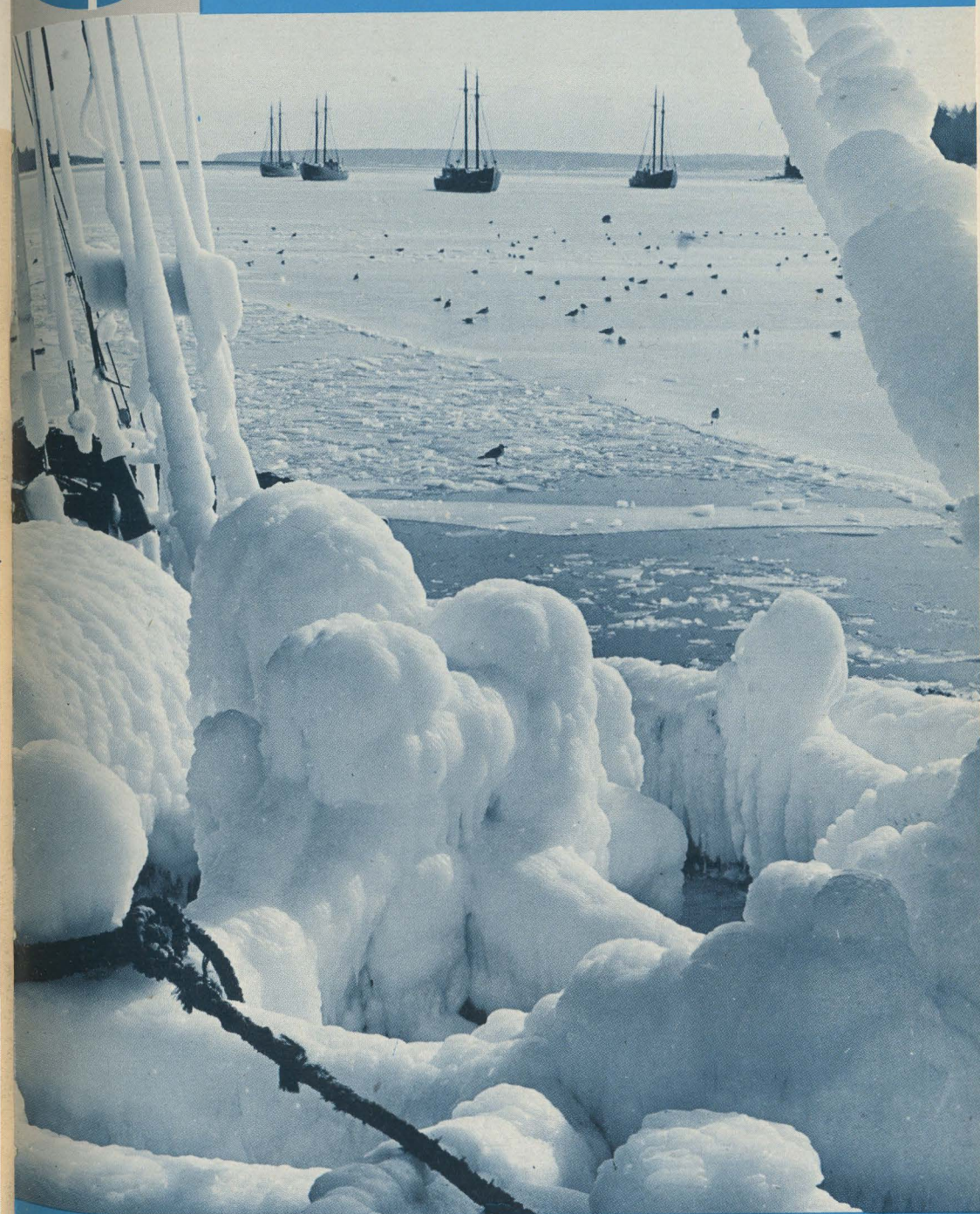


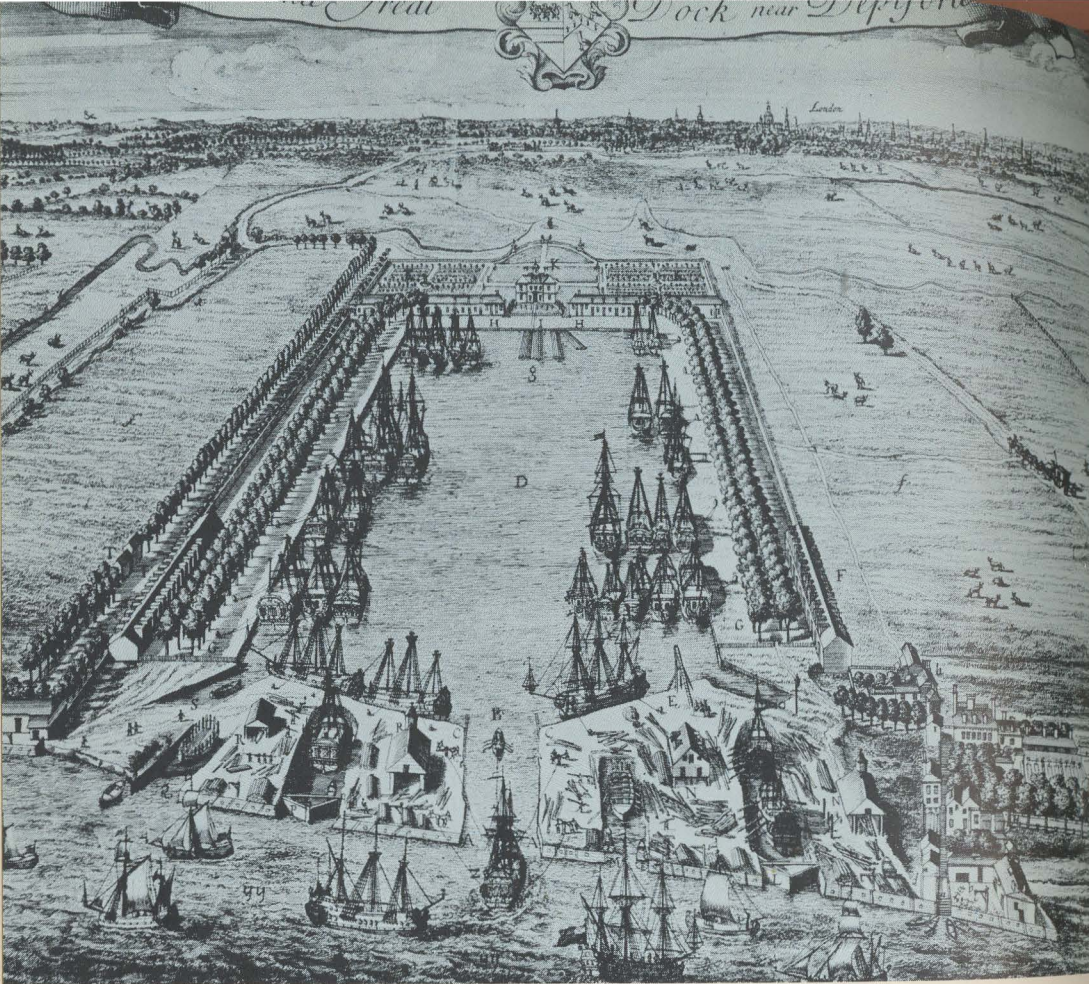


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1967



First dock in the Port of London was built in 1696. It was built as a mooring and repair basin for sailing ships.

by

W. H. Owens

THE PORT OF LONDON...

"Liquid History"

Few of the world's waterways have borne ships of commerce for so long and continuously as the River Thames of England, where it flows through the Port of London. Somebody once described it as "liquid history," since there has been maritime trade along its banks for more than 2,000 years.

In the Middle Ages, London was already trading with the rest of the civilized world. Just 800 years ago, in A. D. 1166, a citizen of London wrote:

"To this city merchants bring wares by ship from every nation under Heaven. The Arabian sends his gold, the Sabean his spices, the Scythian arms, Babylon her fat oil, and Nilus his precious stones. They of Norway and Russia send trouts, furs and sables..."

And so it has been ever since, the trade of London widening steadily until it embraced the whole world.

It was during the reign of England's first Queen Elizabeth, four centuries ago, that the foundations of the modern seaport were laid. This was a great age of seafaring in Europe, and many epic voyages of world discovery — led by Elizabethan navigators like Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher and Hawkins — began or ended in the London Thames.

Most famous was Francis Drake's homecoming in 1580, after his first round-the-world voyage in the "Golden Hinde." The Queen went by Royal Barge from her riverside palace at Greenwich to board the little ship in nearby Deptford Reach, where she conferred the honour of knighthood on its captain.

