

The
LOOKOUT



AUG/SEPT 1980

Purpose

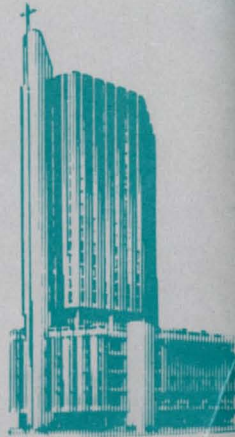


From its earliest days as a floating chapel to its present function as the world's largest and most comprehensive center for seafarers, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey has been dedicated to the well being and special needs of merchant mariners of all nations entering the Port of New York and New Jersey.

The Institute operates 24 hours a day throughout the year and from its headquarters in Lower Manhattan and its Mariners' International Center in Port Newark/Port Elizabeth, N.J. reaches the 300,000 men and women who annually make port in New Jersey, Brooklyn, Staten Island and Manhattan.

Its diversified services include an Ecumenical Port Ministry program, ship visitors, a seafarers assistance network, opportunities for maritime education, alcoholism counseling and referral, lodging, eating and recreational facilities, cultural and community programs.

A voluntary agency of the Episcopal Church, the Institute has traditionally served active merchant seafarers of all faiths. Although 76% of its current operating budget is earned from its revenue producing services, it is dependent on grants, corporate and personal contributions to maintain its non-income producing services and programs for seamen. All gifts are tax-deductible.



Cover photo: View from the mast of the SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL by Dennis Mansell.

Vol. 71 No. 5 AUG./SEPT. 1980 □ Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey □ 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004 / Telephone: (212) 269-2710 □ The Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D., *Honorary President* / Anthony D. Marshall, *President* / The Rev. James R. Whittemore, *Director* / Carlyle Windley, *Editor* □ Published bi-monthly with exception of May and December when monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

US ISSN 0024-6425

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Once again we present our vacation issue for your Summer reading pleasure. Easily packed into any beachbag, carryall, purse or even pocket (when folded), it's especially recommended for shoreside reading or when in some cool and shady spot.

A welcome diversion for the commuter on a hot and muggy night, this issue is also designed to entertain when in the comfort of your home.

So wherever you are during these final days of Summer, enjoy yourself and we'll be back with more weighty matters in the next issue.



Simpson Reef on the Oregon Coast near Cape Arago.



Heavy seas

JOURNEY BY FREIGHTER

He had traveled down the coast of China into sensuous quiet calmness of Singapore as live freighter cargo from port to port and chanced in shipping news one day to see a fare within his narrow grasp for Borneo. Borneo, where else to go beyond the routes of normal men and see lost cities nestled on palm shores immunized by pirate haunts.

The freighter towered beside ancient docks in a shadowy state of vermin and wastes with reddened rust leaves flapping quietly in the wind like old signal flags, warning the traveler of hidden dangers on the sea. The gangplank stairs swayed and rolled, so with great uncertainty, he climbed aloft and with sheer alarm viewed wild-eyed and yes, some droopy-eyed crew scratching and hunched in heaving tasks beside the hole.

His cabin would shatter minor men ashore, even chase away the strong, adventuresome. However, for the fare, the food, the cramps, the roaming little animals at night, in all totaled out of lesser claim to the pitching of the rusty, round-bottom rolling on the sea. So, before the first shore appeared, why not rejoice, for there will be palms of lands lost in pages on time separate from past travel and anticipation that will overwhelm you.

Downwind the elements stand alone in style unpretentious yet ablaze with raw beauty like a mammoth comforter always encasing the far horizon in a silent justification for being here not anywhere else far away. This then is where the journey finally did end when the wandering mind no longer looks beyond for another grandeur already here possessed.

Frank H. Phillips



Free Form Sculpture By A Seaman

by Bill Mote, radio officer



George Parker is a Radio Electronics Officer and a member of the American Radio Association. He has recently come ashore on leave from S/S AMERICAN HAWK. While on vacation he is often found rowing his boat around the lakes and rivers of Rhode Island; and, sometimes, even out in Narragansett Bay near his home of Attleboro, Mass. His reason for these "busman's holidays?" The collection of driftwood for the massive sculptures on display in his yard at home.

