



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1974

## 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.

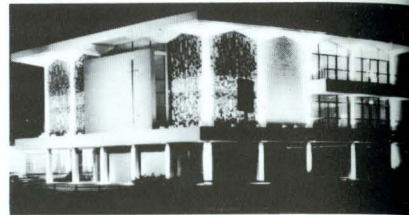
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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

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Cover photo: Battery Park as seen from the Institute.

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# Sing Out Ye Hardy Seamen

by Ruth Howard Foley



In the days of sail, sea shantys sung in rhythmical accompaniment to ship-board jobs were just as important to seamen as knowing the ropes on a moonless night.

On American vessels work songs fell into two categories — the halyard and capstan, (also called windlass).

Halyards were sung when pulling and hauling on ropes and lines, the crew giving an especially hard pull on the accented word and a final tug on the last word. One version from a popular short haul halyard:

*Whiskey Johnny  
A good long haul and a short  
one too  
Whiskey for my Johnny*

*Whiskey made me pawn my clothes  
Whiskey Johnny  
Whiskey gave me this red nose  
Whiskey for my Johnny.*

Another familiar halyard shanty was Blow the Man Down, the seafarers bellowing out the "Bloo-O-OO to the imaginary — or real — swell of the waves.

Capstan shantys, sung when pump-

ing out water accumulated in the hold, and when operating the windlass, had more swing to them than the halyards.

The ship's windlass looked somewhat like an upright wooden barrel. Revolving around a center axle it worked like a turnstile, turned by bars protruding from holes near the top of the barrel.

In getting under way when heaving anchor, the sailors tramped round and round the capstan bars before them, slowly bringing up the chain, winding it around the windlass — or so called barrel — until the attached anchor to the chain gave way and hooked in the ship's locker.

"The boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew manned the capstan bars with: 'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest — yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum; and the third 'ho' drove the bars before them with a will.'" explains Robert Louis Stevenson in *Treasure Island*.

Good Bye Fare Ye Well, and wartime tunes such as John Brown's Body, were sung here.

Richard Dana, Jr., who served in the hide trade as an ordinary seaman in 1834 writes in *Two Years Before the*



*Mast*: "A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier, they can't pull with a will without it. Many a time when things go heavy, one fellow yo-ho-ho-ing a lively tune, like Heave To The Girls, has put life and strength into every arm."

Sailors sang about everything, some lines not rhyming or even making much sense; women from the earliest days were a welcome subject. From Shakespeare's *Tempest*, the following lines are referred to by a sailor as a "scurvy" tune:

*The master, the swabber, the  
boatswain and I  
The gunner and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, Marian and  
Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a  
tang,  
Would cry to sailor, "Go hang!"  
She lov'd not the savor of tar  
nor of pitch  
Yet a sailor might scratch her  
where 'er she did itch;  
Then to sea boys, and let her  
go hang!"*

Playwright Eugene O'Neill, learning songs at sea, brought them later into his first plays, "Mademoiselle From Armentieres," traveled with sailors and soldiers through two world wars, picking up more unprintable verses than any other song.

Much has been written pro and con pertaining to the spelling of "Shanty," some collectors preferring to spell it "chanty" after the word "chant."

It isn't known when shanting was introduced into America as there was no real published edition until 1860.

With a large crew, a shantyman was hired because of a strong voice and a large repertoire. With a small crew, there was no shantyman as such; when the mate had his men in place, he called for someone to "sing out." Each seaman had his own yell and began with a couple of solo lines before the rest of the crew came in.

Each shanty had two or three versions, and there was no set rule as to where they were sung. The captain, remembering his earlier seafaring days, cared little what his men sang if they produced more work as progress was

slow on the old sailing ships.

After work at day's end, for recreation on deep-water voyages, men usually gathered around a hatchway for a song fest, their voices blending with the accompanying sound of a fiddle, harmonica or ocarina. Referred to as fo'c'sle songs, the seamen joined in folk songs, patriotic tunes and sentimental songs about home.

