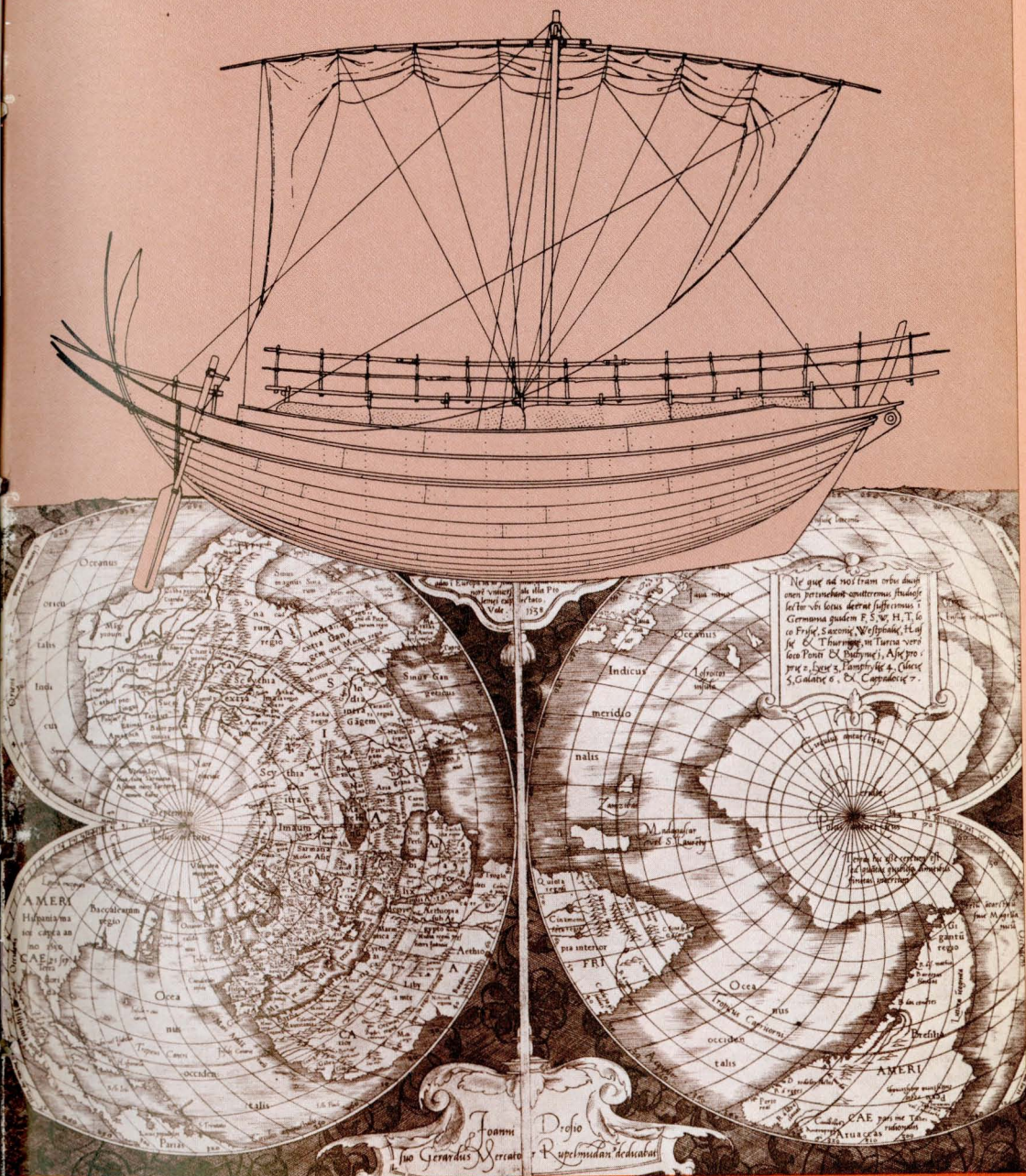




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JULY-AUGUST 1970



**FORMER  
INSTITUTE  
DIRECTOR  
DIES**



The Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, former director of the Institute, died June 21 in Bridgton, Maine, as a result of a heart attack. He was assistant SCI director beginning in 1947, became director in 1949, continuing in this capacity until 1960 when he left to become rector of Trinity Church, Portland, Maine.

Prior to coming to the Institute Dr. Hall had served Episcopal parishes as a priest in Fitchburg, Whalom and Lowell, Mass., and as chaplain and director of the Seamen's Club in Boston. He was 61 years of age at his death. He leaves his wife, three sons, his mother, a brother and three grandchildren.

