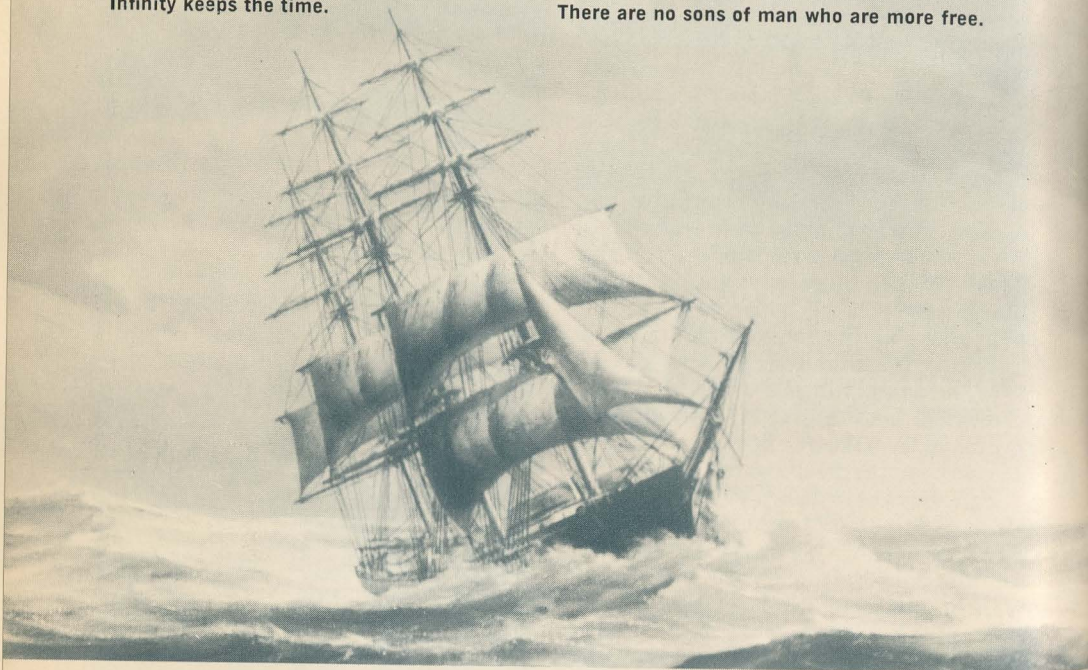


by Nina M. Sedlak

Gulls sweep low in the salt wind
Near a seiner, draped nets dripping;
Lolling lazily at anchor.
A spider crab skitters sideways
Through black sand to find secure hiding
Beneath cool rocks, sea mired.
The tapered lighthouse stands aloof,
Battered sentinel of night-homing,
Alone—buttressed by stone.
Dawn softly sweeps the gray-strewn sky,
Tide-turning sings along the shore,
Infinity keeps the time.



Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Return Requested

FIRST DOG WATCH

by ex-seaman Sanford Sternlicht (from *Gull's Way*)
Bare headed, faces bright with beads of sweat,
Two thick-armed, apron-girded cooks with wet
Hands holding implements, watch the white sun
Descending slowly. The sweepers have begun
Their work. Up on the fo'c'sle near the staff,
Some men have gathered in the breeze to laugh
And sing before the evening meal. The soft
Strains of an old guitar wend on aloft
For all on board to hear. It tells the sky
That there are those who live but to defy
The conjured wind, the ever-waiting sea.
There are no sons of man who are more free.



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1964



► John De Vries

The slim, dark, wiry young seaman had been involved in a shipboard accident which sent him to St. Luke's Hospital when his ship, *Eemhaven*, reached Manhattan last month.

The ship returned to Holland without him and 20-year-old John De Vries was quite alone in New York—for a day.

To await the *Eemhaven's* return, the shipping agent sent our seaman to SCI where he was welcomed warmly and soon comfortably settled. "I have a large room and from my window I see the river and the heliport," he told us. Leisure time is spent in the gym, at International Club dances and at the movies. The long wait now seems more tolerable. Institute Chaplain James Savoy introduced John to the sights and sounds of the city and, on one weekend, to rural Connecticut.

John is the only seaman in his family and regards the profession with mixed emotions. He welcomes the opportunity to travel and to meet new people, but regrets that "it's a lonely life." When he returns to Holland he may abandon the sea to join his father's insurance business.

A fine athlete (he took three medals in the 100-meter dash in maritime school), John missed the soccer game arranged for his shipmates last September, but he hopes to play the next match when the *Eemhaven* returns.

We wish him rapid recovery.

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

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

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

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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COVER: In a quiet moment by the sea, an oilskin-clad New Englander puffs reflectively on a pipe.



Fifty-two years ago the Bishop of New York laid the cornerstone at 25 South Street for a large and impressive edifice which was to be constructed in the Dutch colonial style, trimmed with bears and eagles, be-decked with a lighthouse and surmounted by a towering cross. Those who planned and built the house knew that two essentials are required to provide a "home ashore" for merchant seamen: the comfort of hospitable shelter and the sustenance of plain, good food.

A half-century has passed since the building was erected and over the years the basic ingredients of a home have been provided together with many "extras." An extra-special occasion is scheduled for this month on Thanksgiving Day when "all hands" will share a family dinner together.

There will be the traditional turkey with all the trimmings—including the end-product of an ancient recipe for plum duff, a "sailor's delight." Dinner is on the house and the familiar surroundings of our cafeteria seem somehow transformed by the holiday spirit as clergy, coworkers and seamen all lend a hand in the mechanics of serving dinner to a thousand guests!

Invariably the cost must be reckoned and, sooner or later, the watchdogs with a weather eye for economics sound a note of warning: "Sure, it's a happy occasion—but it's costly!"

Budgets and rising costs continue to present the uncomfortable prospect of "trimming our sails" and eliminating a popular tradition which for many years succeeded in filling our large house with the congenial warmth

of a family event as the established custom of "Thanksgiving Dinner at 25 South Street" is observed once again.

Won't you help us to perpetuate the warm, family spirit of this day by sharing your bounty with the many hundreds of guests who will crowd our house for Thanksgiving this year?

All of us at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York send you our best wishes for a happy holiday and wherever we may break bread on this special day of Thanksgiving, may the Lord be in our midst.

Lord Jesus be our holy guest,

Our morning joy, our evening rest.

