

the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JULY-AUGUST 1962



seaman of the month

► Ruggero Romor

From windows overlooking the canals of Venice and far out into a lazy Adriatic, a sensitive child spent many hours watching ships with strange names sail Italy's coast. He listened to sailors' tales of old Venice in the sail ship days, of Marco Polo and such things. A spark of restlessness was kindled in young Ruggero Romor. He must see exotic cities far from Venice.

Disregarding his father's wishes for him to enter the family department store business, he was enrolled in the half-century-old Nautical College of Venice. He was prouder of his 3rd Mate diploma from that college than he was of the honor being Italy's 1500-meter swimming champion and half a dozen other athletic awards, and traveled to Genoa to seek a career on the sea.

The devastating honesty of the young Italian won him a job aboard a freighter for 13 months, destinations South and Central America, Cuba, New Orleans and New York. It was during his stay at the Seaman's Church Institute in New York after this trip when he fell in love with America.

Other assignments aboard French ships transporting French-Moroccan troops from Oran to Hanoi, Indo-China.

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MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home."

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 53, No. 3

JULY-AUGUST 1962

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

The Right Reverend
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Honorary President

Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

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Editor

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: This month's cover—San Pedro, California's fishing fleet—is intended for those who have walked the waterfront in morning fog. . . or those who might like to. Photo by George Cox.

hands across the sea



For its special charitable and hospitable efforts in preventing a nearly disastrous international incident recently and for building goodwill, the Seamen's Church Institute was publicly commended by the U.S. Department of Commerce, the Lions Club of New York, and the French Consulate General.

The "incident" involved a group of 118 University of Marseilles (France) students. Embarking on a four-weeks' tour of Eastern United States, the students found themselves stranded and without lodging in our nation's number one city. From the moment the enthusiastic group of 20-24-year-old technical and commercial students left their home town for an educational tour of America, sponsored by the local Marseilles Lions Club, confusion compounded until SCI stepped forward with friendly hand to say "here we are . . . let us help."

The students, participating in a new Lions Club student exchange program, were all sons and daughters of Lions members. They were to be guests of Lions in the New York area, but a misunderstanding of arrival time resulted in their virtual abandonment at New York's La Guardia Airport.

Shocked to the seriousness of the situation, the Lions International appealed from Chicago to several New York hostlieries with no success, until a chance call to Lions' member Rear Admiral Gordon McLintock, USNR, Supt. of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, N.Y., met sympathetic ears. The request to provide accommodations for the 95 male

students in dormitories, which had been kept in readiness for such situations, was referred to SCI Manager Leslie Westerman, a veteran of 35 years of emergencies. Lodging for 20 women was obtained in Brooklyn's YWCA.

The Institute expeditiously assigned French-speaking staff to assist the students in getting acquainted with their temporary "home in New York." Headquarters of the group centered about SCI's hospitality desk. French language guide books, subway maps and other descriptive literature were obtained. An official greeting was extended from the Mayor and the City through the cooperation of the Department of Commerce and Public Events of the City of New York.

Suggestions for walking tours were detailed by staff members who guided the groups from the building to correct subway entrances as well as requesting complimentary passes and discount tickets to New York's many attractions for young people traveling with limited funds. The International Club at SCI, which already entertains a quarter million seamen each year, was opened to the students where they had an opportunity to meet French seamen and visitors from all parts of the world in an atmosphere of hospitality and informality.

