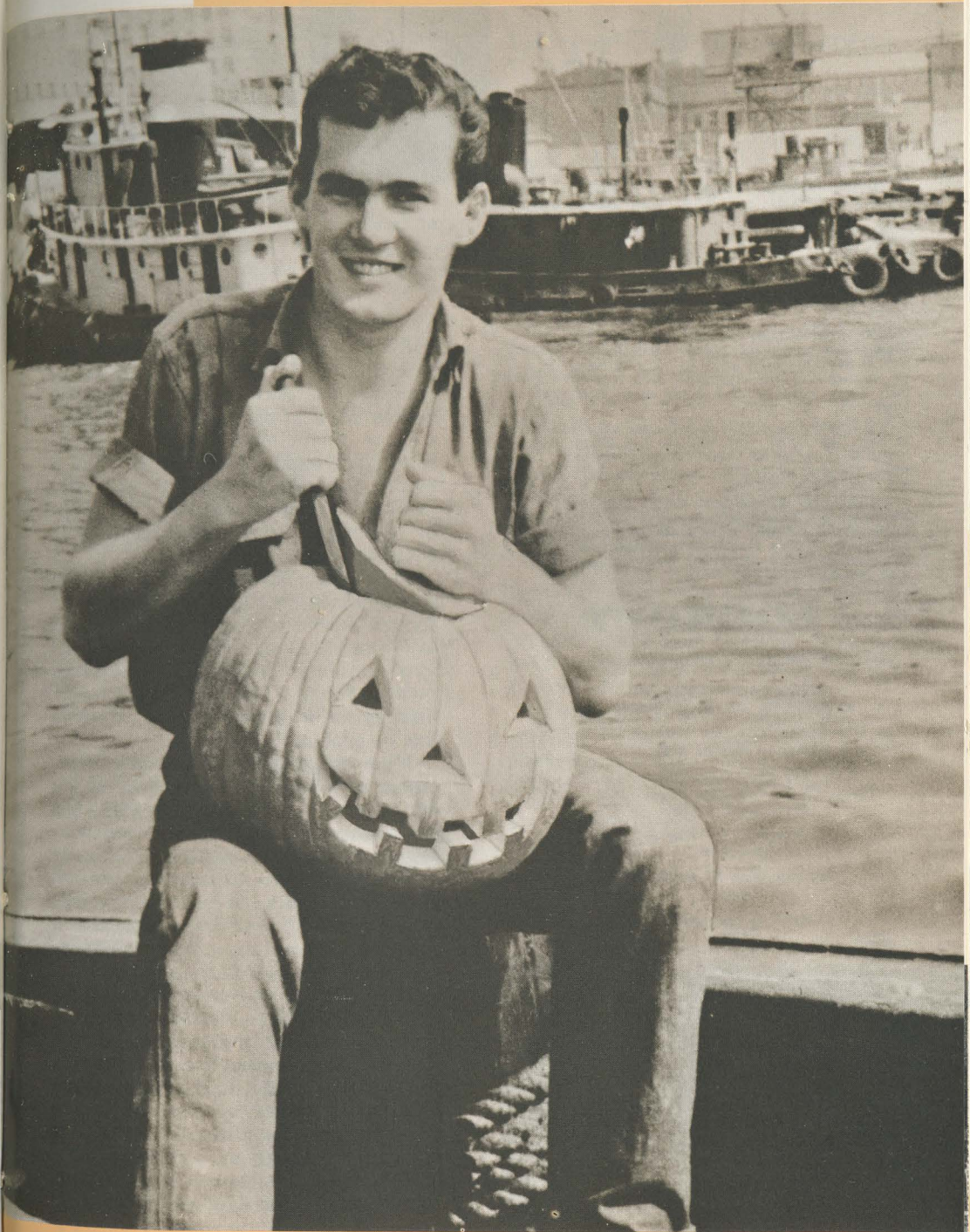




the LOOKOUT

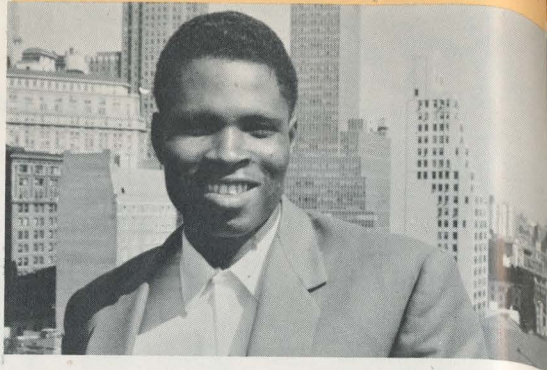
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



October 1963



seaman of the month



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

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

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

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 54, No. 8 OCTOBER 1963

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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New York Association of Industrial
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COVER: Scottish seaman Donald MacNeil, an SCI visitor, helps Lookout perpetuate an old Halloween tradition.

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Like so many other foreign seamen, this month's SOTM, 30-year-old Nigerian Francis Akinshola, followed the course of seafaring as an economic step to financing eventual shoreside self-employment. Although the \$90 a month he takes home to his wife "Duké" and little daughter is not great by American measure, it represents enough from which to save.

Tall, soft-spoken and humble, Francis explained that he was visiting SCI for his second time, but this stay was to be an extended one, brought about by an accident aboard ship which semi-invalided him. He was "discovered" limping his way through the cafeteria line on crutches.