George started this hobby several years ago. What began with just a few branches has developed into several tons of wood and stones, arranged lovingly into creations as long as twenty feet and up to twelve feet high. Others are very small and could easily fit on a standard cargo pallet.

The wood is left its natural bleached-out color. The other colors in his work are reds, blacks, yellows and greys — supplied by stones and pieces of slate, sandstone, granite and limestone. These are at the base of the work and besides adding color, help hold the sculpture together. Most of the rocks come from small land slides along the public roads of New England, where the highways have been cut through the hills.

Due to their size and weight, individual complete sculptures cannot be moved. However, some of the driftwood he has collected has been used in bars and restaurants in his area; and photos of his work have appeared in local papers. Quite often people driving past will stop and come in to admire his work. Parker is always happy to show his sculpture to visitors and to tell how he collects his materials and put them all together.

This is one hobby that can't be taken to sea, but he is always planning in his mind's eye and looking forward to developing new pieces on his next leave.

In The Steps Of Captain Cook

by Arthur Gaunt



Capt. Cook's statue, Whitby, bearing his coat-of-arms on the plinth. It was not erected until 1912, however!

That doughty world seaman, Captain James Cook, is looking out to sea again, this time in statue-form. In one sense he has received a double distinction, for *two* full-sized figures of him have been sanctioned, each modelled after the one commanding Whitby harbour, Yorkshire, England.

One replica is a reminder that the famous explorer reached Alaska two centuries ago. The other statue has been authorized by Victoria, British Columbia, where it can overlook the port like the original sculpture at Whitby.

That monument shows Cook in a characteristic pose, with a roll of sea charts under his left arm and a measuring instrument in his right hand. It was the work of John Tweed, who also fashioned the Clive memorial in London and the Cecil Rhodes statue in South Africa.

Carved panels on the plinth at Whitby are adorned with Cook's coat-of-arms and a representation of his ship *Resolution*. Also on a nearby cliff stands a weathervane model of the vessel.

Mementoes of Cook are found far from his native country. Records of his voyages read almost like a world gazetteer, containing references to Quebec, Newfoundland, the Arctic, the Society Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Java, Hawaii, Cape Horn, and even Antarctica.

Australians, whose continent was reached by Captain Cook on his first voyage of discovery, have become much absorbed by his life-story — to such a degree that in 1934 the cottage in which he spent much of his boyhood was moved piecemeal from Great Ayton, northeast Yorkshire, and rebuilt in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.

The house, bought and presented to the Australian city by a public-spirited donor, is one of the most prized possessions of the Commonwealth. It was transferred to mark the explorer's formal flying of the

British flag on the east coast of the continent in 1770.

An obelisk now occupies the site of the homestead in Yorkshire, and this column is a copy of one at Point Hicks, the first geographical feature of the Australian coastline seen by Cook. The Great Ayton pillar was in fact hewn from the rocks near that spot.

Great Ayton, however, was not the explorer's birthplace. The honor goes to Marton-in-Cleveland, near Middlesborough, though in addition to the obelisk in the former village there survives the school where he received the rudiments of his education. A tablet on the outer wall draws attention to the worldwide connections of the establishment.

The Cook family moved from Marton to Great Ayton when the budding navigator was eight years old, his father (also named James) obtaining a better situation as a farm hand. It was the senior Cook's employer who first recognized the lad's aptitude as a scholar and paid for him to become a pupil at the village school.

The cottage where the explorer was born was razed many years ago, but we know what it looks like from a small engraving preserved today. It is depicted as a very humble abode with two cramped rooms, only one small window, and a thatched roof.

Captain Cook's career can thus be truly described as a "rags to riches" story.

After leaving school at thirteen, he helped his father as a farm labourer until it became clear that he was suited for some more advanced employment. Such a change occurred when, at the age of seventeen, he was taken on as a store assistant by a provision dealer, William Sanderson, at Staithes, one of the quaintest and most beautiful fishing hamlets on the Yorkshire coast.

