



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JULY-AUGUST 1968

by Dorothy Carey

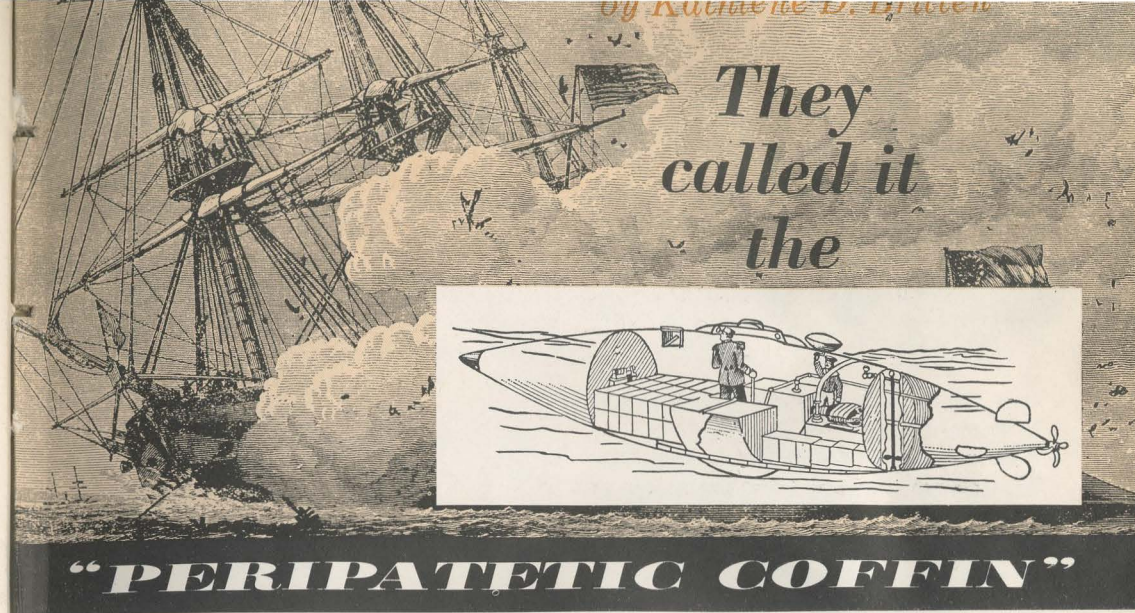
# ORIGIN OF OLD GLORY

Have you ever wondered where the name "Old Glory" originated? Many historians believe the name was given our flag by Captain William Driver.

Driver was born in Salem, Massachusetts on March 17, 1803. Like many youths of his area he followed the sea. In 1831 he was placed in command of a brig, the **Charles Doggett**. Just before the brig sailed under its new commander, Driver was presented with a flag. As the sailors hoisted the flag on high, Driver christened it "Old Glory".

Later Driver visited in Nashville, Tennessee. He retained the flag which meant so much to him. When federal troops entered Nashville on February 26, 1862, Captain Driver secured permission to raise the flag over the State Capitol.

Edmund T. Kery authored a book entitled "Old Glory—The Story of our Country's Flag" under the name George Alexander Ross in the early 1900's. In 1914, upon inquiry, he said what was believed to be the original "Old Glory" was in the possession of the Essex Institute in Salem, Mass.



The recent loss of the nuclear-powered U.S. Navy submarine **Scorpion** calls to mind the first successful attack by a submarine — and its destruction — during the Civil War.

brought overland to Charleston on two flat cars.

Cigar-shaped and built of boiler iron, her propeller was driven by hand, eight men manning the eight hand cranks on the shaft connected to the propeller. A ninth man was both skipper and torpedo officer.

The resounding thunder of a torpedo exploding in Charleston harbor the evening of February 17, 1864, marked the first successful submarine attack — in this country, at least.

There was a steering-wheel for the pilot in the bow, and another wheel worked a pair of horizontal rudders. These were to force the submarine below the surface during the final stages of an attack. A ballast tank was also installed at each end of the vessel, while cast iron weights were secured to the keel for release in an emergency.

