

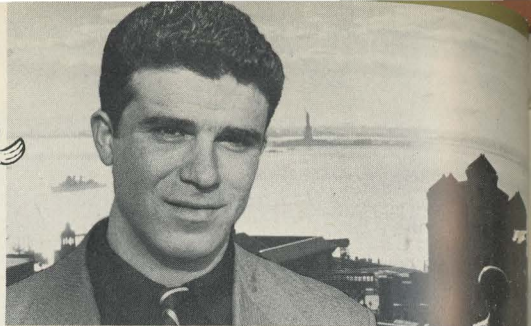


# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1963



## seaman of the month

### ► Yannis Margaritis

The Greeks have a word for it: *leventis*. This word is significant in describing April's seaman-of-the-month, Yannis Margaritis. It means sophisticated, sympathetic, aware, and more. This black-haired, rugged young man left his native island of Naxos at the age of eighteen to begin his own odyssey.

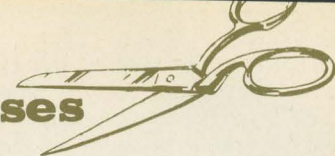
From earliest childhood Yannis dreamed of going to sea. Yannis' parents—his father a city official and his mother a housewife — had plans for their son. It was their ambition to send him to the School of Fine Arts in Athens to develop his artistic talents. But the same siren call that lured his seafaring uncle began to lure Yannis. His uncle was captain of several famous Greek sailing ships (calques) and was later killed in action during World War II.

Yannis applied for his seaman's papers upon finishing high school. He traveled on motor ships between the islands of the Aegean Sea. These short trips only whetted his appetite for faraway places and he tried to get an ocean-going ship. The 1958 recession, however, made this virtually impossible and Yannis occupied himself with maintenance work on ships that had been tied up. Finally, a berth materialized on the Queen Frederika which took him to the United States.

At the age of 21, army duty beckoned. Yannis emerged a second lieutenant in the heavy artillery after two years of service.

*Continued on page 19*

## leisure time craft classes



When seamen were invited to make bouquets and garlands using artificial flowers to decorate the International Club for a bridge benefit last Spring, their wholehearted response and enthusiasm was unexpected, according to Grace Chapman, executive secretary of the Women's Council, under whose auspices the decorations were made.

A new creative effort was begun at that time in preparation for their Annual Card Party, involving seamen, members of the staff of all departments, and the Women's Council. From the spontaneous beginning, the program continued to vitalize and SCI is now offering a Crafts Workshop for seamen, sponsored by the Council. It is held three afternoons a week in the beautiful new Lecture Gallery.

The most obvious purpose of the Workshop is to create "little masterpieces" out of discarded or inexpensive materials which will be sold by the Women's Council to raise money to buy the wool used in the Christmas Box project. In addition it gives seamen waiting for a ship or convalescing at the Institute an opportunity to use their talents and skills in the creation of beautiful and useful objects, have

fun and lively conversation in attractive surroundings and in the companionship of women.

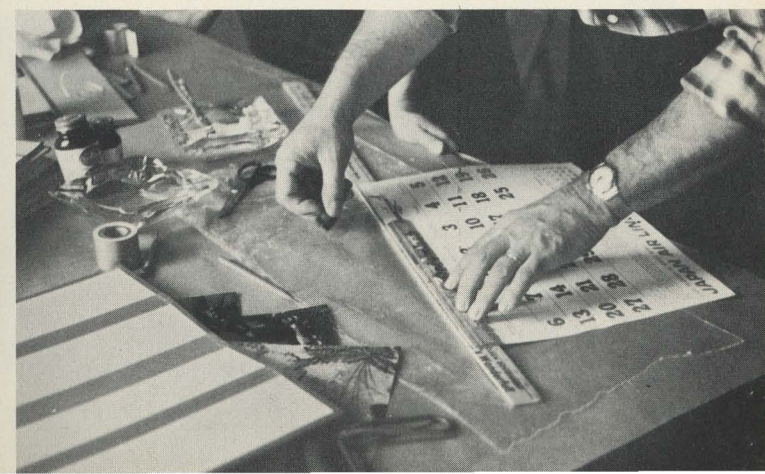
Because so many of the men said "I'll come back tomorrow" at the close of the weekly sessions, it was decided to offer groups on three consecutive days, using volunteers Mrs. Dorothy Seybolt and Mrs. Mary Murphy (wife of the 150,000th seaman to receive a Christmas box). SCI staffer Mrs. Barbara Love of the Women's Council is in charge of a third group and directs the program.

How best to use the materials available determines the gifts which are made, said Mrs. Love. Experimental sessions are held in which seamen are asked to design specific gift items after final models have been worked out by Mrs. Love, Alfred Eledge (former seaman working for the Women's Council) and Egbert Bravo of the cafeteria staff.

Seamen are currently crafting small, four-panel Japanese screens, fine desk sets, note paper and "silver" candle holders.

A typical Workshop regular is New York tug boat captain Braxton Piner, who spends afternoons in the class while getting his radio operator's license in the Marine School. Brad, who

Projects for seamen are conceived by Barbara Love who also supervises the program and volunteers



Beckwith



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 4, N. Y.  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

The Right Reverend  
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*Honorary President*

Franklin E. Vilas  
*President*

The Rev. John M. Mulligan  
*Director*

Ralph M. Hanneman  
*Editor*

Member International Council of Industrial  
Editors  
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Communicators

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COVER: "Sure Sign of Spring." Photo by the editor.

usually spends his time off with his wife and son in North Carolina, appreciates the chance to work with his hands because, as he said "It keeps me from becoming homesick." He plans to make several more Japanese screens during his next stay at the Institute. His screen has already been sold and many orders taken from it, happily reports Mrs. Love.