With the conclusion of each successful voyage, London steadily increased its wealth and prestige. Trading companies were founded by shipowners and merchant adventurers to handle the ever-increasing flow of goods brought to the Thames from far-away coasts. So crowded had the Port become by the 17th century that a writer of the time described London's riverside as being "darkened with endless masts and sails, giving the tideway the strange appearance of a wooded grove."

In those days, of course, the Port was confined to a short stretch of river within the city boundaries. Its limits were marked by Old London Bridge, which bore houses upon its arches, and the ancient Tower of London which still stands on the waterside today. The soaring dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, built after the Great Fire of 1666, continues to dominate the river skyline as magnificently as when the great church was newly completed. The more modern Tower Bridge — with a roadway that lifts up to allow shipping to pass through — is now the river gateway to the City of London.

The very first enclosed dock on the Thames, the Howland Dock, was opened on the south side of the river near Deptford in 1696. It was built by a wealthy London merchant as a mooring and repair basin for sailing ships engaged in the overseas trade. Deptford itself is an old riverside town (now part of Greater London) with long maritime traditions. Its medieval religious guild of mariners, the Corpora-

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COVER: Intense February cold and spray sculpts strange shapes on rigging and gear of ship anchored in cove.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

tion of Trinity House, received a Royal Charter from King Henry VIII 400 years ago for services to shipping and navigation. Ever since, Trinity House has been the principal general light-house and pilotage authority of the United Kingdom.

