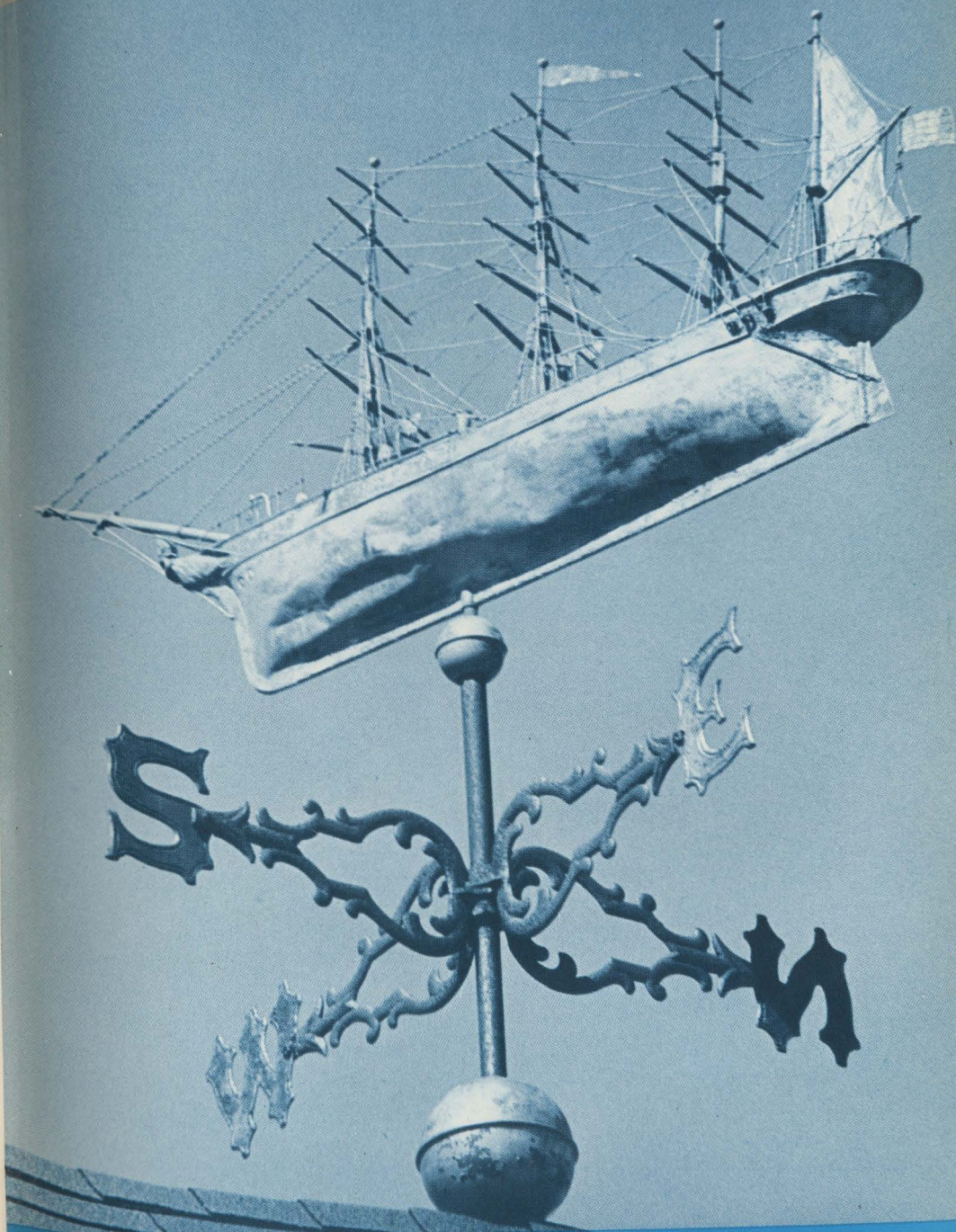




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



July - August 1964



MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center—"their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

## the LOOKOUT

VOL. 55, No. 6, JULY-AUGUST 1964

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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COVER: Constructed of zinc and iron, and rigged with copper, this ship weathervane stands sentinel in Cape Cod's morning sun. Photo by Gordon S. Smith.

"invaluable preparation for my 3rd Engineer license"



S. KEPNER NESTER  
Manhattan

"great engineering school"



DAVID BOWE  
St. James, L. I.

"to secure a better job"



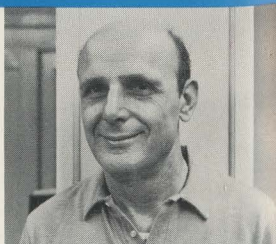
JERRY GODFREY  
South Pittsburgh, Tenn.

"getting ready for my examination"



VICTOR MARQUEZ  
Lima, Peru

"need extra preparation for my Chief Mate's exam"



SAM FABIANICH  
Yugoslavian, resident SCI

## the high cost of leadership

A poster in SCI's lobby promoting the Merchant Marine School shouts "Your future in a push button world?" The message points up the opportunity for specialized training in navigation and engineering in SCI's 48-year old teaching center.

If there is an element of threat in the message, it is on purpose. Technological advances in the industry (such as described in Ship Shapes, pp. 6-7) preclude that unskilled seamen in the near future might as well pack up and go home. Automation isn't coming; it's here.

