about the friendly, colorfully-garbed Eskimos who came out to

the ship during the summer to swap crude-looking sealskin hats and slippers for cartons of cigarettes. You remember tossing apples and oranges down to the precocious Eskimo children in a boat while their father lumbered clumsily up the Jacob's ladder to the deck, with a grin as expansive as the Arctic itself.

You think what delights these Eskimo kids who live in Santa's backyard could have if they were turned loose in Macy's Toyland. You would have more fun watching them than they would have with the toys.

You have never been in an Eskimo village and your knowledge of their folkways is limited, but you like and respect these simple people whose very existence must be wrested from the sea, the ice and the land. There are no department stores in Greenland.

The servicemen and civilians watching the northern skies this night just as the shepherds in Bethlehem watched a star so many years before, will be well provided for. They'll sit down to Christmas meals that a Sultan would envy. There will be church services for those desiring to attend. Most of them

will have stateside gifts and mail to open and enlisted men's and officers' clubs to cater to their social needs. At some of the bases you understand there will be stateside entertain-



ers, bands and Hollywood show people. You try to envision Jayne Mansfield in a fur parka with only her face exposed and somehow you can't.

Christmas day arrives, but it isn't day, it is night, for at this time of year in the Arctic it is always dark. The Eskimo word for December is *sequinerliaq*, meaning "no sun." You

look out the porthole as you dress to go on watch and you see a white fox approaching, sure-footed and deliberate. You know what is on that fellow's

mind. This nocturnal prowler comes every evening for his meal of garbage tossed on the ice by the galley crew. No zoo animal he, this fellow survives in a world where there is no surplus, not even enough, in fact.

You bundle up and step out on deck for a minute or two and you notice the wind has died down and the world seems strangely silent and tranquil, save for the muffled sound of diesel generator. The ice seems a shade darker than usual but Arctic ice always has a blue tinge. The desolate waste surrounding you appears more grotesque than usual but there is a certain dream-like quality about it all, and a grandeur not found anywhere else on earth. This solitude only reminds you of your loneliness and as you step out of the gloom and into the well-lighted mess room you observe what appears to be a minor miracle.

The steward has uncovered a cache of Christmas paraphernalia left from last year and you are now looking at a gaily-trimmed Christmas tree and the Nativity scene at its base. Red and green festooned ropes hang from the overhead and in the center hangs a red tissue paper bell of monumental proportions. The mess room is a riot of color and warmth and the pungent aroma of mince pies being baked tantalizes your senses and helps give you a feeling of well being.

This is a happy ship today. Petty grievances born of confinement, nurtured by familiarity and matured by frustration and loneliness are forgotten for the day.



To the pursuer, tall, gaunt and serious, hardly the Santa Claus type, falls the happy chore of handing out the Christmas packages from the Seamen's Church Institute. Apparently these packages had been put aboard at St. John's and no one knew of it at the time; a pleasant and welcome surprise.

I observed the sly grin on my watch partner's face as he pulled a gray knit sweater from a decorated green package in the bottom of his box. This was a gift that was to be used every day for the remainder of the voyage. Old Ernie had to be the coldest man alive, and used to come on watch in the engine room with a heavy jacket zipped up to his neck. He hailed from New Orleans and had ridden banana boats for years. His blood was pretty thin from the hot Caribbean sun and poor quality rum.

The chief mate conducted a short religious service and those on watch wanting to attend were relieved of their duties long enough to do so.

The steward's department outdid themselves for dinner and many a belt was let out a notch or two to accompanying sighs of satisfaction.

The bo's'n, in a state of elation was all for going in the scullery and washing dishes and clearing up, so the galley gang could rest, but he gracefully

bowed out when his request for volunteers went unheeded.

A western movie with too many good guys and too bad a plot was shown in the crew's mess and even the skipper turned out for this.

One of the Spanish boys in the wiper's fo'c'sle had a guitar and three or four steward department hands joined him for a singing session that started with carols and ended with Latin tunes and with the second electrician doing a cha-cha to accompanying finger-snapping and shouts of "go man, go!"

As the day waned the revelry toned down and everyone had a few more memories to add to his mental picture book. A professional seaman is used to hard times, drastic changes in weather and loneliness that eats away from deep inside the soul; but of all times of the year the Christmas season is hardest on him, for it is then that he truly desires the companionship and *camaraderie* of his family and friends.

I thought the first engineer summed up the situation quite aptly when he said if we could really have Peace on Earth and Goodwill Toward Men there would be no need for any of us, soldiers, merchant seamen or civilians, up here on duty at the top of the world on a Christmas day.