It was as the "Paratroop Parson" of the 101st Airborne Division which

Photo of Dr. Hall taken at time he was the Institute director.

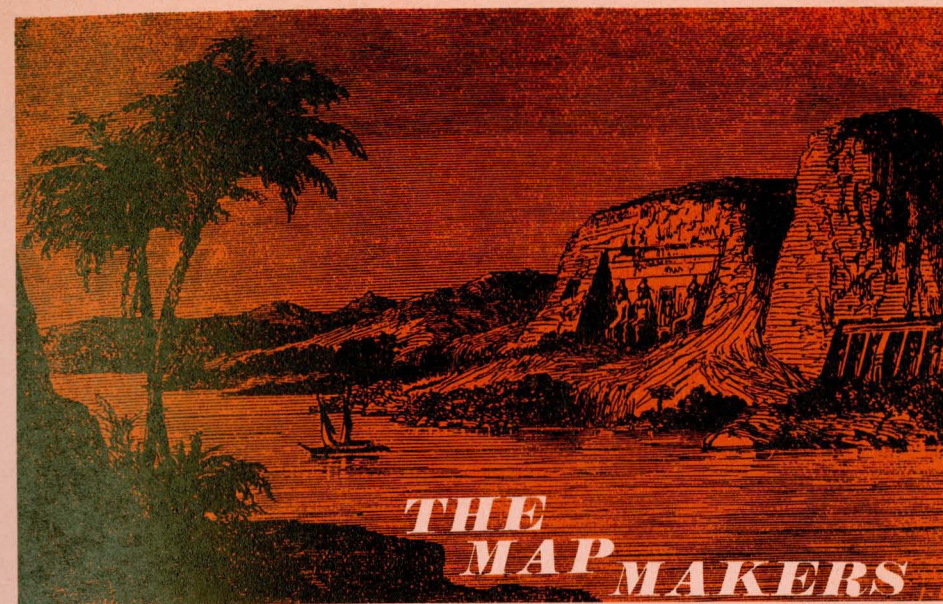
he served as chaplain from 1942 to 1946 that Dr. Hall won wide notice as the first paratroop chaplain in the U.S. Army. Then 33 years of age, he took the regular paratroop training course, doing practice jumps from planes and winning his wings as a paratrooper.

After this, he later related, on Sundays he usually preached to a full chapel where formerly the attendance at chapel had been rather sparse.

The Army was so impressed with Major (Chaplain) Hall's effectiveness that the regular jump training was made mandatory for chaplains assigned to paratroop divisions.

Dr. Hall sustained wounds from a German grenade at the front and after recovering in an English hospital was prohibited from jumping but went in on a second strike into Holland by glider. He was later captured by the Germans and held prisoner in Poland for many months before escaping to Russia.

He was a 1931 graduate of Brown University. In 1946 it awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.



*by Dane John*

The one person who drew the first map is unknown. He may have been a man wandering in search of food or fuel at a distance from his tribal habitation or he could have been one of the first primitive seafarers venturing to open a trade route to some far-off area for essential materials and thus needed to know his route home.

Prehistoric traders from the Mediterranean area crossed central Europe to the Baltic countries seeking amber, sailed to the British Isles for tin, journeyed to China overland for silk and to East Africa and Southern India for gold.

The geographers of ancient Greece and Egypt acquired a surprisingly good knowledge of the remote parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, a knowledge which was also advanced by the Romans. Some of the very early maps were drawn on smooth flat pieces of wood or etched with a tool into clay tablets and baked, but these proved too cumbersome for large areas that needed mapping and so various types of paper, parchment and treated animal skins were later used.

In the reign of Rameses II, 1300 B.C., the Egyptians made a careful survey of their lands and coasts. This survey was used by Eratosthenes, a Greek astronomer from Cyrene (small village in Libya) living in Alexandria in 194 B.C., to measure the distance from Alexandria to Syene (ancient name for Aswan) and from the result of this he calculated the size and shape of the earth.

Pomponius Mela, a Roman, made a primitive map in the first century B.C. and drew four continents on it, Europa, Africa, Asia, and a mysterious land called Antichthonos, below Africa and sited approximately at Antarctica.

Ptolemy, also a Greek astronomer and geographer living in Alexandria, A.D. 90-168, founded the Ptolemaic system which taught that the earth was stationary as the center of the universe and the heavenly bodies revolved around it. His more famous work was his "Geographical Outline", in eight volumes, concerning the world's land shapes and which for centuries was an authoritative treatise.

