

Tax Law Loopholes

- *The law has a lot of loopholes through which to avoid taxes.* Some of these are deliberately designed to benefit charities, churches and education; they are an invitation by the Government to put money into worthy causes.
- *There is a special reason for giving in 1955,* because the dollar you give to charity will be cheaper this year than the one you give next year. Why? Because tax reductions are predicted and the Government will share less of the cost for your gift in 1955.
- *The entire capital gains tax, which may be up to 25%, can be saved by* giving securities which have risen in value. They can be sold by charities at the full current market price, which the donor can deduct in preference to the lower price paid. This has a double advantage: it avoids the capital gains tax and also yields an income tax deduction.
- *Tax savings, in the case of a single person for example, add up this way:*

Net Income	Tax Saved	Cost of \$100 Gift
\$ 5,000	.26%	\$74
10,000	.34%	66
15,000	.47%	53
20,000	.53%	47
25,000	.59%	41

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **Seamen's Church Institute of New York**, a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum ofDollars."

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.

The LOOKOUT

DECEMBER 1955



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center 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 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

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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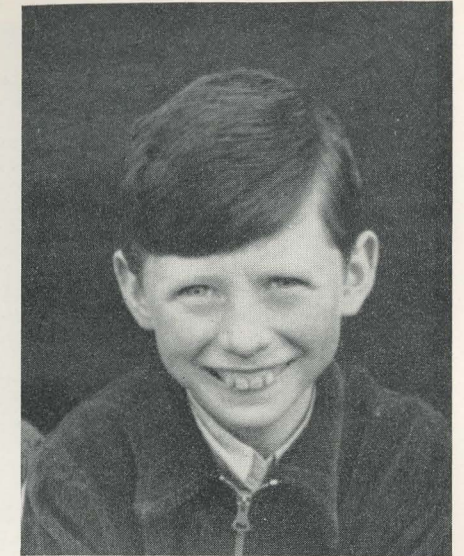
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THE COVER: Naturally, Santa can't be everywhere at once, so the Institute is lending a hand. See page 11.

From the Silver Strand



"Paddy" O'Byrne

PATRICK O'BYRNE, a 15-year-old Irish farm boy who lives in County Donegal, is quite an old hand at finding messages-in-bottles. But "I never got any rewards before," he wrote the Seamen's Church Institute this month when he learned he would receive an original oil painting by Linwood Borum as his prize for finding the first of 450 bottle-messages cast overboard in mid-Atlantic last spring from the superliner *United States*. Russell Skillman, the man who sailed the winning bottle via the Institute's booth at the Jersey Coast Boat Show, received a similar painting.

O'Byrne lives with his father, aunt, grandmother and three sisters on a farm, "right beside the sea." He writes:

I am enclosing a snap of the "Silver

Strand" — the place I found the bottle. As the aforementioned Strand is only about 200 yards from my home, I usually take a stroll to it several times during the day. (It is also considered one of the most beautiful Strands in Ireland.)"

On the morning of 9th October I ran down to the brow, just to have a look at the sea, and I saw this little bottle at the mark of the tide. I picked it up and brought it home. My father opened it carefully, and we read the message, so we decided to mail it to you.

On several occasions we got messages that were thrown out from ships, and we sent them on to the addresses enclosed but I never got any rewards before.

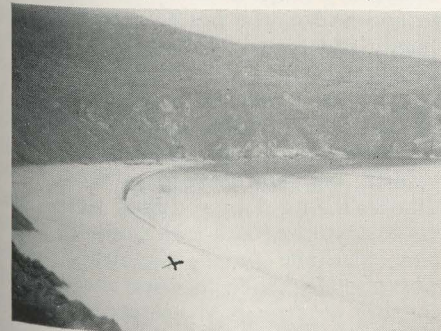
I am very fond of the sea, and I like going fishing on the rocks, but my father never likes me to go without him accompanying me. We fish pollock, glassan and byon off the rocks. It is great sport and I love it, too.

