



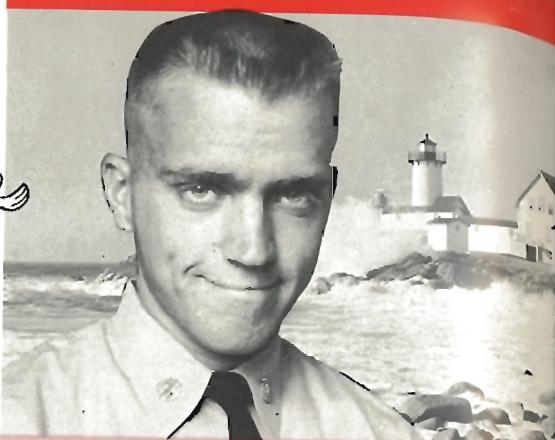
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



"Hello, mother? I'll be home for Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS 1963



seaman ^{of the} month

► Rolland Hamelin

The twenty-one adventurous years of Rolland Hamelin's life seem lifted from the pages of a Hemingway novel or perhaps from Hemingway's own life. Rolland has been around the world twice, on safari in Africa, at school in Viet-Nam, and on a motor scooter in Thailand; he skin dives, sky-dives, skis, and is working on his pilot's license.

He's a King's Point first year man, and was among the cadets staying at SCI while working at shipping offices in the Battery neighborhood. Rolland worked at Moore-McCormack, spending a day in each department observing organizational procedures as part of his Academy curriculum.

This globe-hopping cadet asked for, and got, long training cruises which took him to Europe, around the world, and to South and East Africa. His stops at Capetown, "just about the most beautiful port in the world," Beira, Mozambique; and Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika, enchanted him with Africa, and he can't wait to get back and cover the whole country in a Land Rover.

But Rolland's travels started long ago, for his father is a career army officer, a West Point graduate, whose assignments took his family all over the world. The Hamelins, with Rolland and his younger brother, lived for

Continued on page 22

thoughts from the director



*If ye would hear the angels sing
'Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Think of him who once was a child,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise, and spread your Christmas fare.
'Tis merrier still the more that share
On Christmas Day in the morning.
Rise, and bake your Christmas bread;
Christians, rise! the world is bare
And blank, and dark with want and care,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.*

So begins an old carol. The world has not changed much since the first Christmas Day. The world is bare and blank and dark with want and care on Christmas Day in the morning. Children born this Christmas Eve will still be living eighty and ninety years from now. Will the world still be bare and blank and dark with want and care? What would your guess be? Yes, I'm afraid that that is my guess, too. And if it turns out to be true, it will be our fault, not theirs. We did not want to hear the Angels sing. We wanted everything for ourselves. We wanted to share nothing. Exchange gifts and greetings on Christmas Day—yes. But freedoms, education, resources, substance willingly the other days in the year? Not really. "Peace on earth and mercy mild?" Not until we live this Day every day in the year. "Rise and spread your Christmas fare. Christians, rise! The world is bare."

*If ye would hear the angels sing,
Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
And see that ye pile the logs still higher
On Christmas Day in the morning.
Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
Christians, rise! The world is old,
And Time is weary and worn and cold.
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.*

Time is weary and worn and cold. Christmas is the Day of days. For twenty-four hours some special benison descends on fellow hearts. Twenty-four hours—one thousand four hundred and forty-four minutes. Time is weary. Could you spare five minutes of Christmas to embrace its honest meaning? Could you spare five minutes to give a soft answer, turn the other cheek, do as you would be done by? Time is worn. Could you spare five minutes to protect the weak, defend the persecuted, invite the stranger, cherish a child, give without hope of receiving? Time is cold. Could you spare five minutes to cast out fear, choose between good and evil, let your light shine? Could you spare five minutes from one thousand four hundred and forty-four to take glibness out of "Peace on earth, good will to men"? Five minutes, five priceless, quickly passing minutes could change the world. "Rise and light your Christmas fire. Christians, rise! the world is old."

*If ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians! see ye let each door
Stand wider than it e'er stood before,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
Rise, and open wide the door;
Christians, rise! the world is wide
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.*

How difficult it is to find a door if there is no light in the house! Yet, on a dark night, how little light needs to shine through a crack in a door to guide a lost person to safety. The light that guides and warms is the light from within. A closed heart gives no light. A broken heart gives more. The sharing of suffering has brought many a person to the light of truth. But the joy and knowledge of salvation is seen and caught from the heart whose door stands wide open. The world is wide, and many there be that stand outside. And outside they will stand until Christian hearts are opened wide and light streams out to welcome and guide. "Rise and open wide the door. Christians, rise!" And may the joys and blessings of the Day of days abide with you and grow and flourish in you till ye hear the angels sing "Peace on earth and mercy mild."

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. 54, No. 10 DECEMBER 1963

Copyright 1963

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
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

Member International Council of Industrial
Editors
New York Association of Industrial
Communicators

Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March, when bi-monthly, \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

COVER: "Hello, Mother. The ship just got in and I'll be home for Christmas."

Plum Duff

revisited



Months in advance of Christmas, SCI's kitchen seeks culinary inspiration for a new approach to the traditional SCI holiday menu. We've got a meat and potatoes audience (1,000 strong) who will sit down with staff on December 25 to reduce hundreds of pounds of turkey and dozens of pies to microscopic crumbs.

To add variety to the old holiday standbys was the kitchen's problem, and an answer to the dilemma came in a strange way. It was a grizzled old seafarer who chanced into the cafeteria with a question that excited our curiosity. "Why ain't plum duff served?"

Plum duff, of course! Seamen devoured it by the barrels at the turn of the century. It was, perhaps, as well known as hard-tack and salt pork. It is reverently described in sea literature, the subject of old shipboard sketches. Why not serve plum duff (at least enough to nibble on) with the Christmas dinner? The old-timers would remember it, and no doubt they

would come up with some incredible stories relative to its preparation and serving—much to the consternation of their present-generation eating partners.

Whereas we knew generally that plum duff was a dessert, the exact formula for its concoction evaded our search. Evidently, "plum duff" had come to lose favor as a festival treat when merchant ships were outfitted with refrigeration equipment, making it possible to develop all sorts of wondrous things for Christmas from the galley. The Institute is a repository of information, but a frantic check of the cookbooks in the library provided no clues to its ingredients.

We were not discouraged. Public Relations joined the hunt, even sent a researcher on her own time to the huge stock of archaic cookbooks in the New York Public Library. Dictionaries of marine terms gave few hints, and charming, petite books dating from 1866 yielded approximations, but no genuine "plum duff".