The oldest known surviving copy of

**the LOOKOUT**

Vol. 61 No. 6 July-August 1970

Copyright 1970

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004  
Telephone: 269-2710

The Right Reverend  
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.  
Honorary President

John G. Winslow  
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.

Director

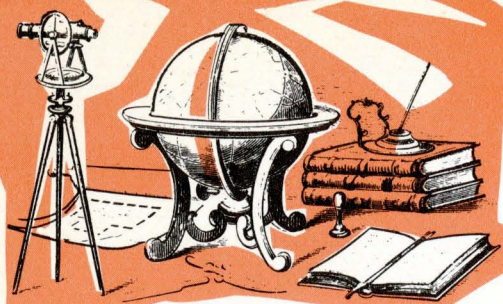
Harold G. Petersen

Editor

Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

COVER: Gerard Mercator, renowned Flemish map-maker, whose second engraved map is reproduced here (The Map-makers by Dane John, page 3) was most famous for his navigational maps. ■ The ship depicted is that of a Greek trading vessel, circa 300 B.C.





his famous map of the world dates from the 12th or 13th century. Considering when this was drawn, it is remarkably accurate, especially when most ancient map makers used to guess at or invent oceans or land masses to fill in the wide areas of blank spaces on their maps!

In the 9th century A.D. the Anglo-Saxons who were invading and conquering their way through various parts of Europe to extend their territory, prepared a map, a kind of war map, which not only showed Britannia and Ispania, but also Libia, Macedon, and areas far away which we know as Russia and India.

The Arabs who were excellent seamen-navigators, inspired by Al Mumin, Caliph of Baghdad, in 827 measured an arc of the meridian and improved the cartography of the day; they also charted the Indian Ocean. Later Vasco da Gama (1460-1524), the Portuguese navigator and the first European who discovered the sea route to India in 1498 around the Cape of Good Hope, followed the Arabian charts used by his Indian pilot for much of the voyage in that Ocean because they were more accurate than the charts published in Europe.

Modern cartography as we know it today was founded in the 15th century. A century later, in 1569, Gerhardus Mercator (1512-1594), a Flemish mathematician and geographer, invented a celestial and terrestrial globe by which he introduced his famous

method of projection which bears his name; meridians and parallels of latitudes cross each other at right angles, both being indicated by straight lines, which greatly simplified navigation.

Even so, these were not the first celestial or terrestrial globes, one of the oldest terrestrial globes being that of Martin Behaim, which he made at Nuremberg, Bavaria, in 1492, and is still preserved there. He sailed in the Portuguese fleet of Diego Cam on a voyage of discovery in 1484 to explore the islands on the coast of Africa and assisted in the discovery and mapping of the Azores.

One of the most celebrated and famous publishers of maps and geographical books was the Dutch family of Blaeu. Willem Blaeu (1571-1638) established the business at Amsterdam, where he also constructed celestial and terrestrial globes. Here he also published the six volumes of his "Novus Atlas".

His son, Johannes, who died in 1673, published eleven volumes of his "Atlas Magnus," also various topographical works. Both went to a lot of trouble to obtain up-to-date details of coastlines and land masses from newly-returned navigators and seamen. In a Blaeu map of 1664, North America and South America are shown fairly accurately in shape. North America was known as "America Septentrionalis" and South America as "America Meridionalis".

As more and more seamen-naviga-

(Continued on page 13)

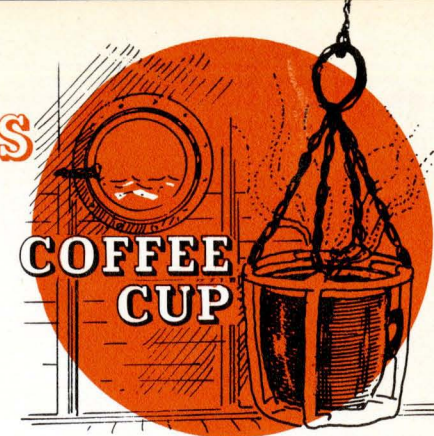
## THE SPILL-LESS

The perfect coffee cup for the mariner has finally been invented — this one is spill-less.

Invented by Stan Russell, a U.S. Naval Oceanographic Office engineer, this cup would be just the thing for a rough night at sea. "It can swing several degrees and the coffee barely even ripples," he said. "In two years I have never spilled a drop."

The special spill-less cup was devised two years ago when Mr. Russell discovered that the coffee pot was to be put several hundred feet from his desk. In true engineering fashion, he formed a metal frame for the dime store coffee cup, then attached three chains which converge on a carrying ring — all by mathematical computation.

