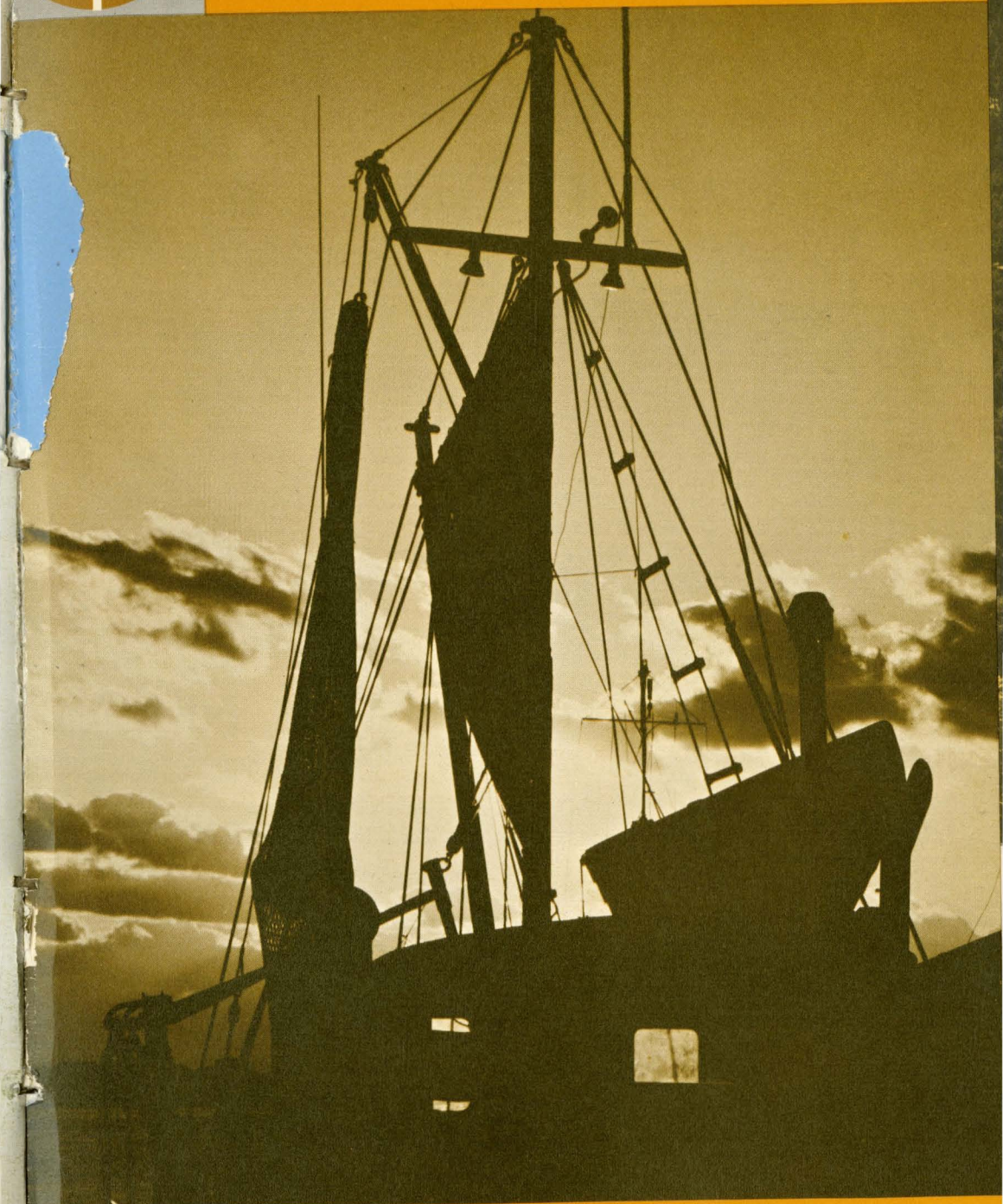




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



MAY 1969

MARINER PENS BALLADS AT SEA

Many an interesting seaman has passed through the portals of an SCI building in its 135 years on the waterfront but none with a more intriguing background than Manuel Estrada Ballesterero.

Mr. Ballesterero is a licensed mate, a member of the Masters Mates and Pilots Local 88, N. Y., also a composer-musician-singer who has had several of his songs recorded commercially with himself as the vocalist.

For 35 years, he has sailed on many merchant marine ships and made many complete trips around the world. In 1954, while serving as mate on the *SS Brasil*, a Moore-McCormack liner, Ballesterero first began to compose popular ballads.

Since then he has written scores of songs. He composes many of the melodies and lyrics during his spare time at sea. In five years, he succeeded in writing 50 songs. Among them are 14 popular ballads, 2 Spanish, 13 English, and 5 in Tagalog and Visayan.

Originally from the Philippines, Ballesterero's melodies echo distinctly care-free and lilting island rhythm with gentle touches of Spanish, European and American tempo. Nostalgia rings through each song he writes.



