

The  
**LOOKOUT**



JUNE/JULY 1980

## Purpose

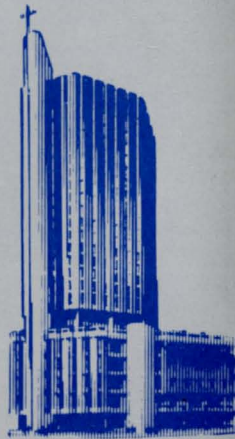


From its earliest days as a floating chapel to its present function as the world's largest and most comprehensive center for seafarers, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey has been dedicated to the well being and special needs of merchant mariners of all nations entering the Port of New York and New Jersey.

The Institute operates 24 hours a day throughout the year and from its headquarters in Lower Manhattan and its Mariners' International Center in Port Newark/Port Elizabeth, N.J. reaches the 300,000 men and women who annually make port in New Jersey, Brooklyn, Staten Island and Manhattan.

Its diversified services include an Ecumenical Port Ministry program, ship visitors, a seafarers assistance network, opportunities for maritime education, alcoholism counseling and referral, lodging, eating and recreational facilities, cultural and community programs.

A voluntary agency of the Episcopal Church, the Institute has traditionally served active merchant seafarers of all faiths. Although 76% of its current operating budget is earned from its revenue producing services, it is dependent on grants, corporate and personal contributions to maintain its non-income producing services and programs for seamen. All gifts are tax-deductible.



## Maritime Community Honors Its Own Special Friend At Dinner Benefiting the Institute



Dinner Chairman, Thomas A. Fain (r) presents memento of the evening to honored guest, Edward J. Barber.



Mr. William J. Shields, president of the Maritime Friends (r) and Mrs. Shields (l) chat with their good friend, Clifford R. Wise.



Mr. Barber (r) and his wife Eleanor join their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Pouch for a family portrait following the dinner.

Maritime executives and their guests turned out in force for the Annual Dinner of the Maritime Friends of Seamen's Church Institute held at The Plaza this past May 20th.

Thomas A. Fain, President of the American Institute of Marine Underwriters and Dinner Chairman, hosted the evening's proceedings and introduced the honored guest, Edward J. Barber, Chairman of Barber Steamship Lines, Inc. Mr. Barber who was being recognized for both his leadership within the maritime community and his personal interest in the work of the Institute responded in the casual inimitable style that has helped make the name Ted Barber a welcomed one throughout the industry.

Entertainment for the evening was a musical "Salute to the Maritime," with original songs and skits by Barry Vignon and Danny Jacobson. Performed by an exceptionally talented troupe of young Broadway actors, the light hearted lyrics and music set the mood for dancing, following dinner, in the Terrace Room.

### The Maritime Friends

Members of the maritime community have long recognized the value of Institute services to seafarers. They know that morale and training are closely linked with high productivity and safety in port and at sea. Acknowledging this natural tie, executives of the maritime industry established the Maritime Friends in 1974. Through membership dues and contributions Maritime Friends support Institute services. They are entitled to use the Institute's library, hotel, conference and catering facilities and are invited to maritime programs, seminars and other special events. But the most meaningful reward of membership comes from joining with other maritime leaders in support of the Seamen's Church Institute's programs and services to seafarers.

*Additional information regarding "Friends" membership may be obtained by contacting Mrs. Zelda Mueller, % Seamen's Church Institute, 15 State St., N.Y.C. 10004. Telephone (212) 269-2710.*

## Coast Guard Presents Commendation to Institute Ship Visitor



Pete Tammens, a ship visitor for the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey was presented with the Coast Guard's Public Service Commendation at a luncheon of the Associated Seamen's Agencies of New York and New Jersey earlier this month.

The citation accompanying the award noted Tammens's efforts to "promote the safety of life and property at sea" and the benefits his efforts have provided to the Coast Guard's Automated Mutual-assistance Vessel Rescue (AMVER) system.

Pete, a native of the Netherlands, has worked as a ship visitor for Seamen's Church Institute for the past nine years. Ship visitors regularly visit vessels making port in New York and New Jersey and offer a variety of services both on board and ashore to the crews. Each year ship visitors called one or more times on more than 90 percent of the thousands of vessels arriving in port. Pete is credited with enlisting support for AMVER from many of those ships.

