



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



DECEMBER 1970



# Scale for Giving

❖ The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart.

❖ The second is to give cheerfully, and not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

❖ The third is to give cheerfully, and proportionately, but not until solicited.

❖ The fourth is to give cheerfully, proportionately, and even unsolicited, but to put it in the poor man's hand, and thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

❖ The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him.

❖ The sixth which rises still higher is to know the objects of our bounty,

but remain unknown to them.

❖ The seventh is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved persons, nor they, the names of their benefactors.

❖ The eighth and the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity by preventing poverty; namely, to assist the reduced fellowman, either by a considerable gift, or a sum of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in a way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding out his hand to charity.

—Rabbi Moses Ben Maimonides

(Ed. note: Rabbi Moses Ben Maimonides, noted Spanish philosopher, defined charity as "giving by degrees." In the year 1135 A.D. he wrote the above scale for giving.)

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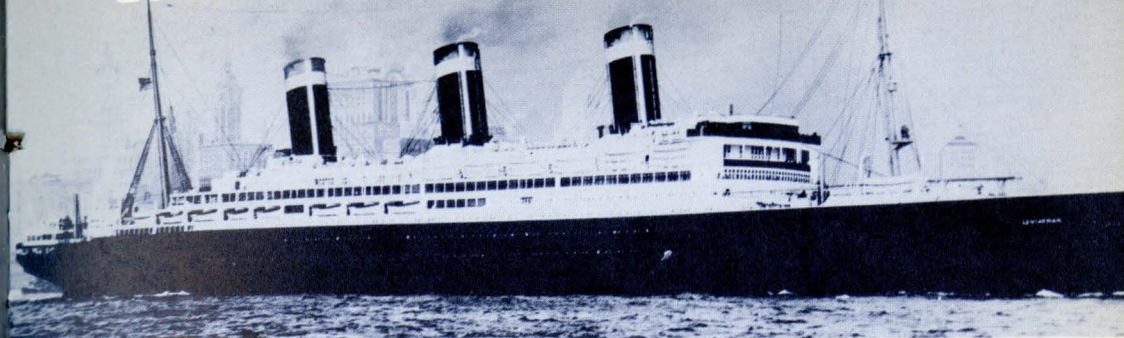
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COVER: Christmas at sea: the captain's pudding. A small girl passenger aboard a packet of the 1870's is shown the special holiday foods to be served aboard the ship.

# REMEMBER LEVIATHAN?



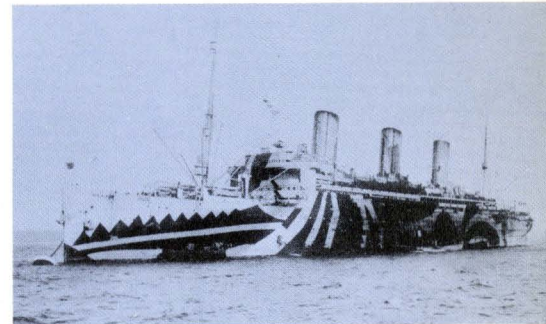
The U.S.S. Leviathan as she appeared while in normal passenger service and as a World War I troopship in camouflage.

She was a big ship, all right. Not, perhaps, the biggest in the world as some claimed at the time I joined her in 1926. The British countered that claim by citing their *Majestic's* length of 915 feet, against *Leviathan's* 907. But she was the biggest commercial vessel that ever flew the Stars and Stripes, her size only exceeded in recent years.

To me, when I first saw her at the Hoboken lay-up pier, she was immense, well worthy of her name denoting a "Monster of the Sea," said to have been chosen in 1917 by President Woodrow Wilson. We, of the crew, usually referred to her as 'The Levi,' 'The Big Iron Steamboat' or 'The Great Three-Stacker.'

Having just come off a little cargo steamer that plugged up and down the coast carrying sulphur in bulk, the *Levi* sure looked like the greatest to me. I soon was to find she was, certainly from the crew's point of view. That was a real big crew, too, some twelve hundred, enough to man forty little rustpots like the one, with her horrible sulphur cargo, I'd been so pleased to leave.

