



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



SEPTEMBER 1962



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. 53, No. 4 SEPTEMBER 1962

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March. \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

**COVER:** No off-and-on resident at SCI was more beloved than seaman "T-Bone" Alfred McBride whose galley skills were as famous on the 7-seas as his poker. According to his wishes, SCI chaplains spread his ashes from a Coast Guard cutter into New York Harbor.



## seaman of the month

### ► "Van" Van Der Grinten

Few young men commence a seafaring career with such conviction to enoble the profession as does towering, 22-year-old "Van" Van Der Grinten, a July Kings Point graduate, who insists that a strong merchant marine is essential to our national economy, that the prevalent, stereotyped "odd ball" image of seamen is unfortunate.

Perhaps his Dutch-German extraction, which traces through maternal lines to members of the old German navy, accounted for an inclination to the sea although persuading his mother to let him go was a tough assignment he claims. A prudent high school guidance counselor had few career alternatives for the lad whose knowledge of ships and love for the sea was a *cul-de-sac*. It was no caprice when he urged Van to consider making application to the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, N. Y. And with impetus provided by Representative Walter Reihlman (R-N.Y.) his application to the Academy was accepted for the freshman year, 1958.

A catechumen with more than academic interests, Van joined the band as flutist, was elected Academy Regimental Bandmaster; a burly baritone added quality to the Kings Point Glee Club performing at the Titanic Memorial Service at the Seamen's Church

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## the runaway from Ireland

One evening a young man from Ireland asked a staff hostess if he could talk to one of the "fathers." I was visiting with some of the seamen in the International Club at the time and the staff hostess directed the boy to me. He was well dressed, neat and handsome. I thought he must be about 17 or 18. Many of the foreign boys who come to the Institute are in their late teens. I had no idea what he wanted. He didn't look as though he needed financial help, and he hardly gave the appearance of a youngster with deep-seated problems. Perhaps he only wanted to talk seriously with someone for a while.

He introduced himself to me and, for our purposes, I shall call him "Michael." I asked him to come to my study where we could sit and talk without being disturbed. He was from Ireland, had run away to sea when he was only 16 years old. Unlike many who run away, his home had been a good one, and he felt badly that he had hurt his mother so very much. He knew she was so worried. But the urge to see the world became too strong and one day he slipped away to Belfast and signed up on a freighter. We talked together for a long time and I was surprised by his sensitivity and maturity. He told me that he had not finished high school but that he wanted to go on to the university and make something of himself. More than that he wanted to become an American citizen. "Is this possible?" he asked. "Will it take too much money?"

I explained that to go to college required much work and much money and many years, and that to become an American citizen required not only time but the sponsorship of an American as well as some way of support.

The immigration authorities had to be assured by an American citizen that he would not become a public charge. I explained to Michael that it might be difficult to find a sponsor. He understood all I said but was determined to do everything in his power to fulfill his dreams. He said to me, "Chaplain, I know you think that I should go home to my mother and finish school in Ireland. But I will not go home. I want to stay here. I am going to sea on the first ship I can find, and will save all the money I can, and I hope with that money and by working I will have enough to go to school and sometime soon become a citizen of America. I love your country and I want it to be my country. But more than anything in the world I want to go back to school and on to the university. I know my mother is worried about me. Would you please write her and let her know that I still love her very much. I did not want to hurt her when I left home. Will you also tell her that I have not forgotten what she taught me."

Michael and I talked to each other for a long time. We have talked together frequently since that first meeting. I wrote to his mother—how could I have refused! I told Michael's mother that her son loved her very much, but that his desire to see the world and to get more schooling had been too strong to resist. I also told her that she did not have to worry about her boy. He was a sensitive and intelligent young man who knew what he wanted and had some fairly good ideas of how to achieve his goals. She has replied to my letters, and her letters are so warm and so full of faith, faith in God, yes, but faith in a boy, and faith in the Institute and its friendship for a young lad from Ireland who had run away to sea.

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The world's fifth-largest passenger liner, the sleekly elegant *Canberra*, was noisily welcomed to New York Harbor one Friday last month. She had sailed from Southampton to New York for three days sightseeing, reversing the usual transatlantic pattern. The voyage marked a new phase for New York as a shipping center.

The one-year-old *Canberra* was diverted from her regular service between England and Australia to make two special cruises to New York for Europeans cooperating in the current campaign to "Visit the United States." The passenger list of 1,680 English, French, Scotch and Irish tourists was reputed to be the largest tourist caravan ever to come to New York. They were everyday people. The round-trip fare ranged from \$201 for a tourist berth, to \$1,000 for one of four deluxe suites.

While tourists above were planning busy days of sightseeing and shop-

ping, the hundreds of British and Goan crewmen below were wondering what, if anything, was being planned for them during stopover. A few were concerned about the crew.

Before the ship's anchor had a chance to gather a barnacle, representatives from SCI's Ships Visitors staff were comfortably seated in quarters of Chief Laundryman Charles Lloyd, downing cups of strong English tea.

Lloyd, whose dual role includes being crew sports director, seized upon a suggestion by SCI's Peter Van Wygerden that a soccer match be arranged between the *Canberra* and soccerphiles from recently-docked Holland-America liner *Maasdam*.

Dutch-speaking Van Wygerden phrenetically consummated the plan with Dutch crew representatives, and the SCI bus arrived the following day to transport the eager groups to SCI's

## a day of soccer...

Port Newark Center.

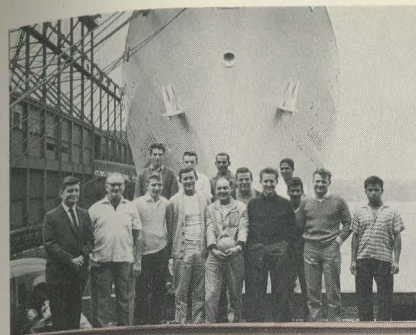
Nor did the enthusiasm lag after two strenuous matches. Men consumed dozens of hamburgers, hot dogs, drank gallons of coffee. The final score? *Canberra* 4, *Maasdam* 2. By the sixth hour slightly fatigued men were poured off buses at shipside, some to clean up for a visit to SCI's International Club, others to see the sights, hear the sounds of Broadway.

