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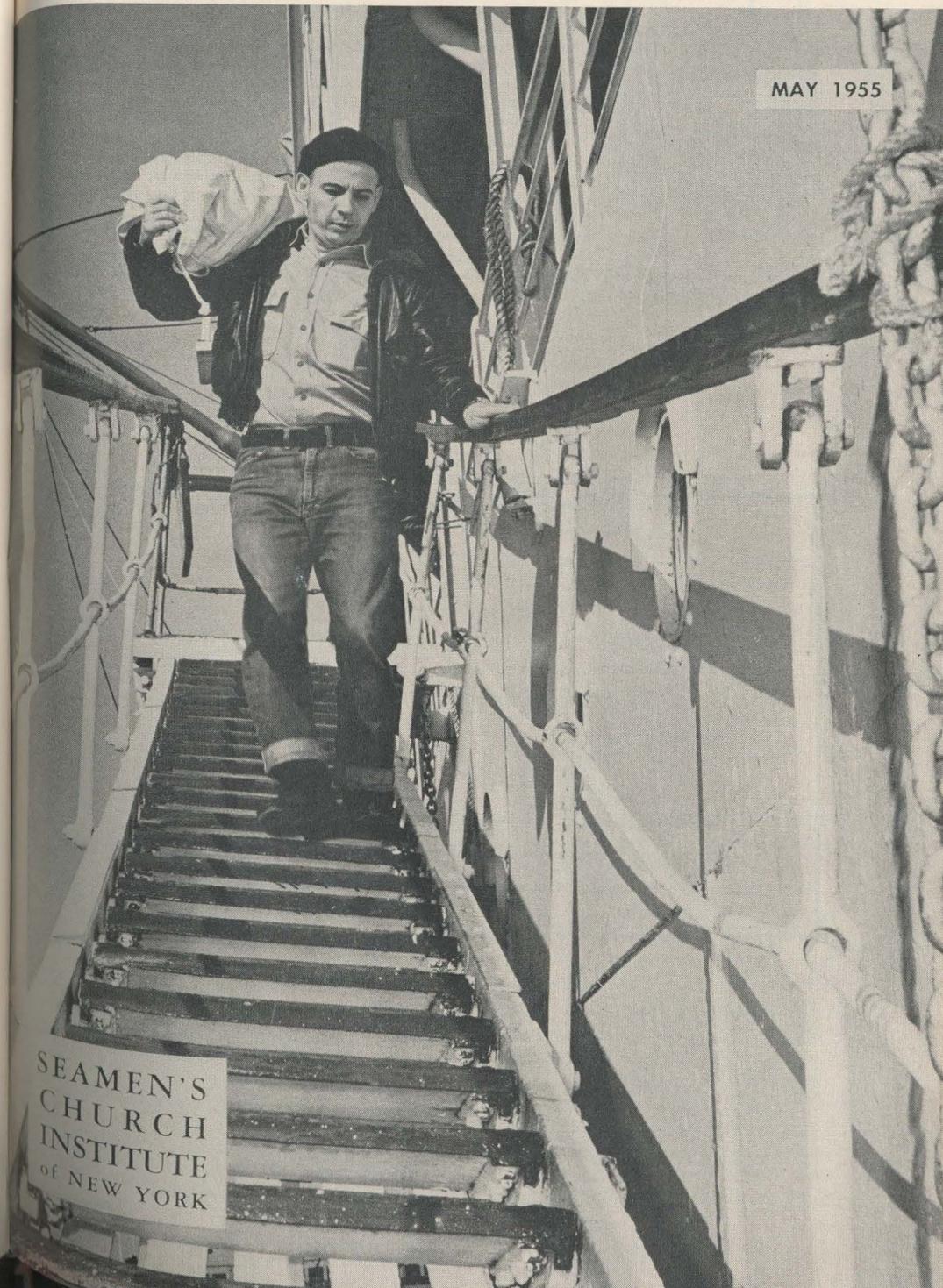
REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D. .... 1947

\*\*Died March 8, 1955

\*Died February 22, 1955

# The LOOKOUT

MAY 1955





**T**HE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home 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 the 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