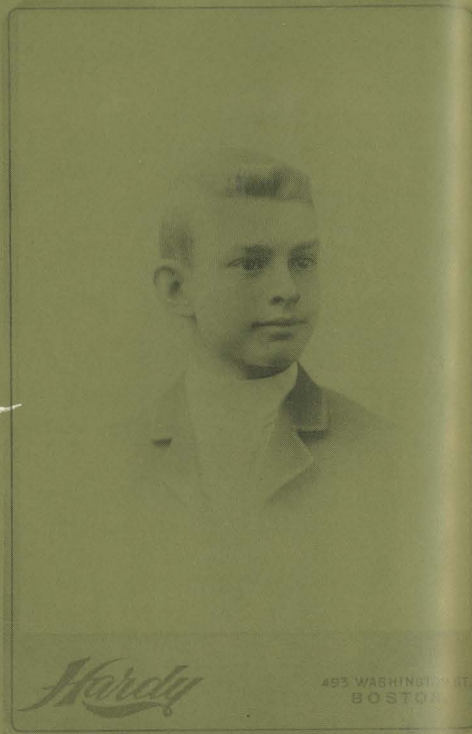
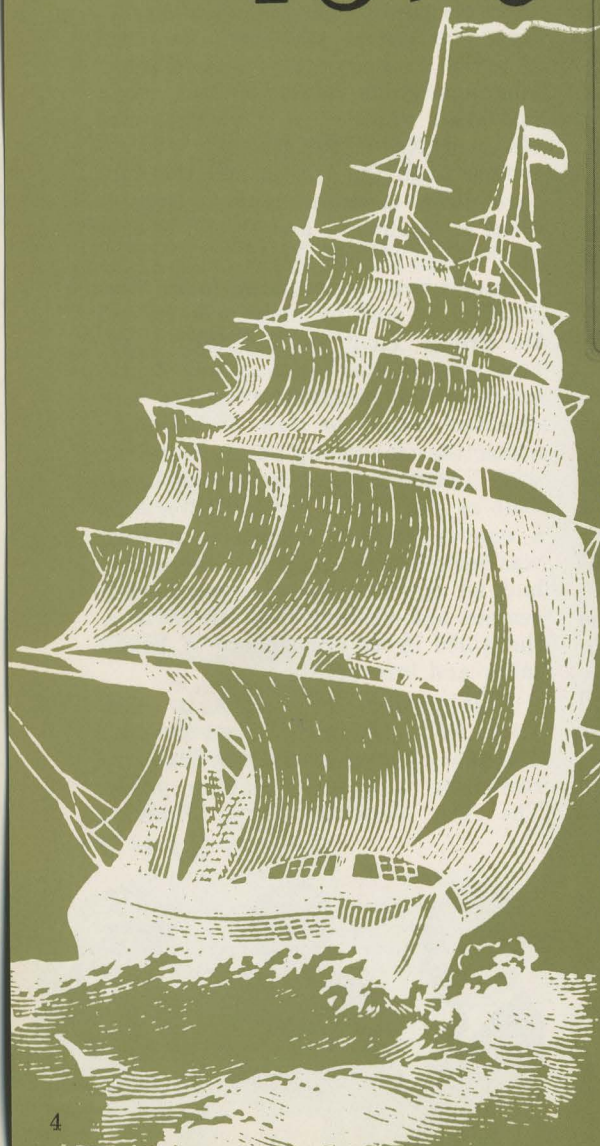
Highlighting their days in New York, SCI arranged for an evening boat tour circling Manhattan island directed by a French-speaking guide. The New York branch of France's

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BUILDING GOOD WILL—In presenting Lions Club certificate of appreciation to SCI's Director John M. Mulligan, Joseph Trehy, left, a District Governor of Lions, extends a friendly hand while James O'Brien, representing the City of New York, smiles approvingly.



Down to the Sea... 1890



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: It was quite customary for a young lad who desired to go to sea and who aspired to the command of a ship to serve his time as "apprentice" with his name entered on the Articles as "Boy." As "Boy", 17-year-old Fred Best recorded in this log the impressions, reactions, and opinions of a lonely boy who left home in a small town for the first time, in 1890, with the curiosity to see the world, its sights, its people and strange customs, and a sensitive nature to absorb those experiences which came to him. "His life was full of adventure, and even after he brought his last ship, the DRYDEN, back from the Orient, across the Pacific and through the Panama Canal, the sea was his first love," writes his niece Dorothy Hermetia Prescott. "He was at home in many of the ports of the world, but it was back to Stoneham, the scene of his boyhood that he returned and cast his final anchor."

Settle back in an easy chair. We're beginning a vicarious voyage in the frightening and romantic world of 1890, witnessed through the eyes of a sensitive 17-year-old "apprentice" who recorded the sights, smells and sounds aboard the full-rigged ASIA sailing from America to exotic tropic ports.

May 15, 1890, East Boston, Mass.

I came aboard this morning, and as soon as I had stowed away my gear, the mate gave me a job of polishing brass. The riggers were at work sending down the upper yards. Everything is excitement around here for we are almost ready to sail. I am quite excited, too. I don't know whether it is the first voyage for any of the others aboard or not. They all seem to know what they are doing and can understand the commands which are quite unintelligible to me—as yet.