A torpedo of the Confederate submarine *CSS L.H. Hunley* had sunk the Federal *U.S.S. Housatonic*; the wartime application of a submersible was thus announced.

Ingress was obtained by two circular manholes or hatches, one forward, one aft, but the interior was so cramped that once aboard, a man could not even change his place!

The first crude submarines were built by the Confederates because the Southern ports were feeling the strangulating effects of the tight Federal blockade; a new weapon to combat the superior Northern navy was sought. So Confederate strategists began experimenting with the then-novel device, the best known being the "David" series. (One even carried a shotgun, in case a torpedo might not be a "conventional weapon"!) A modified type, the *Hunley*, with a small very low conning tower, was capable of total submergence for a very short time. Built at Mobile, she was

There was enough air in the hull to last for a short while, but a lot of oxygen was used up by the men laboring at the propelling shafts, so the hatch had to be open most of the time. In this condition, the sub with her low freeboard was very dangerous. As in early land tanks, the skipper could stick his head out and direct operations, but even

## the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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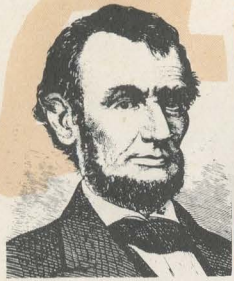
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COVER: One of several typical scenes to be found at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut.



LINCOLN



DAVIS

this slight maneuver led to swamping in heavy seas!

The original idea was to take the *Hunley* below an enemy ship, towing a mine behind her at such a depth beneath the surface that it would strike the bottom of the vessel being attacked, exploding on contact. But now she was fitted with a spar torpedo on her bow.

The new "David" was a deadly weapon — to her own crews! She killed 35 of her own men in her preliminary trials!

Her first commander, Lieutenant Paine took her for a trial cruise off Charleston. As she lay awash, with hatches open, she was swamped by the swell from a passing paddle steamer. Paine, looking out of the hatch, escaped, but all his men were drowned.

When the *Hunley* was recovered, there was great reluctance to try her out under water, and even with the manholes open, she was again swamped — by a sudden squall! Paine and two of the crew escaped, and the sub was once more brought to the surface.

Next she capsized lying at anchor off Fort Sumter. Paine and three men escaped, but the skipper had had enough. When the *Hunley* was raised again, he handed over the command to one of her constructors and designer, L. Horace Hunley.

A fresh crew of very brave men now took her up the Cooper River, but she foundered in deep water. This time no one was left to explain the cause of the catastrophe — she'd even killed the man after whom she was named.

Brought to the surface and renamed a fourth time, she now fouled the cable of a ship at anchor, and sank, drowning seven of her crew. Known as the "devil's ship" and the "Peripatetic Coffin," she was avoided by sailors and Navy personnel who refused to serve on her. But eventually, young, adventure-loving George E. Dixon of the 21st. Alabama Infantry accepted the *Hunley* as a challenge and volunteered. He was even able to get another crew together as great dare-devils as himself.

The Federals knew from their spies that the Confederates were experimenting with subs, and prepared against a torpedo attack they felt sure would not reach the outer anchorage of Charleston harbor. The Confederates realized, though, that ships lying furthest outside shore would be least likely to expect attack. So, getting the *Hunley* over the bar, they sent her around from seaward with orders to attack only on the surface. Her target, the *Housatonic*, a new 20-gun wooden steam frigate was blockading Charleston harbor.

Quietly the small craft stole stealthily along that dark night of February 17, 1864, off at last to strike a blow for the Confederate Navy. At a quarter to nine, she was within 100 yards of her objective, when the warship's officer of the watch saw something "like a plank floating in the water." The lookouts hailed this strange craft, but received no answer.

