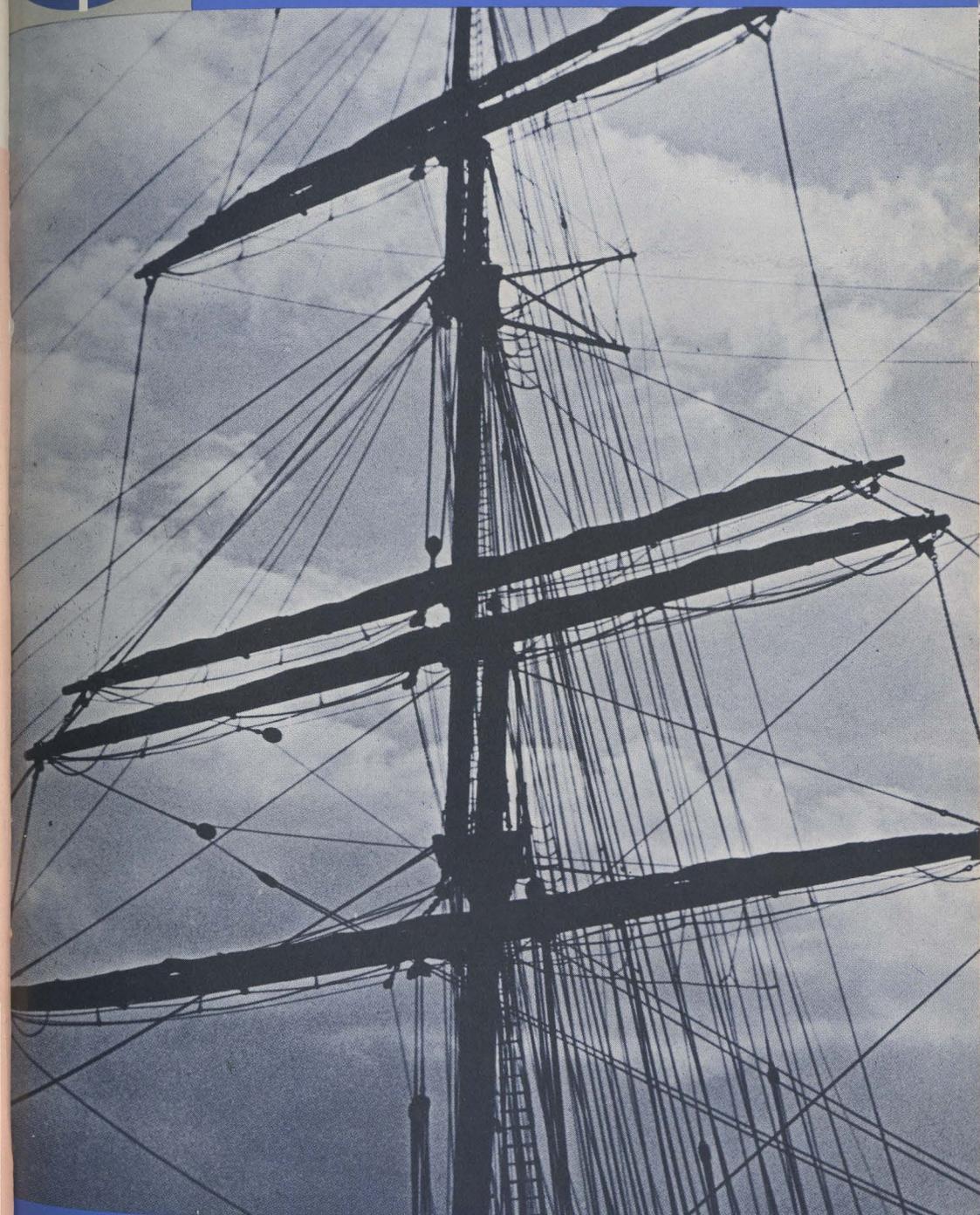




the LOOKOUT

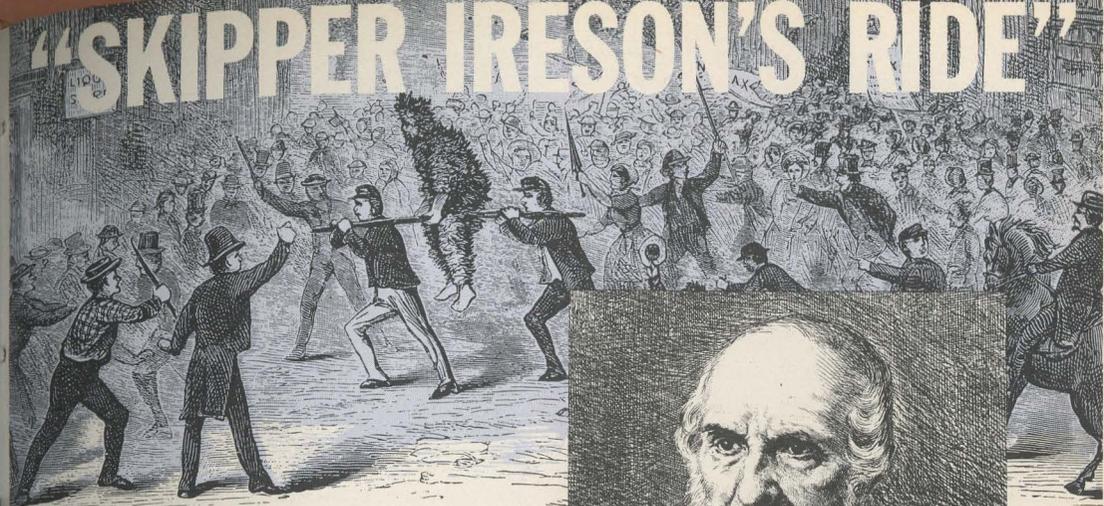
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JUNE 1967



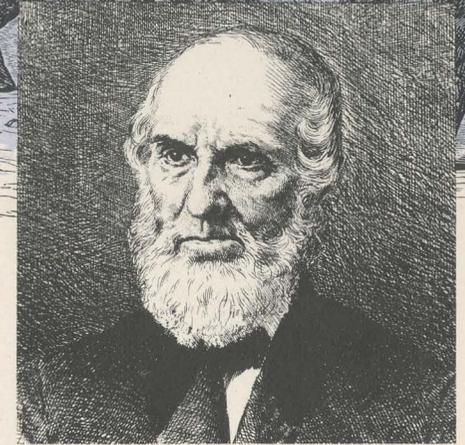
Views of construction of State Street building as it appeared in mid-May.



by Abbie Murphy

*"The strangest ride that was ever sped
Was Ireson's, out of Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart*

By the women of Marblehead!"



John G. Whittier

The town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, was settled in 1630. "Nature plainly meant it for a fishing station," says one historian. "Outthrust aggressively into the bay . . . with bracing air and flinty soil, nowhere in the world could have been found a fitter abode for its notable brood."

A man born in Marblehead in its early days had no choice but to take to the sea. As for its people, they have always been notable for their independence and their patriotism. Probably no town of its size in New England has given so much to the cause of freedom.

The every-which-way houses still cling like barnacles to the rocky ledges, facing all points of the compass. The town overlooks its beautiful harbor, now famous as a yachting centre.

In the early 1800's fishing was still Marblehead's only industry. The dried salt cod of Marblehead was sent all over the world, and Marblehead's fishermen were noted for their skill.

The Captain of the schooner *Betsy* was Floyd Ireson, an able and respected shipmaster, thoroughly inured to the

hardships and perils of sea life. His home on Circle Street, a few steps from the harbor, is still pointed out to visitors.

