

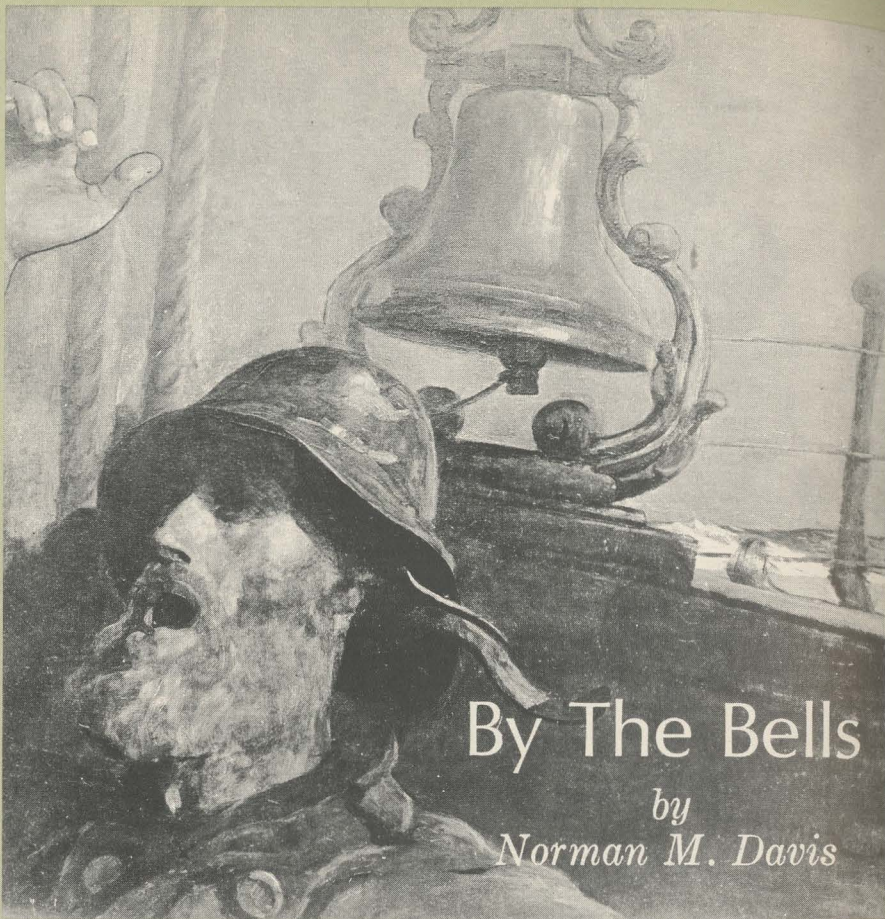


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



July-August 1966



By The Bells

by
Norman M. Davis

Maybe you've heard this old puzzle — "Since we add one bell each half hour, and go to eight bells before we start over, how many bells do we ring for twelve o'clock midnight?"

You might catch some Navy "boots" with this — but don't try it on anyone else.

The answer, of course, is "none" — since no time bells are sounded between taps and reveille (except at New Year's, when *thirteen* bells are rung).

But why do we use bells at all? Why the half-hour interval? And why a count of eight bells?

This began, like many of our customs, with the start of the Navy itself. For our Navy, having no old legends and customs of its own, borrowed some from England's Royal Navy.

Some people believe our time bells are a hold-over from centuries back, when each English town had a night

watchman who "cried the hours" as he walked his rounds. To signal his coming (and, probably, to keep awake), he carried a bell.

But a far more likely origin for the bells we use lies in the time-telling instrument once used on board all ships—the sand glass.

Today sand glasses are novelties. We use small ones to time our eggs and phone calls. But the sand glass was once the best time keeper any sailor could get. It was water-proof, non-magnetic, and reasonably shockproof.

Sailors stood watches of four hours, except for one: the steering watch was only half an hour long. And with good reason.

It wasn't a question, in those days, of standing in a warm compartment in a steel superstructure, holding a brass wheel and calmly turning it at an officer's order.

Reprinted from *Our Navy*

The steersman held wooden spokes on a giant wheel connected by lines to the rudder. He steered in fair weather and foul, whether the ship was moving quietly or tearing herself apart under pounding storm waves, with a spring sun on his face or with foaming green water pouring down in gigantic, angry waves that broke over the bow and swept the decks.

After half an hour of this, a man was glad enough to see his relief coming.

The old ships used a half-hour glass to time this watch. A cabin boy or other young sailor stood a special watch to turn the glass and keep the sand running. As soon as he had turned the glass, he struck a bell to show he had remembered to perform his duty.

