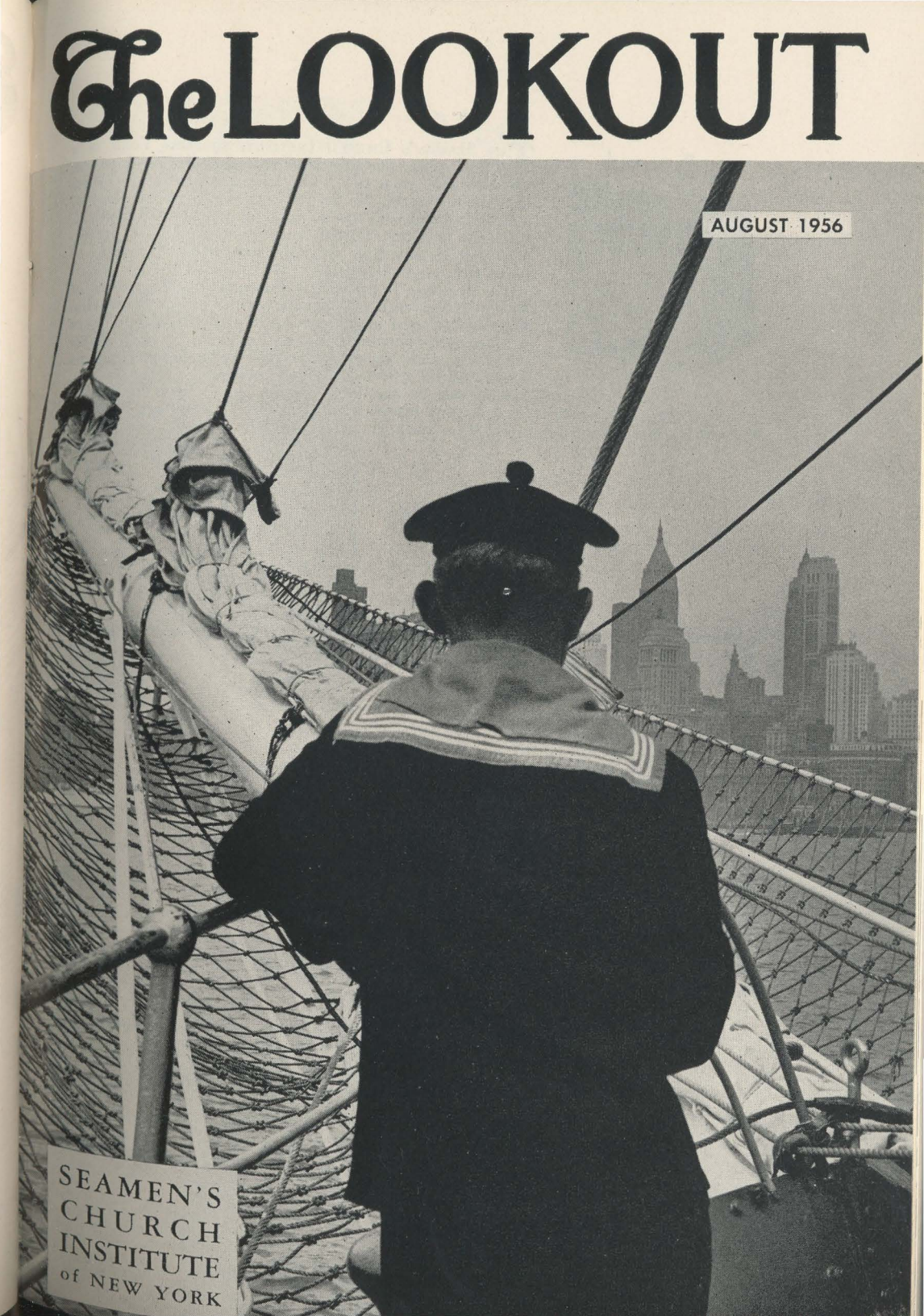
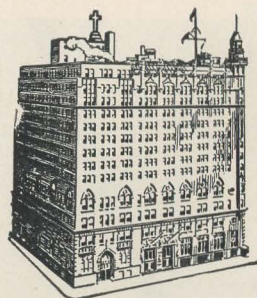


The LOOKOUT

AUGUST 1956



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLVII, No. 8

AUGUST, 1956

Copyright 1956 by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director

TOM BAAB
Editor

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

FAYE HAMMEL
Associate Editor

Published Monthly \$1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925 at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879

THE COVER: A 15-year-old Norwegian trainee on the *Statsraad Lehmkuhl* keeps a sharp lookout as his ship enters New York. See Page 1.



