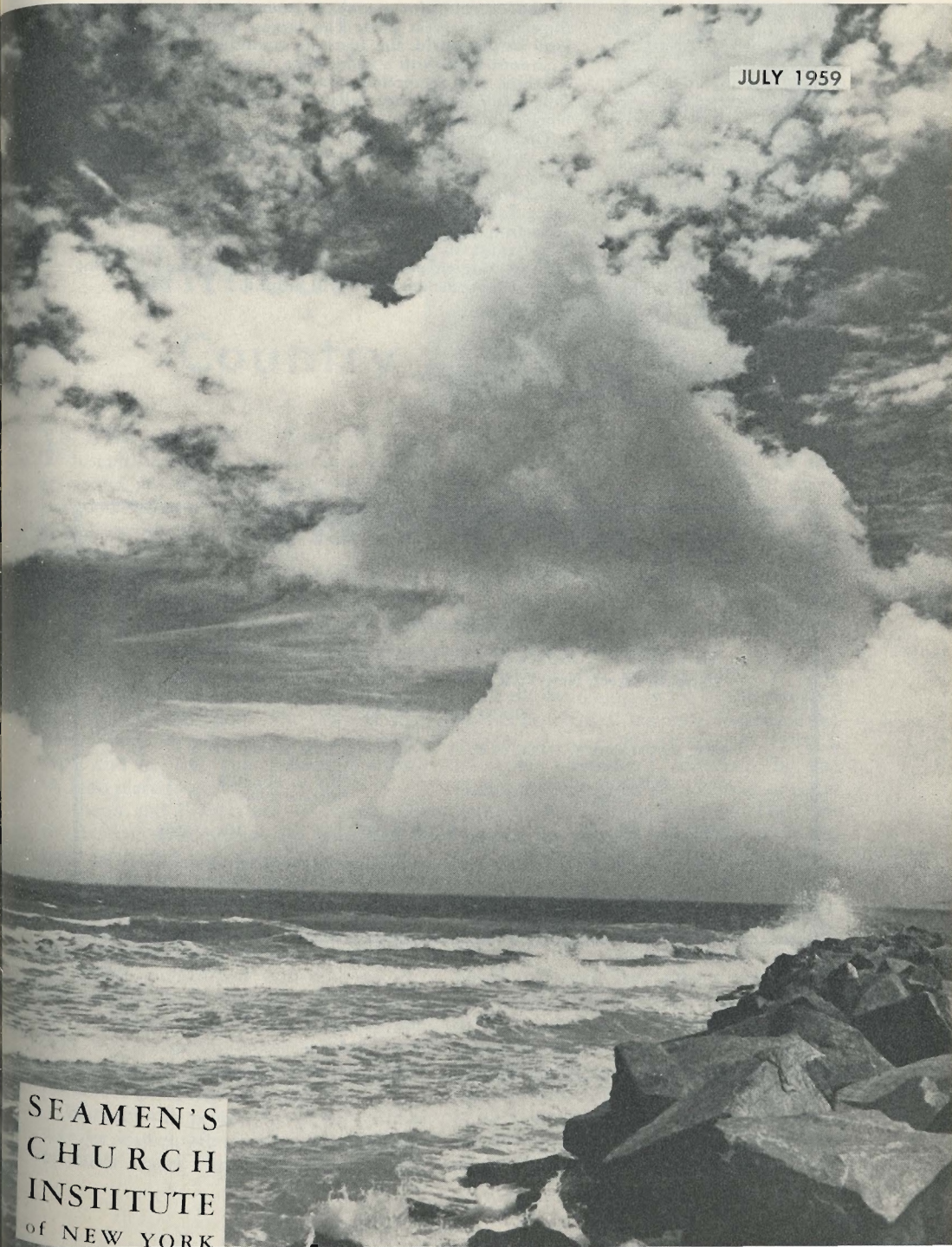
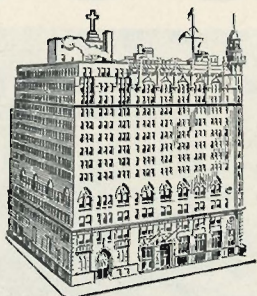


The LOOKOUT

JULY 1959



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25th South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

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JULY, 1959

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: This photograph by Max Hunn catches a moment of harmony between sea and sky.

There are 8,000 refugee seamen who will be home from the sea only when the maritime nations agree to let them step ashore. In the meantime, they sail on and on.



Men without a Country

IN THE aftermath of World War II, Joseph fled his native land and gained refuge in another country, where he was issued a refugee travel document. But Joseph earned his living as a seaman, and one day he shipped out. His travel documents, which could not be renewed, expired while he was at sea, and thereafter no other country would allow him to land.

Francis, also a seaman, served as a regular crew member on his native country's ships until he got an opportunity to jump ship in a foreign port. The laws of that port would not permit him to stay, however, and he, too, found himself sailing with no place to go.

