

VOL. 55, No. 10 CHRISTMAS 1964

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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

Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

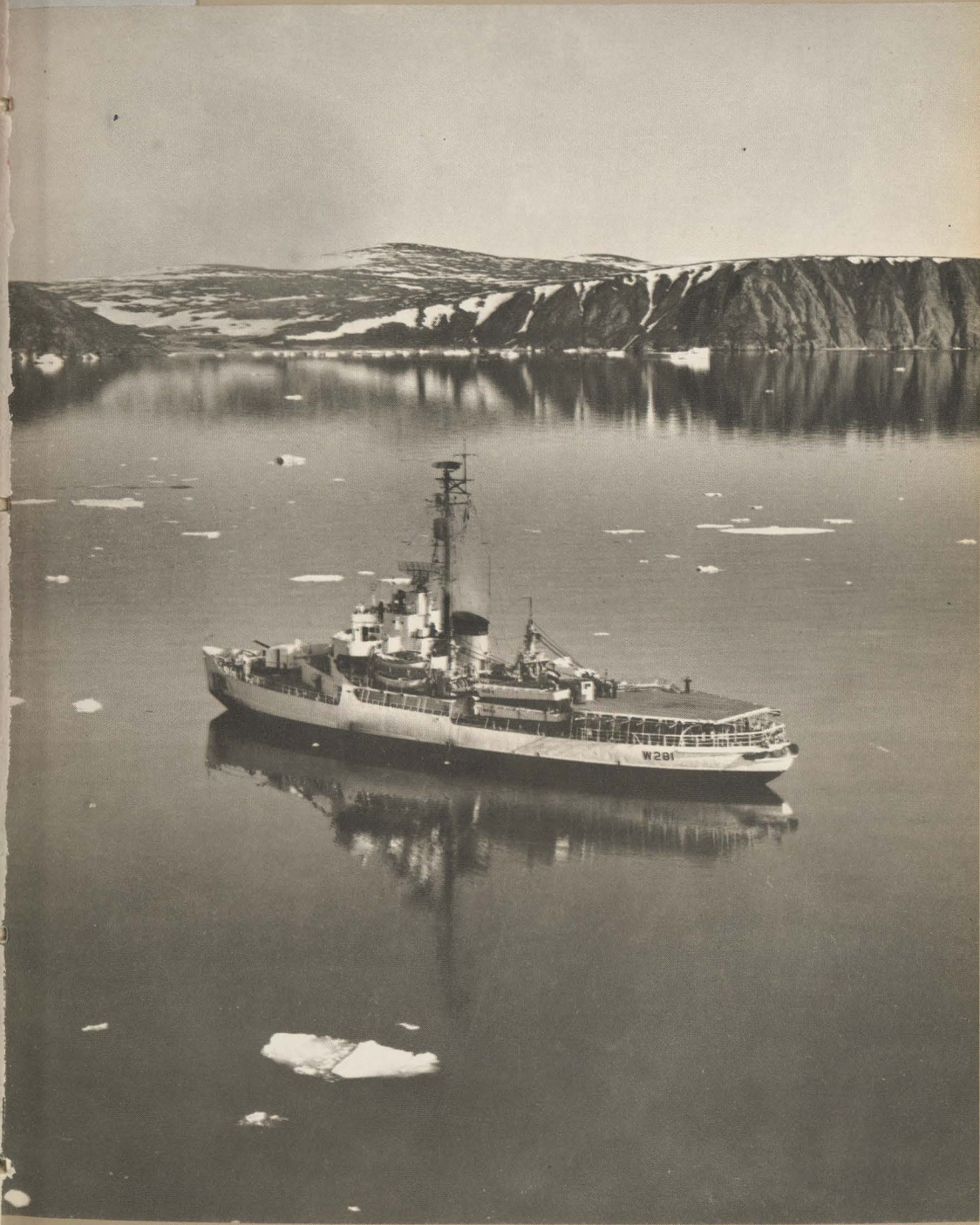
Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

Member International Council of Industrial
Editors
New York Association of Industrial
Communicators



Merry Christmas

from the staff and seamen
at 25 South Street



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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. 56, No. 1 JANUARY 1965

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COVER: Coast Guard icebreaker "Westwind" lists near Cape Atholl, Greenland while scenic fjords and rugged mountains loom in the background.

If headlines indicate news prominence, 1964 would be a banner year for marine casualties. Although the year's total statistics for seamen dead or missing are not available at this writing, the Coast Guard notes at the end of its fiscal year that towing vessels alone were involved in 547 marine casualties resulting in the loss of 43 lives.

We read the news. We soon forget. The sudden disappearance of the *S.S. Marine Sulphur Queen* carrying a cargo of 15,000 tons of hot, molten sulphur? Only a broken name board and a few pieces of lifesaving equipment have been recovered. The shark-shaped, atomic submarine *Thresher*? One hundred twenty-nine men disappeared with her at some horrendous fate. *Gwendoline Steers*? The frozen body of one crewman, clutching in death the life raft, was grim evidence of the fate of the other eight. How many parents received telegrams beginning "We regret to inform you. . ."

While most of us were putting Thanksgiving turkeys in the oven, events of quite another kind were unfolding in the thick fog 20 miles northeast of Barnegat Light, New Jersey. The pride of Israel's passenger fleet, luxurious *Shalom*, sliced through a 12,700-ton Norwegian tanker *Stolt Dagali*. The forward section of the tanker remained afloat while the stern sank rapidly, taking several seamen to the bottom. Others climbed to the still floating forward section or struggled in the icy water.