And with our daily bread impart

Thy love and peace to every heart.



Chef James Adams serves turkey to a merchant seaman in SCI's cafeteria. More than 1,000 men are expected to enjoy the free Thanksgiving meal in the traditional day of sharing.

by Chaplain William Haynsworth

Taste of Danger



Seaman Lackey's story is one incident among many when men of the Merchant Marine face imminent danger to supply our military forces on the battlefronts of the world.

Saigon, Viet Nam. May 3. 5:05 a.m.

The 4,612-ton carrier *Card* TAKV 40 listed at anchor in the yellow-ochre water of the widened river called Saigon Harbor. Officers and crewmen were secured in their bunks catching some shut-eye before their departure for the States in just five hours.

The gargantuan carrier had delivered its cargo of helicopters and ammunition for Americans fighting the Lonely War. Two days before, it maneuvered the river through a hail of bullets from the Viet Cong on one side of the channel, the Vietnamese on the other.

5:10 a.m.

The ship quaked. An explosion under the floating city shook the men from their sleep, threw others to the floor. Through a 30-foot rip in the ship's steelplate the brackish water of the river crashed into crew's quarters.

Seaman Joseph Lackey calls that his "Night to Remember," and described the explosion which propelled him from his bunk on the fourth deck, where he had been sleeping,

and the events which followed.

Half a minute elapsed before the water, like quicksilver, slashed through the open fo'c'sle. The crewmen were panicked and incredulous. In various stages of undress they scrambled for the deck ladder. As they appeared on deck they were met with the ominous sound of the "abandon ship" whistle.

Using disaster methods, some even jumping from ship to pier, they assembled ashore to watch their ship slowly sinking. Bringing order to chaos, the officers called for a military-style "muster." All were safe and accounted for.

Just how the detonation was accomplished, nobody knew. But its force had blown through solid steel.

Two hours later, while swatting mosquitoes and wiping perspiration, the men were ordered back to the sinking carrier to close hatches and arrest the sinking. The entire stern was beneath water, and galley, engine, supply and store rooms were flooded to midships. All hatches leading below were sealed.

The initial shock softened, and Seaman Lackey noticed severe pain in his back and was ordered to Saigon Hospital where he was put to bed.

Lackey, a storekeeper on the *Card*, remembers: "After things quieted down we began comparing notes. The Second Mate and an A.B. who had been on quarter deck watch had been tossed in the air by the force of the blast and were thrown five feet from their station. We figured that a Viet Cong, swimming under water, had planted the charge against the ship, allowing himself enough time to escape from the danger area.

"We were to have sailed five hours later," Joe said, "and I think they meant to sink the ship in the channel to block the passage; it's only big enough for one ship, and supplies to Vietnam would have been cut off for two or three weeks."

Joe recuperated in Saigon's hospital for the next 10 days. On the 10th, the chief steward visited him and announced that all his buddies were being flown home that evening. Joe could tolerate no more confinement, and arranged for his buddies to pick up his clothes from the laundry and to return at nine that evening to distract the medical staff while he sneaked out of his bed. In short time all three were on the jet to New York. "I never did check out of that hospital," Joe says with a grin.

Recounting the few elements of humor in the disaster, Joe described the vision of a 17-year-old ordinary seaman named Jenkins who was on his first trip and first ship. "He was a farm boy from Georgia and his long gangly legs gave him an advantage in scrambling up on deck when the water started pouring in. He quickly surveyed the situation and without a word to anybody, dived down below into the fo'c'sle rapidly filling with water. In seconds he returned with a box under his arm — a pair of Florsheim shoes he'd just bought — saying, 'This is the first good pair of shoes I ever had, and I sure ain't going to lose them now.'"

The crew of the stewards' department were less lucky. They were left with only the clothing they were wearing when the explosion occurred. Their money, checks and other personal effects were unrecoverable. Joe told of the kindness of an Air Force major who loaned money to them so they could buy food.

Although the Saigon trip was Joe's first "peacetime" encounter with danger, he is no stranger to war. A veteran of eight years in the Navy, he participated in the invasions of France, Manila, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He narrowly survived the Okinawa battle in 1945 when his ship was a bull's-eye for kamikaze planes. This location was the scene of the infamous sinking by the Japanese in 1944 of a Red Cross hospital ship. When the war ended, Joe re-enlisted twice, was discharged in 1953 with the rating of Radioman 2nd class.

While ashore, Joe makes his home at SCI and has lived here off and on since the untimely death of his wife and three children several years ago in an accident in Phoenix.



It might be interesting to note here that four attempts have been made to raise the ill-fated *Card* since June of this year. She was towed from Saigon to the Philippines and on to Japan's drydocks. According to Seaman Lackey, who anticipates another trip on her, the *Card* will soon sail again, little scarred by the Saigon incident.

This story is about animals I have known at sea. In their own way they broke the monotony of a tedious voyage, or better yet, made one laugh. I think some of you, reading this, may recognize them.

I was on the wheel of the *West Wind* approaching the Great Barrier Reef from the east. It was a scruffy day — miserable little half-hearted gray seas, white-edged, directionless, stupidly bumping into each other on the rim of that huge barrier of coral. The pilot, a quiet Australian, was aboard. For an hour we had slowly circled outside the reef. We were impatient. I'm sure the captain was beginning to wonder if he was really a pilot or just some odd impostor who had climbed aboard from the little boat that had so quickly and surreptitiously disappeared.

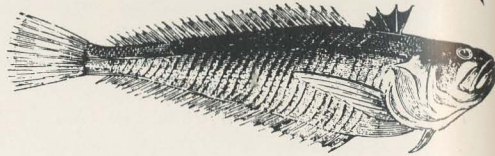
"Can't we go in now?" the captain asked. "Soon, I think," the taciturn pilot answered. He continued to scour the white reef-foam back and forth with his binoculars. Then he added, "He's probably had a late luncheon or a spot of indigestion. Poor chap. He's been getting a bit of it lately."

"May I ask of whom you speak?" said the captain. His calculated politeness thinly veiled his irritation.

"Julius, the old porpoise, you know. He's a far better pilot than I! This must be your first trip through, Captain."

