



# the LOOKOUT

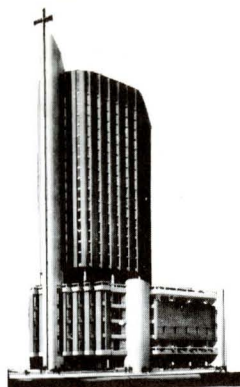
SEAFARERS' CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

JULY-AUG 1978





## The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church Institute  
15 State Street, N.Y.C.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

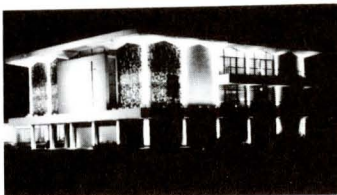
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range

of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over

140,000 men aboard put in at Port Newark/Elizabeth annually, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.



Mariners International Center (SCI)  
Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.

Although 63% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

## the LOOKOUT

Vol. 69 No. 6

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### SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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**COVER PHOTO:** The P.&O. cruise ship *Uganda* at anchor at Gythion, Greece. Photo by Dennis Mansell.

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# Greater Port of New York & New Jersey Begins National Maritime Day at SCI ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The observance of May 22 as National Maritime Day opened this year's World Trade Week in the Greater Port of New York and New Jersey.

The day began with an ecumenical service held in the Chapel of Our Saviour for Seamen here at the Institute. During the service, representatives of various segments of the maritime community presented a wreath honoring those merchant seafarers who had died or lost their lives at sea during the past year.

Later in the day, those attending the service were joined by other maritime executives for Maritime Ceremonies held at the Great Plaza of the World Trade Center. There, under the able direction of Commander Kenneth R. Force, USMS, Director of Music, the U.S. Merchant Marine Regimental Band, its Color Guard and the Star Spangled Banner Brigade staged a stirring pageant recognizing past heroes of the Merchant Marine.

Sponsored by both American and foreign flag shipping companies and related industries, the program was opened by Peter C. Goldmark, Jr., Executive Director of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. The day's proceedings were planned by Maritime Day Chairman, Captain Robert E. Hart, USN (Ret.).



**Pictured left to right:** Vice Admiral William F. Rea, III, Commander, Atlantic Area, United States Coast Guard; James P. McAllister, Chairman of the Board, McAllister Brothers, Inc.; Thomas Martinez, Secretary-Treasurer, National Maritime Union of America; The Reverend Monsignor Thomas McGovern, Port Chaplain, New York; The Reverend James R. Whittemore, Director, Seamen's Church Institute of New York; Frank Drozak, Executive Vice-President, Seafarers International Union; The Reverend Miller M. Cragon, Jr., Seamen's Church Institute of New York; Carl W. Swenson, Executive Vice-President, Farrell Lines, Inc.



*The following is a brief reflection on Maritime Day as written by SCI Chaplain Miller M. Cragon, Jr. for this year's chapel service at the Institute.*

## REFLECTIONS ON MARITIME DAY 1978

Maritime Day provides a point in time each year when we can stop and recollect. Much that is written and reported about our industry speaks of machinery and of ships, of technology and techniques. We who are here in this chapel today know that there are people, living men and women, who sail these ships and who operate the machines ashore. They are members of the unions, employees of the companies and the clients of this Institute. They are citizens of the whole earth.

Seafarers are male and female; they are tall and short; they are light and dark; they are old and young. Some are better educated than others; some have more pleasing personalities than others. All are engaged in as hazardous a vocation as is known to man.

Whatever their race, religion, or nationality, we praise the seafarers of the world on this Maritime Day. Without their skills and knowledge of the sea, the ships could not sail

and international commerce could not exist. Yet for the most part they are faceless statistics, seldom known by name beyond a small circle of family and friends, who live their lives with few of the shoreside attachments that are dear to most of us. These men and women chose the life of the sea and we are here today to honor them for that choice.

We are also gathered here to commemorate those seafarers who have taken their last voyage and have departed this life. We can remember some of them by name because we knew them by name in life. For the most part, however, we must commemorate them only in a general more impersonal way. If they were not our fathers, husbands, brothers and sisters, they were in that relationship with someone who grieves for them by name. We can only join our commemoration to their personal grief and offer all of this to our God in union with the offering of our Lord "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life."