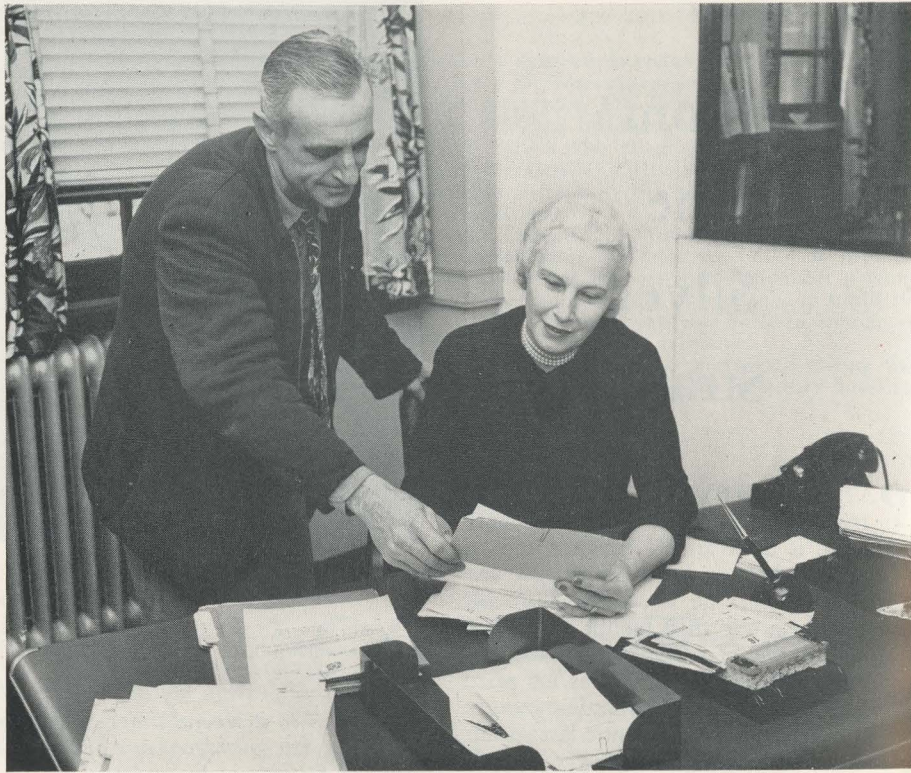
I have no plans for the future, but I expect I shall be the possessor of the farm after my father's day.

I am yours sincerely,

PATRICK O'BYRNE

"X" marks the spot on the Silver Strand where Paddy found the bottle-message.





Mrs. Shirley Wessel confers with a seaman regarding a missing shipmate.

Robert X and 11,000

AT THE time of this writing, merchant seaman Robert X is on the high seas, headed for Melbourne, Australia. When his ship docks there, he will find a letter waiting for him, telling him that his sister and her family, whom he left in Latvia, Russia, 20 years ago, are in Rochester, New York, eager and anxious to see him. Mrs. Shirley Wessel and the Missing Seamen Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute, which she heads, will thus have written *finis* to their 11,000th case, a tough one which took them five years to solve.

From her office overlooking the waterfront of New York, Mrs. Wessel conducts what is probably the most efficient and comprehensive free sleuthing enterprise to be found anywhere. In foreign ports, when women go down to the docks to look for

husbands or fathers, brothers or sweethearts who went to sea and never came back, they are given her name as hope. "Write to Mrs. Wessel, New York City," other seamen tell them, and to her desk comes an average of one request per day to find a man who has disappeared from family and friends. "All we know," the searchers often write, "is that he said he might be going to sea."

Mrs. Wessel needs seven-league boots when it comes to tracking down a missing seaman; her clues must be gathered from all over the far-flung seafaring world. She is constantly in touch with shipping agencies, maritime unions, seamen's clubs, port-of-embarkation officers and a vast number of seamen in every part of the world. She sometimes finds a man simply

by paging him over the loudspeakers of the Institute, or she may have to look twice around the globe for him. She once forwarded and reforwarded a letter to one man for a distance of 50,000 miles, before it reached him to tell him that he had inherited a small fortune.

When it seems that a case can be handled quickly, Mrs. Wessel puts the information in what she calls her "Seamen Wanted" file. She then sets out to locate the man as speedily as possible, and if necessary she goes and gets him in person. A few months ago, a little lady from the Midwest came to the Institute in search of a long-lost brother who, it was rumored, had been seen in the neighborhood a few days ago. Mrs. Wessel sat the lady down in her office, went looking for the man in the Institute's lobby, and then decided to try some of the South Street taverns, where women of her kind are seldom seen. At the door to the first tavern a cop stopped her with a gentle, "Lady, you don't want to go in there." Undaunted, Mrs. Wessel marched in and out of three such taverns and came back to 25 South Street with her man. Reunited with his sister, he was last seen docilely headed for the Statue of Liberty tourist ferry.

