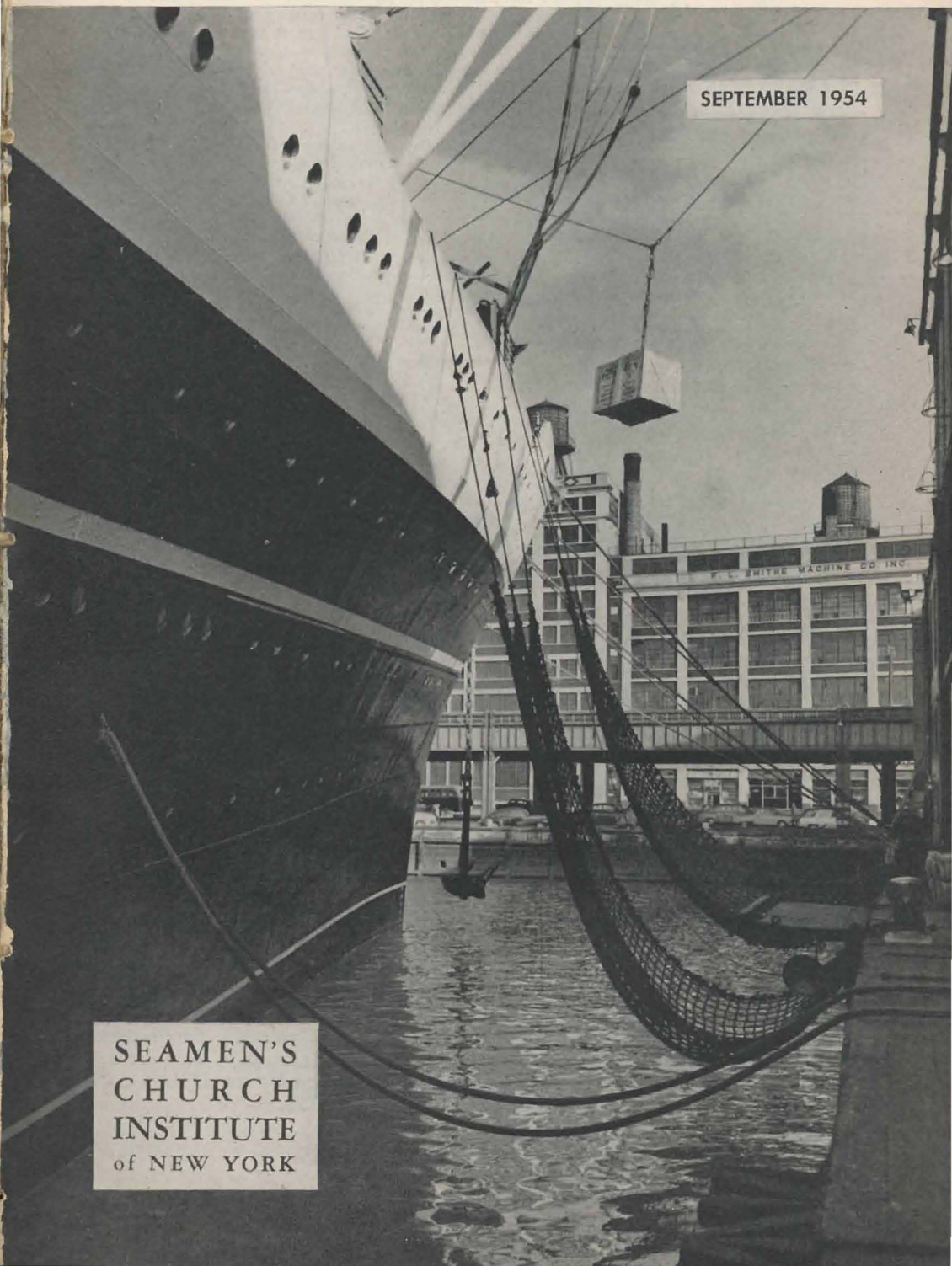
The LOOKOUT



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

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

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

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLV SEPTEMBER, 1954

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOwling Green 9-2710

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THE COVER: How good is your eye for ships? See if you can identify the vessel whose flaring bow is shown here as she takes cargo in New York. Look your fill, and then check the bottom of page seven for the ship's name. The photo was taken by F. A. Anderson in March, 1953.

American merchant shipping: from one dark cloud to another.

A Seaward Glance

ANY industry, in speaking through its publications, runs the risk of talking to itself. Much East Coast eloquence concerning the maritime, we can be sure, has been muffled by the Appalachians, leaving inland folk with no motive to give a hoot what happens in "those seaport towns." We speak of the lessons war has taught "us" about the importance of the merchant marine. Yet the Nebraska farmer, in recalling World War II, thinks not of a shortage of merchant ships but of a shortage of sugar and gasoline, inner tubes and refrigerators. There were many things he didn't like about the war but the list would get long indeed before the farmer realized that nothing so saved his acres as the Victory ships, known to him now as a place to store surplus grain.