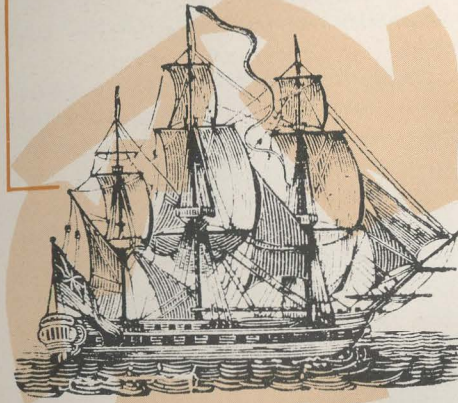
At once the *Housatonic* beat to quarters, slipped her cables and went astern. But two minutes after the sub was discovered, she was alongside the other boat. The warship's pivot guns could not be depressed sufficiently to touch the sub, equipped with a spar torpedo loaded with 100 pounds of powder. Dixon was able to select the ship's most vulnerable spot, and a loud explosion followed the cracking sound of the breaking spar bearing the torpedo.

The explosion occurred just forward

(Continued on page 12)

# CAPTAIN COOK

benefactor  
of  
seamen



by W. H. Owens

Just two hundred years ago, in August 1768, Lieutenant (later Captain) James Cook set out from England in the *Endeavour*, bound for Tahiti, on the first of his great voyages around the world.

Cook is remembered chiefly for his remarkable achievements in world discovery, especially in the Southern Hemisphere, and his outstanding contribution to the science of navigation. But he also made medical history by conquering scurvy, the deadliest of all the diseases afflicting seamen in those days, for which doctors had been unable to find a medical cure.

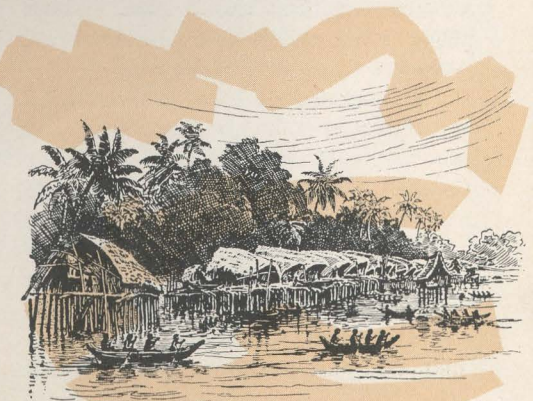
Although he was a strict disciplinarian, Cook was also a most humane and kindly man who did more than anyone else to reduce suffering and improve the conditions of life at sea in the late 18th century.

At the time he began his career in the British Navy, scurvy was rampant among seamen and took heavy toll of life. No ship was ever at sea for long without losing a large number of the crew through the disease. And this was regarded as normal and inevitable.

It was due to the unsanitary conditions, absence of hygiene and bad food aboard ocean sailing ships. Men had to eat and sleep in the darkest and dirtiest corners of the vessel which swarmed with vermin. Even on the high seas fresh air did not penetrate into the cramped quarters. There was usually a lack of fresh water too. Bathing was then unknown among seamen, and often they could not even wash themselves.

Victuals were normally plentiful, but since there was no means of keeping food fresh, the meals aboard were of the poorest quality. Records tell of beef badly salted and sometimes so rotten that it had to be bound with cords before boiling; ships' biscuits crawling with weevils and maggots; beer going sour early in the voyage, and so on.

Lieutenant Cook had been appalled by these conditions aboard ships in which he served as an ordinary seaman in his youth. So when he was given command of the *Endeavour* — a 370-





ton barque chartered for a scientific expedition to the South Seas — he at once set about his plans to change them.

Before the ship left port its decks were cleaned out, and the galley and crew's sleeping and eating quarters rid of vermin. No ship had ever been prepared for a long voyage as the *Endeavour* was. Moreover, its commander had special anti-scorbutic foods stored aboard, including "sweet wort" (a beer made with malt) and quantities of sauerkraut, or pickled cabbage.

