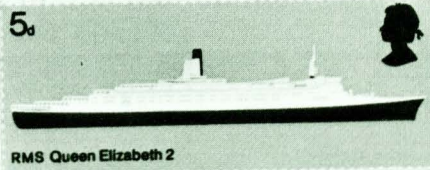


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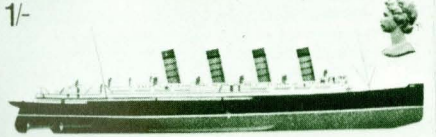
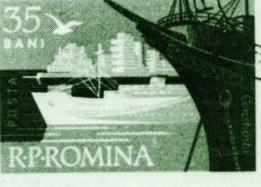
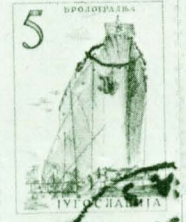
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



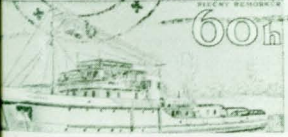
SS Great Britain



RMS Queen Elizabeth 2



RMS Mauretania



THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

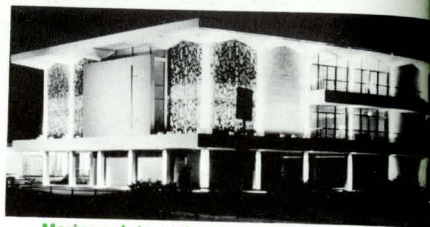
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed and designed, operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted at night) for games between ship teams.

Although 55% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

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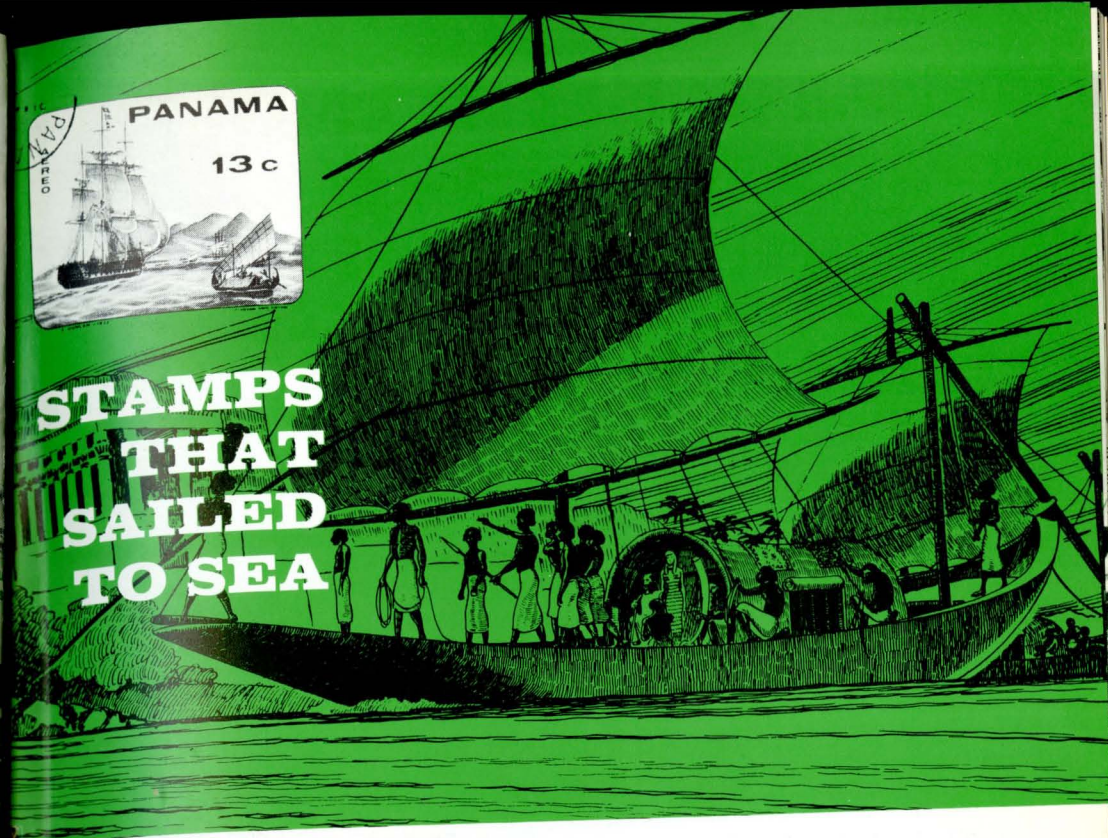
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STAMPS THAT SAILED TO SEA



Stamps have only been issued for just over a century but already some 11,000 ship stamps have been printed by seafaring nations to commemorate the great ships and naval achievements of mankind ever since the Egyptians began the serious art of navigation in 4000 B.C.

A collection of ship stamps is a miniature art gallery, comprising some of the world's great ship paintings, plus many new artistic renditions of famous ships and naval events. Such a collection portrays not only the development of the ship, but also the progress of human history for man's progress was dependent to a great extent on waterborne transportation.

Would you care to learn of Ibrahim Pasha's fleet which quelled the Greek revolt in 1824; and how France, Britain and Russia destroyed this fleet at the Battle of Navarino in 1827? Or how Admiral Nakhimov sailed into Sinope in 1853 and defeated the Turkish fleet

lying at anchor? Or Admiral Barroso's victory at the Battle of Riachuelo in 1867? Or could you bear to look again at the scuttled U. S. Fleet at Pearl Harbor which came out of the ashes to win a war? It's all here on stamps.

The evolution of the ship is depicted on stamps from the first crude dugout logs and corrugated rafts to the sleek atom-powered submarines. Fiji and Ceylon issued stamps showing how canoes developed with sails and outriggers; Papua and New Guinea stamps show how an outrigger evolved into a double canoe equipped with skins. Canada shows an Eskimo kayak.

An Egyptian stamp shows a craft from Queen Hatshepsut's time about 1500 B.C. Turkish stamps show the *Kardiga* with 24 pairs of oars and 144 rowers. Belgian Congo stamps have the clipper ships of the 1800's and others trace the complete evolution of the ship to modern times.

No type of ship has been neglected.

by Raymond Schuessler



Schooners, scows and junks have been issued by St. Pierre and Miquelon, Aden and Malaya. Last year Belgium issued a stamp with an ice breaker; Fiji, old sailing vessels; France, a Polynesian cabin cruiser; England, an ancient war vessel; Yugoslavia, a river boat; Lebanon, an ancient galleon; Russia, a freighter and tugboat. Submarines on stamps have been printed by Germany, Greece, Norway, Poland and Turkey. Monaco has issued stamps honoring the modern *Nautilus* and the mythical predecessor of Jules Verne's.

