



# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



May 1963



## seaman of the month

### ► Paul Orr

At 22, Paul Orr is a veteran of four years at sea. His is the unusual case of the boy who did not feel the pull of the sea from early boyhood on. The only special interest Paul had as a child that was even remotely connected with things nautical was his tank containing five hundred dollars' worth of tropical fish. Paul flourished on his parents' Princeton, New Jersey, 14-acre property.

He went off to boarding school in Massachusetts, and it was in his fourth year there that a restlessness overtook him. The idea of joining the Navy took hold in Paul's mind while he was en route home from boarding school on weekends. He often fell into conversation at the bus stop with sailors on leave from local bases, and the feeling grew in him that life at sea was what he really wanted. His understanding parents agreed with Paul that he was entitled to a chance to find himself, even if this meant leaving school.

Apparently Paul was cut out to be an old salt because his progress in the Navy was steady. Without any formal examination, he was removed from the deck force and promoted to quartermaster. Paul prefers being at sea to being in port. He finds rough weather exhilarating and can be found topside during the worst storms.

Paul's favorite city in the course of his travels was Athens. It was not, as might be expected, the history-filled ancient ruins but modern Athens that intrigued him. He found Athens

Continued on page 11

## an editorial . . .

On a quiet February 3 of this year the Norfolk-bound *Marine Sulphur Queen* disappeared on her routine course never to be heard from again. No clue to her fate with the exception of some charred flotsam recovered off the Florida coast has been offered to answer the almost fiction-type story of sea disaster. Families of the ill-fated crewmen have never had their questions answered: "Where are our men?" The *Queen*, carrying dangerous liquid sulphur from Beaumont, Texas, will never be heard from again.

Two months later, the shark-shaped, atomic submarine, *Thresher*, lost all contact with shore while on a trial dive carrying a complement of 129 men. The horrendous fate of these hand-picked seamen challenges the imagination of every American.

Last week off Groton, Conn., a flash fire killed three workmen and injured two others aboard the *Thresher's* sister ship, the *Flasher*, under construction.

Recently we heard and saw on television the story of tug ship *Gwendoline Steers* lost at sea in heavy weather. The frozen body of one crewman, clutching in death the life raft, was grim evidence of the fate of the other 8 crewmen.

In war and in peace, seamen today, like seamen of yesteryear, put their lives on the line each time they set out to sea. Even with all the safety

innovations developed since the turn of the century, the lot of the seaman remains hazardous. Not only do "acts of God" threaten him and his ship, but mechanical failures, explosions, conflagrations and collisions contribute to the omnipresent danger.

Marine accidents have been reduced significantly with the application of safety measures pioneered, to a degree, by maritime unions. The Department of the Navy and the Coast Guard have developed elaborate safety campaigns. But the fact remains that the marine transportation industry still remains fourth in the incidence of disabling injuries per man hours worked. Latest statistics indicate that 20.85 disabling injuries per one million man hours worked were recorded, led by the mining industry with the highest disabling injury rate—35.86\*

"No matter how strong the ship is built, or what new equipment is perfected, risk is still a very large factor in the life of the seamen," writes National Maritime Union President, Joseph Curran, in a recent issue of *The Pilot*. "Attacks are made upon seamen's wage scales, vacations and conditions. . . . We wonder if the critics of seamen's wages and good working conditions have ever seen seamen's bodies when they are pulled from the flaming water after a tanker has exploded, like many have done in the past few years, in port and at sea," adds Mr. Curran.

\*National Safety Council

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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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MAY 1963

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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

Franklin E. Vilas  
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan  
Director