Lieutenant Cook knew nothing at all about vitamins, but he discovered that scurvy could also be prevented or checked if men were given vegetables and fresh fruits with their diet.

The *Endeavour* stopped at more than a dozen tropical islands during the three-year voyage, and the native fruits and wild vegetables were taken aboard to be rationed out when the ship was

on its way again. (Not until much later, in the 19th century, was a daily lime-juice ration introduced, first in the ships of the East India Company. Hence the East Indiamen came to be nicknamed 'Limejuicers', and 'limey', the American slang for a British seaman.)

In his *Journal of the Voyages*, James Cook later wrote: "Few commanders have introduced into their ships more novelties as useful varieties of food and drinks than I have done." But he also complained that "every innovation whatever on board a ship, though ever so much to the advantage of the seamen, is sure to meet with their highest disapprobation. Both portable soup and sauerkraut were at first condemned as unfit for human beings."

Food and drink apart, other health regulations were also introduced. Cook was probably the first sea captain to insist that his crew's hammocks, bedding and clothing be kept clean and dry during a voyage.

He also made regulations for the cleanliness of the ships. For example, a fire would often be lit in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, the fumes from which helped to purify the air in the lower quarters.

During Cook's first world voyage (1768-71) the *Endeavour* actually lost no men until it docked at Batavia, in Java. There the ship's company had to stay for two months while the ship underwent a re-fit.

Due to the oppressive climate and unsanitary conditions ashore, seven of the crew became ill and died. Another 23 men died on the homeward trip, some from fever and some from scurvy. But even this death rate was remarkably low for a voyage of such length — much of it through tropical seas.

On his second world voyage (1772-75) Captain Cook, as he now was, insisted on a much stricter dietary and hygienic routine both in his own ship *Resolution* and its companion vessel

(Continued on page 14)

## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE of NEW YORK**

15 STATE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10004 • (212) 269-2710

To the friends of Seamen's Church Institute:

On June 15, 1968 I was privileged to be present at graduation ceremonies of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson when President Reamer Kline conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on John Mulligan, our Director. I am sure you will agree with me when I say that all of us are delighted with the recognition given by this award to Dr. John M. Mulligan and the organization he leads. The citation follows,

"John M. Mulligan, Bard Alumnus of the Class of 1932, and for seven years director of the world's largest shore station for merchant seamen - in recognition of your career which has embodied the ministry, teaching and social service we confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity."

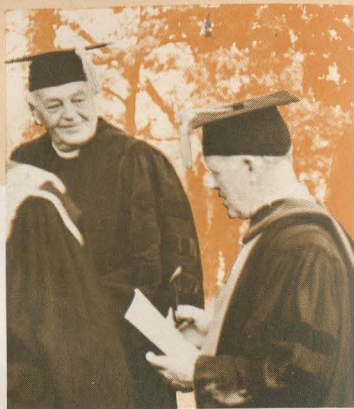
It gives me great pleasure to share with you the satisfaction which I felt in witnessing this honor given Dr. Mulligan.

*Franklin E. Vilas*

Franklin E. Vilas  
President  
Board of Managers



Academic procession at Bard College Commencement when receiving doctorate degree. (SCI director Mulligan at left).



The Danish merchant training ship, *Danmark*, visited New York at South Street Seaport in middle July. She tied up at the Seaport Pier, Fulton and South Streets, as part of Square Riggers '68, a series of celebrations of the Port of New York under auspices of South Street Seaport Museum and the Department of Marine and Aviation. The cadets were invited to use the SCI facilities.



Third Engineer Carl Jacobsen of the missile-tracker *Twin Falls* stopped over at the SCI the other day — his first visit — and was profuse in his praise of all that he saw. "I didn't know before that such a place for seamen existed," he enthused. "Everything here is just right for us. Just everything!"

The soft-spoken graduate of the Marine Maritime Academy at Castine, Maine, is a native of Saco, a small city in the state. In 1966 he was stationed on a troop carrier ferrying Korean troops to Vietnam. He has also been to Greenland and Newfoundland.