Soon I was delighted to find one really great thing about the ship—the food. That is, after all, a very important feature to seamen. Most ship's food for the crew wasn't so good in those days, but the meals served in the messrooms of the *Levi* were enough to satisfy the



most particular 'chow hound.'

As a measure of the hugeness of this ship the coffee might be cited. Coffee is the seaman's favorite beverage. Give him plenty of good coffee any time, day or night, and he'll be apt to growl less about other items. That brew on the great three-stacker was certainly good. It was made from a well-known brand supplied to the ship in *Leviathan* containers, each holding fifty pounds.

Then, in addition to the regular meals, there were always available leftovers from the passenger galleys. We called them the 'Black Pan', and it was nothing unusual to go into a messroom at night and find whole chickens, hams, joints of beef, cakes, pie, ice cream available for a snack. Yes, we lived high on the *Levi*.

And what spacious decks there were. A sign stated that seven times around the promenade deck was equal to one mile. Many of the exercise-conscious passengers ambled over the scrubbed planking daily. It entailed a lot of work to keep those decks clean. All night long, every night at sea, gangs of sea-

by George R. Berens



men were busy with scrubbers, brooms and hoses. During the day there was a never-ending chore of painting and washing paintwork to be done.

Towering above were those huge smokestacks, gaudily scarlet with the white and blue bands at the top. Every trip they had to be painted, and the fact that twelve men in bosun's chairs were strung around each stack for this task gives an idea of their immense size. On the ordinary cargo ship, for instance, four or five men suffice.

That third stack was a dummy; it did not carry smoke and vapor from the boilers. It did, though, serve as an outlet for the galley ranges. Frank Braynard, that incomparable ship enthusiast who has written so many books about ships, illustrating them himself, says that ever since he made a sketch of the *Leviathan* for his book, "Famous American Ships," showing smoke streaming from all three stacks, "I have had a guilt complex."

But in the course of his years of research for his new book about the *Leviathan* he has learned that Number Three stack served as the galley funnel, so that smoke *did* come from it. The strangest thing he could have drawn at the top of that stack would have been a dozen men standing inside the rim. But they were really there one trip coming into New York Harbor, sight-seers in the smokestack! What an explosion there was on the bridge when the captain spotted them!

Even the feline population of the *Levi* was indicative of her size. Most ships carry a pet cat, or even two or three. But in the notable instance when the order went out to round up all the cats on the big liner I counted *fifty-four* of them! There were probably many more not captured but never the two-hundred named in the press reports of the time.

Another memory of this great ship is an occasion when a group of the crewmen were discussing her size. This led to a contest to decide the least time

it would take for a man to go the whole length of the ship from bow to stern. There were several entries.

They lined up all the way forward at the jack staff, where a man was stationed by the telephone there. When a contestant touched the jack staff and took off, the telephone would be cranked ringing the telephone aft on the fantail where another deckhand stood by with a stop watch to time each man.

Of course, the journey could not be made on one level. It required climbing to higher decks or down to lower decks where passageways ran fore and aft. But the fact that the best time made in this contest was twelve-and-a-half minutes will give anyone familiar with ships an idea of the *Leviathan's* size.

A great number of passengers who travelled in the *Levi* were world-known figures, stars of stage and screen, royalty, industrial tycoons, and other notable personalities.

We of the deck crew had little contact with them but I recall two famous men who did fraternize with the crew during the Atlantic passage — Will Rogers, whose wit and geniality was always welcome, and Sir Thomas Lipton, that persistent challenger for the *America's Cup* whose nautical knowledge astounded us.

The *Levi* could accommodate some 3,000 passengers, and she was usually well-booked. During her service as a troopship in World War I she carried 14,000 men — a whole division at a time.

Even the parties in her crew spaces were king size. There was one organized once to honor her boatswain's birthday. This naturally called for some liquid refreshment. As his birthday fell on the same day that we put into Cherbourg, homeward bound from Southampton, conditions were ideal.

