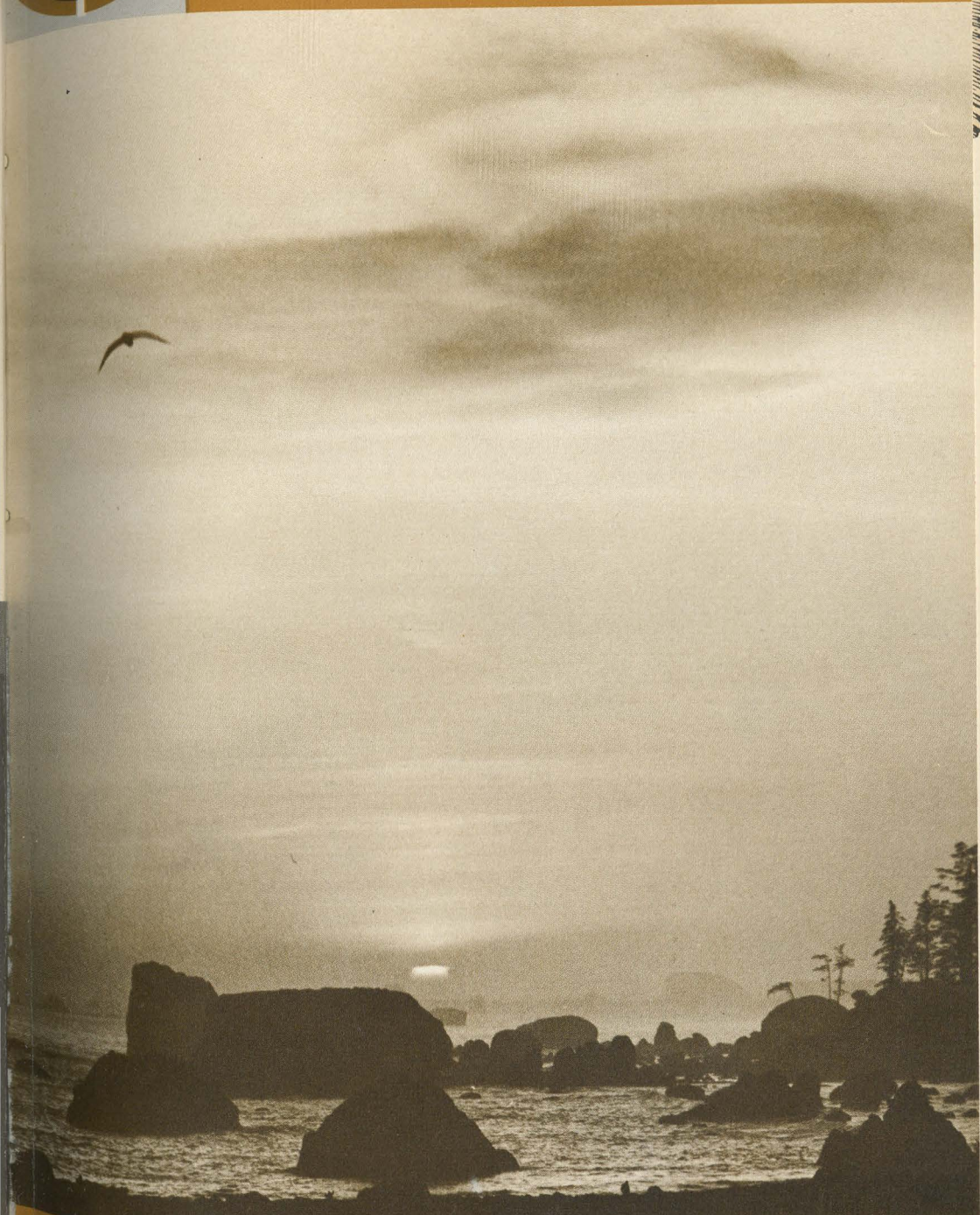


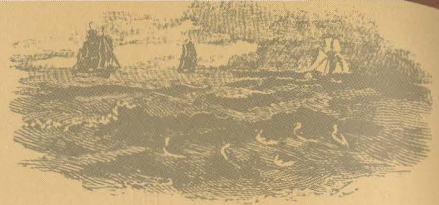


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



September 1966



SEA LOVE
by Roy Z. Kemp

I've never looked upon the bounding sea
Nor trod the heaving decks of creaking ships,
But oftentimes, it seems in memory,
I've taken many voyages and trips;

Have looked across the white-capped, raging seas
And heard the mournful sound of creaking spars;
Saw wind-filled sails, climbed masts as tall as trees,
And stood my watch as lookout near the stars.

