

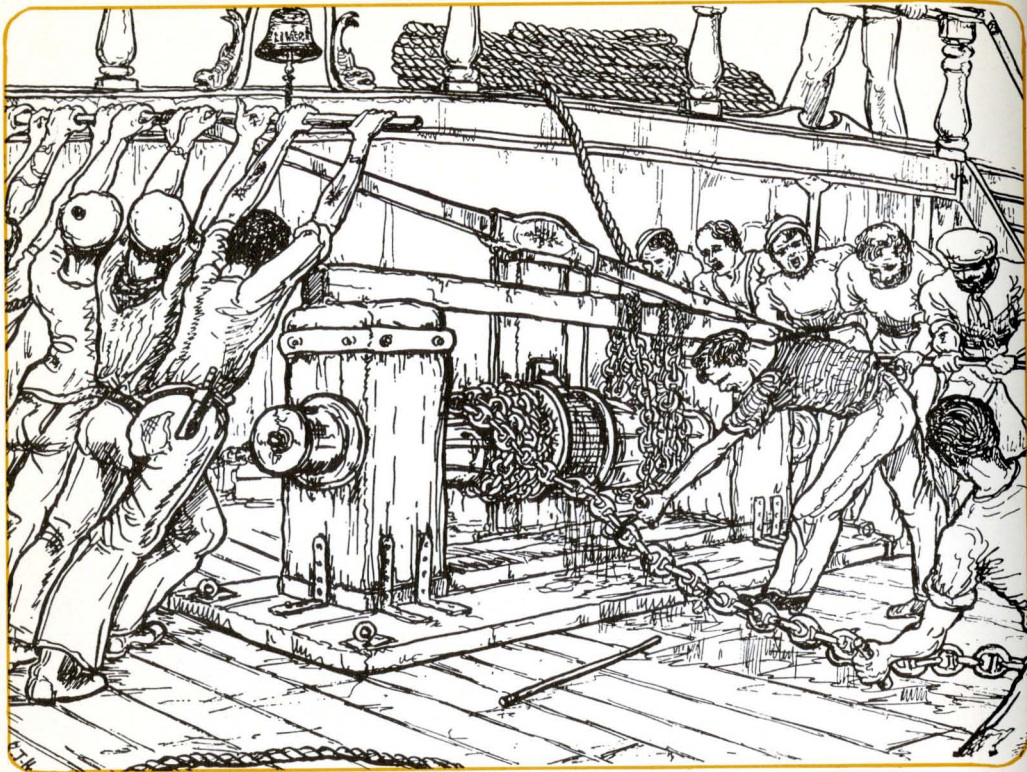


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



SEPTEMBER 1970



The operation of a "pump windlass" called for a chanty with rhythm. This type of windlass was used for several tasks aboard a sail ship. In the sketch shown, the men are weighing the anchor; two men with "chain-hooks" are stowing the chain as it comes off the windlass drum.

the LOOKOUT

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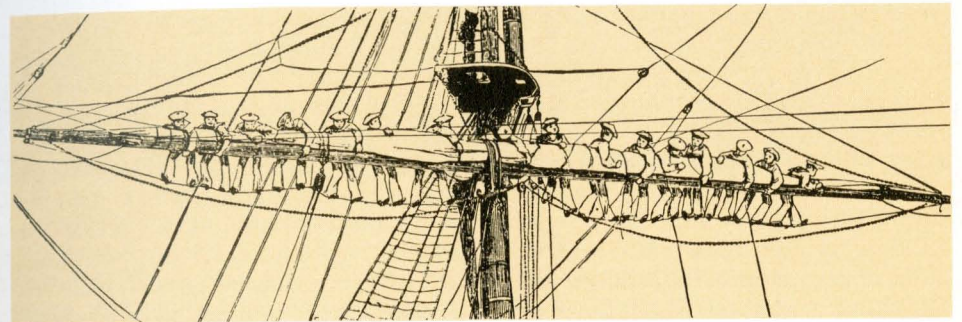
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COVER: Drawings by Gordon Grant depict some of the many activities aboard sail-ships during which crewmen sang chanties to relieve the tedium of often unpleasant tasks. (Sea Song Soundings, page 3)

SEA SONG SOUNDINGS



by Paul Brock

There is an old salt's saying to the effect that a good rousing sea chanty is the best bar in the capstan, and this still holds true among sea-lovers. There is a magical lilt and sway to some of the old chanties which makes them easy to learn and hard to forget.