John Ruebeck, a seaman with many years experience, had the necessary sea time to be accepted in the school (potential students must have from six months to three years sea time, depending upon their goals). He felt the pinch of job competition. With some modest savings he was determined to survive in the only work he knows. He looked around for the best training for the least amount of money. His acceptance by SCI's Merchant Marine School became the determining factor of whether he sinks or swims.

In the greater New York area there are no publicly supported schools for advanced training. SCI, the only non-profit school, keeps its tuition minimal, within reach of finances of the average seaman.

But the cost of leadership is high, and keeps climbing. Nobody feels the burden more than SCI. While the school has enjoyed a top reputation in the industry since its establishment, the Board of Managers, on the advice of administration, last year implemented newer teaching methods and program helps to keep pace with the technical progress of the industry it serves. It cost money. To meet increased enrollment, the School was forced to add additional faculty last year. It cost money.

"Education at any level is expensive, but educate we must," affirmed Chaplain Joseph D. Huntley, Director

of the Department of Education who revealed that the school consistently operates at a painful deficit of nearly a thousand dollars a month. "We have to keep the tuition low to aid seamen who have nowhere else to go, and without training will desert the industry," he said. "What can we do? We have a deficit and our problem is to give the best possible education with the resources we have."

Chaplain Huntley indicated that the department's advisory committee, whose chairman is Dr. Carl Tjerandsen of New York University, has recommended additional instructors in the popular engineering department and deck departments, and additional staff to revise the curriculum and teaching aids. The full-time faculty now consists of three (all of whom came up from the ranks), and a registrar for 177 students. The school hopes for help from limited funds made available to non-profit schools through the Manpower Development and Training Act. An annual check for \$2,500 from the Rudder Club allows some scholarship help to promising seamen. Small occasional donations to the scholarship fund come from other organizations. The SCI is supportive in that it gives part-time jobs to several seamen-students.

In addition to the modest tuition  
*Continued on page 4*





charged by the School, it attracts students because of other features. They are: 1) intensive, accelerated preparation for licensing exams through a fully-accredited school; 2) informal, small classroom situations and tutorial help with special problems; 3) coordinated self-helps through the school's technical library and the 8,000 volume Conrad Library; 4) SCI's proximity to the Coast Guard examination center, and radar school at 45 Broadway; 5) availability of printed study-material mailed from the school to active seamen to prepare in advance of class attendance; 6) teaching machines that can be taken to the ship for supplemental help in math and physics; 7) a thoughtful faculty of experienced seamen who anticipate bad study habits and make remedial suggestions, and 8) living and study accommodations.

For students in residence, SCI set aside a hotel area accessible to the

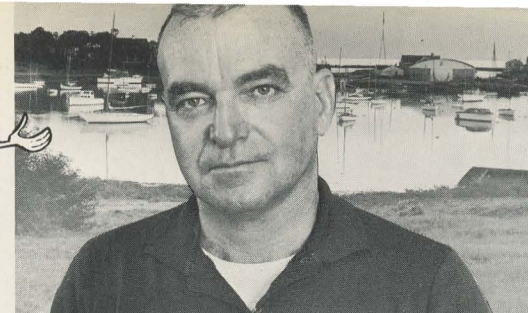
school, and completely modernized it early this year. The entire classroom and school administrative area was modernized in 1962-63.

**FACTS:** School was established in 1914 cooperatively with the Y.M.C.A.; became autonomous in 1918.

The Marine School graduated the youngest Master Mariner in history of the Merchant Marine—Frederick Walford, age 23. At the request of the Navy, the Marine School trained over 5,000 men in emergency seamanship during World War I. The Marine School instituted the first radio medical service to ships without doctors in 1921. Advice received from doctors by radio if crewman or passenger became sick.

Parts of Marine School located in a "flying bridge" designed exactly like ship's bridge, the "highest in the world—13 stories above the ground."

The SCI operated a medium-sized ship for students who needed practical experience. 1917.



# Seaman of the month

◀ Howard Bethell

Howard Bethell is unique. Howard Bethell is a dozen cuts above Mr. Average American. With souvenirs and tales of his recent trips, whenever the 49-year-old AB seaman gets to SCI he drops by Public Relations. With vicarious restiveness, we listen and can't help admiring, and maybe envying) this interesting traveler—well-read, keenly intelligent, witty, and happily married—whose enthusiasm for living has been heightened rather than dampened by 32 years of seafaring.

As with most interesting seamen we interview, Howard's background is unorthodox. He was introduced to the world near England's seamy Liverpool waterfront. His father, a ship's cook, crated the child to Boston when Howard was six weeks old. The elder Bethell had begun his career at sea by maneuvering what the British call a "pier head jump"—jumping from the pier onto a ship being guided through English locks. His father, incidentally, was at one time a chef for Lord Dunraven, English yachtsman. Predating Liverpool, maternal and paternal sea traditions were already established in the 1840's when Howard's grandmother accompanied her husband's ships on the tea trade routes from China to London.

He tried applying himself to Boston's halls of learning, but like so many self-made men, Howard found little inspiration for his burning wanderlust. Abandoning high school in 1932 at the age of 17 (with the help of an uncle who was Port Steward for a New York shipping line), he got a berth as telephone operator on the ill-fated Morro Castle, which later burned in 1935 off New Jersey's coast.