The United States has issued dozens of stamps to tell of its sailing history and the discoverers that sailed here to conquer and explore. Sir Francis Drake was set on two U. S. stamps in 1915 for his landing at San Francisco's harbor in 1597 for repairs and of course his feat as England's first citizen to circle the globe.

Columbus has been depicted on stamps by a number of countries. The U. S. Columbian Exposition set of 1893 shows Columbus' entire story on 16 stamps (now worth \$900). El Salvador issued a stamp picturing Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, and another pleading with Isabella. St. Kitts

issued a stamp showing Columbus discovering America with a telescope fixed on the coastline even though the first telescope was not built until the year 1608.

In 1949 Canada honored John Cabot's voyage of 1497 when his ship *Matthew* reached Newfoundland. There may be no true portrait of Champlain, but Canada depicted him on a stamp in 1958. Canada and France have put out stamps of Jacques Cartier who explored the entrance to the St. Lawrence River.

History is nowhere more vivid than on a portfolio of stamps. Portugal has honored the father of explorers, Prince Henry the Navigator (1394-1490), who urged young men to study navigation in his school and to explore the world around them, on several of its stamps.

In 1930 Iceland issued a set of 14 stamps, many portraying the life of the Vikings, a ship in a storm, a sacrifice to Thor and a funeral. Norway in 1942 issued 4 stamps, one of which depicts a Viking ship at sea. There will probably be many more of these brave Northmen.

To commemorate the centenary of postal cooperation among Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Iceland, these five countries each released stamps with five ancient sailing vessels symbolizing the seafaring way-of-life of the five northern nations.

Little-known episodes of naval history are revealed on stamps. A *felucca* or rowing galley which was a form of mail transportation in the Mediterranean was shown on a 1957 stamp of France.

In 1937 Austria issued a stamp commemorating the 100th anniversary of steamship service on the Danube River. One stamp showed the *Maria Anna*, a paddle wheel steamer which ran the Danube until 1898, boasting that one of her passengers was the bride of Emperor Franz Joseph I.

A great milestone was reached after

(Continued on page 16)



"GREAT EASTERN" Behemoth of Disaster

by R. Daniel Clark

The *Great Eastern* — that anachronistic bit of English shipbuilding which staggered the imagination of the world in 1854.

Nearly three-and-one-half years passed between the laying of her keel and her launching. And when finished, her size was spectacular and by no means inconsiderable by present standards. But what was there to launch?

A steamer 700-feet long, 118 feet in beam, and 70 feet from keel to the top of the bulwarks. Ready for sea the ship weighed 27,384 long tons. (The largest line-of-battle ship in the British Navy at this time weighed exactly 4,000 tons.) She had six masts, five of iron and one of wood — named after the six working days of the week — on which could be spread 7,000 square yards of sail! The deck was pierced by five spin-

dle-like funnels which were connected to 50 boilers which in turn were heated by 112 furnaces. And her bunkers carried 11,000 tons of coal.

The motive power was a combination of screw and paddle-wheels. These latter were gigantic affairs 58 feet in diameter and weighing 90 tons each. The combined use of screw and paddle-wheels working under 12,000 horsepower was calculated to produce a speed of 16 knots.

Her crew consisted of a captain, thirteen officers, seventeen engineers, a sailing master, a purser, *four hundred* men, and three surgeons. She had passenger accommodations for *four thousand*. Certainly a marine wonder!

During her engine trials there began a series of spectacular mishaps which threatened, but never quite led to disas-

ter. This genius for bad luck was to overshadow every moment of her career for the next thirty years.

The first blow from fate occurred as her huge iron shafts began to turn slowly. I. K. Brunel, the eminent marine engineer in charge of her construction, became so excited that he was suddenly smitten with a paralytic stroke which put him to bed.

Once in the English Channel all seemed to be going smoothly, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion which blasted one of the funnels into bits, wrecked the chief saloon, and killed six men in the stoke hole from escaping steam. When Brunel heard of this he promptly sank into a coma and died.

Repairs were quickly made, and on her first trip around England and up the Irish Channel, the *Great Eastern's* hoodoo was never far away. Construction errors were constantly discovered, one for instance being the slight matter of a solid, doorless bulkhead between the main galley and dining saloon. A little later when the first real gale hit her, Captain Harrison, the skipper, was drowned when his gig upset. But this was just the start.

On July 17, 1860, she set sail (not literally) for New York carrying only thirty-six passengers! And since she was the *Great Eastern*, it was only natural that her engines worked improperly for several days because of defective safety valves. Arriving off Sandy Hook, her new master, Captain John V. Hall, anchored the ship close off Hammond Street. Promptly two stokers trying to swing ashore on a rope from one of the paddle-boxes fell into the sea and were drowned. For some inexplicable reason this started a brawl among the crew which sent three men to the hospital.

Although she crossed the Atlantic many times during the next few years, her genius for disaster followed her on every trip. Often there was engine trouble, and once she arrived in New

York with 90 feet of her hull torn out from hitting a submerged rock. Most people by this time were convinced that the *Great Eastern* was a ship to avoid.