What makes Francis uniquely interesting to us is the fact that he began his career as a ships visitor (SCI has five such men) for the Nigerian government in 1951, boarding domestic and foreign ships to arrange football games and tours. It was during this time he met his wife, who was also a social worker in Lagos, Nigeria's capital. When he made that important decision to "ship out" (not an easy one, says Francis, for he, like most Africans fears the sea) his first assignment was on a British ship, the "Barrow," carrying supplies from Lagos to Eastern Nigeria. Another of his ships, the "Kambe," carried peanuts, cocoa and mahogany to Holland, returning with milk, tomatoes, industrial and farming equipment for his developing country.

Continued page 15

Throughout the summer SCI's Department of Education has worked toward a fall schedule of group adult courses which would attract members of the community to the SCI building, again part of Mr. Mulligan's long-range program to integrate the seamen into every aspect of normal community life, starting first in the classroom. The exchange of ideas between seamen and non-seamen in an academic environment has particular merit.

Courses announced last month startled the staff because of their great diversity. The fall brochure lists things like English for the foreign-born, elementary Russian, psychological testing and relaxation techniques.

The program of both discussion and lecture courses, appeals to every cultural and intellectual taste and includes more offerings than last spring's night programs which attracted more than 13,000 people to the building.

"We expect an unprecedented registration in the fall program which begins this month," reported the department's director, The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley. The seamen, members of the Wall Street community and many staff persons began the 12-week program in 17 subject areas, plus a variety of culturally entertaining programs.

There will be an illustrated lecture course for laymen astronomers which introduces them to lore and romance of the stars with particular reference to myths held by various peoples.

It might seem remote that American seamen would have need for the Russian language, but that is what they themselves requested, and that is what SCI is providing. The beginning language course will be taught by Waclaw Jedrzejewicz, former Polish Minister to Japan and member of the Polish Cabinet as Vice-Minister of Finance and Minister of Education.

In addition to Russian, beginning and intermediate Spanish and French again will be offered and a new addi-

tion to the curriculum—English for the foreign-born.

Courses which have proved uniformly popular—great music, welding, Nations of the World, political science, social science and great religions—are being repeated, and again participation in social dancing groups, the seamen's theatre workshop, and the teaching machine courses is available.

The drawing and painting classes instructed by Madison Fred Mitchell which have drawn record numbers are being expanded to accommodate the demands of the registrants.

Two courses are being taught by Institute chaplains. Richard Bauer will repeat his course in the World's Great Religions, and Chaplain William Haynsworth will supervise a battery of psychological and vocational guidance tests.

Probably no other SCI program is being so vigorously promoted as the group education project. The special interest of the Board and the Director have been greatly responsible for the success of the program.

LOOKOUT readers who would like detailed information about the group opportunities may write for a free copy of the adult education brochure.

Because the SCI pioneered a course in welding for seamen, the National Mechanics Welding Society recently chose the Institute for its annual award presentation dinner meeting which had for its guest speaker SCI's Director of Education, The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley.



Mother to Millions



Artists, poets and composers have immortalized mothers in classics that live on through the years as popular as when they were created. Perhaps it is more impressive when one "mother" is adored so that she has become a "legend" to at least a million men for the warmth she generates in their hearts and her personal concern for their problems. Just such a "legend" belongs to us, and you're as apt to hear her discussed in Hong Kong as you are in Muncie, or wherever seamen gather.

For 33 years ("It'll be 34 in March") Gladys Amelia Kadish has "mothered," listened to, wept with, composed for, stood by, admonished, laughed with, defended, and adored so many knotty American seamen that she has lost count of them in her job (better, a "calling") as head of the Personal Services desk. Her responsibilities, which she puts into two broad and inclusive categories are: personal correspondence and "talking to a man who is plain down and out."

As a woman who was reared by an itinerant Prince Edward Island sea captain ("All we ever heard about at home was sailing ships"), widowed at 21 with two children, faced with the grim depression of 1930 and needing sustenance in New York, Gladys Kadish knows life and she knows seamen. She knows what makes them tick.

When she came to the Institute in 1930, her great perceptive skill was little challenged. "I started as cashier in the soda fountain, working six days a week for \$16.50 a week. My work day began at seven and never ended until the cash registers balanced. I didn't start working directly with my boys until 1943."

Gladys Kadish filled big shoes when she established herself in the personal problems desk. For another SCI First Lady, Mother Janet Roper, in the same job, had reigned supreme in the hearts of seamen the world over for her selflessness and concern for them.

Her legend lives now. Mrs. Kadish, too, has become a legend among seamen in her own lifetime.

"She's easy to talk to," one seaman admitted. "I can go into 'see Gladys with a day's growth of stubble," says another. "She knows when I walk in there that me and the Mrs. ain't hitting it off again—even before I say so," remarks yet another.

It has been estimated that Gladys Kadish knows 10,000 men by their first names, and she uses them. She is and always will be just "Gladys" to them. "They're boys, by and large, looking for someone to talk to. I smile to myself when I know that 'Bob' or 'Bill' has come in with a nothing problem as a way of getting to tell me about that last four months' trip. I know they tell me what they would tell a wife or daughter—if they had one."

SCI considers Gladys Kadish and her Personal Problems center as a strategic person-to-person contact point with seamen. She represents the "home" influence which is needed and often lacking in their lives.

A thorough knowledge of tried and tested solutions to domestic problems, a repository of internal revenue facts, helpful information about union dues, immigration technicalities and even a working acquaintance with anatomy and geriatrics are part of the omniscience she calls upon in working with her big "boys," sometimes as many as 65 a day. "Add to that about 25 more come income tax time," she smiles. "My homework often includes the current copy of A. K. Lasser's 'How to Make Out Your Income Tax.'"