During the 32 ensuing years he has

seen most of the world, done most of the things armchair adventurers dream of accomplishing. He survived the perils of World War II from start to finish. His ships were torpedoed twice in 1942, once in the Caribbean about 90 miles off Trinidad and again on the Murmansk Run. Howard was in the first successful convoy to Russia aboard the *S.S. Kentucky*—an operation in which 15 cargo ships out of 42 were lost; his was the 15th! "At that time we never knew what our final destination was to be, only that we were headed north because the ship's bow was reinforced with concrete to break through heavy ice." When the *Kentucky* was sunk he was rescued by a British mine sweeper and spent seven weeks recuperating in Russia. "There are two ironic twists to my wartime survival," he emphasized. "In the first place I couldn't swim a lick. Secondly, just before the Murmansk Run the Army had rejected me as 4F."

Although he denies that it was calculated, he picked a bride with a sailing tradition to equal that of his own family. She already knew the trials of a seaman. Her father had sailed as a member of the fabled "Black Gang"; her grandfather, who died recently at Sailor's Snug Harbor, a home for old seamen on Staten Island, New York, had run away to sea on a whaler when he was nine.

Howard is an old friend of seamen's centers throughout the world—has lived at SCI for 15 years "on and off" since 1936. An Episcopalian, he seeks British "Flying Angel" Missions to Seamen wherever he goes in the world, and is especially friendly with Father Allen, Director of the mission in Kobe, Japan.

Continued on page 15

## For those who read perceptively

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Random pickings from the daily log.

"An excellent attendance today of Norwegians, Turks, Dutch, Formosans, Italians and Swedes. The TV area and the outside patio were crowded throughout the evening. From 7:30 p.m. it was 'standing room only' for over twenty men. All recreational facilities were in use and there was a steady stream of requests for phone call assistance, exchange of foreign currency, postal service, books and magazines. The snack bar was active all evening."

"Last evening's pattern was followed with Chinese at the table tennis and the rest chiefly watching TV. Our Chinese friends are very appreciative of any small service and insist on a very formal leave taking at the evening's end."

"A young German seaman came in who missed his ship this evening. He is staying overnight and will see his consulate in the morning. He missed his bus to New York from Baltimore

where he was married at twelve noon today."

"The two people from the *Tempo* were a special surprise in that they were Spanish and husband and wife. It is most unusual to find married couples among our seafarers, especially a couple as charming."

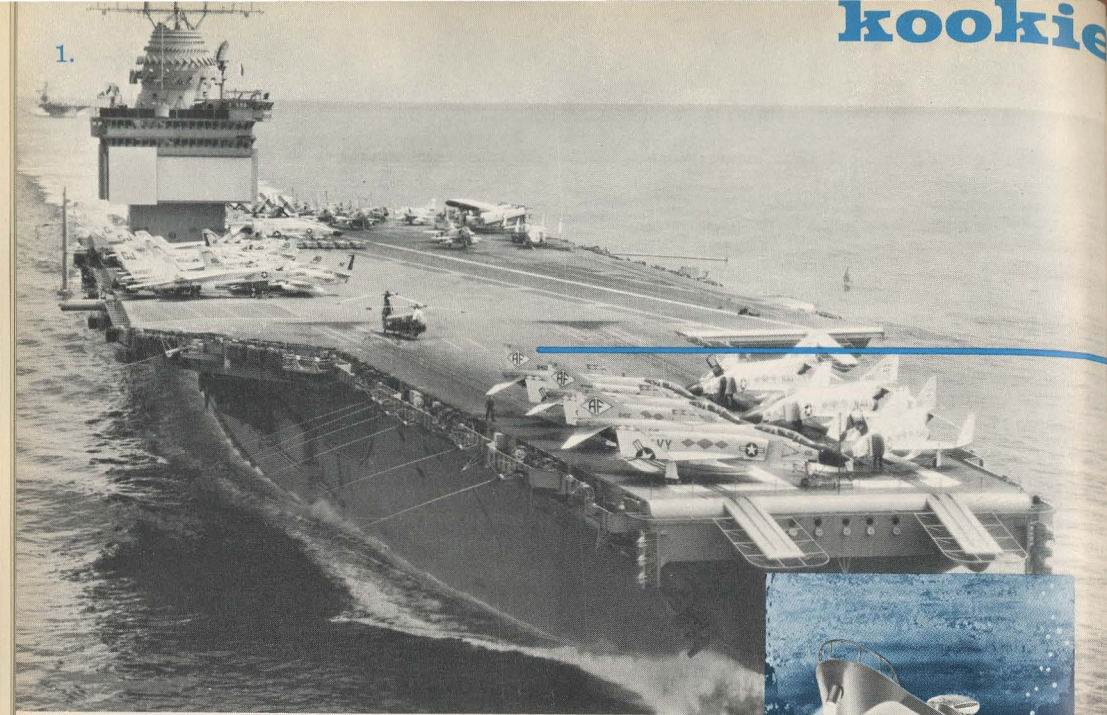
"I heard the happy ending to a story this afternoon that began twenty years ago, concerning one of our nicest American seamen. He signed in today after a trip to England where he met and married a young lady from Liverpool when he was nineteen. It was an ill-fated marriage, without parental consent, that ended in annulment. Neither of them married again and on this last trip abroad they re-met and found they were still in love. He is going back to England to re-marry and bring back his bride. He said that he would also like the marriage blessed in our Chapel with Chaplain Bugler as their minister."



# kookiecraft...

The wild shapes of aircraft and terrestrial vehicles, existing or on drawing boards, have their curious morphological counterparts among seacraft, as these official photos indicate. It might be that one day, without a guide book, an observer won't know the function of one from another.

1.