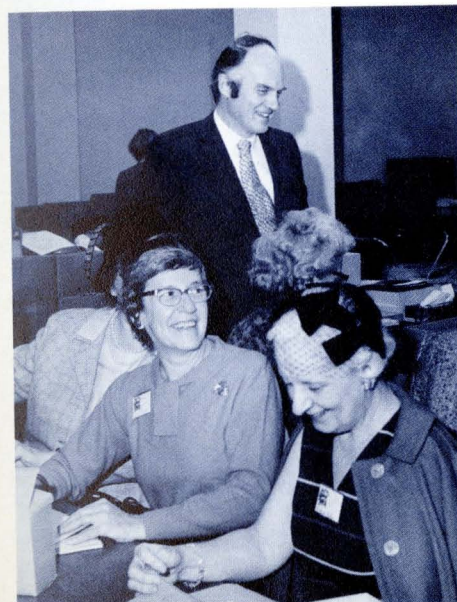
Those who remember this far back will recall that in those days it was illegal to possess or sell any kind of alcoholic beverage in the U.S.A. and, of

(Continued on page 13)

## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

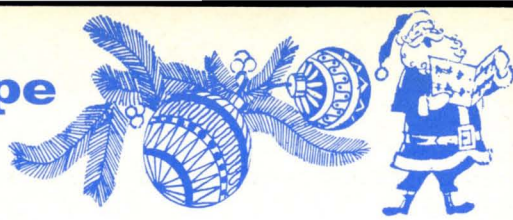


(Above) Volunteers of the SCI Women's Council work diligently in their headquarters wrapping gifts included in the SCI Christmas boxes for seamen. The Rev. Miller M. Cragon of the Institute staff dropped by to observe (below).



Variously termed the "Gift Shop," "Boutique," and by seamen as the "Stoppe Chest," is a small area in the Institute lobby where small articles are sold to the public by staff and volunteers of the Women's Council. Profits help the Institute budget. The "shop" emphasizes nautical articles and is under the direct supervision of Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon (behind showcase).





While searing conflicts and rivalries may exist between various nations today — the Israeli-Arabic situation a case in point — these enmities seemingly are not in evidence at the Institute where seamen from nations over the world commingle in harmony, without dissension.

Not so long ago, at a period when the Israeli-Egyptian quarrel had evolved to a white-hot heat and the world stood aghast, Egyptian and Israeli mariners rode jovially together in perfect amity on the SCI bus from Port Newark to the SCI Manhattan building for an evening dance—where the same amicable relationship continued. Then they rode back to Newark—good fellows together.

Hardly ever — not at all, really, according to SCI personnel — do seamen of diverse nationalities “tangle” physically or even verbally over international differences. Politics is just not their “bag” — to use a classical Latin term. Ship crews, almost since the beginning of recorded time, have often been composed of many nationalities, all “getting along” as ship-mates, Institute staff point out.

One of the most unique examples of seafaring harmony is the group of some fourteen ships trapped in the Great Bitter Lake of the Suez Canal for the past several years and whose care-taker crews representing the various East and West countries have formed an organization for intership entertainment and other purposes called the “Great Bitter Lake Association.”

In 1968, for example, Polish seamen

built a large floating Christmas tree near the *Nippon*, a Japanese ship; the men from all the marooned ships ringed the tree in their ships’ lifeboats on Christmas Eve and sang carols, exchanged visits, food delicacies, and in the words of one seaman, “had a hell of a good time.”

The same conviviality will undoubtedly prevail on Great Bitter Lake this Christmas.



Since Port Newark handles many container ships of foreign registry where wives and children of the officers are sometimes allowed to accompany their husbands aboard — particularly during school holidays — Chaplain G. B. Hollas, director of SCI’s Mariners Center in Port Newark, says these women and children from the nearby docked vessels sometimes come over to the Center to enjoy its recreational features — as a change from ship’s living. If some drop over to the Center during the Yule holidays to view the Center’s Christmas tree, he won’t be surprised.



“Will there always be seamen?” was the theme posed at the annual meeting of the International Council of Seamen’s Agencies which opened its three-day conference at the Institute in October.

There was general agreement there will always be seamen but they will become highly trained persons, skilled in various technologies; the uneducated deckhand will disappear to be re-



From left: Commander Arthur W. Gove, John Breckenridge, Andrew Rich, the Rev. Dr. John M. Mulligan, Capt. Thomas King, Capt. Kenneth E. Torrens.



The Rev. Roscoe T. Foust



Carl E. McDowell



O.I.M. Porton

placed by a new breed of professional seamen.