During each boy's four-hour watch he struck a total of eight bells. This is almost certainly why we count our bells in groups of eight.

There are two interesting sidelights to our way of telling time. One is the existence of "dog watches," so called because they last only two hours instead of the usual four.

Some people think "dog" comes from "dodge," since each time a man goes on duty, the odd number of watches in a day lets him "dodge" the last watch he stood.

But it seems far more logical to look to the word "docked" for this watch's early name. The dog watch is *docked*, or shortened, by two hours; over the years, docked could easily have been changed to dog.

The other sidelight concerns the Royal Navy, a few discontented British sailors and the commemoration of a mutiny which never took place.

British ships sound nearly the same bells as ours do; but there's a difference in the second dog watch. Here's how the two bell schedules compare:

Time	U.S. Navy	Royal Navy
1630	one bell	one bell
1700	two bells	two bells
1730	three bells	three bells
1800	four bells	four bells
1830	five bells	one bell
1900	six bells	two bells
1930	seven bells	seven bells
2000	eight bells	eight bells

Back in 1797, some British sailors planned a mutiny and agreed that they'd take over certain ships during the second dog watch, when five bells signalled 1830.

But the ships' officers somehow learned of this plot, and made their own counter-plan.

At 1830, instead of five bells, they gave the order to strike *one* bell! This unexpected time signal confused the mutineers, and the mutiny collapsed.

The British Admiralty ordered that never again was a British ship to sound five bells in the dog watch and today's single bell at 1830 is the result.

Navies probably have as many traditions as they have ships. Some old customs are pointless, others are inspiring.

But any tradition means more when you know its story, and certainly one of the strangest stories is that of telling time by the bells.

the LOOKOUT

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COVER: Lighthouse at Point Reyes, California, silhouetted against the setting sun.



FEVER RUN *by George R. Berens*

They called it the "Fever Run," and it was not popular with American seamen. It was the trade run between U.S. Atlantic and Gulf coast ports and West Africa, from French Senegal down to Portuguese Angola. At the time I am writing—the early Twenties—a number of U. S. Shipping Board vessels were operated in the trade by A. H. Bull and Company, known as the American West Africa Line.

I shipped as A. B. on the *West Irmo* in 1924. There were other similar West Coast-built ships on the run: *West Humhaw*, *West Kebar*, *West Kedron* and others built during or immediately after World War 1. They were ten-knotters and rather antiquated by modern standards. The outward cargoes consisted mainly of case-oil: oil in five-gallon cans, two to a wooden case — kerosene and lubricating oils. Besides this, all kinds of manufactured

goods, machinery, textiles, and canned foods were carried, but at least half the cargo space was filled with case oil loaded at Bayonne, N. J. or Port Arthur, Texas.

The ships used to call at forty or fifty ports on the African coast, many of which could hardly be called "ports," for they were very primitive and had almost no facilities for the handling of ships or cargo. The ships just lay off the beach at anchor, and cargo was taken ashore or brought out to the ship in boats manned by native paddlers. They were expert boatmen, those "boys," for often they had to guide their boats through the heavy surf that broke off the beaches. And the coast was fever-ridden; malaria was prevalent.

The ship's crews signed on articles which specified that each man would take a dose of quinine every day, and

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author of this absorbing adventure piece has now retired from the sea and lives in Merrimac, Massachusetts. The second installment of "Fever Run" will conclude in the September LOOKOUT. Not only is Mr. Berens a superb spinner of sea yarns, but a self-taught sketcher as well; the drawing of the *West Irmo* which illustrates his story was done by him from memory of African voyages of over forty years ago. Mr. Berens used to stay at SCI when in port, as an active seaman, and is now preparing a piece for the December LOOKOUT on some reminiscences of a Christmas at the Institute during the Great Depression.

The Editor.

wear a sun helmet from sun-up to sunset, while on *The Coast*, as preventatives against malaria and sunstroke. Not a bright prospect for a seaman, together with the fact that there were very few ports that offered any inducement for a run ashore.

The voyage then occupied from five to six months. But, with all these drawbacks, I found the "Fever Run" one of the most interesting. Today, I understand, things are different. There are better port facilities, and the round voyage takes less than three months.

After putting in at the Azores and the Canary Islands, we made our first port on the West African coast — Dakar. This was a small port surrounded mostly by sand dunes, but compared with some of the other ports it did offer some amenities for the seaman ashore.