Two years after Howland Dock was completed, Peter the Great of Russia stayed at Deptford to learn the craft of shipbuilding, then a flourishing Thames-side industry. Many a great timbered warship—the “Wooden Walls of England” as they were called — was launched on the river in those anxious days when the country was threatened with invasion by King Philip of Spain.

By the end of the following century, the London tideway had become so badly congested with shipping that the work of moving cargoes was seriously handicapped. While the wharf owners resisted all efforts to increase berthing accommodation in the Port, the ship-owners and merchants justly complained that their trade was being ruined. Eventually it was decided to construct a new system of docks lower down the river, outside the city area, where cargoes and ships could be properly handled and protected against day and night plunder by thieving gangs.

The lead was taken by the West India Merchants who, together with the City

Corporation of London, promoted a Bill in Parliament for building the first enclosed docks on the so-called Isle of Dogs. In 1802 the West India Docks were opened. The success of the West India Dock Company was such that others followed in succession, until, with the construction of Tilbury Docks in 1886, the era of private dock companies was nearly complete.

Today, the Port of London Authority controls five big dock groups extending for 26 miles downstream from Tower Bridge to Tilbury, and which handle over 58,000,000 tons of cargo a year.

At Tilbury, about halfway between London and the sea, ocean liners from Africa, India and the Far East, Australia and New Zealand berth. When these docks were opened just eighty years ago, they were the largest enclosed deep water basins in the world.

Their construction followed the opening of the Suez Canal. As a contemporary writer observed, “The long, weight-carrying iron screws built to run through the Canal are not adapted for the turnings and windings of Father Thames; and so, after the fashion of Mahomet, the docks are sliding down the river to the ships instead of the ships coming up the river to the docks.”

Another writer of the time prophesied, rashly, that with the building of Tilbury Docks the task of providing dock accommodation in the Thames would finally be brought to an end.

Many extensions have been made, of

(Continued on page 14)



Atlantic bell as it now hangs at SCL.

The **Lookout** for September, 1927, carried a piece on the bell of the **Atlantic** before it was re-hung above the entrance to SCL. Mr. Cornwall often noticed the famous memento while serving during World War II as a chaplain's assistant at the Naval Convalescent Hospital in Brooklyn, N.Y. So now, after a forty-year interval, The **Lookout** prints another article on the subject — some new information Mr. Cornwall has researched. He lives in Chester, S.C., is a musician and conducts a special radio program.

BELL OF THE ATLANTIC

by Arthur Cornwall



Over the entrance to Seamen's Church Institute in New York City is the famed *Atlantic's* bell.

The great sea-horror of the 1840s was the disaster of the steamer *Atlantic*.

This most modern vessel of her day left New London, Connecticut, on Wednesday, November 25, 1846, and was just outside the port when the boilers exploded. Almost immediately after the accident a hurricane descended upon Long Island Sound and battered the helpless ship with relentless fury.

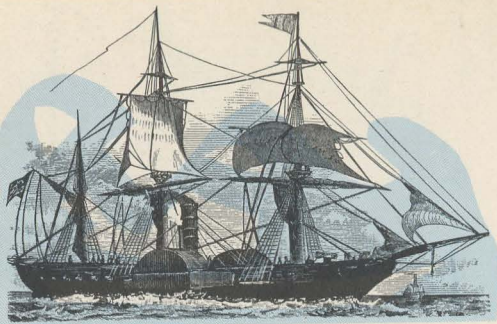
All day Thursday the ship drifted and the great bell on her foremast sent out ringing peals above the noise of the gale. Thousands stood on the Connecticut and Long Island shores, and watched the ship being deluged by torrential rains and pounded by roaring

waters, while above the noise the bell sounded what seemed to be the death knell of the vessel and all on board.

In the path of the ship lay the rocky coast of Fisher's Island, and hour by hour, the ship, dragging its anchor, was driven closer and closer to destruction. Coast guards launched boats in futile efforts to reach the ship and to rescue the passengers.

When evening came the vessel was shrouded in the cold and darkness of a November night, but the bell still clanged. The darkness abated the visual horror of the drifting vessel and the winds drowned the cry of human voices, but the insistent clang of the bell was heard through the long, long night.

On Friday morning the ship was dashed to pieces on the rocks of Fisher's



Island and forty-two people lost their lives. The bell swung from a mast which projected above the water, and in rhythmic sympathy with the waves, continued for *three weeks* to toll as if in requiem for the dead.

A salvage crew took down the foremast and as they lowered it the bell fell into the water and the shattered nerves of those within its hearing had relief from its doleful clatter.

The incident of the Atlantic's bell became the subject of many poems. The *Protestant Churchman* of January 6, 1847, published one which is familiar to most students of the period as the *Monody of the Atlantic's Bell* and begins:

*"Far, far o'er the waves like a funeral knell
Mournfully sounds the Atlantic's bell."*

The author of this was a "J.W.B.", but many people inaccurately attribute this *Monody of the Atlantic's Bell* to Miss P. M. Caulkins.