Distress radio signals from the *Shalom* were received by Grace Line ship *Santa Paula* which was first to the scene but could not spot the *Shalom* until wind scattered the fog. The *Shalom* was in no immediate danger, bearing a 40-foot gash on the starboard side of her bow above the waterline.

Coast Guard helicopters and cutters arrived to find the *Santa Paula* making a protective lee from the 33-mile winds. Men from the *Dagali* bow were lifted to safety. Nine others were rescued from a lifeboat and the *Shalom* saved five more. Total missing or dead: 19 seamen.

Norwegians needing immediate hos-

...14 dead or missing

pitalization were taken to Point Pleasant and to the Navy Center. Fourteen of the survivors were taken to the Norwegian Seamen's Home in Brooklyn. By the evening of the following day (Friday), 14 of the survivors were on their way to Norway. Six seamen's caskets were flown to Norway the following Sunday evening, and Lutheran services were held at the airport for the Norwegians as well as a Catholic memorial service for two Spanish seamen. Bodies of five other Norwegians mutilated beyond recognition were cremated, and a memorial service was held in Brooklyn, attended by the Consul Generals of Norway and Israel.

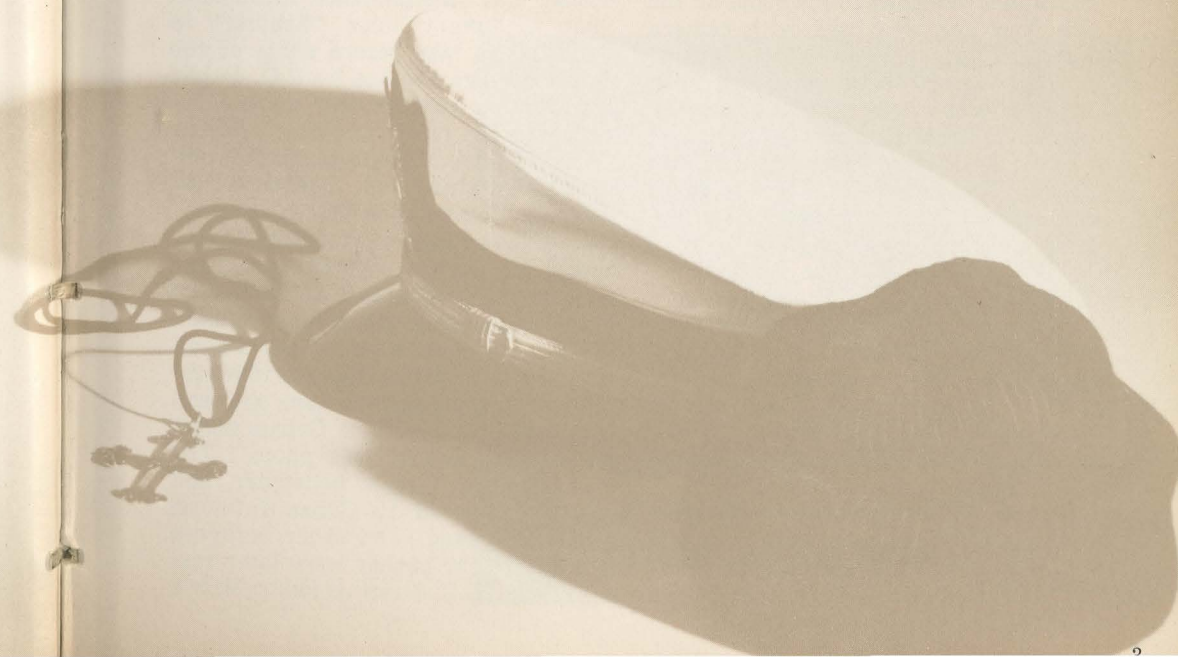
This disaster was probably the most sobering of 1964, and the sympathy of all those who love the sea and seamen is extended to the parents of the deceased. Perhaps it would be appropriate to print as a memorial to the dead and for the bereaved, the words of William Whiting's beloved "Eternal Father, Strong to Save."

*Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.*

*O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at the word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.*

*Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.*

*O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.*





seaman with a camera

"Would you like me to take some pictures of these guys?" asked the slender seaman with a black crewcut who was eating his Thanksgiving dinner in SCI's cafeteria.

His question was addressed to your LOOKOUT editor and I answered an enthusiastic "yes." The volunteer photographer vanished to his room on the 9th floor and was back with camera and flash attachments in two flaps of a gull's wing. For the next half hour his flash bulbs were exploding in every corner of the cafeteria.

The following Monday, Milton "Mike" Nelson quietly placed a dozen pictures of excellent quality on the desk of public relations.

"We would like to pay you something for your work, Mike," I said.

"Listen. I got my pay when I went through that cafeteria line on Thanksgiving Day," he answered.

That incident pretty well reveals the character of our Seaman of the Month, Photographer's Mate Second Class, United States Coast Guard.

During the weeks following Thanksgiving we got well-acquainted with the modest, 32-year-old seaman from Seattle stationed in the United States

Custom House near SCI. He left his former apartment in Brooklyn Heights when he overheard his buddies say that Coast Guard personnel were eligible to stay at the Institute. Within a week he moved in, lock, stock and filters.