Memories are made of things like this, reminisces Mrs. Kadish, as she fondly related the story of a troubled, 14-year-old seaman. He entered her souvenir-frosted cubicle on the busy second floor of the Institute, just before closing time. "With a buddy he had shipped out from one of the Caribbean islands for New York to visit his aunt. After leaving the aunt's house where all luggage had been deposited, the two boys got separated. How he found his way to us I'll never know, but he was in tears as any 14-year-old might be. I asked him to empty the entire contents of his baggy trousers on my desk. The items dropped out,

one by one. A pencil, a stick of chewing gum, some change, two grapes—and his "DI" card which was required by immigration.

He had never thought to look on his DI card for the destination of his trip, and there we found his aunt's name and address. A smile spread from one peach-fuzzed cheek to the other, the tears stopped, and he threw his arms around me and just held on. We put him safely in a cab and on his way to an anxious relative."

"I keep hoping that some day I'll have a special room at home to display the closet full of souvenirs that seamen have sent in the past 30 years from all over the world, and to display the thousands of picture post cards. The most perplexing part of receiving cards is that the seamen sign names like 'Joe', 'Hank' or 'Ted', and never give me a last name."

When seamen retire, they might take fond memories of SCI "to beach", but they take a bit of the heart of Gladys Kadish.

kaleidoscope

As is often the case, active SCI Board Men have wives who are devoted to the work of the Institute, and volunteer their time and talents in the interest of seamen. This lovely trio of Board wives coordinated and arranged this month's annual theatre benefit "Here's Love" at the Shubert Theatre and the candlelight buffet which preceded it at the Plaza Hotel. Mrs. David Grace, left, served as chairman of the 1963 Benefit Committee, assisted by Mrs. John Morris and Mrs. Clifford D. Mallory, Jr. (right) who has served as chairman in previous years and whose husband directs SCI's important Ways & Means Committee. Proceeds from this year's event will go toward educational, recreational and health services to seamen.





Christmas in October

It's Christmas shopping 12 months a year for Grace Chapman, Executive Secretary for 2,000 women volunteers.

Electricity fills the air each year when the Women's Council announces the October opening of its "Christmas Room," as it has every year since 1943.

Employees know that dozens of local church women by conversation and laughter will liven up the fifth floor "gift warehouse" where thousands of useful items to be included in more than 9,000 Christmas packages this year will be wrapped. They are distributed aboard ships for seamen away from home on the holiday.

The thousands of individually wrapped packages must be snuggled into larger containers to be delivered through the Military Sea Transport. Service aboard American ships. Our own SCI ships visitors place large numbers of boxes on other American and foreign flagships. Fortunately we have a few additional weeks to see that some boxes are delivered safely for seamen in hospitals, and to have enough put aside for the seamen who will be staying "in the house" over the Christmas holidays.

Last year the Women's Council commemorated the shipping of its 150,000th Christmas package by honoring its recipient with a "day on the town." The Lucky Seaman was Harold J. Murphy, a strapping, clean-cut family man from Long Island.

The Women's Council volunteers—and they come from nearly every state in the Union—have been preparing all

year long for the opening of the Christmas Room, and in addition those in the New York area have been crafting gifts to go on sale at the Holiday Gift Table in SCI's lobby. Income from the sale of these gift items goes towards this year's expenses.

"Our goal of 9,000 boxes is a huge undertaking, but from past experience, I am confident that on Christmas day I can report mission accomplished," confirms Grace Chapman, Executive Secretary of the volunteer army of 2,000 strong.

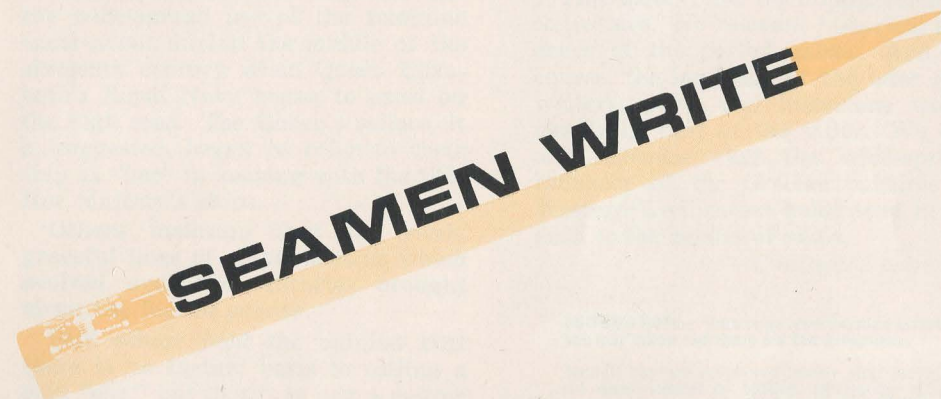
Of all the individually wrapped items in the boxes each year, the most appreciated will be the handknit sox, scarves or sweaters—woolen articles which have been made with devotion throughout the year. Each box also will contain a passport case, personal mirror, shoe horn, nail clippers, complete sewing kit, writing kit with pen, a box of hard candy, and Christmas greetings from one of the 2,000 knitters or contributors to the Women's Council (and her address). A note of friendship from the Director traditionally goes in each box.

Supervising the work of the women is Mrs. John Keating from Emerson, New Jersey, who will work closely with Mrs. Grace Chapman in coordinating the wrapping and packing of the 72,000 items.