"First we figured the slosh frequency — that's the frequency with



which the coffee sloshes back and forth," the engineer explained. "We did this by timing with a stopwatch the flicks of the coffee against the sides of the cup. Using the frequency we got from that, we computed the pendulum length to give the right pendulum frequency to keep the coffee from spilling. We figured the pendulum frequency to an odd half-multiple of the slosh frequency."

Now with that simple explanation every sailor should be able to devise himself a spill-less coffee cup.

## THOR HEYERDAHL

Thor Heyerdahl, the author and ethnologist, reports that he found "alarming" pollution far out to sea during his most recent expedition, according to the *New York Times*.

In an article in the April issue of *Biological Conservation*, Mr. Heyerdahl said that while sailing the Atlantic in a reed boat last year he had seen lumps of oily, "tarlike material" and other dirt in "widely separated parts of the ocean." One possible cause he cited was oil-dumping by tankers.

Mr. Heyerdahl, who is Norwegian, and his crew set out from Morocco last May but had to give up their trans-Atlantic crossing when their craft proved unseaworthy. The purpose of the voyage was to see if the ancient Egyptians could have sailed to the Americas.

In the English-language journal, which is edited in Switzerland, Mr. Heyerdahl said he and his shipmates had had an excellent chance to observe the Atlantic's surface, since "at an average speed of about 2-2.5 knots, the papyrus bundles on which our expedition sailed 2,700 nautical miles in 52 days never separated us by more than a foot or two from the ocean surface, part of our deck actually being constantly submerged."

On six of those days, he reported, they sailed "through visibly polluted water, in the mid-ocean as well as nearer the continental shores on both sides."

"Whatever be the cause," he said, "this pollution is so widespread that it calls for a planned investigation and explanation." (Continued on page 15)



# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront



National Maritime Day ceremonies in front of historic Fort Clinton in Battery Park were observed at noon, May 22nd, the site of the ceremony a stone's throw from the Institute. As the Protestant Chaplain of the Port of New York, the Rev. Dr. John M. Mulligan, SCI director (*front row, extreme right, speakers' platform*) was a participant in the event, giving the Benediction. Maritime academy cadets paraded and Vice Admiral A. R. Gralla, U. S. Navy, was the chief speaker.

\* \* \*

Institute building, visible in the distance, is framed between flags of U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, color guard. Mammoth office buildings nearing completion surround the SCI building.

\* \* \*

Kings Point midshipmen in front of Fort Clinton.



A series of meetings, led by Chaplain Henry H. Crisler, III, to acquaint the public and Institute staff with the environmental pollution crisis were held this summer at the SCI. Experts on pollution spoke on the increasing hazards of pollution and special movies were shown. More such meetings are planned beginning in the fall months.

A New York City pollution expert describes some grim facts.







Quality music for seamen and the public is offered regularly, at no charge, in the SCI auditorium, including operatic selections. Three singers from the JHL operatic company are shown as they appeared on the Institute stage in June — all of them professionals.

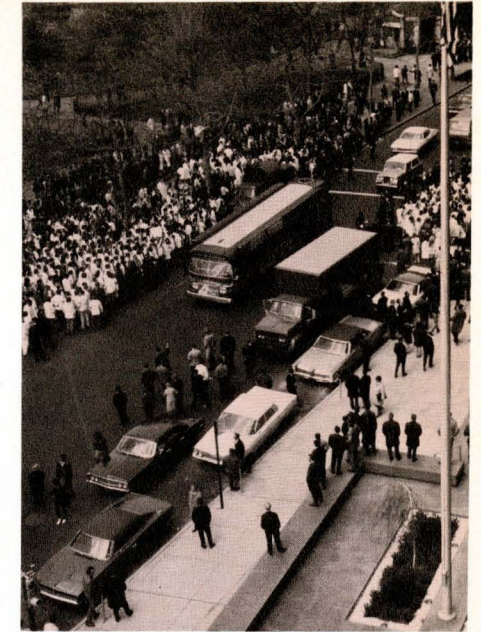


Seamen attending the evening dances at SCI's International Club are sometimes entertained by professional talent from the large passenger liners. In this instance entertainers from the

Dutch liner *Rotterdam* brought mirth to the seamen audience, particularly the trio of men billed as the "Kismet Sisters", and the troubadors known as "Los Candilejas".