My home has always been on prairie sod,
Far, far away from ocean's rim and sailing men,
My love of sea is strong as love of God;
My grandsires must have been old whaling men!



the LOOKOUT

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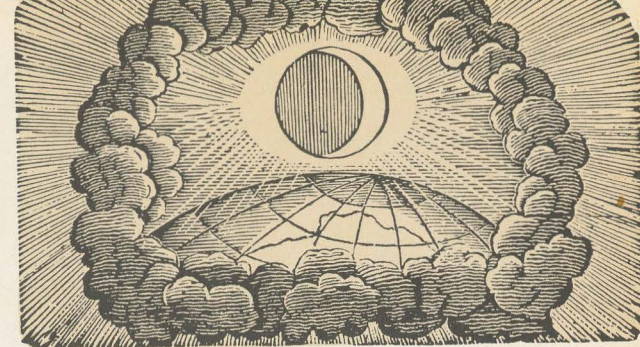
The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President
Franklin E. Vilas
President

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COVER: Misty sunset on California's coast at Crescent City.

**The Mystery
of the
Compass**

by
Raymond Schuessler



*I am constant as the northern star
Of whose tru-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.*

—Shakespeare

At what date the characteristics of the lodestone first became known to man and utilized to build a compass has not been definitely determined. The lodestone's property of attracting iron was certainly known to the Greeks toward the close of the 7th century B.C.

Some historians have credited the Greeks with the use of the magnetite to direct navigation at the time of the siege of Troy, on the basis of a passage in Homer's *Odyssey*; but even this is uncertain.

According to Bertelli, a careful examination of the writings of more than 70 Greek and Latin authors covering the period of the 6th century B.C. to the 10th century A.D., failed to disclose any mention of the directive property of the lodestone.

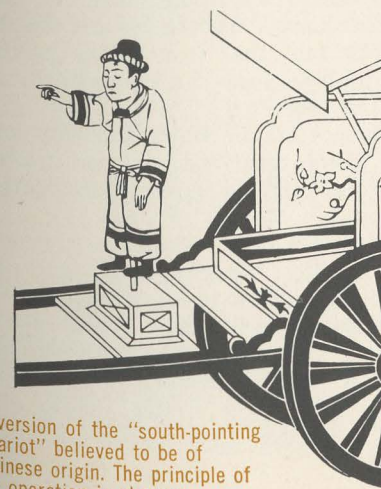
There has been a persistent belief that the directive property of the magnet was known to the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. Some writers go so far as to say that it was known as early as 2634 B.C.

The so-called south-pointing cart, a recurrent curiosity in Oriental literature since the third or fourth century, has been claimed to have been in use in China as late as the 15th century and to have been introduced into Japan in the 7th century. A pivoted fixture with outstretched arm was mounted in front of the cart. Certain 17th century missionaries supposed that a magnet had actuated the figure to keep it pointing south.

It is now considered more likely that the cart was set in a place where the directions were known and that the figure was connected to the two wheels so that on rounding a bend the differential effect kept the figure pointing in the original direction.

The earliest mention of the use of the compass in Europe occurs in a Latin treatise entitled "De Utensilibus," written about 1187 by an English monk, Alexander Neckam. In another book, "De Naturis Rerum," he writes: "Mariners at sea, when through cloudy weather in the day, which hides the sun, or through the darkness of the night they lose knowledge of the quarter of the world to which they are sailing, touch a needle with a magnet which will turn around until, on its own motion ceasing, its point will be directed toward the north."

At the same time, de Provins, minstrel at the French court, wrote a poem referring to the use by sailors of the compass with the floating needle.



A version of the "south-pointing chariot" believed to be of Chinese origin. The principle of its operation is obscure.

To Petrus Peregrinus we owe what is probably the first European treatise on the magnet. He gave a clear picture of what was then known regarding the magnet and its properties.