One of the few sailing galley views from Institute files; this photograph shows galley stove of "Star of the Sea" with captain's child making pancakes. No doubt many recipes of plum duff were steamed on this pot bellied stove. In rough weather iron bars were put into corner brackets to keep pots from tumbling off.

What we had overlooked at SCI became our invaluable source.

A smiling, inquisitive face peered around the corner of the Public Relations office. "I heard that you were trying to find a recipe for plum duff." Our respondent was Mrs. Gladys Macdonald Kadish (see October LOOK-OUT—"Mother to Millions") whose father was a sea captain.

"Oh, I remember plum duff so well, because Dad talked about it and Mother made it for Christmas when he was home with us. It was a standby. Plum duff was often the family choice for dessert after the big Christmas turkey or goose dinner."

Our prayers had been answered and the treasured recipe was resurrected from a collection of recipes dear to her seafaring father.

The word "duff" is of obscure origin. One story goes that an Irish cook found a dough-pudding recipe and

whipped it up for his crew. Asked what he called it, he replied: "Duff—here it is in the book." "But that's dough," a seaman objected. "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, and t-o-u-g-h spells tuff, why don't d-o-u-g-h spell duff?" was the cook's silencer.

Seamen's slang gave plum duff still another name, according to a GLOSSARY OF SEA TERMS by Gershom Bradford—"railroad duff," when the raisins are so few and far between that sailors say they find only one at each station!

Whether it's called Irish "dough" or "railroad duff", the spicy dumpling-type delicacy from the pages of the old sailing days will greet the guests of SCI as they pass the cafeteria counter on Christmas Day. And for the adventurous cooks who would like to serve what was a delicacy in the austere diets of old seafarers, we are including the recipe. Good luck!

Captain Macdonald's Plum Duff

- 1 lb. flour
- 1/2 cup suet, chopped fine
- 1/2 lb. brown sugar
- 1/2 lb. sultana raisins
- 1/4 lb. large seeded raisins
- 1/4 lb. currants
- 2 teaspoons mixed spices
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- Enough milk to mix

Add all spices to flour. Add baking soda to milk. Mix to a dropping consistency. Tie in cloth wrung out of hot water and allow room for expansion. Boil for 3 to 4 hours or in pressure cooker 35 minutes. Serve with hard sauce or rum sauce.



Plum Duff (dark)

- Beat Well
- 2 eggs
- Blend in
- 1 cup of brown sugar
- 1/2 cup of shortening, melted
- 2 cups well drained cut-up pitted cooked prunes
- Sift together and stir in
- 1 cup Gold Medal flour (sifted)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- Pour into well greased 1 qt. mold. Steam
- Serve hot with creamy sauce.

Creamy Sauce

- Beat 1 egg until foamy. Blend in 1/2 cup melted butter. 1 1/2 cups sifted confections sugar and

Another recipe was sent to us from Miss Anne Frances Hodgkins of South Harpswell, Maine, as we were going to press.

ANTARCTIC CHRISTMAS

Christmas, 1963, will be spent on the beach. I expect the usual routine of trying to find the address of an ex-shipmate for our Christmas card list, frantic last-minute shopping, trimming the tree the night before and all the other facets that make the season one of the warmest and happiest of the year.

And in the quiet of my mind, it will be a time to look back to other Christmases, many of them spent aboard ships in foreign waters and unfamiliar ports.

A merchant seaman spends most of his professional life in some of the lonely spots of the world. Days blend into weeks which stretch into months as the voyage progresses, and as it is part of his job the seaman has no choice but to accept the routine.

Christmas at sea is one time when the ties to shore are felt strongest. As an ordinary and able seaman, I've spent the holiday in tropic, backwater ports, in Europe, in Asia and at sea.

But the whitest Christmas I ever had was in 1956. That year I sailed south for the winter—as far south as it is possible to go by water—to Antarctica.

I was an AB on the USNS Greenville Victory, a cargo ship of the Military Sea Transportation Service, hauling freight to the polar regions in preparation for the International Geophysical Year.

The Antarctic is only open during our winter which is summer at the bottom of the world. A girdle of ice surrounds the continent; this belt begins to soften and break up near the end of the year enabling the ice-breakers to plow a path through the frozen waters and lead a convoy of ships to the mainland.

The continent is a study in contradictions. Life as we know it does not exist, yet, conversely, nothing dies. There are no human beings native to the ice, no plant life or vegetation of any sort. Seals, penguins, whales and skuas are the only living creatures.

Yet, the place is a natural deep-freeze, and food supplies do not spoil but remain in their original state years after.

A primitive law of survival exists among these species. From the decks of the Greenville we saw killer whales chase penguins and devour them. The bosun was attacked when he picked up a skua chick and the parents zeroed in on him, talons aimed at his eyes. The penguin is the most peaceful of the wild life; but if he is tormented, a quick sweep of his flipper can break a man's arm.

At McMurdo Sound, which has been the jumping-off spot for most treks to the South Pole, is one of these contradictions of this barren land. An active volcano, Mt. Erebus, stands out prominently against the flat icescape.

It was in the shadow of Erebus that our ship was docked, as Christmas neared. I say "docked", when "frozen" would be more accurate. There were no piers so new methods of ship-handling had been devised. Sometimes we were tied up to an ice ledge, other times we broke a spot in the ice-crusted waters and dropped the anchors on the ice to hold us.

Christmas day aboard the Greenville came a day early as we had crossed the International Date Line on the way down. One festive note dressed the ship. We had the only Christmas tree in the Antarctic, and in time-honored nautical tradition it was rigged to our forward mast.

The tree wasn't the only reminder of Christmas.

What caused even more attention were the gift boxes from the Women's Council of the Seamen's Church Institute. I was one of the few who knew the cargo had been smuggled aboard in Brooklyn just before we shoved off. A casual question at the Institute was enough for the Council to move up its schedule so the gifts could be aboard before the five-month voyage began.



by seaman Tad Sadowski

The boxes were distributed not only among the civilian seamen but to the crews of the Navy ships as well. The gray watch caps, scarves, and sweaters became the uniform of the day at the bottom of the world.

Our usual menu aboard ship featured steak and eggs for breakfast, and lobster at evening meals; but on Christmas day the steward's department outdid itself with a full Yule meal from soup to nuts, including, of course, turkey and trimmin's.