Joseph and Francis are, of course, fictitious, but their stories are true. It has been estimated that about 8,000 refugee seamen are at present unable to land in any country.

Legally, a refugee is a person who, on grounds of political persecution, has left his native country and who does not enjoy the diplomatic protection of any state. He has been compared to a "vessel on the open sea, not sailing under any flag," and in the case of refugee seamen this comparison is painfully accurate.

Without the protection of any nation, refugee seamen often cannot get passports or other travel papers. Unable to land

anywhere, they find it almost impossible to change ships and consequently become virtual prisoners on board their ships. They have sometimes been exposed to appalling exploitation, being forced to accept lower rates of pay than their shipmates and to serve under very low social and hygienic conditions. Many seamen have endured such an existence for ten or fifteen years.

Although the general public is only gradually becoming aware of the presence of this problem, it has long concerned the makers of international law. In 1951, a 26-nation conference convened by the United Nations drew up a Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees. The Convention was chiefly concerned with the general term "refugee," not dealing with any specific group, yet a provision pertaining to seamen was inserted, at the suggestion of the International Labour Office. In the form of a recommendation, it proposed that each state take a sympathetic view toward refugee seamen sailing under its flag, particularly in regard to allowing residence and issuing travel documents.

Earlier that year the ILO had studied the problem, bringing it to the attention of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and to ILO member governments. Recommendations similar to those

above were urged, and it was also asked that time aboard ship be counted as residence in the country of the ship's flag. Two years later, however, an ILO survey of its member nations showed a wide divergence in policies and attitudes toward refugee seamen.

Meanwhile, the UN High Commissioner for Refugees had started an inquiry into the position of refugee seamen whose ships called at the ports of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Over a period of months, 700 cases of refugee seamen were identified, 192 of whom had no travel papers of any kind.

Moved by the gravity of the problem, the Netherlands government convened a Conference of eight European maritime nations. Three Conference sessions held at the Hague in 1955, 1956 and 1957 culminated in the adoption on November 23, 1957, of a binding Agreement Relating to Refugee Seamen.

Although hampered by the fact that the number and the whereabouts of most of the seamen involved is not known, the Agreement set out rules to govern new cases as well as cases existing at the time.

A seaman who became a refugee prior to the Agreement can, by its terms, obtain residence in a country by applying to the last state to issue him a travel document after 1945; the last state wherein he lawfully stayed; or a state under whose flag he has sailed at least 600 days within a three-year period on ships calling at least twice a year in that country's ports. A new case can similarly obtain residence from the country under whose flag he sails or from the country of his last lawful residence.

A refugee seamen can establish residence under the Agreement only for the purpose of obtaining a travel document. Once he has this legal tool, however, many possibilities become open to him for solution of his problems. Having travel papers he is no longer handicapped in changing ships, and he can even effect permanent settlement in another country. These papers guarantee him permission to land for shore leave, as well as temporary admittance to other countries especially to apply for admission or to call at consu-

lates to seek admission to an immigration country. The terms of the travel papers allow the seaman to keep up residence in a country despite absences while seafaring. At the request of another nation, furthermore, the issuing country must permit his return to its shores.

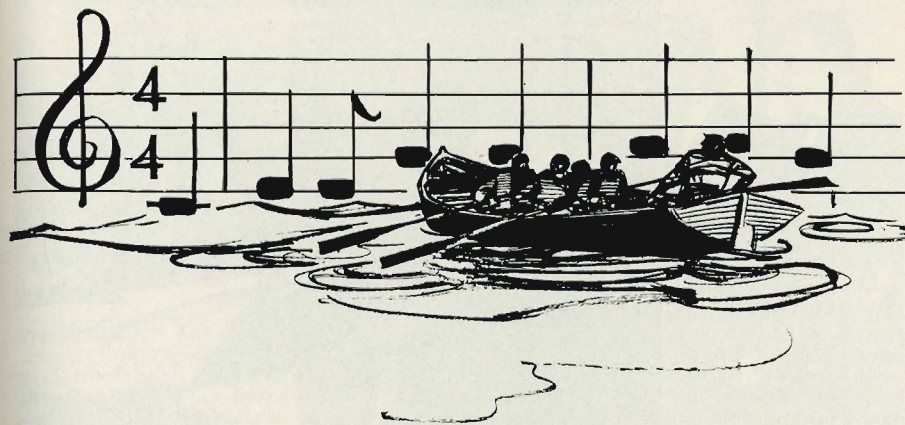
The documents are to be valid for one or two years and automatically entitle the holder to return to the issuing country, normally within the period of validity. They contain an important exception to the usual rule for travel documents and visas issued to non-nationals, which customarily become totally ineffective after their expiration date. For reasons of national security or public order, the issuing state can revoke a refugee seaman's travel papers, but even in such a case he must be readmitted if another nation so requests within 120 days after expiration of the papers. By this means the refugee seaman is protected against being thrown back into his former countryless situation.