All men are not found that quickly, however, and sometimes it has taken as long as 15 or 18 years before a man is located. When a case promises to be a prolonged one, Mrs. Wessel enters the man's name on the "Missing Seamen" list, a quarterly bulletin of about 300-400 names which is circulated world-wide wherever seamen gather — on ships, in seamen's union halls and agencies, and in all American embassies and consulates. Seamen who read the Bulletin are usually the best sources of information about their "lost" buddies. The 11,000th man to be found was a case in point. Four years of searching for Robert X had led to a hundred blind alleys; he always sailed just beyond the grasp of the searchers. Finally, a call came from a buddy who had shipped with Robert a year ago on a vessel that had docked on the West Coast. On the trip back to New York, the plane stopped at Chicago. Robert, feeling just a little bit too happy, decided to give the Windy City

a whirl. That was the last his friend had seen of him. He suggested that Mrs. Wessel write to marine hospitals in Chicago. Yes, they had seen him, but he had left. Then the friend thought of contacting shipping agencies nearby, in Galveston and New Orleans. The letter to Galveston drew another blank, but the one to New Orleans hit pay dirt. Robert had just shipped out, on a United States Line vessel. A check of the vessel's payroll list showed that he would be aboard the ship when it arrived in Australia, where Mrs. Wessel's letter, bringing news of his family who came to this country in 1950 as displaced persons, would be waiting.

Sometimes the missing seaman comes to Mrs. Wessel. One sailor had been looking for his family for 14 years. Unable to write, they had not let him know their new address when they moved to a tenement on New York's Third Avenue. Now they were looking for him. Overjoyed to see his name on the Bulletin, he walked into Mrs. Wessel's office a few weeks ago and announced, "I came to be found."

The unique fact about the Missing Seamen Bureau, one that distinguishes it from almost any other sleuthing agency in the world, is that no one is found who does not want to be found. Clients pay no fees, and can apply no pressure. The Bureau will never accept the case of any man wanted by the law or by the collection agencies. Nor will it disclose the whereabouts of a man without his consent. When she locates a man, Mrs. Wessel asks him to get in touch with his family, or if he prefers, to come to see her at the Institute. Often the man has left home over some small grievance that in his mind has grown to monstrous proportions. The clear light of understanding usually brings the problem down to manageable size, and the man goes back to his family. In other cases, the difficulties are best solved by not going home at all. In such a case, both Mrs. Wessel and the man agree that he should remain "missing."

Although Mrs. Wessel spends most of her time looking for missing sailors at the request of their families, things sometimes get turned around the other way. Occasionally, a seaman will ask her to lo-

cate his family. Then she may call upon the services of the Salvation Army, or the Red Cross, or the Traveler's Aid Society, or any of the other groups that normally ask her to conduct searches for them. She recently turned up the daughter of an elderly seaman. The girl had been employed as a maid. By following her career for three years, Mrs. Wessel was able to reunite the girl with her father.

Although Mrs. Wessel has been with the Missing Seamen Bureau for only 14 years, the Bureau itself traces its origins back to the days of World War I, when shipping losses to the German U-boats caused families unusual concern when their seafaring kin did not contact home regularly. Mothers worried about their boys then, even as to this day, and inquiries often came to the hotel desk: "Is my son still registered at this hotel?" Room clerks found the men at first, but as the requests became more numerous, a more organized set-up was needed. The

Institute's House Mother, Jane Lord Roper, took over the project, and her little cubicle at 25 South Street became known along the waterfronts of the world as the "Port of Missing Men." After Mrs. Roper's death, Mrs. Shirley Wessel, appropriately enough the wife of a sea captain, took over the work.

Mrs. Wessel combines the single-mindedness of purpose of a detective with the warmth of a family friend, plus the engaging curiosity of a woman who loves the unusual. "You never know where a man is going to turn up," she says. "One man I looked for for years was found on the campus of an Eastern university, teaching marine biology. Another couldn't have cared less if we found him or not. He had proclaimed himself king of a South Sea atoll."

College professors, kings, or just lonely men — if they can be found, the Institute has the lady who'll do it.

— FAYE HAMMEL

Photo by Dr. I. W. Schmidt



Sailors on Canvas

SEAFARERS MATCH
TALENTS IN 10th
ANNUAL CONTEST

WHEN Radio Operator Clifford Jackson saw the brooding cloud that seemed to depress a shipmate on the 8 to 12 watch, he also went on to find its silver lining. Jackson painted the man expressionistically in somber blues and entered his canvas in the 1955 Painting Contest sponsored by the Institute through its Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