Meals are an important part of a seaman's life, a break in a monotonous and tiring day. The importance of food is magnified aboard ship out of proportion to shore meals. A standard and inevitable question of a man relieving his partner at the wheel or on lookout is "What's for chow?"

Our Christmas fare with its side dishes of nuts, fruits, candies, relishes and much more sparkling linen would do credit to any first-class restaurant.

Some of the men said grace. Some wolfed down the turkey, ham and beef and called for seconds.

In a way almost impossible to describe, it was different from other sessions in the mess hall.

The men were not boisterous; they were well-groomed and they were quiet, absorbed in their own thoughts. One sailor at my table wondered if his little girl had received the present he sent from Christchurch, New Zealand. Another shipmate recalled holidays on a mid-west farm.

There wasn't much talking. Seamen are a taciturn lot. When the stewards started to clear the table, the crew began drifting off. Some went back to their fo'c'sles to write letters which would not arrive for months. One seaman searched his wallet for photographs of his family. A couple of old-timers resumed their pinochle game, in constant play since departure.

Though we lived and worked together in cramped quarters out of

Continued on page 22



Burl Icle Ivanhoe Ives, one of America's beloved legends, has devoted many hours to romanticizing a seaman's life in song for an

American public hungering for escape and vicarious adventure. Robust sounds of the seamen as they sang about their abuses and pleasures of shipboard, carousing ashore, being shanghaied, getting into debt to the boarding house masters, etc., has been indelibly recorded by Ives in a collector's item—his Decca release "Down To The Sea In Ships."

With natal roots as middle Western as succotash, it was perhaps quite natural for Burl Ives to be attracted for a time to the life of a seaman. This episode during an itinerant life in those depression days is little known to the American public. Going was anything but easy, and often he was hungry. But he got to know seamen firsthand and this exposure had much to do with his later compilations of sea songs and lore.

During a phenomenal career commencing at the age of four when he became the local singing Evangelist in his birthplace of Hunt City Township, a flagstop in Jasper County, Illinois, to being an Oscar-winning cinematic character idol and pop singer, Burl Ives has amassed a potpourri of curious things from all over the world. Many of them are cherished curios of ships and of seamen.

But there comes a time in the lives of all collectors when some sentimental acquisitions must be parted with—sometimes for space, sometimes for better safe-keeping, sometimes to allow others to enjoy them.

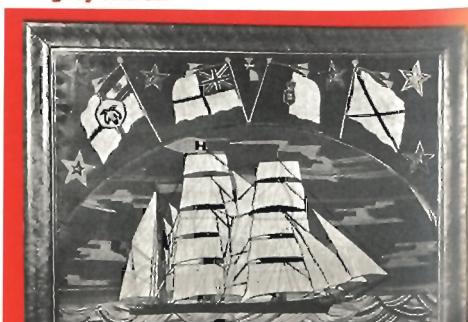
Whatever their motivations were, Burl and Helen Ives arrived at a decision this month to offer three extremely interesting and irreplaceable gifts to the Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute.

mementos from Burl Ives

Delighted by the proposal, the Museum dispatched its ex-seaman employee, Waldron Watson, who has a great store of unclassified knowledge, to the Ives residence in Manhattan to appraise the items and to bring them back safely to their museum home where they are now on display.

Of great value, the gifts include a large, framed seascape—a superb example of embroidery work done by a British seaman around the years 1850-60 (see photo). This labor of love, which must have occupied many evenings of the craftsman's time working by tallow lamp, is extremely rare. Though over a century old, the picture is in prime condition. Wool yarn had been used for the foundation colors of ship and sails, all woven into the warp of old linen canvas sailcloth. Rigging (ropes) of the ship was completed with fragile, silk threads.

A rare example of a seaman's embroidery, donated to the Museum by Mr. Ives, is framed in bird's eye maple, and in spite of its age, is still brightly colored.



Burl and Helen Ives with their son, Alexander, relax aboard the "Tibby Dunbar" which becomes a refuge away from the demanding life ashore. The traveling troubador was once a seaman.

The second item to be put on display reflects the meticulous handiwork of Mr. Ives. When a four-foot model of the U.S.S. "Viper" (circa 1813) was given to him in poor condition, he restrung the rigging himself, a painstaking job even for a skilled model builder.

A pair of "gypsy heads" rarely but correctly called turning winches, completed the gifts to the Museum. These heavy, oaken spools around which were wound the ropes to lift sails and spars of a sailing vessel were personally acquired by Mrs. Ives in San Francisco. They came from a dismantled sailing vessel in San Francisco Bay.

These mementos of the sea will be shared by thousands of children and adults who pass through the Marine Museum each year. Captions describing the donation will be placed near the gifts which SCI so gratefully acknowledges.

When big and burly Burl has time for a breather between recording dates and Hollywood's movie sets (rare times, indeed), the family, essentials in hand, heads seaward aboard their schooner "Tibby Dunbar" for wherever the Caribbean's windward routes take them. More than once has the

"Wayfaring Stranger" brought out his guitar to entertain his 14-year-old son Alexander with the tune of a rousing chanty.

Few occupations have added more richness to the folksinging repertoire of Burl Ives than those on sailships. At capstan or halyard, songs made the work of seamen easier, the journey swifter.

Distilled in them was the essence of loneliness and hours of weary watch, looking out over empty sea. With the permission of Mr. Ives, LOOKOUT will reprint a series of America's most popular chanties in the Uncle Burl's Page, starting with this issue. Mr. Ives' descriptions of the particular work which accompanied each tune will be included. These songs appear, among 68 nostalgic tunes of sailing, whaling and fishing, in his seagoing songbag, "Sea Songs," and in his record.

The SCI is extremely grateful for the additions to the Museum's collection, and for permission to present Ives' version of famous chanties.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nearly 3000 children and adults visited the Marine Museum during October — a monthly record!

Cap'n Burl's Page



The crews that manned 19th Century sailing vessels had to do much of their work as a team. This meant working in rhythm, and this was done best when the tempo was set by a song. These are the work songs known as Chanties. While pulling up the anchor, the men sang a Capstan Chanty, of which *Shenandoah* is one of the best known.

SHENANDOAH

Capstan Chanty.