The Agreement applies, however, only to those states acceding to or ratifying it and will not come into binding force until it has been ratified by the eight original members of the Conference. Of these, Belgium, France, Norway and Sweden have ratified the Agreement, and the United Kingdom, applying the principles of the Agreement in advance, has already issued travel documents to 2,000 refugee seamen. The other countries are the Netherlands, West Germany and Denmark.

In terms of numbers, this problem is not large in a world that is accustomed to thinking of hundreds of thousands or millions of people; but to Joseph or Francis there is no greater problem. The Agreement offers a simple, general means for refugee seamen to extricate themselves from their grave situation. All maritime nations are invited to participate, in fact, Morocco has already ratified the Agreement.

Widespread acceptance of the Agreement is vital to its effectiveness. Its ratification deserves the prompt consideration of every maritime nation of the world.

—JANET C. FULMER



Fred Wright

The Sailors' Hymn

UNTIL William Whiting wrote "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," the special needs of seafarers had been neglected in the hymn books. Written in 1860, the hymn immediately became popular, not only because it filled a need, but because of the inspirational quality of both words and music.

A London-born boy, William Whiting (1825-1878) was educated at Winchester College, a preparatory school. His musical ability earned him the leadership of the Winchester Choristers' School, which since 1382 had been training pupils to sing in the school chapel. It was while he was at Winchester that Whiting wrote "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," his only hymn which is still used today.

Though an inland school seems a strange birthplace for a hymn of the sea, Winchester is only twelve miles from Southampton, second greatest of England's ports, and only twenty miles from Portsmouth with its naval base.

Soon after Whiting wrote the verse, another Englishman, John B. Dykes, wrote music for this text, a tune called "Melita,"

after the island where St. Paul was shipwrecked (Malta) as given in the Authorized Version of the Bible, Acts 28:1.

The Reverend Dr. Dykes was a tireless composer, with over three hundred hymn tunes to his credit. A number of them are still popular, particularly "Lead, Kindly Light."

"Eternal Father, Strong to Save" is written in the form of a prayer to God in Three Persons, with each verse addressed to a member of the Trinity. This is the first verse:

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

"Eternal Father" is frequently used at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. It is sung at Morning Prayer aboard all ships under the British flag, and there is a beautiful translation of it in the hymn book of the French Navy.

—ELIZABETH G. BENTON

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To further research on salt water conversion, many private industries contribute manpower and materials to federal experiment stations. Here a bucket of fresh water, suitable for drinking, cooking or washing the baby, is taken from a solar still made with duPont plastics.

Office of Saline Water

Unsalting the Seas

DESPITE her tempestuousness, the sea has always been most generous to mankind, freely giving food for both body and soul. Man has drawn animal, vegetable and, more recently, mineral products from within her depths, and today he is seeking — as, indeed, he must — a way to use the very sea herself.

In the face of the world's rapid population growth, water shortage threatens to become a major problem. In the United States alone, water consumption has increased nearly sevenfold since 1900 and is expected to double by 1975. Stream-water, comprising 73% of the total fresh-water supply in this country, is prohibitively expensive to collect and redistribute. The answer must come from the seas.

Since the establishment of the Office of Saline Water in 1952, the federal government has sought cheap, efficient methods of converting salt water for use in agriculture, industry and the home. The 24 coastal states include more than 65% of the industry and 55% of the population of this country.

In May the Department of the Interior announced that the country's first million-gallon-a-day salt water conversion demon-

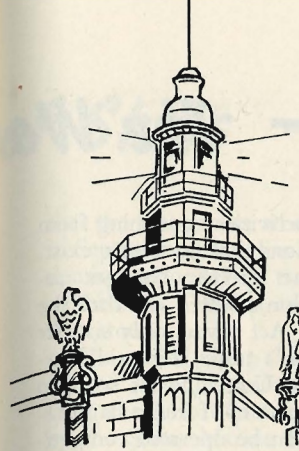
stration plant will be built on the Gulf Coast. A second plant, using atomic energy, will be constructed on the West Coast; an East Coast plant is projected for the future. Two plants for conversion of brackish water, one of them to use the electro-dialysis process, will be located in the Southwest and the Northern Great Plains.

Fresh water is commonly defined as having less than 1000 parts dissolved salts in one million parts water; salt water as 35,000 or more parts per million; brackish is between fresh and salt.

American home owners pay less than 30¢ per 1000 gallons of fresh water. Three years ago the cheapest converted sea water cost \$3 per 1000 gallons. The distillation process selected for the Gulf Coast plant promises to produce fresh water for less than \$1 per 1000 gallons.