Almost every other man in the place was a sailor. Little wonder that the youngster's thoughts were continually concerned with the romance of a seafaring life, or that according to tradition he ran away from Staithes to join a ship.

A more detailed account avers that an alleged theft of a shilling precipitated his departure. It is said that although his innocence was proved, the indignity of the accusation prompted him to leave the district and



One of the most prized historical possessions in Australia today. It stands in Melbourne, and is the homestead where Captain Cook lived in his boyhood at Great Ayton, Yorkshire. The property was moved to the Commonwealth in 1934.



The memorial to Captain Cook near Botany Bay, just south of Sydney, Australia. The column marks the spot where the great navigator made his first landing on the mainland of Australia in 1770.



Captain Cook's School, Great Ayton, now converted into a museum. The schoolmaster's original desk and form are still here. The schoolroom is on the first floor above the tablet which was placed there in 1914.

seek a life at sea, despite protests from both his father and his employer.

The truth is that the boy was not legally apprenticed as a store worker, and that his departure from Staithes was made with the full consent of his parents and the store owner.

The seaport of Whitby lured him strongly, yet he did not immediately become a sailor. He realised that his progress as a mariner would necessitate a good knowledge of navigation techniques, chart-making, and marine surveying.

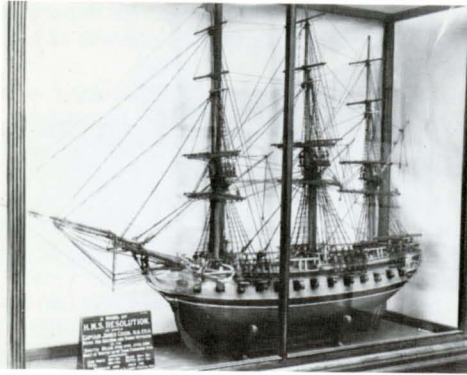
Consequently he signed documents that made him an apprentice with a firm of coal-shippers, owned by two Quakers. Determined to spend three years studying in his spare time, the youthful Cook had his ambitions supported by one of the partners. Lodgings were provided for him in a house now known as Captain Cook's House, in Grape Lane, Whitby.

In cramped quarters just under the roof, the new apprentice spent hours by candlelight, improving his acquaintance with the practical aspects of seamanship to such an extent that at the end of his third year at Whitby, he was able to gain a Mate's Certificate and join the Royal Navy.

Four years later he was given his first command, a sloop called *Grampus*, thereby setting himself firmly on the first rungs of the promotion ladder which eventually led him to be a commander of great voyages of discovery.