The Women's Council helps SCI say

"Merry Christmas" to the men of the sea, and provides a friendly reminder that someone has not forgotten them when their work requires that they be away from family and friends at Christmas.

The Christmas spirit comes early to us, and is sustained a long time—long after the closing of the Christmas Room on or around the first of December, for then we start planning for the SCI Christmas.



January 5, 1963
Dar Es Salaam,
Tanganyika, E. Africa

Dear Mrs. Chapman:

Just a few lines to express our immense gratitude to you and all your fellow workers, who work unceasingly and unselfishly to brighten the lives and improve the morale of the American Merchant Marine.

The Christmas packages from you is that very something that makes the day like Christmas, otherwise it would be to the average seaman just another day with a little fancier food and service, but when the packages come out, well it's Christmas.

That is what starts the mind wandering in the right direction; To the loved ones at home, Christmas of yesterday and the real reason for the celebration. No matter how hard-boiled the man, Christmas hits him where he lives.

We thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

25 December 1962
Persian Gulf

My Dear Friends:

I am one of the fortunate persons of this world to be borned in the country that has people like you and the rest in your church. Yes I received one of your wonderful gifts and I can never tell on paper how I feel, it is all in my heart. I would love to thank each individual personal but knowing that is impossible I would like to say God Bless them and may they live forever. I believe that this Christmas is one of the best that I have had away from home since I know that people such as you and the wonderful ladies thought of us at Christmas. I thank you and all from the heart and may I wish all many happy returns.

Sincerely and Grateful
R. S.
"USNS CRAIN"

The Officers
S.S. AFRICAN COMET
FARRELL LINES, INC.
(\$15 check enclosed)

work. Like a woman, a ship inspires love and desire—she has enchantment. Like a woman, she will respond to loving treatment by her men; and when she is old and tired, even though she becomes a crank, a grumbling old hulk, there will be many who can recall her in her prime. As long as she has life and vitality and keeps her good name she will always find men to love her, to serve her, and to see that she arrives home safely.

Metaphorically, we can say that when a man goes to sea, he is wed to his ship. We must remember that a ship on a voyage is not only a sailor's home and his place of duty, but also his source of pleasure and nourishment, and his constant companion. And a ship, as any seaman will tell you, is apt to be as whimsical and demanding as any woman ever was.

Joseph Conrad, the great English author of the sea, often drew strong parallels between the personalities of ships and women. In his short memoir, *The Mirror of the Sea*, he advised sailors: "... your ship wants to be humoured with knowledge. You must treat with an understanding consideration the mysteries of her feminine nature, and then she will stand by you faithfully in an unceasing struggle with forces wherein defeat is no shame. It is a serious relation, that in which a man stands to his ship. She has her rights as though she could breathe and speak; and indeed, there are ships that, for the right man, will do anything but speak, as the saying goes."

And in Herman Melville's famous American classic of the sea, *Moby Dick*, we read in the closing paragraph of the Epilogue: "It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan." Melville was describing the rescue of Ismael by the ghost whaling-ship "Rachel," who sailed the seas in search of her lost crewmembers.

It is easy enough to explain psychologically why a ship should be called "she," but to trace the factual origin of the tradition is another matter. First

of all, we are confronted by the major masculine exceptions of the "men-of-war," the "Indiamen," and the "merchantmen" of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Perhaps the nature of their duty determined their gender. It should be pointed out, moreover, that during the same period other ships—even those possessing the proper names of kings or lords—were "shes."

Some historians have theorized that the wide-spread use of the feminine came about during the middle of the sixteenth century when Queen Elizabeth's Royal Navy began to excel on the high seas. The Queen's sailors, it is suggested, began to refer to their ship as "her" in keeping with the title Her Majesty's ships.

Others maintain that the sleek, graceful lines of ships' designs which evolved over the centuries brought about the femine gender.

Still others hold the opinion that there is no factual basis to calling a ship "she," but that it is just a matter of old usage and convention, born out of the fancied similarities between ships and women.

All of these factors have served, no doubt, to perpetuate the tradition. But for its source, we must consider the phenomenon that it is a common practice among sailors of most Western nations to call their ships "shes." Since English was a hybrid and comparatively late language to develop and the English were certainly late-comers as a seapower, it seems unlikely that the custom should have arisen first in English-speaking countries.

Most probably, it was the ancient Bronze Age peoples of the Aegean—the Greeks—who first conceived of a ship's feminine personality. The Second Millennium before Christ saw a flourishing sea commerce in the Aegean and Mediterranean. From ancient rock-carvings, we know that the Greeks sailed as far west as the Canary Islands. But we must remember that their ships were small and primitive, and the waters they sailed were frequently uncharted.

Thus, it was their practice, in solemn ceremony, to dedicate their vessels to

their gods and goddesses, and place them under divine protection. For many of these peoples, the Earth Mother was the supreme deity. A ship made of the earth's materials was therefore earth manifest on water, and could and did enjoy the divine guidance of the deity. Logically, then, the ship assumed the personality of a woman, reflecting the demands and whimsies of an all-powerful goddess.

This theory, like the others, remains conjecture. No relevant historical evidence of the period exists. And, of course, the language of the later epic writers, poets and historians would hardly be that of the sailor. We can only surmise that the wide-spread influence of the Grecian cultures in Western Civilization holds true in regard to the gender of ships.

Continued page 15

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is an identification system you may follow and there are few exceptions:

Aircraft carriers are named mostly after historical naval vessels or battles; battleships after states; heavy cruisers and light cruisers after large cities; destroyer leaders (frigates) after admirals; destroyers after officers and enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps, Secretaries of the Navy, Members of Congress and inventors.