Men, Rope and Canvas

The Norwegian bark *Statsraad Lehmkuhl* arrived in New York three days prior to the fog-shrouded crash of two passenger ships off Nantucket. Carrying no radar, the *Lehmkuhl* during her Atlantic crossing depended primarily on men, rope, and canvas. A visitor to the ship was sharply aware that sailing is not just ships and the sea, but *men*, ships and the sea.

Young lads who went nimbly up the rigging were a reminder that man stays alive much through the grip of his own arm, and that no more than half of his safety is in the stoutness of his equipment.

Out of fashion today is the old tattoo "HOLD FAST" on the back of a sailor's fingers, but the good sailor knows that knobs and dials have not shrunk the task of the human hand.

Photo by Dept. of Marine and Aviation

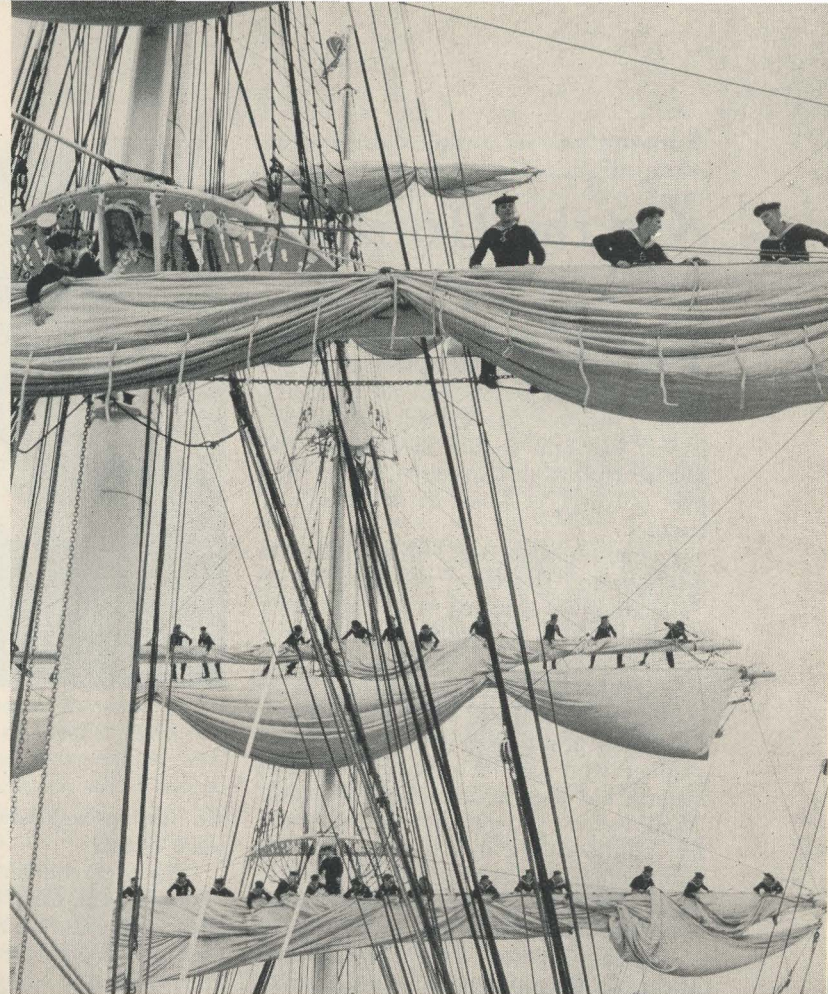


Under Sail

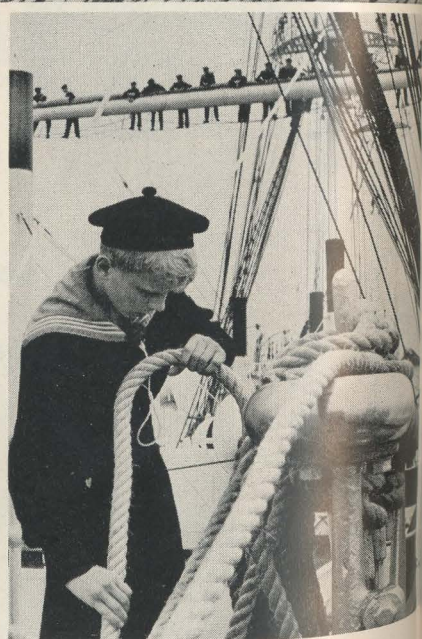
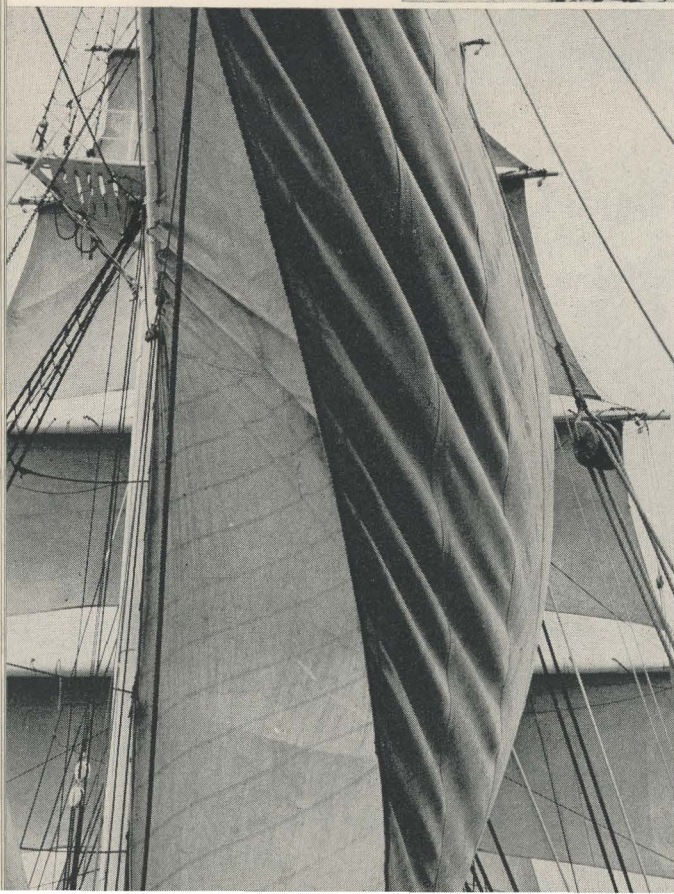
On the bowsprit taking in sail, these four Norwegian boys get their first close look at Manhattan. Ninety-one of the 146 trainees aboard left the *Lehmkuhl* in New York to take other assignments on Norwegian ships. The *Lehmkuhl*, herself, had not been seen in New York since 1952.



