


The LOOKOUT

FEBRUARY 1958



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 give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

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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FEBRUARY, 1958

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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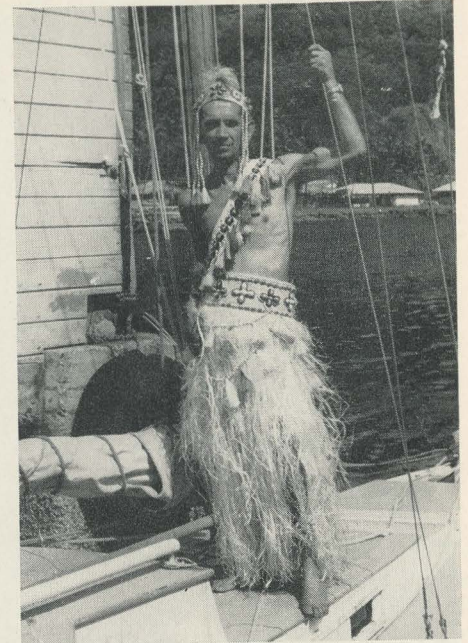
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THE COVER: Late at night, when everyone is gone from the Institute's Marine Museum, who knows what might go on? These figures belong in a showcase along with other hand-carved curios that can be purchased at the Museum. See page 8.

Midway for Magellan



Havkins got this native costume in Pago Pago in return for an old pair of dungarees.

TWO and a half years ago THE LOOKOUT carried an article on a "madcap Magellan" who was leaving New York in a 23-foot sloop to sail 30,000 miles East to West around the world. Remember him? He left a Dyckman Street boat basin with a small cargo of books from the Institute's Conrad Library and a large supply of soda pop; the only firm date in his timetable was the opening date of the Olympic Games which he hoped to attend in Australia.

Last month Joseph Havkins was back at the Seamen's Church Institute, where he brought his friends up to date on the highlights of his half-completed voyage. In fact, since reaching Australia in late 1956, Havkins has brought quite a few people up to date on his adventures by lecturing in the down under country and elsewhere, including his native Israel. Through these talks he has been earning the means to complete his trip.

After leaving New York in July of 1955, Havkins traveled the Inland Waterway to Florida, going from there to Cuba and Veracruz. The Mexican Railway lifted him to Acapulco and the Pacific. From there he struck out for Australia, stopping along the way at the Marquesas Islands, the Tuamotu Archipelago, Pago Pago, the Tonga and Fiji islands and New Caledonia, before reaching Brisbane on November 9, 1956.

On November 22, when he walked into the Melbourne Cricket Grounds an hour and a half late for the opening of the 1956 Olympic Games, the fault lay not with his seamanship, but with a kangaroo that had gotten in the way of the car that had picked him up while he was hitchhiking from Brisbane to Melbourne.

A free pass from the Olympic Committee was only one of many courtesies received by Havkins while he was in Australia; he was the toast of the TV stations and the subject of considerable newspaper copy, which helped to start him on a lecture circuit that finally brought him back around the world to New York.

In April of this year he expects to be underway again, this time crossing the Indian Ocean to South Africa in his *Lamerbak*, which is now yawl rigged for greater ease in holding a course while the skipper reads or sleeps. Havkins expects to return to New York in late 1960 or early 1961, give or take a few hours.



Franklin E. Vilas (left), newly elected president of the Seamen's Church Institute, chats with Bishop Donegan and Clarence G. Michalis in the Institute's Board Room. The walls of the room are lined with the pictures of past members.

New Skipper for the SCI

RETIRING after a 26-year "trick" at the helm of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis has been succeeded as president by Mr. Franklin E. Vilas, elected at the January meeting of the Institute's board of managers.

In recognition of his many years of leadership at the Institute, the board named Mr. Michalis as its chairman, and in this less active role he will continue his interest in the work benefiting merchant seamen. He has been a board member for more than 34 years. Prior to being elected president in 1932, Mr. Michalis had served as executive vice president. A trustee of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, Manhattan, Mr. Michalis is a leader in many business and social service organizations.

The Institute's new president, Mr. Vilas, has been actively engaged in work with seamen for the past ten years. During that time he has been chairman of the special services and planning committees of the Institute's board of managers, and director and vice president of the New York Port Society. For 30 years he has been an executive with Consolidated Edison.