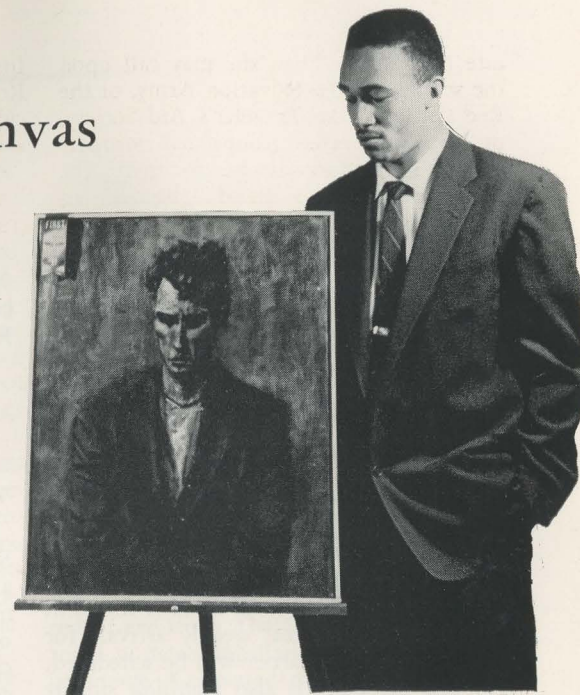
On November 30th, judges Gordon Grant, Edmond Fitzgerald and Bertram Goodman studied the final field of thirty paintings and hung the first-prize ribbon on Jackson's work. With the ribbon came the real stuff for a silver lining: \$100.

Jackson, a New Yorker, has been sailing since 1944, and during the past year and a half between trips he has been studying under Raphael Soyer at the American Art School. He attributes part of his rapid progress to the fact that he had never painted or drawn before going to school and therefore had "no bad habits to lose."

Captain George N. Brown of San Mateo, California recalled three young "Korean Kite Flyers" to win the \$25 second prize, and third prize of \$10 went to Third Mate William Kelly of New York for his "November Tree," a scene in Central Park.

Honorable mentions were given to Watertender Tom Lyons for his painting of an Italian guitarist and to A.B. Eric Batters for his kaleidoscope of Manhattan.

The contest entries, done in an interesting range of styles, will be on view to the public until January 1st at the Artists and Writers Club gallery on the third floor at 25 South Street.



It looked good to Radio Operator Clifford Jackson, and it looked good to the judges, too.

Captain George N. Brown won second-prize for "Korean Kite Flyers."



The World of Ships

JUICE TANKER

If oil gets tanked, and beer, too — why not orange juice? A Florida manufacturer believes bulk ocean transportation is the answer to the high cost of fresh orange juice and plans to start delivering it direct from Florida to New York by ship at the rate of some 1,000,000 gallons a week late this month.

At present the company is fitting out the freighter *Cape Avinof* with stainless steel tanks and refrigeration machinery. As soon as a suitable terminal is found in the New York area, weekly arrivals for the orange juice carrier will be scheduled.

The company is also planning similar terminals for Baltimore and Boston.

STATENDAM IV

A famous name in the history of transatlantic steamships will be perpetuated for the fourth time when the new *Statendam* makes its maiden voyage early in 1957. Officials of the Holland-America Line have just chosen this name for the 21,000-gross-ton passenger ship now under construction in The Netherlands.

The first *Statendam*, launched in 1898, was the first vessel of the line to make a Mediterranean cruise. The second ship of that name was requisitioned by the British government during World War I and run as the troopship *Justicia* until 1918, when she was sunk by German U-boats. The third *Statendam*, commissioned in 1929, was another casualty of war. Laid up in Rotterdam in 1940 at the time of the German invasion of Holland, she was completely burned out in the fierce fighting during the siege of Rotterdam.

Statendam the fourth will carry about 900 passengers in transatlantic service between New York, the Channel ports and Rotterdam.

THE REAL WORLD SERIES

Now that the excitement of the World Series has petered out, merchant seamen are whipping up a little diamond excitement of their own, with the final results of the Round-the-World Series for the championship of the merchant marine still coming in. Closing date of the season was December 1.

The contest is sponsored by the International Seamen's Recreation Council, which tallies the results of all baseball or softball games between ships' teams played anywhere in the world. To date, league games have been played in Dublin, La Pallice, Livorno, Casablanca and in several Australian ports.

At this writing, the crew of the ship *Excheater* is reported to be in the lead.

THOSE GONE GONDOLAS

Progress may be all for the best, but in Venice, the local inhabitants may soon be looking wistfully back at the good old days. For the oar-propelled gondola, long the particular symbol of the magic of that city, appears to be on its way out. A motorized version of the ancient craft has been tried successfully on the Grand Canal, and next spring, 30 of them will be putt-putting their way along the lagoons.