AMVER is a computerized vessel plotting system which provides rescue agencies around the world with vital information for the coordination of search and rescue efforts at sea. The program depends on merchant vessels for voluntary submission of sail plans and position reports to the Coast Guard. The information is fed into a computer which keeps track of the voyages of some 2,500 merchant vessels each day.

When a distress occurs on the high seas, the computer can provide a listing of vessels predicted to be in that area and help choose the one best suited to assist. The system is credited with saving countless lives at sea in instances ranging from ship fires and sinkings to medical emergencies and man-overboard cases.

Prior to coming to the Institute, Pete served as a deck officer in the Netherlands' merchant marine for five years. Like other ship visitors from the Seamen's Church Institute, Tammens is multi-lingual. In addition to his native Dutch, he is fluent in English, German and French.

The award was presented by Captain Neil Kendall, chief of AMVER, on behalf of Vice Admiral Robert I. Price, Commander of the Coast Guard's Atlantic Area of operations. More than 40 people, including Coast Guardsmen and representatives of seamen's agencies throughout the New York area attended the luncheon at the Governors Island Officers' Club.

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Another hardworking ship visitor, Fred Edwar also managed the time to become an American citizen



this past April 15. We thought that this occasion merited a small celebration so coffee, doughnuts and a few mementos greeted him the following morning — before he left for a day on the waterfront.

A native of Cochin, Karala, India, Fred has been at the Institute for three years now. He works especially with ships arriving from South Asia.

## Reprints of Rare Books Describing Early Days of Sail Edited by SCI Librarian

For our readers interested in maritime history and real-life sea adventures, SCI Librarian, Bob Wolk, has recently edited a series of six reprints we are sure you will want to know about. These books cover several topics on which little has been written including: sealing, whaling in the Arctic Ocean, famous mutinies, and the formative years of maritime labor unions.

Included in this series are:

**Arctic Harpooner: A Voyage On The Schooner Abbie Bradford 1878-1879** by Robert Ferguson, tells of the hunt for whale, seal and walrus. (224 pages, 7 illustrations, \$19.50)

**Mutiny At Sea** by Robert L. Hadfield, is a collection of true stories relating the conditions of the ships and their crews - conditions that led to mutiny. (253 pages, 9 illustrations, \$22.50)

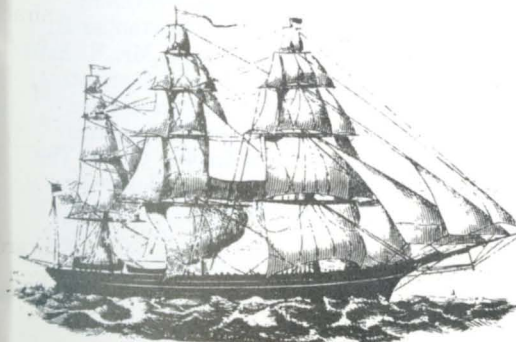
**The Sealers** by Peter Tutein is a true account of a seal-hunting expedition aboard the schooner "Quest" (247 pages, illustrated, \$22.50)

**Fair Winds & Foul: A Narrative of Daily Life Aboard An American Clipper Ship** by Frederick Perry, told from the point of view of the first mate, taking the New York to San Francisco to Liverpool route in the 1870's. (204 pages, 9 illustrations \$17.50)

**Merchant Seamen: A Short History of Their Struggles** by William L. Standard, one of the organizers of the NMU. It tells the story not only of the Union, but of the men who fought for it in its formative years. (224 pages, \$15.00)

**Men of the Merchant Service** by Frank T. Bullen, one of the master writers of sagas, captures shipboard life in the 19th century - when British supremacy on the high seas was at its zenith. (347 pages, \$29.50)

For more information on this important series contact Bob Wolk, % SCI's Joseph Conrad Library or the publisher, Earl M. Coleman Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 143, Pine Plains, New York 12567.



## USYRU and SCI Sponsor Important Safety-At-Sea Seminar



Lloyd Bergeson and Edward R. Greef present their thoughts on Storm Tactics and Ocean Passage.



In response to interest in heavy weather sailing procedures and techniques generated by the events of Fastnet '79, the United States Yacht Racing Union and the Seamen's Church Institute recently sponsored a Safety-At-Sea Seminar.