Paying tribute to Mr. Michalis at the January board meeting was the Institute's honorary president, the Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, bishop of the New York diocese of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, of which the Institute is an affiliated agency. He said, "Mr. Michalis has served as president of the Seamen's Church Institute for 26 years with distinction and with devotion in



WITH AFFECTION:

Clarence G. Michalis, now to serve less actively as board chairman, holds a testimonial scroll signed by the Institute's entire staff, who gave him an engraved gold pocket-piece to "symbolize his enduring interest in the SCI." Many staff members have worked with him for more than three decades. Those who made the presentation are, left to right, Leslie C. Westerman, Alfred O. Morasso, Robert M. Olsen and Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director.

times of adversity and in times of prosperity. Through his remarkable leadership the service of the Institute has been greatly enlarged.

"As a consecrated Christian, Mr. Michalis has been concerned not only for the material needs of the seaman, but also has kept in mind their spiritual needs. This is reflected by the fact that during his presidency the chaplaincy program and the counseling program have both been greatly enlarged."

In his first statement as president of the Institute, Mr. Vilas told the board, "I am deeply conscious of the great honor which you have paid me in electing me to undertake to lead you along the course in which you have been so ably guided for 26 years by Clarence Michalis. With your help I am confident that the work of our great Institute will continue to be a magnificent testimony to the Christian purpose of the brotherhood of man throughout the marine world."

PITCHING IN:

The Institute's new president, Franklin E. Vilas, here conferring with Dr. Hall, has been a member of the Institute's board of managers for the past ten years. As chairman of its planning and special services committee, he is thoroughly familiar with the program carried on at 25 South Street. Mr. Vilas also serves as a director of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies and other social service organizations.



Jennie D. Bell: Still Sailing

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Captain Clarence Heath at the wheel of the *Jennie D. Bell*.

Photos by A. Aubrey Bodine,
Courtesy Baltimore Sunday Sun Magazine

Shown here at her Wicomico River anchorage, the *Jennie D. Bell* is the last active American sailing freighter.

THE AGE of sail for coastal freighters under the American flag may be all but over, but the last chapter hasn't been written yet — and won't be, as long as the *Jennie D. Bell* stays afloat. The *Jennie*, the biggest (125 feet) American sailing freighter officially listed as active, has been carrying cargo on the Chesapeake for the past 60 years — and she sees no reason to give up now.

Nor does her captain, 69-year-old Clarence M. Heath, who has been with the *Jennie* for 30 years and been with other sailing ships for 25 more. But right now he's up against a tough decision. In a rough passage last year, a gale ripped into the

ship and split some of her canvas. Captain Heath will have to invest some \$1,100 to get her a new set of sails, and with cargoes few and far between, that's a lot of sail. It's hard to get cargoes these days, says Captain Heath, for when a customer asks you when you'll be at a certain place to pick up a cargo you have to remind him of the uncertainties of the wind and say, "I'll be there when I'm there."

In the old days though, before fast steamers and speedy trailer trucks, freighting had to run on nature's timetable, and the *Jennie* was a queen of the Chesapeake fleet. The three-masted schooner was one of the dowdy but durable ships of the ram

type built on the Chesapeake at the end of the century to carry lumber from the Carolinas to the Philadelphia market. Her 24-foot-wide beam was designed to squeeze through the narrow locks of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. A bit cumbersome to handle, she uses a 30-horsepower yawl boat to give her greater maneuverability. The only other vessel of the ram type still afloat is the *Victory Chimes*, now a "dude schooner" in Maine.

The *Jennie* had her heyday in the mid-thirties, after she had been refitted and recaulked at a cost of \$6,800. At that time, she averaged between 15 and 16 trips a year, carrying lumber between Washington and North Carolina and between Baltimore and Philadelphia. Prosperity lasted through World War II, but the advent of the speedy trailer truck, which could carry lumber more cheaply and quickly than a sailing ship, marked the end of her lumber hauling days. In the past ten years or so, she has been carrying fertilizer materials between Baltimore and points on the Chesapeake shore. Cap-

tain Heath, who was a part owner for many years, bought her from the fertilizer company a few years ago.

Heath operates the ship with only one crewmember, another 69-year-old, Fred Cannon, who serves as mate. In the days before a gasoline donkey engine did the heavy work of hoisting the sails and raising the anchor and yawlboat, it took five men to keep the *Jennie* under sail.