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MAY, 1955

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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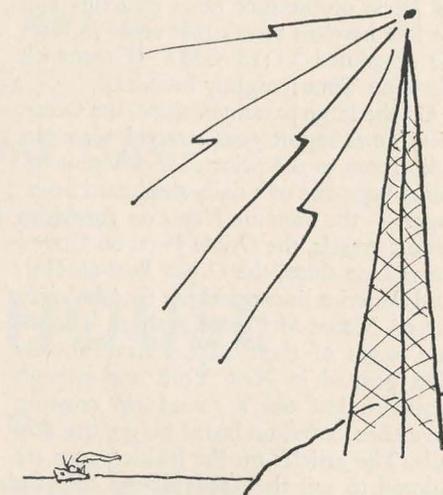
Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925 at New York, N. Y., under  
the act of March 3, 1879

**THE COVER:** At the end of the gangplank, New York City. In recognition of the vital role in world trade played by the thousands of merchant seamen who enter the port of New York each year, May 24th is being observed as "Seamen's Day." Senator Warren Magnuson will make an award to the "Seaman of the Year" at a noontime ceremony in Battery Park, under the auspices of United Seamen's Service. The International Seamen's Recreation Council is sponsoring lifeboat races in The Narrows (between 85th and 100th streets, Brooklyn) from 4 to 6 P.M.

## To Sea with the News

**I**N THE early days of seafaring a sailor often had to wait months, sometimes years, before he got news of the outside world. Today that splendid isolation is gone. The modern seaman usually knows the scores of last night's ball games before his city-dwelling brother does, even if his ship is smack in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. On most merchant ships, he picks up the morning mimeographed sheet of news events prepared by the radio operator; on a passenger ship, he casually reads his copy of the daily newspaper. Thanks to the modern geepies of communication, the news of the world is only as far away from the man at sea as the ship's radio room.

Cooperating with the genies in providing this perhaps mixed blessing are a number of services, domestic and foreign, which specialize in transmitting news reports to ships at sea. One of the oldest of these is known in the seafaring world as the "High Seas Edition of the New York Times." The name is misleading, because it's not an "edition" at all, but a short-wave summary of news events, transmitted in Morse Code twice daily over the newspaper's own station, WHD. The service got started back in 1926 when the Times hurriedly set up a short-wave transmission with Admiral Byrd's ship, the *Shantier*, in order to report to the world the news of Byrd's flight over the North Pole. The primary purpose of the service is still two-way communication with ships on scientific and exploratory expeditions (the paper maintained constant contact with the Navy icebreaker *Atka* on its recent Antarctic mission), but the shore-to-ship news broadcasts, which started out more or less as an afterthought, soon became so popular with men at sea that they are still go-



ing strong today, almost 20 years later. From the Indian Ocean to the Bering Sea, merchant seamen copy the Times' 2000-odd-word summary of the latest world events, the rise and fall of the stock market, and of course, the inevitable baseball scores. Fred Meinholtz, head of the Communications Department at the Times, who started the unusual service, receives hundreds of fan messages a year from radio operators aboard ships of all nations. They're usually signed "73" — Morse for "best regards."

The Times broadcast is sent out free, and any ship which cares to has the privilege of copying it. A more elaborate news report originates from the offices of Ocean Press (a branch of United Press), and is transmitted via either Mackay Radio or Radiomarine Corporation of America, to most of the large American and foreign passenger liners. The daily news bulletin of 25 or 26 items takes in a lot of territory, from the latest report on the Formosa crisis to the news of Mario Lanza's laryngitis. "The news men at sea want most," William Manley, manager of Ocean Press says, "is world events, weather reports of U. S. cities, and sport news — all kinds of it." To make them happy, Ocean Press keeps a man on duty all night to report

the latest on-the-spot news bulletins and the late baseball scores that come in after the scheduled 11:18 GMT (Greenwich Meridian Time) nightly broadcast.

On the large passenger ships, the Ocean Press news report goes straight from the radio room to the print shop where it becomes page one of a daily shipboard newspaper — the *Sunlane News* on American Export vessels, the *Ocean Press* on United States Line ships, the *Ocean Post* on Holland America liners, and the *Good Neighbor* on Moore-McCormack ships. The inside pages of these papers have already been printed in New York and enough copies to last out a round-trip crossing have been carted on board before the ship sails. The articles on the inside pages are tailored to suit the needs of the ship for which the paper is prepared. Copies of the *Good Neighbor* carry features on South American cities; the *Ocean Post* gives tips on European sightseeing and French perfumes. The papers are circulated free of charge to all passengers and crew mem-

bers, and can get to be quite a bundle. On the *United States*, for example, 2,000 papers are distributed each day at sea.