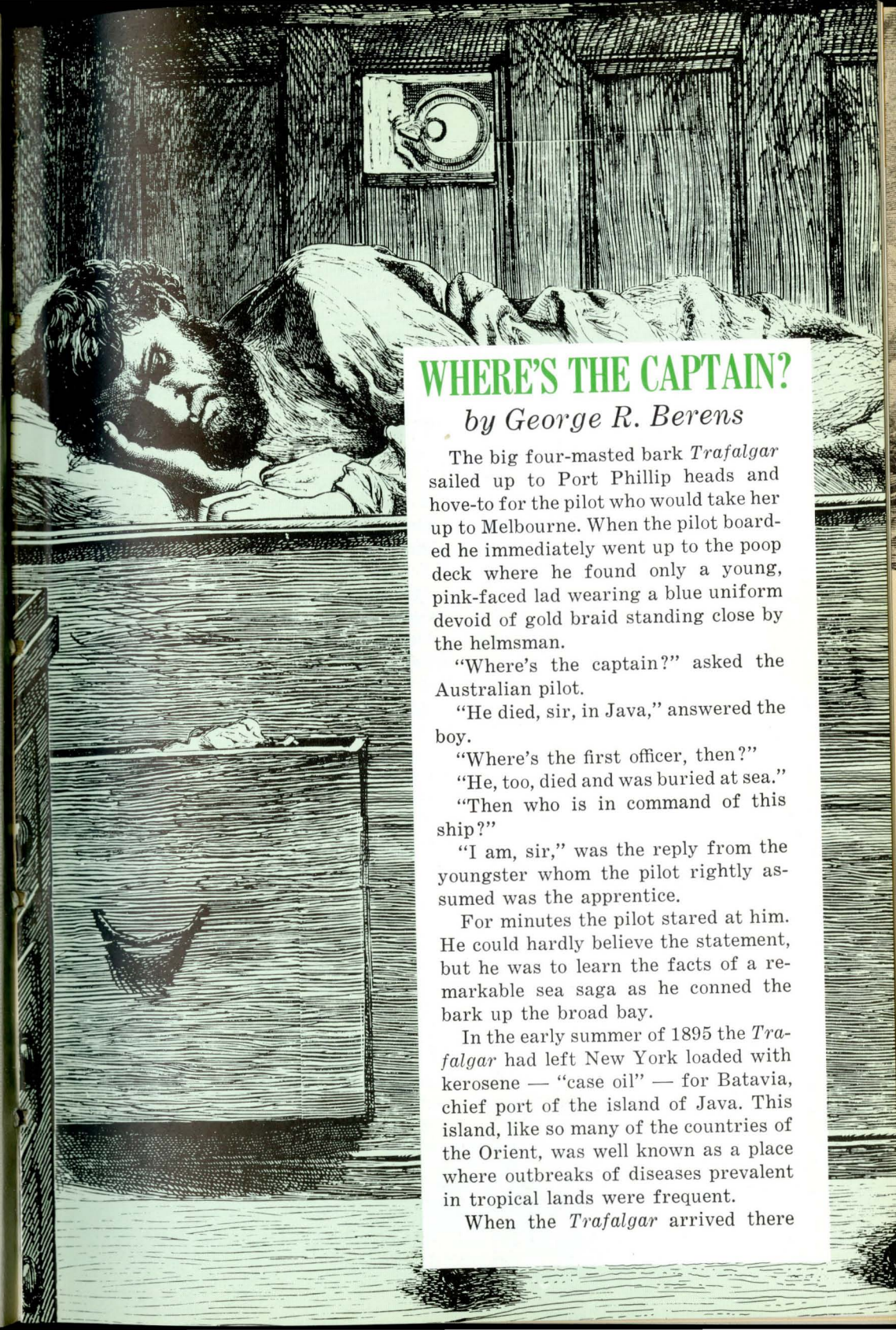
On yet another trip she had been fitted with the first steam-powered steering gear. As could be expected, this refused to work during a critical period when the vessel struggled with a gigantic storm off the Irish Coast. Rolling into the trough, her paddles were smashed to bits, and she came very close to foundering.

But in 1865 her luck improved temporarily. She was chartered to lay what was to become the first successful trans-Atlantic submarine cable. But because she was the *Great Eastern*, even this took two attempts. On the first voyage her evil star asserted itself and when the ship was 1,240 miles out the cable snapped and disappeared in the ocean. The second try made the following year was successful, and many say that her use as a cable-layer advanced submarine communication by a decade.

This was her last fling at usefulness and the end came finally on November 20, 1888, when she was towed to New Ferry, Cheshire, and sold to a ship-breaker.

What had been the reason for her years of remarkable misfortune? Probably the real fault was that she had been born too soon. During her career three great advancements were made in marine engineering. One was the invention of the steam turbine — much more efficient and economical than the old steam engine of 1854. Another was the development of the triple-expansion engine. And the third great change was the use of steel in hull construction rather than iron.

However, the failure of the *Great Eastern* as a commercial adventure matters not at all today. What prompts admiration are the vision and courage that her builders and engineers displayed throughout an amazing number of vicissitudes.



WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

by George R. Berens

The big four-masted bark *Trafalgar* sailed up to Port Phillip heads and hove-to for the pilot who would take her up to Melbourne. When the pilot boarded he immediately went up to the poop deck where he found only a young, pink-faced lad wearing a blue uniform devoid of gold braid standing close by the helmsman.

"Where's the captain?" asked the Australian pilot.

"He died, sir, in Java," answered the boy.

"Where's the first officer, then?"

"He, too, died and was buried at sea."

"Then who is in command of this ship?"

"I am, sir," was the reply from the youngster whom the pilot rightly assumed was the apprentice.

For minutes the pilot stared at him. He could hardly believe the statement, but he was to learn the facts of a remarkable sea saga as he conned the bark up the broad bay.

In the early summer of 1895 the *Trafalgar* had left New York loaded with kerosene — "case oil" — for Batavia, chief port of the island of Java. This island, like so many of the countries of the Orient, was well known as a place where outbreaks of diseases prevalent in tropical lands were frequent.

When the *Trafalgar* arrived there

was a particularly bad epidemic prevailing. Due to this there was no shore leave for the crew, but, as usual, some of them managed to sneak ashore.

The captain had to go ashore on ship's business, and in a few days he took sick, the first victim of what was called "Java fever." He became so ill that the chief mate, Richard Roberts, became very concerned and went to seek medical aid.

By the time he returned to the ship Captain Edgar was dead. He was buried in the cemetery in Batavia, some of his crew escorting his body to the grave.

A few days after the captain's funeral half the fore-castle hands were down with fever, for the men who had been ashore brought the disease back with them. Roberts, now in command, decided that the best thing to do was to get away from Batavia as soon as possible.

He did all he could to speed up the discharge, and as soon as the cargo was out, the *Trafalgar* was prepared for sea, and on October 29 she sailed for Melbourne.

The ship was short-handed with so many men sick. She was only a little more than a week out before the first man died. Soon after, both Captain Roberts and his first officer were laid up, leaving only the acting third mate to take charge of the ship.

The second mate had been promoted to first when Captain Edgar had died, and there was no one to promote to second, for the acting third was not a certificated officer.

He was only an apprentice who had finished his time on the voyage and was given the honorary title of "acting third mate." For this, of course, he received no pay, not being officially a ship's officer but only a boy in training.

But now this eighteen-year-old apprentice, William Schotton, was the only one of the afterguard on his feet, the only man aboard capable of navigating the ship. He picked out two fore-

mast hands who were still free of disease to help him.

The sailmaker, Hugh Kennedy, and an A.B. named Kavanagh were chosen to lead each watch composed of the few men capable of working. Fortunately the weather was good as the *Trafalgar* sailed south in the Indian Ocean carrying as much canvas as could be handled by her depleted crew.