An Indian writer, describing Ballesterero's public performance in Calcutta, writes: "... There's loneliness there, a touch of fugitiveness, an ache of longing to belong, and a wisp of not having . . . I imagine that's how 'Seaman's Heart Aches' was born." Among Ballesterero's favorites is "But Only You," a song he wrote for his mother, Cesaria Estrada Ballesterero, who taught him how to play the guitar and sing island folk tunes.

He is recorded by Bali Music Co. in New York, accompanied by Juan Barbara and his orchestra, together with P. Ramajo, the NY Tropical Trio, and featuring Jan Anderson as pianist.

the LOOKOUT

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COVER: Photo by Bud Yallalee, Portland, Maine

THE MYSTERY TREASURE OF OAK ISLAND

By
Neill J. Harris

The search goes on, year after year — fantasies of gold, that fascinating dream of great wealth acquired by digging, has lured the hunters to continue.

Tireless, the fortune-hunters have riddled one corner of a small island near Halifax, Nova Scotia, with over 200 shafts and tunnels and spent \$2 million on the search; undeterred by failure, they return again and again to seek the elusive treasure of Oak Island.

What kind of treasure is it? Gold? Silver? Nobody knows — gold, probably. Who buried it on Oak Island?

Pirates? Frenchmen? There is no sure answer. Is there really a treasure?

Well, at any rate, on this island, one of the great feats of engineering on the American continent has been revealed.

The treasure's hiding place was cunningly contrived and all the more remarkable because it was done without the aid of modern earth-movers and other heavy construction equipment.

As long ago as 1795 treasure hunters first came to Oak Island. One summer day that year, three lads, while exploring this small and uninhabited island in

Mahone Bay were surprised to find a large, man-made clearing. In the middle stood a solitary oak tree, from a lower limb hung a ship's block and tackle, rotted with age; directly underneath was a circular depression in the ground, about 12 feet in diameter.

Certainly something must be buried here.

"Treasure," cried the lads excitedly. "Pirate's treasure. Let's come back tomorrow with picks and shovels and dig it up."

It was thought to be as easy as that! They returned early next morning and began digging enthusiastically in the depression under the oak tree. As the digging progressed they saw they were in a well-defined shaft, filled with loose soil, the marks of picks still plainly visible in the hard clay sides. They had dug only a few feet when they uncovered a layer of heavy flagstones, but there was nothing underneath.

Ten feet down they struck a platform of thick oaken logs, but still no treasure. They found a copper coin dated 1713 and struck another oaken platform at 20 feet, and still another at 30 feet. They could go no further down than this, so they stopped.

However, the depth of the shaft and the elaborate construction convinced them something of tremendous value must be hidden on the site. They vowed to come back some day with proper equipment and dig up the treasure in the "Money Pit" — as they so aptly named it. Neither the young men nor others ever suspected the pit *would eventually swallow up \$2 million of treasure hunters' money.*

The lads were poor, they couldn't afford the cost of further digging, and nine years passed before they found anyone willing to help them. In 1804 a wealthy young doctor heard their story of the mysterious Money Pit and believed them; he organized a syndicate with funds sufficient to buy proper min-

ing equipment and pay a crew of workmen. Now excavation of the shaft began in earnest.

The workmen dug down, and every 10 feet they struck an oaken platform; at 95 feet they broke through a thick, sandwich-like layer of ship's putty, charcoal and coconut fiber. Beneath this layer was a large flat stone inscribed with mysterious characters. Quickly they hauled the stone to the surface, confident now they were near the treasure. And deep down in the Money Pit a workman drove a crowbar through the loose soil and struck the top of a great wooden box.

At last, success!

It was late Saturday afternoon. Work stopped for the weekend. Joyfully the salvors returned Monday morning to raise the box to the surface . . . and found the pit filled with water to a depth of 65 feet!

They then wasted the next three weeks bailing — not lowering the water level in the Money Pit by one inch! Frustrated, they dug a shaft beside the Money Pit, but as soon as they reached a depth of 100 feet it, too, flooded. And they wasted more time to empty this second shaft of water.

Its money gone, the syndicate gave up, beaten by that impassable barrier of salt water which flooded every shaft sunk below 100 feet. A system of drains, connecting the sea with the Money Pit, and constructed with devilish ingenuity, defeated every effort to recover the treasure.

Today the location of the Money Pit is somewhat uncertain, its exact position lost long ago in a quagmire of mud. The entire area is riddled with flooded shafts, abandoned tunnels and clogged bore holes, strewn with rusting machinery and rotten timber.

But these desolate reminders of 175 years of dismal failure have not deterred the hopeful treasure hunters of Oak Island. The search goes on. . . .

To Serve the Seafarer in Our Changing World

By Peter Van Wygerden

Peter Van Wygerden, who heads the ship visiting division of the Institute, is a naturalized American citizen, born and reared in the seafaring tradition of a Hollander. Having sailed the seven seas, he knows, first hand, the great port cities of the world and can trade scuttlebutt with fellow seafarers in French, English, Dutch and German. His hobbies include history, with emphasis on sea lore, painting and ship crafting. He lives with his wife, a native of Berlin, and their young son on Staten Island.

