


# The LOOKOUT

NOVEMBER 1953



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK





**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

VOL. XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1953

Copyright 1953 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

THOMAS ROBERTS  
Secretary and Treasurer

TOM BAAB  
Editor

MAE STOKE  
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

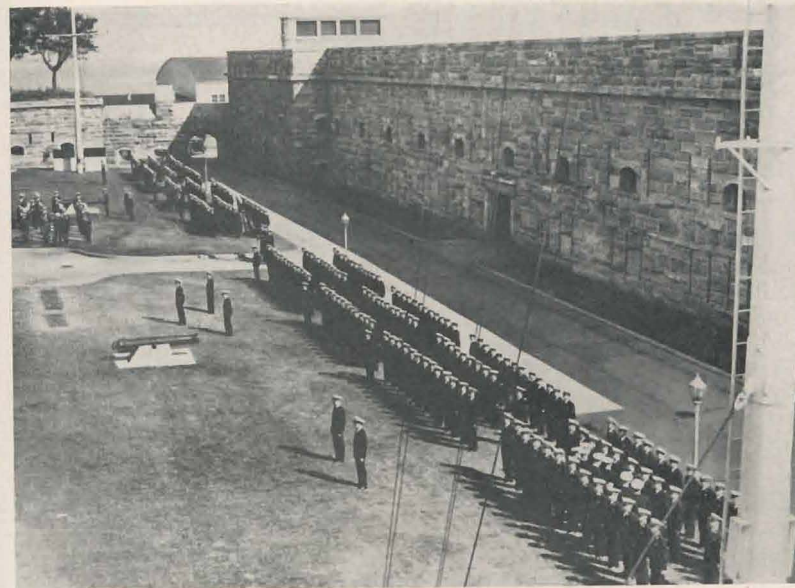
**THE COVER:** This view of the East River taken from the twelfth floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York shows some of the port activity which has made New York the greatest city in the world. In the foreground is the steelwork for the South Street extension of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Drive. Work on this new elevated express highway is expected to be finished in the Spring of 1954.

# The Lookout

VOL. XLIV

November, 1953

No. 11



## The Fort Schuyler Story

By John J. O'Connor, Jr.,

Assistant Dean, New York State Maritime College

**M**ANY readers of this article will have nostalgic memories of the old *St. Mary's*, first schoolship for the training of merchant mariners in the United States and parent of today's State University Maritime College at Fort Schuyler, New York. When the first class of youngsters reported aboard the *St. Mary's* on January 11, 1875, little did they know, or the Naval Officers who were to be their mentors, that the 958-ton sloop-of-war would one day be supplanted by a twenty-acre campus and a 6,000-ton turbo-electric training ship, and that the two-year course in marlin-spike seamanship would develop into a full-fledged four year collegiate program in Marine Transportation and Marine Engineering.

Life on the *St. Mary's* was rugged. The

two years spent in it were calculated to prepare the young sailor realistically for the rigors of the seafaring life. Remember, it was the age of the "bucko" mate in the American merchant marine, and voyages were long and wet and often cold, with short rations being the order rather than the exception. This life called for men who were as strong as the elements they were going to oppose, so the *St. Mary's* philosophy of stern discipline filled the bill admirably. So much so, that the Schoolship was often confused in people's minds with the New York City reform school located on board the *Mercury* from 1867 to 1875. To this very day old time New Yorkers will say, when the *St. Mary's* is mentioned, "Oh, you mean the ship where they used to send the bad boys."



Among the better known "bad boys" who were graduated from the *St. Mary's* are such people as Mr. Lewis Smith, retired president of Merritt, Chapman and Scott; Professor John C. Riedel, chief engineer of the Board of Estimate of the City of New York; Captain Paul Grening, noted master mariner and hero of the *Ignazio Florio* rescue; Felix Riesen-berg, noted sea author; Commodore John S. Baylis, USCG, retired; Rear Admiral Ralph E. Wood, USN, Retired, one of the Navy's outstanding aviators and commanders.

With the passage of the years the "Schoolship," as the Nautical School was popularly known, experienced many stormy passages, both at sea and in the politics of the time. At times over one hundred boys were enrolled in the two-year course, and at others as few as forty could be mustered. But the faith of its leadership and the industry which it served kept the school functioning, and its graduates were eagerly received by the companies which recognized the value of the training.

In 1907 the *St. Mary's* was replaced by the *U.S.S. Newport*, a barkentine-rigged steam auxiliary gunboat of Spanish-American War fame. The need for engineering training made the change necessary, although there were many saddened hearts when the "*old St. Mary's*," with which so many fond memories, as well as lusty anecdotes, were connected, was consigned to oblivion.

Bridging the years rapidly, the Nautical School served well in two World Wars when its graduates swelled the ranks of the Navy and merchant marine with outstanding young officers. After the Second World War, the long contemplated extension of the course to three years was realized and, by this time, only high school graduates of high calibre were admitted to the program.