An avid stamp collector, he soon became acquainted with another seaman, also a stamp collector — whose identity the Look-out didn't learn, by a mischance. Jacobsen (right) exhibits a portion of his collection to his friend. A good hobby for a seaman, they agreed.

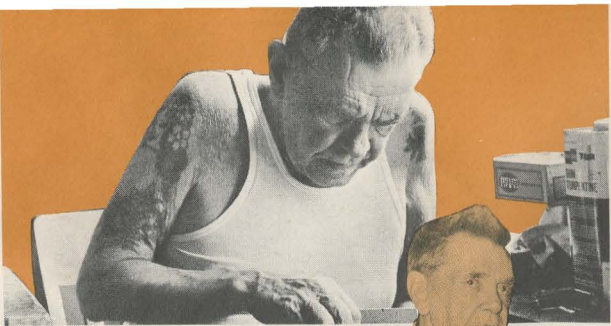
Many friends of SCI remember the row of stone gargoyles fringing the parapet of the old South Street building — alternate carved bears and eagles.

At least two of them, it was indicated, will be acquired by the Brooklyn Museum and one by the Smithsonian Institute. Those remaining will probably find their way to other institutions or private collections.

So far as can be learned, there was never any interconnecting symbolism between the bear-eagle gargoyles and SCI. Merely an architectural caprice, most seem to think.

Each of the ten stone figures, all of a uniform height of about seven or eight feet, are constructed in three or four sections — like a layer cake — the layers mortared and the overall figure sections held securely together by a vertical steel rod core reinforcement hidden within the figure. Each has been calculated to weigh three tons.





All the old sailors had tattoos.

Salty Chris Svendsen and model ship he is in process of re-rigging. Model had to be dismasted for transportation to State Street and riggered after arrival.



When the sail ship models brought from South Street to the State Street building become placed throughout the foyers, the auditorium and elsewhere, many will first have been refurbished by Chris Svendsen, a crusty ex-seaman whose deft fingers have repaired hundreds of ship models.

The tattooed Norseman was born in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake and fire there at the turn of the century, then brought to Norway where he eventually became a seaman on sailing ships going to every part of the world.

He was employed for a number of years by the SCI marine museum at South Street where he restored and maintained the museum's ship models and other marine artifacts. He is currently restoring the models which will go on exhibition in the new Institute building.

The old-time mariner, some have said, can re-rig any sail model with his eyes blind-folded — almost. There is no question but that few others in the country remain who have his unique skills and knowledge in model restorations.

Another art possessed by Mr. Svendsen is that of knot tying. Not only the utilitarian knots which were commonly used by the sail seamen but the more intricate and beautiful ornamental knots which, in combination with others, can form pleasing designs known as *macramé*.

How many different knots can the seaman tie? Hundreds, probably.

"Seamen today," he commented caustically, "don't have to know much of anything about knots; there are very few rope lines aboard a ship anymore. All they do today is push buttons," he scoffed.



Seamen and baggage await transportation back to ship after sojourn at SCI.



Mrs. Anne Hazard, Institute organist for many years, tries out new electric organ in chapel.

SCI Marine School students receive instruction in one of several classrooms.



Long before alcoholism became acknowledged openly as a "problem" both in the U. S. and throughout the world, SCI was already counseling seamen with alcoholic addiction.

Attesting to the Institute's reputation for effectiveness in this work is a letter received from the *National Union of Seafarers of India* with offices in Bombay, India.

Rev. Frank Daley  
Seamen's Church Inst. of New York  
15 State Street  
New York, N. Y. 10004

Dear Sir:

I have heard that you have been doing a wonderful job in trying to bring

about sobriety and temperance among alcoholics. I wish that our Indian Seamen too could benefit through you.

As a result of drunkenness many seamen lose their jobs and they and their families have been put to great hardships and privation. Thomas Fuller has aptly quoted "Wine hath drowned more men than the Sea."