The shipboard newspapers are probably the most elaborate form of ocean-going journalism. But the radio operator whose crew hungers for just plain old news can tune in to the Times or the Ocean Press broadcast, or perhaps pick up a station originating in London, in Capetown, South Africa, or in Italy. If he feels so inclined, he may listen to union news from the American Radio Association, CIO, over the facilities of the Press Wireless Company. And if the crew still wants more news, they can usually pick up home radio stations quite far from shore — as far as 500 miles by day, 1000 miles by night. And — you guessed it — they can also pick up T.V. within a very limited range off shore.

On a desert island a man might be safe from the uproar of today's world news. But on a modern ship, he hasn't got a chance!



Most original guy I ever met!

SUNDAY, MAY 22,

is

MARITIME DAY

and it's also

OPEN HOUSE

at the

Seamen's Church Institute

We look forward to meeting our many friends —

- at Luncheon, served from 12 to 1:30
- as you enjoy a first-hand glimpse of our program, Tours from 1:30 to 3:00
- as you visit our ever-expanding Marine Museum, with its vast collection of ship models
- at the Auditorium Program, sea songs by the Institute Quartet and a short illustrated talk by our Director, Dr. Raymond S. Hall, 3:00 to 4:00
- at Tea in the Dining Room, 4:00 to 5:00
- at Chapel Service, 5:00

Supper will be served at 6:00.

For your advance reservations for luncheon and supper (\$1.50 for each) please call BO 9-2710.

To reach the Institute, take the Broadway bus or Seventh Avenue subway to South Ferry, the BMT subway to Whitehall Street, or the Lexington Avenue subway to Bowling Green and walk East on South Street. By car, take the East River Drive or the West Side Highway to 25 South Street. Parking space will be available.

BRING YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS

# New Ships in the Fleet

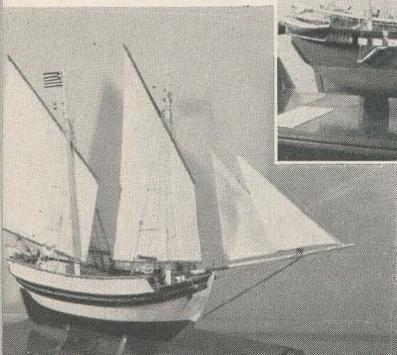
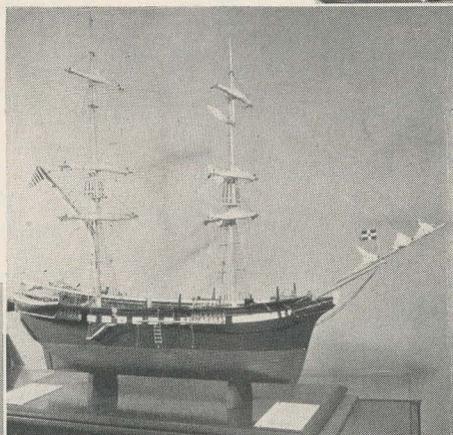
The Marine Museum, growing steadily in both popularity and maritime interest, has recently acquired so many new ship models that it has been able to open another room to the public. Wide-eyed school boys, weather-worn seamen and downtown businessmen mingle here among the models that recall the great days of shipping.

The Museum is open to the public weekdays 10:30 to 6 and Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, 11 to 4. Group tours are welcomed.

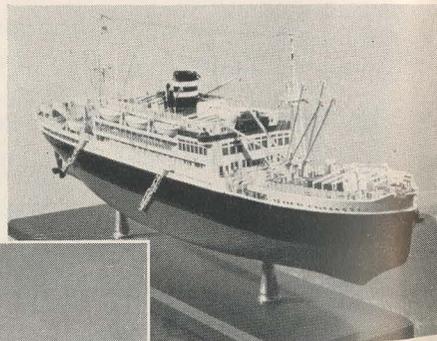


A new 14-foot-long diorama depicts the west-side waterfront of lower Manhattan as it appeared from the years 1918-1930.