All seamen are accustomed to working with their hands, some have highly developed artistic abilities. Others have athletic backgrounds and have

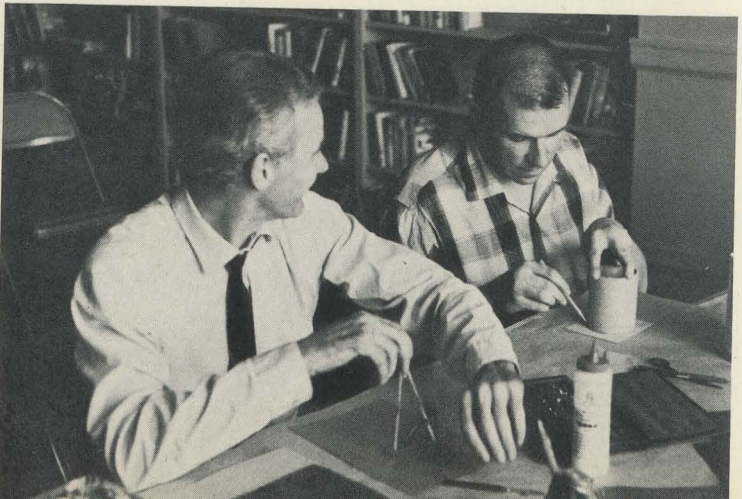
not been exposed to the cultural side of life. It is these men who are particularly proud and amazed to find that they are able to craft beautiful and useful gifts. The Workshop has opened new facets in their lives with possibilities of hobbies that "pay."

Men from many nations have worked together with the exchange of ideas, laughter and serious creative work. But the biggest surprise to Barbara Love is that nine out of 10 seamen with whom she has worked have been left-handed.



ABOVE: Calendar covers provide seamen with much of the art material they use in crafting useful gifts.

BELOW: Craft classes attract captains to wipers and provide the opportunity to exchange ideas, laughter and creative inspiration.



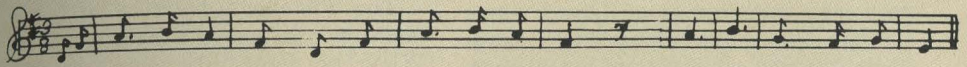
# Cap'n Walt's Page



## BLOW THE MAN DOWN Long drag chantey

This is a famous old sea chanty sung today by American seamen all over the world. See if you can learn the words and music and "sing along" with Cap'n Walt.

"Blow" in the old days was equivalent to "knock".



Oh, blow the man down, bul-lies, blow the man down. Way-aye, blow the man down



Oh, blow the man down. in Liv-er-pool town. Give me some time to



blow the man down.

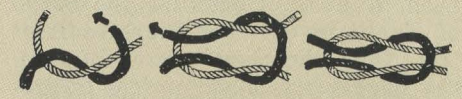
As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
A brass-bound policeman I happened to meet.

Says he, "You're a Black-Baller by the cut of your hair."  
"I know you're a Black-Baller by the clothes that you wear."

"O policeman, O policeman, you do me great wrong."  
"I'm a flying Fish sailor just home from Hong Kong."

They gave me three months in Walton Jail  
For booting and kicking and blowing him down.

Gather round all ye sailors' knots enthusiasts. Here are five more helpful knots for you to try. Be sure to follow the arrows in the illustrations so you tie in the proper direction. And have fun!



SQUARE OR REEF KNOT



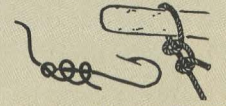
OVERHAND KNOT

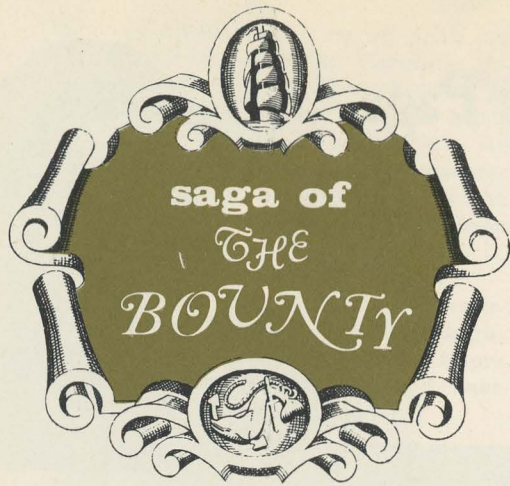


TIMBER HITCH



BOWLINE





Perhaps no 18th Century character has been more criticized as a "villain" during the 20th Century than William Bligh, captain of the "Bounty" which figured in the breadfruit expeditions of 1787. What was he really like? After months of research, SCI's Chaplain Bill Haynsworth has given us a reappraisal of the personality of Bligh.

"March 2, 1788. Sunday. In the forenoon, after seeing that every person was clean, divine service was performed, according to my usual custom on this day. Upon complaint made to me by the master-at-arms, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen lashes, for insolence and mutinous behavior." The foregoing entry was made in the log of HMS Bounty by her Captain, William Bligh, nine weeks after the ship had sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the island of Tahiti in quest of the breadfruit tree. Once the plants were obtained, the Bounty was under orders to proceed to Jamaica where the breadfruit was to be transplanted in an attempt to provide cheap food for the slave economy of the British West Indies.

The voyage which began on a cold December day in the year 1787 resulted in the most famous mutiny in the annals of sea lore. The details of this intensely dramatic story can be found in the ship's log, in the diaries of members of the ship's crew, and

in records of the courts-martial which subsequently followed the mutiny.

Examining these records almost a century and a half later, two young American authors who were living in Tahiti, Charles Nordhoff and James Hall, produced the famous "Bounty Trilogy," *Mutiny on the Bounty, Men Against the Sea, and Pitcairn Island.* They took into careful account the recorded facts of history and gave an accurate picture of the mutiny and its outcome. The story of the mutiny has also been retold in numerous books by authors who have frequently distorted the facts for the sake of a heightened dramatic effect. The question, therefore, arises: what were the real people like?

The Fletcher Christian of history had the makings of a Hollywood hero. When he joined the ship's company he was a youth in his twenty-fourth year. One of his contemporaries described him as a "tall, swarthy man, handsomely and strongly built, with thick brown hair and a complexion naturally dark, and burned by the sun to a shade rarely seen among the white race." Christian was a "gentleman well connected" whereas Bligh was not.

Lt. William Bligh had been chosen to command the forty-five-man crew. When the Bounty sailed for Tahiti in 1787 Bligh was a youthful skipper in his thirty-third year. According to a contemporary report Bligh was of middle stature, inclined to stoutness. His voice was strong, and a little harsh, and his bearing was one of unusual self-assurance. Christian and Bligh had previously sailed as shipmates.