The ancient and honorable vocation of seafaring is in reality the response of man to his environment. With three-fourths of our planet covered with water, man's need to survive compelled him to travel the hazardous avenues of the sea.

Transcending the boundaries between nations and continents, the mariner has historically been associated with the fundamental elements of power, wealth and the dynamics of cultural exchange.

In earlier times, seafarers were regarded with awe as "adventurous heroes." Today's mariner, while sharing a kinship with sailors of the romantic past, emerges with a new found status: that of professional technician. While his vocation may be less hazardous than in former days, his shipboard duties are far more complex.

The scientific age has instituted changes in the maritime industry and those who "go down to the sea in ships" must be equipped to deal with an automated technology. Yet with all of the

technological changes which have been introduced, many aspects of the old seafaring tradition remain unchanged.

The seafarer is a citizen of the world. Often lonely, he must accept long periods of absence from loved ones ashore. He knows the limitations of shipboard life and the narrow confinement of a small cabin and close company. Ashore, he is often regarded with suspicion and is still a target for unscrupulous exploitation.

Today's rapidly changing world has created the need for those concerned with the welfare of the mariner to seek better, more specialized ways to serve the needs of the seafaring community.

The needs of the majority of merchant seamen today would appear to be of a social and personal character, and fall into two areas: 1st, while the seafarer is employed on board the vessel, and 2nd, while the seafarer is ashore between trips.


For the days at sea, books, magazines and newspapers are much needed items. Seamen as a group are in need

(Continued on page 15)

In New York it's the

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S CLUB

At the Seamen's Church Institute
15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004 (212) 569-9710



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- BRACK BAR •
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Seamen's Church Institute (S.C.I.) offers the highest level of an international center, designed and built for seafarers and their families. Located in a historic area, it provides the best of what our world has to offer. Openings in the following areas: Shipboard and Shore Activities, Dining Room and Cafeteria, Film Office and Meeting Rooms, Storage Rooms, Library and Post-Box Service. Make S.C.I. your home away from home while you're in New York. The building is also available for rentals in quantity and all other ways you may wish to utilize.

CLUB OPEN FROM 2-11 P.M. DAILY INCLUDING SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

New SCI poster (printed in several languages) distributed in crew quarters of ships arriving in New York harbor.

A Maritime Menagerie

By N. J. Lopez



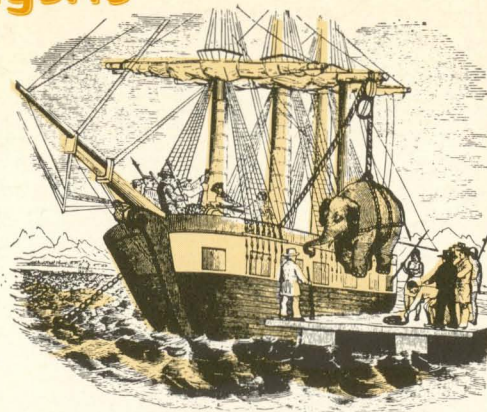
The seadog of long ago must have been a tremendous fancier of animals. Almost all the pirate stories I heard when I was a boy had a parrot playing some role. The rich legacy of nautical terms and phrases bequeathed to us from days of yore contains many which suggest animal 'origins'.

Undoubtedly, his frequent clambering up and down ropes prompted the sailor of olden times to think most often of monkeys. He invented the 'monkey fist' — a knot which gives weight to a heaving line; the union plate he called a 'monkey face' and, in times of merry-making, he frequently 'bled the monkey' to get his grog.

Before the animal humane organizations rise up in arms over this phrase it should be explained that he merely bored a hole in a rum barrel to extract the contents.

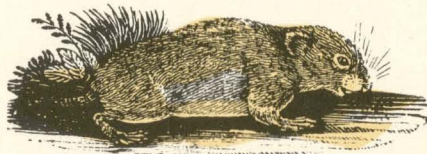
In general, 'monkey', nautically speaking, is a prefix meaning 'small', e.g., 'Monkey-jacket'. Although the 'Monkey Island' is not inhabited by simians (usually!) a newcomer to the sea is often made the butt of a joke incorporating the Monkey Island. I speak from sad recollection!

When I was told I had been to sea 'only a dog watch', I didn't think this



was a derogatory term to describe inexperience. A mast 'Houndsband' does not appear to have anything in common with a hound, yet 'Dog's teeth' was very appropriately coined to describe uneven stitches in a canvas seam — just as if a dog had clamped his teeth into it.

Besides 'dogging' a splice, a seaman sometimes uses 'Bulldog Grips' when there is no time to make an eye. His name for any small clamp is 'dog-grip'. From these, it appears that ye olde Seadog associated a dog with tenacity.



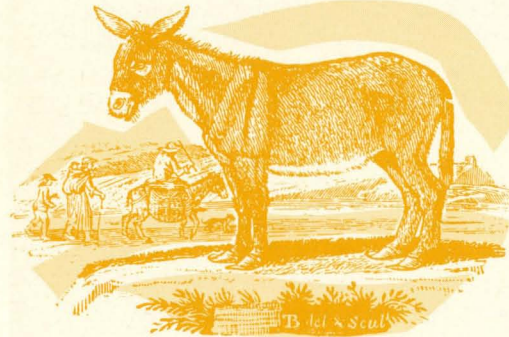
The cat also has her place in this nautical zoo. A common feature of tankers is the long 'catwalk' and before mooring to a buoy, we sometimes 'cat' our anchors at the 'cathead', using 'catting pendants'.