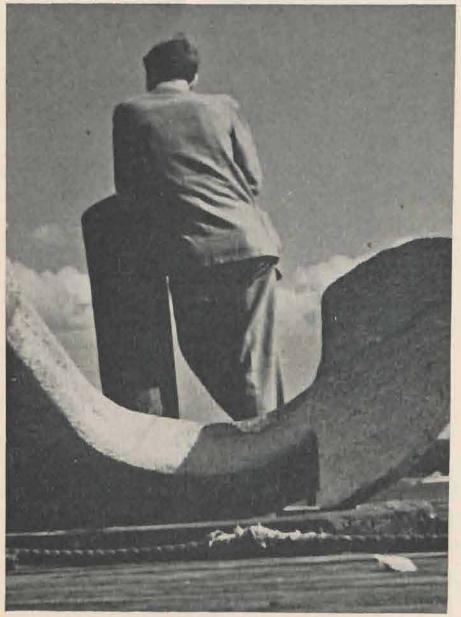
Since we cannot depend on Hollywood to save us with a ringing good movie about the merchant marine, we might pause to note that at the moment there is an alternate way for the maritime industry to address itself to the grass roots audience and that is by cooperating whole-heartedly in the Adopt-A-Ship program being revived by the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine. The industry does not have a limitless number of ways to help itself and this is probably one that should not be passed up since only an awareness of the industry's plight by the rest of the country can produce the needed support.

Somehow, despite the fantastic debt America owes to its maritime activity, as a nation we have virtually no maritime tradition. There are millions of people in our broad land who never cast a seaward glance. These folk would be amazed at the suggestion that we rode to eminence

as a world power on our sailing ships. They might concede that England benefits much from trade with other nations for England is small, but they would term our own riches the fruit of America the beautiful, self-sufficient from sea to shining sea.

Consequently, seafaring is not one of the honored callings in the United States as it is, for example, in Norway where 85% of the people live within fifteen miles of the coast. Perhaps our answer lies here. Perhaps we have too much sky over our heads to be able to think of the sea. Perhaps our maritime tradition has been eclipsed by our heritage as pioneers, pushing onward, outward, upward — not turning ceaselessly back to the sea which brought us here.

In the Netherlands Room at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York there is a mural depicting the role of the sea in the national life of Holland. An inscription on the mural reads: *Wrested from the waves, Holland has grown; prosperous by sailing, Holland has thrived. Remember that the future now lies in your hand; keep our fleet sailing and all will be well with our land.*



This sentiment contrasts sharply with the situation in the United States, where seamen's institutes in soliciting funds to support their work must pause and explain what a merchant seaman is and what he does. In the military and economic sense the merchant marine with us, as with the Dutch, is clearly a matter of national importance, but attention to our maritime needs has been repeatedly frustrated by the lack of tradition, the lack of concern on the part of a population whose attention is divided by many other inland regional interests. These voters in turn polarize the National Government into preoccupation with other industries. Agriculture gets space on every desk in Washington, whereas only a trickle of our legislators are directly answerable to maritime interests.

The result is that American shipping has again come upon hard times. Although there is much willful overlooking of employment facts in order not to psychologize ourselves into a depression, it is probable that most of the country is honestly unaware of the job shortage facing its merchant seamen.

A newspaper close to the maritime industry but seldom read by the general public is the NMU PILOT, bi-weekly publication of the National Maritime Union (CIO). The August 19th issue of THE PILOT introduced shipping activity reports from the union's various port agents with the following heads: N.Y. SHIPPING SLOW; STILL POOR SHIPPING IN SEATTLE; SHIPPING ON DEAD, SLOW BELL IN DEAR CHARLESTON; NORFOLK SHIPPING JUST A BAD DREAM; SLOW SHIPPING IN MARCUS HOOK; POOR SHIPPING IN CORPUS CHRISTI; PROVIDENCE SHIPPING REMAINS POOR; 4 SHIPS CREW-UP IN BALTIMORE: PORT IS SLOW. The Boston and Philadelphia NMU agents unenthusiastically reported slight upswings, with the Boston agent commenting that if times are good, "it can't be proven by the people who make a living by going to sea."

Employment prospects were reflected by the NMU statistics on the two-week period ending August 5th, during which time 19,625 men were registered to ship and only 2,157 actually got berths.

The overall figures for the shipping industry indicate that one job in every three that existed in 1952 is no longer open to merchant seamen. The major factor in the shrinkage, of course, was the lay-up of government ships which occurred in the second quarter of 1952 following the close of the Korean war and the end of Marshall Plan aid to Europe. In addition there has been a reduction in the volume of cargoes moving throughout the world due to economic and political reasons. An additional handicap for American operators has come in the form of heightened competition from foreign shipping interests whose operating cost advantage permits them to underbid for cargoes.

In the absence of tariffs which protect our other industries, an increasing number of unsubsidized American ship operators are, with Government sanction, transferring vessels to foreign flags in order to duplicate the smaller labor costs of their competitors. This practice has naturally taken additional jobs from merchant seamen and it is a subject of heated controversy. Changing to a foreign flag simply means firing the American crew, hoisting the Liberian or other flag and then hiring foreign seamen at the correspondingly low wage scale. American interests, to be sure, still maintain a controlling hand in the operation of the ship, which need never go to Liberia, but once the Liberian flag goes up they no longer worry about such things as minimum wages and union contracts. Important tax advantages also follow. The SEAFARERS LOG, biweekly newspaper of the Seafarers International Union (AFL) has noted with bitterness that it is inconsistent to do this to labor aboard our ships and at the same time patrol our borders to keep Mexican "wetbacks" from swimming the Rio Grande for the privilege of working in other American industries for a few cents a day.