Sentimental tourists will still get to ride

in the gondolas, but they are bound to become as old-fashioned as the horse-and-carriage, and eventually museum pieces, writes a New York Times reporter from Venice. Like his craft, the gondolier, who has been waging a hard battle for subsistence in the face of modern improvements, is doomed to extinction.

The death-knell of the gondola was first sounded in the last century when the municipal steamers, or vaporetti, were invented. They are the busses and street cars of Venice. Today only 438 gondolas ply the lagoons, a far cry from the 10,000 or so that characterized the city as late as the 18th century.

The gondoliers, and the public, have been fighting mechanization all along. When the replacement of the oar-propelled craft was first threatened some thirty years ago, an 18-year-old New York schoolgirl got up a petition in protest. She collected 10,000 signatures, and sent it to Mussolini, then Premier. He replied "there are some things so holy that no material gain can justify their sacrifice."

NIGHT LIGHT

Seamen may soon be able to read maps, orders and instructions in total darkness, when ordinary light is not desirable or available, if an "atomic lamp" now being tested by the Navy proves feasible.

The "lamp" is a phosphorescent light source that can burn continuously without electricity or batteries for a number of years. It derives its energy from radioactive strontium-90 particles bombarding phosphors — chemicals made to glow like those in luminous watch dials.

If the lamp is practicable, it may go on the commercial market as well, where it should cost only a few dollars.

DAVY, AGAIN

That fellow Davy Crockett sure got around. Not only was he king of the wild frontier, but he also gave his name to a clipper ship which sailed out of Mystic, Connecticut in 1853. When the Mystic Seaport ran an article on the *David Crockett* in their magazine last spring, the reader response was tremendous. One lady, requesting more information, claimed to be the great-great-great-granddaughter of Davy himself.

The Mystic people obliged by telling the rest of the story. The *David Crockett* suffered a most ungalant end, unbecomingly her name. Converted to a coal barge in 1890, she ended her shipping days on a reef at the entrance to New York harbor some eight years later.

CONTEST WINNERS

The Artists & Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute, has announced the winners in its 1955 contests in oil painting, essay and poetry. Details on the painting contest may be found on page 5; the prize-winning poems appear on the inside back cover of this magazine.

In the essay competition on the theme "Seafaring as a Career," judges John K. Hutchens, H. James McCurrach and John Mason Brown awarded the \$100 first prize to George M. Newton of Pasadena, Texas. Second prize of \$25 went to John P. Ader of San Francisco, and third prize of \$10 was awarded to Tad Sadowski of New York City. Honorable mention was given to the essay of Herbert Levine of Teaneck, New Jersey.

The prize-winning essays will appear in forthcoming issues of THE LOOKOUT.

And Nobody Knows

A FEW weeks ago, a battered ship, with no signs of life on board, was found drifting aimlessly off the northern Fiji Islands. Observers saw that her name was *Joyita*; they could only guess at what had happened to her 25 crew members and passengers, vanished without a trace into the South Seas. The newspapers asked, "Is this another *Mary Celeste*?" And still one more ship had entered into the shadowy realm of vessels whose crews vanish silently into the darkness, or which themselves disappear.

A day or two later, the Fiji authorities announced that the vessel had been rammed by a larger ship. But most such mysteries are not settled that easily. Some, like the case of the now famous *Mary Celeste*, still defy complete solution; they remain to haunt the minds of men whenever talk turns to the unsolved secrets of the sea.

On November 7, 1872, the *Mary Celeste*, a brigantine "in beautiful trim" set sail from Staten Island, New York, bound for Genoa with a cargo of 1700 barrels of alcohol. There was no ominous note in the departure, nothing to foreshadow the strange fate that would befall the vessel. It was an especially happy trip for the captain, Benjamin S. Briggs, for his wife and two-year-old daughter were with him.

Less than one month later, the crew of the British brigantine *Dei Gratia*, sailing through the Azores, noticed a vessel behaving strangely, yet with no signals of distress visible. The captain decided to "speak" the ship, and when no answer came, he sent a boat to her side. Within an hour the boarding party reported back to the captain. The vessel was the *Mary Celeste*, out of New York. No living thing was on board.

The ship's boat was gone. The beds in the captain's cabin were unmade; Mrs. Briggs's sewing machine lay open, with a garment partly stitched; the seamen's chests, their money, even their pipes were still in the foc's'le. The ship's log lay open, the last entry dated eight days before. There was no evidence of mutiny, murder or violence, yet it was clear that some unnamed terror had prompted the entire group to abandon ship in great haste.

