



THE SEA ROVER

by seaman Herman Swerdloff

Let me lie and dream on a sun drenched beam
As the gulls go wheeling by;
Watch the line-taunt mast bend to the blast,
Watch the gallant rake the sky.

Let me know the feel as she kicks her heel
And leans to the northeast trade;
Set my spirit free, on the windswept sea,
Let my soul be not afraid.

Let me stand by the bow, in the phosphor
glow
On the rise of a gentle swell;
Let me watch my stars, to guide my spars,
Let me breath that warm salt smell.

Watch the billowed sail like a bloated whale
Tack in a spanking breeze;
Let me hold the wheel, and the spindrift feel,
As I set her course on the seas.

Let my spirit rove to an unspoiled cove
By a beach of coral sand;
Let me steal like a thief, past the white
foamed reef,
In sight of a palm fringed land.

Watch the reeling stars light the tropic bars
Watch the sunset's flaming gold;
Feel the hush of peace as the clouds of fleece
Drift o'er the headlands bold.

Let me range and roam o'er the restless foam
To the distant lands I know;
Let the anchors ride on the ebbing tide,
Watch the stars dance heel and toe.

Let me feel the breeze of the tropic seas,
Watch the porpoises at play;
Let me watch the moon, gild the coral lagoon,
Watch the combers curl and flay.

Let me commune with a sea drenched moon
On the open sea and sky;
And consign my bones to Davy Jones,
On the distant day I die.

SEA LEGS

I hear the call of the wind ships tall
Unfurled sails on the flood;
Outward bound, to the whaling ground,
With bold adventure's blood.

Strange I feel, on the landman's keel
On sea legs swayed by brine;
I feel apart, in the crowded mart,
Out of step with the hurried line.

I feel at home on the white flecked foam,
Laying aloft in the stays;
The feel of the trade, where her track is
made,
To the distant reefs and bays.

My gypsy blood surged like a flood
To the bold adventure run;
She ploughed green seas, in the forty-knot
breeze,
And rove to the midnight sun.

Sixteen knots by the taff-rail log
She leaped through the driving rain;
Buried her nose like a rooting hog,
Where the trade blows down her main.

Beat a wind swept tack, on a white foamed
track
Dip your rails on a westward course;
Plunging her main, in the South Sea rain,
Drive with the trade wind force.

Lively now lads to your places
We're beating a hasty retreat;
Lay aloft on the braces,
Shorten and clew up her sheet.

The ratlins' whined like a banshee,
Tight as a drum they sang,
Fighting the gale fury; can she
Run from the snarling fang?

To be a tar on a lofty spar
Is to set my spirit free;
Let her gallants reel, let me spindrift feel,
Let me challenge the stormy sea.

Give me the smell of the salty swell
Give me sea legs swayed by brine;
Give me a ship whose white sails dip
To the trade when we cross the line.





**seaman
of the month**
Betty
De Lapotaire

With 17 years sea time as a stewardess aboard Grace Line's passenger fleet, one would hardly expect seawoman Betty De-Lapotaire to be touring the waterfront on precious "days off", but that's what she was doing when the staff of SCI's Marine Museum brought her to our attention. And by the time we interviewed her, the native New Yorker had charmed everyone from the front door to the penthouse.

She has a radiance that never shuts off. Her running description of the morning's adventure was as bubbly as a glass of 7-Up. "I found this ship's chandler who had gone into antiques—hasn't everybody now?—and he had this fascinating wooden Indian."

One would know at a glance that Betty likes and deals with people.

How does a woman begin a life at sea, we asked?

"I'd worked as a waitress shoreside back in the 30's, and I soon tired of the routine-ness. I decided I wanted to travel and work, perhaps try a cruise. I sat in the Grace Line waiting room—that was before Union hiring halls—all through May and June of 1948. No jobs opened, so I was forced to take a summer job in the Cat-

skills. Then one Wednesday I got a call from Grace—there was the possibility of a job. I packed my bag, told the manager I was leaving, and hopped a train to New York. I was outfitted, inoculated and indoctrinated on Thursday, and the ship and I sailed on Friday."

The ship was the old **Santa Paula**, and for Betty, greenhorn at shipboard waitressing, the 13-day trip was chaotic. "My station was so far from the galley I could have stayed on the dock in New York. And the galley was 16 pitching, rolling steps up a ladder," she laughed, remembering. "I was sure they'd fire me as soon as we got back."

Obviously they didn't for Betty is now a veteran with Grace Line. Miss L. Christie, director of Grace's ocean-going personnel, said: "Betty is more than a stewardess doing her job; she has the ability to give a sense of well-being to everyone she contacts, and the Christian motivation behind her concern for others and in her charity work, commends her not only as an exemplary employee, but as a good citizen as well."

Betty's life has not been all a bed of roses. Her marriage to a seaman from New

(Continued on page 18)

**"An Optimistic
View"**

by

Nicholas Johnson

Maritime Administrator

United States

Department of Commerce



American seamen render a special service to the United States, and they do it under conditions far more onerous than those the ordinary American worker has to contend with. They deserve to be well-paid—and they are.

Seamen, however, are in the same situation as the American merchant marine generally: they are at a point where they must update and refine their skills and abilities, just as the merchant fleet must modernize concepts, ships, and equipment to compete successfully.

As the war-built vessels which comprise much of our fleet are being replaced by faster, more modern ships, so, too, must America's 100,000 seagoing workers replace old skills with the new ones called for in operating new ships.

In addition to Government programs to help seafarers upgrade their skills, several unions, and other organizations, including the Seamen's Church Institute, are making training and re-training opportunities and facilities available to seamen seeking to add to their knowledge.

Not only must oilers, wipers, deck hands, cooks, carpenters and others update their capability, they must be ready to fill berths on ships that are not yet operating, or are experimental, or are now just being talked about.

I am thinking here of hydrofoils, surface-effect ships, and automated

bulk carriers. If and when vessels of these types come into wide use, and it is quite possible that the time is not very far off, the need for skilled sailors may become acute.

When that times arrives, and I hope it is soon, merchant seamen should be ready for it.

Problems of modernization in the transportation industry are among the most exciting and potentially rewarding facing the United States today. Those confronting the maritime industry present many of the most fascinating challenges of all.

I am sure that American seamen will meet and master that challenge.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson was chosen to be Maritime Administrator by President Johnson on February 19, 1964, and confirmed by the Senate on February 28. He was administered the oath of office by Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges in March at the White House in the presence of President Johnson. A native of Iowa, he was graduated from the University of Texas and had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. From 1963 to the time of his appointment as Maritime Administrator, he was associated with the Washington law firm of Covington & Burling engaged in practice relating to administrative agencies.