By mid-November, when they were about five hundred miles off the coast of Western Australia, Captain Roberts and the carpenter died. On the 21st the first mate died. Young Schotton had added to his other duties and responsibilities the sea burial of these men.

And now he was commander of the big bark, a boy with only four years of sea experience. But he was made of the right stuff, and had learned enough seamanship and navigation in these years to competently handle the ship. In this he was aided by the two old-timers he had appointed to assist him.

They were fortunate with the weather. On December 7 the cook died, the last victim of the scourge of Java. The *Trafalgar* was then nearing 40 degrees South, and Schotton hauled up to an easterly course. Crossing the Great Australian Bight, a stretch of ocean noted for its hard blows, they were overtaken by a strong westerly gale.

It was an anxious time, for sail handling with the decimated crew was a slow process. Several sails were lost before the canvas was reduced, but young Schotton was pleased to have his first command running like a clipper before the strong wind.

The gale moderated as the ship approached Bass Strait which she entered in fair weather. This was fortunate because all hands were by then in poor condition. Not only had the work been hard for the few men who were able to do it, but they had subsisted on poor meals ever since the cook had been taken ill.

(Continued on page 16)

shrimp fishing on horseback

by Nina Mansell

The old ways, we are so often told, are dying and nothing is being left in their place. We are more and more the slaves of automation, and progress has even caught up with small things like shrimps!

Do you remember the days when shrimps had a salty tang — when they tasted of the sea? These memorable delicacies have now become tasteless morsels, the victims of a machine age which can harvest, shell, wash and freeze them in a few minutes.

But there are still corners where old customs hang on tenaciously — places like Oostduinkerke in Belgium, where mechanization has not superseded tradition.

In this little town, a few miles west of the cross-Channel port of Ostend, the shrimp fisher plies his trade on horseback as he used to do in times past along the southern beaches of England and all along the Dutch and Belgian coasts.

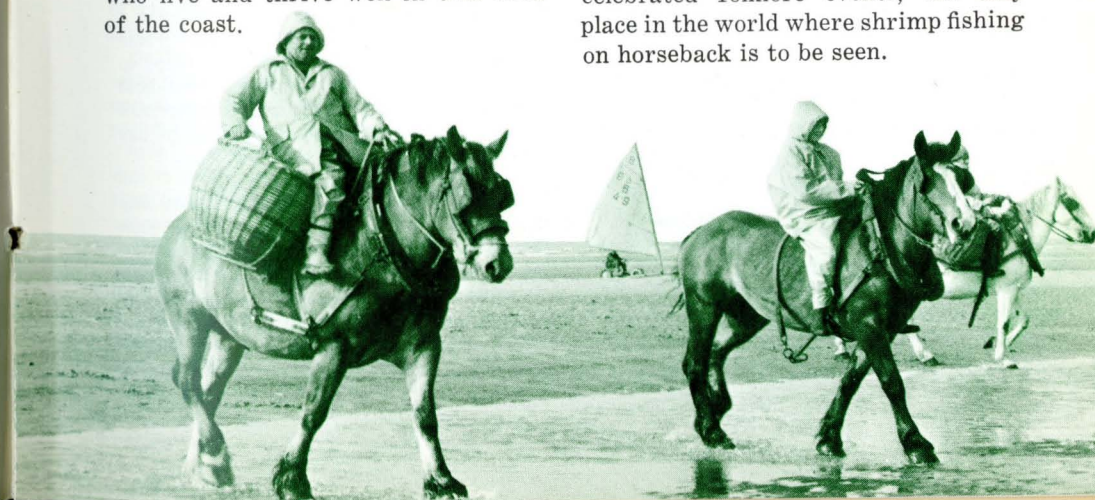
It is not tradition alone which has sustained him against the encroachment of the machine. True he has strong feelings for the past, but the topography of the shore and the marvelous shallowness of the seabed make it an ideal feeding ground for shrimps who live and thrive well in this area of the coast.

For about two hours, just before and just after low water, all the year round, the fishing takes place. The fishermen in their heavy oilskins, rubber thigh boots and sou-westers ride their horses out, often chest-high into the water, pulling behind them the large shrimp-dragnets.

Their task is fiercely demanding and both man and beast need exceptional endurance. When at work both rider and horse are at one in their work and the animal needs little urging in the routine he quickly learns to know so well.

From time to time the fishermen and their mounts leave the water to empty the nets and jerk their catch into the wicker baskets fixed on either side of the horse. When fishing is over for the day, the wives cook and offer the shrimps for sale. These women of the sea work stubbornly by the side of their weather-tanned men, for the trade runs in the family.

But the Belgian Government fears that the custom will die and, since 1950, to encourage knowledge of the area and its customs, Oostduinkerke has been the center of one of Belgium's most celebrated folklore events, the only place in the world where shrimp fishing on horseback is to be seen.



Letters from Seamen

S/S New Orleans Port Elizabeth, N. J.

I come to thank you with all my heart for your wonderful Christmas gifts received when in port at Christmas time in Elizabeth, N. J.

You are surely a bunch of nice, thoughtful ladies for getting together so many useful things including a beautiful wool, hand-knit sweater, all the time you put in it.

The gifts are so kind but your wonderful Christian spirit moves me so much too. I know the men of S/S New Orleans and all the other ships to whom you brought so much happiness will say with me, no God is not dead because He lives in each one of you.

U. S. Navy At Sea

This command, composed of forty-seven persons, received your thoughtful Christmas packages eagerly and thankfully.

The multicolored knitted sweaters, caps, socks, and neckwarmers must have taken much effort to make. Your heart would have been warmed if you could have seen the joy with which your presents were received by all hands.

Your efforts are well appreciated by all on board and we thank you for thinking of us. Each present, and especially the individual Christmas card with note, added a meaning to Christmas that many of us had never expected, being so far from home and family for a period of up to one year. We hope that those following us here may also be able to receive the joy that you have given us. Our thanks go to the many people who have contributed to make these presents possible and for making our Christmas just a little nicer.

M/V City of Montreal Quebec, Canada

The four signatories to this letter, all British nationals and crew members of the above ship, are writing to express our deep gratitude and appreciation for the splendid gift parcels which we received from your organization on Christmas Day just past.

We would like you to know that we are fully aware of the tremendous amount of money and effort that you put into this good work on our behalf, and our pleasure at being on the receiving end of it all is truly commensurate.