Since we have known Mike, his official C.G. assignments included a visit to luxury liner "Shalom" in Brooklyn to take record shots of the ship's damage for use by C.G. Public Information officers and marine investigators. One weekend during Christmas he photographed the religious sculpture on beautiful St. Thomas Church and made copies of these photographs for public relations.

But his recent assignments carry none of the danger and excitement of his missions while stationed in Miami. While on a routine patrol mission off Anguilla Island, Bahamas, in 1963, the pilot of his plane surprised a Cuban Navy PT boat with a Cuban motor launch tied astern (see photo). The boats and a Cuban helicopter had forcibly removed 19 Cuban refugees from the island. Ten other refugees who hid in the bushes were later rescued by the C.G. cutter *Ariadne*. Mike's

spectacular pictures, looking into the Cuban gunbarrels, were sped by wire-photo throughout the world.

As an Aerial Reconnaissance Photographer with the Navy in 1950, Mike survived a photographic mission off the west coast of Korea. His twin-engine Navy Patrol Plane and crew of 14 were suddenly jumped by three Migs. "They jumped us six times and put lots of holes in us, but we didn't go down. When we landed, a Navy investigator boarded the plane, looked at the holes and told me that if I'd been three inches taller, I wouldn't be here." We learned that Mike is also a licensed pilot and able to handle any small plane if required.

Although Coast Guard assignments give Mike an opportunity to perfect his photography and latest darkroom techniques, he enthusiastically talks about his "freedom" in February, after six years of Navy and Coast Guard. There are two things he'll look for then—free-lance photo assignments and a wife. And he'll look for them either in New York or home in the Pacific Northwest. "One way or another, I've got to be near water. I know I'm drawn to great waters

and to the seacoast because they're the only places still unspoiled by man," he claims. "I respect their stubborn resistance to desecration. And the sea is mysterious; we know more now about the moon than we know about our deepest ocean."

Like the biologist who would be a doctor, Mike discussed his long-standing interest in marine biology. Had it not been for his early hitch in the Navy, he would likely have entered the University of Washington or Scripps Institute of Oceanography at La Jolla, California. Even during the service Mike has used weekends to photograph living things beneath the sea—sea bass and ling cod in Puget Sound, sea anemones and bizarre mollusks in Florida. His photos reveal a highly developed sensitivity to the simple beauty in nature, the kind that must be seen by the mind's eye before it is received on film.

With film as his canvas, his eye as the brush, seaman Mike Nelson will undoubtedly be found near water, even after February 1 when he becomes just plain Mike Nelson, free-lance photographer.

Seaman Mike Nelson on board a Coast Guard patrol plane looks down the barrel of a Cuban gun held by the man on the stern. The boat with its crew at battle stations was a Cuban Navy PT boat seen off Anguilla Island, Bahamas.



stranded in our city

When the damaged Israeli luxury liner *Shalom* returned to Brooklyn for a survey of her damage, the problems of her crewmen were quite different from those on *Stolt Dagali* which she hit in the early morning of Thanksgiving.

After the ship's first week in dry-dock, SCI's Dutch shipvisitor Peter Van Wygerden reported aboard carrying a number of foreign-language newspapers and magazines for her crew of slightly over 500—350 Israelis and 160 Italians, Dutch, Chinese, Spaniards, French, Austrians, Greeks, Cypriots and English. Peter was soon on a first-name relationship with the 8 stewards, 3 cooks, 2 butchers and 1 engineer from Holland.

We talked to the self-appointed spokesman for the group, William de Jonge, who lamented that before departure he and his buddies had spent their last dimes in New York buying decorations, presents and foods in preparation for Christmas celebration in the Caribbean. Broke and back in New York Harbor on a \$3 per diem—with no money to send home to wives and children for Christmas—the morale of the stewards' department was abysmal.

Van Wygerden brought the condition of the *Shalom* crewmen, to the attention of Dr. Roscoe Foust, director of special services to seamen. Dr. Foust authorized SCI-sponsored low-cost tours for the crewmen and, additionally, a special *Shalom* party in the International Club. When Van Wygerden related SCI's offer to the *Shalom*, a spokesman expressed the crew's gratitude and added that the Institute was the only seamen's agency to visit them.

Then the day of the dance arrived. Over the *Shalom* public address system came the announcement—first in Hebrew, then English, then Italian. "The Seamen's Institute is graciously inviting the crew of the *Shalom* to a special party tonight. The bus will be at the gate at 7:00."

The International Club was ready, but we had not the remotest idea of

how many of the *Shalom* crew would attend and need transportation. We learned too late. Two hundred and fifty lined up for one bus. For our "emergency" transportation measures and an account of the party, see the next page.

An uninformed bystander in the Club that night might have mistaken the assemblage and the polylingual conversation for a United Nations gathering. Represented were men (and 7 seamwomen) from Israel, England, France, Japan, Holland, Spain, Italy, Morocco, China, Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Greece, and Germany!



Christmas decorations were in evidence in stewards' quarters aboard "Shalom" when SCI's Dutch shipvisitor Peter Van Wygerden (suit) brought party invitation to crewmen.



Shalom's spokesman took mike to express gratitude to club manager Bob Sarafian (3rd fr. l.) and to SCI when party ended.

For those who read perceptively

Random pickings
from the daily log.

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

TINA'S NOTES

Sunday. The afternoon passed in relative quiet. Most of the men were absorbed in the Sunday TV programs.