Designed especially for skippers, navigators and watch captains planning ocean racing or passage in 1980, the seminar was filled to capacity and attended by a goodly portion of the world's sailing luminaries.

The day-long program was dedicated to discussion and exchange of first-hand knowledge experienced by these men of the sea with particular attention given to Lessons Learned from Fastnet '79; Storm Gear, Storm Tactics and Rescue Procedures; Heavy Weather Ocean Racing and Passage Techniques plus Leadership and Crew Management during heavy weather sailing.

Among those participating as moderators and panelists were Mr. Lawrence C. Huntington, Secretary-Cruising Club of America and Fastnet Race Participant; Mr. John Rousmaniere, Author and Fastnet Race Participant; Mr. Richard B. Nye, Fastnet Race Skipper; Mr. Eric Olsen, Engineer and Internationally Known Racing Yachtsman; Mr. Owen Torrey, Sailmaker, Vice President - Charles Ulmer, Inc.; Mr. Rod Stephens, Jr., Sparkman & Stephens; Mr. Edward R. Greeff, Internationally Known Yachtsman; Lt. Robert J. Hoey, Search and Rescue Controller, Lt. M.J. Lewandowski, Chief Marine Science Activities Marine Science Branch, USCG, Governors Island; Mr. Walcott Gibbs, Jr., Editor - Yachting; Mr. John Marshall, President - North Sails; Mr. Lloyd Bergeson, Yachtsman and President - Windship Development Corp.; Mr. Christopher B. Bouzaid, President - Hood Sailmakers; Mr. Richard C. McCurdy, Chairman - Safety-At-Sea Committee, United States Yacht Racing Union. Commodore, Cruising Club of America; Mr. Harman Hawkins President - United States Yacht Racing Union; The Rev. James R. Whittemore, Director - Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.

## Institute's First Woman Chaplain Ordained At Trinity Church

On Thursday evening May 29, 1980, Victoria B.M. Sanborn was ordained by the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., Episcopal Bishop of New York at historic Trinity Church in Lower Manhattan.

A member of the Institute staff since October 1979, the Reverend Sanborn is the first woman to serve as chaplain to merchant seafarers in the Port of New York and New Jersey. She is also SCI's Director of Alcoholism Services for Seafarers and brings impressive credentials to the job.

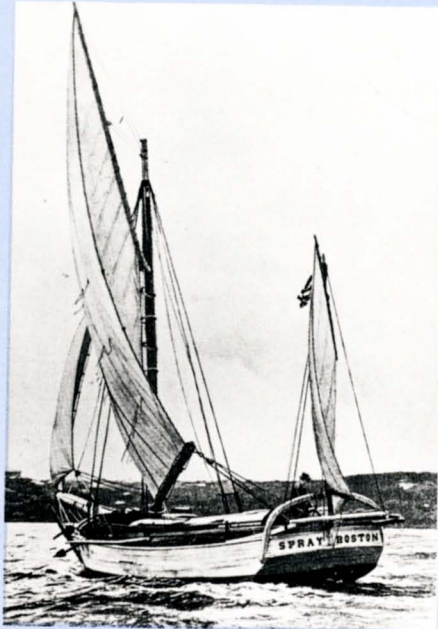
Born and raised in New York City, the Reverend Victoria Sanborn is a graduate of Wellesley College and also of Oxford University, from which she received two degrees with first class honours. In 1977, after spending twelve years in book and magazine publishing, Chaplain Sanborn resigned as editor-in-chief of *YWCA Interchange* (the national publication of the Young Women's Christian Association) to enter General Theological Seminary as a full-time student. While at seminary, she co-taught a seminary course on Ministering to the Alcoholic, conducted a ten-week alcoholism training program for the New York Junior League, and organized and coordinated alcohol education programs at various New York City parishes, including St. James. Ordained a deacon in June, 1979, Chaplain Sanborn undertook graduate work during the summer at Rutgers University Summer School of Alcohol Studies, from which she has received certification. Herself a recovered alcoholic with long-term sobriety, Chaplain Sanborn is a member of the Diocesan Committee on Alcohol Problems, the Manhattan Alcoholism Committee, and the Women's Task Force on Alcohol.

As part of her ministry, the Reverend Sanborn is also a volunteer assistant for weekday services at Trinity Church. Trinity, in turn, made available its building and necessary staff services for the ordination.