The reason is their small tonal range and the fact that they were originally intended to ensure the maximum synchronized effort at one particular moment when hauling on a rope.

They were the true songs of the "toilers of the sea" and were not sung for recreation but as an essential part of the work on shipboard. It was the chanty that mast-headed the topsail-yards when making sail. It started and weighed the anchor, brought down the main-tack with a will, loaded and un-

loaded cargo, kept the pumps going.

In fact it did all the work where unison and strength were required, and a good chanty was to the sailor what the pibroch is to the Highlander — invigorating and soul-stirring. At the capstan, on the topsail-halliards, in port and at sea, in calm and in storm, the ropes ran smoother, the work was done quicker, when some twenty masculine voices sang:

*"Haul the bowline, the bowline,
the bowline;
Haul the bowline, the bowline
haul!
Haul the bowline, Polly is my
darling;
Haul the bowline, the bowline
haul!"*

At the last word 'haul' in each couplet, every man threw his strength into the pull, all singing in chorus with a quick explosive sound.

There were tunes and verses to fit every kind of work on board ship, and the chanties were grouped into four categories. First there were the "Topsail haulyard" chanties. (The word "haulyard" has been corrupted into "halliard" or "halyard" these days, but its meaning is clear.)

These chanties were used when manning the topsail and topgallant halliards. Sometimes the words were extempore with one "chantyman" singing one line and his shipmates singing the chorus. A good chantyman could bring in all the everyday happenings on board ship, often with sly digs at the Captain and other individuals.

In this group were the old favorites, "Blow the man down," "Roll the cotton down," "Whiskey for my Johnny," "Blow boys blow," and "Poor old man."

Second were the "Capstan Songs." These were of great beauty, and outstanding among them are "Shenandoah" and "Rio Grande." Others were "Sacramento," "Sally Brown" and "Rolling Home," which though not so haunting in their musical setting, were used very frequently.

"Bunt Chanties" were the third category, and they might also be called single pull chanties. Their purpose was to synchronize one concentrated heave as in hauling the bowline, or when "sweating" the braces taut.

Two other popular chanties were "We'll Pay Paddy Doyle for his Boots," and "We'll all sling mud at the cook"

Fourthly there were the "Stamp and Go" songs. These were used when the load was light and it was possible to walk with one's burden. In reality they were a sort of marching song, and anything which lent itself to the correct timing might be used, like "We'll roll the chariot along," "Highland laddie," or "Tally hi ho! You know."

The singing sailors were permitted

by the unwritten law of the sea to use a great deal of license in their improvisations. Through these they were often able to voice legitimate grievances without fear of punishment or accusations of mutinous conduct. Most masters and mates listened attentively to the sentiments of the crew expressed in the words of a sea song.

They also appreciated the almost magical way in which the depressed and drooping spirits of the crew would respond to the heartening chorus of "Blow the man down" when all hands had to be called to set the upper topsails again after a particularly heavy blow; and the sentimental attachment of the crew to their ship when she was warping into dock after a long voyage, to the plaintive strains of "It's time for us to leave her."

But the great majority of the old-time chanties were raucous, rousing and rollicking. Like "Put him in the soup in the cook's old galley." These and other unquotable penalties for the drunken sailor are drastic and noisy, and they possess rhythm and vigor — all ingredients enabling sailors to sing them with genuine relish.

Many of them originated on board American vessels. The words alone are sufficiently tintured by American sentiments to prove this. The titles, too, have a strong flavor of Boston, and New York about them: "Across the western ocean," "The plains of Mexico," "Bound to the Rio Grande," "Valparaiso," and "Santa Anna." These and many more betray a New World inspiration. And all of them were working songs as racy in air and words as our pioneer ancestors.

Whether forgotten by the professional mariner of today or not, sea chanties will bring delight to lovers of boats and the sea. They encourage that well-known longing to "go down to the sea again" and feel "the flung spray and the blown spume" to the accompaniment of a chanty with a real salty tang. **END**

Peace ship tied to New York pier in East River. Tall tower aft is the radio transmitting antenna.

ship of peace



SCI Marine School's James Mills (left) instructs Father McTague (center) and another student in the operation of LORAN, a navigational aid.

The SCI Marine School has had several unusual and interesting students since its establishment in 1914; but never, so far as anyone can remember, has it had a Roman Catholic priest enrolled in its seamanship classes.

The priest is the Rev. Charles H. McTague of Fairview, New Jersey, who enrolled in late June at the school and resided in the Institute while a student into July.