Then, after calling at two or three other small ports, we made Freetown, Sierra Leone, and our real "Fever Run" began. Here we took aboard sixty or so natives, known as "Kroo boys" because most of them were of the coastal tribe called Kroo, men experienced in boat work and used to the sea. Also we hoisted aboard about twenty surf boats and a motor launch, food, utensils and the few belongings of the Kroo boys who were to stay aboard the ship until her return to Freetown about three

months later.

The natives served as longshoremen, handling the cargo, and when at sea were employed at various work aboard the ship, even to laundering the ship's linen. Often a ship at sea off this coast would be 'full dressed' with bed sheets, pillow cases, towels and clothing flying from the halyards instead of flags.

The natives lived on deck, sleeping at night under tarpaulins stretched above the hatches. Rice and fish were their main staples of diet. They ate this fare squatting around big bowls set on the deck, each digging into the contents with his fingers. A Headman was in charge of the Kroos, a native of more than average intelligence, sometimes pompous and dignified, and often quite a 'character.'

Our Headman was known as Ben Coffee, though that was not his name on the articles he and his gang signed when they joined the ship. The headman was entirely responsible for the gang. He made arrangements for their feeding, assigned them to the various jobs ordered by the ship's Chief Officer, and also had considerable influence over their lives afloat and ashore. His authority was somewhat akin to the ship's Captain's authority over the regular crew; but, of course, the Captain's authority extended to the Kroo boys too, while they were on the ship, and the Headman was subject to his orders.

On down the coast, anchored off the many little ports on the Gulf of Guinea, we unloaded our cargo. The surf boats were put over and manned by the Kroos. Slings of cargo were lowered into the boats by the Kroo boys working winches and booms, and the boats were either paddled ashore, or towed in groups by the motor launch.

In almost all these ports a large swell was running, breaking in white-crested surf on the golden beaches lined with palm trees, and sometimes native huts. It was a lively and spectacular scene with the surf boats — painted black and about the size and shape of a whale boat — bobbing about in the swell that made it difficult to land the drafts of cargo in them; with the natives shouting and calling, gesticulating and singing chanties in their



weird language. A lively crowd, those Kroo boys.

The conditions aboard ship for the crew while on The Coast were not en- viable. Heat, and in some seasons the heavy rains, made life on board often near unbearable. Those ships did not have accommodations for the crew such as ships have today. Quarters for the unlicensed personnel were aft, cramped and ill-ventilated. Air-conditioning was unthought of. Instead, live steam pipes led right through the crew's fo'castles.

Having the natives aboard made things worse, for they took up a lot of deck space that would otherwise be free to the crew. We did manage to reserve the poop deck to ourselves. It wasn't a large space and was encumbered with the winch and mooring lines, but most of us slept up there in cots or ham- mocks with an awning stretched over- head. This gave us some escape from the heat of the quarters.

Some of the crew were down with malaria nearly all the time we were on the Coast despite the dosage of qui- nine; at times as much as twenty per- cent of the ship's personnel were in- capacitated. Hence the "Fever Run" sobriquet.

Many of the ports we went to were up mangrove-lined rivers, reeking with heat and humidity, and here the dis- comforts and the fever cases increased. Mosquito nets were issued to the crew

for protection while sleeping. There was little relief from all this, for there were few places where there was any inducement to go ashore, and in many of the ports shore leave was denied by authorities, either because of epidemics raging there — bubonic plague was rife in many ports — or because they just did not want white seamen ashore where there were no amenities for them. Or there was the fear that they might get among the natives and start trouble.

Lagos, in Nigeria, was one of the major ports of The Coast, and here we had shore leave, though there were few attractions. But after being cooped-up on the ship with all the dis- comforts for so long, a run ashore any- where was a relief.

After Lagos there were a number of small ports before we turned into the mouth of the great Congo River, and made our way upstream to Matadi, then Angra-Angra to discharge gaso- line and oil products which, as hazard- ous goods, the Belgians preferred to have unloaded outside the confines of the port. Angra-Angra could not be considered a port, it was merely a place to moor alongside the river bank with our lines made fast to trees, and with an anchor down.

It was here that I experienced the only mutiny I ever heard of in an American ship — in this century at least.

(continued on page 12)



LINK OF CONTINENTS

by James A. Whelan

The year 1966 marks the centenary of the first trans-Atlantic communi- cations cable laying between Britain and North America, a remarkable feat even when viewed within the context of today's engineering achievements.

The story of the first Atlantic Cable has all the romance and excitement of a Jules Verne novel; the heroes were Sir Charles Tilston Bright, an English telegraph engineer (he was only twenty-six when he received his knight- hood from Queen Victoria) and Cyrus Field, a remarkable American en- gineer.

