

### SAILOR TOWN REMEMBERED

by seaman C. Fox Smith

Along the wharves in sailor town  
a singing whisper goes  
Of the wind among the anchored ships,  
The wind that blows  
Off a broad brimming water, where the  
summer day has died  
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the  
sunset tide.  
There's a big China liner gleam-  
ing like a gull,  
And her lit ports flashing; there's  
the long gaunt hull  
Of a Blue Funnel freighter with  
her derricks dark and still;  
And a tall barque loading at the  
lumber mill.  
And in the shops of sailor town  
is every kind of thing  
That the sailorman buy there, or  
the ship's crews bring:  
Shackles for a sea-chest and pink  
cockatoos,  
Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead  
men's shoes.  
You can hear the gulls crying, and  
the cheerful noise  
Of a concertina going, and a  
singer's voice—  
And the wind's song and the  
tide's song, crooning soft and low.  
Rum old tunes in sailor town that  
seamen knew.  
I dreamed a dream of sailor town,  
a foolish dream, and vain,  
Of ships and men departed, of  
old days come again—  
And an old song in sailor town,  
an old song to sing  
When shipmate meets with ship-  
mate in the evening.

## 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

The Right Reverend  
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.

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Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second  
class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the  
act of March 3, 1879.

**COVER:** This month's cover personality, "Smoky," is an  
endearing porpoise who performs six times each day at  
the Florida Pavilion at the World's Fair. The amazing marine  
mammal can jump 13-feet out of the water. The antics of  
this intelligent creature must be seen to be believed.



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JUNE 1965





# 7 YEARS YOUNG

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S CLUB,  
MELTING POT OF NATIONALITIES,  
NOISILY NOTES SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

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**COVER:** One of the youngest "seamen" to visit Port Newark was Jerker Saming, who a few weeks ago together with his father, Aake, and his mother, crossed from Bremen, Germany on the Swedish ship "Tristan." His father is chief steward on the ship's regular route, and its crew are regular visitors. Last trip they brought Jerker who has his own uniform cap to prove his status. Picture taken by Thor Dahl aboard the "Tristan".

The International Code flags "QKF" spelling out "welcome", which have flown high above SCI since its opening, took on renewed significance seven years ago when the Institute quietly opened an experimental recreational facility consisting of a "cafe" and adjoining lounge and dance floor which they named the International Seamen's Club.

At the opening it was called "the most attractive place in New York for a sailor to enjoy a pleasant and inexpensive evening away from ship." Seven years later, it still enjoys that reputation with seamen from more than 40 maritime nations who make it their rendezvous when their ships anchor in New York Harbor.

Thousands of them have come in response to the Institute's "person to person" international outreach, through which SCI shipvisitors personally call upon seamen aboard ships and extend an invitation to visit the International Club. Seamen come. They get to know our staff. They return again and again, often bringing their buddies who have not known about us before. We added a helping hand by sending chartered busses to bring seamen to the Club from the isolated Port Newark area. It is interesting that the response by "marooned" seamen to our invitation from Port Newark docks, where shipping activity has so greatly increased, motivated the Board's decision to construct the Port Newark Station.

During the seven years the International Club has been in operation, the expansive quarters have been endorsed as "on limits" by foreign seamen whose governments have been or are hostile to the United States. The Club is increasingly popular with seamen from the Iron Curtain countries. So much so, in fact, that the hostess recently remarked in her log, "It wasn't long ago that having Yugoslavian and Polish seamen was a thing of moment; now we greet them as regular members of the Club."

Last month the Club opened its doors to "whoop it up" for a seventh birthday party, and when the busloads of foreign and American sailors and seamen from the Manhattan docks representing 13 nationalities found their way to the second floor International Club, many first name greetings were exchanged. It was thrilling to realize the intended purpose of the Club was being fulfilled.

A carnival-like setting provided the backdrop for the singing, dancing and merrymaking among the 268 guests. Helium-filled balloons, stamped "International Seamen's Club," covered the ceilings, and party hats and favors were handed to each visitor. An all-time favorite vocalist was on hand to bolster the morale of each visitor and dispel any homesickness when she sang requested songs in many languages.

Her majesty's Consul, H. L. Evans reflected on the successful event when he commented: "Splendid, splendid!" and took his wife's hand for another swing among the other young couples on the dance floor.