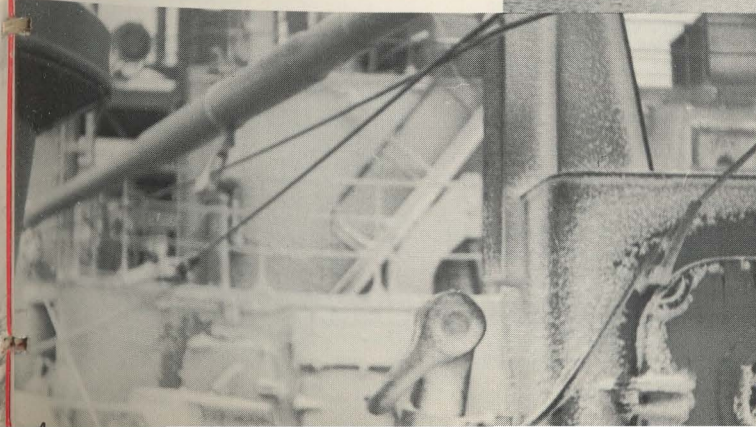
1. "whole Eskimo families came to meet us and we were impressed by the modern innovation—an outboard motor on a kayak"

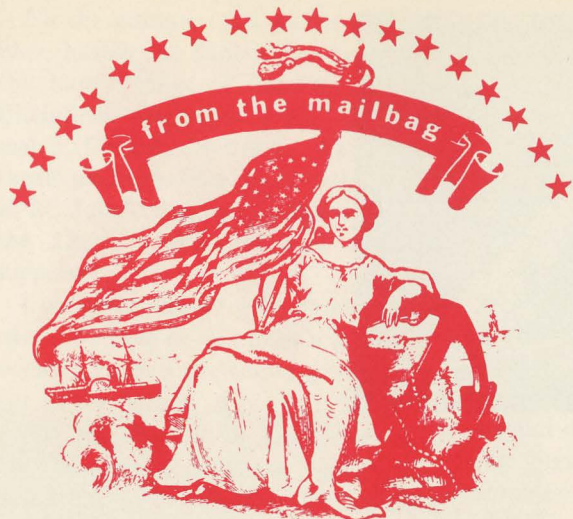
2. "as far as the eye could see—great mountains of ice and rock"

3. "the frightening majesty of an endless glacial valley in a land of perpetual cold"

4. "hoarfrost covered ship metal as grim reminder that nature was still at the helm"

5. "there were nights when we were awakened by the sudden loud thuds as great chunks of ice were washed against the ship"





Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I am Alfred McBride's niece (LOOKOUT cover subject, Sept.) and certainly appreciate the nice things you said about him.

Mrs. Elsie Niemi

. . . thanks a lot for the wonderful picture of my babysitter and kid brother "T-Bone" Alfred McBride. Enclosed is my check for some extra copies of that issue.

C. W. McBride

New York City

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

I read with much interest your feature "Who Discovered America?" Such a sane appraisal is rare. Most writers enjoy the myth, and there are several books for children that definitely locate the Norsemen on Martha's Vineyard.

The World Almanac takes the same slant.

May I add that the LOOKOUT is an excellent magazine.

Harry Hansen, Editor
The World Almanac

Los Angeles

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a check for \$10 to send LOOKOUT in a bottle. I am sure anyone would be interested in the magazine even without the additional interest of my enclosed name.

Good luck and God's blessing on your wonderful work.

Edith C. Pichard

New York City

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

People who are only interested in the sea, not ships, and "the adventure of far-away places" can find all that in plenty of magazines. The importance of LOOKOUT is that it links all this to the Institute.

Congratulations!

Walter Lord

New York City

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

I write you now for two reasons, the first to compliment you on the new format of your publication, the second to compliment you for the delightful excerpts from the Fred Best log. A charming, moving and surprisingly well-written commentary. I look forward to all installments.

Morris Chase, Director
Bureau of Institutional Adm.
Dept. of Welfare
City of New York

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Hanneman:

Thank you for permission to use the George Sacellary "Favorite Ports O'Call" article from your recent LOOKOUT. I hope to use the article as a featurette in the November issue of OUR NAVY magazine.

Theodore N. Maher, Editor
OUR NAVY

West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Sir:

I am particularly interested in the sea and ships. My father was Commander and Captain of the "Carnegie" which was used in scientific research. I am enclosing a version of the 23rd Psalm which might be shared with LOOKOUT readers.

Mrs. Benjamin Tinsley

(We're sharing in on the back cover next month. Ed.)

N. Devon, England

Dear Sir:

I like your trim column "Seaman of the Month" and take heed of the book reviews. Too, I am ordering one of those recordings done by King's Point cadets. Perhaps it would not be amiss, when there are such new recordings from time to time, relating to the sea, to have them listed. Many a lonely mariner at sea owns a record player, and would appreciate learning of records of the sea I'm sure. This would be a service, I feel, appreciated by many.*

As a former seaman, loving the sea, it has seemed to me that LOOKOUT could not be improved; it's only that from time to time I seemed a bit frustrated that there was so very little of it. I'd be happy to pay more for more.

Seymour Gates Pond

(* Your suggestion is fine, but like so many readers, you forget that LOOKOUT is not distributed to seamen. Ed.)

Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sir:

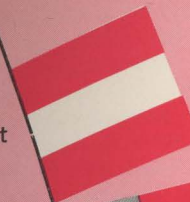
The LOOKOUT tells of your new operations in Newark and it sounds like you are "a friend indeed" once more. It must be encouraging to have you so eagerly received and appreciated.

The "new" LOOKOUT is so attractive and interesting, but will you please tell us soon how "Seaman of the Month" is selected.

M. E. McComas

(The selection is made from among seamen recommended by two staff members who have more than casual acquaintance with the man. Ed.)

