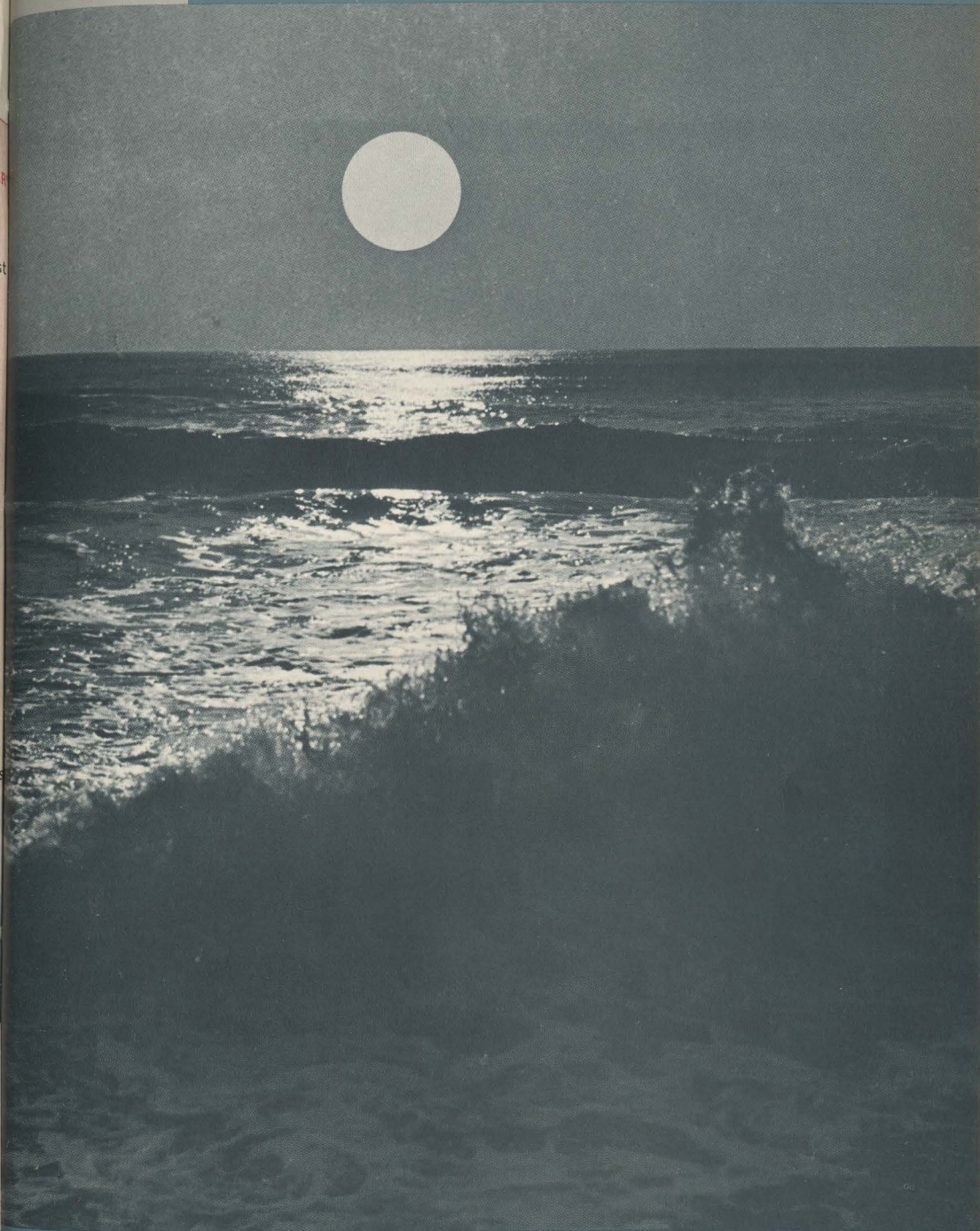




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1965



# seaman of the month

Gustavo Cardenas

Colombian seaman Gustavo Cardenas has set as his goal the highest level of professional seamanship; he dreams of one day being master of a ship, and as 3rd mate at age 24, he seems to be moving full speed ahead to reach it.

Gustavo, who speaks no English, conversed with Spanish-speaking members of SCI's staff during his stay and was interviewed by SCI's Spanish-speaking chaplain, William Haynsworth. The young seaman could not fail to attract attention with his courtly manners, flashing eyes and finely chiseled features reminiscent of conquistadores of old. He is, however, pure-blooded Indian, a fact of which he is most proud.

Son of a Bogota civil engineer and graduate of the Cartagena Naval Academy, Gustavo sails aboard the **Manuel Megia**, visiting many U.S. ports, including New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Tampa, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington. "New Orleans is interesting, Tampa is beautiful, and Philadelphia is most friendly, truly the 'city of brotherly love,' but of them all, New York is my favorite," Gustavo told the

chaplain. He is impressed with the "hallmarks of city life," the labyrinthine subways, sweeping superhighways, towering skyscrapers and bridges.

But he would fault this exciting city on two counts. The pace of life in New York is much too fast, and he prefers the pace in his native country. And here, women are becoming too masculine. They take masculine jobs, act masculine roles, adopting many masculine modes of behavior. Gustavo disapproves, shakes his head and sighs, "A woman's place is in the home!" At most, American women are "sympatico," while Colombian women are beautiful and charming.

Gustavo is a jazz aficionado and he welcomes the opportunity to explore New York's jazz offerings when his ship is in port every 45 days. A devotee of athletics as well as music, he places wrestling and soccer at the head of his list of favorites.

His examinations for 2nd mate are coming up, and Gustavo hopes they will mark another successful step towards commanding his own ship. We wish him success.

## "We Are In This Together"

*Thanksgiving Thoughts*

by The Rev. W. G. Bugler, SCI Chaplain

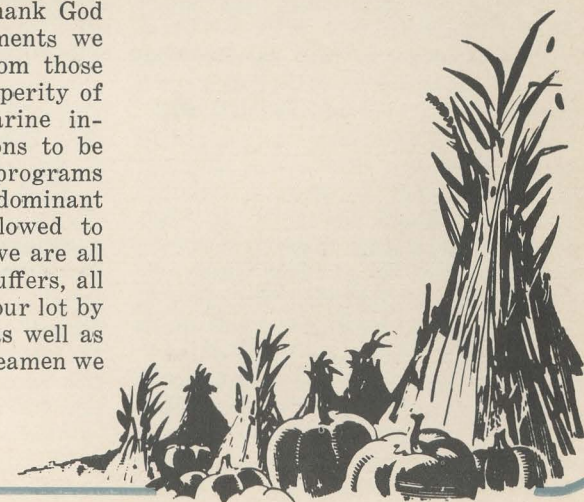
Thanksgiving Day is usually associated with a bountiful harvest of the fruits of the soil. We are advised to count our blessings and give thanks for great things that God has provided for us. Thanksgiving for blessings! This is good, but of course not good enough. Sometime, somehow, we have to learn how to thank God for everything. By everything, we mean both the good and the not so good. God is the creator of all things. Nothing that exists, exists apart from his creation and sanction. So if among our blessings, as we call them, there are things we don't like or we would rather not have, we must learn to accept them as sent by God. Yes, to thank Him for the distasteful things. They have a purpose for us and for all men.

