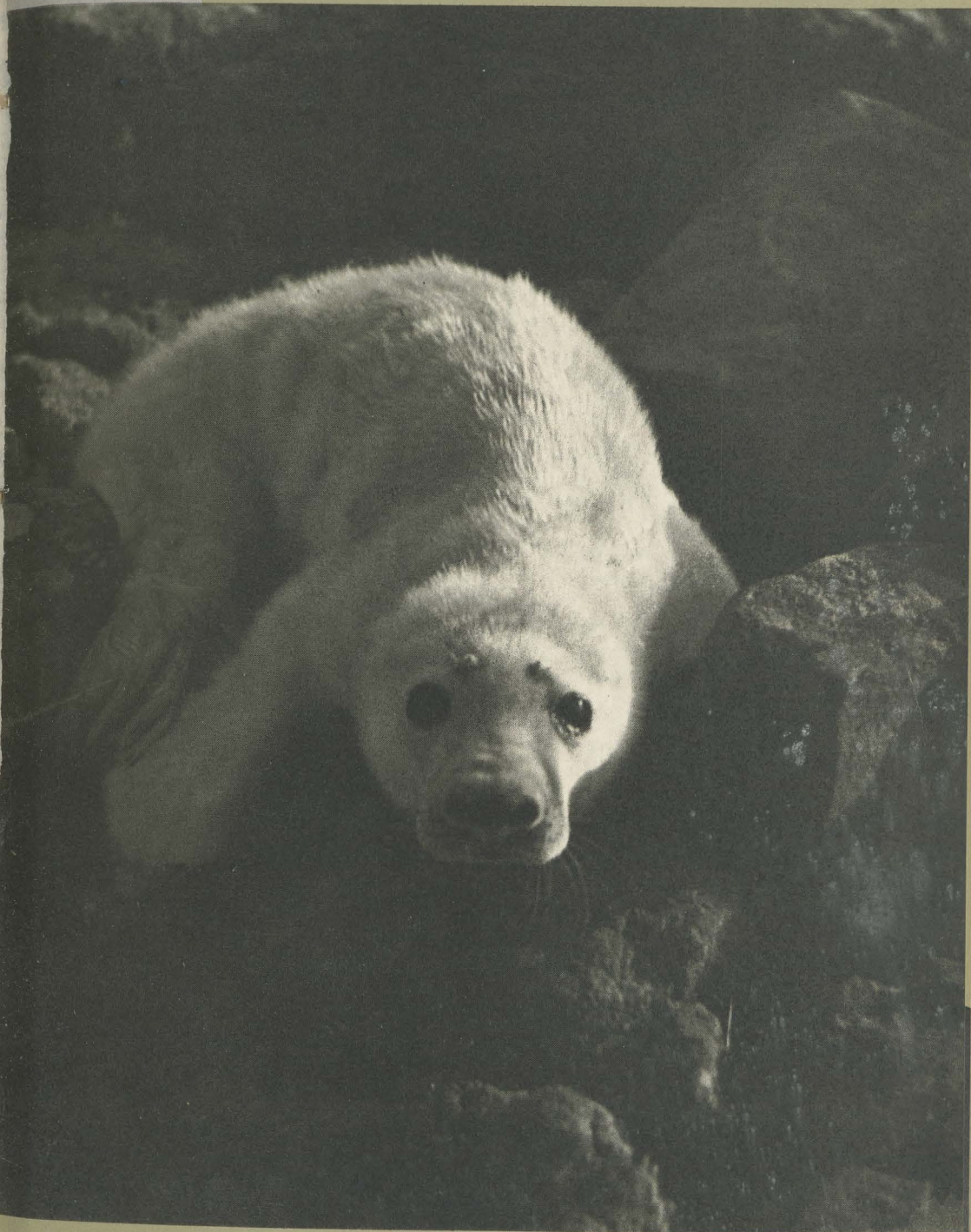


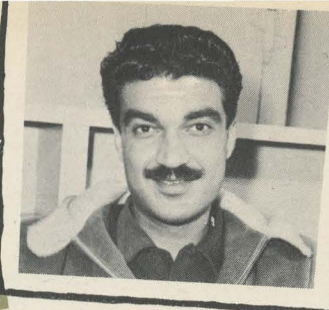


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1965



seaman of the month

Assadollah
Hayatdavoudi.

*Love of the home is a true story
But you cannot remain to die in
hardship
And say, 'because I am born here.'*

This translation from the Persian poet Sadi has become the personal, bitter conviction of political refugee, 26-year-old Assadollah Hayatdavoudi. Preparing for a new life in the American merchant marine, Assadollah enrolled in SCI's Marine School last September.

"I am a patriot. I love my country. For centuries we have supported the Shah and defended his border. Now there is oil on our lands and the government claims them."

He smiled suddenly. "We have a new saying in my country now — where the oil is, it burns you!"

With the seizure of ancestral land and the dispersing of his family, Assadollah regrets the end of tribal life as he knew it for so many years. He was saddened when he was forced to leave the small village nestled along the Persian Gulf where his father and his father's father had fished for pearls, tilled the thin soil and, on many occasions, defended the Iranian borders. A hard, brutal and simple life, he remembers. Tuberculosis, typhoid, and the pox decimated his people; "border incidents" reduced them further. Drilling derricks dotted the landscape. He had no other choice than to emigrate.

Assadollah's childhood memories include small boats bobbing around atop the Gulf's whitecaps on windy days. Sometimes, at high tide, the briny water would wash the doorsills of his house. That sea is part of him now; he thinks of it as a living force, ever moving, changing, like his life.

It is an awe of the sea (and passion

for sea novelist Joseph Conrad) that directed Asadollah to seek a career in the maritime. Currently he is translating Conrad's *Typhoon* into Persian. The handsome, bronze-skinned young Iranian writes poetry and has completed his first novel which he describes as a political, satirical comment on the development of his philosophy of life, as expressed in the poem.

Until he becomes an American citizen, Asadollah cannot be licensed as a 3rd mate. He will leave SCI soon to study petroleum engineering at a school in Corpus Christi, Texas, until he receives his citizenship. Then he will return to SCI in final pursuit of his Coast Guard certificate and shipping as an American seaman.

"But my ambition, other than to go to sea, is to live to be 50. No one in my family has ever done that."

VIGILANCE

by Assadollah Hayatdavoudi

Black is the sea
Straw is the ship
Storm is roaring
And sun is in the chain of the black
 devils of the cloud.

Dreadful are the waves
Straw is the cradle
Sailors are the infants
The howling of the ropes is the
 lullaby of the suckler.
And everyone tends to sleep.
Dreams are becoming the real world
 of existence
And the world of vigilance, the
 hollow one.

STRIKE SQUEEZE

Foreign seamen stranded in Port Newark during the recent Longshoremen's strike, especially those homeward bound from other ports, were frustrated but maintained their good spirits despite lack of funds and little to do, reported Port Newark manager, Basil Hollas.

"We have come to know them so well that the usual conversation about home, ships and trips has given way to such topics as local weather, sports and politics."

Facilities of the small building were strained on February 13 when 148 seamen arrived at the center which was designed to accommodate 75 comfortably. Requests for exchange of foreign money, phone call assistance and transportation from ships to the center were incessant. Even after a snowfall iced the ground, German seamen from the "Cap Blanco" continued their soccer games, winning nine of them. "This extra time along with their well-played games has greatly enhanced that ship's chance of winning the 1965 trophy," he said.