Cap'n Ireson was destined to be the leading figure in a story that to this day can get you an argument in the twisting streets of Marblehead. Ireson may well have been the innocent scapegoat in a most unfortunate incident.

"SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE," a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier, became one of the poet's best-known offerings . . . one of those sentimental ballads which were memorized and "recited" by school-children of the middle 1800's. Years had passed since "Ireson's ride" actually occurred, and the story had been a New England legend long before Whittier focussed his imagination upon it.

True it is, according to Marblehead's historians, that Skipper Ireson, on returning to home port from a voyage in the *Betsy*, "in the teeth of a tremendous gale," met a wreck drifting with the

winds and tide. It was the schooner *Active* of Portland, and on it were some of Ireson's own townspeople. The skipper of the *Active* hailed the *Betsy* and asked to have his men taken off the sinking vessel. Unaccountably, the *Betsy* sailed away, and returned home.

The story quickly spread through the town, and two boats were sent to aid in possible rescue of the men on the *Active*. Three were saved... the rest went down with the wreck. As a result the shameful incident referred to by the poet occurred. Ireson was seized, tarred and feathered, and dragged in a dory as far as the Salem boundary. There the screaming mob stopped. That much is told.

It is said that, on his release, Skipper Ireson spoke to the townspeople as follows:

"I thank you, gentlemen, for my ride... but you will live to regret it."