The Bounty's log was kept in good literary style, with careful respect for detail. The log, together with Bligh's published and unpublished diaries and record of the court-martial proceedings, provide an invaluable source of information in establishing the facts of the mutiny. Bligh states in his diary that Fletcher Christian "really promised as a professional man to be a credit to his country." Of his crew he wrote, "Such neglectful and

worthless petty officers . . . Their conduct in general is so bad that no confidence or trust can be reposed in them . . . they have driven me to everything but corporal punishment, and that must follow if they do not improve."

An incident is recorded in the diary of James Morrison, the Boatswain's Mate who was also convicted in the trial and later granted a royal pardon. The day before the Mutiny, April 27, 1789, the Captain missed some coconuts and said they could not have been stolen without the knowledge of the officers. Mr. Christian was among those whom he called "thieves and scoundrels."

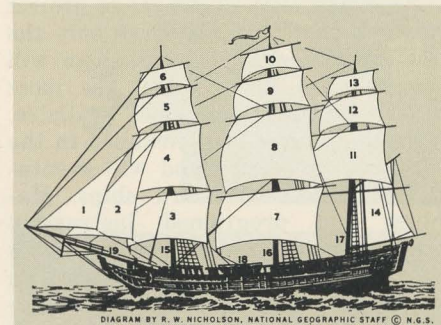
According to the record of events in Bligh's diary, the mutiny began just before sunrise on Tuesday, April 28, 1789, when the Captain was hauled out of bed in his nightshirt by Fletcher Christian, the master-at-arms, the gunner's mate, and a seaman. His hands were tied with a cord behind his back. The men were armed, but Bligh loudly demanded the reason for such violence. He made a last-minute attempt to reconcile his former friend, Christian, and promised to forget about the incident if Christian would only desist. Christian called him a villain and ordered him to be silent, declaring that he had been "used like a dog all the voyage."

Adrift in the Bounty's twenty-three-foot "long boat" for forty days, Bligh and his eighteen loyal companions accomplished a fantastic feat of seamanship in reaching the little Dutch India settlement of Timor after a sail of some 3,618 miles. When the news of the mutiny and of "Bligh's miracle" reached England, the captain of the Bounty became a national hero overnight. But the popularity was short-lived. Testimony at the court-martial revealed certain flaws in the character of the masterful seaman. Bligh remained unperturbed by public criticism, as he had been unmoved by earlier praise, and lived to play an important role in the battle of Copenhagen in 1801. He later became governor of New South Wales, Australia, and attained the rank of Vice-Admiral

before he died in England in 1817 at the age of 63. It is an interesting fact that he was involved in two other serious mutinies, neither arising out of harsh discipline.

On February 6, 1808, nineteen years after the mutiny, the "Topaz" of Boston stopped at tiny Pitcairn Island to look for seals and to replenish its water supply. The ship's captain, who had expected the island to be uninhabited, was very much surprised to see smoke. His surprise was even greater when three men in a boat paddled toward him. They hailed him, offered a gift of coconuts, and invited him ashore to meet a white man.

*Continued on page 19*



**Bounty's sail plan**

1—Jib. 2—Fore-topmast staysail. 3—Foresail. 4—Fore-topsail. 5—Fore-topgallant. 6—Fore-royal. 7—Mainsail. 8—Main-topsail. 9—Main-topgallant. 10—Main-royal. 11—Mizzen topsail. 12—Mizzen-topgallant. 13—Mizzen-royal. 14—Spanker. 15—Foremast. 16—Mainmast. 17—Mizzenmast. 18—Launch. 19—Bowsprit.

**TOP:** Sail plan of the "Bounty".

**BELOW:** Captain William Bligh from an old engraving.



# 1240

## we enter the age of...

A number of uncomplicated looking blue plastic machines were unwrapped at the Institute last month which might make the difference between the advanced education of a seaman or no education at all.

They are called "teaching machines." Through a long-range project in which these machines are only the first experiment, Johnny Seaman will now have at his disposal the most modern learning techniques available.

Machines have been installed in the SCI Lecture Gallery and will eventually be placed on board ships. Machines and programed instruction kits as well as programed textbooks (a simplified version of the machine program) are supplied by Grolier Company, publishers of the encyclopedia.

Many seamen have come to the Merchant Marine school with inadequate preparation in math, according to The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, Director of Education, who hopes the new self-tutoring method will provide the necessary background and review for seamen who wish to go through the school's training for the Coast Guard licensing exams.

In addition to study for actual school preparation, men at sea will ultimately use machines and programs for constructive recreation.

In the first phase of the long term program begun in March of this year, over 100 seamen have expressed interest in the "TM" programed courses in multiplication and division, decimal numbers, measurement, meteorology and astronomy, fundamentals of algebra, basic Russian, basic Spanish, fundamentals of electricity-DC, punctuation and spelling of the Eng-

lish language. Other courses will be added to the TM curriculum as the program is developed, according to Chaplain Huntley.

The courses are based on psychological principles of successful learning. Material is broken down into tiny segments or "frames." Each frame consists of a bit of information, a question about it, and the correct answer. The teaching machine reveals one frame of the program at a time. The student reads the information, answers the question and immediately checks his answer against the correct one in the machine. This provides immediate "reinforcement" of his learning process.

We have discovered that students learn best when they find out immediately whether they understand the material. Experiments at Grolier which preceded the production of the machines showed that this "immediate reinforcement" was the key to learning. They also found that students can learn with little or no error when the material is broken into very small steps. These are principles which are incorporated into the programed learning courses.