What the terror was, no one will ever know. Ever since the ship was brought to Gibraltar by the crew of the *Dei Gratia*, where the insurance agents and salvors started hovering over her, buzzard-fashion, theories and speculations have multiplied. Books, newspapers and magazines have pondered the case for over a hundred years. Today, the accepted theory is that the crew, fearing an explosion, possibly because of some leakage in the alcohol barrels, abandoned ship in the small yawl boat, hoping to return when the danger was past. Perhaps a sudden squall, a frequent occurrence in the Azores, headed them out into the far reaches of the gale-swept Atlantic. At any rate, the tiny group on the *Mary Celeste* was never heard from again.

The most famous unsolved secret of the sea still remains a puzzle — the fate of the *Mary Celeste*. This model of the ship, constructed by A. G. Law, shows her exactly as she was found in the Azores on December 4, 1872 — sails torn, hatches open, ship's boat missing — and no signs of life anywhere.



If any spot in the Azores is haunted, it must surely be the place where the *Mary Celeste* was found, for strangely enough, around the same time, another derelict vessel was discovered nearby. The *James B. Chester*, like her ill-starred predecessor, was abandoned on the high seas. No signs of life were on board; there were no clues to the disappearance of her crew.

In those days, the discovery of these "ghostly" vessels caused the imagination of the public to run romantically wild. Some suspected pirates and rum-runners; others supposed that the giant octopus was at it again, or that the devil rode the waves. When the *Carrol A. Deering*, a handsome five-masted schooner out of Bath, Maine was discovered aground at Diamond Shoals, North Carolina in 1919, completely deserted, the public became morbidly fascinated. A certain Christopher Columbus Gray produced a bottle-message he claimed he had found. "*Deering* captured by oil-burning boat. Something like chaser taking off everything. Handcuffed crew. Crew hiding all over the ship. No chance to make escape. Finder please notify headquarters of *Deering*." Gray eventually admitted that the message was a hoax, but the public was already convinced that it proved the ship had been captured by Russian pirates and sent to Vladivostok.

What really happened on the *Deering*, no one knows. One writer advances the theory that the captain was taken ill, that the ship lost its anchors in a storm, and the crew, panicking, abandoned ship but ransacked the vessel first. What became of the crew? Possibly they were picked up by the ship *Hewitt*, which was known to have passed that area. But the *Hewitt* itself disappeared out of sight. Another victim of Russian pirates?

A real case of piracy was not solved for many years, while the public speculated on the fate of Theodosia Burr and the *Patriot*. Theodosia Burr was the gracious and gifted daughter of Aaron Burr, and the wife of Governor Joseph Alston of South Carolina. In December, 1813, in poor health, she left South Carolina on a private ship, the *Patriot*, to visit doctors in New York. Neither she nor the *Patriot*

was heard from again.

Rumors were flying, and the most sensational one was that Theodosia had left the ship with her lover and married him, secretly and bigamously, in Alexandria, Virginia. She then became critically ill, and her husband called a doctor to treat her, threatening to kill him should he question the lady about her identity. The woman died the next day, and her husband fled Alexandria, but returned to her grave two years later. His visits continued for many years, but he never revealed either his identity or that of the woman. The legend grew that the mysterious stranger was the husband of Theodosia Burr, despite the fact that the real Theodosia had been dead for three years at the time this young woman had died.

Theodosia's fate was learned several years after her death on the confession of a pirate who had figured in her murder. The *Patriot* had been captured and pillaged and Theodosia, like the rest of the crew, had been made to walk the plank into the Atlantic.

The wrecked ship drifted to the North Carolina shore, and one of the wreckers discovered in it a prize — an oil painting of a beautiful woman. He presented it to his sweetheart, Lovie Tillet, a simple lass who lived in a shack by the sea. Lovie married another, but she kept the gift until she was an old woman. A doctor, called in to treat her, discovered the painting in her hut, and after examination, found it to be a likeness of Theodosia Burr, which she had carried with her in her cabin on that fateful trip to New York.

Theodosia's fate is now a matter of record, but the sea does not give up all its secrets. In January, 1813, about a month after the disappearance of the *Patriot*, the body of a young woman was washed ashore at Cape Charles, Va. Her clothes and appearance showed that she must have been a woman of refinement and wealth. She was buried on a nearby farm where, still unidentified, she remains to this day.

Only the sea knows if this was Theodosia Burr.

— FAYE HAMMEL

Christmas to Remember



From the painting by Charles Rosner

By Orriz R. Contreras, Stewards Department

CHRISTMAS in Cardiff, Wales, 1943, was dark, dank, and dismal at the height of the war. People moved about like silent shadows; there was little singing of the beloved carols and burning of logs on the hearth. "Moaning Minnie" and her cohorts kept the populace in air raid shelters huddled next to one another wondering whether or not there'd be a hearth to return to after this raid.