Finally in 1948, the school adopted a four-year collegiate curriculum which provided for four full years in the classrooms and laboratories and nine months at sea, and assumed its present name,

State University Maritime College at Fort Schuyler. Graduates receive Bachelor of Science degrees and licenses as third mates if they graduate from the Marine Transportation course, and the engineers receive Bachelor of Marine Engineering degrees and their licenses as third assistant engineers. All physically qualified graduates are commissioned Ensigns in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Today over five hundred student officers are regularly enrolled in the four-year course at Fort Schuyler. Academically, the course enjoys the greatest of recognition as evidenced by its accreditation by the Middle States Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges and the Board of Regents of New York State. The course from "Mug" year, as the beginning year has been traditionally known, to graduation is a rough one. Although well-charted, many of the young mariners wind up on the reefs.

The normal college months from September through May are spent on the campus at Fort Schuyler. Nautical training is not neglected during these months, but the emphasis is on the skills acquired through study rather than through performance on the job.

The Marine Transportation student, or deck cadet, if you will, studies English literature, French or Spanish, economics, foreign trade and labor relations, admiralty and commercial law, and psychology. He also numbers among his courses those in ports and port facilities, marine insurance, the merchant marine and public policy and ocean transportation. Reinforced by his mathematics and physics courses, his naval architecture studies take on added significance. This program is grouped around a core of elementary, intermediate and advanced navigation, meteorology, practical and theoretical seamanship and communications. No aspect of the theoretical phases of his profession is left untouched, and proper attention is directed to the fact that today's merchant officer might be tomorrow's shipping executive, and must equal the graduates of other colleges in cultural attainment and abil-

ity to interpret society.

Today's student marine engineer at the Maritime College actually receives the same classroom and laboratory education as the mechanical engineer, and is accepted as such when he graduates. You might say that he is a mechanical engineer with a marine operation specialty. In his program you will find four semesters of calculus, four semesters of engineering physics, thermodynamics, fluid mechanics, chemistry and machine design, along with a host of other engineering subjects, including specially developed operating courses in steam generators, marine steam turbines, marine diesels including auxiliaries, marine gas turbines, and reciprocating steam engines. Nor is the engineer's cultural preparation ignored with courses in English, history and public speaking being included in his program.

This is all well and good, you might say, but you can't learn to be a sailor in a classroom, no matter how smart you are! Well, that most important phase of the program is taken care of on the annual 10,000 mile cruise on the training ship *Empire State*. Every summer the entire cadet corps boards the *Empire State* and from bilge to binnacle operates and maintains the vessel on the three month voyage. During his "Mug cruise" the cadet performs the lowliest (and dirtiest and hardest) jobs aboard. He wipes and cleans, chips and paints, loads stores and polishes, heaves and hauls, and generally learns what it takes to keep a vessel in operation. On each subsequent cruise, until his third and last, he moves up the ladder of responsibility . . . to fireman, watertender, oiler, junior engineer, if he is below decks; above deck he will begin as an ordinary seaman, then to able seaman, quartermaster, boatswain, until on his last cruise he stands junior mate watches.

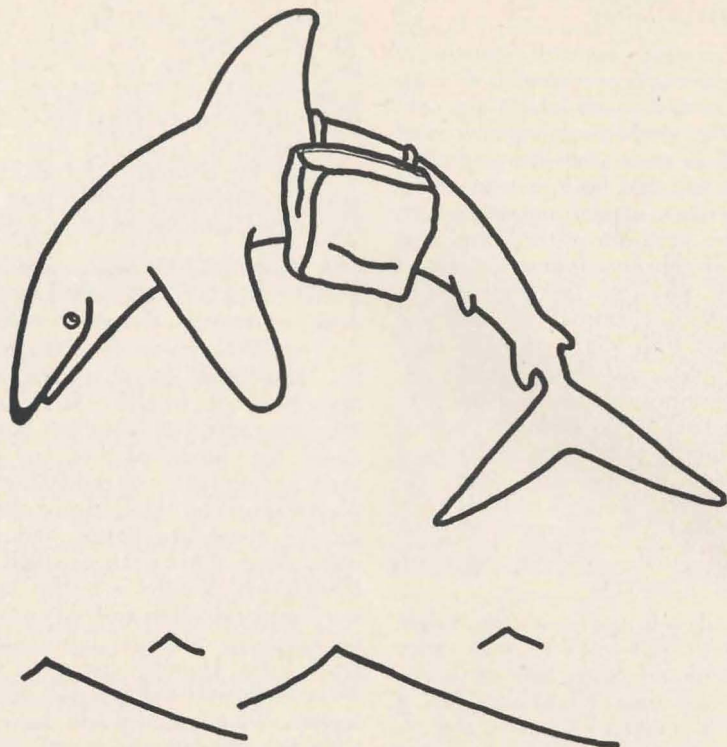
Student life at Fort Schuyler is organized on a military basis. The student body forms a Cadet Corps and is governed by its own student officers, who are appointed by virtue of their academic and professional ability. The military system

is not as exacting as that found at the service academies, but retains many of the features of the service academies in a modified form. Fort Schuyler officials are proud of the fact that the College has been able to achieve a neat balance whereby the academic and military programs complement rather than oppose each other, and one reinforces the other.