## Joshua Slocum and the SPRAY

Lydia Mayfield



*"Remember, Lord, that my ship is so small and Thy sea so great."*

With this simple prayer on his lips Joshua Slocum navigated alone around the world in a tiny sailing vessel. He never prayed for a favorable wind or weather. A wind favorable for him might be disastrous for another ship and he did not believe it right for any man to ask for special favors from Heaven.

His boat, the SPRAY, was really small. The ships that Columbus used on his first voyage would have seemed giants beside it. The SANTA MARIA was 90-feet long, the PINTO and the NINA, each about 70. The NINA carried 100 men, the SPRAY could hold only one man in comfort. She was 36 feet, 9 inches long, 14 feet, 2 inches wide, and 4 feet, 2 inches deep. She had two deck enclosures, a cooking galley 6 feet square, and a cabin, 10 by 12 feet. Both of these were sunk into the hold and rose three feet above the deck, just high enough for Slocum to stand upright. She carried three small sails, and had a half dory on deck as a lifeboat.

In this small sailing boat, Joshua Slocum set out from Nova Scotia on the first of July in 1895 to do what Magellan and Drake had done, to sail around the world, one man alone in a small boat against the mighty ocean. He had one advantage over Magellan and Drake, he knew the ocean as a farmer knows the land.

He had been born on a bleak farm that faced the ocean on a cold February day in 1844. His father came from a long line of sailing men but had deserted the sea for a farm in Nova Scotia. Even as a small boy Slocum had no love for the farm and really grew up on the sea, on the small rafts and boats he built and sailed along the shore. When only fourteen he got a job on a fishing boat. His long life on the sea had begun. He never left it.

The steamer was still in its infancy and Slocum grew up on sailing vessels. For over forty years the ships that sailed out from Canadian and New England shores were his home and the sea his life. He loved and studied all the techniques and skills of sailing ships and rose to the rank of a captain.

But, the day of the commercial sailing vessel was running out and with it, his ability to get work. The steamship had taken over and at almost fifty, Slocum was considered too old to learn the new skills a steamer demanded. The winter of 1892 found Slocum in Boston with neither a ship nor a job and with very little money.

Then a friend gave him an old fishing boat that had been propped up on the beach for more than seven years. Slocum spent the next three years completely rebuilding this boat in which he sailed around the world.

The trip took him three years, almost the same length of time that it had taken Magellan and Drake, but Slocum sailed farther than they did. He crossed the Atlantic three times since he set out by sailing east, but found the coast of northwest Africa so infested with pirates that he decided to sail back west. During this three year trip, he had some thrilling adventures and narrow escapes. He was often welcomed and entertained royally, was chased by pirates, and once attacked by some South American outlaws against whom he found sharp tacks on the deck a very effective protection.

During the early months of his trip while still near the Azores, he ate some overripe fruit and became very sick — so sick that even though he knew a storm was on its way he could not get up from his cabin floor to lower the sails. He awoke from a feverish swoon to see a dark, foreign looking stranger with shaggy black whiskers and wearing a red cap at the helm of the SPRAY; guiding her safely through the storm.

It seemed to him that he clearly heard the stranger say, "Senor, I have come to do you no harm. I am the pilot of the PINTA, come to help you. Lie quiet, Senor Captain, and I will guide your ship tonight."

The next morning Slocum awoke, fully recovered from his sickness but still weak. The storm was over, the sun was shining, and he was alone on the SPRAY. When he took his bearings, he found that not only was he still on his course but he had traveled 90 miles during the night with no hand at the helm, unless it was that of a spirit. Was it a dream? Slocum never was sure, but always felt that in some way God's hand had protected him that stormy night.

Probably the most interesting encounter of the trip was that with Paul Kruger, then President of the Transvaal in South Africa. Kruger received him cordially, but when Slocum, wholly ignorant of Kruger's extreme bigotry and his strange belief that the world was a flat surface, made the mistake of saying that he was sailing around the world, Kruger flew into a rage, shouted denunciations at him, and then refused to say another word, but glared at him in stony silence. The meeting ended with Slocum saying an embarrassed "Good bye" for which he got no response.