In keeping with the spirit of Thanksgiving Day we extend our hospitality to our guests at the Seamen's Church Institute by asking them to eat our Thanksgiving Dinner together at our expense. We ask them to share our thankfulness for the many blessings God has given us this past year. And also to help us thank God for some of the disappointments we have had. We know that from those downward trends in the prosperity of the American Merchant Marine industry there are many lessons to be learned and modifications of programs of our service. But the one dominant thing that must not be allowed to escape our attention is that we are all in this together. When one suffers, all suffer. We dare not improve our lot by refusing to share suffering as well as blessing. As an institute for seamen we

care about seamen and try hopefully to turn despair into hope and cursing into blessing. We hope by the grace of God to wrap ourselves around the hurts of others and give them a reason to "praise the Lord for His Goodness and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men."

We hope, too, our many friends will want to share in our traditional Thanksgiving Day festivities, known to seamen far and near as "Turkey Dinner at the Institute." Our job is to make life as tolerable as we can for those who are finding things a bit lonely at this season. We know that shared suffering becomes a blessing. Our annual Thanksgiving party is one way of showing our seamen that we care and care enough to want to help. We hope our friends and patrons feel the same as we do.

Anyway, God's blessings on you all. May your Thanksgiving Day be a demonstration of loving thoughtfulness, to God, for all things, great and small, for all things everywhere.



### the LOOKOUT

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COVER: "Harvest Moon" over the Florida Keys.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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The Right Reverend  
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.  
*Honorary President*  
Franklin E. Vilas  
*President*

## PROFILE OF A KNITTER

Studying an atlas one can see that the village of Buehler, Switzerland, is miles from any sizeable body of water, more miles from any place seamen congregate and ships embark.

Perhaps that was one reason Miss Aline Holdereque, born there 70 years ago and a Women's Council knitter for two decades, was chosen to tell the story of the Christmas Box program to a reporter from the Voice of America who interviewed her last month.

The spry, septuagenarian whose life reflects a professional and private devotion to others, was interviewed in connection with the story of the distribution of Christmas boxes to men of all nations, which will be heard by thousands of people this Christmas through the broadcast facilities of the United States Information Agency. Her story will dramatize the theme that Christian love is a strong and lasting bond between the daughter of Europe's most landlocked country and the unknown mariners who have benefited from her hand-knitted garments.

Miss Holdereque was born in the German-speaking province best known for the production of "dotted swiss" fabrics. As a child she was taught to knit, and by age 12 she was so adept that her knitted sox were distributed to poor village children by her mother. Completing high school, she studied maternity nursing which she practiced until her 33rd birthday. "I also learned to be thrifty but that's inborn with us Swiss," she added.

During childhood she heard about some clothing sent by Americans through the Red Cross to victims among her people in a Rhine River flood. "I vowed then that if I ever

got to America I would do something for Americans to show our gratitude."

She got here and she kept her vow. In 1928, encouraged by two sisters already living in New York, Aline put what she could squeeze into a steamer trunk and two suitcases and boarded the North German Lloyd steamer *Columbus* for America.

She was determined to acquire a professional status, and with her savings she entered nurses training at New York's largest hospital, Bellevue. She studied hard to overcome her language handicap and on graduation in 1931—at the height of the depression—the hospital made her an unbelievable job offer to become head pediatric nurse. "Maybe because I was older than most of the graduates," she said almost apologetically.

Aline was grateful for the opportunity to work while so many others were unemployed. But the pediatrics station was a fleeting challenge to her nursing skills, and she requested transfer to psychiatric patients, a job she held and enjoyed until 1950 when the strain of responsibilities forced her to resign from Bellevue in favor of private duty nursing.

In addition to the hours of extra work to get her nursing degree, she

found time for Christian service. "For a time I went with friends to the Marble Collegiate Church to hear Dr. Poling; later on other friends invited me to hear the inspiring sermons of Dr. Shoemaker at Calvary Episcopal Church. I soon found a home there, and joined the sewing group.

"The woman in charge asked whether any of us would take home wool and knit warm garments for merchant seamen. I had been knitting occasionally for the Red Cross during the war—remembering what they had done for my countrymen—and later for British War Relief making sox for men on minesweepers, so I started knitting for seamen.

"I didn't know much about the problems of seamen until one Sunday when we accepted an invitation to visit the Institute. Mrs. Janet Roper gave us a tour, and I was inspired by her dedication to seamen and impressed with the work of SCI. It was a real haven for the men where clean and decent accommodations and influences were provided. I thought it commendable that they were serving tea and cookies to men that Sunday afternoon. Well, I couldn't resist knitting after that, and have continued my interest for years now."

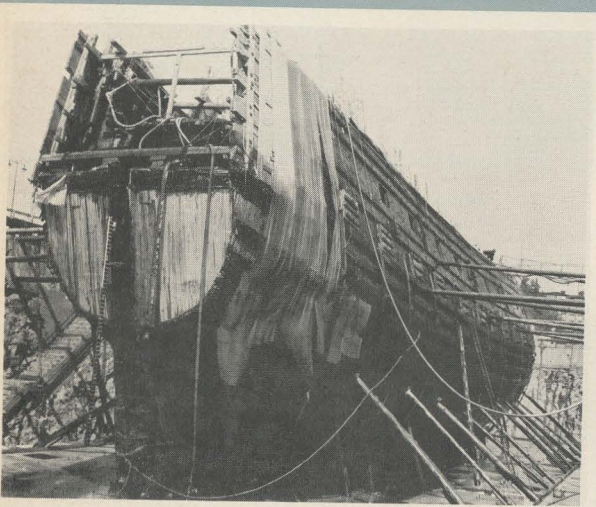
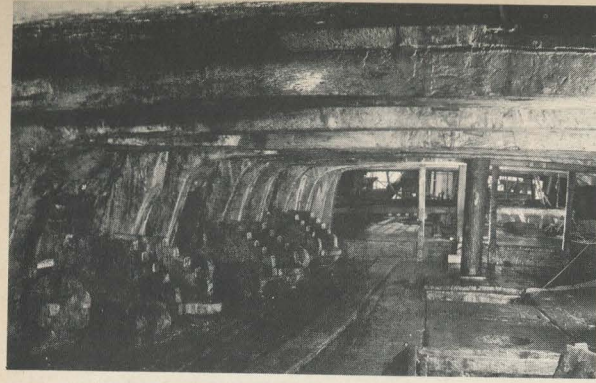


Miss Holdereque couldn't estimate the number of garments knitted in the past 20 years, but she revealed that 55 sweaters had come from her needles since the first of January, 1964.