Father McTague, a friendly middle-aged man with an M.A. degree in social studies, was a seaman in his youth before his ordination to the priesthood.

The cleric has no intention of leaving his parish permanently and becoming a career seaman. Hardly. He has something else in mind.

It is his intention to become a member of the crew of the 570-ton *Peace Ship* presently tied up at the Manhattan 26th Street pier in the East River as soon as the vessel is re-fitted as a neutral radio broadcasting ship to operate outside the territorial waters of Israel and the United Arab Republic in an effort by peace organizations to

bring permanent cessation of hostilities between the belligerents.

Father McTague took a vacation from his New Jersey parochial duties to devote his time to the *Peace Ship* project and is still "wrapped up" in it.

"It has been quite a few years since I was an active seaman and I felt I just had to learn as much as I could about all these modern electronic ship devices if I am to be helpful when we go to sea," the priest-student explained.

"So this is why I'm here at the SCI Marine School—to learn all I can about the newer ship-handling methods."

After attending classes at SCI in the morning, Father McTague usually bustled over in the afternoons to the *Peace Ship* where he doffed his clerical collar and dark suit to climb into paint-flecked work clothes to join other volunteers in chipping old paint, in applying fresh white paint to the ship's trim and gear or to confer with Abie Nathan, the Israeli "peace pilot" living aboard ship (who initiated the "peace ship" project) on fund-raising strategy.

Despite the current cease-fire armis-



Father McTague and Abie Nathan in captain's cabin

tice between the Arabic countries and Israel, Mr. Nathan has small hope anything like a permanent peace will be achieved through the negotiations now in progress.

"So our mission remains unchanged, goals remain the same and we will continue to carry on as before," he said to *The Lookout*.

A taciturn man, Mr. Nathan is engrossed in the formidable problem of raising sufficient money with which to install special radio broadcasting equipment, buy stores and bunker the ship for its unique mission. He was formerly a captain in the Israeli Air Force and later for El-Al Airlines and flew his own plane to Cairo in 1966 in an abortive effort to see Nasser.

The *Peace Ship*, once the Dutch coaster *Cito*, was built in 1940 and purchased by Holland Christian church members for \$70,000 and then brought to New York in an effort to raise \$150,000 now being sought and needed to equip the vessel for its special mission. A radio transmitting antenna has already been installed.

"We would be based in Cyprus," said Nathan, as quoted in an interview with

the *National Catholic Reporter*. "We would stay in international waters, more than 12 miles from the shore. More people listen to the radio in the Middle East than probably in any part of the world. There are millions of transistor radios in homes, in the markets, everywhere. Even when they are not listening, the radio is on all day long.

"We would start in the morning with peace messages from the Hebrew scripture, the New Testament and the Koran. Then we would carry objective news reports; we would be a voice of moderation."

Where would he get his news?

"Our staff would monitor the news constantly. We would listen to radio stations in Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus and Beirut.

"I have a list of 60 people who have volunteered as crew and radiomen — even disc jockeys. We will have hours of entertainment, too, even commercials. Some will have to be paid and others will be purely volunteers. Our broadcasts will be in Arabic, Hebrew, English and French."

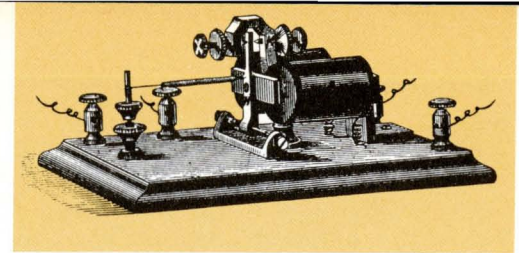
— H. G. Petersen

First of two installments.

MARCONI

Man Of Destiny

by David Gunston (Author of *Marconi, Father of Radio, etc.*)



If there is one man of genius to whom we owe the whole modern world of today, it is undoubtedly Marconi. Nowadays half-forgotten, he was the father of radio, TV, radar, space travel and so of our entire epoch.

Before Marconi, if there was an urgent message to be sent, it either went in Morse Code telegram between the comparatively few places linked by wire or cable, or else you sent it by a man on a horse. After Marconi, the entire globe was directly linked with your living room, and men could talk with their colleagues on the moon by the effortless hour. That is the true measure of his achievement.

Guglielmo Marconi was born on April 25, 1874, in Bologna, Italy, the youngest son of a prosperous businessman and land-owner who had been widowed early and had remarried a lively Irish girl who had gone to Italy to study singing.