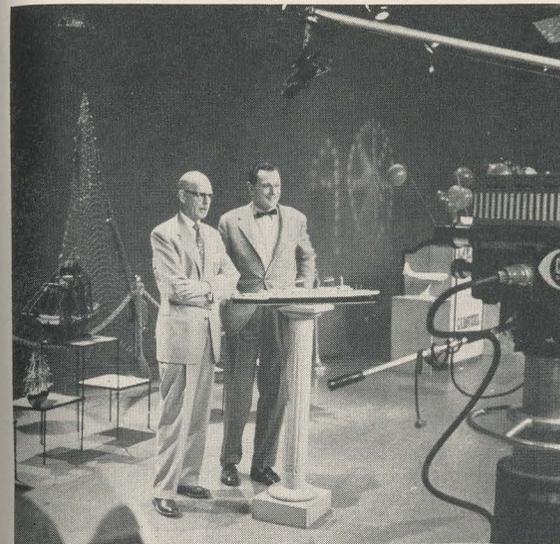
Complete with small wooden guns for defense against pirates, this model of the two-masted brig *Ares* recalls the merchant ships of 19th-century Greece. Converted into warships in the 1820's, vessels of this type vanquished the fleets of the Ottoman empire. The model is the gift of Queen Frederica of Greece.



The *Trechantiri*, a small late sailing schooner of the type in use in Greek waters today. Also presented by Queen Frederica.



Queen Juliana of the Netherlands gave the Museum this model of the *Colombia*. Once a passenger ship out of Rotterdam on the colorful West Indies route, she was converted to a depot of the Royal Netherlands Navy and torpedoed and sunk off the South African Coast in 1943.



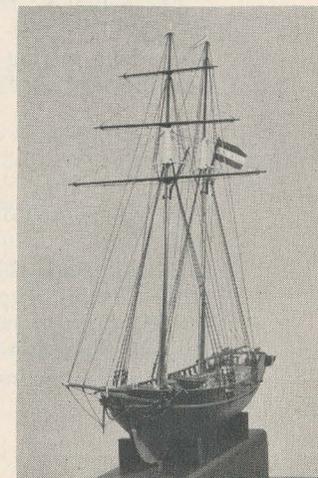
Museum Curator W. E. Greyble (left) describes some of the Institute's ship model collection to Paul Tripp on CBS-TV's "On The Carousel."

In the 15th and 16th centuries, merchant sailing vessels of the Karaká type, shown right, roved the Adriatic Sea out of Ragusa, or Dubrovnik, which in those days was one of the most important seaports and commercial cities in the Mediterranean. Five vessels of this type were part of the "invincible" Spanish Armada that got walloped by Elizabeth's Navy in 1588. The Museum's model was presented by the Yugoslavian government in the name of its President, Marshal Tito.



The *Lexington* is one of four handsome models by artist Nikika Carpenko of Nantucket which highlight the Museum's growing collection of American warships. Once the *Wild Duck*, this 84-man brig of war fell into the hands of the British during the revolution.

Below is the *Sarandi*, which took part in Argentina's war with Brazil in 1826, serving as the flagship of Admiral Brown.



# The World of Ships

## BATTER UP

Since spring and baseball cometh to all men, the people at the International Seamen's Recreational Council have decided that merchant seamen should have a chance to participate in the fun, too. At present they are in the process of drawing up rules regarding a baseball season for seamen. Meanwhile, Mr. F. Briggs Dalzell, President of the Council, has invited seamen throughout the world to compete for the Dalzell Award, a plaque to be given to the best teams in softball and baseball, for games played anywhere in the world.

## SHANTIES

If you like authentic shanties and sea songs, be sure to listen to WNYC's Folk-song Festival on Maritime Day, May 22 at 6 P.M.

Featured with Oscar Brand in a special program recorded at the Institute's Auditorium will be the 35-voice Glee Club from the New York State University Maritime College at Fort Schuyler, and the Balladeers, a group of 20 male voices.

Oscar Brand's rendering of sea songs can also be heard on an Audio Masterpiece long-playing record called *Poems and Songs of the Sea*.