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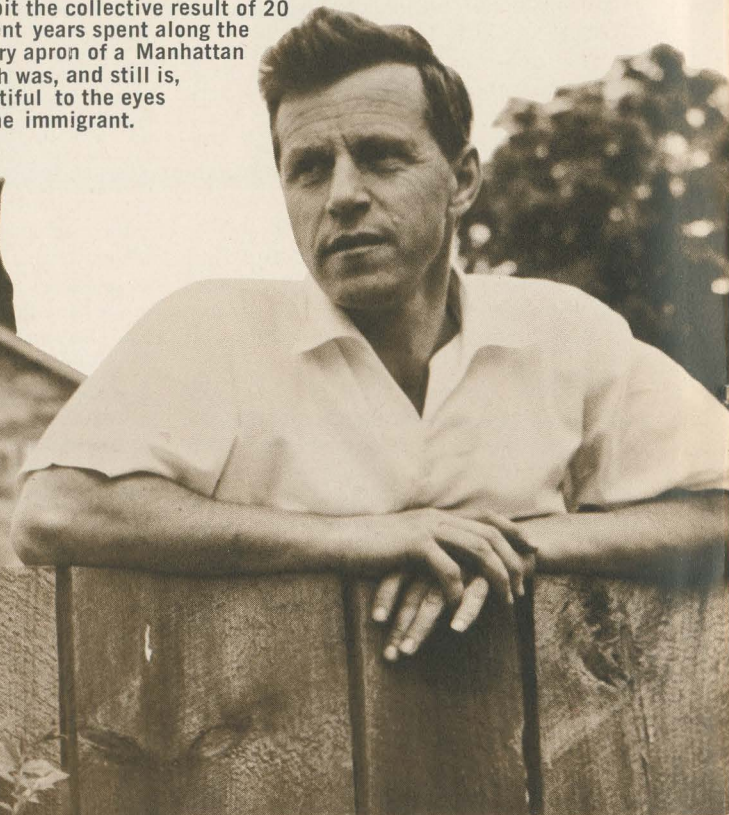
Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

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COVER:
"Lighters At Rest", watercolor by Woldemar Neufeld.

20 Years on the Street of Ships

As early as 1940, Connecticut artist Woldemar Neufeld began filling sketch books with glimpses of our changing waterfront—the 3rd Avenue El where it met the water at South Ferry, rows of dilapidated warehouses, skinny cats and smoke-belching tugboats. Next month, for benefit of the Institute, he will exhibit the collective result of 20 patient years spent along the watery apron of a Manhattan which was, and still is, beautiful to the eyes of one immigrant.



Encouraged by the success of last year's theatre benefit at the Paper-Mill Playhouse in Millburn, N. J. which raised several thousand dollars for chapel furnishings at SCI's soon-to-open Mariner's Center at Newark, the Women's Council has undertaken another fund-raising venture scheduled for next month.

Mrs. Robert A. West, Manhattan, Chairman of the SCI's 3,000-member women's auxiliary, announced the sponsorship of an art preview exhibit "Street of Ships" October 14.

The one-man show includes more than one hundred oil paintings, watercolors and prints by Woldemar Neufeld, a Connecticut artist who has painted the East River in its romantic and historic setting for the past 20 years.

Mrs. Norton T. Faus, member of the W. C. Board and a Greenwich Village artist herself, is serving as chairman of the champagne reception and preview to be held at the Banker's Trust Building in midtown Manhattan. Mrs. F. Alexander Close, Manhattan, is serving as co-chairman.

Proceeds to Support the Institute

The Institute will benefit from the \$10 per person preview admission, and share in the sale of paintings which will be publicly exhibited for two weeks following the benefit.

"The choice of Mr. Neufeld for the 'Street of Ships' exhibit was a natural one," said Mrs. Faus. "Several of his paintings show the landmark Institute building, along with a fascinating variety of work and pleasure boats

plying the East River. With an eye for authenticity, he has painted landmarks like the Fulton Fish Market, Gracie Mansion and the Brooklyn Bridge. Some of the more nostalgic ones like the turnaround for the old 'El,' are as much a part of the East River community as the one he calls 'Joe's Pizza Parlor.' Because of the sensitivity and imagination in choosing his subjects, along with a variety of styles, there will be something to interest everyone who loves old New York, especially the East River," she said.

About the Artist

Mr. Neufeld's long list of shows has included two international invitational watercolor exhibits, many national shows, the 1939 World's Fair, and the Cleveland Museum of Art where he won prizes in all categories. His work hangs in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum, the Library of Congress, New York Public Library and museums in Cleveland, Springfield and New Britain, and homes of composer Leroy Anderson, actor Frederic March and Senator Abraham Ribicoff, among others.

Mr. Neufeld established his own art school in 1947 and now has branches in New York and New Preston Conn., where he lives with his wife and family in a sprawling, rustic 19th century farm. He teaches at the Milbrook School.

Those LOOKOUT readers who would like to attend the preview are invited to contact the Women's Council, Benefit Committee, for tickets. Orders will be accepted through October 8.



Far left:
"Gracie Mansion,
winter"

Left:
"Tugboats at rest"



REUNITING SAILORS WITH THEIR MONEY

In the discharge of his duties, SCI's Chaplain Frank Daley finds himself either gathering or dispensing very good news or very bad news. But it is the former he most likes to talk about.

As director of the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau and the Missing Seamen Bureau, Chaplain Daley usually closes the files with remarks like "Seaman Reunited with Daughter" or "Jackson—7 months, no drinking; complete rehabilitation." Last week he closed three more files, commenting; "\$2,000 returned to absent-minded seamen" and it was a time for rejoicing.

For a year and a half, Chaplain Daley had been tracking down sailors who, in years past, turned over money for safekeeping through SCI's Seamen's Funds Bureau* and for undetermined reasons have never been heard from.

Thousands of dollars are being held in abeyance pending the location of seamen or their beneficiaries, according to Chaplain Daley.

And because the deposits were made through the Institute, the responsibility for locating these "strayed" depositors falls to the Missing Seamen's Bureau which has certain avenues of communication open to it. While the Institute is making its search, the Bank considers the account as still active.

"The first letter of inquiry is necessarily evasive," points out the Chaplain. "I usually write that I am anxious to get in touch with them for reasons

that may be to their advantage. It works like magic," he observed.

The \$2,000 returned to seamen in one week was divided among:

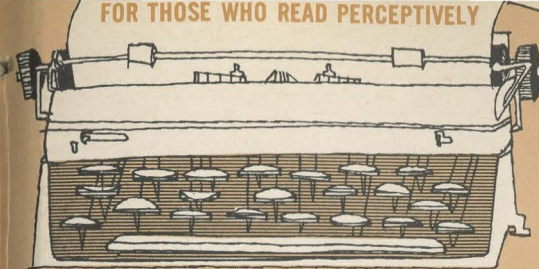
The needy parents of a seaman from North Carolina were sent a check amounting to \$700 which represented a deposit made in 1948 by a former resident.

"It was unusual because when the man died, his parents had not bothered to notify the Institute. If we hadn't initiated a search the bank would have marked the account 'inactive' and turned the money over to the State."

More than a thousand dollars was returned to the heir of a Dutch seaman who was employed by the Institute for a short time in 1951. The third beneficiary of the week was a 57-year-old British sailor whom Chaplain Daley contacted in July. When notified of his windfall of \$296.50 which he deposited in 1952, the Salt wrote: "I was under the impression that I had closed this account since no correspondence with same. I was in New York (Newark) approximately a month ago, and was thinking of visting my old home (SCI) but being far out and pressure of work, I did not. Thanks for going to all the trouble to find me. It's a good thing there are people who look after Sailors."

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* The S. F. B. serves as a depository for the Seamen's Bank for Savings as a convenience for seamen; it is not a banking facility. Money left for safekeeping does not accrue interest.



