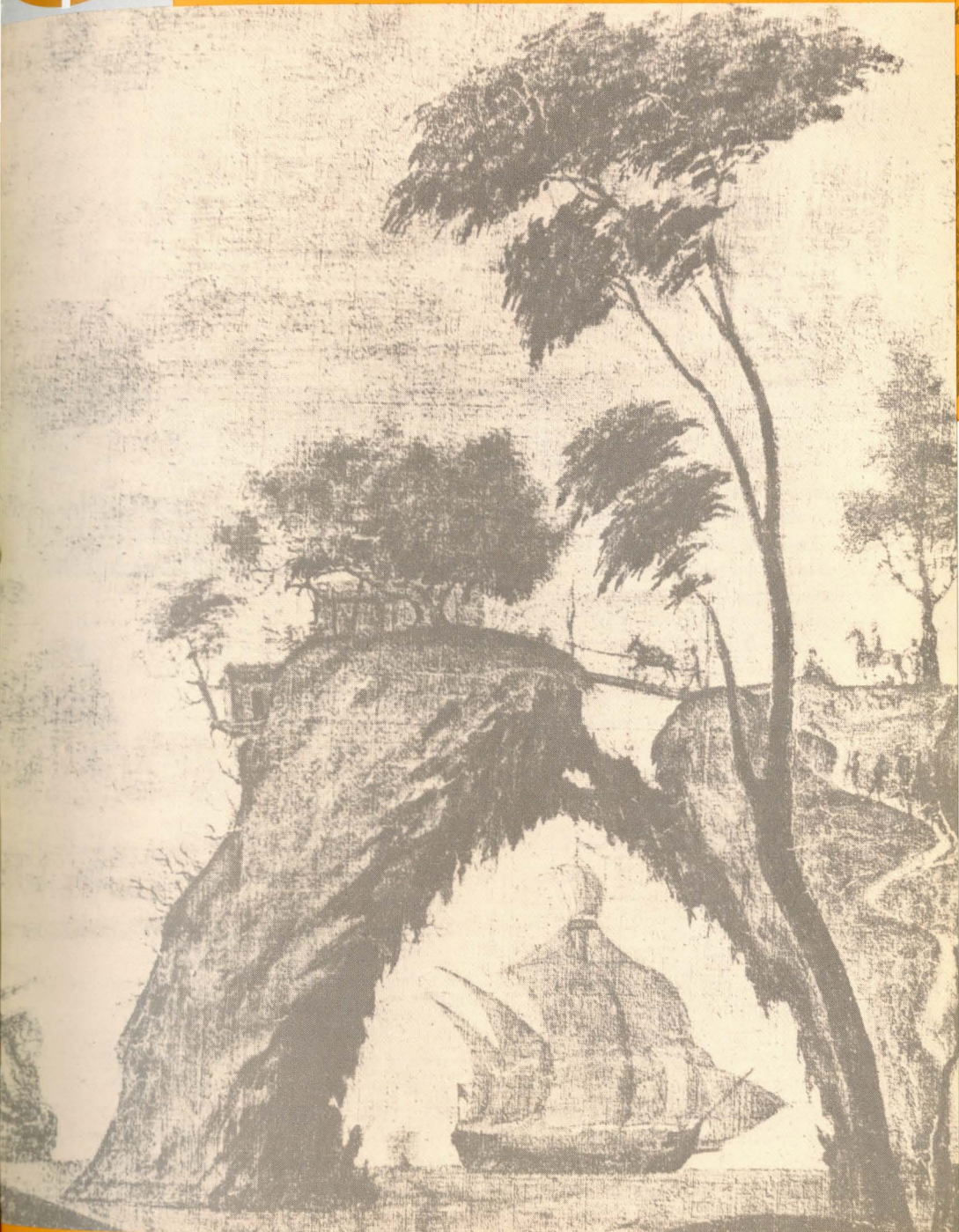




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



OCTOBER 1972

THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

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.

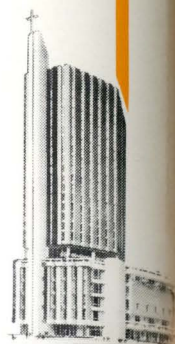
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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.

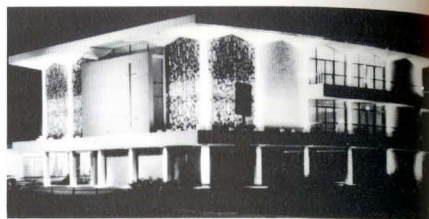
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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 and designed, operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted at night) for games between ship teams.