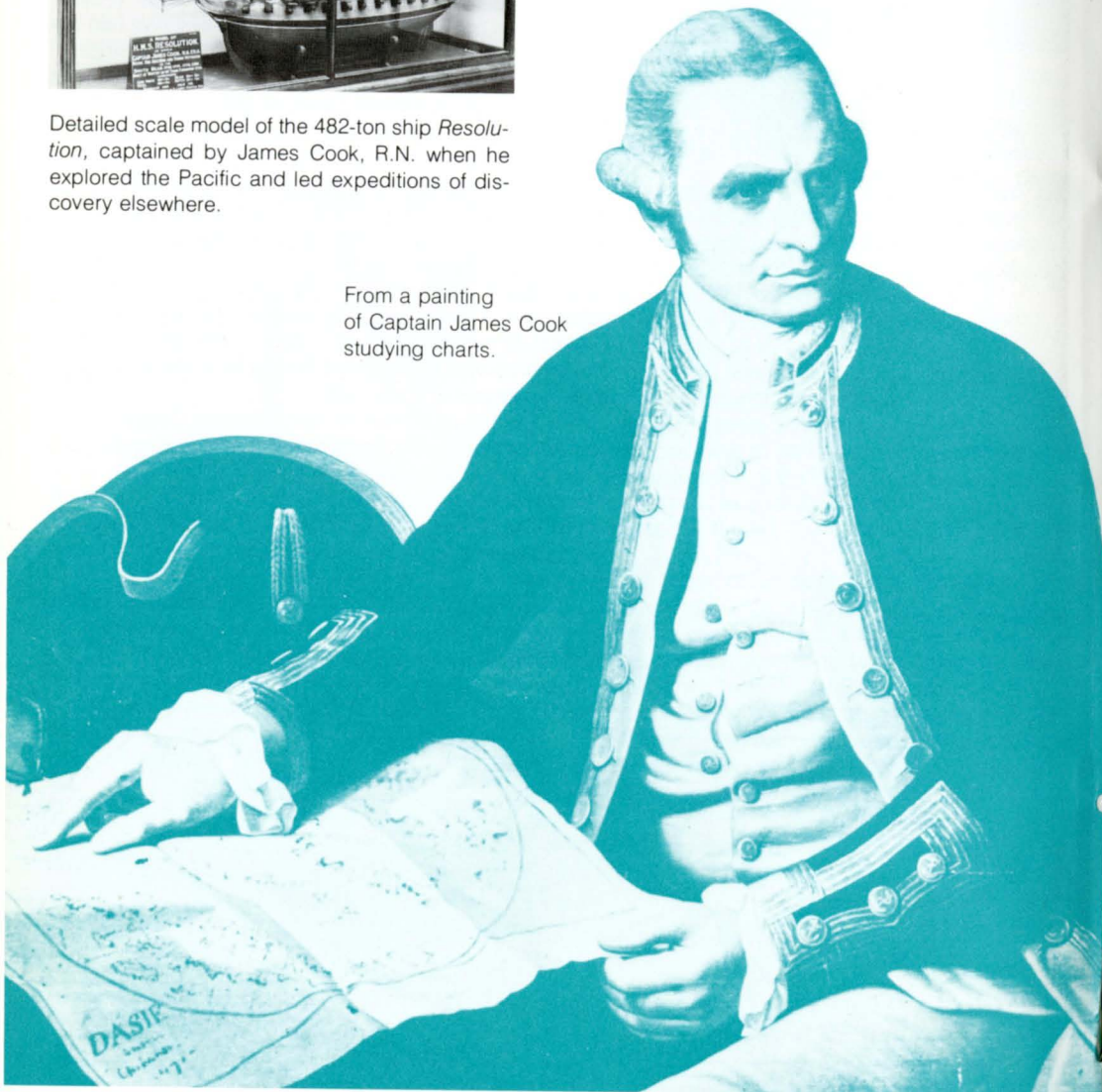
On the outbreak of war between Great Britain and France in 1755, Cook's exacting training in his chosen career became more profitable to him. Thenceforward, the list of ships on which he served reads like that of a naval flotilla — *Eagle*, *Pembroke*, *Northumberland*, *Greville*, *Endeavour* and *Resolution*.

He earned an enviable reputation as a skillful map-maker, and also grew as an astronomer and mathematician of considerable standing.



Detailed scale model of the 482-ton ship *Resolution*, captained by James Cook, R.N. when he explored the Pacific and led expeditions of discovery elsewhere.

From a painting of Captain James Cook studying charts.



His first really important wartime mission sprang from his skill as a navigator, the voyage taking him near Quebec, where he secretly piloted General Wolfe's troops up the St. Lawrence River, thereby facilitating the capture of the city from the French.

While sounding the shores of the river in a small rowboat, Cook himself was nearly captured by Indians in canoes. To escape, he had to run his craft ashore and repulse his attackers in hand-to-hand fighting, aided by musketry from his R.N. ship.

Part of his reward was an appointment as a marine surveyor, with special reference to Newfoundland and Labrador.

Cook's most famous ships, the *Endeavour* and the *Resolution*, still exist in the form of detailed models at Whitby. In addition to the representations on the west cliff, a rigged model of the *Endeavour* is a treasured item in the nearby Pannett Park Museum, together with a wealth of other souvenirs associated with the noted navigator and his far-flung voyages.

His life and exploits have also inspired special pictorial postage stamps by several countries, and these issues are often collected as interesting records of his explorations.

His ships were built along the lines of whaling vessels, a type of craft common at Whitby in Cook's day. He considered that because they could withstand the rigors and hazards of the whaling industry, ships of similar design would serve him well for extended exploration efforts.