Monday: This afternoon a former American seaman, who sailed as a Mate during the war, called with his teenage son. SCI had been his home base while he was shipping, and he wanted his son to make a tour of the building he loved. We discussed the Merchant Marine Academy with an eye toward a maritime career for his boy. This evening we showed a film of exceptional interest to the men called "Automation." The movie lasted about an hour and a half and more than 70 men attended. The seamen are enjoying this "Summer Film Festival" and are always generous in their compliments.

Tuesday: We had an unusual representation from Port Newark—Japanese from the *Judith Ann*—who were also the best represented nationality during the evening along with Chinese from the *Hongkong Producer*. The balance from two Norwegian ships *Brott* and the *Tobon*—the latter numbering among its crew Spaniards and an Indian from Calcutta. The *Tobon* also brought us an attractive seamstress who is their radio operator. The Japanese understood almost no English—fortunately we had a good supply of Japanese guide maps.

Wednesday: The Public Relations department located three copies of a May 1963 edition of the "Lookout" for a Dutch seaman named Hank Pastoor who was a member of the *Pinta* which was lost in a collision with the English freighter *City of Perth*. The magazine told the story of how the Institute housed 8 members of the crew after the disaster, an experience which Hank told me they would never forget. The article gives an account of the dramatic ordeal and has pictures of the survivors taken with Director Mulligan and registration manager, Al Sorensen. There is a

splendid picture of the 8 men on SCI's roof which he will undoubtedly treasure. I am holding the article at his request for his arrival.

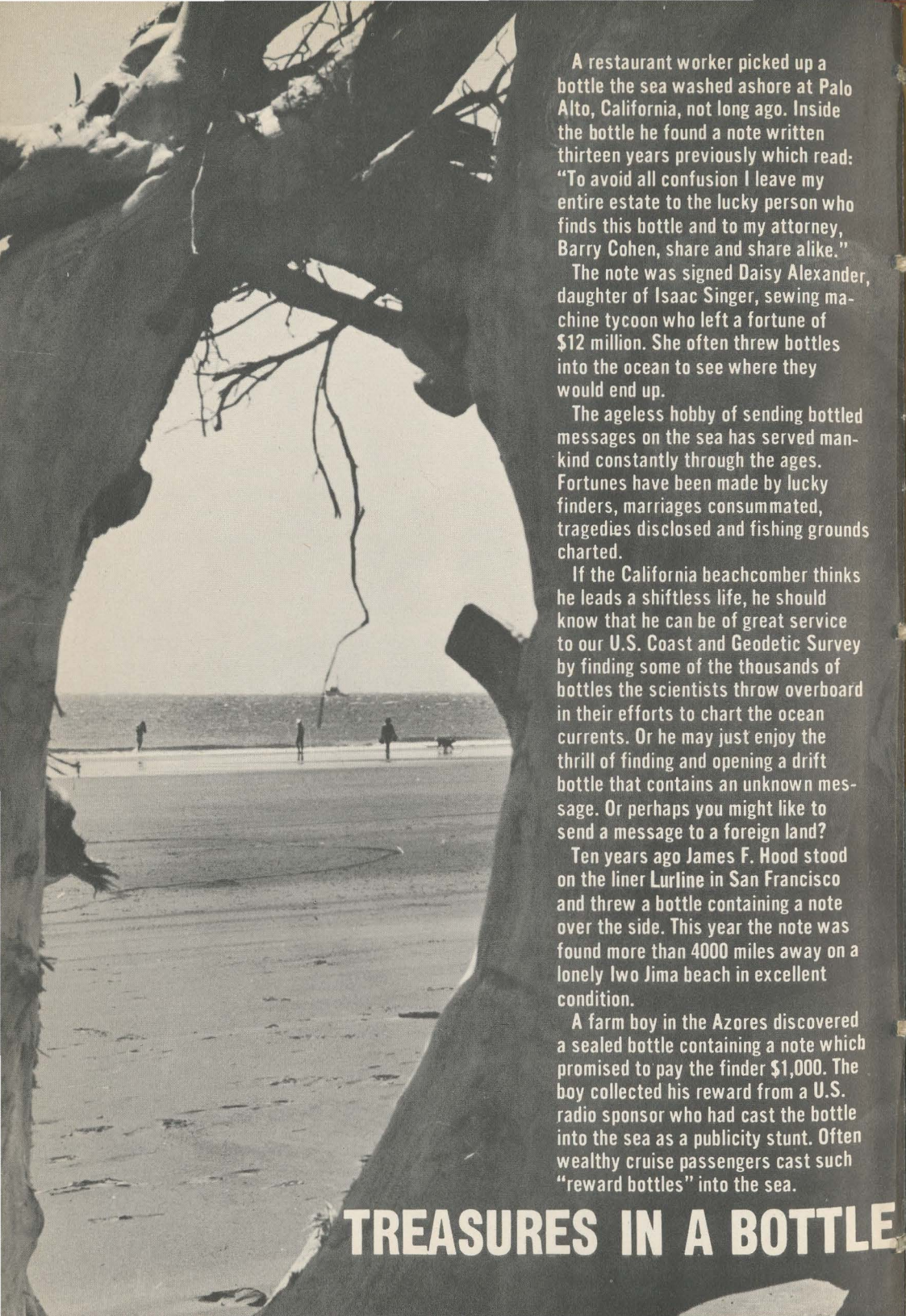
Friday: It was a pleasure to sign in an outstanding young man from Colombia. He visited the club in 1962—at that time he was a Lieutenant in the Colombian Navy. He resigned from the navy to join his country's merchant marine and is now not only master of his ship the *Bahia Manaure* but its sole deck officer. He told me he brought the ship to Boston with a crew of fifteen including two engineering officers. He came in to ask for assistance in locating satisfactory hotel accommodations for his wife when she arrives by plane on Sunday from South America. Until then he is staying at the Institute. He's not only an extraordinarily charming person but an extremely hard worker and an avid student. His ambition is to study electronics at an American university and he studies all the time improving his English, etc. He told me he has three hard jobs: running his ship; his marriage, a 21-year old wife and 15-month old son; and his studies.

Saturday: Ten Hollanders and two Spaniards from the Dutch ship, *Alamak* came in. Several stopped to play ping pong and billiards. Others took their guide maps and went to the World's Fair. All expressed interest in returning for the dances next week. One exchanged currency and several purchased stamps. One was an elderly Dutchman who at one time became an American citizen and is now a naturalized Dutchman. It took eight years,

(Continued on page 18)

International Club Manager Bob Sarafian feted more than 50 volunteer dance hostesses, their parents and children in August on a three-hour boat ride girdling Manhattan Island. Said staff hostess Tina Meek: "Beautiful Day, gracious host, happy people and a memory forever."





A restaurant worker picked up a bottle the sea washed ashore at Palo Alto, California, not long ago. Inside the bottle he found a note written thirteen years previously which read: "To avoid all confusion I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike."

The note was signed Daisy Alexander, daughter of Isaac Singer, sewing machine tycoon who left a fortune of \$12 million. She often threw bottles into the ocean to see where they would end up.

The ageless hobby of sending bottled messages on the sea has served mankind constantly through the ages. Fortunes have been made by lucky finders, marriages consummated, tragedies disclosed and fishing grounds charted.