Miss Caulkins, however, did write a poem, *The Bell of the Atlantic*, which was published in the *Sailor's Magazine* of The American Seamen's Friend Society in January, 1847, and which became famous not only for its own merits, appealing as it did to the sentiments of the times, but also because of the energetic efforts of the Rev. Benjamin C. C. Parker, a trustee of The American Seamen's Friend Society, and Missionary of the Episcopal City Society in work among the seamen of the Port of New York. The poem is too long to quote fully, but the following verses will give an idea of its tenor:

*"Storm-spirits ye did well,
To swing the funeral bell,
That sad night;
Noting down with iron pen,
When the struggling souls of men
Took their flight.*

*"Mid the raging tumult round
How the shrill entrancing sound,
Fills the air!"*

*Over mastering the gale,
Childhood's shriek, woman's wail,
Man's despair.*

*"Ah! 'tis the broken deck,
Man, man's the only wreck
Worth a tear;*

*Oh ye seas! What a prize,
What a costly sacrifice
Ye took here!"*

It will be seen that the metre chosen by Miss Caulkins is admirably adapted to illustrate the rhythm of a swinging bell. The poem, moreover, is narrative in form and portrays the nobility of character of many individual passengers as they faced inevitable death on board the breaking vessel. Among the many poems written about the catastrophe this was the one which made the greatest appeal to the Rev. Parker.

His reading inspired him with a determination to obtain the bell for the Floating Church of the Holy Comforter then moored at the foot of Dey Street, North River. After much wandering from place to place, in an endeavor to locate the owners (Mr. Parker estimated it as a distance of over thirty-five miles), he secured the bell by paying \$133.98 of his own money.

(Continued on page 15)



"The Wreck" by Winslow Homer

happy ship



Veteran SCI ship visitors whose job it is to work closely with the crews of merchant ships in the ports of New York and Newark have often observed that one man of a freighter crew is usually the spokesman or unofficial leader for the rest.

He's never "elected" or "appointed." He just seems to acquire the role spontaneously, as naturally as a chick evolves from an egg.

Such is Master Carpenter V. Talec of the *M/S Washington* of the French Line, a freighter which ties up in Brooklyn regularly. M. Talec is fifty years old; a little maturity seems to help toward becoming the leader for his younger shipmates, he grins, even though disavowing the term to a visitor.

To watch him skip nimbly about the ship's holds and 'tween decks, he could be taken for a much younger man.

M. Talec obviously has great affection for his crew mates, and they for him—creating what is called a "happy" ship.

He admires the SCI program for seamen. It is the bouncy carpenter who organizes the ship's soccer team to participate in SCI's Atlantic soccer tournament; who urges the men to attend the SCI International Club dances or other social affairs; the one to urge a troubled shipmate to seek out an SCI coun-

sellor for help in a personal problem.

Talented in several directions, he builds beautiful ship models, sketches, and likes to draw cartoons for the amusement of the men.

M. Talec's childhood (he lived in Le Havre), by his account, was not very happy. Some would say he was sadly deprived. Home stresses. An ill father. He never experienced a care-free childhood, the birthright of all children.

"I had no toys at all, so I figured that I had to make them myself. This was the start of my hobby.

"I began to build my ships, cars, bicycles, and whatever I saw that my schoolmates received as gifts. After a while I had quite a nice supply and I could compete with my friends."

At one period, as a small boy, he became ill and had to spend over four years in bed. Not allowed to have playmates, his greatest solace and companionship was a pet parrot. "He was the best friend I ever had."

Maybe — who can say? — it was the deprivations sustained during adolescence which has given M. Talec a unique human quality; his fellow seamen instinctively gravitate to him for advice and suggestions.

"I am always in favor of bringing the seamen nearer together. It helps for better understanding," he says simply.

by *Enola Chamberlin*

A newly-born grey whale may be a baby to its mother but try dragging one stranded in shallow water back into swimming depth and you'll probably disagree with her.

At least two researchers did after performing just such a feat with a "baby" which measured more than fifteen feet in length.

These researchers, Lockheed Marine Biologist, Robert L. Eberhardt, and UCLA Zoology professor, Dr. Kenneth S. Norris, spent seven days in Scammon's Lagoon off Lower California, studying mother whales and their young. And this studying meant going right into the lagoon with the whales and edging up as close as they figured safe.

Naturally, these men were not starting out from scratch in their studies. Other scientists before them have spied on the huge creatures and learned many of their secrets. They have, for instance, stuck them with electronic needles to record heart beats. Tabbed them with sonar transmitters to see how deep they dive; chased them to clock their speed.

Dr. Carl L. Hubbs from the University of California hovered over a whale lagoon in a helicopter and pried into the lives of these mammals. He learned that a cow whale gives birth to only one calf, never more. Also that the calves suckle always from the left side of their mothers.

The travel exploits of the whales were known even before this. These mammals travel, irrespective of side trips, around 12,000 miles a year. And they do it year after year so long as they live.