### ANNIVERSARY PARTY ROSTER

<b>Total attendance:</b>	<b>270</b>
Seamen at large . . . . .	159
Seamen from Port Newark . . .	34
Hostesses . . . . .	57
Staff . . . . .	20

### Nationalities represented:

Greece	Canada
England	Argentina
Germany	Panama
Norway	India
France	Guatemala
Holland	Venezuela
Spain	

### Ships represented:

#### GERMANY:

Cap Verde  
Torsten  
Bruns Kappel  
Regine

#### ENGLAND:

Manchester Trader

#### GREECE:

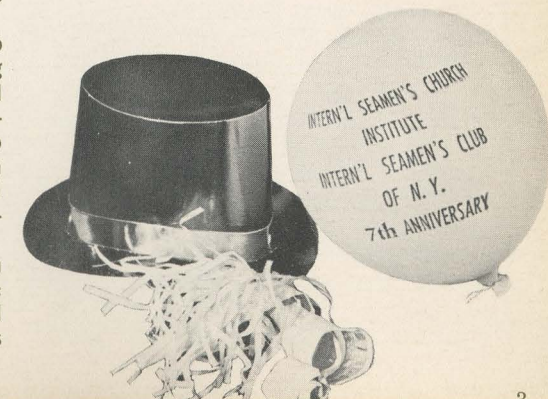
San Pablo  
Turkiya

#### FRANCE:

Washington

#### SPAIN:

Sailship Juan Sebastian de Elcano







Mr. Perlis      Mr. Vilas      Mrs. Hedgeman      Mrs. Monti      Mr. Goldberg

## A LOUD, CLEAR VOICE

Several thousand men and women dedicated to fields of social welfare convened in Atlantic City, N. J. for six days in May to discuss their progress in relating to the needs of minority groups in our society. Every major U. S. public and private agency sent representatives to the 92nd Annual Forum of the National Conference on Social Welfare. Twenty-three dramatic pictures and interesting printed material accompanied the Institute's exhibit to explain quickly how SCI meets the rapidly changing needs of merchant seamen, and several clergymen were available to answer questions about the work of the SCI.

But of particular interest to the Institute was a discussion of social changes and their effects on services to seamen, sponsored by the United Seamen's Service, an international seamen's agency. The Institute was represented by Board President Franklin E. Vilas, who joined Anna Arnold Hedgeman, former Assistant to the Mayor of New York; Leo Perlis, Director AFL-CIO Community Serv-

ices Activities; Joseph Goldberg, Assistant Commissioner, Department of Labor, and Isabel Monti, United HIAS Service, to discuss the meaning of services to the seafarer and his family, to government and to organized labor.

We have excerpted from Mr. Vilas' address in which he described the scope and objectives of SCI's work among seafaring men of all nations.

"Without question, the most pressing problem which any agency serving seamen must face today is the rapidly diminishing concern for seamen's welfare on the part of the public. This situation reflects basically the fact that the seaman is out of sight much of his life. Also, the successful efforts of labor to bring seamen's compensation and fringe benefits into line with shore employment have created an entirely erroneous impression concerning his economic status. In spite of improved economic status, the social needs of seamen have changed little in the last twenty years.

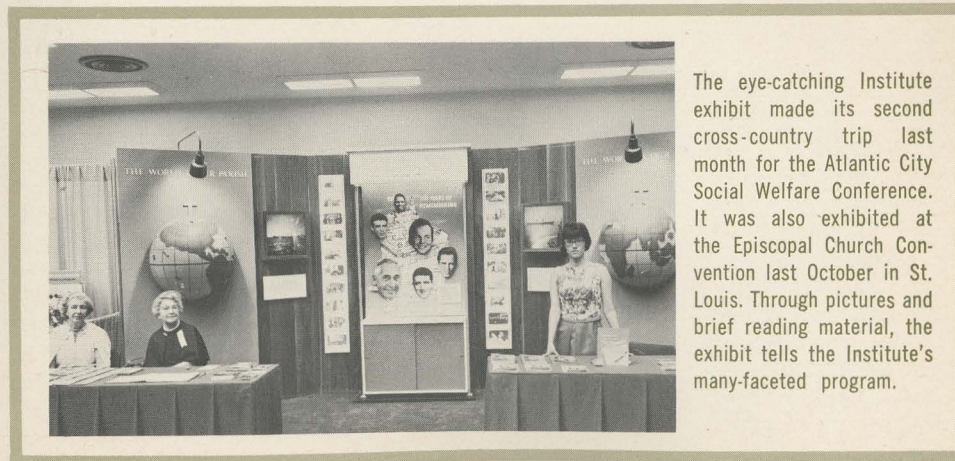
"Too often the impression created by literature, movies and TV entertainment is a negative one. We are carrying forward a long-range program to change this false picture. We use various . . . methods to show the merchant seamen in his proper light, as a decent, law-abiding, skilled worker, frequently engaged in hazardous undertakings, often a hero. Finally, and frankly, in a plan still being evaluated as to its over-all results, we have embarked upon a program specifically designed to bring the seaman visiting us into direct contact with people in the working shoreside community. This plan is accomplished through an adult education program in which a variety of courses and classes are offered; in which seamen and members of the community may participate without restriction—the only distinction being that fee courses are usually free to seamen. When educational and cultural opportunities are provided, the seamen waste no time in responding.