Speaking of cats, the mouse is not to be left out. The sailor 'mouses' a hook or block when he wants to add safety to its operation; he doesn't merely pass a seizing on it. To continue with the rodent form — a 'water rat' is not actually a rat, but a person (usually of disreputable habits) who frequents the

waterfront. We don't normally see 'rat-lines' nowadays, but 'ratguards' are very much in evidence, being precisely for the purpose of guarding against rats. Rats (and in tropical countries—cockroaches) are the most common unofficial and unwanted passengers aboard ship.

Some imaginative crewman with a sense of poetry must have seen, in the dashing seas and pounding waves, some resemblance to horses. Result — we regard a sea as choppy when we see 'white horses'. When setting sails, we use the 'horse' in the boat to make fast the jib.

The first cousin of the horse lends his name to 'donkey engine' which is as hard worked and almost as versatile. I



Swedish governmental officials with responsibilities relating to the Swedish merchant marine and seafarers inspected the Institute building recently. They were guided by the Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, SCI chaplain.



sympathize, however, with the engine rating who voyages as 'donkeyman' — a somewhat embarrassing nom-de-plume for a man whose job is to tend the boilers!

Another domestic animal in the language of the sea appears in 'sheep-shank', but an animal not normally domestic is the 'bear' which is a large holystone dragged over the deck with lanyards.

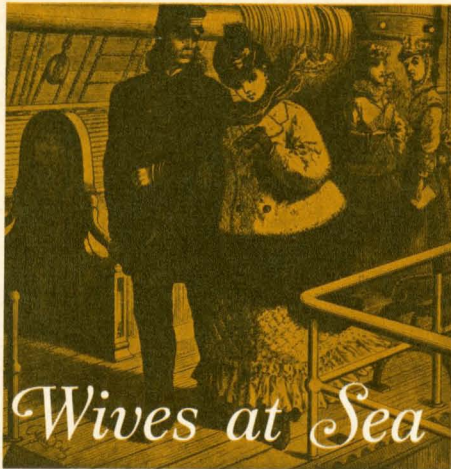
To turn to the aviary of this nautical zoo, we find that every block has a 'swallow' — an empty space rove through with wire or rope and the 'fly' of a burgee is shaped like the forked tail of a swallow. Show me one sailor who doesn't curse his lot in the 'crow's nest' during a howling gale!

A type of light canvas is known as 'duck'; this is the most closely guarded item of ship's stores for the crew real-

(Continued on page 15)



Captain Levi F. Williams, master of the Steel Surveyor, brought a sea shell to the office of the Women's Council as a token of thanks for the SCI Christmas packages distributed to the ship's crew. Mrs. Constance West, Council director, held the shell to her ear to hear the sound of the sea.



The recent announcement by a British marine company (Container Fleets, Ltd.) that wives of its unlicensed seamen will henceforth be able to accompany their husbands on voyages is viewed with considerable interest by SCI's administrative personnel.

This is a trend which will be adopted by other countries, it is predicted. (*The Institute headquarters building has, since its opening a little over a year ago, made room accommodations available for women seafarers and the wives of seafarers when accompanied by their husbands.*)

An arrangement similar to that of the British marine company, but more restricted, has been announced also by a small segment of the United States fleet. Rear Admiral Walter F. Schlech Jr., commander of the Atlantic fleet of the Military Sea Transportation Service said that *officers* on the new four-ship tanker fleet being built for Falcon Carriers would also be permitted to sail with their wives.

In discussing the move, Admiral Schlech said, "hotel type accommodations, complete with colorful carpeting and other appointments, will include double beds for conjugal bliss of licensed officers. Now if that doesn't do something for the merchant marine, I don't know what will."

Container Fleets, Ltd., has signed a contract with the National Union of Seamen that will allow unlicensed seamen to share their shipboard cabins with their wives approximately two months a year.

The contract has been designed primarily to overcome the massive labor turnover rate by making shipboard life more amenable.

A Committee of Inquiry of conditions in the British merchant fleet found that 20 per cent of the unlicensed engine room personnel and a third of the stewards left the sea before completing a year's service. Forty per cent of deck and engine room ratings left in three years.

Among the recommendations was that shipowners institute a regular shore-leave policy that did not strain family life to the point where wives insisted that their men leave the sea.

Although officers' wives have been permitted to go to sea with their husbands on some European merchant ships for many years, this privilege has not been heretofore extended to "ratings" or unlicensed personnel.

Several sections of the Container Fleet contract deal specifically with the "wife problem". Seamen who sign a service contract with the company will be paid a fixed salary, instead of wages, and upon two years of service will be eligible to have their wives join them at sea.