A Cadet-Midshipman's day at Fort Schuyler starts at 0630 when he "hits the deck" at reveille and ends with "lights out" at 2300, unless special permission for "late lights" for study purposes has been received. In those 16½ hours an average cadet has attended classes for about five hours, studied for another three or four hours, eaten his three meals, played sports or indulged in a club activity for about two hours, and perhaps done some of his wash or stood a four-hour watch. A cadet is in the "duty section" every six days and may or may not be assigned an actual four-hour watch on that day. He must also stay "aboard" every sixth weekend as a part of the duty section. We might also add that it is possible for a cadet to accumulate enough demerits to be restricted for a weekend and lose his privilege of leaving the campus for that weekend. Demerits are "awarded" for such things as disobedience to orders, disrespect to a senior officer, unmilitary appearance and "gear adrift," which is Fort Schuyler language for a sloppy room.

There it is. The Fort Schuyler Story. The story of America's oldest maritime school, matrix of outstanding merchant marine officers for nearly eighty years. The school which gave Commodore Harry Manning, Captain John Anderson and hundreds of other outstanding seamen like them to the American merchant fleet. The school which today is turning out men who are equally at home in the engine room of the *United States* or at the designing boards ashore, as capable in the executive offices as on the bridge. Today's Maritime College is the product of over three quarters of a century of rich development, the logical fruition of the experience that only time can give.





## The Mail-Carrying Shark

By Ray Nelson

IT WAS 2:00 A.M. in the glassed-in lounge of the Grand Hotel at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and one by one the press and radio boys who had converged on the spot to cover the International Tuna Cup Matches yawned and shuffled off to bed.

Finally only Boudreau and I were left. This particular Boudreau, that is—for in Yarmouth a man's name tends to be Boudreau, if it isn't Comeau, and the bustling port would be a pretty desolate waste if the Boudreaus and the Comeaus happened to pull up stakes.

This Boudreau tamped a fresh pipeful down with a horny thumb, and regarded the ceiling thoughtfully as he lighted up.

Then, exhaling a blue cloud, he said, "You've seen big sharks, more than likely. What I mean are the really big babies."

"I have," I answered. "Lots of them. Why?"

"Ever hear about the mail-carrying shark?"

I did a double-take on that one, and my companion chuckled. Then he told me the following story:

The old windjammer, *Socony*, Percy Crosby captain, rolled lazily along in mid-Pacific, case oil in her hold, a fairish breeze ruffling her sails. She was about two weeks out of Los Angeles, Shanghai-bound, and her timbers creaked

and groaned with the weariness of age, answering the muttering, gurgling water that slapped at her bow.

Crosby, finishing his morning coffee in his cabin, lit a cigarette and looked out the porthole at the placid Pacific. It had been a good voyage, even a pleasant one, he mused, except for one thing—a huge shark that had followed doggedly in the wake of the *Socony* for the last five days.

Tamping out his cigarette, Crosby went on deck to have a look. Sure enough, the shark was still there, less than a hundred feet astern. Half a dozen sailors were leaning over the rail, regarding it glumly, mindful of the seaman's superstition that if a shark follows a ship one of the crew will die during the voyage.

The captain watched the scene for a moment, then called for action. A heavy hook, baited with chunks of salt pork, went over the stern with a splash—and in a matter of minutes there was a frantic thrashing as the big fish hit.

A block and tackle was brought into play, and soon the glistening body of the shark was lying on the deck of the ship. The sailors gave it plenty of berth, all 18 wicked-looking feet of it.

They finally decided to open it up, however, on the premise that no shark is deadlier than a disemboweled one.

Suddenly, one of the men straightened from his task with a surprised exclamation, walked over to the captain and silently handed him four bundles of letters, neatly tied and in good condition. And every letter was addressed to Percy Crosby, captain of the *Socony*!

Boudreau paused to light up, which gave me a chance to break in with, "Who on earth dreamed that one up?"

"Nobody," he answered. "I got the story from Crosby, who lives here in Yarmouth. You want the rest of it?"

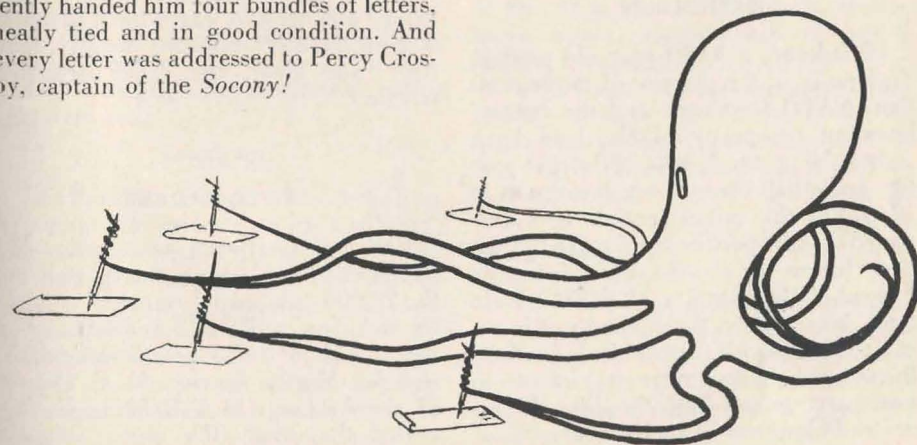
The explanation was almost disappointingly simple.