Together, in 1836, they formed the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and eventually accomplished the grand dream of 'electric telegraphic com- munication' between Newfoundland and Ireland at a time when no sub- marine cable had been laid more than a hundred and eleven miles and none in water more than three hundred fathoms.

The shore-end of the cable was landed at Valentia, Ireland, on August 6, 1867, after the British and American navies had made available the U. S. frigate *Niagara* (5200 tons) and the wooden two-decker battleship *H.M.S. Agamemnon* (3100 tons) for the great task. Three times the Anglo-American 'wire squadron' set out on its great adventure.

The first effort, in the summer of 1857, ended when the cable broke after 380 miles had been paid out. The little fleet sailed again on June 10, 1858 to begin its task in mid-ocean, but ran into one of the fiercest storms in re- corded history, and only after 15 days were the battered and exhausted ships re-united at appointed rendezvous.

The splice was duly made and the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* turned for their respective shores, but twice again the cable broke, first after six miles and then after eighty had been paid out. A third break occurred when they were well over 200 miles apart, and the ships sadly returned to their base.

Another year elapsed, and on July 17, 1858, the two vessels once more set out for mid-atlantic and made the splice on July 29.

The 'wondrous wire' had been laid, and the cable was officially opened by Queen Victoria and President Bu- chanan on August 16. But it failed entirely after a few weeks (it carried only 743 messages).

Seven years passed before Cyrus Field was able to raise sufficient capi- tal to try again, and it was then that the *Great Eastern* was used.

The grandest failure in the whole history of marine engineering, the *Great Eastern* measured 18,914 tons gross and was 680 feet long. Accom- modation was provided for 4,000 pas- sengers; the vessel was unique in that she was propelled both by paddlewheels and by a screw propeller. The paddle- wheels were 50 feet in diameter.

The *Great Eastern* was never a com- mercial success as a liner and was sold in 1888 as old metal and broken up. Her most valuable work was the laying of cables between 1865 and 1873.

Her final transatlantic cable-laying voyage took two weeks, July 13 to 27, 1866. The previous year she had at- tempted to complete the cable, only to have it break in mid-ocean. Thus suc- cess in the transatlantic cable came only after twelve years of effort.

Condensed from *Nautical Magazine*

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

"No man is an island entire of it self; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

John Donne.

Requiem

Once more the sea had claimed its own and burial services were to be read from the SCI Chapel for the nine seamen of the ill-fated Alva Cape which had collided with the Texaco Massachusetts on June 16 in the channel off Staten Island in New York harbor.

The venerable ship's bell mounted over the entrance to the Chapel of Our Saviour clanged stridently, the sound cutting through the hot late morning June haze. An occasional slight ruffle of wind stirred the nearby trees, causing their branches to dip gently as if in farewell salute.

Reverently and sadly, the pall-bearers, survivors from the British tanker, carried the caskets into the Chapel where an ecumenical ceremony was conducted in behalf of the eight German Lutheran seaman and one German Catholic seaman by a German Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Ernst Linden, and by a German Lutheran chaplain (Lutheran Seamen's House), the Rev. Otto Winter.

The Rev. Joseph P. Huntley, a chap-

lain for SCI, representing the Institute, also participated in the impressive and moving ceremony, believed to be the first of its nature held in the Chapel. The use of this Chapel was, in this instance, sanctioned by the Rev. Mr. John M. Mulligan, SCI director.

In addition to surviving crewmen of the Cape, those attending the service included representatives of the British and German consulates.

The series of funeral services in the Chapel for the tanker victims began June 23 when Chaplain Huntley officiated at services for Kenneth L. Strange, Cape radio operator; on June 27 for the master of the Cape, Captain Graham C. Lewis.

On July 1, at noon, near Staten Island, from aboard a tug, with engines stilled and the vessel drifting quietly, SCI Chaplain William Haynsworth conducted committal services for the late Captain whose ashes, at his widow's request, were strewn upon the water near the spot where the ship tragedy occurred. Aboard, the tug, also, were representatives of the Alva Steamship Company Ltd., agents of the Navcot corporation and a British vice consul.