Several ships' masters, accompanied by their wives, spent evenings in the center and, noted Chaplain Hollas "There is universal interest among them in the new building and of our plans for expanded services." Ships from Norway, Germany, Britain, Japan, Israel, Greece, Italy, Sweden, Denmark and India were represented in one night.

Chaplain Hollas noted that 70 men appeared for transportation to SCI's Tuesday night dance in New York after 36 men made reservations.

With merchant shipping at a standstill because of the Longshoremen's strike, SCI's Port Newark Center became the Activity Area for thousands of stranded seamen.



In spite of the bad exposure in this photo by ship-visitor Thor Dahl, it shows how crowded the center becomes and why we need our new building.



Even though a layer of snow made the playing difficult, German seamen refused to let wet, freezing uniforms interfere with their winning streak.



With shipping at a standstill and pierage at a premium, freighters were required to "double park" along the Port Newark waterfront.

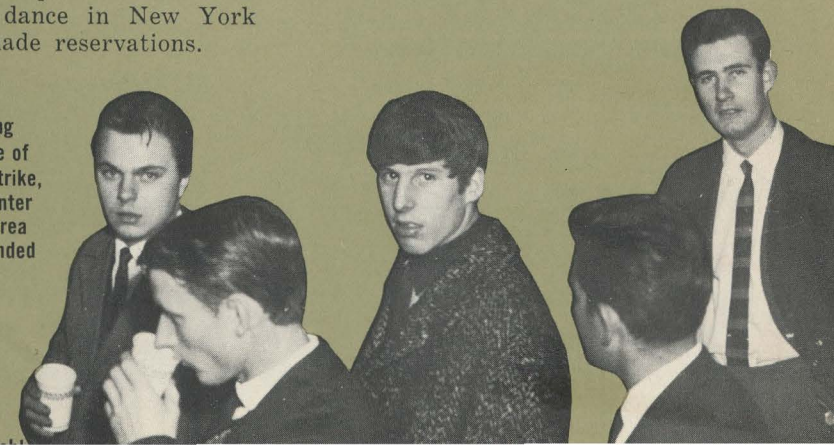


photo by Thor Dahl

PORT NEWARK COUNTDOWN

"It won't be long now," predicted the Irish seaman sidewalk superintendent on his third visit to SCI's rapidly rising addition to the Port Newark Station.

Most visiting seamen have begun their private countdowns until that day when the spacious, three-story building will be opened to them for lounging, listening to hi-fi, borrowing books or attending chapel services.

Less inclined to countdown are SCI's building committee, its Board president Franklin E. Vilas and Director John M. Mulligan who remember how unexpected sub-surface ground conditions and freakish weather mitigated against the 1965 Spring opening.

One thing seamen and all those concerned do agree upon is that the new building will be an esthetic asset to the 640 sprawling acres of nondescript Port Newark warehouses and a place to escape from their cramped quarters aboard ship.

Preparation of the site was favored last fall by warm, dry weather but hindered by a near-ground-level water table. The 120-foot derrick piledriver was impeded by the mud; pouring con-

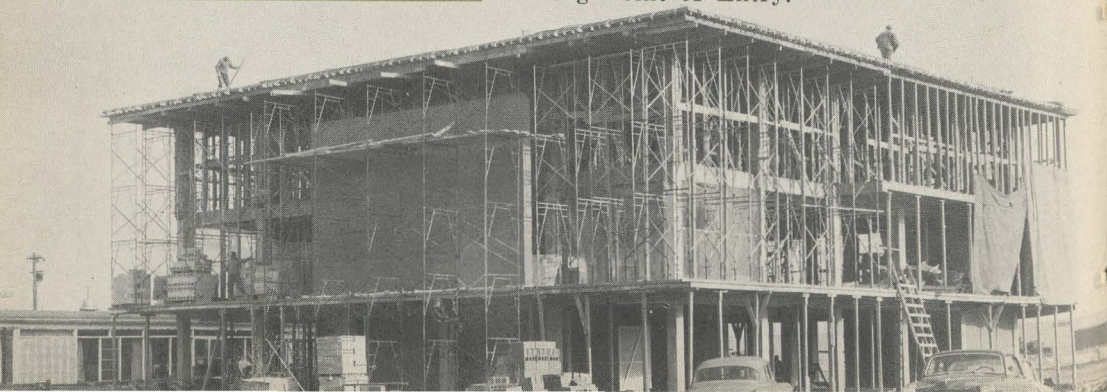
crete was interrupted each time during January's snow or when the temperature dropped below 35°.

In spite of inclemencies the major structure is complete, according to architects Geo. W. Clark Associates of Manhattan. Brick panels and other enclosing walls are being prepared now.

While none of the essential features of the architect's plan have been altered, the building committee has suggested minor structural changes to tighten costs. The total cost now is estimated to be \$640,000 while the original estimate was \$500,000. One example of trimming involved the two-sided brick fireplaces incorporated into the structure of all three floors. By eliminating those on the upper two floors — which were expendable to its function — a sizable sum was shaved.

As the architect's brainchild takes form, many of the technical headaches have been avoided through help from A. Lyle King, Director of Marine Terminals who was also involved in negotiating the lease for the original station in 1960 along with Port Authority Commissioners Bayard Pope and James C. Kellogg, III.

The countdown by seamen begins, and the architect ventures an educated guess that work will be finished in September. SCI is preparing for the estimated 500 seamen a day who will enter the Port and find their way to the Station. With the fine facilities in the new building we will make them welcome during their short stays in our country's most perplexing and sprawling Point of Entry.



Guest Editorial... Number 1

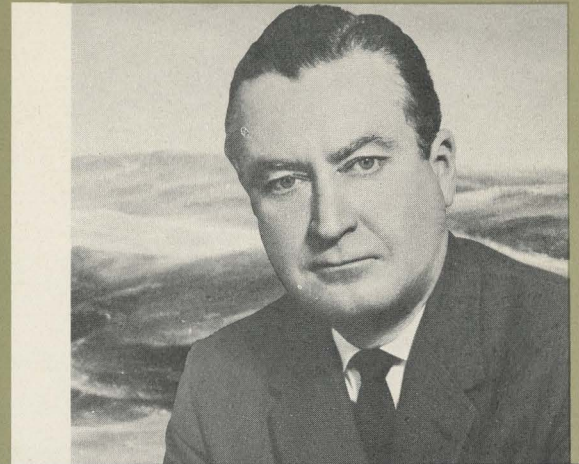
"Toward A New Merchant Marine"

by

RALPH E. CASEY

President

American Merchant
Marine Institute



The dominant theme of the American maritime industries during the 1960's will probably appear, in historical retrospect, to have been automation. New systems of propulsion, navigation, and cargo-handling typify the ships and terminals of the decade to date, and there is every indication that this process of accelerated change will continue. The fleets, ports, and marine operations of 1971 may have less in common with those of 1961 than has been the case at the start of any previous decade.

Automation is much more than new technology, however. Like any catchword it has different meanings for different people. To some it is a sort of sacred cow, to be cultivated for its own sake. To others it is a means to the production of more goods and services more quickly and easily. To others, still, it is a threat to their traditional means of livelihood.

These are fragmentary viewpoints, though each may have its element of truth. Automation is not an end in itself, nor is it merely a means to an end. It is something on the order of a major change in environment, like the industrial revolution or the beginning of the ice age. It differs from the ice age in that it was man-made, and from the industrial revolution in that it was

much more consciously planned and directed. But, like each of them, it has created a new environment. And like every great environmental change in the world's history it lays down one simple rule for survival: adapt!