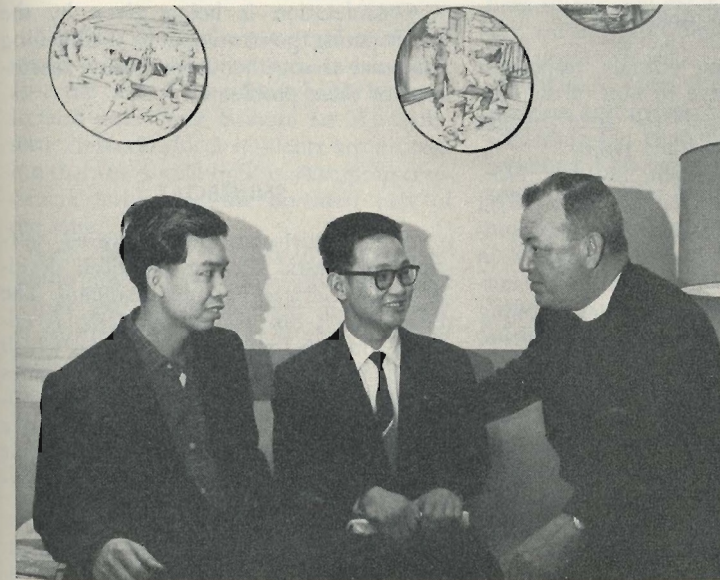
Private industry, universities and research centers of governments throughout the world are conducting experiments separately and together to learn how best to desalt the seas.

It is predicted that a usable process will be perfected within ten years, after which the desert areas of the world will soon be able to support thriving populations.



VISITORS: The Rev. Jimmy Butterworth (second from left), founder and leader of London's famous Clubland for girls and boys, and Colonel Edward P. F. Eagen (third from left), chairman of the People-to-People Sports Committee, were greeted at the Institute last month by Dr. Raymond S. Hall (right) and Captain Alfred O. Morasso.

The Rev. Butterworth is currently on an extended tour of the United States to raise funds for Clubland, which was completely demolished during World War II.



HONG KONG BLUES: Wang Ting To and Wong Jearn Hoi, Chinese sailors in their early twenties, haven't been home — Hong Kong — in two years. They are currently sailing as engine room cadets aboard the *M.S. Melvin H. Baker*, which runs between Canada and the U.S. east coast. The ship is manned entirely by a Nationalist Chinese crew.

At the International Seamen's Club last month, they told

Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Institute, of their visits to relatives in Red China. The Peiping government allows Chinese residents of Hong Kong to travel on the mainland of China whether or not they are Nationalists, a privilege not extended to Nationalist Chinese from other parts of the world. The only problem is to get a British permit to re-enter the city.

Since the *Baker's* sailing schedule never brings them closer to home than 6,000 miles, the crew have no idea when they will be able to see their families again. Messrs. Wang and Wong and their crewmates always visit the International Seamen's Club when their ship docks in New York.

The World of Ships

A BORN SAILOR

On March 30, 1942, a little while after the torpedoing of the ship on which his parents were coming to the United States, a baby was born in a lifeboat. Sixteen hours later the boat was picked up by the *Jesse Roper*, a United States ship on North Atlantic convoy duty, and Jesse Roper Mohorovicic's parents named him after the rescue ship.

This spring 17-year-old Jesse started well on his way to fulfill his stated ambition, to follow the sea, for he has been accepted as a cadet in the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, L. I.

NO, NO AND NO

State Department officials responded with a triple negative to nine West European nations' requests for three changes in United States maritime policy.

The United Kingdom, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France, West Germany, the Netherlands and Italy, conferring with United States officials in Washington last month, claimed the current depression in international shipping stems partly from United States policies. They requested that the government discourage registry of American-owned ships under the Panamanian, Liberian and Honduran "flags of convenience"; that government subsidy of ship construction be reduced; and that the Cargo Preference Act be reconsidered. This provides that 50 per cent of government-financed cargoes be carried in United States-flag ships.

Speaking for the State Department, Douglas Dillon, Under Secretary of Economic Affairs, suggested the "real causes" of the depression lie elsewhere. He cited extensive ship building programs of 1953 to 1957, which "glutted" the shipping market. He also stated that the present depression is partly a decline from "ab-

normal shipping activities" stemming from needs and conditions that no longer exist.

Concerning the specific changes requested, Mr. Dillon pointed out that the Cargo Preference Act covers only six per cent of the nation's trade. He said, furthermore, that the United States see "no alternative" but to accept foreign flag registry until ships can be operated competitively under the American flag.

According to several of the participating delegates, the conference ended in a "haze of mutual goodwill," and *The Journal of Commerce and Shipping Telegraph* reported Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation of the United Kingdom, as saying, "We had a very sympathetic hearing and I think we have done some very good work."

Consideration is being given by the participating governments to establishing informal arrangements for further discussion of these problems.