The most difficult part of the whole voyage was through the Straits of Magellan, both because of the extremely hazardous and narrow passage and because of the pirates or outlaws who infested its waters. When Magellan sailed through this narrow, crooked and very dangerous passage he was forced to hang a few of his mutinous sailors in order to persuade the others to go on. Some fifty years later when Drake sailed through this narrow strait, the gibbet that Magellan had built was still standing.

Slocum reached Fairhaven in Massachusetts June 27, 1898. His trip around the world had taken him three days less than three years. It had taken Magellan's crew a few days less than that, and Drake almost three months less. However, Slocum had traveled more miles, 46,000 in all.

Back home, Slocum wrote a book about his trip. It became a best seller and is still good reading today. The sales from the book brought him enough money to buy a small farm on Martha's Vineyard where he hoped to retire. It was a vain hope. The sea was too much in his blood; he could not be happy on the farm. He was soon sailing the SPRAY again, only short trips now, running along the coast from Canada to the West Indies. In the fall of 1909 he set out on his last trip. He never came back. Neither he nor the SPRAY was ever seen again. The sea had claimed her own. It was a fitting grave for a man to whom the sea was home.

## Reclaiming Sunken Treasures

by *Richard C. Redmond*



We've all heard about plastic foam. It started out as an insulation or sound-proofing product but since has been used for Christmas decorations, packing cartons for breakable merchandise, and drinking cups that keep a drink hot or cold without burning or freezing the fingers.

Now other uses have been found for this versatile product. Would you believe it, foam has branched out into flotation and has saved many lives by its ability to keep a boat afloat, even with the boat's hull ripped open.

One manufacturer of the product reports a fascinating new field of operation for a type of flotation foam to be used for the recovery of ships sunk at sea.

The company has developed a process for actually producing the hardened foam inside the hull of a sunken ship, even at a considerable depth.

The ingredients are pumped into the hull under pressure, and when they expand, water is forced from the flooded holds and the foam seals out any chance of new water flooding.

Once filled with foam, which replaces 30 times its weight in water, the ship pops to the surface like a cork and it is only a routine job to tow it to a shipyard for repairs.

Starting in 1964 with a 500-ton barge lying in 50 feet of water, a West Coast salvage company since then has raised a 2,400-ton ship in 60 feet of water near Vietnam and floated a Navy destroyer off a coral reef.

Now Olin Industries, the manufacturer, is triggering the interests of salvage operators with the thought that foam is ready to tackle bigger wrecks in deeper waters.

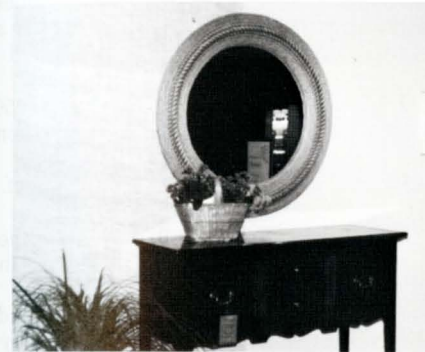
For example, foam already has been tested and found to work in 250 feet of water or more, and literally thousands of old galleys and ships lie within that range at the bottom of the world's seas and oceans.

One, for example, is the 30,000 ton Italian steamship, *ANDREA DORIA*, reputedly holding a king's ransom in jewelry, cash, negotiable bonds and other securities.

She lies in 225 feet of water in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Massachusetts possibly awaiting the first salvage crew that wants to try foam where all other efforts have failed.

Another point. Even if no treasure ship ever is floated by foam, the manufacturer believes it will pay its way in clearing the world's waterways of sunken ships that threaten today's shipping.

## Maritime Artifacts Displayed In Nantucket Rooms at Lord & Taylor



Recently, Joseph E. Brooks, chairman of Lord & Taylor and his wife, Alice, hosted a Nantucket reunion and cocktail reception to preview the store's Nantucket model rooms and shop. The event benefited the Institute's esteemed friend The Nantucket Life Saving Station which is now a museum. To the discerning eye, the Seamen's Church Institute was much in evidence as we had loaned a number of our maritime artifacts for display. Our Currier and Ives print of SCI's first floating chapel in its macramé frame looked especially at home in the room reflecting the Nantucket life style of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Baker. A rope and macramé mirror frame made by seaman Jim Lorier also attracted favorable attention. We understand that a number of guests wanted to purchase it.