The seaman sits at his desk or on his bunk with the machine in front of him. In its slanted front panel are a narrow slot and two rectangular openings. Inside the box is the material, or *program*, as it is called, for a lesson in, let's say, algebra. The lesson is printed on many separate sheets of paper, and each sheet is marked off into small rectangles called *frames*. Some frames contain statements, together with questions based on those statements. Other frames contain an-

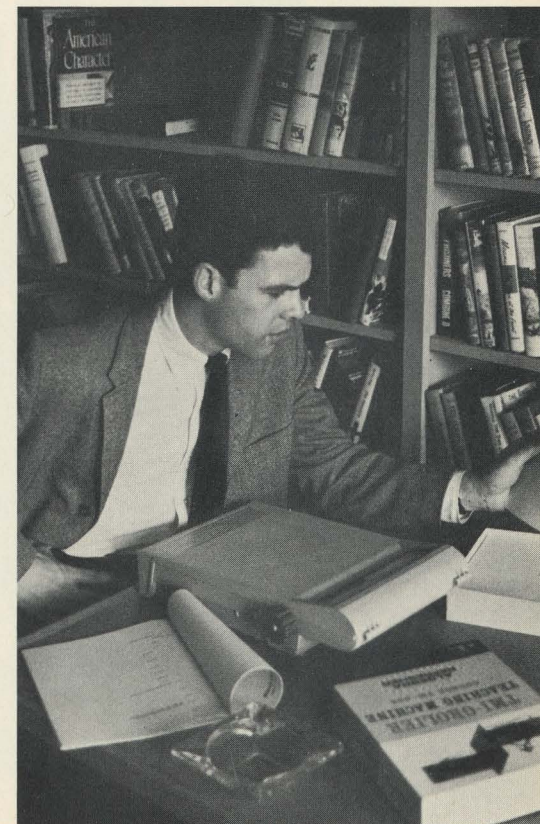
## teaching machines

swers to those questions immediately preceding. The frames can be made to appear one at a time through the rectangular openings in the front of the machine. The student supplies the missing words or numbers, and by moving the paper upward once more, he sees that his answer is correct or incorrect. The seaman might go through the whole algebra lesson without making any mistakes. Such is often the case.

One of the advantages of the TM over classroom instruction (which is still our major concern in the Marine School) is that a seaman out on a long run can put leisure time to profitable use, can progress just as quickly as he can assimilate and retain the material. Through a concentrated program he can prepare for admission to our Marine School. Finally in our classroom, he can improve his rating for a better job. At this moment there are no navigational courses per se offered on teaching machines. But it is anticipated that specific areas of programed material will be forthcoming, since teaching machines are no longer novelties, according to Chaplain Huntley. The development of navigation courses is just a matter of time.

The evening courses using teaching machines have been held in the recently-decorated Lecture Gallery where bright colors induce faster retention of the material by the seamen.

The pilot project has been prepared by the Education Department Advisory Committee whose chairman is Dr. Carl Tjerandson of New York University, and is being supervised by Joel Connaroe, a graduate student at New York University.



I had been on the ship six months, most of that time in the luxurious warmth of the ever-sunny Mediterranean summer. Our last port o' call was Trinidad, sixteen miles off the coast of Venezuela, ten degrees above the Equator. Now I was shivering in the late November cold of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. To this Long Islander, chill winter blasts were a common, unpleasant memory, and money in the bank from a good payoff an uncommon event offering most pleasant prospects. An easy decision: head south.

After staying in New York long enough to complete some necessary business and to wonder again how so many millions of people could be induced to spend such a sizeable portion of their lives in cold storage, I spent Christmas in Florida, New Year's in Puerto Rico, then happily returned in early January to Trinidad.

To a Trinidadian taxi driver it is dishonor to be accused of remaining

within the posted speed limits unnecessarily, so, driving on the "wrong" side of the highways in the English manner, in just over fifteen minutes we made the eighteen-mile trip from Piarco Airport to the capital city, Port of Spain, where I was to live for the next four months.

It is as difficult to determine the "average" Trinidadian as it is to find an "average" New Yorker. Over sixty per cent of the population is Negro, a third is East Indian, three per cent are Chinese; the rest are from England, Venezuela, Portugal, and many other countries and West Indian islands. Less than one per cent of the population is white. While all the Trinidadians I met were intensely nationalistic—its nearby island associate, the Government of Trinidad and Tobago, received its independence from England late last year—there are strong political and ethnic divisions among the people.

The variegated background of Trinidad is shown in many ways: there are towns called San Fernando, Tunapuna, St. James; there is a bird named after its call, the "*Qu'est que dit*"; many Indian women still wear the native *sari*; the popularity of Oriental food

is attested to by the dozens of fine Chinese restaurants available. But the most popular snack is Indian *roti* made of curried potato, chicken, beef or shrimp and sold everywhere as hot dogs are in the United States. Yet nearly everyone takes time out for tea in the afternoon.

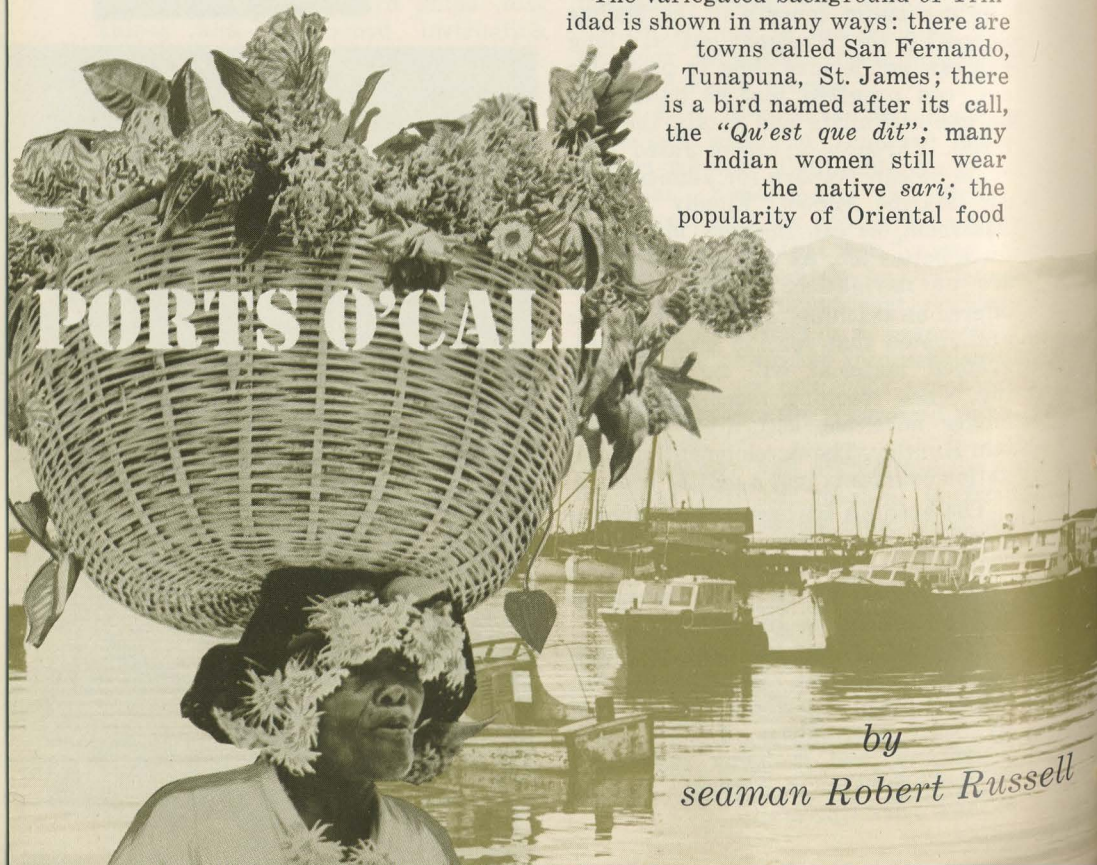
But there is a time when all Trinidad unifies at least in spirit, and this is during Carnival. By proclamation of the government, it begins at 5:00 a.m. on Jour Ouvert, the Monday before Ash Wednesday, but this is only the climax of the festivities which begin days before. I had seen pre-Lenten celebrations before—Fasching in Munich, Mardi Gras in New Orleans—but I was totally unprepared for the vast spectacle Carnival in Trinidad offers. From Saturday on the people seem never to sleep. They've prepared for Carnival all year, and are determined to enjoy every minute of it.