Much of our knowledge of his vessels and their crews comes from examining muster rolls preserved at Whitby. An entry relating to the *Friendship*, dated November 1753, registers James Cook as mate and records the names and duties of 41 other men. They include no less than six carpenters, four cooks, 27 ordinary seamen and three apprentices.

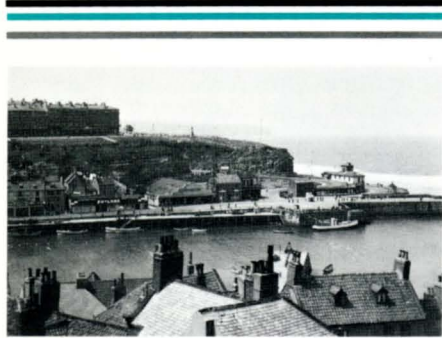
As a self-taught astronomer who made scientific observations of a solar eclipse in 1766, his name was put before the Admiralty when an expedition was being organized for observing the transit of Venus from an astronomical station in the South Pacific in 1769.

Cook was accordingly promoted to lieutenant and given command of the expedition, setting sail in the *Endeavour* during August and reaching Tahiti the following April.

His orders were that, after having observed the



The house in Grape Lane, Whitby, where James Cook lodged as a youthful aspirant to a seafaring life. He occupied a top-floor room and studied diligently to become a competent navigator.



Whitby harbor, Yorkshire, as it is today. Some of its old features would still be recognized by Captain Cook.

transit of the bright "Evening Star," he was to explore the South Pacific; and he spent six months charting the coasts of New Zealand, discovering that there were two islands separated by a narrow channel.

Next he sailed to Australia. Though the eastern coastline had already been seen by earlier navigators, Cook was the first to chart the shores carefully, naming the area since called New South Wales and making the region a British possession.

He brought the *Endeavour* back to England via the Dutch East Indies and the Cape of Good Hope. Admiralty pleasure at the success of his Southern Hemisphere exploits was recognized by his promotion to a full R.N. command and his appointment to lead a second exploration in the far south.

Aboard another ship, the *Resolution*, Cook sailed from Plymouth during August 1772, together with another naval vessel, the *Adventurer*. The two craft eventually lost contact with each other. It was more than a year before Cook learned that the Captain of the companion ship had explored on his own behalf and had sent a party of seamen ashore on the New Zealand coast.

When the sailors failed to return, a search was made by a further party. They found the remains of the members of the original boat's occupants, with gruesome and irrefutable evidence that they had been slain and eaten by cannibals.

The *Resolution* sailed more than 60,000 miles under Cook's command, and did not return home until three years after leaving Plymouth. The results of the voyage include the discovery of many islands hitherto unknown in other parts of the world. Valuable information about Antarctica was collected too; and, as a result, Cook received further promotion.

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and because of his consideration for mariners, he was honored by Greenwich Hospital, the Thames-side home for disabled seamen.

Within twelve months the Admiralty was seeking his aid again, this time to search for the fabled North-West Passage. Some naval experts doubted his suitability for so dangerous a mission, for it would subject him to difficulties probably beyond his physical endurance.

Though only middle-aged he had suffered from his South Pacific voyages, and the Lords of the Admiralty were diffident about letting him take command of an expedition likely to tax his bodily strength even more. Yet other committee members

were less doubtful, and they adopted a ruse to achieve Cook's enlistment for the new voyage of discovery.

They invited him to nominate a suitable commander for the Arctic expedition, but each name he put forward was rejected. Finally Cook exploded: "Very well. I'll go myself!" Faced with this situation, his opponents had to back down; and in July 1776, he set sail on a roundabout route, first taking the *Resolution* and a companion ship, the *Discovery*, to New Zealand and Tasmania.

After discovering the Hawaii Islands (though he called them the Sandwich Islands after the Earl of Sandwich) Cook followed the American coast as far as Alaska, but returned to the Sandwich Islands when his progress in the Arctic was halted by ice.

Back in the Southern seas he pursued his usual policy of striving for the friendship of the natives, but in this instance his untimely death ensued. Going ashore to investigate the theft of a boat from the *Resolution*, he was set upon and slain by hostile islanders.