Aloft in their dress blues and under the pressure of an audience, trainees from the *Statsraad Lehmkuhl* lost a few caps to the 7 mile breeze that pushed the trim bark the last few miles to its dock at Pier 26, North River.



To the beat of a lively Norwegian tune, the capstan crew fetches the hook up.



Like all of his shipmates, 15-year-old Svein Per Hjertaker is intent on learning the ropes. Not all of the 146 boys who came to New York on the *Lehmkuhl* will remain seafarers. Some will return to Norway and high school before choosing a permanent trade.

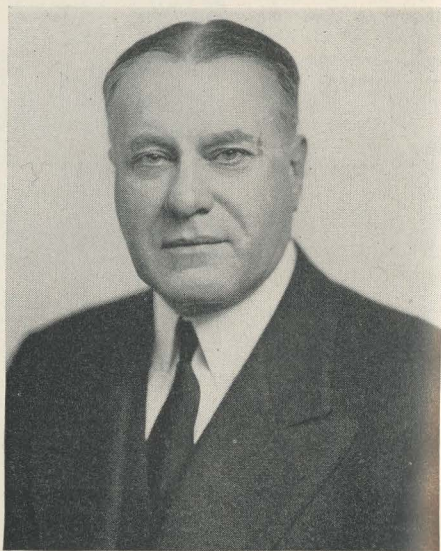


On the Horizon

THE changed sociology of seafaring and the merchant sailor's future role were outlined by the president of the Seamen's Church Institute, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, at the July annual meeting of the Marine Historical Association, Mystic Seaport (Conn.), at which the Institute was honored.