Toward evening 10 German boys from the *Pongel* arrived, and the game room became bright with activity.

Two of the boys tried to reach relatives by telephone. I checked the whole city and a neighboring state for one's uncle who lived in a Hotel Astoria when last heard from 20 years ago. I also composed a telegram to another relative with an unlisted phone for whom we had no address. As usual the telephone operators were indefatigable in their attempts to be accommodating, particularly when the circumstances were explained.

Monday. Among foreign guests tonight were five familiar faces from the French *Caribe*. They always expect a big homecoming and get one.

Thursday. The *Shalom* made headlines in the Club tonight. We entertained 7 seamwomen and 250 seamen of her crew! Two buses and seven station wagons were commissioned for transportation, and with drivers at a premium, one of our hostesses volunteered to do station wagon duty. The crew of the *Shalom* came from Israel, England, France, Japan, Holland, Spain, Italy, Morocco, China, Switz. and Austria.

The number of guests from Port Newark was also above average. The largest number of men came from the Norwegian ships *Brott* and *Norvind*. The Greek ship *Eurybates* was next in attendance honors, and England was represented by men from the *Bristol City*. From local piers we had men from the German *Gottingen* and Holland's *Princess Margaret*.

It was truly an occasion, with countless little details to make it memorable. For instance, it was our first opportunity to have 10 seamwomen as guests —

three of them were stewardesses from the *Norvind*, the others from the *Shalom*. One stewardess from the *Shalom* was escorted by her husband who was the ship's chief steward.

The outstanding impression was the multilingual conversation all around us in the highest of party spirits. The dancing was best during the folk dances when everyone joined in to honor each national dance. The floor

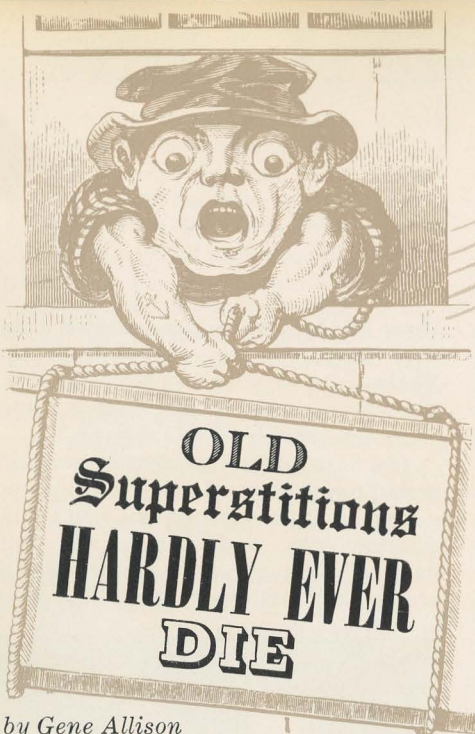


Club hostess, Mrs. Tina Meek, winds up a dance with *Shalom's* Chief Steward.

filled to overflowing, too, for the Twist, which is now an international favorite.

We were entertained with songs by a French seaman from the *Shalom* at the request of his fellow crewmen with whom he is a favorite. They were delighted when he was given an opportunity to perform.

At the close of the evening a Dutch steward from the *Shalom* made a special speech of thanks on behalf of the crew to all those who had helped make the evening possible. Peter Van Wygerden and Mr. Sarafian were especially honored for the courtesies they had extended. In his thanks to the Seamen's Church Institute, the steward praised the honesty of its efforts for true international unity for people of every race, color, and creed.