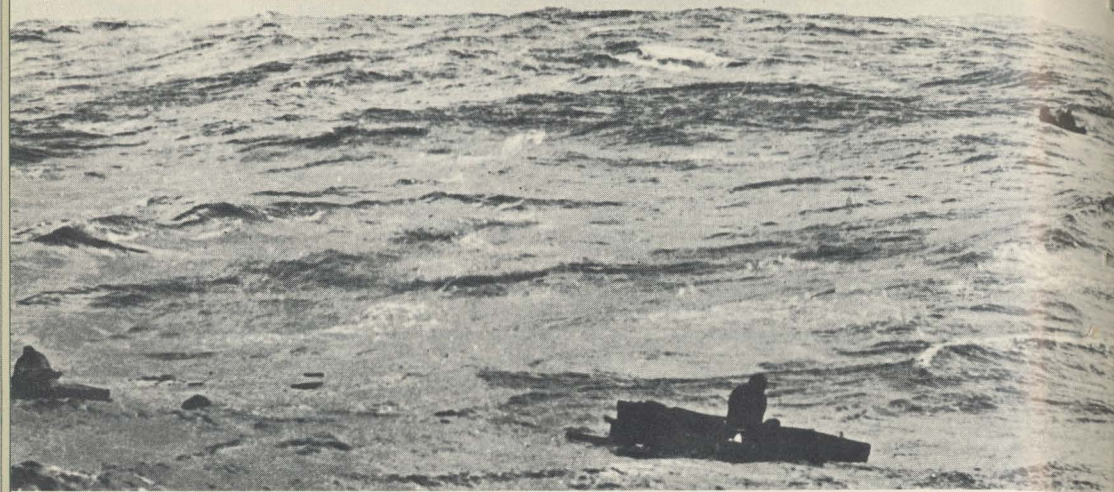
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COVER: "On Watch"—a merchant mariner scans the restless sea. Photo by Max Hunn.

2 Freighters Collide, HOPE DIMS  
1 Sinks; All Hands Safe FOR MISSING  
Hope Waning the TANKER CREW  
In Search for treacherous Find Two Life Jackets  
Sulphur Tanker trade After 19-Day Sea Search  
Port Arthur Mourns  
39 Crewmen on Beach



## in memoriam...USS THRESHER by Macmen

This article is being written on the eve of one of the greatest disasters in the history of our Navy. As I write, the television program is being interrupted with the first news of the fateful voyage of the submarine USS *Thresher*. Washington tersely states the *Thresher* is overdue and must be presumed lost.

I feel sick at the pit of my stomach.

For four years I served on submarines during World War II. In that period I lost many shipmates. Many times I have been under the sea and have been scared sick as we were pounded with depth charges from above. I vividly recall the horror as near hits sprang leaks in the hull, the mumbled prayers of those around me, and I wondered if this wasn't our time.

Another newscast has just come over. The *Thresher* went down off the New England coast in 8,400 feet of water! To those millions within reach of the broadcasts . . . there might still be hope. To myself and other submariners, there is that sickish feeling . . . we know. A submarine does not go down in 8,400 feet of water and return to tell of it. My deepest dive during the war was little

over 450 feet, and even at that depth the hull plates were creaking and little leaks were reported over the interphone at various places in the sub. I remember how anxiously we watched at our diving stations with the sweat making our headsets slippery, ready to report to the control room the slightest leak or dribble of water. Thoughts raced madly through all our minds . . . have we gone down too deep? . . . will the hull suddenly buckle under the pressure? . . . will we be able to surface? . . . and then the welcome blast of the klaxon horn. The signal to surface!

Another interruption! An oil slick has been sighted. This bears mute testimony. The *Thresher* is gone and the entire crew and civilians aboard will never be seen or heard from again. I know what the papers will say tomorrow. My wife knows how the relatives and families feel at this moment.

If it be any consolation, death in this case is instantaneous. When the hull of a submarine splits, it "implodes," which is the opposite of explode. The hull buckles inward and the sea rushes in. There is no pain or suffering; it is over in a second. The

tanks are ruptured and the oil rushes to the surface. The submarine slowly settles on the bottom, there to rest for all time.

What could have happened? What caused this disaster? This problem will probably never be solved. I worked and helped build the world's first nuclear submarine, the USS *Nautilus*, at General Dynamics in Groton, Connecticut. I remember how proud we all were as President Truman personally attended the launching. Plans were already on our drawing boards for the sister ships (or boats as the submarines are called). These nuclear submarines were the last word mechanically and structurally and had every safety device known.

I remember wishing they had this type of submarine when I went to sea and would have given anything if I could have been a member of the first crew. These nuclear submarines are the safest subs afloat. The built-in safety devices and safety-safety devices leave absolutely no margin for accident or error. If the hull of a submarine develops a leak of any consequence, while submerged, all hatches separating the compartments are dogged and sealed. The ballast tanks are blown or they can be pumped mechanically, and the submarine surfaces. If trouble is encountered, a marker buoy is ejected and rides the surface over where the submarine has gone down. In this buoy is a telephone. The escape hatches can be rigged at a moment's notice and the men can reach the surface with a momsen lung.