But important person-to-person contacts and new friendships don't end there. The informal chats between staff Chaplain Basil Hollas (whose clipped, native Yorkshire accent was undiscernible from among those of the British crew) led to questions about America and international relations. There were promises to attend church services the next day which he celebrated for crew and passengers of the *Canberra* in the ship's motion picture auditorium.

"I saw a lot of those boys," relates Chaplain Hollas, "and some had quite a start relating me to the pulpit rather than the soccer field. They displayed the same enthusiasm in chapel that they demonstrated on the field the day before."

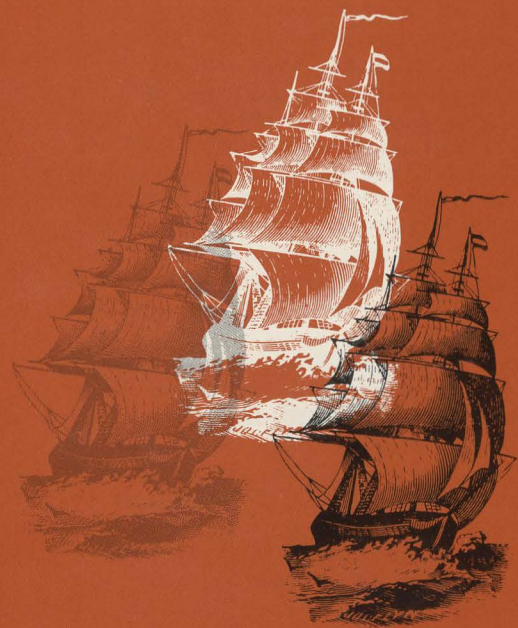
When it was no longer a secret that the *Canberra's* Purser in charge of public relations had made his decision to abandon the sea and pursue the Anglican priesthood, Chaplain Hollas provided the needed words of encouragement, along with suggestions of beneficial visits the boy might make in New York.

As the *Canberra* prepared for departure, laundryman Lloyd in a surprise gesture, presented SCI with a donation of silver from the seamen to help defray expenses of the charter bus. His comment was: "You blokes got the respect of my men, you have! And speakin' for all o' us. . . . thanks!"



- 1 THE WINNERS—Victors in soccer matches, exhausted crew of *Canberra*, assemble with SCI ship visitor Peter Van Wygerden (left) and *Canberra* athletic director Charles Lloyd in front of liner berthed at New York's west side pier.
- 2 THE LOSERS—14 smiling members of *Maasdam* team, who came with 20 additional cheering boosters, good-naturedly accept defeat after two heated matches on Port Newark soccer field.
- 3 THE PLANNERS—Keeping men occupied and interested is full-time responsibility for SCI staff (l. to r.) Peter Van Wygerden, Chaplain Basil Hollas, steward Charles Jackson.
- 4 THE LOUNGERS—Saturdays are always busy at Port Newark for seamen from the Jersey area make Seamen's Center their activity center, relaxing with television, playing cards, making conversation.
- 5 THE DISTRIBUTORS—Before crew members return to the ship, SCI's Van Wygerden distributes books, magazines courtesy of the Institute to occupy leisure hours on return to England. Distribution of reading material is regular service.





# Down to the Sea... 1890

Chapter II. Continuation of the log of 17-year-old Fred Best as recorded in 1890 aboard full-rigged ship ASIA sailing from Boston.

June 20,

The beef and bread came aboard several days ago, and we worked down in the Lazarette stowing it away. Today the rest of the stores came aboard, and we stowed them below also.

I went to church with the Hilton family at Staten Island. Sermon: Be Careful of Nothing. It was a fine day, and our last day ashore. We are all getting anxious to start.

June 25,

Our loading was finished on Monday, and about noon a tug took us out in the stream. We were lying alongside the U.S.S. Baltimore. Then on Wednesday the tug towed us down by Sandy Hook Lightship and left us. All but the staysails were wet and the voyage begun. I was sick in the afternoon. At night the 6 o'clock watches were chosen, and I am in the 1st Mate's watch.

Now we are out to sea, and there is a fine breeze. Though I am still sick, I am able to be about. A flock of Mother Carey's chickens is following the ship. They are about as large as blackbirds and are dark colored with a white patch on their backs. We also saw a school of porpoise playing about the ship.

June 30,

Though I am better now, I have been sick most of the time. When the ship lists in a good stiff breeze, I feel terrible. I have been sick as a horse. I guess I weigh about 100 pounds now. I am quite weak and feel as though I had been sick.

On Sunday we had services aft and all hands attended. Late yesterday we saw a small water spout. It was off to the north and began by a small gray streak starting down from the clouds. This streak grew larger and larger while it kept coming down, and beneath it the water was in great commotion, until the water mounted right up into the air, and met the other streak. It didn't last long, and soon disappeared altogether. Then the night was wet and squally, and during one heavy squall, the call "All Hands on Deck" tumbled us out of our bunks and

aloft, to find the mizzen lower topsail had blown all to pieces, and was gone. There was a lot of rushing around until we got things snugged down again, and then we still had a rough night of it.

The weather is fine today, however, so we bent a new topsail and set all sail.

I am glad I received a good bunch of letters from home and from the boys in Stoneham before I left New York, for I shall take my time in reading them, so they will last a long while. The Stoneham newspapers will give me what news I didn't get in the letters, and I shall read those and the books in my seachest in the months to come. It will be a long time before we see land again, but I love the ocean and the sky as much as ever.

July 4,

I suppose last night was a big night in the old town. We always had a bonfire which was really worth watching—and better than those in the other towns around. But aboard ship we are bowling along toward warmer waters, and I like to sit out on the deck when I am making sennet. This is braided or woven rope used for various purposes about the ship. I have learned how to make several kinds, and now know most all the knots and splices which we use aboard a sailing ship. I keep busy with other jobs too.