It is believed that his assassins and all the other natives truly mourned Cook's murder, for while his body was being reverently committed to the deep, to the sounds of a gun salute, not a sound was heard coming from the island, nor was a single native canoe seen moving on the waves.

Captain Cook did more than explore vast regions of the oceans, and merits distinction by all seamen, no matter what their nationality. He benefited every long-distance mariner by banishing the debilitating and prostrating disease of scurvy, a scourge which often carried off one-third of a ship's crew.

Cook found that the cause was lack of green vegetables during long voyages, so he frequently sent parties ashore to collect such edibles. He also insisted that each man should eat a pound of sauerkraut or sweet-kraut two days a week while at sea, and oatmeal or wheat was served at breakfast every day.

The great explorer ensured strict cleanliness between decks, and provided good ventilation. Another of his ideas was to divide his crews into three watches instead of the usual two, thus giving the men more time for rest and recreation.

Had not Cook's name come down to us as that of a leading navigator, he would certainly have been remembered as the man who eradicated the main disease of sailors. His success in this direction was proved when the *Resolution* was more than 1,000 days at sea with only five men out of 118 contracting scurvy and only one of them dying from it.



The abbey ruins, Whitby, familiar to Captain Cook. Tradition states that a ship carrying stolen bells sank offshore, and that mystic peals can sometimes be heard ringing under the sea.

The Things We Did Last Summer

by Jeffrey Clemmons

This summer, the Institute took part in the Mayor's Summer Youth Employment Program (SYEP). Seven students, ranging in age from 16 to 18, spent seven weeks working here. As one of these students I worked in the Communications Department and as an aspiring journalist, I felt that it would be very interesting to do a write up on the students and their respective supervisors. Here's how it went.



JEFFREY CLEMMONS

STUDENTS

Why did you pick SCI as a place of employment?

PRESINA GOMES (Who worked in the FDR Institute) — "I wanted a clerical position and I also wanted to be more efficient in the learning of secretarial skills, such as typing, filing, answering a telephone properly and more."

ED WONG (Who worked in the Volunteer Department) — "I'm really interested in the sea and I hope to one day become a seaman and here (at SCI) I can learn more about seamen."

APRIL TYSON (Who also worked in the Volunteer Department) — "Well I wanted to find out about seamen and what they do because my father was a seaman and when he retired, he didn't talk about it much."

STUART CLEMMONS (Who worked in the Joseph Conrad Library at SCI) — "Because it's interesting to me and because it's associated with ships; and I'm interested in reading, which is why I picked the library."

KING LEUNG (Who also worked in the Joseph Conrad Library) — "Because I wanted to work at a place that wasn't too far away, a place I could walk to."

STELLA LEO (Who worked in the Joseph Conrad Library) — "Because it's near my neighborhood and because they assigned me to this area."

Did you have any doubts when you started working at SCI?

PRESINA — "Yes, because I've never worked professionally before. It's frightening. You really don't know what your boss might be like or anything like that."

EDWARD — "No. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. This is much more interesting than anything I've learned in school."

APRIL — "No, I found everything to be cool and alright."

STUART — "No, I figured I might meet interesting people."

KING — "No."

STELLA — "Yes, I was kind of nervous at first. I'd be nervous if I felt I wasn't working hard enough. But now I'm not nervous anymore."



PRESINA GOMES



ED WONG



APRIL TYSON

PERSINA — "Well I learned how to type better and how to file. This is my first real job and I've learned many skills."

EDWARD — "Yes. I've learned many things about SCI, the services that SCI provide to the needs of seamen."

APRIL — "Yes, I've learned how to deal with problems and help others. Seamen will come up to me (at the Visitors Center) with their problems and I try to give them some kind of helpful advice."

STUART — "Yes, I've learned to communicate better with people and the experience of working here will be useful to me in the future."

KING — "Yes. When I file the card catalog, I learn about the library and I learn how the books are arranged and I learn how to take care of various things around the library."

STELLA — "I learned how to file books and I also got to practice my typing. I never knew libraries were so complicated."