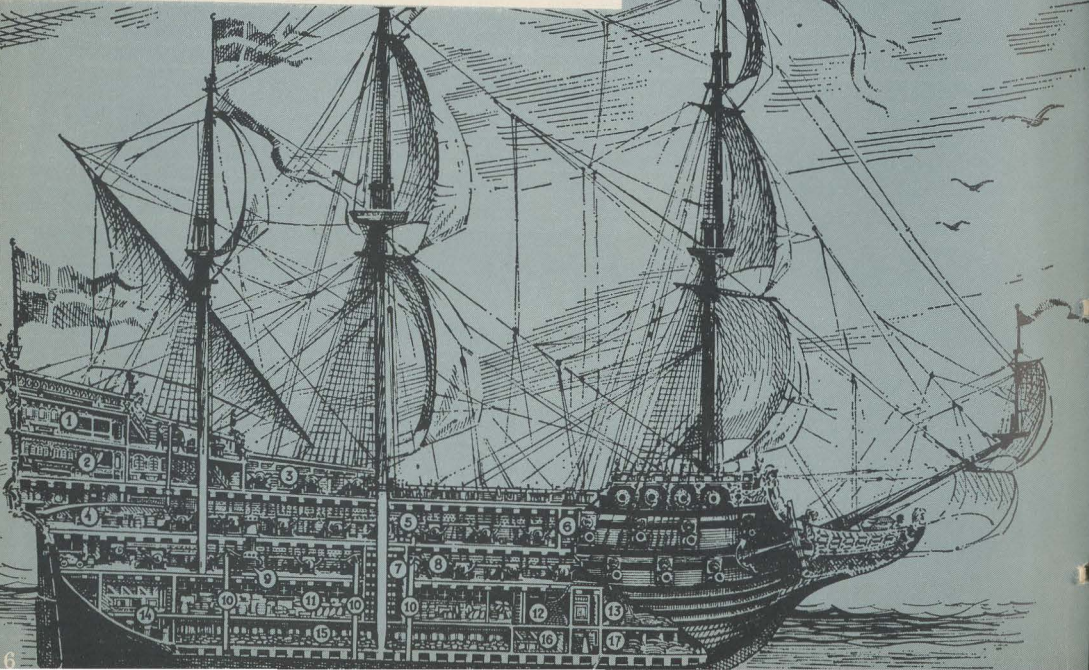
When her supply of yarn was depleted last year, she came to the Women's Council headquarters to replenish her supply. It was during that visit with Mrs. Barbara Love of the W. C. staff, that the knitter was invited to join other volunteers in the Christmas Room to tackle the packing job. "I had such a good time last year that I'm back again. You couldn't keep me away now," she said as she reached for another sheet of Christmas paper as sparkling as her eyes.

Miss Holdereque told this remarkable story of Christian concern in halting German—a little difficult for her now. She sent greetings from the Institute and from the 3,000 Women's Council members to Christian brothers everywhere. Volunteers working in the room began singing the classic German Christmas carol "Oh, Tannenbaum" and others, while Miss Holdereque concluded with a "Fröhlicher Weihnachtstabend!"

And the words of the Christmas gospel . . . "Good will toward men" . . . rang out a very special meaning.



# Saving The Vasa— The World's Oldest Ship



In 1628 the Vasa must have been a fearsome sight. She was a huge ship for her day—165 feet long at the deckline with an 180-foot mainmast. Above—the galleon in dry dock during restoration—now she is built into an aluminum house and placed on a concrete pontoon at the Vasa Museum in Stockholm's harbor.

Lookout readers who travel to this Swedish capital will most probably pay a visit to a ship with a most unusual story. She's the 300-year-old warship Vasa—a vessel which set sail, sank, was salvaged and is Europe's third most popular tourist sight.

It was on August 10, 1628 that the mighty Vasa began what was to be her maiden voyage. With all flags flying, she pulled out into the broad harbor as hundreds cheered from along the shore. Yet, in less than an hour they were all eyewitnesses to tragedy. They watched the new pride of the nation heel over and slip slowly below the surface.

In 1961 the ship was raised in one of the most remarkable salvage operations known in history. Today new crowds numbering hundreds of thousands have seen the ship on display in the steel, glass and aluminum Vasa museum, floating on a pontoon at the shore of the Deer Park island a few hundred yards from the scene of the disaster more than 330 years ago.

The Vasa was the biggest man-of-war built in Sweden and one of the most impressive warships in the world at that time. She measured 165 feet from stem to sternpost and 40 feet across her broadest rib.

Compared with another well-known ship from those days, the Mayflower, the Vasa was three and a half times bigger.

She was lavishly decorated in rich baroque style. Her figure-head was a gold-plated lion with a red, wide-open mouth. At the lion's tail close below her bow-sprit was a beautiful painted figure of the Greek god, Triton. On each gunport lid there was a lion's head and the ship's poop was completely covered with decorations.

The Vasa carried 64 guns, of which 48 were mighty 24-pounders with a caliber of six inches. Each gun weighed 2,500 pounds.

The Vasa had four full decks and in addition, quarter-deck and poop. Her gundecks were painted red to lessen the shock of the sight of blood.

The Vasa was built when the War

of Reformation between Catholic and Protestant forces raged on the European continent. King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was fighting in Poland, in the Baltic states and in Prussia. The Catholic forces of the German Emperor Ferdinand II had defeated the Protestant princes in Northern Germany and invaded Jutland, Denmark. The commander of the emperor's victorious army, Albrecht von Wallenstein, had been appointed "Grand Admiral of the Baltic Sea and the Oceans." Although Admiral Wallenstein did not yet have a fleet to command, his appointment was regarded as an indication of the emperor's plans to build a Baltic fleet and invade Protestant Scandinavia.

King Gustavus Adolphus clearly realized that he was compelled to have a strong navy to protect his realm on the shores of the Baltic and to safeguard Swedish commerce, the freedom of religion and political influence.