## ANOTHER TRY

Maritime and shipping interests, which were keenly disappointed last fall by President Eisenhower's pocket veto of a bill (H.R. 6235) providing round-the-clock quarantine inspection of ships enter-

ing the ports of this country, have lost no time in pressing for new legislation. The Maritime Association of the Port of New York has urged Congress to act favorably on a similar bill introduced by Senator Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. The Magnuson proposal makes 24-hour inspections possible by authorizing shipping companies to bear the cost of overtime pay for the U. S. Public Health officials charged with medical clearance of the ships.

If the measure is passed, it should save the nation's shipping interests millions of dollars a year in ship's time now wasted needlessly, and yet would cost the Government nothing. At present, ships may be inspected only between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. Those arriving later than 6 simply have to wait for quarantine inspectors to come aboard in the morning — sometimes at a cost of as much as \$5,000.

## FOR THE BIRDS

The ten penguins captured by the Navy this winter in the Antarctic seem to be enjoying life in these United States just fine, thank you, according to reports from the National Zoological Park in Washington, where they are drawing some of the biggest crowds in years.

At first, the black-faced, white-breasted birds which were taken from the wide-open spaces of the Antarctic by the crew of the Navy icebreaker *Atka*, found their glass-enclosed, air-conditioned "penguinarium" a bit confining. But with nothing to do but eat, sleep and loll about their own kidney-shaped swimming pool all day, the birds are gradually becoming accustomed to their new life. They've even

gotten over their initial aversion to dead fish, and now can down some 15 to 17 of the delicate morsels — dipped in cod liver oil and sprinkled with powdered vitamins — at one sitting.

## NEW ADMINISTRATOR

Clarence G. Morse has been appointed by President Eisenhower as the new Maritime Administrator to succeed Louis S. Rothschild who recently took over the post of Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation. Mr. Morse has been serving since last June as general counsel to the Federal Maritime Board and to the Maritime Administration.

## CULTURE

Greek Line passengers will have a chance to soak up European culture along with the ocean breezes from now on. The company has arranged with the Council on Student Travel to provide a recreational and educational program for passengers on the liners *Olympia* and *New York*, similar to the program the Council provides on its own student ships.

Under the plan, one hundred American and European college presidents, professors, labor leaders, musicians, writers and others will conduct classes and discussion groups in European languages, politics, culture, and current affairs for east-bound travelers. On the west-bound crossing, passengers can learn about job opportunities and living conditions in the States.

## PATTY GARDENSEED

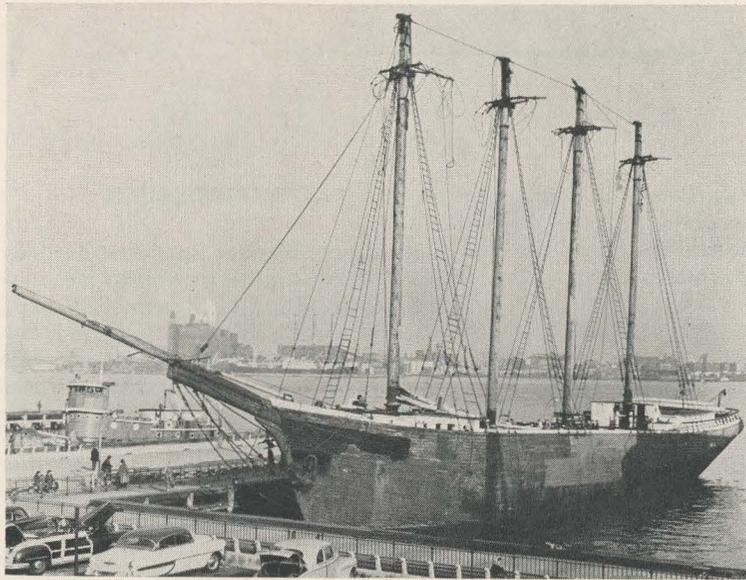
Merchant Marine Engineer Aloysius Mozier is fast acquiring a world-wide reputation as a "Patty Gardenseed." Mozier, who sails on the *S.S. Philippine Bear*, has already distributed more than half a million seeds to needy people in various world ports. Seaman Mozier got the idea when he saw a child die of malnutrition in Korea. "I like to think," he says, "that I'm planting a green band around the world to offset the Red band."