E^b

The old Miz-zoo she's a might-y riv-er,—

Cm **Gm**

way — we're bound a - way, 'Cross the

E^b **Cm**

In-dians camp a-long her bor-der, — A -

E^b

'Way — you roll-ing riv-er, — The

B^b **E^b**

wide — Mis - sou - ri. —

The white man loved an Indian maiden
'Way, you rolling river,
With notions his canoe was laden,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
'Way, you rolling river,
I'll take her 'cross yon rolling water,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

The chief disdained the trader's dollars,
'Way, you rolling river,
My daughter you shall never follow,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

At last there came a Yankee skipper,
'Way, you rolling river,
He winked his eye, and he tipped his flipper,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

He sold the chief some fire water,
'Way, you rolling river,
And 'cross the river he stole his daughter.
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Burl Dues

At its fourth annual International Soccer Trophy award night, and after a record-breaking season in which more games were played than any prior year, the Institute presented a gleaming brass and much coveted trophy to a dazzlingly clean-cut team from Germany's *S.S. Birkenstein*.

Our 1963 Soccer Champs

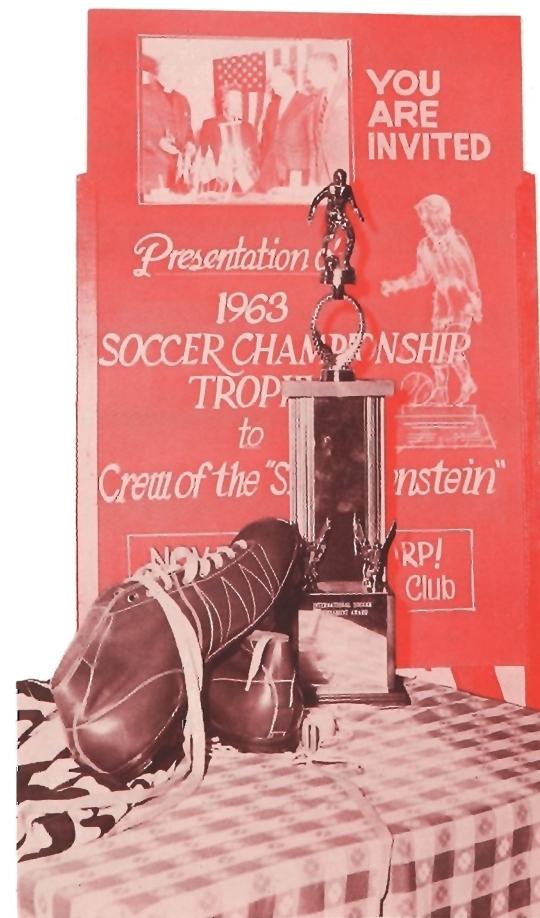


To a man they were accounted for in SCI's spotlighted International Seamen's Club to receive the impressive statuette, the congratulations of the Institute, and the enthusiastic applause of the audience. It was a well-deserved trophy, too. In a season of unusually sportsmanlike competition, the smiling 11 had defeated teams from Great Britain, Holland, Yugoslavia, Brazil, Colombia, Greece, Chile, Portugal, Paraguay and several other nations by winning six out of seven games in a 43-trial season.

Presentation of the trophy was made by Institute shipvisitor Peter Van Wygerden to the team's captain. Shaking hands with team captain (holding trophy) is Chief Officer Smitt. We were especially privileged to have had Germany's Vice Consul, Mr. J. Von Uthmann in the audience, and the event was covered by New York's German language newspapers.

The Institute sponsors a similar trophy presentation for its teams who play at the Port Newark station. This year's season has enjoyed 50 games in a program on the floodlighted field of the station.

National rivalry is an important, morale-building, constructive influence when it is directed toward athletic prowess. The SCI soccer program is run like a miniature United Nations, so that good conduct and fraternal rivalry is maintained.



"Seamen's
Oil"

by seaman
Driftwood

Tall Tales

*LOOKOUT is
sponsoring a
"Tall Tale" contest
for seamen writers.
Here is the first
in a series which
will be printed
from time to time.*

It was about 1923 when I became president of the Toehold Oil Company in Oklahoma. Never did know who Katy was but we went to Katydid to see what the Oil Company was, and that was at Katydid. Must have been pretty bad whatever she done because they named the town for her. I was a sailor. I know'd nothing about this here erl. Never would have happened "cept my uncle Alexander Shuffy who had married my aunt Lulu Finglebottom when he was a-wildcattin" (they calls it) out in Rosebud area. Uncle Alec was shore wild and shore a cat. He had a walrus beard and the eyes of a pirate looking at long-lost treasure in the earliest part of a summer dawn. You never know when he'd throw a knife at some target sixty feet away without you ever seeing a hand move.

That lawyer fellow summons me to appear at Idabel (wimmen must have been all over that Oklahoma injun territory or shot it up or done something to get there names tacked to so many places.) I got to the court house, I guess it was the one because it was the biggest in town and had the most hosses tied up in front and more model tees lassoed to poles left in a fence about gone; you know, the kind that 'sembles a gal's mouth when she lost most of her teeth—a pole every now and then somebody forgets to knock over.

The trial started—no, I can't say that; whatever the 'turneys called it. Arrainment or 'rangement or something. He was solemn and quietlike at first. Then he ranted and hollered like injun braves sitting in a cactus bed when all the terquilly has gone. Three wimmen fainted dead away. I thought I wuz in a church, it was so hot. Shore was stuffy in thar. Looking at the lawyer I could see Moses and Aaron bellying at their chillun o'Izrel when they comes through that black or red sea and found it dry land. The shimmering light on the judge's bald head (he was reading a newspaper but heard every word that was being sed.) Never missed a thing. Even beat that wooden hammer on the table now and then. You know something, he shouted "ten dollars" when Lemme Touchy got to snorin' instead of heeding the proceedings. Ol lawyer Crumbelly finally quit readin' all the whereases, becauses and maybes in alternatng tones and wheezes. Must have thought he was chanting a war dance.

The Judge says: "Will Havvit, you are now prezident of the Toe-HOLD oil Company in complete charge of all drilling, exploring, wild-cattin', pole cattin', etcetera, as of the year one thousand twenty three anno domino—or who has the dominoes—June sixteen at three hours past the meridian. So be it and the ayes have it," or something like that, then, "God help everybody."

I shore wanted the Lord to help me 'cause, as I already said, I knowed nothing whatever about them drilling rigs, wells and backflow. That judge not only sat there reading a newspaper like a happy tiger sitting down to a leisurely meal a'munching his bones noiselessly, but he never missed a fly's movement. In fact, he was the best fly-swatting tobacco-chewing judge sittin in court since Hez Tarbottom founded Tarbottom back in Georgia. (My folks come from thar but got run out or had an unpleasantness of some kind. Never know'd the details as my Uncle Raz Minnieballs always let them grow dim about his third mint julep when he'd stretch out in his Lincoln or Robert E. Lee rocker, feet on the porch bannister, and start spinning the ancestral histry. We'd heard it all so many times, we would sneak out the side entrance or get called to the ball lot or suddenlike remember a chore we'd promised to do. Uncle Raz was an 'trocious tail spinner as well as 'llustrious bull shooter. He and Sittin' Bull would have been a happy combination).