Even though I left the Stoneham High School without receiving my diploma, I know I won't be sorry. I want to see the places I have always read about, and now this is my chance. I couldn't miss an opportunity like this—and they say "opportunity knocks but once."

Here I am, aboard the Ship ASIA, bound for the East Indies! I wonder what sights I shall see before I return to Stoneham again. I surely don't envy those fellows still bent over their books, for I shall be out on the ocean wave! I'll have a few yarns to tell when I get home, I guess.

We have taken in ballast and a tug will tow us to New York. We are a full rigged SHIP, with three masts, which look mighty tall up against the sky. In fact, they are so tall that the Capt. wanted the riggers to send down the upper masts so that the ship can go under the bridge at New York, but the riggers refused to do this unless they were paid extra, as they said it was not in the Articles to send them down. After a little while, the Capt. decided to pay them.

When I was a kid I used to stand on the wharves in Boston Harbor and watch the sailors scrambling up and down in the rigging of the ships

there, and now that's going to be part of my job! The ASIA carries a lot of sail, so I'll wager she is a good fast ship!

I'll write to Mother as soon as we reach New York for she will be anxious to hear about that much of the voyage. All the months when I am at sea I shall think about the family, even though I can't send letters home or receive letters from them. I guess I hate to leave my family more than I do the School!

May 29,

When we were ready to leave the East Boston docks, we passed a line to the Tug Wrestler, of New Bedford, and got under way for a tow to New York. Little did I think that my first few hours at sea in a sailing ship would be a tow to New York. Going up Long Island Sound I could see the land on both sides of the channel, so I watched all the sights. We went quite near the Statue of Liberty, and passed Blackwell's Island, where we could see the prisoners working and marching. I never saw so many vessels in my life as I saw on the way into this harbor. Two four-masted square rigged vessels were beautiful sights to see. Our topgallant masts had been housed securely in order to pass under the bridge, but even then they were so high that they nearly touched.

I was not seasick at all, and the officers have treated me very well. Now we are in drydock for repairs, and I am at work on different jobs. We shall have caulking and a little coppering done, and then when we go to the wharf, the sparmaker and blacksmith will come aboard to see what needs repairing aloft. The main and fore top yards have been sent down, they being rotten.

Today when I went ashore with the Captain I carried his chronometers to a store for him. They are to be checked. I did not realize so many things had to be done before we could be ready to sail. We shall be here in N. Y. for several weeks, I guess.

May 27,

Today we are taking coal aboard for the galley. The Mate told me that I must ask permission to go ashore, which I had not been doing, so that I would not get lost, or in case of accident or anything. Yesterday was Sunday, and a holiday aboard ship, as only the most necessary work is done, so I went to Central Park, saw the Singer Building, the Mayor's Office, Wall Street, Fifth Avenue, the elevated railroads, and even walked over the Brooklyn Bridge. When I walked over that bridge, I thought what a wonderful piece of engineering it is. There are many things to see in New York City, and more people than I ever saw before. It was a pleasant day and I particularly enjoyed watching the dude horseback riders in Central Park. While I was looking at some storks in the menagerie, I heard some women talking behind me about them, and one of them must have been a born New Yorker, for she said, "Oh! Are those STORRRks?" Did she hang on to those R's! All the people here sound the R's. I guess we in Boston don't do it enough.

I have been cleaning paint and washed the poop. I have shined brass and done some painting up aloft, so I am learning a few things about this ship.

Sometimes in the evening I play my fiddle, and the men like it. So do I, for it makes me think about the good times we used to have at home.

June 1,

We are still painting and doing all sorts of odd jobs. The sides have been painted with verdigris. A seaman learns to do most anything, and I have done some sewing and fixed up my bunk and a place to put my seabag and my fiddle where it will be out of the

way. I am writing this on my chest and the Steward is talking to me, so I am working under difficulties.

I have a sandalwood fan which the Steward gave me and I shall send it to Lizzie as I believe she has no fan. It came from China and is similar to one of Mother's, so I think she will like it. This Steward is leaving the ship, so we shall have a different one for the voyage, but I shall miss him, for he has been good to me.

Tomorrow the Captain wants me to go into N. Y. with him, as he is going to take his sextants to the store to be repaired. I shall buy some thread and yarn, as I need them for my mending kit.