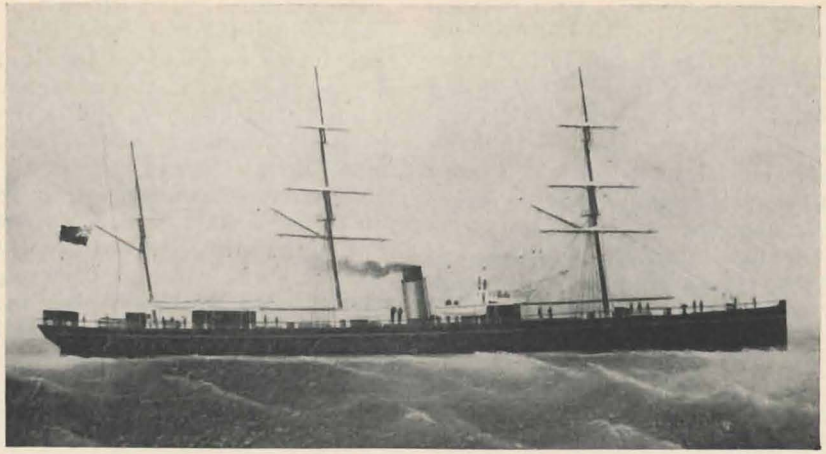
The Maritime Administration is presumably hopeful that these ships will again follow the call of the American flag should war break out. This rather tenuous arrangement, however, still leaves in doubt the question of who will man the ships once the seas are again salted with mines and torpedoes. Will former American seamen—these displaced persons—give up the safety and security of their new shore jobs and bring their spurned talents back to the ships? This is another of many calculations to be included in the "calculated risk" of the foreign flag maneuver. Probably no one in the business is satisfied with such a shaky arrangement but it is an expedient to by-pass the indifference of the general public who, heaven knows, do have a stake, if not an interest, in the matter. Canadian shipping, confronted with a similar problem, has transferred virtually its entire merchant fleet to the British flag.

The brightest hope for relief for the American Merchant Marine comes in the recent passage of the 50-50 bill designed to guarantee 50% of U.S. foreign aid shipments to American bottoms. All portions of the industry are pleased with the bill but no one is persuaded that this measure alone will lead American shipping beyond the shoals.

It is safe to say that the American Merchant Marine will be in trouble until the day its activities are as well known across the land as are the exploits of the Seabees, the Marines, the Paratroops, or any other group that has earned itself a place in the sun through its efforts in saving the Republic. During peacetime soldiers don't hoe potatoes and aviators don't prune trees, yet they never seem to fall so from grace as do the men of the merchant marine, whose wartime role is as harrowing and bloody and whose utility and economic worth do not end with the fighting.

— Tom Baab

For further information concerning the Adopt-A-Ship program, address the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.



The *Parthia* began life in 1870 as a "Cunarder" carrying 110 passengers first class and 1000 steerage.

The Old Ship

By William Chapman White

NOT every one who dies gets a printed obit and not every ship that is towed off to the scrap heap gets press mention. Ships, like people, earn their obits.

Out in Seattle harbor an old weathered tub of 3,656 tons lies at her mooring. Her squeaks and grunts as she rests on the quiet water are probably due to the rust in her vitals but they could be the sounds of ghosts if anyone wants to argue it. She is the *S.S. Victoria*, christened at her birth, in 1870, the *S.S. Parthia*. Once she was the pride of the Cunard Line and put her first fifteen years into the North Atlantic service. Then she was a troopship in the British Egyptian campaign.

In 1887 she was in the Orient trade for the Canadian Pacific Railway, then back to the British Isles for overhauling and rechristening as the *S.S. Victoria*. For a time she was in the passenger business again but after the Spanish-American War she carried U. S. troops to Manila.

The *S.S. Victoria* was then thirty years old, beyond the age that most steel ships are allowed to reach. Her best years lay ahead of her. She was put into the Seattle-Alaska run; for the next thirty years she was the great gold-carrying ship on that run. The riches of the Yukon were in her safes—sometimes as much as $2,000,000 at a time — and all brought safely past the cold wind that blows off Ketchikan and the fogs that rise from Hecate Strait.

In World War II the *Victoria* went back into Pacific coastal trade. If she sounded rheumatic as she moved along, she had a right to all the ills of age for she was past seventy. Now, at eighty-four, she has been sold and soon leaves Seattle for that place where most old ships go, the scrap pile. Without sticky sentiment but with a sense of duty due, she deserves this obit.

Nothing ever catches at some human throats like the knowledge of a valiant ship come to the end of her days. They can't all be saved, else the piers and moorings of the world would be tied up with nothing but rust and ghosts.

A few old ships have survived.