Although 55% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

Vol. 63 No. 8

October 1972

Copyright 1972

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
15 State Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
Telephone: 269-2710

The Right Reverend
Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D.
Honorary President

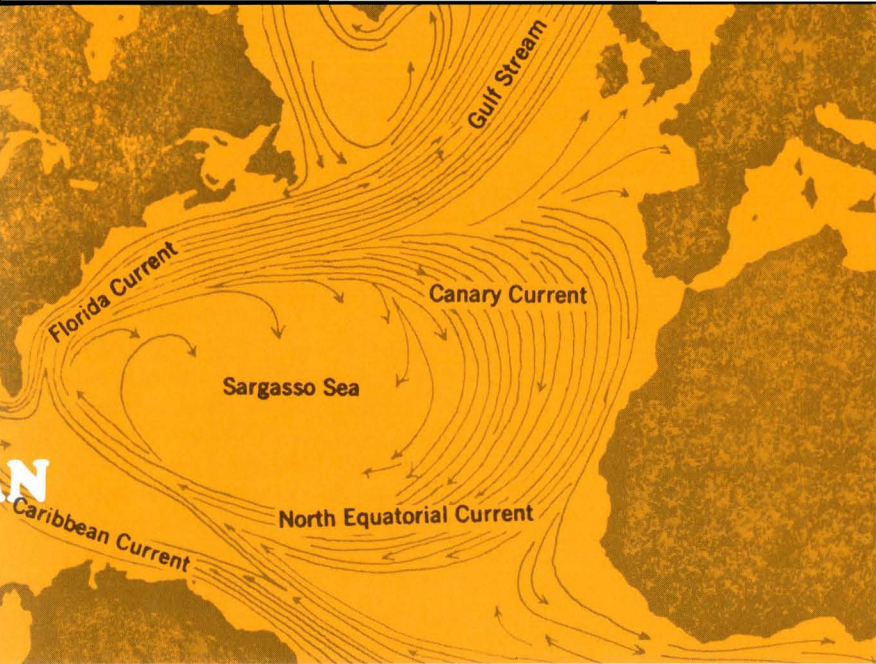
John G. Winslow
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.
Director

Harold G. Petersen
Editor

Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

SEA OF NO RETURN



In 1869 an orphan named Elisha Thompson shipped as cabin boy on the *J. G. Norwood*. Months later he was the only living person on the ship as it drifted in the Sargasso Sea. His ship was trapped in thick, smelly seaweed that covered the water as far as he could see.

Scattered throughout the seaweed were vessels of every type in various stages of decay. When his food ran low, young Elisha walked across the seaweed to the nearest ship where he subsisted for several weeks more. Going from one wreck to another he survived for months on the floating weeds.

He identified the steamer *City of Boston* and found the long-missing American war sloop *Wasp* and copied several entries from the log of this vessel. Finally he fashioned a small boat from bits and pieces of the other ships, drifted free of the seaweed, and was picked up by a passing ship. On his return to England he recorded his adventures which were discovered after his death in 1899.

The exaggerated fantasy of a superstitious sailor? Possibly. Tales of ships being trapped and rotting in the Sargasso Sea have existed for centuries.

But the fact remains that he shipped on the *J. G. Norwood* and he returned while the ship didn't. And the Sargasso Sea is a very real body of water.

Roughly elliptical in shape, its boundaries reach from 20 to 35 degrees North latitude and from the Azores to the West Indies. Taking its name from the great masses of *Sargassum* or gulfweed floating in it, it exists in that relatively still area of water around which the Gulf Stream flows.

Gulfweed contains many small pods. In Portuguese the word *salgazo* means small grapes, hence *sargassum*.

The first record of this sea occurs in Columbus' writings. During his first voyage to the New World he spent two weeks getting through it. But he knew of it beforehand, possibly from tales passed by word of mouth from the Carthaginians who were believed to have encountered it in 530 B.C.

In this area, during the past century, more than forty ships and twenty airplanes have disappeared completely.

By grouping the disappearances in three categories we can partially explain some of them.

First, sailing ships. Having only the wind for power, these craft were easily

by Captain Walt Jaffee

trapped in the great masses of seaweed floating in this area. The era of the sailing ship passed before the advent of the radio. Many ships could have encountered natural marine disasters without being able to notify anyone.

Then, too, because of a lack of scientific knowledge, sailing ship men were naturally superstitious. This no doubt fed many of the yarns spread upon the Sargasso Sea. Still strange things happened that offer little or no explanation.