SNUGBOAT

A fully enclosed, diesel-powered, self-righting plastic lifeboat has been developed by German marine designers. The boat, which can seat 40 persons, is entered through four large hatchways which can be tightly closed. Two lookout domes surmount the 26-foot submarine-like double hull of glass fiber-reinforced polyester around hard plastic foam. The lifeboat was demonstrated recently at Bremerhaven, Germany.

SECOND SAVANNAH CREW

A second group of engineers and a staff of deck officers will be trained in operation of the nuclear merchant ship *N.S. Savannah*, launched July 21, 1959.

In the announcement, Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse reported

that the first group, which started training in September 1958, has completed the academic portion of its training and is now in the field. The first crew will come from this group.

The second group to be trained will consist of 11 engineering college graduates from the U.S. Merchant Marine, selected by the States Marine Lines, future operators of the ship. In addition seven foreign nationals sponsored by the Division of International Affairs of the Atomic Energy Commission and an American engineer sponsored by a shipbuilding company will be trained, with the costs borne by their sponsors.

TERRITORIAL WATERS

Conflicts about the extent of territorial waters usually arise between two nations, as in the case of the current battle between Iceland and Great Britain. In Massachusetts, however, local residents are protesting that the 3-mile limit is strangling commercial fishing in the northern part of the state.

One difficulty is that Massachusetts' 3-mile line in reality runs anywhere from a mile and a half to eight miles to sea. A further complication is that north of Boston, to the New Hampshire boundary, no commercial fishing is ever permitted in territorial waters, while south of Boston some areas are not restricted at all and others for only a few months.

The Atlantic Fisherman's Union reports that the livelihoods of 175 families are threatened, for small boats can not go out to sea in the winter. In the past ten years the number of small druggers operating out of Gloucester has dropped from 90 to about 45.

A general conference is in preparation to find a solution for all fishermen, with a compromise expected that would permit state-licensed boats to fish within the 3-mile limit during the winter months.

DOWN TO PORT ROYAL

The ruins of Port Royal, Jamaica, once headquarters of the fabulous pirate Henry Morgan, are being explored this summer under the sponsorship of the Smithsonian Institution, The National Geographical Society and the government of Jamaica.

Once a principal port of call for New England sailors bringing mainland products to trade for West Indies goods, Port Royal became known, during Morgan's reign, as "the wickedest city in the world." With almost Providential justice, the town was toppled into the sea by a violent earthquake on June 7, 1692 (Morgan died in 1688). Above water all that remains of Port Royal today is a small village on the outskirts of Kingston, but investigations have shown that extensive ruins of the old city are preserved under 35 feet of water in Kingston Harbor.

Edwin A. Link of New York, deep-sea explorer and inventor of the Link trainer, is leading the expedition from headquarters aboard his new 91-foot oceanographic research ship *Sea Diver II*.

CHLORINATED SEA WATER

It has been discovered that fish washed with chlorinated sea water keep fresher longer than fish washed in plain sea water, as is common today. A chlorinating unit was installed aboard a commercial trawler, the treated water being used both for washing the hold in port and for washing the gutted fish and the deck of the vessel at sea during two ten-day trips.

The fish landed at the end of each of these trips were reported cleaner than those washed in untreated sea water, and instances of bilgy fish were greatly reduced. It was also noted that washing the deck with chlorinated sea water removed the slime and reduced slipperiness. In view of these favorable results, other vessel owners at the Boston Fish Pier plan to install chlorinating units on their vessels.

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Of Ports & Poets

Although it can be seen as a steaming jungle, to merchant seamen New York is "the most," their favorite port.

The Port of New York Authority

NEW YORK is a great place to visit. Many people have said so in the past, and nearly one-half of the seamen who entered the Institute's 1959 essay contest agreed.

Writing on the assigned theme "My Favorite Port," 42 merchant sailors voted top honors to New York and tied Rio de Janeiro and Hong Kong for second place.

The chief characteristic a place must have to win a sailor's heart is a friendly population. This applies even to New York, although here some other advantages evidently loom equally or more important. Discussing what they liked about their chosen ports, the essayists also cited beauty, both natural and architectural; many varied things to do, especially in exotic ports where everything is new and different; and a sense of serenity and personal fulfillment which they achieved in particular ports of call.

The ports selected fell into three categories: home ports; busy, exciting cities; and places, usually obscure, where the seaman had gone through a profound emotional or intellectual experience.

An essay describing a port in this last category was awarded the \$100 first prize by judges John Mason Brown, H. James McCurrach and John K. Hutchens. A Jewish fishing village in Crete, where he was rescued after a torpedoing during World War II, is the subject of Yanetz Rammgal's winning entry, which begins on the facing page. An Israeli seaman, Mr. Rammgal rates additional kudos, for he chose to write not in his native tongue, but in English.

Second prize of \$25 was won by Joseph M. Morris, who sails with the United States Line, for his brief in behalf of the port of Hamburg and a girl named Frieda. Wilbur L. Motta won third prize, \$10, with a rhapsody on New York. These essays will be published in subsequent issues.