But to git back on the track, the judge read the terms about I should take possession of "oil holdings."

One of the slowest trains that ever did run through Arkansaw brought us to Katydid like they wuz scairt of injun raids any minute. Idabel was about sixty miles I think from Katydid (shore would like to know what she done and to who). Wonder if those two gals ever did meet up? Wuz they young or old. The west must have been young and they doubtless was young too. And you know, if I knew all the facts I could talk intelligent like to all the folks I would git to know at socials, ice cream suppers, auctions, cattle sales, and local drunks. Some eligant get-togethers.

What I am gittin' at is that Idabel is right small. One deepoe and one hearse retired from hauling the daid peepul and the only jitney in sight whirled us out to Abandon-Hope Gulch where some fellers met us with hosses that sagged worse than the ruins of

Kintakems grist mill back on Mistletoe Creek, Dade County Georgia. The dust was so thick I felt like one of the Aarabs with Rudy Valentino in the dessert without any dessert song or even a glass of water or buttermilk. The cowboys I guess they wuz carried us, yeah the horse I rode made me feel like he was a'riding me, about twenty mile through more dust, clouds and flies with ticks thrown in, and 'sorted varmints. Finally we landed at the house, if you can call it that. If buildings can talk the place delivers a whole Gettysburg address. Most Interestin'. Wooden somewhat, and casually thrown together. Some metal towers in the distance and wheels that looked like they wuz turning. They said that was the pumps. The porch squeaked in protest when we went into my future "home" for cold buttermilk and doughnuts. Couldn't tell you what wuz in that dough. Warn't no nuts anyhow.

Then we lit out for the Grand Klimaks.

I guess something must have happened because while I was still a 'pointin' and saying nuthin' a voice behind me that seemed to come out of the wall said, "Oh, he's in here, take him to a Marine hospital." Some men in white coats rudely grabbed me harder than when I fell out of Sis Flucker's boarding house winder or the time I rolled out of my cousin's fether bed and broke my arm.

Never did see that lake agin and the first mail I got in the hospital did sure enough have a lawyer's letter in it sayin' I had 'herited some land in Oklahoma but they were selling it for back-taxes before I coul't git thar so they wrote to inform me and save me the trouble of coming out so far from port. Right then I made up my mind I'd never drink anything again with no label on it, even with Farragut David Jones Smith, my best sea-going pal. (We cal him Dee Dee for short). I'd ruther have my toe hold on reality than be president of the Toe Hold Oil Company. Them white coat fellers kin have the oil.

Christmas Out

by seaman Russell Dodworth

One American seaman remembered an ancient sailors' tradition — that of mounting the Yule tree on the mainmast — and brought Christmas closer to the crew in Bremerhaven's harbor.

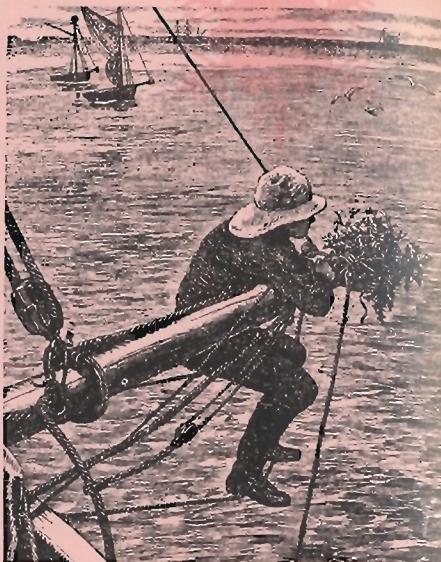
The North Atlantic is a stormy affair at this time of year. With Christmas at hand, everyone on the Isbrandt-son freighter, *Sir John Franklin*, surely hoped we'd make Bremerhaven for the Christmas weekend.

The *Franklin's* main cargo was bulk grain for Stettin, Poland. The port of Bremerhaven was to receive what container cargo we had—mostly secured on deck. It doesn't take long to discharge that stuff; only a matter of hours. Watchstanders get overtime on weekends but dayworkers are idle. It's no fun, on a ship, when you have no duties to do, over a weekend at sea—especially Christmas. We sincerely hoped that the German stevedores observed the holidays by not turning-to. However, our American flagship is trying to compete in an industry so we can't expect any special priority for the crew.

Luck was with us. The port was empty of longshoremen. The venerable Mercedes taxicabs were hard to find, too. Like most Europeans, the Germans are great family people. Most of the population are at "home" for this time of year.

A quiet walk is good for any seaman. Loneliness is even wonderful because it gives you time for thought. It's a pleasure not to be plagued by cheaply uniformed Santas and hear scratchy and worn-out Christmas carols shouting on the streets. Christmas has become so very commercial in the United States.

The brauhauses in Germany are intimate and clean. I ducked out of the nippy weather to the warmth of one such establishment. I was pleased to discover a few rich Christmas hymns on the coin music machine. I have probably spent no more than two dol-



From a drawing by H. R. ROBERTSON
Christmas at Sea, 1879

lars, in my life, on juke boxes. I deposited a Deutsche Mark and the fraulein proprietress sang a throaty accompaniment.

When you are thousands of miles away from home port and start thinking of your friends and family, you really have to consider the time factor. With six hours time differential, you can't help but wonder . . . what are they doing at the moment?

As I walked back to the *Franklin* I couldn't help being disturbed by the fact that our ship had no Yule decorations. Nordic ships, traditionally, raise a tree on the mainmast. Some of them outdo each other with colored lights. There she sat. Our American ship looked like a cruel impostor.

The Steward said: "Merry Christmas" as he handed out our Christmas packages from the Institute. Perhaps some creative lady from Flint, Michigan or Carol, Iowa knitted this sweater for me. What would she be doing now? This was once her project and destined for a seaman. I don't think she'll be offended if I swap my sweater for a knitted wool cap, or some socks, out of another shipmate's package. One might say I was a little too large for the sweater. We ran around the ship, trading like enterprising merchants in a Damascus bazaar.