# The Unsung Heroes of the Bloody Seas

*by William C. Franz*

It's still called "the war," despite the fact that several others have taken place in the third of a century since it ended. Honor rolls in town squares across America bear the names of over 407,000 Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard men who gave their lives to avenge the "day of infamy." But there were other heroes, ones not awarded posthumous military decorations, but whose blood reddened the seas of the world beginning long before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

They were the merchant men, the crews who plied submarine-infested waters listening for the drone of bombers overhead. And many made their last voyages in that desperate struggle to keep supply routes open and get the precious food, fuel, and ammunition to where the forces of democracy needed

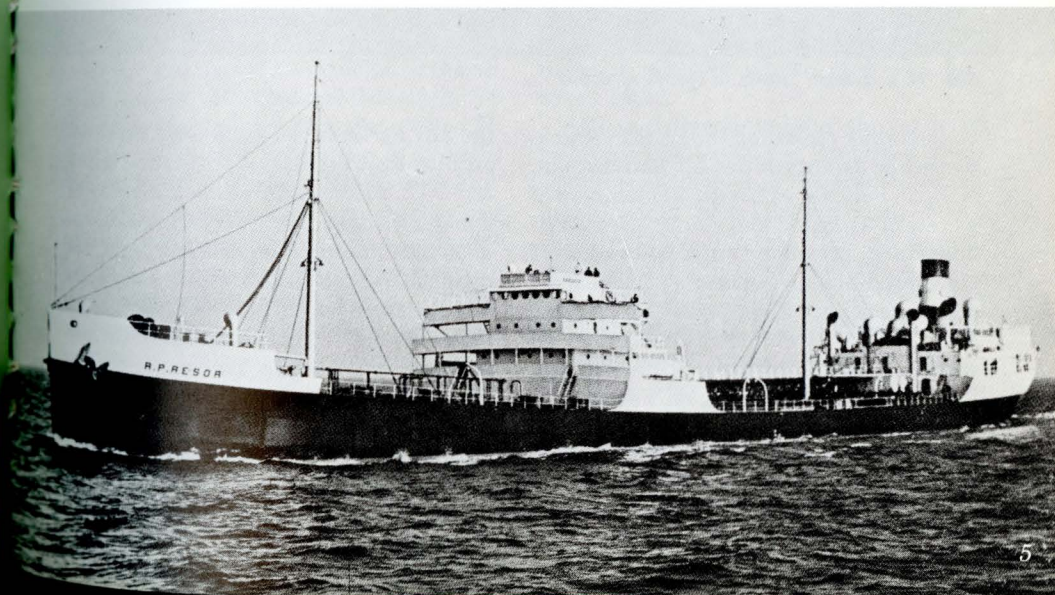
them.

In World War II the toll of dead and missing among the United States merchant marine was over 6,000. Known deaths on American flag vessels amounted to 845, while there were 500 on foreign flag ships under U.S. control and 37 who died in prisoner-of-war camps. Because of the nature of sinkings and the sea, though, the highest figure was of those officially listed as "missing," a staggering total of 4,780. There were 605 U.S. flag ships lost, amounting to six million deadweight tons.

These numbers were enormous within the framework of merchant shipping and, aside from the human tragedy, they represented terrible setbacks to the war effort.

This is the story of the men and vessels lost by one company. Jersey Standard's

The "R. P. Resor" shortly after she came from the builder's yard





was the largest fleet of its type in the world, but the sacrifices of the Esso men were no more nor less important than those of the smallest shipper. Added together, theirs is a saga of raw courage and determination which contributed immeasurably to the Allied victory.

