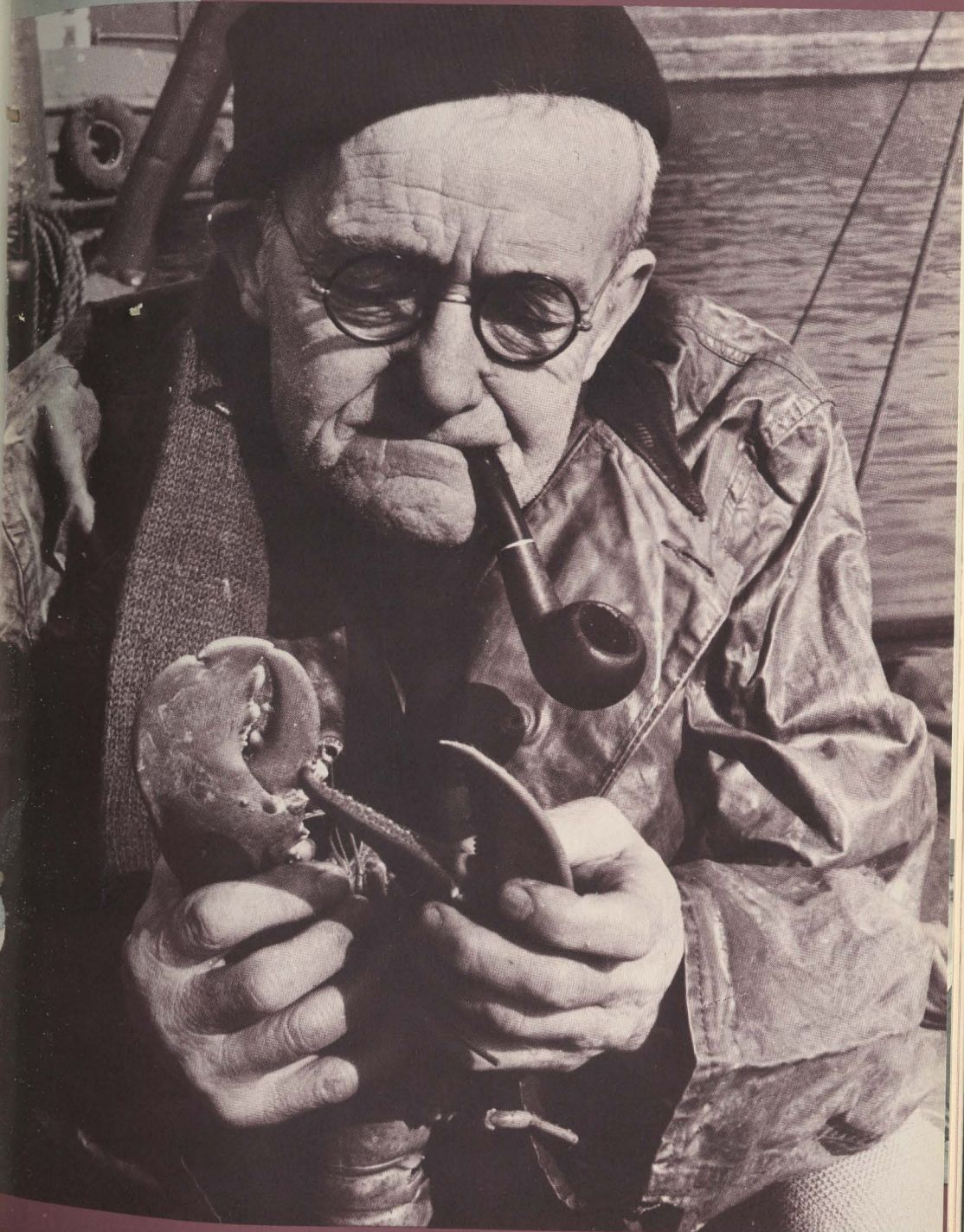




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1962



MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 53, No. 6 NOVEMBER 1962

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710
The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President
Franklin E. Vilas
President
The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director
Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

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COVER: Seaman Walter Ellis remembers the transition from sail to steam, when bowsprits of sail ships broke windows of buildings along South Street, and much more romance of the sea. Now a resident of SCI, Cap'n Walt introduces a new page of activities for children. Photo by the editor.



seaman of the month

► Billy Day

There is a certain Homeric breed of young men, gifted with strong, questing intelligence, great physical vitality and an urge to understand the world through the eyes of many of its peoples. Such a young man is 24-year-old seaman Billy Day from Austin, Texas.

High on the list of graduating high school seniors, Billy went on to become a psychology major at the University of Texas, was elected student body vice president, won every poetry award in student, national and international competitions.

