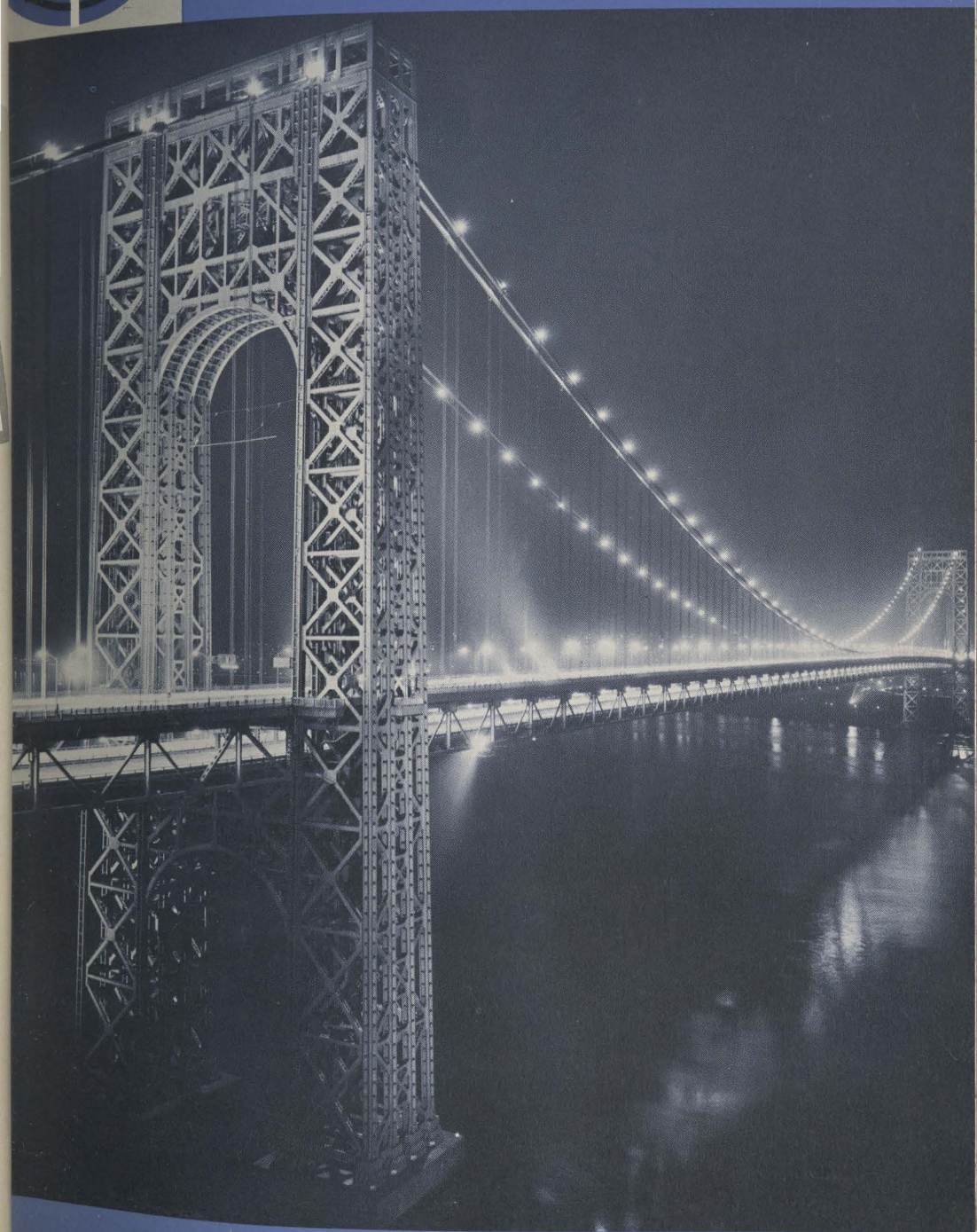




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



February - March 1966



"Travelling music" of the "Eastern Kiku". From left: Fourth Engineer Wang Kwok (Hong Kong), Second Mate Brian Early (Newcastle), Sixth Engineer Tse Waghai (Hong Kong), Second Engineer Thomas Bell, Newcastle) and Chief Mate R. J. Porter.

Seamen's Yen for Music by Thor Dahl

There has always been music in a sailor's life. From the times of the Windjammers we have known of the sea chanties—the working songs which were an accompaniment for the various tasks aboard ship.

Or there were songs expressing the loneliness of the life . . . , the longing for home . . . , the sweethearts in certain romantic ports. The most typical instruments have been accordians, harmonicas and guitars.