S/S African Star Ivory Coast, Africa

I never realized how wonderful it is to receive a gift and best wishes when so far from home. Your thoughtfulness and hard work has made this Christmas a bearable and enjoyable one where it would have passed almost unnoticed.



S/S Almee Lykes At Sea

I want to thank you all for the very nice Christmas gifts you sent to us.

We were all very happy with those wonderful and useful gifts. My sweater is the best thing since Coca Cola.

You all planned this gift perfect. It was all wrapped so nice. We know this took lots of hours of work & we appreciate it.

M/V Finnforest At Sea

Thank you so very much for the nice Christmas gifts and the very kind idea to remember even foreign seamen when being out at sea during these holidays.

Most of us are poor in writing english so I took it to my sake to tell you all our greetings.

We had rough sea on the middle of Atlantic but our spirit was good thanks to our friends and the believe in what is good.

At Sea

Christmas 1971 was not only my first one at sea it was also my first one away from home. I knew nothing of the gift I would receive — it was a great surprise. One sailor said, "It helps to ease the pain." That is the miracle of your most charitable efforts — for each man, no matter how crusty he appears to be, your gifts make the day "look a lot like Christmas."

U.S.N.S. Corpus Christi Bay Viet Nam

The gifts you sent were just great! More than anything though, it is nice to know that there are at least some people thinking about the few of us left in this unpopular "war." I think I can truly represent everyone aboard the *Corpus Christi Bay* by saying "thanks a lot."

A great many letters from seamen expressing gratitude for the famed Institute Christmas gift packages come in to the headquarters of the SCI Women's Council following the distribution of the more than 10,000 of the packets preceding the Holidays.

Some of the letters are printed here. Most are unedited — reproduced as originally written despite some uneven syntax. A few have been slightly re-written for purposes of clarity.

They come from ports and oceans all over the world, attesting that not only has this annual project of the Women's Council become practically international in scope but of such excellence as to invoke so many letters of appreciation.

M/V Ilkon Tak Houston

I have received your very thoughtful and most welcomed Christmas gift.

It is a small favor for you to do this but, I think I can speak for all the men on our ship, we thank you for remembering the strangers in America at Christmas time.

S/S Great Republic At Sea

Yesterday we received our gifts from the Seamen's Church. This is the third one I have received in the past few years. I thought it was about time to write a thank you that I have been meaning to do each year.

Although in my case I certainly can obtain these things on my own, but it seems I never do have the time.

So when I get them I am always pleased. The handwork on the sweater is especially appreciated.

S/S Defiance At Sea

On behalf of the officers and crew members of this vessel I would like to thank you for the Christmas gifts we received from you.

On the eve of December 24th, the parcels were placed under our Christmas trees. Every person on board received a gift and you may be assured that they were gratefully accepted.

In this day and age, when the spirit of Christmas is many times lost in commercialism, it is heart warming to know that organizations such as yours extended greetings of friendship to persons unknown to you. That is the real spirit of Christmas and you can be certain that your gifts and personal cards touched each and every heart aboard. The disappointment over a missed letter from a loved one at Christmas was indeed lightened by your message.

Adonis A/J Houston

Although Christmas at home is to a seaman, more than to anyone else, the most ideal, we had a very nice Christmas this year, and the unpacking of your beautiful gifts contributed so much to making everything very pleasant and enjoyable.

We felt greatly impressed by the loving care evidenced by the gift wrapping of all those little presents inside the boxes for people completely unknown to you. And especially the personal touch in what we suppose to be your own knitting. We will certainly enjoy those caps, scarves, socks and sweaters when we are heading for colder climates very soon.

Viet Nam

I want to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the thoughtfulness of the Christmas gift I received today from you wonderful people.

It is a magnificent feeling, knowing that there are people like you who care for others.

Your gift has made my Holiday Season here in the Republic of Viet Nam more loving and brighter.

Wouldn't it be a great peace, if everyone in this universe shared and cared.

M/S Meta-Reith At Sea

Thanks for Your Wishes and Your pretty and practical gifts.

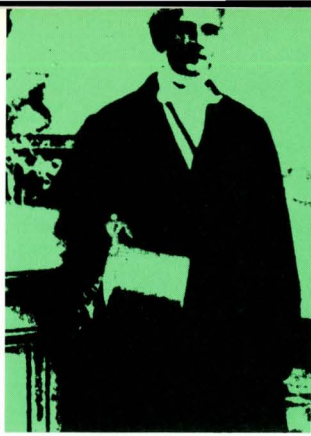
I am happy because within nine days I shall be back in the home port and met with my family, but I am thinking to all the Seamen whose family is so far or have none, for whom Your gifts are the only ones they may have.

Thanks once again, for them too.



FOULIS and HIS FOGHORN

by Paul Brock



There is a strange story behind that powerful and sometimes eerie warning sound of the sea — the foghorn. It is a sound which, since its invention, has been heard by most sailors who navigate the oceans, lakes and rivers, or who live within earshot of navigable waters.

The inventor of the foghorn was a Canadian from Saint John, New Brunswick. His name was Robert Foulis.

Foulis was a music teacher, and one foggy night as he approached his house he was listening intently for the notes of a piano. It was his daughter's piano practice time, but he was surprised to note that not a sound seemed to be coming from the misty direction of his house.

Robert Foulis had given much thought to the fog and its dangers. Public opinion had been aroused since a steamship disaster in Saint John Harbor which had climaxed a series of maritime tragedies, most of them caused by fog.

Various warning sounds, including bells and cannons, had been tried in experiments aboard ships and in light-houses, but fog seemed to have the baffling ability to muffle all sound.

As Foulis approached his home he began to hear faintly the music his daughter was playing on the piano. But one thing puzzled him — his daughter seemed to be playing on only one note. All he could hear was a deep tone, low

in the bass. At irregular intervals this note would come filtering through the fog.

He walked on, then stopped and listened. A little further on he stopped again.

Now he could hear other notes being played. He was able to recognize the piece he had told his daughter to practice.