In a letter, Peregrinus tells us that the invention of a pivoted nautical compass took place no later than 1269. Once the instrument was put in service, its use in navigation must have spread rapidly, giving rise to many refinements.

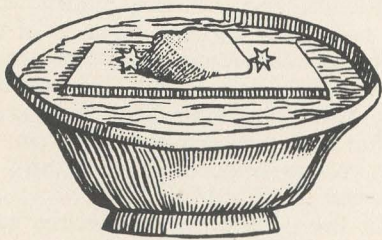
The most important thing about a compass is that it opened the way to explore the entire mysterious globe.

The earliest mariner's compass consisted of a magnetized needle thrust through a cross bar of wood or straw so it would float in a bowl of water. Earlier than that, a lodestone was probably floated on a board.

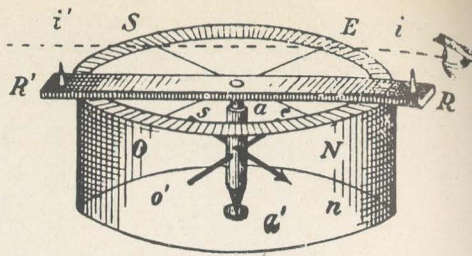
Then came the needle pivoted on a pin rising from the bottom of the bowl. Originally only north and south were indicated. Later a card with further points was inserted.

The earliest reference to a compass being used in a specific ship came about 1345 in the British ship "George." Some 200 years later the mariners were still complaining of the crudity of the instrument, even up to 1800.

It was only after the time of Columbus that the history of the compass becomes more clear. But the actual construction of the compass was not much improved. The needles were carelessly magnetized, sometimes one side was more powerful than the other, which led to grave errors. Often weak nee-



Medieval floating compass as shown by Athanasius Kircher.



Peregrinus' compass with a pivoted needle and a graduated rim.

dles lost their magnetism and revolved like a merry-go-round in the middle of the voyage. Little wonder, Magellan, in his trip around the world, carried 35 spare needles.

How to keep the needles level during stormy weather was also a problem until the method of gimbaling (the compass bowl was hung by pivots in a ring which itself hung by a second pair of pivots at right angles to the first pair) was installed in 1550.

Almost every scientist and philosopher of the ages worked and mused about the compass, its magic, its power, and how it might be improved. In 1745 Dr. Gowin Knight took an interest and demonstrated to the Royal Society how to improve the magnetic strength, and therefore reliability of the compass.

When the ship *Dover* was struck by lightning in 1749 and the compass suddenly didn't work, it was Dr. Knight who solved the mystery. It was suspected that the compass had been demagnetized by the lightning. But even new compasses didn't work. Further study showed that the trouble was due to the fact that iron spikes holding the table in place had been magnetized by the flash.

Even Captain Bligh foolishly kept his pistols near the compass drawer, this inducing a host of navigating errors.

It would take volumes to chronicle all the tales, theories, errors and corrections that led to the almost perfect compass we have today, because it entails all the science of navigation and effects of the mysterious planetary force to find the simple answer at a particular time upon the sea — "Where am I?"



they think they saw a UFO

Capt. Glynn Petrie, master of the *Morgantown Victory*, which is operated under GAA for MSTs by Pacific Far East Line, Inc., gives a detailed summary of the events which began when the bow lookout, Able Seaman Robert J. Claunch, made the first report of what he described as a "large glowing object coming from the horizon on the starboard beam."

Captain Petrie reported as follow:

"Just prior to 2200, ship time, January 11, 1966, I was in my bunk when I heard a hurried clatter of feet on the bridge grating over my head. After, the phone rang and Mr. Richard M. Anderson, third mate, reported what appeared to be a plane afire on the port quarter. I ran to the bridge, but could see nothing. The information given me indicated a plane in trouble headed for the ship and ditched on the port quarter.

Do you believe in the UFO's? — an "un-identified flying object"? Sealift Magazine, published by the Navy Department, in a recent issue recounts a report by the GAA ship, SS *Morgantown Victory*, of sighting a UFO in the Pacific Ocean north of Marcus Island.

"At 2201, the vessel started to execute a Williamson turn. The bow lookout was doubled and a search was made utilizing the vessel's searchlight. During the search, I realized that I had heard no sound such as a plane would have made. I questioned Robert Claunch, A.B., on bow lookout, and learned that the object had maneuvered approximately 180 degrees about the vessel without sound.