Richard Dana Jr., watching a Cape Cod boy dance one evening to the music of the ship's carpenter, describes a sailor's hornpipe as a "true fisherman's jig."

When more than one ship dropped anchor in port at the same time, it was the habit of one foreign flag to entertain the other, their voices traveling offshore for miles.

Usually the ship's captain did not join his crew in these get-togethers; his dignity as a rule was maintained from afar.

From afar was good distance between a bully captain (and there were several) and a common sailor. At voyage's end, the captain was usually treated to a "Leave Her Johnny." With no fear of shipboard punishment, the shanty was sung with gusto:

*She shipped great seas and made us curse,  
The mate is a devil and the Old Man worse,  
The winds were foul and the ship was slow,  
The grub was bad and the wages low,  
The winds were foul and the voyage was long,  
But before we go we'll sing this song,  
And it's time for us to leave her.*

These early merchant mariners, excellent sailors who would have laughed at the idea of seamanship schools, fortunately brought their sea songs with them when they came "home for keeps" and today they are an important part of our American heritage.



## from the LOG

During the month of December SCI ship visitors called one or more times on 201 vessels representing 30 foreign countries and the United States.

An average of 500 seamen visited the Mariners' International Center in Port Newark each week, including the crew from a Polish "factory ship" which numbered 230 strong!



## Rescued Crew Stay at Institute

Nineteen members of the sunken vessel, the *Aegis Duty*, arrived at the Institute on December 7 for a two-day stay and recuperation prior to being flown home. Shown above are four of the first crewmen to check-in at the hotel desk.

The *Aegis Duty* was 150 miles southwest of New York bound for Savannah, Georgia with a cargo of gypsum when she radioed that she was shipping water and that her crew was taking to lifeboats.

The outward bound French ore carrier *Robert L. D.* picked up the crew from the lifeboats and from there they were transferred to a Coast Guard cutter for the trip back to the mainland.

While at the Institute, staff members helped the men make calls home and provided the warm hospitality and general aid so much needed in such a situation. In addition, each crew member was given one of the SCI Christmas boxes before departing.