In October the herd starts south from the Bering Sea. Almost without exception each whale travels in a nearly straight line, at the rate of about 12 knots an hour. South and South the herd comes, edging always in toward shore.

By the time it arrives off the Southern California coast the individual

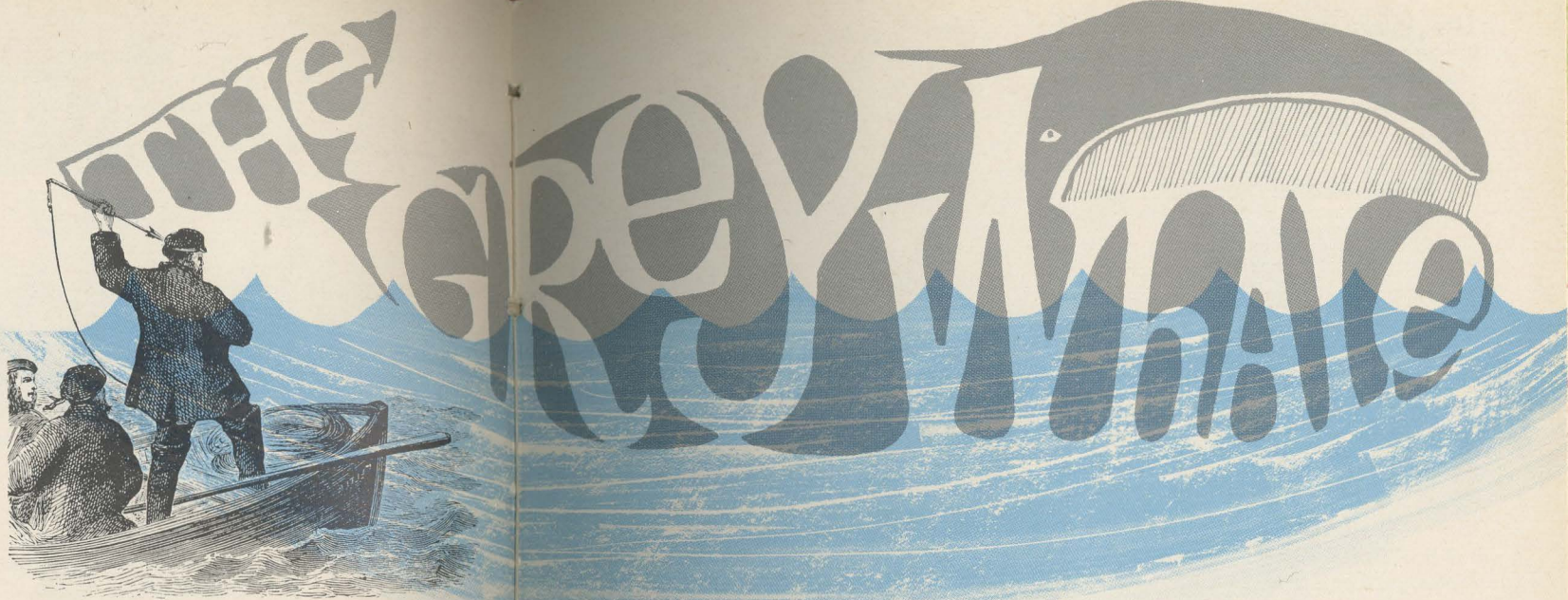
whales can be seen from sea-jutting points like Point Vicente, the Palo Verde Hills, La Jolla and Point Loma. Through binoculars and telescopes, the shiny backs and heads show up clearly.

Some time before the middle of February the whales have all reached the sheltered lagoons somewhere around five hundred miles south of San Diego.

Once there the cows enter the calm waters to give birth to their young. The bull whales string themselves across the lagoon mouths to form a barrier against killer whales. These never give up trying to enter the sheltered waters and kill the calves.

Cow whales help the bulls fight off the killers if that becomes necessary. Robert Eberhardt and Dr. Norris credit these females with such great fighting power that they had to wait until a newborn calf became grounded and away from its mother before they could approach it.

All these seventeen-foot shore-held babies will die if they are not maneuvered quickly back into floating depth



of water. And that, with much tugging and pushing was what the scientists managed to do to a fifteen foot bull calf caught floundering in shallow water. The anxious, wildly-blowing mother waited in deeper water ready to charge, but held back by the lack of depth.

And quite a depth is necessary to keep a forty-ton creature afloat. And may be one reason why the whales do not stay long in the lagoons after the calves are born. For by the first of March — the calves still babies — the herds head out to open sea. There they begin their 6,000 mile swim back to the Arctic regions.