An honor student with India ink running in his veins, however, (his father is pressman with the *American-Statesman*) Billy let his formal education take a back seat to wanderlust and interest in people, began reportorial free-lancing by covering the Cuban revolution for Texas papers, including interview with Fidel Castro, and the Democratic National Convention in 1960.

In October of last year, a Texas newspaper carried an article about a University of Texas law student who was "off to sea again". This time Billy Day was on a journey that would take him to the pressure points of world politics.

Continued on page 15

Thirteen nervous and proud and well-scrubbed British seamen lined up at Port Newark last week, while flash bulbs popped and a tape-recorder blared "God Save the Queen", to receive the first Inter-Ship Football Championship Trophy awarded by SCI.

All members of the crew of freighter "S/S New York City", these 11 men competed against teams from 10 nations on the station's soccer field in a 109-game season.

A glistening brass-and-mahogany statuette, almost as tall as its recipient, team captain Bryan Hicks from Bristol, England, was presented by Mr. Lyle King, Director of the Port of New York Authority Department of Marine and Terminal, who remarked that Seamen's Center and its parent SCI were the most outstanding in all of New York. "We are proud of what the SCI has done for these men through their Port Newark Station," he concluded.

The articulate 5'3" captain responded by admitting that having a team on board the ship had kept the crew together. "None of this would have been possible, however," he continued, "if the Seamen's Center had not provided floodlights to make night games possible. This permitted playing outside of regular working hours. Our contacts here now established will be long maintained."

The Rev. John M. Mulligan discussed Port Newark Station development, adding that "this operation is so important that we are making plans for a major expansion which will treble the capacity of this present facility. Seamen from every nation will be coming here in increasing numbers as the Port expands, and we must make them welcome in every way."

Mr. C. P. Oaten, manager of Charles Hill & Sons, Inc., New York operators of the Bristol City Line, read the congratulations to the team stated in a telegram from England.

Seamen from Holland, Germany, Greece, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Turkey, Spain and Italy have scrimmaged on the soccer field, often scraping away the ice and snow to continue their contests. Holland-America Lines liner "Rotterdam" team, boasting 21 points, was runner-up for the award, while New Zealand Lines' "Whangaroa" placed third.

Participating in the presentations were SCI's Chaplain Basil Hollas, Captain Jorgen Borge, Director of Seamen's Center and Thor Dahl, Warden. Also present was SCI Board Member W. Lawrence McLane.

Flowers, bowls of fruit, and autumn foliage provided visual effect for the buffet which followed for guests and most of the enthusiastic crew of the British ship. It was a memorable evening as was reflected in the faces of the crew and in a passing comment from Chaplain Hollas . . . "This is truly God's work."

INTER-SHIP CHAMPS—
Bryan Hicks, left, captain of victorious team from British freighter "S/S New York City" receives SCI Championship Football Trophy from Lyle King, Director of the Port of N. Y. Authority's Dept. of Marine and Terminal at Port Newark Center. Ship team scored 26 points in 9-nation competition. Photo by Newark Daily News. See Kaleidoscope for more pictures of event.



OPERATION DIRTY HANDS



Forbidden near populous communities, the huge oil tanker with its dangerous and flammable cargo is forced to dock at remote places, dutifully pumping the 'blood' into arteries of the industrial giant that is New York. Tankermen, overlooked by every seamen's agency, desperately longed for someone interested in them as persons, willing to travel long distances to visit "at home", to be trusted and depended upon. This month SCI pioneers a service of friendship to this isolated navy in . . . Operation, Dirty Hands.

For some time the SCI Ship Visitation Service had been aware of one section of waterfront life which had been neglected—the oil tankers and the men who face constant danger in the pursuit of their jobs aboard them. We have now established a program of ship visitation, supplying these ships with books, magazines and newspapers . . . offering the men our shore-side services at Port Newark and at SCI headquarters.

Why this concern? Oil carriers are in the category of ships which are berthed at great distances from any populous waterfront area, often at almost inaccessible places, because of their dangerous and flammable cargoes.

In recent years, tankers have increased in size to a point where only special docks and harbor facilities can accommodate their enormous bulk. Mechanization has brought about shortened stays in any port; after two weeks at sea, the crew takes less than 24 hours to empty the entire cargo, sailing immediately for another distant oil port. The world's oil today is supplied from the former Dutch East Indies, the Middle East, Venezuela, and the southern United States.

Greater New York consumes one-hundred-thousand tons of oil, and oil derivatives daily, or the equivalent of the cargo in 4 or 5 large tankers. To meet this need, two hundred and fifty seamen arrive on tankers each day within the New York and New Jersey port area.