Honorable mention was awarded to Ira C. Kenney, engineer, who learned of the contest through an Institute advertisement posted at the Red Lion's Club in Hong Kong. The judges commended his exposition of the majority view: "New York, you are the most."

Tad Sadowski's free verse poem "Arctic

Affair," printed on the inside back cover, topped 86 entries in the 1959 poetry division to win the \$100 first prize. This makes the New York able seaman a two-time winner, for he also received first prize in 1957.

Judges Mark van Doren, Joseph Auslander and Arthur Sullivan awarded second prize to Herman Shapiro, a second assistant engineer from Reading, Mass., for his poem "Death of a Seaman" and third prize to Chief Officer Paul Schiff-

man for "Winter, North Atlantic." These poems, too, will be published in future issues of THE LOOKOUT.

About half the poems submitted for the contest dealt with the sea. One-fourth dealt with women, love and death, and the remainder were on other subjects.

These writing contests, like the painting contest reported last month, have been held annually since 1945 as part of the Institute's recreation program for merchant seamen of all nations.



FIRST PRIZE, 1959 ESSAY CONTEST

My Favorite Port

Illustrated by Bert Goodman

Yanetz Rammgal, who sails for Zim, is the first Israeli seaman to win one of the Institute's annual painting or writing contests.



THE PORT I call my favorite exists up to this very day, but only on the map. Every port is a combination of landscapes, atmospheres and people. I doubt if the landscape has altered much, but I know that the atmosphere has changed completely—because the people who lived, worked and loved in my favorite port are all dead.

* * *

Many years ago, as a member of a crew of barefooted, ten-year-old sailors, our days were spent raiding the Philistine coast, attacking Roman corn ships and sailing to the distant coast of Ophir on our long, fast Tarshish ships, whose sides were made of wet sand and shells.

There, off the shore of Jaffa, rising from the sea like an enchanted castle with her square, white houses clustered one upon the other, heavy Phoenician-like barges tossed under the feet of bellowing, baggy-trousered stevedores, while over the sands came an undulating file of haughty camels loaded with boxboards of aromatic oranges.

There, against the backdrop of the sun-scorched Jaffa skyline, near the ridge of dreaded rocks where beautiful Andromeda was chained and Jonah the prophet embarked on his voyage of destiny, there the keel of the voyage that led me to my favorite port was laid.

Years passed and the call of the sea proved stronger than all other calls, and at the outbreak of the world war I found myself sailing on a Jewish-manned vessel, attached to the British Admiralty, supplying the Australian troops in Libya.

After a few shuttle runs, I transferred to a Norwegian tanker bound for a rendezvous with Allied aircraft carriers thirsty for high octane.

But fate proved, as it usually does, how desperately inadequate we are when it comes to plotting the courses of our destinies on the unpredictable chart of life.

Off the isle of Crete, on the twelve-to-four watch, we caught a "tin fish." It was my watch below, and when I got on deck I found a nightmarish turmoil of smoke, flames and the screams of trapped men. Without too much deliberation I dived over the side and made a point of putting as much distance as possible between me and the inferno that once was a comfortable Norwegian tanker.

After more hours than I care to remember now, I was picked up by a fishing boat where, to my surprise, I was greeted by three members of our crew transferred earlier from one of the rafts. Fortunately for us the flames attracted the attention of the fishermen, who came with their boat to pick up survivors. They were very friendly, but since none of us understood their language, nor they ours, no conversation could develop.

Daylight was breaking on the horizon and the closer we came to shore the more excited I became. When the small harbour loomed into sight a shiver passed through my body. If not for the high distant mountains I'd willingly wager a round of drinks that we were heading towards the familiar shore of my home port of Jaffa, or at least a fairly accurate replica of her. I was



amazed to see the square white houses hugging the side of the small hill; the same ridge of foreboding crags. Even the wind was permeated with the fragrance of far away citrus orchards. And . . . some sixth sense told me that the fishermen were not Greeks. I find it difficult to explain, but something in their far-away expression urged me to ask them who they might be. But the fear that the question should seem silly and the lack of a common language between me and our rescuers prevented me from inquiring about their identity.

A group of men, women and children was awaiting us on the small boat quay when we landed. An old man departed himself from the standing people and greeted us warmly in English.

"Who are you all?" I inquired curiously. "Are you Greeks?"

He smiled good-heartedly, and while my shipmates were led to one of the houses, asked me, "And who are you, son?"

When I told him where I came from he was stunned. He stopped walking, clenched my hand and murmured a prayer in cracked ancient Hebrew. Luckily for me I was able to continue the passage, which excited him to such an extent that he began shouting to the people. And not before long I found myself surrounded, hugged and kissed by every man, woman and child within hearing distance.

"But who are you?" I insisted.