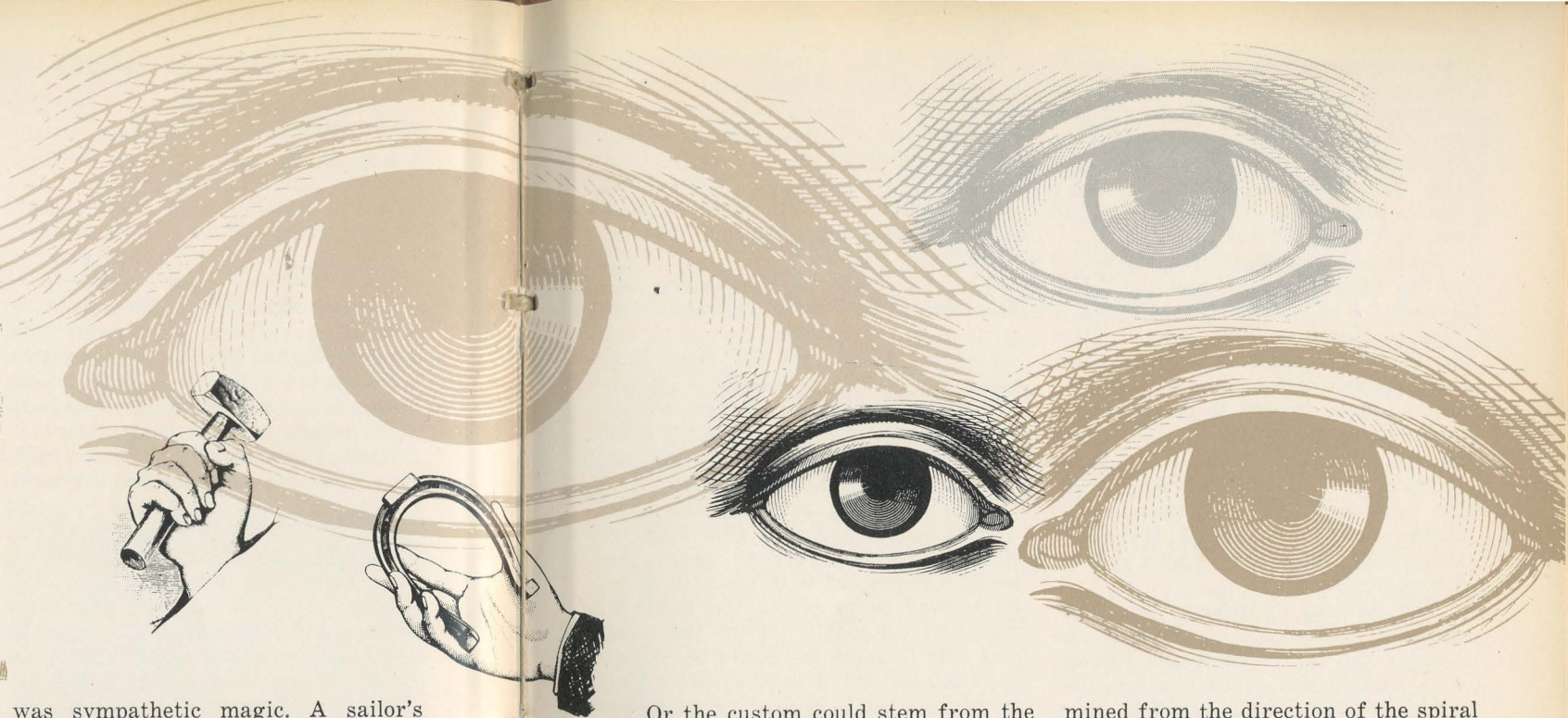


by Gene Allison

How often do you have the urge to cross your fingers or "knock on wood" to keep something unpleasant from happening to your plans? Although you may pass off such doings as meaningless habit, the fact remains that many ancient superstitions still persist in spite of modern man's headlong rush into the greatest expansion of knowledge in earth's history. And of all the superstitious groups around the old world, sailors are probably more active in keeping superstitions alive than any others.

For instance, just how much whistling do you hear among the crew when a ship's underway these days? Not much. A young friend of mine, an enlisted man attached to one of our new guided missile ships, and recently home on his first leave told me, "The first time I tried it, this Boatswain's Mate with hash marks up to his elbow came over to me and growled, 'Listen, son, the only whistling done in this ship is by Bo'sun's Mates and d...n fools.'"

The whistling superstition goes back thousands of years to men's first use of the sail for power. Whistling at sea could not be tolerated because this



was sympathetic magic. A sailor's whistle is like the sound of a gale in the rigging so, of course, the gale arrives. It's okay to whistle up a wind if you need it—but take care to pucker gently and whistle softly in the direction from which you desire the breeze to come. The Boatswain's Mate whistles by right since he is proprietor of the boatswain's pipe and must whistle as duty demands.

Champagne bottle-busting on a ship's stern prior to launch goes back to 2100 B.C. and perhaps further. It was a propitiation to the gods of the elements. Of course it wasn't always necessary to have champagne. In ancient Tahiti, blood from a fresh killed human sacrifice was used at launching ceremonies, and in this country during prohibition water was used.

Placing coins under the steps of the masts during a vessel's construction is a custom dating from antiquity. Some authorities believe it originates with the ancient Roman custom of placing coins in the mouths of the dead to pay their way across the River Styx. If a ship met with disaster at sea, the coins under the masts insured the safe, prepaid passage of all hands.

Or the custom could stem from the belief of primitive peoples that trees had their own spirits; since the ship's masts was essentially a tree, its spirit had to be pleased by some sacrifice or gift—hence the coin. Scholars point to the present-day custom in many primitive jungle tribes of offerings to the "spirits of the trees."

When the keel of the cruiser *U.S.S. New Orleans* was laid in the 1930's, officers placed ten pennies beneath the foremast and two dimes, three nickels, and twenty-eight pennies at the heel of the mainmast. All coins were "heads up" for a lucky ship. Now that masts have for the most part disappeared from the modern Navy, coins are many times placed on the keel. However, the forests of masts in pleasure sailing craft offer ample opportunity to preserve this ancient superstition.

And now sex rears its head in the close kin to the mast and the spirit of the tree therein: the spar. Now, it may be a little difficult to see anything sexy about a hunk of polished wood like a spar, but old sail sailors will tell you that all spars derive their sex from that of the spirit who inhabits them. Which sex can easily be deter-

mined from the direction of the spiral growth of the wood. Clockwise spiral is male, counter clockwise is female.

Have you ever wondered why gun salutes are always odd in number? From the very beginning of the use of firearms it has been considered an ominous sign to do otherwise. An even number of volleys for the salute indicated that either the ship's captain or master gunner was dead.

Authorities on this subject point out that long before the advent of firearms the numbers 3, 5, and 7 had mystical and symbolic significance. Centuries before Roman civilization developed, these numbers were used to denote divine perfection.

When Rome came on the scene, the number 3 figured prominently in funeral rites. Earth was cast three times into the sepulcher, friends and relatives called the dead three times by name, and they closed the burial service by pronouncing the word *vale* meaning "farewell" three times.