As guest speaker, Mr. Michalis told 350 members and friends of the Association, "The sailor has changed as his ships have changed. Yet it is surprising to observe how much resistance there is to the idea that sailors should be any different today than they were in the windjammer days. Television people and newspaper photographers who visit the Institute for feature material are often disappointed. They ask, 'Well, haven't you got anybody that *looks* like a sailor?' The idea seems to be that sailors should not appear just like the rest of us who sleep at home and lead somewhat colorless lives.

"In the industry itself," noted Mr. Michalis, "the word goes around that today's sailor is not really a sailor. He is a mechanic, a seagoing porter, a bellhop, an electrician and other fraudulent things. Everyone is quick to tell you that it 'took more to be a sailor in the old days.' More of what? More courage and more self-reliance? It seems to me that a vital contribution has been made by merchant seamen *throughout* the nation's history. This includes the Revolution and the War of 1812, when our freedom hung in the balance. But it also includes World War I and World War II. Our freedom hung in the balance then, too, and merchant sailors again made the difference. At 25 South Street we have seen too much courage to want to borrow any from the last century. As for the old time sailor, was he really self-reliant or was he reliant on luck in his captain's navigation, on mercy in his captain's eye and favor in the winds? How much was he the master of



Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, guest speaker at Mystic Seaport (Conn.)

his mission and how much was he the pawn of fate?

"The essential point," Michalis declared, "is that a sailor today knows what he has to know to do his job. As Lloyds of London will tell you, he seems to have a higher average of safe voyages, and that satisfies me.

"Today's sailor is not less of a man," he said, "but he is a different man. He is no longer the purposeless wanderer, for he is often well educated and trained in special skills that would support him ashore as well as at sea. Very often, he is married and is making payments on a house somewhere. When he is at the Institute he is likely to talk more about things in Ohio than what he saw in Calcutta. Some who used to stay with us now have their own families in Staten Island, and we rarely see them."

Commenting on the material gains seamen have made since World War II, Mr. Michalis observed, "By and large, seamen today are a happier lot than they used to be. They have purposes and designs for living. Their requirements when ashore in New York are not the same as they used to be, but sailors will always have unique

needs which the Institute has the inspiration and tradition to meet. We are busy at the Institute trying to keep our services and our facilities up to date, for we are inspired by the conviction that today's sailor is a good man and one in whom society has a greater stake than ever before.

"He is a man anxious to prove that he is competent and does not have to go through the world as did some of his predecessors—a lame stepchild often in need of every type of assistance. It is our hope to modify our services along lines that will give him a maximum of independence and a fullness of life."

Mr. Michalis pointed out that the sailor's welfare was ultimately related to that of the marine industry, which, he observed, "has not kept pace with the mass production technology upon which the rest of America's living standard is based."

Referring to the "uneconomic" subsidies therefore necessary to enable American ships to meet foreign competition, Mr. Michalis said, "Somewhere ahead of us must lie the true solution, but as yet we have not been able to find it. In the meantime, the sailor—as so often in the past—is figuratively way out at sea, the fore-runner, we hope, to a new horizon in human relations. There are many like him, of

course, whose industries are tariff protected, and as foreign technologies gain, the problem of the sailor will become more apparent to those who live under the same sheltering arm of protection.

"As a nation," suggested Mr. Michalis, "we must realize that ours is not an island empire, but that we are members of a larger family with whom we live and trade for our common good. This was a fact of life in New England, and now that our country is settled from shore to shore and its timber is cut, its mines are dug and its fields are plowed, international trade should re-emerge for all America.

"Here is promised a proud role for the merchant sailors of this nation. It is gratifying, therefore, to find Mystic Seaport eloquently reminding the country of its historic maritime resources. I am impressed by the fact that your supporters hail from 43 states of the Union and that your first registration for the Munson Memorial Institute studies in maritime history came from Colorado. These are the areas that must be reached. It is a quirk of political geography that our maritime future lies beyond the Appalachians with those who have yet to learn the great traditions of the sea developed centuries ago by the Yankee traders."

Mystic Seaport (Conn.) recaptures the life of a small New England port of a century ago and champions the values — self-reliance, resourcefulness, fortitude — associated with America's maritime past.

Mystic Seaport Photo



The World of Ships

SWIFT SISTER

A sister ship to the *United States* should be off the ways within five years, according to plans disclosed last month by the Federal Maritime Board and the United States Lines. Outlining the project at a Congressional hearing, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board Clarence G. Morse disclosed that the new vessel will be even speedier than her illustrious sister. She will be designed to operate commercially at 30.5 knots; the *United States'* commercial speed is 28 knots.