These men with dangerous callings are looking desperately for some contact with a seamen's agency, especially since they have so little time between arrival and departure.

They are searching for someone who is interested in them as persons, willing to conform to their erratic schedules. But most significantly, they need friends they can trust and depend upon.

This is where the Seamen's Church Institute, motivated to convey good will, friendship and Christian fellowship to men of these ships, figures in to this picture.

Because of the special requirements for this service, Mr. B. Tzanakis has been added to the staff. He speaks fluent Italian, Greek, Arabic and Spanish, and has an extensive background working with seamen, resolving their problems.

Mr. Tzanakis is now involved in our newly-developed tanker visiting program, extending from Perth Amboy and its environs to Weehawken on New Jersey's waterfront and four other installations on Staten Island. Because tankers are so rapidly dispatched in port, accurate timing and careful scheduling is essential to the program, and when and where these ships are to dock, must be established long in advance.

Before the sun is up, ships' visitors are motoring to the area with supplies of books and magazines.

"Because of the infancy of the program we are in a position to provide the most useful services to active American tankermen, and the majority of tankers contacted are of U. S. registry. As the program enlarges in scope, the much desired services will be made available to those tankers of foreign flags," predicts Captain Borge, director of the operation.

The tankerman appreciates this new service and his responses are genuine. Exchanges usually begin with a timidly offered hand. "You'll have to forgive my dirty hands, Captain Jorgen." Nevertheless, these hands always clasp.

The tanker project is a pioneering work, but the results are already reflected in the stronger friendships and understanding among the Seamen's Church Institute, its Port Newark Station, and the lonely men from tankers along the vast New York and New Jersey waterfronts.

In 1910 when horse-drawn street cars were a familiar sight on the streets of New York . . . the images of Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford and Mack Sennett flickered across silent movie screens . . . the figure of Mayor Gaynor appeared at city functions around town . . . a well-known and well-loved landmark disappeared from the lower Manhattan scene.

The Floating Church of Our Saviour . . . for over sixty-six years the spiritual home for seamen . . . held its last service at noon on Christmas Day, afterward to be dry-landed on Staten Island where it became All Saints' Episcopal Church until the little structure burned to the ground in 1958.

Before choosing a location for the future home of Seamen's Church Institute, the Building Committee considered carefully its future, as well as its present needs.

The new site, whatever neighborhood changes might occur, must al-

It would be of brick, stone and mortar, with tracery at the windows and panels in a geometric pattern, except for finials and rooftop turrets.

The facades on South Street and Coenties Slip would be faced with Stony Creek granite up to the level of the first-story sills. Above the granite up to and under the second-story sills, Indiana limestone would be used. The rest of the facade would be faced with Harvard brick, Flemish bond laid in diaper pattern.

Within the building it was dreamed there would be a church, hotel, seamen's savings department, baggage-room, post office, store, shipping office, reading, writing, entertainment and educational rooms. It would not be one institute but many, all housed under one roof.

And so, 1910 was a year of strenuous planning, considerable nerve strain for the gentlemen of the Building Committee. Dreams do not usually have easy births.



1910 . . . Old Floating Church disappears from New York Harbor.

ways be the center of deep-water shipping. For this reason, South Street, known the world over as the "Boulevard of Seamen", was chosen.

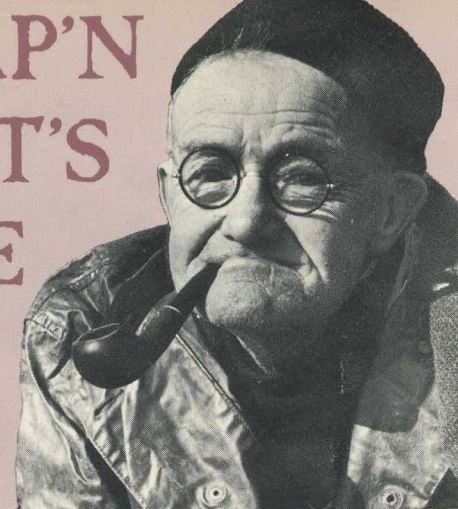
It was necessary to raise some \$700,000 for this project and throughout the year 1910 unceasing efforts were made to bring the dream into reality.

The building was to be a model of its kind throughout the world. It would be built in the Flemish style, or what was more commonly known as Dutch, in memory of the early Dutch pioneers who settled the lower tip of Manhattan.

Anyone who has ever been engaged in building, even in a minor way, knows the worries, delays, lack of money and the frustration attendant to such an undertaking. That is why we can sympathize with a gentle old Quaker whose religion would not permit him to make unpleasant remarks about a neighbor no matter how much the man irritated him and provoked his wrath. When able to contain himself from an outburst no longer, he heaped upon this man's head the severest malediction his conscience would permit.