# kaleidoscope

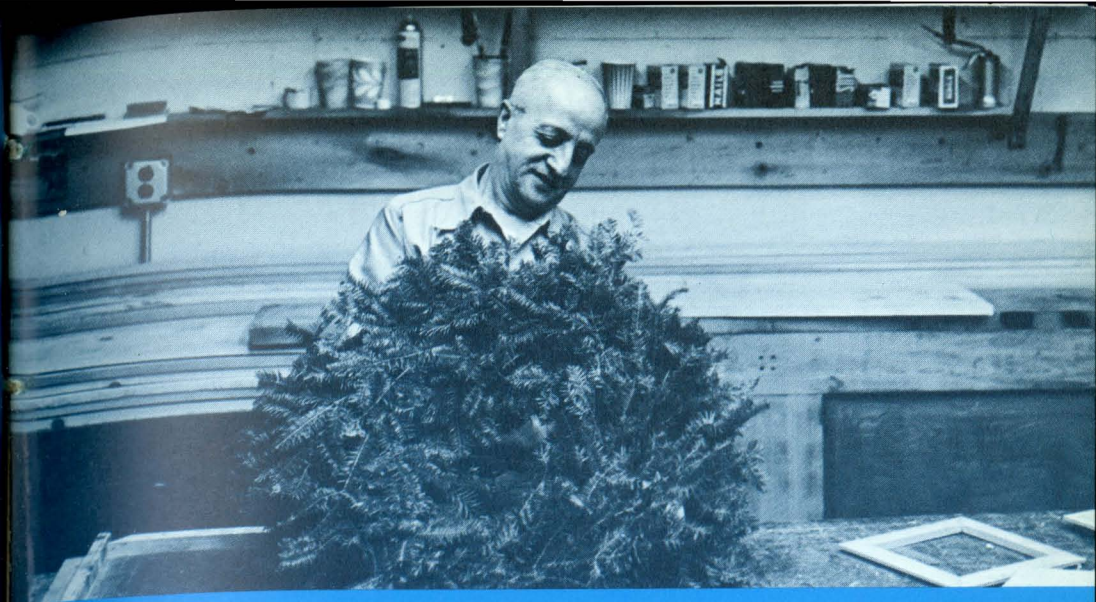


Members of the Mexican Brass Quintet performing during a recent free, noon-hour concert given here at the Institute. The event was sponsored by the NYC Cultural Affairs Department, the Carnegie Hall Corporation and the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council as part of their ongoing plans to bring more quality artists and events to workers and residents of downtown Manhattan.

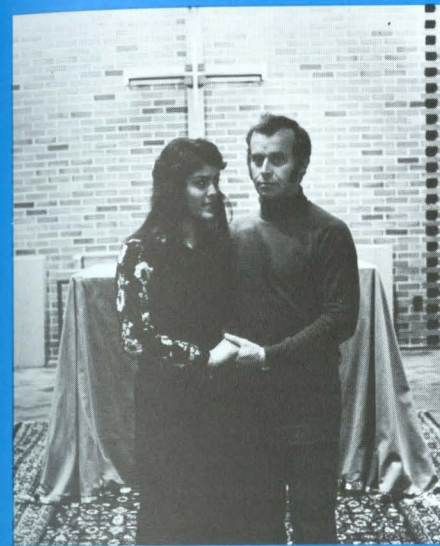
Response to the Quintet's performance was so enthusiastic that another group of young artists from Mexico has been scheduled for a concert next month.



Three of the most charming and talented musicians who performed here at the Institute during December were these members of the New York Kammermusiker. Their concert was part of SCI's "Songs of Christmas" program during which various artists played many of the international carols, classical works and secular music associated with Christmas. Two other outstanding concerts in the series were given by William Craig, the Institute organist.



Above: Sal Di Lapi, Institute carpenter prepares the chapel's advent wreath.



Left: December was also a month for weddings at the Institute. Here newlyweds Myrian Edith Cretan and Karl Arthur Reiners nervously pose for their wedding photograph. In that the bride spoke little English, a staff interpreter was called on to translate the marriage vows as solemnized by Chaplain William Haynsworth.



