



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1963



seaman of the month

► *Harold J. Murphy*

Harold James Murphy, of Oceanside, Long Island, was not the only one who unwrapped a surprise package on Christmas Eve. SCI also unwrapped a surprise package when it came up with Lucky Seaman Murphy as the recipient of the 150,000th Women's Council Christmas gift.

Seaman Murphy, a tall, ruddy, wavy-haired man who sports bow ties with his shoreside clothes, accepted all the honors which the occasion accorded him with his usual quiet modesty. He is a man who, even though he spends a good deal of time on the seven seas, has his feet very much on terra firma. He is happily anchored by his lovely blonde wife, Mary, and by his three devoted youngsters. Peggy, 12, Edward, 10, and Danny, 7, are very proud of their dad as he performs his function in the vast network of merchant shipping.

As a boy of sixteen in Jamaica, New York, he made up his mind to join the merchant marine. When young Harold came dashing home with the application requiring his mother's signature, Mrs. Murphy happened to be out. Mr. Murphy did his best to dissuade his boy from going ahead with his plans, at which point Harold threatened to head for Times Square with five dollars with which to bribe some sympathetic motherly soul to sign for him. Whether it was the prospect of his son offering his kingdom for a hitch, or just a father's under-

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SCI was buzzing! Buzzing with portable generators, cameras and the conversation of strike-idled seamen. Such was the sound last month when all three major television networks descended upon the world's most popular "home away from home" for merchant seamen to get, first-hand, closeups and informal interviews with some of the 1,000 men who found us a haven each day during the longshoremen's strike, when an estimated 35,000 foreign and American seamen were idled.

The television newsmen were looking for merchant seamen who could intelligently discuss the waterfront situation, and they found them by the score in the lounges, game rooms, museum and movies at 25 South Street. They wanted to tell the story, too, of how the world's largest shore center for seafarers was assuming part of the job of providing lodging and entertainment for our foreign visitors, somewhat dumbstruck by the total crippling effects of the strike, and confined to the estimated 125 foreign flagships stalled in New York alone.

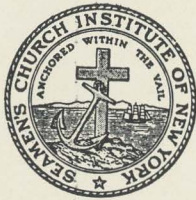
SCI had adequate warning that the CBS newsfilm crew on the "Today" show would visit the International Club during a party night to capture

some highlights and fun. Two bus-loads of foreign seamen, brought from our Port Newark Center, joined dozens more American seamen and hostesses in the International Club for a big evening of wholesome entertainment. Cameras followed as the men poured from the buses in front of SCI—Germans, Swedes, Greeks, Italians, Irish, Japanese. Cameras continued rolling as they noisily made their way to the International Club, and to that certain atmosphere of friendliness that has made the Club famous. While the combo was playing and many couples were circling the dance floor, the interviewer proceeded to interrogate the dancers by pulling them out of the dancing area at random. He first found two Norwegian seamwomen brought to SCI from a strike-bound freighter tied up in Port Newark. The remarks of the two dazzling blonds, as with all those interviewed, ended with accolades to the Seamen's Church Institute. While other seamen and hostesses performed that universally popular "Twist," the interviewer continued to withdraw individuals and couples for their expressions of optimism for a settlement of the strike, and what they were doing to entertain themselves during their enforced stay.

As if it had been planned, more than a dozen crew members from a Greek ship spontaneously joined in the popular all-male circle dance, or



television comes to our house



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

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

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

the LOOKOUT

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

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COVER: The raucous chatterings of the gulls and their perpetual animation are more familiar studies of the seaman's friend than the one in this pastoral shot by photojournalist Gordon Smith.

syrtu, made familiar in the movie "Never on Sunday." Again the cameras began to turn, and the footage, when it was edited, provided NBC's local segment of the TODAY show, and somewhere, in the lounges of many ships the following day, seamen and seawomen were pointing fingers at television sets with the announcements, "See . . . there I am." NBC had found what seamen throughout the world have discovered . . . the uniqueness of the International Club and the fun of a "party night." SCI's staff and its director were there to share the fun, and to provide answers for a busy television crew.