In the sophisticated context of modern industry, adaptation involves much more complicated courses of action than the mere exercise of strength and endurance. It calls for the working out of mutually acceptable policies to take advantage of the newly available shortcuts to efficient, economical services, without excluding the traditional producer of such services from a useful and personally profitable role in the new order made possible by these shortcuts.

There is still much to be done by scientists, engineers, shipping management, and maritime labor. We have still barely crossed the threshold of the age of mechanization. But I believe we have laid down the guidelines and achieved the basic meeting of minds which is a prerequisite to further progress. I look confidently to the months ahead for agreements which will insure that nothing shall deny the benefits which automation promises both to our nation at large and to every one of us who works, in whatever capacity, for a better merchant marine.

WALL ROPE WORKS

THE ROPEMAKER



The unmistakable smells of oakum and tar, hemp and jute welcome the visitor in search of Americana who ventures into the headquarters of Wall Rope Works at 56 South Street, just down the block from SCI on the "Street of Ships." New Yorkers with a love of the romantic past would cherish the mementos of another era — wooden staircases, walls mellowed by time and by framed old deeds, shop rules, models of primitive manufacturing devices, oil portraits and other antiquities — all on view.

By age alone — 135 years — Wall Rope commands respect among its few contemporaries in the rope and twine manufacturing business. Of 24 manufacturers just a few years ago, six remain. Wall Rope predates them all by 100 years and has survived the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, two World Wars and the Korean War.

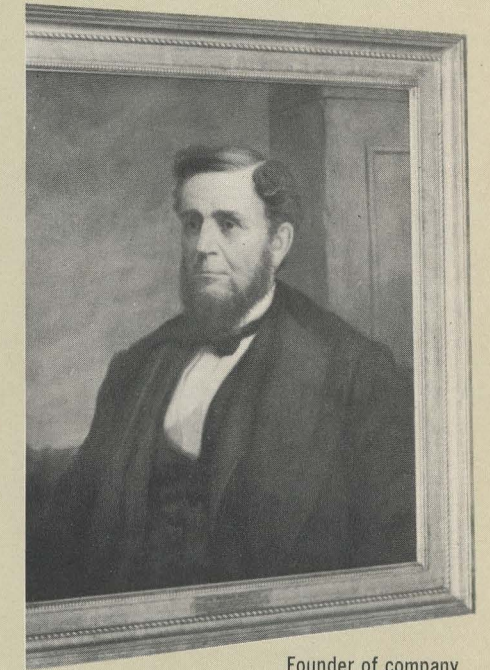
The history of Wall begins four years before the founding of SCI and in many ways parallels ours during those lusty days when the American merchant marine depended more on breeze than fuel to carry the country's commerce over the Seven Seas. Those were days of the halyard or the hawser when the ship's safety and the lives of her crew were wrapped in rope. Cordage which broke under the strain of storm or which could not be handled readily might snap the cord of life for a seaman.

SON OF SAILING MASTER FOUNDED COMPANY

The company's founder, William Wall, was born in Philadelphia in 1800, the son of a sailing ship skipper. His father died when the child was 19 months young and as early as his 11th year, William Wall began his association with rope-walks working for his mother's brother, Michael Weaver, master rope-maker in the Quaker City.

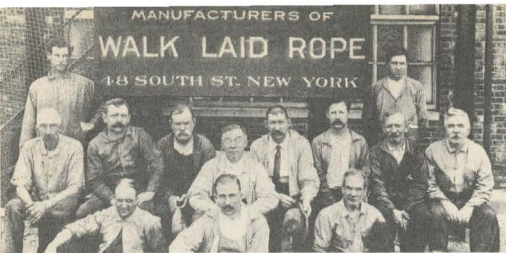
Apprenticed to his uncle at 15, young Wall learned that rope must stand up under service, especially rope which found itself many times protecting the lives of those who went down to the sea in ships.

The young man remained with his uncle for 19 years, becoming master cordage journeyman, and "acquiring a fine reputation." When he turned 30 and with savings of \$350 in his pocket, William Wall moved to Brooklyn and established his own rope manufacturing business. Proud of his product, he would journey from his factory to Manhattan, carrying the coils of rope on his back. He found a ready market among sea captains for the popular Wall rope. Endowed with business acumen he purchased many acres at a different Brooklyn location and built a factory where he introduced the "spinning jenny" method to rope manufacture.



Founder of company
was son of a sea captain

Before the Civil War the Wall Rope Works in Brooklyn boasted the longest rope-walk (straight-in-line manufacture) in the world and produced annually 20 million pounds of cordage. During the Civil War he was manufacturing ropes for the Northern Army and Navy.



Present owner Harold M. Wall, (front row, center) went to work in New Jersey plant from seven to seven, six days a week.

ELECTED TO HOUSE IN 1860

Following his business successes, Wall involved himself more and more in community affairs and in 1854 was elected Mayor of Williamsburg (now Brooklyn). He was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives in 1860 on the Republican ticket and was frequently asked for advice by President Abe Lincoln. He became one of the incorporators of the Williamsburg Savings Bank of Brooklyn and its first president.

To record the "human" elements in the evolution of Wall Rope Works into a multi-million dollar industrial giant with 16 operating subsidiaries, we climbed three floors of the unostentatious warehouse-like headquarters at 56 South St. and entered the old oak-paneled office of third generation, 72-year-old Harold M. Wall.

HARD WORK AND LONG HOURS

Before a crackling fire in the marble fireplace, pausing now and then to look through his windows at the panorama of the East River, the handsome and dapper Mr. Wall reflected on his early preparation for the job he now holds. His father, Frank T.* put the young Harold to work at the company's huge factory at Beverly, N.J., where he worked from seven to seven, six days a week. Those apprenticing days were tough, even for the president's son, he remembered, pointing to the old shop rules framed on the wall — "no spinner will be allowed to stop work without permission; all conversation during working hours is forbidden; those persons admitted for apprenticeship, who, after a fair trial, cannot spin . . . will be immediately discharged."

Harold Wall was a hard worker, succeeded a retiring superintendent and was appointed general manager of the factory. In 1939 he became president of the corporation.

The scenes in old Wall mills are preserved on tinted lithographs and fading photographs which lavishly illuminate the walls. Overall-clad "spinners" are depicted manipulating the glossy East Indian jute and tough Asian hemp fibers into the taffy-colored strands subsequently to be wound on spools. From dozens of feeder spindles, the individual strands speed through openings in a small, circular spool. Spanning out from this spool in all directions, the rope gives appearance of a cobweb and is a common sight in the factory even today.

LONGFELLOW WROTE POEM ABOUT ROPE-WALK

The curious method by which men spun rope inspired American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (who enjoyed immortalizing men who labored by the sweat of their brows) in a poem "The Rope Walk" printed above.

Use of rope now in the marine industry is a token of what it was once, but the Wall company diversified several years ago to manufacturing cordages used by other industries. Now the famous Wall hallmark may be stamped on plastic filament yarns, synthetic and paper yarns, carpet jute, even on metal tubes.

It is apparent to the visitor that Wall Rope treasures its identification with the American merchant marine in the glorious age of sail more than any other. We hazard the prophesy that Wall Ropes will be used in the shipping industry long after many contemporaries have passed from the scene.

* The elder Wall was a close friend of long-time SCI Board member, J. Hooker Hamersley. Hamersley's son, Louis, donated a ship in 1914 which was used by the SCI Marine School to teach navigation. Named after his father, the ship "accommodated one hundred seamen and their dunnage, with special electrical equipment, and the most improved machinery and life-saving devices."