The *Thresher* had these and other safety devices. According to the news reports coming over now, the *Thresher* went down at 9:00 a.m. and was never heard from again. There appeared no marker buoy and that in itself is very strange. While unable to use a radio transmitter while submerged, a submarine can send signals by use of the sound gear or *Sonar*. According to reports no signals have been heard. Underwater flares and

rockets are available to warn those on the surface . . . it appears none were used. This is all very strange and baffling.

Whatever happened must have happened so fast that no man on board was able to react. One might suspect the atomic reactor and ponder the possibility of an atomic explosion. From my personal knowledge, based on the reactors in the USS *Nautilus* and *Seawolf*, this is impossible. There is no way an atomic explosion could occur in a nuclear reactor of the type used in modern nuclear submarines. The shielding and safety devices employed are foolproof and an atomic explosion is more improbable because the construction of a reactor is as different as day and night compared to that of an atomic bomb. The reactor room is heavily shielded from the rest of the ship and should radiation reach the most infinitesimal degree over the safety limit there are numerous safety features, both mechanical and automatic, to correct the difficulty and immediate warnings would flash throughout the boat. The Captain would have more than sufficient time to take corrective measures.

The only other possibility is that it may have struck a submerged reef and ruptured the hull. The submerged speed of a nuclear sub is such that it would strike with tremendous impact and all on board would immediately perish, were the hull ruptured. There would be no time to give an alarm. But then the waters off the coast of the United States are all charted for submarines, which makes such an accident highly improbable.

Whatever it was, it was obviously swift and merciful . . . merciful in the sense that there could have been no pain . . . death was instantaneous. Perhaps we shall never know the real story. The latest report says no names will be given until the next of kin are notified. To my knowledge I knew no one aboard the *Thresher*. And yet, as a submariner, I had something in common with every man . . . a relationship only those in the submarine service can feel.



A night to remember. Eight crewmen from Dutch ship *Pinta* which sank in New York Harbor assemble on SCI's roof after surviving the disaster.

On Tuesday evening, May 7, the Dutch freighter, *Pinta*, and a 7,547-ton English freighter, *City of Perth*, collided five miles off the New Jersey coastline 30 miles south of Manhattan's tip.

All 12 officers and men of the *Pinta* reached the *City of Perth* safely by lifeboat, and the ship limped back to New York Harbor under her own steam.

The Master of the *Perth* sent radio messages in rapid succession: "Pinta crew abandoned ship and rowing to board me. Pinta listing to port."

The second message: "Picked up crew members of Pinta. Proceeding back to Pinta, which is listing badly, to see what can be done. Need no assistance at this time."

Soon the *City of Perth* radioed that the *Pinta* had gone to the bottom.

Climaxing the disaster, total darkness closed in and the heroic crew of the *Pinta*, safely aboard the British ship, failed to see their ship slowly slip beneath the water.

Throughout the night, marine safety inspectors interrogated the men until early the following morning when they were delivered, weary and disenchanted, to the Seamen's Church Institute for attention and rest.

The men had lost everything of their personal belongings on the ship.

Unshaved and still dumbstruck by what had transpired the past night, the men found a calming and understanding influence at SCI. When their rooms were assigned by the House Manager, the forlorn eight (one without shoes and socks) were introduced to SCI's Sloppe Chest where emergency clothing and personal items are kept in readiness for sea disaster victims. Old friends of SCI donate good, used clothing for this purpose. The boys attacked the warm shoes and sweaters as if they were lost friends, but the most appreciated provisions of all, the things that make men happy—were the denim ditty bags donated to SCI by Mariner Girl Scout Troop No. 51 from Larchmont, New York, under the direction of Mrs. Phillip W. Wood. The bags contained shaving equipment and toilet articles which would sustain them until they could be flown back to their homes in Holland.

Because of the news value of the accident, most New York newspapers requested pictures and interviews with the new SCI guests. Requests for pictures were granted and the clean-cut (and now smiling) group positioned themselves along the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse high atop the roof of SCI, while flashbulbs popped.