1. The world's largest ship is the Navy's new nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *Enterprise*. Everything is big: five city blocks long, one block wide, 23 stories high, her flight deck is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  acres (68 tennis courts.) She can catapult planes from a standstill to a speed of nearly 180 MPH in a distance of 248 feet.

2.



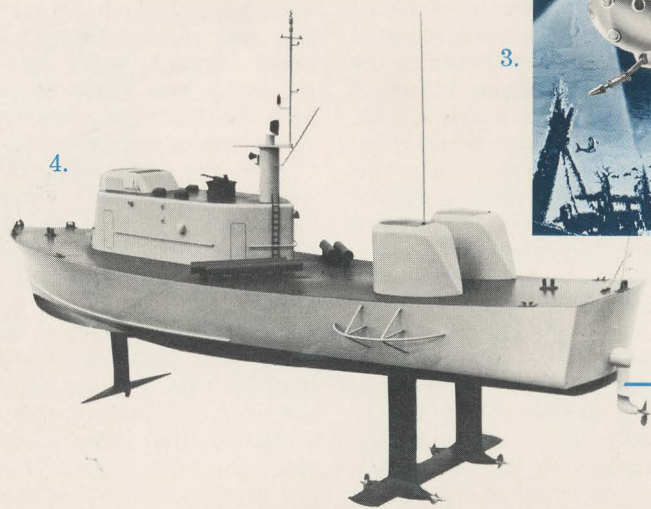
2. The *Hydroskimmer* is used by the Navy to research in ships that skim or float over water on a cushion of air. This model skims two feet above the water surface at 70 knots and above, the 28-foot craft may be used in anti-submarine operations.

3.



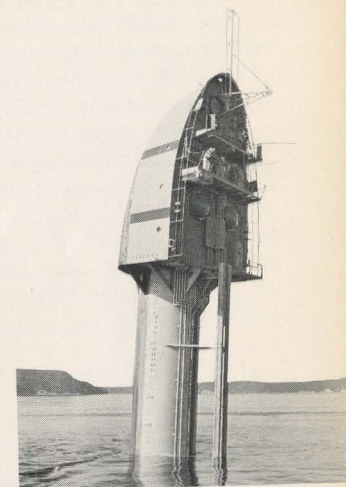
3. Artist's rendering of the *Alumnaut* which will be the world's deepest diving submarine when launched late this summer. Developed by Reynolds, the craft's  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inch aluminum hull represents important breakthrough in pressure hull design. Three-man vessel will descend to 15,000 feet enabling the exploration of 60% of the world's ocean floor, most of it for the first time. She'll be equipped with sonar and television cameras.

4.



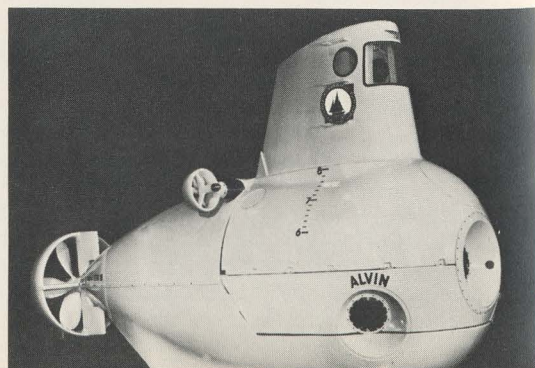
4. Displacing 110 tons, the experimental Hydrofoil Patrol Craft attains speeds in excess of 40 knots and will be used by the Navy for anti-submarine warfare.

5.



5. Of all devices to study the sea, the most spectacular is the *Flip* used by the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in California but financed by Navy. When water is pumped into stern section, craft literally stands on end but rides motionless in 30-foot waves. In its bow are contained a power plant and living quarters for four-man crew.

6.



6. A queer-looking diving unit currently in use by the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution.





# "junkies" of the harbor

Of the many strange peripheral groups of seamen whose living comes from the Harbor, perhaps the strangest group are the "junkies"—the nautical junk dealers of New York's Port. A dwindling group of rugged extroverts — Italian-Americans all, they are respectable remnants of a business whose name once drew outraged cries from the Coast Guard, Customs Officials, Port Security and most every waterfront organization.

The principal rendezvous of the 12 or 13 "junkies" is a warehouse neighborhood sandwiched between towering equipment of coal and shipyards and lined with junk on Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal. Feathering the area are stagnant, oil covered canals into which empty industrial wastes, to flow into the Harbor like giant draining open sores. Up this Canal at the end of each day come the "junkie" boats, identified conspicuously by foot-high letters. They sell to the three remaining junk dealers what old rope, scrap metal, winches, rusty anchors, metal fittings, et al that they have been able to extract from boats and seamen.

We were introduced to one of these "junkies," — amiable, happy-go-lucky Jim Tesoriero, as he passed beneath the 9th Street canal bridge on his way to the junk yard. Tesoriero responded by announcing that he often tied up at Pier #6 near SCI to have a cup of coffee on cold mornings with some of his friends.

Jim is 60 years old and has been operating his boat, the *Carol Ann*, for the last seven years. With the 60-horsepower craft he has produced enough income to raise three grown daughters. "If a guy's a real go-getter he can make a good living picking up from ships," he said. "If he's lucky he can buy two or three hausers (a 1,200 lb. rope line for fastening the ship to the pier) for about 25 bucks, resell them for 6¼ cents a pound." The rope is desirable for making into fine writing paper. Some junkies make two trips a day, sometimes bringing in 800-900 pounds of rope each trip. But not Tesoriero, who must take life easier because of an earlier heart condition.