"The foreign seamen have the same social problems and much less cash to spend in any U. S. port. It is at this point that the agency whose support comes from a religious motivation has an edge over the non-sectarian operation. When support is sought for a program involving foreign nations, the concern of the average contributor becomes even less.

"I trust I may be forgiven if I point

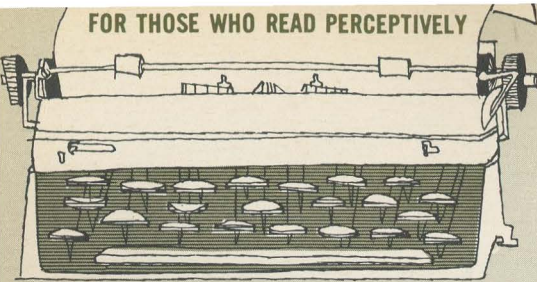
with pride to Seamen's Church Institute and its program for foreign seamen. In 1961 we decided to establish a branch center in Port Newark to be closer to the shipping there. Following experience with a highly successful pilot project, including a soccer field illuminated for night play, we are presently erecting a club building without housing for seamen at a cost of close to ¾ million dollars. Last year we concluded a merger with the New York Port Society located on the West side at 42nd Street, whose clients come principally from the foreign flag passenger vessels berthed nearby. All this is part of one of the most effective people-to-people programs in the nation.

"We are living in an era in which technological change is rapidly modifying the number, the training and economic status of the men who man our merchant fleets. Basically, however, the seaman is a transient and as such when he is ashore in a foreign port, he deserves to have available for his use such assistance and recreation as he would be able to obtain as a resident. Certainly he does not need or wish a handout in the old sense. He wishes to be able to associate with others of his profession in pleasant surroundings and to obtain assistance when in trouble. This is our task—we must both provide the services and convince our contributors that such a program is necessary."



The eye-catching Institute exhibit made its second cross-country trip last month for the Atlantic City Social Welfare Conference. It was also exhibited at the Episcopal Church Convention last October in St. Louis. Through pictures and brief reading material, the exhibit tells the Institute's many-faceted program.





## INTERNATIONAL CLUB LOG

Sunday: KLM Airlines called this evening and said a young German seaman just out of a hospital in Philadelphia was in their office. He had little in his possession but an air ticket to the next port where he expected to meet his ship, and he could not speak any English. I suggested they put him on a bus to South Ferry with directions to the Institute, and we would take care of him on arrival. The young boy arrived safely, and with the help of an interpreter I learned he worked for the Humble Oil Company aboard the *Juhn Augustus Essberger*. A call to Humble revealed the name of the person he would have to contact in the morning. Arrangements were made for him to stay overnight, and the interpreter assured me he would help the seaman contact his office.

Monday: This afternoon George Olsen, a young Kings Point graduate, came back from a trip on the *Trans-union* with the happy news that he is going to be a father. We have seen this boy through the anxiety of waiting for his first ship after graduation, his courtship, and his marriage. He is studying for a degree in electronics, and was shipping for the money he needs to finish his schooling.

Our next guests, were two young men from a Yugoslav ship new to the Club. I gave them souvenir cards and guides and made suggestions for a tour of the city. They stayed long enough for some ping-pong.

A young boy from the Italian liner *Leonardo da Vinci* signed in later. He told us, in halting English, that he had missed his ship at noon today. He was most upset about his plight, but felt considerably better when assured that his is an old story with

young boys who go to sea. . . .

Our last guest was a young Israeli seaman from the *Qeshet* who signed off his ship to fly home tomorrow for his mother's funeral. He came in, he said, to "keep his mind off his sadness." I gave him some magazines and invited him to have coffee.

Tuesday: The attendance of Frenchmen from the *S.S. Washington* took the high for the evening, closely followed by the Greeks from the *S.S. Maribruna*. We had not counted on the *Washington* having another dance night in port, and it was a pleasure to have her men for another evening. Many of the Greeks and Italians were back for a second dance, too, and the spirit of the party ran high.