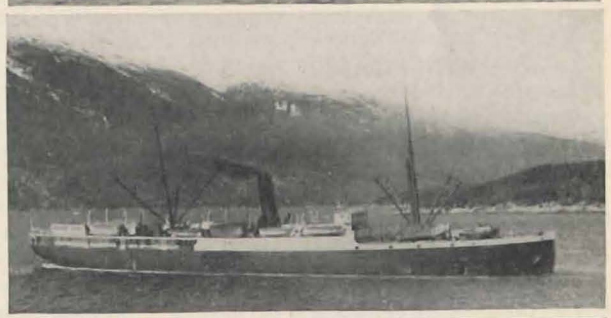
The *Constitution* has been preserved and the *Constellation* will probably be spared. At Mystic, Conn., at the Marine Museum, lies the *Charles W. Morgan*, the last wooden square-rigged whaler to last the years. For eighty years her spars and masts faced every gale that blew from the South Polar ice fields over the lonely waters of the Antarctic but she always came back to New Bedford unharmed. Her luck held to the end. She is preserved today, while her sisters were wrecked or dismantled years ago and their names forgotten.

One old ship that was old when every "old ship" mentioned above was as yet unbuilt may still be around today. In the register of U. S. Naval vessels of less than twenty years ago, there was a listing for a small ship, name and small tonnage now unremembered, but after it the fantastic fact that it had been built during the American Revolution and was still afloat.

Some journalistic digging in 1938 showed that the sloop had been built on Long Island during the Revolution and had run ammunition down the Jersey coast to Washington's army. Some further digging found the ship itself—working out of the harbor at Annapolis. It was then a nameless hulk, its history long forgotten. Like aged humans fallen on evil days, it was in the mundane business of serving as a barge to haul oyster shells from the canneries out to sea. There it was, the oldest American vessel afloat, still sturdy in beam, perhaps forty feet long, but forlorn and forgotten and reeking of fish. It may still be there.

Maybe there are worse fates for an aged ship like the *Victoria* to have to face than a scrap heap and the searing, shearing bite of the oxygen torch.

At age 30, her name now *Victoria*, the vessel served as a transport in the Spanish-American War and then began carrying gold miners to the Klondike.



After World War I, when she was a mere 50 years old, the *Victoria* worked as a liner between Seattle and Alaska.

In 1953 at the age of 83 the *Victoria* looked neat and trim, but a year later her engine was removed and she was made into a barge for towing goods from Vancouver to Alaska. And then . . . the scrap heap.

Joe Williamson photos from the Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute.

The World of Ships

SPOIL SPORT

Mr. Harry Wharton wanted a brilliant spectacle as a finale for the Knaresborough, England, water carnival. He hit upon the unique idea of setting aflame a seventeen-foot model of the liner *Queen Mary*. The news was heralded hither and yon and an enthusiastic audience assured for the main event.

But the news reached the ears of Cunard officials too, and with a sniff of distaste they lodged an official protest with Mr. Wharton, observing coldly that "burning an effigy of anything shows contempt for the original."

The unfortunate Mr. Wharton replied in hurt tones that he meant no disrespect, and when last heard from was going disconsolately forward with substitute finale plans that involved shooting a timid Roman candle or two from the model's deck.

WITH PLEASURE

Inspectors of the Immigration and Naturalization Service may soon enjoy Atlantic cruises while tending to official business. The Customs and Health Services are also toying with the new plan for expediting the processing of passengers, crewmembers and baggage debarking in the port of New York by placing officials aboard ship at the European points of departure and conducting all the official examinations enroute. Theoretically, passengers would then be free to leave the ships immediately upon their New York arrival.

Whether or not the services will have sufficient personnel to devote a team of inspectors to each incoming vessel for the duration of its transatlantic voyage remains to be seen. The touchiness of the steamship companies on the subject of providing free room and board for the Government men presents another possible block to the realization of the proposals. However, tentative arrangements have been made for a "test" voyage by Immigration and Naturalization inspectors aboard the *United States* when she leaves Southhampton for New York on September 23rd.

MODERN DESIGN

Time was when ABC was an innocent business of apple, block and cat, dutifully lisped by chubby sprites in the local kindergarten. ABC in the jargon of those responsible for modern defense and survival symbolizes a deadly combination of atomic, biological and chemical warfare.

The Navy is equipping its ships with high velocity "fog nozzles" which will throw up an artificial screen of fog and spray to shield the zig-zag escape course of its vessels in the event of an ABC attack. The aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Shangri La* and the light cruiser *U.S.S. Worcester* successfully tested "Washdown Countermeasure" during maneuvers last July. The Navy first hit upon this method of defense when a segment of the Pacific fleet was caught in atomic rains after the hydrogen bomb test March 1st. They improvised sprinkler systems which flushed down the weather decks with clean sea water and thus avoided contamination.

While military brains were wrestling with the ABC's of our time, speakers at a gathering of the British Association for the Advancement of Science warned that the human race could not survive an atomic war, regardless of where the bombs actually fell. Dr. E. D. Adrian, Nobel Prize winner and one of England's leading scientists said, "Repeated atomic explosions will lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no one could tolerate or escape." One assumes this would include ships, befogged, zig-zagged or otherwise.