When the longshoremen's strike was big news from Maine to Texas, both ABC and CBS were looking for supplementary film footage to tag to their commentaries about the waterfront situation. Through the Department of Public Relations, the facilities of the game room were offered to both television networks as a meeting center. It was here that they televised their interviews with the restless men who, unemployed and confined to the building because of inclement weather, were sharpening their game of billiards. A CBS interviewer leaned over the pool table to get interesting and informal shots of two American seamen while he asked them their opinions of the waterfront situation, and their problems because of it. The half-hour used in shooting the interviews, as usually happens, ended up as two minutes of television time on the CBS local news the next morning.

But before CBS cameramen had completely closed their equipment cases, the ABC television mobile crew appeared, and there were a few hearty "hellos" as departing CBS photographers recognized friends among the ABC staff. Glib ABC interviewer picked men at random from the American seamen relaxing in the billiard room, asked their prognostications on the strike. The footage taken away by the ABC cameramen appeared that same evening as part of the local news roundup.

In the following week eight million Americans saw personable SCI employee Cathy Artesi discuss her work in the Missing Seamen's Bureau as a contestant on the afternoon ABC network show "Who Do You Trust." And just as many afternoon viewers were smiling when she admitted her engagement to a *non-seaman*.

And among staff and seamen alike, a familiar morning coffee question was, "Well, did you see us on TV"?



These pictures were reproduced from videofilm. Top to bottom (1) Foreign seamen arriving at SCI from chartered bus which brought them from our Port Newark station; (2) NBC "Today" show interviewer talks with seaman from Norwegian strike-bound freighter; (3) Informal chats with volunteer hostesses during dance intermission in International Club; (4) Men from Greek ship improvise steps of popular circle dance; (5) CBS commentator interrogates seaman Willie Sapp during billiard game; (6) Seaman Charles Crosby has little optimism to express relative to waterfront unemployment.



The snow-covered slopes of Norway didn't seem so far away to seamen skiers Alf Andreassen, 22, and Per Hulbak, 19, from freighter Thorsodd who attended annual Norway Ski Meet in upstate New York recently, arranged by staff of Port Newark station.



skiman or seaman?

A crowd estimated at 10,000 spectators attending the annual Norway Ski Club ski-jumping meet at Palisades Park, New York, enthusiastically cheered seaman Per Hulbak when he demonstrated that his "ski-legs" were as nimble as his sea-legs. Seaman Hulbak, strike-bound greaser in the engine room aboard the M/S THORSODD, found his way to the ski meet with the assistance of the SCI Port Newark Station. Some quietly efficient behind-the-scenes maneuvering by Mr. Dahl, sports director at the Port Newark Station, resulted in the red carpet being rolled out full length for the 19-year-old youngster from the city of Drammen near Oslo. Delicious meals and comfortable lodgings at the Bear Mountain Inn were provided free of charge, as well as all the necessary equipment right down to the pom-pom on the wool ski cap.

Even the weather put its best foot forward that day. The sun shone on the sparkling ice and snow, perhaps reminding the young skier of his homeland. As Per was introduced over the loudspeaker and his story told, the crowd cheered the game young Norwegian. The ovation he received was second only to that accorded the best jump of the day when the champion leaped to well above the 100-foot

mark. Per placed eighth in his respective class, no mean feat for a boy who had for the past two years been confining his descents solely to trips from deck to hold.

Seaman Hulbak's account of the wonders of that January day so impressed his shipmates that the ship's carpenter, Mr. Alf M. Andreassen, 22, followed suit the following Sunday. He returned with the same tale of good will and hospitality as his countryman. Before the ship sailed out of Port Newark for Japan, both seamen came over to express their heartfelt thanks to the SCI for its part in making their stay so memorable.

Captain Jorgen Borge, director of the Port Newark Station, a native Norwegian and skiing enthusiast, must have derived a special sense of satisfaction from this incident. Since so many Norwegian children receive their first skis even before they get their first shoes, he knew how much this particular sport meant to the two men. Captain Borge was instrumental in providing other shoreside activity for an estimated 200 strike-bound Scandinavian seamen who were stranded in the Port Newark Area. Busloads were taken to local church services where they were always warmly welcomed.

welcome home, lucky!