"At 2238, vessel executed another Williamson turn and resumed her original course and continued search. At 2300, I took statements from each of the witnesses, Mr. Anderson, third mate on watch, Claunch, A.B., and bow lookout, and John Facha, A.B., helmsman, who had left the wheel to sight the object. The statements were taken individually, and I did not seek to make them agree.

"The weather was clear: wind SSW 13K, barometer 30.16, temperature 19 dry 15 centigrade, sea moderate, and fine with excellent visibility, almost full moon astern with the vessel steering 257 gyro and 258 true.

"This is a fine steering vessel, a fact important in considering the possibility of poor steering and yawing which, had such been the case, might have accounted for the apparent maneuvering from the starboard to the port quarter.

"There were two phone calls from the bow. First, when the object was on starboard quarter. The third mate ran to starboard wing and looked forward, seeing nothing. Another phone call from the bow was to have the bridge look on the port quarter. The third mate and Facha looked and saw the object. This gives a rather prolonged time element during which the object was visible."

The statements obtained from the three men who actually saw the object were taken when the events were still fresh in their minds. It is interesting to note that the three men were not excitable youngsters with active imaginations, but mature seamen with combined seetime of 79 years. It is also significant that the ship was bound

for the Far East and had not touched port for many days.

Able Seaman Claunch reported:

"At a little before 2200, January 11, 1966, I was bow lookout in clear, fine weather. I sighted a large, glowing object coming from the horizon on the starboard beam. It approached to within 1 mile at a height of about 400 feet. It then altered course to a position off the starboard quarter where it hovered for about 30 seconds, then went to the port quarter and gradually disappeared. It appeared to be cigar-shaped with a bright light at its head, a glowing body with a duller light aft, and a fiery tail. I first thought it was a plane in trouble and looked for running lights, but saw none. It did not flare or light up the surroundings. The lights were steady. This definitely was not a meteor. I am an able seaman and have been at sea for 25 years and have never seen anything like it."

This is Helmsman Facha's statement:

"At a little before 2200, January 11, 1966, I was at the wheel steering 257 gyro. When the lookout reported a flying object, I looked out and saw what appeared to be a plane on fire on the port quarter. I watched it for over a minute, when it showed a bright flash and went out. The ship was steering well and making steady course. I have never seen the likes of this before. I am an able seaman with 17 years sea experience."

Richard Anderson, mate on watch, described the sighting as follows:

"Lookout phoned from the bow to bridge reporting a flying object low on starboard side. I glanced out starboard forward and did not notice anything. Lookout called again and said it was on the port quarter. I glanced out and saw an orange glowlike fire trailing behind a flying object streaming out behind for what appeared to be about 15 or 20 feet. Same disappeared in about a minute heading in an easterly direction approximately 3 or 4 degrees above the horizon. Pointed out object to helmsman and phoned Captain Petrie notifying him of same. I hold a second mate's license and have been to sea for 37 years."



FEVER RUN

by George R. Berens

(Continued from July-Aug. issue)

Some of the Kroos, armed with stanchions, pieces of cordwood and dunnage swarmed to the bridge. Several other shots rang out, and the natives, quieter now, retreated forward, leaving the giant 'bush boy' dead on the Captain's deck, and another of their number dying on the deck below.

Undoubtedly, the Captain's quick action had nipped the mutiny 'in the bud.' Later a platoon of native soldiers under a sweating and irate Belgian officer boarded the ship. They remained on board, armed and on guard until the ship went on up the river to Matadi. Six of the Kroos, picked out by the Captain as ring leaders, were taken to jail.

After leaving the Congo, we went on south to Luanda in Portuguese Angola; then turned north again to revisit many of the ports we had called at southward bound. Now we started loading the products of Africa: mainly palm-oil, palm kernels, cocoa beans and mahogany. This valuable wood was taken on board as huge logs, cut in the African forests. Most of it was loaded in Grand Bassam on the Ivory Coast. The process was interesting to watch.

At the time *West Irmo* was there five other ships were anchored off the beach loading, or waiting to load.