The captain looked astounded. So did the mate. We had all heard the story — that a porpoise led all the ships through the Great Barrier Reef. But deep at heart I don't think we believed it. To trust a ten-thousand-ton vessel with a cargo worth a million to a porpoise was rather an odd thing when you really came to doing it. (You must remember that this was at a time when only sailors who really knew porpoises trusted them. They were the smart ones. Sailors like ourselves, who had never known a porpoise personally, were just moderately stupid. And the scientists, who disclaimed the legend emphatically, were, as things have worked out, the most stupid of all. Now, you can't pick up a magazine without some story about porpoises and dolphins being as smart or smarter than humans.)

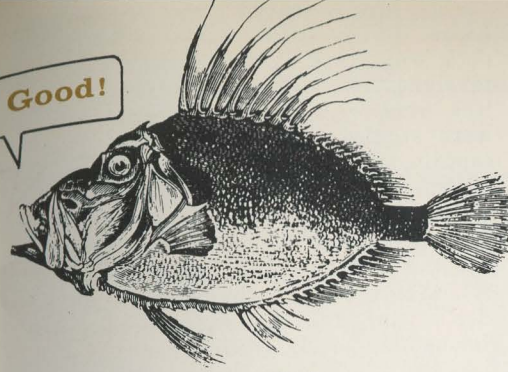
FUR, FINS AND SCALES
by
Capt. Gordon Messesgee



Suddenly, the pilot put down the binoculars. "Slow ahead, hard left!" he said. He smiled and pointed across the port bow. "There's Julius now." We all looked. There was Julius — a flash of happy fin, gay, gracefully curving flip of shining body, throwing itself out and in the water. The pilot turned to me. "Just follow Julius," he ordered calmly. "When he changes course, you change. That's all there is to it." The pilot turned his back to the bridge portholes and leisurely took a cup of coffee the standby sailor offered him. He suddenly looked relaxed and amiable. "I say, Captain," he asked, "have you been keeping up on the Brisbane test matches on the wireless? We're doing frightfully bad this year you know!"

It would be criminal not to mention Sylvestre. He was a Malabar cobra who made a voyage from Bombay to Italy with us and got happily ashore in beautiful Naples without even a murmur from the Customs and authorities. Spring Heels, a sailor on my watch (We called him that because he always dragged his feet in a slow shuffle.), purchased Sylvestre from a peddler on Queen's Wharf. Spring Heels liked snakes, but he also had a tendency towards making an extra dollar. I really don't know why he bought Sylvestre. He said it was to save the poor reptile from certain death in a staged mongoose fight on the Bombay dock. But another sailor believed it was because some old chap had told Spring Heels that Italians were crazy about cobras that particular year and would pay any price to have a live cobra to put in their wives' beds. A sort of macabre element in

Good!



a *Divorce-Italian Style*.

At any rate, for over three weeks, across the Indian Ocean, up the Red Sea, through Suez, in and out of Alexandria, and across the Mediterranean, three of us and Sylvestre shared the fo'c'sle. Sylvestre, coiled in his basket, would occasionally push the wicker top off, put his head up in slowly gyrating, slinking circles and then relax and go to sleep again. Only when he caught one of us looking directly at him would his dull eyes brighten and regard us in a brief hypnotic stare. Spring Heels petted his hard, scaled head frequently and, not having a flute, would sing to him, in a low husky voice, an old Norwegian sailors' song. The rest of us didn't sleep too well.

Finally we reached Naples. Spring Heels had the address of a divorce broker whom he had been assured would be a ready customer. We wondered how Spring Heels would get Sylvestre ashore. Spring Heels took off his shirt. Then he took Sylvestre out of the basket and, speaking gently to him in Norwegian, wrapped him around his bare waist and chest with the head coming about even with his hairy chest. Then he put on a bright, open-collared sports shirt. Sylvestre's head, bulging against the shirt, rested just below the front collar edge. "This way he will be able to breathe all right," Spring Heels said.

I accompanied Spring Heels ashore and toward Customs. Just as Spring Heels was passing the last Customs' guard, Sylvestre's gliding head came out from the shirt and briefly regarded the Customs' officer. "Very good!" the Customs' officer said in

mixed Italian-English. "What a clever American trick. It looks like a real snake!" Spring Heels thanked him for the compliment and proceeded to a taxi. I don't know what happened then. As far as I could see from the dock exit, the taxi with Spring Heels and Sylvestre in it shot off in a sharp, almost hysterical zig-zag course.

We didn't see Spring Heels again until just before we sailed. He was terribly weary and covered with dust. "Where were you?" we asked. "I couldn't sell him," he answered. "What do you think would happen to him when they found him in some Italian lady's bed? They might have hurt him. I decided to take him out in the country as far as I could. The cab driver refused at first. Then each time he argued I let Sylvestre rest his head on the back of the front seat. The driver took us to the mountains. He was real nice. But just as I got out and was ready to let Sylvestre go, he drove off so fast I couldn't even pay him. He yelled back something like, "You American — you're crazy!"

The resourcefulness of cats is always amazing to me. Sometime scientists may discover that cats are smarter than humans, too. I knew one that I am sure was equally as intelligent. He was a big yellow Tom called "Jersey." For all his swagger and name calling during varied *fêtes des chats*, we liked him and were proud that he was our mascot on the freighter *Golden Horn*.

I think he must have originally come from Greece or Italy or maybe the south of France. He liked food cooked in olive oil, wine sauces, good cheeses and just the right amount of garlic and pepper. It was indeed a compliment to our chief cook — who certainly didn't have good wines and rare cheeses to cook with — that Jersey stayed with us as long as he did. He had made two trips before I joined the ship as A.B. and he made two trips with me.

There was one thing that worried us about Jersey. Well-rested from sea, he would descend on a port like a great yellow phantom out of nowhere. He would challenge and fight every Tom he could lay his great paws on.

Then just as the ship was sailing he would come back — sometimes limping, sometimes with an eye closed — and walk slowly up the gangway and proceed to the galley where he would tell the cook the food was still good.

We were afraid that some day the toughest cats in a port would figure out where he came from and lay in wait for Jersey. Then they would exact the revenge they had always been denied by Jersey's timely sailings. One day we pulled into Baltimore and there were ten big Toms waiting on the dock. Jersey, refreshed, tough, claws well sharpened from days of trying them out on the Manila mooring lines, came to the head of the gangway. Then he saw them. They set up a strident howl, challenging him.