The famous *Mary Celeste* was found drifting a few hundred miles east of the Azores on November 4, 1872. There was no sign of trouble and yet not a soul was left on board. Her last recorded position placed her 100 miles west of the Azores, in the Sargasso Sea.

In July of 1884 the British vessel *Anik* found a ship adrift in the Sargasso Sea. Its decks were strewn with the bodies of the passengers and crew, all in a bad state of decomposition. The vessel was so badly rotted she couldn't be identified.

On January 31, 1880 the British frigate *Atlanta* sailed from Bermuda for England. She carried 290 in her crew and cadets in training. The weather was known to be clear and moderate and yet she was never seen nor heard from again.

The most difficult group of disappearances to explain is that of steam vessels. With hundreds and even thousands of horsepower and knife-bladed propellers, they can easily push or cut their way through gulfweed. Equipped with radios, they should be able to contact the shore for aid or send a message of some sort. And yet . . .

On March 4, 1918 the *USS Cyclops* sailed from Barbados for Norfolk. She was a Navy steamer 500 feet long. Her passengers and crew numbered 309. She carried a cargo of 10,800 tons of manganese ore. She vanished. The official Navy investigation of the incident said, in part, "The disappearance of this ship has been one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of the Navy."

In 1925 the freighter *SS Cotopaxi* sailed from Charleston for Havana. She disappeared without a trace.

In 1926 the steamer *Suduffco* sailed from Port Newark and was never seen or heard from again.

In June of 1950 the *Sandra* sailed from Savannah for Puerto Cabello, Venezuela. She carried three hundred tons of insecticide. She was sighted off Jacksonville and later St. Augustine. Then she disappeared.

On February 2, 1963, the *Marine Sulphur Queen*, a 554-foot tanker carrying liquid sulfur sailed from Beaumont, Texas for Norfolk. She carried a crew of 39. Her cargo was kept liquid by heating it to 265 degrees Fahrenheit and was thought not to be unusually dangerous. On February 3 she radioed her position as being off Dry Tortugas. She then disappeared.

On May 21, 1968, the submarine *USS Scorpion* radioed its midnight position as being 250 miles west of the Azores. This was the last contact with her. In spite of an extensive search, she was never seen again.

The forty aircraft that have disappeared in this area have been partially explained away by "clear air turbulence," a natural phenomenon which is only beginning to be understood.

Clear air turbulence could explain the missing aircraft. One pilot, Dick Stern, has experienced it and survived. In 1944 while flying from Bermuda to Italy in a group of seven bombers, his plane was suddenly flipped over in mid-air.

By the time he recovered and had the craft righted, they were skimming the wavetops. He returned to base with one other plane. The remaining five vanished.

There has to be an explanation. We live in a scientific age. Seaweed and superstition, lack of communication can account for sailing ships. Clear air turbulence might explain the aircraft. But then you have the steamers. What about all those steamships?

I, NEPTUNE,

*being the true and rightful Monarch
of all the oceans
and of all the creatures that dwell therein
hereby bestow
THE FREEDOM of the SEVEN SEAS
upon that noble and gallant mariner*

*who has crossed that line,
called the Equator,
which divides our hemispheres.
Let all who owe me allegiance
allow the above-named to pass
without let or hindrance
in pursuit of that which is truly pleasing.*

Date _____

Master _____

Ship _____



CROSSING THE LINE *by Cecil Kent*

The Equator is an imaginary large circle around the Earth, every point of which is 90 degrees from the earth's poles and divides the northern from the southern hemisphere. It is from this circle that the latitude of places north and south is reckoned.

In the past, probably more so than today, a ceremony was held on board ships when they crossed the Equator. All those persons, either passengers or seamen, who were "Crossing the Line"

for the first time underwent a somewhat alarming ritual.

The "characters" involved were crew members suitably dressed. One was a King Neptune, usually a portly man, draped in bunting and clothing encrusted with barnacles. On his head he wore a crown and had a flowing beard made of cotton wool, if no bearded man suitable for the part was aboard. In his hand he carried a trident.

His assistant was Amphitrite, usu-

ally a muscular man wearing an obviously artificial head of hair made from anything that could be woven into wig-shape. On his chest was strapped a massive "bosom," comprising two balloons if available or a padded bra secured from somewhere unknown.

Other people acting in support were a barber armed with an enormous "razor," a surgeon complete with "instruments," guards and nymphs to aid any of these if the "first-timers" proved undesirable of undergoing the ceremony.