There has been one man aboard who has been kind of crazy. He has taken lots of medicine and it didn't seem to do him any good. Today he was caught eating matches so his matches were taken from him. He thinks the men are going to throw him overboard, and is out of his mind.

I bought some duck and am going to make myself a hammock.

We saw our first flying fish today, and at night a big bird flew about the vessel.

I got out my fiddle tonight and played Yankee Doodle and other appropriate tunes for the Holiday. I wonder how my sisters have celebrated the Glorious Fourth! Shall I be home again by this time 1891? On July 4th,

1890 I am in the Atlantic Ocean Lat. N. 28 Long. W. 62.

July 10,

Now I am quite well again and have a good appetite; even the salt junk and hard biscuit taste good to me!

It's a fine day, and we are heading south. We expect to cross the Line in about two or three weeks. The weather has been fine for the past week, so we are making good headway. One night when I stood lookout, I was allowed to take the wheel and steer for about an hour. The nights are beautiful now, warm, clear, and I never saw the moon and stars shining so brightly. On the water it is a beautiful sight, so I like the night watches.

I am now feeling fine, but I don't believe I have gained my full weight back yet, as I was terribly seasick and lost a lot.

Last Sunday the weather was fine and we had no work, so I read and rested. The services were held aft in the Dog Watch and all attended.

The crazy man is worse. He cries and takes on all day and eats nothing. He seems to be very sick, so the Boat-swain's locker was cleaned out and a bunk made in there for him. The Capt. and Mate have been very good to him.

The other day we saw a whale, and a great many flying fish and bonitas have been about the vessel. One of the sailors caught a bonita and we had it for supper. It made very good eating. The bonita is about as large as a Spanish mackerel, and resembles that fish a good deal, but is not striped. Bonitas live principally on flying fish, and it is very exciting to see a school of bonitas after a school of flying fish. The flying fish will leave the water and fly along about three feet above the surface, and the bonita will swim directly under him, then when the poor flying fish drops, he drops into the bonita's mouth. A bonita will often jump out of water after these fish, and when we see a large school of flying fish with bonitas in chase, it is an exciting spectacle.

When I tried to catch them I did not have as good luck as the sailor, but I shall try again when another school comes along.

I have been working making sennit, and have also started on my hammock. I mended my shoes, and had for tools a big nail hammer, an awl and my sheath knife. Wish I had a last, for my job didn't look as good as the shoes I have seen the men make in Father's shop at home.

Last night we listened to yarns about ghosts that an old sailor told during our watch on deck. We hear yarns about something almost every night, and I often play on my fiddle and the men sing chanties and other songs. This is one I like.

Oh, Shannandore, I love your daughter,

Away, my rolling river!

I'll take her 'cross yonn rolling water,

Ha, Hah! We're bound away,

'Cross the wide Mizzouray.

Oh, Shannandore, I love your Nancy,

Oh, Shannandore, she took my fancy.

Oh, Shannandore, I long to hear you,

'Cross that wide and rolling river.

Oh, Shannandore, I'll ne'er forget you,

Away, my rolling river!

Till the day I die, I'll love you ever.

Ah, Hah! We're bound away.

'Cross the wide Mizzouray!

Today I took a bath and washed my clothes and scrubbed out our room. I am now in the room with Arthur. We share the Carpenter's locker, so we are quite well fixed to be by ourselves.

#### July 21,

It's now dead calm and very hot, and after all the fine weather with the good breeze we've had! But it is often squally at night. There are two ships in sight, but too far off to speak. Today we lay as still as if on a sea of glass, except for the ground swell, and I have often thought of the passage in the Ancient Mariner who says—"we lay as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The crazy man is a little better, and will be able to do some work soon. I tried to catch some bonitas which were playing about the bow, but they would not bite.

Towards evening a flying fish came aboard. It was about as large as a herring, with a white belly and very blue back. Its wings are very thin and transparent, and it can fly about 100 or 200 feet, but it can ONLY fly when the wings are wet, as when they are dry they close up, then the fish drops into the water, wets them, and flies on again.

Arthur has been sick the past week. He is quite sick now.

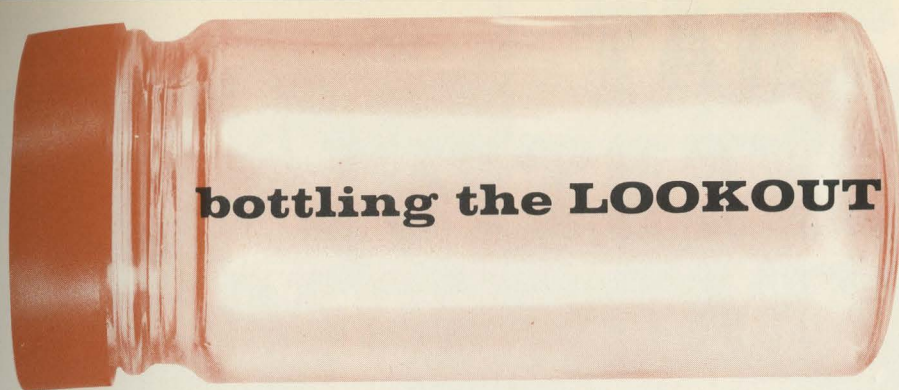
In the dog watch I mended some clothes and my mending is improving for I did a pretty good job this time.

At night the water in the wake of the vessel is all light and looks like liquid fire. It is caused by phosphorescence, I guess, as it looks like a wet match does when one tries to light it. It is a very pretty and curious sight, and I wish the folks at home could see it.

#### July 24,

It's a fine day but hot, and no wind. I guess we are in the doldrums now and will have this bad weather for quite a while. But we have had some lovely sunsets lately. I don't believe they have any more beautiful sunsets in Italy, though you hear more about them.

*Continued next month*



## bottling the LOOKOUT

From an Eskimo's igloo, from a tropic isle, or perhaps from behind the Iron Curtain, remote world citizens will receive copies of the LOOKOUT you are now reading, and through it will learn of the international services to merchant seamen offered at 25 South Street. Undoubtedly the ensuing correspondence will be as colorful as the correspondents.