A baker's dozen junk boat operators (who like their own, unaffected name "junkies") put-put between ships and in and out of piers turning throw-aways into hard won cash.

Jim, a ship's cleaner many years ago, noticed that itinerant junkmen were eager to cart away rotting rope he thought had no value. A junk dealer advised him to buy a truck and get into the business. He did, working from 1947 until 1956 in the junk trucking business. He purchased his present boat for \$1,000 and became a "junkie" in 1948.

## OPERATION HAS SINISTER CONNOTATION

In bygone years there were as many as 300 junk boats in the harbor. In the 1930's some of the "junkies" were sinisterly involved in drug traffic, illegal immigration and outright theft according to the records. Wholesale investigations of the allegedly insidious operations were begun in the late 30's and early 40's.

Because junk boats were allowed to operate anywhere in the port it was simple for them to meet incoming ships yet unberthed, accepting illicit cargo and passengers from the offside of the vessels. Details of certain wily junk boat operations of that period read like the chapters from a Charlie Chan adventure.

*Scene I. A swirling fog, rain and mist covered pilings, rats and garbage cans silhouetted against the pier lights, muffled arrival of a boat beneath the pier, fog horns, creaking piers, black-coated men with hats pulled over their faces dragging heavy caches of opium across the wet, splint-ered wood.*

An imaginary scenario . . . . created in the mind of Earl Derr Biggers, creator of Charlie Chan? Far from it. This scene was much too real to Customs and Immigration officials in the 30's.

Not only were narcotics the contraband transported by some "junkies" but alien persona non grata, subversives, too, were alleged to have been put aboard junk boats and delivered to predetermined spots on the 755-mile New York water-front.

## "JUNKIES" PROHIBITED DURING WAR

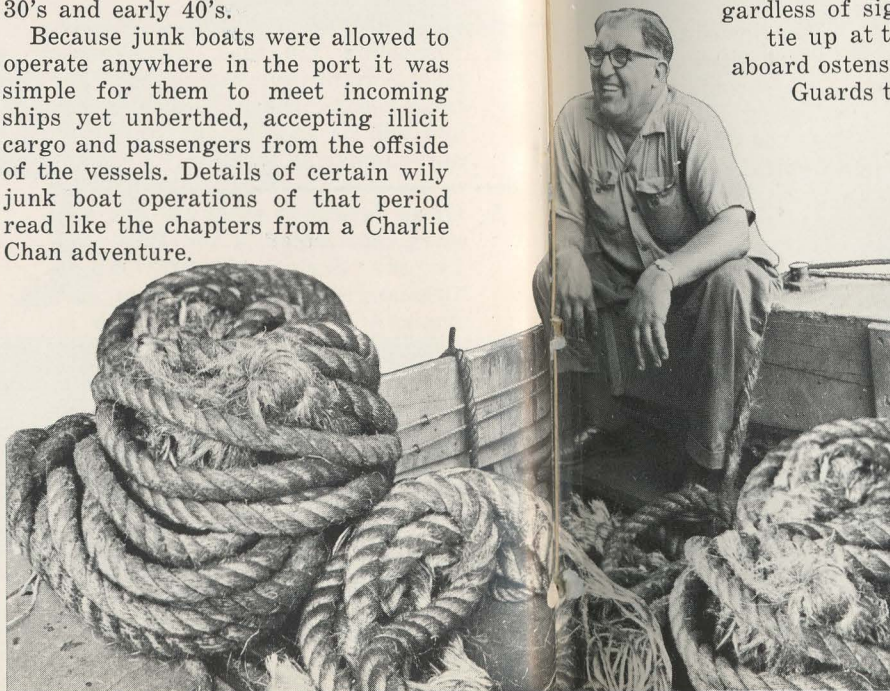
One spokesman for a dock renting company, testifying against the resumption of junk boat licensing at the end of World War II (during which they were suspended by a cautious Navy who labeled the business "a potential source of possible sabotage") said: "Junk boats get into the slips regardless of signs posted. They tie up at the pier and come aboard ostensibly to telephone. Guards think junkies are

stevedores and the result is that they use the pier freely. That, of course, brings about the fact that . . . during the night holes are cut in the pier and merchandise put through the deck of the pier down to where the junk boats are waiting." One official estimated that more than 100,000 dollars worth of merchandise was lost by theft in the harbor. Another put the figure closer to \$500,000.

In 1946 Cornelius H. Callaghan as spokesman for nearly every faction of the marine industry members of the Maritime Association, brought about more restrictive measures in junk boat operation before licensing was resumed in 1947. These restrictions included operating only from sunup to sundown, keeping strict records of purchases, acquiring signed statements from sellers, limiting each boat to one man, and painting the words "junk boat" conspicuously on the bow.

That the "junkie" operation is generally scrupulous now may be inferred from the attitudes and comments of the various policing agencies, and from, for example, family man Jim Tesoriero, who observes: "Today, nobody takes a chance on anything."

It has been feast or famine for the junk boat operators. But seaman Jim Tesoriero is content with his marginal income. "And besides, I get time for some bass fishing when business is slow."





# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



◀ **PILGRIMAGE**—Former SCI Director, The Rev. Canon Harold Kelly (left), with his wife paid a visit last week remarking: "SCI has become so busy and startlingly changed since the depression years I remember." Dr. Kelly who assumed the job from Dr. Mansfield in 1934 and stayed until 1948, now resides in Berkeley, Calif., is Registrar of the Episcopal Diocese of California headquartered in San Francisco. Pictured are his wife and The Rev. John M. Mulligan.

◀ **ON THE TELLY**—A view of Manhattan's skyline, with SCI particularly prominent, has been saturating America's television sets aided and abetted by the White Owl cigar commercial. This picture, taken directly from a video-film frame of the cigar commercial, depicts the familiar "chopper" landing at the downtown heliport adjacent to SCI. Theme of commercial: busy executives smoke White Owls. Look for us on the telly, America!



◀ **AT LAST**—Pilings are being driven for the new addition to SCI's Port Newark, N. J. station, delayed by a series of necessary, time-consuming load tests to determine whether the unusual soil structures, unique to the area, will support the building. Opinion: yes. Port Newark's manager, Chaplain Basil Hollas demonstrates the pile-driving and earth moving equipment owned by excavation contractors, Linde-Griffiths, Newark. Completion in nine months has been estimated by general contractor, Weny Brothers & Storms, Inc. of Paterson.



◀ **WE HEARD THE ANGELS SING**—84 boys from the Lincoln, Nebraska, public schools presented a half-hour lunch-time concert at SCI last month, departed immediately for a second performance at the World's Fair. The famous group, directed by Hugh Rangeler, Director of Music for the Lincoln public schools, was arranged for by Robert Cumming, Man. Editor of *Music Journal*.

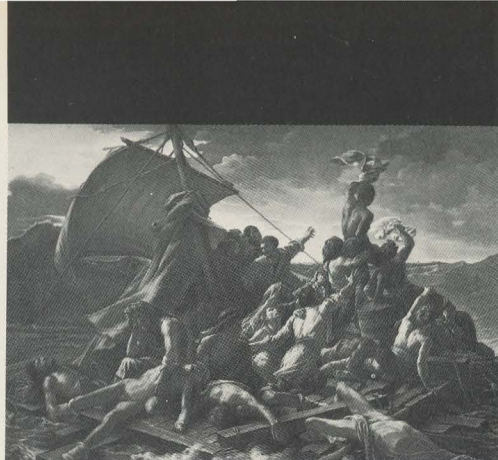


◀ **SEE, IT'S ME!**—Ashblond, dimpled Vibeke Maersk-Moeller is usually a visual asset as hostess in the Danish Pavilion at the World's Fair, but last week she called upon the SCI Marine Museum to see her namesake, a model of Danish freighter **Vibeke Maersk** constructed in her uncle's ship-building firm on the island of Odense. She exclaimed: "Oh, but now the ship's been painted blue." Enchanting heir to a ship-building empire, and cousin to the Isbrandsen shipping family, Vibeke has loved the sea since childhood, but, ironically, was previously employed by S.A.S. in Australia.

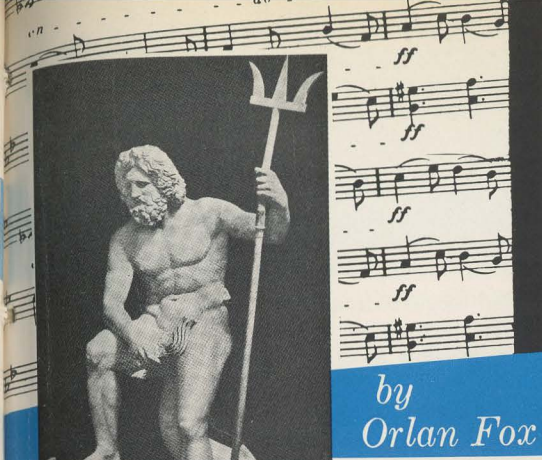


◀ **LAYMAN OF THE CLOTH**—Seaman and former heavyweight boxer, Eddie Moore, 43, (center) became the first certified lay leader to provide religious services for men aboard the Navy's numerous cargo and scientific vessels which are often away from the States for months. Eddie has held several services on the high seas while working aboard USNS **Comet**. He beams with pride while MSTs staff chaplain, Commander S. Sobel (left) and Lt. (chaplain) William A. Smith look on.





# Seamen and the Arts



by  
Orlan Fox



**T**HE SEA, and those who venture upon it for a livelihood have contributed their color and uniqueness to the world of the arts as subjects for dramatization (and as the objects of landmen's romanticizing) for the last three thousand years. Indeed it began even before the Homeric poets sent Ulysses home from Troy the hard way, a nine year odyssey over dark waters that has dominated the literary psyche of Western civilization ever since.

For if we journey back further millennia, into pre-history, we find that the energy, imagination and instincts of the artists of ancient Egypt sent dynasty after dynasty of embalmed royal personages to their eternal rest on carved and gilded funeral barges. Barges which, however far-ranging the ambitions of their creators, travelled, encased in sepulchers of stone, only in time.

From the dawn of culture then, man has been fascinated with the sea; as he has tapped its wealth and its winds, so has his imagination fastened upon its power, its implacability, its beauty. Small wonder that poets, writers, painters have followed the sea, their creative energies kindled by its romance just as the wake of a ship in the tropics is filled with fire at night by the reaction to its turbulence of the sea's micro-organisms.