Shipping line managers prognosticate that as highly-automated merchant ships become gargantuan in size and even more automated than at present, there will be more employment opportunities for women aboard as members of the crew; not as steward-

esses, etc., but as technicians to maintain and operate computers; as “office workers”; even as operators of control consoles.

Mrs. Helen D. Bentley, chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, spoke before the group as did various panelists representing such interests as the U.S. Maritime Administration,





National Maritime Union, Todd Shipyards Corporation, Farrell Lines, U.S. Coast Guard, Atlantic Container Line, Ltd., and other organizations.

Those attending the meeting toured New York harbor and visited the SCI Mariners Center in Port Newark.

Dr. John M. Mulligan and Peter Van Wygerden of SCI, together with the Rev. Bernard Spong, president of the Council, arranged the details of the conference. The Rev. Dr. Roscoe T. Foust, retired SCI chaplain, gave the opening address.



From left: The Rev. William Haynsworth, Roger Dunham, Don Davidson, the Rev. William Fensterer, the Rev. Bernard Spong, John Rogers, Paul Matthews, Simon Versluys.

Seamen visiting New York City for the first time are sometimes victimized by unsavory characters in the streets and elsewhere who prey on the unwary; the "crimps" are gone but their successors linger on.

The Institute does what it can to help when such unfortunate seamen come to its attention.

On a night in October, Ivan Mascall, a seaman from Trinidad who signed on a Greek ship as an A.B. — while in Trinidad — was riding in a New York subway, his attention diverted by the new sights and sounds; upon reaching his subway stop he prepared to leave the car and reached down to pick up his suitcase.

It wasn't there. More tragically, the suitcase contained all his money — three hundred dollars.

He sought out the police who referred him to the SCI where he was given a room on credit and money for meals. The following day the National Maritime Union called the Institute to say the missing luggage had been turn-

ed in to the union headquarters.

With high hopes, Mr. Mascall was driven to the union building by an SCI shipvisitor (Mr. Mascall had become terrified of the subway at this point) to recover his lost bag and money only to find that the cash was gone!

Desolate because of his money loss and on the verge of panic because of what it would mean to his family of five in Trinidad, he was returned to the Institute.

After interviewing the seaman, SCI's Chaplain William Haynsworth, with the know-how acquired through experience on many similar cases, contacted the ship's agent in Philadelphia who agreed to pay Mr. Mascall's return passage to Trinidad as well as the expenses incurred by the Institute in the seaman's behalf.

Without the assistance and help given by the Institute in this instance, Mr. Mascall's grievous situation could conceivably have turned out much worse.



A visitor examines an exhibit of paintings executed by seamen and other persons in the evening art classes held in the Institute.





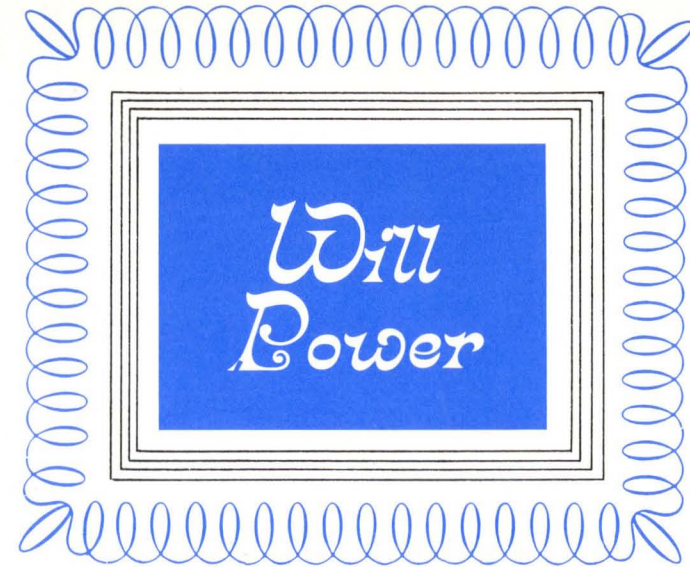
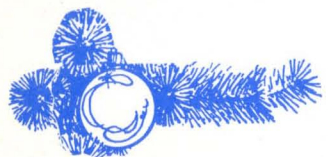


Cool October weather and lively dance music combined to produce an enjoyable evening's entertainment at the SCI Seamen's Club attended by crews from ships in the Greater New York and Port Newark harbors and by *The Lookout* camera.