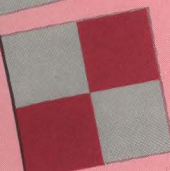
Juliet



Kilo



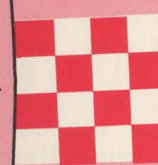
Lima



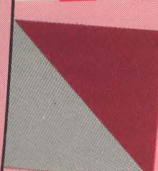
Mike



November



Oscar



Papa



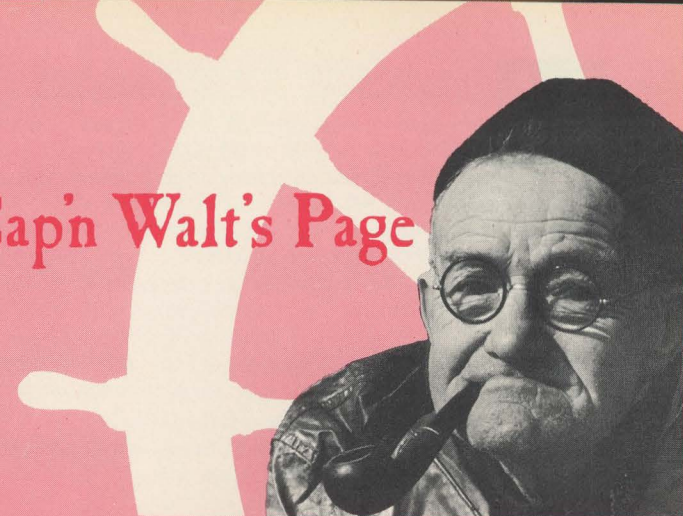
Quebec



Romeo



Cap'n Walt's Page



Here's the second part of the nautical code flag and letters. Can you add these letters to last month's and make more words?

I. Look for the abbreviation NAUT in your dictionary after each word which you look up in order to find the NAUTICAL MEANING. Whenever the word is repeated there is more than one nautical meaning.

n = noun v = verb adj = adjective

1. Abeam _____

2. Aloft _____

3. Amidships _____

4. Ambergris _____

5. Anchor (n) (v) _____

6. Baleen _____

II. What do you think the following sentences mean? You can check the answers in back, but don't peek yet.

1. Swing the boat out on the davits—bow first.
2. Now stow your gear under the thwarts midships.
3. Lay your irons fore and aft.
4. Slack off your braces.
5. Where is she? To windward or to lee?



With Christmas just a few days off, the frantic, break-neck pace of the metropolitan area volunteers in the Christmas Room quickens as they lick, glue, snap, join, tie this year's record 8,500 packages for seamen on the far seas, in hospitals, and at the Institute on the holiday.

As the last carton is taken from the holly and garland-decked 5th floor wrapping area by the ship visitors, an exhausted group of women breathe great sighs, descend upon a waiting urn of steaming coffee, some pastry and holiday gossip. But most of the talk centers about a special Christmas box. That already famous box!

The pitch of excitement mounts as each woman wonders whether the box she has wrapped will be number 150,000 which will carry with it a Golden Key for its seaman-recipient, an extra-special greeting and invitation from Mrs. Grace Chapman, Council Secretary, and her loyal army of volunteers who have been working 'round the clock since the Christmas Room opened in October.

A Christmas Scrapbook

We can reveal no secrets about the identity of the lucky seaman, but we know that when he opens his present from the Women's Council, he will discover a congratulatory letter from SCI's Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan, extending an invitation to be the guest of SCI when he returns to New York. His commanding officer will be waiting to congratulate him, pose for photographs, and relate to him some of the special honors which await him back in New York. When his name is radiogrammed to SCI by the ship's captain, special stories about his luck and honors to come will be sent to his hometown papers. If his family or wife live within the Greater New England area they will be brought to New York to be at his side during the week of fun and sight-

seeing, official greeting and reception in the mayor's office, luncheon with the Women's Council volunteers, and other special events tailored to his individual tastes. Although only one seaman is to be so recognized, the attendant honors will be identified with all merchant seamen, far from home at Christmas time, who received Women's Council packages this year.

One of the poignant stories to come from the volunteers was told to LOOKOUT by Miss Alice Brewster, a two-year veteran of the Christmas Room, who described a recent trip to her New Jersey home after an evening in New York. She had just settled back in the crowded bus preparatory to the monotonous miles before she would find her home in the comfortable suburbs. Hearing a bit of loud

conversation in the front of the bus, she was distracted from her reveries. A mild-mannered youth with heavy accent was having obvious difficulty in communicating a request for needed directions from the driver. Eventually the younger man was successful and took one of two empty seats in the bus across the aisle from Miss Brewster. She thought: "How unfriendly we Americans can be. A lack of courtesy, an abrupt answer can be like a slap in the face to a foreign visitor." She glanced at the foreigner cut to his rather shabby clothing. Her eyes concluded their tour at a pair of woolen sox the young man was wearing. Not just store sox, she thought. **THEY'RE COCOA BROWN SOX! HE'S ONE OF OUR BOYS!** she excitedly reminded herself. Overcome with curiosity, she sprang from her seat and extended a hand of friendship to the lonesome boy. After the usual amenities like weather and how-do-you-like-America, she could stand the anxiety no longer.

"Where did you get those cocoa sox?"

"They come from a ladies where I stay at the Christmas present Seamen's Church Institute!"