Grand Bassam was merely a stretch of sandy beach, on which a heavy surf broke, backed with a fringe of palm trees and native huts. The only facility for handling cargo was a small jetty equipped with an ancient-looking mobile crane where the surf boats could land their cargo, and where rafts of mahogany logs were made up as the crane picked the logs from battered and antiquated railroad cars and dropped in the water.

The ships received their cargo of logs on a 'first come, first served' basis. When a raft of five to ten logs was made up alongside the jetty, the ship's launch that got a tow line on it first ran it out to the ship to which the launch belonged. The faster those logs were hauled aboard, the sooner another raft could be brought out. The loading went on until the ship had her assigned load.

It was an exciting business. The rafts of logs would be towed alongside by the launch, and secured there with lines from the deck. Two of the Kroo boys would then slide down one of the lines and ride the logs, which were bouncing around in the swell. Their job was to pass wire slings around the logs and hook them on to the gear that lifted them aboard; a tricky, dangerous, wet job.

The main idea was to get as many logs aboard during the daytime as possible. None were brought out at night. This time was spent in stowing them.

(Continued on page 14)

An Explanation and a Query

"Are you," questioned the International Council of Industrial Editors in its annual evaluation of The Lookout, "giving enough (women's interest articles) to the female 50% of your readership?"

No, we were not, we agreed. So we publish this article which suggests that current female fashions derive from Mother Sea and her sons, the Old Salts.

We invite your comments—ladies and gentlemen — on the issue of whether we should strive for a half-and-half emphasis in editorial content or should we stay with our traditional content. What shall it be?

The Editor

High Fashion from The High Sea



Going to Sunday services at the floating Chapel of Our Saviour in 1844, the SCI Chapel then moored at the foot of Pike Street and East River in Manhattan. Note typical seaman's headgear of the period . . . now in high fashion for the ladies of 1966.



by
Eloise Walton

Is nothing sacred to the seaMAN of the species anymore?

The answer is no.

The women have borrowed every single idea relating to his sea clothing and adapted them to their own fickle fashions.

In the last few years, the world's leading designers have encroached on his gear to such an extent that he has little left but his tattooed skin . . . and he won't have that to himself very long if what we hear from Paris is true.

American fashions are now borrowing from sea garb to as far back as Columbus' time.



Today, the "blue jacket" . . . or pea jacket . . . is just about the most popular fashion to be confiscated by the girls. It is to be found in every collection for fall and winter . . . including several in precious Persian Lamb! Just last year it was triumphantly "introduced" into fashion by Yves St.

Laurent, Paris' most prolific fashion designer, complete with bell-bottom trousers and striped "guernseys" . . . the stripes done up in sequins for the glitter girls. Bell-bottoms, those useful pants which sailors roll up for little chores like wading ashore or swabbing the decks, have become the most alluring of the pants styles for the ladies.



Just name something the sailors ever wore . . . and the girls have got it! Sou'westers and roll-brim sailor hats are off the boys and firmly clamped on the backs of the girls' heads. Knitted wool watchcaps and similar headgear, pomponned like French matelot berets, are the newest rage of the young for winter, 1966. These are the same young



people who firmly latched on to the low-heeled buckled pump . . . shades of those worn by seamen from 1664 to 1820. The protective turtleneck sweater, used by seamen on cold watches at sea, is today's constant love among the feminine sweater-wearers.

The triangular silk scarves which 18th century sailors tied around their foreheads to halt the salty sweat from filling their eyes, or which they knotted around their necks to keep their pig-tails (dressed with tar) from staining their jackets, have become milady's favorite decorative hair piece, resulting in the popular "scarf-hat" of this year.



And speaking of hair . . . what about that jaunty little tar-treated pigtail tied with a ribbon which was the mark of the long-voyaging sailors in the 1700's? You guessed it. The girls have it now, only this time it is not only in

hair styles but used as a mark of beauty on a pimento-red evening gown designed by famed designer Castillo at his recent Paris opening. This one is plaited of silk crepe and hangs to the floor from the back of a halter neckline . . . ribbon bow at the end and all!