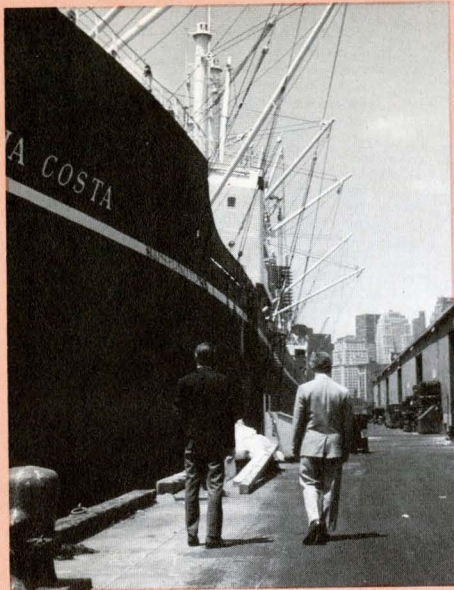
Many demonstration parades occurring in New York these days terminate in front of the SCI building for the simple reason the streets in this area of Lower Manhattan terminate at this point. The marchers in white jackets and gowns are medical students. Those carrying flags and wearing hard-hats are construction workers. Both photos were taken from a roof set-back of SCI.



SCI shipvisitors frequently discover ship personnel who pursue interesting hobbies while on long voyages. SCI men Peter Van Wygerden and Aldo Coppi admire a superbly-fashioned plane model in a partial stage of construction by Second Officer Salvatore Mattei of the Italian ship, *S.S. Maria Costa*. When the model is completed it will be powered by a motor and controlled by radio. The model has been built entirely by hand tools in the quarters of Officer Mattei.







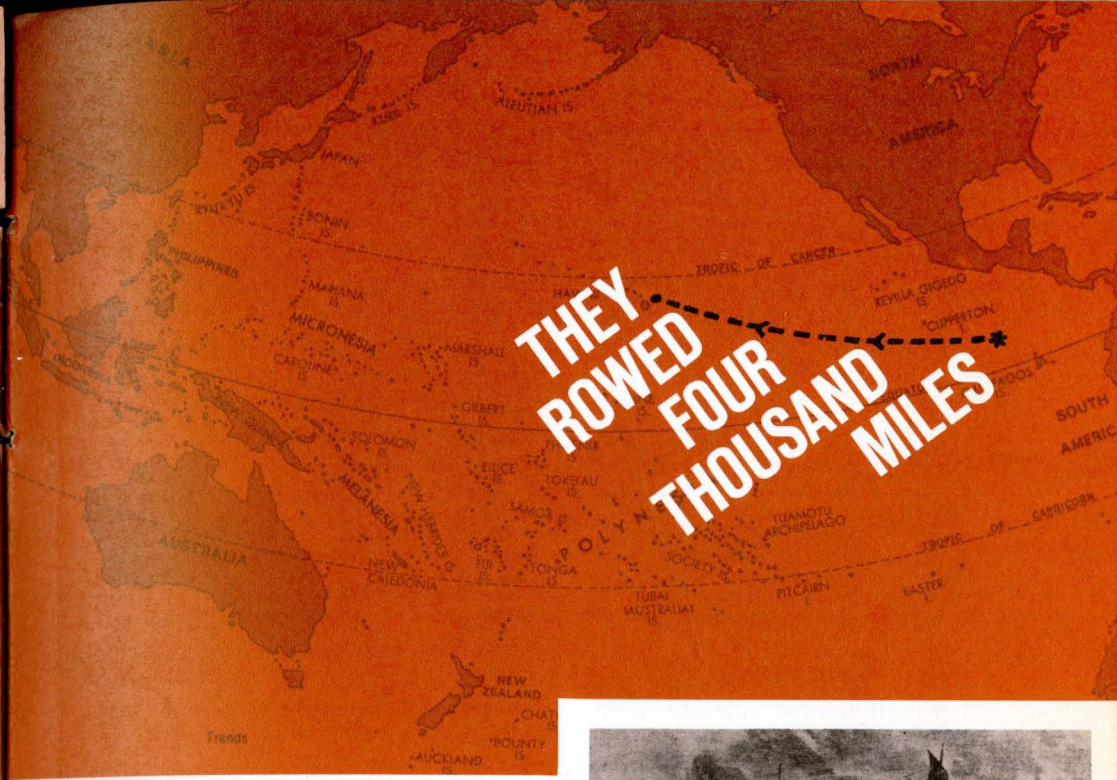
◀ (Left) Shipvisitors Coppi and Van Wygerden trudge down Brooklyn pier to call on ships in the area.



Mirror, mirror on the wall? Not a mirror but a photo taken through a fixed porthole window in the office of the manager of the International Seamen's Club which looks into the Club proper. Peter Van Wygerden, longtime shipvisitor and SCI veteran, will occupy this office beginning July 1 as the new Club manager, succeeding Frank Abbema who has resigned to become associated with a Dutch marine company.