Continued on page 22

Christmas 1960

Seaman Messegee as guest advisor to the Lao River navigation development, plastic Christmas tree which boosted the morale after a three-day meleé in



Indochina

Government on the Mekong narrates the story of a little morale on the Laotian battlefields which 530 civilians lost their lives.

by Captain Gordon H. Messegee

Our project boat, *Pakhong*, strafed and holed, lay wearily on the bank of the Mekong. Our water well slumped in collapsed disarray—direct hit by a mortar. Broken, distorted trees, branches akimbo, studded the yard. Shrapnel everywhere. A few blocks away, ashes of the dead, wafted by hot air, still mingled with dry December dust.

It was Christmas, 1960, only days after the shelling and burning of Vientiane. Fear was in the air. Not Christmas. The battle line had swept to the north. But it could return. This was the moment of waiting. The quiet in the center of a storm—lethal silence known only by those who had narrowly escaped death and knew that it could return. Even the dogs did not bark. The birds did not sing. Tight minds, edge sharp, spurred by incessant rumors, read danger everywhere.

But we put up our Christmas tree. It was small, plastic, cherry green. We decorated it with strips of silver and bright ornaments we had guarded so carefully so long. As far as I know it was the only Christmas tree there. We didn't put it up because we were any braver than the rest. We needed that tree—to boost our own morale. Somehow we got the generator going despite twisted parts and great tears in the metal caused by a 105 millimeter shell. And so our Christmas tree

lights worked—gay yellows and reds and blues, softly reflected back from the bright white wall.

We invited everyone we knew—Lao, Thai, tribal refugees, French, British, Americans. They came—Buddhists, Animists, Christians of every sort. At first the atmosphere was taut. Not because of the difference in peoples. But because our ears still echoed with the sound of guns and screams. There were no presents. Little food, not even much water.

Then something happened. A Frenchman started a Normandy Christmas song and it caught on. Faces lined with tension began to relax. Our guests gathered around the tree. It became a focal point—like a fireplace on a cold, dark night that gives something indefinably more important than heat.

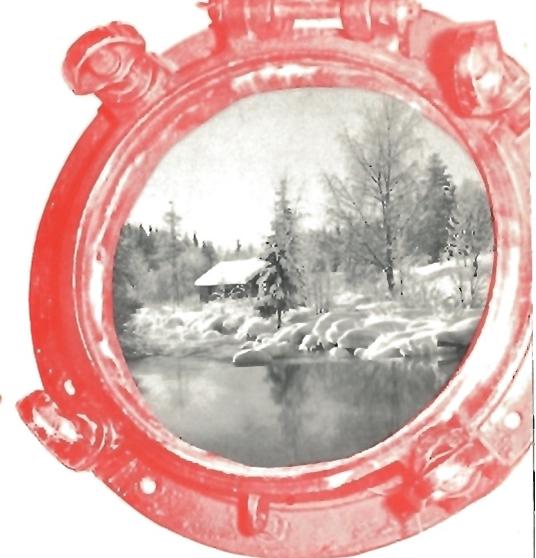
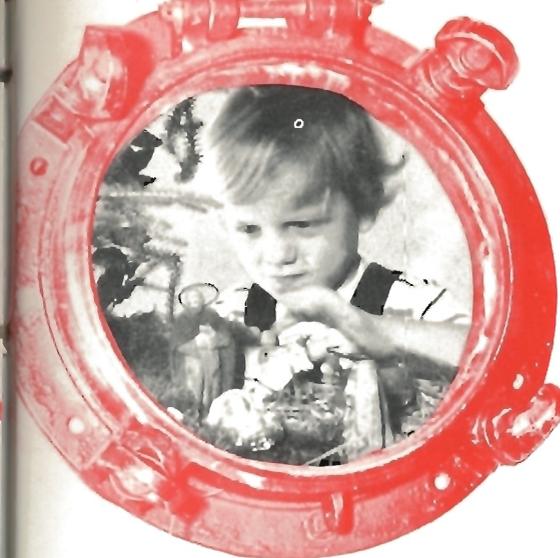
The little plastic tree seemed to grow. It was majestic, warm, welcoming. What had been done to boost our own morale now boosted that of others. But more important than a ritual flung in the face of fear was something that emanated from the tree's quiet beauty—a universal essence, rising above the futility of war, and touching us all, that spoke of the dignity and brotherhood and hope of man. Another spirit had taken the place of anxiety. It was Christmas.



So Hallow'd Is The Time

Some say that ever 'gainst that
season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is
celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all
night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare
stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then
no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath
power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the
time.

Shakespeare:
Hamlet, Act I, Scene I



Norway's sons are destined for the sea. The sail, the rudder and the north wind are the common elements of their childhood. Tales of high adventure on the deep and all of the mysterious lore of the sea is the stuff that their dreams are made of! And soon enough—down to the sea in ships they go to follow the proud traditions of their fathers and sail with the flag of Norway to the uttermost parts of the earth.

With the ebb and flow of time there comes that season "wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated" and the thoughts of the seafarer drift away from the latitudes of a thousand charts of the seven seas and turn back to the "land of the midnight sun" where weeks of preparation have kept the landlocked householder in a state of frenzied activity in anticipation of the coming of Christmas.

It is a lucky seaman who can return to the familiar surroundings of home for Christmas and breakfast on "fattigmann" (a special Christmastide cruller called "poor man's treat") and coffee with those he loves best! In anti-

icipation of homecoming the voyager has brought for each one some token of love from a distant land. Now he is home, restored for a while to the hearth, and the music of the northern landscape, clear and crisp, reclaims forgotten memories of those early days that preceded the call to the sea:

*These mountains wake in me the
self-same feeling
As those where as a boy I used to
dwell;
The cool wind as of old is full of
healing,
The same light bathes yon snow-
crowned citadel.*

(Aasmund Olafsson Vinje)

The day before Christmas is the time of festivity and celebration in Norwegian homes. In the afternoon when the church bells toll, all stores and offices close, all work stops and everyone goes to church. Then home to a festive dinner table decorated with candles, pine branches and dancing dwarfs—the "Nisser", equivalent to the U. S. Santa Claus. Tradition has it that these little dwarfs lived under barns and farm buildings, and protected the animals and the households from bad luck or injury. To keep the favor of the "Nisser", a bowl of rich porridge was placed in the barn on Christmas Eve. If it was eaten during the night, the household could consider itself in good standing.

The traditional Christmas Eve meal varies in Norway, but on almost every table you will find the traditional dish of rice porridge, a custom that has come down through generations. An almond is often placed in the serving pot and the one who gets the almond wins a prize, usually a marzipan pig.