On that Christmas Eve I impulsively invited Helen and her family to share supper with several of our crew the next day, offering to bring our provisions to her house. Helen and I had met at the theatre and, after a week's acquaintance, I had been duly introduced to her mother, father, little sister Avril, and to Magwup—a miserable mixture of mutt, terrier and fleas. Their little house in the area of the docks left much to be desired in comfort, furnishings, and appearance. Her family accepted the invitation with thanks, and as far as I was concerned, the rest would be simple. But I hadn't counted on Helen's being carried away with the Christmas spirit. To say that she had a surprise for us is a very mild way of putting it.

Aboard our ship I recruited several crew members who cheerfully offered their Yule services by secreting food on themselves. We bulged with turkey, the trim-

min's, fruit and pie, along with cigarettes, candy and eggs. (Eggs? Yessiry! They were a very dear item in those days, believe me.) Even the dock guards looked the other way when we tossed them several large navel oranges. Off we went to the little house in Splotte Road still unaware of what lay before us.

As we turned into the street we saw a dozen or so people headed towards Helen's home. Then we were spotted. They stopped and stood there in the dusk, quietly and patiently waiting until we entered. At first we were dismayed but outwardly we grinned to hide our fears that there might not be enough to go around. However, I like to think that the good Lord Himself must have been with us that Christmas night.

" 'Tis our own kinfolk and friends who share our hearts and home."

That was all the explanation we ever got out of Helen. We sliced the turkey unmercifully thin; we passed out the fruit ever so sparingly; the eggs and "sweets" were reserved for the children who had gathered around to look in sheer astonishment at their first American visitors. Once they caught sight of the food their little eyes grew as round as saucers and their lips puckered up to say, "O-o-o-o-h-h-h." While they giggled and laughed and cav-

orted around us, the long dark nights in convoy and the war itself seemed to be so very far away.

Ha! There was even a nip of the old holiday spirit (90 proof!) being doled out to the elders by the thimbleful. The second steward, who was one of our more willing accomplices, had thoughtfully — but not entirely wholeheartedly at first — donated his last fifth to the cause! Bless that good man. There was a little something for everybody. How or why we'll never know, but it was a miracle that everything lasted as long as it did.

There was no gaily-decorated tree with its myriad of pretty ornaments and strings of twinkling, colored lights. And hardly a package was in sight that could be compared with the likes of anything we were used to in the States. But the Christmas gift you couldn't see was the warmth and gladness in the hearts of those who had gathered this evening. We who had been used to elaborate American holidays were taken aback with humility as each guest

came up to pat us on the shoulder, or to smile through a tear or two while thanking us for this wonderful, wonderful Christmas.

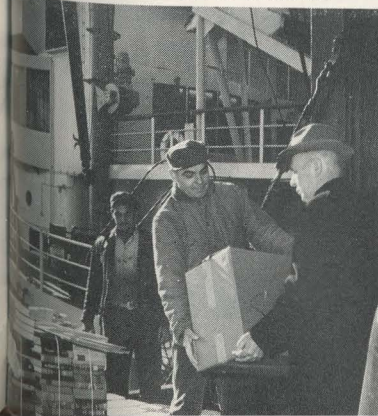
Later they gathered around to sing us the old Welsh airs that sounded new to our uninitiated ears. They sang the song of the miners in the coal pits; the songs of the brave seamen of Cardiff; the carols seldom heard anywhere else in the world with their strange lyrical beauty. They described former Yules that brought the Dickens era to life as we had always imagined it would be. Tonight, momentarily, these people were their old selves despite the constant thought that the next Christmas might never come.

When the four of us left and headed back towards the ship under a sparkling, crisp starry sky we weren't empty-handed. We left that night with a love that has crossed the seas and remained with us to this day. This was the richest, most beautiful, and tenderest gift of all. This was a Christmas to remember.

Christmas to Come

What's inside? Second Mate Dennis Mars takes a sounding of one of the 950 gift boxes prepared for guests at the Institute by the Women's Council. 1200 boxes will go to hospitalized seamen.

Since October 15, the ship's visitors have "smuggled" 4500 gift packages aboard vessels scheduled to be at sea at Christmas.