I would be highly obliged if you kindly send me as much literature as possible on Alcoholism and also put me on your mailing list for your periodicals.

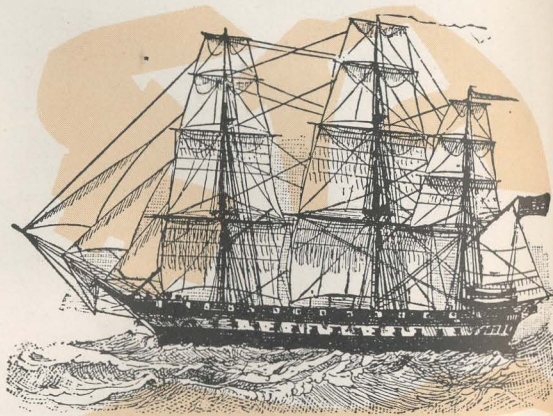
Hoping you will kindly do the needful.

Yours sincerely,  
(Leo Barnes)  
Secretary

#### THEY CALLED IT THE "PERIPATETIC COFFIN" (Continued from page 4)

of the mainmast on the starboard side in line with the magazine of the *Housatonic*. The large ship, trembling violently, was lifted on top of a mighty wave. Five minutes later, stern foremost, heeling to port, she sank — the victim of the first successful submarine attack, an American warship sunk by an American sub. Five of her crew perished, killed by an explosion or drowned. Others, rushing to the rigging, were picked up by another Union ship.

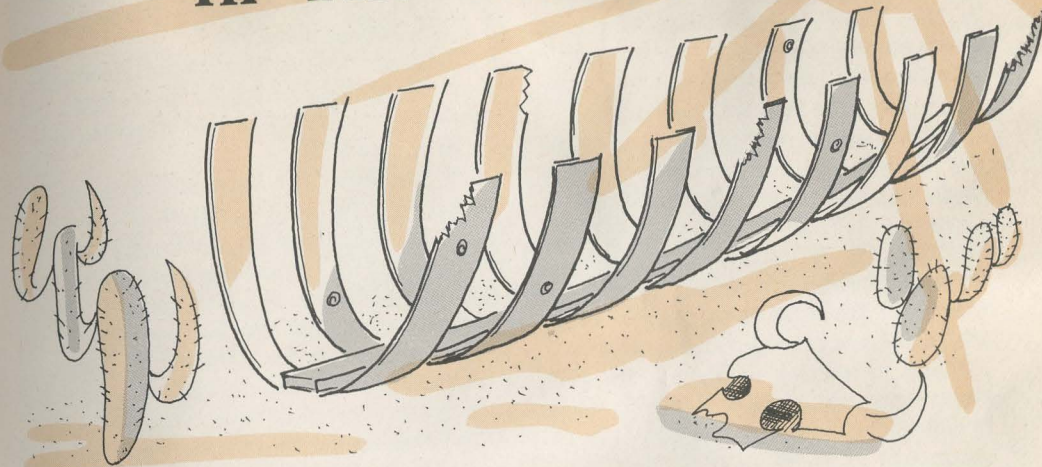
But with the detonation of the torpedo, came an inrush of water at the sub. The *Hunley*, too, sank with her victim in 27 feet of water. All her crew perished (there was no rigging for them!) sunk by her own torpedo. The sub's nose jammed in the hole the explosion had made in the warship. She was swamped, then dragged down by the suction of the warship. Living up to her ghoulish name, "The Peripatetic Coffin" right to the end, she had now killed her last crew.



Later, when Charleston harbor was cleared, divers found the hulks of both craft — the small sub still pointing at the Union ship just 100 yards away from her!

She was not only the one submersible of the South which produced effective results, but the first sub (although operating on the surface) to destroy an enemy ship — and the last, until World War I over half a century later.