Destroyer escorts and destroyer escort transports are named after Navy men, Marines, or Coast Guard personnel killed in action during the Second World War.

Submarines are named after fish and marine creatures (ballistic missile submarines after men famous in American history); ocean minesweepers and fleet minesweepers after abstract qualities, etc., and birds; escorts and submarine chasers after small cities and towns.

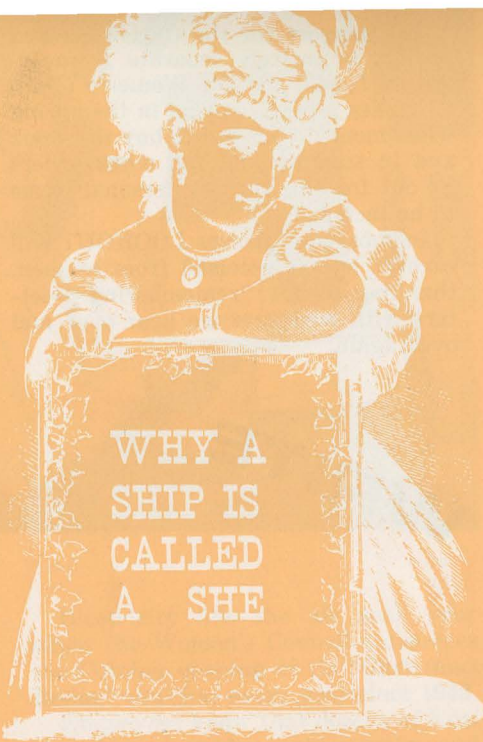
Submarine tenders are named after pioneers in submarine development and mythological characters; destroyer tenders after geographical features and natural areas of the United States, e.g., mountain ranges, valleys, etc.; repair ships after mythological characters.

Large seaplane tenders and escort carriers are named after sounds and bays; ammunition ships after volcanoes and ingredients of explosives; transports after flag and general officers, Commandants of the Marine Corps and Marine Corps officers; attack transports and attack cargo ships after counties; coastal minesweepers after birds; inshore minesweepers after seaboard features.

Tank landing ships are named after counties; and medium landing ships, rocket, after rivers.

Small seaplane tenders are named after bays, straits and inlets; submarine rescue vessels after birds; oilers after rivers with Indian names; ocean-going tugs after Indian tribes; and harbor tugs after Indian Chiefs and words of Indian dialects.

Ships' names are prefaced by "U.S.S." (United States Ship) or "U.S.N.S." (U.S. Naval Ship—non-commissioned ships of the Military Sea Transportation Service).



Shipbuilders and owners have various methods of naming new ships, but they are exclusively referred to in the feminine gender. We wondered why, and our author attempts to answer.

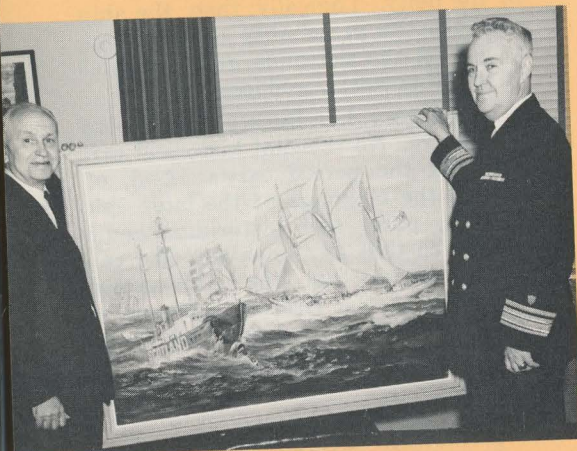
Diverse as the languages of the world may be, the sea lore and languages of Western nations share many common roots. None is more striking than the tradition among sailors, almost without exception, of referring to a ship as a feminine personality, as a "she."

In the English language all inanimate objects are formally designated as "it." But man—poetic man—has long chosen to personify certain objects and to attribute to them characteristics peculiar to living creatures. Thus, we speak of Old Man River, Old Sol, Death and Winter in the masculine gender. In the same manner, we might call the family car Old Betsy or rejoice in the fruits of Mother Earth. It is not surprising, then, that seamen should choose to regard the steel or wooden hulk of their ship as a living, feeling being.

Likewise, it seems only natural that a sailor should compare his ship to a woman, man's dearest and most cherished friend, from whom he is often long separated by the nature of his

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront.

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



Marine artist John Wisinski (left), a retired Coast Guard officer and long-time friend of the SCI, shows one of his paintings "Making for New York Rendezvous" to the Commander of the Third Coast Guard District, Rear Admiral Richard M. Ross. This painting is one of several being exhibited in the Lecture Gallery of SCI this month. "Making for New York" depicts the sailing ships of the world arriving off SCOTLAND Lightship for "Operation Sail 1964". LOOKOUT will carry a story about the ambitious "Operation Sail" in November.



Representing law, stocks, medicine, oil and insurance, but with a mutual avocational love for Dixieland jazz, these gentlemen gather each Friday noon in SCI's auditorium for improvisational harvest of harmony. Calling themselves the "Coenties Slips", merry group will entertain seamen this winter, and extend invitation to seamen and members of lunch-hour community to join them.



GRACE BE UNTO YOU-ALL—A pleasantly aggressive, amicable Southerner joined a Yankee stronghold this month when Chaplain James Savoy began his ministry in SCI's Department of Special Services as Shipvisitor. With a smile as broad and genuine as his Memphis accent, Chaplain Jim admits to his interesting background, having served as Curate of Calvary Church, Memphis, as assistant to the Bishop of Atlanta, and in several Southern parish churches. You'll be reading more about him.