The contract stipulates that the seaman requesting the privilege must be 23 years of age or more, while the wife need only be 21. It anticipates that wives will be able to make one round-trip annually, with a maximum of 65

(Continued on page 15)



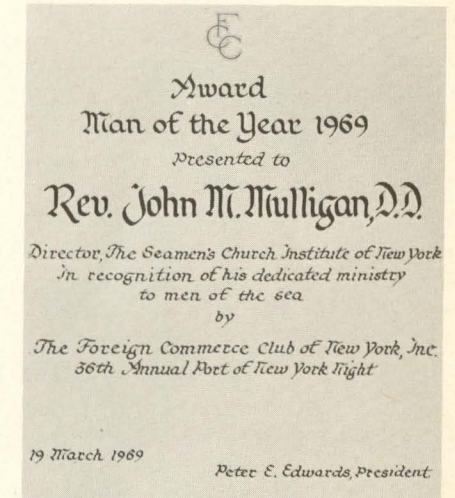
INSTITUTE DIRECTOR HONORED

SCI director John M. Mulligan, D.D., was the recipient of the 1969 Man of the Year Award by the Foreign Commerce Club of New York in March.

In accepting the award, Dr. Mulligan said in part:

"... However, I must say that if it were not for the Seamen's Church Institute, I most certainly would not be standing here tonight and I actually accept this award on behalf of the Institute. It was in business in this Port for 125 years before I came on the bridge as "skipper" and it will be around for a long time after I sign off.

"I can say this because I know the quality of the dedication of my colleagues on the Board of Managers and my colleagues on the Staff and their concern for this Port and for the men who man the ships. I think, too, that you will realize something of that quality when I say to you who are engaged in the moving and expediting of goods and cargo and know so well the problems involved — that we moved our entire operation from 25 South Street to



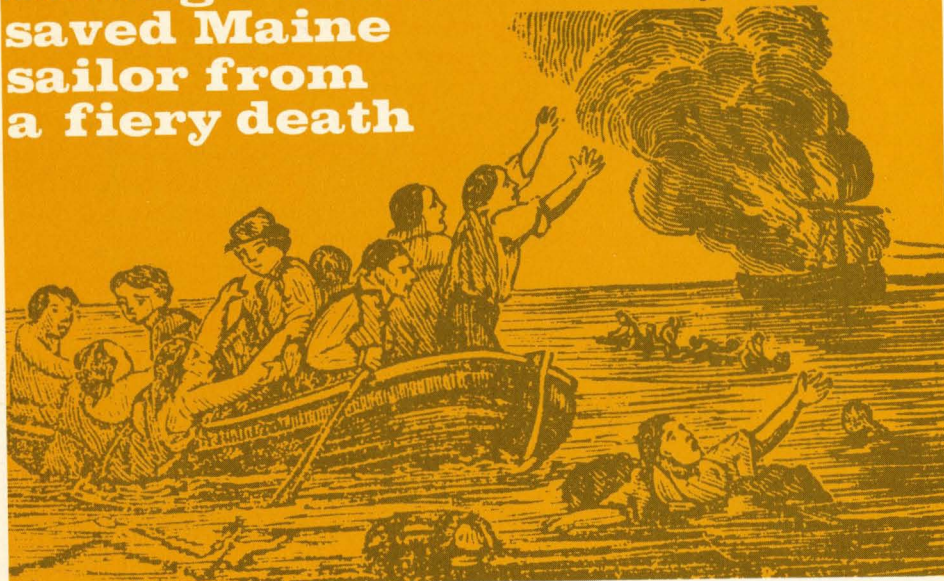
15 State Street without any interruption of any essential service.

"That alone takes a dedicated staff but that dedication is apparent in every aspect of their work. So it is they who are really receiving this award.

"Please accept our very deep gratitude for conferring this signal honor on us and our very humble thanks."

Strange dream saved Maine sailor from a fiery death

By J. R. Crane



In the old days all sailors feared fire above all sea disasters. Marine artists of that period sketched or painted many dramatic depictions on the subject.

When Nebuchadnezzar implored Daniel to interpret a dream that troubled him, he dramatized a phenomenon that man has wondered about ever since he came on earth.

Some people accept dreams as natural manifestations without any special significance; others believe that they are a forewarning of things to come.

In the old sailing days the men who followed the sea had many superstitions. Many of them had a firm belief in dreams and forewarnings. Some seventy years ago a Maine sailor named Edward Potter had a very good reason to accept dreams as a forewarning of coming disaster.

This came from the fact that a vivid dream saved him from a terrible death from a flash fire caused by a gasoline explosion.

It happened when he shipped before the mast on the schooner *Mary C. Stewart*. She was skippered by Captain A. S. Bickford, and carried stone from

Sullivan, Maine, to New York. On this particular voyage, the vessel picked up a load of gravel at Port Eaton, L. I., and took it to Boston on the return trip to Maine, delivering it to a railroad terminal wharf in East Boston. While the schooner waited for cars to move the gravel, Potter was sent aloft to scrape the mast.

In those days gasoline was called "naphtha" and was regarded as a highly combustible product. When it was stored in tanks it was the custom to open the top on hot days in the belief that this would allow the gas vapor to escape and reduce the danger of an explosion generated by heat.