## THE SEA'S MYSTERIOUS FORCE

As a subject for art, the sea is unmatched. Its mysterious force, through

the ages, has universally compelled the aesthetic sensibility. It is only natural, then, that mariners—who are after all most intimately committed to the sea's demanding hardships and its meditative leisure—should be inspired to celebrate their fabulous world, even if it's just "to whittle and to yarn." Similarly, any man who has ever gone to sea, even for a short time, knows that it will most likely be *the* experience of his life. If he is creative, he will recreate the sea; if he writes, he will write of the sea.

There are no well-ordered catalogues on the subject, but by the most cursory survey, it's a good bet that the collected works of seamen and ex-seamen in the fine arts would fill a good size library and museum. From the primitive sculpture of the scrimshaw to the famous epic of the white whale, we discover an impressive, and proud, testimony to the sea-rover's talent.

## SEAMEN AS SCULPTORS

Scrimshaw, to begin with, is an art, or craft, that is the exclusive property of the sailor, or more properly, of the old-time whaling hand. For general comeliness and intelligibility, it easily outranks the work of the best "primitive" artists of our own day. Using pocket knives, or sometimes tools made especially for fine carving, whalers used to, as Melville's hero Ishmael in *Moby Dick* described it, "carve you out a bit of bone sculpture, not quite as workmanlike, but as close

packed in its mazziness of design as the Greek savage Achilles' shield; and as full of barbaric spirit and suggestiveness as the prints of the fine old Dutch savage, Albrecht Durer . . . as great a trophy of human perseverance as a Latin lexicon . . ." It might be added that scrimshaw pieces are today highly prized items in the art world.

Another, somewhat related, seafaring art is that of the anonymous ship's carpenter in the architecture of whaling villages like Sag Harbor, New Bedford, and Nantucket. Not only do the stately old houses built by wealthy sea captains contain intricate and inimitable joinery and carving around fireplaces, door frames and stair rails, but in many cases the architecture itself was produced by the capable hands of a trusted "chips," who with a standard rule book of the classic Greek proportions "necessary" to well-building, and his own fertile imagination, created houses we marvel at today.

## SEAMEN AS AUTHORS

Certainly the most important contribution of seamen to the arts is the sea-story and novel. Foremost is the vast collection of sea lore and tales which, through the centuries, have been invented and elaborated by the sailor's imagination. On deck and be-

low we hear of the ghost ship, the lost continent, the sea monster, the ubiquitous mermaid. The value of the tales is proved by their popularity as sources for the works of artists in all media—from a Charles Adams cartoon to a Wagnerian opera.

Herman Melville is, of course, the giant among American authors of the sea. His adventures during his five years on ship from 1838-1843 were the source for at least six of his novels. Melville's Redburn, Billy Budd, Ahab, and Ishmael—sailors all—are classics among characters in fiction.

Second only to Melville, among Americans, is James Fenimore Cooper, a prodigious writer and our first popular novelist. His five years in naval service were the inspiration for *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover*, read avidly by schoolboys for nearly a century and a half.

A contemporary of Melville was Richard Henry Dana, whose autobiographical narrative *Two Years Before The Mast* is a masterpiece of realism, and is, incidentally, Dana's only major attempt at prose. Described by the author as "the life as a common sailor at sea as it really is," the book has remained an all-time American favorite since its publication in 1840.

Some 50 novels were produced by the sometime-sailor Jack London during his short lifetime. He was perhaps the first "best-seller" of this century. Since his style was reportorial, he constantly sought new scenes and experiences to write about—sailing the



seas among them. *The Sea-Wolf*, *The Cruise of the Snark*, and *Tales of the Fish Patrol* are exciting accounts of his adventures aboard ship.

Of the more recent American seamen-turned-authors, special note should be made of Malcolm Lowry, whose first novel, *Ultramarine*, was based on a voyage to the Orient and the Indian Ocean when he was 18; and the Anglo-American William McFee, who served as the chief engineer of the British merchant marine service. After his immigration to this country in 1912, he wrote a series of popular novels of the sea. Also; James Fahey, whose illicitly kept diary of his navy service in the Pacific in World War II was well-received on its publication last year. And it would be remiss not to mention a sailor whose books have been on the best-seller lists for the past three years—the late John F. Kennedy.

Though he was never a professional seaman, the great French writer Victor Hugo has the singular distinction of having inspired the unsurpassed master of the sea story in our language. Hugo's magnificent *Toilers of the Sea*, we are told, was read eagerly by a young Polish immigrant living in Paris with his parents.

Still under the book's spell, Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski became a seaman shortly afterwards. He later shortened and anglicized his name to Joseph Conrad, learned to speak and write English more precisely than most native Englishmen, and produced a set of novels which, together, have become the most monumental, perceptive, and artistically enduring testimony to the sea in western literature.

Conrad was unusual, not alone for the fact that he stayed at sea for 16 years, but that during his long career as a seaman and ship's master, he was no less skilled, resourceful, and individual than he was later as a novelist. He was not sentimental about a profession romanticized by landlubbers. In his personal record and a total of eleven novels—*Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, *Victory*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, his most famous—there is apparent an old salt's manner of de-



tailed observation and sturdy objectivity.

One other English novelist-seaman worthy of note is John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate since 1930 and an honorary member of SCI's Board of Managers since 1933. The three years he spent before the mast as a young man have remained a major source for the many novels, plays and poems he has written in his long life. "Sea Fever," his most famous work, was almost the first poem he ever composed about the sea. His latest poem, written at the age of 86 and dedicated to John F. Kennedy, celebrates Operation Sail (see back cover).