He came. He saw. He charmed everyone at SCI. Who is this man? The men of the freighter *MSTS Taurus* know him as seaman Harold J. Murphy. The 2,000 volunteers of the Women's Council will remember him as the man who received their 150,000th Christmas box.

When seaman Murphy opened his gift aboard the *Taurus* on Christmas Day, 1962, he found in it a letter notifying him that he was indeed a lucky man, for the package just unwrapped was the 150,000th Christmas box distributed by the Council in its twenty years of shipping gifts to men of the sea. Even more surprising was the fact that his skipper, Captain Joseph Semon, was there to congratulate him and to pose for a candid snapshot. With the letter from SCI Director John Mulligan came an invitation for Murphy to attend a luncheon in his honor at the Institute on Thursday, January 9.

When Murphy's ship, the *Taurus*, docked in Brooklyn's Army Terminal on a sub-zero Wednesday morning preceding the day of the luncheon, Mrs. Grace Chapman, Executive Secretary of the Council, and Ralph Haneman, Director of Public Relations, boarded the ship to join Murphy and

Captain Semon at coffee and extended a vocal invitation to be present at a luncheon in his honor the following day.

With the fine model of "Old Ironsides" centering the speakers' table, an elaborate luncheon table was set for seaman Murphy, his lovely wife Mary, and his parents. Representing SCI were Mr. Mulligan, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Ogden E. Bowman, Chairman of the Women's Council; attending from the Military Sea Transportation Service, for whom Harry Murphy works, were Commander A. P. Fisher, Assistant Chief of Staff, USN, Harry Rosenbush, head of *MSTS* Crewing and Receiving Branch; representing the City of New York was Commerce Commissioner Robert Watt.

"I thought the boys were playing a practical joke on me when I opened the box," he admitted at the table. "But then when Captain Semon (his skipper) was waiting to congratulate me, I realized that it was for real."

With unusual modesty, and as his proud wife and parents looked on, Murphy continued: "I'm not much of a speaker, but for the thousands of men who have received these boxes this Christmastime, let me say 'thank you' to the wonderful women who work

Counterclockwise from upper left: Seaman Murphy points to the pictures in the December Lookout, one with the missing face of the Lucky Seaman which he has provided. Mr. Mulligan smiles his approval of SCI's good fortune. (2) During champagne and candlelight dinner at New York's swank "Top Of The 6's" the Murphys unwrap watches presented with the compliments of Bulova. (3) In subzero weather Grace Chapman visits the *MSTS Taurus* in Brooklyn to welcome Murphy and his skipper Joseph Semon (right). (4) While the Plaza Hotel's famous maitre de, "Joseph", looks on, Mrs. Chapman chats with the happy couple in the hotel's victorian Palm Court only hours after Murphy's ship dropped anchor in Brooklyn. (5) With only one day in New York before his return trip to France seaman Murphy exercises his right to give his lovely wife, Mary, an affectionate hug. (6) At institute luncheon for Murphy, Mrs. Chapman relates the fun and excitement in the Christmas Room as her women were preparing his coded 150,000th Christmas package. (7) Above a gift-wrapped tape recorder presented to the Lucky Seaman, the happy smiles attest the fun and informality of the luncheon. Distinguished couple on the right are the senior Harold Murphys from Hempstead, Long Island.



so hard making our Christmas at sea something to remember."

Mrs. Chapman then extended the good wishes of the 2,000 volunteers of the Women's Council, followed by the presentation of the replica gold keys to the City of New York by Commissioner Watt. He also presented keys to the elder Murphys.

Mr. Mulligan then proposed the overwhelming question to seaman Murphy, whose days at home are precious to him because his ship spends only one or two days in each port in an itinerary between New York and France. *What would you do if you had a day free in New York to do anything you wanted?* The bronzed seaman, visibly dismayed, surprised and jolted by the question, pondered it a moment and then looked to his attractive wife for advice. The combined plans would include a helicopter view of Manhattan (he had approached it hundreds of times from the sea), the United Nations, the Statue of Liberty, dinner at a restaurant, and maybe a Broadway musical. (To record the events of the big day Mr. Mulligan presented seaman Murphy with a tape recorder and, not to forget the distaff side of the team, Mrs. Chapman presented Mrs. Murphy with six gift wrapped tapes for the recorder.)