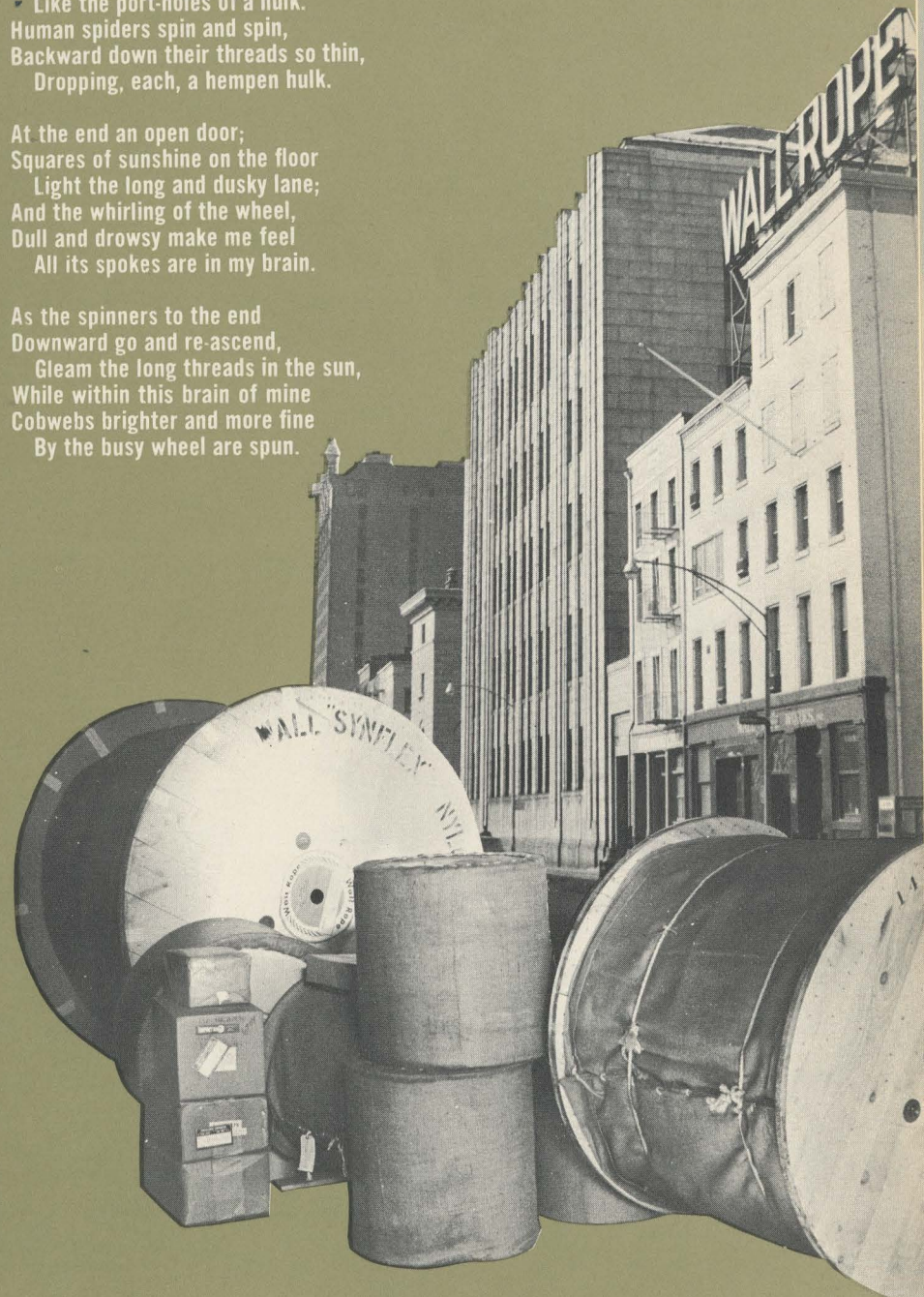
THE ROPE WALK

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

In that building long and low,
With its windows all a row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin,
Dropping, each, a hempen hulk.

At the end an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirling of the wheel,
Dull and drowsy make me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
Gleam the long threads in the sun,
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.



I Saw Russia



Captain Al Roden is unusually well-qualified to make observations on the Russian scene.

He was graduated from Oberlin College in 1928 with honors in political science, taught at Princeton University, received a Doctorate in 1932 at the Universite Libre in Brussels. With the help of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he received a fellowship to study at Georgetown University where he received his Ph.D in the School of Political Science.

As assistant professor of political science, he taught at Denison University for eight years in Ohio.

World War II sent him back to the sea as an AB (he had been to sea for brief periods as a Great Lakes sailor). In 1943 he became a 3rd mate, stayed in maritime shipping through the war and since, because of the "chance to travel, to see and know well those areas about which I had been teaching."

He now holds a masters' license.

The following letter recounts a visit to Odessa, Russia's great port city, while he was delivering grain on Maritime Overseas Line *Ocean Ulla*.

May, 1964

On board *S.S. Ocean Ulla*
Returning from Odessa

After a visit to Russia, it occurs to me that readers of *The Lookout* might be interested in shipboard experiences abroad. Our experiences on the first group of American ships to arrive at a Russian Black Sea port in many years might have general interest. My ship, the *Ocean Ulla* was part of the convoy delivering American wheat to the Soviet Union.

In port for the most part the Russians gave us no trouble once we got through the "Frontier Guards" — the Army contingent wearing bright green cap covers. One or two of these guards were always stationed at the end of the gangway to check passes and keep our U.S. identity cards (the Coast Guard Z-cards) when we went ashore. The check at the gate of the port was purely perfunctory, merely to see if we had our half of the shore pass. We were particularly welcomed at the International Seamen's Club where there were always alert hostesses, some of whom spoke English, various game rooms, a snack bar, tours in the afternoon, movies each evening — Russian only — a small TV with the single channel, and dances. Also available were postage stamps and Russian roubles at the legal Intourist rate of 9 for \$10.

This club and a nearby hotel and restaurant were home base for nearly all the U.S. seamen. Greeks, Germans and Norwegians also frequented the club, but Indians made up the largest national group. The Russians have a club of their own.

The club is decorated with "educational displays" the Russians make much of: huge oil paintings of naval and party heroes, photos of the ballet, the opera, and charts and graphs of industry and agriculture. The library contained Communist literature and Communist or left wing newspapers and magazines from all over the world — except the United States. The room was not much frequented by our American group.

We did grumble at having to exchange our money at less than one to the dollar. Some people outside offered us from two-to-one up to three-to-one.

One easy way to pick up a rouble was with our American cigarettes, and after smoking one of theirs I can see why. Black marketeers had youngsters on the streets buying all they could of our cigarettes at two packs to the rouble.

All the kids on the streets clamored for chewing gum, which you can't buy anywhere in Odessa. It seems to be one of the things the State feels the people can do without.

Prices of nearly everything for sale in department stores indicated that at Intourist exchange rates they would be much too expensive. Very few of us bought anything to bring home. There was a certain ruggedness about most of the goods; they seemed quite adequate for their uses, but choice and style were very limited. Most discouraging to me was the three-waiting-line system at any counter which appeared to have bargains: one line to look at it and find out the price, another line at the cashier to pay and get a receipt, and then back in the counter waiting line to find out if the object was still available.

We had complete freedom in the city of Odessa, and could go wherever we pleased outside the immediate port area, which was restricted. But it was impossible to leave the city; one of our men had relatives in the Baltic area but was not allowed to visit them. The Russian people seemed friendly as individuals, except when a policeman or army officer was in sight. Then suddenly they did not know you. To a Russian a policeman is not someone you approach casually for a chat or to ask directions, and as a consequence the policemen seem rather lonely.