In January 1625 the King ordered four new warships to be built in Stockholm by Hendrik Hybertsson, a Dutchman serving as Chief Naval architect of the Royal Dockyard. One of the four ships was the Vasa. She was probably launched in 1627.

In August the Vasa was ready to leave her home port. She had a complement of 133 officers and men and 300 soldiers. Some crew members and soldiers had been given permission to bring their families along on the maiden voyage as far as the fortress town of Vaxholm in the Stockholm archipelago. Some 500 persons were probably on board.

The Vasa was warped from the Royal Palace along the quayside, downstream against a light breeze from south-southwest. Some of the officers discovered she was crank. One of them went below deck to check that the guns were properly lashed. He later testified they were. The weather was clear.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Vasa set sail and fired a farewell salute. The Captain, Sörfing Jute Hansson, noticed that she did not answer

the helm properly. A few minutes of five o'clock suddenly a squall came from the south. The Vasa started listing on her leeward side. The sheets were tended but the winds were not strong enough to pull them through their blocks. The chief ordnance officer, Erik Jönsson, ran below deck and ordered the leeward side guns to be pulled over to the windward side. But it was too late. Water rushed in through her open gunports.

At about five o'clock that Sunday afternoon King Gustavus Adolphus' mightiest ship went down. Boats rushed to the scene. About 450 people, among them Captain Hansson and Erik Jönsson, were saved. Some 50 persons perished.

How do you raise a sunken warship, which has been submerged for over 300 years? The 180-foot Vasa was recovered in 1961 from her muddy grave in Stockholm's inner harbor. It is the oldest fully identified ship in existence. Admiral Nelson's flagship, the Victory, in Portsmouth, is nearly two hundred years younger.

Many salvaging attempts were made in the 17th century; the first one almost immediately after the ship had sunk, at a depth of about one hundred feet. All failed. In 1664 the first cannon was brought to the surface, and by the next year, the majority of the cannons had been recovered.

In the summer of 1954, however, a young amateur naval archeologist, Anders Franzen, began a one-man search for the Vasa. In 1956 he was able to "outline" the contours of a ship on the bottom. A master diver of the Royal Navy was sent down to explore. He came up with the assurance that it was, indeed, a large galleon-type ship, undoubtedly the Vasa.

Plans were mapped out for the raising of the ship, and while these preparations were being made divers began to explore the hull. In rapid succession hundreds of objects were brought to the surface, including two cannons and many pieces of wooden sculpture.

The first stage of the salvaging operation was the most dangerous. It involved digging of six tunnels below the hull, so that cables could be passed

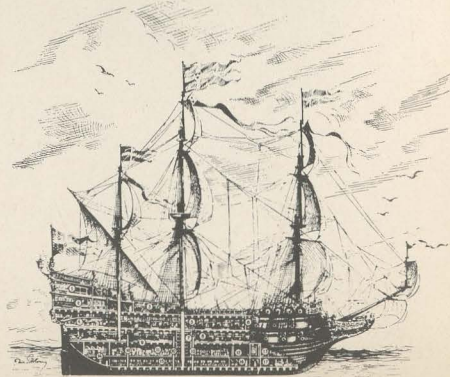
under the old ship. Navy divers, using mud suction pumps, completed the job in something over a thousand diving hours. Above them in the mud, held by a 300-year-old wooden keel, were hundreds of tons of ballast. After cables had been run through the tunnels, the Vasa was slowly lifted to higher ground in a succession of lifts.

The final lifting of the Vasa was an event of historic significance. Thousands of spectators lined the shores of the Stockholm harbor when the well-preserved, blackened hull of the ship appeared above the surface, aided by hydraulic jacks at two pontoons from which the wires under the ship were fastened.

Ten days later the Vasa was completely afloat. Now the work began for a team of 11 archeologists and a photographer. About 20,000 different items were recovered from the Vasa. Most of them were of wood, leather or textiles. The lone gold find was a signet ring, minus its stone.

The mud on the old capital ship yielded a dozen skeletons. One was the hunched frame of a sailor pinned under a gun carriage. His clothes were only partly deteriorated and his boots were still in good condition. Some two dozen of his copper coins lay beside him.

The value of the Vasa lies not only in the daring and ingenuity that has gone into recapturing her. As the oldest identified ship in the world and in good condition she is bound to yield invaluable information on the history of ship building and it dramatically illustrates life in a 17th century community.



## FOR THOSE WHO READ PERCEPTIVELY

### INTERNATIONAL CLUB DAILY LOG

*Monday:* This evening we presented two films to an audience of 58 seamen. The first, an account of the laying of a major pipeline called "The Wettest Inch" and the second, a beautiful Japanese film called "Men Who Fish." A Puerto Rican seaman brought his wife for a visit tonight, her first. She was pleased at how beautiful the club is and stayed for refreshments. Before she left she said she hoped her husband would ask her to come again. We had another family party tonight, which included an American seaman, his wife and two children. The children had refreshments and later watched their parents play a game of ping pong.

*Tuesday:* We looked hopefully for a large attendance of seamen from local piers today. The happy result was a total of 11 foreign nations represented by 15 ships. Italy took attendance honors, Belgium second, Germany third. We were especially pleased to have four young officers from the French *St. Raphael*, a cargo ship which completed its maiden voyage to New York Port, and just as pleased to have three French-speaking hostesses tonight to entertain the large number of French and Belgian seamen. We welcomed three Chinese seamen from the *Hong Kong Marines*, and checking our guest book, we noted a steady attendance of Chinese seamen on dance nights. Although they rarely dance, our Chinese guests are among our most enthusiastic spectators. They are outstandingly courteous and appreciative. The hostesses who attended our cruise around Manhattan recently still thank us for a wonderful afternoon. All hostesses agreed their work in the Club had given them added interest in the New York Harbor.

*Wednesday:* France was very well represented this evening when five seamen from the *St. Raphael* and three from the *La Baule* came in for games and refreshments. I gave them French guides and souvenir post cards, and told them to make themselves at home.

Two gentlemen from the maritime industry called on tour of the building. They were too late for the museum and I suggested they come back on a Sunday for a complete tour. They enjoyed their visit to the Club and one man asked if he could repeat his visit accompanied by his wife. I gave both men the Institute's brochure.