Ancient Chinese claimed the firing of explosives such as firecrackers or guns drove away evil spirits as they escaped from the hearts of the dead. A more recent western slant on the

three volleys in the air at funerals is the belief that the sounds frighten away evil spirits which might get into men's hearts at such a moment as the burial of a comrade-in-arms. Superstition says that the doors of men's hearts stand ajar at such times and evil spirits might easily enter.

Today, the number 3 may be found in the "Three Graces" and the "Holy Trinity." The number 3 is frequently used in Masonic rituals, three volleys are given at funerals, and three cheers is a common custom in many lands as well as ours. It used to be customary in army regiments when a soldier was absent to call his name three times at the end of roll call. Then what about the auctioneer's chant, "once, twice, three—sold," and doesn't the world still shake when the umpire bellows "three you're out!"

The famous "crossing the line" ceremony when a ship crosses the equator can be traced to the Vikings who carried out similar ceremonies when crossing certain parallels. Even these Viking ceremonies are antedated by the appeasement rituals of earlier peoples to Neptune, the sea god.

When steam appeared on the high seas, forcing the sleek clippers to reef their sails forever, figureheads were carved on all ship's bows. Scholars can't say just when this custom began but archeology shows that ancient Phoenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans, as well as the Norsemen, placed images of animals, mythological monsters, great leaders, and deities over prows.

The figurehead was there to show the sea god that an appropriate sacrifice had been made to him, a christening. The famous U.S. frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," originally had a figurehead of Hercules on her bow. Later a carved figure of Andrew Jackson was placed there. It would be interesting to know which figurehead impressed Neptune more.

Ask any present day sailor a few questions about his ship and you will find him unable to talk long without referring to his ship as "she." But it will be a rare sailor who can tell you why he uses this term.

Early Greeks named their vessels of war after goddesses and had an image of the goddess aboard. Other ancient peoples had a similar custom, and behind it all was the belief that the ship took on the living personality of the deity who had been persuaded to live aboard. "She" would protect the crew.

The ancient custom of painting eyes on a ship's bow still survives in many parts of the world. This custom represents the belief that the protecting deity of the ship benevolently guides through the "eyes." Naval terminology "eyes of the ship" comes from the days when figureheads poised alert-eyed on the bow of every ship of the line.

The custom of sounding the time with a bell aboard ship goes back to the days when everyone knew the world was peopled with invisible spirits as well as people in the flesh. It was also commonly known that the best way to scare the pants, or sheet, or whatever, off a hostile spirit was to sound a bell, cymbal or trumpet. So bells were attached to a strategic part of the ship and struck at regular intervals to keep these malignant spirits away.

Some early churches enthusiastically took to the bell ringing idea. Bells were installed in the churches and were frequently buried beneath them. Today they are in wide use throughout the Eastern world's churches and are rung at intervals during the Roman Catholic, Episcopal and Lutheran funeral services in this country.

No longer does a sailor need a pig tattooed on his foot to prevent drowning, or a "hold fast" tattooed on his hands to prevent slipping. It's no longer bad luck to have a priest or woman aboard or to come on deck without a hat. You can even whistle a little bit without fear of a hurricane, if the bo'sun's out of earshot, that is.

Yes, sea superstitions in this country are dying out. By the way, did you see the story in the newspaper the other day where a damaged ship sank so fast that the crew was able to save just one thing of value on the whole ship? What was saved? The ship's bell, of course.



In the last two weeks, foreign shipvisitors have been aboard 120 ships, representing Belgium, Greece, Panama, Germany, South America, England, Chile, Philippine Republic, Japan, India, Israel, Holland, Argentina, Poland, France, Ireland, Dominican Republic, and Colombia. During this period we organized seven soccer matches, one shipboard party, and three tours.

One of the soccer matches organized was between the German vessel *Spreestein* and the Greek vessel *Riviera* at Red Hook Field in Brooklyn. The Greek team showed up one man short. Shipvisitor Amigo Chegwin displayed his usual resourcefulness and drafted one of the spectators to complete the Greek team. This man turned out to be a Portuguese ex-seaman who spoke fluent Greek in addition to five other languages. He was an excellent soccer player and with his knowledge of Greek presented no communication problem for the Greek team. He was most appreciative of the opportunity given him by the Seamen's Church Institute. The Greek team lost to the Germans, but everybody had a good time.

The Israeli vessel *Queslet* ended the first half of her maiden voyage at the Port of New York. During her stay here, the crew was visited by Shipvisitor Bob Smith, who acquainted them with SCI and our shipvisiting program. They showed great interest, visited the International Club, and were much impressed by the building and all the facilities available to them.

The British ship *Lancashire* had an Indian crew, and we were able to supply them with reading material in Hindustani and Urdu. We also located a long-lost friend for the 4th engineer.

Sailing of the Dutch vessel *Alchiba* was delayed, and she remained in the Port of New York for four weeks. The crew of the *Alchiba* are good friends of ours and still remember with deep appreciation the Christmas boxes which we placed on board for them last year. They expressed interest in a tour which I arranged for them on Sunday. We went by bus to West Point, looked over the historic gun collection there, and then went on to Bear Mountain. There crew members were for the first time acquainted with the American pastime of eating in the open, as they sat surrounded by the scenery for which New York State Parks are famous, and eagerly consumed the box lunches the chief steward had prepared for everybody.