"Cretan Jews," answered the old man. "Our forefathers came here a very long time ago."

The next day the three Norwegians went to town to report to the shipping authorities. I stayed to take my survivor leave there and it wasn't long before I joined one of the old man's boats. He was, according to the tradition of his family, a descendant of the tribe of Levy — the tribe that I belong to, as well, according to the tradition of our family.

After many days and nights of hauling in fish and drinking good Cretan Raki and wine with my new brethren, I learned that these people were a remote tribe of seagoing Jews. According to tradition,



their forefathers came there with King Solomon's Tarshish ships to act as marines and guardsmen of the Hebrew-Phoenician colonies founded on the island.

"After the second temple was destroyed by the Romans," the fisherman said to me once in a legend-telling tone, "a wave of refugees from your own town of Jaffa came here. A stubborn maritime rebel base of Judean fighters, the Romans did all they could to destroy this place and exile its inhabitants."

The sea was the center of the life of these people from birth until death, and no seafarer could be prouder of his way of life.

In a confirmation ceremony that I was invited to, I marveled and appreciated the way in which a thirteen-year-old boy had to prove his manhood. He was put in a boat and had to row her out to sea, return, anchor and make her fast in a perfect seamanlike way. But then, after he passed this task successfully, he was not called only by the traditional Jewish expression, *Bar Mizva*, but (in Greek) *Kalos Kaiagatos* — a good and able seaman.

I noticed that as soon as the children could read they were taught by heart all the Bible passages referring to seamanship, like "Those who go down to the sea in ships," etc. I'll never forget the wonderful "Nauta" feast — the maritime "day of Jonah," when all grown-ups and children danced, sang and sailed in their boats until late at night; nor can I ever take out of my mind the remembrance of the shiver that passed my body when I

saw the two well-varnished oars that were put in a dead man's grave so that when "time comes" he could row his way to the land of Israel! . . .

I have sailed the seas ever since. I have been to practically every continent and had wonderful times in London and Durban, in Sydney and New York, but none of these ports was my favorite as that tiny little port of the Cretan seafaring Jews. Every homecoming was to me a special thrill. Every time I saw on the skyline the hill with the white square houses it was to me the realization of my childhood dreams. I felt as if I were born among those houses, near the trembling twines of their fishing nets.

One day I received an urgent message from the Norwegian consul to come see him at once "with kitbag and all." "The Germans invaded Greece," he said. "We are clearing away all stranded seamen. You'd better leave soon. I got a ship for you."

"I am not stranded at all," I answered him, "but I guess I'll have to leave."

I went back to the place that had become my home and gathered all the men to tell them of the developments.

"Let's take the boats and leave the island at once."

"We can't do that," snapped the old man. "Where shall we go? The gates of our land are locked by the British, as you say. If we sail there they'll exile us to rot on some African island as they did other Jewish refugees. We are seafaring people. We can't be prisoners! We either live hon-

orably or die. Besides, why should Hitler bother with a few poor fishermen . . . ?”

So I sailed away alone with the intention of coming back after the war to bring them to Jaffa where they belong.

Some time later, on my way to the Gold Coast, I heard over the radio that the island of Crete had been invaded by the Germans and that thousands of Australian, British, New Zealand, as well as Israeli (called then “Palestinian”), soldiers serving with the British forces in separate units had been taken prisoners.

Needless to say that my heart and mind were all the time with these people. As soon as the island was liberated I managed to get to Alexandria and join a small British coaster bound for Eraklio, Crete.

None of the crew nor the old man understood why I signed off my good Norwegian ship to join their dirty old coal-burner.

When we dropped anchor in Eraklio I went up to the old man. “Sir,” I said, “I want three days off.”

“Are you daft?” said he. “You want to waste three good days in this olive oil stinking hole? What for?”

“Well, it just happens that I have some relatives here,” I said, “whom I’d like very much to see.”

“Relatives,” mimicked the chief, sitting on the old man’s settee sipping his whiskey soda.

“Yes,” I said. “Relatives, and you’ll be surprised — they follow the sea as a way of life for many, many generations.”

“Go ’way, Jack. Don’t give us this malarkey . . .” laughed the chief scornfully. “The only Jews that I have ever seen near the sea were ‘clever’ shipchandlers!”

Eventually I got my three days and hurried to the place. It was ruined. The white stone houses were bombed, shattered. No boat, no sail, not a soul. No, there was someone. An old fisherman. I came over and looked at him. He was trying to catch some oysters among the rocks.

“Where are they?” I asked. He shook his head. “The *Ovros* [Hebrews]?” I tried my long forgotten Greek.