It seems that, accompanying Captain Crosby on this trip, were his wife and two small sons, Keith and Percy, Jr., aged five and seven. The boys had decided to vary shipboard routine by playing a form of post office. Rounding up the letters in the cabin, they tied them into four bundles and tossed them out the porthole. The bundles had floated astern, where the shark—not averse to taking a crack at anything even faintly resembling food—gulped them down. Which accounts for the return of the captain's mail, delivered by the only postal shark on record.

I didn't see Boudreau again until the next afternoon, aboard a tuna boat some 20 miles out of Wedgeport, where half a dozen of us had decided to try our luck with the giant blue-fins we'd been writing and talking about all week. We'd just boated a 500-pounder when Boudreau tapped me on the shoulder.

"When you get around to it," he said, with a grin, "you might see if there's any mail for me."

*Copr. Literary Enterprises, Inc.  
Real Magazine, September, 1953*





## MASTLESS

The first liner to be boldly described as a "mastless" ship has been launched in Barrow-in-Furness, England. Masts have been standard in ship design since the days of sail. The first steam vessels also utilized "wind" power; later, a mast was retained as a mark of respect for a bygone era and to improve the line of the ship. It became one of the sea's most tenaciously held traditions. True, modern masts became very stylized, but ship builders always included some sort of projection to symbolize the mast.

The builders of the 28,000-ton liner *Orsova* of the Orient Line have not merely intentionally omitted a mast from her design and declared she'll operate better without one but they've made her the first big ship to have an all-welded hull.

The old salts and the old-time welders sympathetically shake their heads together — a mastless ship with a welded hull — weak, jinxed and flyer-in-the-face-of-tradition. In Barrow-in-Furness, watchful waiting.

## ISKENDERUN

Iskenderun, a 3,000 year old port in Turkey, is in the process of mechanization. NATO shipments and the current booming prosperity of the land have forced the port to handle in the past year two and a half times as much cargo as in 1948. But this is not enough. It is estimated that the port must be geared in the near future to process four times its present daily capacity of 5,000 metric tons. Accordingly, the government is experimenting with mechanical loaders, including belt conveyors at pierside to bear cargo to and from the ships. Cleaners and blowers will load grain mechani-

cally from a 10,000-ton silo at the end of one pier. This, together with a mechanized chrome loader, is expected to reduce labor requirements 75% and cut loading time in half.

Piers, bridges and a new railway system are in the process of being built to increase the efficiency of the port. Ancient Iskenderun may soon be one of the world's most modern ports, and one of major importance on the Mediterranean, in strategic Turkey.

## LADY OR THE TIGER

Crewmembers of a Japanese freighter fought storms and played a deadly game of hide and seek with an uninhibited tiger that escaped its cage during a recent Pacific voyage. After a series of skirmishes and a few clawed casualties, the embattled crew finally trapped the tiger once more.

They made port without further event and it was with a certain feeling of pride and accomplishment, not to say relief, that they presented the beast to the new owners—the Tokyo Zoo. But Zoo officials looked askance and waved them all away. A clear case of mistaken identity. The tiger was male; the order specified female.

## RIVER RADAR

Radar on riverboats has substantially increased the tonnage transported on the 28,000-mile inland waterway system by reducing bad weather delays. At a meeting of the Radio Technical Commission for Marine Service, M. C. Dupree of the Ashland Oil & Refining Co. revealed that some Ohio River shippers

were able to get 120 hours of running time from tows when fog had halted all other river traffic.

A supersonic depth sounder, an additional electronic device, indicates "easy" water — as opposed to strong currents — and prevents accidental groundings, which often result in serious damage to vessel and cargo. Approximately 300 riverboats are equipped with the radar and supersonic devices. Total traffic in the inland system climbed to 62,000,000,000-ton miles in 1951. It was just 9,000,000,000-ton miles twenty-five years ago.

## THE SEA TOO

The Institute, a hostelry for men of the sea, recently played host to the sea itself when a high perigee tide aided by wind pushed a mild flood onto South Street via lower Manhattan storm sewers. When a sewer near the Institute became blocked, water entered the building through a Consolidated Edison transformer pit, seeping into the cafeteria, baggage check-room and the "engine room" in the sub-basement. However, Mr. Leslie Westerman, Hotel Manager, characterized the insurgent sea as a "mere trickle" compared to the inundation of 1951. At that time only an all-out manning of the pumps prevented the water from completely flooding the Institute's entire basement area.

## SPEAKERS

The Speakers Bureau of the American Merchant Marine Institute has a substantial roster of steamship people available for talks, at no cost, before church groups, fraternal organizations, and community and educational associations.

Requests for speakers should be addressed to the Bureau of Information, American Merchant Marine Institute, 11 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

## SORRY, DEARIE

In another unofficial race across the Atlantic, relates the MSTs Bulletin, the liner *S.S. Queen Elizabeth* sailed from New York shortly before the *S.S. United States*, but was soon overtaken.