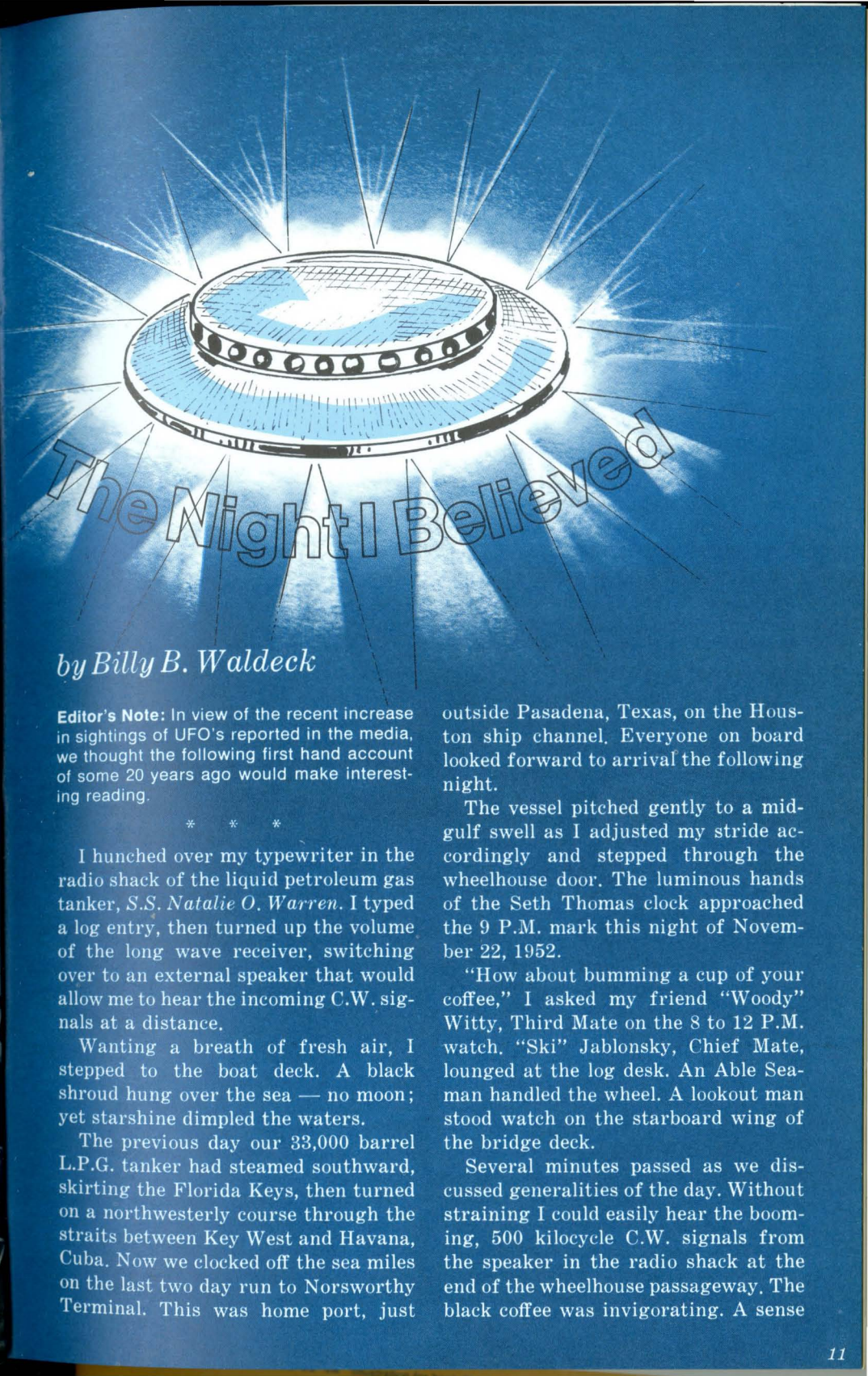
Below: Seamen and Nightwatch volunteers proudly display the results of their "tree decorating" thus officially launching the Christmas season in the Seamen's International Club.



Bernard Donnelly (behind the camera) and his assistant, Rosemary at work filming a documentary on the Institute. Bernard is a student at New York's School of Visual Arts and is preparing the film as part of his thesis in Film Writing and Direction. His work will undoubtedly make "stars" out of many seamen, staff and volunteers. If not, at least it was fun to be "on camera."

Another shot of the Donnelly film crew on location with Gilbert Rodriguez, SCI ship visitor. Here they are "shooting" Gilbert as he welcomes crew members to New York City and the Institute, and supplies foreign language metro maps and subway guides to men who plan to come into the city.

That's "soundman" Ronald Lopez with the ear muffs and mike.



# The Night I Believed

by Billy B. Waldeck

**Editor's Note:** In view of the recent increase in sightings of UFO's reported in the media, we thought the following first hand account of some 20 years ago would make interesting reading.

\* \* \*

I hunched over my typewriter in the radio shack of the liquid petroleum gas tanker, *S.S. Natalie O. Warren*. I typed a log entry, then turned up the volume of the long wave receiver, switching over to an external speaker that would allow me to hear the incoming C.W. signals at a distance.

Wanting a breath of fresh air, I stepped to the boat deck. A black shroud hung over the sea — no moon; yet starshine dimpled the waters.