I've received letters from home and it is good to hear the news of all the boys. Lucie, too, writes a good letter. It will be a long while between ports when we get under way, and I shall not have any mail, but I am going to do as Mr. MacDonald suggested when I told him that I was leaving school and should not be in his English class any more. I shall try to keep a log of the voyage and write in it every day so the folks at home can read it when I return. I have the good leather bound book which Mother gave me, and I think it will be pretty well filled when she sees it again!



June 10,

We warped across the dock today to the place where we are to load, as the ship Pythomene which had our space, left yesterday. The riggers are now aboard sending up the topgallant masts, and I am working aloft greasing upper topsail yards as the riggers put them up. They will soon be finished and we shall continue painting.

Fred Carrier came aboard today. He is a boy about my own age—perhaps he is only 16, while I am 17, but I think we shall be good chums. He is an Ordinary Seaman, as he has been to sea before, and seems to be a fine fellow. He belongs in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and knows Captain Hilton, and says he is a nice man and is a prominent member of the Congregational Church there. The Captain's wife and his two sons are going with us, so I shall not lack for good company, as one of the boys, Arthur, is going as Ordinary Seaman and Carpenter. Herbert is going as Cabin Boy. They will come aboard in another day or so.

I am very tanned, and healthy and feel fine from this outdoor life, and I hope that Mother will not worry about my health, for it is of the best. And I like it just as well as ever, even though we have had salt junk several times. It is not half as bad to eat as people think it is. This junk had been to the East Indies and back, and is not as good as if it hadn't been there, but it is good solid food, and I like it about as well as I do fresh beef.

We are going to Padang, Sumatra from here, not Java as I supposed, and will probably get under way in about a week. We are still loading and painting.

I have been a good boy and shall continue to be, and try to learn all I can, and get along with the officers, so there is no need for Mother or Father to worry about me, as I like my position and am perfectly satisfied now that I have started to sea.

The crew are not yet aboard, and won't be until a few hours before we sail, as they always come with the

boarding masters who are obliged to see them safe on the ship with no chance to run away with their advance money.

June 20,

Mr. Patten (the Mate), Fred, Herbert and I went ashore to New York yesterday and signed the Articles. We had to go to the office of the ship owners, Snow and Burgess, 66 South Street. We boys then had a holiday and went over the Brooklyn Bridge and rode on the elevated railroad, which was a very exciting ride for me. It rained hard most of the day, but we had a good time.

Continued next month



*Dorothy
Hermetia
Prescott*

"Among the letters written home by my uncle, Fred W. Best in 1891-92, I noticed several on Seamen's Church Institute letterheads. He mentioned it as a place in which his mother would approve his spending time ashore in New York City.

"When several years later I learned that the Seamen's Church Institute Knitting Guild contributed garments for the Christmas boxes sent to the merchant seamen, I recalled Uncle Fred's description of his loneliness aboard the sailing ships on Christmas, when that day was little different from other working days. I decided to spend part of my time making some sailor's Christmas happier than it had been for the 17-year-old boy uncle on his first trips to sea.

"This was a natural development, since my principal interests have been worldwide—Girl Scouting, stamp collecting and travel.

"I am the wife of a dentist, and mother of two sons who have traveled the world over in the U.S. Navy and U.S. Marines."

THAT EVENTFUL YEAR...1934

the second in a historical series

Rain. Wind. Flame. Darkness. A dead captain. A night of horror at sea. And a night with no end for SCI employees as surviving members of the crew of the ill-fated ship *Morro Castle*, destroyed by fire off Asbury Park, New Jersey, in one of the worst marine disasters in U.S. history, were brought to the Institute for food and shelter in September of that eventful year . . . 1934.

Shaken by their recent nightmare, eyes burned from smoke, arms and legs blistered from fire, they were a pitiful sight as they swarmed into the building through the torrential rain of that memorable Saturday.

The entire night floor was turned over to the crew, and each man was lodged in a private room. A faithful group of women knitters provided sweaters and socks, while shoes, dungarees and shirts, razors and toothbrushes were supplied from the Slop Chest. Burns were treated in the new clinic. Telegrams and cablegrams were sent by the staff to the relatives of the crew.