Captain Heath lives aboard ship with his wife, a retired schoolteacher, who runs a tidy household in the cozy after cabin. Heath says he's been offered \$25,000 for the *Jennie*, but both he and his wife would rather see her repaired so they can sail her again. And there's no reason — except for those tattered sails — why they shouldn't. *Jennie's* hull is classified as A-1 at Lloyd's of London, her timbers are solid and her crew is able and willing. All they need is some cargo from shippers who aren't in any more of a hurry than the *Jennie D. Bell* and the winds of the Chesapeake.

— FAYE HAMMEL

The after cabin of the *Jennie D. Bell* has been home to Captain and Mrs. Clarence Heath for 24 years.



The World of Ships

Captain Boyd

Eighteen months after his ship *Cape Ann* rescued 129 survivors from the *Andrea Doria-Stockholm* collision, Captain Joseph A. Boyd of New York is dead at the age of 54. He died of cancer after a year's illness.

Captain Boyd, who served on the North Atlantic convoy route during World War II, had been with the United Fruit Company fleet for more than 25 years. For his work as master of the first rescue vessel at the scene of the *Andrea Doria* disaster, Captain Boyd received a medal from the Italian government, the Gold Medal of the United Fruit Company and the United States Merchant Marine Service Medal. At a luncheon held in his honor at the Seamen's Church Institute last May, Captain Boyd was presented with the "Tradition of the Sea" award of the New York Board of Trade.

PASSENGERS, ANYONE?

More than half-a-million passengers a year have been offered to the American shipping industry.

The offer was made by the commander of the Military Sea Transportation Service, Vice Admiral John M. Will. Addressing a meeting of the National Defense Transportation Association in New York last month, Admiral Will suggested that private shipping lines be responsible in the future for the transportation of roughly 600,000 servicemen and their dependents to bases throughout the world. The Admiral said it was "surprising" to him that the American shipping industry has shown no interest in troop movements.

Admiral Will stated that the MSTs ships currently being used for peacetime transport were designed for wartime use

and were austere and "makeshift at best." He suggested that the shipping industry study the system in Britain under which the large majority of troops are moved in private vessels under contract to the government.

HONORED

Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Seamen's Church Institute, has been awarded the Commemorative Medal of the Greek-American War Veterans "General John Metaxas" post.

At a presentation ceremony held last month at the New York State Armory, Dr. Hall was cited for "patriotic and civic services." The award was one of four made in connection with the organization's policy of granting recognition to those who have rendered meritorious service to the country, to the community, to the people of Greece and the entire free world.

In World War II, Dr. Hall saw action as the first paratroop chaplain in the U. S. Army. Since the war, he has been active in religious and social service work for seamen.

REFORM REQUESTED

To help make President Eisenhower's proposed "works of peace" program work a little better, Ralph Casey, President of the American Merchant Marine Institute, has suggested the Government make a start by getting rid of the red tape and antiquated regulatory practices that are hampering international travel by ship.

Speaking in Washington at a special meeting called by Clarence B. Randall, Special Assistant to the President, Mr. Casey urged President Eisenhower to follow through on the wish expressed in his State of the Union message that the peo-

ple of the world get to know each other better, by making travel between the United States and other countries more simple and sensible. He called the Government's requirement of a visa from almost everybody who comes to the United States an "outmoded safeguard which should be eliminated at least with respect to citizens of those countries whose governments no longer require a visa for United States travelers." The visa, he said, "is one of the major hindrances to the free flow of travel."

Casey also suggested that shipping lines substitute the simplified three-point passenger manifest now used everywhere by the airlines for their present cumbersome forms. He asked that Congress set up a federal travel office, preferably in the Department of Commerce, which would work with the travel industry to eliminate barriers to international travel. And he also recommended that returning tourists be permitted to bring home more foreign goods and that taxes hindering travel should be dropped.

SIZE, PLEASE?

Ship companies may soon be buying ships the way most people today buy homes — readymade, with the choice of a few frills left to the buyer's discretion. At least in England they may. According to Glasgow's *Nautical Magazine*, the high cost of building, the credit squeeze and increasing competition are forcing shipowners to build as economically as possible. Several builders and designers have come up with a plan whereby shipowners may order new vessels from standard models, adding extras as they choose. That way, says the magazine, a great deal of the expense and labor involved in the preparation of design and structural plans for every new ship, can be avoided.