For a moment Jersey hesitated. It was a grave decision. He looked back at the crew. He sniffed the fine scents coming from the galley. We would have fish that day. Then, tail wagging like a lethal whip, fur bristling, muscles bulging, head down in a cat's peculiar position of defiance, he slowly went down the gangway. He raised his voice only once in feline challenge and then rushed at the nearest cat. It seemed that there were cats everywhere and all were after Jersey. He fought two, three, five at a time. Up and over the lumber piles, under the flat cars, up on the wharf roofs. Some of us ran ashore to rescue him. But each time we would scare off a group of cats, Jersey would raise his



hoarse challenging voice into the air and would fight others. He would not take our help.

We were only in Baltimore twelve

hours. When sailing time came the dock was silent. There were no cats in sight. There was no Jersey. This was what we had always feared. We were singled up. Ready to go. The captain, who had always loftily ignored Jersey, delayed sailing. He paced back and forth silently. Finally he yelled down to the Bos'n, "Take two A.B.'s ashore and find that damn cat. You've got a half-hour!" The Bos'n and the sailors disappeared among the dock sheds. They came back in a half-hour. In the evening's half light we could tell the answer. They walked slowly. They did not yell. They had not found Jersey.

We sailed silently, sadly. A month later, having gone to Puerto Rico, Panama and a Mexican port, we pulled into San Pedro. It didn't seem right not having Jersey standing by the gangway, tough, primed, ready for shore. Slowly we pulled into the dock. The winches drew on the lines and we came in closer and closer. When we were about twenty feet off, we heard a cat's wail. Everyone on the ship, including the captain, looked. There in the center of the dock, right where the gangway would touch, stood Jersey, complacent, shining yellow. He called again, impatient to get aboard. Smiles caught like fire from bow to stern. Jersey was there waiting for us. But we had left him three thousand miles behind! He had made better speed than we. He had found the right dock. The crew started yelling "Hello, Jersey!" The captain smiled. The gangway went down and Jersey, calm and confident, climbed up. "How did you do it, Jersey?" we asked. But Jersey just meowed and proceeded leisurely to the galley and his friend the chief cook.

Following Jersey, a seaman from our sister ship, *Golden Hind*, came aboard. "So it's *your* cat!" he said. "He came aboard the day after you sailed, all beaten up. What a mess! We didn't stop at San Juan so we passed you at sea. That cat got off yesterday as soon as we docked and came over to this dock and sat down and looked out as if he knew you were coming in today. . . ."



A museum employee smoothes the weathered lines and cracks in museum's figurehead, "Lady with a Past." Little is known about the years she graced the windjammer along the "street of ships."

It is evident from her many weather checks that the maiden residing in the workroom of the Marine Museum has not known the kiss of salt spray for many decades.

Seamen have suggested that she should be "soaked in water to close up her seams," but museum curator Herbert Jennings prescribed more radical therapy this month when it was discovered that the valuable, "well-carved" young maiden had succumbed to dry rot.

Further research on the relic of the days of sail indicated that her interior would need replacing, and cosmetic attention should be given to her face.

The complex job of sectioning our figurehead to remove the rot and replacing all bad wood with plastic was assigned to the museum staff. When her shell was reassembled and dozens of dowels driven through her to make her strong, she looked like the side-show performer with swords stuck through her anatomy.

However, the dowels were cut, the wounds sanded and the young lady was restored to her former appearance as described by her donor, Frederick M. Godwin, in 1953. Mr. Godwin discovered her holding court in the attic of his bar (see picture) in Katonah, New York. Her origin still awaits explanation.

His description noted: "The blue-eyed maiden stands about five feet tall and has a bearing that is distinctly proper and virtuous. Her auburn hair is swept back by a yellow barrette and is adorned at the temples with small red flowers, probably poppies. Her long skirt is blue, allowing only the tip of a silver slipper to show at the hem. Her jacket is green with a tightly fitted bodice and a slight bustle effect. The clothing is probably early 19th century. In her left hand she holds a small wreath of flowers and her right hand clasps a red rose to her bosom, suggesting that she may represent a maiden who intends to remain true to the memory of the lover she has lost at sea."

With the restoration work completed, "unknown maiden" will add luster to the museum collection, and be in fit condition to loan to advertising agencies and special outside exhibits, according to Mr. Jennings.

Meanwhile, do our readers with vivid imaginations wish to provide guesses why she has remained unsmiling for so many years while her heart rotted away? Or has the figurehead "Sir Galahad" over SCI's front entrance, separated from her by three floors, been the object of her unrequited love since Victorian times?

Literally speaking, seaman Edward Spalding has seen most of the world that can be seen through a porthole. He has seen much of the world that can't be seen from a porthole. He is intrigued by unexplored latitudes.

There are seamen who ply their trade for financial gain; others ship for the opportunity to travel. The latter describes our true "wanderer" who ran away from home when he was 13. Endowed with intelligence, dashing good looks, a friendly and aggressive personality, Ed knows more of the world and its heartbeat than most foreign service professionals.

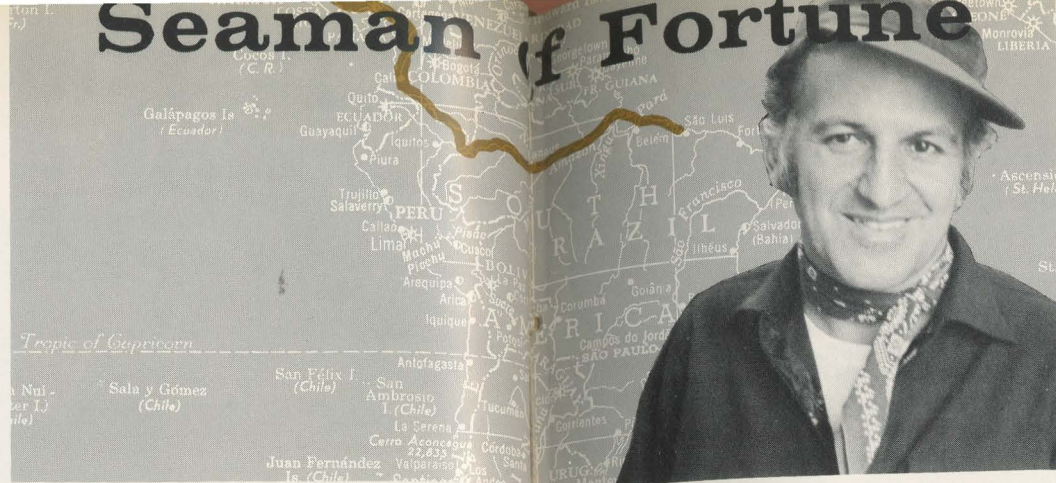
He is a remnant of the maritime school of rugged individualists, around whom most of the legends of sailing are woven.