One of the things about Odessa that immediately distinguished it from other ports I have been in all over the world was the absence of bars and the bars' fellow-traveler, the "B" girl.

Actually the Russians seem to be warming up to the possibilities of increased tourism on both sides. About the only time there was real hostility was when crew members broke regulations or seemed about to do so. Then we encountered an interesting difference in national attitudes. The Russians, particularly the government officials, but also the loyal party people

among the local Ukrainians, took the position that there was a group responsibility involved in such cases. When a crew member misses a launch back to the ship, loses his pass, seems willing to encourage such things as the "black market" and even the outlawed "oldest profession," it seems to them that we have become lax in our indoctrination work. They expected us to emulate their system of ship meetings to thrash out such things in a healthy and effective fashion — or so our captain was told. When we left it up to them to revoke any passes they wished, they were inclined instead to the group punishment idea.

On our ship the crew was restricted from shore liberty for one night only, and possibly the weather conditions at the anchorage had something to do with it. The seas were quite choppy the time our liberty launch was stopped at the dock and we were given a lecture on drunkenness instead of being allowed to go ashore. One American ship ended up with its crew permanently restricted.

The Russian suggestion that we could use the "group therapy" technique more on our ships is an intriguing one. There appears to be something of the New England Town Meeting idea in it too. It may be that understandings are arrived at and rules drawn up.

We do have a limited kind of ship meeting in our Safety Meetings where safe practices are agreed on and recommendations drawn up for action. Anything beyond this would probably have to be taken up at Union meetings occasionally held aboard ship in the time devoted to "Good and Welfare" or "New Business." In any event the writer would appreciate hearing ideas along the line of the Russian suggestion which readers of *The Lookout* may have.

The most curious question of all is why the Russians are in need of wheat at this time. The Ukraine has long been known as the "breadbasket" of Russia and Europe, with Odessa as a main grain exporting center. And there has been tremendous development in recent years in the new lands. As a recent Communist publication

puts it, "you can drive for days in Siberia and Kazakhstan and see nothing but wheat." Official explanations seem to be infrequent and a bit vague. They hint that lack of rain and proper crop rotation (possibly in the new lands?) might be responsible, or lack of proper fertilizers (possibly in the Ukraine too?).

But one wonders if there might not be some further reason. Say that there could be continuing distrust of their own wheat because of what was discovered by the secret Russicum (Vatican Russian Intelligence Unit) sampling of a year ago — that there was dangerous contamination of their own wheat after the last series of "dirty bomb" detonations. Why has so little publicity been given to the fact that the Strontium 90 count in Russia went up to 23 as compared to 12 in Canada and 4 in the United States?

Maybe on this matter it is the Russians who need more frank public discussions and accurate reporting to allay fears, with less need to rely on scuttlebut and vague rumors!



Ex-seaman Hero in Attack

Emblazoned across the front page of a New York newspaper last month, in inch-high headlines, were the essentials of an exciting news story: "FIREMAN A HERO IN SEX ATTACK."

Clad only in T-shirt, trousers and shoes, off-duty fireman Herbert Adelstein heard a resident in his apartment building being assaulted by an intruder. He came to her rescue, and chased the fugitive into the street. A foot-patrolman heard Adelstein's calls for assistance and came running, gun in hand. "You'd better stop, man, I've got a gun!" snarled the rapist. "To hell with you!" Adelstein replied, as he and the patrolman chased the fugitive to a second-floor landing where he was handcuffed. The victim, a young mother returning from her work as a waitress, identified the assailant who was charged with attempted rape and felonious assault.

The 36-year-old hero, a Brooklyn fireman, would not have been of special interest to us except for the fact that the final paragraph of the news story reported that Adelstein had been an active merchant seaman from 1944 until 1956. In 1955 he was a winner in a poetry contest sponsored by LOOKOUT, a prize he has treasured for many years.

"I'll always have a warm spot in my heart for the old SCI," he told us in an interview. "I still come there to meet old buddies. I guess I never will completely give up the sea." And he revealed that he uses his generous vacations from the fire department to ship out in unlicensed jobs. Just two summers ago he worked aboard the *America* from New York to Bremerhaven. "Where I will go this summer, and whether I take the wife, has not been decided," he laughed.

Adelstein told us that back in 1955 he noticed a bulletin aboard ship announcing the LOOKOUT poetry contest. Because he had been writing poetry most of his adult life, he submitted several short poems. His

"Spenders and the Spent" took second prize of \$25.

It is perhaps ironic that four lines from "Spenders" foretold of Adelstein's special "call to duty":

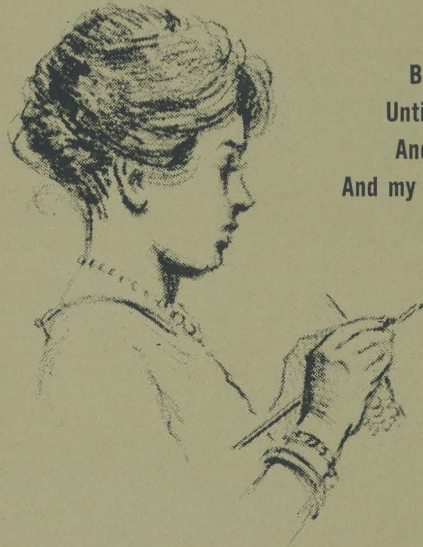
*"... in man's outermost circle, unsheltered, rugged and tough,
Are the ones that brave the elements;
are there when the going's rough.
Some men are born to follow, others
born to lead;
Some to issue calls to duty and
others to fill the need."*

Now-and-then seaman Adelstein has been recommended to the N.Y. Fire Commissioner for a citation; he has been honored with a recognition breakfast by his veteran's organization, and has received a letter from the woman he saved praising him. The Institute joins the rest in honoring "her own" for bravery beyond the call of duty.



Snapshot of Herb Adelstein taken during his sailing days

just wanted to tell you . . .



I like to read or watch TV,
But it seemed a waste of time to me
Until seamen's things I started to knit.
And now while I watch, I don't just sit
And my guilty conscience is quite at ease
As I watch TV much as I please.

Written by a knitter—
Mrs. Laura S. Jones, Watertown, N. Y.



A stamp collector would glow this month watching the Women's Council staff opening hundreds of letters from American and foreign seamen.

Postmarks and stamps sent the women to the National Geographic atlas for exact identification of the countries of origin. Whether they were neatly typed or scrawled in crude penmanship, the message was the same in each one — "thanks for remembering us!" The Women's Council had remembered thousands of seamen who were forced away from their families on Christmas Day. They remembered many more without families, and some in hospitals and institutions, or residents at the Institute.

Selecting letters to print is never an easy job. We attempt to include those from ships' masters as well as from ordinary seamen, articulate Americans and from foreign mariners whose letters in English are written with obvious difficulty.

Our lament this year, as in past years — that we don't have space to print all of them.

In Residence

Dear Friends:

I wish to thank you and all the other nice persons responsible for having given me, and the other seamen here, the very nice presents.

For me, and for many of the others, these were the only presents we received this year, and in many a year, because we are far from homes and families.

The gifts were thoughtfully selected and made, and in fact the Christmas trees and other decorations also reminded us of friendship and loved ones on this Holy Day, the birthday of Christ and of Christianity.

Please accept my grateful thanks and best wishes to all of you good people in the coming New Year.

F.W.

* * *

S.S. "City of Ottawa"
Brisbane, Australia

Dear Friends:

I would like to thank you all for the wonderful Christmas parcel & greetings.