\* \* \*

An elderly New London, Connecticut, man proudly parades one of the largest of his collection of nineteen authentic scale model Italian 19th Century fishing and sailing vessels made by his father, an Italian fisherman, fifty years ago. The largest of his collection is six feet in length and eight feet in height—some kept in his garage.



by J. R. Crane

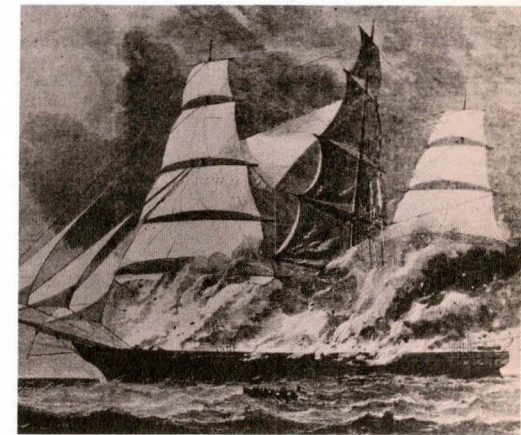
Today when a ship named *Hornet* is mentioned it suggests the world-famous vessel used to pick up American astronauts returning from moon voyages.

In 1866, *Hornet* was the name of a clipper ship that burned at sea off the South American coast.

The story of the sea tragedy and the valiant journey of its survivors caused almost as much excitement as did the moon story in this age.

The *Hornet* was under the command of Captain Josiah A. Mitchell of Freeport, Maine, when she left New York bound for San Francisco with a cargo of 45 barrels and 2,000 cases of oil and 6,000 boxes of candles.

Since oil was regarded as a very dangerous cargo in those days Captain Mitchell warned his crew to be very careful of fire. The warning was heeded until the vessel was off the Pacific Coast of South America when a careless sailor started a conflagration that brought



disaster to the ship.

The blaze began when the sailor went into the "booby hatch" to get some varnish. Contrary to regulations, and in spite of repeated warnings, he carried an open lantern. When he reached the cask of varnish the fumes from it ignited and in a split second the flames spread to the deck and soon engulfed the entire ship.

Although the crew worked frantically to check the fire, it spread rapidly, and in a short time the order to abandon ship was given. Four of the crew who were ill were the first to be put into the



three lifeboats, stocked with provisions and lowered into the sea. In the process two boats were damaged slightly.

Then all hands were rowed a safe distance and watched the flames as they consumed the ship. The boats remained near the ship for a time on the chance that the smoke and flames might bring another ship to the scene.

Early the next morning the *Hornet's* charred hulk sank beneath the waves, but there was no rescue ship in sight.

The men did not give up hope that a ship might appear and waited one more day before leaving the scene of the disaster. Meanwhile Captain Mitchell worked hard on charts to determine their location and his findings brought dismay to the crew.

According to the captain's estimate they were about 1,000 miles from the nearest bit of land. To the east lay the Galapagos Islands, northward 1,000 miles was the Revilla Gigedos chain and in the northeast, the same distance to Acapulco, Mexico.

Half the distance to Mexico required passage through the doldrums, a name given to a stretch of sea near the Equator noted for long periods of calm weather that might hold up the progress of their boats — rigged with small sails. There were other more dangerous considerations in the eastward passage so the decision was to risk the calm periods and head north.

Since the boats were all equipped with oars and there were plenty of husky sailors to man them, it was felt that rowing would keep them moving if becalmed.

There were thirty-one men in the little flotilla. Captain Mitchell was in command of the longboat which carried two passengers and twelve crewmen. The second boat was commanded by the mate and carried seven crewmen. The third had the second mate and seven crewmen.

The men had food and water for about 10 days but believed they could

add to their stores by catching fish and collecting rain water when there was a shower.

They had rescued one lonely rooster from the ship, but all hands voted against eating him since they felt his cocky manner and cheerful crowing would be good for morale.

They started out with the boats hitched together, the longboat in the lead, but it was found that this arrangement slowed progress.

Since the second mate did not know enough about navigation to proceed alone, it was decided that the boats of the captain and first mate would alternate as towboats.

The ship's passengers were two brothers, Samuel and Henry Ferguson of Stamford, Conn., students at Trinity College who had come on the voyage with the hope that it might improve Samuel's health, since he suffered from lung trouble.

The two brothers kept a diary of each day's progress; it and the captain's log gave a detailed account of nearly two weeks of calm weather which slowed the boat's progress and caused much hard rowing.

The calm period ended abruptly on the night of May 7. Captain Mitchell described it in his log. "A nightmare of rain, squalls, thunder and lightning. Most awful night I ever witnessed."