Spalding came to the Institute (his permanent home) after traveling by dugout canoe and thumb along the Amazon, through Central America to the Texas border. For six months he visited headhunters' villages, lived off the land and slept in the "macca" or hammock which is a permanent part of his gear. His diet was reduced to roots, snakes and other animals indig-
 nous to the areas.

WORKED ON MISSILE SHIP

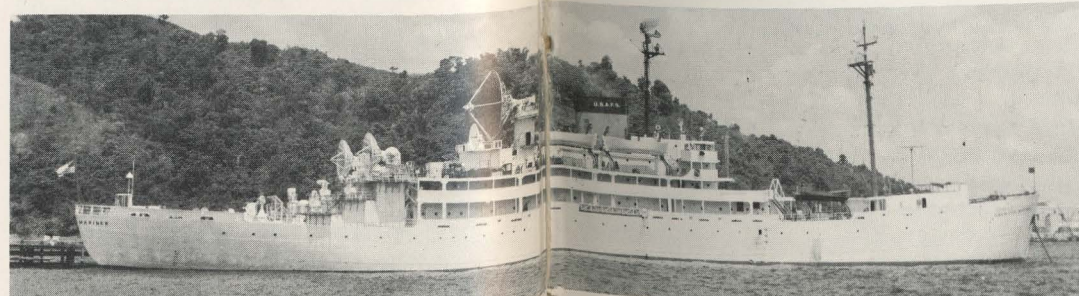
Before his safari Spalding had been chief steward on America's missile-tracking ship *Mariner* which carried a contingent of scientists. The erratic routine aboard the *Mariner* was preparation for things to come when seaman Spalding began his tour at Recife on Brazil's seaboard.

While the dew was yet unawakened by the morning sun, Ed set out on the "Toonerville" Chevy truck to cover six hundred treacherous miles to Belem. He shared the benches on the truck's open air platform with natives and their baggage of live fish, bananas, or porkers bound by the legs. Our indefatigable adventurer survived three weeks on this "green hell" over nearly nonexistent roads pocked with mud holes, barricaded by jungle beneath washed-out bridges, through waters infested with the man-eating piranha.



Because no commercial hostelries were available to the passengers on the segment from Imperatriz to Belem, Brazil, they bedded down anywhere in hospitable villages at dusk. Truck-hopping, according to Ed, is familiar to anyone who has traversed remote areas and is the means used by natives to trade surpluses from one village to another. Collection of fares often depends upon the speed of the passenger in getting off and the agility of the driver.

"Overland from Imperatriz to Belem took five days and we were delayed by sudden storms daily. Impending disaster seemed always with us. When the truck was stuck in the red mud of the roadbeds passengers got out to hack down trees to put under the wheels." He breathed a sigh of relief and surprise to find Belem such a modern city, though parts of it were "a little reminiscent of the fictionalized American West," he recalls.



The "Mariner," a missile-tracking ship, brought seaman Edward Spalding to Recife, Brazil, where he began the six-month journey up the Amazon. He served as chief steward on the "Mariner."

WATER JOURNEY BEGINS

Left to his own ingenuity for the dangerous 2000-odd water miles to the Colombian border, Spalding bartered with a native for a dugout log canoe. He carried with him the clothing on his back, a machete, his "medical kit," eye cup, sewing kit, no camera, no weapons. "The two inventions that make primitive people suspicious are cameras and guns. I learned long ago to travel with neither," he said.

Progress was difficult and time was called at noon to escape the heat and to treat serious insect bites. He navigated during the coolest time of the day, resting in riverfront villages or in jungle clearings at night.

"I learned to eat everything the natives ate and not wince. The most unpalatable diet was liver-red, dried monkey, but crocodile meat—rather like shrimp—was delicate and deli-

cious. I refused roasted beetles, pocketing them until I was out of sight."

Spalding developed respect for the resourcefulness of the Amazonians in their perpetual struggles with the land. He found them extremely clean but suffering from insect bites, fungus, and dermatological infections of all descriptions. It was incumbent upon him to treat the children from his portable "doctor's kit"—calomel lotion and antibiotics for the fungus on the children, boric acid and his eye cup to bring relief to long-suffering old women.

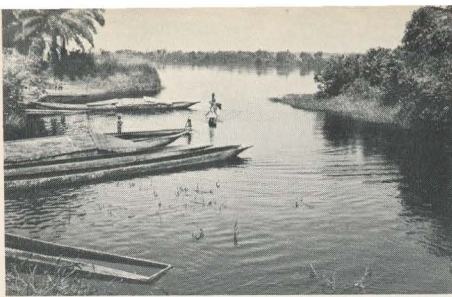
When villages were not accessible in which to buy food, he fished for the bizarre creatures of the Amazon. Plantanos (cooking bananas) were his bait and were irresistible to the vicious piranhas, whose flesh was delectable. "The natives don't fish much, and they were particularly amused when they found me fishing at night. They were certain that the fish were sleeping and would not see the bait.

MONKEYS ARE ANNOYANCE

"My constant source of annoyance was the monkey community. The monkey has insatiable curiosity and is the boldest of all jungle dwellers. If plantanos were bubbling away in the cooking pot, the monkeys were so curious they would sit in the flames under the pot and reach in the scalding fat. There were brown, black, long-haired and strange woolly ones that looked like bearded old men. Some were incredibly delicate. They all chattered away with me as if anticipating answers. They are the comedians of the jungle.

"Less amusing were the huge anaconda snakes which, fortunately, seemed shy. In the shallow, tepid water I saw catfish sluggishly angling along; some must have weighed several hundred pounds. The answer to an angler's dream?"