As you well understand, when one is so far from home at Christmas, it helps a great deal to know that generous and kind people have given up time and contributed money to give one pleasure at such a time. I would like you to know how appreciative we all are on this ship; we were really all deeply touched and overwhelmed by your generous present.

May you all have a Happy & Blessed New Year.

Yours very sincerely
Miss A.C.
Stewardess

* * *

South Africa
At Sea,

Dear Friends:

I am writing you to thank you and my friends for thinking of me and the rest of seamen who must be away from home on Christmas. I would like for you to know these presents are received with the greatest of affection and appreciation.

I am hoping the best of every thing for you, and institute in years to come.

And here's to a happy new year
seaman W.M.
(Beaufort, S.C.)

"Bristol City"
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Dear Friends:

I am writing on behalf of all those on board this vessel to express our thanks for the Christmas gift parcels sent to us.

We have always received a very warm welcome at the Port Newark Station of the Seamen's Church Institute during our visits, and all that you do for us is much appreciated. Your gifts certainly bring home to us the Spirit of Christmas, the feeling that someone has taken the trouble to think of us at all, and I can assure you that, despite the reputation seafarers have, and no matter how tough they may seem, a gesture such as yours evokes an immediate response.

I had hoped to come and thank you personally, but have had to reserve that pleasure until another visit, due to pressure of work. May I however take this opportunity to wish you and your staff "A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year" from us all.

Yours sincerely,
P.W.D.
Chief Officer

* * *

S.S. "Telaman"
New Orleans

Dear Friends:


Here is just a small note to tell you how much I appreciated the Christmas Box from your Seamen's Church Institute.

Each Christmas at sea is a time of thinking about home. But every year again it is surprising and a wonderful experience to know that far more people than wife and children are thinking of those who are not able to be with their families.

Once again, thank you very much, and by thanking you I mean all the others as well, who work with you to make this possible.

A very happy and prosperous New Year to you and your Institute and I will be glad to visit the Institute again.

Sincerely,
L. K.
Radio Officer



MS "TALITA"
Montevideo, Uruguay

Dear Friends:

Herewith I want to express the feelings of all our 20 crewmembers, when they received the Christmas gifts sent by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

We are a very small Dutch ship I might say, in comparance with other big steamers, for we are only 799 BRT. You can name us almost a coastal wise craft. But we make long voyages, almost 7 month in lengths. We sail from Holland to South America and from there to the United States and New York, a very excited city. Hence we sail back to South America, which is a very interesting country. All that consumes about half a year in which we miss a lot of holidays and special occasions (like Xmas) because we are not at home.

At Christmas Time we were on the River Plate near B. Aires. There a long way from our homes we got together to spent Christmas Eve, and I can assure you it became a howl of a sucess. Your gifts contributed a lot in getting that special Christmas feeling, which is a little bit difficult in tropical weather and away from our families. We all appreciate the gifts and we realize that you all have been very busy in creating them. I think I can use the word "create" for we not only thought them very nice but also very useful, especially the needles etc., which some of us had greatly needed for some time. I hope dear Mrs. Chapman that you will express our thanks to all people who helped to make those many parcels.

Herewith I enclose our signatures, as to give you something more than only a letter. We hope to visit the Institute soon when we come back in New York.

J. M., First Mate

Thanks for everything you have done
(signed, master)

Greece, Jan. 8

Dear 10004 (zip code)

Seamen's Church Institute:

Just a few words to thank you for your Christmas present.

We did not have a nice Christmas as the weather was rather bad but it sure was heartwarming to get your package. As a matter of fact, when I opened the package in my cabin, tears rolled down my cheeks just to think what strangers would do for me—But most of all that you mention the Lord Jesus Christ who died for our sins and rose again—

I am a foreigner but a citizen and an officer on an American ship and have had many Christmasses at sea, but as far as I can remember, this is the first time I received a gift from strangers.

Thank you again and may Christ have first place in all your activities.

J.B.M.

* * *

In Residence
S.C.I.

Dear Friends:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the Seamen's Church Institute for the thoughtful Christmas Box I received along with the other residents.

I was quite surprised to find the useful gifts in the box I thought contained cookies and candy and had not opened until Christmas day.

It has been many years since I received anything for Christmas other than a card or two and I can honestly say I was delighted!

Let me add, it gives one a nice feeling to know there are still some unselfish people around, and while their thoughtful gestures are not always openly applauded, they are nevertheless welcomed.

Again I thank you.
P.W.S.

S.S. "Steel Fabricator"
Alexandria, Egypt

Dear Friends:

A sailor leads a lonely life; his loneliness is magnified many times during the Christmas Holidays.

With this in mind, I would like to thank you for the trouble and effort that you went to to prepare a Christmas gift for me. The gift itself was secondary to the thought and fine Christian attitude that came with it. It is reassuring to know that such kindness exists in our troubled world.

Through the efforts of you and many like you, the Christmas Spirit was indeed alive aboard our ship on the night of Dec. 24.

Sincerely
E.H.C.
Third Officer

* * *

USNS "Chattahoochee"
New Zealand

Dear Friends:

On behalf of the ship's officers, crew, and myself, I wish to take this opportunity to "Thank you" and the members of your staff for the many Christmas gifts received from the Seamen's Church Institute.

It is comforting to know that through an organization such as yours, especially with all the wonderful individuals, who give of themselves with their time and often own personal expense to help contribute so much to bring a bit of warmth, cheer and good feeling to those of us who must be away from our loved ones during the holiday season.

In particular, the USNS CHATTAHOOCHEE is presently engaged in Operation "DEEP FREEZE." We are enroute to Lyttelton, New Zealand, for additional cargo to be brought back to Antarctica. The joy experienced by all hands receiving these gifts made possible through your institution has helped increase morale tremendously this Christmas Day.

May I once again say thanks and God bless you from the ship's complement; and to you and all the people who made this holiday a bit more cheerful, Merry Christmas and best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
WBN, Master

S.S. "City of Melbourne"
Cristobal, Canal Zone

Dear Friends:

It is truly Christmas Day and the vessel is about to enter Cristobal Harbour thus rather spoiling the festive air as there is much to do in a short time.

Your generous gifts therefore have been doubly welcome as any mail there may be along with all the decorations for the Saloon are of course still to come aboard.

The Gift Parcels were surreptitiously (had to look in the new gift dictionary for that one) delivered at 0300 hours this morning and the subsequent expressions of praise will I hope partly recompense the donors for all the work put into making, packing and parcelling up.

Please except my crew's and my own gratitude. Yours very sincerely

A.H.G.J., Master

* * *

Feb. 2, 1965

Seamen's Church Institute
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Our son, Larry, is a crew member aboard the "Flying Hawk," of American-Export Isbrandtsen Lines, on a trip around the world. He wrote us that on Christmas Eve they had surprise Christmas packages given them by your Institute. Also, they had hand-knit articles made by volunteers. This takes me back to similar work done by me and my mother-in-law during the two World Wars.

We want you to know how much we appreciate your thoughtfulness, and how much it meant to our son, being so far from home on Christmas.

It is good to know that there are kind and thoughtful people who remember lonely men at sea on Christmas.

May God bless and prosper your organization.

A grateful Mother

SLICE OF ANTIQUITY



by seaman Paul William Stephens

I have been over a good part of the world, both on and off ships, but I was not quite prepared for the freshness and antiquity of the little hide-away I glimpsed early that morning. From the deck of the old, creaking, two-masted schooner, Braga, I could see the little fishing village of Nazare, Portugal, as we rounded the coast and hove-to in the choppy waters of the little harbor.