If you had the chance to work at SCI again, would you?

PRESINA — "Yes, because I like it here."

EDWARD — "Yes."

APRIL — "Yes. I like it here. It's a nice quiet place, nice people, nice atmosphere."

STUART — "Yes, I feel I've enjoyed working here and I like the people and I would feel at home."

KING — "Maybe. I would like to experience another job next summer, but if I can't find another, I would pick the library (at SCI) again."

STELLA — "It depends on what I'm doing. I think I would like to work at a hospital next summer. It would be a good experience."

THE SUPERVISORS

Where SCI is concerned, how do you feel about the Mayor's Summer Youth Program?

ELIZABETH NORBERG (FDR Institute — supervised Presina Gomes) — "I think it's very good because it shows not only how a profit division of an organization works, but also how a non-profit organization works, such as SCI."

BOB WOLK (Joseph Conrad Library — supervised Stella Leo, Stuart Clemmons and King Leung) — "Well I think SCI is giving students a rewarding experience. It's giving them a job where they use what they've learned in school and don't have to wait until later on to use their knowledge. All of the positions here are more challenging than the ones given in the parks department and they have a chance to work with professionals like those in the library, volunteer department, public relations, etc."

SYLVIA CAMP (Volunteer Dept. — supervised April Tyson and Edward Wong) — "Well I think this is a good chance for SCI to work on special projects that we couldn't do otherwise."

Have you found the students working under your supervision to be competent in the work?

ELIZABETH NORBERG — "Yes, very efficient. She (Presina) does whatever we ask her to. And does it well, too."

BOB WOLK — "They are all very enthusiastic and they all perform very nicely."

SYLVIA CAMP — "Yes. I've been very pleased with all of them. I'm very impressed with the quality of young people sent to us. Everybody who comes to the program seems pretty motivated. I would certainly do it again next year."

I also spoke with Sarah Peveler, Director of Personnel at SCI about its involvement with the Mayor's Summer Youth Program.

How did SCI become involved with the Mayor's Summer Youth Program? "It was in the spring of '79 when Lucas Ferrera of the Mayor's Summer Youth Program asked if we could take students for a seven week employment program. I said send some over and we'll see. We were so pleased with one, that we were sure we'd want more this year."

STUART CLEMMONS



STELLA LEO



KING LEUNG

An Ode to Autumn (Sailing)

by Mary Jane Hayes



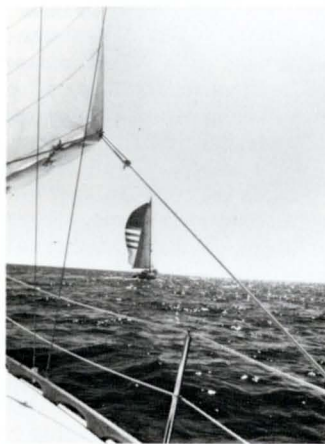
Though boating is pleasant in every season, an air of holiday pervades it in September. Banished is the heat of summer and the murk that all too often shrouds the coast. Gone are the midgits and mosquitoes, the sudden squalls and that stagnant, tacky quality to the air which makes you vaguely grumpy.

Distilled of all impurities, these days at sea are the true "sparklers" of the year. Since no one is off cruising, everyone is out sailing, their canvases crowding the harbors and the waters beyond. (You will see more boats outside your homeport on any weekend in September than at the height of summer.) In the clear air and crisp temperatures, a simple daysail has all the glamour of a voyage to Spain. Adding to your sense of romance are freighters, rising on the horizon like medieval fortresses. Not to mention the mellow sun of the month and its majesty of color.

There is a "blue" special to September — a dark, sapphire blue, at once splendid and austere. This spartan blue — against whose depth of color, boats seem cut from stiff white paper — is counterpoint to all the riotous foliage ashore. Without experience of it, autumn can't be fathomed to the full. Here, the mariner has the advantage of the "landlubber;" for not only is the sky above him blue, so is the sea on which he sails. And the shore from which he embarks and to which he returns, is bathed in a luminous haze.