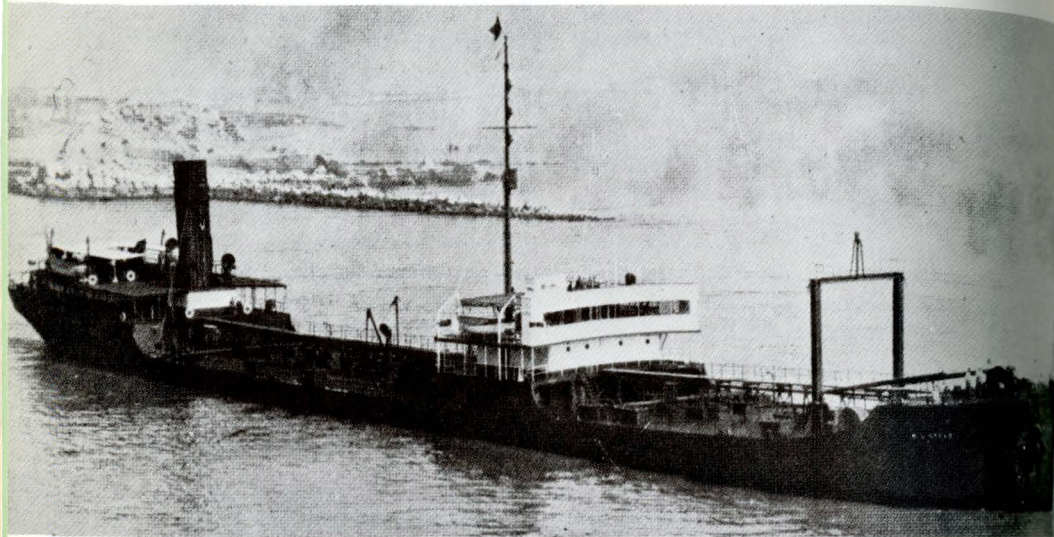
From the outbreak of hostilities in 1939 until V-J Day six years later, Jersey and its affiliates lost 93 tankers and a total of 439 men to enemy action. Its U.S. and Panamanian ocean fleets accounted for 391 deaths, while the lake fleet suffered 48.

During the year 1942, when the sinkings of American tankers reached epidemic proportions, there were 48 Esso

her entire crew.

Other sinkings of that year included the *SS Benjamin Brewster*, 24 dead; *SS M.F. Elliott*, 13 dead; *SS Franklin K. Lane*, four dead; *SS R.W. Gallagher*, nine dead; *SS T.C. McCobb*, four dead; *SS E.M. Clark*, one dead; *SS J.A. Moffett Jr.*, one dead. Among the vessels sunk with no fatalities were the *SS Esso Boston*, *SS Esso Houston*, *SS F.W. Abrams*, *SS E.J. Sadler*, and *SS Wm. Rockefeller*.

Jersey's affiliate, the Panama Transport Company, also sustained heavy losses in 1942, one of which was the *SS C.J. Barkdull* which disappeared in December with her entire crew. Other Panamanian registry sinkings included

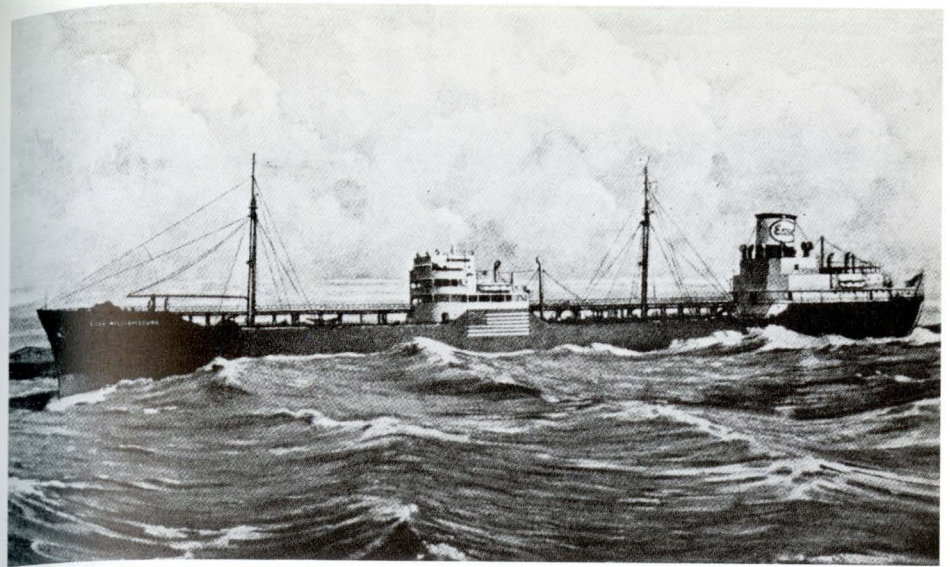


**SS "W. L. Steed," sunk in North Atlantic**

vessels sunk including the *SS R.P. Resor*, torpedoed twenty miles off Manasquan, N.J., on February 26 with 40 members of a crew of 41 killed and the *MS Esso Williamsburg*, presumed sunk 540 miles off Newfoundland on September 22 with all members of her 42-man crew lost. The *SS Allan Jackson* went down on January 18 with 22 of her 35 crewmen killed and the *SS W.L. Steed* was sunk on February 2 losing all but four men of a crew of 38. The *SS L.J. Drake* was lost about June 5 with

the *MS Persephone*, sunk only 2½ miles off Barnegat Light, N.J., with nine killed; *MS C.O. Stillman*, three dead; *SS Geo. H. Jones*, two dead; *MS Harry G. Seidel*, two dead; *MS Thalia*, one dead; *MS Leda*, one dead; *MS Esso Copenhagen*, one dead; *MS Penelope*, one dead; and *SS Beaconlight*, one dead. Some of the non-fatal losses included the *MS Hanseat* and *MS Heinrich v Riedemann*.