FASTER!

Care to cross the ocean in a couple of hours — by ship? Well, why not? It may be possible someday, says Clarence G. Morse, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board. Addressing the Propeller Club of Portland, Oregon last month, Morse predicted that ships would one day break the sound barrier on the oceans. "Why should we continue to think in terms of 30 to 35 knots? Why shouldn't we think in terms of Mach 2, or better at sea?" (Mach 2 is about 1,520 miles per hour at sea level, twice the speed of sound.)

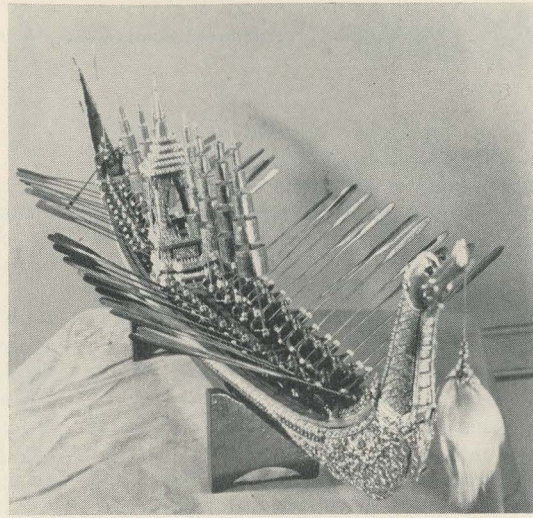
The Maritime Administration is also thinking about hydrofoils for large ships and about a submarine tanker, said Mr. Morse.

LADY AT SEA

In the South Pacific, a woman named Eleanor Wilson is about to take over her second command, *Morning Star VII*.

A missionary in the Marshall and Caroline islands of the South Pacific, Miss Wilson never dreamed of becoming a sailor. But one day six years ago, the skipper of the *Morning Star VI*, a 63-foot, two-masted missionary schooner, had to leave suddenly for America and he handed Miss Wilson command of the vessel — or what was left of it. The ship's auxiliary diesel, generator and chronometer had long ago given up the ghost. But Miss Wilson learned navigation and skippered the ancient vessel for 17 months. One day, with no one on board, the *Morning Star VI* gave up and sank. A woman who read a book about Eleanor Wilson sent her a check for \$50,000; she earned \$10,000 more on a lecture tour in the United States. Now she's back in the South Pacific, with enough money for some new churches and a new *Morning Star VII*.

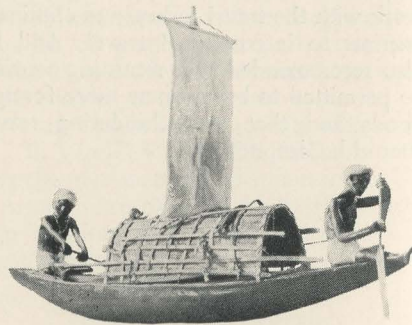
In 16th-century Siam, royalty was transported in Oriental splendor on boats like the *Rua Hongse* or *Swan Boat*. One of the largest dugouts ever made, this lavishly-bedecked red and gold craft was constructed out of a single tree, just like the smallest canoe. This model, presented by the President of the Council of Ministers of Thailand, is complete down to the smallest detail, including 70 paddlers, dressed in the crimson uniforms of the warriors of ancient Thailand.



Anchored on South Street

THE Institute's Marine Museum, which will be five years old next month, has become a number one tourist attraction of downtown Manhattan. Curator W. E. Greyble estimates that between 20,000 and 25,000 people each year come to 25 South Street to see one of the world's largest and most unusual collections of ship models and curios of the sea. There are now 284 ship models at anchor at the Marine Museum; 59 of them are gifts from chiefs of foreign states.

The Museum's newest acquisition is the 13-foot model of the *Empress of France*, the famous Canadian Pacific passenger ship which, during World War I, served as an armed merchantman, the flagship of all the Allied auxiliary cruisers.