It is said that when he was born in the massive Marescalchi Palace, the family's winter town house, all the servants crowded into his mother's bedroom to offer their congratulations and see the baby. One of them, a blunt old gardener, exclaimed unthinkingly "What big ears he has!", to which Signora Marconi, weak as she was, retorted in her fiery Irish way: "He will

Guglielmo Marconi at Signal Hill, Newfoundland, in December, 1901, with the equipment used to receive the first wireless signals sent across the Atlantic.



be able to hear the still, small voice of the air."

This was a prophecy she could hardly have understood, yet when the lad was only about twelve he began experimenting in a typically amateurish way with what he called "my electricity." Always a withdrawn, restless lad ("I was always in some scrape"), he spent his long holidays with his private tutor and later colleague rigging up weird contraptions of electric accumulators, bobbins, bamboo masts, sheets of tin-foil, glass bulbs, needles, bells and wires.

He read about the work of earlier electrical pioneers, but in the seclusion of the big family estate, the Villa Grifone, set amid the vineyards and nut-trees of Pontecchio, he worked alone with no real inspiration but his own burning vision of the clear possibilities of "talking at a distance"—without wires.

Whilst still a teenager he was sending weak radio waves from one end of his attic den to the other, where they rang a bell as if by magic. Soon he was ringing bells or buzzers between rooms in the house, much to the disgust of his unimaginative father.

Then, one day, on a summer holiday at Leghorn, Guglielmo (or William) Marconi befriended a kindly old man named Marchetti who was going blind. In return, this truly farsighted man taught the boy the only thing he knew—the Morse Code—for he was a retired telegraphist in an age when that was a rare occupation.

After that, there was no holding Marconi. After bitter family rows he finally persuaded his father to finance more ambitious experimenting and in 1875, at the age of 21, he had managed to produce radio waves that transmitted Morse impulses more than two miles across the undulating Grifone estate. As he said years afterwards: "I first saw a great new way open before

me. Not a triumph. Triumph was far distant. But I understood in that moment that I was on a good road. My invention had taken life."

He knew that, in his characteristically modest yet visionary way, that if he, a mere amateur inventor, could communicate to another human being (his brother) over that distance, yet out of sight, solely by the invisible waves of the ether, there could be no limit to what wireless could do.

All through Marconi's life his work was uppermost in his mind. He was a truly dedicated scientific discoverer, the great visionary of the later, twentieth-century concept of "one world." Yet there were two other burning loves as well: his native country, and the sea and all who sailed on it.

The first was to help him not at all in his career, but the second was destined to put radio on the world map. Thus it was patriotism that made the young engineer, so successful despite his total lack of scientific training, even of serious mathematics, offer his working "invention" to the Italian Government. Heart-breakingly to him, they were not interested. His family suggested that England, as a then great maritime nation, might be more sympathetic—"so off to England I went."

Marconi arrived in London at the end of the Victorian era, in 1896, a tall, skinny, nervous youth accompanied by his watchful mother and two heavy trunks of equipment that the Customs officials insisted on dismantling, fearing he was a spy or an anarchist!

The odd pair settled in Bayswater and Marconi was swiftly taken up by the wise officials of the British Post Office. Through a series of experiments in Southern England, the young Italian managed to transmit his primitive radio signals across some 18 miles of sea, a fantastic achievement yet one which few people realized had any lasting potential. *(Continued on page 14)*



Chico and his burro, plus coconuts

CHICO

by George R. Berens

The *Yucatan* was a "happy ship," so most of her crew had remained aboard for many voyages. Some could show discharges covering three years or more of service in the old passenger ship that ran from New York to Vera Cruz, Mexico.

The young Third Mate's experience in ships was not extensive, but he knew he was in a good ship before his first assignment as a deck officer. The *Yucatan* could not be called a "luxury liner," nor an "ocean greyhound," for fifteen knots was her top speed, and she had to be kept there to maintain her schedule.

Each time the *Yucatan* docked in Vera Cruz, Chico invariably came aboard. Chico was the little Mexican boy who had been "adopted" by the crew. He was about eight years old, with a beguiling face and manner which concealed an innate persistence and cunning.