The previous day our 33,000 barrel L.P.G. tanker had steamed southward, skirting the Florida Keys, then turned on a northwesterly course through the straits between Key West and Havana, Cuba. Now we clocked off the sea miles on the last two day run to Norsworthy Terminal. This was home port, just

outside Pasadena, Texas, on the Houston ship channel. Everyone on board looked forward to arrival the following night.

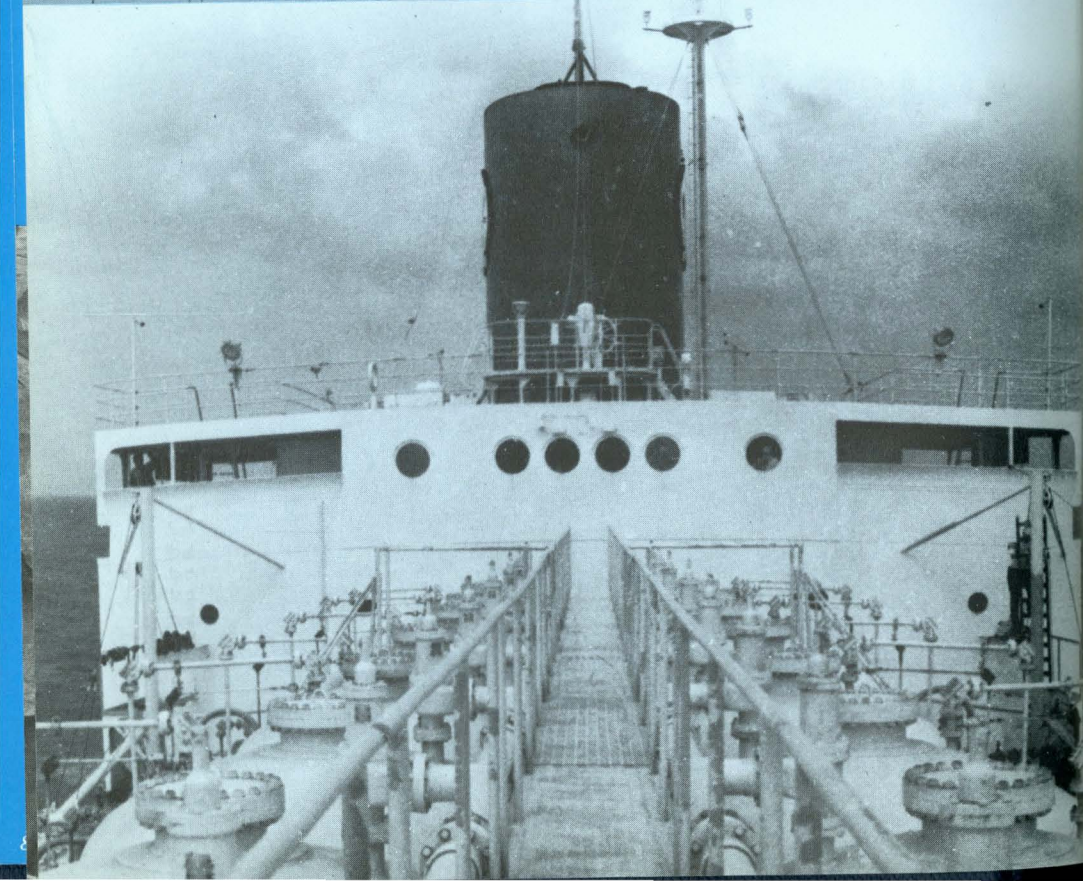
The vessel pitched gently to a mid-gulf swell as I adjusted my stride accordingly and stepped through the wheelhouse door. The luminous hands of the Seth Thomas clock approached the 9 P.M. mark this night of November 22, 1952.

"How about bumming a cup of your coffee," I asked my friend "Woody" Witty, Third Mate on the 8 to 12 P.M. watch. "Ski" Jablonsky, Chief Mate, lounged at the log desk. An Able Seaman handled the wheel. A lookout man stood watch on the starboard wing of the bridge deck.