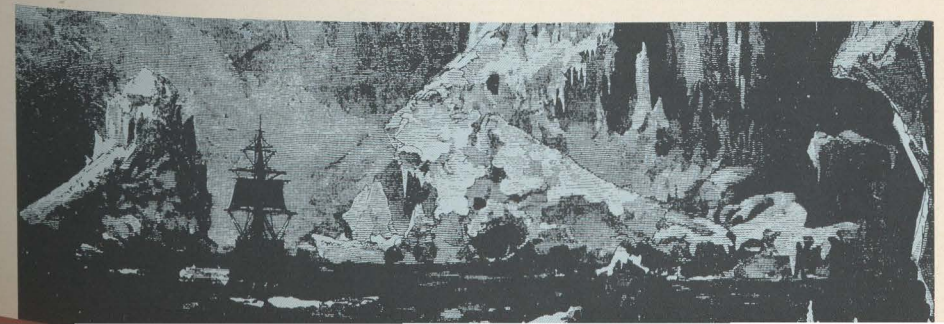
However, they all do not go at once. As with other animals as well as humans, there are the early birds and the tardy ones. Yet by the first of April, the

lagoons are empty of whales.

Once in the sea, the early starters do not show the haste even the stragglers showed on the journey south. They idle along at a leisurely four to six knots an hour. They take side trips. Their time is their own until October or November when they must start south again to give birth to their calves in the calm waters of the sheltered lagoons.

Not many years ago the estimated 25,000 head of whales had been decimated by uncontrolled whaling until five hundred were all which were thought to be left.

About twenty years ago fear grew that the grey whale would become extinct. Consequently, they were put on the protected list. This year the herd is estimated at 7,000 individuals.

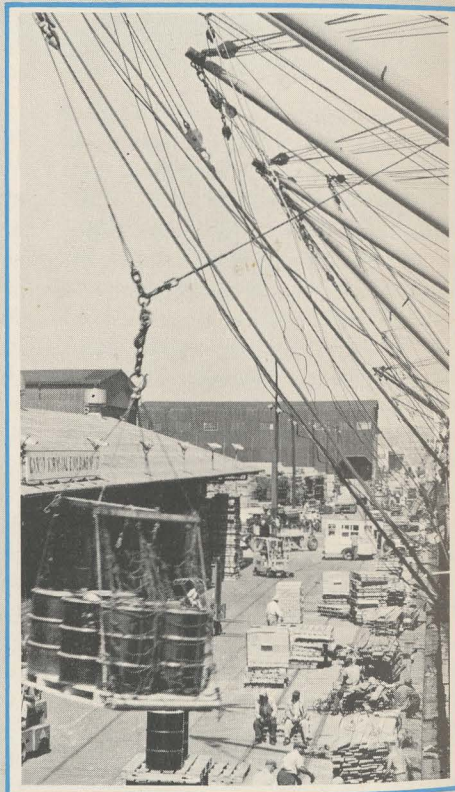


THE
STRANGE
WORLD OF THE
LE HAVRE
DOCKERS

by Robert Jackson

For years, the townspeople of Le Havre have set their clocks by the dockers' bell. Every morning, at exactly 6:30, its metallic beat rings out over the streets; The bell is a tradition; an anachronism in this ultra-modern, push-button port which has risen phoenix-like from the ashes and devastation of the Second World War.

In 1944, the bell-tower was the only building that stayed intact among a desert of rubble. For the dockers, it is a symbol of freedom. Freedom flaunted in the face of working conditions, of progress, of the employers and of the population of Le Havre itself.



Daily, nearly 5,000 men come to seek work at the docks. Their livelihood is not covered by any forms of social security. No ship means no work. Yet the power of their syndicate, their high wages, make them an elite in their own right; they are conscious of their quality and jealousy of their privileges.

In February, 1965, only sixteen ships instead of the usual average of forty-five passed through Le Havre. This low shipping movement was a result of the New York dockers' strike, and, although it was instrumental in depriving him of his living, the Le Havre docker viewed the strike of his transatlantic counterparts with a certain degree of pride. Through his eyes, the power of the American demonstration was a blow struck for dockers all over the world.

The Le Havre dockers form a world of their own; a world so closely knit that they look upon anyone who does not earn his living from the sea and ships as an intruder. To such an extent that, to avoid turning the docks into a 'town within a town' the port authority flatly refused a request to isolate the harbor installations behind wire fences.

A casual observer, either on foot or in a car, can move freely on any quay. Le Havre is the only port in the world where this is permitted.

There is only one dockers' syndicate at Le Havre. It is organized on American lines, and is so conservative of its liberty that anyone who is affiliated to a political party has no chance of serving in a position of authority on the committee.

Three times a day, the port's 'Central Labor Office' negotiates directly with the syndicate. Negotiations take place in a huge hangar-like building of reinforced concrete, big enough to hold 2,000 men at a time.

Red or green lights glow over small signs, each of which bears the name of a company—Worms, Cunard line, Lykes Continental line, Chargeurs Reunis, Generale Transatlantique, Louis Dreyfus, and so on.

A red light signifies that men are needed, and dockers flock to the spot. It is at this point that the syndicate's intermediaries—dockers like the rest—go into action, assigning men to the various vacancies.

When the vacancies are filled the red light is extinguished. If the green light goes on, it means that work is available for the many casual workmen.

The day between 7 a.m. and 11 p.m. is divided into two shifts each of eight hours. Dockers often work both shifts in order to earn double pay, despite a syndicate rule which limits the working week to 48 hours.