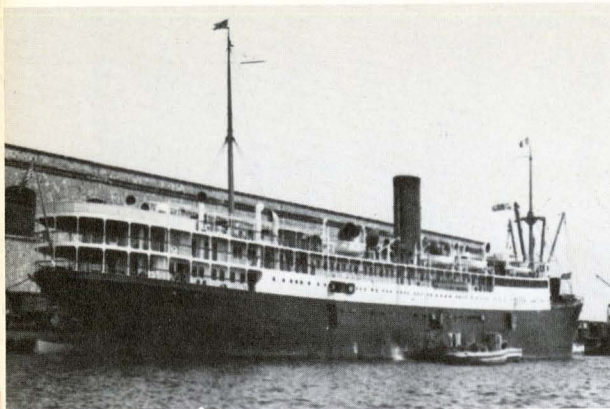
Some of the crewmen had first met

him on a hot, dusty street in the quaint old port where he was leading a donkey carrying a load of coconuts. Being in a convivial mood, the *Yucatan* men befriended the little boy, and after purchasing all his coconuts, took him with them aboard the ship for a visit.

Chico then became a regular visitor to the old liner each time she lay at her berth in the port. He could be found every day somewhere around the crew's quarters in the forward end, and he was recognized as one of the features that made the ship a happy one.

The first time the mate took notice of Chico the boy was seated on the deck of the rope locker industriously polishing a pair of shoes, while several other pairs beside him awaited servicing. This was just one of Chico's activities aboard the ship.

In addition, he ran errands ashore, sometimes washed clothes, or did a little cleaning up for the crewmen. He



The Yucatan in Vera Cruz

always left the ship before she sailed on the return passage to New York with a big smile on his face, his pockets well filled with pesos and candy, and the satisfied feeling of having been very well fed for several days.

It was soon after leaving her berth on a hot, breezeless afternoon that the Yucatan captain on the bridge discovered the stowaway.

"What the devil's that Mexican kid doing aboard?" he shouted.

The mate looked down on the foredeck where the captain was pointing. There was Chico. The Yucatan was forging ahead, having just passed out of the breakwater.

"Stop engines!" yelled the captain.

When the mate had swung the brass handle of the engine-room telegraph so that the pointer was set on 'Stop' and the answering jingle had come from the engine-room, the captain demanded, "Who has the for'ard end for the search?"

Sheepishly the young officer answered, "I do, sir."

Before leaving the dock the ship was always searched for stowaways and contraband, and a log book entry made accordingly. Each of the mates had a section of the ship to cover in this search.

Stowaways can be a great embarrassment to a ship, and, of course, to the ship's captain. No wonder, then, that the Yucatan's master was in a vio-

lent mood. He called the chief mate to the bridge and ordered him to get the motor-lifeboat ready for launching.

"And you, mister," he snapped at the Third, "get that damned kid in the boat and land him ashore; and get back to the ship right quick if you know what's good for you."

So Chico was rounded up, put in the boat with a few of the crewmen, and with the mate in charge they went chugging back into port, while the ship lay drifting outside the breakwater with many curious passengers lining the rails, and an irate captain fuming on the bridge.

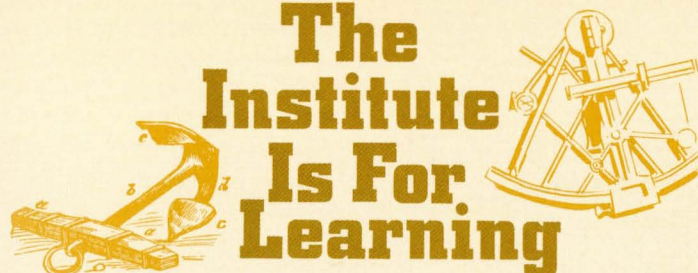
The mate steered the boat in between the arms of the breakwater, then swung her to port heading for the quay where the custom-house stood, and brought the boat alongside the stone wall of the landing. One of the crew prepared to assist a tearful Chico up onto land, but before this could be accomplished a Mexican policeman and a customs guard appeared on the scene.

"No permiso," were the only words among scores of others spoken by these officers that the mate, with his very limited knowledge of Spanish, could understand. But their gestures made it plain that no one would be allowed to land from the boat.

The mate, in a quandary, suddenly had an idea. Turning to a Spanish-speaking crewman he said, "Tell them I would like to land and see Señor

(Continued on page 13)

The Institute Is For Learning



Lucky is the seaman who comes for a stay at the Institute beginning the middle of this month.

For that is when a variety of cultural and educational features is made available to him through the planning of SCI's department of Education. These continue on a regular basis into the winter.

If a seaman, for instance, wishes, on occasion, to engage in a lively discussion or debate on the important issues of the day, or view an outstanding film, or hear a distinguished speaker, he can attend what is called the "Monday Evening Forum". The discussions are moderated by an SCI staff man.