Several minutes passed as we discussed generalities of the day. Without straining I could easily hear the booming, 500 kilocycle C.W. signals from the speaker in the radio shack at the end of the wheelhouse passageway. The black coffee was invigorating. A sense



Left, above: Radio Officer, Billy B. Waldeck on watch in the radio room of the Liquid Petroleum Gas Tanker, S.S. Natalie O. Warren.  
Left, below: Wheelhouse and foredeck of the S.S. Natalie O. Warren.



of peace and well-being settled over me. My reverie was shattered when the man on lookout stuck his head through the open wing-deck door announcing excitedly "There's an unidentified light in the sky approaching rapidly two points off the stern on the port side."

The two mates and I lunged across the wheelhouse and rushed to the wing of the bridge, high above the banks of cylindrical tanks below.

"Woody" elevated his 7 x 50 night glasses. He targeted in on the approaching light. "It's coming fast," he exclaimed. "And it's no airplane!"

By now I could see the shining unidentified object without the aid of binoculars. "It looks like a shooting star to me," I said, "but I never saw a shooting star traveling on a horizontal course."

Less than a minute passed. The mysterious object, brighter than any planet, lit up the sky directly off our port beam. Still without much detail, the UFO could not have been over two miles away, directly opposite us. I judged it to be at an altitude approximately 4000 feet above the surface of the dark waters below.

Mounting excitement built up in us. Woody thrust the night glasses at me and shouted, "Wow!, Sparks! Take a look!" Then he turned to the lookout man and commanded, "Go call Captain Zalnick, quick!"

I grabbed the binoculars, focused and zeroed in on the brilliant object.

Awed by what I saw, I shook with nervous reaction. There before me a huge, glowing, half-round object coursed through the night sky, now crossing our bow a few degrees on the starboard side. The bizarre spacecraft tilted up to a thirty degree angle allowing us to get a good look at its superstructure. All details stood out in bold relief, nothing left to the imagination.

The visitor from outer space emitted

a pulsating, orange glow similar to that of steel heated in a forge. The upper housing curved up and around like a citrus fruit cut in half. Around its periphery, evenly-spaced darker circles (obviously portholes) masked an unrevealed interior.

Below, and at the base of the superstructure, three, thick corona rings extending horizontally revolved at some unknown tremendous rate of speed. These three rings shimmered like the blue portion of a gas flame—yet, with a more electric quality. The rings whirled around in a fixed path. The middle — or second ring outward from the main housing — appeared to be revolving in the opposite direction from that of the other two.

An eerie silence hung over our tanker. Not one infinitesimal shred of sound emanated from this galaxial visitor. Strangely enough, its magnetic presence did not affect our compass or radio communications.

By comparing it with the size of the *Natalie O. Warren*, I estimated the diameter of the space ship's cabin to be at least two hundred feet. I mentally added another hundred feet to be the distance to the outer corona ring — or three hundred feet total for the diameter of the entire space ship.

By the time any of us thought of cameras, the celestial visitor had dwindled to a bright dot among the stars, and then faded out into only a vivid recollection. The UFO had been clearly above us for about a minute; but real enough and close enough to be imprinted on our memories forever.

This unique experience changed my whole concept of the mysteries of outer space, providing irrevocable evidence to me of human life among the endless galaxies.

"Seeing is believing." That night in the Gulf of Mexico made a believer out of me.

## THE GREAT



*Captain Hanson Crockett Gregory  
inventor of the doughnut hole*

## DOUGHNUT HOLE INVENTION



*Mr. Frederick Crockett  
historian*

Who put the hole in the doughnut? A burning question indeed; and one that has been pondered by many (both young and old) but known by few.

And as unlikely as it may seem, it was not a mother or “baker” but a seaman, Captain Hanson Crockett Gregory, who invented the doughnut hole. For the record, Gregory was only fifteen when he decided to eliminate the center from his mother’s “fried cake” and thus came up with the world’s first doughnut. This historic event took place on November 2, 1847.