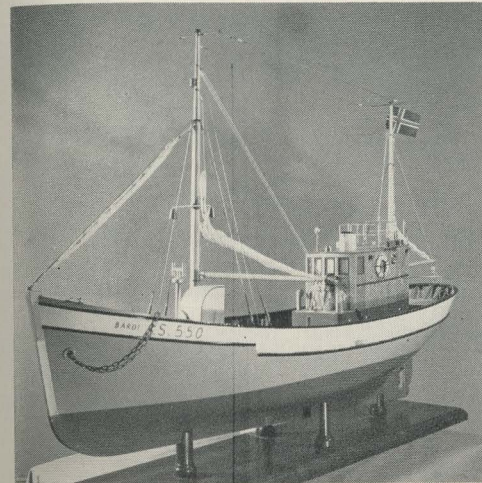
On the Hooghly River near Calcutta, India, natives live, work, and transport cargo along the crowded river in boats like this.



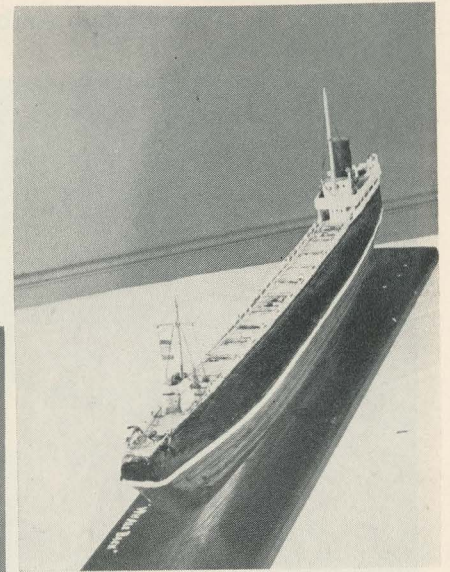
Seaman John Driscoll, A.B., inspects the four-masted barkentine *Josephine*. Built in Belfast, Maine for the coffee trade out of Baltimore, she later changed her rigging to a schooner and her name to *Coffee Baltimore*. This model is the gift of Capt. P. B. Blanchard.

A smart tax-evader was responsible for the slender shape of the ore-carrier *John Ericsson*. Built in 1896 on the Great Lakes, she was one of several "pig-boats" or "whalebacks" built long and narrow because certain states taxed a ship on the width of her deck area rather than on tonnage. The law was fortunately changed and design followed suit.

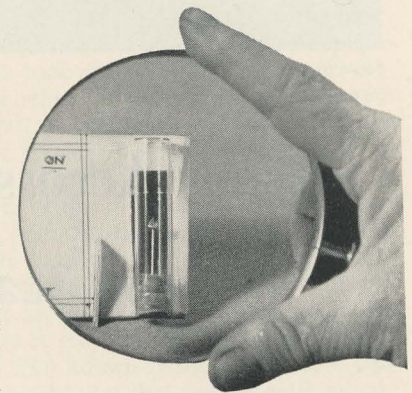
The *Bardi*, a coastal fishing trawler used in Iceland, is the gift of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Iceland.



This model, the gift of President Jose Figueras of Costa Rica, is an ancient sloop.



One of the biggest attractions of the Museum is one of the smallest—this model on the head of a pin, done by James Pittila, Jr. of the Ship Craft Club.



Buccaneers once roamed the seas in ships like this 18th-century pirate brig.

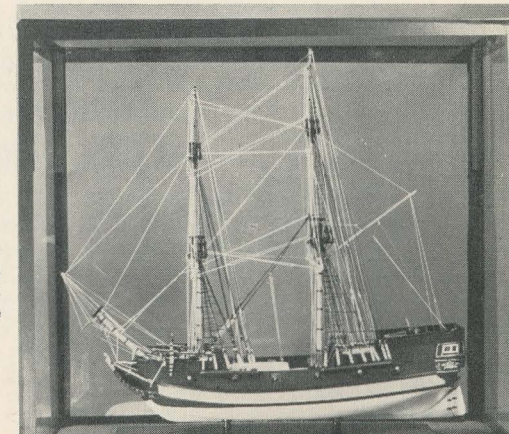




Photo by Ted Marshall

The author, ready to ship.

Hands Across the Sea

By Tad Sadowski

*Second Prize,
Artists & Writers
Club Essay Contest*

AN ESSAY, by definition, is analytical or interpretive, dealing with its subject from a more or less limited or personal standpoint. These thoughts on salt-water citizens in foreign ports and the impressions left in their wake are drawn from my seven years of sailing ships.