As so many times before, the Seamen's Church Institute offered its facilities to care for the shipwrecked crew. One of the heroes, headwaiter Carl Wright, interviewed at the Institute, told of his efforts to save a little eleven-year-old girl and how she died in his arms after fighting bravely for four hours. "She was the pluckiest kid," he sobbed. "Never a whimper or complaint. I carried her under my

right arm and when the waves swept over her head I lifted her up and I told her to spit out the water. I listened to her heart but could hear nothing. I carried the poor little tot for two hours more because I didn't wish to abandon her, but other passengers swam up to me and begged me to release the girl's body and to help the living. It broke my heart when I had to set her body adrift," he related with tears streaming from his eyes.

On the Sunday following the disaster a Memorial Service for the 42 members of the crew who were lost was held in the Chapel of Our Savior, attended by hundreds of relatives and shipmates.

The year 1934 provided a chuckle or two, as we note the daily reports from October: "A Negro seaman dying in a city hospital gave SCI's 'Mother Roper' as his 'next of kin' and the Institute as his only home . . . a brown-eyed sailor, blind in one eye, finding a glass eye in the clinic, discovered that it fitted his empty socket and went off with it; later, when the rightful owner claimed it, the Institute gave the brown-eyed sailor a glass eye to match his own . . . a brand-new shoe which was found among seamen's confiscated baggage, was reclaimed four years later by a one-legged sailor; it belonged on the end of his wooden leg . . . an ordinary seaman came to seek advice on how to write a love letter to his girl, Elizabeth; returning a week

later to report progress on his courtship, he asked Mother Roper to help him word a letter to another girl, Eleanor.

The Joseph Conrad Memorial Library was dedicated at the Institute in memory of the Polish-born English story writer (1857-1924), author of "Youth," "Lord Jim," and "The Arrow of Gold," one of the most gifted chroniclers of the sea. Among those present for the dedication was novelist Christopher Morley, who commented: "He (Conrad) had sailed the eastern seas in days when sail was still great; he had written some of the greatest books of our time and settled down, at long last, to become a landed proprietor in Kent, eager to be thought of as an English squire. When his grave was dug out of the chalk soil, fragments

of shells were brought up by the spade."

As the SCI ship sailed into calmer seas after four years of depression and bearing the burden of thousands of unemployed seamen, the death of Dr. Archibald Mansfield, the ship's beloved captain, left the Institute crew shocked and bereaved. Letters of condolence flooded in from all over the world. The *New York Times* of the day pondered these thoughts in an editorial: "Many ships at sea should have their flags at half-mast today, for there's scarce a sailor who has not good reason to remember gratefully his friend Dr. Mansfield. His was a field of sea and land in which any man with love for his fellow man could wish to serve. Such a light was not there before his coming as now shines from the Seamen's Church Institute



At dedication of Joseph Conrad Memorial Library: Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Christopher Morley, Charles R. Patterson, and Admiral Belknap in 1934 as they discuss sea-story writer Conrad, a friend of novelist Morley.



Three members of the crew of ill-fated liner *Morro Castle* photographed at SCI shortly after rescue from burning ship. Marcelino Paz, steward; Carl Wright, head waiter, and Sorino Isaac, steward.

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.*



New York's Rudder Club recently awarded its annual money grants to merchant marine educational institutions to provide scholarship assistance for worthy men furthering their professional stature. Receiving check for SCI's Merchant Marine School was Director of Education, SCI, Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, far right. Left to right: Commodore Berndt M. Palmer, President, Lee & Palmer; Vice Commodore Patrick J. Guzzi, Farrell Lines; Rear Adm. Gordon McLintock, USMS, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y., and Vice Adm. H. C. Moore (Ret.), President, State University of New York Maritime College, Fort Schuyler.



International Club Director Chris Nichols pauses with 37 Pakistani seamen on SCI roof before one-day bus tour of United Nations, Rockefeller Center, Empire State Building and other points of interest. Trip, fostering better international relations, was arranged for crew of "IMTIAZ BAKSH" when SCI learned that the seamen were remaining aboard ship three weeks in New York Harbor with no funds to see the city.

Camera caught surprised Pakistani seaman Buchu Lall without his flute and cobra during party night for crew from New Zealand ship "City of Auckland."