Using the International Club as a distribution center, bottled LOOKOUTS will be given to visiting seamen from all parts of the world, with a request that they fill in certain information, place the insert in the bottles, with LOOKOUT, and drop them overboard mid-Atlantic, Indian Ocean, the China Sea or whatever waters invite the voyagers.

The insert to be completed by the seaman will ask for his name, the ship's name, approximate latitude and longitude, date thrown overboard, port of departure and destination. Another line, hopefully completed by the finder, asks his name, date found, location, and a request that he forward the insert to SCI.

LOOKOUT readers who wish to send an individual bottle with a note of international friendship may participate by making a \$10 contribution to the Seaman's Church Institute of New York. As a prize for helping promote the work of the Institute, and fostering friendships abroad, the Department of Public Relations will send you a miniature glass ship-in-a-bottle. Messages for abroad should be limited to 100 words, preferably hand-written

(please, no ball-point pens).

When a sufficient number of messages has been received, LOOKOUT will reprint them with a list of those making contributions/writing a note (unless otherwise requested).

Why not set your bottle journeying across the Seven Seas? In paying for this pleasant game of "who's going to find the bottle?" your extra contribution will increase the Institute funds for vital welfare and health facilities for merchant seamen. And the ship-in-a-bottle will be only part of your reward.

STUFFING BOTTLES with copies of LOOKOUT prior to distribution becomes afternoon break for editor Ralph Hanneman and editorial assistant, Mrs. Rigmor Graham.



# THAT EVENTFUL YEAR... 1943



## the third in a historical series

It was midway into World War II, Guadalcanal had been won by the Allies in January of that year after one of the most costly campaigns of the War. Roosevelt signed the pay-as-you-go income tax bill and earners were subject to 20% withholding tax, plus a 3% Victory tax. Dresses were very short. It was 1943.

SCI shared the tragedy of war by housing survivors of torpedoed or shipwrecked vessels of United Nations flags including seamen from Dutch, Hindu, Chinese and Javanese ships, as recorded in the log.

"The most picturesque seamen-survivors are the Javanese with their intricately-wound printed silk turbans," observed the record of one day. They sleep in the dormitories but prefer to eat their food prepared by themselves. Sometimes they bring fish, rice, curry powder, vegetables, etc. to the Institute kitchens and do their own cooking."

The Institute honored Poon Lim, 25-year-old Chinese steward of torpedoed British freighter who survived a record 133 days alone on a life raft by catching small fish and sea gulls.

A change in seamen's taste from the depression days of the 30's to war days of the 40's were noted by the attendant at the newsstand in the lobby. "Very few seamen now roll their own tobacco, as they did when jobs were scarce. Five-cent tobacco and one-cent candy were very popular when times were

hard. Corn-cob pipes and strop razors are seldom in demand, in contrast with ten years ago. Now seamen prefer safety razors and briar pipes. They still ask for needles and thread, for most seamen can sew, but the shortage of steel makes needles scarce, and I send them upstairs to the Department of Special Services where the women sew on the buttons and mend the tears."

It was a lean year. Smiles were shallow smiles. But we managed to cooperate with the Government's Fat Salvage drive, donated 250 pounds each month "to be turned into ammunition to help sink them enemy subs," quoth the head chef, sinking his cleaver into a pork chop. And we received. The Lions Club of Scarsdale, N.Y. collected 1,200 decks of playing cards for SCI to distribute to merchant seamen aboard ships.

An audience of sailors watching a moving picture in the auditorium one evening was aroused by a pigeon which flew in through the open window of the projection room and laid an egg on the cushion of the operator's empty chair. Above was a poster with the words: "Safety, Comfort and Inspiration—the S.C.I.—a Home Away From

Actress Madeleine Carroll sells War Loan Bonds at special party at SCI's Janet Roper Club opened in fall of 1943, in midtown New York City.

A frequent entertainer and director whose "Pennsylvanians" opened the Janet Roper Club, Fred Waring encourages young seamen and hostesses to "sing-out" on chorus of his new hit "Song for the Unsung" written for the occasion.

Exemplifying the best in a Christian mother, SCI's Janet Lord Roper—loved by thousands of seamen from all corners of the globe—died of a coronary in April, at 74 years of age. "It mattered not whence the individual came, or whether he discussed with her the Bible, the Talmud, or the Koran, or even the Books of Confucius; she talked peace to the troubled, the sick and the lonely."

Home." The film: "Migratory Birds," and the lecturer so magnetic to the trustful pigeon was Fairfield Osborn, ornithologist and President of the New York Zoological Society. A second egg was laid on the following night. The picture then was: "A Night to Remember!"

"Mother Roper," as she was known to thousands of merchant seamen, was laid to rest in April of 1943, and at her funeral in the Institute's Chapel of Our Savior, more than a thousand seafaring men, including captains, engineers, mates, oilers and able-bodied seamen, as well as admirals and bishops, attended or sent messages to honor the woman who was known as the sailor's best friend. The new 10,500 ton Liberty ship JANET LORD ROPER was launched at Baltimore, Maryland, in honor of Mrs. Roper's 54 years in seamen's welfare work, and 28 years as head of SCI's Missing Seamen's Bureau.

By September, SCI had opened its Club for merchant seamen and their families in midtown New York in the art gallery of the home of financier Thomas Fortune Ryan, turned over to the SCI by his grandchildren who

completely equipped and redecorated the premises for SCI operation. At opening, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians dedicated the new "Song for the Unsung."

And in the fall of that year, SCI sponsored a special War Bond Party during the Third War Loan Drive at their newly-opened Janet Roper Club, while radio and screen star, Miss Madeleine Carroll, took charge of sales. Yet another appeal asked: "It's difficult to get apples either in the wholesale or retail markets today. If you can spare a box or barrel of this fruit, kindly send to the Janet Roper Club, 3 East 67th Street. ALSO we would appreciate homemade cookies for our COOKIE JARS."