The Institute also sheltered and fed nineteen of the survivors from the Cape for eight days following the accident, making the facilities of the International Seamen's Club available to the group during the period. Other ameni-

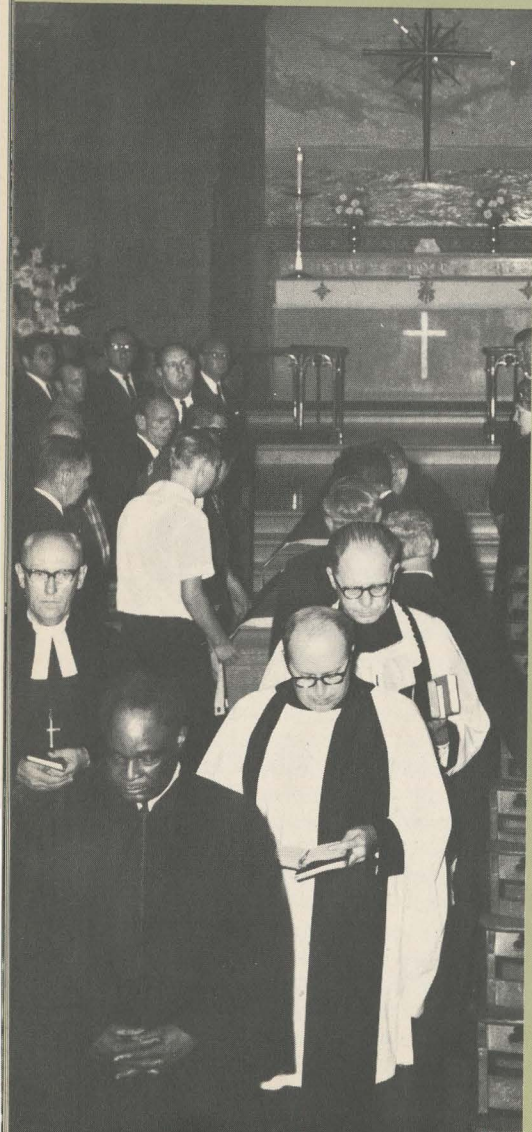
ties were rendered as well.

The group, comprised of Chinese crewmen, was directed by the U. S. Immigration & Naturalization service to the Institute rather than to a federal detention center; the men were detained and under constant federal surveillance because of a technicality: they had no landing permits.

The Rev. Mulligan received the following letter from A. S. Price, secretary-treasurer of the Navcot Corporation, agents for Alva Steamship Co., Ltd.:

"On behalf of the Owners of M. T. 'Alva Cape,' we should again like to express their appreciation for the very sympathetic and helpful cooperation which you gave us in dealing with the many problems which arose out of this tragedy. We have to thank you for making available the Chapel for holding the funeral for the services of the deceased Officers.

"We should also like to thank you for the enormous help in accommodating the Hong Kong Chinese survivors of the collision, pending their release by the U. S. Coast Guard. It can hardly have been easy for these men, having so recently escaped with their lives, to accept being confined under guard. Nevertheless, your staff handled them so tactfully and made them so comfortable that we have no complaints whatever. For this our Owners are indeed sincerely grateful."



(富士箱根伊豆国立公園) 秋の本栖湖と富士
 富士五湖中一番深く最深 138m に達す
 A view of Lake Motosu and Mt. Fuji in Autumn.

Post Card



To, Seaman Club, JULY 1966

It is true, we like to enjoy our pleasure and amusement heartfully, when we enter the door of the Seaman Club seems to be entered the door of our home. Here, I represent all the crew member of my ship to thank the Seaman Club giving us a great pleasure in a right way and we do pray God bless those people who serve us in the above mentioned place.

From A Chinese Deck-Cadet

No. 106

MR. Charles Lam SATO
 M.V. "MALAYSIA SUCCESS"

SATO SHASHIN KOGEI

海員之家

THE SEAMAN CLUB,
 MAHER PIER TERMINAL,
 NEWARK,
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The staff of Mariners Center, Port Newark, whose operation is under the direction of SCI and headed by the Rev. Mr. G. B. Hollas, was pleased to receive a postal card from a Chinese cadet on the *M.V. Malaysia Success* expressing the thanks of the crew for the hospitality shown it by the Center.

The English syntax is a bit shaky but the Center staff had no difficulty whatever understanding the message. The card is reproduced here.

* * *

The Christian cross atop SCI which has withstood the elements since 1927 when erected there by the Schermerhorn family, caught fire toward dusk one evening in July, the fire destroying the wood and metal sheathing. The basic steel skeletal framework was undamaged.

The blaze was extinguished by quick action of the fire department and several of the house staff. The cross will be repaired.

* * *



The staff of SCI and one of its "ship-visitors," Carlos Travesi, were pleasantly surprised when the crew of the Uruguayan vessel, *B. M. Nortemar* presented an oil-painted commemorative scroll to SCI as an expression of thanks for services rendered the crew by SCI over the years.