As he wrestled with the boatswain's chair Potter noticed two large storage tanks filled with naphtha about 200 yards away. Looking at them, he wondered what would happen if a spark from one of the railroad engines should be blown into the open tanks.

Potter was dog-tired when he finished his first day's work. He was so weary he slept fitfully and his rest was plagued by disturbing dreams: it seemed that he was back in the boat-

swain's chair on a day that threatened to break all previous heat records; on the wharf, workmen were muttering that the naphtha tanks would surely blow up on such a hot day.

To add to Potter's dream worries, a pony engine chugged onto the wharf towing five cars loaded with blasting powder. Each car bore the name of a different railroad: *Boston and Maine*, *N.Y. Central*, *N. H. and Hartford*, *Lake Erie*, *Delaware and Lackawanna*, and the *Union Pacific*.

Then the dream revealed the tug, *Lewis G. Osborne* as it came alongside the *Mary Stewart* and dropped anchor. A moment later there was a loud explosion and a sheet of flame swept over the naphtha tanks. The pony engine quickly towed the powder-laden cars away from the flaming tanks, and Captain Bickford shouted frantically to the tug to tow his schooner away from the wharf. As they hastily swung around, the schooner's top gallant stay caught in a coal bunker on the wharf. The force of the collision broke the topmast and it crashed to the deck carrying Potter with it. The impact broke the deck over the galley and smashed the stove into bits. Potter awoke as the dream flames engulfed him.

The next morning Potter told his dream to the schooner's crew. When breakfast, and the joshing, was finished, Potter went on deck to start another day in the boatswain's chair.

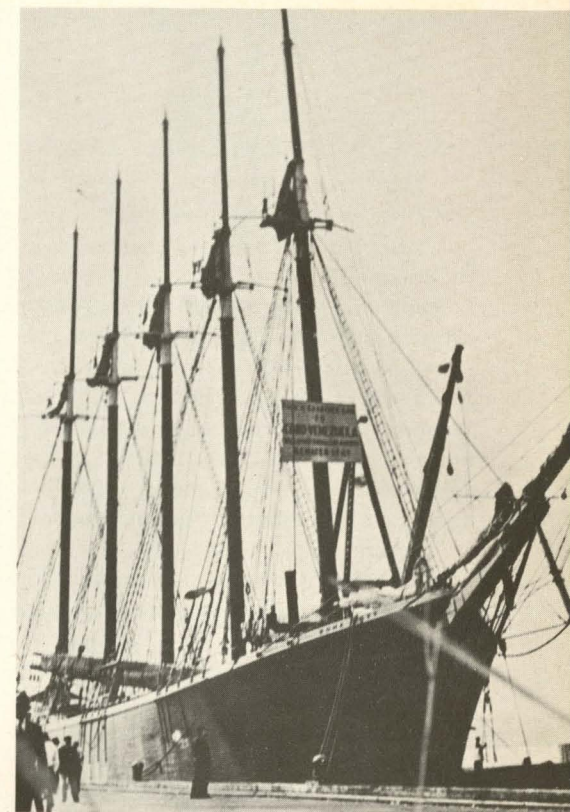
But the dream lingered in his mind. He glanced uneasily at the naphtha tanks as the heat grew more intense. He had been working about two hours when a pony engine came onto the wharf towing five railroad cars.

Potter felt goose pimples along his spine when he saw that they bore the *same markings* as the cars he had seen in his dream. Five minutes later the tug, *Lewis G. Osborne*, came alongside the *Mary C. Stewart* and dropped anchor. That was enough for Potter and he made a hasty descent to the deck.

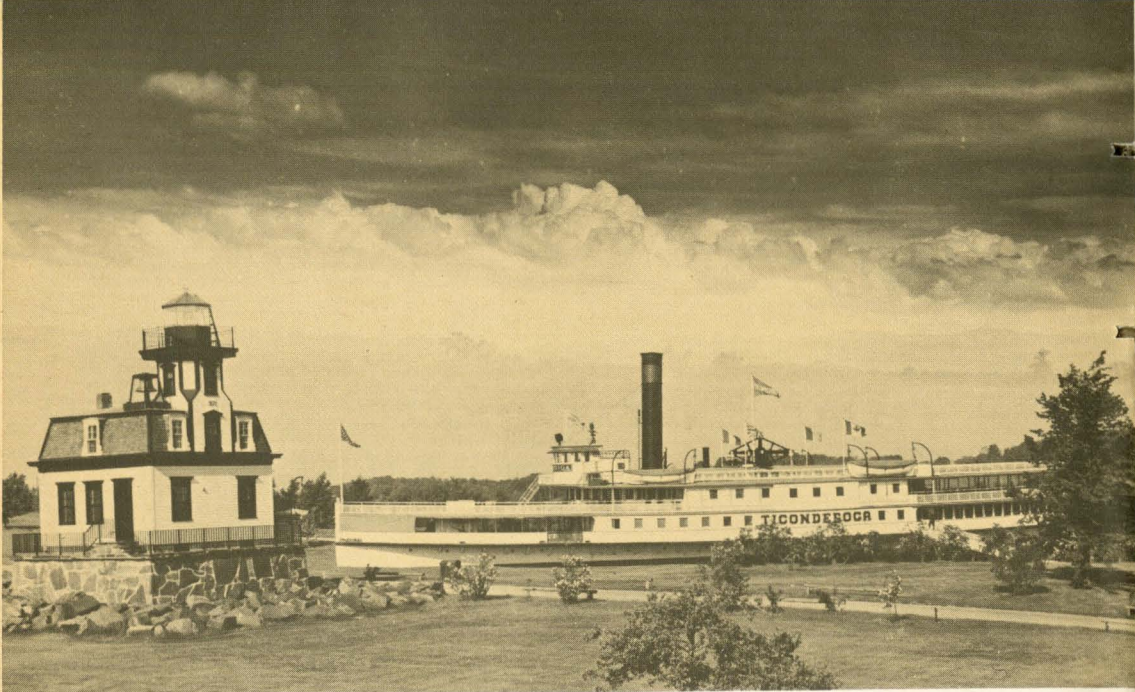
His toes had barely touched the deck when there was a loud explosion. Then, like the unfolding of a grotesque nightmare, the sequence of events he had seen in the dream occurred in actuality.