Dancing was at a maximum and singing at individual tables proved the men were having a good time. It always adds color to our evenings when the men burst into native songs. . . .

Thursday: A record of 22 foreign ships were represented here this evening from 12 different nations. Greece took the attendance honors with men from seven ships, setting an all-time Club record for a single nationality. Next in line was Germany with four ships; Italy was third.

Although we were taken by surprise by a party of this size the evening went beautifully. Our hostesses outdid themselves doing triple duty, and dancing was at a maximum. We entertained a lot of old friends and many, many new ones.

A new group of Chinese (from Port Newark) who were cadets on the *Hong Kong Producer* were among the guests. They sail the China-South America route and danced Spanish dances as well as the native. Even for the International Club it was unusual for Chinese to speak fluent Spanish.

Among the Britishers, the young match book collector arrived to pick up his bounty and say goodbye. This is his last trip before Officers' Training School. It is hard to believe he is 21 now. He was less interested in match books and more interested in how to reach Brooklyn to meet a young lady. I mourn the passing of an era.

Tina Meek

While the Dutch freighter *Alamak* pursued an Easterly course through the gray Atlantic with a Persian Gulf destination, a 21-year-old seaman, Manfred Boom, finished his work and turned in early, feeling a bit under the weather. The next morning he was confined to quarters with a rising temperature which soared dangerously the next two days. He failed to respond to treatment and lost consciousness on the third day.

Realizing the boy was precariously close to death, the *Alamak's* captain radioed the Coast Guard Vessel Tracking System, *Amver*, in New York for assistance.

The emergency call was relayed to *S.S. Shalom*, Zim Line's 25,000-ton luxury liner which was in convenient proximity to the freighter.

When the two ships converged, ailing seaman Boom was bundled up, bound to a stretcher, and swung over the freighter's side into a waiting lifeboat.

Nine seamen guided the small craft through choppy water to the *Shalom* where Manfred was raised to the safety of the deck. Once unbound, he was rushed to the ship's infirmary for emergency treatment. In two days he successfully responded to the care of the *Shalom's* doctor who diagnosed and treated his lung infection, complicated by penicillin allergy.

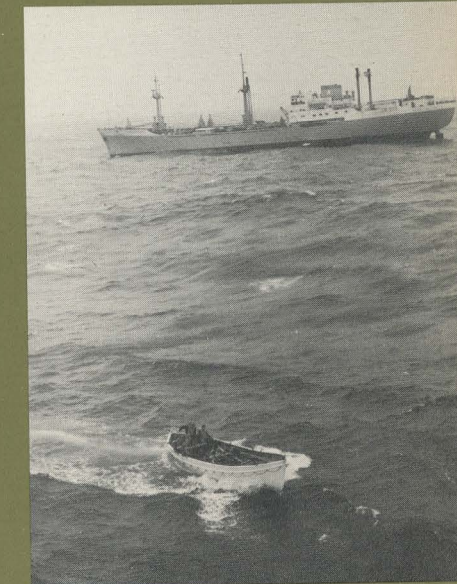
While continuing treatment at the Staten Island Marine Hospital, Manfred was discharged to the care of SCI. He soon discovered the sympathetic ear of SCI's receptionist Dorothy Sheldon, and showed her these pictures which were taken by the *Shalom's* photographer. With the aid of SCI's Dutch-speaking shipvisitor, Manfred was soon making friends with the institute staff, and eventually rejoined his ship.

When he left us, he was appreciative of the hospitality, but to the officers and crew of the *Alamak* and *Shalom*, and the Coast Guard, he was grateful for his life.

## MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH



help on the way . . .



oxygen and care . . .



good to be alive . . .