Weeks prior to the big event the pace of living increases. Night clubs flourish; steel bands are heard practicing at almost any hour of the day; calypsonians sing their topical, often earthy, ballads in the calypso tents, hoping their songs will be adopted as road marches during the twelve-hour parades of J'ouvert and Shrove Tues-

day, hoping to be selected by the Carnival Committee as a contender in the Calypso King Competition for personal glory and the prize of 1,000 Trinidadian dollars. In the evening people are seen in their homes working on their costumes; some are worth three hundred dollars and more.

The size of the island is only about fifty by thirty-seven miles, and over three-quarters of a million people live there. The economy, only recently beginning to emerge from ignorance, indigence and colonial rule, cannot support so great a population, and the people are poor. But the visitor at Carnival time would find this hard to believe. It seems the people make up for fifty-one weeks of poverty with one mad, glorious week of frantic living.

During the last two days of Carnival, the "bands" parade. These are groups of from a couple of dozen to more than five hundred marchers, each band representing a different theme: "The Glory that was Spain," "The Animal Kingdom," "Somewhere in Borneo," and I saw one group dressed in American Navy whites carrying a banner reading "Stereophonic Fancy Sea-Bees." One gets an idea of the vastness of the pageant when he realizes that in Port of Spain alone last year 124 bands paraded on Monday, 138 more on Tuesday, plus the hundreds of unattached revelers. Musicians accompany the bands, pounding out tunes on their "pans," instruments of surprising versatility made from tuned, cut-down oil drums. The visitor musn't be too shocked to hear not just popular songs, but the "Hallelujah Chorus" or "Triumphal March" from Aida played with uncanny fidelity to the score, accompanied by the ubiquitous calypso beat struck on auto brake drums. And he'll not soon forget the sight and sound of two bands passing through one another in opposite directions, the shuffling of the paraders' feet—"chipping," as it's called—the steel bands beating out different selections in an eerily appealing cacophony.

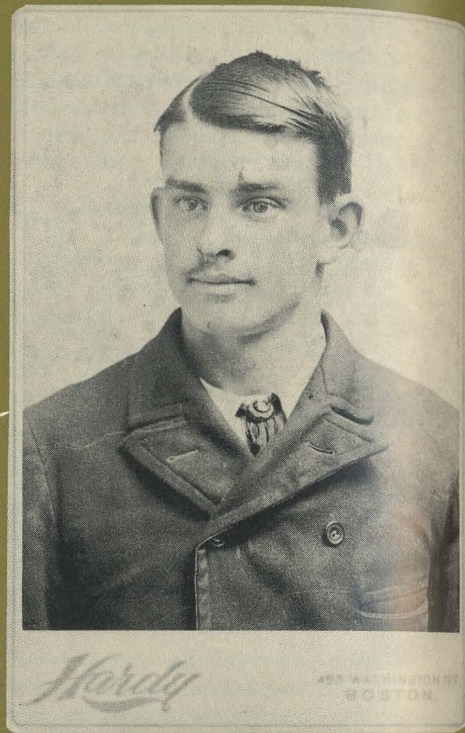


## PORTS O'CALL

by

seaman Robert Russell

# Down to the Sea... 1890



## Chapter VI. Continuation of the log

October 22,

It's a fine day, but pretty hot. Padang is 2 degrees S. Lat., so suppose I shall get used to this hot weather before we leave here. Today the captain took me ashore with him to see the doctor of the place about my leg. The city is situated in a level valley with the sea on one side and mountains on all the other sides. The population consists of about 700 Europeans, mostly Dutch, and about 30,000 natives, including a good number of Chinese.

The native huts are made of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves. The native dress is a piece of cloth of bright color wrapped around the waist and hanging to the knees, with a jacket and another piece of cloth

wound around the head forming a turban. The natives as a rule are well built, but of slight stature, and are quite civil and kind, but will try to cheat a European or get the better of a bargain with him if there is any chance at all.

The captain left me at the doctor's house. He said that I had beri-beri, a disease quite common in the East Indies, and that I should stay ashore for a while.

October 24,

The cargo is unloaded into lighters alongside the ship, which are manned by natives. It is amusing to see these fellows eat. Their food consists principally of rice, which they eat with the thumb and two or three fingers. It is a curious sight to see half a dozen of these men squatted about a kettle full of rice, all dipping their hands into this one kettle and eating the contents.