When the luncheon had adjourned and the elder and junior Murphys were ushered off for a tour of the building, SCI began planning for the February 2nd "day on the town" for the young couple—the one day Murphy would be free in New York. A helicopter was chartered to "buzz" Manhattan, circle the Statue of Liberty, hover over seaman Murphy's ship, the *Taurus*, docked in Brooklyn. Arrangements were made for a behind-the-scenes tour of the United Nations. There was dinner atop the "Six's," a Manhattan skyscraper, a Broadway musical and a night at the Plaza Hotel. Everything was in readiness for the one day seaman Murphy would be available.

And on that day we waited. Public Relations was chewing its fingernails because of the tight, one-day schedule

which was planned. Mrs. Chapman was pacing the third floor quarters of the Women's Council.

Finally word came from MSTs quarters in Brooklyn that the *Taurus* was suffering at the hands of dangerous and heavy seas. The skipper, who was attempting everything prudent to make up for lost time, radiogrammed that there would be a five-hour delay.

Plans for most of the day had to be scrapped at the last minute. There was a thread of hope that seaman Murphy would arrive at the Plaza Hotel to enjoy the balance of the day. At 6:45, while Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Murphy and a Navy photographer were in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel, seaman Murphy arrived, embraced his wife, greeted Mrs. Chapman, and hurried to the grand suite which the Plaza had arranged for them. They hardly had time to freshen up before they were whisked away in a Navy station wagon for their dinner at the Top of the Six's. When the happy couple were comfortably seated in the restaurant overlooking the night lights of Manhattan's skyscrapers, Mrs. Chapman presented the two magnificent wristwatches which had been sent as a gift from the Bulova Watch Company. Again wishing them a good evening, the remainder of which was happily salvaged, she left them to a champagne dinner, two tickets to the Broadway hit "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and a comfortable one-night-at-home at the Plaza's most inviting suite.

"It's too bad that all of our members could not have met Harry," sighed Mrs. Chapman. "He's a fine example of the merchant mariner we serve, and he's a credit to the profession. When he told me what our packages mean to so many lonely men on Christmas Day, I was more enthusiastic than ever about increasing our goal this next year."

Yes, the 2,000 members of the Women's Council had honored the Lucky Seaman, and as New York CBS commentator Kenneth Banghart noted on the day of the luncheon, "a good time was had by all."

Aboard the M/S "BIRKENFELS"
Dubai
January 21, 1963

Dear Mr. van Wygerden:
(SCI ship visitor)

Quite a while has passed since Christmas. Nevertheless, I want to report to you how we spent Christmas and how much you have helped us to make it a lovely celebration.

Already on December 23 the weather turned gradually worse . . . during that night a terrific storm developed which lasted for three days. We were longing for the warm sun which usually shines brightly down here, about 400 miles southeast from the Azores.

However, despite the bad weather we proceeded with our preparations for Christmas in the kitchen and in the cellar and, on the 24th in the morning we decorated the Christmas trees in the different places. A quick inspection of the many Christmas packages brought us a sad surprise: some of these packages were wet because a water main burst in the place where they were stored. I was glad to notice that only the paper wrapping was damaged; the contents were intact. We have no Christmas wrapping paper, so we wrapped them in ordinary paper but they looked nice enough to be put on the table that had all the presents. In the early afternoon we started singing the first Christmas carols and after a very festive Christmas dinner we all assembled in one of the messhalls. It was there that we heard your Christmas message and after that the Christmas story was read and we sang carols. A few solemn words spoken by our captain showed us the solemnity of the hour which unites people who are more or less strangers to each other, and which creates a closer bond among them than could possibly be done on land. After the last song was sung, we proceeded to open the packages, the existence of which was known to only a few of us. The surprise was great and when they unpacked these packages that were put together with so much love, some of these hard seamen had tears in their eyes.