Bookwatch



WHERE THE BONG TREE GROWS.
By James Ramsey Ullman. 316 pp.
New York: World Publishing Com-
pany. \$5.95.

In a unique combination of travel book and personal memoir, Mr. Ullman writes of the storied South Sea Islands about which Melville, Stevenson, Nordhoff, Hall, Michener, and a host of others have waxed lyrical. Mr. Ullman's extended tour via everything from outrigger and longboat to steamship and sailboat took him, of course, to Hawaii, Samoa and Tahiti, but also to Tonga, Pago Pago, Bora Bora, Mania, Raiatea, Takaroa, and dozens of other more remote chunks of coral in the South Pacific. He deftly weaves objective observations of the Islands with an account of his own personal odyssey to create a book that is fresh and captivating, a delight to read. It is at once realistic, sensitively poetic, funny, sad and warmly human.

A place is, in Mr. Ullman's words, "what each traveler brings to it in his mind and heart," and Mr. Ullman has brought to the South Seas, and now brings to the reader, a rare charm and perception.

DROWNPROOFING: A new Tech-
nique for Water Safety. By Fred
Lanoue. 112 pp. Englewood Cliffs:
Prentice-Hall. \$3.95.

This is a book on survival in the water. Given an unfortunate situation, such as an overturned boat, this book aims at keeping the poor-to-average swimmer alive until he can reach shore or until help comes. These are not ornamental skills, and they do not aim at developing strength or peak condition, but rather presume average condition and strength. By using these techniques of relaxing in the water, conserving energy, and learning to cope with choking, cramps or injury to arms or legs, anybody, Mr. Lanoue says, can stay afloat indefinitely—"until you begin starving."

Mr. Lanoue is professor of physical education at Georgia Tech, where he perfected and still teaches his techniques. Some of his methods seem a

bit extreme, but still drownproofing emerges as a valuable concept for greater safety in the water.

THE TWO-OCEAN WAR: A Short History of the United States Navy in the Second World War. By Samuel Eliot Morison. 611 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Here is a book that at last deserves the adjective "unique"—a one-volume history of the United States Navy in World War II. It has been wholly rewritten from its longer counterpart, the monumental and definitive fifteen-volume HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II by Samuel Eliot Morison; it clears away the underbrush of detail but retains in all their eloquence the great action pieces of the longer work: the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, the long grind of Guadalcanal, the leap-frogging among the Pacific Islands, the invasion of continental Europe, the penultimate blazes of glory at Leyte and Okinawa, and the final grudging surrender of the Japanese.

Crisply written and amazingly readable, this big volume is a blazing record of American hardihood, resourcefulness and courage.

MEDICAL, DENTAL CLINICS A-OK IN ANNUAL INSPECTION

To the older seamen and to those indigent ones, the medical and dental clinics which SCI has provided since 1934 represent some of their basic securities.

Recently the New York State Department of Social Welfare, which licenses our clinic, said in a letter to SCI Board Manager, Franklin E. Vilas: "We are pleased to report that excellent clinic services are provided for eligible seamen in your dispensary through the concerted efforts of well-qualified staff and interested Board leadership."

Staffed by two registered nurses and part-time general practitioner and dentist, the ear, nose, throat, medical and dental services last year processed 2,462 patients, most of them seamen.

Clinic charges are only token payments toward costs of the department and contributions from a thoughtful public allow us to maintain consistently good service.

Pago Pago



You wouldn't find it in a coon's age on the map even with a magnifying glass. As the gull flies it's about 2,300 miles southwest of Hawaii in the South Pacific and it's called by the natives Tutuila (Too' too-e' la). Yankees call it Samoa. Seamen call it the Kingdom of Love.

Squeezed into 42 square miles of volcanic and jungle paradise are propagating the most beautiful people in the world, next to my cousin Sadie's family.

The Samoans are American nationals (they are protected by us) but of purest Polynesian blood among their island folks, the Hawaiians and the Tahitians and it's a wonder they have remained so unspoiled with them jet planes.

Samoa's Pago Pago Bay (say it like "rang"-Pang'-o Pang'-o) is a never-found-the-bottom volcano crater that slices the island through the gizzard which is only six miles at its thickest point. The palms like soldiers line the azure Bay at the feet of a lordly mountain range the length of its 18 miles, the length of the little Kingdom of Love.

Doc and I stretch out among these coconut palms (avoiding the lizards), gnaw on breadfruit chips and admire the pulchritude and natural charms of



the feminine inhabitants. They walk willy-nilly along the dirt roads in their hibiscus-printed sarongs (J. C. Penny Doc says) carrying produce to the market. Old Robert Louis Stevenson wasn't so dumb when he chose Samoa to make his home, look at its womenfolk and—if he had time—do some serious writing.

Little clothing is needed to protect them from the elements and so little is left to the imagination. Girl watching is Doc and me's favorite sport. Samoans are, to my estimation, arms and legs above the Tahitians (they're squat) in grace and poise. Dancing occupies a lot of their time—when they're not eating.

I wish I could describe their "kava-drinking" ceremony. Well, the young womenfolk of the village congregate to chew up some roots of the kava plants, after which they are spat out into fancy carved ceremonial kava bowls. Water is poured over this cud and the whole is allowed to ferment. Doc says a better word is fester. Well, at the height of the merrymaking all the young men join the old chief in partaking of this liquid, claimed by Doc to be an aphrodisiac and intoxicant. Tastes more like peppery dish-water to me, but that's neither here nor there. You can't deny, though, that after a few slugs of that rotgut,



even my Mrs. back in Seattle looks like Brigitte Bardot.