BON VOYAGE—Sailing for two months in England, Scotland and Scandinavia where he will speak before a British Missions to Seamen Conference at Oxford, SCI Director John M. Mulligan (left) pauses aboard S.S. AMERICA with wife Katherine, daughter Elizabeth (12) and son John E. (19). Rev. Mulligan will inspect other seamen's installations throughout England.

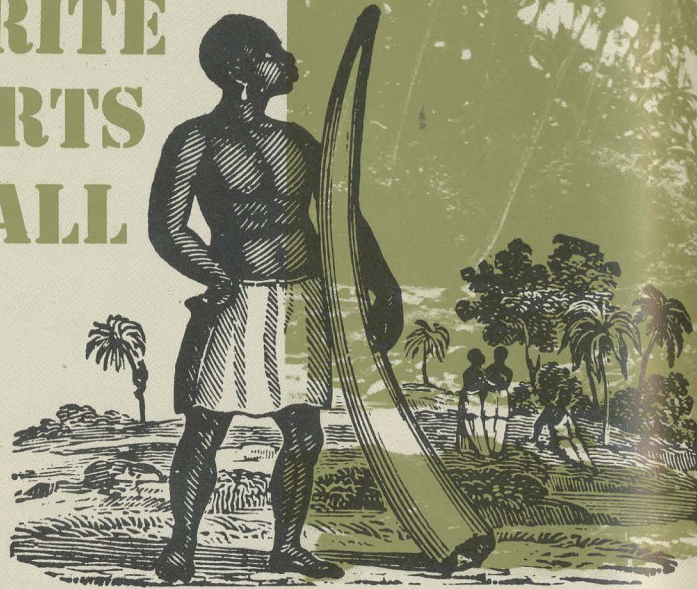


Dutch and Indonesian men and women crew from ships MAASDAM and NOORDAM participated in SCI-sponsored tour recently which included Readers Digest offices (above), Pleasantville, N. Y., Consolidated Edison atomic power station, Indian Point, N. Y., and 1200-ship "mothball fleet" at Stony Point, N. Y.

Lubbers, salts and other hundreds who relish American sea history visited the two-week New York Ship Craft Club exhibit at SCI which depicted events and scenes in "Americana, Ships Famous in American History." Visiting American seaman John Forsythe and German seaman Klaus Kreuger admire to-scale model among \$40,000 collection.



FAVORITE PORTS O'CALL



Somewhere hundreds of miles from the east coast of Africa in the Indian Ocean lies a flyspeck island called Rodriguez, described by seaman GEORGE SACELLARY as his favorite port.



The finest port in this world is undoubtedly the one on Rodriguez Island and I cannot remember its name, if it has one at all. For the benefit of those who spend their watches at sea keeping a sharp lookout for dhows, as is proper, instead of staggering in and out of the chartroom killing boredom by browsing through Sailing Directions of other parts and looking at charts from the bottom drawer, Rodriguez lies somewhere to the Eastward of Mauritius, a British possession near Madagascar, out in the blue, a hundred miles away or maybe two. It was discovered by a Portuguese navigator by the beautiful name of Dom Pedro Mascaregnas, who seems to have shown little interest in his discovery.

Chances are that you will never visit Rodriguez, for there is no reason on earth why any ship should call there, since the island produces nothing except little children and rum. Both the children and the rum give the impression of having been produced in an off-hand way without

much purpose or design, nobody seems to claim a definite ownership over either article, and they are not fit for export.

For a tropical paradise Rodriguez is a pretty dreary spot, presenting, instead of lush tropical foliage with birds of paradise, rhesus monkeys and the like, a landscape of sparse pasture and rocks, inhabited by a considerable number of apparently ownerless and unmolested cows. Sparks and I walked halfway up to the top of the island, which was a foolish thing to do, whence we had a lovely view of the Indian Ocean and our ship, both of which we have been looking at for over a year.

The population of Rodriguez is one hundred per cent Creole, with the exception of the Governor's wife who is a Scotswoman. The Governor may be a fine fellow or he may not, there is no telling; anybody with a Scottish wife watching over him would make a good Governor anywhere. Although a small steamer reputedly calls at the island every month or so with the mail from Port Louis, a "big ship" is such a

rarity that her crew is automatically regarded as a select group of high-minded and noble individuals, a state of affairs which cramped our style considerably, especially with the girls who were both friendly and very pretty. We all tried to act like we thought Louis XIV would under similar circumstances but it was not easy with the heat and the rum being so harsh, and us with not much experience in royal behavior. But we managed and only the cook got drunk which did not matter much since his cooking in general was too rough an affair to reflect appreciably his degree of inebriation. He was of the egg-shriveling kind, if you know what I mean.