After hardships and exhaustion, Spalding reached Manaus, deadcenter of South America, where he rested for a week while planning the next extension to the Colombian frontier. Friends in Manaus made a last-ditch effort to dissuade him. Their pleading in vain, they advised him to carry supplies of



The Amazon and her tributaries provided unexpected excitements and dangers for seaman Spalding.

bread for easy barter with natives. "One loaf of bread brought five stocks of bananas, four loaves brought a pig. *Pano*, the Portuguese word for bread, was among the first words spoken by natives I met."

Fluency in Portuguese, French, German, Italian, Chinese, Japanese and Filipino helped our world adventurer communicate with the Indians from Manaus to Santo Antônio.

Spalding's destination—Leticia, on the Colombian border—is a frontier settlement in the jungle. He narrowly passed it in the night, losing himself in rapid Javari River. He spent five days on the river without respite.

From desperation he beached his canoe and built a blockage with bamboo he hacked with his machete. He strung his hammock and fell asleep. The next morning he was shocked to consciousness by orange-skinned natives who marched him along to a nearby village.

SHRUNKEN HEAD NOTED

He shuddered when he saw one shrunken head mounted on a post in the compound. The people appropriated his clothes, and Ed remembers he gave thanks that he carried no weapons. Hopelessly confused, he stayed in the Javaro village for several days and became quite friendly with a handful of them. Others were less congenial. To be helpful in any way he could, Ed generously applied his dwindling supply of insect repellent and witch hazel to the children. He gave aspirin and penicillin pills to emaciated women with fever.

"These men were experts with the blow gun. I remember one weapon as

long as 18 feet. One man would blow while another aimed the gun. They dropped a monkey I couldn't even see."

Eventually the Javaros made their monthly trading expedition to Benjamin Constant (Brazil) just across from Leticia; Spalding accompanied them and reached his destination.

On the next leg of his journey, from Leticia to Puerto Asis, food was difficult to find. At Puerto Asis he gave away his dugout, because the route now took him into highlands. He continued by open-air bus where "everybody huddled together to keep warm and passed around fruit, bread or whatever they were carrying."

SAVES DYING BOY

During this overland journey, one incident made clear to Ed the value put on human life among the primitives—their casual attitude toward death. The truck-bus passed the body of a boy lying along the road. The driver did not want to stop, saying the boy was *finito*, finished, dead. Spalding insisted; they stopped, found the boy to be still alive, and transported him to a nearby village.

The overland journey continued to Cali and on to Bogota. "Then we reached a beautiful city in a valley surrounded by mountains. This jewel was called Medellin," he said. From Medellin he made his way by boat, bus, and anything else at hand through Central America and on to the Texas border.

BECAME SEAMAN BY ACCIDENT

His introduction to seafaring was rather accidental. During the Depression years he was hoboing around the Duluth country when a kindly Swedish ship's cook stuffed him with free grub. "I fell asleep in the galley and didn't wake up until the supply boat had sailed." Ed saw service in South Pacific, Africa, Italy and was on the Utah beachhead in Normandy when he was drafted by the army for service in the air force.

Ed Spalding is a kind of seaman's seaman if such exists. He has received many citations from his maritime union for his culinary refinements.

VISITORS

Finding Better Ways

Last month 60 VIPs from U. S. and Canadian seamen's agencies anchored in Manhattan for a two-day conference on the general theme "New and Changing Elements in Services to Seamen."

Hosts to the annual meeting of The National Council of Seamen's Agencies were the SCI and the new Seamen's Center. SCI Board President and regional vice-president of the Society Franklin E. Vilas, along with Mr. Mulligan, brought greetings during the opening session.

Among speakers were: Director of Marine Terminals for the Port, Mr. Lyle King; transportation industry consultant, U. S. Department of Labor, Hon. Alfred D. Ciano, and author-lawyer, Hon. William Stringfellow.

Developing next year's conference program in Toronto will be newly elected executive secretary of the Society, SCI's Port Society branch manager, The Rev. Russell Brown.

where 15,000 children said they would most like to visit again. Curious?

According to preference: (1) Statue of Liberty; (2) Empire State Building; (3) Visit to an ocean liner; (4) Camel ride in Bronx Zoo; (5) NBC studio tour; (6) Chinatown; (7) Hall of Armor & Egyptian Wing, Metropolitan Museum; (8) Marine Museum of the SCI; (9) Ride in Central Park hansom cabs or a helicopter. Favorite area of the city: lower Manhattan below Canal Street.



WOMEN

Where There's a Will

SCI will benefit from pre-Christmas sales in a new gift shop at the "Piazza 65th Street" which will open from November 19 until December 12, according to Mrs. Robert A. West, President of the SCI Women's Council.

Those interested in supporting the work of the Institute through purchases are invited to visit the shop from 10 a.m.—5 p.m. daily through Saturdays at 133 East 65th.

Organizations other than SCI that will benefit include: Church of the Heavenly Rest (PE), Church of the Ascension (PE), Fight for Sight League and the Italian Welfare League.

CHANGING SCENE

Walls Came a' Tumblin'

Within two weeks last month four old neighborhood buildings bit the dust—three on South Street, one ad-



PUBLICITY

15,000 Kids Can't Be Wrong

"Ask the kids and they'll give the honest answers," reports Miss Seena Hamilton, originator of a service specializing in introducing New York City to youngsters under the guidance of trained adults.

Writing in a New York paper, she listed the tourist spots in Manhattan

adjacent to SCI on Coenties Slip. The demolition furthers the illusion that the Institute is an island in a sea of parking lots.

All buildings, formerly warehouses, had been converted for office and other commercial uses when windjammers no longer anchored on the "Street of Ships." During the operation, ABC Television recorded the demolition for a future documentary on the disappearance of "old South Street." The



area will become the southern extremity of the new Stock Exchange.

Fortunately, one entire block (in which Fraunces Tavern stands) will be preserved and restored as it once was to remind visitors that the first community in New Amsterdam was in the Battery, and also of the simple elegance of our early architecture.

When buildings tumble, so must that which seeks refuge in them. A sizable feline colony, displaced from the Coenties Slip building (picture below)



One last look

was relocated by Miss B. Johnson, an SCI volunteer who snatched kittens, indigent old Toms, fertile tabbies to relocate them in suburban homes. One



of the lot (pictured) was caught, caged and held in SCI's Security office until our kind-hearted woman could remove her.

SEE US ON TELEVISION

Friends of the SCI are invited to see scenes of our operation on the one-hour NBC color television documentary "Profile of the Port" on Monday, December 14. Consult your newspaper for exact viewing time.