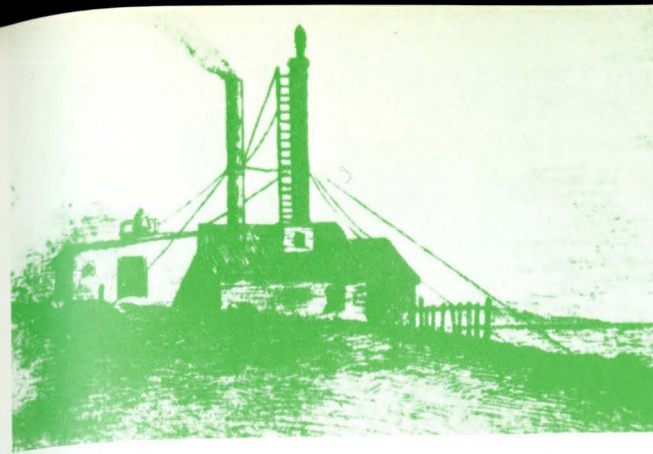
Then he got his big idea. Excitedly he rushed home and into the music room and instructed his daughter: "Play the scale down. Keep repeating it slowly." His daughter obeyed and her father, watch in hand, hurried back into the fog.

At a hundred paces he stopped and listened. He could not hear some of the higher notes. He tried at two hundred paces — five hundred — a thousand paces. Fewer notes came through. Finally, only one note — that same low note — was audible.

Foulis hurried back home. He was convinced that he had made an important discovery.

But no one else thought the discovery was important. The music teacher with the idea he claimed would beat the fog for mariners was laughed at and told to stick to his music.

But he didn't; instead he spent many hours in his workshop, tinkering with a strange device. It was a little steam boiler with a whistle attachment which enabled him to reproduce the low fog-



A reproduction of an etching of the original fog alarm station on Partridge Island at the entrance to St. John harbor. This building was erected and put into commission in the year 1857.

penetrating note of his daughter's piano.

He obtained permission to set up his device on Partridge Island near the entrance to St. John Harbor, and paid a man to stay with it and keep up the steam in the boiler.

Then Foulis waited for the fog to come down.

Three weeks went by and it seemed that the fates had decided not to accommodate him and his fog-penetrating machine. Then one sullen night the fog rolled in with a vengeance. Navigation was impossible. Anxious to get over to Partridge Island to see if his new foghorn was working, he found that he was confined to his house and could make no move to cross the channel.

Desperately he opened his bedroom window wide and listened intently.

Suddenly a great booming note swept through the city and beyond. The deep vibration surged out irresistibly over the sea, and Foulis closed his eyes in prayerful thanks.

His invention was a huge success. Grateful mariners from all parts of the compass carried back to their home ports the news of this great boon to mankind. Soon the whole world had adopted the steam foghorn and was fervently blessing its inventor.

Today, under favorable circumstances, modern foghorns can be heard from twenty to thirty miles out at sea. Mechanically operated, the sonic por-

tion of a foghorn consists of two cylinders, one of which moves over the other. Both cylinders have a number of perforations which periodically coincide during rotation, so that the upper holes come over the lower ones.

When compressed air or steam is forced through the holes of the upper cylinder at the moment when the holes on the lower cylinder coincide, the air is set in rapid vibration.

The result is a loud, deep note which is concentrated and set in the required direction by a large horn or bell-mouthed tube. The moving parts of the foghorn are driven either by electric motor or by compressed air.

Though various kinds of fog signals are used to warn vessels of danger during fogs, Foulis's invention excels them all when it comes to distance penetrated by sound.

Bells have been tried extensively. So have drums, gongs, guns, compressed air whistles and steam whistles.

Gongs are not very powerful as signals, often failing to be heard at more than the distance of a quarter of a mile. Bells can be heard during fogs at a distance of from one to three miles. Guns have been heard as far as ten miles, with a light breeze blowing across the sound.

Only Foulis's foghorn gives mariners a wide margin of warning-time during which a safer course can be set. All who sail in foggy waters salute him and his mournful life-saving sound.

NAUTICAL LANGUAGE TODAY

by Cecil Kent



There are many phrases and sayings still commonly used in the English language which originated in the days of the merchant sailing ships, or even before, and the mariners who used them, or experienced their original conceptions, took them ashore where landlubbers adopted them in their speech.

When, for example, anything has happened by lucky chance or through an accidental success it is said it occurred "by a fluke." This expression was used



by seamen to describe the freak mooring of a ship by one broad, flattened arm, or "fluke," of an anchor.

"Getting spliced" for the marriage ceremony originated from the nautical task of joining two ropes, or ends of rope, end to end by unlaying, then interweaving the strands.

Anyone surprised is "taken aback." This originated in the days of sail and was said of the sails of a ship, and sometimes the ship itself, when the sails are pressed against the mast by a head wind. It may have occurred through a sudden change in the wind's

direction, bringing the vessel to a halt.

"In the doldrums" means depressed and glum and in low spirits, and began from the seamen's reference to a region of sea near the Equator which is usually calm, with little wind, so that if a ship ventures in the area it may be becalmed for days or longer and thus this lowers the seamen's spirits.

If drunk, a person is said to be any number of "sheets in the wind's eye." This saying refers to the haphazard movements, like an intoxicated person, of the ropes, or "sheets" used to control the set of sails when heading into the wind.

"Keeping a weather eye open" not only means checking the weather but also taking care what you are doing or where going. Anything neat and tidy is "spick and span," referring to a clean, newly scrubbed ship. Anyone in a perplexing situation is "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

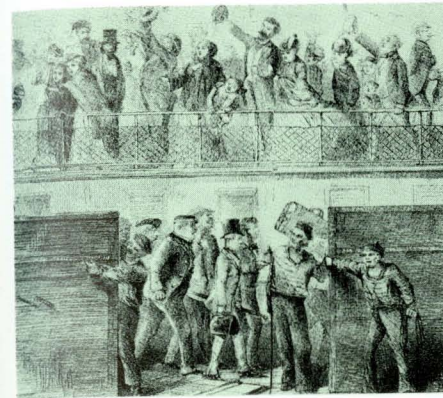
The "devil" was a part of the ship's hull and a seaman who had to work there was between the "devil" and the waves which might wash him off his precarious perch.



If exposed to hostile attack or criticism a person "runs the gauntlet." In medieval English it was "gantlope," a passage between two rows of seamen. It was used as a punishment for offenders who breached discipline.

The whole ship's company was lined up in two rows facing each other, each seaman being armed with a knotted rope's end.

The offender had to run between the two rows while each seaman had to deal him as hard a blow as possible with the rope.



Anyone "talking nineteen to the dozen" today is a fast talker, but in the past, seamen knew it too well as a reference to the dreaded "cat-o'-nine-tails." Floggings on board ship were always administered in "dozens," but the mate who inflicted them was often bad at counting, so the unfortunate seaman received more strokes, perhaps as many as nineteen, instead of a dozen.