Among the kindnesses remembered by the crew are the Christmas boxes packed and distributed by members of the Women's Council each year.

The scroll was accepted on behalf of the Institute by the Rev. Dr. R. T. Foust, director of the department of religious, social and special services.

make the turn-around. His home port was Havana where he and his wife lived.

Then came Castro and the resulting political and social upheaval. Seaman Fernandez could not then enter his native country; Mrs. Fernandez, then pregnant, was not allowed to leave Havana. Eventually, he learned that he had a new baby daughter, Santa Teresa.

Finally, after five years of intense effort, Mr. Fernandez managed to get his wife and daughter out of Cuba — in March of this year — then meeting his daughter for the first time.



Shown in the photo, together with Dr. Foust, are some crew members and the Spanish-speaking shipvisitors, including Mr. Travesi.

The scroll includes a picture of the vessel, two clasped hands, the United States and Uruguayan flags, the individual signatures of the crew, and an inscription which reads: "The crew of the ship, *B. M. Nortemar*, to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and Carlos Travesi in thanks for the many favors and magnificent social work."

* * *

Seaman Valentin Fernandez, a native of Cuba, spent many a night and his leisure time at SCI during the 1950s while waiting for his vessel to



The other day he brought his youngster to visit the SCI Marine Museum and to show her the building where he had once stayed during shore leaves. A photographer took the picture of father and daughter to mark the occasion.

* * *

SCI has housed a varied population over its history. In mid-July it was host to thirty-five men of the Scots Guard, down from Canada on a sight-seeing trip to New York. The Guard came to the city under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union and as a result of winning a competition in Canada. The group leader, Major A. J. R. Harrison, presented a plaque to SCI in appreciation of the courtesies extended.

(continued from page 6)

The Kroo boys were the ones who mutinied, and I do not know what caused the outbreak. It may have been that somehow they had obtained some intoxicants or drugs, for no matter where one goes in this world, alcohol and narcotics seem always to be obtainable. Also there had been signs along the coast of unrest among the Kroos. Our Captain was very strict and used somewhat primitive means of handling the natives. Among the native group was a giant Negro whom the others referred to as a 'bush boy,' indicating that he did not belong to the coastal tribe, but came from the jungles inland. He appeared at the time to be

one of the instigators of the uprising. Whatever the cause, the mutiny broke out during a hot, humid noon-hour break, when most of the ship's crew were at their noonday meal. The Captain was at lunch on his spacious deck below the bridge in company with the Congo River pilot and a lady passenger. The Kroos were also at their meal, so that everything was comparatively quiet aboard, and no work underway. Suddenly, the quiet was broken by a shot fired by the Captain, followed by bedlam, screeching, yelling and wild jungle calls forward.

(continued in September issue)

MEET THE BOARD

CLIFFORD M. CARVER



Prior to his election in 1965 as assistant Secretary to the Board of Managers, Mr. Carver served on four committees. These included: Religious Activities, Ways and Means, Women's Council and Business Operation. He was elected as a manager in 1957.

He entered the Navy following graduation from Princeton in 1942, serving as officer on various vessels and as the commanding officer of a mine-sweeper. He was on Admiral C. F. Bryant's staff as his representative at the Underwater Sound Lab. in New London, Conn.

Mr. Carver is president of the ship chandler firm of Baker, Carver & Morrell, Inc., also a director and vice president of the National Associated Marine Supplies, a director of Brown Ship Chandlery, Portland, Maine, director of Edda Shipping Company, New York, and Seagulf Northshore, Ltd., Canada.

Married to Madeline Smith in 1945, the Carvers have four sons, the eldest about to join the U.S. Marine Corps.

Francisco Bobadilla's Billion-Dollar Golden Hoard



by Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg

A 61-pound nugget of gold is part of the billion dollars in cargo of the "Golden Hinde," lying in Caribbean waters four miles northeast of Cape Haitien. The fortune belonged to Bobadilla, governor of Hispaniola, and the man who sent Columbus to Spain to be tried for disloyalty.

Of immeasurable wealth are the numerous prizes — caskets of precious jewels, chests of golden ingots, masses of pieces of eight, golden doubloons, ducats, ducatoons, and even pearls and other riches — awaiting the treasure-hunting seafarer lured by tattered charts to the tropical waters a few hundred miles off our shores in Haitien waters.