*Thursday:* Not a "Beatle" nor long-haired "rolling stone" among the 11 fine looking British boys from the *Manchester Progress*. The English section was very gay tonight with our British hostesses. One of them on her first visit to the Club could not have been happier to meet so many "boys from home." We welcomed back an American seaman this afternoon who has been married since his last visit to the Club. Now that he's settled and secure in family life, he is looking forward to greater financial security and has enrolled in our marine school. We were so happy with the good news and look forward to a visit from his new bride. Six Dutch seamen came in this evening and promptly took over the game room. They are sailing in the morning and made the most of their last night ashore. I gave them souvenir post cards and guides and invited them to a dance when they return to New York. A Grace Line officer came in today and said he was hoping to attend our marine school this fall. He is extremely discouraged because the prolonged maritime strike has caused many unexpected expenses. Three Polish officers from the *Romer* were among our new guests; they are unmatched in charm and politeness.

*Saturday:* Four American seamen signed in today and one brought the good news that the *SS United States* is sailing in the morning. The last of the strike negotiations permits passenger ships to sail, which must be exhilarating news for hundreds of men who have been standing by. The men have been patient throughout the strike, although in the last few weeks there have been visible signs that their patience is wearing thin.

Tina Meek & Nancy Sheridan



### Underway for Tahiti

*Friday the 22nd of May.* At work at getting ready to leave this dismal place (Feegee). The Bark *Belle* is lying outside of the Reef under Sail. At 1 p.m. the Boat (in which John Evans took Passage for Beaver with his Condition of Flux) returned and reported that he Died the same Evening on which he left here before he ever arrived at Beaver. Employed caulking the Brig and Repairing one of the Bark's boats and getting the Brig ready for Sea, same as yesterday. Thursday the 11th of June 1846. At 10 a.m. the Brig got underway and went off Labuka and Anchored.

*Sunday the 14th of June*—On Board Brig *Elizabeth* of Salem, Capt. King. All hands of us came on board and at 11 a.m. we got underway and stood out to Sea through the Labuka Passage. When the Bark *Elizabeth* of Freetown was lost here there were 33 men all told on board her. Thirteen of them went away in the Ship *Russell* of Dartmouth and 2 of them shipped in the Bark *Catherine* of Boston. Mr. Albert Dolittle shipped in the *Kings-ton* of Fairhaven as Third Mate; John Starks and John Remington still remain on Ovaloru. Hiram Hillman left for Auckland in the Schooner *Sir John Franklin*. . . . we are working to the Southward bound for Woahoo Tahiti. This is the 71st Anniversary of Father's birthday. God be with him.

*Friday the 19th of June.* Strong Winds

find several of us quite unwell.

*Saturday the 27th.* Opened a barrel of Pork, started a Cask of Flour and one of Water. My health improves. Jack, a Native of Woakoo is almost covered with Sores. He thinks that he was Poisoned at Labuka Feegee Isles. The sores came on him about the time that we left the Islands. We arrived at Tahiti on the 13th of July at 3 p.m.

*July 14.* I was seated outside of the U.S. Consul's office this Forenoon when Capt. Gifford asked me to give the Consul the names of all the crew that had belonged to the Bark who wished to leave here and not go to Woahoo in the Brig. I told Capt Gifford that I did not know as any one of them wanted to leave here but I expected that they all wanted to go to Woahoo in the Brig according to the agreement made at the Feegees between them and himself. I said I expected they had all understood that the reason why he had given them only 50 cents a day for Work was on account of his getting them a Passage to Woahoo. At any rate he had often told me the reason why he did not give them more was because he had agreed to get us all a Passage to Woahoo and furnish us with Provisions. Capt. Gifford said that (Capt. G.) had heard Capt. King say that he (Capt K) would be Damned if he would carry one of our Crew any further. I told the Consul that Capt. Gifford had told me that he had got the charter in Black and

## The Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch

Chapter V

White and that 14 of the Bark's Crew were included in it. The Consul told us that he would see Capt King and if the Crew were included on the Charter he would compell Capt. King to carry us to Woahoo in the Brig. I was not at the office when the Consul came back from talking with Capt. King, but Charles Peirce said that the Consul told them that the Crew were not mentioned in the Charter and Capt. King had said that if he were compelled to carry them from this Port (Tahiti) that he (Capt K) would put them on Shore at the first Island that he came to.

The Consul told us that it was of no use to try to get ourselves righted here as the French are at War with the Natives. So here we are turned out on Shore at one part of the World when we have been at work for less than half Wages for the sale of Passage to another part of the World. This is not the first time that I have been deceived, for we were kept on Shore at the Feegee Islands 86 days instead of only 20 Days as we were told when we agreed to go on Shore to save and take care of all that we could save from the Wreck.

It was a common report at Tatonga that we were kept there a great deal longer than we otherwise should be on account of Capt King's Mistress or Lady being Pregnant, and it was said that we should not leave there until She was Delivered. I never had any

reason to doubt but what the report was true For She was Delivered on the 17th of May and we Sailed on the 13th of June.

*July 15.* We came on Shore and were sent to a House 22 feet long and 14 Widewhere we had to eat and Sleep and that in a Warm Climate, and we mustered from 16 to 18 in number. The house had one Partition and two rooms. We have to Sleep on the floor and under the Table. I have a Ham-mock myself to sleep in. There are too many of us for so small a house for either Health of Comfort, but we must make the best of it for I am in hopes that I shall not have to stop here long. If I can get some work I shall board myself for I do not like the living at all for it consists principally of Fresh Pork for Breakfast, Dinner and generally for supper (although we sometimes have fish for supper), Yams and Broad and sometimes Potatoes. We have tea for supper and what they call Coffee for Breakfast. My health being rather poor I eat principally Bread and Butter.

*July 27.* I received of Capt. Gifford 11 Dollars it being the balance Due me for work at Tatonga, Feegee Isles. Capt. Gifford has paid all the Men for work at Tatonga, some of them had but a few Dollars to receive. Three of them had about 30 Dollars to receive. They either had to let the Consul take \$20 of it or go off his hands and pay their own board. Two choose the latter. Two of them have agreed to go to Woahoo in the Brig. Thomas Peirce had \$28 Due to him. The Consul kept \$20 of it and gave him the rest, viz. \$8.00. Capt King asked him (T. W. Pierce) if he would go to Woahoo in the Brig. He answered that he did not like to go with a Man who had threatened to turn all of our Crew on Shore at the first Island he came to. Capt. King asked him who had said that he (Capt K) had threatened to do that. He (T. W. P.) asked the Consul if he did not hear Capt. King say that he would put them off at the first Island he came to. The Consul denied it. So it goes . . . the fear of a Master of a Vessel seems to influence our acting Consul.



## Lines From The Heart

by seaman  
George R. Berens

Retired officer Berens,  
resident of the Institute  
for many years of his  
life, prepares a defense  
for every man who  
goes to sea.