"Sorry, dearie" . . . said the skipper of the *United States* in a wireless to the *Queen's* skipper.

The British skipper replied, "Don't be sorry, friend. A real lady never travels in fast company."

## TV

Popular in the Game Room these days is a 24-inch console television set presented to the Institute by the Motorola Company. Seamen follow college football quite closely, but boxing still draws the largest audiences. A good match brings a halt to all other activities in the Game Room, according to Supervisor Joe McCrystal.

## GRATITUDE

The Nantucket lightship had callers last month — the first such occurrence since 1940 — when Dutch crewmembers of the *Sibajak* rowed alongside bearing beer, cigars, postcard pictures and a Halifax newspaper.

The *Sibajak* had been successfully guided through the dense fog by the *Nantucket* on three previous voyages to New York. Captain Frederik J. de Jong took advantage of good weather and a four-hour wait for the tide to express his gratitude to the lonely eleven Coast Guard crewmembers.

On continuous duty for four-month periods, the Coast Guardsmen welcomed the unexpected visitors enthusiastically and then lowered the motor launch to tow the Dutch emissaries of good will back to their ship.



# The Better Mousetrap



Inventor James F. Fitzgerald studies the toy that gave him his idea for a "better mousetrap."

IN grandpa's time there was a book called *Lee's Priceless Recipes: 3,000 Secrets for the Home, Farm, Laboratory, Workshop and Every Department of Human Endeavor*. Whether you wanted to dry gooseberries or make artificial gold, Lee had all the formulas. (It must be assumed that this was not the same Lee who lost the Civil War.) Many of these recipes were, in a sense, priceless; yet you could get a copy of the book for the surprisingly small sum of twenty-five cents. Of course, this was in the days when a dollar bought more than it does now.

Anyway, Lee's book even had a section called "What to Invent." It recommended "cheap useful articles that will sell at sight. Something that everyone needs, and the poorest can afford. Invent simple things for the benefit of the masses, and your fortune is made." Although the vigilant modern ear may detect dangerous political overtones in this advice, it has nonetheless proved a fair thumb rule for inventors. Lee cited the case of a one-armed soldier who amassed a fortune from a simple toy, a wooden ball attached to a rubber string. "They cost scarcely anything," he said, "yet millions were sold at a good price." Lee also told of a German who became enormously rich by patenting a simple wooden plug for beer barrels.

In so many words, of course, Lee was saying something every young man has

heard at one time or another: "Invent a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door."

During a recent voyage a merchant mariner named James F. Fitzgerald, whose shore address is the Seaman's Church Institute of New York, decided to test the merits of this old preachment. It took him eight hours of thinking the first day and five hours the next. And this last September he was granted a basic patent for a better mousetrap.

"Of course," admits Jim, "I can't say that it's really a better mousetrap until landlubbers as well as seamen begin beating a path to 25 South Street."

Actually, Jim's invention is not designed to compete with the conventional mousetrap. For one thing, his trap does not kill the mouse. For another, the trap is designed with an eye to aesthetic values. As Jim puts it, "This is the first mousetrap in history that's good to look at. I mean it don't remind you of gettin' your head cut off."

But while the novel design of the trap would make it a good conversation piece, the device is calculated to be coldly efficient as a trapper of mice or other small

rodents. Shaped like an oversized donut, the trap was inspired by a "Slinky Toy" which Jim gave to his nephew. It consists of a coil spring compressed and confined to a circle formed by two metal rings inside the coil. When the trap is cocked, these rings interlock and hold the ends of the coil apart, presenting two interesting apertures for the mouse to explore in his search for the bait, which is mounted on a trigger inside the spring halfway around from the openings. The two interlocking rings lose their grip on one another when the trigger is moved, and the ends of the coil snap together, forming an endless tubular cage measuring six inches across. For rats the trap is designed somewhat larger and the coil is to be made of heavier material so the prisoner can't spread the bars of his cell and escape.

Although he has not yet found a manufacturer who will "carry the ball," Jim is confident that he has a success on his hands at last. "It's a beauty," he says. "It's good to look at as an ornament, and it's a good trap. What's more, it'd be a snap to turn out since it has only three simple parts."

A veteran of thirty-five years of seafaring, Jim has spent many hours "inventing" as the watch grew long and

wearisome. After a long session at the wheel one time, he came up with an idea for using the vernier effect on the dial face and covering glass of a gyro-compass to increase its apparent sensitivity. He discovered that he was two years late with that idea, however. But not long afterwards he recouped by utilizing the vernier effect in creating a new fish lure, on which he holds a patent.