The only difference between the dream-events and the actual events was that two nearby fireboats came alongside the wharf and poured water into the gasoline storage tanks to prevent them from exploding. And the tug towed the schooner to safety without injury to it or the crew.

*"Oft morning dreams presage
approaching fate
For morning dreams, as poets tell,
are true."—Michael Bruce,
Elegy on Spring*



In the days of the sail ships much time was consumed in loading and unloading cargo. Most captains kept their crew busy with painting and other chores.



Colchester Reef lighthouse is the only such building in history to have been moved from its rocky foundation in storm-tossed waters and re-erected on a land-bound hilltop some 20 miles away. Drydocked lake steamer *Ticonderoga* was moved intact over land 9,000 feet from water.

AMERICA'S LAND-LOCKED AND DRYDOCK STEAMBOAT

Few pleasures in life are greater than the unexpected. Hence the delight for the nautical-minded visitor to Shelburne Museum in Vermont to find a land-locked lighthouse and a dry-docked steam boat, both retired to the green pastures of the Vermont countryside after long lifetimes of watery service.

The Colchester lighthouse enjoys the distinction of being the only such building in history to have been moved from its rocky foundation in storm-tossed waters and re-erected on a land-bound hilltop 20 miles away.

The lighthouse was built in 1871 on a treacherous reef near the middle of Lake Champlain, where many a tow has foundered since the early days of navigation.

Twenty-five feet square, it was constructed on a stone foundation which,

rising from the water, afforded only a two-foot catwalk around the building. To provide living quarters and height needed to transmit a beacon light many miles to the north and south, the building had to be built with two stories. It is topped by a tower to house the lamp and heavy fogbell-ringing apparatus.

Because of the strong winds that sweep the area, the large timbers used were not only pegged, but bolted together. The heavy framing had 8" x 8" sills anchored to the foundation with 1¼" inch rods three feet long. The roof was fastened to plates secured by seven-foot iron rods.

The steel tower rested on 6" x 8" posts running from the foundation clear up through the building. The dome of the tower, 5' 6" in diameter and 48 feet above the foundation, was also

of steel. A bronze bell weighing about 1600 pounds was placed on the roof of the main building.

A chowder of savage winds tested the mettle of the lighthouse over the years. However, it proved to be a snug home for the string of keepers and their families who occupied it until 1933.

Lighthouse keeper Walter Burton and his family occupied the lighthouse for nearly four decades. All supplies had to be brought in by water and the children had to row to the mainland to school.

In 1952 the lighthouse had stood vacant for 19 years. The Coast Guard declared the building surplus and advertised for bids. The Shelburne Museum became the successful bidder.

Ship's figurehead at Shelburne Museum in Vermont countryside.

LIGHTHOUSE

By Charles V. Mathis

Under Uncle Sam's terms, the Museum had only 30 days to dismantle and transport the museum from the middle of the lake to shore, and thence to Shelburne.

Ingenuity supplied the answer with a third-hand lake-going launch, together with a string of army steel pontoons, rented from the Plattsburgh (N.Y.) boat basin. Despite rains and heavy winds, the moving was completed in 30 days.

Then the Museum decided to acquire a drydocked lake side-wheeler steamboat, *Ticonderoga*, as an additional exhibit.

It was a monumental task to move the *Ticonderoga* intact over 9,000 feet of land to the Museum site inland. It began by huge powered drag-lines biting into the shore to remove the clay



for the excavation of a yawning lock-like basin. This was necessary in order to raise the boat from lake-level onto a special steel cradle which rested on flatcars on two parallel sets of railroad tracks.

In this manner, during the winter of 1955, the boat journeyed across highways, through high-tension wires and telephone lines, over a swamp, through a patch of woods, across a barnyard, cornfields and the tracks of Rutland Railroad to reach in April, 1955, her permanent mooring near the lighthouse on the Museum grounds.