This company, headed by the King, paraded the ship in procession, striking terror into all persons who had heard rumors about what was forthcoming. After parading, the "court" was held on the fo'c'sle in front of a canvas bath or similar item that contained water.

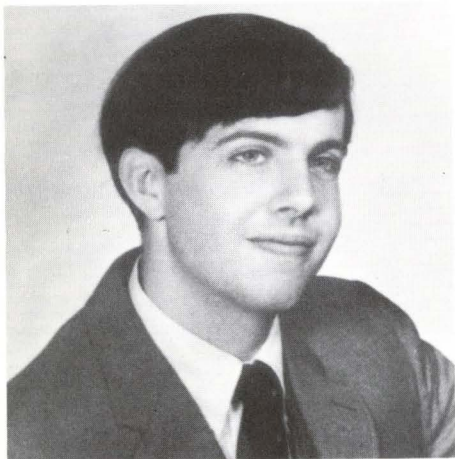
A "first-timer" was seized, placed in a chair or on a table while the "surgeon" operated and the "barber" shaved, using liberal amounts of foaming suds and detergent floss, which covered all and sundry watching as well as victim and participants. After much

slapstick the victim was tipped backwards into the bath.

But before he had time to recover his wits and escape he was seized again by the nymphs and guards who accorded the victim a number of dunkings. Then another "first-timer" was hauled in front of the "court" and underwent his or her initiation.

If the vessel was a passenger-carrying liner much of the custom would take place in the swimming pool into which all would be tossed at the end of the ceremony, there sometimes then being a chance for the victims to get slight revenge on King Neptune and his court if they could be caught before they made themselves scarce.

Sometimes the "first-timers" were issued a certificate stating they had undergone the "Crossing the Line" ceremony. It was advisable to carry this next time anyone went on a ship that crossed the Equator, just in case the new King Neptune and his court disbelieved that a passenger had in fact been initiated previously.



GIVEN PILOT CERTIFICATE

The youthful appearance of seaman (change to captain) James V. Piner of Morehead City, N. C., belies his extensive experience on the water.

He has now completed (one of the first such students) the inland water and coastal pilot course at SCI and as a result is now piloting vessels on the Beaufort Inlet channel to Morehead City and Beaufort.

Previous to acquiring his pilot license he was master of the Beaufort pilot vessel for three years and had 2,000 logged hours on tug vessels.

kaleidoscope



A group of Sea Cadets toured the Institute building recently. The Cadets are composed of junior and senior high school boys organized under auspices of the Navy. The boys were given some Navy indoctrination by spending several weeks cruising aboard the destroyer USS Moale as guests, but none is a Navy enlistee. Most of the Cadets are from Long Island.



SEAMAN BECOMES AUTHOR

Once a seaman not always a seaman and sometimes he might metamorphose into a writer and even into a publisher.

Wilfred J. Kelly of Providence, R.I. was a seaman and attended the wartime Sheepshead Bay U. S. Maritime Service Institute in 1943. He also knew the old South Street SCI very well, he says, and joined some of the painting classes held there back in 1950 while staying at the Institute between trips to sea.

One day, while at sea a few years ago (he sometimes shipped as a Second or Third Mate), an idea came to him for a children's book. So he wrote a story (told in old-fashioned style) which is now on

sale as a booklet in most of the Rhode Island bookshops and found in many libraries of the state.

The booklet is titled "The Thread-Needle Story" and is about a young inventor named George-who-meets-girl and is enabled to marry-girl-and-live-happily-ever-after because he solves three tasks having to do with needles.

Book reviewers have praised the story for the manner of its telling and its quaint charm.

In order to market the book Mr. Kelly (M. M. McCarthy is his pen-name) has formed the Sound Publishing Company in Providence.

Yes, Sailors ARE Superstitious



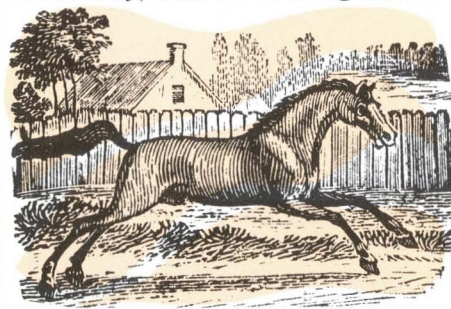
by A. Irwin

Sailors reckon warships named after reptiles are unlucky. Call them superstitious if you like, but, in fact, a series of disasters goes to show how right they are!