In 1943 improved defensive measures against submarine activity substantially



**MS "Esso Williamsburg," from a painting by W. Spencer Wright**

reduced the number of vessels lost to enemy action. During that year 11 Jersey tankers were sunk with another sustaining serious damage.

One June 6 the *SS Esso Gettysburg*, bound from Texas to Philadelphia with a crew of 45 and Navy gun crew of 27 was hit by two torpedoes. Only eight crewmen and seven naval gunners survived. The *SS Esso Baton Rouge*, after having had damages repaired from a torpedoing the year before, was hit again while sailing in ballast below the Azores on February 23, losing two crewmen and one naval gunner.

Other sinkings of 1943 included the *SS H.H. Rogers*, *MS General Gassouin*, *SS Stanvac Manila*, *SS Benakat*, *MS J.H. Senior*, *MS Ardor*, *SS Fulgor*, *MS Splendor*, and *MS Wilhelm v Riedemann*.

By 1944-5 the risks from torpedoes had diminished considerably and the Jersey Standard losses had narrowed down to seven. Among the more important sinkings were the *SS E.G. Seubert*, struck by a torpedo 15 miles from the Arabian coast with three men killed; the *SS Esso Harisburg*, torpedoed en route from Colombia to New York with four crewmen and

four naval gunners lost; and the *SS Valera* of Creole Petroleum torpedoed off Colombia with the entire crew rescued. Other sinkings for the last two years of the war included the *MS Marguerite Finlay*, *SS Petrophalt*, *MS Paul Harneit*, and *SS Stanasfalt*.

The terrible losses of the war gradually faded from memory until 1967. Following the break-up and sinking of the tanker *Torrey Canyon* off the coast of England that year, an alarm was suddenly raised about the potential effects of oil still trapped in the hulls of tankers lost during the war and divers were dispatched to a number of sites where sinkings had taken place.

Although they found that the oil in the locations had long since dispersed, their search reawakened an awareness of the magnitude of those losses in terms of both ships and lives. It's time that our nation, when pausing to remember the soldiers and sailors slain in World War II, include payment of a debt of gratitude to those unsung heroes whose sacrifices on perilous seas were as great as any — the American merchant seamen.

All photos courtesy of Exxon Corporation





## SCI Outreach Gains Momentum

In an effort to encourage increased support of the Institute and of projects for joint missions, Dr. Roxandra Antoniadis, Director, SCI Outreach, has been meeting with lay and clergy representatives from each of the five metropolitan dioceses.

Among the recent visitors to the Institute were officers of the Episcopal Church Women Diocesan Boards and Archdeacons from the area.

Both groups toured the Manhattan facility and then met with Dr. Antoniadis and Father Whittemore to discuss the importance of the Institute's mission to merchant seamen of all nations.

**Pictured (left to right) Father Whittemore, and ECW officers Mrs. Valentine B. Chamberlain, III, of Connecticut, Miss Helen Gunning of Long Island, Mrs. Robert Prince of New York and Mrs. Robert Nelson of New Jersey.**

**Archdeacons meeting with Father Whittemore (far left) and Dr. Antoniadis (center) were (r. to l.) Venerable Canon Robert Chapman representing the Bronx, Manhattan and Staten Island, Venerable Canon Robert N. Willing of the Mid-Hudson region, and Venerable Canon Mark Sisk of the Westchester and Rockland region.**



## Conferences and Meetings

Among the various groups meeting here during the past month were the Law Librarians of Greater New York, Norman Vincent Peale Telephone Center, Delta Nu Alpha (transportation fraternity), Episcopal Church Center, National Defense Transportation Association, and the program agency of the United Presbyterian Church.