A small space is described as "not big enough to swing a cat." This has nothing



to do with the domestic pet, the "cat" in this case again being the cat-o'-nine-tails, with nine leather thongs, in which each room on deck was needed to swing it when striking the offending seaman.

Did you know that the word "posh" came into the English language through a maritime custom? When steamship lines first operated routes via the Suez Canal and Red Sea to India it was the practice for passengers who were rich to pay extra so as to book cabins on the ships' "port out, star-board home."



This ensured them accommodation in cabins on the shady, less hot, side of the ship for both outward and return journeys. Tickets for these cabins were stamped with the initials POSH, forming an acronym which eventually came to mean anything indicative of wealth and good living was "posh."



STAMPS THAT SAILED TO SEA (Continued from page 4)

1880 when Robert Fulton proved steam navigation possible. Both U. S. and Hungary stamps honor Fulton. Another U. S. stamp of 1944 shows the first steam powered sailing ship the *Savannah*, which crossed the Atlantic in 1819 in 25 days.

Men who loved and wrote of the sea have been honored by stamps and belong to the ship and sea album. Poland in 1957 issued a stamp to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Joseph Conrad, a brilliant novelist of the sea.

A 1940 stamp of New Zealand shows the sailing vessel *Dunedin* which ran the "frozen mutton route" between New Zealand and England and sank off Cape Horn in 1890 while engaged in a race home with two other vessels. The barque-rigged sealer *Antarctic* was crushed in the ice in the Weddell Sea in 1903 and members of the crew were rescued by the Argentine gunboat *Uruguay* as shown on an Argentine stamp in 1953.

Probably the most famous liner to meet with a major disaster was the

French giant, *Normandie*, shown on a stamp issued by France. (This ship was a constant record-breaker across the Atlantic and in 1942 while she was lying in New York Harbor being converted into a troop ship, she caught fire and capsized.)

The German Lifeboat Association credited with saving 15,070 people was honored by West Germany with a stamp commemorating the centenary of the Association in 1965. The Association was formed in Emden during the days when the lifeboat had to be hauled to sea by horses and rowed out to the wreck by her crew. One of the later engine-driven boats is shown on a German stamp of 1937.

How valuable can a ship stamp get? Well, the most valuable stamp in the world is the one-cent British Guiana stamp of 1856 of which only one copy exists: it is worth \$100,000. Some of the stamps issued recently will probably gain value in the future and can offer a fine investment for grandchildren.



WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN (Continued from page 8)

The boy commander himself was weakened by the strain, though his youth and splendid physique had kept him in better shape than most of his crew. One thing that bothered him was the poor appearance of the ship, for little could be done to keep her "shipshape and Bristol fashion" with so few hands to work her.

When they made Cape Otway, Schotton was satisfied with his navigation, and pleased that the long passage was nearly completed. On December 16 the weather was clear. Soon Port Phillip heads were in sight, and he went below for a few minutes to spruce up a bit so that he would look more like the commander of a big sailer. Then in his apprentice uniform he returned to the

poop deck to receive the pilot.

Once berthed in Melbourne, Schotton found himself received as a hero, feted by the maritime interests, and given glowing accounts of his nautical prowess in the newspapers. It was certainly a wonderful feat for so young a sailor, but still he was thankful that a captain sent out by the *Trafalgar* owners took over the strain and responsibility of command before the ship left Melbourne for home, via Cape Horn.

As a very competent and confident third mate he completed the voyage, anxious to get home and sit for his examination for a second mate's certificate — the first step on the way to a permanent command and a notable sea career.



Readers of *The Lookout* may remember "Figurehead's Mystery Power" by Cecil Kent in the June, 1971, issue, a story about a seductive figurehead from the *Atalanta* which caused several men to die through quarrels and suicides, and on exhibit in the naval museum in La Spezia, Italy.

The Lookout was never able to obtain a photo of the figurehead even though it tried valiantly.

Now, at long last, Mrs. Gerald Mayer of Cotuit, Massachusetts, a *Lookout* reader, sends us a reproduction of *Atalanta* obtained through a friend in Italy — which we show our readers now.

Apparently the famed carved beauty is as irresistible to males today as ever; the friend wrote Mrs. Mayer: "Most recently — within the past several months — a fourteen-year-old boy was arrested and taken from the museum in a trance. It is theorized that he had a child-like crush on the lady."

Editor



The Lookout is always interesting and I was fascinated with the article by Joseph C. Salak, "Superstition and the Sea," in the November 1971 issue.

My great grandfather, William C. Berry and his brother, Charles C. Berry, captained clipper ships, out of Brooklyn in the 1840's, 1850's, and early 1860's. Captain William Berry died about 1869. He had a clipper ship passenger and freight service from New York to San Francisco, and later, down the East Coast.

We had a large oil painting of the *S. S. Silas Holmes*, 1845, built in Hamburg, Germany. It was planned that Captain Charles was to captain the *Holmes* to the Orient. (He was also part owner of this vessel.) However, at the time of departure, he was too ill to go; so another captain sailed with the ship.

The *Holmes* was never heard of again, and became another mystery of the seas. Whether she went down in a storm, or was boarded by pirates, is not known. The crew was never heard from.

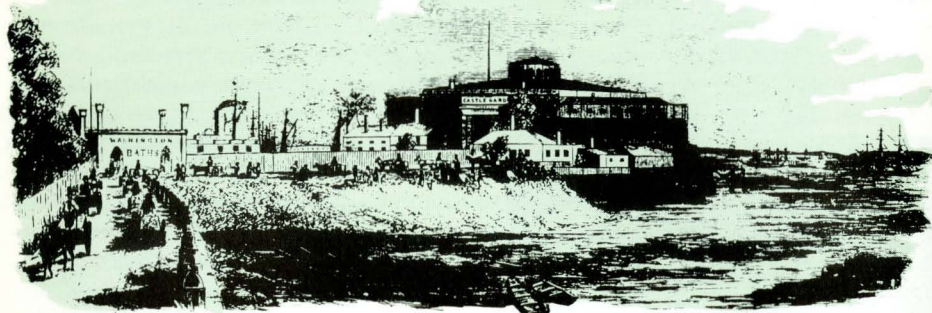
This whole uncanny incident bears out the superstition listed in the article by Mr. Salak, "that one-fifth of the ships lost at sea bore names that began with 'S'."

Mrs. John E. Williams
Arlington, Vermont

A Salute to Our Neighbors

Eleventh of a series of brief articles on some of the organizations and institutions established in Lower Manhattan very early in its history, all of them nearby to Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

CASTLE CLINTON NATIONAL MONUMENT



Castle Clinton National Monument is both a link with America's colonial past and a symbol of a century and a half of American growth and change. As the last of a series of forts which, from 1626, successively guarded the lower end of Manhattan Island, it was important in the early history of our greatest commercial city.