To be sure, tourists were in evidence, having discovered the quaintness and quiet of this unpretentious hamlet long ago. Yet it was not the kind of gaudy tourism that most tourists themselves decry; Nazare is rather a sedate unspoiled retreat where one can really "get away from it all." No hawkers on the street, no nightclubs as we know them, and no outward signs of commercial tourism. But tourists there were aplenty, ninety-nine per cent French, who find it even cheaper

than Spain. The other one per cent consisted of myself and a down-to-earth English family of three. I did not encounter any other English-speaking people while I was there.

My new-found English friends—Kerry, Sheilah, and 7-year-old Shaun Lyons—quickly gathered me in like some lost sheep. I was grateful to spend my days under their roof in a very small house which the owner had vacated for one month, the length of the Lyons' holiday. They, like myself, were seeking a place that *actually* was different, and not just a figment of some travel agent's imagination.

Nazare squats brazenly but serenely at the bottom of majestic mountains, and is part of the appealing beach that stretches glaringly white for miles, north and south. The French tourists, for some odd reason, all congregate at the northern end of the beach. Their small, sheet-white tents stand row

upon row military fashion like a scene out of *Arabian Nights*, in contrast to the multi-colored boats and gay, old-fashionedly-dressed fishermen sharing the beach farther down.

The Lyons family and myself were quite content to spread our blankets among the fishermen, young boys and old men busily repairing long nets, mending and cleaning their gear. These industrious, gypsy-like people, while amicable and affable, remained detached from the tourists and seemed to pay little attention to them at all. Perhaps because they didn't generate the usual tourist hustle-bustle.

Everyone not connected with the hotels and restaurants of which there are very few (I never have figured out where all those Frenchmen slept), is engaged one way or another in the chief industry of fishing. Wandering along the beach at night or in the wee hours of the morning I saw all manner of unhurried activity around the boats. Seemingly the Pescadores never sleep.

As the fishing takes place a couple of hundred yards or so offshore, the boats are always coming and going. When the boats unload children of all ages pitch in eagerly to do their share. As often as not the younger ones spend most of their time chasing the slippery four foot eels or playing with the giant crabs. More than once a little rascal chased me across the sand with a captive crab struggling furiously.

Nearby, strung along the beach in small clusters, the widows in black sleep like tired children on the hard sand. And in doorways along the beach front, completely enshrouded in black and bunched together like spectres in the night, are many more who lost the roof over their heads when they lost their husbands. There are no pensions, and these hardy old women must fend for themselves as best they can. Even so, they remain undaunted.

I was promptly introduced to the two liveliest spots in town—the fish market and the village square. Nightly tourist and native alike gather in the center of a two-block long square jammed with tables, and Lyons and Co., with me in tow, joined the throngs of happy people that come to sip deli-

cious Madeira wine and talk for hours.

But equally as magnetic is the fish market, where the auctioneering begins early and continues into the late hours until the last fish is sold. Be it shark or razor-tooth eel, a buyer is always waiting. And over the machine-gun-like spiel of several auctioneers firing away all at once, an indistinguishable grunt now and again will be heard among the buyers in the gallery: a sale has been made. Thereupon a woman hoists the fish, packed in a square wooden crate, on her head and proceeds to deliver it to the buyer's house. A more proud and graceful sight I have yet to see than the fishermen, young or old. Wearing seven petticoats under their skirts, summer and winter alike, these women can be seen gliding barefoot and confident among the crowds on the street, graceful as ballet dancers. Their crates and baskets are balanced effortlessly on their heads, their skirts swing rhythmically from side to side as they move from the waist down only.

The most exciting part of the day comes in late afternoon when the sun begins to wane. Everyone descends to the beach to watch or help the brightly-colored boats get launched. The small boats are jockeyed into position by girls driving bullocks, whose stubborn strength knows no bounds. A tractor pushes the larger boats to the water's edge, the driver sometimes getting doused by the huge waves that are by now pounding hard on the sand. At the precise moment, the boats are shoved into the water by the tractor and many willing hands, but ever so carefully, for it is at times like this that widows are made.

You can see it all in old Nazare, where apple-cheeked people smile hello, where tradition and custom take no notice of TV and the Atomic Age, where history and dignity stamp the faces of these Portuguese stalwarts.

Author Stephens has taken a vacation from the sea to write and is employed by SCI as a Marine Museum guide.

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



MAN TALK—In search of pirates and pirate ships, seven-year-old Ian Wilson climbed SCI's steps and eeled his way past seamen and staff to the Marine Museum where he gazed in wide-eyed wonderment. His questions, however, remained unanswered until, with a little encouragement from the staff, he headed for the man who, while he couldn't answer all questions about pirates, knew how to entertain the curiosity of little boys. The Director handed Ian a green glass bottle excavated from SCI's building site and dating from the early 1700's when "Captain Kidd" lived on Hanover Square. Three candy bars and lots of attention later, Ian was united with his mother. On vacation from Taos, New Mexico, Mrs. Wilson was visiting friends near SCI.



FAMOUS FACE—One of the most immediately recognizable faces in the United States—that of fashion model Colin Fox or "the eye-patch man in the Hathaway shirt"—was photographed in a Marine Museum setting recently. The high-paid human mannikin, his photographer and two technical assistants were creating color advertising which will appear in many national magazines, including Gentlemen's Quarterly, this spring. For "rental" the agency made a generous contribution toward the support of the museum.

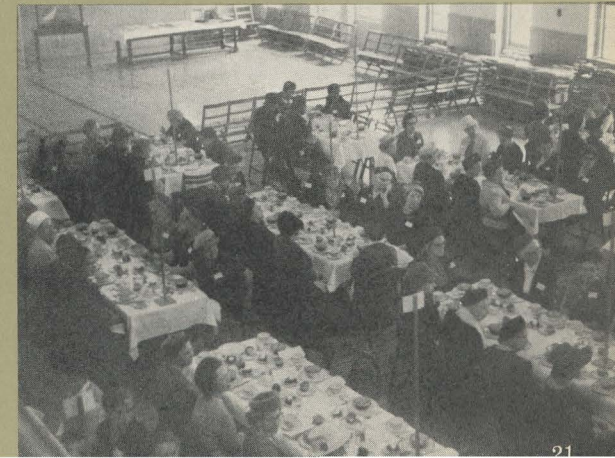


SHARING—Soft-hearted crewmen of the S.S. "Santa Mercedes" played Santa Claus to 1,500 impoverished orphans during the ship's regular December run to South American port cities. Ship's orphan committee chairman, Vincent Miranda (left) collected \$250 from his buddies and distributed 1,580 toys in Balboa, Guayaquil, Callao and Buenaventura. But the crewmen were not forgotten and received 115 Christmas boxes from the Women's Council. In return they shared the hard candy in each box with the orphans and made a \$40 contribution to the work of the Seamen's Church Institute. The seamen had a wonderful Christmas sharing with underprivileged kids they saw trip after trip to South America.



FOR SEAMEN—Among the presents being distributed at the 29th Birthday Luncheon of the Women's Propeller Club last month at SCI, was a check to SCI for support of the Women's Council Christmas Box program. While 100 members and guests applauded, Mrs. Angel Garate (left), wife of the general manager of Brooklyn's Todd Shipyard Corporation, acknowledged and called to the speaker's table Mrs. Grace Chapman (receiving check). According to tradition, Mrs. Chapman responded by reading a thank-you letter from a merchant seaman who had received a package last December. Mrs. Garate introduced Director John M. Mulligan, Dr. Roscoe Foust, and military and civilian maritime officials.