The animated conversation, even in difficult, elementary English, cemented a lasting friendship between an elderly lady who knits for the Women's Council, and a seaman-stranger in town whom she identified as "one of our boys with the cocoa sox!"

By the time you receive this LOOKOUT, most of the neatly-taped cartons, containing 10 individually-wrapped boxes filled with more individually-wrapped personal items will have been put aboard scores of ships of many nations. Hundreds of packages more are waiting in hospital supply rooms to be distributed to recuperating merchant mariners, vitalizing the antiseptic white of the wards.

Making Christmas Merry began way back in the spring when Mrs. Chapman began purchasing close to 100,000 items which are included in the boxes, and the many more items needed for the project. Knitters from

every state have given untold numbers of hours to knitting the woolen socks, scarves, caps and gloves included with each box; the women who do not knit contribute to the Wool Fund, or help in other financial ways. The cost of "sailing a box" is approximately \$3.50 according to Mrs. Chapman who is always counting the "shipping days 'til Christmas" rather than the "shopping days."

Christmas boxes are only one of many projects planned to make this special season more pleasant for seamen. If you wish to support our work by sending a special seasonal contribution to help us with our plans for seamen away from home, an envelope is provided with this issue.

For the staff of the Women's Council Mrs. Chapman extends warmest greeting to the thousands of you who have helped throughout the year to make this the most successful season yet for the Christmas project.



THE LUCKY ONE! In this 150,000th coded box go the good wishes of thousands of Women's Council members who have labored and donated for many years making Christmas brighter for lonesome seamen. Mr. Mulligan's personal greeting, illuminated by a brilliant golden key, expresses his feelings on behalf of the Institute, extends invitation to this seaman to be guest of SCI for elaborate recognitions, entertainment planned for him at 25 South Street.



- 1 WHO IS THIS MAN? Is he the lucky seaman somewhere on the high seas at this minute who will become the recipient of the 150,000th package which brings with it so many honors? Where will he live and will this be his only present this year? Nobody knows . . . until Christmas Eve.
- 2 FROM ALL 40! Another knitting group formed, marks Mrs. Chapman on the large map in the offices of the Women's Council which reflects the cross-country popularity of the growing project.
- 3 ASSEMBLY LINE—Multiply 8,500 by 10 and you'll get the approximate number of individually wrapped items these busy volunteers have faced in their record-breaking project this year, working both day and evening in festive 5th floor Christmas Room.
- 4 As familiar to the women as the project on which they work is dedicated Mrs. Thorne Lanier, for 20 years Chairman of the Women's Council, now its Honorary Chairman.
- 5 The lovely face of Miss Lillian Teller is new to the Christmas Room this year and her enthusiasm is apparent as she wraps the thousands of key cases in bright reds and greens.
- 6 NEW RECRUIT—One of the youngest members of the Women's Council is Mrs. Robert E. Wallace, Governor's Island, whose husband is an army colonel.

A Christmas Scrapbook

Continued



7 Christmas Gift Center, opened in SCI's lobby for the first time this year, enjoyed great success as people from neighboring business community selected personalized presents for holiday giving. Items crafted by seamen made the Center especially interesting. Rita Echols, left, of New York volunteered her time for two months keeping the Center open. Miss Echols served for many years as president of the Night Watch, a group of business women who have for 11 years held monthly birthday parties for seamen. Present, too, on opening day are Mrs. Chapman, (center), and Miss Barbara Love.

8 Another familiar face in the Christmas Room is that of Miss Hilda Erbeck who has given her time loyally for many years. Miss Erbeck, formerly a school teacher, knits garments for the boxes throughout the remainder of the year.

9 Collating the hand-written Christmas cards and other printed material to be included in each box is an assignment for Elsie Ficke of New York City, who gives three and four days every week to the project in addition to the articles she knits throughout the year.



8



9

SEAMEN WRITE

Seamen are an appreciative lot and after they have opened the thousands of gifts sent by the Women's Council this year their letters will inundate Council offices for weeks, will continue to trickle in throughout the 12 months of the year. Some are just routine notes, but the majority are filled with obvious emotions of the seamen. As in years past the LOOKOUT reprints some of these sentimental reminders that bringing happiness to the lonely is the KEYNOTE of the whole Christmas message.

Enroute to New York
S/S Mormacpenn
Christmas

Permit me to thank you and all those good people who helped make this Christmas a happy one for us aboard the ship.

The gifts in my box are all very lovely and, being individually wrapped, the same as receiving many gifts—all wonderful. I am very grateful and hope those who worked so hard to make, assemble and wrap the gifts had a wonderful season themselves.

Our voyages into Poland always make us thankful of the blessings we have in the U. S. A. Everything and everyone there seems depressed and spiritless. Not so in the cities of the other countries where there is laughter and gaiety that seems spontaneous.

Our ship has a Christmas tree in the officers dining room and also one in the crew's mess hall. Both places are gaily decorated so we are having some of the Christmas atmosphere of those on land.

The cities of Norway, Sweden and Denmark all look truly like Christmas cards with snow, pine trees, both decorated and plain, and children on sleds.

Many thanks again for the thoughtfulness and the gifts.

KH
3rd Mate

Christmas Day
Hong Kong

May I wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year from Hong Kong. My name is Dudley Grant, also of New York City, and I am a crew member aboard the S/S President Monroe, an American President Lines ship traveling around the world.