It was, at the very least, an appealing and dramatic theme for a poet like Whittier. His subjects dealt mostly with New England legend. Using poetic license, Whittier changed many of the details. To add an especially forceful touch, the poet made the mob chiefly women... "the women o' Marblehead."

Disregarded entirely was the old

Captain's denial of his guilt in the matter. He maintained that not he, but the crew of the *Betsy* should be blamed and punished. Evidently the men, well knowing the wrath that would descend upon them from their kinsfolk in town, transferred the guilt to Ireson; and without further investigation, the mob acted. To add another bit of drama, the poet used the "Marblehead dialect," which, according to old accounts, was really formidable.

This is the way Whittier described the scene:

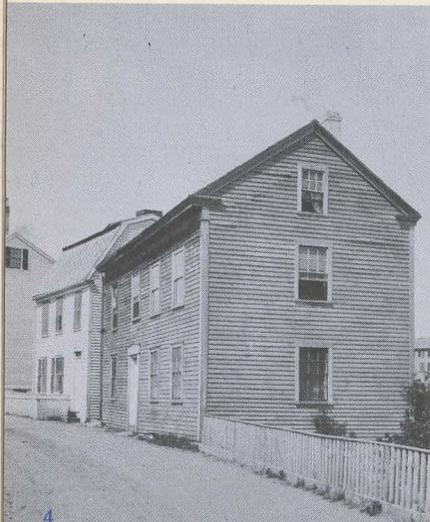
*"Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane
Shouting and singing the shrill
refrain:*

*"Here's Flud Oirson fur his horrd
horrt
Torr'd and futherred an' corr'd in
in a corrt
By the women o' Marblehead!"*

The "corrt" referred to the journey back to Ireson's home... in Salem the then bottomless dory was placed in a cart, along with the captain, for return to Marblehead.

(Continued on page 13)

"Skipper" Benjamin Ireson House,
1775, on Circle Street in Marblehead



Roofs of Marblehead and Abbot Hall.



MONTREAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE



by W. H. Owens

Midway between the Atlantic Ocean and the head of the Great Lakes (a thousand miles from each) stands Montreal, the largest inland port in the world. It is a busy meeting-place of international shipping which passes along the St. Lawrence Seaway to and from the lake ports at the heart of the Continent.

This summer Montreal stages a World Exhibition (Expo 67) as part of the centennial celebrations of the Canadian Federation. From the unique islands' site, in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, exhibition visitors will enjoy a continuous pageant of shipping, along the Seaway on the one side and in and out of Montreal Harbour on the other.

Montreal is one of the oldest and most historic cities of North America. Ships have traded at the foot of Mount Royal since the earliest days of white

settlement. Long before that, however, the Huron Indians, who lived about the slopes of the little mountain, paddled their birch-bark canoes far up the river. With these long, light craft they could safely shoot the St. Lawrence rapids upstream, which, for centuries before the deep seaway was created, hindered the white man's trade with the Great Lakes region.

The first recorded voyages up the St. Lawrence River from the Atlantic were made by the sixteenth-century French explorer, Jacques Cartier. In August, 1535, he sailed past the Gulf and into the river for the first time, naming both after the Saint whose feast day happened to coincide with the time of this discovery.

Cartier, who had really been seeking the elusive "North-West Passage" to India and China, reached the site of Quebec on September 14. On the rocky heights above the river he came upon the Huron Indian village of Stadacona. From the explorer's diary we learn that his three little weather-beaten ships were met and escorted by twelve Indian canoes. The natives were extremely friendly to the strangers from Europe who remained with them during the winter.

In the following summer, Cartier and his crew made a second exploratory voyage up the St. Lawrence, this time reaching another Indian settlement, called Hochelaga, which was eventually to be the site of Montreal.

During his stay there he climbed the wooded slopes overlooking the

(Continued on page 12)

RESPONSE TO AN EMERGENCY



a. A thirty-four-year-old powered fishing schooner, sailing under the hyphenated name of *Marjorie-Dorothy* (in honor of the owner's daughters) is a weather-beaten vessel which trawls off the Atlantic coast. She is out of Halifax.

The wooden vessel is not much for looks. No yacht, she. The deck is worn and splintery. The aroma exuding from her planks could not possibly be mistaken for Chanel Number Five. She could stand a paint job. Her unkempt appearance suggests that of an old harridan who has seen better days. Like a better, younger New York before it was called "Fun City".