Several billion centers have been knocked out of fried cakes since then. Estimates are that “more than \$750 million worth” of the punctured fried cakes are eaten each year in the United States.

Unfortunately, young Hanson never received a penny for his tasty invention. He did not want to spend his life baking doughnuts. He was a sailor at heart. He went to sea as a cabin boy and, in a few short years, became skipper of his own ship.

There are many versions of how Captain Gregory, as he was known when he became an adult, happened to invent the doughnut. One is that the sea captain once lost six men overboard after

they had eaten soggy fried cakes. The weight of the heavy fried cakes “made them sink to the bottom before a rescue could be made.”

According to this story, the tragedy caused Captain Gregory to start experimenting with fried cakes. He decided to pattern his model after a life preserver, and invented his first doughnut by knocking a hole in a piece of dough with a belaying pin. But this isn’t the true story.

Not too long ago, a popular magazine came up with another account of how Hanson Gregory happened to invent the doughnut. In this one, he was nibbling on a fried cake when “a sudden squall” hit his ship. He was at the wheel of the ship at the time, and “in a desperate attempt to regain control,” he stuck the fried cake he was holding onto one of the wheel’s spokes. Thus was invented the doughnut, or so the story goes. This tale was also false.

However, Fred Crockett, a historian from the State of Maine, has all the details of the true story of how the doughnut happened to be invented.

“The only thing they had right in that magazine article was the year,” said historian Crockett. “They said the captain invented the doughnut in 1847.

That was correct. But everything else in the magazine story was wrong. I am a direct descendant of Captain Gregory. I probably know more about the invention of the doughnut than any man in the United States.”

According to Crockett, the Captain was born in 1832, and was only fifteen in 1847, which is “much too young” to be the skipper of a clipper ship.

He continued: “The true version isn’t spectacular. There were no drowned sailors. There was no sudden squall. Nothing like that. Young Hanson was in the kitchen of his home watching his mother make fried cakes one morning, when he invented the doughnut.

“He asked his mother why the centers were so soggy. She said for some reason they never got cooked. The boy thought that over for a while, and decided to cut the centers out of some uncooked cakes, and see what happened. He did, and his mother cooked them. They were the first doughnuts. I’ve been told they were quite delicious.”

Historian Crockett said he wasn’t “too upset” by the false account about the invention of the doughnut. He said the thing that bothered him was a statement in an article written years

ago that claimed “Gregory was only a mediocre seaman from a state that had many outstanding sailors.”

Mr. Crockett contends that “The captain was an outstanding seaman. He was a builder of ships, and he owned three of them. I’ve talked with people who knew him, and they said he was an excellent sailor.

“As for the false stories about the invention of the doughnut; well, I’m not too upset about them. In the long run, the truth will win out. The fake yarns will fade away.”

And, he added: “Just to keep the record straight, Captain Gregory invented the doughnut on November second in 1847. At least, that’s the date we believe it happened.”

In 1947, a century after the invention of the doughnut, or doughnut hole, whichever you prefer, a bronze tablet was placed on the Rockport home where Captain Gregory was born.

The inscription reads: “In commemoration. This is the birthplace of Captain Hanson Gregory who first invented the hole in the doughnut in 1847. Erected by his friends, November 2, 1947.” A fitting memorial to an ingenious young seaman who turned a “negative” element into a positive force.



## IN MEMORIAM

*The Seamen's Church Institute of New York gratefully acknowledges bequests and memorials in its support left during 1973 in memory of the following persons:*

### Bequests

Harriet L. Biddle  
Nettie M. Brady  
John B. Crockett  
W. Donnison Hodges  
Blanche D. Huntér  
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Rose Erbeck  
Capt. Cornelius Garnier  
Capt. W. D. Hodges, USNR  
Robert D. Huntington, Jr.

*"What a man does for himself dies with him.  
What he does for others lives on forever."*