As Castle Garden, theater, and immigrant depot, it symbolizes phases in the development of a Nation rising to greatness. Millions of Americans remember it as the fabulous New York City Aquarium.

Castle Clinton was born of the tensions of the Napoleonic era. At the same time, a great "fortification fever" swept the city, for New York, except for Fort Columbus on Governor's Island, was virtually defenseless — a condition that had existed since the destruction in 1790 of Fort George, the old Dutch-English fort on the site of today's Custom House.

Four new fortifications resulted. One of these was three-tiered Castle Williams on Governor's Island, still in use

today. Opposite, some 200 feet off the southwest point of Manhattan Island, the West Battery was built. (In 1815, this battery would be named Castle Clinton in honor of DeWitt Clinton, a recent mayor of New York City and later governor of New York.)

It was the lineal descendant of a waterside battery that had protected New York as early as 1689. The other forts were Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island and Fort Gibson on Ellis Island.

Generally circular in shape, the West Battery was designed for 28 guns in one tier of casemates. Its 8-foot-thick walls of red sandstone stood upon a massive foundation of rough stone originally designed to support a multi-tier "tower" fort similar to Castle Williams. That foundation had been built up within an encompassing polygon of stone blocks in about 35 feet of water. A timber causeway with drawbridge connected the new fort to the New York City Battery of that day.

After the war ended, the West Battery was named Castle Clinton and became headquarters for the Third Mili-

tary District (New York below the Highlands, and part of New Jersey).

In June 1824, Castle Clinton was leased by the city as a place of public entertainment. Opened as Castle Garden on July 3, it soon became one of the favored "places of resort" in New York.

The fort's interior became a "fanciful garden, tastefully ornamented with shrubs and flowers"; in time, a great fountain was installed. The fort was the setting for band concerts, fireworks extravaganzas, an occasional balloon ascension, and demonstrations of the latest "scientific marvels," among them the telegraph demonstrated by Morse in 1842.

From the start, Castle Garden seemed marked for extraordinary events. Within a month after its opening, the Marquis de Lafayette landed there at the start of a triumphal tour of America.

By 1845, Castle Garden had become something more than a scene of band concerts, fireworks, and promenades. The Garden, for the first time, presented opera (in concert form). The 1845 season opened with *Semiramide* and *The Barber of Seville*.

Rossini's harmonies now had "scope for unfolding themselves . . . without breaking their necks against the walls," said the *Tribune*. But entertainment of a lighter sort continued to be offered on many occasions, and the Garden cellars continued to be filled "with the most delicious fluids so that the audience may be at once regaled with the choicest Italian music, and the most inspiring mint juleps."

Then, on September 11, 1850, Castle Garden witnessed the musical event of the century when P. T. Barnum presented the "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, in her American debut. More than 6,000 people paid at least \$3 a seat to see and hear her. At the close of her performance, the audience broke into a "tempest of cheers."

On August 3, 1855, Castle Garden, under lease to the State of New York,

was opened as an immigrant landing depot. Made a part of the mainland only a short time before, the Garden was now enclosed on its landward side with about 1,000 feet of board fence.

It was the floodtide of the great mid-century migration from Europe, the Irish and the Germans in the van.

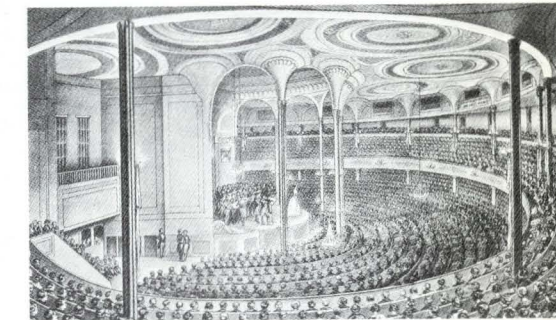
Between 1855 and 1889, more than 8 million immigrants — two out of every three persons immigrating to the United States in this period — passed through the Garden.

After 1882, the number of immigrants from eastern and southern Europe gradually increased. More buildings were erected outside the Garden; brick walls replaced wooden fences. Then, on April 18, 1890, Castle Garden received its last immigrants.

With control shifted to the U. S. Superintendent of Immigration, the

(Continued on back cover)

Castle Clinton . . .



. . . as when Castle Garden and Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," sang there September 11, 1850.



. . . as when the Aquarium

(Continued from page 19)

Barge Office became a temporary landing depot, pending the opening of the newer, more commodious center on Ellis Island on January 1, 1892.

Castle Garden, once again altered, now became the New York City Aquarium. Some 30,000 people visited the aquarium on opening day, December 10, 1896.

In the years that followed there were millions of visitors until, in 1941, the aquarium was closed; presumably, the building was to be torn down to make way for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel approaches.

But because of the efforts of determined New Yorkers, the historic structure was not destroyed, and, on August

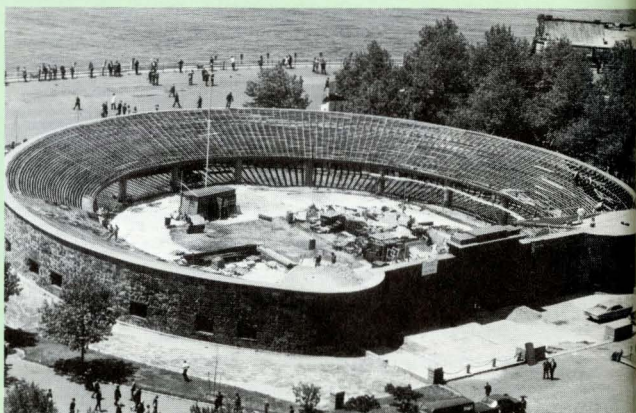
12, 1946, Congress authorized the establishment of Castle Clinton as a national monument.

Standing quietly in the shadow of towering buildings, Castle Clinton might easily be overlooked today. It is hard to visualize it as one of the key defenses of New York City, or a popular "place of resort," or a great immigration depot. The castle is now being restored as the fort it once was. When restoration is completed, Castle Clinton will take on greater meaning as a link with our heritage.

Castle Clinton National Monument is administered by the National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior.



Historic fort as it once appeared when known as "Castle Clinton."



Fort in phase of reconstruction to original state — as seen from nearby SCI roof by long focal-length camera lens.