HYBRID

At Fort Eustis, Virginia, a curious pre-fabricated structure is building, with decks, booms, winches, and holds, but no bow, stern, keel, or navigation bridge. It's the Army's new "landship," set in concrete at pierside for the specific purpose of training servicemen in longshoring.

An Army Corps of Engineers supervisor said this 1,050-ton "landship" will solve one of the Army's biggest problems — that of loading and unloading cargo in advance combat areas. The Army feels certain that an intensive training course aboard the "landship" will qualify a soldier to handle cargo on any type of vessel that sails the seas.

WANTED

If you have any canes, crutches or jigsaw puzzles uselessly taking up house room, you can be rid of them by contacting the Department of Special Services at the Institute. Recuperating seamen are the "common denominator" underlying the need for these items.

The mailing address is 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. If you live in the City phone BO 9-2710 and arrange for your unwanted canes, crutches and jigsaw puzzles to be picked up.

MARINELAND

Two huge saltwater tanks in California's Marineland house one of the largest collections of sea animals in the world, according to the west coast marine paper EIGHT BELLS. Through three bands of windows set at different levels in the tanks, spectators can view such creatures of the deep as giant bat rays, sharks, porpoises, sea turtles, lung fish, moray eels and octopi.

Kenneth Norris, Marineland's Curator, estimates that his collection of sea animals exceeds 5,000 species, obtained by determined forays along the shore and successful deep water netting by a fishing vessel *Geronimo*.

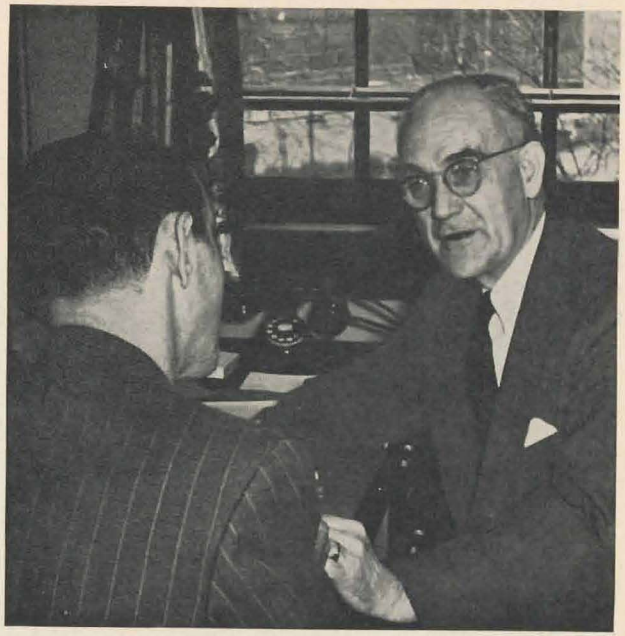
THE RACES

Tug whistles shrieked and spectators cheered as a husky young Norwegian seaman was tossed into the choppy Narrows waters on September 2nd. It was all in the name of staid tradition, though, for he was the coxswain of the winning lifeboat *Tabor* in the final heat of races conducted by the Nordic Seamen's Group. Coxswain Lembourn, after his first salty reward, returned with his seven crewmates to receive commemorative gold medals from C. J. Mohn, managing director of the Norwegian-American Line.

The race covered a one-mile course and the winning lifeboat crew rowed the distance in 8 minutes, 1 second. Eight cargo ships entered boats in the races, six of them Norwegian, one Finnish and one Swedish. Two preliminary heats narrowed the field down to four entries for the final race.

The answer to the cover puzzle:
Andrea Doria

Without A Dime



John J. Connell at the Institute's Credit Bureau.

JOHN J. CONNELL is a square-shouldered six-footer who traces his family back to "troublesome times and beyond" in Ireland. In the five years he has been supervisor of the Credit Bureau at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, he has heard nearly every hard luck story in the book; but he despairs of hearing a more improbable plea than that of the three seamen who got tangled up with the authorities of a country in Central America.

"Any time a man is dead broke," says Connell in his brogue, "it's serious business. You listen to his troubles and do what you can. But with these three I just had to laugh myself near sick. It seems they had decided to take in the sights at a banana republic port, but before going ashore they had doctored up their shoes with a little paint, figuring, I guess, that they'd create something of a stir among the local gentry. They started with an undercoat of aluminum and then added several other colors for trim. When they were done they gave their pantlegs a turn up and went down the gangplank into town.

"Well, they didn't go unnoticed, let me tell you now. Angry people began to shout and shake their fists, and in less time than it takes to tell the boys found themselves in jail.As it turned out, would you believe it, the colors they had daubed on their shoes were the same as in the national flag and nothing that could be said seemed to mitigate the insult. The result was that the boys missed their ship and were later deported back to New York, where they hit the street without a dime. The Credit Bureau here at the Institute carried them until they got back in business again."

Connell tells this story purely for comic relief. The reason why a seaman goes broke is usually much less spectacular. Today it is often a case of a man's not being able to get a ship as soon as he had planned. The National Maritime Union hiring hall in New York, for example, has a waiting list of about 14,000, so it's not a simple matter for a man to get shipped out before his last payoff is all gone. Sometimes seamen need help when they are recovering from injury and sickness. No matter what the circumstances, the Bureau will aid any merchant seaman who finds himself temporarily out of funds for his room and board through no fault of his own.