Poetry Winners

THE LOOKOUT takes pleasure in publishing the first and second prize-winning poems in the 1955 Artists & Writers Club Poetry Contest. Judges Frances Frost, Joseph Auslander and A. M. Sullivan awarded first prize of \$100 to Antony de Courcy for *The Phantom North*; second prize of \$25 to Herbert Adelstein for *The Spenders and the Spent*, and third prize of \$10 to Forrest Anderson for *Promise*, which will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

THE PHANTOM NORTH

There moves a ship afraid,
Bow pressed soft
To white horizons
Where earth's edge
Sinks in ocean's endless shade.

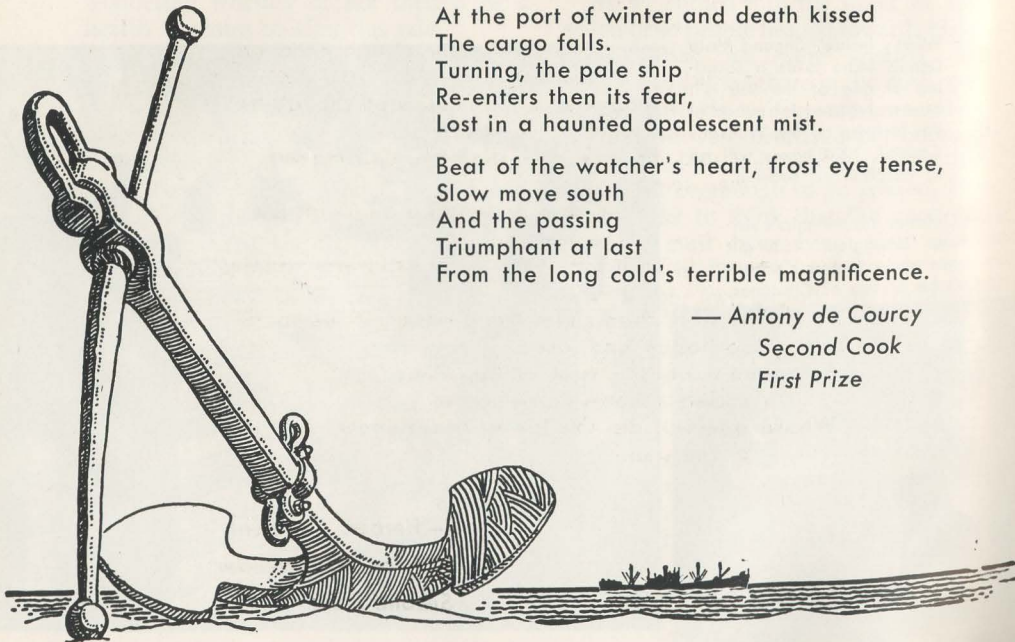
On, silent with its secret cargo,
By gleaming ice:
Towering enchanted
Like ghosts of ships
Drifting in their lifeless flow,

Or serene as dreaming swans
Raised lamenting
To the remote
Hung fire
Where mocks a mirage of suns.

At the port of winter and death kissed
The cargo falls.
Turning, the pale ship
Re-enters then its fear,
Lost in a haunted opalescent mist.

Beat of the watcher's heart, frost eye tense,
Slow move south
And the passing
Triumphant at last
From the long cold's terrible magnificence.

— Antony de Courcy
Second Cook
First Prize



THE SPENDERS AND THE SPENT

Man is a series of circles, each within the last;
The innermost circle is sheltered, from wordly
storms made fast.
Each succeeding outer orbit, coming more to grips
with life,
Fills the positions society has allotted to those
equipped for strife.
Finally, in man's outermost circle, unsheltered,
rugged and tough,
Are the ones that brave the elements; are there
when the going is rough.
Some men are born to follow, others born to lead.
Some to issue calls to duty and others to fill
the need.
There, one finds the soldier called upon in time
of war,
To fight his country's battles and who could ask
for more?
There too, is the daring airman speeding through
the sky,
So that those in the innermost circles are not
called upon to fly.
For example, take the seaman; a life at sea or
in port,
Of ships, of storms, of cargo; of loneliness of a sort.
He has answered the call to duty issued by those
within,
Who sometimes blaspheme and vilify and may tend to
look down on him.
Yet, he of the inner circles, smug and haughty though
he be,
Wants ships manned and goods delivered though he
does not want to go to sea.
Not born with the inner fire; the drive that makes
men seek,
Or the thrills of bypassing boundaries and with the
caution of the meek.
He depends upon those of the outer orbit, abundantly
ready for use,
To do the work that makes living easier, its demands
so flabby and loose.
So on the scales of moral justice, where
society's mores make no dent,
Whose side will dip the lower; the spender
or the spent?

— Herbert Adelstein
Fireman/Watertender
Second Prize



Season's
Greetings