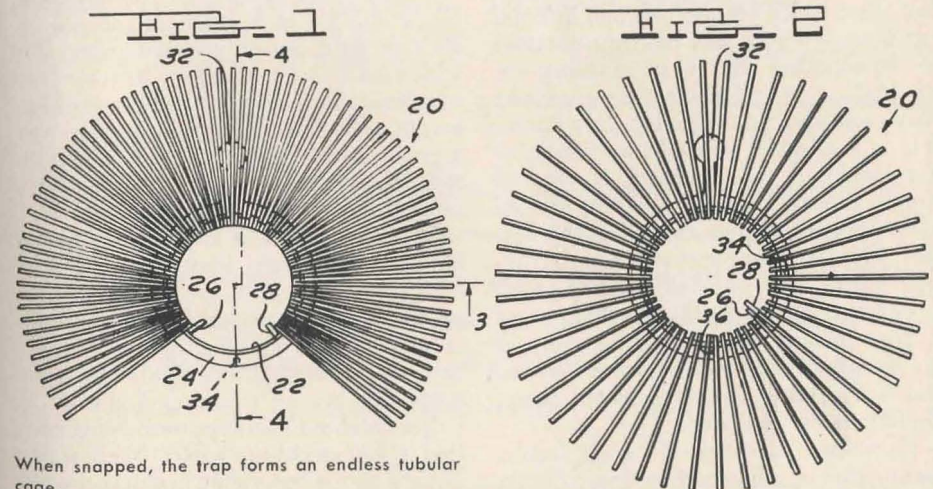
"When you start makin' fish lures, though, you got lots of company," he observes. "But this mousetrap is different. It's got appeal, and I got a good basic patent there that nobody can touch."

Jim has no delusions of great wealth, but he does hope the mousetrap will "catch on" so that he can stay ashore long enough to study drawing, which through the years has been one of his abiding ambitions.

"When I start in at the Art Students League, the boys down here on South Street are gonna look at each other and say, 'Whaddya suppose is goin' through old Fitz's head now?' But that's what I wanna do. That is, when this mousetrap pays off and the world starts beatin' a path to my door."

The address, once more, is: A.B. James F. Fitzgerald, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.

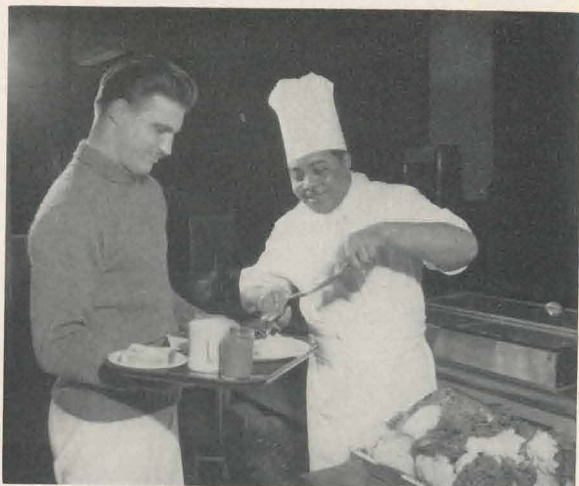
— TOM BAAB



When snapped, the trap forms an endless tubular cage.



## Galley Duty



THE tipoff was when I saw the crates of turkeys going in the Institute's receiving entrance. And my better self decided that with Thanksgiving coming they would be needing some expert advice. I've shipped as third cook and I felt sorry for these poor landlubbers, for the sight of a gang of hungry seamen would give any cook stage fright.

So I went to the galley to offer my services for what they were worth. It was a lot bigger and a lot shinier than I had expected. Dishes were tootling in and out of steaming machines and big vats of soup were bubbling away near the wall. But what really got me was one infernal machine—a guy was pouring potatoes in the top, and they were scuttling out the bottom, peeled as clean as a whistle. Any man who's done galley duty knows this is a miracle. I caught a glimpse of the inside of the machine. It was all rough and jagged and a wheel shaped like a propeller spun around at the bottom. The guy told me it was a carborundum wheel. When I finally walked away, so help me, he was stuffing it with turnips.

Some people were whanging away at pie dough back near a set of tall ovens, and I figured I might be useful there. Besides, it smelled good.

Cornelius Tavenier, the head baker, was mixing up a batch of apple pie filling.

He had the sliced apples and the juice and he was adding a pinch of nutmeg and a little cornstarch. I looked around but I couldn't spot any secret ingredients. Now, I put nutmeg and cornstarch in apple pies, too, but they don't come out tasting like his. His people were pulling out big shelves of pies from the ovens and sliding others in. Some were flattening dough and others were setting it in the pans and trimming it. I could smell pumpkin and mince too. Everyone was working so hard and so fast that I just went away.

I didn't want to bother Cornelius right in the middle of a batch of pie filling. He's an artist not only in the galley, but with paints and canvas too. Reminds me of when I first met him. I saw one of his paintings in the cafeteria office. It was a good one of Santa Claus and a bag of toys. But there was something I didn't understand about it. So I hauled him over and he explained it for me. It seems his art teacher told him that he should always put something of his own in his paintings. So right smack in the middle of all the toys spilling out of Santa's bag, he painted a big juicy piece of apple pie.

Big batches of turkeys were being carried in and stacked in a deep-freeze walk-in kind of ice box. They had just passed

inspection. It seems that the Institute is pretty particular about its turkeys. A bird has to weigh about 28 or 30 pounds and to be a Northwestern, and graded prime and government inspected. The purchasing agent, the butcher and the chef inspected them. No riff-raff turkey could get by all that.