Seamen from Port Newark were, as usual, bussed to and from the Manhattan headquarters.

Amateur entertainment by seamen or hostesses is encouraged at these affairs. Two of the hostesses sang a French ballad to the delight of the audience.

Not to be outdone by the Manhattan SCI entertainment, the following Sunday the Port Newark staff arranged for a party of Chinese crewmen to be taken to and given a tour of New London and the Mystic seaport. The crewmen were from a ship harbor-bound because of a sugar industry strike.



Many a clergyman has had a penitent say to him "My trouble is not with *will power*. My trouble is that I don't seem to have enough *won't power*." And on the other side, anybody who has ever been involved in a fund-soliciting campaign whether for the Church budget or the United Fund or some form of annual giving knows how much "won't power" people suddenly develop.

There is a very powerful form of will power which many people overlook either through carelessness or bad planning — the power of a bequest. A well-written Will is the most important document an individual can have. It is an instrument wherein you can make your wishes known and also know that they will be executed to the letter of the law.

The way you dispose of your estate reveals the kind of person you really are. A person who has thoughtfully supported agencies which seek to heal social ills wants to continue his support after he has departed this life. He does

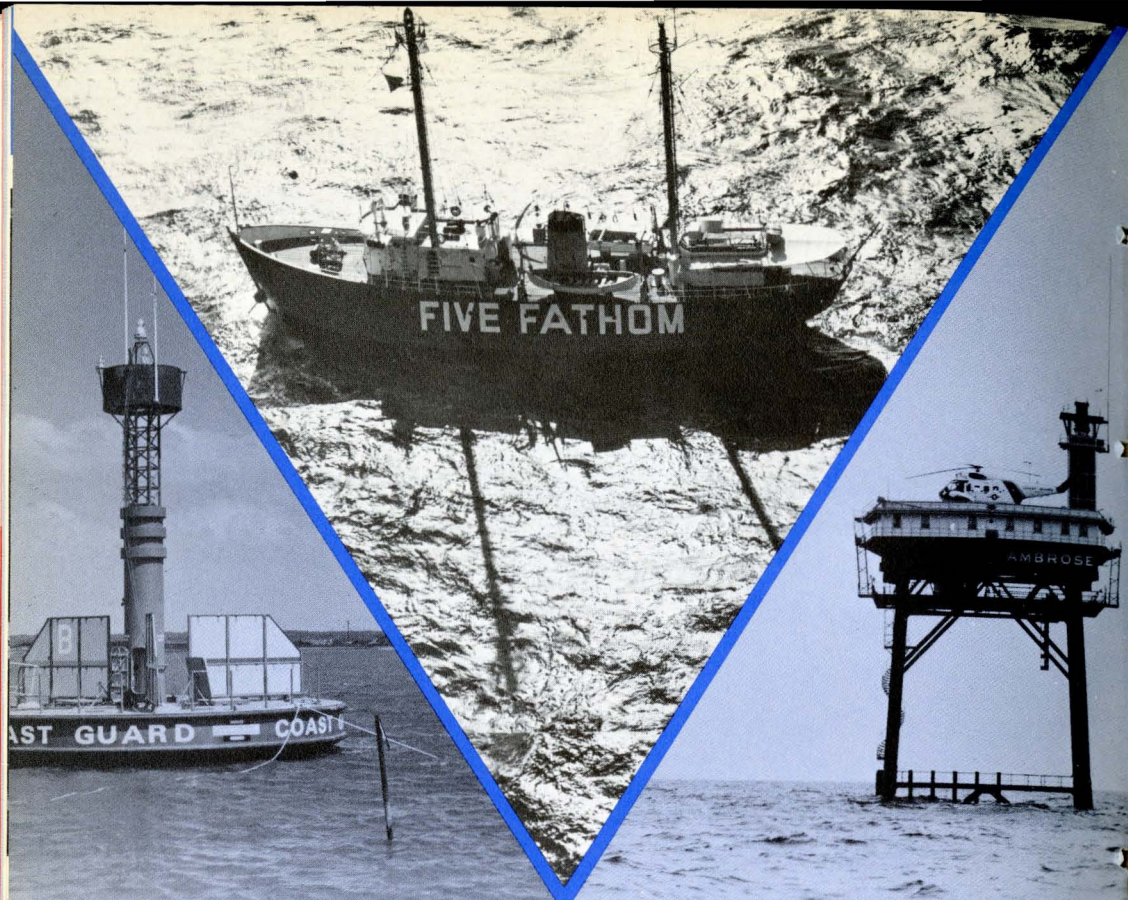
this by means of a directed bequest and this is where Will Power comes into play. Very few social agencies today could exist and meet the ever-increasing demands of the present if they were not the beneficiaries of bequests—Will Power.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York (legal title) would be a great deal less than it is today if we did not enjoy a substantial amount of Will Power. During the past year we have received a number of very modest bequests. Taken together they are a great source of added strength and we are extremely grateful for them. Today's needs can be met and tomorrow's problems confronted. Thanks be to God.