The *Marjorie-Dorothy* lay quietly in the water alongside the dock as if recuperating from the beating she had received from the sea just a week before. "She's a good ship, even now," the skipper said defensively as we stood in the leaking pilot house and looked out at the wet deck and the pouring rain. Captain Douglas Boudreau is a grizzled old salt of around fifty years.

In early May the *Marjorie-Dorothy* was about 450 miles ESE of New York, headed for a spot off Norfolk where Captain Boudreau and his crew of seven (the vessel was manned by

a. Chaplain Russell Brown (manager, Seamen's International Club of SCI) and SCI shipvisitor Aldo Coppi watch two crewmen in SCI billiard room.

b. In the still dank fo'c's'le some of the crew and the captain talk over their experience with SCI's man, Aldo Coppi (wearing glasses).

c. Captain Boudreau looks over charts in wheel-house preparatory to moving out to sea.



twenty-seven men in the old days) planned to trawl for sword-fish.

The crew was composed of Austin and Murdock Boudreau, Barry Mosher, José Costa Bon, James J. Noel, Joad Trinidadé, and Emden Lohnes. They figured to be at sea about two weeks. They took no money with them. What good is money if you don't plan to make a landfall? No extra clothing. A fishing vessel is a pretty smelly place, and who wants to stink up a suit of shore clothing?

For a time everything went well for the *Marjorie-Dorothy*. Then the sky darkened ominously and a ferocious hurricane struck (Captain Boudreau spoke of it as a "breeze"). The storm tossed the craft around as if it were a mere matchstick. Some of the rigging went. "I couldn't keep her into the breeze," Boudreau related. "I had to let her run with it."

Then a huge sea smashed in from the stern and tons of water crushed the rear of the pilot house. The impact and



c. the water instantly put the radio, radar and other navigational instruments out of commission, and killing the engine. The deck became awash and the ship was on the verge of foundering.

"I've been to sea for thirty-seven years," said Boudreau, in recounting the event, "and I knew we were in bad trouble. But I didn't 'let on' to the boys how I felt. I just kept them working the pumps and assigning them to all the jobs I could think of . . . so they wouldn't think about the predicament we were in."

With no means of communication and totally out of control, the vessel hoisted a distress signal pennant. It was seen by a tanker which stood by while it called the Coast Guard by radio. A Coast Guard plane came over, and then a CG cutter appeared. It put a battery-powered transmitter and receiver radio aboard the *Marjorie-Dorothy* and helped the Halifax fisherman re-start its engines, then escorted the crippled Canadian vessel to New York and a Brooklyn dock.

The wet, miserable and shivering crew was completely without means at this point. No money. No food. No clothes.

Then someone thought of the Institute. SCI responded at once. Aldo Coppi, a ship visitor, was dispatched with an SCI station wagon to pick up

the men from the dock where they huddled, brought them to the Institute where they had a chance to shower (there is no running water — hot or cold — on the schooner). Then a hot meal and a clean bed for the exhausted men.

The next day all of the men were taken to the SCI Slope Chest and completely outfitted — from head to toe — with clothing from the skin out: underwear, shirts, trousers, socks, shoes, jackets, caps, windbreakers, etc. They were given some spending money, shaving kits, and other articles a man needs. Script for meals was distributed to the group.

The men spent five days and nights at the Institute under the guidance of shipvisitor Coppi, meanwhile availing themselves of all its services. Some attended the evening dances in the International Seamen's Club. Others used the recreational rooms for billiards, a movie, television, and writing letters and otherwise recovering from the shock of the numbing sea experience.

Later, after the *Marjorie-Dorothy* had been pumped out and made somewhat habitable again, the crew returned to living aboard while the vessel was re-fitted and made seaworthy. *The Lookout's* editor-photographer photographed some of the crew aboard at this time — in the still dank fo'c's'le.

Captain Boudreau, more articulate than the crew members, spoke for all of them when he said, "We sure are grateful to the Institute for all it did for us, and we can't thank it enough. All the people there made us feel welcome. It was wonderful. We'll never forget it as long as we live."

From the way he said it, there was no doubt the Captain meant every word.

—HAROLD G. PETERSEN

If an epitaph had been written, it might read:

"Conceived in the era of the sail, she was weaned on the whim of the slave traders, seasoned by the fortunes of war, matured in the hands of future mariners, and died ingloriously a victim of a new age."

Such was the *St. Marys*, a staunch and picturesque two-decked sloop-of-war whose bow first touched salt in 1843 at the Washington Naval Yard.

Named for a small city on the western shore of Maryland, she was built to pursue the slave traders that, at that time, still carried their contraband between the Guinea Coastlands and the Southeast Atlantic.