I am sure there are many seafarers who, at times, have had their thoughts stray to green woodlands and open fields, who have dreamed of quiet country towns nestling in the hills remote from the sea; especially after their ship has been hove-to for days in a roaring North Atlantic gale, or after they have been sooge-moogeing several thousand square feet of grimy paintwork in the pelting rain on a winter's day.

There is an old focsle story of the sailor who was fed-up with it all. He secured himself an oar, and shouldering this he started to hike inland until he came to a place where one of the natives accosted him and asked: "What's that you have on your shoulder?" At that spot he settled down to enjoy life far, far from the howling, snow-laden squalls of the Roaring Forties, or the threat of the hurricane under blazing tropical skies.

But there is a sequel to that hoary yarn, you know. After a couple of weeks in those rural parts far away from salt water that homesick sailor roared: "Where's that oar? Let me get a-going to where I can use it."

Is there such a thing as 'Sea Fever'? That famous British poet John Masefield had been to sea himself in the old square-riggers before he penned those haunting lines: "I must down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky..."

But that famous sea poem is of the old days, the days of bellying canvases piled high on the tall masts; the days of iron men and wooden ships; the days of long meandering tracks across the ocean with courses set by the wind. True; but recently I came across hints that there is still such a malady as 'Sea Fever.' In one of the maritime union papers that features an 'Inquiring Reporter' column I read the answers to a question put to seafarers asking them what they would do if they had opportunity unlimited and choice unbounded. Out of six, one answer was: "I'd keep on going to sea; there's no life like the sea life."

In another issue the question was: "Suppose you had a year free with unlimited finances, what would you do?"

To this, one old-timer answered: "I'd take a sea trip—a long one, all over the world. You know, a regular 'busman's holiday'."

Surely these answers were evidence that 'Sea Fever' still exists, still plagues some of the mariners of today. After living for many months among the green trees, the wooded hills, and the fertile fields far from the ocean life—retired after many years at sea—I am conscious of an insistent longing for deep-water spaces. Spaces were one can see the horizon unbroken in all directions. Spaces where the moon makes a shimmering

path over the dark ocean; where the only sound is the swish of the bow wave and the murmur of the wind as one stands lookout. Spaces where the towering gray-green, white-streaked seas march majestically on under the scudding storm wrack; where the stinging spray flies and frothing wave tops pour over the decks; or where the blue waves are all asparkle under the trade wind sun.

There is an oft repeated story of the shipmaster approaching sixty who was constantly talking of the things he would do when he came to retirement age. He regaled anyone who would, or was forced to, listen to him with eloquent descriptions of the house in the country, life with the family, chickens in the back yard, and all night in—every night. No more long bridge watches with the fog horn blasting. No more nursing the ship through roaring gales. No more blasts from the shoreside staff because the ship was late docking. Then this captain's ship came into port, and among the mail from the home office was a letter informing him that the arbitrary retirement age had been lowered from 65 to 60. And were his shipmates surprised at the reaction this letter caused? He really raved: "The dirty rotten so-and-sos. Here I spend the best years of my life working for 'em; looking after their interests in the pest holes of the world; coaxing their old rust-bucket from port to port. And what thanks do I get? Retire me at sixty—get rid of me just when I'm in the prime! Throw me on the beach like an ordinary seaman. That's gratitude for you." And so on and so forth for many a long watch.

So, with all these points in evidence, I believe there really must be a malady known as 'Sea Fever.'

I must down to the sea again,  
to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all that I ask is a tall ship,  
and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song,  
and the white sails shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face,  
and a grey dawn breaking.

These lines of John Masefield's were,  
I think, dictated by a yearning heart.

Of course every mariner who survives the many hazards of the sea-going life must come to the day when he grows too old, or when he is too incapacitated by bodily ills to carry on with active shipboard tasks. Perhaps by then he, too, has often dreamed of inland valés where the roar of the wind is stilled, and the crash of the waves unknown. But it is likely that the grip of 'Sea Fever' has nullified these dreams and he prefers to settle down at a spot where the salt tang still comes to his nostrils; where the deep-throated whistles sound in the night as steamships pass, or make ready to leave their moorings. Where the fog drifts in over the docks, or the sunlight sparkles the waters of the bay. Where men may be met coming in with seabags over their shoulders, speaking the deep-water language he understands.

Maybe then he'll choose a spot like the one down there on South Street where the big building stands with a lighthouse at the off-shore peak, where flags fly from mast and yardarm, and a gilded figurehead rides above the entrance. There're windows high up there where one can view the river and the Upper Bay, the piers and the ships, busy tugs puffing about, sleek gray ships of war passing under the famed bridge. There will be companionship there, mariners just in from Singapore, Cape Town, Buenos Aires, a hundred ports throughout the world; shoreside people devoted to the welfare of those who make their living on the seas. Perhaps in a pensive moment he will stop to murmur:

And first I'll hear the seawind,  
the mewling of the gulls,  
The clucking, sucking of the sea  
about the rusty hulls,  
The songs at the capstan in the  
hooker warping out,  
And then the heart of me'll know  
I'm there, or thereabout.  
(A Wanderer's Song)  
—John Masefield

Perhaps a spot like that would be the place for the ones who cannot ship out anymore. For the ones who are afflicted with 'Sea Fever'; the ones like me who are sure that Masefield's lines are from the heart.

George R. Berens

## "get me to the ship on time"



Difficulties in which seamen find themselves, whether self-imposed or accidental, repeatedly are brought to the attention of the Institute for solution. We rather expect that.

Agencies throughout the city solicit our help a dozen times a day for advice in putting the seaman back on the "straight and narrow." Through the years the Institute also has acquired a benevolent image known throughout the port by a great number of non-seamen. Because of this image strangers will seek out the Institute on behalf of seamen in distress. More than once they check the listing "Seamen" in the telephone directory, unable to remember the two following words in our title. These recent incidents dramatize this image of "help."

Late one Saturday night a taxicab pulled up in front of the Port Newark Station. The cab driver who left his passengers in the vehicle, related a story of despair to SCI staffer Basil Tzanakis. His riders, a ship's master with his wife and 5-year-old son, had left the ship for an afternoon of shopping in Manhattan. For some unexplained reason, the German master and his family were delayed in the "tubes" from New York back to New Jersey and the master discovered that his ship, the "M.V. Mathias Rieth" had sailed without him. He was without enough money to pay for the cab. The taxi driver explained that he had heard about the Seamen's Center and figured that we "could put the skipper back on his ship."