Periodically it is wise to consult your Attorney and make sure your Will is completely up to date. If you change your mind be sure to change your Will. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York bespeaks your ever-continuing support.

John M. Mulligan





## BUOYS REPLACE LIGHTSHIPS

The first in a series of improved and modernized large navigational buoys to replace lightships was dedicated by the Coast Guard in August, during ceremonies at the Coast Guard station in Cape May, N. J.

At the same time, the Coast Guard formally "retired" the original Five Fathom Lightship, ending almost half a century of service.

The new buoy, tabbed "LNB" for its formal name, Large Navigational Buoy, was positioned about four miles off Sandy Hook, N.J., formerly the site of the old Scotland Lightship and for the past three years manned by a prototype LNB.

It is operated and monitored electronically from the Cape May station, the control point for other LNBs scheduled for deployment off Barnegat, N.J.

and at the entrance of Delaware Bay later this year and in early 1971.

The physical appearance of the LNB is markedly different from the standard navigation buoys seen regularly by those who use the seas. Its hull is 40 feet in diameter and its 38-foot tower houses a 7,500 candlepower xenon-gas flashing light visible for about 10 miles.

The foghorn of the LNB can be heard for some three miles and the buoy emits a navigational radio signal which has a range of about 20 miles. These primary systems are supported by back-up systems in case of malfunction.

The buoy is powered by diesel-fueled engines and AC generators and is designed to operate for months without maintenance. If desired the buoy can be modified to collect and transmit

oceanographic and weather data.

In general, the LNBs are capable of handling all the functions of a lightship at a fraction of the cost. Based on today's prices, about a dozen LNBs could be built for the cost of a single new lightship.

The 13-foot lightship being decom-

missioned was built in 1923 at the Bath Iron Works in Maine. The vessel was replaced earlier this year on station by the former Barnegat Lightship, which, although already repainted "*Five Fathom*" and positioned just outside Delaware Bay, is now formally Five Fathom Lightship.



### REMEMBER LEVIATHAN? (Continued from page 4)

course, the *Leviathan* was technically a part of the U.S.A. Prohibition was in force aboard her as was oft proclaimed by various shipping officials, and as often denied in the press.

At Cherbourg the big ship lay at anchor. Passengers, mail and supplies were brought alongside in a small harbor steamer. It was part of our duties to load the mail and supplies, and we were well aware what some of the supplies were! We couldn't help but recognize some of the cases we were taking aboard for they bore the name of a world-renowned beverage, and the legend, "The Brandy of Napoleon."

The cases were hauled aboard in a cargo net on the end of a winch fall. The load swung over the foredeck, and was lowered into No. 2 Hatch. At the hatchway stood the boatswain's mate supervising the work. On this particular occasion he motioned the winch driver to lower away, then held up a hand as a signal to stop as the net-sling of cases reached the 'tween-deck. Two reliable men had previously been stationed there; they seized a case and hustled it forward and out of sight.

That night in the spacious carpenter's shop we celebrated the bosun's birthday, and soon all became Napoleons on his potent drink. And like the famous historical figure, we met our Waterloo. We were fired when the *Levi* docked in New York. But it had been a good party, worth it all.