No other worker has more contact with foreign nationals than a merchant seaman. Policies may be decided in high council by government officials, but it is on the waterfronts of the world where a smile or angry words can shape a people's attitude toward our country.

I've shipped with men who have disgraced us and I have seen shipmates gain immense good will for the United States.

Two of the favorite ports with crews of my last outfit were Bremerhaven, Germany and Yokohama, Japan. Both nations at one time were united in an axis of hate and, today, largely because of the marine delivery of cargo for the rebuilding of a ruined land and restoring the free flow

of trade, are two of our staunchest friends. Judging from the number of marriages that have taken place in these ports of our former enemies, the seamen have done a successful selling job at the personal level.

A ship is a community and a microcosm by itself. Aboard, the individuals of the crew gradually make known their identity and personality, and one of the most obnoxious types to go down the gangway is a character I term The Rich American. He belittles the living standards and lack of technological progress of that country. The Rich American is quick to point out the superiority in every field — except that of good manners — of his native shores. His wages, his possessions, are his chief, and loud conversational topic. He shows no respect for the culture, customs and heritage of others. The worst crime of all, according to this performer's way of thinking, is that "those foreigners" don't know how to speak English!

I have sailed to every continent in the world and by remembering I was a guest, I have been invited into many homes. We had language difficulties, to be sure, but there was no mistaking the universal warmth of flashing eyes and the firm hand-clasp and, whatever the mother tongue, the standing invitation to return. My life is richer for those brief encounters.

On the last ship, my fo'c'sle was next to the black gang's. The oldest man, a stooped wiper well past the half-century mark, had a fantastic amount of clothing stowed under his bunk. *Pack rat*, I thought, until I saw him take his gear off in Labrador and give it to needy persons. Another time, in another country, Louis had been poor and never forgot what it meant to have a hunger in his belly.

On that run, another shipmate went ashore with his pockets bulging with candies for the wide-eyed urchins hanging around the docks. Later I learned Charlie had been wounded and a prisoner of war in Korea and was paying for the education, from elementary grades through college, for one of war's greatest tragedies, a homeless child.

Can anyone suggest more effective for-

eign aid programs?

I think of such dignified men when my watch partner almost provokes an international incident by insulting a girl in Turkey or when I see the "Ami Go Home" slogans scribbled on too many overseas walls, or the hatred obvious on a stranger's face.

In the Antarctic last Christmas eve, I made a lonely pilgrimage over the ice to Captain Robert Falcon Scott's hut. The second man to set foot at the South Pole started from this crude shelter; he and his fellow explorers lost their lives on the return trek. As a tribute to their courage, New Zealand had requested the base to be sealed. Hot, silent, angry tears of shame for my fellow countrymen filled me when I saw the desecration of the shrine by exuberant souvenir seekers. Until our expedition, the hut had been left exactly as the captain had last seen it.

I thought back to an enthusiastic, unofficial reception we received a month earlier at our jumping-off port, Christchurch, New Zealand. The entire population took us into their hearts. Everywhere the crew went they met with warmth, thanks and praise from a sincerely friendly people.

I've tried in short space to give a fair picture of the sailor away from native soil and, perhaps, the scales have been too evenly balanced. There are many stereotyped pictures of a professional sailor, but a true account of his basic, essential generosity is seldom told. Inside my experience, I've known crews who gave a cow to an orphanage that needed milk, quietly supported villages and families, seamen who have planted gardens, given clothes, food, money and — the word would embarrass them — love to those they felt worthy. And then they went back to sea.

From this seabag of reflections, I firmly believe merchant seamen make excellent shirtsleeve ambassadors. Friendship and diplomacy should start where the sea and shore meet and where the men who keep the wheels of world trade running come face to face with their international neighbors. The best hands-across-the-sea campaign is a palm outstretched in greeting, not a clenched fist.



Book Watch

A VOYAGE OF PLEASURE

John Barr Tompkins

Cornell Maritime Press, Cambridge, Md., \$3.00

On August 19, 1882, a lone man in a small sloop got ready to sail out of San Francisco harbor. He stood up in the stern, shouted "All aboard for Australia," and was off. 162 days later Bernard Gilboy was picked up by the schooner *Alfred Vittery* just 160 miles off the Australian coast. He was the first man to attempt this hazardous crossing of the Pacific alone.