If the California beachcomber thinks he leads a shiftless life, he should know that he can be of great service to our U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey by finding some of the thousands of bottles the scientists throw overboard in their efforts to chart the ocean currents. Or he may just enjoy the thrill of finding and opening a drift bottle that contains an unknown message. Or perhaps you might like to send a message to a foreign land?

Ten years ago James F. Hood stood on the liner *Lurline* in San Francisco and threw a bottle containing a note over the side. This year the note was found more than 4000 miles away on a lonely Iwo Jima beach in excellent condition.

A farm boy in the Azores discovered a sealed bottle containing a note which promised to pay the finder \$1,000. The boy collected his reward from a U.S. radio sponsor who had cast the bottle into the sea as a publicity stunt. Often wealthy cruise passengers cast such "reward bottles" into the sea.

TREASURES IN A BOTTLE

by Raymond and Schuessler

Marriages have been consummated through sea-bottle mail. In 1956 a Swedish sailor named Ake Viking posted into the sea a bottle with a proposal for "any pretty girl" to answer. The bottle drifted to Sicily after two years where a fisherman picked it up and gave it to his daughter Paolina. They corresponded—and married.

Another mate searcher put a note in a bottle and tossed it off a ship near Australia asking that "fate bring me a wife." A British ship picked it up. The stewardess who read it shortly after married the writer.

To some finders these bottles bring luck, but to many they carry tragic news. There was even a bottle message from the sinking *Lusitania* which was torpedoed during the First World War . . . "I am still on deck with a few people . . . the last lifeboat has left . . . a child is crying . . . the orchestra is playing . . . some are praying with a priest . . ."

Seamen in trouble have often scribbled a last hope or farewell message in a bottle. When the *U. S. S. Beatty* was torpedoed off Gibraltar in 1943 with heavy loss of life, a bottled note was sent adrift. It read: "Our ship is hit and sinking. Maybe this message will reach the U. S. someday." It did four years later.

Bottle messages have been used to save lives in many diverse ways. Preacher, Brother Phillips of Tacoma, Washington, beat the demon rum himself and for 20 years has filled whiskey, beer and wine bottles with Gospel messages which have reached 40 countries. One bottle finder answered indignantly at the misuse of such good bottles. He was a moonshiner.

How can a bottle survive the fury of a sea maddened by hurricane waves and winds that sink great ships and uproot the seacoast? A bottle is a seaworthy object imperishable on the soft bed of a sea unless it should meet another bottle. It can bob along at 100 miles a day, or lie in doldrums in an acre of water for a week.

The longest voyage made by a bottle has been argued for centuries. Perhaps the bottle used on the German scientific expedition in 1929 takes the prize.

They released a bottle in the South Indian Ocean with a note enclosed asking that it be recorded and thrown back into the sea. It was first reported at Cape Horn. Tossed back it was found in 1935 off the coast of Australia, a journey of over 16,000 miles.

The oldest bottle was probably tossed into the sea in 1784 in Matsuyama, by a Japanese treasure hunter whose ship was wrecked on a Pacific reef. Before he and his 44 shipmates perished he carved on a small piece of wood an account of their plight and sealed it in a bottle. Almost 150 years later the bottle washed ashore in the village of his birth.

There have been strange coincidences among bottle messages. One described the sinking of the British transport *Kent*, written by Major Duncan MacGregor. Nine years later and 5,000 miles from the scene the bottle finally washed ashore at the feet of a native servant on Barbados Island who took it to his employer—Major MacGregor!

Our Coast and Geodetic Survey are the most active bottle tossers. They drop thousands of bottles each year containing questionnaires in many languages. Finders are asked to fill out the forms and return these so the data can be used to study ocean currents.

"In general," says Captain Kenneth S. Ulm of our Coast and Geodetic Survey, "drift bottles point up the already well known facts of ocean circulation, but in some cases, new current directions are indicated by the findings of drift bottles in unlikely places."

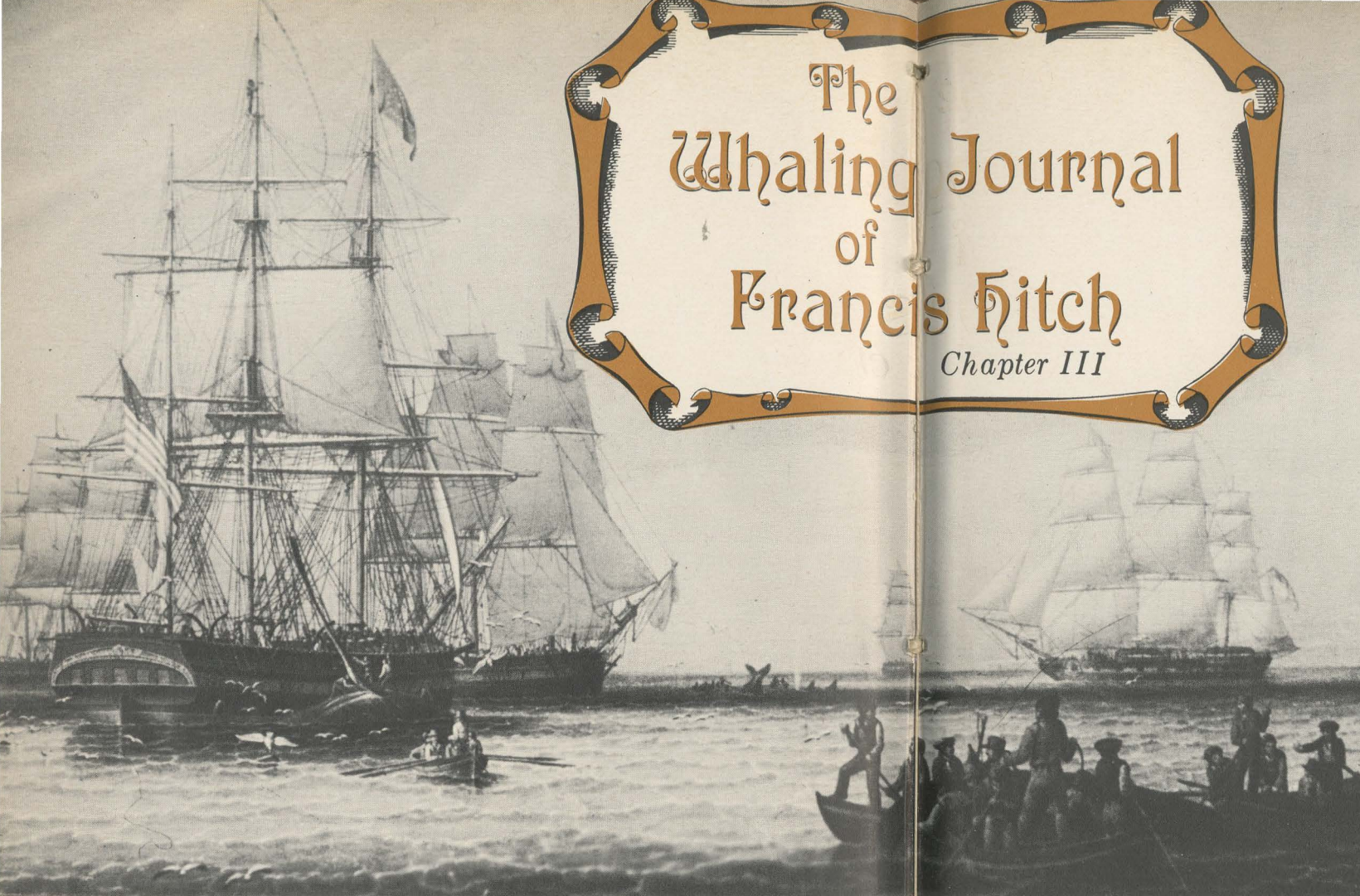
The first use of scientific drift bottles along our western coast was by the ship *Explorer*, on a cruise from Seattle to Norfolk, in 1960. From Seattle to San Diego, she launched 907 bottles of which 18 percent were recovered. Only five of those bottles were found in California, which means there are a lot floating around yet.