Drinking kava and having babies is the national pastime and the overflow of kids heads for Hawaii and Frisco.

I wish I could understand their pig-latin tongue, which Doc tells me is very elaborate, flowery and descriptive. Doc has a basic vocabulary in several languages. Most of the natives speak a little English and it is taught in their American-type schools.

When a young buck is in the marrying mood, he puts on his *lava-lava* (a wrap-around skirt, J. C. Penny too, Doc says), and steals off to a neighboring village (Me Tarzan, You Jane) and takes himself a Mrs. The same rules don't apply when the filly is in the Marrying Mood.

After they are happily wed and a kid is born her worries is over. Because after the delivery, she has no more bother with her offspring, and it is raised by the youngsters in the village.

If the baby is a girl, natives bury a token from her under a mulberry tree thinking all the time that the babe will grow up to be a weaver (they get their cloth from mulberry bark). If it is a male, a token from him is thrown into the sea to make him a brave fisherman. This sounds good but all's I saw fishing was the women. I wish I could convince the Mrs. to their way of life. The men do the cooking while the womenfolk pick the fruit, do the fishing, slop the hogs and have babies. The men, when they're finished cooking and cleaning up play Chinese

Checkers on stumps of old palm trees. I admit they do put up the coconut beams for the huts, but its the women that do all the weaving to make the shingles.

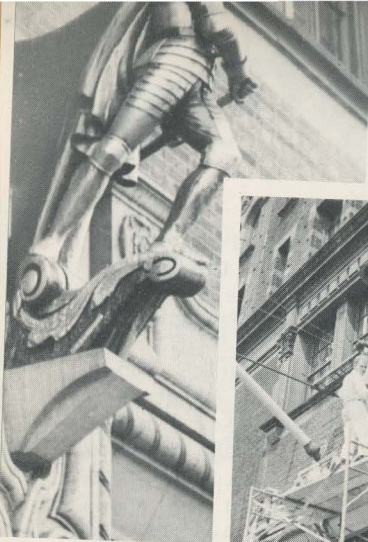
Their living is easy and it's a skip to the jungle to pick breadfruit, bananas, papayas, pineapple, oranges, limes, coconuts and to dig for taro roots. There's always fish in the reef, and the kids munch on sea snails while they're still slimy and crawling and I have to admit it don't stimulate my gastric juices much.

They've caught on to the American word "economy." They are now growing coconut and cocoa for sale in America. Our government knew that the rhinoceros beetles there would ruin their coconut crops, so they offered them villagers a bounty for each beetle they brought in. Things was progressing fine and the beetle economy was booming until some government snooper upset the beetle incubators that some of the boys had set up in the bush.

They're bright you got to admit, and pretty to look at. Doc says them London Missionary Society churches in every village didn't have much to do when they come here. Just set up housekeeping.

If you're planning to come to Samoa, go to Apia, the capitol of the largest island (40 times larger than American Samoa). That's where Aggie Gray ("Bloody Mary" in *South Pacific*) has her hotel which is just plain luxury in them parts. You can sit on her porch sipping Juleps as the sun sets over the Pacific and take in the fragrance (or stink as Doc says) from the cocoa warehouses. I think more than one will agree that Samoa is paradise.

face lift for an old man



Sir Galahad bowsprit over SCI door, undergoing facelift; as he appears to a pigeon.



The old ship's figurehead of Sir Galahad, mounted just over our main entrance, is undoubtedly, along with the illuminated cross atop the building and the Titanic Lighthouse, one of the hallmarks of the Seamen's Church Institute. Last month the strikingly picturesque virile friend to seamen and pigeon alike had his bones scraped, his wounds filled with plaster wood, and his ailing appendages restored to the former grandeur he had when he became part of the architectural embellishments in 1927, a memorial by I. J. Merritt, a donor of \$10,000 to the New Building Fund.

We call him Galahad. His origin is obscure, however, and he has been the subject of controversy since he came to SCI. Some say he graced an American clipper ship of about 1860, but research among old records and registries reveal no square-rigged ship, or bark, with the name "Galahad."

One old sea captain traced it, or thought so, to a privateer brig, "Galahad" built in Marblehead in 1749.

Because our "Galahad" is in a stepping position, others have conjectured that he is of British design, for Britishers incorporated the lines of the draperies or legs into the sweep of the vessel's bow, in as nearly as possible an unbroken line. In 1933 a physician, whose hobby was marine books and relics, advanced the theory that the figurehead, since it has a moustache, was not Sir Galahad at all, but Sir Lancelot, the father of Galahad. Indeed, a famous 1865 Scottish craft, the "China Clipper" carried a ship's figurehead described as "a knight in mail armour with plumed helmet, his visor open and his right hand in the act of drawing his sword." This is an exact description of our figurehead which now looks over the East River. The "Sir Lancelot", alas and alack, went down with the "China Clipper" in a cyclone on October 1, 1895 on her way



"Unknown Maiden" which stands in Marine Museum.

from Muscat, Calcutta carrying a heavy cargo of salt from the Red Sea. Sir Galahad shares his SCI refuge with a historic painted lady in the Marine Museum. Apologetically named "Unknown Maiden" by museum staff, the ancient lass is discretely skirted to the tips of her painted toes and carries a wreath. Ah, if we could wed Galahad and the Maiden, you say?