John Barr Tompkins has carefully edited and annotated the log of Gilboy's cruise in the boat *Pacific*. For those interested in tales of men braving the seas alone, this work has the virtue of being one of the very first of its kind.

PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS

Peter Freuchen with David Loth

Julian Messner, New York, \$7.50

Before his death a few months ago, the sailor-adventurer-author Peter Freuchen succeeded in putting together a book that drew on all his vast knowledge of the seas. The result is a salty plum pudding of marine fact and fantasy, a book about the sea that contains a little bit of just about everything to be said on that enormous subject.

Reading the book is pretty much like going through a popular marine library. Mr. Freuchen wanders from science to sea serpents to tales of salt-water adventurers in his usual amiable style. He begins with pre-history, with the formation of the oceans, and the origin of all life in the seas. He moves into geography with a

study of winds, tides and currents and into modern science with a discussion of the possibilities of redirecting the oceans. The Russians, for example, are considering damming the Bering Strait, pumping warm Pacific waters into the Arctic and converting the frozen wastelands of Siberia into a blossoming agricultural area.

Freuchen writes about the advent of all types of ships on the seven seas, the new science of marine archaeology, the great sea battles of history from Salamis to Leyte Gulf and the brilliant voyagers, from Leif Ericsson to Thor Heyerdahl. Nor are the treasures of the sea — its precious natural jewels, its vast supplies of food and minerals, its wealth stored in sunken galleons — forgotten. And there are sections on the romantic and rugged islands of the sea which have been attracting adventurers throughout history, the laws of rights and property at sea, and strange tales of ghost ships and mysterious wanderers. The illustrations are even more numerous than the subjects and they are all handsome.

THE BOOK OF STORMS

Eric Sloane

Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, \$3.50

Just about everybody is interested in the weather, and a good way to begin a study of it is to read Eric Sloane's delightful picture book on storms — weather's most spectacular and destructive, yet inevitable element. Because the author believes that the best way to understand weather is to see it, he has illustrated his text amply with photographs and diagrammatic drawings that make his explanations lucid, logical and entirely clear to the layman. It's a good book for youngsters, too.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF STORM

(from a pamphlet entitled: Safety in the Home)

What to do in case of storm:

First you bring everything inside

Including small shovels

And white flags on toothpicks,

The clean garments on the line

And O yes don't forget the silver sphere

Nail two boards across each window,

With excelsior lay the crystal in a row;

Take the old master down from the wall

And drape the divan in a loose white shawl;

Pad the mirror against the break that spreads

And hide the linen from the bedding rake

Then crouch in the cellar.

Should you find it dank or bare

There is always rubber, spun gauze

Or food

Avoid panic at all costs.

Do not be disturbed by the tree uprooted

Or the garden going by

Or the pickets charging past

Or the bird bath blown dry

Or the hassock in bloom

Or the drawn-glass groan of a wild animal

Out there

When the wind dies, slide the back bolt and look around;

It will seem serene as the turmoil spends in the sea

Put everything back in its proper place;

Even the little paper flags can be used again

But bookends bind;