Accidents at work affect a yearly average of 2,500 men; in other words, roughly half of the labor force. Sometimes—and this is rare—there are cases of self-inflicted injury for the purpose of claiming insurance.

Mostly, the dockers treat the risk of injury lightly. Take one case in point; one docker named Plusquellec was struck in the face by the 90 lb. hook of a crane during a loading operation and knocked down into the ship's hold.

When they lifted him out, part of his face was torn away and his right eye was dangling on his cheek, held by a thread of a muscle. Yet he still managed to joke and smile as they carried him away.

The dockers detest everyone in authority; the bosses, the police, the Army, the lot. This is a heritage from the days gone by when a strong anarchist movement prevailed among the Le Havre dockers. Surnames are seldom used; nicknames are the general rule. 'Blue-nose,' 'The Belly,' 'Tarzan and 'Fidget' are just a few examples.

It is the syndicate which, above all else, has enabled the dockers' profession to rise to its place in the sun. The syndicate had its beginning in 1910, when the dockers, led by one Jules Durand, went on strike for better conditions. To break the strike, the shipowners brought in wagon-loads of Breton peasants.

A bloody battle ensued and several men were killed. Durand was arrested and tried at Rouen, where the court sentenced him to death. He was subsequently reprieved, but became insane and died soon afterwards. He was the Le Havre dockers' first martyr.

To be a docker is to hurl defiance at the world. The symbol of the career is the 'Savannah,' the hook, which can be a terrible weapon. A Le Havre docker and his 'savannah' are never separated—not even for a visit to the *Rio*, a cinema near the harbor which shows an interminable succession of Westerns, or the *Petit Sou*, the cafe beside the Quai de Saone. Using their 'savannahs', two men can lift a crate weighing more than 600 pounds.

There is a certain amount of snobbery attached to the hook. The dockers scorn those which are displayed in the shop windows of Le Havre iron-mongers; instead, there is a great demand for American-made hooks.

The port of Le Havre depends on the U. S. A. for 70% of its trade, and consequently, anything American is revered by the dockers. It was the Le Havre dockers who, after the war, were among the first to introduce the 'blue-jeans' cult into France.

More than two-thirds today dress in American clothes, particularly U. S. Navy duffle coats and U. S. Army Anoraks. A large part of the dockers' vocabulary, too, consists of American words and expressions.

Police fear that there may also have been an influx of American-style crime into the world of the Le Havre dockers. As one docker admitted: "There certainly is crime in the port, and some of it is well-organized. Don't forget, there are 5,000 of us, some of whom are bound to be crooks. We handle cargoes worth a fortune, and temptation is under our noses every day."

Sometimes crates of bananas find their way into local shops, and no questions asked; and if a few bottles of alcohol or tins of coffee mysteriously

disappear, well, they just fell into the water or broke. Some freighters own up to a loss of up to 7% of total cargo.

But the scope for adventure in a large, modern port is strictly limited. Some of the older dockers can still remember the time when any young man wanted by the police, could easily stow away on a ship bound for Anchorage or New Orleans.

But there was one thing which a docker would never do, and that was smuggle a firearm or drugs aboard a ship. It was one thing to help a fugitive; quite another to promote violence aboard sea-going vessels. Always, the ancient law of mutual respect prevailed.

The world of the Le Havre dockers has changed since the war. Gone are the smoke-blackened, brawling taverns; replaced by clean little cafes, displaying perhaps a picture of an old clipper and an ebony statue from the Ivory Coast as a nostalgic reminder of the past.

"The docker's life today," said one veteran, "although different in most ways from that of other men, revolves around the car and the television. The only thing which has not changed is the savannah, the iron hook. That is our only heritage."

Condensed from Nautical Magazine



Messages from Sea



The major year-around project of the SCI Women's Council — preparation and distribution of the 9,500 Christmas packages for seamen — slows briefly immediately after the distribution period, thus enabling Council leaders to catch a breath and read the thank-you letters received from the grateful seamen. Here are some excerpts from a very few of these letters:

"Spending Christmas away from home is difficult especially when one has a family such as I have. It must be equally hard for the thousands of others in my position. Any thought from home helps at this time but your Christmas package gift does more than that by providing truly usable gifts.

I can see that on board here well over half the crew members would not receive one gift if it weren't for your thoughtfulness.

Already I can see the sweaters being worn, letters written from the writing paper, keys put on the key-case, and games being played with the cards. Some actually wait for the sewing kit to mend overdue holes or sew on long-lost buttons."

"It is indeed a most wonderful thing what our friends of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are doing for us seamen, and words fail me in trying to describe the thoughtfulness, the unselfishness, the work, and cost in preparing all these packages, the work in knitting sweaters, scarves and caps, socks and gloves, people devoting so much of their time in getting all this done, it is indeed wonderful."

"This has been my first Christmas away from home, and has been a completely new experience for me. Your gift seemed to bring some of the "home" spirit as well as the Christmas spirit to this day."

"Being far from home, I have not had a Christmas with my rela-

tives for years, nor gifts from them on Christmas morning, so I thank you all for your kindness."