## The Ship They Found In The Desert



by Charles R. Getts

The idea of finding a ship in a desert would, to any seaman, seem about as reasonable as sighting a camel on the ocean. In 1929, an old Cocopah Indian by the name of Calabasa told a group of surveyors working south of Yuma, Arizona, of the remains of a ship he had found lying in the Sonora wasteland below the border in Mexico. Old-timers and historians knew that many years ago this section had been part of the vast delta system of the Colorado River.

As the news spread around, the old legends of lost Spanish galleons came back to life. Some of these were based on the fact that in 1540 a few Spanish ships left the west coast of Mexico to sail north up the Gulf and discover a water passage to the Pacific Ocean.

They were also to deliver food and supplies to Coronado's army seeking gold in the Seven Cities of Cibola which were supposed to be located somewhere in the great southwest desert.

An even earlier legend told of a Spanish treasure ship carrying pearls and lost when the waters of the Gulf had flowed into the region now filled by

the Salton Sea.

Because of these stories there was quite a bit of excitement about the discovery of the old Indian, and shortly afterward a small group of men crossed the border at San Luis, south of Yuma, to locate the ruins.

They made their way across the sand and silt of the wasteland until they came to a small Mexican ranch owned by Baulio Chavez. He volunteered to lead them the rest of the way to *la barca*, or ship.

Within a short time they came upon the rusting remains lying in a shallow depression scooped out around it by wandering Mexicans who had taken the metal sides of the ship home. Their wives used them on which to cook tortillas.

All that now remained were the iron ribs that rested in a long row, their curved ends resembling a skeleton of some great prehistoric monster.

This was all that was left of the iron stern-wheeler named the *Explorer*.

It had been a 50-foot steam-boat built in Philadelphia in 1857 under orders of the U.S. War Department. Its pur-

pose was to discover if the Colorado River was navigable.

After a test run on the Delaware River, it had been hauled in sections by boat to the Isthmus of Panama, then up the Pacific to San Francisco and overland to the Colorado. It was built of sheet-iron and powered by a 3-ton boiler mounted in the center section.

Its life was probably the shortest in the history of maritime shipping. It made a three or four month trip on the Colorado during which the Cocopah Indians followed it along the banks of the river, chortling among themselves whenever the boat went aground on the sand-bars that dotted the waters.

Upon its return to Yuma, the *Explorer* was sold to rivermen who used it for taking supplies downstream to the mouth of the delta. The cargo was then transferred to ocean-going steamers which, at that time, sailed up the

Gulf of California.

After a half-dozen trips carrying supplies, the *Explorer* broke loose from her moorings one night and drifted down the river to disappear in the many channels of the delta.

There it lay as the delta slowly dried up and turned into wasteland. Sixty-nine years later old Calabasa found it.

Old timers in the area still like to speculate about the location of the Spanish galleon and its cargo of rare black pearls which they say lies hidden somewhere in what is now a desert.

Every rock-hound who has heard the story goes out in his camper or jeep with the hope that his pick might turn up a rusting piece of iron which may be the clue as to the whereabouts of the galleon's chests containing the fabulous pearls.

#### CAPTAIN COOK — BENEFACTOR OF SEAMEN (Continued from Page 6)

*Adventure*. His *Journal* tells how, off the coast of New Zealand, some of the crew in the *Adventure* fell sick because Captain Furneaux had not fully carried out the expedition's diet rules. One of the *Resolution's* cooks was put aboard the other ship, and Furneaux received a sharp reminder of his duty from the senior commander!

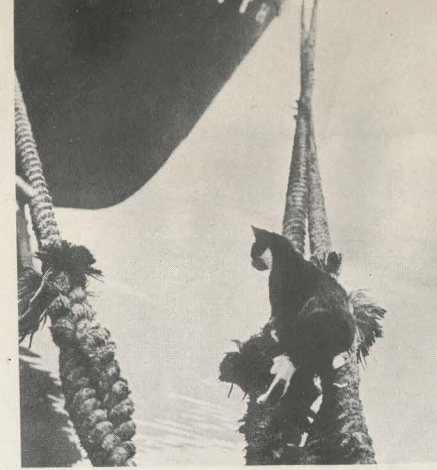
The rules enforced by Cook during this voyage brought his six-year old fight against scurvy to a triumphant conclusion. For by the time the expedition reached England again — after voyaging for three years and eighteen days in every kind of climate from the tropics to the Antarctic — only one man among the 118-strong crew had died through scurvy.