Oh how good it was to receive Mother's letter written July 24 (my birthday) and to know that she thinks of me every day as I do of her. I hope she will tell Grandfather Clark that I have used all the things he gave me to put in my sea chest. I expect to be a captain myself some day.

I am now stopping ashore and enjoying myself more than I have in a long while. The doctor wanted me to stay ashore and a carriage was waiting to drive me to Mr. Kamerlin's place. He is a very rich Dutch merchant. He offered to take me as a visitor in his home. He then introduced me to his wife, his son, Joe, and his daughter, Hermetia.

October 31,

I am beginning to take walks every day. Joe and I have very good times together and we can understand each other quite well—by sign language.

Today it has been too hot for comfort. Hermetia and I are learning each other's language. I am afraid I do not learn the Dutch she is teaching me as readily as she learns English, but we get along fine and have a good time.

November 4,

When I was out walking yesterday I decided to go to the market as it was market day. I saw many strange people and things. I noticed many women there who were chewing a certain leaf. It blackens their teeth, and when being chewed it stains their mouths a bright red. I guess it must be betel nuts.

November 10,

I now feel so much at home here that I wonder how I shall ever be able to leave. Everyone has been so kind to me. Besides all the other things, my host's daughter, Hermetia, who is 16, and the prettiest and nicest girl that I was ever fortunate enough to meet, is an added attraction. We like each other very much. She is a fine girl and I shall never forget her, though I will probably never see her again after leaving Padang.

November 15,

One day last week I took a walk and went towards the seashore, where I picked up some shells as souvenirs. I saw some fishermen's boats and noticed they were made from a single log, and were like those we saw when we came in to Padang Harbor. I also saw native women washing clothes. They do not rub them as we do, but beat them on rocks or on the surface of the water. They wash quickly and well, but wear out the clothes much faster than our method of rubbing does.

November 18,

I am getting accustomed to this fine hot sunny weather, so when we have a rainy day, as we did yesterday, I have to amuse myself indoors, and it is usually with Hermetia, trying to learn more Dutch. It rained all day, and I could see why so many of the buildings are built on piles. The water doesn't soak into the ground as fast as it comes down, so the place is practically flooded for a short time.

November 23,

Joe and I went over to the new harbor where the government is making improvements on a large scale.

There is a railway there, which, when it is completed, will probably increase the value of Sumatra greatly. There are coal mines on the railway line, and with the fine harbor this will probably become a coaling station for steamships.

Well, now my stay with the Kamerlins is about at an end and I shall never forget their kindness to me. I go back aboard ship tomorrow. This month I spent in Padang has been the happiest of my life. Just yesterday I got acquainted with a boy about my age who could talk a little French and a little English, so I could converse with him, and I found that my high school French came in handy when he got stuck for certain words in English. I've learned enough Dutch so I can understand a lot and speak with this family, especially with Hermetia. We have become quite fond of each other.

I must write to my ex-seafaring brother Jack that I still like the sea and didn't get abused at all. The work is rather hard but I have stood it and learned a great deal.

**November 25,**

I've hardly eaten anything since I came aboard yesterday. I felt very bad as I left some fine friends in Padang. I worked in the hold and am assigned to the Boats Crew. It was a hot day; my leg felt a little worse. I never felt so bad in my life and shall be glad when we get to sea.

**November 28,**

It is very hot today. I believe this is Thanksgiving Day at home. I have been so homesick ever since leaving Mr. Kamerlin's that I can't eat anything. It is hot work rowing in the sun.

**December 2,**

The past few days we have been taking on ballast and I have worked

in the hold, when not rowing the captain ashore. But one afternoon he gave us liberty, so I went to the island of Pulo Pesang to gather shells. I also cut a cane from a banyan tree. It will be a cane for Father when polished.

Yesterday about noon a tug rowed us out in the bay where we bent all our sails in readiness to sail on the morrow. I swapped an old shirt with a native for five pineapples, which will be a luxury at sea. About 7 o'clock we passed Padang Light, and I have seen the last of Padang—perhaps forever. I hope not, for I shall never forget Hermetia and my dear friends there.

*This final episode concludes the series of adventures seen through the eyes of 18-year-old Fred Best as recorded in 1890 aboard the full-rigged ship ASIA sailing from Boston to Padang, Indonesia. Sketches from a second Fred Best log will begin in the Fall as a short series in the LOOKOUT. We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Dorothy Hermetia Prescott for providing the material written by her "Uncle Fred."*



## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



What's in a name? Promptly dubbed Protos by the Greek crew of the Hellenic Line's Hero, this dignified Siamese seems to understand that his new name carries the weighty designation of "First Officer." He is secretly pleased that his owner, one of SCI's charming international Club hostesses, loaned him to the strike-bound ship as temporary ship's mas-cat. After all, didn't his distinguished ancestors make their crossing by sea?

SCI's Director of Education, The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, chats with co-eds at Fairleigh Dickinson University after he spoke at an all-university convocation on the work of the Institute and the need for volunteers. Chaplain Huntley attracted a large audience in one of a series of lectures given at the famous New Jersey Institution.