After welcome showers and naps, a more rested group of seamen enjoyed a coffee hour in the Lecture Gallery, where SCI staff had a chance to meet them. All personnel who had a working acquaintance with the Dutch or German language were recruited for the "hospitality line" and the boys sensed they were among friends.

Later, in discussing the events with SCI staff, personal accounts of the tragedy were revealed. We learned that the *Pinta* was destined for New York from Newport News when the accident occurred. She carried timber from Nicaragua. Most of the boys were down below in the messroom or kitchen or in their cabins when they heard a loud noise, felt the impact of the other ship and heard the call "All men on deck." They had no time to take any of their belongings. Pictures of the folks and girl friends back home would be lost forever. They ran to the deck and jumped into the lifeboat with their clothes (or lack of them). They remained on the British ship for the remainder of the night until they were delivered to SCI.

From every tragic situation there often comes a bit of humor, and the coffee hour was not without a smile or two.

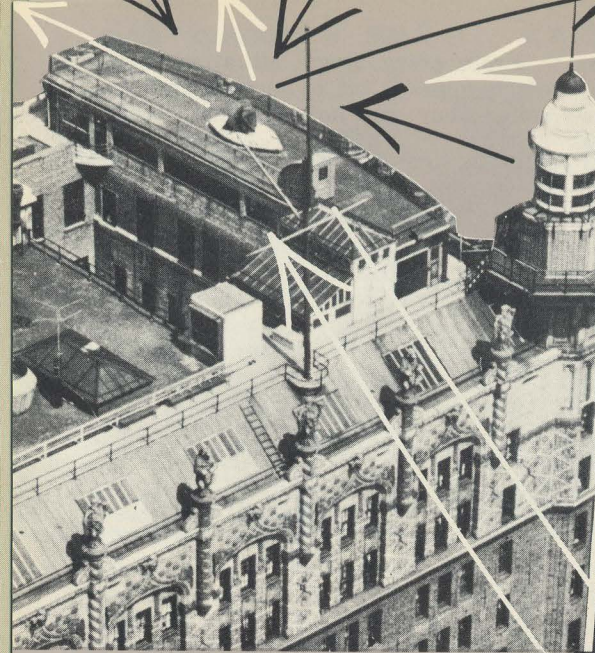
When SCI's Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan, appeared to extend his hearty welcome to the men, he paused as he scanned the assemblage. His eyes stopped at the feet of the seamen, and a thoughtful smile came to his face. Three of the eight seamen were wearing pairs of his black, wing-tip shoes, donated to the Sloppe Chest just the day before. Noting that one of the (his) shoes was being worn without shoestrings, he slipped quietly from the room to return in minutes carrying the needed pair of laces. The ice was broken!

It had been a night to remember for the crew of the *Pinta*, and, we hope, a day of friendship for them at the Seamen's Church Institute.

In the sprawling script of eight seamen anxious to get back to Holland, a postal card, addressed from Gander, Newfoundland, reached SCI on the following Wednesday. It read simply "Greetings from the 'Pinta' boys!"

On the left: SCI's director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan smiles upon three of the smiling seamen who wear his shoes donated to Sloppe Chest just one day before the disaster. On the right: Hotel Manager, Al Sorensen (center) presents survivors with ditty bags donated to SCI by Larchmont N.Y. Girl Scouts.





uncharted  
space



The mysterious, futuristic 2x2½ ft. grey metal box on the roof of the SCI building looks as if it might be part of some intricate signaling system. It is exactly that. Some months ago, the Sperry Gyroscope Company, in keeping with its rapport with SCI, requested and was given permission to install its extremely sophisticated range calibrator, or AM-UPM-115 as it is known technically at 25 South Street.



The Bethlehem Steel Company Shipyard in Brooklyn houses the other half of the testing equipment. There sits the 14,300-ton converted troop transport, the *General H. H. Arnold*, with its two synchronized antennae, thirty and forty feet in diameter, indispensable for tracking and data taking. When the *Arnold* was launched on the West Coast in 1944 as a dull, drab troopship carrying 3,100 persons, it could not possibly have foreseen that it would end up as a space-age missile tracker, with a glistening white superstructure surmounted with radar. Only two hundred men, half of them scientists and technicians, are needed to control the instrumentation.