No, there is nothing left for Olde Jack Tar but his tattooed skin . . . and Yves St. Laurent is after that! Paris

gives out with the news that M. St. Laurent's newest collection contains a lot of colorful jersey that is literally "tattooed" with appliques and insets of crescent moons, suns, bleeding hearts, daisy chains and even a huge, circling snake in colorful paillettes. The only designs he hasn't used on the newest girl-things are the anchor symbols and "Little Egypt." And even she is represented in an arty way — a life-size half-body in pink jersey, appliqued on a full-lined purple jersey gown.

So it's Yo ho ho on a seaman's chest for all the girls!

The sturdy sailors on the *Pinta*, *Santa Maria* and *Nina* never guessed that their western landfall would become full of young things skittering around in colored tights, low-belted sleeveless tunics, ear-length bobbed hair and funny little gob-hats with turned up brims . . . just like they were wearing.

The seaman's soft leather knee-high boots of Columbus' crew are more the rage this year than last, and the only item of his equipment which the girls haven't adopted is his belt-hung sheathed dagger.

And in the concrete jungles of 1966 that, too, might be a good item to wear!

Think back to the "Bloomer Girl" period. Where were those ungainly things used first? On the seamen, of course, from the 16th to the 18th century! And today's controversial "mini-skirt" ending four inches above the texture-stockinged knee could, with a

slight stretch of the imagination, be a take-off for the canvas petti-coat trousers worn at sea by sailors of the mid-18th century for serviceable protection of clothing and body.

Throughout the history of the men who go down to the sea in ships, the rig of the sailors in early days came mainly from the ship's "sloppe chest" maintained by the purser and stocked by his whims. Whether they were shanghaied aboard ship or not, the unwilling men of the average ship's company soon wore out the clothing they brought aboard and had to be outfitted by the "pusser" . . . at a price.



Their usual outfit included a grey kersey jacket . . . cloth made in the Suffolk village of Kersey . . . lined with red cotton. This might be the top for a costume of red cotton waistcoat, red kersey breeches or striped shag breeches. Sometimes a blue and white

checked shirt was added. And long gray woolen stockings were mandatory.

The more elegant men of the sea, the captains and royal passengers, of course, wore heavy silk hose below their tight knee breeches buttoned with brass . . . or gold. Their classic breeches were the rallying cry of the class-conscious "sans-culottes" of the French Revolution, but they remained the mark of a "gentleman" for more than

a century. Well . . . the girls have them now. Knicker suits in bright plaids are the rallying cry of the newest mode-hunters!

Seaman's gear which has probably influenced modern fashion most was the colorful brain-child of competing captains following Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. This was a period when doughty masters of such vessels as *HMS Blazer* and *HMS Harlequin* went off the deep end into sailor fashions of their own brand.

The ship's company of the *Blazer*, for instance, was outfitted with blue and white striped "guernseys" and short jackets with brass buttons . . . and thus the modern "blazer jacket" was born. Not to be outdone in finery, Commander Wilmot of the *Harlequin* dressed his whole boat crew in Harlequin uniforms. A year later, Captain Houston of the *Tricomalee* outfitted his crew with red shirts and fancy caps.

In, 1857, however, the British put an end to this kind of signature. The official uniform designed for the Royal Navy and subsequently worn for a hundred years with minor modifications, was the ubiquitous short blue jacket with brass buttons which gave the term "blue jackets" to our language.



We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

"We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront," says *The Lookout* in describing the ever-changing admixture of unusual persons and events which combine to produce the facets at SCI.

One of these recent "Happenings" is illustrative of the it's-a-small-world cliché.

When, by chance, Mrs. W. D. Weston, a volunteer for the SCI Women's Council, and Miss Christine Rajasooria, working temporarily in the public relations office, were introduced at SCI, it turned out they shared a coincidental experience.

They learned they had — unbeknownst to each other — lived close by on the same street in Columbo, Ceylon, a few years ago. Moreover, they found out they are now living on the same street in Manhattan — again in close proximity and again unbeknownst to each other until the SCI meeting.

Mrs. Weston, the wife of a British consular official, has lived in many parts of the world. Miss Rajasooria, a native of Ceylon and the daughter of a United Nations official working in New York, received her English schooling in Columbo, is a recent graduate of Hunter College in New York and will teach English and American literature in the high school of Providence, R.I. this fall.

Mrs. Weston has an extensive background as a volunteer for British Missions to Seamen, first in London and then in Columbo.