On the subject of figureheads other than ours, a *Lookout* from 1927 sadly notes their demise: "With the change from bowsprit to straight stem, the picturesque figureheads of yesteryear

Continued from page 1

The shipping route from Nigeria to Holland is welcomed by our African seaman, for Amsterdam is his favorite city and a port-of-call where he meets many transplanted Africans who have made him welcome on Anglo-Saxon soil.

As might be expected, Francis hobby is playing the drums, and he described the intricacies of constructing an instrument from water buffalo hide and mahogany. When a bunch of the boys "whoop it up," according to Francis, it means a drum ensemble.

Seaman Akinshola completed school through the fourth grade where he concentrated on English. The native *Iyabo* tongue spoken in Nigeria is more comfortable to him, as were the *Iyabo* services in the Presbyterian Church Missionary Society where he received his religious training. Even during his short stay at SCI, Francis wanted to take advantage of some of the courses in the Marine School, but his lack of proficiency in English presented a handicap, and he abandoned the plan.

When Francis has saved a certain amount of money he will return to Lagos to become a trader, carrying hardware, yard goods and staples to the bush villages, where he will accept money or goods in exchange, hoping to make a profit somewhere in between.

The straightforwardness and honesty of Francis, typical of the African, won our hearts, and we know readers

have practically disappeared," it read; "The few rare survivors in their decrepitude ornament gardens at seashore resorts. Our warships have been ordered to 'stow everything unessential including sentiment,' which sounded the death knell of the figurehead."

What tales a figurehead, come to life, might tell!

But whether he's Galahad or Lancelot, he looks much better after his restoration operation, and he's fit again to weather the rains, snows, and pigeons as our SCI hallmark on South Street.

will join with us in saluting a fine Seaman of the Month.

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Whatever the origin of the usage may be, whatever we choose to make it, it is now totally accepted in the English language that ships take a feminine pronoun—even in documentation. Perhaps we can say that it is a case of tradition and man's imagination remodeling official language into an expressive and apt idiom.

kaleidoscope



SCI unveiled its newly-renovated John Berwind auditorium last month publicly when W. R. Grace Company employees brought a variety show to entertain seamen. The walls and ceiling in soft yellow contrast pleasantly with brilliant red of proscenium frame and limed-oak finish applied to all old, dark wood dado. A fine oak floor was refinished. The face lifting was the second in the 35 years the auditorium with its superb acoustics has served as a center for many SCI, military and community activities.

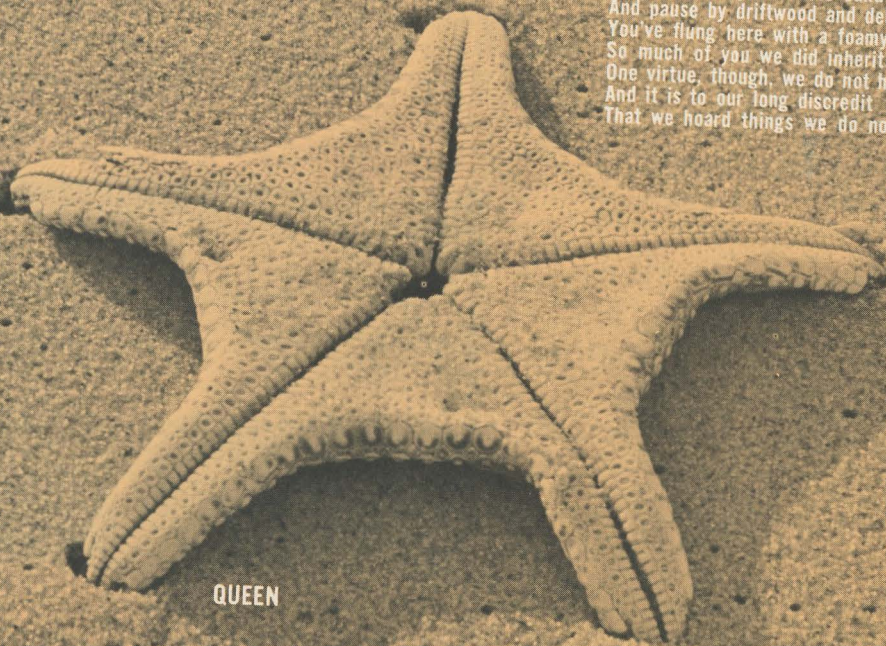
THE AGELESS ENCHANTRESS

by John Van Brakle

Although endowed with beauty and with grace,
She's unconcerned with what is right or wrong.
Her greeting mostly is a strong embrace,
Her life an endless round of dance and song.
Both happiness and death are in her arms,
And lively is the rhythm she'll display
To prove that she possesses youthful charms,
And in that surge through either night or day
One soon forgets beside the Ocean's stir
His knowledge of her ancient date of birth,
But not that more men voice their love of her
Than any woman on the whirling Earth.

ACQUISITIONS

Forever fretful Mother Sea,
I walk beside you on the sand,
And pause by driftwood and debris
You've flung here with a foamy hand.
So much of you we did inherit;
One virtue, though, we do not heed,
And it is to our long discredit
That we hoard things we do not need.



QUEEN

The Sea embracing Earth has seven names,
And with her, or observing her from land
We see her as a mighty queen who reigns
With sometimes gentle, sometimes brutal hand.
No science known to man can silence her
Or break her rule in any earthly sphere.
Her everlasting mystery can stir
The heart sometimes with love, sometimes with fear.