All told, the British Navy has lost four *Vipers*, four *Serpents*, three *Lizards*, two *Snakes*, one *Adder*, one *Crocodile* and one *Cobra*. A general outcry against christening a submarine *Python* forced the authorities to bow to superstition. She hit the water as *Pandora*.

A change of name is supposed to be unlucky. Many years ago, when the United States Maritime Commission wanted to re-christen five of the "Ugly Duckling" ships after the Canadian Dionne quintuplets, the suggestion met with fierce opposition and had to be abandoned.

Christening a ship by breaking a bottle of wine over its bow is centuries old. In Brittany, where a human godfather



and godmother are chosen for the newly-launched ship, good fortune is supposed to smile on her.

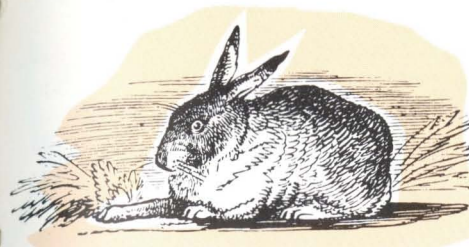
A legacy of windjammer days, the behavior of seabirds was a sure guide to future weather conditions. Albatross or Mother Carey's chickens flying close to the water meant "storm," but if they were following a ship it meant "winds."

For killing a seabird, a storm would follow, and for it to take place on board ship was simply courting disaster. No doubt this was due to a belief that the souls of dead seamen returned to the sea as seabirds.



Women versed in witchcraft made the most of the old shellback's credulity. Crossing the palm with silver was one way to be blessed with fair winds. Sailors sometimes purchased a handkerchief knotted in four corners which represented the main points of the compass. By undoing the appropriate knot, wind from that direction would be released. If this failed, the sailor was usually blamed for untying the wrong knot.

To the old salt, almost every incident at sea was an omen of one kind or another. To sneeze on the right was good but on the left foreshadowed bad luck. Losing the smallest thing overboard or tearing the ship's colors were bad signs, but to pass a flag through the



rungs of a ladder was nothing short of calamitous.

Pigs and horses were considered lucky but a hare straying on board indicated trouble ahead. Rats were good friends. The warning—the rats always desert a ship before disaster overtakes it—has become proverbial.

Even talking about snakes was barred, and for them to be brought on board foretold shipwreck. Rabbits and black cats also brought misfortune.

Women were generally regarded with disfavor if on board, but if a child was born at sea the ship would be blessed throughout its voyage. Shipmates had to be chosen with care. Whilst bow-legged seamen made fortunate companions, Finnish sailors had to be treated with the utmost respect as they were supposed to hold some uncanny will-power over the elements.

An absolute faith in charms and luck-bringers characterized the true mariner of old. Salt carried in the pocket was one. An old coin hidden under the mast-step another. Some American sailors would refuse to embark on a voyage unless there was a mascot on board.

Perhaps the most sought-after charm was a human caul—the little hood of skin which envelops a newborn infant. This object, dried and suspended in a bag round the neck, was reputed to be a first-class protection against drowning. Cauls were advertised in newspapers and fetched about sixty dollars.

Fishermen are perhaps the most superstitious of all seamen. They cling to the beliefs long forgotten by deep-sea sailors. For instance, a fishing-boat leaving harbor must not turn against the sun or she might as well abandon her trip at once.

Nobody on board must start eating a fish from the tail; he must start at the gills and work backwards towards the tail. They believe that a fine catch will be certain if they have a quarrel just before putting to sea.