Bear Mountain Park provided recreation for all, though we could not enter the woods because of the drought. Some of the seamen had a real sailor's holiday and tried out the rowboats. The captain was especially interested in the Geological Museum, and mentioned that when he was 17 he made a 14-day walking trip in Iceland, during which time he did not see another human for 10 days.

After a stop at Point Lookout to look at the Mothball Fleet, wartime ships on idle status, we returned to Brooklyn and the ship at 7:45 p.m. The whole crew was delighted with the trip, saying it was for them a welcome change from shipboard life and the waterfront area.

The same day the crew of the Greek vessel *Hellenic Beach* took a sight-seeing tour of New York City. Chris Nichols, our Greek shipvisitor, was their host.

Dutch seamen are fascinated by old cannon during tour of West Point.





training for the automated ship

Open for public inspection, the 12,900-ton *Racer* was berthed at New York's newest and most modern cargo pier, #76, last month. An engineer, formerly employed by the *Racer's* owners—U.S. Lines—boarded the ship for a talk with her crewmen. He was Edward Jordan, who began to teach a new marine engineering course this month to qualify officers and engineers for automated ships.

The addition of Jordan to the Marine School faculty and the introduction of the accelerated course in automated ship technology follows the major expansion of the school's curriculum in 1964. The new course material will give officers a thorough familiarity with the types of auto-control equipment used on modern merchant vessels. They will be taught about boilers and automatic combustion control, thermal dynamics including construction and operation of advanced turbines, modern refrigeration, operation of basic nuclear reactors as applied to marine navigation. Marine mathematics and blueprint reading will be integrated into the four, one-hour daily lectures, according to Mr. Jordan.

"Since the Coast Guard has announced no requirements for the new automated ship engine room ratings," said Jordan, "We must assume the standard will be the equivalency of junior engineer. Our course is designed for those men preparing to sit for their original engineer's license and for others preparing for higher engine room ratings which will lead to their

qualifying for the new automated ships."

The new faculty man comes to SCI with extensive academic training and on-ship experience. Jordan is a marine engineering graduate of the New York State Maritime Academy at Fort Schuyler and studied nuclear technology at King's Point Merchant Marine Academy. Until recently he was an engineer with United States Lines and before that, a reactor engineer with States Marine Lines.

What the slow but inevitable development of automated merchant fleets will do to the American merchant seamen is a foregone conclusion. Use of these supermodern freighters with push-button technology is expected to permit a sizable reduction in the number of crew as compared to conventional ships.

"In view of this and rather than have our brightest men desert the industry, we have proceeded with our plans for the course," reported The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, Director of Education. "We are extremely fortunate to have obtained an instructor with the status of Edward Jordan to teach this course."

A number of Marine School graduates already navigate America's autoships. John Fauske and Jose Ortega are First and Second Engineers, respectively, on Moore-McCormack's *Mormacargo*, while Bob Shortbridge is serving as 2nd Asst. Engineer on *Mormacrigel*. SCI graduate Tom O'Brien is 3rd Asst. Engineer on U.S. Lines *American Racer* and recent graduate Bill Burchell is 2nd Asst. Engineer on another U.S. Lines ship, *American Rover*.

what's this JAZZ about automation?

The word *automation* is bandied about so frequently these days and so misrepresented, that its very mention sends terror to the boots of many people. When applied to shipping, gloomy pictures of welfare lines for unemployed seamen are conjured up to satisfy the arguments pro and con. Actually the automated ship is a natural evolution in ship design, as natural as self-operated elevators from those with operators.

Modern ship design incorporates new technologies for efficient operation to ultimately make or save money for the shipper. The fact that automated ships will require fewer seamen is regrettable, but the men who do "make it" will be better trained than the last generation, and seamanship will have attained professional status.

When the facts of automation are exposed the situation seems less distressing, according to our Marine School staff. First and foremost is the incorrect idea that automated ships are something new. They aren't. The "T-2" tankships of the early 1940's were already "console controlled" except for sections of boilers. Today's automated ships like *Racer* and *Mormacargo* are advanced over those tankships, but the sophistication of control systems is a natural development in an electronic world.

Another absurd idea commonly held is that one or two officers will guide 13,000 tons of metal at 24 or 30 knots to the ship's destination. First of all most seamen we know hate to travel alone. Secondly, there are no plumbers or electricians to be found midocean. It is unlikely a shipper will entrust his 10 million dollar investment to a single man or two men. The fact that more specialized jobs are created while jobs for unskilled men are eliminated is true. A *conventional* cargoliner the size of the *American Racer* normally carries a crew of from 17 to 19 in the engine department. The *Racer* requires 11. Her total crew is 39. It has been predicted that the automated features of these vessels will permit a 25% reduction in crewmen.

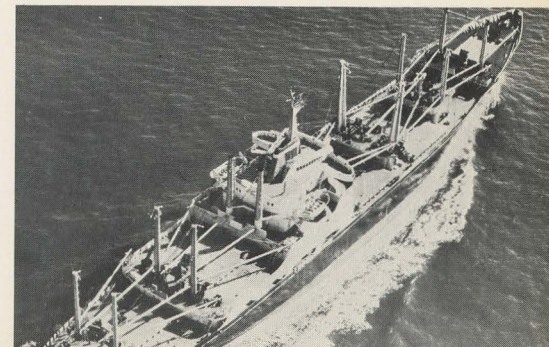
It is argued by steamship companies that the heretofore standard crew is unnecessary on automated ships. The opposite side claims that wage increases have been given to crewmen of autoships who perform work no different from that performed by lower-paid crewmen on conventional vessels. It is claimed that the maintenance and repair of the automated equipment has brought an increased work load for engineers rather than a decrease. Probably all this is true.