WOMEN

Knit One, Purl Two

In the October issue of non-denominational magazine *Christian Herald* (circ. 480,000), an article appeared by knitting expert Margaret Techy entitled "A Call for Knitters."

Miss Techy described SCI's Christmas Gift Box project and the need for thousands of hand-knit articles for the seamen.

No sooner had the magazine been delivered than letters began to flood SCI's mailroom, all asking for details on the knitting program. More than 650 have been received, many bearing RFD addresses, and the great majority come from Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists, reports Mrs. Grace Chapman. "We read many comments like 'Your program is an answer to

my prayers,' 'God works in wondrous ways' and 'An opportunity to do something for someone else at Christmas,'" she said.

The unexpected response greatly strengthens the Women's Council program among women in the Far and Middle West.



Miss Love answers all

MILESTONES

We're Really Old

Unlike the single girl of 29 facing her 30th birthday, SCI loves to talk about her birthdays. We had one this year — our 130th!

We're reminded of our heritage by accumulated lantern slides, yellowed photographs, brittle documents and scrapbooks which have been stored away in closet corners for years. This month we are undertaking the prodigious job of identifying, dating and cataloguing them, helped considerably by Juliet Urquhart (below) who in turn is helped by her memory of 37 years service with the Institute. LOOKOUT's "Eventful Year" historical series depends heavily upon our files of vintage photographs.

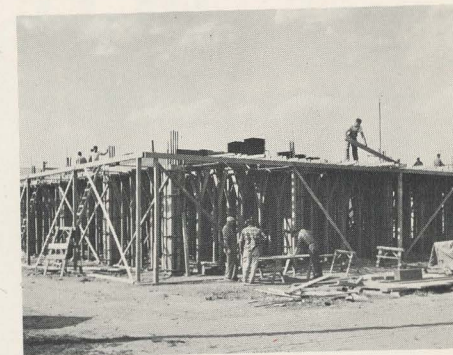


PORT NEWARK

New Shape on the Docks

Beginning to take shape as its pylons are poured is SCI's large addition to its Port Newark Station. Favorable weather has helped progress, and contractors, Weny Brothers & Storms, of Paterson, still hold to their May 7 completion date.

To be included in its 11,850 square feet of interior space are a chapel, recreational areas, hi-fi and television lounges, a library, slop chest, offices for chaplain and director, as well as a custodian's apartment and a guest room.



SEAMEN

Photogenic Face

SCI resident, seaman Walter Ellis, has one of those faces nobody forgets: He bears a striking resemblance to the late Scottish actor, Barry Fitzgerald. (LOOKOUT's cover Nov. '62) His adaptable face will appear in the December *Ladies Home Journal*. We hope readers will watch for him.





Waldo's Venture

PART II.

From Riga we headed north to Uleaborg or "Oulu" as the Finns call it. This was a wonder place to me for during the night it was light as day. The sun would dip behind the horizon and in a couple of hours be up again. It was actually possible to read a book all night.

We were in Oulu a month or so while loading wood staves for London. We unloaded at Northfleet on Thames. The tide is swift there, the rise and fall of water huge, maybe three times as much as in the port of New York. Then once again, after weeks in port, having discharged our cargo and taken on ballast, we headed out the English Channel and to sea.

The Bay of Biscay can be mean, and she was mean for three solid weeks. We rode huge seas, made hundreds of "boutships" (reversing course), but sailing by the wind we couldn't conquer the Bay. After three weeks we were still there at the mouth of the English Channel.

The troughs of the sea were huge, like mountains. The ship would go down in them, disappear for a while, then sometimes in the distance we would see the masts of some other sailing ship doing the same thing. A

wonder, but I wasn't seasick then.

Christmas found us there and the weather was cold. The fo'c'sle, as sailors' quarters are called before the mast, is not provided with heating, so wet clothing didn't get a chance to dry. The watches on deck were six hours on and six below, but every few hours "boutships" required all hands on deck. We were not too far from shore and the ship could not be run on one tack too long. Also, in the storm the leaky barque required the supplement of the watch below to help man the pumps. We did so without grumbling: it was self-preservation, the first and most important law in nature.

But preservation of the crews was not much taken into account by shipowners. And whatever food allowances were given by the owners were usually manipulated and shaved down by the skippers. The poor dumb sailor in those days was without representation or rights. And no doubt that was the story behind the mutiny of the *Bounty*, that classic of sea mutinies, and the many, many others.

WORMS AND WEEVILS

By provision of the sea laws, a sailing vessel had to carry reserve

supplies of food to last for about eighteen months. That's a lot of food for a ship's crew of, let's say, eighteen men. There weren't any canned foods or refrigeration, so it was crackers in barrels and salt pork in barrels. Only when we opened our barrels there wasn't any pork, only a mass of white worms with some rinds left — the stuff had laid around the ships' chandlery for a good long time before being put aboard. The biscuits were full of insects and webs. The dole was $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of brown, lumpy sugar per man per week, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound cheap margarine per man per week (not fit for axle grease), two slices of bread for each man every morning. The rest was biscuits and the pork rinds.

Our fresh water supply in the fo'c'sle was rationed to two buckets per day for a dozen men; one for drinking and one for washing. There was no medication aboard at all.

During the third week, the storms in the Bay of Biscay demanded continuous pulling and handling of wet and frozen ropes. Our hands became raw, sore, calloused and the skin cracked. There wasn't even vaseline available to soothe the soreness. It was agonizing to move our hands after a few hours rest.

When we finally escaped the Bay and headed down south, the weather improved. Once we had a lot of rain so we dammed up spigots by the rails and got an accumulation of water so we could all take a bath. Then came the doldrums; no wind at all. The sails flip-flopped as the ship rolled in the smooth swells, and wore out from chafing against the rigging. When the porpoises were around we harpooned a couple of them. They are mostly inedible, but we cooked the blubber into oil to grease down the masts, and we ate the liver and lungs.

Finally we hit the Passades, the trade winds which brought us to the shores of Haiti and our port of Gonaives, where we were to receive our cargo of red dye-wood.