“Oh,” he replied sadly, passing his forearm across his throat as if with a



butcher’s knife, “they are all gone. The Germans killed them. Paratroops by the thousands. Goering’s Division. The rest were sent to the gas chambers in Poland with the rest of the Jews who lived in the towns.” * * *

“Well,” smiled the old man to me when I came down the foc’sle stairs. He was doing some sort of inspection with the mate. “Met your Jewish ‘seagoing’ relatives, did ye?” He gave me a wicked wink. “I bet she was good, the Jewish relative of yours.”

The chief roared with a laugh.

For a moment I looked at them.

That was the world I lived in.

Then I went inside the cabin and slammed the door. I approached the port-hole and looked away towards the sea. Somewhere in the distance, through the window of latticed harbor ropes, I could see a boat of sand and shells pitching up and down the waves.

— YANETZ RAMMGAL

Arctic Affair

I did not see the curve I had to climb
to anchor on this crest. I missed
the sight of slanting slopes, of falling rocks,
fallen trees and birds — of death.

On top this polar clean impacted in the wind
in the cold in the white, white sea, nothing fell.
And nothing falls.

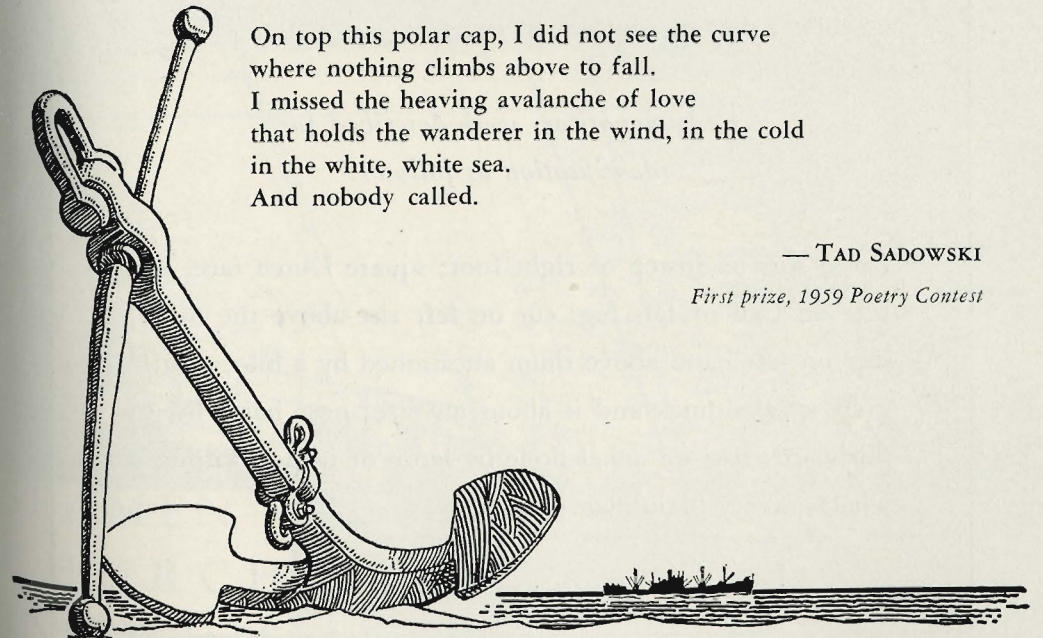
I saw no fall for night. There is no night.
Nothing moved for me upon this hill. Upon this open hill
(A colossal coffin, waste)
And nothing moves.

I need a lid to close on me.
This stunt of Adam’s geography so curved out Eden
that I scream, flood down the globe with cries and wails of life.
But nobody moves.

On top this polar cap, I did not see the curve
where nothing climbs above to fall.
I missed the heaving avalanche of love
that holds the wanderer in the wind, in the cold
in the white, white sea.
And nobody called.

— TAD SADOWSKI

First prize, 1959 Poetry Contest



A BACKWARD GLANCE

Reprint from 130th Anniversary Brochure of The Seamen's Bank for Savings

These expense account items of 1829 were found in the records of the bank and are quoted in the original spelling:

Broom and brush, 38 cents; scrubing and cleaning office, \$1; 3 months rent 149 Maiden Lane, \$50; sheet of tin, 13 cents; paid for getting in coal, 15 cents; paid for Stone Keg fount and 2 tumblers, \$1.42; paid for Spring Water, 18 cents; foot stool for writing desk, 37 cents; paid for Sweeping chimney, 50 cents; paid carting load coal and carrying in, 56 cents; coal scuttle, \$1; paid for bringing writing desk from O. H. Hicks office, 25 cents; seting pain of Glass, 19 cents; 1 box Sperm Candles, 38 cents; 1 bunch of Matches, 2 cents; 1 pair of snuffers, 25 cents.

*Early depositors were described for
identification as follows:*

Large scar on instep of right foot; square Dutch face, and scar on Caff of left leg; cut on left rist above the thum; scar on left hand above thum aucationed by a bile; a little grey, speaks quick and is about my size; nose has a list to starboard; scar on ankel done by lance or iron in killing a whale; a very plain man.