It is estimated that the new ship will cost between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000 to build. Shipbuilding and operating costs would be shared by the Government and the United States Lines. In the event of war, the Government would be able to carry 13,000 troops on the giant ship.

The new vessel will replace the smaller and slower *America*, whose troop capacity is only 7,500. Witnesses at the hearing agreed that the *America* was uneconomical to operate and should be replaced.

PAY IN THE SKY

Not everyone finds pie in the sky these days, but more than 100 New York barge captains find pay in the sky every other Friday. They are the scow skippers for the New York Trap Rock Corporation, and their semi-monthly pay checks are delivered by helicopter in the middle of the Hudson River. The company-owned yellow 'copter usually catches up with the moving tows—strings of 21 loaded barges—somewhere between Nyack and Yonkers, New York. Down it swoops on a high flat pile of crushed stone, out steps the flying cashier, calls the roll of names of those present on

the tow and hands the men their pay checks.

Barge captains, who often had to wait many weeks to come to town and pick up their checks, think the new system is wonderful. The company pilot, C. William Barolet, also thinks the new system is a lot of fun. "Makes you feel like Santa Claus," he says.

WEATHER SHARKS

Want to buy a barometer for about 14 cents? The British *Nautical Magazine* says it can be done in New England, where it reports, "families have just discovered that shark's oil is a splendid indicator of weather." The sticky, white fluid is supposed to become cloudy and bubble up when a storm is in the offing, turn almost transparently clear when sunny weather is ahead, and become lifeless and dull when rain threatens. Six and eight-ounce bottles of the handy weather-caster can be had, the magazine states, for the equivalent of one shilling—about 14 cents.

SOLDIERS AHOY

A chorus of protest is rising against the Defense Department's recent designation of students at the federal and state maritime academies as officer candidates in the Naval Reserve, rather than midshipmen.

The latest complaint comes from the Board of Visitors to the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point. Students at this school, along with cadets at the state maritime academies in Maine, Massachusetts

New York and California, can now be drafted into the Army as foot soldiers even though they have been trained to be merchant marine deck and engine officers.

The chairman of the group, Senator Frederick G. Payne, has filed with the Senate a recommendation that the midshipman status be restored at all maritime academies. "This strikes the board," the report said, "as a situation where a deplorable and expensive waste of highly skilled manpower is involved."

Speaking at Maritime Day ceremonies in New York in May, Charles S. Thomas, Secretary of the Navy, accused the Department of Defense of "scuttling our Merchant Marine in time of national emergency and our national defense." He asked for a full Congressional investigation of the situation.

SAFETY IN SOLITUDE

Most people think that sailing across the seas in a small boat is a pretty dangerous thing to do, and sailing in a large passenger ship is relatively safe. But a Swedish yachtsman named Yngve Cassel found things worked out differently for him. Cassel arrived in New York early in July after crossing the ocean in a trim 33-foot sloop, the *Cassella*, with a crew of one. He told reporters he found the 83-day-long, 6,478-mile journey from Falmouth, England not dangerous, but "lonely." Sailing is for unhappy people, he said.

For his return passage to Sweden, Cassel preferred company. He got it, as well as the danger he had missed on his small-boat crossing. Cassel was aboard the *Stockholm*, when she rammed her bow into the *Andrea Doria* on the night of July 25.

A-SHIP

That long-discussed American atomic ship is finally a definite prospect for the future. Last month, a joint Congressional conference committee authorized the construction of a nuclear-powered merchant craft which would cost about \$40,000,000.

This is the answer of Congress to President Eisenhower's proposed atomic peace ship, which Congressional leaders had dubbed a "showboat." Their plan is to develop an atomic engine for a ship that would be both economical and practical, and act as a spur to private construction of a fleet of high-speed tankers and freighters. The Atomic Energy Commission would design and construct the hull.

Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the conferees, reported that the Russians have already begun work on an atomic-powered ice breaker. So far, however, there have been no reports of any other countries building atomic merchant ships.

SPARE THAT WHISTLE

The *Robert Fulton* may be gone from the Hudson, but her melodious, three-toned whistle will still be heard on the river, if one local steamboat enthusiast has his way.