A seaman without finances has a difficult time earning his keep ashore. Employers consider the merchant seaman a bad risk — and perhaps rightly — because they know he'll drop whatever he's doing and take a ship if the chance comes. Likewise he is considered a poor credit risk, having neither a house, car nor set income that can be attached. The Institute Credit Bureau, established back in the Twenties, operates strictly on the honor system, accepting as collateral only the seaman's word that he will square up when he gets another payoff. And this most always happens. Those who don't come through have their conscience and the cool grey eye of John J. Connell to contend with. Should they go broke again, things will really be tough on South Street. Seamen themselves wouldn't have it any other way. A guy who turns his back on a debt is considered a deadbeat—on the ship as well as off.

"We wouldn't be any good to anyone if we didn't run things on a business-like basis," says Connell, referring to the files kept on every man who gets an interest-free loan from the Bureau. "Seamen value their dignity above a plate of ham and eggs; most would go hungry rather than take a handout."

Many seamen have long account records. "They borrow and pay up, borrow and pay up," says Connell, "until you begin to wonder if they're ever going to get ahead of the game." So it was naturally a source of satisfaction when one of the Bureau's old-time clients, today the skipper of an Alcoa vessel, offered recently the following "testimonial:"

"Not long ago I had as a passenger a venerable white-haired gentleman who is on the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute. One moonlit night down in the Caribbean over a glass of rum and coke he asked me if in my opinion the Institute was serving a worthwhile purpose and service.

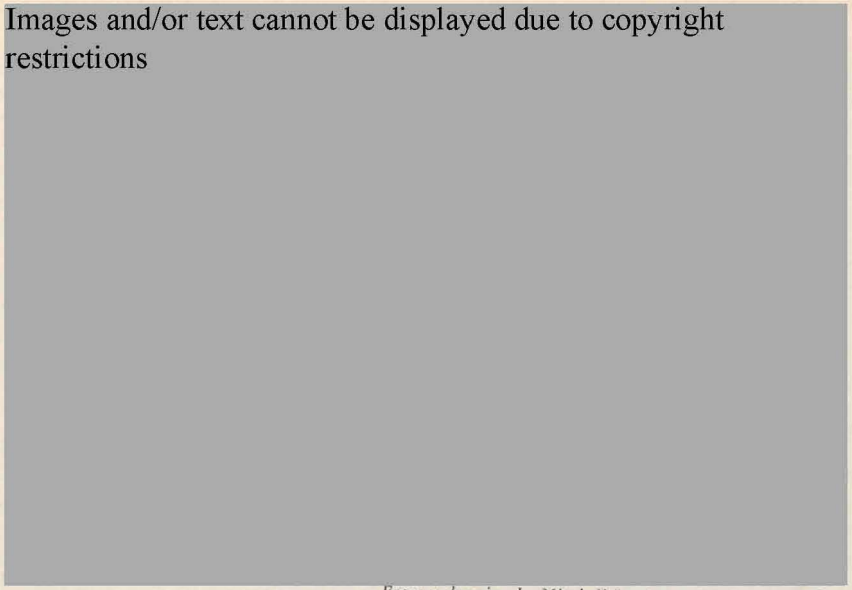
"I replied that I would answer that question with a personal experience. Back in the Thirties I paid off a ship in New York and went ashore with a moderate seaman's bankroll. The first thing I did was to take my bags to 25 South Street and check them. The next thing I did was insert a fifty-dollar bill in an envelope and put it in my sock. Without bothering to pay any room rent, buy a meal ticket or take my clothes to the laundry, I started off on a two-week bout, sailor fashion, with John Barleycorn.

"At the end of two weeks I was reduced in affluence to a dollar and fifty cents in my pocket and my 'ace in the hole,' the fifty dollars in my sock. A fateful stop for a last drink before sobering up caused me to offer a pretty female barfly a drink. She said, 'No, you can't buy me a drink but I'll buy you one.'

"She took me to her apartment building. When we were in the entrance hall she said it would be nice to get some sandwiches. I took my 'ace' out of its hole and handed it to her to go to the corner restaurant for sandwiches. She took off two sparkling rings and offered them to me to hold as security against her return. The magnanimous sailor refused to accept them, reasoning that if they were as genuine as they appeared he would be ashamed later that he had not trusted her. I waited three hours in that cold hall on a January night and finally it dawned on me that she wouldn't be back.

"The next day I had to ask for credit at the Seamen's Church Institute. I was broke, hungry, had no place to sleep, needed a haircut and clean laundry. At the Credit Bureau my problem was kindly heard and my needs were met. I cannot begin to tell what that haircut and clean laundry did to buoy up my sagging self-respect. The small bill was soon paid, but I still carry a kind of indebtedness.

"I noticed in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT that my passenger is still on the Board of Managers and that he has even taken on additional duties."