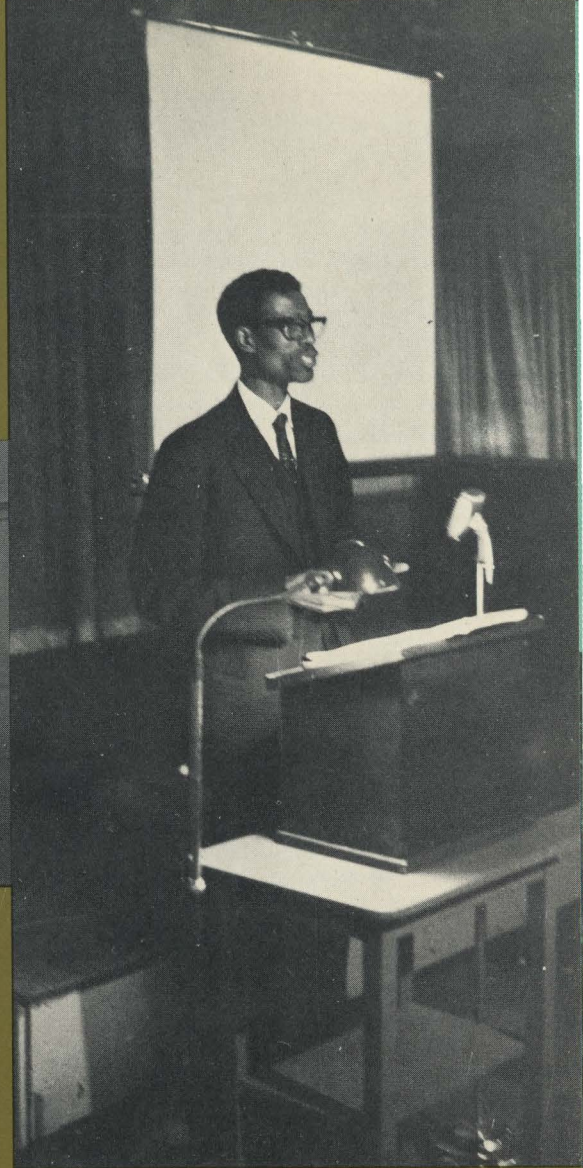


▶ A curiosity brought to SCI by a seaman was this Mexican beetle, or **maquech**, which had been covered with jewels by the natives in an industry which has flourished since pre-Colombian times. The beetle, on a gold chain, is worn as costume jewelry by the native women in the Latin American countries.

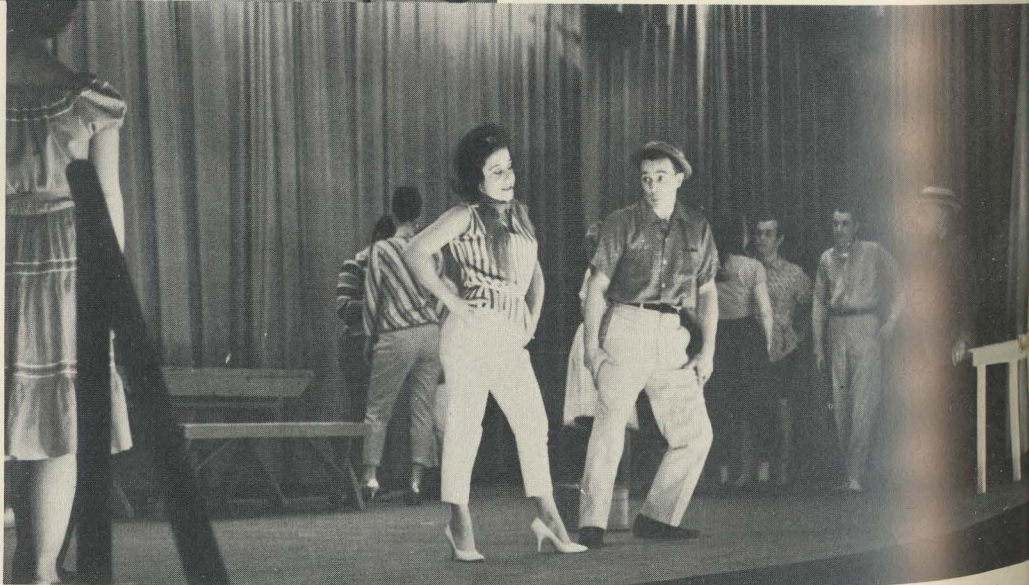


◀ The little red schoolhouse was never like this! Contemporary decor, warm colors, thriving plants, sunshine filtering through a skylight make the reception room of the Merchant Marine School a place where seamen can relax over a cup of coffee between classes. Somehow, mathematical formulae seem less formidable in a comfortable chair with the Statue of Liberty looking on.

Now that the wood shavings, tarpaulins and cans of paint have been cleared away, the new Lecture Gallery is ready for us. Formerly the Dutch Club (now located in another part of the city), the room has been converted into a harmoniously decorated area which can accommodate small musicales and adult education programs. The grand piano seems very much in place against a rich background of birch paneled walls, black leather and wood furniture, and touches of bold Swedish red. The room is also eminently suitable for art exhibits which SCI will hold seasonally.

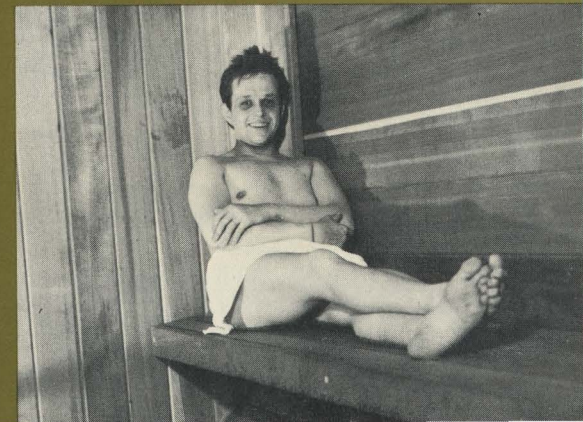


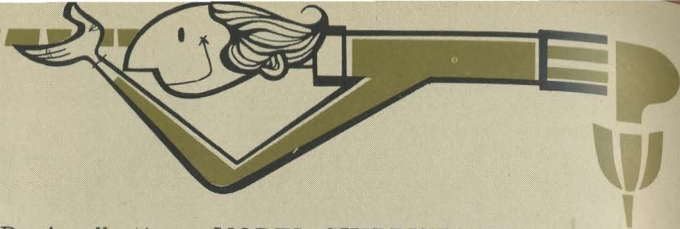
▶ In one of the most controversial lecture programs of the "Nations of the World" series, Nigerian Consul General C. O. Hallist, discussed the roles of the new African nations in the world community and the contributions, dangers of colonialism.



▲ When the impeccably groomed employees of Brooks Brothers Men's Furnishing Company are not selling clothing to impeccably groomed customers, they are participating in productions put together by their own theatrical troupe, "the Butttdown Theatre." Against a background of simple props, the Butttdown's version of that lively musical comedy, "Pajama Game," was presented to an appreciative audience in the SCI auditorium.

▶ The broad smile on the face of Radio Officer Erkki Lestinen reflects his enjoyment of SCI's Finnish-type sauna. A native of Finland, Seaman Lestinen now lives in Rotterdam with his wife and child. He was very favorably impressed with the American version of the Scandinavian physical fitness device and went so far as to say that it was as good as the ones back home.