"Thank you for your thoughtful Christmas package. The warm sweater was doubly appreciated on Christmas eve, when we sailed from New York; it was in the middle of a blinding snowstorm, and the sweater added to my comfort."

"I just wanted to tell you and the people who made the gifts possible that I thought it was the nicest thing in the world. I don't think you could imagine how it feels to open those presents on Christmas and know that somebody thought of you."

"Even though we are many thousands of miles from the land we call home and will spend our Christmas upon the water, knowing that someone even though unknown to us 'cared' gives each of us a bit of cheer and a lift of the spirit to carry on."

"We celebrated Christmas about 1,000 miles off the coast of Japan. Your gifts were very much appreciated, and lent a festive air to an otherwise normal day at sea."

"I have written my thanks to Mrs. H. Bigelow Hills of Waterford, Connecticut, for the extremely fine parcel I received from her under your sponsorship. May I now take this opportunity of expressing my

thanks to you and your fine organization for the magnificent work you continue to do."

"Many thanks for the great box with the many gifts in it! This is my first Christmas away from home, and it was very nice to get such presents from you. I hope the Institute will be able to carry on for the future and in the same spirit. Best wishes for the new year."

"Several of my shipmates have said this is the first time they have ever received a gift on a ship at Christmas, and some of them have been going to sea for close to twenty years!"

"Thank you for the Christmas package. Not only were we not forgotten but everything was both practical and useful, especially the woolen watch cap and scarf. These are a must here in the North Atlantic and Baltic Seas. Many newcomers began this voyage with inadequate gear."

"I would like to take this opportunity to thank you, your staff and all the people involved for the very nice and extremely useful present that I received on Christmas morning while the ship was at sea.

"It is very gratifying to know that we have so many friends who have taken the time from their busy schedules to remember us at this time of year."



Quay scene at the West India Docks in the early 19th Century.

course, since then. But today, because it lies beyond the built-up riverside area, Tilbury is the only part of the Port where land remains for expansion. In fact, work recently began on a 60-million dollar development which will double the existing capacity of Tilbury Docks and provides facilities for new traffic like the trans-Atlantic container ships. Already this end of the Port of London handles regular roll-on, roll-off shipping services to and from ports in continental Europe like Antwerp and Rotterdam.

Tilbury is one of the centers of the British Missions to Seamen in London's dockland, where, for just over a century, they have served the spiritual and material needs of seafarers from all over the world. Although the tasks have changed since 1865, the Missions still perform a vital service, and the call upon them is as great as ever.

Besides the dockside hostels, there are also special centres for West African and Chinese seamen. And for those

unable to get ashore, there is the M.V. "John Ashley" — floating hostel, club and church — whose activities along the 70 miles of the river were described in the February-March, 1966, issue of *The Lookout*.

Never a day passes without chaplains boarding ships to invite men to use the hostel facilities. In 1965, for instance, 7,840 visits to ships were made. Beds occupied by seafarers last year totaled 55,042 and 80,756 meals were served.

With funds subscribed to their special Centenary Appeal, the Missions to Seamen are rebuilding their out-dated Institute and Hostel in the Royal Docks, and it will be known in the future as Winston Churchill House in memory of a great Englishman who loved the sea.

Extensions are also to be made to the hostels at Tilbury Docks where, as a result of the developments described earlier, more seafarers will be using this part of the Port than ever before.

It was exhibited in front of a store on Broadway in New York and brought its modicum of contributors. A letter to the clergy, inserted in the *Protestant Churchman*, brought other contributions. A committee of ladies, headed by Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, began a subscription list, and soon they were able to meet all the expenses incident to the purchase and hanging of the Atlantic's bell over the Chapel of the Holy Comforter.

It is a stately bell and weighs over four hundred pounds. It has been heard by thousands daily and used to ring the hours by ship's time above the main entrance of SCI at 25 South Street, New York City.

The inscription on it reads as follows:

"New York 1846
T. F. Secor and Co.

Brot from the
Steamboat Atlantic, wrecked on
Fisher's Island, Nov. 28, 1846

When 42 persons perished
I was made by — unearthly hands —
the surges of the deep, hours before,
to toll their knell, and days after —
their requiem.

Recovered from the Sea, I am consecrated to the use of the Floating Church of the Holy Comforter by ladies residing in New York and vicinity. New York, Feb. 11, 1847"



MEET THE BOARD

RALPH K. SMITH, JR.

Mr. Smith became a member of the Board of Managers of SCI in 1962 and has been chairman of the law committee since 1965. In 1964 he served as a member of the business operations committee. He was elected the SCI counsel in January, 1965.

Interested in civic affairs, he is director and secretary of the Matinecock Neighborhood Ass'n, (Long Island) and acting police justice of Lattingtown.

Entering Dartmouth College in 1942, Mr. Smith interrupted college to enlist in the Army, served in Europe where he won the Combat Infantry badge, Purple Heart and the Bronze Star Medal. He subsequently became a graduate of both Dartmouth and of Harvard Law School.

He is a member of the law firm of Sage Gray Todd and Sims. Married, he and Mrs. Smith have a son and a daughter.

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