But it wasn't long before some of us were back on the big steamboat again, back to our sumptuous meals in the

great floating hotel.

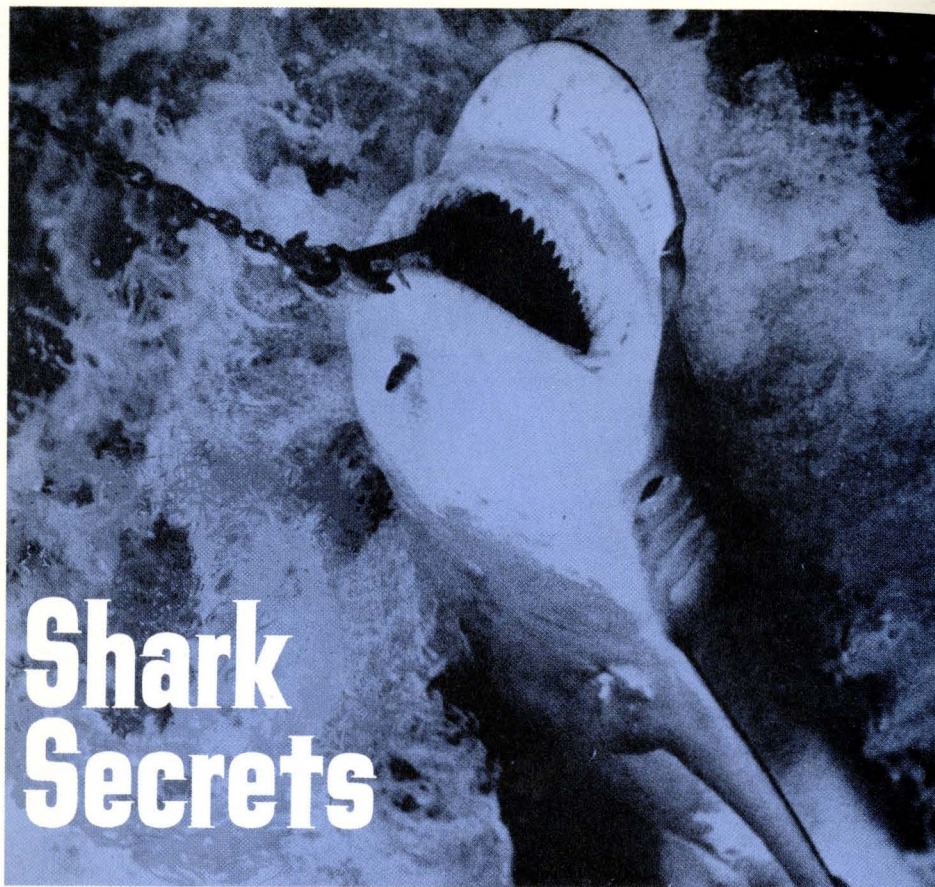
"See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore." Kipling's words apply well to the *Levi* on sailing day. Those great smokestacks surely did roar when the engineers were getting up steam to drive the huge, powerful turbines. The sailing day scene was stupendous. From early morning the big liner had been all hustle and bustle, with nigh on a thousand men performing varied tasks in preparation for the embarkation of twice that number of passengers.

The last of the cargo and the ship's stores were stowed. Thousands of bags of mail were loaded. Then, as sailing time approached, the passengers started to flow aboard over five gangways. On the pier were thousands of people. Scores of men were hustling baggage aboard. Others were checking and directing the passengers. There were newsmen covering the sailing and silent men just watching proceedings, checking the crowd.

Yes, it was an animated, sometimes hectic scene, and when the hour approached for casting off, and the huge brass whistles high on the stacks sounded their deep-throated roar, the milling thousands were silent for a moment, and the crewmen redoubled their efforts at the varied tasks necessary to get the big ship away from the dock.

The old-timers among us who sailed on the *Leviathan* have these wistful memories of a great ship in an exciting era now gone forever.





# Shark Secrets

by J. R. Crane

During the period between the end of the Revolutionary War and the beginning of the war of 1812, many Yankee skippers made money and a reputation by becoming blockade runners, carrying goods to France. This infuriated the English, then at war with France, and probably contributed to generating the War of 1812.