It was indeed a very pleasant surprise to receive the "gift package" from you through the Seamen's Institute. That was the very first gift that I have ever received from anyone, so you could imagine how thrilled I was about it.

The contents are things that we really do need and that sewing kit came in just about the time when I was borrowing some from one of my shipmates.

All of the crew received packages and we are very thankful for same. Once again I sincerely wish you the very best of holiday seasons and many more to come. God bless you!

DG

S/S Gloucester City
At Sea

I would like to apologize for the delay in thanking you for your very kind and thoughtful Christmas present. However, now we are at sea and I can devote a little more time to catching up with important things.

As you can see, the writing case is "doing its stuff" and my woolly hat is also seeing vigorous service. The sweets, too, were snatched by my 8-year-old son upon arrival in England and certainly were enjoyed.

Upon receipt of my box I was vaguely reminded of the wartime "ditty bags" which our American friends so painstakingly made for us.

Although the circumstances are so very much different now, it is very heartening to still see the personal touch incorporated in each of these boxes and I thank you most heartily for your organization of the distribution and your helpers for the diligent work put into the preparation of the contents.

May I also wish you the compliments of the season and a happy, healthy New Year.

GHC
2nd Engineer

TV Heidelberg
At Sea

This Christmas Day the German training ship HEIDELBERG is in the middle of the North Atlantic on her way home to Germany. The sea is very rough and the ship is rolling heavily. But in spite of that we had a Christmas party for the whole crew in the passenger's dining room yesterday, Christmas Eve.

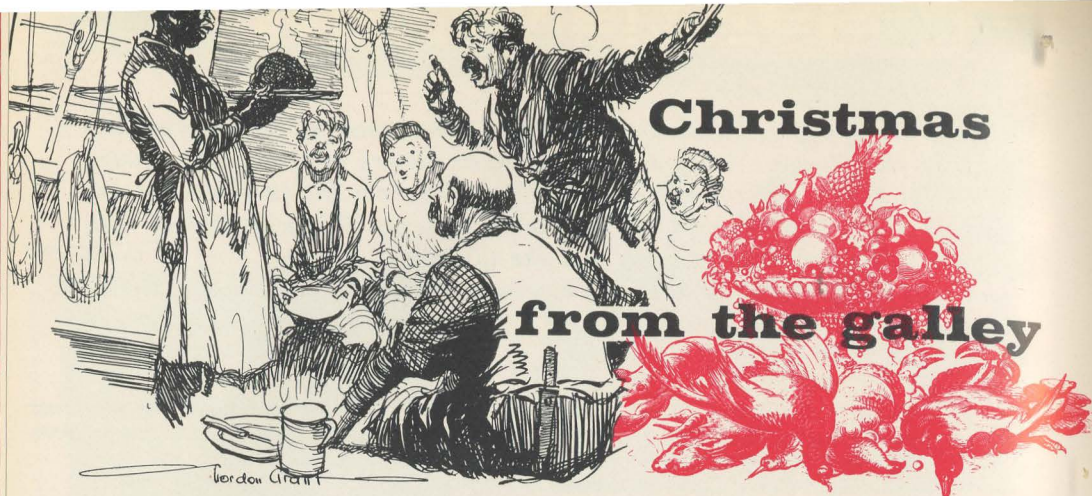
Everybody had coffee and cake, the captain made a nice speech, he sang Christmas carols, I read the German Christmas story and it was quite a comfortable atmosphere. During this party Father Christmas came and brought a Christmas parcel for everybody. These parcels were gifts of your institute in New York and everybody was quite happy to get even one parcel at sea so far away from home and his family.

And because everybody is not able to write a letter in English I want to thank you very good for your kindness and all those nice and useful gifts. It is a great thing that in our present world of materialism, there are still people who are unselfish, wishing to make others happy. I imagine that it is the greatest reward for you to hear that your work and good will is appreciated by those you take care of.

Wishing you and your institute a Happy New Year, I am yours sincerely,

PR





Christmas

from the galley

As our merchant seamen crowd into ship mess halls this Christmas Day, the steaming delights from the galley will bear little resemblance to those soaked, dried or salted served aboard the old 'sailers', or as recently as World War I.

One Christmas dinner in 1914 was humorously recalled from the memory of SCI's Capt. Alfred Morasso who was sailing as a lad aboard a canvas-frosted ship on the Gibraltar run: "The cook butchered the pig, taken aboard in Gibraltar, which had been free-running on the deck along with some moulting chickens for company. Needless to say we were delighted by prospects of the pig's disappearance, only to appear Christmas day as the 'entree.' Our steaming, cleverly disguised ex-deckmate was preceded by what the cook called 'vegetable soup,' prepared, I'm certain, by dragging one carrot

and one onion on a string through 50 gallons of boiling water, plus appropriate salt. Our 'fancies' included the traditional hardtack or sea biscuit, and for dessert, plum duff, which was a kind of fruit and dumpling concoction whose proportions depended rather generally on the disposition of the cook when he arose that morning." (*The plum duff to which Capt. Morasso refers, was title of above Gordon Grant sketch of cook serving up this eagerly-awaited dessert aboard pitching ship.*)