"MAY THEE BUILD!"

CAP'N WALT'S PAGE



Alfa

Bravo

Charlie

Delta

Echo

Foxtrot

Golf

Hotel

India

I

Hey, boys and girls! These blustery days will give you plenty of time to begin memorizing the nautical code flag and alphabet. See if you can draw and label each one from memory. Can you make words? (*Answers, p. 15*)

II

If you want to be a captain, you've got to know the meanin' of these sailor's terms. There are answers on page 15, but don't peek yet. Are you a seaman first class, or can you be a skipper? Landlubbers, keep out!

1. "Thar she blows."
2. "Where away?"
3. "Two points off the starboard bow."
4. "Avast. All hands topside."
5. "Hook up your block and tackle."

III

A "widow's walk" is:

A path along the water where women wash their clothing
 A certain gait or step characteristic of women.
 Flat balconies or lookouts on top of New England houses where sailor's wives scan the sea in hope of seeing their husband's ship returning

Continued on page 15

Sailor's best friend...



"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail; "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail." — Lewis Carroll

If the dog is man's best friend, then the playful porpoise is the mermaids' and sailors' best friend, if credence can be placed in the volume of legends and chronicled stories about this perpetually-smiling caricature of man. Authenticated reports about his loyalty to drowning seamen, even instances of his pushing the drowning to the surface or shore have made this intelligent and playful member of the whale family the subject of sea chanties and stories.

Today with porpoises (or *dolphins*, as they are also called in the United States) living contentedly in great aquariums, the life cycle of the comic mammal is being observed, particularly since studies have revealed to the U. S. Navy that dolphins have highly-developed vocabularies, communicate among themselves. Their recorded squeaks, slowed down on records, resemble human speech patterns.

Courtship between ma and pa porpoise begins in the spring at the time every young porpoise's fancy turns to thoughts of love as the male postures and shows off before the female of his choice. She observes his antics indulgently, even affectionately pats

his head. When he becomes bolder, more ardent, she is apt to turn coquette and dart away.

The length of gestation, about the same as with the human mother, ends in the birth of one baby during the mother's one-half to two hours of labor, as the other females in the school swim closely by, assisting in mid-wifely chores. When junior is born, ma porpoise lashes at the cord with her teeth, and in the aftermath of blood, sharks are frequently attracted. That's when the loyal army of attendant females comes forward, challenging the sharks, as well as pa porpoise, who is often belligerent toward his youngsters, but rarely does he bite.

The fact that the porpoise is a mammal, and as such, air-breathing accounts for the way baby enters the world tail-first instead of head-first, as in the case with humans. A very necessary arrangement on the part of nature, for if the little porpoise were to be born head-first, it would drown before it could surface for air. If the birth is normal, the baby shoots to the surface for oxygen; if baby's delivery is difficult, the mother

and "attending" females push the infant, about one-third the mother's eight feet length, to the surface.

A porpoise giving birth to a dead infant will spend futile hours pushing it to the water line trying to make it breathe.

The new-born porpoise swims immediately below the mother's tail, feeding on the milk, six times higher in protein than that of any other mammal, oily and fishy tasting. Because of baby's need to swallow milk with air, nature has equipped the mother with organs to squirt the necessary amount of formula from her teat, enough for one gulp, so that baby can eat then dash to the surface for air.

Calves sleep beneath their mothers' tails, both mother and infant always moving, even when asleep, gently surfacing together to breathe and then submerging once more.

The lengthy devotion of mother to baby, lasting up to a year and a half, approaches only the higher mammals and man. During this time, she is accompanied by one male, one or two females, and their herd of young. If danger should come, the males pro-

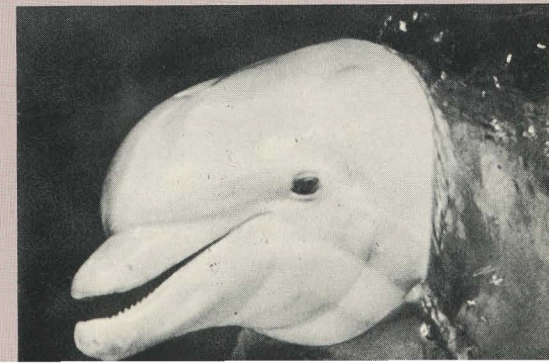
tectingly ring about the females and young in military fashion.

The devotion of porpoises to each other shows a high degree of sensitivity; males have been known to die of grief after losing their mates. Females have gone to their destruction on rocks in an attempt to join or rescue stranded mates; the distressed whistling of one of these creatures brings others to its aid.