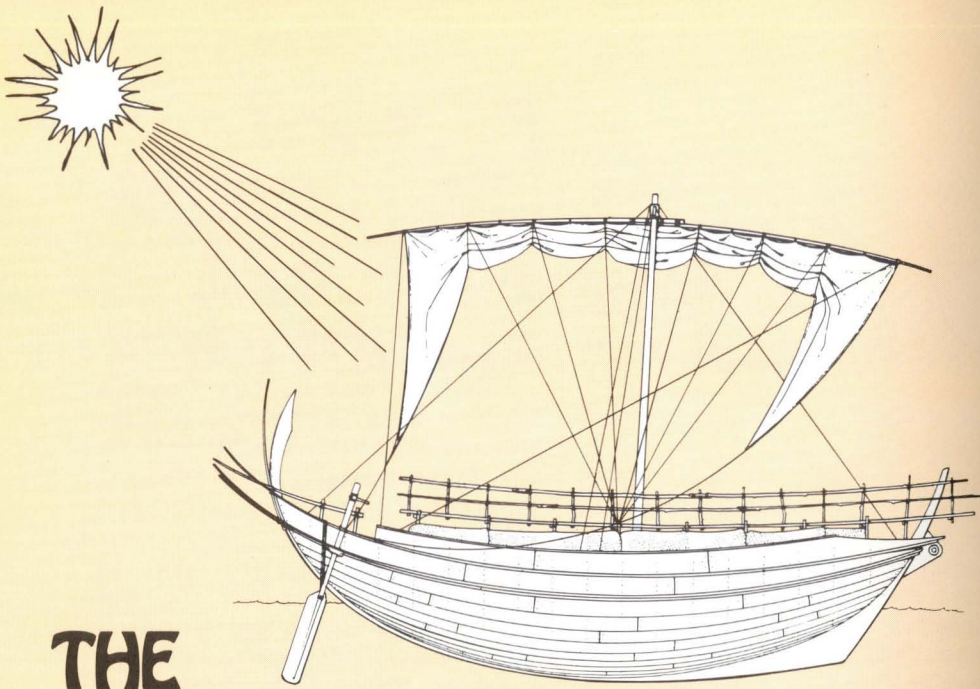
Perhaps one of the oldest objections is having thirteen in a crew. This was undoubtedly due to thirteen being present at the Last Supper; also, sailing on a Friday which in pre-Reformation days was a fast day. The devout sailor thought he was entitled to get drunk on Friday, his last day ashore; especially if he went to church first. Anyone who sailed on such a day would most certainly come to a bad end.

Today, coasters, tugs and trawlers



carry a crew of thirteen and many of the large shipping firms make Friday a regular sailing day. Mind you, there is good reason for some of these superstitious beliefs being handed down through the ages.

For instance, a century ago the British Navy decided to overcome the sailor's superstitious belief that Friday was an unlucky day for sailing. A ship called *Friday*, and skippered by a man named Friday, began her maiden voyage on a Friday—to be lost with all hands!



THE PHOENICIAN STAR

by R. D. Rives

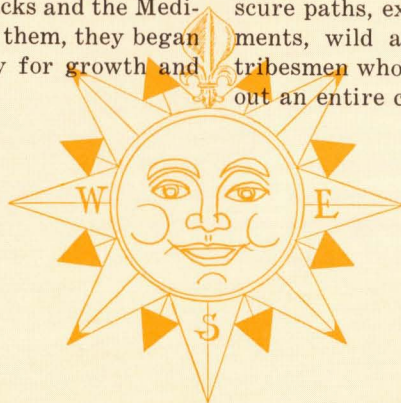
The North Star has been a point of interest and an aid to navigation long before recorded history, the ancient Phoenicians being the first to discover its potential and use it. When they did, it changed the whole concept of commercial trade by water.

The saga of these half-barbaric seafarers is a phenomenal one for it is a story on which modern civilization is based.

Living on a narrow strip of land about one hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, with the Lebanese mountains at their backs and the Mediterranean Sea facing them, they began sailing as a necessity for growth and survival.

Too, their country was never united under a single centralized government. Each city had its own king and was constantly at war with each other. This made them easy prey for other invading nations. When conquered by foreign armies of conquest, tribute was demanded in gold, silver, slaves, and the prized hardwoods of the Lebanese mountains which had to be delivered to the conqueror.

This presented problems of transport. Travelers through the mountains were exposed to boulder-strewn and obscure paths, excessive heights, the elements, wild animals, and marauding tribesmen who did not hesitate to wipe out an entire caravan for the spoils.



The Phoenicians, being a practical and resourceful people, turned to the sea.

At first their excursions were made in crude boats that they sailed during the day and beached at night.

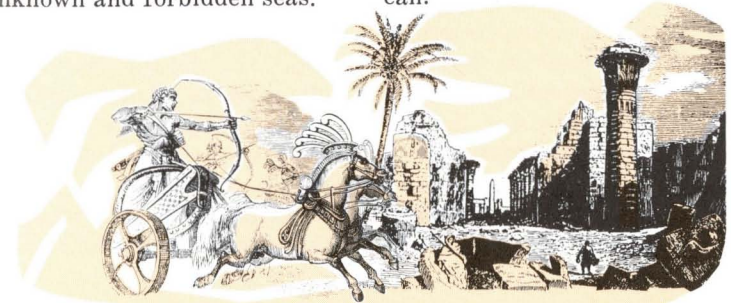
Then they discovered the "fixed" position of the North Star. So significant was this discovery that it not only made them the most proficient navigators of the ancient world, but left such a mark on methods of navigation that centuries later the Greeks called it "the Phoenician Star."