Staff assistant Tzanakis paid the taxi fare and made the distressed family as comfortable as he could in the Center. He made a call to the Institute in Manhattan to see if accommodations could be arranged for the wife to stay overnight. The night man-

ager assured him that they would find a place, and Tzanakis asked ship-visitor Thor Dahl to deliver the couple to the Institute. The delivery was made with dispatch and Mr. Dahl was able to speak German with the captain.

The women's lounge on the mezzanine of the Institute, rarely used at night, contains two bedrooms, bathroom and sitting area where the skipper and his family were made comfortable. While the captain and his wife slept, an alert SCI hotel desk clerk, a retired tugboat captain, started checking the whereabouts of the "lost ship." He was told by the Coast Guard that it had left Port Newark and had berthed at Bay Ridge, a considerable distance. The following morning when the captain and his family appeared, the clerk told him that he had arranged for launch service back to his ship. The Institute loaned the captain \$50 to sustain him until his company could repay the loan.

Another crisis was well handled, according to the Seamen's International Club staff hostess who recorded this incident in her daily record:

"Around 5 p.m. this evening a bus-starter for the Broadway Bus Line which begins near the Institute, brought to the Club a tearful, distraught young Swedish seamoman who was obviously lost.

She spoke no English and was sobbing and frightened. Her papers showed she was from the *M/S Minnesota*. We had an announcement made over the Institute's public address system for someone who could speak Swedish; two seamen responded along with a member of the Marine Museum staff. After many telephone calls I eventually located her ship at Bush Terminal in Brooklyn.

We offered the young lady a cup of coffee while she waited, and she became calm and reassured. A kind young couple who were visiting a resident seaman offered to drive her back to Brooklyn. Evidently she had come from her ship to do shopping, started back, got lost and was unable to ask directions."

## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



**BANKERS TRUST PRESENTS**  
**STREET of SHIPS**  
an exhibition of oils, watercolors  
and prints of the East River  
by **WOLDEMAR NEUFELD**  
President, Council Institute - 25 South Street

**STREET OF SHIPS** — SCI Board President Franklin E. Vilas called it one of the most successful benefits ever sponsored by the Institute, and there wasn't one among those attending the champagne preview of the East River paintings by Woldemar Neufeld who didn't agree. The more than 100 oils, watercolors and prints were exhibited in the Bankers Trust Building on Park Avenue, sponsored by the Women's Council in cooperation with the bank. Previewers had the opportunity to purchase the paintings before they were exhibited publicly to an estimated two thousand visitors during the two-week shows. Proceeds from the preview and sale of paintings go toward the work of the Institute.



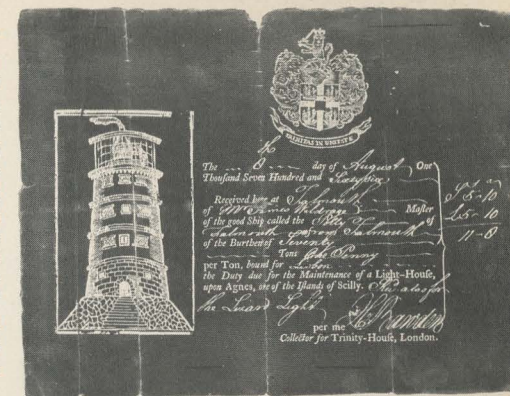
**AT LEFT**—The Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Honorary President of the SCI Board, discusses the story of painter Neufeld as it appeared in LOOKOUT, with SCI Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan, and Women's Council President, Mrs. Robert West.





**COINCIDENCE?**—The story began when a wallet was surrendered at the SCI hotel desk by an unidentified man who apparently kept the money. Business manager Al Sorensen checked the I.D. and found that it belonged to a West Point cadet. Remembering that Dr. Roscoe Foust, SCI's Director of Special Services for Seamen, had at one time been chaplain there, Mr. Sorensen gave it to him for return. Last week Dr. Foust received this message: "When I received your letter I was dumbfounded by the parts that coincidence, luck and destiny each played, in that my wallet, as that of a cadet, had found its way to, of all people, a former cadet chaplain. I am indeed grateful that you could return it and my heartfelt thanks is yours."

**THIS PORT OF LONDON COLLECTOR'S RECEIPT** with its primitive sketch of a lighthouse on Scilly Island, dated 1766, is one of many curious documents, ships' papers and voyage records which are displayed in a current Marine Museum exhibit "Under Sail." Divided into two areas of interest, the exhibit offers the records of the Wildrage family of American sea captains who sailed out of Maine in the late 1700's, and the records of voyages made by English Prince William on ships he commanded in the late 1700's before ascending the throne in 1830. Signatories of the documents include Jefferson, Madison and John Adams. The collected documents will be on view through Christmas.



**NORWAY'S CROWN PRINCE HARALD** threw the switch dedicating the stadium lights for Brooklyn's Red Hook soccer field and recreational center early last month, and at the opening ceremonies, Mr. Mulligan (center, r.) gave the invocation before an audience of Norwegian government and Borough officials and several hundred spectators. Under the lights (photo, r.) on a field used principally by seamen, an exhibition soccer game was played between a team of Scandinavian seamen and a team of Brazilian sailors from two ships who were personally transported to the field by SCI shipvisitors. The lighting project was made possible by contributions from many people interested in seamen's welfare.



**MEET THE BOARD**

*Clarence G. Michalis*

As long ago as 1949 SCI Board Chairman Clarence G. Michalis was honored for 25 years of service to seamen at a testimonial dinner in his honor. Through 41 years of uncertainty and distress, his patience and wisdom and devoted loyalty to men of the merchant marine and his wise counsel have helped SCI's administration steer a true course. Following the disastrous panic of the 30's, his efficiency and hard work helped overcome the building debt of one and a half million dollars. In 1932 he became President of the Board, later Chairman. He currently serves numerous philanthropic and religious organizations including: Director YMCA of Greater New York; Trustee, Museum of the City of New York; Director of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies; United Seamen's Service; U.S.O. Camp Shows; Historic Landmark Society; "Lighthouse" Association for the Blind; and Trustee of the Church Pension Fund.



**WHEN  
HOME  
IS A  
MEMORY**

Two holidays looked forward to with special enthusiasm by our seamen and staff are Thanksgiving and Christmas. The staff welcomes the opportunity for closer friendships which often develop in sharing, and the seamen look to the Institute to provide those elements of home which they either have never known outside the Institute or which distance and schedule keep them from.

Maybe we become too proud when we hear two sailors carefully planning their shipping schedules so they will be in New York for the Institute's Christmas dinner.