## STABILIZED

Passengers on the *Queen Elizabeth* can expect less rolling (but maybe a bit more vibration) on future ocean crossings, now that the big ship has been fitted out with her widely-publicized stabilizing fins. The fins, attached to the flanks of the vessel, flatten out the natural rolling motion of the ship. Stewards on the liner report that it makes all the difference in the world when you're moving around the dining room with a food-laden tray.

## ELECTED

Francis T. Greene will be the new president of the American Merchant Marine Institute, the national shipowners trade association announced last month. Greene served as general counsel of the Federal Maritime Board and Maritime Administration before coming to the AMMI in 1953 as executive vice president. He succeeds Walter E. Maloney, who has entered private law practice.



Renamed the *Star of the Sea*, the former *Annie C. Ross* is leaving her East River berth for a new anchorage in Long Island Sound.

## A Dream for Annie

A GROUP of jaunty young sailors with dirty faces are having the time of their lives putting one of America's more broken-down ships back into sailing trim. They're the eager youngsters of the Cadet Midshipman Training Corps, who have taken the former *Annie C. Ross*, last of our four-masted lumber schooners, renamed her the *Star of the Sea*, and given her a bright new lease on life.

Some time this month, tugs will move the venerable windjammer from her East River berth to an anchorage in Long Island's Hempstead Harbor, where a group of 9 to 17-year-old boys will spend an adventurous summer living aboard the ship under the approximate conditions of sail. *Annie*, however, is accepting the new move stoically, as simply one more phase in what has already been a rather checkered career for a down-East Yankee schooner. Launched at Bath, Maine in 1917, she had some years of glory under sail in the Eastern Seaboard lumber trade. A seaman who knew the ship pictured her as "displaying the flawless beauty of a terraced

cloud." During World War II, she was retired by her original owners and left to molder in the sewery waters of Queens' Newtown Creek. Then in 1947, an old sailing captain who had been reduced to skippering a Hoboken coal barge, began to get dreams of deep sea glory about the *Annie C. Ross*. He bought her, painted her, fitted her out with a small crew, and announced to the press that she was ready for the West African trade. But his dream fell through, and so did the scheme of a subsequent owner to convert her into a floating television studio. Two years ago, *Annie* was rescued from the swill of Newtown Creek by the Catholic Sea Cadets and towed to Bristol Basin, East River. The loving work begun by the cadets in making the old ship seaworthy once more is now being continued in full force under the official auspices of the Cadet Midshipman Training Corps, an offshoot of the Catholic Sea Cadets.

Almost every weekend and most after-school afternoons this winter and spring, anywhere from two dozen to two hundred

boys and girls have gathered on board the *Star of the Sea* to wield paint brush and hammer, to donate elbow grease and lots of good advice. They've been learning how to run a ship, too — seamanship, communication, knots and splices — and although many of them are there strictly for fun, a lot of the boys are quite serious about making seafaring their adult careers. Some of them already attend the Metropolitan Vocational High School and train on the student ship *John W. Brown*, anchored along side. These boys hope to join the Coast Guard, Merchant Marine or Navy.

But that's for the future. The immediate problem is to fix up the *Star of the Sea*, which should have been ready this summer to go out on a cruise under sail, but which has been so badly looted and burned by vandals that the trip had to be postponed. There is a big gash in her stern; and the main deck and cabins still need a lot of work. The ship is badly in need of equipment of all kinds. "We cheerfully accept anything, from a needle to an anchor," announces Commodore Richard Lukeman, officer in charge of the ship.

Although the boys had to give up the idea of a cruise this summer, they're pretty excited about the big project that's going on now, the move to Hempstead Harbor, where 50 of them will live aboard the



Third Class Midshipman John Klein, 14, gets in a few licks with the semaphore flags, while Cadets O'Leary, McGrath, Fren, Murphy, and Janosik tear out the rotted planking on the forward deck.

*Star of the Sea* as soon as school lets out this summer. They'll maintain shipboard routine and study the rudiments of navigation and seamanship. Since the ship will be anchored near one of Long Island's spacious beaches, the boys will also do a lot of swimming and boating. Right now

Saluting Captain John Angelidis as he boards ship are Second Class Midshipman Michael Murphy, 15; Chief John O'Leary, 14; Cadet Klein; Ensign John Janosik, 15; Second Class Midshipman Pat McGrath, 15; and Ensign John Fren, 15.