Last year of 4187 bottles released only 36 cards were returned. The Geodetic Survey would like to know what happened to the rest. Should you stroll the beaches with nothing else to do—look around. Some may lie half buried in sand.

(Continued on page 18)

The Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch

Chapter III



A continuation of Francis Hitch's account of his voyages to the South Pacific in the 1840's. From logbook of H. Harrison Huster.

HEAVE AWAY, BOYS

Saturday, the 28th of February. Begins with a light Northerly Wind with Rain. At 6 a.m. the Weather cleared off Fine. Hauled the Bark alongside of Russell on the Starboard Side both vessels heading the same way. We lashed a cutting Block [pulley] to the Bark's Main masthead and another to the Russell's Scupper and rove a Fall. We hove upon it by the Russell's Windlass but we soon found that we could

not heave the Bark down by this purchase.

We then took a new Hawser and made a Parbuckle of it by making one end fast to the Main and the other to the Fore Mast. We hauled the bight [middle part of the rope] under her bottom and lashed the lower Blocks to it and used the Russell's cutting purchase and Windlass. We then hove away and rolled her down (that is the Bark) upon her Starboard side. She came rather hard at first but as soon as she had heeled about half way down she rolled on to her Beam ends herself. We found the Copper and Sheathing Broken in several places but could not see that the Planks

were Broken as far as we could see her bottom on the Larboard side. After lying on her side about 20 or 30 minutes she righted of her own accord.

We stopped the two Auger holes in the Larboard side which were made on the Night of the fire. At 2 p.m. we winded the Bark around her head the other way, shifted the Hawser on to the other side, lashed down and hove until 4 p.m. But we could not get her down much as the most of the Weight was upon the Starboard side. We shifted over whatever heavy articles that we could get at. At sunset dropped the Bark astern of the Russell and gave it up for the day.

Monday, the 2nd of March. At 5 a.m.

hauled the Bark alongside of the Russell and lashed down to her with tackels. We took one Fall to the Bark's and the other to the Russell's Windlass and hove on both but did not make much progress as she hove down so hard. We hoisted several Cask full of Water up and made them fast to the Rigging of the Bark and filled others on the Larboard side to help heel her. We hove away again, and the lashings parted and she righted again, nearly right up.

We lashed on again and hove away and the Hawser parted so she nearly Righted again.

We then took 30 Fathoms of a Chain Cable and put around the Bark in the place of the Hawser and lashed on and hauled taut. We then took one of the chain cables and put on the lower side of the Bark and hove away until she heeled so much that we could not use the Bark's windlass. We then hove on the other Fall [to the Russell's windlass]. It soon parted and she Righted as far as the Fall on Board let her. We then rove a New Fall and took them both to the Russell's Windlass and made all fast and got our dinner.

After dinner we hove upon her and between 2 and 3 p.m. we got her on her beam ends. We found this side much the same as the other—the Copper and Sheathing broken in several places but could not Discover as the Plank were broken. . . .

We covered the two places that were cut to sink her on the night of the fire with Boat boards and Canvas. We then righted her and got all the heavy Articles off the Deck. We got the Deck clear at about 5 p.m. We then commenced bailing at all the Hatchways. We got supper between 6 and 7 p.m. and divided all hands into two Watches. The Bark's Starboard and Russell's Larboard Watches Stood together, taking the first Watch at work. At 7 p.m. they had lowered the Water from 1 to 1½ feet. At 10 p.m. they had settled the water from 2 to 2½ feet. After 11 p.m. they did not gain on the water.

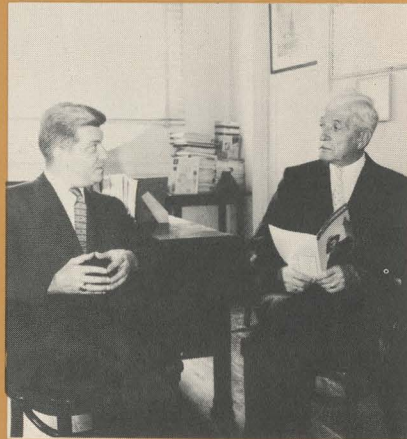
We are all about as well as we were yesterday, Thanks be to God for the Blessing.

I gave in my deposition to Mr.

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

NEVER TOO LATE—"I wish I had made this trip as a young man," said spry, 73-year-old Jak Valkenier (r), retired former director of Rotterdam's famous seamen's home as he stopped at the Institute last month while on a junket reuniting him with a far-flung family and visits to seamen's agencies. With SCI's Dutch shipvisitor Van Wygerden, he toured the building, walked the grand new Holland-America Line pier, climbed aboard the ship Kirkedyk and sat through Dutch church services in New Jersey. He squeezed in the World's Fair. "Now that I have made this trip alone, I have some idea how a seaman feels alone in a foreign land, how glad he must be to find a friend," said the 18-year veteran of seamen's work.



OFF TO THE FAIR—For seven enthusiastic officers and crew of Norwegian freighter "Leif Viking" the day began with the arrival of SCI's jitney to Port Newark's Gottstad Line. A nod from the skipper assured SCI's shipvisitor and guide Thor Dahl that the landing passes were in order and he shouted "have a good time." They were off to the Fair. At breakneck pace they walked through General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Pepsi Cola and the Scandinavian pavilions. Time and money dictated that as much as possible be condensed into five hours, and by day's end the weary visitors were deposited at the gangplank.



AUF DEUTSCH—German-born American Margot Mertens has braved tornados, survived floods and ridden bulldozers the last 14 years producing non-political, human interest programs about life in America to be broadcast in German over the Voice of America's station R.I.A.S. in Berlin for an audience of millions behind the Iron Curtain. Last month when SCI's shipbells struck the hour of 11, Miss Mertens started her tape recorder and completed her 2,184th interview—with SCI's Director of Special Services, Dr. Roscoe Foust, who discussed our ministry to seamen, especially foreign. She spent time with SCI's German-born librarian Elizabeth Colman who in German described her work catering to reading tastes of seamen. Said Miss Mertens "I just knew there would be a fascinating story in this building."



LEARNING THE ROPES—By arrangement with United Seamen's Service, a junior student at Brooklyn College literally learned the ropes as an SCI shipvisitor for one day this summer. Tutored by shipvisitor Van Wygerden, pert Marilyn Feingold sailed through a tour of 25 South Street and right aboard Dutch freighter "Kamperdyk" where she learned the routines of shipboard life. Her summer job with U.S.S. is part of required practical experience in social work, and judging from her enjoyment of the day at SCI, she might someday work in a seamen's agency.