We were taken on a conducted tour of the island . . . that is to say we were taken to see The Hospital which the islanders consider the only thing worth showing. The Hospital was brand-new, clean and airy, with some twenty cots and a kerosene refrigerator for the drugs. There was some talk about getting a doctor to match the

hospital, but at the time they had none, only a sort of medical man who was a good-looking and friendly character and proudly showed us the refrigerator which, instead of drugs, contained mangoes for staff and visitors. We were each given a mango—none of your miserable, droopy, yellow affairs—but a big, red one. And then munching the mangoes cooled at Her Majesty's expense we proceeded to the ward, where we solemnly inspected the patients who were dying on the cots in dignified and unhurried manner, all very neat and tidy, since only better people could afford to die in The Hospital. The people of Rodriguez don't go to a hospital to be cured, but to die in style. After many gracious compliments, delivered in our most regal manner, we departed for general amusements. That's when the cook got drunk.

So if you ever chance to go to Rodriguez, don't forget to drop in at The Hospital for a mango, and do keep an eye on the cook.



VENTURES INTO THE DEEP. By Leonard Wibberley. Illustrated. 177pp. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. \$3.50

Leonard Wibberley describes the training, equipment, techniques and necessary safety precautions for scuba diving as he was taught them himself by experts. But most of all he writes about his thrilling experiences as a diver off the California coast and the Fiji Islands.

He tells of encounters with sharks and moray eels and different kinds of fish, and what it is like to be under water. There is a wealth of adventure and anecdote about such matters as exploring sunken vessels or trolley cars, about the prehistoric world beneath the surface of the sea; a meeting with curious sharks and a host of other interesting things.

THE WEBFOOT WARRIORS. By Herbert Best. Illustrated. Index. 187pp. New York: The John Day Company. \$3.95

One of the most vital groups of specialists in the United States armed forces is also one of the smallest and most select. Upon the Underwater Demolition Team could rest the whole success of an invasion or even of a defensive action. Yet there are only a handful of UDT men—fewer than three hundred fifty—and the public almost never hears of them. This book describes their work, their training, their achievements in past actions, and how they are preparing for the possible combat conditions of the future.

A lifelong interest in warfare and a lifelong enthusiasm for diving combined to start Herbert Best on this book.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PLEASURE BOATING. By Arthur Liebers. Illustrated. Index. 395pp. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co., Inc. \$10.00

The first complete, authoritative guide to pleasure craft, the *Encyclopedia of Pleasure Boating* covers every facet of boat ownership and operation, from making an intelligent choice of a boat to ways of cutting down maintenance expense. It contains a wealth of illustrations—photographs, maps, charts, and diagrams—to complement a text that is both detailed and concise, both thoroughly researched and simply written.

ON BOARD NOAH'S ARK. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Illustrated. 188pp. New York: The Viking Press. \$5.00

The irrepressible Bemelmans appears here in a new role: as a yachtsman aboard his own ancient and beloved pilot boat, adventuring in Mediterranean waters. He picked it up as a bargain at Antibes and cruised with it to Monte Carlo, Portofino, Leghorn, the Bay of Naples (with landfalls including Capri and Ischia) and back by way of Corsica. The ports of call, with their color and teeming life, were made to order for the artist's eye, and he describes them in vivid words and pictures. But the great charm and drama of the trip were supplied by his encounters with people and the elements.

This is a narrative of true adventure in wonderfully congenial company. It's Bemelmans at his most observant—illustrated with his own drawings and with fourteen of his paintings in full color.

Continued from page 2
SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

gave him his first taste of danger, as French destroyers and planes escorted the convoy into a war zone. During this time aboard ship, Ruggero utilized leisure time to continue his merchant marine studies for an American rating.

Returning to New York and wanting a shoreside view of the United States, he took a temporary job as a coal miner in Pennsylvania, and as life guard at a fashionable resort. He studied for and received his American citizenship.