**Eighth grade students from the Leif Ericson Day School, Brooklyn, N.Y., were also among the many recent visitors to the Institute.**

**A tour of the building and briefing on the work of the Institute was an important part of their field trip to the waterfront of Lower Manhattan.**

**Since we request that all youth groups be accompanied by an adult, we would like to point out that their teacher, Karen Clauson, is the blonde standing in the center of the back row in the above photo.**



*Editor's Note:*

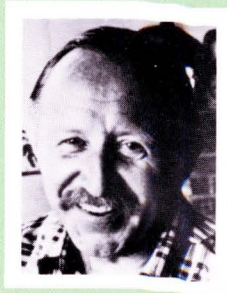
*This is the last of 16 articles in the series "Oceans: Our Continuing Frontier." In this final article of the series, Heywood Hale Broun, journalist and radio and TV personality, discusses the challenge of the sea to those who turn to it for sport and recreation. These articles, which have explored the whole range of human involvement with the sea, were written for Courses by Newspaper, a program developed by University Extension, University of California, San Diego, and funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.*

*Through special permission we are offering this course to our readers in monthly installments.*

*The views expressed in this series are those of the authors only and do not necessarily reflect those of the University of California, the National Endowment for the Humanities the distributing agency nor this publication.*

## OCEANS: OUR CONTINUING FRONTIER **Lecture 16.**

# FROM WORK TO SPORT



by  
**Heywood Hale Broun**

*About the author:*

HEYWOOD HALE BROUN has had a varied career as journalist, television and radio personality, and actor. In the 1940's he was a writer with the New York paper "PM" and with its successor, the New York "Star," contributing book reviews and humor columns as well as sport stories. He then turned to the theater and for 25 years has been a character actor on and off Broadway. In 1966 he accepted a position as "sports essayist" for CBS TV Evening News with Roger Mudd, appearing regularly each week. Author of a book on theater and sports, called "A Studied Madness," Broun has also edited his father's papers, "Collected Edition of Heywood Broun," and contributed frequently to popular magazines.



**THE LURE OF SURF, SAND AND SUN.** Environmentalists are concerned with preserving the seashore for recreation in face of population pressures and demands for alternative uses of the ocean.



**T**he dolphin, sacred to Poseidon, the pettish, bad-tempered sea god, is symbolic of a calm and friendly sea, and when we see him sporting gaily on the glinting surface of Poseidon's realm, we are reminded that the wide, wet roads of the seven seas are more than aquatic alleys of commerce. They are paths to pleasure.

Who invented swimming? Who was the first of us to return to the element from which we sprang? Whatever ancient man it was who first cried, "Hey, Og, C'mon in. The water's fine," certainly felt a special pleasure. The blood chemist Leo Vroman said, "We sealed the seawater dragged out of the sea inside us, and soaked our cells ever since in a world like the one we left millions of years ago."

Such being the case, we can be sure that Og dropped his club and splay-footed down the beach as fast as he could. We can be sure that he and his pioneer friend, being as much Homo Competitens as their descendants, had, before the day ended, set up a race course, perhaps from a reef to the protruding bones of a dip-lodocus which forgot to keep track of the tides.

### SWIMMING THE CHANNEL

Despite the fact that ocean swimming is perhaps one of the least complicated and most unfailingly successful of the sensual pleasures, man the moody puritan seems determined to take it at its worst. Hence the steady flow of English Channel swimmers, plunging into the grey, choppy water while as heavily greased as the flagpole at an old-time Fourth of July picnic.

J.B. Johnson was the first of these, making the attempt in 1872. Being, apparently a sensible man, he remained in the water only 65 minutes, and it was left to Captain Webb three years later to manage the twenty odd miles by remaining in the gelid brine for almost twenty-two hours.

Progress, if the refinement of masochism can be so described, has since been rapid, and it is now a commonplace for the Channel swimmer to emerge at

Calais only long enough for a handshake, a cup of hot broth and a fresh dressing of lard before plunging back for the return trip to Dover. Recently the Victoria Sporting Club of London presented a medal to a young American, Jack Robertson, who came within a half mile of swimming the Channel though paralyzed from the waist down.

A special medal would seem to be due those who plunge into the tainted and encrusted waters of the brackish Hudson River in attempts to circumnavigate Manhattan Island. Og and his friend may have lacked the daintiness trumpeted by deodorant commercials, but even their low foreheads would have risen at the sight of the fearful bouillabaisse which faces any swimmer who enters the water within the reach of our urban sprawl.