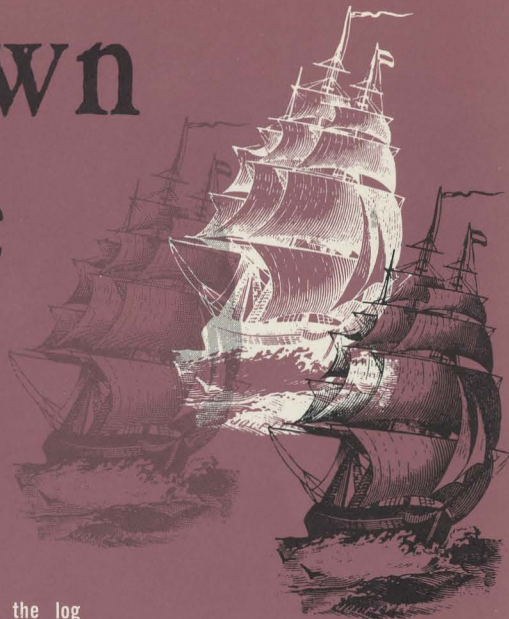
Porpoises are popularly identified with man, although scientists relate them ancestrally to cows. Eons ago their ancestors were land-dwellers and love of terrestrial things persists in their sleek, beautiful heads. Mother porpoises accept human children readily, play with them, make lasting friendships. Scientists claim that the physical contact of adult dolphins with children, as with their familiar rubbing of a ship's bow, is instinctive, for as babies the dolphins enjoyed contacts with mother, rubbing her head and fins. Small children may hold her dorsal fin and be towed about on aquatic excursions, but she will not tolerate this from adults. Children have even stolen rides on the female's back.

Usually docile-tempered, the porpoise becomes annoyed when there is provocation, manifesting its displeasure by clapping its jaws with applause-like sounds. Seldom does it bite man. Provocations include, like human mothers with their babies, teasing, as baby snaps at her nose or fins. She scolds baby with loud jaw clapping, and for junior this means "no more nonsense".

Continued on page 15



Down to the Sea 1890



Chapter IV. Continuation of the log
of 18-year-old Fred Best
as recorded in 1890 aboard full-rigged
ship ASIA sailing from Boston.

August 20,

One night it was wet and squally. I helped furl the main royal and mizzen topgallant sail. It was blowing pretty hard and the royal was shaking so that it was nasty work aloft. That same day it was quite rough and several small seas came aboard, and I came near being knocked overboard, by the fore royal while furling it. The wind was blowing heavy and the sail flapped me in the face and knocked me down so I slid across the deck, but caught a railing just in time.

With the strong Trade Winds, we are continually working at bending and furling the sails. While washing decks this morning I was carrying two pails of water and was about amidships; a sea came on board and knocked me, pails and all down on deck and then washed me up against one of the stanchions of the main fife rail. I was wet through but the water was not cold so I didn't mind it much. A little while afterwards I slipped and fell, spilling two buckets of water all over me. With that first

bad squall we had when off Cape Hatteras, when the mizzen lower topsail was blown all to pieces and went away on a voyage of its own, I should have learned to watch out for these sudden squalls—well! I hope I'll be ready for the next one!

Last night the sailors were spinning yarns, and I heard some fine ones about Norway from a sailor who belongs there. In the Mate's watch there are six sailors, and I hear yarns about most all the countries in the world, for there are among the crew 2 Spaniards, 1 Hollander, 1 Russian-Finn, 2 Nova Scotians, 1 Norwegian, 3 Englishmen, 2 Irishmen and 1 American. But the ASIA is owned by a Canadian company and is sailing under British registry.

I am sure that the folks at home will be surprised to see how much bigger and stronger I have grown due to this life at sea! At night when I furled the mizzen royal alone, I had quite a tussle with it, as it was blowing pretty hard, but I could manage it. About 6 o'clock in the morning a heavy squall struck us. All hands

were called and we took in lots of sail; mizzen royal, mizzen topgallant, cro-jik, main royal, mainsail, flying jib, and fore royal, and you can bet that we worked hard and fast. And it was a tough job. Then the squall lasted only about an hour and cleared off, so we had a fine day after all that excitement. The crew seems quite used to that sort of thing, and expects it in these latitudes. They say we shall soon be in really stormy weather, so they have begun bending new sails and making things snug.

August 21,

About 9 o'clock this morning the lookout shouted "Sail-O," "Sail on the starboard bow." There is a very light breeze so she did not come near enough to speak until noon, when she signaled that she wished to send a boat aboard.