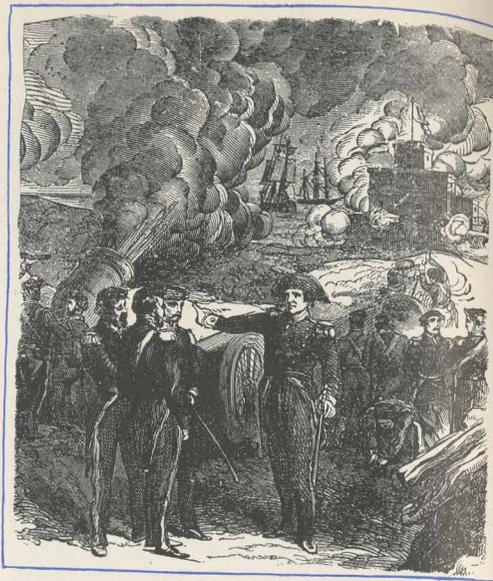
Likened in design to the *Bonhomme Richard* of John Paul Jones, and small by modern standards — 150 feet long with a 36 foot beam and a 10 foot draft — the *St. Marys* was nevertheless three-masted and full rigged. During her half century of service, she was considered one of the fleetest Naval vessels afloat.

A veteran of two wars, she was one of the blockading squadron in the Mexican conflict and in the company of the *Potomac* and *Raritan*, she captured the Port of Tampico and landed troops at Vera Cruz. During the Civil War, she acted as convoy to American merchantmen and was active in driving away the Confederate commerce destroyers.

Today, some 55 years after her fiery death on a beach at Port of Pines, Mass., dismantled and dismantled, the *St. Marys* is remembered by only the cadets, past and present, of the State University Maritime College at Fort Schuyler, Bronx, New York.

For it was in the prime of her proud career, the *St. Marys*, in the fall of 1874, became the first training vessel of the then newly created New York Nautical School, the former name of the present college.

For 33 years, moored at the foot of East 23rd Street in Manhattan during the winter and at sea during the sum-



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE IN SAIL

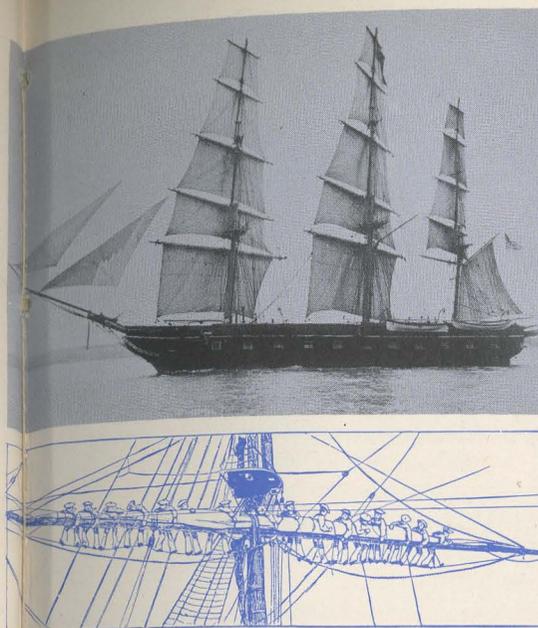
mer, the *St. Marys* was "home" for all the cadets. They ate, slept, studied, relaxed, and learned to respect the whim of the sea aboard her.

A typical day aboard the *St. Marys* at the turn of the century, while she was at berth, was a little different than that experienced by today's cadets.

Following reveille at dawn, the cadets would prepare for inspection and do ship's work. After breakfast, classes would be held until lunchtime at 12:30 followed by more class periods. The curriculum at that time consisted of English, history, arithmetic, nautical astronomy, and rules of the nautical road. During the evening, the cadets would study the next day's lessons or write letters home.

It was at sea, however, that the youthful crew proved as worthy of the *St. Marys* as she did of them.

A partial glimpse can be found in the ship's log of 1905, written during her



twentieth transatlantic crossing as a training ship. Following a bout with a violent gale, Commander Gustave C. Hanus, superintendent of the school, noted, "It was necessary to call all hands to furl the sail and many of the boys distinguished themselves in this dangerous evolution. . . . No officer or seaman of experience has ever seen a ship behave so magnificently as did the *St. Marys* while hove to for 27 hours. In the high seas, the old ship rode like a duck. She took no seas on board and scarcely any spray." Also in the same year, the ship's log reports that the *St. Marys* broke all records for daily runs, covering as much as 257 miles.