But among these songs and gaiety, seamen felt an emptiness without that familiar face, salty talk of Mrs. Roper.

"Men of the sea from all over the world brought their problems to her in full confidence of sympathetic understanding and practical helpfulness . . . she was guide, counselor and friend. To seafaring men everywhere her death will come as a personal sorrow . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt"

# FAVORITE PORTS O'CALL

by seaman Peter Van Wygerden



When they talk with the stranger bands  
Dazed and newly alone;  
When they walk in the stranger lands,  
By roaring streets unknown;  
Blessing her where she stands  
For strength above their own.

from "To the City of Bombay" by Rudyard Kipling

It would be difficult to forget that early morning hour when we entered the Bay of Bombay where thirty other ships are lying at anchor. Huge thunderclouds roll in from the horizon and the whole scene illuminated by a pale silver sunrise makes our first view of Bombay unforgettable.

There is an overpowering, majestic atmosphere which I cannot describe. The ship's propeller is making its last few churns through a red-colored substance which reminds me of untold victims of hunger and other disasters this country has known. Along the shore, among regular western-style buildings, stands a typical Indian structure silhouetted with its impressive dome, The Taj Mahal Hotel. Further inland are several similar towers.

For a few moments the sun breaks through, the rain starts coming down slowly, but not enough to discourage barbers, newspaper boys, souvenir peddlers and a large assortment of "foot doctors." The latter give you, if you are interested, a manicure or will remove corns at \$2.50 apiece. They are either pretty good salesmen or they know their business, for I see many of our crew members getting minor foot surgeries.

With another passenger I settle for an Indiana horse-and-buggy. I still feel sympathy for the horse, for it has been some time since I have seen an animal so thin. I was ready to get off, but the poor animal would get another load replacing me, and most likely, a heavier one.

Our driver suggests that we see the place where all dead people are burned, according to Hindu custom. Through streets quiet and European looking, we slowly wind our way up a wide avenue along which an electric train runs. In the middle of the street we see double-decker buses as those in London, and many kinds of cars, bicy-

cles, and wooden cars pulled by "holy cows."

We stop before a wooden door, without knowing it is the entrance to the Hindu burning cemetery. Inside we see an enclosure about the length of a city block but only twenty feet wide, reminding us of a gallery, flanked by old stone walls black from age and smoke. Along the right wall are simple wooden benches put up for relatives who could watch their loved ones go up in smoke. Four fellows are keeping an eye on the funeral pyre, occasionally pouring more oil on wooden blocks to keep the fire burning in the rain. The relatives watch this without tears or emotion. Part of a human body is still clearly recognizable even though badly burned. Behind the walls huge trees are rowed, decked with thousands of crows. Their noise and the steady downpour of rain, seem to warn us that we should not be watching this important ceremony of the Hindus whose ways have not changed in thousands of years. As we leave, another emaciated body is arriving to replace one just burned. On a simple stretcher, covered by red cloth, carried by four bearers, a body is approaching the end. Suddenly, six men in shabby uniforms announce the arrival of the corpse by sounding loud trumpets, as relatives of the dead slowly scatter rice on the red cloth. Stretcher carriers wipe the perspiration from their brows, talk to the relatives, and for a moment nobody pays any attention to the body.

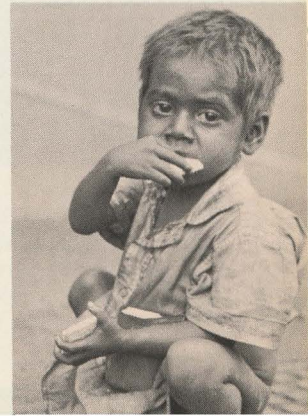
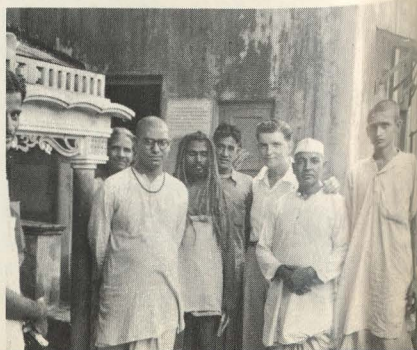
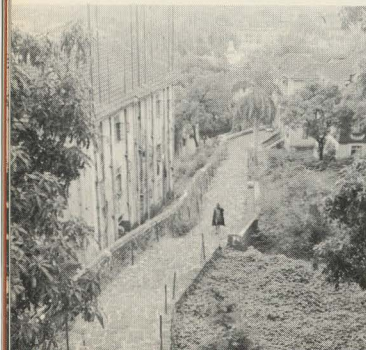
Our driver heads in the direction of the zoo and the museum which are confined to the same grounds. Tropical vegetation at the entrance frames a building of enchanting Eastern architecture, and, by being where it is, far from "phony." At the entrance to the Victoria and Albert Museum stands a huge stone Elephant, saved, though badly damaged, from the unspeakable Portuguese vandalism during their occupation of Elephant Island in the Bay of Bombay. The island at one time sheltered thousands of stone carvers in its caves. The Museum's cases display colorful costumes differing only

slightly from those of contemporary India. The Zoo is a depressing sight. Animal quarters are small, and save for the climate, I think every animal would have brighter prospects crated in wood on its way to a European or American zoo. In the trees stretch mammoth brown bats, hundreds of them.

We interrupt our tour to visit the Seamen's Club where we are served tea and biscuits. Outside sit snake charmers, but we know their cobras are harmless. For four roupes he will show us the fight between a cobra and its only natural enemy, the mongoose, an extremely agile rat-like animal.