However devoid of the laughter of family and friends, this Christmas Day for seamen will not be lacking in eating pleasures as revealed by these menus from two of America's largest steamship companies. *Grace Lines* will serve identical menus to officers, crew and passengers aboard its fleet of luxury liners. Who could resist:

Grace Lines Christmas Dinner

shrimp cocktail
lobster bisque
consomme royale

roast Vermont turkey
with chestnut dressing
giblet gravy

baked country ham
with champagne sauce

candied sweet potatoes
whipped Irish potatoes
green peas
cauliflower au gratin

mixed green salad
hot mince pie, pumpkin pie, plum pudding

petit fours
vanilla ice cream
coffee

With vicarious pleasure we phoned the Chief Steward's Department, Moore-McCormack Lines to get a report of the menu for a typical non-passenger ship, this one to be cruising humid Caribbean waters. The prospects for these men are no less attractive:

Moore McCormack Christmas Dinner

melon balls, maraschino
ripe and queen olives
beef broth/vegetables
chicken cream soup

filet of sole baked ham virginia
sauce tartare raisin sauce
stuffed turkey
cranberries, giblet gravy
prime rib of beef
pan gravy

steamed rice a la Cartagena
mashed yellow turnips
Brussels sprouts
garden peas
candied sweet, mashed, fr. fr. potatoes

mixed green salad
waldorf salad
lobster salad

plum pudding/rum sauce fruit cake fancy ice cream fresh oranges, apples, pears, tangerines, grapes

mixed nuts, dates, raisins
cookies
coffee, juice, tea

For about 1000 between-ship residents of the Institute not fortunate to be breaking bread with family on Christmas Day, SCI will provide the traditional complimentary holiday table, through contributions to the Christmas Fund. Our famous dietitian Carol Terwilliger, an 18-year veteran of calorie-watching and vitamin insuring, promised:

Seamen's Church Institute of New York Christmas Dinner 1962

frosted California tomato juice

butterbasted northwestern turkey
savory sage dressing
giblet gravy Terwilliger

cranberry garni
crisp garden vegetables

garden green peas
whipped Irish potatoes
mashed yellow turnips

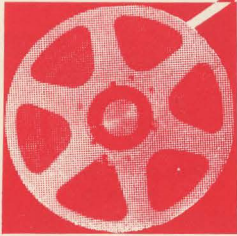
home-made pumpkin pie, whipped cream,
hot mince, apple pie

coffee, tea, milk





Christmas on tape



Huddled about a table strewn with brightly printed record albums and type-written scripts, a group of six men began early

this month planning an experimental project to bring the Christmas message to seamen of all nations, recording the 2000-year-old gospel according to St. Luke on electronic equipment as new as tomorrow. The 20-minute tapes, recorded in eight languages, will retell the Christmas story to men on the high seas all over the world as they sit down to their Christmas dinner this month.

First proposed by Dutch-born SCI staff man Peter Van Weygerden, the project required the language skills of other staff men, even the engineering experience of a New Jersey parson who gives time from his busy parish to help make the project a success.

Working with a master script of joint authorship, each man adapts the message to his own nationality's seamen audience; individual master tapes are being produced in English, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Dutch, Norwegian and Italian. Enough copies are made from each master tape to be taken aboard a trial number of American and foreign freighters through the Ship's Visitors Department of SCI.

Each recording opens with bells of a well-known church in the country whose language program is being created. Most foreign carol records were part of series "Christmas Around the World," provided through Capitol Records. There follows a Christmas greeting, the reading of the Gospel according to St. Luke, several more familiar

carols, a vignette of popular Christmas folklore from each country, and finally wishes for a blessed Christmas and prosperous New Year from the Seamen's Church Institute.

The men around the planning table are specialists with both language and seamen. Peter Van Weygerden asks his fellow Dutch seamen as well as German seamen to remember the real meaning of Christmas, while Greek-born Chris Nichols, Dir. of SCI's International Club, discusses the eternal message with seamen from his native country. Colombian-born, Spanish-speaking Elias Chegwin reverently retells the events of that evening in Bethlehem, while just a few feet across the recording room, tall Captain Jorgen Borge, Director of SCI's Port Newark Station, repeats a beloved Christmas folk story in Norwegian. Director of Special Services, Dr. Roscoe Foust, whose department is pioneering this project, translates into American while British-born Chaplain Basil Hollas reads the text of St. Luke in clipped, flawless English. Chris Nichols who is nearly as fluent in French as with his native Greece wishes the French seamen a "Joyeux Noël."

The Rev. Fred Long, whose own radio interview-type program is broadcast each week from a New Jersey station, serves as electronics engineer for the group, offering suggestions in microphone techniques.

Success of this venture on a small scale this Christmas will determine the extent of next year's program. Perhaps they will be producing tapes in Swahili and Japanese next year, but they will still be proclaiming the timeless message of Christmas. . . . "Peace on earth, to men of good will."

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



NO SALE—Thanksgiving was a day when most things were free to our men away from home and family. Throughout the afternoon cider and doughnuts were available in the lounges and the men consumed the "sinkers" by the hundreds, according to SCI's dietitian Carol Terwilliger.

EVERYBODY WORKS—Even Chaplains Hollas (left) and Huntley (right) don aprons and bus dishes at free Thanksgiving feed for seamen living in building. Men appreciated informality of day and opportunity to meet Institute personnel.