HAITI

Land is land and it was wonderful

to see it again after 86 days at sea. The *Rhea* anchored a good mile offshore, in the bay, for there were no docks at the small hamlet. Our "liberty" was on Sunday, and a draw was given by the captain — four Haitian dollars, equal to one American dollar, and that was for the entire six weeks we spent loading the ship. To give or not to give a draw was the captain's prerogative. When a crew signs on for a five-year period as we had, not many would be left at the pay off. The money left behind by runaway sailors went into the pockets of captain and shipowner, which is why only token draws against wages were allowed.

Three Finnish sailors took the lifeboat one night in Gonaives and disappeared. Now the ship was shorthanded, but no extra wages would be paid to us for carrying on, nor extra rations of food given.

To load the red dye-wood, crooked, misshapen and heavy like iron, aboard the ship, the sailors worked with the natives twelve hours daily in the hot climate of Haiti. Then in the evening we would pump bilges, wash down the deck, eat, and go off to shore. One of the sailors, named Saino, accompanied us with music on the accordion, mostly Finnish dances and love songs.

Every evening passed in the same manner. We would drink rot-gut rum when we could get it, but there wasn't money to buy it. So we would crowd around the open fires built by the scarcely clothed natives. They always had some yams or vegetables baking in the fires, and we were hungry too. Most of us were seeing Negroes for the first time and were curious about them; likewise we seemed strange to them. At midnight or a little later, we would return to our boat and row back to the ship.

The captain used me as the youngest sailor to scull him ashore whenever he had to go on some business. I took the captain ashore for the last time to clear his papers after the ship was loaded. As I stood by the boat I got a bug in my head to run away.

The prospect of going back to starvation on a shorthanded ship with a deck cargo didn't appeal to me. What did they care for me? Surely I owed them no allegiance.

FREE ONCE MORE

I left the boat and headed for the nearest cover, foliage by the sea at the foot of the steep Haitian mountains. I had to stay in the water to be hidden by the bush. I stayed there until morning, rather in a state of shock by the boldness of the thing I had done, and in the morning I heard the clank of the chains on the bay as the *Rhea* upped its anchor and loosened her sails. When she was gone I came out of hiding to the astonishment of the natives, who pointed fingers at me and made exclamations in their guttural French.

I felt free, and I felt good once more.

There were enough bananas and other fruit around for me not to starve, and my favorite place to sleep was a one-piece canoe chopped out of a tree trunk under a tree on the beach. Plans for the future I had none. I was still a growing boy, malnourished and exhausted, so I ate fruit and slept a lot. I didn't go hungry, especially since some of the younger natives who chummed around with me often brought me bread and bananas.

One day as I slept on the beach I was nudged awake by an elderly white man with a younger fellow standing alongside him. They were from the office of the German firm that had provided us with the red dye-wood cargo and were practically the only white men on the island. In my limited knowledge of German, I managed to understand and answer the older gentleman, who was asking why I had run away from the ship. I told him that I was forced to because of near starvation, and that for the future I had no plans other than to live with the natives and eat what I could find. My garb was dungaree pants, a belt with a scabbard and Finnish "puko" in it and a dungaree jacket. I had no shoes or cap.

The German gentleman shook his head. He didn't have any work to

offer me but he pulled a bill from his wallet and handed it to me. I thanked him in German and he went away. I studied the bill, then hid it in my jacket; I had no immediate need to spend it for anything. It was not until later that I came to recognize it as an American dollar bill.

Then one day a big steamer came into the bay and dropped anchor. The chief mate came ashore, and the German gentleman who had given me the dollar met him at the waterfront. They beckoned for me to come over. The mate, in appraising me, examined my hands which were still calloused and full of splinters from loading the red dye-wood. Then he motioned me into the boat and we were rowed back to the anchored ship.

TO THE U.S.A.

The ship was the *Albingia*, Hamburg-America line. Her voyage, of four weeks duration, was around the West Indian Islands stopping in many ports to pick up fruit, coffee and passengers; then back to New York. The design was no doubt clear to them about what they intended to do with me, but I didn't understand the language too well and nobody bothered to explain. I suspected I was exploited as unpaid labor but I had nothing better and didn't mind. It was a fine ship and I was proud to be on it.

Soon we arrived in New York. The splendor of the electric lights was for me a spectacle to behold.

In their quest for a better place to live, thousand upon thousands have sought these shores and found them, but such was not the case of Waldo, the barefoot Latvian farm boy. I arrived not knowing where I was or what an important country the United States was. The captain simply turned me loose — there were no immigration requirements for entry then. I had many lonesome days before I could understand the language and find work.

I have sailed many ships for a living in the 50 years since, but it was on the *Rhea* that I got my "adventure cure" or whatever you might call it. In retrospect I have decided that only those who hadn't enough brains to go to jail and receive better treatment would have joined a sailship then.



IN

THE SPIRIT

OF THE SEASON WE

INVITE YOUR SPECIAL

CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WE MAY

MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER FOR MANY
LONESOME MEN FAR AWAY FROM HOMES AND

FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOLIDAY HOME WITH

US. IF YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS YOUR

BROTHER'S BROTHER, PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY TO HELP

US IN OUR WORK, ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT DURING THIS SEASON
WHEN JUST HAVING A FRIEND MEANS SO MUCH... NOT ONLY TO OUR

AMERICAN SEAMEN, BUT
TO HUNDREDS OF NON-
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
VISITING WITH US
NEXT MONTH WHO
NEVER HAVE EXPERI-
ENCED THE WARMTH
AND FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTMAS

FROM A CITY ROOF

The ferry boats string beads of light
Across the river in the night.
The dark sky pales as piled-up towers
Of blazing squares crown neon showers,
While in the park, swift curving lines
Flash through the trees in jeweled designs,
And ferries ply, like links of light,
Across the river in the night.

by Helen Aubrey Pratt

THE HOCK SHOP

The hock shop is a kind of leach
That thrives upon the need of each
Seafarer stranded on the beach.
Yet what, I ask, would seamen do,
When times are tough and jobs are few,
With no hock shops to see them through?

by seaman Jerry Doane

GRANDPA KNOWS

Grandpa knows the ocean,
Grandpa knows ships;
He has been to China
On a thousand trips.
Mother says Grandfather
Talks through his hat—
But I wish more folks
Talked like that.

SEA CALL

Briny winds,
When they come ashore,
Rattle the windows
And shake the door—
And poke the pillows
And pull the spreads
Of old sea captains
Home in their beds.

by Iva Poston

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

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