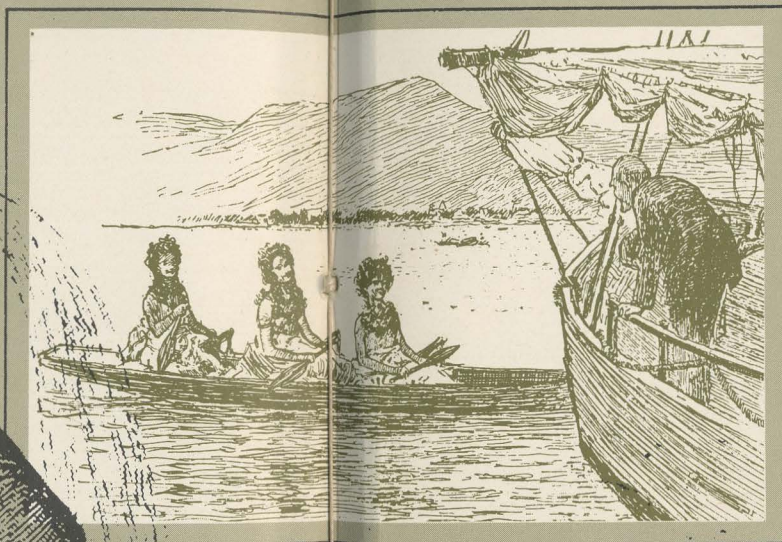


# The Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch

Bark of Freetown,  
Elihu Gifford, Master, from  
Right Whale grounds towards Auckland on  
New Zealand to the Feejee Islands



A leather-bound ship's log, being the comments of a devout ship's cooper, Francis Hitch, who accompanied whaling voyages to the South Pacific in the 1840's. His intimate account of the conditions of seamen and of Polynesia became a documentary of the period. We express appreciation to H. Harrison Huster for the logbook.



## Preparing and Provisions

January 1, 1846. "As this day is the beginning of a New Year So I hope that it may be the beginning of a New Life in Myself. I do sincerely hope and pray that God in his Mercy will pardon and Forgive all . . . (the day) begins squally weather with strong Breezes from North West and I am employed in repairing my old boat. The Steward remains much the same as he has been of late; he is quite feeble and weak. Started on a new barrel of Pork. . . . The Steward is failing. I think he grows weak very fast. The Cook is laid up with a sore foot which he scalded about four weeks since, and has been on Duty once since. My brother Frederick if living, is 35 years old today. Saw land . . . and suppose it to be Cape Colville on East New Zealand. At daylight Captain Gifford had a light fit but he soon recovered again. Opened a cask of flour containing 3 bushels. Drawed some Rum for the first time. The Steward and Spaniard are not better.

January 9th, 544 days from home.

At Daylight we got underway and worked to windward with 2 Boats ahead of us towing the Ship, the Wind being so light as to make it necessary. We arrived off the Town at 7 o'clock and anchored in 5½ Fathoms muddy bottom. We found one Whaling Bark and several Merchantmen and Coast-ers. Sent the Steward on shore to the Hospital. One man returned from shore with some fresh Beef, Carrots and Potatoes. At 2 p.m. I sent a Boat on shore and it returned with Goards and Onions.

Sunday, the 11th . . . We hear that the Steward is very low indeed. It is thought that he is Dying this afternoon.

Monday . . . There is no liberty given today. Employed in breaking out and fitting Casks for Fresh Water Sent on Shore by raft. They hold 60 barrels. The Water comes very slow but it appears to be very good water. William Allen the Steward died between the hours of 9 and 10 this morning. Aged bout 26 years. He belonged in the City





of New York, and we shipped him as Steward at one of the Sandwich Islands about the 20th of September last. He had a very hard cough at that time, and it was soon evident that he had a consumption either seated or about seating itself upon his lungs. Finally on the 16 of last month in a violent fit of coughing he burst a blood Vessel. He raised about a Pint of Blood in the course of a few minutes. He got some considerable Better so that he went to his Duty for a few days but was taken to Bleeding again. From the 20th of December he failed gradually although he was more comfortable at times, but grew weaker and weaker and when he was carried on Shore last Saturday he was not able to bear his weight upon his feet. He lived about 45 hours after he was carried on Shore. His Death was very unexpected and Sudden to us for we thought he would live Several Weeks and perhaps Months. Shipped a new Steward; He came on Duty.

*January 13.* There is no liberty given today. The men are getting Dissatisfied and I am afraid that if there is not liberty given soon that it will be worse for the success of the Voyage. Several of us are rather unwell but I think that it is nothing-very serious and I hope that by God's Blessings that we shall soon be Well again. . . .

*21st of January. 555 Days Out. . . .* Thomas Briggs and Samuel Bancroft are Sick and unable to do any Duty. Their Sickness is caused no doubt by Drinking to excess of the Poisonous Liquor which is sold on Shore. They have both had the Horrors today. My Health is slowly mending, thanks be to God. We sold 12 Barrels of Whale Oil Containing 345 ½ gallons which brought 40 cents a Gallon. I have been on Shore part of the day; there is an unusual number of People on Shore mostly composed of Soldiers Shipping from the Bay of Islands. It is a Sad Sight to behold so many being in Human Form Staggering about the Streets in a Beasterly State of Intoxication, Hallooing, Singing, Curs-

ing and Swearing about the Town. How Thankful I ought to Feel to God for his great kindness in Preserving me from the Slippery Path which goes down to Intemperance. . . .