Free cigarettes were distributed by SCI's purchasing agent Beth Tierney (left) and Women's Council secretary Grace Chapman (partly obscured to the right). Members of staff were present, many with families, to break bread with the men.





NO ROOMS LEFT—Unfortunate but nevertheless frequent situation at the registration counter recently, explains Al Sorenson (window) to seaman Stan Davis. With total 750 private rooms booked, SCI might have to reactivate World War II dormitory facilities on top floor.

VISITING BISHOP—Celebrant at Thanksgiving service in Chapel of Our Savior, The Rt. Rev. John Matthews, Bishop of Carpentaria (Australia) assisted by SCI's Chaplain Bill Haynsworth, explains why holiday is unique to America, how important seamen are to him in his "down under" diocese. A large number of seamen and staff were present when the Bishop enjoyed the traditional Thanksgiving dinner in SCI's cafeteria.

SCI GOES TO "BOUNTY"—Even the crew of sailship "Bounty" a model used in new MGM feature, was not forgotten by the Ship Visitors while ship docked at Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. Ship visitor Peter Van Weygerden, far right, and Public Relations Director Ralph Hanneman, third from left, took books and other reading materials for the Nova Scotian crew.



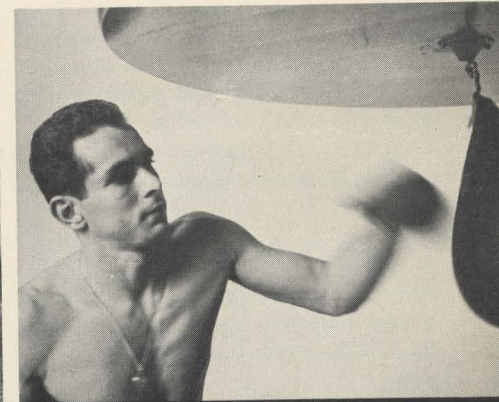
RUSH IS ON—Over 900 men enjoyed free Thanksgiving Dinner with all the trimmings served in cafeteria.



TIME OUT—It's a minute's rest for crews of German ship "Heidelberg" and Colombian "Cinde de Tunja" who competed in an SCI-sponsored soccer match recently. During afternoon game German 11 were defeated by one point.



GROWING POPULARITY—New body-building and workout area on SCI's penthouse floor is enjoying growing popularity as seamen and public discover the latest gym equipment, spotless facilities. The Department of Education project, cooperating with President Kennedy's physical fitness program, is free to seamen, with modest charge to outside public.



SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 2

The primitive and freakish sights in tropic Lagos, Nigeria, stirred Arwed. "I took a native boat for a 3-day trip up the river, bartering cigarettes with the natives for handcarved ivory and arrows. I had never seen alligators outside the Berlin zoo, but here they lined the riverbanks like logs. I did a little nervous sketching on that trip."

Junkets have taken Ordinary Seaman Wittenberg to ports of call in many strange lands since that decision two years ago. He is fulfilling Germany's four years at sea requirement to enter Hamburg's marine school to study for his 3rd Mate's license.

On his recent trip to New York (he's come here 5 times), Arwed made his home at SCI as he always had. On the morning his ship was to sail, he overslept, missed the pier by 10 minutes, saw his ship already a half-mile at sea, with all his clothing and personal belongings. From the "slop chest" at SCI Arwed received some warm clothing to last him until the sympathetic shipping agent gave him fare to New Orleans to pick up his ship there. Destination: Honduras.

"When I stay in New York I often visit Yorkville (the city's German-speaking neighborhood) and take in the latest movies from home. I can buy gifts made in Germany that I can't find for sale at home. Even though I look forward to coming to New York, I prefer New Orleans because of the good jazz music in the clubs there."

He admitted that he was influenced, too, by the warm climate of our Louisiana port.

Arwed is home with his family in Wolfsburg, Germany, this Christmas, where his two brothers and parents will be together for the first time since they escaped from East Germany in 1950.

We salute Arwed as Seaman of the Month for Christmas, 1962.

NATIONS OF WORLD PROGRAM POPULAR WITH SEAMEN

Of SCI's special interest adult evening programs for seamen, none has been more popular than a 10-week series "Nations of the World," which features an illustrated lecture by a diplomatic or cultural representative from a foreign country to focus the current economic and cultural picture of his country. The lectures are followed by question and answer periods. Guest lecturers have been astonished by the knowledgeable and thoughtful questions placed before them by the well-traveled seamen.

Coordinated by SCI's Director of Personnel, John Hirschhoff, the program has attracted more than two thousand seamen, and has included these speakers: *Federal Republic of Germany*, Consul Eric Harder; *Danish Information Office*, Mr. C. H. W. Hasselriis, Director; *State of Israel*, Consul Yosef Yaakov; *Japan*; Mr. Douglas W. Averton, Executive Director, Japan Society, Inc.; *Brazil*, Mrs. Yvonne Pantoja, Asst. to Consul General; *Spain*, José Garcia Bañon, Deputy Consul; *Pakistan*, Dr. Jared Iabal Mayberof, Pakistan Delegation to U.N.; *Turkey*, Mr. Akil Serdaroglu, Asst. Director, Turkish Information Office; *Philippines*, Hon. Bartolowe A. Ymayam, Consul General; *Tibet*, Mr. Thubten Norbu, brother of Dalai Lama, and *Ecuador*, Graciela Levi Castillo, International Relations Dept., Ministry of Education, which completed first series December 10.