The whistle, which originally graced the *Mary Powell*, the proudest of all the Hudson River queens, is being saved from obscurity by William Ewen of the Steamship Historical Association, who is making plans to have it installed in a waterfront factory. He is having it shipped here from Jacksonville, Florida, where the *Fulton* is being converted into a barracks ship for lumber workers in the Bahamas.

Without the *Andrea Doria*

TIRED, unshaven and a little out of sorts from the stampede at Pier 97, 75 crewmembers from the *Andrea Doria* were registered at the Institute a sleepless day and a half after their ship, their belongings and their jobs had been lost to the savage bow of the *Stockholm*. At the Institute most of them took their ditty bags, their room keys, and their raveled sleeves and went where sleep could do its work. A few stayed up to reassure worried relatives. One man was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital to visit a seriously injured shipmate. Institute staffmember Thomas Taggard helped the injured man contact his married daughter in Texas; she flew to her father's bedside.

Language was a problem when *Doria* sailors were registered at the SCI. Most of them could understand some English, but only about one in ten could speak it. Because of their different dialects, the crewmembers had some difficulty understanding each other. Italian-speaking policemen from the 1st Precinct were at a premium.



In the morning, spirits improved, the men were taken to Macy's, where the Italian Line had authorized an emergency \$60 clothing allowance for each man. When he returned to the Institute that evening with his charges, Mr. Taggard asked wearily, "Have you ever gone

After their first three days at the Institute, these crewmen from the *Doria* asked to have this picture taken as a remembrance of their stay at 25 South Street. The two necktied gentlemen are Staffmember Thomas Taggard (left) who was their special host, and Dominick Stringile, an Institute guest who served as translator.

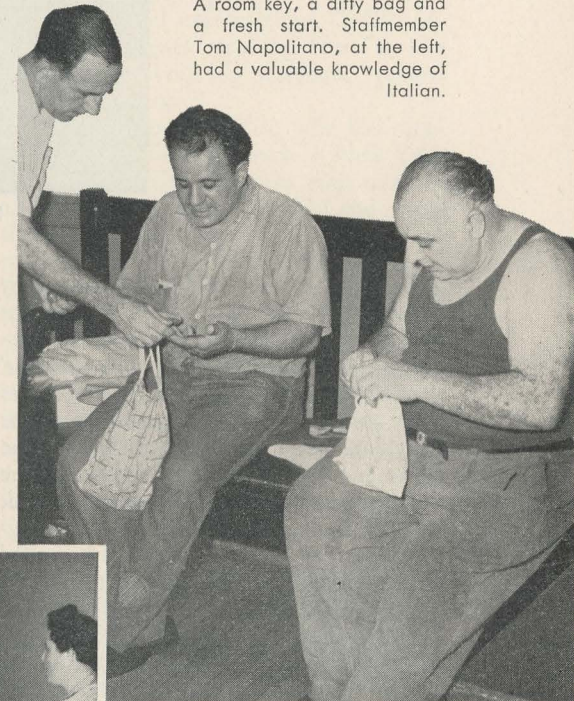


shopping with 75 men?" He said they shopped wisely, with the older men counseling the younger ones.

As Dr. Hall's assistant, Mr. Taggard coordinated the Institute's *programme Italiano*, and for his pains was roundly kissed on each cheek a week later by every departing sailor. During their stay the men were guests of the Dodgers for a Sunday ball game, went on a sightseeing tour, had lunch at an Automat, visited the UN and ate lots of spaghetti.

Through mistaken counsel, Tom Taggard's memorized Italian words of welcome to the crew on their arrival had narrowly missed being, "Thanks a million." As the men left he had the pleasure of hearing the phrase properly used.

A room key, a ditty bag and a fresh start. Staffmember Tom Napolitano, at the left, had a valuable knowledge of Italian.



When news of the *Andrea Doria* disaster reached the Institute, seamen pitched in to help staff members prepare ditty bags containing cigarettes, stationery, razors, toothpaste, combs and other toilet articles. In this picture, left to right: A. B. Harold Freeman, Oiler George Riggan, and staff members Evelyn Burmester and Betty Figler.

Sailing for Health



It's fun aboard the Floating Hospital ship.

AS early as eight in the morning they start lining up at the pier by the hundreds. The children of New York's tenements shuffle impatiently by their mothers' sides until the glorious moment comes when they are allowed to scramble up the gangplank of "their ship." She is the *Lloyd I. Seaman*, otherwise known as the Floating Hospital ship of St. John's Guild, and for thousands of New York youngsters, she is the most magical and beautiful ship of all that sail in and out of New York's great harbor.