On Tuesday nights there is a course in Spanish — conversational Spanish, mostly — which runs for twelve weeks. If he feels his knowledge of Spanish is good enough as-is, he can, instead, listen to another Tuesday night feature — recordings in a special room of what is termed as the "World's Greatest Music". On occasion, a music authority will explain and interpret various musical passages or what the composer was striving for. Very interesting.

Wednesday night is the night for the seaman who wants to forget the onerous task of daubing paint on the ship's paintwork and who is quite certain that, given the right opportunity, he might exhibit high potential as an easel artist — which some seamen do. For on this night he can attend a class in drawing and painting for beginners.

However, if he suspects painting is not for him, but that French may be,

he may attend a class in beginning French — there to learn that "Mon-sieur" is not pronounced as "mon sewer" and that practice in the right intonation is needed if he wants to pass as a genuine Parisian.

There is still another course offered this same evening—"Investment Techniques". This, like all courses, is also open to the general public.

"Headlines Around the World" is the intriguing title of a ten-week series offered Thursday evenings; this is essentially a sophisticated interpretation of current events and usually led by a United Nations Association lecturer.

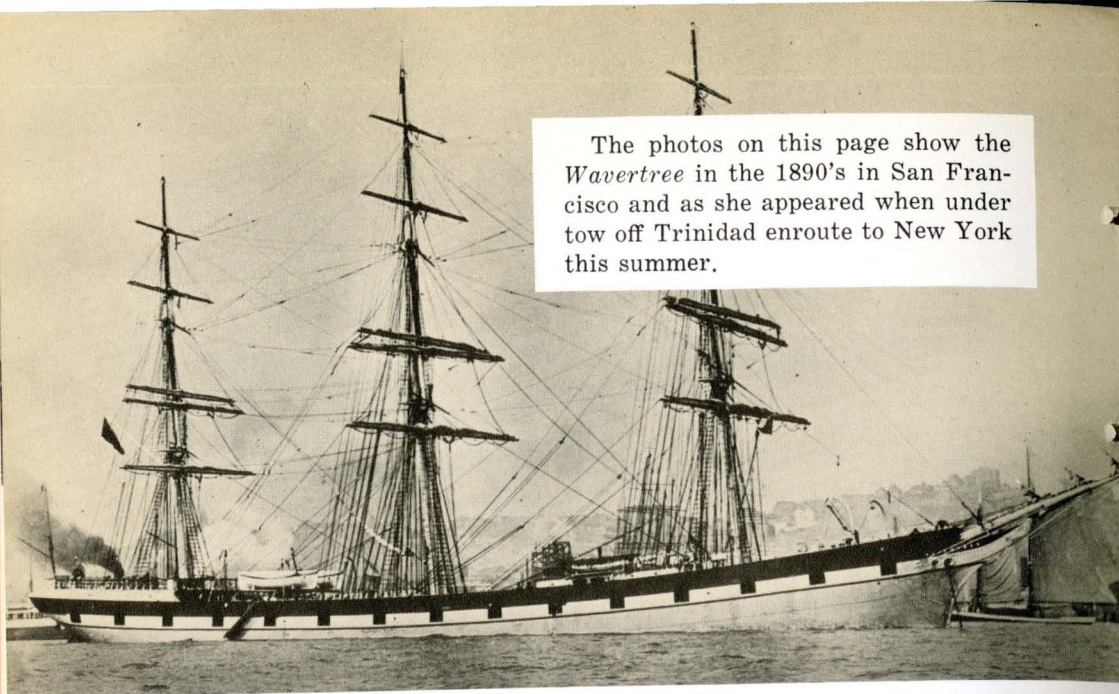
On this same evening, beginning September 24, a new program called, "The Church and the Quality of Life" continues for six weeks. This will be conducted by an SCI chaplain and will probe into the relationship of religion with life.

For advanced students in drawing and painting, Friday night is the night.

All these courses are free to seamen. A nominal fee is charged the general public.

There are also three academic short courses offered at the Institute by the Maritime College of the State University of New York — Ship Stability, Marine Refrigeration and Admiralty Law. Since these particular courses are quite technical, they attract marine representatives from the shipping interests in addition to the working seamen.

—H.G.P.



The photos on this page show the *Wavertree* in the 1890's in San Francisco and as she appeared when under tow off Trinidad enroute to New York this summer.