By now the rain is torrential, and a Bombay paper is emblazoned by two-inch headlines claiming the heaviest Monsoon in 73 years. We realize it might be a good time to go indoors—to a Hindu temple. Our driver is accommodating. He assures a guard at the entrance that we come with peaceful intentions. Hindu temples are open to everyone, we learn, but Moslem temples allow no outsiders. We remove our shoes, and walk upon the rice-covered, black-and-white-tiled floor. A priest dressed in a white silk suit like Nehru wears, directs us through silver bars until we are facing a wall on which pictures of famous Hindu priests hang, some dating three thousand years. On another floor among pillars supporting the ceiling, and again behind silver bars, are placed statues of the Goddesses of Wisdom, Health, Good Luck, Happiness and on and on. From the ceiling hang two brass bells, and as temple-going Hindus enter, the bell is rung. The devout kneel before a statue, say their prayers and receive a yellow or brown dot on their foreheads from the priest. A rat crosses the floor to fatten on the rice. He is not chased. Hindus believe that

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# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

*A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...  
our visitors, our projects, our plans, our hopes.*

SAILORS NO LONGER PLAY horn pipes, few dance jigs, but some get hours of pleasure from strumming the guitar. Seamen frequently ask to borrow a guitar to perform for their buddies in the International Club. But alas, we have none. Would any LOOKOUT reader, tired of dusting the attic, donate a guitar in good condition, or any other musical instrument that is popular with men? Fiddles, flutes, recorders . . . they'll be appreciated. WHILE WE'RE MAKING requests, we ought to let readers know that our famous Marine Museum

lacks certain essential models to complete its domestic boat diorama. LOOKOUT would appreciate information leading to the acquisition of: an American Indian birchbark canoe (not a child's toy), a lobster boat, a whaling ship, an oyster boat (for sheltered waters) . . . and the Mayflower. EARLY COLORED SLIDES or old photographs of the New York City waterfront area, etchings or drawings of old sail ships, cargo unloading, or other historic subjects would be put to excellent use by the Department of Public Relations.



MAKING ARRANGEMENTS for SCI's November 8 theatre benefit "Beyond the Fringe," a British comedy-revue, are Mrs. Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., 1962 benefit chairman, (left) assisted by Mrs. David R. Grace, who will become chairman next year. This year a pre-theatre buffet will be enjoyed in the Baroque Room of the Plaza Hotel, with bus transportation to the Golden Theatre provided. Proceeds from the affair will finance health, educational and religious services at SCI.



▲ HANDY KNITTING BAG, free-standing, and boasting the SCI seal in full color over plaid background, is now for sale through the Women's Council for \$1.50 including postage. It's designed for those who want the world to know about SCI. Lovely model is Mrs. Dorothy Seybold, mother of three boys, who has been making scarves and gloves for SCI Christmas boxes for many years. Through her interest, husband, ex-Navy Lt. Commander Robert, now plant engineer with Todd Shipbuilding, began knitting his own Sox, graduated to gloves and scarves for seamen. One of his knitted garments will find its way to a seaman on the high seas this Christmas.

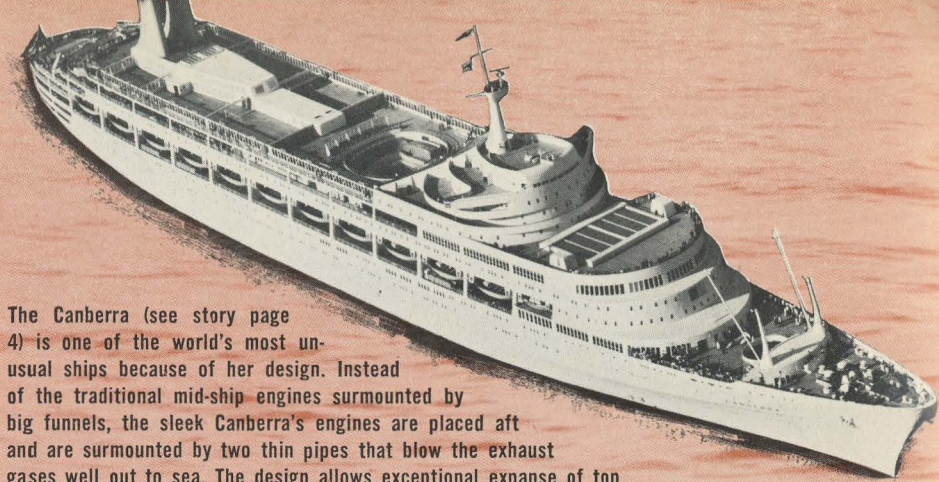


▲ Capt. Yamazaki (left, above) of Japanese freighter S/S OCEANA MARU pauses with Greek Capt. C. Coulianos during tour of United Nations arranged by SCI's Department of Special Services. More than 40 crewmen from these ships participated in tour led by International Club Director Chris Nichols (center, below). ▼



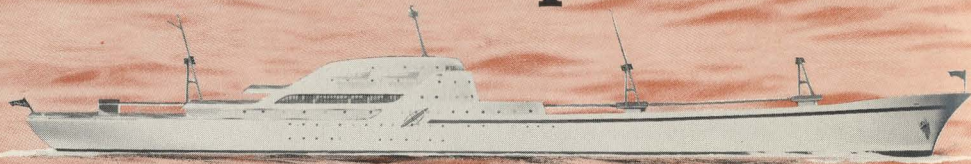
◀ The elegant Fifth Avenue showrooms of the Georg Jensen silver and teak store in Manhattan probably attract more out-of-town visitors than any other department store. Through the years, store has offered suggestions to tourists on other places of unusual interest on our island; their windows feature display from the museum or institution chosen each month. SCI's Marine Museum was selected for August, and eight of our finest models were loaned to the store, in addition to one ship-in-a-bottle. As a result, museum traffic doubled during normal tourist month, and many learned about the activities of the SCI through this promotion.