STUYVESANT TOWN—The curtain dropped again in the name of progress on another Coenties Slip building this summer within stone's throw of SCI. Museum officials were summoned when excavation of the site revealed the crumbling limestone foundation which once supported a 17th Century Dutch house on Pearl Street and unearthed crude cooking utensils. The old treasures were taken away by the Museum of the City of New York for study and exhibit, while one SCI'er scavenged through the debris for the amber-glazed wine flask (photo inset). The project was a reoccurring reminder that the city of skyscrapers evolved from humble habitations on the waterfront.

DESTINATION: Qui Nhon

**"they thought a lot
about God for the
first time in their lives"**

The sight of the huge troop transport vessel *Gen. R.M. Blatchford* on which I would be spending the next few weeks was rather awesome. Able-Bodied seaman Bryant—that's me—is used to general cargo ships for oil, gas and iron. But this cargo was to be human. We were headed out of New York for San Francisco, then to the heart of Viet Nam.

It took a few days to acquaint myself with the ship; I even got lost a couple of times in the troop compartments. As I walked through blocks of empty bunks I had a flashback to those days of World War II and Korea when the *Blatchford* carried troops to battle. Did the G.I. who slept in this rack ever come home?

The trip to San Francisco was uneventful; calm weather prevailed and we always enjoyed a breeze. Panama was humid and working uncomfortable, but that, too passed. Ten days after embarkation we were in San Francisco where the ship berthed for two weeks repair.

The assignment next took us to San Diego for loading United States Marines. In eight hours the ominous quiet of the compartments was displaced by the noise of black and white men, younger and older men, trained for combat.

by seaman Eric Bryant

At Port Hueneme (Calif.) came aboard swarms of Seabees—the construction experts—and to carefully store their elaborate gear we docked for two days, proceeding to Tacoma to load what seemed like the whole U.S. Army.

Nobody knew for sure our destination in Viet Nam as we pulled away in the darkness of morning, but we thought it would be in the combat zone.

With 3500 men, many on their initial cruise, the sick and nearly sick staggered along the decks, making walking difficult (those seasickness pills arrest, they don't cure).

The Pacific sailing was rough; we took the Northern route past the Aleutians to make better time. Confinement in crowded quarters with men going to war encouraged conversation. Men became close friends in order to talk about everything but the inevitable. Seamen and soldiers had a lot in common, I discovered. Friendships must be fleeting ones. At the end of the line the goodbyes are regretted. Next trip you will make new friends.

I never asked what they felt, going to war. I don't think they had any feeling. The government said 'go' and they were going. Many didn't know what they were fighting *for*. One got the feeling that the younger men had left milkshakes sitting on the drugstore counters, fully expecting to be back momentarily.

We heard comments from the Seabees: "the Marines are a bunch of old women or something"; the Marines: "the Seabees stink"; the soldiers: "the Marines and the Seabees both stink."

Our first stop overseas was Okinawa to discharge the Marines who were to get further combat training. They were a fast-moving bunch, traveling light, so it didn't take more than eight hours before we were on our way with Seabees and soldiers.

For the first time the realization of what was to come hit them. The feigned humor of previous days ended. Chapel services were better attended. We carried three military chaplains. One Dutch Reformed, I think, one Lutheran and one I don't remember. A

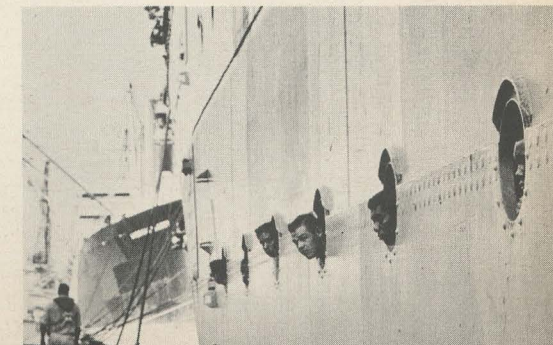
soldier conducted prayer services for Catholics. I dropped by the officers recreation room where the Navy chaplain conducted Protestant services, introducing his talks with Moody science films about the scheme of the Universe and things. I remember his repeating a verse from a spiritual—'His eye is on the sparrow.' Reduced to military jargon: 'All present and accounted for, sir.' I think they thought a lot about God for the first time in their lives. There were some seamen at the service.

The chaplain came on watch with us and at other times in the night, we could see him walking the bow intent upon the phosphorescent water below. *0700 bells.*

The mountain backdrop, the beach, sandbags—Qui Nhon was clearly visible. Cargo discharged. While the Seabees were swarming ashore, instructions came that the soldiers were to remain shipboard one more day. When morning came, amphibious jeeps came shipside for them.

All seamen were given liberty with the captain's warning to go ashore at their own risk. The city of Qui Nhon had been the center of fighting two months previous, but enjoyed dubious safety). I joined the others disembarking and as our boat approached the landing, we could see soldiers filling sand bags and digging in for their new home. The only thing in town that reminded me of a military frontier was soldiers everywhere. I browsed in the shops, bought a tiger's tooth and some post cards for the family, returning to the ship for some sleep before going on watch.

Two a.m. next morning we got underway toward DaNang in the North.



After a few hours out a Navy destroyer approached, signaling to us: 'Who are you and where are you going?' (The officer on watch did not understand why they were signaling; the Navy sometimes mistakes an MSTC ship as Navy because it is painted grey. The Navy signalman was sending messages and expecting them to be received by a trained Navy signalman—faster than most merchant officers can read). I was signalman in the Navy four years and the Mate asked me to read him, which I did, and the conversation which followed.

[Logistics deleted]

I went ashore in DaNang but the Seabees remained; no one had found time to provide sleeping quarters ashore. However, that day we had unloaded their gear onto barges and it was exhausting work. Liberty was given with strict orders to be back on ship after dark. On the eight o'clock watch that night I could see mortars and flares in the hills and could hear

gunfire. The *Blatchford* could have been shelled, but luck was on our side.

Our assignment completed, we started the lonely return voyage to San Francisco.

How strange the quiet seemed, how sad. Again I walked through the compartments. I wondered, how many would come back. I thought of the kid who sat hunched in a corner with a blanket over his head all the way across the Pacific because every time he looked out he got seasick. How would this dirty war affect him? The embittered 19 year old marine from Cleveland who hated the service and war. Whether the message he had given my watch partner, also from Cleveland, would get back to his mother and father in Cleveland.

If I should write about troops going to war I should have to write 3500 stories, one for each man. I wonder how many of those stories would have endings before the stories were written.

Double Discovery

Ninth graders learn maritime history in unique Columbia University project which will bring 160 of them to SCI'S Marine Museum.

The Marine Museum and four other Manhattan museums are participating in the President's project "Double Discovery" designed to encourage academic interest and to raise the self image of 160 culturally and economically deprived New York City 9th grade youngsters.

For eight weeks this summer, counselors and 40 undergraduate students at Columbia and Barnard Colleges are bringing Negro, Puerto Rican, Oriental and white children on educational field trips to the museum where they are learning about America's maritime history through ship models, descriptions, maps and artifacts.

The youngsters who spend two hours each afternoon at the Institute are part of a total group of 160 who have been selected by their teachers and guidance counselors for an extensive three year development program aimed at preparing them for college.