#### **SAILAWAY FROM AUCKLAND — Into the Deep TO THE "FEEGEEES"**

*Thursday, 29th of January 1846.* All Hands on Duty except the Cook. Henry Thompson is missing. We are getting ready for Sea . . . opened a barrel of Beef and one of Salt Pork also. It is now 20 days since we arrived here and I have got tired of this place. I have seen a great Deal of Intemperance on Shore . . . have seen more among this Crew at this Port than I ever saw among all the Crew that I have ever sailed with before.

#### **A Flogging**

Saturday Begins with Fine Weather. Mr. West and Elnathan P. Hathaway had some words. Mr. West told H. to shut up his mouth or else he (Mr. W) would put him (H) in the Rigging and Flog him. He (H) said his tongue was made to use and that he (H) would use his whenever he (H) saw fit. Mr. West then kicked him (H) twice and asked him if he would shut up but he answered no. Finally Mr. West Struck (H) several times in his face with his fists. They clinched each other and hugged each other as if they were in earnest. They pulled each others hair. Mr. West told H. to let go and he (H) said let go me and I will let go of you. Hathaway said that he had not struck him and he did not mean to. Mr. West got his face scratched some and H. got his Bruised- and scratched some. Mr. West put H. in Irons. When Mr. West told H. that he would flog him, H. told Mr. West that he could do it (that is flog him) whenever he pleased. At 10 a.m. Captain Gifford came on Board and Mr. Williams, the U. S. Consul, and servant came with him to take passage with us to the Feegee Islands. At 11 o'clock got underway with a fine Wind at South South West.

*Next month: The ship's arrival in the Tonga Islands and suspected arson as ship burns.*



# THE FUTURE OF SCI'S MINISTRY

## New Home for Institute Probable In View of Building's Inadequacies

"With the age of the building, maintenance and repair costs escalate each year. This money could better be channeled into needed services for seamen," Mr. Mulligan added. Both he and Board President Franklin E. Vilas emphasized that there would be no interruption of SCI's services, nor would services be curtailed if the sale of the building is negotiated.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Mulligan, "there is urgent need for expanding our operations, especially in education. Enrollment in the Marine School has so increased that we are compelled to provide better tools for training these seamen in keeping with specifications established by the Coast Guard. If the Board should go ahead with plans for relocation, we would design the best proprietary school for training seamen on the East Coast."

Other reasons for the projected relocation of the building include favorable market for the Institute's L-shaped property on the Slip because of the future construction of the New York Stock Exchange in the immediate neighborhood which has enhanced property values.

In confirming the Institute's need for a more efficiently designed building, Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Vilas explored expansion of the Institute's ministry beyond Port Newark and the Port Society Station. "There is a challenge for SCI's witness in the port areas of Brooklyn and Staten Island.

"While we're bound by romantic ties to our present building, we must remind ourselves that since 1834 the Institute has evolved from floating churches, from waterfront boarding houses and missions all over the boroughs of New York. Each subsequent move has better equipped the Seamen's Church Institute for its important calling," Mr. Mulligan said.

The dramatic plan for a Seamen's Church Institute prepared for ministry to seamen of the 21st Century was revealed early this month in the long range program to expand and modernize the world's largest shore center for mariners.

Relocation of the Institute to a new home in New York with the ultimate sale of the 52-year-old headquarters on South Street was predicted in the announcement from the Institute's director, John M. Mulligan.

"Because the educational, social and recreational needs of seamen have changed so dramatically since SCI was built in 1913, we must relate to these new needs by preparing a modern headquarters less expensive to maintain and offering facilities in which to meet these changing needs," he noted.

While the Board of Managers is currently trying to establish a fair market value for the property on South Street, it has made no commitments to sell. "If an attractive offer is made for the building, and a sale were consummated, SCI would continue to occupy the South Street building for at least two years while new quarters in New York are under construction," he said.

A possible site for the building would be 17 State Street, facing Battery Park and just seven blocks from the Institute, where SCI invested in property several years ago.



# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

**ORPHAN OF THE STORM** — She was fully grown, obstreperous and evasive, but she was, nonetheless, endearing to dozens of seamen and staff who sought to subdue her with offers of grapes, carrots and bananas. She appeared mysteriously and quickly brought chaos to SCI's magazine room. When order was restored, the Institute found a comfortable home for the frightened orphan with one of its employees living in the country and added her name to the endless menagerie which enters the building by way of steerage.