There is also less pressure on the sailor in September. Built into every daytrip prior to your two weeks summer cruise is the feeling that nice as *this* is, what's to come will be better still. By Labor Day that tension of expectation has been dispelled. Gone, too, are other summer strains: worry over the weather or getting a mooring or slip, concern over cruising your way through a body of water for the first time, anxiety over offspring left at home. However homely or brief, each sail in autumn is what all sails *ought* to be — an end in itself. Now is the time you're most apt to share your boat with guests, (since people tend to scatter in the summer). Hanging on your mooring after such a sojourn, soaking up the delicious sun while enjoying a picnic lunch and conversation with relatives and friends is surely one of the best reasons for *owning* a boat.

If September is the stuff of idyll, October proves more fickle and ascetic. Brisk little seabreezes are suddenly rude blasts; fluffy little fairweather clouds an ominous scud. There is still beatific weather to be savored, and blue-ribbon sailing, but only a day here or



there, instead of halcyon stretches. By the middle of the month an icy wind is blowing out of the north. Lines which have been pliant all summer go chill and stiff. Even the sun feels cold. In a visibility that's absolute (and almost Arctic in its purity), seas of royal-blue darken to purple.

For weeks you have been grateful for sweaters and heavy jackets, for mittens and woolen caps. (And for *soup* with your sandwich!) On occasion you have slept fully clothed, burrowed deep in a sleeping bag covered with a blanket. You've also been aware of buoys sporting seaweed "skirts," (matching the one on your dinghy): and that your waterline is likewise "fringed" with growth.

Even more indicative that the days for boating are "dwindling down to a precious few," is the feeling you have of loneliness; of missing the cheerful company of other boats. A fleet previously winnowed only slightly, is now considerably thinned. Indeed, so prevalent are winter moorings, (some of them hardly discernible at high tide), you find you have to be more than usually careful when navigating your harbor. How shorn boats look without their masts; how mournful, somehow, to see other spars being pulled at a dock. Even the 210's and the thunderbirds have vanished and with them, their billowing spinnakers, bright as bubbles of colored glass.

Should you essay a final cruise, you find now empty waters, except for an occasional party boat, lobsterman, a ferry, or intrepid smallcraft like yourself. The shores reveal barren beaches and boarded cottages, ghosttowns of what just lately were busy ports. If these signs don't convince you that it's time to be hauled, shorter days proclaim it — as do skies teeming with migrating fowl.

As always, the last run-of-the-year to your yachtyard is bleak, rough and bitterly cold. Bundled up like Polar explorers, you wallow for its duration in grey swells — to starboard a landscape etched in amethyst, behind you a horizon black as doom. And ahead? There, in the "Indian summer" that (perversely) will now appear, lies the unloading of your boat, the storing of its gear, (did you really have all that equipment aboard?), the winterizing of the engine, the covering of the hull. Sad tasks all. And yet deeper than any feeling of sadness will be the satisfaction of a season accomplished. One good in and for itself.

And prelude — if possible — to an even better *next*.

Herman Melville

Aug. 1819 — Sept. 1891



"There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs — commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme down-town is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see? — Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster — tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand — miles of them — leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues — north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?"

from the opening page of *MOBY DICK*
first publication November 1851

On the west wall near the Pearl Street entrance of the present Institute is a plaque bearing the following words:

A House on this site was the Birthplace
of the Novelist and Poet
HERMAN MELVILLE (1819 - 1891)
"MOBY DICK", among his numerous
sea-tales, attained enduring recognition
in American Literature.

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The Lone Cypress (California)

Why does it turn its back upon the sea,
Is it the sighing that the wet winds bring,
The sense of loneliness and urgency
Caught in a seagull's cry and outspread wing?
Or is the call of earth too strong, and so
Bound to the sea upon this barren place,
It bends to where in hidden woodlands grow
Wild-flowers that match the seafoam's spiral grace?

Standing beside this rock which none can climb,
For touching it with hands of love might kill
This lonely tree defying ruthless time,
I feel the strength of its primeval will —
As rooted here above the wave-lashed sand
It leans toward the homeyness of land.

Kay Wissinger