From a drawing by Mitchell Jamieson, Lt. (jg), USNR, courtesy Wm. Morrow & Company

My Toughest Voyage

By John P. Ader, Jr., *Engine Department*

Second prize, Artists & Writers Club Essay Contest

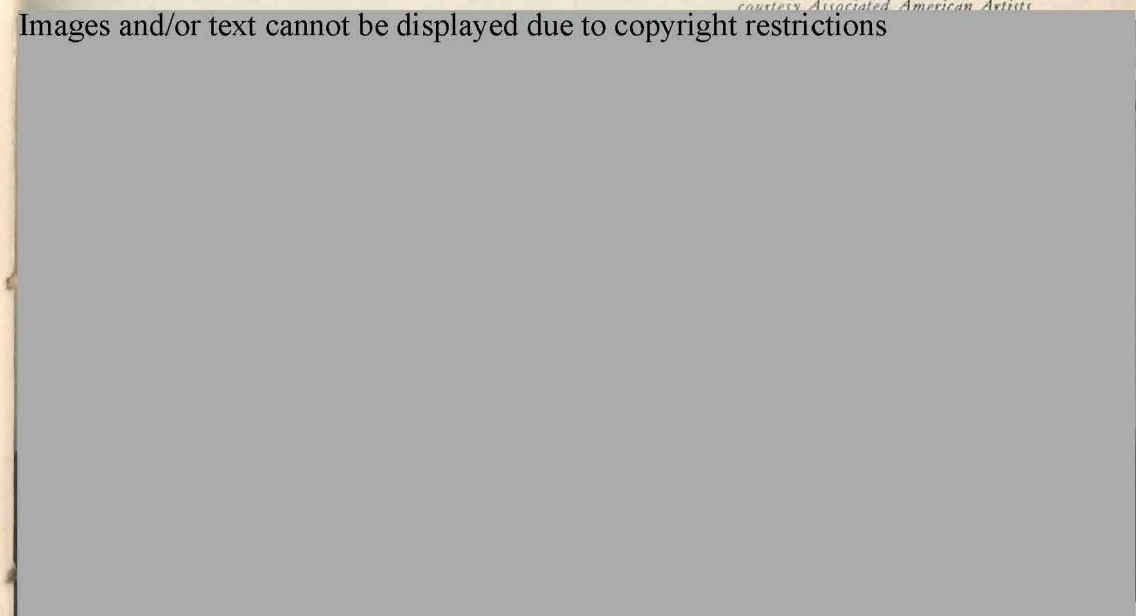
MY toughest voyage was the trip on which I acknowledged fear as a shipmate. I did not know that he was aboard at first but as we crept across the vast Pacific in a new, blacked-out Victory ship, with a full cargo of ammunition, I became aware of his presence. For he was a gregarious sort of chap who had made acquaintance with every man aboard. Soon the men on deck began to see floating mines with every bit of debris that was sighted in the water. The men up from the engine room claimed to hear the cargo shifting, rolling in the hatches above the shaft alley and all the while fear was there reminding us that one little spark to the cargo — one mine scraping along the ship and we would be blown out of existence. He kept insisting that even if we did cross the Pacific it wouldn't do us any good because we were going to the very heart of the enemy territory where they controlled the sky and the sea. I began to listen to what he had to say and soon I began to believe him.

In the Marianas group we formed a convoy of five Victory ships all carrying ammunition and had two destroyers for escort. The enemy broadcast (through Tokyo Rose) the names of our ships and of our destination. She claimed that we would never get there and, if we did, they would have a welcoming committee waiting for us. Fear became hysterical at this news; he darted everywhere: up and down the passageways, down into the engine room, up in the bridge telling his shipmates that we didn't have a chance; that we were going to get our guts splattered.

We dropped anchor at Okinawa and no sooner had we cut the steam to the engine than the guns from every ship in the harbor began to blast away at the sky, and we knew that the welcoming committee had arrived. Fear reminded us that this was it! We saw the Kamikazies hit two of the ships from our convoy. When the first plane started toward us, the gun crew fired upon it and sank it, seconds before it could crash into our ship. All during the trip fear had been spreading the story that the gun crew couldn't hit the Staten Island Ferry on a sunny day. But another Kamikaze boy flew toward us with machine guns blasting at our gun crew and crashed into the midship house. I was knocked out.

When I came to, the midship house was afire, and the ship was dead, but we had not been blown out of existence. Fear — a contagious disease that breeds panic and cripples the spirit — had lied. I left fear on that burning ship and never intend to travel with him again; for he made a tough trip tougher and helped make it my toughest trip.

From the painting by Georges Schreiber courtesy Associated American Artists



Poetry Winners

THE LOOKOUT takes pleasure in publishing these prize-winning entries in the 1954 Artists & Writers Club poetry contest which brought forth verse from merchant seamen all over the globe.