Indeed even Thor Heyerdahl, whose adventurous crossing of the Atlantic on a bundle of reeds is so romantic as to move out of the realm of science, in which he classed himself, into the Quixotic world of those adventurers who have, like the Three Wise Men of Gotham, gone to sea in daringly unsuitable craft, discovered that the paper cup and the orange peel are harder to sink than such gallant vessels as the Hesperus and the Golden Hind.

If Leander, plunging into the Hellespont to swim to his beloved Hero, had encountered a Sargasso fleet of saturated cardboard boxes, he might have chosen to wait for the ferry. Still, then the lovers might have lived into a quarrelsome middle age instead of dying at the peak of their passions.

I don't know what Leander went through battling the fast-flowing strait, but swimming coaches have told me that this one-time romp through our old element has become the most painful of all competitive sports, requiring the practitioner to pass voluntarily through a pain barrier in which the lungs seem literally to be on fire, ending at last in a trance-like state where a kind of delirium of exhaustion keeps the body from knowing what violence has been done it.

Perhaps Og and his friend would have

done better to stay up in the shelter of the giant ferns looking for small amphibians of manageable size and reasonable tastes. Still, for every competitive swimmer there are a thousand small boys enjoying the simple challenge of inshore waves, and a thousand old folk gently dipping themselves in the salty fluid which a variety of folk medicines prescribe.

### SINGLE-HANDERS

Less pain-ridden but closer to the danger of shipwreck and death are the sportsmen who dare the wrath of Poseidon with a little canvas, some scraps of wood, and bits and pieces of the knowledge that brought the wily Odysseus home across the wine-dark sea. Some of them are brisk, no-nonsense people who do not realize how different they are from those who live lives of safe and deadening order.

Captain Joshua Slocum forthrightly called his book "Sailing Alone Around the World." No poetry for him, no "All I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

He steered by an old alarm clock which he used as a chronometer and as to the great moment of departure in the rebuilt derelict *Spray*, he remarked like a man setting out on a trip to the grocery, "I had resolved on a voyage around the world, and as the wind on the morning of April 24, 1895, was fair, at noon I weighed anchor, set sail, and filled away from Boston."

Weston Martyr, whose "The £200 Millionaire" recounts a wandering life afloat, was almost Dickensian in his appreciation of the alternation of privation and comfort. "Sail all day in the wet and cold, then bring up in some quiet harbour and go below and toast your feet before the galley fire and you'll realize what bliss means. Travel in a steam-heated Pullman and then put up at the Ritz and see if you find any bliss there!"

Antithetically, Tom Follet, who crossed the ocean in what looked like two loosely-lined bananas to finish third in the '72 Transatlantic Race, had no slo-

gan. "Certainly not 'because it's there.' I like heated rooms and feather beds, clothes of silk and shoes of fancy leather ... I do not like the North Atlantic Ocean. You figure it out."

Figuring out the sports that draw us back to the place where our rubbery ancestors lived is beyond a man who swims badly and can't sail, but Poseidon might say that the swimmer fighting a current, the sailor battling a storm, or the small boy protecting his sand castle with a desperate sand pail dam are all aware that they are essentially alone against a fascinatingly unpredictable enemy who can be, when sun, wind, and surf are right, a fascinating friend.



Bags of coffee, weighing 132 pounds each, are loaded by hand onto pallets at a South American port. More than 15 million bags of coffee are imported in the United States every year.

### "FOOD" FOR THOUGHT

To people in the United States, that morning cup of coffee seems as American as the Stars and Stripes or hot dogs on the Fourth of July. Yet almost every drop of coffee consumed in the U.S. is derived from beans imported from foreign countries. Since most coffee beans enter domestic ports in the holds of general cargo ships, the world's merchant seamen play a vital role in making the American morning complete.

Americans drink more than 390 million cups of coffee per day, brewed from the approximately one million tons of coffee beans imported in the U.S. each year. Coffee is this country's largest agricultural import and in 1977, about 44 per cent of all coffee imports moved across the wharves of the Port of New York.

Middy Randerson



Editor's note: Each year we receive a fair number of letters congratulating us on *the Lookout*. We are most grateful for them though rarely do they appear in print. Occasionally, we get a letter of rebuke. For this we are also appreciative, as we do not like to be in error; and, when the content is as interesting as the letter which follows, we like to share it with you.

## COMMENT

Dear Mr. Windley:

This is a comment on the Editor's Note that introduced the article in your April issue titled "Shanghai Days of Early San Francisco." This infers a connection between the subject of the article and America's "great age of sail," and gives a historically false picture that I have seen reflected in your pages before. The practices reflect the declining years of America's sailing merchant marine, not its "great age in sail."