**GRAND FLOURISH** — While every available staffman braced the winds on the Institute's roof and seamen residents crowded windows for a bird's-eye view, Italy's new luxury liner Michelangelo made her dramatic entry into the Harbor May 20. With fireboats in salute she terminated her 8-day maiden voyage from Genoa to New York with 1,775 wildly cheering passengers. During her turnaround the Institute's Port Society station extended a welcoming hand in 334 visits from her 720 crewmen at several dances and parties in its Times Square center. Many found their way to SCI South Street.



**EXOTIC INDIA** — Seamen were better informed about the smoldering "partitioning" issue between India and Pakistan, and about India's extensive birth control projects after a challenging lecture by Dr. Amahan, press attache from India's Information Service which included two color movies about Kerala, a province of lagoons, and Udaipur, a province of lakes. Concluding, Mr. Amahan volunteered some facts about India's growing merchant marine whose men, he noted, are of all religions and races.

**SUPERB SEAMANSHIP** — The N.Y. Board of Trade awarded its 1964 "Tradition of the Sea" citation in absentia last month to Capt. Carl Larkin and the lifeboat crew of American President Line passenger ship "President Wilson" for outstanding duty, superb seamanship and courage in accord with the noblest tradition of the sea, in rescuing 18 seamen from a Greek freighter which sank in a gale off the coast of Japan. SCI's director John M. Mulligan was host during the award luncheon (below) for 150 maritime and business officials in the Berwind Auditorium. (left) Gerard McAllister co-chairman of the Board of Trade awards committee presents the plaque for Capt. Larkin to A. A. Alexander of the American President Line.



**MONTH OF MUSIC** — Under the auspices of SCI's Department of Education, several musical events of unusual interest have been brought to South Street for seamen and members of the community. The series was introduced by the Rossini Opera Workshop production of the complete "Faust" on May 2, followed during the week by the Broadway Symphony concert. Employees and staff of the U. S. Rubber Co. offered a pre-World's Fair concert of sacred and popular choral music (left) while the 70-member symphonic band of the United States Army displayed fine technique in a rousing concert of marches and contemporary music (not shown).



# PORTS O' CALL *Camara de Lobos by Bernard D. Keatts*



My first glimpse of Camara de Lobos, from a high point above the Portuguese village on the Isle of Madeira off the coast of North Africa, was one of exquisite beauty. Basking in the sun, there lies a harmonious medley of peace, color, and charm—harbor, boats, and the homes of fishermen.

In a sparsely planted palm grove immediately below me were boats in various stages of construction or repair. High on the beach beyond was the boat I had just left and a magnificent arrangement of fishing boats with filmy nets hung to dry from their masts. One could imagine looking at tall willowy girls in delicate, filmy brown dresses poised for a folkloric dance. To the left was the small sheltered harbor and the deep blue, gently rolling sea.

If one is off a ship for only a few hours, this tantalizing glimpse is all too short but long enough to capture with thoughts and camera. For those of us who could stay longer some of the beauty rubbed off in daily reality after a deeper look into the lives of these fisherfolk.

I descended a long stone stairway and arrived in the boatyard under the palm trees. Around me, the dark and wiry Camara fishermen worked their boats, painting, scraping, caulking. Their hands were rough skinned, their faces unshaven and smudged. But

their boats were painted in gleaming harmonious color schemes, with names and numbers hand-lettered with unmatched artistry.

With the buzz of activity surrounding me, I noticed that the atmosphere was taking on a peculiar odor, and it wasn't exactly like French perfume! Upon further examination I found the reason—in the shade of a boat a few men were skinning and boning sharks, leaving the meat to be washed clean in the surf. The skins and rejects are left for flies, skinny cats, the sun, and the waves at higher tide.

The shark meat is salted and stretched on a wooden frame to dry. Up the side of the hill is a weathered and unpainted shack called the fish-drier's "Palace." Fish carcasses, mostly shark, hung everywhere, presenting a shocking sight.

The Espada is a deep sea fish really living at fish story depths—but this story is true! It has been verified. The main line used by the Camara fishermen for the Espada catch is 1600 meters or nearly 5,000 feet long. As the men pay out the main line, they attach the short lines with aluminum wire. About 150 of the lines, each hook baited with squid or mackerel, are attached to one main line.

Their high-prowed Phoenician-type boats, powered by oars, motor and sails, take the Camara fishermen to the deep waters some five miles out. All Espada fishing is done at night in the yellow light of smoking oil torches. Staying near enough to the torch to bring in the black fish results in badly smudged faces.