"When I came to New York in February and learned that there was an organization which functions somewhat like Missions to Seamen — I hurried down here to see how I might help. And here I am," she explained.



Mrs. Weston and Miss Rajasooria are pictured with a Christmas package typical of those which will be distributed to seamen this season by SCI's Women's Council; plans for the packing and distribution of the 10,000 gift boxes are already under way.



Miss Rajasooria prefers wearing a sari in the summer, she said: it's cool. But in winter she wears Western garb: it's warm.

Ship Craft Guild

For some years now, a group of persons which calls its organization the "Ship Craft Guild" has been meeting periodically in one of the rooms at SCI. The members are bound in one common interest — the construction of ship models.

The roster of the club is made up of a cross-section of persons with diverse occupational and professional jobs — the butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, doctor, lawyer, merchant, etc.

Founded in 1952, the Guild membership is drawn from the Greater New York area, principally, even into some of the adjacent states and from over the world. At full muster (175 members) only a fraction of the Guild could meet in its SCI room, but not all turn out for every meeting, usually held once monthly. There are even some women in the group.

Some members construct tiny working models of steam engines, or working models of ships and submarines which are maneuvered or made to dive by electronic remote control. There are also some who are artists with brush and canvas. Quite a few are well-known, including the late Gordon Grant.

A good deal of the time in meetings is concerned with the how-to's of model construction: brazing and soldering,

sails, flags and pennants, rigging, paints, varnishes, copperplating miniature hulls, veneering, special tools — anyone of the myriad painstaking steps required in the art.

Colored photographic "slides" are sometimes shown; exposures made by members of outstanding models in various museums, of old ships still afloat, or amateur movies made by a member showing his working model in action on the water.

Some less-experienced model makers bring unfinished pieces in for advice from other members as construction details which may have stymied the member. Or even a highly-experienced craftsman might find himself baffled on a detail and brings his problem or model to the others for solution.

When a piece is brought into a club meeting, it is usually closely and minutely inspected by all present; they crowd closely around the miniature project, as a group is doing in the picture.

Some of the more exquisitely fashioned models done by the members have been placed in some of the nationally-known and international museums. Many of the members have exhibited their models in institutional windows in the New York metropolitan area.



So, amidst wild yells and much shouting, the rattling and hissing of the steam winches, the heavy logs were hoisted aboard, dripping with water, and dumped into the hold. Occasionally a log got adrift and then the yelling and shouting rose to a peak, for if that log was not recovered before it drifted in on the beach, it was lost to the ship; and this was valuable timber. The sandy beach was strewn with logs which had been lost through years of loading ships. There was apparently no equipment ashore to recover them.

All night long, with hardly less noise, the logs were stowed so that they took up as little valuable cargo space as possible. The Kroo boys worked hard and long and so did the ship's Mates, who supervised all this.

Of all the unusual scenes, interesting activities, and sometimes adventurous moments, the most memorable of my first voyage on the "Fever Run" was the embarkation of a female passenger at Duala, a port in Cameroons.

Her name was "Josephine," and she was a full-grown, young, chimpanzee, acquired by the Captain, not as a pet, but as a business proposition on which he was to make a handsome profit when she was sold to a dealer in Philadelphia.

Josephine was installed on the broad, wooden awning-sheltered deck that surrounded the Captain's quarters. A sort of oversized dog house was built by the carpenter for her use. She was secured there by a long chain fastened to her collar which gave her ample play for cavorting about the deck and for various acrobatic pastimes. I was first introduced to her when the bosun told me to clean up the Captain's deck,

soiled more than normally because of the chimp.

It did not take me long to find out that, despite her fierce grimaces and ferocious gesticulations, Josephine was, in fact, quite gentle and friendly. Before long she was the pet of the sailors, and, as chimps will, she soon learned many tricks.

Every morning at 0600 one of the seamen on watch brought coffee to the bridge for the watch officer. Josephine soon learned to drink coffee, and it became routine to bring her some as well as to the Mate. She had hers in a large sugar bowl, and always gulped it down avidly. This chimp turned out to be a blessing aboard the *West Irmo*, for, as anyone who has read this far will understand, conditions aboard were not entirely pleasant, and hardly conducive to harmonious living. The chimp offered an outlet for our pent-up feelings. The crew kept busy thinking up new tricks to teach her, and much of our conversation embraced the latest performances of Josephine.