James Madison Adams was there supervising everything. He's the chef and he makes the best gravy you ever had. I asked a few casual questions and as near as I can figure, the secret is that he puts some vegetables in the stock while the turkey is roasting and mixes them up with onions and giblets that are chopped fine to get all the flavor. Then he adds a little know-how.

The turkeys were still coming in and the stacks got pretty high. There were some big containers in the ice box too. Adams said they were 100-pound batches of pie dough. "We've got to feed 1,000 men," he said. I shuddered, but he didn't bat an eyelash. 1,000 men! And I thought I had troubles with a crew of thirty. Imagine all the pies and all cleaning, roasting and carving on the turkeys!

He bustled off and I wandered over to one of the ladies, who was making little salads. I was still puzzled. "How do you keep the vegetables hot for a thousand meals?" I asked. "Relays," she said, slapping down another piece of lettuce. "We cook the vegetables and potatoes a little at a time so that every few minutes another freshly cooked batch is ready. Keeps them all hot and good tasting."

Well, I was licked. They didn't need me on the stuffing—I saw them cracking the last of the eggs into it. The cranberries were fine, and the peas, well, nothing special about them. I was beginning to feel a little useless, when someone said, "Here comes Miss Terwilliger." She's head of all operations, so I figured she was the one to ask. "Madam," I said. "I'm a first class third cook and I came here to volunteer my..."

"Wonderful," she said. "Right this way." She led me to the back room, talking all the way about my being a lifesaver and how they needed someone desperately. She gave me a funny looking knife and pointed to a barrel of peeled potatoes. Finally, I got a word in edgewise. "But they're all peeled," I said.

"Oh, yes. But the machine doesn't eye them. They all have to be eyed by hand."

What a blow. Well, I wasn't discouraged, though I admit this wasn't exactly what I had in mind. These people were working hard to make a nice holiday for seamen who will be away from home and lonely on Thanksgiving. Last Christmas, when I was in New York, the Institute had a homelike dinner, with hostesses at each table. Afterwards, every man got a gift and some cigarettes. It had felt good to be with friends.

So, I was glad to help. Even though potatoes are still a cook's natural, mortal enemy, in spite of all the fancy gadgets and the carborundum wheels.

—MIKE SODULKA

Again this year the Institute will invite to dinner nearly 1000 merchant seamen who will be alone in New York on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Your contribution to the Institute's Holiday Fund will help us with the cost of making these days brighter for those who will be unable to share the festivities with their own families. Please address the Holiday Fund, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.



---

## MEN OF THE SEA

It has become the fashion to derogate modern men of the sea. Those who lament the days of the "blue-nose" skippers and bucko mates may well pause and consider the skill with which present-day shipmasters and their crews have plied their profession in recent weeks. For in this period the men, whose ships are incalculably larger and more cumbersome than their forebears of fifty years ago, have come through in the finest tradition of the sea in exploits that should excite the admiration of Snug Harbor's most venerable residents.

The first incident was the rescue of "ditched" American airmen by the Italian crew of the Panamanian liner Nassau, which diverted from her course to pluck them from the tiny platform that was no bigger than a speck in the limitless ocean.

Hard upon this the Liberian freighter Greenville, lashed by an ocean gale, began to founder in mid-Atlantic. Her master summoned aid, which arrived in short order in the form of the huge French liner Ile de France. Even then the battered freighter's crewmen fought to save their ship despite the nearness of aid. All their efforts, the tireless pumping and trimming, came to naught and they surrendered their vessel when it became apparent that she could no longer hold out. The seamen from the Ile de France displayed no hesitation in manning their small lifeboats and plowing through the storm-tossed waters to bring the freighter's people to safety. High winds and waves made the job a difficult one, but well done it was.

If these feats were in the ancient maritime spirit, the job of docking the huge liners in this strikebound port has no parallel in the marine history of years ago. The task of bringing thousands of tons of heavy metal gently to rest without aid alongside a pier it is able to demolish easily is something different. The North River, with its currents and tides, is not an easy body of water to negotiate in any docking maneuver, and the fact that this operation has become almost routine on our waterfront reflects great honors on the skippers in charge of it.

Seafaring is by no means the same as it was years ago. The food, the pay, the quarters are better today. The trips are faster, the schedules tighter, the cargoes bigger and the passengers more. In this way the responsibilities have also grown, for seaman as well as master. Whatever their deficiencies, they are the same as those of the mariners of years ago. The best evidence of their ability is that the ships are still moving.