Miss Connie Weber, on the Columbia staff administering the program for the Office of Economic Opportunity, stated that without these summer programs few of the able youngsters would go on to college. Through the program they receive a head start.

Academic drilling is also a part of the program and the youngsters in the Columbia groups study English and

mathematics for three hours each morning in classes of 10 under the supervision of professional teachers. Many of the instructors will be teaching these students again this fall in five high schools and all have had previous experience in working with underprivileged youngsters.

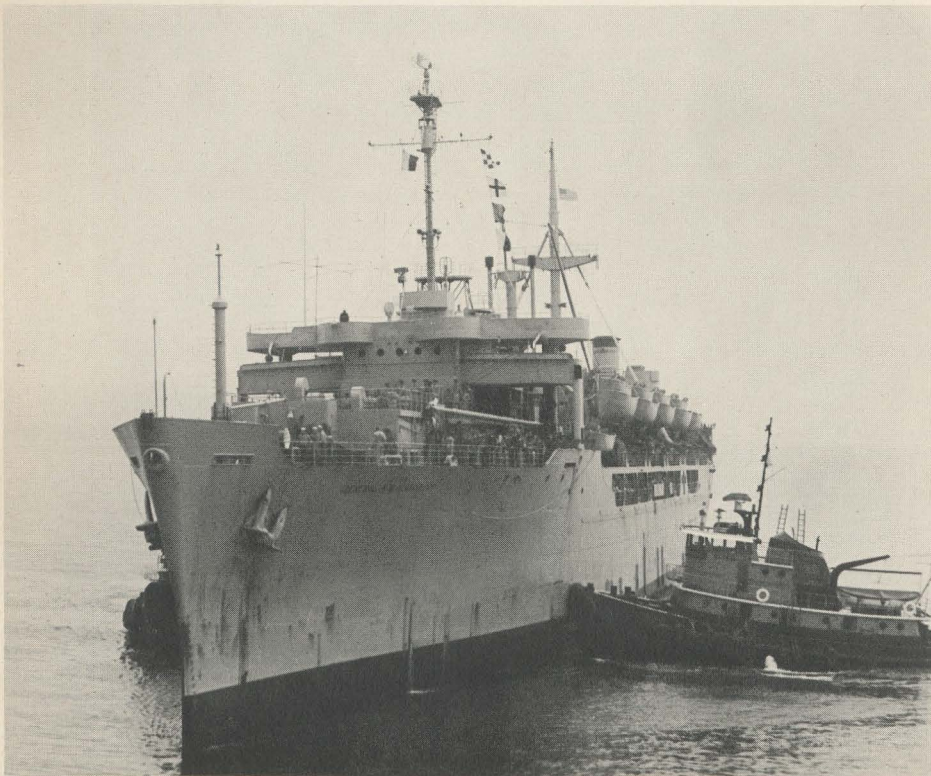
In addition to the Marine Museum the youngsters spend afternoons at the museums of the City of New York, the American Indian, the Modern Art and the Guggenheim. Other field trips take the children to the United Nations and to foreign consulates.

So that the students benefit from their visits, the counselors describe and ask questions about historic ship models in their relationships to the development of American history. They are questioned about these ships in follow-up discussions when they leave the museum.

Early this summer when the itinerary for the field trips was being discussed, Columbia sent research people to all the popular Manhattan museums to appraise them in terms of educational value and children's interests. The Marine Museum was an immediate choice.

Typical of the youngsters was pretty, 15-year-old Jacqueline Yuzzi from Jamaica High School, who was

(Continued on page 18)



Orleans ended with his death after only a few years together. It sent Betty back to sea.

"I remember the day and the hour and the minute. It was 1954 and jobs weren't easy to find. I'd been haunting the Union Hall (NMU Stewardess Hall) every day, all day, when finally a job came up in the last call of the day, and my card was first."

She's been shipping since then, most recently aboard the new **Santa Mercedes** from New York to Calleo, Peru.

When in New York, she makes her home in Greenwich Village. She indulges an insatiable appetite for the theatre and bargain-shopping.

She collects castoffs and hand-me-downs to take back to Peru for her "pet charity"—a day school for underprivileged Peruvian children. She is a scavenger for discarded things aboard ship, too. "They can use anything at the school—discarded menus, washrags, soap, clothing—anything people are pitching out, I grab. I even collect the paper hats and horns after a ship's party," she told us.

No further comment than "I love it" was necessary in describing Betty's attitude about life and her job.

DOUBLE DISCOVERY

(Continued from page 17)

fascinated by the stories told by salty museum employee Chris Svendsen.

"He's wonderful," she said glowingly. "He knows an awful lot about pirates, superstitions . . . even the sinking of Port Royal. He told us he thought women aboard ship were a jinx. He even saw some pirates when he was a sailor." From her conversation we knew that Jacqueline had assimilated a wealth of facts from the museum visit.

In addition to exposing children to all the educational, cultural and recreational benefits of the city, Columbia included "skill" sessions designed to develop latent talents in photography, dramatics, modern dance and creative writing. The 9th graders live and eat on the Columbia campus and on weekends are transported to city parks and beaches for recreation.

The Institute is pleased to provide the services of its museum staff in making these visits more meaningful, and to cooperate in the President's Program "Double Discovery."

he said, to regain his Dutch citizenship. He proudly showed his Kennedy half-dollars and other coins and casually asked for an American gold coin! *Sunday*: Rev. Mr. Sahlberg from the Swedish Seamen's Church called on a tour of the building with a Norwegian and a Swedish seaman from the M.S. *Bali*. I invited them to join us on a dance night and presented them with guides and souvenir postcards.

Tina Meek
N. Sheridan

TREASURES IN A BOTTLE

(Continued from page 9)

Men have been measuring currents to expedite voyages by means of bottles since Grecian days. Ben Franklin used bottles to chart the many ocean currents which he originally discovered from whalers and mail ships. So accurately did he trace them that they are followed today by scientists all over the world who keep thousands of bottles afloat and coordinate all their data.

The way a bottle bobs can teach us how a ship might take advantage of a current or avoid an against-the-current path. After the war drifting mines played havoc with shipping until bottle studies showed which currents would suck in the mines, and which routes ships might take to avoid their paths.

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service offers one dollar to the lucky finder if they will fill out the questionnaire giving the location where they found the bottle. In this way they hope to discover new fishing grounds.

Ketchup bottles, fancy wine bottles, pickle bottles, gin bottles are all bobbing along on the wide benevolent sea today and if you see one, pick it up, it could contain a fortune or a story or important information for scientists. Who knows, one day you may find the legendary genii in a bottle and have all your wishes come true—if you are calm enough not to end up inside the bottle.

SEND LOOKOUT TO A FRIEND

We thank you readers who responded to our appeal for new subscribers. With your cooperation we succeeded in adding 1,032 new members to the Institute family. The largest number of people who sent in names took advantage of the free three-months introductory offer. Many readers enclosed the \$1 yearly subscription price with each new name and others already receiving the LOOKOUT made an additional contribution to the Institute, indicating that the subscription to which they were entitled be sent to a friend.

In a continuing effort to introduce more people to the work of the Institute through LOOKOUT, we provide a convenient gift blank on which readers may forward the name of another friend. We will begin sending LOOKOUT with this issue to your friend along with a card telling him of your gift.