The bill of fare aboard the *St. Marys*, when at sea, was termed by the cadets "monotonous", although they did admit there was lots of it.

Breakfast consisted of either stewed dried fruit or oatmeal and what was termed "pigeon milk" (half condensed

milk and half water). Dinner was usually a concoction of salted meat and, once a week, canned corned beef hash.

Potatoes were served as long as they lasted, usually about two weeks. There were no fresh vegetables or eggs and hard pilot crackers were served instead of bread. The coffee was dubbed, by virtue of its taste, "copper paint."

In 1907, with the advance of the steam engine and the various mechanical and electrical equipment of the "modern" merchant craft, the college decreed that the old ship had outlived its purposes. Equipped with only sail power, she was modern enough to train young men in the difficult art of handling a sailing vessel, but the cadets of the dawning era needed newer skills and knowledge.

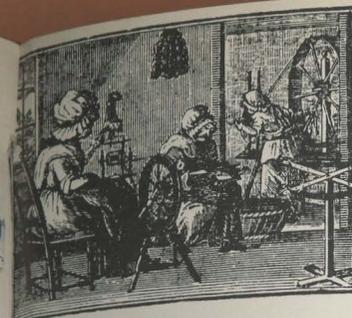
It must be said of the *St. Marys* that to the end of her cruising, and in spite of the weakening condition of her timbers, no unseaworthiness was marked against her and she retained her honors as one of the fastest sailing ships afloat.

She is gone but not forgotten. For the Americana that was, the *St. Marys* is still evoked in the college's alma mater "The Bells of St. Marys" and is remembered in the name of the courtyard framed by historic Fort Schuyler, St. Marys Pentagon.

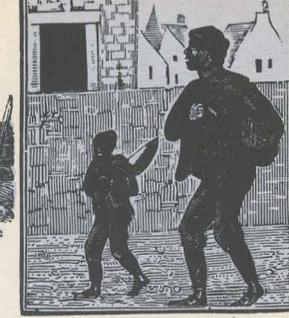




British Sea Superstitions



by Allan P. Major



Since the early days of civilization when men first made a craft and ventured out to sea, to explore, conquer or trade, they have been superstitious about its potent power — which could be their friend or destructive enemy.

These primitive races believed the sea contained a god, and to please it the blood of a freshly sacrificed young woman or girl was thrown against the bows of their frail vessel while the head of the victim was also placed on it to protect those who sailed in it from the sea god's anger. This is believed to be the origin of figureheads, many of them busty females, with long flowing hair, being used on sailing ships and why a ship is still launched by a bottle of liquid, usually champagne, being broken against it.

Sailors in the past firmly believed the sea god was male and so they always described their ship as a "she", believing the sea god would then be more kind to the ship, it being a female.

Great Britain has been a maritime nation for centuries. So it is not surprising that in the past, and even today, her seafarers are as superstitious as those of any other country whose men go down to the sea to obtain their living on that "old gray widow-maker", as Rudyard Kipling described it. In Britain it is still considered unlucky for a man to launch a ship and so a woman is asked to do it, in accordance with the tradition of pleasing the sea god.

For centuries it has also been considered unlucky to launch a ship on Friday. British shipyards still usually

adhere to the unwritten rule that ships are launched every day of the week except on Friday. This day had a tradition of religious observance among seamen and hence it was felt that it should not be dishonored by a launching. A launching was usually accompanied by hard effort and hefty blows, the striving by the workers setting off a flood of profanity.

In one such instance the wife of a shipyard owner in Northern Britain was asked to launch a new ship, but when she realized the day chosen was a Friday, also the 13th, she refused, insisting on the ceremony being postponed to the following day. Tyneside shipyard owners agreed she was correct doing this and said it was far better for a ship to rest on the slipway than launch it on a Friday and bring misfortune to the crew.

British seafarers are also just as superstitious about the number 13 and even more so about Friday the 13th, possibly because this was the number of disciples present before Christ was betrayed and Friday was also the day when criminal executions took place in Britain.

In the 1850's the British Admiralty decided to try and end, once and for all, this sailor's superstition. It was arranged for the keel of a ship intended for the Royal Navy to be laid on a Friday. The ship was named *Friday* and captained by a man named Friday.

She sailed on her maiden voyage on a Friday—and vanished with all hands.

In the Royal Navy there is still a strong superstition belief that the

names of reptiles and serpents are unlucky. In its history, four *Vipers*, four *Serpents*, three *Lizards*, two *Snakes*, one *Adder*, one *Cobra*, and one *Crocodile* have been lost in various way while in service for the Navy.