---

*N. Y. Times*

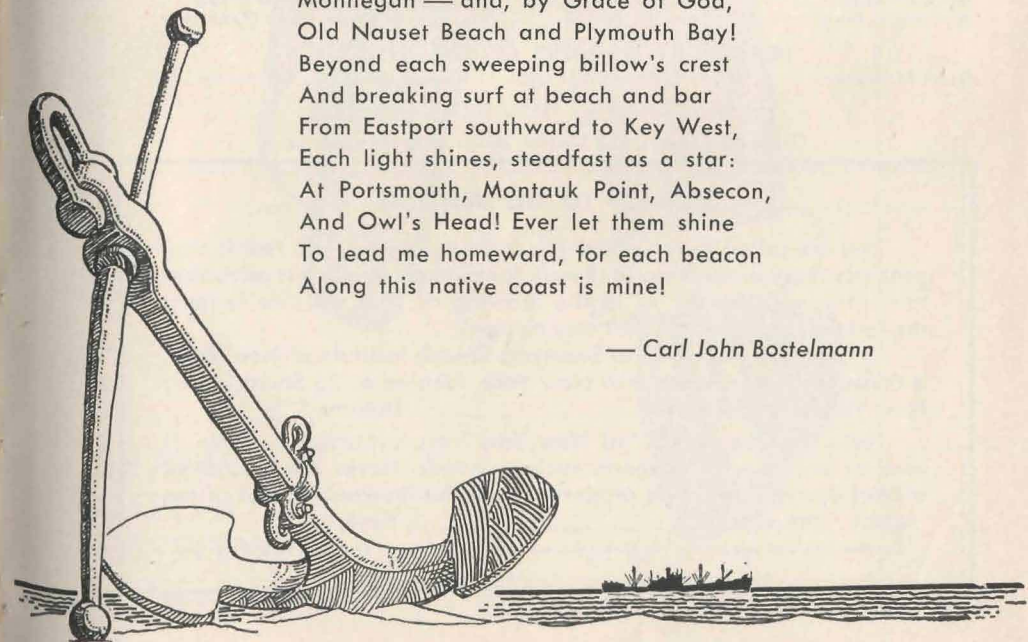
*Editorial*

*October 10, 1953*

## ATLANTIC COAST LIGHTHOUSES

Beyond the bays where headlands reach  
Dark promontories toward the sea,  
Where rockbound shore and sheltered beach  
Define the tides' periphery,  
White lighthouses stand sharp and clear.  
I see them, and I catch my breath:  
Nantucket, Portland Head, Cape Fear,  
West Quoddy, Cape Elizabeth!  
So like a sentry at his post,  
Each solitary sentinel  
Keeps lonely vigil on the coast  
And beams a beacon to the swell:  
Cape Ann, the Twin Lights at the Highlands,  
Cape Henry, Minot's Ledge! Is that  
Still Sandy Hook's or Fire Island's,  
Block Island's, or old Barnegat?  
No cenotaph for sailormen  
Need monument a tidal shoal  
While such bright signals shine again  
Where dark Atlantic surges roll:  
Gay Head, Cape Hatteras, Cape Cod,  
Cape Lookout, Beaver Tail, Cape May,  
Monhegan — and, by Grace of God,  
Old Nauset Beach and Plymouth Bay!  
Beyond each sweeping billow's crest  
And breaking surf at beach and bar  
From Eastport southward to Key West,  
Each light shines, steadfast as a star:  
At Portsmouth, Montauk Point, Absecon,  
And Owl's Head! Ever let them shine  
To lead me homeward, for each beacon  
Along this native coast is mine!

— Carl John Bostelmann





# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

### *Honorary President*

RT. REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

### *President*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

### *Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.

RT. REV. CHARLES K. GILBERT, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. JOHN HEUSS, JR., D.D.

VERY REV. JAMES A. PIKE, JR., S.J.D.

REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

REV. ARTHUR L. KINSOLVING, D.D.

REV. JOHN E. LARGE, D.D.

REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN

REV. ANSON P. STOKES, JR.

### *Lay Vice-Presidents*

GERALD A. BRAMWELL

HARRY FORSYTH

THOMAS ROBERTS

ORME WILSON

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS

*Assistant Secretary*, GORDON FEAREY

*Assistant Treasurer*, BENJAMIN STRONG, JR.

WILLIAM ARMOUR

EDWARD J. BARBER, JR.

EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL

REGINALD R. BELKNAP

GORDON KNOX BELL

GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.

CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.

CHARLES B. BRADLEY

JOHN MASON BROWN

LLOYD H. DALZELL

CLEMENT L. DESPARD

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

CALVIN T. DURGIN

DE COURSEY FALES

F. RICHARDS FORD

ADRIAAN GIPS

ARTHUR Z. GRAY

FRANK GULDEN

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

GERARD HALLOCK

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

THOMAS L. HIGGINSON

OLIVER ISELIN

ELLIS KNOWLES

LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY

CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

W. LAWRENCE MCLANE

CHARLES MERZ

CLARENCE F. MICHALIS

GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY

JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY

JOHN H. G. PELL

WALTER B. POTTS

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

PAUL RENSHAW

JOHN S. ROGERS

WILLIAM D. RYAN

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

HERBERT L. SEWARD

LEONARD SULLIVAN

CARL TUCKER

ALEXANDER O. VIETOR

FRANKLIN E. VILAS

FRANK W. WARBURTON

EDWARD K. WARREN

WILLIAM D. WINTER

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

## HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

ERNEST E. WHEELER

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

CHAPLAIN FRANCIS D. DALEY, *Assistant to the Director*

## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **Seamen's Church Institute of New York**, a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words "**of New York**" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.