The English were most anxious to stop the flow of American goods to France and their warships put a tight blockade around American and French seaports, often stopping and searching vessels leaving America. But the wily American skippers were adept at circumvention and a good percentage of them got through to deliver their car-

goes to France on schedule.

One favorite deception used by American captains was a double set of shipping papers—one showing the true destination of the vessel and another attesting that she was headed for an English port.

The false papers were kept in the captain's desk while the true destination papers were concealed somewhere about the ship. In time the English became experts in finding the hidden papers and most American blockade runners threw the true papers overboard when an English ship approached.

But if an English ship came suddenly out of the fog it was not always pos-

sible to get the incriminating documents into the sea.

A Maine captain named Martin had a unique way of hiding and disposing of such papers even with English officers on board; he wrapped the documents in oilskin and concealed them in the bottom of the garbage pail in the galley of his ship. Since dumping the pail into the sea was a common chore on ships, no one paid any attention to a cabin boy apparently doing a routine chore.

Captain Martin was very proud of his artful scheme. "That set-up would fool a Jonesport lobster," he boasted. "An Englishman couldn't figure it out in a hundred years."

But shortly after making this boast he was trapped by the mute testimony of a dead shark.

Captain Martin's Waterloo voyage started when he left Boston for the West Indies in command of the brig *Nancy*, in the spring of 1799, with a cargo vital to France.

Things went fine until the vessel reached the Caribbean and a British warship intercepted the *Nancy*. But the *Nancy* cabin boy had ample time to dump the garbage pail and its tell-tale evidence.

The American captain was taken to Kingston, Jamaica, to be tried on suspicion of carrying contraband, and was about to be released on the basis of his ship's false papers which appeared valid to the presiding English judge.

But then another British ship, the *H.M.S. Ferret*, sailed into the harbor unexpectedly, it detaining the *Nancy* and its captain testifying how his men had killed a large shark that was trailing the ship; when it was cut open certain oilskin wrapped papers were recovered from its belly, undamaged and legible.

The judge took one look at the papers and declared the *Nancy* a lawful prize of war and ordered the captain fined and imprisoned.

Sharks have omnivorous appetites, large stomachs and a slow digestive process. A big shark can hold an almost unbelievable amount in its stomach. One giant shark captured while he was feeding close to an Australian dock had, in its stomach, half a ham, three legs of mutton, the hind quarters of a pig, and parts of a bulldog including a long leash.

Another caught in the same place a few days later had, among other things, three overcoats, a nylon raincoat and an automobile license plate. A shark never gets indigestion regardless of what is in his stomach; when he ingests something his digestive juice cannot handle, he simply makes an oversized burp and expels the offending object.

A shark's ability to store food for long periods helped to solve the famous "Shark Arm Murder" case in Australia in 1935. In this instance an amateur boxer told the police of a plot by an organized gang to wreck a yacht for its insurance money. Two days before he was to testify against the indicted group he disappeared and, at about the same time, a fisherman reported seeing some of the alleged plotters dumping a large sack into the sea.

The police dragged for the object but could not find it. On the day after the boxer dropped from sight, fishermen working for the Sydney aquarium caught a big tiger shark which subsequently disgorged a human arm marked with an unusual tattoo of a catfish. The arm was in good condition and plainly showed that it had been severed with a knife.

A local tattoo artist testified that he had put the fish decoration on the missing boxer's arm a short time before he disappeared.

Acting on this information, the police arrested the suspects who eventually confessed to killing the missing witness.



## *We salute and thank you, friends of the Institute*

*... for your benevolences in the various forms over the year. Without these gifts and volunteer work, the Institute would be markedly handicapped, its future made precarious.*

*The real worth, vigor and substance of a voluntary social service organization may always be measured by the caliber and participation of its supporters.*

*Gauged in this way, it is clear that the Institute not only enjoys general approbation, but has drawn to itself a perceptive group of men and women interested in advancing the general welfare of the merchant seaman through appropriate financial grants and legacies to the Institute.*

*As the past year ends and a new one begins, the Institute looks forward to the future, buoyed by the tangible expressions of confidence from its supporters. You have made our hopes brighter.*