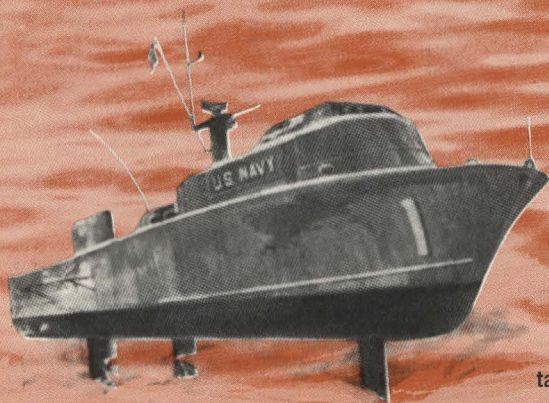


The Canberra (see story page 4) is one of the world's most unusual ships because of her design. Instead of the traditional mid-ship engines surmounted by big funnels, the sleek Canberra's engines are placed aft and are surmounted by two thin pipes that blow the exhaust gases well out to sea. The design allows exceptional expanse of top deck for sports. One of her four swimming pools is at the center of this deck. Another is aft and there are two interior pools for use in bad weather. The 45,000 ton P&O Orient liner carries 1,700 passengers, offers round-trip fare of \$217.

## the world of ships



The world's first nuclear powered merchant ship, N.S. SAVANNAH, sailed from her home port of Savannah, Georgia last month from temporary base at Yorktown, Virginia, marking the date nearly a century and a half ago that steam-powered S.S. SAVANNAH made the first crossing of any ocean by steam-powered vessel. By the middle of this month, she will depart for a scheduled voyage through the Panama Canal to the Seattle World's Fair. The \$47 million vessel, carrying 60 passengers and 9,400 tons of cargo, can travel for 3½ years on 7,050 kilograms of uranium oxide. Keel was laid in 1958 with Mrs. Richard M. Nixon officiating. Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower christened the 13,599 gross ton vessel at Camden, N. J.



An artist's conception of the completed U.S. Navy hydrofoil craft High Point as she will look when "flying" on her fully-submerged hydrofoils, or pontoons, which deflect flow of water. Craft, built by Boeing on contract to the Navy, was launched in Tacoma last month, begins builder's trials. The 110-ton vessel maintaining 50 knots, will be used as Navy sub chaser.



LITTLE USE has been made of well-equipped SCI theatre since USO troupes like this brought live entertainment to seamen during World War II. New curtains have been installed, stage now is in good condition for 18 living art productions planned for fall and winter seasons.

Grease paint and spirit gum vapors again will permeate the fourth floor auditorium of SCI as the new Seamen's Theatre, conceived by the Department of Education, begins an exciting Fall season with the scheduling of three Equity dramatic productions, nine operas and six symphony concerts for seamen, their guests and the community.

The beautiful stage, not utilized since World War II when the USO regularly brought its shows to SCI (see picture) has been refurbished with acoustically perfect dove-grey curtains; the two large and well-planned dressing rooms have been painted, and the auditorium floor resurfaced.

The Seamen's Theatre project evolved from the administration's desire to edify cultural and educational tastes of seamen, offer them alternatives to the current panderous theatre and screen. The live dramas will provide seamen audiences with the best morality dramas from contemporary playwrights, starting on the 27th of this month with the production of "One More River," the story of seamen on a river freighter who take the

law into their own hands, suffer the tragic consequences. Bill Penn, artistic advisor to the Department of Education and Malcolm Black, faculty member of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts have been engaged to bring professionalism to the Seamen's Theatre.

The Rossini Opera Workshop, which presented several productions for seamen last year, will bring their professional troupe back to the Institute for nine complete operas this season, beginning with Verdi's "La Traviata" on October 7.

The well-received Broadway Symphony Orchestra, Rosario Carcione conducting, returns in a new season of light classical and popular music, completing what we feel is a brilliant program of the arts at the Seamen's Church Institute. Visitors will recognize a new vitality at SCI, partly through the efforts of the Department of Special Services

Elaborate plans are being considered for the re-dedication of the grand theatre organ in the auditorium. LOOKOUT will carry a special feature on this project as plans are completed.



**ATLANTIC CONQUEST.** *By Warren Tute. 247 pp. Boston & Toronto. Little, Brown & Company. \$5.95.*

"A new steam vessel," said "The Times" of London on May 11, 1819, "called the 'Savannah,' packet of 300 tons burden, has been built at New York for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic." Tersely "The Times" ran up the curtain on one of the most dramatic and fascinating epics of the modern world—the transatlantic passenger trade. From the "Savannah" to the "France" from the packets to the "Andrea Doria," Warren Tute tells the story of the ships and men, the companies and nations which won the Blue Ribands and conquered the vast grey seas of the North Atlantic. He has written a definitive and entertaining book, at once closely packed with data and driving in its narrative power.

The ships themselves are a prime focus of Atlantic Conquest, and Warren Tute revives memories of such craft as the "Britannia," the first Cunarder, the luxurious Collins liners which captured the Blue Riband for the U.S. in the 1850's, the great "Deutschland" churning across at 22½ knots in 1900, or the "Normandie" "perhaps the most beautiful liner the world has ever seen." It is the disasters which provide the dramatic pathology of the transatlantic story.

**HORNBLOWER AND THE HOTSPUR.** *By C. S. Forester. 344 pp. Boston & Toronto. Little, Brown and Company.*

This narrative begins with Commander Hornblower's marriage in England. After spending only one

night with his bride, Hornblower, as commander of the frigate Hotspur, sails for duty off the French Coast at Brest. Here, in a precarious blockade to keep Napoleon from invading England, Hornblower "and the Hotspur were the final sensitive fingertip of that long arm" of English power at sea, probing into the harbor of Brest, closely watching and reporting the activities of the French fleet. War breaks out, involving Hornblower in a spectacular land raid which destroys a French signal station, and several splintering sea battles which Hornblower executes in his own inimitable style, a genius at the helm.

This superb novel comes to a close as the retiring Cornwallis, in command of the English Channel Fleet, makes a final promotion: Commander Hornblower becomes Captain Hornblower.

C. S. Forester was born in Cairo, Egypt, in 1899. He studied medicine in London and subsequently gave that up to write poetry. It was his novels, however, which won him such widespread renown.