Another name of ill-omen is *Wasp*. In 1883 a vessel of that name ran aground on the Irish coast with serious loss of life. A new *Wasp* was launched in 1887 and in a later tour of duty sailed from Hong Kong to Singapore and disappeared en route.

Another superstition concerns a beer glass or a beer tumbler, a handleless glass container. If it is partly filled with liquid and accidentally knocked so that the glass makes a ringing sound, a sailor will immediately put his hand on the glass to stop this so as to prevent the death of another sailor at sea.

English sailors' wives in the past would never wind wool by artificial light because it was believed that if they did so they would be "raffling the sailors in their courses."

There are many British superstitions among seafarers and fishermen. It was unlucky to take a woman on board ship because, it was thought, the vessel being a "she", would become jealous of the human rival and so not give of her best on the voyage.

To see a priest while walking to join one's ship was a warning of impending disaster, but it was good luck to see a chimney sweep.

Many other beliefs concern animals. If a Flamborough, Yorkshire, fisherman on the way to his boat met a man driving pigs, this was accepted as a bad

omen and he would return home. If a man was driving sheep, this was a sign of a good catch, but no one seems to know why. If the word "pig" was mentioned in conversation to a Whitby, Yorkshire, fisherman while at sea, he would seize the nearest piece of iron and shout "cold iron"—the spirit in the metal helping to avert disaster.

In the Moray Firth area on Scotland's east coast, fishermen never mention a horse by name except as a "four-footed beastie" or else their catch will be poor.

The sea-gulls that alight on a vessel or fly around picking up scraps must never be harmed, according to another superstition, because they are the winged reincarnation of drowned sailors.

In some seafaring areas fishermen would never eat eggs for breakfast on the day of sailing, and while at sea they believed it would mean a bad catch to eat food before catching the first fish. Whistling on the way to a ship or while on board before sailing was frowned on.

Seamen always made sure they never handed a flag to another sailor through the rungs of a ladder, as this signified disaster. A voyage would be full of trouble if a clumsy sailor lost his mop and bucket overboard. If a sailor or fisherman dreamt of a white crested sea on the night before sailing, it meant a safe trip or a good haul of fish.

Today many of these old seafaring superstitions and beliefs may seem humorous and farcical, but in the past they were seriously believed in, and the various signs accepted as warnings or otherwise.



(Continued from page 5)

MONTREAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

river, naming them Mont Royale in honor of the King of France. Although Cartier must have seen the St. Lawrence winding on into the western horizon, he apparently decided to explore no further.

Nothing more was recorded of the great river of Canada until early in the next century, when another French explorer, Samuel de Champlain, sailed across the Atlantic from Normandy with one small ship and a crew of twelve.

Like his predecessor, he also landed at Quebec where he established a small fort at the foot of the Rock. On reaching the island village of Hochelaga, he was so impressed by its possibilities for white settlement that he set up a trading post there and named it Place Royale.

Although de Champlain's attempt to form a colony at Place Royale proved unsuccessful, his explorations of the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes were the most important up to that time. He opened up new routes by water and overland for others who came later.

One of his longest and most daring voyages was made in search of the "Great Sea", about which he had heard from the Indians. In the course of it he touched the shores of three of the Great Lakes — Huron, Erie and Ontario — and was probably the first white man ever to do so.

The man who did eventually lay the foundations of Montreal was Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, a young officer in the Royalist Army of France. On May 18, 1642, he established and named the settlement Ville Marie de Montreal — the nucleus of what was to grow into the largest French-speaking city of the world after Paris.

Maisonneuve's enterprise was essentially of a missionary character, under the patronage of the Church. A mission station was set up and a hospital founded for the sick. Parts of that early hospital survive in Old Montreal to this day.

On the summit of Mount Royal, now preserved as a beautiful open space for the citizens, stands a cross, a hundred feet high. It commemorates the day in 1643 when Maisonneuve, as an act of piety and gratitude to God for what the settlers had achieved, climbed the slopes bearing a huge wooden cross on his shoulder, to plant it in the place nearest to the sky.

For long afterwards Montreal was a base for explorers, missionaries and traders whose activities ranged far over the North American continent. There are thousands of place-names throughout the United States which are of French origin. During the eighteenth century the French in Canada were almost continuously at war with the Americans or the British.

For one year, in 1775, the American colors flew over Montreal, but eventually the city became part of British Canada and, a century ago, of the independent Federation.