The heyday of the American merchant marine in sail was roughly 1816-1840. This was the period of the famous packet ships and the rise of New York to pre-dominance as a port. The Erie Canal, the cotton triangle and other factors brought it about. American ships captured the cream of the trade with the best service the best ships, and finest officers, and the best and highest paid crews. It was the time when most fortunes were made by shipping merchants. The training for positions of importance as merchants was either in the counting house or at sea. Most of the great merchants learned their trade at sea, worked up to become shipmasters, and came ashore at an early age to become prominent merchants and influential citizens. Shipmasters generally served as business agents for the

owners as well as commanders of the vessels. A ship's crew generally included boys from the master's home town who were serving their apprenticeship at sea, so to speak. They were the cream of society, not the dregs. There were, of course, also men of lesser calibre.

The shipmasters of the period were mostly young men, many in their twenties. Many of the crew were even younger. These young men as well as the hardened old seamen could fall victims to the evils of the ports, but crewmen were more easily recruited in that period than later when going to sea was only a last resort. Accordingly the inference in your note that shanghaiing was common practice during this period is incorrect and misleading.

Events took place around 1840 that brought an end to the great age of the American merchant marine in sail. One was the coming of steam. As steam liners became reliable they skimmed off the cream of the passenger, mail and some types of cargo business. Many packet ships became essentially immigrant carriers. Next, the west was opening up and railroads were being built — and it was shipping money that did it. This opened up attractive new opportunities that drew America's attention and many able

men away from the sea. Finally, the increased use of the telegraph, which ironically was invented on a New York — Havre packet ship, enabled merchants to communicate directly with their agents and shippers in other ports, thus greatly reducing the master's responsibility for the ship's business. With the threat of steam and foreign flag competition, this made driving the ship and its crew the master's principal responsibility. This changed the whole character of ship operation and the men involved in it.

The short-lived clipper ship era, roughly 1850-1855, which produced what were unquestionably the largest, fastest and most beautiful sailing ships, was not part of the "great age of sail" but rather its swan song. The gold rush to California was what fostered it; and everything, including the crews, was sacrificed for speed. It is to this era, and the particularly bad conditions in San Francisco that the article on shanghaiing relates; not to America's "great age of sail."

I feel that this correction is important because it relates especially to the port of New York.

Sincerely yours,  
H. Hobart Holly  
Braintree, Mass.



## MEMORIAL MODELS

Recently the SS *Sea-Land Galloway* brought two unusual ship models from Holland to New Jersey.

The story of these unique vessels began in 1943 when a B-24 Liberator Bomber was shot down into the "Ijsselmeer." There was only one survivor, the Co-Pilot, Charles Taylor, now residing in Scotch Plains, N.J.

Many years later, as the Dutch were expanding their land reclamation in the lake, they came upon the wreckage of the bomber. When the discovery was publicized on TV, Mr. Hans Verhulst asked for some of the remnants of the aircraft. With artistic skill he fashioned these bits of aluminum into lovely ship models. One he named "Schotsplein," the Dutch version of Scotch plains, and the other, "Hector McKay."



After a brief ceremony aboard the SS *Sea-Land Galloway* under command of Captain Coulson, the models were safely delivered to Mr. Taylor.

These models were Mr. Verhulst's expression of deep gratitude for all those gallant Americans who laid down their lives on the field of glory in the liberation of his homeland.

Karl Aarseth



by Sidney Moritz

The sea has always fascinated me, and so have the lands beyond it. Fred Moritz, our nephew, a correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, lives in Hong Kong with his wife and two young daughters. My wife and I visited them. So began our Far East odyssey.

We did not have to travel far for local color. From Fred's livingroom window we could see bumboats, homes to the fishermen and their families. Most of these broadbeamed craft are motor driven. We walked down to the docks where they were moored. Serious-faced little children eyed us curiously as we passed by.

We spent four weeks aboard ship. Today no other travel experience can quite match shipboard life. No other travel experience can equal the thrill of sailing into a foreign port. Visiting islands by sea is surely the ideal way of seeing them. It is traveling in the leisurely era of almost a century ago. For many, life aboard ship can be an unending

# Far East Odyssey

round of new events, an education in itself. Passengers may be invited to visit the bridge, the ship's nerve center. Here the helmsman controls the wheel which operates the steering gear. The science of navigation is explained. The use of the sextant in determining the ship's position is demonstrated.