The *Arnold* transmits to the "box" on SCI's rooftop, and receives back an impulse within one ten thousandth of a second, thus checking the accuracy

of the radar. The most intricate characteristics of flight will thus be observed with speed and accuracy, and it is estimated that from this storehouse of information will come new knowledge that could lead to a fifty per cent increase in the accuracy of missiles. The multimillion dollar instrumentation will also be invaluable as a monitor for man-in-space operations, lunar and deep space probes.

SCI is observing the project with great interest. If men are going to be sailing through space, SCI's activities may well have to be expanded to include new areas.

## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

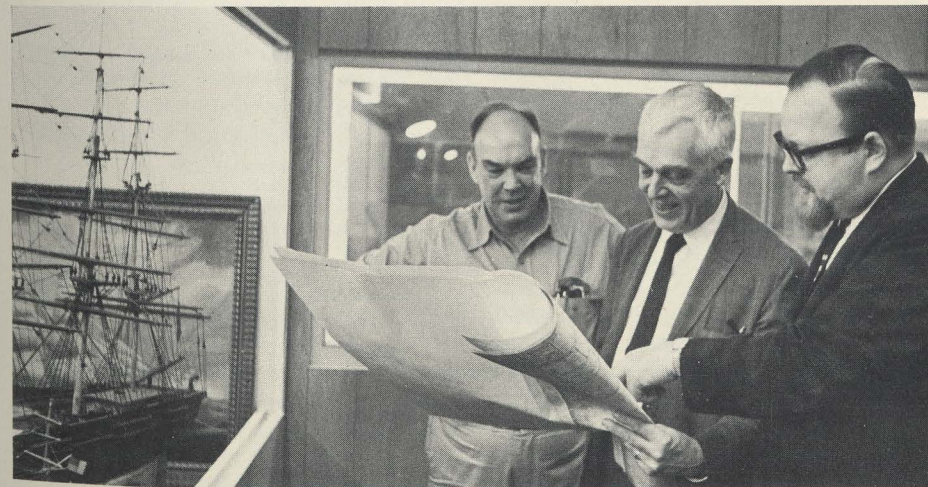
A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...



With a smile belying the sadness of the moment, International Club Director, Chris Nichols (right), welcomes his successor, Robert Sarafian, during Club's Birthday Party while senior staff hostess, Mrs. Tina Meek, also extends her good wishes. Nichols, who nursed the Club through growing pains, will join SCI's Ships Visitors department.



Comedy team "The Rascals" (really two Greek seamen) provided laughs during intermission of Fifth Birthday Party in International Seamen's Club this month. In addition to unusually large crowd of seamen, the Club had as guests many of the volunteer hostesses who served during the Club's infancy.



Marine Museum curator Herb Jennings (center) flanked by his assistants, studies floor plans during reconstruction of museum. The Museum was host to 100 guests from the maritime industry on May 20 during Maritime Week and among the newly-acquired craft on display were several important models from the estate of Mr. John Ingle, including

the famous Bear, which recently sank in the Atlantic, and the Confederate ship Alabama. Of special interest from the Ingle collection is a model of a brig with planking removed to expose the rib construction of the hull. It's the only one of its type in the Museum



**AMERICAN VIKING**, *By James Dugan. 305 pp. New York: Harper & Row. \$5.95*

The saga of Hans Isbrandtsen and his shipping empire is given lively treatment in this unofficial biography. Young Isbrandtsen grew up imbued with an image of a Denmark repeatedly rising from misfortunes by hard work, stout social bonds, intense general education and commercial daring. His midas touch began to operate shortly after he found himself at 17 Battery Place during World War I heading a staff of three. Fiercely independent, Mr. Isbrandtsen stood up to presidents, kings, and labor leaders.

**THE ALLURING ANTILLES**. *By J. Linton Rigg. 267 pp. Princeton: Van Nostrand Company. \$12.50*

J. Linton Rigg disposed of his home in the Bahamas, bought the *Island Belle*, refitted her, and at 65 embarked on a two-year sailing trip which took him from Florida to Trinidad and back. Mr. Rigg, a sailor of great experience spent the two years visiting every island in the Antilles, recording his experiences on film and paper. The individuality of each island fascinates the reader. Martinique, for example, takes pride in being the birthplace of Empress Josephine and of Madame Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV. Trinidad is famous for its Carnival, which lures as many as 250,000 people. Jamaica, discovered by Columbus in 1494, is one of Britain's most valuable colonies. Its exports bring in millions of dollars annually. Black and white and color photographs accompany the text.

**THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN**. *By Robert Goldston. 241 pp. New York: Random House.*

This book attempts to combine controversial and outspoken ideas with a dramatic narrative. Its theme, the

possibility of an atomic war and how people would behave if such a holocaust really began, is explored through the seven passengers and skeleton crew aboard a luxury yacht at sea. The situation is a nightmare for some and a challenge to others. The complexities of human nature emerge in the final episodes as each of the people involved prepares for his particular appointment in Samara.

**WINDING WITH THE SEA**. *Poems. By James A. Knight. 48 pp. New York: Vantage Press.*

Mr. Knight conveys his passion for the sea in this slim volume of poems. He finds personal fulfillment in its stormy restlessness, its brooding drama. The poems cover many moods and experiences. We get a glimpse of the Flying Dutchman, whose spectral image bodes a ship no good; see a terrible, swift encounter in which a seaman is stabbed to death in a bar-room fight; feel the sudden chill of "Man Overboard"; and sense the haunting pathos of "Burial at Sea." Mr. Knight is another of those never quiet spirits to whom the sea "has always been, shall always be, the only thing complete. . . ."

**TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS**. *By Antony Trew. 312 pp. New York: Random House.*

The time is 1964, and *Retaliante*, a Polaris submarine under British command, has been on a long routine patrol. Its captain, a man subject to severe fits of depression due to serious psychological disturbances, becomes paranoiac. He is convinced that sooner or later the enemy will launch a nuclear attack on the West. None of his officers wishes to risk mutiny charges by relieving him of his command. Mr. Trew, who rose from cargo ship cadet to Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Navy, uses his first-hand knowledge of the sea extensively.

IN MEMORIAM . . . USS THRESHER  
*continued from page 5*

This Wednesday, April 10, 1963, will go down in history as the darkest day in naval history. My heart goes out to those who are left behind; I cannot help but recall the memorable words of Alfred Lord Tennyson:

*"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell,  
When I embark;*

*For tho', from out our bourne of  
Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."*

THE TREACHEROUS TRADE  
*continued from page 3*

This business of going to sea is, indeed, a treacherous trade.

May God lead more men through fair seas to that last port of all seamen. We echo Mr. Curran's promise: "We shall not forget."

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH  
*continued from page 2*

hospitable and interested in the welfare of the men during their stay ashore. Paul's favorite dish, steak, was as good in Athens as anywhere.

Another favorite port of call was San Remo on the Italian Riviera. There on the clean, beautiful beaches Paul was able to soak in the sun and to do a great deal of swimming, a pastime of which he never gets enough. He was struck by the vast difference between northern and southern Italy. Even to an untrained observer they appeared to be two different countries.

At the moment Paul is on an MSTs freighter somewhere in the Atlantic. After about six months of practical experience he hopes to sit for his third mate's deck license test. In his own personal crystal ball Paul sees himself aboard ship for some years yet. He enjoys the feeling of independence that goes with the life. Perhaps one day he'll settle down with some business of his own, but now he is content to follow four winds.

**TELEPHONE OPERATORS REMEMBER CREWMEN**

The voices of the 9 men who perished on the tugboat *Gwendoline Steers* were well known to a group of telephone operators at the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York. These marine operators handle calls to more than 1,000 boats equipped with S.T.S. telephones and can communicate within a range 150 miles from New York City. When news came that all crewmen on the *Gwendoline Steers* had perished, the marine operators took up a collection, donated the money as a memorial to the Seamen's Church Institute. The money purchased a chair for the chapel. A bronze plaque mounted on the chair reads:

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THE TUG GWENDOLINE STEERS. THE GIFT OF N. Y. MARINE OPERATORS, A. T. T. Seamen entering the chapel to pray will see it and remember their seamen brothers in their prayers. The SCI is grateful for the thoughtfulness of the Marine Operators and their concern for seamen.