WONDERFUL WOMEN—Record registration at the annual luncheon meeting of the Women's Council (150) brought volunteers from throughout the greater New York, New Jersey area January 29 to the Auditorium for a superb meal and to hear president Mrs. Robert A. West tell of another record—9,237 Christmas boxes distributed aboard merchant ships and to seamen in hospitals before December 25, 1964. Following comments from SCI Board president Franklin E. Vilas, the audience tingled from a dynamic address by Port Newark manager, Chaplain Hollas, in which he catalogued the reasons why the Institute is essential on the waterfront. Membership in the auxiliary group, representing contributors in every state, increased 30% over 1963 for a total of 3,500 women.





VOLUNTEER OF YEAR—Miss Elsie Ficke of 77-34 113th Street, Forest Hills, New York, began working as a volunteer in the Women's Council in 1955 and has been knitting and assisting in the Christmas Room ever since. She has logged 665 hours in the Christmas Room, and her sister, Florence, has rung up 109 hours. Lovely Miss Ficke was honored last month at the Annual Meeting of the W.C. as "Volunteer of the Year" for outstanding service to the merchant seamen. Miss Ficke (right) receives scroll from W.C. secretary, Grace Chapman.



OH, THAT FENDER—Dark-eyed Greek seaman George Boules has a new-found fondness for automobile fenders. Especially red ones. Reason? That's how he met lovely Texan, Nancy Carol McCraw.

When the "Hellenic Pioneer" docked in Houston last year, George and two shipmates went for a stroll around the pier area. As they crossed the street at a blind corner a bright red Chevy whizzed down on them, screeching to a halt just short of George, the fender striking his leg. Out popped a pretty young girl, eyes wide and anxious. "Are you hurt?" asked Nancy.

George wasn't hurt, but he was intrigued and used all his powers of persuasion to arrange a date. He met Nancy's family, talked engines with her two young brothers, and got back to his ship just moments before it sailed.

They wrote often, but it was only two months ago that George could return to the United States. He called Nancy from Savannah; they met in New Orleans, and the Fates obligingly held up George's ship for repairs long enough for them to marry.

George had to leave Nancy when the Pioneer sailed, and he will have to wait months for a visa. But, says George, "Nothing will keep me away from Nancy. After all, it was fate that brought us together."

Fate, and a red Chevrolet.

AT PRESS TIME

RADIO INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR BRINGS VISIT FROM A FAN

With his usual candor and wit, SCI's director sat before the Mutual Radio Network mike last spring to tape an interview for "Viewpoint", later broadcast over the Armed Forces Network.

Recently a hard-as-nails mariner invited himself into the office of SCI's business manager, Leslie Westerman, inquiring "Are you the head of this building?"

"No," replied Mr. Westerman, "But why do you want to know?"

"Well," explained the seaman, "I heard the head of this place on the radio while I was at sea last trip. We had just knocked off work and were all sweaty and dirty and covered with coal dust — just sitting around listening to the radio. Just then we heard these two men talking about the merchant marine. The interviewer asked the 'head' of this place if seafaring was a romantic occupation. His answer was so good I had to come in and tell that guy he was right."

He referred to Mr. Mulligan's emphatic "no", and was given the opportunity to tell the Director.

* * *

WIFE OF INVALID SEAMAN REQUESTS STAMPS, CORRESPONDENCE, PICTURES

Mariner Arthur Scheerer of 1320 North 8th Street, Sheboygan, Wisc., went down to the sea for many years until an accident aboard ship during a severe storm disabled him.

"Would it be possible for my husband to receive pictures and records of vanished ships at sea, shipwrecks, or stamps from the many countries he visited?" asks his wife in a letter to LOOKOUT. "It sure will brighten his life a little more; he loved the sea so much and will never sail again."

Are there those among our readers who would brighten the later years of a fine seaman by sending him stamps, pictures, etc., out in Sheboygan?

INSTITUTE CHAPLAIN LECTURES SEMINARIANS ON "ALCOHOLISM"

Reflecting on his experiences while working with seamen alcoholics for 15 years, SCI's Chaplain Francis Daley lectured senior students at General Seminary last month on ministering to the problem drinker.

The series of eight discussions on human problems outside the normal clergy-parishioner ministry, along with outside reading, will provide the seminarians with facts for term papers.

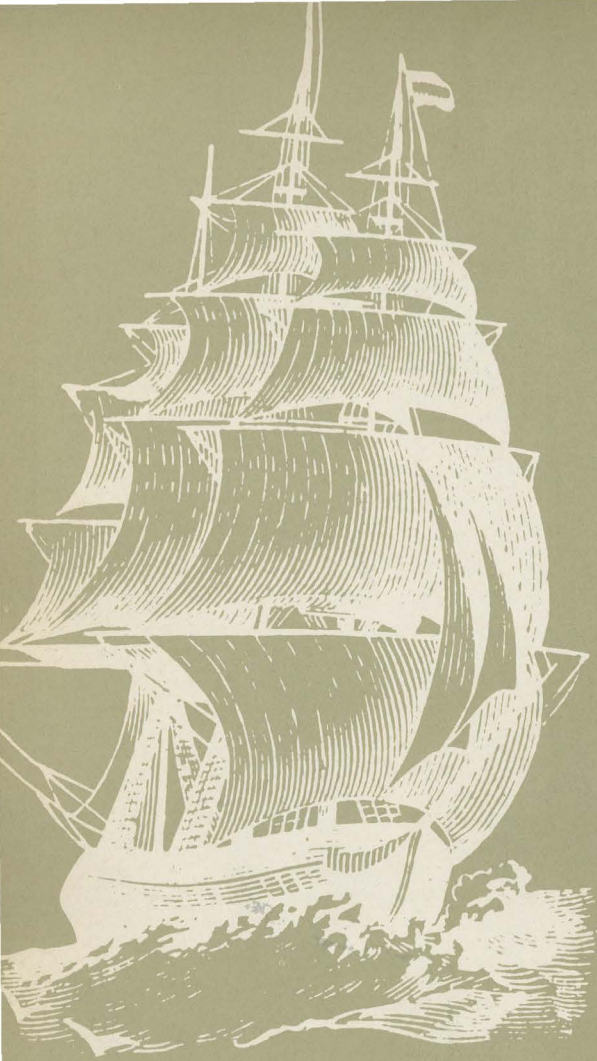
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NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ABOUT SCI GAL INVITES FLOOD OF CORRESPONDENCE

When a full-page article about SCI's Gladys Kadish and her Personal Problems Desk for seamen appeared in "Pictorial Living" magazine, there were those who interpreted its title — "She Mothers the Waterfront" — a bit too literally.

Following the appearance of the magazine one Sunday in January, Mrs. Kadish received an avalanche of mail and calls from people in trouble — and not all of them seamen.

In addition to her around-the-clock interviews with seamen, Mrs. Kadish sat down at her typewriter and (1) turned down a marriage proposal from "gray hair, hazel eyes, Protestant, German-English, widower, son 15, non-drinker, quiet type, sincere in everything I do" who had no picture but wanted one of her; (2) answered a 30-year-old charwoman from Schenectady who wanted to get a job on a passenger ship, but who didn't know how to get the job; (3) humored a retired sailor who suggested she sue the paper for revealing her real age; (4) tactfully refused an unemployed woman in Schenectady who needed \$18 for food for her four dogs and other stray birds and animals she fed; (5) and many more. Never flippant about any letter, Mrs. Kadish referred each writer to some public agency which might be helpful.



the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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COVER: Photojournalist Gordon Smith used a telephoto
lense to record this baby grey seal sprawled out in the
morning sun off the Northumbrian Coast of Britain.

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

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