WHAT IS AN AUTOMATED SHIP?

Ships vary in the degrees of automation, but the basic automation patterns to date have taken two forms: (1) essentially full automation of boilers, auxiliary machinery, etc., including pilothouse control, centralized engineroom control, and data logging, (2) partial automation primarily involving boiler operation. The essential feature of an autoship is a master control panel called a "console" where the watch engineer has remote control of engines, boilers and auxiliary equipment. Temperatures and pressures of vital operating equipment and their conditions are monitored through this console.

Another control system complements that console and is found on the bridge. It is assumed by a deck officer who may manipulate the ship at fast or slow speed, forward or astern. The remote control system is in addition to a telegraph relay system connecting this bridge console with the engineroom console.

The S.S. American Racer, the first American cargoliner built from the keel up as a fully automated vessel.



We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



THANKS, MEMSAHIB—Looking a little like Sabu, a seaman aboard Indian ship "State of Punjab" headed a line of 59 of his crewmates last month when the Women's Council visited the vessel in Brooklyn. Distributing boxes of hand-knit sweaters, scarves, caps and sox, Mrs. Grace Chapman (C.) and Mrs. Ida Cathers acknowledge the ear-to-ear smiles from the appreciative men who were quite unprepared for the severity of New York winter. The Indians reciprocated by serving the ladies steaming cups of strong coffee. The general cargo ship out of Calcutta hits South and Central American ports, and carries some Portuguese Goan seamen.



A SALT'S SALT—An unexpected gift came to SCI during Christmas in the person of Mrs. June Dahlke, who is as jolly as Santa Claus and a heck of a lot smarter. Director of Columbia University Guide Service, Mrs. Dahlke volunteered to help Marine Museum curator Herb Jennings (R.) in developing museum tours for children of different age groups and retentive ability. Daughter of a sea captain and married to an ex-Navy man, Mrs. Dahlke is an expert at rigging ship models and in ship history and lore. For some time she has been sending foreign visitors to our museum when they asked to see New York's more unusual attractions.



LET CHRISTIAN MEN REJOICE!—An audience of seamen and visitors grew and grew on December 21st to enjoy the third annual Christmas carol concert by employees of the Chemical Bank New York Trust, John Sacco, director. Vocalists, garbed in scarlet, moved slowly through the lobby and assembled before the Chapel doors for the completion of their program. A trio of carolers gathered before SCI's lobby tree (photo). Other musical events brought to the Institute for the Christmas enjoyment of seamen were a concert by employees of Johnson & Higgins, marine underwriters and a candlelight concert of medieval madrigals and Christmas carols by the Oriana Singers.



PORT NEWARK—Manager Chaplain Basil Hollas conducted Anglican services in the officer's lounge of British freighter N/V Northumberland on Christmas Eve attended by 22 seamen and 15 communicants. Following, huge platters of turkey sandwiches, candy and coffee were set out on decorated tables in the Center, while a brightly wrapped gift from the Women's Council was presented each seaman. At SCI-Manhattan (photo) eight Philippine seamen gather about the tree for a Christmas Eve photograph.



MAKING IT CHRISTMAS—More than 650 seafarers descended the stairways to SCI's cafeteria for the traditional free holiday meal, while many others spent the day in the decorated lounges throughout the building. 'Twas the night before Christmas but throughout our house much was stirring, especially in the International Club where two young, accordionists entertained 80 seamen from six countries with carols from around the world. An additional festive touch by Club manager Bob Sarafian—trays of Christmas cookies, candy, cigarettes and huge urns of coffee "on the house"—made SCI something special for men far from home.



INTREPID TOURISTS—a chilling rain did little to dampen the enthusiasm of 23 German seamen from the Bischofstein and Göttingen who were stranded in New York over Christmas. During an SCI tour the seamen were enchanted by 5th Avenue windows and skaters in Rockefeller Center. During a tour of Harlem they commented that our race situation is distorted by European newspapers. Joining SCI staff to lead the tour were our German hostesses Hildegard Baronchuck (above) and Ursula Kornemann. Chartered bus stopped at SCI while the troupe enjoyed hot coffee, and then returned to the German ships where staff and hostesses were invited to enjoy dinner.

At Sea, They Walk From Death

And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. — Exodus, Chapter 14, Verse 21.

Halifax, N.S., Dec. 2 (UPI)—Eighteen Greek seamen were clinging helplessly to their storm-battered freighter, foundering on rocks 500 feet from shore.

Suddenly, just after noon today, they saw the waters part to reveal a reef running directly to the shore.

Abandoning their ship, the crew walked through the shrieking storm to safety, talking about a miracle. In fact, they owed their rescue to the tide going out and revealing the escape route.

The 3,800-ton Liberian vessel Fury had been driven onto the rocks 100 miles east of here late yesterday.

The ship was rocked by 40-foot seas breaking over its masts. But despite 100-mile-per-hour winds the freighter was still upright today.

Then the waters parted. Two of the seaman suffered cuts and bruises from the first impact on the rocks, but the rest escaped unhurt.

Said skipper George Paperas, 28: "It's quite unbelievable how we got away. We were very lucky indeed."

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