Every summer, from late June until just before Labor Day, somewhere in the neighborhood of 12,000 mothers, 2,000 infants and 29,000 children under the age of 11 board the Floating Hospital ship for a day-long cruise out into the ocean near Coney Island or up the Hudson River. The vessel itself is a health-excursion ship, uniquely built to serve the purpose of St. John's Guild "... to afford relief to the sick children of the poor of the City of New York without regard to creed, color

or nationality." Although her passenger capacity (1500) is almost as great as that of the *Queen Mary*, the three-decker barge has no power plant and must be towed by a hired tug. This feature gives her the ultimate in safety conditions: no fire hazard and an exceptionally light tonnage (790), helpful in resisting collisions. In addition, her greater buoyancy prevents listing as those aboard move to one side of the vessel. With her hull honeycombed with water-tight compartments of unused space, she is one of the safest ships afloat.

She is also one of the happiest ships afloat. Children are everywhere, from the bottom "play" deck, jumping rope, to the top-deck bridge, where they help the Captain "steer" the ship by means of a disconnected hand wheel (an electric steering wheel actually coordinates the movement of the ship with that of the tug). Other youngsters are busy watching movies, taking part in club and craft activities, or just whooping it up in general. Children are free to do just as they please on board ship;

the only rule is "don't hang over the rail." In a sheltered crib area, babies nap while mothers rest and make the most of the sun and sea air. This is the main purpose of the Floating Hospital trip—to provide a healthful excursion that will take the families away from the heat of the New York summer, the poverty of their homes and the congestion of the streets. In addition, there are therapeutic services—medical, dental and psychological—for those that want them. Even free lunches, infants' feeding formulas, showers and baths for babies are provided.

Everything is free on the hospital ship, but only those who are among the city's most underprivileged are eligible for the passenger list. Children who need care at the various clinics, as well as handicapped children—those with poor hearts, victims of cerebral palsy, crippled children, etc.—are given special preference for tickets. Many of them come aboard two or three times a week throughout the summer. Other tickets are distributed through various social agencies in the city, through milk stations, Board of Health offices and ethnic churches. Over 40% of the passengers are on relief.

Going to the doctor or the dentist becomes less of an ordeal for these children when his office happens to be on board their favorite ship. Of the three shipboard dental clinics, the children favor the one set up in a glass-enclosed, dummy smoke-stack on the top deck. The windows are usually kept open so that the audience can see that what goes on inside isn't so bad,

after all. The two dentists and one oral hygienist each see between 15 and 20 children a day. "Most of these children," one dentist reports, "have never been to a dentist's office, nor have any idea what he does. As a result of poor nutrition and neglected care, their mouths are extremely bad. We can only do a little of all the work that must be done for them."

The medical clinic, staffed by a pediatrician and a nurse, receives about 55 visits per day, ranging from cases of bruises and seasickness to serious illnesses or disorders which are referred to hospitals and clinics ashore for treatment. Many mothers come to the clinic because they hear that the doctor gives out free vitamin pills, or because "my child won't eat." Others take advantage of this opportunity to get their annual physical examinations. "Malnutrition, and diseases resulting from it, like rickets, are still our big problems," reports the ship's doctor.

The ship's psychologist, who has probably the only floating couch in New York psychological circles, works with mothers and children in both individual and group therapy sessions. He is able to see some patients throughout the summer; others are referred to clinics ashore. A great part of his work, he reports, has to be of an educational nature; many on board think of him either as a soothsayer or a mind-reader. He is frequently consulted by children on their own initiative. One little girl of eight burst in on him three times without stating a reason. The fourth time she finally decided to speak. "People come in here to

The Floating Hospital ship, *Lloyd I. Seaman*, has a ten-man crew. Captain Francis J. Waite is a former Lt. Commander in the Maritime Administration; First Mate E. Jensen has been with the ship since it was launched in 1935.





Sounds good . . .

tell you their troubles, she said. "Well, I've got troubles."

While some children are busy having their teeth filled, tonsils looked at and problems listened to, others are occupied with games and activities. At meetings of the Arts and Crafts club every afternoon, they make simple jewelry, dolls, hats, masks and other items which they proudly carry home. "Adventure Time," the regular afternoon story hour on the top deck always draws a crowd. On the play deck, the boys are taught boxing, the girls jump rope, and together, they play at team games and sports.