Cadet Murphy uses the ship's pay telephone to call home and say, "Sorry Ma, I'll be late for supper — Captain's orders, you know."

they're looking for old boats they can repair and put to good use. "Most of these boys have never had a chance to be on a boat, except the ones in Central Park," Commodore Lukeman said.

While the main activity of the Cadet Midshipman Corps centers around the *Star of the Sea*, the group also carries out a full-fledged nautical educational and recreational program for city youngsters.



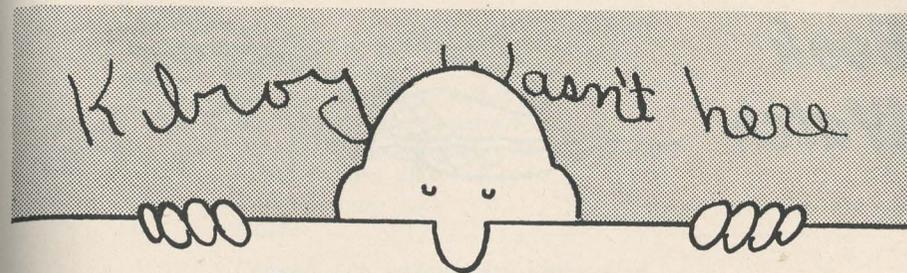
It's a long way from here to an atomic power plant, but this 4-cylinder job at least offers a start for Engineers O'Leary, Janosik and McGrath.

400 boys and girls, members of the nine "shore stations" in the greater New York area, meet once a week in the public schools under the leadership of 24 officer members of the Corps, all veterans of maritime service. Once-a-week shore station meetings take in naval drill, classroom work and games. The classes are all coed, and the girls excel, according to Commodore Lukeman, in communications and first aid.

The cadets get around quite a bit, too. About once a month the more advanced boys go out on Coast Guard ships and take over the vessels completely, under watchful supervision. They've thoroughly explored all the large American passenger liners, and have made recent visits to Washington and West Point. Besides all this activity, each unit makes ship models and has its own drum and bugle corps. Cadet dues are only 15¢ a week.

The Cadet Midshipman Training Corps is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization, run by ex-maritime men as their spare time hobby. It has become so popular that next year may see the addition of shore units for still younger boys, who will probably be called "Junior Jacks."

All of which goes to prove that modern youngsters don't dream only of blasting off for the moon in rocket ships. The lure of the sea — and of a proud old ship like the *Star of the Sea* — is still potent.



By George W. Clark, *Radio Operator*

WITH due respect to a couple of marines who were first on Guadalcanal, and a couple of other blighters, seamen or what have you, who claim right to the legend, "Kilroy Was Here," well, that fellow certainly gets around.

I first saw his sprawling script back in '22, painted in battleship gray, on the south wall of Gatun Lock, Panama. Since gray has no color or hue, it didn't appear freshly painted, nor did it seem weathered by time. Seven years had passed since the first commercial vessel had transited the Canal, and no shipmate on board the *Artigas* had ever heard of Kilroy. Nevertheless, I was to come across that same assertion, "Kilroy Was Here," on many occasions throughout the following years.

Sailors will exaggerate any motif when in doubt, and I have often wondered whether a few did not secretly vow to carry-on; to contribute to an idol that they, at times, wished themselves to be. On long voyages, across the board at coffee time, you would invariably hear discussion shift to Kilroy. This one saw his scrawl on the skin of a drum in Copenhagen's Kongens Club; that one, in the late 20's, had seen it chiseled on the white plaster walls outside The Sphinx, near the edge of the Casbah in Algiers; another, recalling his boy scout experiences, had seen it knifed on the bark of a tree along Buenos Aires' Paseo de Mayo Cinco. Valpo and Anto, Rio or Bahia, you'd find that Kilroy had been there a long while back.

His cryptograph, as such it seemed to be, was found painted hull-black on the stringpieces of London's Tilbury and India Docks; nicked on the limestone ram-

parts near the salt mines across from sleepy Aden. The backbars of Bombay Saigon, New Caledonia and Tahiti, if you looked well enough, were chalked with his legend. Along the Denver & Rio Grande railroad tracks, splashed on the slate-colored canyon rocks, his sign was right alongside that of the famous hobo, "A-number-one, Going East."