WAVERTREE RETURNS TO NEW YORK

The *Wavertree*, one of the last of the three-masted sailing ships ever built and which left the port of New York some seventy-five years ago, returned in August — to be moored permanently at the South Street Seaport Museum off Fulton Street as the star attraction among the other historical vessels already there.

The 279-foot-long cargo ship was welcomed by Mrs. John Lindsay, wife of New York's mayor, and a party of dignitaries and towed from her temporary berth at Staten Island to the Museum.

Wavertree came down the ways in 1885 and plied the shipping lanes for twenty-five years, primarily sailing the "West Coast" trades from New York around Cape Horn. In 1910, she was dismasted and severely damaged in a storm off the Cape.

After spending 37 years as a storage hulk and twenty years more as a sand dredge, she was located by Museum officials in Buenos Aires and purchased by the Museum in 1968.

During the last two years, she has

been repaired and refurbished for her long journey home to New York. The remainder of her restoration will be done at her permanent mooring — re-masting, re-rigging, fittings, etc. Not only will the *Wavertree* be restored to her original state as much as possible, say Museum officials; she will also serve as a floating museum containing many interesting marine artifacts.



(Continued from page 10)

Torres, our agent."

The mate, with the policeman, strode along the quay to the office of the ship's agent which was nearby. Arrived there, he explained the situation to Señor Torres, and asked his aid in carrying out his orders.

By the time it had been agreed to let Chico come ashore, the mate was becoming very agitated, for almost two hours had passed since he left the ship. As soon as the agent had explained to him that Chico would be permitted to land he strode to the door, anxious to get back to the boat.

"Just a minute," called Señor Torres, "We have a cablegram for your captain that arrived after your ship left."

More delay while the cablegram was found and given to the much-perturbed mate. Then he set off at a fast pace back to the boat, the policeman having trouble to keep up.

A sad Chico was left on the quay, and the boat chugged off to where the *Yucatan* was being maneuvered to hold her place.

By the time the boat got back alongside, and was hooked onto the falls ready to be hoisted, the captain was furious. And when the mate finally mounted to the bridge, many stinging phrases were hurled at him before he could even hand the captain the cablegram.

The ship picked up speed, proceeded on her homeward voyage.

The mate, standing disconsolately beside the engine-room telegraph, thought drearily of his future. He was sure he'd be fired. Had not the captain said, "You've delayed this ship over three hours, all because of your failure to do your job. You'll pay for this!"

When the Third Mate had been relieved of his duties by the Second a few minutes later, he went to the captain and haltingly said, "I'm awfully sorry about delaying the ship, sir. I had a difficult time ashore . . ."

"Oh, forget about it," said the captain, kindly. "We're away now. Just be a bit more careful with your search next time, my boy."

"Gosh," mused the mate as he left the bridge, "whatever has come over the Old Man? He actually mentioned a 'next time' and said, 'my boy'."

The seaman pondered during his watch that night as the *Yucatan* plodded eastward in a placid sea under a clear, star-adorned sky. What could have changed the captain from a roaring lion to a gentle lamb so suddenly? The cablegram! . . . yes, the cablegram!

Next morning the captain greeted him pleasantly when he came on the bridge to take his watch.

Later the Third noticed that the Old Man was reclining in a deck chair talking with some passengers on the boat deck and seemed to be enjoying himself. The Third conjectured how interesting it would be to know what was in that cablegram; he thought that he had spotted it lying on the captain's desk in his office which adjoined the wheelhouse; and the door was open.

But, of course, the contents would never be known to him, unless . . . No, to enter the captain's office — that was unthinkable.

For the next half hour the Third went mechanically about his duties, his thoughts always returning to the cablegram. From the bridge wing he could see the captain still in company with the passengers. It would only take a few seconds to steal a look at the captain's desk.

Finally, a burning curiosity overcame the young officer's scruples. He slipped quickly into the Old Man's office, and hastily read the cablegram lying open on the desk.

It read: *It's a boy. Both doing well. Love, Elaine.*



(Continued from page 8)

In the year 1898 the great scientist, Lord Kelvin, sent the world's first paid radio-telegram that distance from the Isle of Wight to Bournemouth, the message being clacked out at the painfully slow speed of about 12 words per minute. Yet he grouchy declared afterwards: "Wireless is all very well, but I'd rather send a message by a boy on a pony."

Already what was still called "Marconi's wireless" was aiding safety at sea by reporting to Lloyd's of London on the movements of shipping approaching Ireland and the English Channel, and in that same year the inventor, all agog at a new use for his work, fitted a 65-ft. high aerial on a hired steam tug and reported the results of the Kingstown Sailing Regatta to a Dublin newspaper. This time distances of over 35 miles were involved.