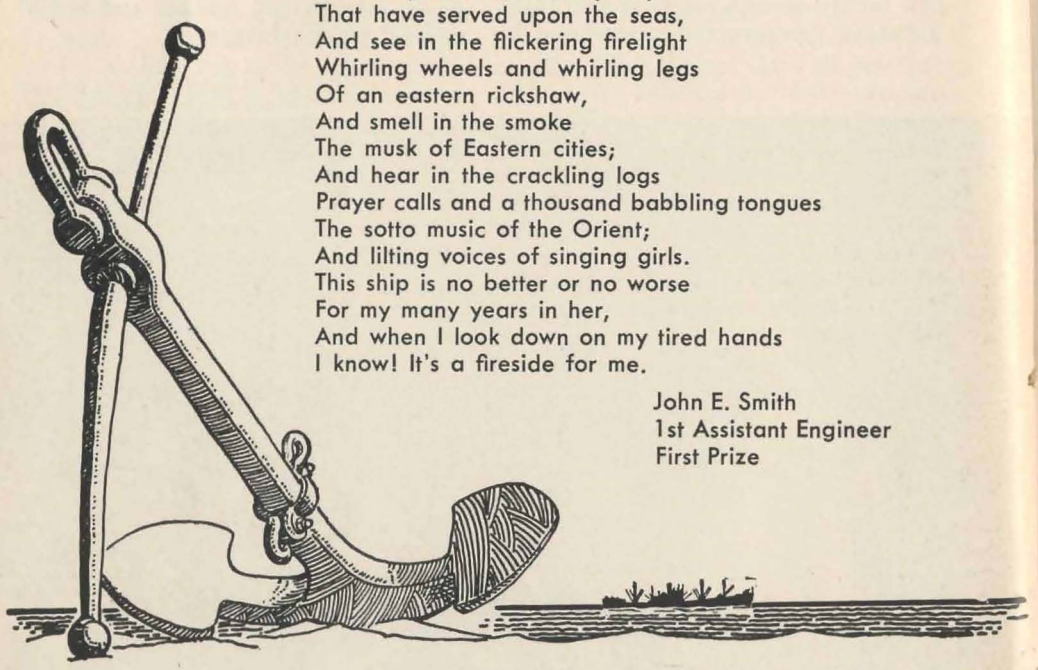
The Artists & Writers Club has been sponsored by the Institute since 1945 as part of its program benefiting merchant mariners.

The poetry judges were A. M. Sullivan, Frances Frost and John Mason Brown.

THE SEA

In the evening when I look
Out on the indifferent sea
And watch the setting sun
Burning cloud embers in the sky,
I look down on my tired hands and know
The sea will not have much more of me;
I'm ready to sit by the fireside
And only dream of ships and the sea.
Dream of majestic liners
And tired freighters too,
And the few that are left
That time has swept, with their white canvas too.
Watching the dancing flames
And reviewing a thousand names
Of hardy men and sturdy ships
That have served upon the seas,
And see in the flickering firelight
Whirling wheels and whirling legs
Of an eastern rickshaw,
And smell in the smoke
The musk of Eastern cities;
And hear in the crackling logs
Prayer calls and a thousand babbling tongues
The sotto music of the Orient;
And lilting voices of singing girls.
This ship is no better or no worse
For my many years in her,
And when I look down on my tired hands
I know! It's a fireside for me.

John E. Smith
1st Assistant Engineer
First Prize



SEA NOCTURNE

I will return no more
To the song of the town,
Avenues of joy and fear
Or laughter along the shore.

And for this beckoning sea
I forsake you, house of clay,
Know a new balm of peace
In waves of passionless rhapsody.

Far across my path, white-spun,
The moon spills her gems,
Cascading in liquid light
To an unknown horizon.

My ship moves suspended
In a vast, ageless dream
Out in who's gleaming space
Worlds and time have ended.

In the night's silent spell
My star-enchanted eyes,
Empty of desire and hate,
Recall no hand of farewell.

In this still, magic elation
Erase the loves that were lost,
Numb remembered pain, O sea,
With your strange compensation.

Antony O. de Courcy,
2nd Cook and Baker
2nd Prize

THE ACCOUNTING

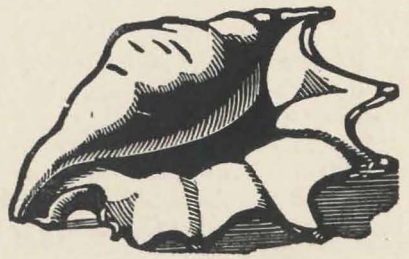
Why do you cry Europa?
Knew you not that the wind
With which you have blown
Would in time become a storm?
See you now the precipice
Toward which you have
So blindly danced?

Return you cannot.
Now to reject the past
Would be a vain plea
For absolution, as the sun
Now sets upon a life
From whose cup so freely
Did you drink.

If the last dregs
Are bitter, remember that
This orb will know,
And in the past has known,
Depths of chaos and despair
Which, in your mind,
You plumb alone.

Every cycle has its
Beginning and its end,
Repeating throughout eternity.
Herein lies your hope, for
On some distant day, you shall
From your ashes rise and,
Like the Phoenix, live again.

Mark H. Winner, Jr.,
2nd Assistant Engineer
Third Prize



A PROMISE

As we note the 70th birthday of a famous symbol, let us be mindful that liberty is not an accomplished fact whose veneration can be totaled like the rings in a tree trunk.

The ideal of liberty framed in the American Constitution has no age at all. It is a sweet promise of freedom to express the resolves of today's conscience; a promise made by people to themselves; a promise that must be kept. Register during October to vote in the Fall elections.