Dear Mother and Family:

We are about to be boarded by a ship's boat, so I write these few lines to let you know that I am well, healthy and happy. I like the ship first rate and receive good treatment. We are out two months today, and I am quite used to the sea. I hope you are all well, and give my love to everybody. This letter is written in about 25 degrees S Lat, and we expect to round the Cape of Good Hope in about two weeks. Excuse the writing as I am in a great hurry.

Love to all,

Fred.

P.S. I think I shall be a sailor now as much as ever and will try to be a good smart sea captain in a few years.

The boat has left her and is coming alongside. She is a barque. I am excited, I tell you, as this boat's crew will be the first new faces I have seen for two months. They have come aboard for sugar and kerosene and are bound to Philadelphia, so I send this letter.

Fred

August 22,

After the ship signaled that she wished to send a boat aboard, we have

to, and her boat came alongside. It was manned by four men and the 2nd Mate. The vessel was the Barque—of P.E.I., from Calleo to Philadelphia loaded with saltpetre. She was out of sugar and kerosene, and had been pretty roughly handled off Cape Horn. We gave her a barrel of sugar and four cases of kerosene, swapped some books, and all sent letters home. I hope Mother will receive my hasty scribble, for I was so excited when I wrote it that I forgot whether I addressed the envelope properly. Everybody wanted to get news, but this barque had been out longer than we have so we were the ones to give them the latest news 2 months old. After being at sea 60 days, it is quite an event to meet some new faces.

We've had a rough night with plenty of wind, so again we had to take in lots of sail. While washing down decks, I again fell, and cut my finger this time. There is a pretty heavy sea on today, and we tumble about in a great flurry.

There are many cape pigeons flying about. They are quite pretty birds, about as big as mackerel gulls, have grey backs, spotted wings and very white breasts. They fly all around the vessel and when the sun strikes the white of their breasts, it shines like silver. As soon as anything is thrown overboard, the birds spy it, and if it is food, they soon eat it. They do not flap their wings at all except when about to alight. They are not like land birds in this respect, but by trimming their wings so as to catch the wind to the best advantage, they can fly in any direction, and fast, too. They keep up with the vessel without any exertion. I wonder if it is the albatross mentioned in the Ancient Mariner!

We shall now have the Sunday services again, as Arthur is well enough to come back to our room and is no longer aft. I learned that he had typhoid fever and nearly died. I am glad he is back with me again for I missed him very much when I was in the room alone.

Continued in January

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

*A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...
our visitors, our projects, our plans, our hopes.*



SMASHING SUCCESS — Informality prevailed at the Hotel Plaza in New York last week when 125 of SCI's friends attended before-theatre buffet in the hotel's Baroque Room. Proceeds from this year's performance of British revue "Beyond the Fringe" benefit religious, social and recreational services to seamen. Some benefit patrons have attended every SCI affair for a decade, reminisced about earlier Broadway shows. Mrs. David R. Grace, (above), Chairman of next year's theatre benefit, talks with guest about success of November 8th affair.

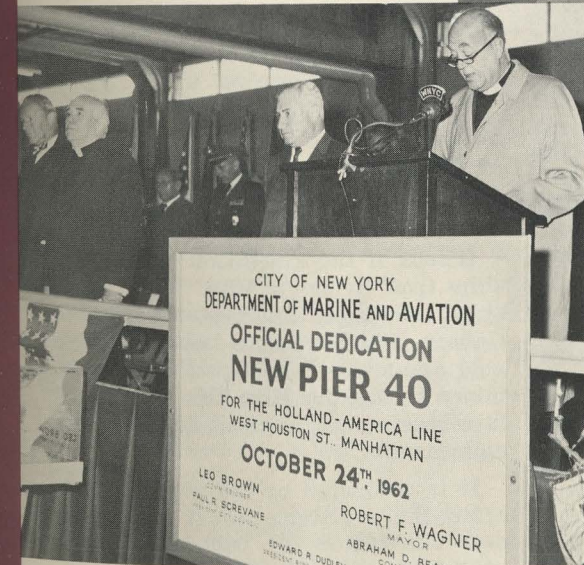
NEW APPROACH — The handiwork of seaman Stan Davis, this unusually decorative wreath is made from multishaped macaroni, painstakingly glued to cardboard circle, gilded, and fancied with red velvet ribbons. Two of Stan's curiosity builders are offered for sale through newly-opened Women's Council Christmas Gift Table in SCI's lobby. Merchandising plans for Stan's creations include offering them to Italian specialty restaurants, with which New York abounds.



COAST GUARD CONCLAVE — SCI's auditorium sheltered the Annual Conference of the Commanding Officers, Third Coast Guard District and Organized Reserve Training Units recently, providing the 2-day opportunity for several hundred men to discuss various administrative and operational problems of the Reserve Program. Capt. Bernard E. Scalon, Asst. Chief, Staff for Reserve Affairs, came from Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington to attend the conference.