The weather change brought tragedy to the two small boats tied together when the storm struck. They were never seen again. It was not known whether they sank during the storm or became separated from the longboat by the heavy wind.

On the 9th day after the fire the rooster died and his scrawny body was devoured by the hungry men. On that day the captain decided to change the boat's course to west by north and that decision probably saved the lives of the men.

Days passed slowly, but flying fish and schools of bonita added to the food

ration. The water supply had been replenished by the rain and the prospects of survival looked a little better to the men. On the morning of June 14th, they saw the largest and brightest rainbow they had ever glimpsed.

Captain Mitchell told his group the rainbow was a sign they would be saved. The next morning the prophecy came true; they sighted land.

In a short time the boat was surrounded by the canoes of friendly natives who told them they had come to Lapahoehoe, Hawaii.

That was the end of one of the most remarkable voyages in marine history. A voyage that lasted 43 terrible days and covered nearly 4,000 miles of treacherous water. Somehow all of the men in Captain Mitchell's boat survived and were in good health despite the fact that the boat had enough food for only 10 days when it left the burning ship.

What occurred during this harrowing voyage was told to the world by Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) who happened to be in Honolulu when the survivors landed at the nearby port. He visited the hospital where the men were recuperating and spent most of the night writing the story so he could send it on the steamer leaving for San Francisco early the next morning.

The journalist arrived at the wharf just as the steamer was casting off but managed to throw the envelope containing the story onto the deck. When the account was published it brought reporting fame to Clemens and marine fame to Captain Mitchell. **END**

A contribution to the Institute of five dollars or more includes a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Wouldn't some of your friends enjoy reading it?



#### THE MAPMAKERS

(Continued from page 4)

tors with scientific knowledge and better navigational equipment and instruments — as opposed to mere adventurous voyagers seeking loot and plunder — journeyed to new lands and seas, so the knowledge of the world's surface improved, and during the last three hundred years maps were produced with greater accuracy.

It might be thought that in the past century everything which needs to be known has been discovered about the world's shape and there is no need of more exploration or anything new to be added to our maps.

However, further knowledge was added by photographs of the earth taken from the Gemini spacecraft and by an American-invented camera used on the Apollo 9 and 12 flights. These instruments gave clear pictures in great detail of the world's curved surface in a way the earlier map-makers could not have foreseen in their wildest dreams. It is likely the same type of camera will be mounted on the United States orbital space station, to add to the knowledge of the world's surface and atmosphere, when it is launched as planned in 1972.



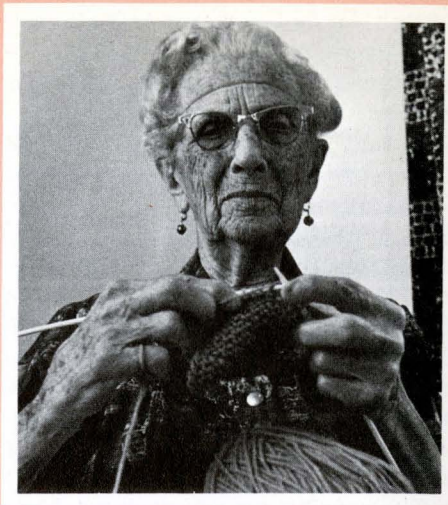
## WOMEN WITH A WAY WITH WOOL

Around 16,000 garments—sweaters, socks, gloves, watch-caps, mufflers, etc.—hand-knitted by the approximately 2,000 women (and some men) volunteers from throughout the country arrive steadily during the year to the headquarters of the Women's Council in the Institute.

The knitted articles are packed into Christmas packages— together with a number of other suitable gifts—the packages (9,575 in 1969) distributed aboard ships in November as gifts to the crews in the name of the Institute and of the concerned women and men wishing to ensure that seamen away from home are remembered during the holidays.

The knitters are composed of persons knitting “solo”, others from church groups or other organizations. All knitted articles are made to prescribed specifications, including color and weight of yarns, and detailed instructions are provided by the Council headquarters.

One of the oldest of the volunteer knitters is 96 year-old Mrs. Tina Smith of Elmira Heights, New York, who has made twenty-two scarves for seamen since she began knitting for the Women's Council two years ago. Mrs. Smith and her daughter, Mrs. Harold Fritsch, are associated with what Mrs. Fritsch refers to as an “ecumenical group” of 225 knitters forming in 1962, belonging to twenty-four churches of the Elmira area. The group



Mrs. Tina Smith

is the largest of its kind in the country and has been headed by Mrs. Silas F. Perry since 1962.