As darkness and snowflakes fall, the church bells ring in Christmas, signaling the time for lighting the tall, beautiful Christmas tree. Everyone joins hands as they walk around the tree singing all the old Christmas carols.

Then the Christmas gifts are distributed and coffee is served with a Christmas cordial or a glass of good wine for the toast of "God Jul" or a Merry Christmas season.

The next day, December 25, is "First Christmas Day", and is reserved for church and quiet meditation. Then follows "Second Christmas Day" with family reunions, and "Third Christmas Day" with dances and parties for the young. This ends the festivities in the city, but in the country they sleigh-ride, ski, skate, and have parties until the New Year holidays, and even until the "Thirteenth Day of Christmas." Then, at last, the Christmas tree is harvested and it all comes to an end—even in Norway.



by seaman Thor Dahl

THAT EVENTFUL YEAR... 1936



the **fifth** in a historical series

Having weathered six stormy depression years the Institute approached calmer seas during 1936, but vestiges of unemployment still hung heavily over the heads of the seamen. It was a year not without its smiles and pathos.

The Joseph Conrad Library provides us with the literary tenor of the year. Our SCI librarian, Miss Anne Conrow, made an appeal for contributions of books popular for seamen's reading that year: "Life With Father" (Clarence Day), "Thunder Mountain" (Zane Grey), "Of Time and the River" (Thomas Wolfe) and "Appointment in Samarra" (John O'Hara). The Institute sponsored a cruise ship, admission to which was the contribution of one book for the library.

Again the SCI welcomed survivors of several important marine disasters and provided food, clothing, lodging and cash for their destitute crews. Among the disasters were the Canadian vessel, *Mabel Frye*, whose crew clung to rigging, tore up sails for signal flares to attract attention of rescue ship, *American Merchant*; twenty-two of the crew of Greek freighter *Stefanos Costomenis*, rescued by Baltimore Mail liner *City of Newport News* in time to deliver all crewmen from a watery grave; 17 of the 28

members of the crew of Norwegian freighter *Gisla* which was carrying a cargo of sulphur and soda that exploded and caused her to sink suddenly at a Baltimore pier. The LOOKOUT noted: "Both Greek and Norwegian crews, presenting a picturesque contrast in our lobby, blonde Viking and swarthy Grecian types, were most appreciative of the services we were able to render."

He had hitch-hiked all the way from Baltimore, and judging by the swollen condition of the feet of the young seaman, he had hiked more than he had hitched. His face was frost-bitten and his thin jacket scarcely covered him as he labored up the steps of the Institute. The *new medical clinic* had just opened and the news traveled fast among unemployed seamen of the day. The weary traveler was given medical treatment, clean socks and bedroom slippers to wear until his feet returned to their normal size. Impatient seamen, however, convalescing from the grippe, often decided to leave the confinement of their rooms to seek jobs. The clinic's orderly had to chase them around the lobby and make them go back to bed!

It was an eventful year for Cunard Lines whose superliner *Queen Mary* completed her maiden voyage to New



Thursday evening singfests were popular with lonely seamen.



The maiden voyage of superliner "Queen Mary"

York. The Institute was host to a supper dance and British fashion show to welcome the "floating city" to New York. The glamorous event, held on the Starlight Roof of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria had Lady Lindsay, the Ambassadors from Britain as honorary chairman. Entertainers for the SCI charity event were: Miss Gladys Cooper, Maurice Evans, Bob Hope, Eve Arden, Rodney McLennon, Cherry and June Preisser, Philip Merivale, Duke McHale, Hugh O'Connell and Wayne King's Orchestra. Guests of honor were: Commodore Sir Edgar Britten (in command of the *R.M.S. Queen Mary*), Sir Percy Bates and Lady Bates, and Sir Alfred Booth, Bart and Lady Booth.

Both the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* commented editorially on the 101st annual report of the Institute by saying that the SCI was in good measure responsible for making what was once the "worst seaport in the world" the best.

Captain Robert Huntington of SCI's Marine School recalled humorously for LOOKOUT readers that U.S. battleships were christened with bottles of water during prohibition days.

New York's mayor, Fiorello La Guardia, unveiling a Battery Park memorial to civic leader John Haver-

ford Ambrose, said to his daughter, Mrs. George Frederick Shradly, that her father was responsible for many civic improvements including the deepening of New York Harbor making possible the entrance of the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie*. Mrs. Shradly then received several hundred important guests at the Institute to view an officer's room which she had endowed as a memorial to her illustrious father.

It was the year seaman-turned-painter, Andrew Winter, returned to the Institute for a visit with his many friends, and one of the places he knew as home. His paintings were then in Washington's Corcoran Galleries, Pennsylvania Academy (Philadelphia), Chicago Art Institute, and the Salma-gundi Club in New York.

With a fine collection of ship models and seamen's art, the Marine Museum of SCI opened for the "edification of sea-minded visitors." In addition to ship models, were relics found in the mud of Coenties Slip while excavation operations were going on to construct SCI's Annex. They were: Indian, Dutch and Colonial cooking utensils, a 17th Century cannon and cannon balls, portions of ships (dead eyes, blocks, gaffs) and a sailship's caulking mallet and bar shots.

After LOOKOUT printed an article

on the origins of sea chanties, a seaman by the name of Harry Blythe responded in letter: "I am one of the very, very few who can claim the honor of having a real chantey as my mother's lullaby to me, sung to me on all seas. My father was the old man and always took my mother and me with him, and around the Horn, before I was four. Finally when I really became part of a full rigged ship's crew, I was (the only apprentice) privileged to start a chantey, and in those days a boy was just a boy (but he did a man's work). And as such he had to keep his mouth shut and just obey orders. The lullaby mother sang was "Rolling Home to Merrie England."

Then as now the Institute sponsored benefit performances to help with its services to seamen. In 1936 SCI offered the first and only performance in New York of the Joos European Ballet including "A Ball in Old Vienna," and the first performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers", straight from London's Savoy Theatre. Performers were Martyn Green and Evelyn Gardiner.

The Institute recognized women's work for seamen by honoring Miss Augusta de Peyster, founder of the Seamen's Benefit Society, while Miss Anne Conrow (now Mrs. Hazard, but still playing for us) enhanced the speaker's words with a group of stirring songs. Board Chairman C. G. Michalis also called upon Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann who was succeeded that evening as Chairman of the Central Council of Women's Agencies by Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield, wife of the former director.