**WHITE FOR DANGER:** A collection of authentic and dramatic stories about the fast-disappearing lighthouses and lightships.

*By Warren Armstrong. 191 pp. The John Day Company, New York. \$3.50*

Here are some true and spellbinding tales of the sea — told by a master. The author shipped out for years himself, has visited many lighthouses and lightships, both as seaman and writer. He now lives and works amid the great nautical traditions of Liverpool, England. In this book, his vivid descriptions of rescues at sea will keep you enthralled. His recent books include *ATLANTIC HIGHWAY*, *SEA PHANTOMS*, and *TALES OF THE TALL SHIPS*.

The Seamen's Church Institute gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a beautiful needlepoint plaque, given by Mrs. James F. Holden, Toledo, as a memorial to her father, Stephen E. Comstock. The plaque has been set in a funeral pall which will be used to cover the caskets of seamen, and serves a real purpose in keeping with the nature and sentiment of the memorial. SCI is daily mindful of the generosity of the Comstock family in supporting the work among seamen.

**TREASURE OF THE BUCCANEER SEA.** *By Harry E. Rieseberg. 205 pp. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. \$4.95*

Treasure Hunters, ahoy! Lt. Rieseberg has made a profession of locating and recovering the old treasure ships, laden with gold, jewels, and precious cargoes. Here is his vivid account of the search in the Caribbean Sea — or, more accurately, the Buccaneer Sea. The U-I-motion-picture,

**MODEL SHIPBUILDING** *by P. M. Wright. D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc. Princeton, N. J. \$6.95 133 pp.*

True to its title, this book covers the subject of ship model making from start to finish. The author, a retired British naval officer, conveys his own feeling that shipbuilding, or any hobby, should be a labor of love. There are instructions for the beginner and for the most advanced craftsman. The book is lavishly illustrated with scale drawings, details of rigging and equipment and photographs of models of significant ships. A glossary of terms of interest to the aficionado is included.

**A THANK YOU FROM THE LIBRARY**

The Conrad Library has tried without success to obtain from publishers the names and addresses of people who donate magazine subscriptions to the Seamen's Church Institute. To all those benefactors whose mailing addresses remain unknown, we wish to say "thank you" through the *LOOKOUT*. We ask forgiveness for our inability to send a personal letter of appreciation.

May we add that the seamen are greatly enjoying the wide variety of magazines which thoughtful donors have provided; more than 64,000 seamen used the library last year.

*CITY BENEATH THE SEA*, was based on a portion of *TREASURE OF THE BUCCANEER SEA*. So, after reading these wonderful adventure tales — and all of them true — don't blame us if you find you simply *MUST* suddenly set sail in search of gold. Good luck, Matey!

**SEAMAN OF THE MONTH**  
*Continued from page 2*

This is Yannis' third trip to the United States. His present run involves the transporting of cargoes of jute, cashew nuts, frozen frogs' legs and souvenirs from India. From the United States to India his ship brings wheat, rice, tin, agricultural equipment. He has stopped at the ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Galveston, and Mobile, and his favorite American cities are New Orleans and Houston. "People there smile at you. Their temperament is like that of the Greek people."

Yannis uses his artistic gifts constantly, recording his impressions of ports of call in charcoal and watercolors. Wherever he goes his fingers bring to life the native scene. Even in his schooldays he sketched, and it was a rare exhibit that did not include one of his works. Occasionally he sold a painting to raise money to keep him at school.

Ambition? Yes. Yannis gets his second mate's license in 1½ years and is then eligible for a rating. After that he hopes to climb further up the ladder: "I'm going to be a captain."

**PORTS O' CALL**  
*Continued from page 11*

But Carnival comes just once a year. The rest of the time Trinidad is struggling to minimize its social problems and to raise its standard of living. And under the dynamic leadership of its first elected premier, scholar, author, linguist, educator and only moderately power-hungry Dr. Eric Williams, now serving his second five-year term in office, strong evidence of swift progress is being seen. New buildings, tasteful public housing, new roads and schools are being built.

Virtually floating in oil, contracts with American companies, very favorable to the country, are in effect. Such inducements as an incredibly fine climate, excellent uncrowded beaches reasonable prices, tropical beauty and the new luxurious Trinidad-Hilton Hotel are attracting an ever-increasing tourist trade.

The island is changing rapidly—and for the better. I hope I will recognize it when I next enjoy one of my favorite ports of call, Trinidad.

**THE SAGA OF THE BOUNTY**  
*Continued from page 7*

The white man proved to be Alexander Smith, seaman, sole survivor of the mutiny. Smith told a tale of woe and bloodshed. Fletcher Christian had been murdered one afternoon while cultivating his small farm. Of the other eight members of the *Bounty's* crew who accompanied Christian to Pitcairn Island, five were killed, one died of asthma, another was a suicide and only seaman Smith lived to die a natural death in 1829.

The actual motives for the mutiny remain a matter of controversy. The insurrection was certainly not the result of a sudden, impassioned act on the part of Fletcher Christian. Captain Bligh was, by comparison, no more cruel a taskmaster than most commanders of his day. It is important to remember that the last quarter of the eighteenth century was an era of mutinous insurrections. Flogging, poor pay, miserable rations, imprisonment of seamen, long periods at sea without shore leave resulted in mutinies. Eventually, changes and improvements in naval conditions were instituted by an anxious Admiralty.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little  
daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-  
flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the haw-  
thorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the  
helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering  
flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

"Last night, the moon had a golden  
ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from  
his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote  
amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a  
frighted steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my  
little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his sea-  
man's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells  
ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound  
coast!" —  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of  
guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot  
live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be!"  
But the father answered never a  
word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and  
stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the  
gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands  
and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who  
stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark  
and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and  
snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel  
swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's  
Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling  
surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-  
sand.

The breakers were right beneath  
her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the  
crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and  
fleecey waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her  
side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed  
in ice,  
With the masts, went by the  
board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove  
and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-  
beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her  
breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown  
sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death  
like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