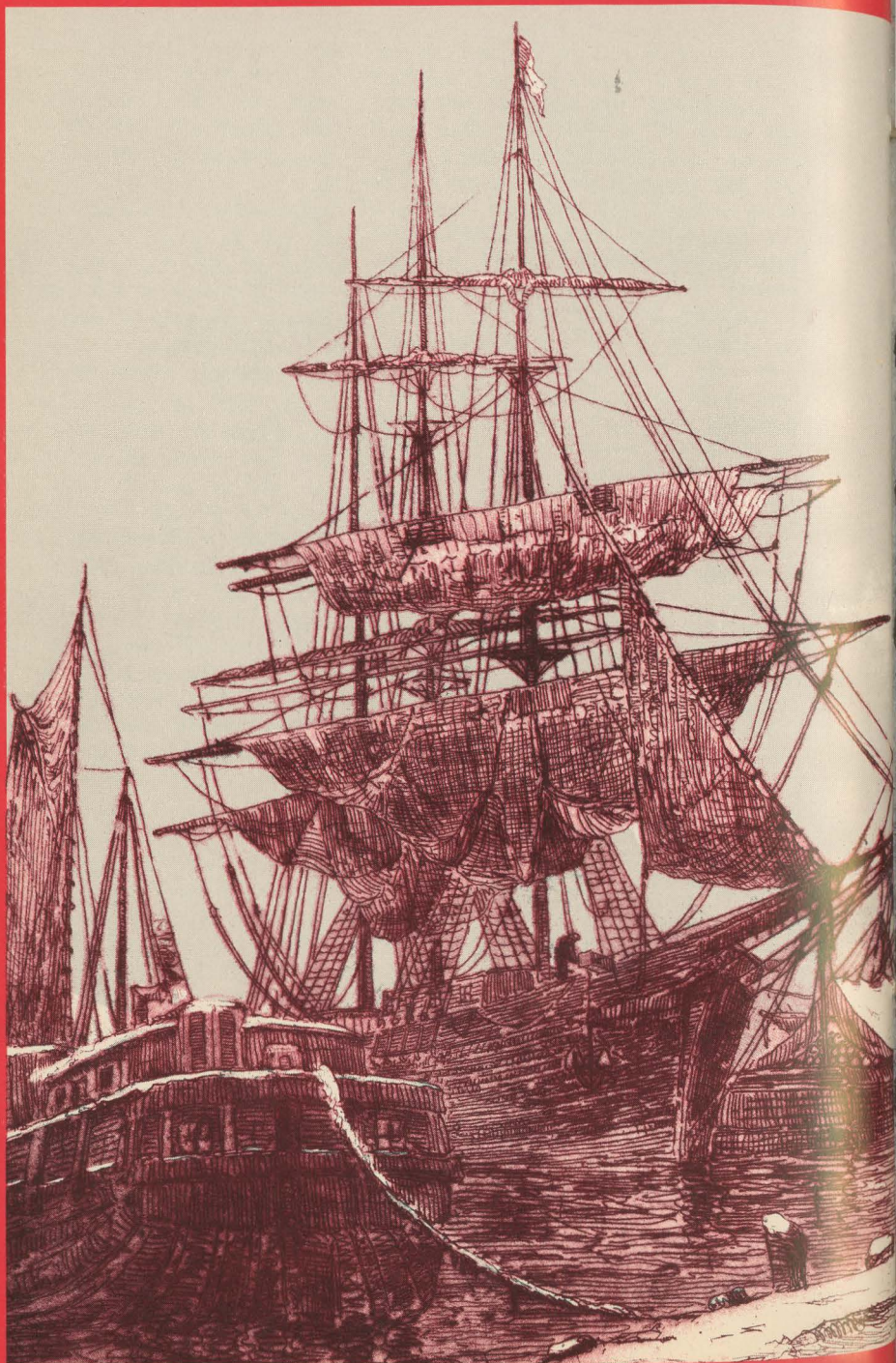
CAP'N WALT'S PAGE

Continued from page 9

Answers: 1. *Swing the whaleboat out in preparation to lower it.* 2. *Put all the equipment under the seats in the middle of the boat.* 3. *Lay all the harpoons, spears, gaffs, etc. lengthwise.* 4. *Loosen the lines which adjust the sails.* 5. *Is she into the wind or away from the wind?*



IN
THE SPIRIT
OF THE SEASON WE
INVITE YOUR SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WE MAY
MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER FOR MANY
LONESOME MEN FAR AWAY FROM HOMES AND
FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOLIDAY HOME WITH
US. IF YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS YOUR
BROTHER'S BROTHER, PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY TO HELP
US IN OUR WORK, ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT DURING THIS SEASON
WHEN JUST HAVING A FRIEND MEANS SO MUCH... NOT ONLY TO OUR
AMERICAN SEAMEN, BUT
TO HUNDREDS OF NON-
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
☒ VISITING WITH ☒
US THIS WEEK WHO
NEVER HAVE EXPERI-
ENCED THE WARMTH
AND FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTMAS



South Street, Christmas 1881