A seaman wrote from Boston: "Der Blaese vill you du miy a Fever to Lack ind the bagess rom for a Lille (hand bag) and a Gray Top Codt sam

I Left der and Cheks tis 6 day of Juli tis Ear and i godt two Checks and dem at dat time and miy name shall bline and the tvo Cheks some is and dem from yours Truliy Jems m Jensen."

Another seaman wrote: "I was one of the 1,025 seamen who spent Christmas Day at 25 South Street. I am very glad to have a chance to tell LOOK-OUT readers about the wonderful Christmas I had at the Institute. I arrived from the West Coast (by freight train) on Christmas Eve and got a job that night unloading a produce truck in Washington Market, for which I received half a dollar. I was anxious to get down to the Institute and wish Mr. Kelley and Mr. Westerman and Mrs. Roper "Merry Christmas" and so I came down and bought a dormitory bed on the 13th floor. I turned in early and on Christmas morning got up at six a.m., and at nine o'clock went to the communion in the Chapel. At 10:30 I attended the regular service and those Christmas hymns sure did sound nice. As soon as church was out I hurried down to the cafeteria to get in line for Christmas dinner. (This happens to be the 3rd year in succession that I've eaten my holiday dinner with my friends here at 25 South). As we went out, Mr. Kelly's (the Director then) daughter gave each of us our choice of cigarettes, cigars or tobacco. I chose a package of Lucky Strikes. I've been going to sea for 13 years, and since my father and mother are dead, I think of the S.C.I. as my home. When I think back and remember some of the Christmases I've spent at sea (one year we had cold beans when the stove broke down) the best ones have always been right at home here at 25 South. And I speak for hundreds of other fellows when I say that."

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



CHRISTMAS STAR — A softly-glowing "Star of the Sea" was hung appropriately this month in SCI's Chapel of Our Savior. Designed by SCI's Chaplain Richard Bauer (who incorporated the idea that seamen take their sea positions from the stars, their life positions from the cross), the impressive symbol was fabricated in Switzerland after Institute carpenters constructed several models from cardboard. Money for the project was given jointly by Miss Edna Gibson of Buffalo in memory of a nephew, The Rev. Thomas Gibson, formerly of St. Andrew's Church in that city, and by Chaplain Bauer.



DISAPPEARING SKILL — A mild-mannered elderly seaman dropped by the Public Relations office one morning to show us samples of his talent at webknitting. This highly perfected skill is used in preparing champagne bottles for ship christenings. Netting of gold and silver cord is decorated with good luck charms dear to seamen. Here displayed by Mary Mangelsdorf, SCI Administration, the bottles await two new ships, but more probably they'll end up in our Marine Museum.



FROM THE ROCK — Seamen's good reading habits were generally abetted this month when more than 1,000 books for shipboard distribution were presented to SCI's Port Newark station by the Community Welfare Comm. of the Prudential Insurance Co. Athletic Association. The donation concluded a book drive among Pru employees. Receiving the first volumes is (pictured) Port Newark's manager, The Rev. Basil Hollas, and making presentation is lovely Helen Bigsby, committee chairman, at the Pru Building, Newark.

20



Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann Miss Augusta de Peyster Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield

some time in Viet-Nam, where they delighted in traveling, four in a jeep, through the countryside. Mrs. Hamelin was often the first blonde that remote Viet Nameese villagers had ever seen.

When their tours of duty were up, most U. S. Army personnel in Viet-Nam returned to the States posthaste, via jet. Not so the Hamelins, who boarded a bus for Cambodia with 11 suitcases—shades of TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—and journeyed by bus, train, and freighter through Asia, the Near East and the Mediterranean, finally arriving in Paris after three months of traveling. Their total expenses for living and traveling were less than the jet air fare from Viet-Nam would have been.

Like other enthusiastic travelers, Rolland has a knack for striking up quick friendships and the happy faculty of being in the right place at the right time. His genuine interest in each country he visits, revealed in his alert blue eyes, draws people like a magnet. A new-found Chinese friend in Singapore took him to Ipoh, Malaya and then by motor scooter to the Thailand border. During an Academy cruise to Capetown, the brother of the shipping agent on his line invited Rolland to his farm in Nairobi. There

they chased gazelle and giraffe in a Land Rover in what Rolland calls, "the most wonderful time of my life." Most recently a new Scandinavian friend invited him along on a drive through Norway and Sweden, but unfortunately Rolland was due back at the Academy for the fall term.

He's an honor student at King's Point, which he thinks is the best of all federal academies, and his enthusiasm must be contagious, because his 16-year-old brother wants to follow in his footsteps.

Lean and athletic, Rolland looks like the avid outdoorsman he is. He hunts, mostly for deer with bow and arrow, skis, skin-dives and sails. His latest enthusiasm, picked up while around airports working on his pilot's license, is sky-diving. He describes it as one of the most exciting sports in the world—and not at all dangerous. But paradoxically, he claims he's afraid of heights and can't look over the edge of a tall building.

Though he has been in 47 countries already, Rolland is anxious for graduation and his 3rd mate commission, so he can return to the sea as a sailor of fortune. By the end of a school term he's feeling confined and restless, and much in the grips of the wanderlust.

CHRISTMAS OUT

Continued from page 14

I stepped out on deck for some fresh air. I wasn't too late to notice the 2nd mate lashing a tree to the hal-yard on the mainmast. We had a tree for Christmas, and he had paid for it at his own expense!!!

Needless to say, the *S.S. Sir John Franklin* looked prouder or at least more human as we steamed up the Kiel Canal, shortcut to Poland, topped with a Yule tree!

ANTARCTIC CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 7

sight of land most of the time each man had his own private and personal Christmas thoughts—and the ties were with homes 10,000 miles away.

After the meal I walked out on deck with my own private thoughts of other Christmases, other ships, other lands. From the fantail I could hear the

familiar Christmas carols of childhood from the public address system of a nearby icebreaker. The songs came crystal clear in that quiet frozen land.

I leaned over the rail to watch two penguins inspecting the ship. Mt. Erebus stood majestically off the ship's beam, a wisp of smoke drifting from its cone. Icebreakers, tankers, supply and cargo ships stood silently off-shore, anchored in their ice berths.

Except for our presence the white continent hasn't changed in millions of years. Now, the bases being built would add to man's knowledge of the last unexplored territory left on the earth.

This Christmas was one I would always remember.

The penguins scooted away, the carols died, and I decided to turn in. Antarctica, Christmas, 1956.



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

Sir Calahan
SCI does
facility
to a plan



Merry Christmas

from the staff and seamen
at 25 South Street