SMILES OF PRIDE — Victorious 11 of British transport "S/S New York City" assemble before football trophies received at SCI's Port Newark Station this month after a 109-game season defeating teams from ten nations. Most men hailed from Bristol, England, but one was a smiling Welshman. Team captain Bryan Hicks, center, first row, claimed that competitive games kept crew together, thanked SCI for providing floodlights for night games. Story on p. 3.



BLUSTERY DAY — SCI's The Rev. John M. Mulligan gives invocation at dedication of \$20 million pier constructed by City of New York for Holland-America Steamship Line. City's Mayor Wagner, Port of Authority officials and other dignitaries attended the event. Pier 40 is the most modern facility in the United States.



H.M.S. BOUNTY. *By Alexander McKee 212 pp. New York: William Morrow and Company. \$4.50*

Against a background of violent storms and savage native attacks, Alexander McKee has reconstructed the actual voyage of the ill-starred H.M.S. Bounty, the ship whose name is linked forever with one of the great scandals of naval history.

On April 28, 1789, a group of British seamen seized command of the H.M.S. Bounty, set her captain and 18 crew members adrift in an open boat 3600 miles from the nearest civilized port.

Was it a well-planned coup resulting from Capt. Bligh's sadistic cruelty? Was it a haphazard rebellion incited by a young officer?

In an objective manner McKee gives the account of Capt. Bligh's relationship to his crew — a detailed portrait of the man who promoted Fletcher Christian over the heads of more experienced sailors, then drove him to open rebellion.

CONQUEST OF THE SEA. *By Cord-Christian Troebst. 254 pp. New York: Harper & Row, Publishers. \$4.95*

For those interested in why the Russians are ahead of us in the struggle for the undersea empire, and what we are doing to catch up, this is an indispensable book of fact and fascinating adventure.

Here is the up-to-the-minute story of the latest developments under the water. It tells of efforts to map every mile of ocean floor; plans to mine vast mineral sources; erect giant dams to push back the ocean frontiers; change salt water into fresh; project weather by redirecting ocean currents and melting ice caps. These and other stories never before touched upon are revealed within this most fascinating and timely book.

THE PRIVATEERS. *By Fleming MacLiesh and Martin L. Krieger. 347 pp. New York: Random House. \$4.95*

A book of high adventure documented with quotations from the logs of two privateers, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, the journal of Woodes Rogers and other contemporary sources.

It tells of the expedition of the two ships from Bristol in 1708. Their main objective was to intercept the Manila Galleon which once a year carried gold and silver from South American mines to Manila. How this was done in a rousing sea battle is told in true epic manner.

It is estimated by the authors that after the inevitable court litigation over the matter of booty, the proceeds of the expedition amounted to what would today be about \$3,000,000.

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH
Continued from page 2

With seaman's papers in order, his Texas boxing license (he was a former Golden Glover) and his press credentials with him, he took a job as "wiper" aboard Norwegian vessel "Jon Presthus", sailing from Houston to gulf ports, West Indies, Bahamas, Bermuda and Rotterdam.

Billy's primary means of livelihood on this voyage was taping overseas interviews to be sent to radio stations in Texas. When the ship docked in Rotterdam, Billy began an overland itinerary through Holland and Germany. Reaching Berlin, he concerned himself with the people living within the shadow of the menacing Wall. He talked with government and university officials about the psychological effect of the barricade upon Berliners.

From Berlin he visited France, Spain and North Africa. In the latter country his efforts to sign on as a Mediterranean seaman proved unsuccessful, and he was forced into a boxing match to raise funds for his trip to England.

During these travels, Billy held interviews with such notables as Charles de Gaulle, Konrad Adenauer and King Hussein. He also talked with ex-dictator Juan Peron — with Franco and General Salan.

SAILOR'S BEST FRIEND

Continued from page 9

Navy researchers recently have concluded that porpoise brain-power equals man's in many respects, might be a bit superior in some ways. Certainly the porpoise solves problems easily, whereas man so often compounds his own.

Of all creatures having no dependence on man for food or care, unlike the dog, horse or cat, the porpoise seems to wish to identify himself with humans for love only, to offer both friendship and loyalty. And the question arises when a dying porpoise comes ashore to expire why he chose

Back in Rotterdam once more, he signed aboard freighter "Lena Luckenbach", homeward bound, but he was still projecting plans for a trip to the Far East.

On the westward voyage, disaster struck. Billy Day, working aboard ship, fell and injured his left leg; it became dangerously infected. An appeal for help for the pain-racked young seaman brought the stately liner "Queen Mary" 102 miles from her regular course to his rescue. With Billy safely aboard, the liner then proceeded to make up five-and-one-half of the seven hours she had lost by diverting her course.