As a shipvisitor on today's ships I have often been surprised to find stereo sets, good radios and turntables, as well as many kinds of musical instruments. But one day I got a real surprise.

On this occasion I was visiting the good ship *Eastern Kiku* of the World Wide Shipping Co., England. She was loading scrap iron for Japan at Port Newark. After extending invitations

to visit our newly-opened Mariners Center I ended up in the Chief Mate's quarters.

There in the corner stood a beautiful bass-viol.

The Chief, Mr. R. J. Porter, noticed my surprise and asked if this wasn't the first time I had seen one of those aboard a freighter. "Well," he said, "it is one of the instruments that always caught my eye in the orchestras; I felt that it probably would fit my personality, and thought it would be nice to try it, if I ever got the chance. Later on, when in Nagoya, Japan, I went around window-shopping in that interesting city and saw this bass viol in a music store. Nagoya is probably more interesting than Tokyo; it used to be the capitol of Japan in the 16th century, and the city has the most marvelous old castle!"

(Continued on page 15)

Nights, Knights and Ladies at SCI or the Transit Strike That Was

When the book, which might be titled *The Great New York Transit Strike* is written—as surely will come to pass—chances are it will contain more than a passing reference to the role played by the S.C.I. in behalf of some 350 Wall Street workers stranded "on the beach" because of the strike.

Initially, like most other New Yorkers, the Institute management did not think the disruption would last more than a day or so—if that long. It wasn't until Allen T. Sorenson, registration manager, and Director John M. Mulligan began receiving telephoned inquiries and requests for sleeping accommodations from nearby firms and individuals the afternoon of December 31, that they realized the Institute might be confronted with an emergency.

The dawn of January 2 removed all doubt.

But the Institute was prepared. Director Mulligan and his staff quickly put a previously-reviewed plan into action; as a beginning, one entire floor was set aside for women guests.

Cots suddenly began appearing everywhere—even in the room customarily used only by the Board of Managers during its periodic meetings. Beds—extra ones—were set up in the medical clinic area. Sturdy double-deckers were arranged in a seldom-used dormitory for the city police. Still more cots were placed in offices.

One of the staff lugged a mattress to the sacristy of the chapel, where he bedded down each night.

Night after night the building fairly bulged with people. However, Director Mulligan points out, the Institute management kept in mind that its primary mission is to transient seamen; hence it always kept a sufficient number of rooms in reserve for them—just in case.

In retrospect, the Institute administrator commented, the capability of the facility to absorb and accommodate the extra guests might have been severely strained, had not the Viet Nam crisis eased the room situation somewhat and made it possible to assimilate the extra guests.

At the beginning of the strike, there were relatively few women guests. But as it wore on, and as the prospect of walking the length of Brooklyn Bridge each morning and night became less and less attractive, especially to the older women, more and more of them became registered guests at the Institute. Eventually, about forty or more women were quartered in the building.

Having overnight female guests in the Institute was not entirely without precedent, Director Mulligan observed. During the war years it was not unusual to house displaced European refugee families for a night or two. With more and more women entering employment at sea, there may, in time, be a need for a facility for them com-

(Continued on page 15)



Cots everywhere . . . even in the Board Room

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President

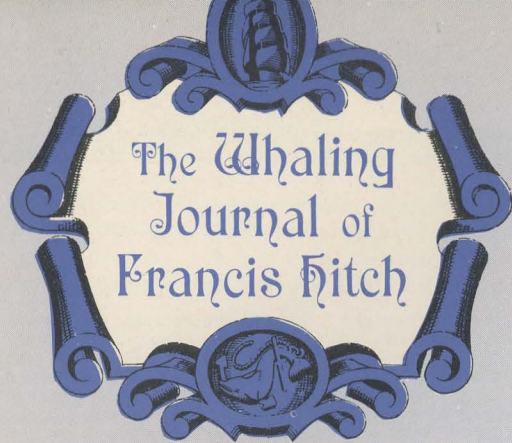
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COVER: An arch of the George Washington bridge stands as if to commemorate the mariners who have traversed the broad reaches of the Hudson over the centuries.



The Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch

Chapter VII (Conclusion)

Cruising For Whales Off The Coast of Chili in October 1846

Oct. 6. Spoke the Bark *Cynosure* of Stonington, 13½ months out with 400 lbs. of Oil. Saw 2 Ships and Barks.
Oct. 15. At 7 P.M. Saw a Ship Standing to the Northward with Maintop Gallantsail set. The Wind is quite Moderate and it is a Beautiful Evening. Set the Watch at Sunset in Boats Crews. Saw a Fin Back.

This is the 38th Anniversary of My Birth Day. Thus far has God in His great Mercy Preserved My Life amidst Dangers seen and unseen by Day and by Night, upon the Land and upon the Sea, in Sickness and in health, at home and abroad. By and through the constant and unvarying Kindness of God my health is still continued unto me whilst many of my Friends and Acquaintances have been Cut off in the Prime of Life and others are Deprived of their Health and have been cast on Beds of Sickness and Suffering. But His Goodness hath ever been apparent in securing to me all the Necessarys and many of the Luxuries of Life and in bestowing upon me numerous Blessings which renders Life Agreeable and Happy. It is my earnest Desire and sincere Prayer to God that I may be Thankful to Him for His Love and Kindness manifested towards me, a poor unworthy Worm of the Dust.

Oct. 20. At 6 P.M. Spoke the Ship *Huntress* and Capt. Shearman came

on board. Saw 9 Ships and Barks. The Island of Haufe Bearing East Northerly Distant 18 or 20 Miles.

Ship *Minerva* of New Bedford Cruising Off the Island of Haufe

Nov. 17. Begins with a strong West-erly Wind and Cloudy Weather. It is very Rugged most all the time. We have lowered 2 Boats three times to Day. The Bow Boat got fast to a real Race Horse of a Whale but he ran to Windward until he ran the Fast Boat out of sight for the other Boats. It was so Rugged and he went so fast the Water stove in the Bows of the Boat. The Water came in to the Boat so fast that two Men could not keep her Free so they had to Cut and let him go. Took up the Boats. In the Middle of the Day the Sun shone. At 7½ P.M. Finished Boiling.

Nov. 21. Begins with a Heavy Gale attended with heavy Squalls of Wind and Rain. At Daylight the Main Topsail and Fore T.M.S. Sail gave out. Took them in and set the Spencers. Barred down the Hatches. The Waist Boat was badly Stove by a Sea. Turned her up. The Gale continued until Noon although the Squalls were not so Violent nor so frequent.

The Wind Moderates and graduly the Ship behaves very well although she Ships a considerable Water. A Portuguese by the Name of George got his Leg hurt by slipping and My Horse lost three of his legs.

(Ed. Note: The term "horse" refers to the low iron rod along which a sail shifts in tacking) There are three unwell. Ends with a Gale at S. West. Saw one Ship.

Ship *Minerva* of N. Bedford Bound to St. Carlos On Chiloe

Nov. 29. At 3½ A.M. stood in for Sto. Carlos, the *Dover* ahead of us. At 6 A.M. passed the *Dover* and went on ahead of her. At 1 P.M. the Ship *Wm. S. Nye* of N. London came in. We hove up the Anchor and Set Topsails, Jib and Courses, there being a good Breze, and beat up to the Anchorage where we Arrived at 2½ P.M. and Anchored in 8 Fathomes Water, Muddy Bottom. The *Dover* Anchored near

us. We found Two French Whale Ships and the Whaleing Bark *Panthaon* of Fall River, Capt. Dimon, 13 Months out with 200 lbs. of Sperm Oil. She was Seized by the Chilian Government for Trespass in attempt- ing to pass between the Island of Chiloe and the Main Coast of Chili about 9 Months ago and has remained in their Possession ever since, but they are in hopes to be Released soon and proceed on their Voyage. Capt. Dimon has Discharged the most of his fore- mast Hands and They have gone down the Coast in other Vessels. The Gov- ernment has also taken the Sealing Schooner *Leader* of N. London at the same time and place that they took the *Panthaon* and still hold her. Two Merchant Bark have Sailed since we arrived. There are several Vessels of Different Sizes and of Different Na- tions. There have been several Boats from the Shore Alongside of us. This Harbour appears to be Safe and nearly Land Locked, for which I feel Thank- ful. From 5 to 8 P.M. The People both Male and Female came off to Trade in a small way. They brought off Eggs, Milk, Fowls, and Oysters. There are two Mountains at a great Distance to the North Eastward of us Covered with Snow down to the Horrizen.

[Note]: The Ship *Wm. C. Nye* is 7 Months out with 1200 Barrel of Oil. 240 of it is Sperm.

Ship *Minerva* of New Bedford Lying at St. Carlos upon Chiloe Island

Dec. 3. Took on board 2 Boat Loads of Wood and Stowed it below. Got off some Potatoes. I have Washed my Dirty Cloths. Mr. Gideon Fordon, Fourth Officer, has been Discharged at his own request. He has Shipped Third Officer of the Ship *Dover* of New London. At Sunset 2 of the Watch on Liberty came on board.

Dec. 5. We are all ready for Sea, awaiting for the Tide to turn. At 1½ P.M., it being high Water, hove Short and Set all Sail. At 8 P.M. We were from 25 to 30 Miles from the Mouth of the Harbour of St. Carlos Steering W. by South. There are 29 of us on board all told.

We are now Bound Home and may

God in His Mercy grant that we may reach it in good health and Safty and find all our Friends in good health and in happy Circumstances and give us Grateful Hearts for all the Bless- ings that He has bestowed upon us poor unworthy Creatures. We have got some very poor Potatoes for a Sea Stock.

Dec. 30. At 6¼ P.M. saw two Right Whales. Lowered the three Larboard Boats. The Waist Boat Struck the Whale. Ran to Windward about two Miles and brought too and Mr. Baily soon had him Spouting Blood. The Whale went Down and came up under the Boat and Stove her very bad in- deed. The Bow Boat took up the Waists Boats Crew and brought them and the Boat too the Ship. The Lar- board Boat Fastened to the Whale and took him alongside a little before 10 P.M.

Minerva of N. B. Bound Home In Jan. 1847

Jan. 25. At Daylight Bent the Cables and Stood in towards Pernambuco. I went on Shore and saw Henry H. Hitch. He and his Family are as Well as usual. I heard from Home as late as April, 1846 by him.

Took on board a Young Man left on Shore Yesterday by the Ship *George Porter* of New Bedford. His Name is Coffin. He belonged to Nantucket. Capt. Macomber has given him a Passage home with us. Pernambuco is in Lat. 8,04 South Lon. 34-53 West. New Bedford is in Lat. 41-38 North, Lon. 70-56 West.

Feb. 6. Beautiful Weather with a brisk Breze. In the Afternoon Wet Hold. The Carpenter and Coffin are unwell. The remainder of us are as Well as usual. Middle and Latter parts the Wind Decreased to a 4 Knot Breze. N. Bedford N. 36 Degrees West, Dis- tant 1990 Miles.

[Ed. note] The log breaks off abruptly after this entry. Hence, we conclude the "Whaling Journal of Francis Hitch." It may be assumed the ship and crew reached the home- port of New Bedford safely.

THEY ROWED THE ATLANTIC

by
James M. Powles

Could it be true? Is it possible for two men to row across the Atlantic Ocean in an eighteen-foot open dory? This fascinating yarn says that two men did set out in such a boat from Manhattan during a day in June, 1896. The reward if they made it over? Fifty dollars!

Sunday June 7

WEDNESDAY JUNE 3

SET FORTH TO ROW OVER SEAS.

Harbo and Samuelson, the Adventurers, Cheered and Wept For.

This from the maritime reports of yesterday:

Sailed—Rowboat Fox of New-York, Harbo master, for Havre.

The Fox measures 18 feet 4 inches in one direction and 5 feet in another. Her crew of two men, both Norwegians, have undertaken to row the tiny craft across the ocean. The hour of departure was set for 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and fully 1,000 persons assembled around the slip at the Battery, from which the start was to be made.

The two adventurers who comprise the crew of the cockleshell are George Harbo and Frank Samuelson. They brave the deep for such chance emoluments as may accrue from a successful outcome of the venture. Andrews, Frietsch, and others have made the crossing of the Atlantic in small sailboats an old story. Harbo and Samuelson will try to show that it can be bridged by oars and muscle.

An eighteen-foot craft must necessarily be heavily freighted to carry subsistence for two men for sixty days. It is not believed that under the most favorable circumstances two oarsmen can row across the Atlantic in less time. And in an ocean gale a deeply laden little boat has at best small chance of keeping her keel right side under, even if she is not swamped outright.

None seemed to appreciate the perilous nature of the enterprise more keenly than did blue-eyed Lena Samuelson, the young sister of Samuelson. Just before a line for were cast off, the police made a vain-her, and the boat was moored. She vainly pleaded with her brother to stay. He disengaged himself from her clinging arms and sprang into the boat, and the sister, in hysteria, stood upon the float wringing her hands and imploring him to return.

There is a well-founded belief among those who witnessed the departure that the brother never will come back, and that the farewells said were farewells for eternity.

The boat was rowed out, followed by the headed down the bay, and well wishes of those who stood around the seawall. The craft is laden with sixty gallons of water, six gallons of oil, two gallons of signal, one dozen Coston signals for night signals, one dozen Coston green, red, and white signals, which, burned at night, tell the name of the boat; 100 pounds of bread, and canned meats of all sorts and sufficient to last two men for sixty days. The men believe that they will be able to row the boat across within two months' time.

MAY C

ELEVATE APPEAL

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The Mar day viola nearly tw of 1894,

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TO ROW ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Two Men Will Try to Reach Havre in an Eighteen-Foot Open Boat.

The field of freak enterprise in crossing the Atlantic under unusual conditions is being gradually narrowed. Several have made their way across in small sailboats, and now two foolhardy adventurers have arranged to row an eighteen-foot boat from this port to Havre. If they succeed the next aspirant for distinction in that special line may have to announce his intention of swimming across in order to attract interest.

The men who are to make the attempt to row across the Atlantic are George Harbo and Frank Samuelson. They are Norwegian seamen. Harbo is thirty-one years old and Samuelson is twenty-six.

Their boat, an eighteen-foot cedar craft, of whaleboat pattern, is moored in a slip near the Barge Office, at the Battery, from which point they expect to start Saturday on their long and lonesome journey. The boat will be provisioned for sixty days. The men count upon rowing three miles an hour, and believe that they can cross before their stock of provisions and water is exhausted.

Five pairs of oars, a compass, quadrant, and chart comprise the equipments of the little craft. The boat is not fitted with a mast or sail, and if the oars are lost or broken before the journey is ended, the men will be in sad straits.

But as they are to make the attempt for fame and such fortune as may accrue from that, the perils of the undertaking do not daunt them.

W. C. MANY WANTS A NEW ELECTION

Meyer Ballot Machine Did Not Properly Register Votes.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., June 2.—Judge

Monday June 15

Met the Two Ocean Rowers.

The British schooner Josie, which arrived from Nova Scotia yesterday, reported that at 3 P. M. June 13 she spoke the small rowboat Fox, in which two Norwegian sailors are attempting to cross the Atlantic. They had made only 250 miles during the week since their departure from New-York, at which rate their sixty days' provisions will give out long before they can reach Havre, their destination. Both men were well and happy, however, and after ascertaining their position, proceeded eastward.

To Sink Atlantic Avenue Tracks.

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WASH ern De ing de Boies, alluded terveil with Gov. ban ing The mo lit the we ceq met ated day nom ate cas Pre T the the pro the ac sta

The large crowd at the Battery waved and yelled excitedly as the *Richard K. Fox* slipped from the pier and pointed her bow out of New York Harbor, bound for the other side of the Atlantic. The crowd had come from all over the New York area to watch the *Fox* depart. Some of them looked upon the voyage of the *Fox* as the most courageous sea adventure of the 19th century, while others thought it to be nothing more than a publicity stunt that would end as soon as the *Fox* reached the first whitecap of the North Atlantic.

No matter what the people thought, this afternoon of June 6, 1896 would go down in maritime history as the beginning of a feat that has never been duplicated and probably never will. For the *Richard K. Fox* was not a new type of steamer or unusual sailing-ship but a double-ended eighteen-foot rowboat. She carried a crew of two, Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, who planned to row their boat across the Atlantic Ocean.

A CHALLENGE IS MADE

This gallant, or foolhardy, voyage as many thought, actually began several weeks before at a dinner party in New York. The dinner was held on a fine spring night, and after the meal, a conversation about the merits of different nationalities of seamen was struck up. Richard Fox, publisher of a tabloid publication, sat silently listening while several men at the table downgraded American seamanship. After listening to the conversation for a while, Fox lost his patience and came to the defense of American seamen.

Standing up, Fox said with a tone of anger, "You're wrong about American seamen, and to prove that they are among the best in the world, if not the best, I'll offer fifty dollars to the first man or two who will row across the Atlantic Ocean in a small

boat." Fox sat down slowly, aware of the many surprised eyes looking at him.

To prove that he was not just talking, Fox printed the offer on the first page of his publication the following day.

Up and down the eastern seaboard men talked about the offer and the chances of someone crossing the Atlantic with a set of oars. Although many no doubt considered accepting the offer, only two stepped forward, Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, a pair of oystermen from Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

As soon as the men had convinced Fox that they were dead serious about tackling the Atlantic with oars, they began preparing for the voyage. Although they were not old sea hands, Samuelson, the younger at 26, and Harbo, the older at 31, they had been oystering since their teens. These years of rowing an oyster boat and making a living from the sea had given them strong backs and a healthy regard from the sea.

To begin with, they needed a boat that was seaworthy, roomy and easy to row. To fill this bill, they chose from the many craft available a Swampscott dory, a boat which was highly regarded by east coast fishermen. The dory was 18 feet long, five in the beam and drew a little over a foot of water when loaded. They named her the *Richard K. Fox* in honor of their sponsor.

MODIFICATIONS TO DORY

Before the pair would take the dory to sea, they decided to make several alterations; For safety, they built water-tight compartments into the bow and stern to keep the dory afloat if she were swamped or capsized. To help right the dory if she turned over, two five-foot handholds were added to the bottom. This later

TROUBLE IN THE 71ST REGIMENT.

Sergt. Francis's Discharge by Capt. Kibriskie the Cause.



proved a very wise move.

With the dory altered to their specifications, Harbo and Samuelson took her on a two-day shakedown cruise. They left New York one morning and rowed down the Jersey coast to Manasquan Inlet where they spent the night. The next day they returned to New York.

Satisfied with the way the *Fox* had performed during her shakedown cruise, Harbo and Samuelson set about making final preparations. They estimated that with a sensible rowing plan which would have at least one man at the oars at all times, they should average roughly 55 miles a day. Since the distance to be rowed was almost 3,200 miles, the voyage would take around 60 days. On this basis they planned their rations which consisted of 250 eggs, nine pounds of coffee, some cans of smoked ham and other meats.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT INSTALLED

The food stores and other important equipment, such as the small oil stove brought along to cook on, signal lights, sea anchor and clothing, were stored in a watertight locker amidships. Along side the locker was a 60-gallon copper tank which carried their water supply for the entire trip.

Both men realized that they would run into very bad weather on the Atlantic, so they took precautions to lessen this danger. Besides fitting the dory out so she would be seaworthy, they had five pairs of the finest oars available and a specially made tarpaulin. This tarpaulin fitted tightly from bow to stern and from gunwale to gunwale, affording a waterproof cover for the dory. Two openings were cut into the tarpaulin so that both men could row when the cover was on.

With all the care the pair used, it is difficult to understand how they could overlook such an important factor as their navigational equipment. For this

all-important segment of seamanship they brought only a small, inexpensive compass, desk calendar, two watches and several charts of the northern Atlantic.

HEAD OUT TO SEA

After weeks of preparation, Harbo and Samuelson were finally ready to go on June 6th. They had wanted an early start but were delayed by the late arrival of some of the honored guests invited by Fox, and by the long departure ceremonies. Fox had publicized this voyage very heavily in his paper and had arranged for the departure to be a gala event. It was not until late in the afternoon that the pair were able to start.

As the spectators yelled good wishes and advice, Harbo and Samuelson dug their oars into the water and quickly rowed toward the open sea. By nightfall they had passed Ambrose Lightship, the only sight of land being the faint lights of Coney Island blinking in the distance. Eating dinner that night, both men realized these lights were their last contact with land, and that for the next two months they would see only the rough and sometimes vicious waters of the North Atlantic. After dinner they changed positions at the oars every three hours as planned.

Next morning they took an hour out to eat breakfast and talk over their first night. When they had finished, both took to the oars and rowed at a steady pace until noon when they took another hour out for lunch. The routine of rowing, eating and sleeping went on for the first week without a glimpse of a ship to break the boredom. Sores began to appear on their hands from the rowing, and they had to eat their food raw, since the oil stove proved a failure after only two days at sea.

On the 10th day they sighted their first ship, the schooner *Josie*, bound for New York. Because their navigational equipment was of little help, they had to ask the *Josie* for their position. They found it necessary from then on to ask their position from all passing ships.

(continued in April issue)

Floating Church and Club for Seamen by W. H. Owens

EDITOR'S NOTE

Floating churches and harbor boats owned and operated by church-sponsored organizations for seamen were fairly common in the past—both in this country and in other parts of the world. The S.C.I., at one point in its history, owned and operated two harbor boats, the *Sentinel* and the *J. Hooker Hammersley*. W. H. Owens of Worcester Park, Surrey England, here tells of the role currently played by the Thames River boat, *John Ashley* of *British Missions to Seamen*, an organization comparable in several respects to the S.C.I. Another issue of THE LOOKOUT will tell of a "navy" maintained by The Salvation Army.

Among the hundreds of ships which pass up and down London's River Thames every day is a trim 75-foot motor vessel whose masthead pennant bears a flying angel—emblem of the *British Missions to Seamen*. She is known to countless ships' crews as "The Friendly Ship."

For the *M.V. John Ashley* serves as combined floating church and club for seamen of all races in the Port of London. She gives a friendly welcome to crews whose ships are anchored in midstream overnight, waiting for the morning tide or vacant berths at the docks. Getting ashore for leave may be difficult for these men who, after a long voyage perhaps, need relaxation and a change of surroundings.

The busy mission ship fills this need. She goes alongside newly-arrived vessels, and her four-man crew—captain, padre, engineer and deck-boy—invite the men to come aboard for relaxation, rest and worship.

Many seamen may visit the *John Ashley* just to get books or magazines (which do not have to be returned)

M.V. John Ashley under way on Thames



from the fine library aboard. Others come to buy their toilet articles, to watch television or a movie, listen to gramophone records, or just to sit and smoke and relax. Whatever they do, they can be sure of good comradeship.

The ship is also used as a post office by men who want to mail money or urgent messages to their wives and families in distant lands. Sometimes it does duty as an "ambulance" to hurry sick men ashore to hospital.

Another friendly service is bringing about reunions between two seamen who are members of the same family, who have not seen each other for years perhaps, but whose ships may both be visiting London at the same time.

At the heart of the *John Ashley's* ministry, however, is the spiritual care of seamen. Quite apart from the fact that between 3,000 and 4,000 men take part in some organized act of worship in this floating church each year, there is much demand for the padre's advice and guidance and a constant attendance of men from ships wanting to talk over a problem—be it a spiritual matter or some domestic or family difficulty.

The Chaplain in charge of the mission ship aims to visit every collier, freighter and small ship which for one reason or another must anchor in the river, preventing their crews from getting ashore. So it is a busy life all day long and at night, with just one night off a week. In the course of a year the *John Ashley* voyages nearly 7,000 miles up and down the London Thames, between the city and the estuary, and over the years, since this floating mission started in 1951, she has welcomed more than 100,000 men of every race aboard.

Seamen of many nationalities enjoy rest, relaxation and companionship in the recreation deck of the *M.V. Ashley*.



We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN



ON A CLEAR DAY . . . from the beacon tower of the Institute . . . Chaplain Castle was shown the New York harbor by Dr. Roscoe T. Foust (left), of SCI.

The Rev. Vincent C. Castle, staff chaplain at Missions to Seamen in London, is a visitor and observer at the Institute for a three-month period. He is also conducting mid-week worship services in the Institute chapel.

The London organization administers, in addition to its home mission, eighty seamen's installations in ports around the world—all these under the general sponsorship of the Church of England.

It is generally thought that the chaplain's visit here—which is of an

experimental nature—could encourage reciprocal visits by the chaplaincy of the Institute to some of the missions operated by Missions to Seamen and others within the Anglican Communion.

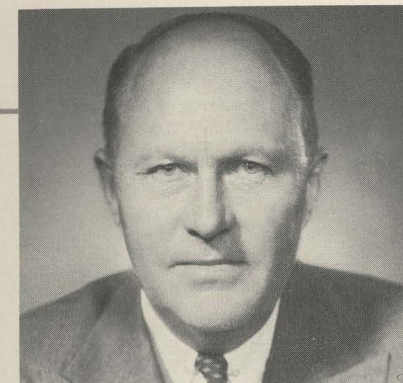
Chaplain Castle observed that the London docks facility is considerably smaller than S.C.I. because when an English seaman comes off his ship, he is likely to go directly to a train or bus for a quick trip home; the distances in compact England are relatively short. Hence there is a lesser need for transient seamen's hostels in comparison with New York.



A CHECK FOR THE SCI Education Department was given recently to the Institute by the Smith Foundation of Minneapolis, the gift authorized by Elmer H. Smith, an industrialist of that city. Shown accepting the check in behalf of the Institute is Director John M. Mulligan, while Chaplain Joseph D. Huntley, Education department head, looks on. Presenting the check in behalf of Mr. Smith is Willard J. White, director of the Mechanics Welding Society.

MEET THE BOARD

John H. Pell



John H. G. Pell has been a member of the SCI Board of Managers since 1936, becoming a Lay Vice President in 1962. During this period he has served on nine important committees.

Well-known in the Wall Street community, Mr. Pell is also clearly identified and associated with the advancement of higher education and the preservation of historic America.

A graduate of Harvard University, he has been the recipient of numerous honorary academic degrees from other educational institutions, including Chungang University, Seoul, Korea.

He is the author of *Ethan Allen*, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., and of other articles on historical and economic subjects. His interest in the early American patriot and soldier grew out of his intimate and early experiences in the environs of Fort Ticonderoga, the restoration of which he encouraged and helped.

He was an officer in the Navy during the war.



WEEKLY LENTEN WORSHIP SERVICES are held in the SCI chapel beginning at noon every Wednesday. The Rev. Vincent C. Castle, staff chaplain at Missions to Seamen, in London, is the officiating priest.



A GROUP OF LEGIONNAIRES representing the New York County American Legion conducted ceremonies recently in the Marine Museum to launch an exhibit of a variety of rare and early American documents bearing the signatures of well-known Colonial figures. The exhibits, shown under glass, will remain in the Museum for an indefinite period. They are from a collection owned by Ernest Chambré.

SEAMAN'S YEN
(Continued from page 2)

But, the bass viol?
"Well, I bought it and paid 53,000 yen for it. It sounds like a terrific price, and it does come to about 150 dollars. You should have seen me in Nagoya dragging around the big fiddle—and on the train, where the conductor almost charged me for two tickets. Anyway, me and my shadow must have been a sight!

"How did I learn to play this instrument? Well, by this time I was on the *MS Eastern Secuz*. The Chief Engineer, who had been a professional musician on shore at one time, taught me to play. He also had encouraged me to acquire the instrument.

"By the way, tomorrow we'll still be in port, and if you come aboard then, I'll see if I can get the other boys together. You see, five of us have formed a little band. The Second Master, Brian Early, and the Second Engineer Thomas Bell—both from England—play the Spanish guitar. Tse Wah-gai, a 21-year-old chap from Hong Kong, plays the trumpet. Incidentally, he learned to play the trumpet in a Christian mission school in China."

The following day in the evening, I again visited the *Eastern Kiku*, and in the ship's recreation room all the boys were gathered. They struck up their "theme" when I entered.

It sounded very good. It was happy music. You got a feeling you were among friends. As an audience of one person, I gave them my thundering applause, with an extra hand to Mr. Porter.

Maybe on the next trip, I suggested, they could play in the Mariners International Center in Port Newark. The group has agreed to this tentative arrangement.

Brian Early observed that there are few ships afloat that don't have a musician or two, and who soon become the focal point of any get-together. Many British ships have their own guitar groups. The so-called "Mersey Sound" of the Beatles came out of the Port of Liverpool, they say.

TRANSIT STRIKE
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parable to the Institute, he speculates.

If the strike-bound guests became bored—which was never apparent—it was not because of lack of anything to do. All of the recreational facilities of the Institute were thrown open to them and special entertainment arranged—including movies, dancing, use of library, gymnasium, sauna, etc.

Most, if not all of the special guests probably enjoyed the adventure from routine. But some of the wives and husbands left in the suburbs obviously didn't like separation from their spouses. One lonely wife marooned in the suburbs called by phone one evening to ask if she might speak to her husband. Told that none of the rooms had telephones and that it would be difficult to get him to the phone, she decided not to put the staff to the trouble.

"It's just that I've never been away from my husband before during the evenings," she said plaintively.

Behind the frenetic S.C.I. staff activity in connection with the strike is, of course, the back-drop story of the many instances of individual staff sacrifice in order that the special guests might be comfortable . . . those who trudged weary miles in order to remain on the job . . . the car-pools hastily formed and organized . . . all of which added up to an inspiring performance.

And there was humor. Among the business firms which arranged for employee accommodations at S.C.I. was Sterling, Grace and Company. An anonymous employee composed the following bit of verse:

Over the bridge and through
the streets
To Sterling, Grace we go.
Through blackout nights and
transit strikes
We'll always make a show.
We're on the job both day and night
And that, my friends, is truth,
And if you don't believe me,
Come to the Seamen's Church
Institooth!

NIGHT WATCH

The black and loathsome night enshrouds us all
And tries to snuff importance from us.
But high above, the rebel stars shine out
As if to say, "Come, guide your way by us
Until, not long from now,
The night will tire and call its darkness in to rest."

The water, still and black, supports the sky
To form a space of nothing.
And far off in the opposite direction, the shore
Reflects its lights, reminding us which way is home.
And out another way, a solitary light
Blinks quickly on and off to show the seaward route.
And all is calm and peaceful.

But night still holds trump ace
And plays it now.
Like a leopard stalking its prey, his fog moves in
Swiftly, cautiously, quietly.
The peaceful stars all disappear;
The shore turns out its lights,
And the seaward path no more is known.
The sea in anger begins to kick and throws us about.
But down below the men sleep on.

And onward still we sail our ship
Into the empty arms of nothingness and nowhere.

— Floyd Lawrence



ON SEAGULL WINGS

The crest is ever cresting . . .
the tide is passing high . . .
The wind is never resting,
where the seagulls wing the sky.

The calling water calls me . . .
away from shore and tie . . .
And all appears serenity,
where the seagulls wing the sky.

The wash of water stirs in . . .
the swirling sand to lie . . .
As grit, upon the thick-n-thin,
where the seagulls wing the sky.

The logs are bulging fat . . .
the shores thin-as-a-die;
All bas-reliefed in flat,
where the seagulls wing the sky.

— Barbie Jeanne Murphy