The *Ticonderoga's* Sunday school picnics, her thousands of charter trips and moonlight excursions had ended.

BISHOP BOYNTON CELEBRANT AT SCI SERVICES

The Rt. Rev. Charles F. Boynton, Senior Suffragan Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, was the celebrant and preacher on the Maundy Thursday services held in the SCI chapel. The Bishop retires from active ministry on June 30.

The services also marked the retirement of Mrs. Anne Hazard, SCI organist and choir director for the past 38 years.

Many seamen will remember her for her warm personality, others for the mellow organ sounds she produced and which reverberated throughout the chapel.



Bishop Boynton preceded by Dr. Mulligan at Recessional.



Mrs. Anne Hazard

Mrs. Hazard first came to SCI in 1931, not as an organist but as an assistant to Marjorie Guthrie at the information desk at South Street which at that time handled social services to seamen. In 1936, because of her experience in working with seamen, she was put in charge of the Library. She pressed for the solicitation of books from various sources to fill up the library shelves, and frequently delivered speeches to round up public support for the Institute.

When she married in 1944, Mrs. Hazard relinquished library work, remaining as SCI organist.

INSTITUTE TOURS

A once-daily conducted group tour of the SCI building is held every day with exception of Saturday. Each tour begins from the lobby at 2:30 P.M. and is from one-half to three-quarters of an hour duration. Organizations wishing separate or special tours should call Mrs. Ida Cathers, SCI Special Services, 269-2710.



Master of the Italian freighter *Nando Fassio* accepts the Mariners' Center (Port Newark SCI) soccer championship trophy at a presentation and reception at the Center in late February.

TO SERVE THE SEAFARER IN OUR CHANGING WORLD

(Continued from page 5)

of athletic activities such as swimming, soccer, and they often enjoy seeing important sports events.

Many ship's crews do not have athletic equipment on board and for them to actively participate in a game on land they need to be supplied with uniforms, a referee and transportation to a playing field.

Seafarers who are "on the beach" and waiting to ship out will be in need of hotel quarters which will also include recreational and educational facilities, counseling, credit, assistance in the preparation of tax forms, immigration, translation, etc.

A MARITIME MENAGERIE

(Continued from page 7)

ize the potential of 'duck' in making working clothes! Incidentally, any article made of ship's stores for personal use is called a 'rabbit'. A somewhat cloudy term is 'gooseneck' of a derrick; no matter how many ways I look at a derrick, I can never find the rest of the goose!

Birds remind us of worms and this lowly creature also has a place, for 'worming' a rope is a frequent job for the sailor. Derricks are fitted with 'spider bands' at their ends and may also have one or more 'lizards'. At the ends of the lizards are usually found 'bull's eyes' which are small bobbins over which the wires or ropes lead.

It is natural for nautical phraseology to include fishy terms. For example, in ship construction we learn of the 'Fish Plate' and any bosun worth his salt knows the usefulness of 'fish oil' as a

WIVES AT SEA

(Continued from page 8)

days a year at sea.

To avoid any increase in the size of a vessel's catering and service staffs, the agreement assigns certain duties to the wives, who will be signed on the ship's articles as supernumeraries.

The ship visitor can often be the mariner's best friend ashore.

Women will be noted on some foreign ships as bona fide members of the crew. The ship visitor will also meet with any of the one hundred and some nationalities in addition to the different races and religions and political opinions which prevail, with a good mixture of each likely on each ship.

In the final analysis the ship visitor must have love for his fellow man. A friendly smile, a warm handshake, a simple gesture can reach across national or language barriers and find a response in the open mind and heart of the welcoming mariner.

wire lubricant. To the dismay of the Second Mate, the 'log fish' sometimes finds its way into the stomachs of predatory true-life counterparts. A rather less-known term is 'roach' which is used to define the curve in the foot of a sail.

Ship construction students are also familiar with a 'hog piece' when they draw sectional views through lifeboats. Similarly, having no likeness to actual animals, is the 'bull-rope' — a rope used to prevent chafage of hauling or stressed lines.

We seamen are fortunate that we can utilize our precious shore leave for much better pursuits than visiting zoos, especially when we have such an abundantly stocked menagerie interwoven into our maritime life.

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"Wives are to undertake all cleaning in their husbands' private accommodations (including private bathroom and showers)", the contract states. "Wives using the two separate bathrooms reserved for their use are responsible for the cleanliness of those bathrooms."

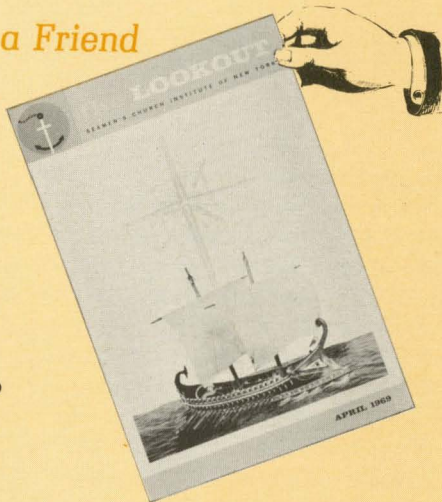
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