**THE SERPENT'S COIL.** *By Farley Mowat. Illustrated. 189 pp. Boston & Toronto. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.95.*

Farley Mowat writes about the sea, about the savage and implacable fury of the hurricane, about the men and ships that do battle with them. His story is based on fact. This violent, almost unbelievable sequence of events took place on the North Atlantic in the late summer of 1948. The men and ships that he describes endured not one but three successive encounters with the crushing embrace of the Serpent's Coil.

**SEAMAN OF THE MONTH**  
*Continued from page 2*

Institute in April of this year. "The Institute really impressed me during that visit, although I had stayed here several times before. You probably don't know how many friends you (the Institute) have out at the Academy."

As all cadets do during the third "sea year" at Kings Point, Van sailed as deck cadet on U.S. Lines freighter bound for Rotterdam and Antwerp which provided opportunities to visit relatives; another assignment included an American Export Lines cruise to the Mediterranean. Climaxing the year was routing to the Caribbean and South America for Moore-McCormack Lines.

With unbridled enthusiasm, and a pulsing to test his sea wings, Van related his new two-year contract as 3rd Mate on an International Indian Ocean Expedition for biological research sponsored by the National Science Foundation (Alpine Geophysical Associates, Inc.) aboard the R/V. Anton Bruum. "The vessel was formerly Franklin Roosevelt's yacht 'Williamsburg' renamed for a famous Danish marine biologist" he quickly interjected.

Professional edification is a very personal ambition. "The seaman is a hard-working, hard-living individualist. More than that, he's a loyal, first-class citizen. I'm no moralist, but I'm a bit concerned about our commonly held national image of the seaman. He's not always considered a respectable guy. He is. By example I hope in my small way to engender a new attitude here and abroad toward our would-be-first-class citizens."

Conversational profile. Favorite hobbies: Listening to semi-classical music, taking pictures with his Polaroid. Favorite port: "Visiting my aunt in Genoa, Italy, provided a chance to know 'real Italians,' and I'm afraid I lost my heart there."

LOOKOUT salutes cadet Van Der Grinten as Seaman of the Month!

**FAVORITE PORTS O'CALL**  
*Continued from page 13*

all animals are children of God, things of beauty, and must not be destroyed by man. This beautiful concept impressed us.

The people are gentle, sweet, courteous and patient. Before we leave we offer to donate something to the temple, but the priest explains that he could not accept a gift, but would give us one. Whereupon we get an armload of Indian fruit. What a time I have getting my shoes and wet socks back on without a horn.

From the temple, we wind our way through the Towers of Silence, four high walls built against the slope of Malabar Hill, where the bodies of the dead are left for the vultures to pick the bones. Then to a lovely tea house for a new experience in eating ice cream. There are more varieties offered than Howard Johnson's ever heard of! We have time for a glance at the "Hanging Gardens" where I see no chains, but rather all kinds of animal silhouettes carved from hedges and small trees. The color of the green is the most intense I have ever seen, deepened by the shine of rain-soaked leaves.

The rain has stopped, and our stomachs tell us that chow will soon be ready back at the ship. We are reluctant, but we know we must say goodbye to Bombay and our driver and leave this enchanting city of mystery.

**THE RUNAWAY FROM IRELAND**  
*Continued from page 3*

When he is at sea he writes me from time to time. He is saving his small paycheck hoping that it will be enough to go back to school and also make it possible for him to stay in the country he has adopted. He has seen a lot of the world he set out to see; he has experienced more of life as a youngster in his teens than many experience in a lifetime. But in addition to his "erudition" he remains a clean and upright young man of whom his mother can be proud, and, God willing, his adopted country.

### THE SKIPPER

His knowledge always over-awed  
Us ordinary merchant seamen  
Who thought in terms of sea and  
God

And storied he-men.  
He lived by geometric law  
And dealt in physical persuasions;  
No-one could find a single flaw  
In his equations.

His cosmos was all error-tight  
Arranged in figure, line, and pattern;  
Each star was but a traffic light,  
Orion, Saturn.

This man, the skipper, met his fate  
(What use have we for frenzied  
weeping)

Trying to make a distillate  
Of wild waves leaping.

*by seaman E. J. O'Gara*

### AFTER SAILING

Only the gull is free on slanting  
wing

When autumn comes across the  
sodden sand;

The waves rush up, retreat, and  
sudden, fling

Their spume across the ledges where  
I stand.

Summer is lost in surging wind-  
swept seas;

Quick mouths are muted; melancholy  
now

Is heavy on the land. The leafless  
trees

Stand shaking on the point with  
barren boughs.

But I shall keep this moment in  
the day

When I am left at last upon the  
shore

As long as waves swell upward,  
crash, delay,

And sails veer sharp where planing  
grey gulls soar.

For there remains quick joy for  
those who feel

A sudden catch of breath when  
swift gulls wheel.

### THE STREET OF SHIPS

New York's old street of ships is  
dying fast,

The jibs and bowsprits that once  
arched its way,

Will soon be memories of its proud  
past,

When we were maritime kings of  
our day.

The scents of calamus and copra  
fled,

Vanilla mace and saffron whiffs  
have died,

Where our skyscrapers cleave the  
wind instead,

And crowd nostalgia to the water-  
side.

Once chandlers and sail lofts here  
served the sea

With color and romance long van-  
ished now,

From Brooklyn Bridge down to the  
Battery;

But South Street turns into a grave,  
somehow.

The fogs that drift across her lonely  
slips

Make fancy crowd the place with  
clipper ships.

*Edward McNamee.*

### HARBOR OF THE HEART

How like the harbor of the heart,  
this bay

From which a thousand ships have  
sailed away

With tall wind-blossoming sails and  
prideful hulls

Followed by circling patterns of  
screaming gulls.

Beyond the wharf I stare almost  
till blind

Watching them drift beyond the  
moon's gold rind.

I, too, within my heart's dark harbor  
here

Have put to sail proud dreamships  
year by year,

And I have waited long for their  
return

From farflung ports of call where  
strange stars burn,

Only to search that harbor lost in  
night,

Hearing no bell and seeing no  
homing light.

*by seaman*

*Daniel Whitehead Hicky.*