Mrs. Smith likes to knit various of her projects in different parts of her house. In one particular chair by a window she likes to knit scarves for seamen. Another chair is her “afghan chair”. Still another is used for crocheting woolen rugs.

A widow for sixteen years, the Elmira woman has lived in the region all her life, maintaining her house and gardening up until a few years ago. During the earlier part of her life she worked in the local knitting mills, did alterations in a dress shop, boarded school teachers and worked in a department store. Her friends say she is an outstanding cook.



Twenty-five years ago the June *Lookout* of that time published on its cover a sonnet titled, The “Seas are Deaf and Noisy”, composed by Cornel Lengyel.

On an inside page of that particular issue of *The Lookout* was the following account:

“The winners in the Marine Poetry Contest sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York included three American Able-bodied seamen, three American third mates, a Scotch ship's cook, a British oiler and a Canadian engineer.”

The winning poems were read April 24, 1945, on the CBS radio network by William Rose Benét, author and poet. Mr. Lengyel, then a seaman aboard the *S.S. United States Victory*, won first prize and \$25.00 for his sonnet.

Now a prestigious writer and poet living in northern California, Mr. Lengyel, in a recent letter to *The Lookout*, said the winning of first prize in this particular contest, and having his sonnet read by Mr. Benét, was “an honor which I still cherish and for which I remain permanently indebted to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.”

*The Lookout* republishes here Mr. Lengyel's sea sonnet of twenty-five years ago and a more recent one titled, “Ishmael”.

### THE SEAS ARE DEAF AND NOISY

Though brave men pour in it their blood and tears,  
The sea does not seem ruddier to me.  
Though loud the waters roar, they have no ears—  
And yet I would apostrophize the sea.  
Indifferent historian, bold forger,  
Of flesh and bones the oldest falsifier,  
Good swallower of ships but poor disgorger,  
Immense economist, grand simplifier:

I'd greet you as I greet the air but daren't  
Because I know you care not for my stave,  
Because you are a most prodigious parent—  
Deaf mother, father, bassinet, and grave.  
So roar my dirge who will not hear me groan  
And swing my sack who'd strip me to the bone.

— Cornel Lengyel

### ISHMAEL

Yes, call me Ishmael, if you must name me—  
I've heard the tapping on my coffin-door;  
I'm grim enough about the mouth to shame me;  
It's dank November in my soul once more.  
Too long I've watched the townfolk's fretful faces,  
My eyes are fogged with questioning and doubt;  
It's time for me to try remoter places:  
With gear in hand I'm ready to ship out.

I'd sail new morning seas, yet land on  
Old unanticipated coasts of night.  
At sea I swear I never will abandon  
My long pursuit of liberty and light;  
I hope to catch the whale mad Ahab sought,  
The one that many seek, yet who has caught?

— Cornel Lengyel

THOR HEYERDAHL (Continued from page 5)

Specifically, Mr. Heyerdahl said his expedition had observed “brownish to pitchblack lumps of tarlike or asphalt-like material of the size of fine gravel and dispersed at irregular intervals on and slightly below the surface.”

At one point, he related, they found such floating material in larger chunks, “including thick flakes of irregular

shape” measuring four inches and longer.

At one point, in addition to the floating material, Mr. Heyerdahl reported that “the ocean water assumed a very dirty, grayish-green color instead of clear blue, leaving us with the impression of being inside a harbor amidst the outlet of city sewers.”



Address Correction Requested

### THE SEA IS MADE FOR SINGING

The sea is made for beauty that is song  
Now at dusk she wears a darker gray  
than shades the quiet sky. I see her move,  
beyond the steady shadow of the shore,  
dimly, by some mystic light, diffused,  
and reaching to the dome of sky, as if  
through draperies closing slowly, bent to hide  
all semblance of the day.

Strange light it is  
illuminating the sea, and on her robes,  
bright ribbons laced with foam, ribbons flowing  
clean and white.

She glides with queenly grace;  
and oh I hear the music of her coming  
constantly, her vesper song of glad  
and sweet content, not envying the day.  
At dawn, adorned with jewels, she will scatter  
diamonds lavishly from sun to shore  
and light a crystal path so blinding bright  
I'll dare but watch the fringes of its gleaming.  
And if I tune my voice to match her rippling  
ecstasy,

and if I run to meet her  
on the sand, where I can only reach  
the path, not follow on in her returning,  
I know, I know her music is for me,  
for I have seen how gracious is her giving  
and gathered in her jewels flowing free.

— Emily Sargent Councilman  
(from *The American Bard*, 1966)