The art of telling stories about the sea and the art of painting the sea are old mates. In the Middle Ages painters portrayed its turbulent waves as it flowed through the stories of the Bible and figured in the lives of the saints. The Flemish allegorical artist Pieter Brueghel was, for example, one of the first to focus his paintings on the sea.

As commerce and conflict expanded, the stories of great battles, disasters and adventurous voyages were recorded on canvas. Most famous of this type of painting is a single work by the French seaman Jean Louis Gericault. His "Raft of the Medusa" portrays the survivors of the infamous shipwreck in the early nineteenth century. It is said that Gericault, to study his subject, put to sea and had a raft built similar to that of the actual tragedy.

Like Gericault, J. M. W. Turner, the great English artist, realized that to paint with the intimate knowledge of a seaman, he must gain the experience of a seaman. While completing "Boat in a Snowstorm," for instance, he had himself lashed to the mast so that he could record the scene. Ironically, this striking picture we admire today was

initially termed "soapsuds and white-wash" by Turner's critics.

Seascape, the most popular version of sea-art, did not come into its own until well into the last century. Not surprisingly, it has since remained the favorite of "Sunday painters" the world over—whose front rank includes, incidentally, Britain's former First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Winston Churchill. The dabbler's professional inspiration is an impressive one.

French artists—from the realist Gustave Courbet to the impressionist Claude Monet—have immortalized Normandy's Etretat. The American Albert P. Ryder depicted New York's harbor in silhouettes of shadowy sails in moonlight. The Baltic Sea attracted the modern American painter Lyonel Feininger, whose geometric patterns gave the German coast a mystic atmosphere. And, of course, New England has had a continuous school of distinguished artists devoted to its rugged beach—Martin J. Heade, Winslow Homer, and John Marin, to name a few.

A number of prominent artists, who were also amateur sailors, are known for their detailed portraits of ships on the sea. Notable among Americans are Gordon Grant and Frederick Waugh whose paintings hang in the SCI. In addition, there is the legend of anonymous ship's modellers whose laborious craft has left us minute ex-



GREAT TUDOR, Henry VIII, established Church of England, laid cornerstone of English national state and became "Father of the Navy." All arts flourished during his reign.

amples of the world's sailing ships.

Of all the arts, music requires perhaps the most formal preparation and longest period of study. The contribution of seamen to the art lies, as a result, in the simple chanties which sailors of every nation sing. Currently, as so-called folk music has increased in popularity, a number of these songs and ballads have been taken over as landlubber fare.

The sea in music is, of course, another matter. Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Wagner, Mozart—the list is endless—all evoke the sea and its moods in numerous symphonies, operas and tone poems. Also, on the lighter side, there is the HMS Pinafore genre of Gilbert and Sullivan. In the American musical comedy, voyages on the sea have always proved a popular setting—such as in "Anything Goes," "Anchors Aweigh," and the recent "Sail Away."

And so it goes. The museum niches and library shelves are nearly full—just room enough to accommodate tomorrow's exhibition and publisher's list. "Sea fever" and the "creative urge" have enjoyed a happy marriage.

*Continued from page 5*

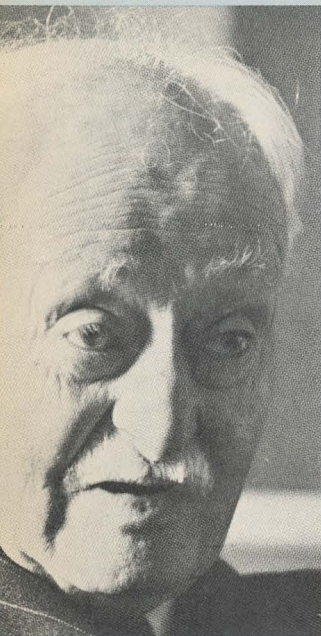
Candid and reflective the day we talked to him, Howard admitted that seamen are not what they used to be. "They are becoming conformists, whereas at one time they were individualistic, free people. They worked when they wanted and quit when they felt like it. Now they worry about pensions and houses in the suburbs with 35-year mortgages. There has been a loss of that old 'group solidarity' among us. It used to be that a seaman would make any sacrifice for another seaman. Now it's everyone for himself."

Regrettable as these transitions are, he still feels that the sea offers the greatest haven to contemporary Jack Londons.

One wishes he could draw from Howard's experiences for inspiration to write an adventure novel. Certainly an author could do worse than using a prototype like seaman Howard Bethell as his hero.



Lisbon to Manhattan - 1964



Here, by the towers of your splendid town,  
Ship after ship, the Racers will come in,  
Their colours going up <sup>and</sup> ~~as~~ their sails down,  
As welcomes to America begin.

The sirens will all bellow and make din

And all bells beat, *in thunder of ovation,*  
*As, one by one, each Racer, each a Queen,*  
*Arrives, salutes the EAGLE and takes station,*  
*One beauty more in all the lovely scene,*  
*The grand scene, of the ships that have made good*  
*Their path across the sea by hardihood.*

Ah, would that he who helped to plan this test  
Of manhood on the sea, were with us still.

Watching, with us, the ending of the quest,  
As men and ships their destinies fulfil.

He whom America in desolation

Now mourns, from sea to sea; but he has gone  
A Nation's memory and veneration,

Among the radiant, ever venturing on,

Somewhere, with morning, as such spirits will.

*John Marzfeld,*  
*April 16<sup>th</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>.*  
*1964.*

**Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.**

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