Because of the risk of damage and loss, the Institute does not normally loan its art or artifacts for commercial display. However, we felt this case merited an exception. We are glad we did. We also recommend those who are in Nantucket this Summer visit the museum. It is a re-creation of the original Nantucket Surfside Station of 1874 and is the only independent collection of artifacts and memorabilia devoted to maritime safety and the rescue of seamen from wrecked sailing ships. Dedicated to the valiant tradition of lifesaving at sea, it is an intrinsic part of America's maritime history and well worth a visit.

*The following free-verse narrative is by seamen Micky Dow and is based on his personal memories of the days when he sailed the Great Lakes. It is a vivid description of life aboard ship at night as one man goes about his duties.*

## STRAIGHTDECKER

by Micky Dow

*One of the most pleasurable times in my life;  
and one that remains very clear;  
Is standing at the very forepeak of the great steamboat;  
With nothing but the sound of water breaking o'er  
her bows;  
In the obsidian blackness of the darkness about me;  
Six bells into the 12 - 4 watch;  
And the wind blowing gently upon my face.*

*Six hundred feet of living steel stretched out before me;  
The soft, distant, and yet persistent, thump of her  
engines, heartbeats beneath my feet.  
My hands holding to the wet, sweating, bow-rails,  
I lean to look down the sharp, cutting nose of the bow,  
and see the white foam of the water.*

*All is silent about me, save the water's swish, and  
winds whistling through wire riggings and ladders.  
Beneath me lie the chain lockers, capstan winches,  
storage lockers - a lighted, yet gloomy, vacancy;*

*Sometimes broken, its silence punctuated, by the laughter  
of sailors engaged in some illicit card game, with  
naught else to do.*

*Behind, and above, lie the brainworks of the vessel;  
Crew quarters at my level, then the staterooms of Mates  
and the Captain.*

*Nestling atop, the crowning hatbrim of TEXAS DECK, with  
its cubicle of wheelhouse.*

*Huge, white, metal, wedding-cake-like layers, espousing  
man to sea.*

*No light here, save the blinking, red, cyclops eye atop  
the mast.*

*Below it is the swinging, grey arm, of the radar scanner,  
Throwing its invisible beams of sound out before us.*

*Returning with its all-seeing echo patterns.*

*Then the dull expanse of pilothouse windows.*

*All way round they go; black, almost opaque, in the night.*

*Yet, within and behind this facade, are human heartbeats  
as well.*

*The Wheelsman, perched upon his stool, before him the  
giant-spoked, wooden wheel, its steering  
instruction sent back to the fantail and rudder;*

*Staring blankly ahead, into the infinite, darkness.*

*His face, lit by the ethereal glow coming from the  
compass light; its floating face changing direction,  
as some minute movement of the wheel, caused by  
"Iron Mike," the automatic pilot, re-adjusts the  
pattern of shadows.*

*Near the starboard bulkhead stands the duty mate,  
personal cup of coffee, held chin high,  
staring too.*

*The soft, almost inaudible, crackle of the "Ship-to-Shore"  
radio filters through his reverie, bringing to mind  
the proximity of waking the Captain.*

*The soft glow of the chart table seems to beckon;  
another brown ring forms, as the mug takes its  
place, where so many others have rested.*

*Compass, rule, dividers, all come into play;*

*Retracing lines, well drawn, and even better known;*

*A small dot, notation of time, then back to the bulkhead;  
with some small comment to the wheel.*

*Down below I remain, transfixed, in awe of my surroundings.  
Full knowledge of God's great power outstretched before me;  
Almost as if the very wind itself were His voice;  
softly asking, softly probing;*

*Bringing out all the deep, solemn, thoughts within;  
Wanting to express the peace I feel, to someone;  
Yet, not wanting to spoil the solitude; the single  
pleasure of what I feel.*

*Refusing to share.*

*Flipping the remains of my cigarette outboard;  
I watch the small light arch, out and downward,  
to the water below.*

*Small sparks spread by the wind.*

*It is time to go back to the world.*

*Picking up sounding rod, rope, rag, and chalk,  
I descend the ladder to the main deck and my duties.  
Before me stretches the entire, living expanse of the  
vessel.*

*Flat red decks, red hatch covers, accordion style,  
recumbent, and unyielding.*

*The eerie glow of the running lights, evenly spaced;  
casting shadows of winches, cables, standing gear,  
stanchions, and deadmen.*

*The clomp, clomp, of rubber-soled workboots,  
sounding loud upon the deck.*



The click of the small lid to the ballast tanks;  
 The banging of the sounding rod as it descends;  
 independent sounds, nonsequiturs in the night.  
 Pull back, mark the inches, walk on to the next,  
 criss-crossing the deck between hatches.