When a passenger ship puts out to sea, there are a few moments that capture the drama of its departure. The passengers are shouting their last farewell to those ashore. Streamers and confetti fill the air. The ship's band is playing gaily. The deep blasts of the ship's horn sound the

warning that the vessel is about to move into midstream.

The lifeboat drill was an event of great interest to us. These drills in preparation for a possible emergency are mandatory on all ocean going vessels. When the alarm is sounded, passengers and crew must put on their life jackets and proceed to the life boats assigned to them. The officers make certain that everyone is accounted for. Lifeboats are lowered with two crewmen aboard each craft. Later the lifeboats will be returned to their stations.

The Captain's "Welcome Aboard" party was a gala formal event. That evening, the officers in white formal attire, greeted each passenger being introduced to them by the hostess.

At sea, the ocean can be seen in many of its varied moods. During our four weeks aboard ship, the sea was unkind to us only one day. We learned that in some

parts of the world, the sailing vessel is far from obsolete. One such vessel, heavily laden with lumber, passed us on the Indian Ocean. While our ship was anchored offshore in various ports, boys eager to dive for coins, shouted to us for money.

I wanted very much to film the first golden glimmer of a new day at sea. With that in mind, I left my stateroom for the upper deck a number of times as dawn was about to break. To my great delight, what I had been seeking came to pass on my third attempt. First there was a slight golden glow in the sky. As it became ever brighter, I released the movie camera button intermittently until the sun was out in all its beauty. My most prized movie sequence is dawn on the Indian Ocean.

Our first port of call was Penang on the west coast of Sumatra. Here is the famous Buddhist temple Khoo Kongsi. In the Waterfall Gardens monkeys can be seen



Officers S.S. Prinsendam



Bumboats Stanley, Hong Kong





Children boat-people Stanley, Hong Kong

Woman Ship officer S.S. Prinsendam

Women of Nias watching war ceremonies



in their natural surroundings. In cosmopolitan Medan on Sumatra's east coast, the pedicab is the principal means of transportation.

Sibolga, a small town, was our next port of call. We stopped by at a school. What a happy experience that was. The children were so very friendly, and so eager to meet us, strangers.

Subsequently, our ship stopped at Nias, an island off the west coast of Sumatra. It has no set ship or air connections. The only communication with the island is maintained by small motor craft. Being practically cut off from the rest of the world, the Nias people developed their own race culture. As we

entered this village, we were immediately attracted to the main square paved with large flat rocks and bordered on two sides by closely built houses with high palm leaf roofs. Here are the unique "jumping stones." These were used for military exercises and served to test the local soldier's ability to jump over the walls of hostile villages in war time. A war dance was staged for the passengers. The performers wore ancient attire and carried primitive weapons.

Bali in the Republic of Indonesia is an enchanted isle. The Balinese, devoted to their primitive religion, have continued through the ages to delight the world with their theatre and festive Barong

dance. It represents a clash between good and evil, in which a mythical lion fights evil.

The Singapore Tiger Balm Garden, advertising a medicine by that name, is said to be a famous wonderland of life-size tableaux, illustrating Chinese mythology. Never had we seen such a garish, gaudy, ugly collection of sculptures as are assembled there. From this point of view, it is interesting to see them.

The Polynesian Cultural Center of Hawaii is a non-profit, educational cultural activity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. One of its objectives is to portray the arts and crafts of Polynesia. A highlight of our trip was

the beautiful waterborne revue which took place in Laie, Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands.

The time for our departure was at hand. Thoughts came to us of our impressions. We had seen many contrasts. High-rise apartment houses and the lowly thatched-roofed home of the poor — sightseers in limousines, others being pedalled in ancient trishaws. Some assembled to hear gamelin music, others dropped in at swinging night spots.

Upon our return home, we were congratulated for having so wisely escaped from the rigors of a severe winter, a season which for four weeks we had quite forgotten.



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## BECAUSE OF IT

*And now across the waving grass  
And now above the forest floor  
Comes with the summer winds that pass  
An echo from a lonely shore.*

*And where a window opens wide  
It enters in and subtly brings  
The essence of the distant tide,  
And to one listener slyly flings*

*Its challenge; and a room, lamp-lit,  
Grows somehow dim, because of it.*

*Kay Wissinger*