By now, it was clear to Marconi that he had made radio work; what was needed now was to develop its use, step up its applications, and generally make it universally useful — if only for ships at sea. As he remarked to a friend with his usual clear-sightedness: "The calm of my life ended then."

He had already taken out his first patents and founded the famous firm that still bears his name. Already, too, he was a famous figure moving in the unfamiliar realms of big business, besieged by offers, suggestions and commercial propositions, as well as claims, complaints and threats from those who saw their livelihood threatened by the new-fangled means of communication, led by the marine cable companies. One woman complained to him that his wireless waves made her feet tickle and he must stop transmitting them forthwith!

But Marconi was well aware of the dangers and distractions, and he sensed that the carefree days of only a few years before in leisurely Northern Italy were gone forever. He knew that quite

soon he would become a citizen of the world, a man of destiny.

He had long since practiced another of his great gifts, that of inspiring utter devotion in colleagues and helpers. Soon after his arrival in England, he was working one day on the Post Office roof in London when he spotted a tall ginger-haired man down below on the pavement watching him intently. "What are you doing up there?" the man shouted, and Marconi replied: "Come on up and I'll show you." In a trice the man was at his side and started to help him.

He was a former naval petty officer named Kemp, and he was the first of a small but growing band of admiring aides who worked with Marconi through all his major discoveries, calling him affectionately the "Old Man," a friendly greeting still used the world over by radio operators.

The equipping of various British, Italian and American warships and merchant vessels with increasingly powerful radio apparatus gladdened the inventor's heart, most of all when the first lives were saved at sea thanks to wireless. Marconi was always much concerned with the loneliness of sailors and it pleased him almost as much to live to see that loneliness, and the isolation of men in lighthouses and lightships alleviated by his discoveries.

But he was showman and publicist enough to realize that radio would never attract the large-scale financial backing it needed until it achieved something truly spectacular. To this end, from about 1899 onwards, he secretly planned what he called with typical boyish enthusiasm, "the big thing." This was to throw an invisible radio link across the Atlantic Ocean, to join the Old World with the New by means of the mysterious new medium of the air.



Concluded in October *Lookout*.



The ever-changing Manhattan waterfront has always had a fascination for painters, especially for those with a strong link with the sea — as has Ruth Rolston Stevenson, a New Yorker, whose grandfather was a sea captain.

Mrs. Stevenson, a few years ago, just before a string of South Street buildings (including the old Institute) were demolished to make way for new office sky-scrapers, painted a scene of this section which she called "End Ship Era."

She first sketched the scene in bitter winter weather from the end of a pier (now used for car parking) in a race against the wrecker's ball, then subsequently painted the scene in the comfort of her studio.

The painting has hung near the entrance to the SCI chapel for some time. Mrs. Stevenson recently presented the art piece to the Institute as a gift. It was received for the Institute by the Rev. Drs. John M. Mulligan (left) and Roscoe T. Foust who are shown with the painter and the painting.

A photo taken from approximately the same vantage point from where the painter made her first pencil sketch shows how the area has changed. The cranes working from the steel skeleton of a new building at the extreme left mark the site of the former SCI building.



TO THE EDITOR:

Appreciate the *Lookout*, especially May issue about "Hobo," the cat! I know an even better cat story. Years ago on a trip as guest on a ship (mostly cargo), we made ports on the North Sea, and up the Thames, docked in London. Came time to leave, the sailors wouldn't haul anchor. Know why? The ship's cat had gone ashore A.W.O.L. and they wouldn't leave without her. After all, *she* was an important member of the crew! Kept down the rats and mice! I can still see her in memory (even years later) pussy-footing up the gang plank. Only then did we set sail!

Mrs. Agnes Bruyns
Bakersfield, California
(Women's Council Knitter)

SEA MOODS

The rhythmic bells and frog-like moans sound low.
Thick, grey, moist shroud, in hush, enwraps the shore.
A gentle gurgle is the ebb and flow
Which unsubdued, crescendoes to a roar.

The blinding brilliance of the sun on sea;
Bright diamonds set in mobile sapphire drifts
That pirouette in wild, exuberant glee,
As gusty breaths again dispel the mists.

The frenzied surf whips ceaselessly with gale,
And loud-mouthed birds have hidden from its might.
The smoky clouds flee fast before the wail,
While finger-rays sweep hope with shining light.

— *Beatrice A. Weeks*

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