He, Kilroy, must have hung around the nickelodeons on Frisco's Embarcadero, inasmuch as some years ago Ginger's Rummy House (a card-playing saloon) had his script still engraved in the rotting wood, up where the early movie projection machines used to be, which, as told by Ginger, had never been painted since afternoon shows had cost a nickel.

The wars came. How he beat the Armed Forces to the various theatres of operation may be just legend. It was not legend a few years before the war when, for lack of fresh water, we anchored close-in to Punta Arenas, Patagonia. Shore leave was not granted but, nevertheless, I wanted to hob-nob and went over-the-side into a warlike canoe with one thing in mind. Thawing out some old paint held over the Indian's charcoal fire amidship, I drew on the prow of the canoe, "Kilroy Wasn't Here." Later, when the German pilot took us out to the Strait (Magellan), I casually inquired whether Kilroy had been there. "Ach!" he snapped, "Kilroy been here." I drooped a little. Kilroy had beaten me again. How about 25 South Street . . . Kilroy was here??

**Editor's Note:** *But of course, George, of course.*

# Book Watch



## KEEPERS OF THE LIGHTS

Hans Christian Adamson

Greenberg: Publisher, New York, \$5.50

The old lighthouse keeper and the modern loran umbrella both get their fair share of recognition in this unusual account of lighthouses, lightships and those who tend them. The survey extends geographically around the coastal waters of the United States and the Great Lakes and historically, from the old Boston Light of 1714 to the most modern electronic beacons now operated by the Coast Guard. The author has put together an odd conglomeration of information, ranging from strange and sometimes heroic stories of the old lighthouse keepers to scientific information on the devices that guide maritime traffic through our waters today.

## NAVAL SHIPHANDLING

CDR R. S. Crenshaw, Jr., USN

U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, \$4.50

*Naval Shiphandling* is the outcome of a long-range project by the U.S. Naval Institute to develop a single volume containing all the essential information a shiphandler must have to maneuver any type of power craft afloat. It has drawn on the experience of expert mariners of the Navy, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine and of shiphandlers of vessels of all different categories, from cruisers to landing crafts, submarines to tugs. The result is a com-

prehensive handbook, essential for the library of the professional seaman and clearly enough written to recommend it to the interested landsman. *Illustrated with more than 160 diagrams, charts and photographs.*

## KURUN AROUND THE WORLD

Jacques-Yves Le Toumelin

E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, \$5.00

In September of 1949, Jacques-Yves Le Toumelin left his native Brittany for a three-year around-the-world voyage in a small boat, *Kurun*. Naturally, he wrote a book about his trip which has now been translated from the French and published here. It is a moderately entertaining account of the details of his journey, of wind and weather, birds and fish, and of the sometimes unusual people he encountered. *Illustrated with photographs, maps and diagrams.*

## ALSO OF INTEREST:

**THE LINER**, Edouard Peisson, W. W. Norton & Co., New York, \$3.50, an exciting novel of a doomed ship by a writer whose sea stories are being compared with Conrad's.

**A CROSSBOWMAN'S STORY**, George Millar, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$3.95, an epic of the first exploration of the Amazon, in 1541.

## SIESTA!

I dreamt a galleon sailed by  
Bound for green, uncharted  
Waters. Cargued richly  
In jewels and silks,  
Carved ivory,  
Musk.

Crewed with adventurers, unshackled.  
Turquoise-ear-ringed brown boys  
With jade gods, love potions  
Hidden away carefully in  
Secret sandalwood  
Caskets.

She swerved then, in the near-dusk  
A floating swan of gold.  
But my one glazed eye  
Reluctantly opens  
And she sails  
No more.

Tanker! Black smeared deck beneath.  
Twisting, bleak mechanics and  
Stacks sootily belching.  
Oil fumes attacking the  
Nostril's unwilling  
Reception.

O glum, science-savage, union-ridden  
Modern world, lost in relentless  
Invention. And not to weep  
I seek in reclosed eye  
A rosy panacea  
Of sleep.

Antony de Courcy