With their newly-discovered star position as a guide, these rugged mariners began to extend their voyages across unknown and forbidden seas.

To begin such a venture must have taken tremendous courage for the superstitious, pagan sailors; but courage they had and they sailed boldly forth to find other lands.

The new sea routes took them to Cyprus, Crete, and then to Spain. With further daring they reached the Azores and a strange land known today as Great Britain.

At each new site they left colonies behind them. In Spain they mined silver. In Great Britain they discovered tin. Phoenician cities such as Sidon, Tyre, and Byblos reached heights of importance; and Tyre became the greatest trading center of the Mediterranean.





At a much later time in history, Phoenician navigators sailed the African Coast under the direction of Necho, Pharaoh of Egypt, and found much to their amazement that the continent was surrounded by water.

This African journey took them almost three years to complete. While trading with the native tribes for such items as ivory, gold, and slaves in exchange for cloth, pottery, and glass beads, they proved themselves self-sufficient as well. They stopped at seasonal intervals to grow grain along the way for supplies until they reached another settlement.

Their sea voyages contain another point of interest. In the period during their contact with other countries, civilization made a final leap into recorded history. Not only did the Phoenicians spread the news of the known world; they were instrumental in bringing about an interchange of ideas and inventions between nations. Among them and by far the most important was the alphabet.

Some scholars credit the Phoenicians with the invention of the phonetic al-

phabet and passing it on to the Greeks; others give credit to the Syrians. No one really knows. Only by small fragments of clay and stone found by archeologists can their story be pieced together with many a missing link. Nevertheless, they improved it and spread the knowledge of alphabetic writing, thereby winning eternal glory for themselves. The alphabet was used by them as early as 1300 B.C.

Although not recognized as creative artists, the Phoenicians furthermore perfected industrial arts to a high degree and were renowned as artisans. Their gold and silver vessels, bowls and goblets, adorned the table of many a foreign power, as artifacts will testify.

Glassware, the famous purple dyes of Tyre, pottery, and metal work were of such excellent quality and craftsmanship that King Hiram of Tyre furnished fine materials for another well-known and famous monarch, King Solomon. Into his renowned palace and temple in Jerusalem went the finest cedar and the most beautiful furnishings produced by the skilled workers of Phoenicia.

Besieged down through the centuries, first by the Egyptians and followed by the Assyrians under Nebuchadnezzar, then the Chaldeans with many invasions between, Phoenicia gradually lost its identity.

After Tyre, its last great city, fell before the onslaught of Cyrus the Great, it experienced a revival and flourished until the powerful Persian rule was broken by Alexander of Macedonia.

It ceased to exist as a nation when in 64 B.C. Pompey of Rome incorporated it into Syria; but it will always hold its "fixed position" in the annals of history for its contribution of "the Phoenician Star" and the alphabet.

FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF
THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
MYSTIC SEAPORT
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

WHALING:

A Profession of the Past

by Cole Levenson

Reprinted from
The Bulletin of the U. S. Naval
Oceanographic Office

"Going On" (Mural painting by Thos. Peterson)

"There is no single peaceful influence which has operated more potentially upon the whole broad world . . . than the high and mighty business of whaling. The whale ship has been the pioneer in ferreting out the remotest and least known ports of the earth — (exploring) sea and archipelagoes which had no chart, where no Cook or Vancouver had ever sailed. (The Spanish provinces west of) Cape Horn . . . Australia . . . Polynesia . . . Japan — they were all given to the enlightened world by whalers."

With these words, Herman Melville in his great classic, *Moby Dick*, described the effect of whaling on our

knowledge of the world. On December 15, 1971, three small hunter ships returned to port for the last time. Their return marks the end of the whaling industry in the United States. An industry, once the largest in the world, that roamed the oceans in search of the great whales, the largest animal that has ever inhabited the earth.

Melville's prophetic question of "whether Leviathan can long ensure so wide a chase and so remorseless a havoc?" has been answered. He cannot!

Today the great whales are in danger of extinction. They are the victim's of man's disregard for the most elemental of conservation principles, the maxi-

mum sustainable yield. Simply stated, this principle says no more animals should be killed than can be replaced by the remaining population.

Adherence to this tenet guarantees a constant source of protein and economic gain for all time. Conversely, when more are killed than can be replaced, eventually the population is destroyed.

During the halcyon days of whaling in the 18th and 19th centuries when ships sailed the seven seas on voyages of up to 3 years in search of sperm and right whales, the average catch was less than 90 whales for an entire voyage.