Staring aft at the Engine House, boat deck, and stack,  
 its smoke wafted sternward by the wind.  
 The midship's section moves up and down, with the give  
 and take of the steel-plate backbone.

Like some giant *inchworm* working its way, slowly, to  
 its destination; hunching and stretching;  
 More holes, more soundings, more little scratches of  
 the paper, as if their numbers would determine the  
 fate of the world, rather than the vessel.

Nearing the afterend, the pulsing becomes more real, as  
 if nearing the very heart-chamber of this giant being.

Soundings complete, the wearied soul heads to the  
 Engine Room hatch.

Past living quarters, past the open hatch to the galley,  
 vague coffee mug bangings dimly heard.

Past the Fire-Hold ladder, with its smell of heat, steam,  
 sweat, and coal.

Then, slowly, down the ladder to the Steering deck.  
 Here the giant steering engine looms; its thick,  
 greasy, links of chain entwined about the drum.

The decision maker of our direction – our course;  
 its shaft connected to the great, submerged,  
 mammoth rudder.

One snapped link, and the fates of all are instantly  
 cast into momentary chaos.

Slowly, almost imperceptively, it moves; first one way,  
 then the other; minute corrections commanded,  
 once again, by Iron Mike.

All set now, for a quick glance out the open top half of  
 the "Dutch garden-door" provision hatch.

Chained to the bulkhead, the solid steel plate, like some  
 nautical guillotine, its porthole eye seeking prey.

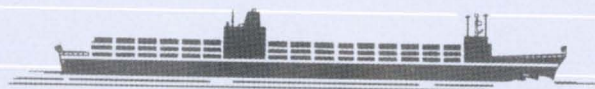
One can lean out and touch the swell of the water, as  
 it lifts around the stern, swirling to the fantail,  
 to be churned and chopped by the wheel buckets of  
 the turning propeller;

Swept to one side or the other by the blade of the rudder.

A step now, down another short ladder, to the black-  
 board slate, mounted to the bulkhead, for recording  
 the sounding for the duty Engineer to see.

Next to the big, pounding, marine diesel generator;  
 its vibrations clattering against the eardrums.

The entire walkway vibrates; the bulkheads sweat.



I stand now deep in the bowels of some gigantic beast;  
 watching each of its individual mechanical organs  
 pump, and pulsate, with their vibrant energies.

But the true wonderment is in staring at the golden,  
 magnificent, heart of the beast before me.

Resting in its berth, in the exact center of the hull.

This titanic "three-legged jack" of a steam-driven  
 reciprocating piston engine.

Its three, solid brass rods driving against the crank-  
 shaft, like smooth, confident, arrowshafts, sent  
 silently and swiftly to pierce the shields of the  
 mechanical enemy above them.

At the end of the "crank" is bolted the revolving,  
 oil-soaked, sweating, propeller shaft,  
 ramming straight back, through the hull,  
 Capped by its huge, three-bladed "wheel," corkscrewing  
 the water, driving the monster on its trail to destiny.

Back, above decks, standing, feeling the anticlimax of  
 open air around me now;

Sweat beading the brow, not so much from the heat of the  
 engine room, as the pent-up adrenalin flow released  
 after gazing at the awesome power below.

Warily almost, my feet move around the Boat Deck,  
 towards the hatch to the cabin of my relief man.

A gentle knock on the hatchcover;

a muted, grumbling reply;

And it is over.

Nothing to do now but drink a cup of coffee.

Remembering mate and wheelsman, two more hastily filled  
 mugs are taken.

Now the slow, last walk, forward to the Wheelhouse;  
 the magic seeming to have evaporated.

Ladders climbed, and, just outside the wheelhouse door,  
 a final look forward.

As if in answer, a gust of wind rises, and ruffles  
 my hair.

It seems to promise, "tomorrow, once again sailor,  
 We'll meet, to talk again, of God's Great Goodness."





Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.  
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