And the SCI staff, as it has for more years than any of us can remember, will provide the "extras" found only in a Christian institution at holiday time.

Seasonal flowers will greet the men as they enter the building or as they pass through the cafeteria where specialties like mince and pumpkin pie begin to appear. With the advent of Christmas, many volunteers will descend upon the lobby one Saturday to decorate the public rooms, leaving no space without a Christmas reminder. The large, brightly trimmed tree will be the focal point in the lobby, and shiny boxes will crowd its base. And we know that a lot of the old faces

will be there, watching the young people draping the pine roping or hanging wreaths.

On Thanksgiving and again on Christmas Day the Institute will be host for the traditional meals to men living in the building. The Director and his family with the staff and theirs, will share the good fellowship.

Men who haven't been seen in church all year will attend chapel, scrubbed and dressed. More than 1,000 of them on both holidays will queue up for the bountiful meals and the lines will extend out to the street.

Why make the effort?

The Institute has never forgotten its MISSION as a Christ-centered organization, which seems especially important at holiday time when the calling of the merchant seaman deprives him of everything money *can't* buy.

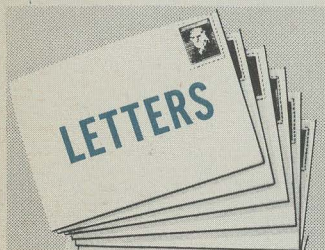
The seaman who must be at sea on Christmas is unfortunate, but the lot of the seaman stuck in New York and alone can be little better. It is for the lonely and the "loners" that the Institute *makes the effort*.

Following the Thanksgiving service in the Chapel of Our Saviour, more than 1,000 seamen and staff were guests of the Institute last year for the traditional turkey dinner.



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



Gentlemen:

I notice that from time to time the "Lookout" has accounts of whaling Vessels and I have been wondering whether you have any data on a well known old clipper ship and whaler, the "Sovereign of the Seas."

As a young man my grandfather, Richard T. Stoker, sailed on this ship. I believe that in addition to whaling, they were in search of gold in Australia. I know we had a boomerang and a blunderbuss that he brought home from one of his trips. We also had a lithograph of the ship. It was some time in the early 1840's that he sailed on her.

Sincerely

Mrs. Eleanor R. Payne  
Englewood, N. J.

Gentlemen:

May I be placed on your mailing list please? Your very excellent publication will be of great help to me in preparing material for students in my journalism classes. Thank you.

Robert V. Peterson  
Professor of Journalism  
University of Oklahoma  
Norman

Mrs. Robert W. Grance, a former New Yorker, responded to the recent invitation to attend SCI's painting exhibit "Street of Ships" by enclosing a sketch of South Street "as I saw it when I walked under those bowsprits". The quick drawing "which took me nine minutes" was an accurate reconstruction of the old warehouses and cobblestone streets and ship's bowsprits extended over the street as it appeared around 1888. "Indeed, I climbed a spliced ladder to the deck of one ship!" she commented. ". . . Saloons, with broths above on one side and ships, ships, ships on the other." Mrs. Grance regretted that she would not be able to attend the preview and enclosed a donation for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Dear Sir:

My cousin, Mrs. William Polishook of Haverford, Penn., who receives your magazine, has just drawn my attention to the fact that you have been running a series of articles on "The Whaling Journals of Francis Hitch."

This is of great interest to me, since Francis Hitch (1809-1849) of Fairhaven, Mass. and Brooklyn, N. Y. was a great-great-uncle of both Mrs. Polishook and me. I am extremely anxious to secure copies of these articles, and would very much appreciate it if you would send a set for which I am making a contribution to the Institute.

Mrs. Polishook discovered these articles only in the September issue, and hasn't been able to locate the first issue, which presumably told when these voyages took place, on what ships, and what happened to this journal. Certainly no one in the Hitch family ever knew of its existence. Francis Hitch (who left no direct descendants) has been the most shadowy member of his immediate family, since he apparently did move away from the New Bedford area as a young man, and I am in hopes that these articles will fill in the gaps in his life before he suddenly turned up as a farmer in Flatbush in 1848, the year before he died. I suspect this journal eventually passed into the hands of his widow's family in Freetown, Mass. I have a certain amount of information on his life up until about the mid-1830's as well as a little as to what eventually happened to him if any of this is of interest to anyone.

Sincerely

Wallace E. Davies  
Associate Professor of History  
University of Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

For some years now, I have been receiving The Lookout—maybe because I was once a merchant seaman, but more probably because I'm in communications work for the church. In any case, I have always read at least something in every issue, and have been impressed with the good quality of your layout on a relatively small budget. When it came time for me to conceive and produce the enclosed publication, The Lookout was one of the influences that helped me a good deal.

Thank you so much,

Stanley J. Rowland, Jr.  
Editor  
The United Presbyterian Church  
in the U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

I have been receiving your monthly publication "Lookout" for the last two months and have enjoyed reading the many sea and marine oriented articles in each issue. One theme stands out clearly. Through your publication runs a fine thread of appreciation for New York City—past and present. Therefore I thought you would enjoy receiving a copy of our quarterly magazine which highlights New York attractions for our more than 50,000 readers. I am also enclosing a copy of our previous issue, since the military theme—Governors Island, might interest you.

Miss LaFollette Becker  
Director of Public Relations  
Franklin Society

Dear Sir:

I have quite a number of copies of the LOOKOUT and enjoy going through them, and in so doing came across the story "Mysterious Ways" by Capt. Ralph E. Cropley in the Nov. 1958 issue, which helps to solve a family mystery 100 years old.

In the Hammond family cemetery in Crown Point, N. Y. there is a granite monument to the Thomas Hammond branch who were lost at sea when the Ville du Havre was on her way to France and collided with the Loch Earn. My great-grandfather, Charles Hammond, wrote the date and hour on the huge clock in his bank office. My mother, his grand-daughter, often heard stories of the ones lost at sea. I have an oil painting of one of the children . . . so you can imagine how strangely thrilling it was to find this account of the tragedy in the LOOKOUT. There was a vague story to the effect that the captains of the two ships were racing, hence the great loss at sea, so it is good to know that there was another reason.

Our family members were all lost.

I suppose it is too late to acquire another copy of this number of the LOOKOUT? I can make a typed copy, as I want to send it to my relatives, and also to put the LOOKOUT in the Penfield Museum, at Ironville, Crown Point, where material of local interest is now being preserved, including pictures of the Hammonds who were lost at sea, and whose story has been made more interesting, and clearer, through the LOOKOUT.

Sincerely,

Mrs. E. Eugene Barker  
3 Orville Street  
Glens Falls, New York