MAJOR U. S. SHIP DISASTERS OF RECENT YEARS		DEAD
Nov. 1947	Clarksdale Victory off British Columbia	49
Aug. 1950	Hospital Ship Benevolence collides with S.S. Mary Luckenbach off San Francisco	24
Jan. 1952	S.S. Pennsylvania sinks in Pacific storm	45
Jan. 1952	S.S. Flying Enterprise sinks in storm off Lizard Point	1
Oct. 1954	S.S. Mormackite capsizes off Virginia	37
Jan. 1956	Tanker Salem Maritime explodes in Lake Charles	52
Sept. 1956	Freighter Pelagia sinks in storm off Norway	32
June 1957	Tanker Stony Point collides with German ship off France	14
Nov. 1957	Freighter Carl Bradley sinks in Lake Michigan	33
Aug. 1958	Tanker Gulfoil collides with tanker Graham off Newport	16
Mar. 1959	S.S. Santa Rosa collides with tanker Valchem	4
Dec. 1960	Tanker Pine Ridge breaks in two off Hatteras	8
Sept. 1961	Tanker Potomac explodes off Moorehead City, N.C.	1

### SAN FRANCISCO BAY

*by seaman Tom Conroy*

A seagull hangs suspended on the wind.  
The bay shines like a sapphire in  
green-gold.  
Low drifting clouds, like balls of wool,  
head south within the harbor's fold.  
Lulled by the tapping fingers of the  
tide,  
small boats lie, stirred by the lilting  
swell.  
And clear upon the radiant morning air,  
There floats the sound of a distant bell.  
A ship's clock strikes the hour.  
San Francisco bay is fair.  
All is well.

### THE ARIZONA MEMORIAL

*by Sanford Sternlicht*

They have built a ship's bridge atop  
your tomb  
but it is no bridge of sighs.  
You, whose salt-laundered bones long  
since

have revolted one from another,  
cannot see the repellent boarders—  
Old schoolmarms pricked by the  
presence

of the long out-lived death of their  
first progeny—

College girls slight-bosomed with  
shorts taut

over thick thighs and tittering,  
slyly scouted by boot cruisers who but  
for a Sunday morning massacre might  
have been

the sons-of your dissolved flesh and  
your diluted blood—

Shutterbugs shooting with new Cannons,  
Yashikas and Contaflexes,  
happy to be safe in the wash of  
history—

But one could do worse than man  
battle stations

to Armageddon when even the old  
Arizona

may sound from the sea like a wounded  
whale.

And as for me—my sea-garland for you  
on the ship's shadow has only a simple  
saying :

Why, in a hundred years  
shall we not all be the same age?

### ROADWAYS

*by John Masefield*

#### HONORARY MEMBER OF SCI BOARD OF MANAGERS

One road leads to London,  
Ope road leads to Wales;  
My road leads me seawards  
To the white dipping sails.  
One road leads to the river,  
As it goes singing slow;  
My road leads to shipping,  
Where the bronzed sailors go.  
Leads me, lures me, calls me  
To salt green tossing sea;  
A road without earth's road-dust  
Is the right road for me.  
A wet road heaving, shining,  
And wild with the seagulls' cries;  
A mad, salt sea-wind blowing  
The salt spray in my eyes.  
My road calls me, lures me  
West, east, south and north;  
Most roads lead me homewards,  
My road leads me forth.  
To add more miles to the tally  
Of grey miles left behind,  
In quest of that one beauty  
God put me here to find.

### AT THE SHORE

*by Sanford Sternlicht*

The solid and the liquid meet  
Where the rocks and breakers greet.  
Seagulls threading wave and sand  
Sew the seam of sea and land.  
Blue crabs crawling to the tide  
Lay weed banners down beside  
Ishmael fallen on one knee  
To kiss a salted cup of sea.

### CAPT'N ALOYSIUS

*by Jane Herrick Tenney*

Nosing the wind, weighing the sky  
He said, in his economical way,  
"Likely tomorrow'll be a day for bass."  
And I never knew him to prophesy  
But wind and tide would seem to obey  
That salty old tar, in his applique  
Of hand-sewn patches, buttoned in  
brass.  
His cheek, like ruddy upholstery, burst  
Into foam white whiskers in cottony  
clumps;  
His speech was punctuated by thumps  
Of a knotted fish and he smoked the  
first  
Pipe that he ever brought ashore.  
But his heart was great as the oaths  
he swore.