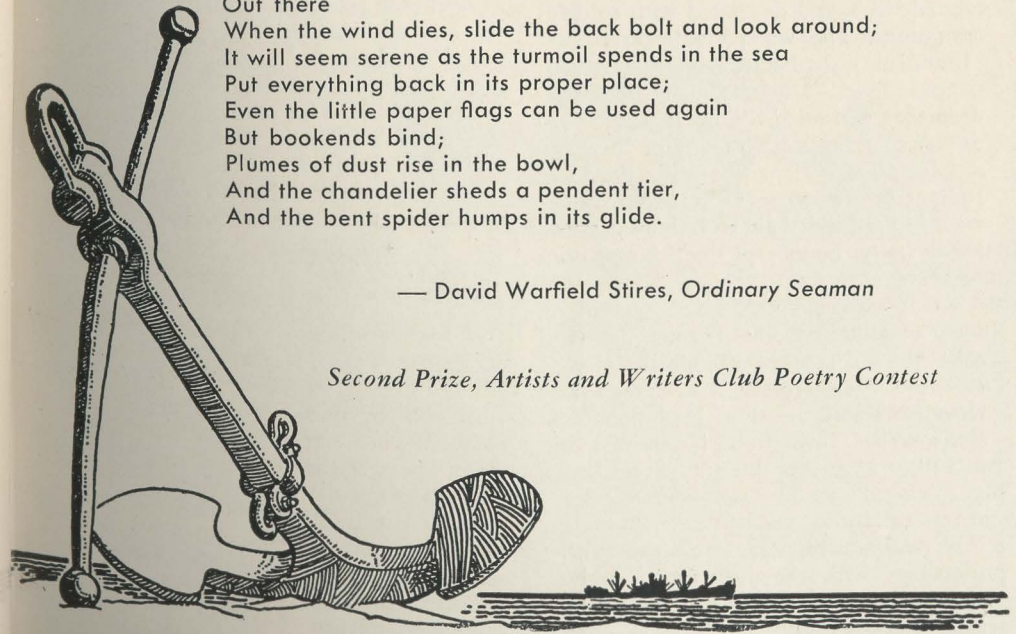
Plumes of dust rise in the bowl,

And the chandelier sheds a pendent tier,

And the bent spider humps in its glide.

— David Warfield Stires, *Ordinary Seaman*

Second Prize, Artists and Writers Club Poetry Contest

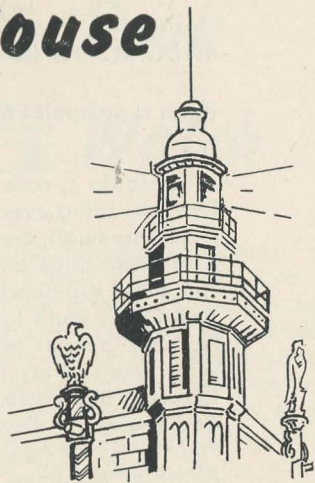


At Our House

Louis, who has just spent six months in the Arctic, came by to tell us about his stay in Frobisher Bay, Labrador. An old world-traveler who's been to that icy land before, he was amazed at the changed way of life of the Eskimos. When he went to the Hudson Bay Trading Post to pick up a few souvenirs, the manager told him the Eskimos weren't hunting as much as they used to and they had little time for making slippers. They were too busy working for Uncle Sam—driving trucks, working as carpenters or machinists' helpers. "Can you believe it," said Louis, "Eskimos who were hunting seals and bears last year driving trucks — and how good they can drive!"

He found that many Eskimos still wear their traditional costumes — at least the older people do. At a Sunday afternoon church service conducted by an English missionary, Louis noticed that the older men wore seal blouses with hoods. The younger men came in European dress. Sunday finery for the ladies was suede, tanned white and decorated with colorful trimmings. The women still carry their "beautiful little babies" on their backs, papoose-style. "I saw so many little children that reminded me of Japanese children," said Louis. "So many of the Eskimos look like the Japanese or like the Aztec Indians in Mexico — short, bronze color, with heavy black hair and almond eyes." Incidentally, Louis says the Eskimos dogs have almond eyes, too.

In Labrador, when Louis was there, night came at about 5:30 p.m., "dark and cold, but a dry cold." On clear nights he saw the Northern Lights, "green rays shooting across the skies in different designs. What a study this beautiful world is, full of interest and beauty," said Louis.



Greece as does Maria Callas and that she and her sister "played rough with the boys." Both girls took after their father, not their mother, according to Nick. He always thought the sister was better-looking than the prima donna.



Anderson tells a story that should help the sale of Traveler's Checks. A blonde asked to share the cab he had flagged after leaving his last ship on the west side of Manhattan. The talk came easy, and they decided to have a drink together. The blonde insisted on paying for the cab when they reached the 8th Avenue bar, and once inside, she ordered the drinks and left change from a fifty dollar bill laying on the table while she excused herself to powder a nose.

When she seemed slow in coming back, Anderson looked around and asked the barkeep to see if she was okay. "Why, your lady friend's gone," said the barkeep. Anderson felt for his pay envelope containing \$400. It was gone, too.

As Mrs. Kadish in the Personal Service Bureau helped him to contact his sister to have her wire funds, Anderson said, "I'm not a green kid. I been mickeyed and rolled but I never got taken as neat as that."



In the Janet Roper Club Nick was saying that he comes from the same town in