I made the mistake of taking a shortcut over a high ridge by a cluster of small village houses. The area was immediately infested with small bare-foot youngsters and a few mothers with half-clothed children astride their hips, begging for pennies and escudas—a tug at one's right hand and a tap on one's left, while a chorus of voices surrounds—"escuda! escuda! penny! escuda!" The doors of the hovels are open and reveal impossible living conditions to add to the strained mental chaos. I met a similar procession coming my way with some bewildered tourist looking as trapped as I felt.

Actually this is the poorest street in the village and the only place where this condition exists. You may crave adventure; but if you're squeamish, one venture along this alley will suffice.

"Beggars Row" ends in a wide street which dips sharply to a broad beach. At one end a river empties into the sea, and there are women by the hundreds on their knees, soaping and beating the dirt out of their clothes. Acres of the beach are spread with drying clothes, and each patch of the vast crazy quilt is jealously guarded by women or children.

This enormous "laundry" is the place for gossip, oration and tongue battling. Even if my Portuguese had been better I would have had a difficult time understanding their rapid local chatter, but it was a fascinating scene.

The women are either listening to an "orator" or trying to join her

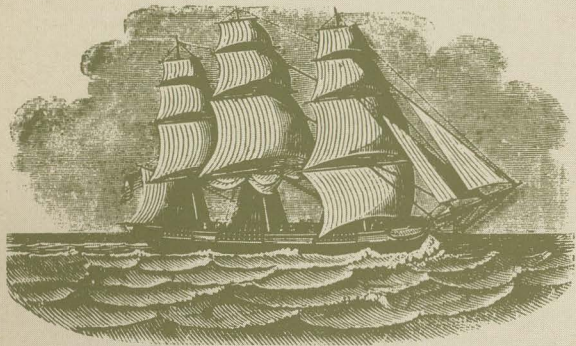
performance. The "speaker" stands with hands on hips and body rigid. Her head moves up a bit, words crackle out, an excited arm flashes over head and waves around. Another woman succeeds in interrupting briefly while the others listen spellbound. Then another woman takes the floor as the "show" continues.

Words are cheap, and here they may flow freely—from women who can neither read nor write and who have spent all their lives in Camara de Lobos. What pent-up feeling and superstitions, what differences of opinion are heatedly debated is anyone's guess, but it is clearly an outlet for those who have no other channels.

Camara de Lobos is classified as a fishing village, but it seemed to me that having babies must run fishing a close second. Children, babies, youngsters, kids, small fry are everywhere. It is reported that on one occasion the village divided itself into two parts in a competition to see which half could produce the most babies in a given time. I was told the western half won by several hundred bawling exhibits, but from what I could see, no one on either side had discontinued the contest!







**OUT BOUND CONVOY**  
by Thomas Hill, A.B.

Grim, gray laden freighters  
At anchor you ride,  
You swing to the ebb and the flow  
of the tide,  
Where do you come from  
Where are you bound?  
In what distant harbors  
Will your anchors find ground?  
Their bells ringing gaily  
Steam whistles they roar.  
Black smoke from their funnels  
Drifts over the shore.  
The convoy is forming, the anchors  
aweigh  
They steam from the haven  
Thro' boom and away.

**MAN'S FIRST WINGS**  
by C. C. Thaxter

Here, where the tall four-masters come no more,  
Salaaming into port, the evening red  
As whale blood on their homing sails, the shore  
Has raised its own memorial to the dead.  
Her prow lifts cloudwards from a sea of sand  
As though bound straight into eternity,  
And blind the one among us who can stand  
Beside her blackened hull and never see  
The cold spray drumming on her living deck,  
Or hear the laughter of her bearded crew  
Defying us to label as mere wreck  
This fosseled spirit of an age that flew  
On strong, sure wings when space was but a high,  
Star-penciled chart to steer a vessel by.

**ISHMAEL**  
by Cornell Lengyel, Purser-Pharmacist Mate

Yes, call me Ishmael if you must name me,  
I've heard the knocking on my coffin door;  
I'm grim enough about the mouth to shame me,  
It's true November in my heart once more.  
Too long I've watched the townsmen's slavish faces,  
My eyes are dull with questioning and doubt;  
It's time for me to try remoter places—  
With gear in hand I'm ready to ship out.  
I love to sail the morning seas, yet land on  
The unanticipated coasts of night;  
At sea I swear I never will abandon  
My frail pursuit of freedom and of light.  
I'd trap the great white whale mad Ahab sought,  
The one which all men seek yet none have caught.