In charge of the program is a staff of 70. In addition to the doctors, nurses, dentists, social workers and occupational therapists, they consist of young college students who are interested in working with people. "The requirements for a job on the Floating Hospital," says Mr. E. Hoyt Palmer, executive secretary of the organization, "are a college major in psychology or sociology and a tremendous interest in this kind of work. Without real devotion, a staff member would fold up in two weeks." As an example of just how demanding a day on the Floating Hospital can be, consider the case of six policemen who came along on one trip last year. Exhausted after a day of playing, they stretched out on the floor of the ship's office at two in the afternoon. "When do you do this again?" they asked Palmer.

"Tomorrow morning at nine," he replied. "Impossible," said New York's finest.

Floating Hospital trips have been a New York institution now for over 80 years. The very first were run by the *New York Times* Fresh Air Fund for the benefit of newsboys; then St. John's Guild took over the trips and took on other groups of children as passengers. Originally set up to do charitable work for St. John's Chapel in Varick Street, the Guild withdrew from its association with Trinity Parish when it started the Floating Hospital service, and became a non-sectarian organization of city-wide scope. It receives its support from public contributions and from the City of New York.

Most of the Floating Hospital trips today are for children, but there are exceptions. Twice a season the ship is given over to old folks brought together by the Department of Welfare. The trips are joyous occasions, and one of their most pleasant results is the steadily growing list of marriages between 75-year-olders who met on the Floating Hospital.

But first of all, for St. John's Guild, come the children and the mothers. To many of them, the Floating Hospital trip is more than just a day's excursion. It is their only relief from summer heat, their only chance to get intelligent and sympathetic care. "Believe me, for us it's more than a boat ride," one mother told a staff member. "It's like going to Heaven for a while."

— Faye Hammel

. . . and tastes fine.



Book Watch



THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE LUSITANIA

A. A. Hoehling and Mary Hoehling

Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$3.75

Even before she had left her New York pier on that May morning in 1915, photographers were taking pictures of the ship and hawking them under the title "Last Voyage of the Lusitania." Despite newspaper warnings from the Imperial German Government that passengers were taking a grave risk by sailing on a British ship through belligerent waters, despite scores of anonymous telegrams warning travelers to cancel passage, 1,959 people literally bet their lives on the ability of the *Lusitania* to outrun any ship on or above the water. How many of them lost this bet, the last days of the *Lusitania* and the grotesque aftermath of her torpedoing by a German sub are told in chilling detail in this new book.

It seemed unthinkable that anything could hurt the magnificent *Lusitania*. Pride of the Cunard fleet, she was a pace-setter in the annals of marine engineering, as outstanding in her day as the *Clermont* had been in hers. Watertight compartments, revolutionary steam turbines, elevators, cabin telephones, complete electrification and even a form of air conditioning made her the safest and most luxurious ship afloat. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the millionaire-sportsman-playboy who three years previously had followed a hunch and cancelled passage on the *Titanic*, bet wrong this time. He laughed off the prophecies of doom for the *Lusitania* as a huge joke.

The torpedo that struck the *Lusitania* off the Irish Coast was heard around the world. It was the first time that an unarmed passenger ship had been attacked without warning. The jolt that it gave to America's complacent pre-war insularity, the course it set for her entrance into World War I and hence to a new position of leadership in world affairs, are part of history. What has not been told before is the very personal story of the tragedy—the scenes of children jumping off the ship, never to see their parents again, of a young woman struggling in the water to give birth to a child, alone, of the man who refused a lift from a lifeboat with an "I'm off on my own"—and more like that. Reconstructing the hideous ordeal from the eyewitness reports of survivors, the authors have done a superb reporting job, recreating in precise and unforgettable detail one of the great dramas of the sea.

THIS WAS SEAFARING

Ralph W. Andrews and Harry A. Kirwin

Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, \$8.50

Over 200 unusual photographs of ships and the sea are the main attraction of *This Was Seafaring*, an informal look at the fishing and shipping industries centering around the Pacific Northwest over the last 30 years or so. The pictures represent the best work of the veteran reporter-photographer-seaman Harry A. Andrews. The text is a lively commentary on Andrews' adventuresome life at sea and ashore.