Nothing like this had ever been known before. In 1775 the world explorer and navigator, with many important geographical discoveries to his

credit, was awarded the *Gold Medal* of the *Royal Society*, the most learned scientific institution in Great Britain. The award followed Cook's reading of a paper to its members on how "under Divine Providence" he had conquered the seamen's scourge.

For one who had done so much for his fellow seafarers, for medicine, science and the cause of humanity generally, the early and violent death of James Cook at the hands of Hawaiian natives in 1779 was a tragedy indeed.

He was only 50 years old when struck down in Kealakekua Bay. Few sea captains have been so loved or so mourned by the crews who served under them. It is interesting to speculate what other seafaring reforms Captain Cook might have brought about, in addition to yet greater achievements in the field of navigation and exploration, had he been spared to live the full human span.



#### THE SHIP'S CAT

The smallest and least of the *Leslie's* crew  
Has shipped aboard with the cook;  
He's got half an ear and a touch of mange  
And a vigilant fiery look.

No stranger he to the ways of the deep  
Or the best of a sailors junk;  
Or a pleasant dream on a Cape Horn night  
In the warmth of the captain's bunk.

He has spit and clawed at many a hand,  
Has spat at many a mate,  
Has drawn the blood of the harbor toms  
Ashore on the River Plate.

He's off again is the *Leslie's* Mike,  
His cares are passing and few,  
While stiff as her masts he carries his tail,  
As old salt toms should do.

He has wooed and won where the trade winds blow,  
He has mused aloft on the line,  
Sung rollicking songs in the middle watch  
When the great stars wheel and shine.

Old Mike, you're gone where the mariners go,  
To the Port beyond the sun;  
Hey Davy, in your Locker there,  
Here's he, our littlest one.

Seaman author unknown

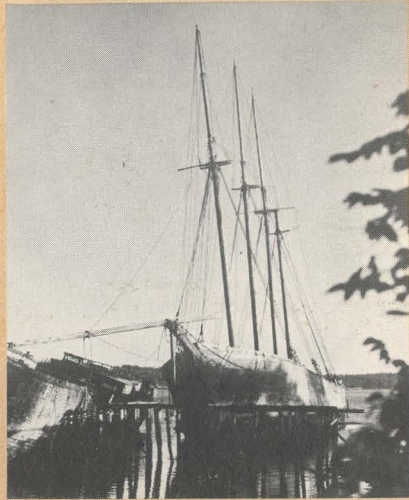


## DRIFTWOOD

Broken ships that sail no more —  
Rejected even by the sea —  
Lay scattered on the foam-dipped shore  
In rusty-nailed debris.

Once, whole, you proudly rode the crest;  
But now, your haunting fragments rest  
Upon the ocean's firm white breast.  
Was this piece once your gallant mast  
That braved the fury of the gale?  
Was this a beam to hold you fast?  
Or, this, a rigging for a sail?  
Oh, ships, that challenged oceans vast!  
Why did you fail?

Isabel A. Woodward



## SHIP UNDER SAIL

High masted beauty of surpassing grace,  
A bank of sail etched white against the sky,  
Your days upon the waves are all but gone.  
The Flying Cloud, The Sovereign of the Seas  
Are found in volumes ranged along the shelves,  
So, too, the Great Grain Race Around the Horn.

The men who served you grew a special breed  
Of valor in the face of crushing odds —  
They knew the salt wind blowing far from home.  
You built a world — and now your time has passed —  
You've joined the galleons of once-golden Spain  
And mighty triremes rowed by Ancient Rome.

Agnes Allen Miller