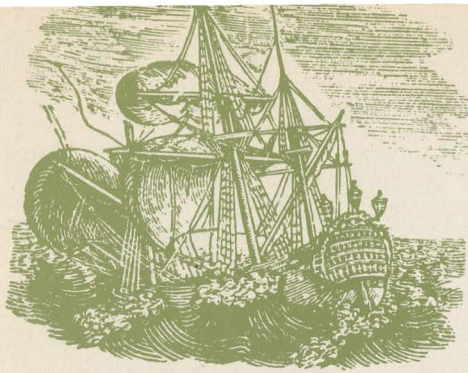
These romantic waters were the old haunts of pirates, buccaneers and adventurers. But there are dangers to be faced in these seas — sudden hurricanes, fever, barracudas, giant cephalopods, sharks and undersea rocky pinacles which can rip out the bottoms of salvage craft. Yet, to date, untold riches have been retrieved from the resting places of many of these long-

lost and disintegrated galleons and other craft.

In these treacherous waters, approximately four miles northeast of Cape Haitien, still lie the remains and precious treasure cargo of the famed galleon of Governor Francisco de Bobadilla, the *Golden Hinde*.

In the year 1502, Bobadilla, then governor of all Hispaniola, by appointment of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, was sent out west to inquire into the stewardship of Christopher Columbus. Jealous of the other's fame and recognition, the new governor speedily found pretext for humiliating the explorer.

Clapping him into chains, Bobadilla shipped Columbus back to Spain to be tried for disloyalty. Bobadilla hoped that that was the end of Columbus, and he set himself to gather gold and silver as quickly as possible. Following his orders, his underlings stopped at no cruelties and tortures in forcing the Indian natives to produce the coveted metal from their inland streams and mountains.



The fiendish measures adopted will forever be a black mark in the history of Spain, for it is enough to say that he cut off the hands or otherwise tortured and mutilated the *caciques* who failed to bring in the official quota of metals, among them the faithful and beautiful female chieftain, Anacaona and her young daughter. He ordered both of them to be first tortured, then finally hanged.

Francisco de Bobadilla wanted gold and silver treasure and he wanted it fast. And the torture and mutilations of the unfortunate Indians established a high mark in human cruelty. Las Casas, himself a Jesuit bishop, declared that the Spaniards annihilated 40,000,000 Indians within half a century. Mutilations, beatings and tortures were the rule for anybody who wouldn't contribute to Bobadilla's treasure store.

Among the ill-gotten treasure yielded to Bobadilla was a golden nugget, the largest that had ever been found, or has ever been found in Hispaniola since, weighing approximately sixty-one pounds. It was turned over by a rake in the hands of a poor Indian woman washing for gold in one of the little streams that fertilize the island.

This huge nugget, together with other gold amounting altogether to about 300,000 *castellanos*, equal in fine metal today to approximately one million dollars, was shipped on the fleet which was about to sail for the homeland, Spain. Well might Francisco de Bobadilla gloat over this astonishing fortune and hurry preparations for a speedy return to the old country to receive the honors — and share the loot — from a grateful monarch.

Aboard the largest galleon of the fleet was stowed the wondrous nugget and the bulk of the accumulated treasure. All was ready for departure, when into the peaceful sunlit harbor of Santo Domingo, slipped the head vessel of a weather-beaten, inward-bound fleet. Christopher Columbus, now no longer in chains, was aboard. He had been restored to favor at the Spanish Court and was bound on new adventures and discoveries.

Columbus was a most generous man. When he saw his old enemy weighing anchor, he sent word to the *Golden Hinde* that bad weather was imminent. Pilots and captains of Bobadilla's fleet scoffed at the old explorer's warning.