One day, on the homeward passage, when the ship was being refurbished, for her arrival in the USA, we were occupied in putting red lead on bare and rusty spots around the Captain's quarters in preparation for the application of a coat or two of fresh white paint. One of the deckhands (of course, not the writer!) left a pot of red lead and a brush in a secluded corner when we knocked off for the day.

Shouts and salty oaths fairly ripping through the ship, awakened us shortly after day-break. When the rest of us saw what had happened, we could well understand the agitation of the Captain, Chief Mate and the Bosun.

All the house and deck around the Captain's quarters was liberally splattered with red lead; and so was Josephine. She was a great imitator, and had been watching us at work all day. Probably, because she had not practiced painting before, she had put almost as much red lead on herself as elsewhere.

It took me hours of my watch below to get her cleaned up; yet, it was impossible to get all the red lead out of the hairy hide of the squirming protesting ape. But the Captain kept me at it. There was plenty to talk about in the fo'castles and messrooms for a week or more.

Almost five months after leaving New York we completed our loading on The Coast, and a course was set homeward, with a stop at the Cape Verde Islands for bunkers. Our first U.S. port was to be Philadelphia.

It was March and the last twenty-four hours of our approach to the Delaware brought wintry cold, blustery winds and rough sea. Josephine, bred in tropical Africa, was not used to such conditions, and for her protection, the Captain ordered her to be taken down to the shelter-deck space, part of which was used for cargo, but now empty. The boiler uptake went through this space, and it was warm and dry.

The last morning at sea came cold, rough and windy. I prepared coffee for the watch officer and for Josephine as usual. Hers, in the sugar bowl, was wrapped carefully and placed in a pail, for it was rather tricky getting it to her with seas washing over the forward well deck where I would have to go to get into the shelter deck space. A steel, water-tight door led from the wet and windy well deck.

After a considerable struggle, I managed to open the door, and with flashlight in one hand, pail in the other, entered. Moving the beam of the flashlight around, I finally located the chimp cringing in a far corner. She was very frightened, and no doubt most unhappy in this strange dark place, what with the wind roaring outside, the ship rolling and pitching — conditions which she had never before experienced. As soon as I got close, she sprang at me,



The author when Third Mate of the *Yucatan* about thirty years ago.

dashing both the light and the coffee bowl from my hands.

For the next half-hour I was much more scared than she, for she clutched and held me fast with her long arms and nimble legs.

That chimp was strong. It was dark and I couldn't see much of her, but I could sure feel her. She held me in a wrestler's grip. After an exhausting struggle, I finally got loose and fled from the shelter deck. When I arrived back on the bridge I had been gone almost an hour, and was on the receiving end of many unkind words from the Mate and the Captain, neither of whom, obviously, believed my disconnected explanation.

Today, in retrospect, I recall the West Coast of Africa for its soggy heat, its blazing palm fringed beaches and dank, mysterious rivers; for the noisy golden days with the Kroos working cargo, with the surf boats racing back and forth on the blue swells; for the strange odor compounded of palm oil, natives, and African jungles that forever clung to the ships on the run . . . and for Josephine, the chimp.

(Conclusion)



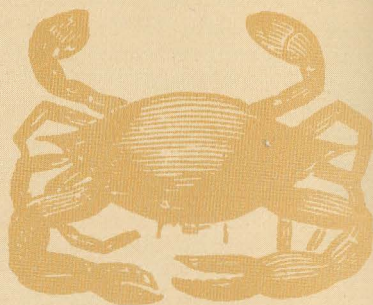
NIGHT AT LIMPET COVE

Dim stars lend their cold fire
Raging ocean bursting falls —
A silvered cadence on a lonely shore
Laden with shells, seaweed, and floats.

Crabs, clams, driftwood and rocks
Wedge, filling puddles by the sea.
Starfish rifted from their moorings
Wait the turning of the tide.

Hunks of shale grind, wave-swept
Sand shifts where restless feet stir,
Burnished stones reflect endless sound,
Limpets cling, fed by the churning sea.

Nina Marie Sedlak



SEA TALES

The Wandering Winds
Nudge silent sails,
While the silent sea
Spins silent tales.

Vernon G. Whalen