Again, to all of you who cooperated with us in our appeal, a sincere thank you. We know you will maintain your interest in telling the story of the Seamen's Church Institute to the widest possible audience.

Please send the LOOKOUT to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

- I am making an extra contribution
- I am enclosing \$1 for one year.
- Please send them a card

Your signature _____

REUNITING SAILORS WITH THEIR MONEY

(Continued from page 6)

Where are these "forgetful" mariners, and how much is waiting for them? Well, almost \$3,000 is waiting for a Britisher who made a 1949 deposit; a native of Latvia will get \$3,800 if he can be located behind the Iron Curtain. But the most absent-minded of all is the Spanish seaman who deposited \$9,000 (an incredible amount and almost a fortune in Spain) *just seven years ago!*



JOURNAL OF FRANCIS FITCH

(Continued from page 11)

J. B. Williams, the U.S. Commercial Agent in reference to John Remington who was Accused by Capt. E. Gifford of setting Fire to the Bark Elizabeth on the Night of the 15th of February, 1846.

Tuesday, the 3rd of March. At Daylight we found that the Crew had not gained any upon the Water in the Bark for it was full as high as it was last evening at 10. They kept at work until nearly 7 a.m. and gave it up for a bad job. . . . John Remington was discharged from confinement, there not appearing sufficient evidence against him to send him home for trial in the View of Mr. J. B. Williams, the United States Commercial Agent.

*You Are Invited To A
Champagne Reception and Preview*

“Street of Ships”

*An Exhibition of
oils, watercolors and
prints of the East River
in its historic and romantic
setting*

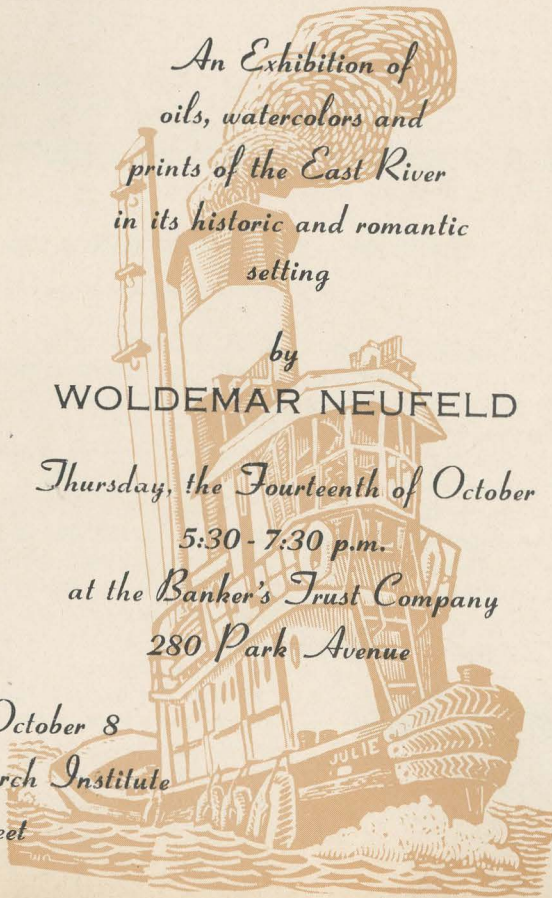
by
WOLDEMAR NEUFELD

Thursday, the Fourteenth of October

5:30 - 7:30 p.m.

*at the Banker's Trust Company
280 Park Avenue*

*RSVP by October 8
Seamen's Church Institute
25 South Street*

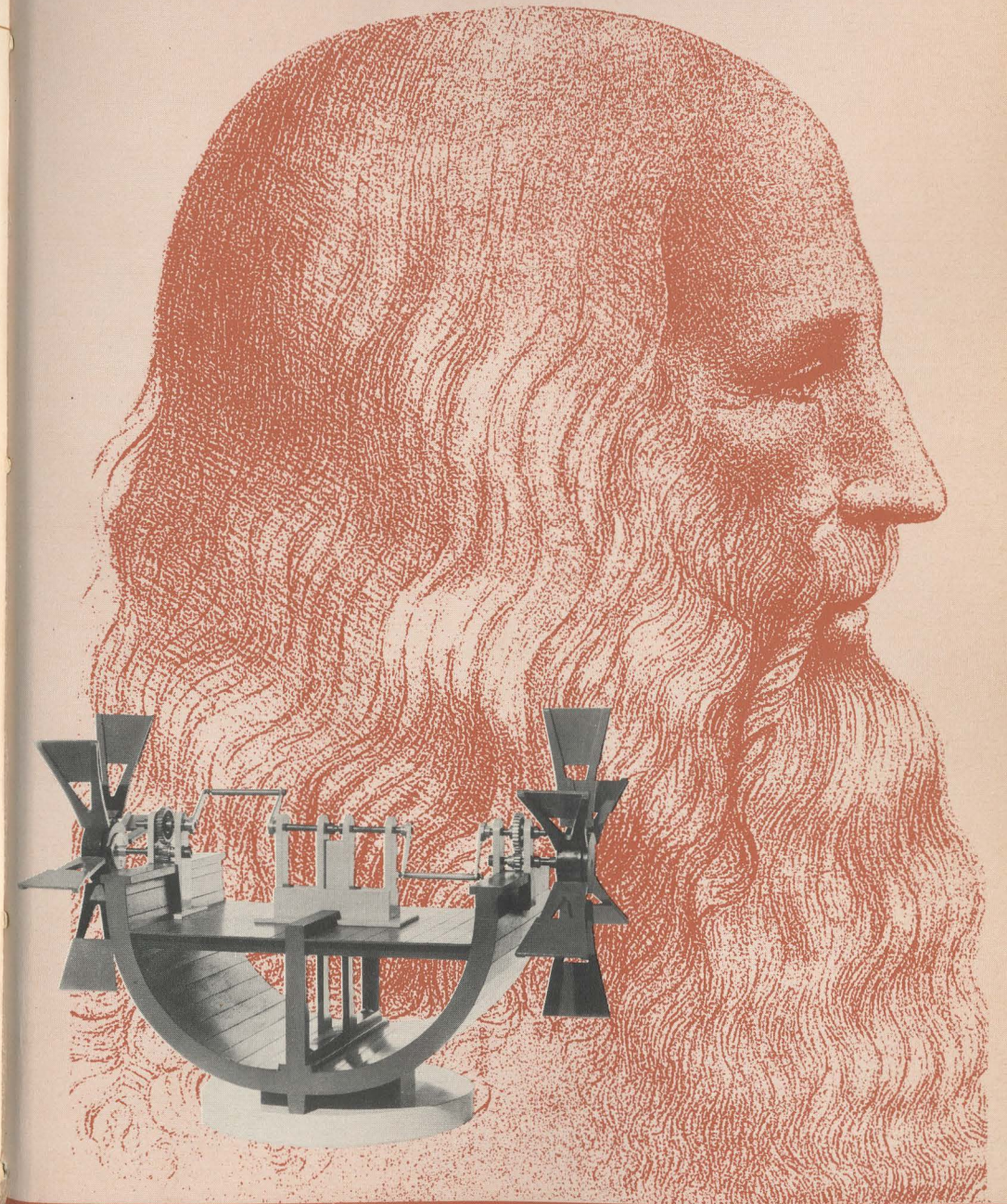


*Donation: \$10
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the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



OCTOBER 1965