Although Montreal is the most modern of cities, many historic sites and landmarks are preserved in the

SCI International Club hostess Maureen Docherty exhibits brand-new New York metropolitan area map she distributes to visiting seamen and which shows location of the various seamen's centers operated by SCI and other organizations. Miss Docherty, from Merrie Olde England, was a school-teacher there, instructing in French.



older quarters. One may still see the site of the almost legendary village of Hochelaga, and the spot where, in 1644, Maisonneuve repulsed the warlike Iroquois tribe and so saved the colonists from almost certain massacre. About the streets of Old Montreal are famous and beautiful buildings, particularly churches. Among them is St. Joseph's Oratory, a place of devout pilgrimage, and the Church of Notre Dame which is a replica of the world renowned Notre Dame cathedral in Paris.

The growth of Montreal into one of the world's greatest ports was due to its key position on the St. Lawrence and at the meeting-place of important land routes. Since the opening of the deep seaway to the Lakes in 1959 its trade and influence has increased enormously.

The re-opening of St. Lawrence navigation each April, after the winter shipping standstill, has been marked by a ceremony at Montreal Harbour ever since the days of sail. The master of the first ship to dock there is presented with a gold-headed cane stamped with the city's crest. This is a much-coveted trophy among Atlantic sea captains.

THE END

(Continued from page 4)
"SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE"

*"Small pity for him! He sailed
away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur
Bay . . .
Sailed away from a sinking wreck
With his own townspeople on her
deck!"*

Whatever occurred that night in "Chaleur Bay" will never be known. Skipper Ireson lived out his days in Marblehead, apparently liked and respected by his townspeople. He always maintained his innocence.

The town of Marblehead has seen many colorful incidents . . . some good, some bad. The old houses lean toward each other in the salty air, as if whispering that the secrets of old Marblehead are her own, and should not be trumpeted to a curious world. The town's shining record of valor and patriotism are more than enough to offset the poetic license that made "SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE" such a startling story.

John Masefield, Poet Of The Sea

John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England and honorary member of the Board of Managers of Seamen's Church Institute since 1933, died in May at the age of 89. He visited the Institute several times.

As a 'teen-ager he left home and became a seaman, leading this adventurous life for about four years. This experience formed the basis of his famous poems of the sea, the best-known being

"Sea-Fever" and "Cargoes".

The New York Times, in its obituary, said:

"To the end of his life, there was a nautical roll to his gait, noticeable even when he walked with the aid of a stick. The sea was with him. 'No man can fail to feel for a ship as a living thing,' he told an interviewer. 'She is a living thing, almost a divine thing, who demands and receives service'."

SEA-FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and clear call that may not be denied,
And all I ask is a windy day and the white cloud's flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a
whetted knife,

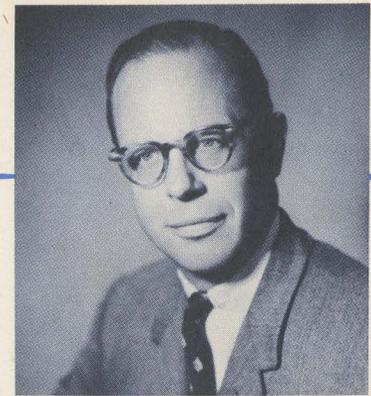
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.



MEET THE BOARD

DAVID W. DEVENS

Mr. Devens has an impressive record of service to the Institute; he became a member of the Board in 1958 and assistant secretary a year later; he has participated in the work of five committees, is currently active in two.

In 1965 he was elected to the office of assistant treasurer, the post he now holds.

Mr. Devens is vice president of Johnson & Higgins. He is also a trustee of Norwalk Hospital and of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Clinic.

Married in 1945, he is the father of two children. Mr. Devens graduated from Harvard and is president of the Harvard Club of New York Foundation. Mrs. Devens is president of Gazebo, Inc. of Norwalk. She is active in the affairs of the Republican State Central Committee of Connecticut.



the LOOKOUT

Vol. 58, No. 4

June 1967

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
Telephone: 269-2710

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Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

COVER: Mast and spars form silhouette pattern against June cloud-flecked sky.



PERVERSIY

This is an alien land
To a heart that loves the sea,
Prison land with mountain bars,
No far horizon endlessly
To draw the spirit and the eye;
Here no rhythmic tidal flow,
No sea salt pungent on the air;
Here but relentless wind to blow
Upon the bare and towering cliff.
Here I'm held, unwilling thrall,
Yet, perhaps, if I were back
Beside a crumbling, gray sea wall,
My inner ear would hear and my spirit,
Restless, eager yet once more,
Would reply by knocking breathlessly
Upon this mountain's rocky door.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb