



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



OCTOBER 1962

wanted: 263 missing seamen



seaman of the month

► Björn Holmer

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

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OCTOBER 1962

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Honorary President.

Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

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Editor

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COVER: The Vikings arriving in whale-infested waters off the coast of Greenland is portrayed in this old etching reproduced through the courtesy of the Library of Congress. See: Who Discovered America? p. 8.

With apologetic modesty, Swedish seaman Björn Holmer admits he came by his "sea fever" honestly, for his grandfather was port captain in Stockholm, an uncle was captain of famous sail ship Rönnskär which traversed the globe hunting pirates in the late 1800's, his father manufactures light-houses and heavy marine equipment which is shipped to harbors around the world. Language of the sea was dinner-table fare.

Björn resisted the call of the sea until he had finished folk high school at 14 in Lidingö, sought his first job aboard a Swedish-American cargo vessel which brought him to America. His first assignment was that of messboy, the traditional one for fictional seafaring lads. At 21, and a second cook, he already considers himself a veteran.

Björn has accepted the dangers that may threaten in troubled parts of the world he visits. He sensed danger while visiting Poland's largest port, Gdynia, just after the revolution in 1956, where he noted that many statues of Stalin were smashed to the ground and that some intrepid souls had painted over the hammer and sickle to show their disgust.

Continued on page 19

Radio's Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons, had a rather uncomplicated job by comparison with the geographically complex task of locating missing sailors on all the Seven Seas, by the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which has been in operation since 1920.

Lads of 18 to salts of 80 are listed on a "Missing Seamen" chart, distributed this month to more than 2,000 seamen and government agencies around the world, including Russia. The Bureau has located nearly 13,000 wayfarers in its 42-year history. Reasons for seeking the absent merchant mariners are often as interesting as the seamen themselves, although the motives for search are kept confidential.

With some applications come requests for men to make last-minute appearances before dying mothers, fathers or wives. Some are filled out by bank representatives who have substantial amounts of money waiting for the missing men through liquidation of estates. Young ladies frequently instigate a search.

Once the Bureau located a seaman whose rare blood type saved the life of his dying child whom he had not seen for three years.

Many sailors wish to remain incognito, and the fact that life at sea offers secrecy and security still appeals to many. About 10% of seamen located wish to remain incognito. The Bureau respects their rights. When a man is located, no information about him is provided to the interested party until the man has given expressed permission, although the reason for the search is provided to him. The Bureau does not locate men sought by the law.

Nine foreign languages are commonly used in locating foreign seamen, and correspondence with the original parties is provided through the SCI's multi-lingual translators.

Recently a missing German seaman was awarded funds amounting to \$20,000 through the liquidation of a relative's estate in Germany. A request for information leading to his whereabouts came through the German Consulate in New York, and SCI began an intensive search. The seaman was located.

The work never ends and emotionally distressed mothers often visit the Bureau office at 25 South Street, tears streaming from their eyes, with the familiar plight: "My son went off to sea as a young boy, and I haven't heard from him for ten years. I am old. I want to see him just once again before I die. Can you help me?" The correspondent, Miss Artesi, takes all the information, activates the search, but promises nothing. Her job is often disheartening, for, in some cases, the son refuses to be identified. One Philadelphia mother has been searching for her only son since 1953 and makes frequent trips to the Institute.

Checking list of missing seamen before copies are distributed to 2,000 seamen's agencies this month is job of Bureau's correspondent, Cathy Artesi, whose responsibilities sometimes include consoling the despondent.



our international cabaret

America's "image" is neither created by political experts in the State Department nor by our giveaway money abroad, but more by our contact with people from foreign countries, whether we're tourists in Europe or meeting those men from the sea who stop overnight in New York City. Tourists by the millions (our own U. S. kind) go away from New York with mixed feelings. "It's a wonderful town," they say, "but it's so big we get lost in it!" If Americans with no language problem, no money problem, no passports find New York bewildering, then there must be a valid need for SCI's International Club for merchant seamen. We would be simplifying things a bit if we imagined that the Club is a place where foreign seamen solve all their problems. Our mission is neither propagandistic nor that of social workers. If good solid propaganda for our country trickles down to some boy through his exposure to our work, fine. We let it go at that. If a personal problem is solved as we fill the role of social worker, that's fine, too.

Our message is *friendship* in the International Club. It is to make friends of seamen, no matter what their color, their nationality, their religion. It sounds like a cliché, but the Club is where the cliché becomes a vibrant, living thing that one can see in a faint smile of a shy deckhand from Pakistan, or feel in a warm, vigorous handshake from a tall Scandinavian apprentice.

Ask Tina Meek, our gracious staff hostess, what friendships we build. She'll respond with the hundred colorful postcards she gets each week with strange-sounding postmarks, and even stranger handwriting. Men remember kindness. Some begin, "Dear Mom." They don't forget that Mrs. Meek took time out, busy as she may have been, to find that telephone number of the "lost" uncle or cousin for a seaman

desperately anxious to locate him. Or when she put the call through to a successful reunion over the wire. . . . They don't forget that they were able to get stamps to send that important letter to the folks back home, when all the postoffices were closed and the ship was sailing early in the morning. They don't forget accurate information. Answering questions is an adventure in itself, taxing the imagination and the resourcefulness of the Club itself.

Questions like, "How can I stay in the United States?" or "What would be a good school in America to study chemical engineering that wouldn't be too expensive? I want to bring my younger brother to this country," are not unusual. They are typical of one thing—the intellectual curiosity of the young seamen of today. One must keep posted and abreast of all sorts of things to even keep up with these boys!

Many of them are sophisticated and knowledgeable people eager to learn more. Hazel Harris—"Hazel", as she is known affectionately to countless seamen—philosophizes as she serves over the counter in the colorful Cafe Room of the Club, "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world and

they all come here, sooner or later." They do! Twenty-five thousand seamen visit the International Club annually and they represent every color, every religion and over sixty nationalities.

The pace in the Club varies. But there is never a dull day. The real experience of the socials in the Club stems more from what is spontaneous. Some of it happens only because this *is* the International Club; a German seaman with an impressive blond beard asking a hostess to dance the "twist" with impeccable manners, a group of colorful, robed seamen from Lagos inquiring about the average wages here, a vivacious Greek group getting up and doing one of the Greek national folk dances to everyone's delight, a gay group of Italians singing with abandon the beautiful tune of "O Sole Mio", or a Dutch seaman getting up onstage and singing rock 'n' roll tunes in . . . Dutch!

Recent gifts to the Club include a number of freshly-painted life rings from various ships whose names and ports of registry appear in bright lettering.

A grateful Latin-American seaman summarized his feelings about the International Club, and through it for the Seamen's Church Institute, shared by many of our guests from foreign lands when he said, "You know, those

life savers you hung up there, they are a good symbol of your organization. The Institute and the International Club are lifesavers to us. Where could we go, if there wasn't such a place in the port of New York?"

Or, perhaps, we may put it in the way that an older British seaman put it as he was leaving the Club at the end of an evening's activities. "You know," he said, "I've been sailing for thirty years and I've seen many clubs around the world, some of them even more modern—although the place here is just smashing. But I've never had a better time anywhere and that's the honest truth, it is!"

"When we opened the International Club in May of 1958, we hardly anticipated its universal popularity. Participation has increased substantially each year," remarked Dr. Roscoe Foust, Director of the Special Services Department, under whose jurisdiction the operation is included. "Now the Club is known around the world, and for a good many seamen its existence implies more than just a place for social rendezvous."

The International Club is building friends for SCI, but, more significantly, it is providing a climate in which seamen from all over the world can get to know each other better.

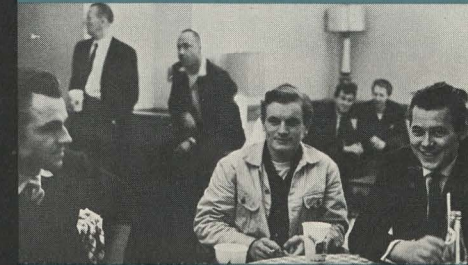
by Chris Nichols, Club Director

Guest registers his ship and nationality at reception desk on Party Night as staff hostess Mrs. Tina Meek responds with hearty welcome. Chartered buses bring men from ships to Club, return after party. ▼



▲ Club Director Chris Nichols discusses things to do in the city with two Japanese seamen. Staff must understand general interests, financial resources, language proficiency, and problems of various nationality groups to suggest things to see and do in New York City.

You rarely find popular Hazel Harris without her legendary smile as she serves up refreshments at Cafe counter. ▶



▲ Last year more than 25,000 men representing 60 nations made the Club their headquarters in New York.



Across from Manhattan on Staten Island at the foot of the Bayonne Bridge sits a nearly-completed floating showboat. Its skipper, Ed Furbush and his wife Shirley, a former LOOK-OUT secretary, will soon see a life-long dream become a reality.

Eight years ago Ed Furbush embarked on the herculean task of constructing a showboat. "I love showboats," Ed explains, "and so I decided to build one." But it wasn't as simple as that.

The 111-foot hull of the theatre belonged to a Lackawanna Railroad barge that was sold for scrap. Ed bought it at auction for \$350, then bought three other barges for a song and took them apart, nail by nail, for the two-by-sixes he needed. The task lasted five years. Above the housing on the car float he built a 111-by-31-foot structure, containing an auditorium, a stage, eight staterooms, a galley, grand entrance and ticket booth. Above this went a balcony for 100 patrons.

Asked how he had the courage to

a do-it-yourself

SHOWBOAT

A former LOOKOUT secretary and her ex-seaman husband realize a five-year dream of building and operating a floating theatre as their "Driftwood" takes shape.

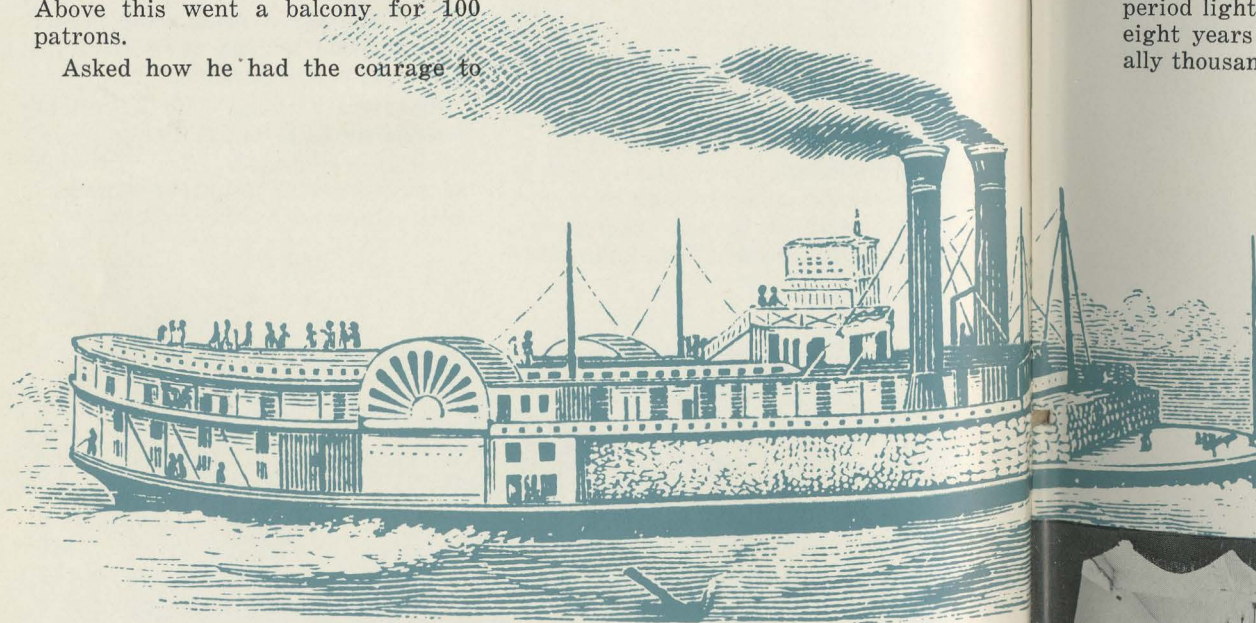
attempt such a project, he answered, "I was a performer on showboats for eight years, sailing up and down the Mississippi, Ohio and smaller inland waterways. From the first day I stepped aboard the famed 'Goldenrod,' I was determined to own one of my own." Mr. Furbush and his wife, Shirley, have a long background in the theatre. Both have toured practically every state in the Union, have owned and operated their own summer theatres, and Mr. Furbush has taught drama as well.

During the war years Ed gave up show business for defense work. For three years he worked in a shipyard. The knowledge he gained in this endeavor has stood him in good stead. With his professional "know-how," together with a dedicated zeal to fulfill his dream, he has forged along, heaving ponderous beams into place, sawing out the gingerbread decorations for the railings and installing period lighting fixtures. Over the past eight years he has accumulated literally thousands of items . . . gifts from

friends, pieces of "junk," much of which his friends and family would rather have seen floating down the river. But it has all found a place in the construction of the showboat.

"Without the aid of my wonderful wife, Shirley, my daughter, Kristine, my son, Keith, and my friends, Fred Hall, Joe Sorace and others who have devoted time and energy and many words of encouragement, this showboat would still be a sandcastle in the air."

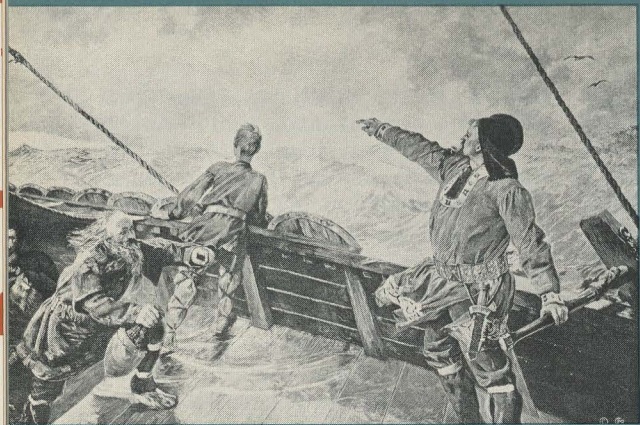
The hardest work is completed. At present the Furbush crew is hard at work on the finishing touches. The stage, lobby and balcony are completed. With spring, the Driftwood Floating Theatre will be ready for her first show. The Furbush family, who have lived aboard the Driftwood with Hymie, the dog, Cleopatra, the cat (and offspring), and the newly-acquired monkey, Skip, are currently negotiating for a location in New Jersey.



Pointing with pride to the "Driftwood", a 5-year labor of love, Ed Furbush, a down-Easter from Maine, says "Come aboard next year when you hear the calliope playing. She'll look fine away from this mud-hole."

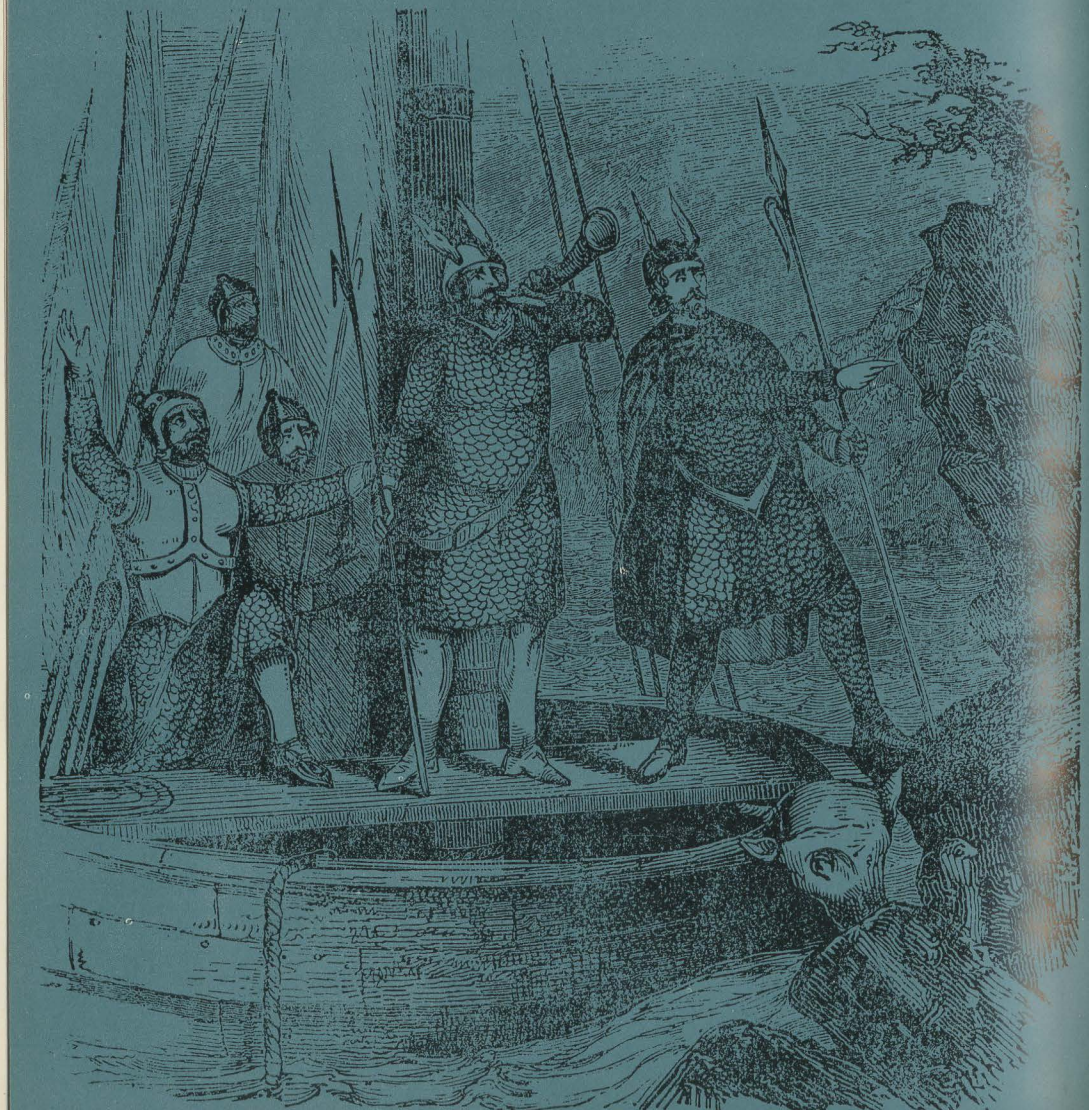


The Furbushes, along with volunteer weekend visitors, put finishing touches on a balcony and box seats and a stage that will bring back old-time melodramas.



Who discovered America?

by Raymond Schuessler



Was Columbus the first European to set foot on American soil, 470 years ago this month, or had Viking adventurers who described "savages sleeping, three under each canoe" referred to Nova Scotia Indians as early as the year 1007 A.D.? Here are some startling facts!

Most scientists today agree that the Vikings undoubtedly did land in America before Columbus, but they have never really proved it. The popular Viking arguments have all been proven false. The Kensington Rune stone supposedly left in Minnesota in 1362 was proved for all time a hoax. The man who carved the runes in it did not realize that he was using a mixture of 13th Century and much later script. The shield, sword and axe found in Port Arthur, Canada, were also phony.

Norwegian explorers last year tried aerial reconnaissance in an attempt to locate the landmarks mentioned in the Viking legends. Another Norwegian scientist, Helge Ingstad, last year claimed to have found a Viking camp site on Newfoundland which will shortly be excavated.

Why should we insist that there were not any pre-Columbian voyages to America?

Since we do know that Eric the Red reached Greenland in 1000 A.D., it is not too fantastic to believe that from their colonies on the western coast of Greenland voyages were made to North America. Certainly the prevailing winds and currents could easily have taken their ships west from Greenland to Baffin Bay, Canada, a distance of only 300 miles or less.

Certainly they were a bold and explorative race. The Viking Age, from 800 to 1050, was a period of great expansion for Scandinavian people. They drove into Germany as far as the Rhine. They laid siege to Paris in 845 and overflowed France. They conquered a great deal of England (invading with an enormous fleet of 250 ships). Why couldn't they have come to America? They plundered Spain, Italy and part of the Arab world. Many pressed into Russia.

First let us look at their ships to see if they were capable of such a voyage. A typical Viking ship was of oak, 75 feet long with the widest part about 15 feet. The depth from the upper part of the bulwark to the bottom of the keel was 3½ feet. The prow was usually carved as a dragon's head. It carried sixteen seats and oars and was steered by a huge oar at the right side.

A Roman historian, Tacitus, in 100 A.D. described the ships: "The vessels were built wholly of oak so as to bear any violence or shock; the cross benches a foot thick were fastened by iron spikes, the thickness of a thumb . . . neither could our ships damage them by ramming them so strongly were they built . . . when the wind had become strong they could better weather the storm than we."

The Vikings used to bury their royalty in ships with full provisions. Excavations in Norway in 1880 uncovered the Gokstad ship near Sandefjord in almost perfect condition since it had been buried in green clay. It was 80 feet long, 16 feet wide, had a mast and 16 pairs of oars.

Little known, an exact replica of such a ship did sail the ocean just 69 years ago.

During the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Norwegians, mindful of the adventures of their forebears built and sailed across the ocean in an exact copy of the Gokstad ship.

The Captain, Magnus Andersen, wrote: "It is amazing to see the degree of precision arrived at by our ancestors in constructing a ship of this nature; it equals the work of our modern shipyards in every respect."

The Viking sagas, as they are known, tell of five expeditions to Vin-

Continued on page 19

Chapter III. Continuation of the
log of 17-year-old Fred Best as
recorded in 1890 aboard full-rigged
ship ASIA sailing from Boston

July 24,

Today is my birthday and I opened the cake which mother made for me. It was in fine condition, but tasted of camphor which I had in my chest. The steward is very good to me and gave me some doughnuts. I am 18 years old today! I wonder where I shall be 10 years from now! I think of home a good deal today, but I am in good health and spirits, and love the sea as much as ever, even though the family did not think I would when I got aboard a ship.

I caught a fish yesterday, but no one seems to know what it is. It is about as big as a sculpin and is covered with spikes like a porcupine. When touched, it swells up like a balloon and is a very funny specimen. I wish I had it at home to put in the curio cabinet. A sailor caught another bonita which was a beauty, and we ate it for supper.

To celebrate my birthday, I took a trick at the wheel and lookout, and I am going to do it right along now like an A. B.

July 29,

For the past three days it has been very hot and calm, but today a good strong breeze has sprung up. There was a beautiful sunset and a fine night. I wish Mother and the family could be with me on such nights as last night, for it was the most beautiful night I have seen with the full moon and stars shining on the water, and making it almost like daylight.

Although today is Sunday, we had no services as Arthur has been moved aft and is very sick. I went to see him

tonight, and he looks very thin and pale. Hope he will get well soon as I am alone in my room now. I spent nearly all day reading and opened two of the letters from home which were in my chest. It seems almost like I am with the folks when I read their letters, even though I am so far away.

The sailors have been hinting lately about Neptune coming aboard when we cross the line, and I expect they will have some fun with your humble servant when we do cross.

August 4,

We are now out of the doldrums and are having a good breeze, but with squalls at night. In my lookout from 12 till 2, I saw a light, and sung out "Light on the port beam, sir." It was the first time I ever saw a light on my lookout, and the vessel, a large steamer, crossed our stern and soon passed out of sight. She was all lighted up and looked fine.

I did a big washing and also sold a pair of overalls for \$1.00. They cost me 50¢. One of the sailors, Antonio, caught a bonita and we had this one for supper also. I saw four kinds of fish today; flying fish, bonitas, dolphins and porpoise. Last night a big bird flew about the vessel and lit on the main royal yard, but I could not catch it.

Toward night we had a squall and I furled the mizzen royal alone. It was the first time I ever furled a sail alone in my life, and I was quite pleased when I had accomplished this feat and the mate was satisfied.

Arthur is still sick, and one man in the starboard watch is also sick. We have had a good deal of sickness aboard, but the captain takes good care of the sick and they have all pulled through so far. The man who acted crazy is all right now, and is

back at work again.

We tacked ship today and are now on the starboard tack about four degrees north of the Line in the Atlantic, headed for the Cape of Good Hope. When there is a headwind, we make little progress so we are all hoping that this fair wind continues.

At night we sometimes sing chancies and I have learned to sing some with Scott, A. B. He is our chantyman, and a good one, too. He has taught me "Robin Renzo."

These chancies are songs which the men sing when pulling on ropes and I wish you could hear all the hands singing a good chanty when hoisting a topsail. It sounds fine and it seems not nearly such hard work to hoist a sail when we are singing a good chanty.

On a fine night I wish you could see the wake of the vessel. It looks like a sea of fire, and when it is boiling from under the ship's stern, it is a lovely sight to behold. I have often wished that Jack or some of the other boys were here, for we are now having fine clear days with good breeze and blue sky, and the beautiful nights. I will try to tell them about it when I get home, for I doubt that Jack in his coastwise seagoing experiences saw anything like this phosphorescence.

August 7,

This afternoon when I took a bath and washed my clothes, I demonstrated that I believe in the old motto, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness", and I do try to keep clean, which is more than I can say for some of the sailors.

We are now sailing WSW, and tonight we **CROSSED THE LINE**—but I didn't get shaved although I expected to! It was again a beautiful night. Both Arthur and Herbert were wondering what would happen to them,

too, when we crossed the Equator, and we were all a bit scared, but Father Neptune didn't even come aboard. Now we are Shellbacks and will never have to go through the First Crossing again!

When I was up aloft yesterday, I saw a barque away off on the horizon, but she soon went out of sight. Our ship must look mighty pretty to others who see her, when she is sailing under full canvas, as we have been doing this week. The water is very blue and the sky is blue, too. There are still many flying fish about the vessel.

The crew are making new sail and chipping iron from the mast bands. I did some mending and mixed up a new clothesline which I got from aft. I commenced making a model today. I think I shall make a brig. My health is good and I am enjoying life. We expect to come out about seventy days more.

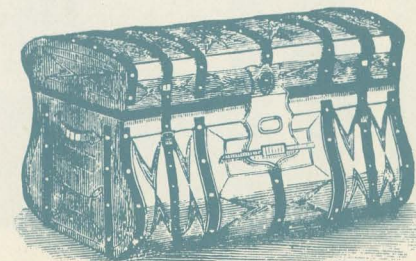
Last night I learned another new chanty from Scott, "Blow the Man Down." I have also learned "Home-ward Bound", and it is a pretty song. Arthur is better, so I feel glad about that.

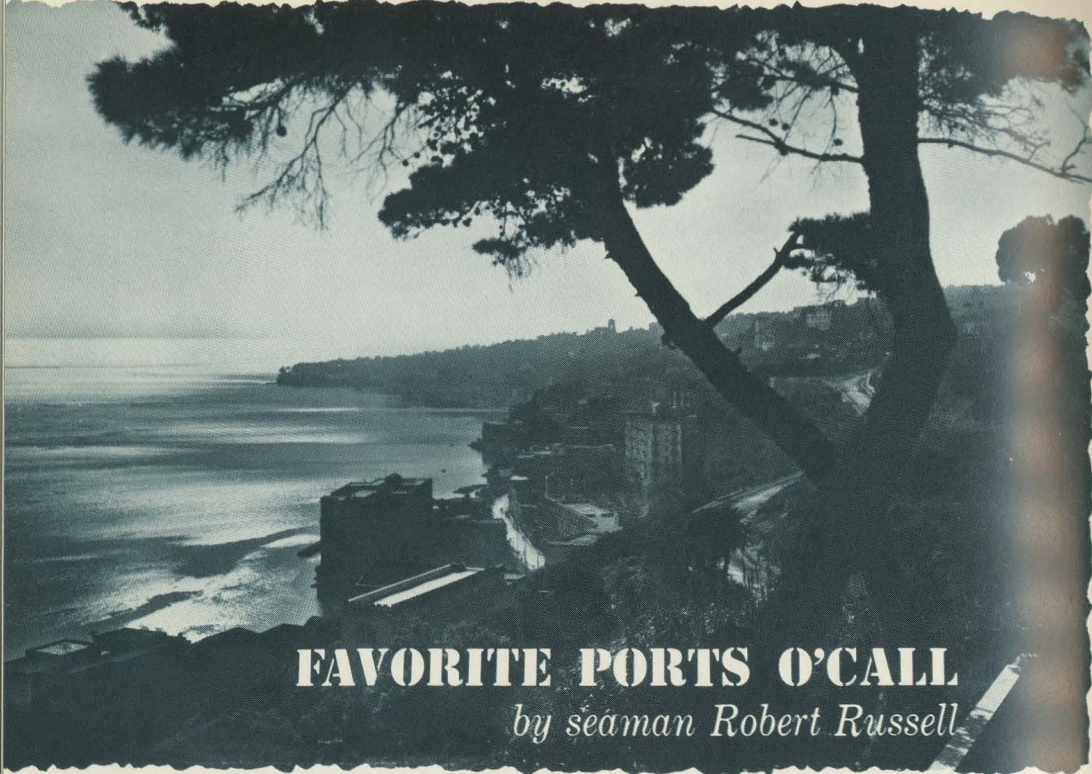
August 20,

We can now see the Southern Cross every night. This is the cross formed by four bright stars, and cannot be seen from anywhere north of the Line. We are in the SE Trades now and are making good headway and do not have to pull on a rope. We have seen flying fish every day, some of which are as long as 18 inches and could fly a long distance.

Continued Next Month

Down to the Sea... 1890





FAVORITE PORTS O'CALL

by seaman Robert Russell



napoli

It is not for the splendid city alone that I most enjoy visiting Naples. Within driving distance of this famous port, or by excursion boat, are some of the most diversified and extraordinary wonders the world has to offer.

At different times during my various trips to *Napoli*, I have driven north through Casino to the resort town of Sabandia; south by the excellent new highway to that gem of a port, Salerno; from Amalfi to Sorrento by that remarkable road which offers one of the most beautiful as well as famous panoramas on earth—the Amalfi Drive. By boat I have visited the islands of Capri and Ischia, rising out of the Bay of Naples and have spent thoughtful hours in the extraordinary cities of Pompeii and Herculanium where, buried under an eruption from the volcano, Vesuvius, time stopped 1900 years ago.

While Naples itself, founded by Greeks from Cumae 2500 years ago, may not appear as beautiful as the travel folders might lead one to believe, it is, nevertheless, very attractive as you enter the harbor, particularly in verdant summer. Entering the bay from the south, you pass Capri off the mainland tip of Sorrento. Soon you will see the city of Naples rising fan-shaped on terraced hills from the water's edge, conical Vesuvius standing like a sentinel at the wide curve of the bay. As you come closer, some of the most striking of the old buildings stand out: the huge red Palazzo Reale (Royal Palace) whose last legal resident was King Victor Emmanuel II; near it the Maschio or, as it is usually called, Castel Nuovo (the New Castle) built in the 13th century, an exquisite structure as perfectly matching one's preconceived notion of what a castle *should* look like as you could imagine—moat, drawbridge, high circular towers and scalloped battlements. High on the hillside stands the old fort, Castel Sant' Elmo, now an impressive museum, and above the city—crowning it—is the monastery of San Martino, also converted into a museum.

At the edge of the bay, on a jutting point of land along Santa Lucia, is the famous Castel dell' Ovo (Castle of the Egg) built during the 14th century on the site of a villa where Lucullus held his famous feasts. (The hills above were once his gardens and vineyards.) The castle was so named because it was believed that Virgil, considered a magician during the middle ages, had buried an egg under its foundations.

These are the landmarks which catch one's immediate attention with their ancient, gaunt and massive outlines. Obviously proud of their great metropolis—a city of a million and a half—the Neapolitans floodlight their chief buildings and monuments, making them striking and dramatic at night. Fountains play in abundance, especially in the huge Piazza Municipia. The fountain complex at the fair grounds at Campi Flegrei, a northwestern section of the city, with its jets shooting more than a hundred feet into the air as changing colored lights play on them, is as spectacular as it is intricate.

The narrow, winding streets of *Napoli* lead into the ancient quarters of the city where most of the 200 ornate and historic churches are situated. It was at San Domenico Maggiore that St. Thomas Aquinas received his illuminations, and at San Lorenzo Boccaccio first saw Fiametta. Other streets lead up the several hills of the city into quiet residential sections. The panorama of the Bay of Naples from these hillsides (which may also be reached by funicular) are magnificent—particularly in the late afternoon or evening.

It is easy to find one's way about Naples without speaking Italian, but the language is so colorful that you would gain much by knowing it. The word endings, for instance, give the exact descriptive quality to the word: *bambola* means doll, *bambolina*—little doll, *bamboletta*—pretty little doll, *bambolona*—large doll, *bambolaccia*—ugly doll, *bamboluccia*—(implies an attitude of pity or sympathy) poor,

napoli



weak, delicate doll, *bambolotta* — fat little doll. But if you do speak Italian and do not understand what is being said it is because “the people on the street” use the

Neapolitan dialect, made up chiefly of Greek and antique Italian.

Most travel descriptions of Naples mention the boisterous, carefree populace, but fail to speak of the true spirit of the people who, subjected by eight or nine waves of conquerors and “liberators”—among them Austrian, Italian, French, Spanish, German and American each leaving characteristic imprints on the social customs and architecture of the city, are quick to laugh and sing by way of raising themselves above their thoughts of misery. The visitor is aghast at the poverty and the masses of *disoccupati* who throng the streets. He is besieged by beggars and peddlers, and comes to the conclusion—as do Northern Italians—that Neapolitans are lazy. However, if Naples, whose economy is based on tourism, were turned into a manufacturing town, it would probably outstrip most of the cities of Europe, so ingenious and industrious are her people.

To market, the Neapolitan woman must go to the tobacconist for salt, cigarettes or stamps, on which she pays taxes due to the government monopoly. Sugar she buys at a *bar*, which may also sell pastries, and where she gets coffee beans to take home or coffee to drink there. Various kinds of ice cream are also sold at a *bar*, but only in warm weather. The housewife takes an empty bottle to the wine merchant who draws clear white or red Capri wine from huge barrels. At the olive oil shop she purchases dried peas and beans, pickled peppers, anchovies and sardines packed in brine, tomato paste, soap, sawdust, kerosene and brooms. She can purchase all kinds of spaghetti, macaroni and noodles for the midday meal at the *pasta* shop. Fresh eggs, sold in

little yellow wax paper sacks (which hold only two) she receives at the store which sells cheese, cured meats and olives. This shop also sells canned fruit but the Neapolitan woman scorns them.

The rewards of hazard by car the many miles of serpentine road of the Amalfi Drive are considerable. Along the way are frequent stopping places where one can enjoy the spectacular views from the mountainsides looking across miles of precipitous coastline or down rocky cliffs to the rich blue water, dotted with sailing boats, which stretches out to the misty horizon. At the northern end of the Amalfi Drive is picturesque Sorrento, whose walled roads lead down to the bay beneath majestic rocky palisades.

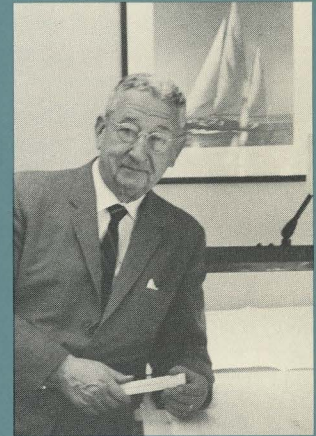
To visit Pompeii is an experience both pleasant and bizarre. The rich, virtually perfectly-preserved art works are stunning—not least in their frequently uninhibited portrayals of scenes of *amore*. But the inescapable mood of eeriness and “silence”—the realization that the city’s progress in time was halted in moments—is all-pervasive. One can literally step into another millennium and view a life forever apart, yet often touching our own significantly. Many of the solutions of their urban problems—water supply, sanitation, marketing—are surprisingly modern. Many of the examples of their moral degeneration are strikingly prophetic to our own times and the evidence of the possibility of an absolute annihilation is dramatically real.

Vede Napoli e muore. “See Naples and die” is an oft-quoted saying. Indeed, there is more to see in the world besides Naples and its surroundings, but there is something almost uncanny for the visitor—perhaps the many moods of the city and the unexpected mementos of its dramatic history—so that wherever else he may go, the memory of his Neapolitan days will remain, and he will very likely feel the urge to return to this inexhaustible source of pleasure and inspiration: *Napoli, Italia*.

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.*

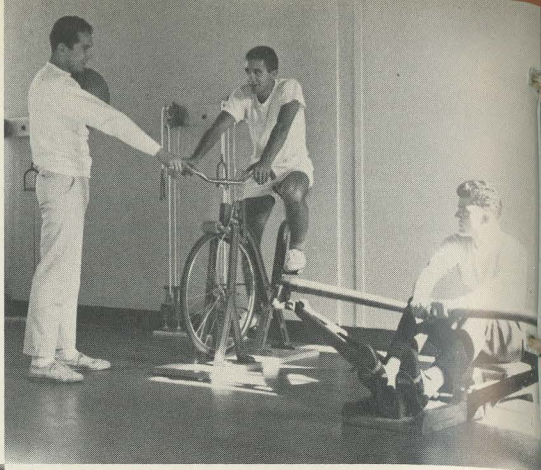
TV “What’s My Line” fans watching program recently will remember participant Phillip L. Rhodes who designed sailship “Weatherly” which defended America’s cup from Australian challenger “Gretel” in America’s Cup Race. Mr. Rhodes, who has a “soft spot in his heart for the Institute” donated his winnings on the show to the work of SCI. He has designed sail and power craft since 1920, including models for the Navy. He is now associated in business with his son.



On Columbus Day this month an exact replica of *Maria Galante*, caravel on which Columbus sailed to West Indies in 1493, was presented to Marine Museum from estate of H. M. Hillman by his widow, Agnes, (center) accompanied by Charles Sullivan, Vice President of the Hillman Brass & Copper Co., Philadelphia. Accepting gift is SCI Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan.



Seamen have taken over new body-building, exercise equipment which has been housed in a remodeled section of the old dormitory on the 13th floor. Latest workout machines, hot room and shower facilities make SCI's physical fitness project a reality. Non-seamen participation is limited. Although they already look like the "after" specimens, two seafarers demonstrate new equipment as staff instructor provides helpful hints.



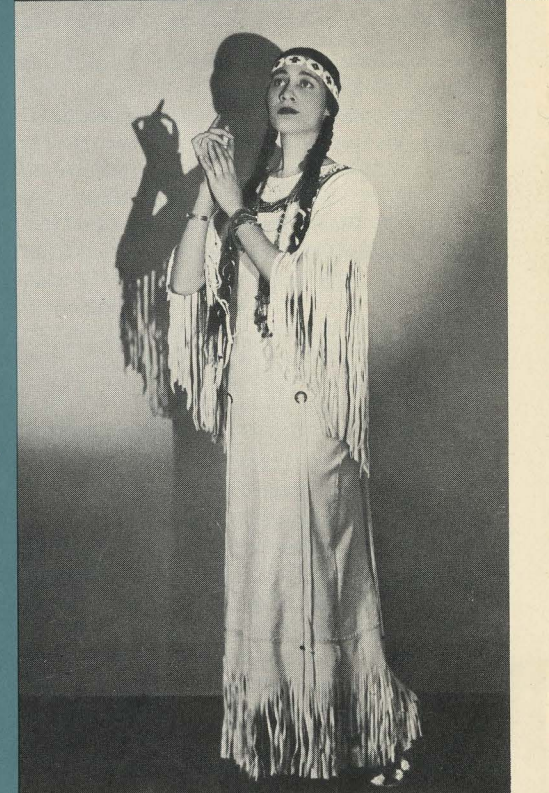
July graduates of the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy smile in anticipation of at last getting sealegs after final week's orientation in various shipping companies located near the SCI. Cadets took advantage of every activity offered at 25 South, and were vocal in their enthusiasm about the adult education program and the gym facilities.



66 DAYS 'TIL CHRISTMAS. Opening of the Women's Council Christmas Room on the 19th of this month marks a favorite day at SCI as more than 150 women from metropolitan area volunteer hours of labor to the monumental task wrapping gifts and packing boxes. This year's goal is 8500 boxes, each containing eight useful articles in addition to a hand-knit garment (largest number ever distributed). Gifts will be opened by merchant mariners on the high seas, in hospitals or at the Institute on Christmas Day. The Christmas Room is open Monday through Friday until 4 p.m., Wednesday evenings until 9, and visitors to Manhattan are invited to stop at SCI to join the work. An unposed snapshot, taken at Christmas time last year, captures the delighted expression of seaman who models the hand-knitted cap and scarf for his buddies.



American seamen were fascinated, foreign seamen enchanted by this month's recital "Songs and Legends of the American Indian," by Cherokee Miss Hote Casella before capacity audience. Miss Casella, whose Indian name Ho-Te-Ma-We means "mocking bird," appeared in native costume, accompanying herself with drums and rattles. Her songs embraced love, work, play, lullabies, nature.



"Hmmm, wonder what the cook is sending up from the galley for my lunch today?" asks the sleek younger generation of the feline occupants of an SCI neighboring waterfront warehouse. Seamen residents delight in caring for these denizens of the docks, so the confidence of this well-fed ball of fluff is not at all misplaced.



Tense moment from Beverly Cross play "One More River" presented to receptive audiences in the new Seamen's Theatre early this month. Language of play related well to an almost exclusively seamen audience and elicited delighted comments. Because of initial success, plans are being expedited for production of two more plays of the sea.



WHALING AND OLD SALEM. *By Frances Diane Robotti. New York. Fountainhead Publishers, Inc. \$8.50.*

Whaling and Old Salem accurately and vividly describes in stirring narrative early America's most romantic and picturesque industry, the terror of uncharted seas, the perils of rounding the Cape of Good Hope into the Pacific Ocean—favorite of whaling theaters—the conflict of a few men in open whaleboats with the colossal sea monster, the danger of the chase, hunger, mutiny, shipwreck, storms, boredom and triumph; how they whaled, the rules of the game, the weapons, the heroism in victory and defeat, the conversion of blubber into oil, and interminable four-year whaling voyages.

Here is related George Dodge's greasy whaling cruise (aboard the *Baltic* in 1931), known as a sailor's horror, the thrill of a Nantucket sleigh ride, gams, slicing bible leaves for the try pots, and a whaleman's lay, New England whalers as world explorers, their beautiful Pacific island paradises, the secrets of whaling ceremonies, rituals and traditions, the decline of whaling after the Civil War, up to and including the Pelagic (factory-ship) whaling currently prosecuted in the Antarctic by a group of several nations with Norway in the lead.

Frances Diane Robotti is a versatile historian of ideas with a talent for fresh approach to her subject and a sleuth's sixth sense in ferreting out the most unusual and obscure material of significance to today's changing world.

LAND TO THE WEST. *St. Brendan's Voyage to America. By Geoffrey Ashe. 313 pp. The Viking Press, \$6.75.*

Geoffrey Ashe writes of his personal quest for evidence that a knowledge of America existed in medieval Ireland. Almost as widespread as the legend of St. Patrick was the legend of St. Brendan, an actual sixth-century holy man, whose voyage was recorded in Latin in the tenth century. It was the study of this epic, which gives a glimmer of an actual familiarity with what might be America, that led the author on his quest. His personal adventures took him from unexplained megalithic ruins in New Hampshire to pre-Aztec relics of bearded white men in Mexico, and even to pre-Inca Peru. The author's zest for this assignment is felt throughout this piece of scholarly sleuthing.

THANK YOU

The response to the LOOKOUT questionnaire sent to readers in July has been gratifying, almost overwhelming. We take this opportunity to thank you for expressing your interest. Suggestions have been incorporated in the last and current issues of LOOKOUT, others will be developed in the future. One thing has been established from your comments . . . LOOKOUT will remain its present size and will be distributed monthly. The editor welcomes your continuing comments; a Letters to the Editor column will appear with the Christmas issue.

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH
Continued from page 2

All sailors admit to having favorite ports of call. For Björn, whose hobby of photography provides hours of entertainment for fellow seamen and his family, a favorite "mecca" is Aden, a port in Arabia. With its absence of taxes, the availability of inexpensive goods, and the picturesqueness of its villages and people, it has been the subject of many rolls of film. The red carpet is not put out for white visitors, however, Björn feels. There is a suspicious surveillance as he wanders through the markets. On the small, dark streets, both frightening and exciting, to his horror Björn found children whose arms were cut off so that they might go into the streets to beg more profitably.

For friendliness and a bit of relaxation, Björn prefers England or America—both like his homeland—and New York's SCI is his choice. Dirt and noise notwithstanding, Björn finds many things to occupy his time here, keeps his camera busy, makes visits to two uncles on Long Island, where he gives slide-travelogues that candidly log his sea adventures.

An avid reader, Björn enjoys the free time at sea, and is making plans for the not-too-distant day when he will settle down in Stockholm in the hotel or restaurant business, depending upon his galley education for his success. "This will make mother happy," he grins, "for she's wanted me to return home since I left it at the age of 14."

SCI, he says, is known to every seaman, and a familiar farewell is, "See you in New York at the Institute."

Obviously, Björn is not yet ready to abandon the lure of the unknown, or the opportunities that life at sea offers.

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?
Continued from page 9

land, two of which are most reliable.

Leif Ericson sailed in 1000 A.D. to a place called Helluland—land of Flat Stones—which we think was Baffin Island, Canada. Leif then sailed south and came to land that was "level and wooded, with extensive stretches of white sand." He called it Markland. It may have been Newfoundland. He went further south until he came to country with grass and grapes which he called Vinland.

Karlsefni then followed in 1004 or 1007 with a larger expedition which included three ships and 160 men and women with ideas of colonizing the land. He stayed about three years and fled when Skraelings, as he called the natives, attacked mercilessly. The unwarlike Eskimos of Greenland certainly would not have attacked the Vikings.

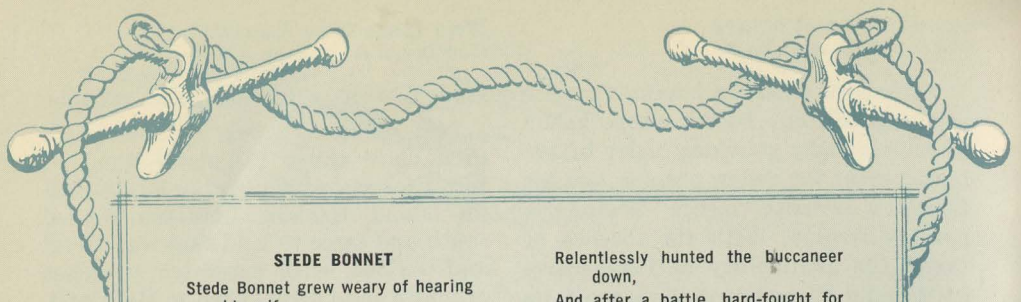
Karlsefni mentions stumbling upon savages sleeping, three under each canoe. Eskimos would have had only a kayak which held one person and under which no one could sleep.

When sleeping Skraelings were discovered and slain by Karlsefni, they found cases containing animal marrow mixed with blood. This could be the "moose butter" which the explorers Denys and Father LeClerq spoke of in the 17th century as a habit of the Nova Scotia Indians.

The favorite game of the Algonquin Indians of the St. Lawrence Valley was lacrosse, which they learned, some historians say, from the Norsemen who we know also taught the Greenland Eskimos how to play.

Karlsefni also described the balista, a catapult-type weapon in which a huge stone wrapped in skin was slung from a pole. This was a known mode of fighting among the Algonquin Indians of the St. Lawrence Valley.

Perhaps we shall really know all the answers when the newly suspected Viking settlement is unearthed soon.



STEDE BONNET

Stede Bonnet grew weary of hearing
his wife
Forever nagging and making his life
A dreary succession of quarrels and
jeers,
The while they went climbing the
way of the years,
And, when on a morning her sar-
castic tongue
Snapped, "Go be a pirate and get
yourself hung!"
He answered, "Kate, darling, I'll
put out to sea,
For on this occasion at last we
agree!"
Still chuckling, he left her; without
more ado
He bought The Revenge and he
gathered a crew
Of blood-thirsty rascals, who figured
it fun
To plunder and murder with cutlass
and gun,
To board a rich merchant with bel-
low and roar
For gold to be squandered in hell-
holes ashore,
And, with a kiss wafted to Kate
through the spray,
Lighthearted, Stede Bonnet went
sailing away.
He sailed to the eastward, he sailed
to the south,
The sting of the salt-wind like wine
to his mouth;
With laughter and curses he harried
the main,
His foaming wake littered with those
he had slain,
With ships he had scuttled and sent
to their graves
Within the green hollows far under
the waves,
Where mermaids trembled and
grew white with fear,
When cannon were saying Stede
Bonnet was near.
But there came an ending; a fleet
from Charles Town

Relentlessly hunted the buccaneer
down,
And after a battle, hard-fought for
a day,
His men and Stede Bonnet were
carried away
To die with the tug of hemp under
their chins,
But, writing to Kate, ere he paid for
his sins,
He said, "Though hell's waiting for
a man who is hung,
I have had my heaven away from
your tongue!"

by Edgar Daniel Kramer

SEA BLOOD

Inland born, I never saw the sea
Till I had grown as tall as I
would grow.
I did not then suspect how stealthily
Salt hid within me, tintured
every flow
Of ruddy life in artery and vein—
Even my tears of sympathy or pain.
My skeleton? Why, that I thought
was stone,
Or wood, or metal—which, I
could not tell.
How could I guess that coral was
my bone,
My teeth near kin to nacre in a
shell?
How could I know the sea had
staked its claim
Eons ago—then waited till I came!

*by Commander
R. F. Armknecht*

PATTERN

When the sea waves rise
They stand like mountains,
Then dwindle to hills
That break into fields
Of fragile flowers
Then vanish when wind
And the touch of time
Dissolve their beauty.