Today, a modern whaling fleet can catch and process that amount *in less than a week*. Whales today are hunted with fast steam-powered hunter ships equipped with 90 mm harpoon cannons tipped with explosive charges.

The whales are relentlessly tracked on sonar gear, enabling the hunter ship to be in position waiting to deliver the fatal shot when the whales surface to breathe. Whales are defenseless against these techniques and weapons which are fast bringing them to the brink of extinction.

The facts chronicled by the Bureau of International Whaling Statistics since 1920 are there for all to see. In the past decade, the yield of whale oil has dropped from more than 2,000,000 barrels per year to less than 400,000 in the 1969-70 whaling season.

This reflects the fact that fewer whales are being caught and those caught are smaller, thereby reducing the yield drastically.

As recently as 12 years ago, over 56% of whales were caught in the Antarctic fishing grounds, once the world's richest whaling area. Today, less than 10% of the world's catch are harvested from these once productive grounds.

During the past 25 years, over 60,000 blue whales, (the largest mammal that has ever lived), 15,000 humpbacks, 440,000 fins, and 100,000 sperm whales

have been killed in the Antarctic alone!

Over 76,000 sei whales, previously little hunted because of their low oil yield, have been killed in the Antarctic during the past 12 years! The result is that more whales have been killed in the past quarter century than in the previous 100 years.

Now the well is running dry. Leviathan's numbers are dropping drastically.

The need to control the whaling catch was recognized in 1931 by the League of Nations when an international conference adopted the concept of a limited catch. Except for some limited agreements between nations concerning size limits and fishing seasons, no limitations on catch were imposed until 1944 when a limit of 16,000 blue whale units was set.

This unit, one of the major causes of the rapid depletion of whale stocks, is based on the amount of oil that can be recovered from a whale carcass.

Under this system, one blue whale is equivalent to two fin whales, 2.5 humpbacks, or 6 sei whales. The obvious result of this system was the decimation of stock unable to stand the hunting pressure. When the whaler could no longer find the blue whale, he could kill, for example, 6 sei whales to fulfill his quota.

Curiously, this quota, which so blatantly flouts the rules of conservation, is still in effect today although the blue whale unit quota for 1969 had fallen to 3,500.

If they fail to stop, and soon, then Milton's Leviathan in *Paradise Lost* . . . "Hugest of living Creatures in the deep, stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims, and seems a moving land; and as at firs, drawn in, and at his breath — spouts out a sea! That beast Leviathan, which God of all his works created hugest that swim the ocean stream," will cease to exist.

Moby Dick and his mates will be no more.



SHADES OF MOBY DICK

(Lines composed after inspecting the old whale boat at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.)

Off they sailed on a three-year trip
To hunt for whales as big as their
ship —

To capture the mammoths (for profit,
for sport)
And barrel the sperm oil and lug it
to port.

"Thar she blows, mates . . . steady,
lads, steady . . .
Lower away, then . . . harpooner, ready!"

The harpoon is hurled; an ecstatic
shout

As the iron meets its mark and the
rope travels out;

Tight lips and bugged eyes . . .
a perilous ride

As the great hulk is finally hauled
alongside.

Winch it up, carve, eviscerate,
boil;

Draw off and barrel the harvest of
oil!

A score of men bunked in one end of
the hold,
They stifled in heat, they shivered
in cold;

They ate what they had, they washed
when they could,
They scratched and they griped where
it did the most good.

A hundred a year might be their
compensation —
And no five-day week, no three-week
vacation.

Then why did they sign? Why did they
indenture
Themselves for this rigor? The answer —
Adventure!

"Thar she blows!" — At the words,
they forgot dirt and sorrow;
Yesterday vanished, there was no
tomorrow;

This was all life — the gloom and
the rapture:
The chase of the quarry . . . the danger . . .
the capture!

A. S. Flaumenhaft

15 State Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS PERMIT NO. 100
AT NEW YORK, N. Y.

RIDDLE

My horizon is land-locked
but the spell of the sea
holds me in thrall:

Was my soul in tune
with the wet winds
and the towering spray
at the dawn of time,
when the Voice spoke
and the seas parted
to let the dry land appear?
was I one
with the onrushing billows,
with the curve of the gulls
arching over lonely sands?
was the elemental grandeur
of the deep,
spawning life a millennium ago,
my cradle?

Why else do snow-capped peaks
on which I gaze
resemble the surf
caught immobile
in a fragment of time?

Kay Wissinger