Back in New York, Billy was taken to the U. S. Public Health Hospital at Staten Island, remaining for days in critical condition. But even under sedatives he was planning for his trip to the Far East.

It was at this hospital where SCI's Chaplain Richard Bauer first met Billy Day and suggested him for a Seaman of the Month feature.

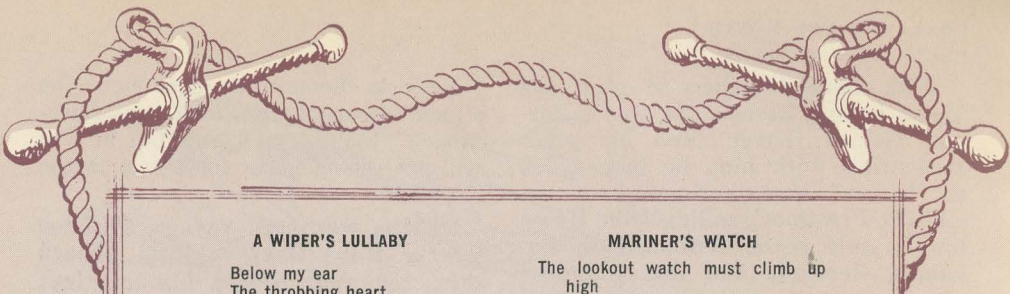
Seaman journalists like Melville, O'Neill and Conrad displayed curiosity for the world and its people. Mark down the name of Billy Day . . . you'll see it again.

to be there. Scientists suggest a stirring of an age-old memory, an urge to once more return to the land on which its ancestors lived an eternity ago.

CAP'N WALT'S PAGE

Continued from page 7

ANSWERS: 1. *I see a whale spouting.* 2. *In which direction?* 3. *About 22 degrees off to the right of the bow.* 4. *Attention! Everyone get up on deck!* 5. *Attach the hoisting gear.* Part III. (3)



A WIPER'S LULLABY

Below my ear
The throbbing heart
Of the engine room.
Stretched out here
On my bunk
I listen
Fresh from watch
Down there
Where the shiny faces
Of many gauges
Glisten.
Deliciously I hang
On the precipice
Between wake and sleep
Afraid to depart
Into that dream-filled
Deep
Away from the sound
Of that
Warm woman heart
Of the engine room.

by James Harvey

HOME IS THE SAILOR

I'll not have my son going to sea
To throw his life away.
A banker soon you're going to be.
It's going to stay that way."
"I love the sea. I always will.
You cannot change my mind.
I'll not return unless you're ill,
For me you'll never find."
My son left home that cold March
day.
His father had a fit.
"My wife is dead. What can she
say?
I'll have to use my wit."
He had his servant wait 'til June
To send his son a line.
"Say I'm dying. I'll need him
soon."
And then went in to dine.
The cunning father waited weeks.
The son was far away.
The message caught him east in
Greece.
He started home that day.
The old man's scheme had done
its deed.
The son climbed towards his bed
To help his father in his need,
But why? — his pa was dead.

MARINER'S WATCH

The lookout watch must climb up
high
His swaying ladder toward the
sky,
And through the mast roots he can
feel
The ocean's tugging at the keel.
He feels the cut of salty brine,
The lash of wind, the glare and
shine
Of blazing sun; he sees the trail
Ahead, the wake beyond aft rail.
His crow's nest is the swaying
sun,
The sea's eternal pendulum.
And his vast world is only known
To other lookouts, high, alone.

by Roy Z. Kemp

NAVIGATION

The modern navigator, who squares
the root of "A",
Is doubtless very clever in his
ultra modern way.
He knows the sines and tangents,
that "A" squared equals "B",
And "XYZ" is nothing until mul-
tiplied by "C."
He can prove by twisted angles
that a circle is a square,
A line is really nothing, never
reaches anywhere,
And believes he's born expressly
to tell old sailors why
God put the stars and planets in
their places in the sky.
By "triggy" rules he demonstrates
The Skipper's just a fool,
And over his deficiencies he'll pass
the sliding rule.
The "Old Man" doesn't worry, goes
smiling on his way,
Deriving consolation from the
thoughts of yesterday.
For the modern seaman's fathers
sailed the oceans far and near
When they hadn't Sperry gyros or
patent steering gear;
And the log, the lead and lookout
played an all-important part
When they did their navigation on
a darned old "Blueback" chart.
But the old men seemed to get
there just as safely as today,
With their prehistoric methods, in
their prehistoric way,
And the records left behind them,
most indubitably tell
That the modern navigator may be
proud to do as well!

Author Unknown