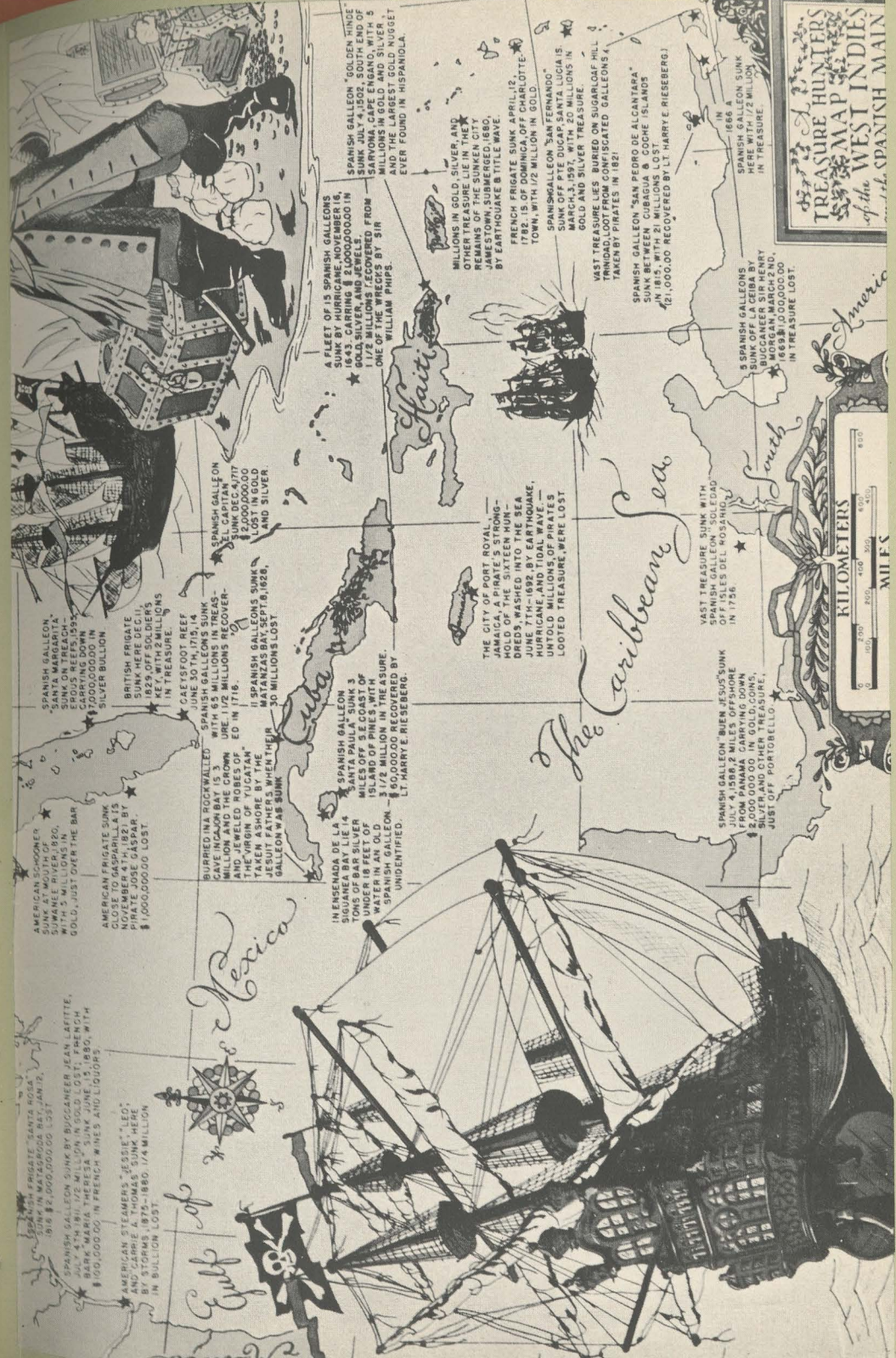
Bobadilla, with a scornful glance at the calm sea, said to the messenger: "Tell your master that I am not so easily tricked with staying here."

As the messenger went over the side of his flagship, Bobadilla gave the signal to sail. The anchors rattled up, the breeze swelled the canvas. With the land breeze swelling the flagship's white sails, the big-bellied *Golden Hinde* glided out of the harbor and swept grandly over the horizon on July 4, 1502.

But Columbus had been right. Within a few hours there arose a strong wind, and a mighty hurricane smote down upon the stately galleon and her accompanying flotilla of treasure-laden craft. In the fury of the elements, the *Golden Hinde*, helpless and battered, plunged to her doom, with all aboard going down.

So, somewhere off the east coast of Santo Domingo, in not any great depth of water — probably in some twenty feet of water — lie the remains of the *Golden Hinde's* treasure cargo, strewn with the bones of gallant men weighted down with a billion dollars' worth of real treasure in golden ingots and other riches, plus the wondrous nugget of gold.

There the *Golden Hinde* will lie until the sea gives up its dead, unless some fortunate salvor and treasure-hunter — by sheer chance — strikes upon her resting place and recovers her fabulous long-lost hoard!



25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Return Requested

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AT NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ad Vitam Aeternum

I saw him as he sailed
Toward me o'er the sea.
With urgency and love
He came to me.
Day dawned
And I was young.

I saw him as he sailed
Westward o'er the sea.
With seabound life and love,
He went from me.
Night fell
And I was old.

Barbara Bennett Stiles