There followed a short-lived career in show business. While lifeguarding at Lake Gerard (N.J.) he read that the late Michael Todd was casting for the job of gondolier in the Jones Beach (N.Y.) production of "Night in Venice," an aquatic extravaganza. He applied for the job, landed it. A casting director offered him the part of "Vito" in the Broadway production of "Time of the Cuckoo" starring Shirley Booth, in which he appeared for nine months. His success on Broadway led to a contract with Desilu studios in Hollywood where he appeared in dozens of tv films and had star billing in the old *Playhouse 90's* "The Last Days of Mussolini."

He rebelled against regimentation, schedules, and the conformity of Hollywood and made his decision to again

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HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

second largest bank, The Societe Generale, picked up the tab for the 3½-hour tour. At evening's end a reception for the students was enjoyed in the International Club.

Because SCI provided an important service in handling a particularly precarious situation involving the goodwill of America's first city, and more significantly, her people, she was honored with the first commendation ever given from the U.S. Department of Commerce's newly-formed U.S. Travel Service, set up to encourage tourism in America, which said, in part: "Con-

return to the sea, coming to New York to complete his study for 3rd Mate license on American ships. He enrolled in the Merchant Marine School at SCI, remembering the building which had so many times been "home".

"I cannot work from 9 to 5 every day as the clock strikes if I want to be happy. I must have contrast and stimulation that four walls and a window cannot offer. That is why I must return to a ship. There I will have time to resolve some of the conflicts in my life. I can live at peace while I am on water. There will be busy hours, but there will be quiet ones, too. I can put important things in their proper perspective."

Conversational profile of our Seaman of the Month: "What American city does he prefer? "New York is exciting; every hour is a year to me here." Will he return to Venice? "I must go back to visit Venice again. But I am an American now and New York is home." Hobbies? "I will save my sailing money and eventually write plays." About SCI: "I stay here many times when I need to think. There's an atmosphere here that reminds me of a ship."

We salute dashing and devout Ruggero Romor as Seaman of the Month.

gratulations on this friendly action given to friends from overseas which typifies the best spirit of our visit USA program. Your thoughtfulness is consistent with the unheralded work of the Institute over the years."

Also expressing appreciation were the French Consulate General and the City of New York. A special plaque from the New York Lions Club, presented to SCI Director John M. Mulligan, cited the Institute for its hospitality on behalf of the 118 students.

Once again SCI had performed a service "a bit beyond" for which she earned her international reputation as a home away from home.

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e are born to be aware: to live not for our senses, nor by them, but with them. They lead us into the world, to self-knowledge and participation. In childhood there is time, and the instinct, to be so alive. Too soon, pressures of the mundane displace our values and divorce us from true feeling. Our intimacy with shape and texture, the sensuous essences, deserts us. We lose touch with our bodies and, in so doing, relinquish part of our power and joy.

Do not be afraid of time. It takes time to know life: to taste fresh bread and sweet butter; to feel the strong plush of grass beneath bare feet; to listen to rain drum on an attic roof, stirring the cobwebs; to sense, in the dark, the presence of roses. Not by possession, nor even by knowledge, does the world come to us, but through our perceptions, whether we taste spring water from a tin cup, or wine from crystal.

The artist reveals the world to us, stretching our senses. The poet gives us words; each, like a fingered stone, has texture, size and weight that build a meaning. The musician opens our ears. Listen! In that passage for clarinet there is a curve that stretches to the stars. Hush! In the depths of the symphony comes the footfall of man, the beat of his blood. A painting exists for the eyes to discover: the color, the texture, the form. Do not ask what they mean. Let the eyes live there. The dancer leans from the stage and takes us by the hand, and our bodies respond to his rhythm.”

SONNET

By Seaman Lawrence H. Miner

This is a sonnet to my friend and shipmate, Milton J. Ballard, who fell between the ship and the dock in Rotterdam, Holland, breaking his neck on pilings below.

Shipmate, farewell, farewell into the one,
The culminating question of them all;
To thou who travelled far, adventure's call
Might well have lured thee lee-wards alone:
We only know that thou art left and gone,
There is an empty space here, nor is it small,
The leaden minutes slowly bead and fall,
The silence is an echo turned to stone.
What shall we do without thy ready grin,
The friendly chaff, the tall tale, the joke,
Who sail away and leave thee here within
This stolid ground—the clod but barely broke,
Who truly were the nearest of thy kin,
Who found some light had passed ere day
awoke.