I must say without exaggeration that every one of the men was happy with

From the hundreds of letters received, the Women's Council has selected these as best expressing the gratitude of the seamen who received the more than 8500 Christmas boxes shipped by the Council last Christmas. The first letter comments on the appreciation of the Christmas service recorded on tape, distributed to ships to be on the high seas last December 25th.

the very beautiful and useful things. The mere fact that strange human beings on this very day not only thought of the seamen out at sea, but that they were busy with the preparations to create some joy, not only for weeks but for months before, all this contributed to the fact that this Christmas was one of the most beautiful which I and many others have passed at sea.

I was asked by the crewmen to convey our heartiest thanks to you and to all the kind people who have worked toward the preparation and execution of this great surprise for Christmas . . . small gestures and good will further the understanding and friendship among people, and these create a bond over the oceans—not only among the people of one or the other nations, but among all people in general.

I would like to thank you again and to express my wishes to the SCI for a rewarding and blessed work in their future endeavor.

First Officer
USPHS Hospital, Staten Island

Dear Mrs. Chapman:

I am the engine cadet aboard the SS Mormactrade and am writing this letter to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I would also like to thank you very much for the gift that you sent aboard. I found a use for everything included in the package. That very beautifully knit sweater fits perfectly and will come in handy when we once again reach New York.

It is nice of you people at the Seamen's Church Institute to think of us out here, especially at Christmas. Christmas can be one of the happier times of the year as well as one of the loneliest. Being at sea as we are now makes Christmas rather empty and makes us all feel lonely. But when someone is kind enough to wish us well by sending packages of good cheer the loneliness is forgotten. Thank you once again, Mrs. Chapman.

Charles W. Nadig
Class of 1964

Aboard the M/S "Tubingen"
Hamburg-America Line
At Sea
December 27, 1962

Dear Sirs:

As captain of the German motor ship "Tuebingen," Hamburg-America Line, I would like to express my thanks and also the thanks of the 43 crew members of my ship for the Christmas gifts. The packages, which contained many useful things were received with great joy and appreciation by the whole crew.

I played the tape, which was also sent on board, in the crew mess and also in the officers mess and had the packages distributed afterwards. The tape was a wonderful surprise for us. Everybody enjoyed the Christmas story and the beautiful old Christmas carols very much.

I talked to different members of my crew and everybody agreed that not only the packages but also the tape were a real Christmas surprise for us.

Wishing the Seamen's Institute of New York a successful 1963, I remain

W. Schoening
Captain

December 25, 1962

Dear Mrs. Myers:

Thank you very much for the Christmas box. It is so nice to know we of the merchant marine are still remembered.

As you know, our mail service isn't too good at this time of the year. There are many seamen on this ship who haven't received their Christmas mail (me included) and with only one more port to go before heading back to the States I doubt very much if there will be any mail at all. This is the reason your package meant so much to me.

How wonderful it would be if we could judge our shipping once in a while to be home with our families just one holiday. If I'm not mistaken this will make six years in a row I've been overseas at Christmas.

Thank you once again. Also all the other ladies who have brought Christmas to us.

William Turner

Ask a man to name the Seven Wonders of the ancient world and he'll probably falter, but ask him to discuss the Lost Continent of Atlantis and he'll most likely answer you without hesitation. If a philosopher, he will describe it metaphorically as an ordered Utopia; if a seaman, as the exotic landscape of an uncharted island rising out of the sea offering new adventure and excitement; and if a scientist, as an interesting tale but a geological impossibility.

Whatever the answer, the story of mythical Atlantis holds fascination for any man who has ever looked beyond his own horizon. It is not surprising that this ancient legend has long been an important source in Western sea lore, literature, science, and philosophy, and has given its name to the great ocean of water which lies between the old world and the new.

It was the Greek philosopher Plato who first recorded the legend in the fourth century B. C. He claimed that it had been told to Solon, the famous sixth century Athenian lawmaker, by an Egyptian priest. Whether Plato invented the story as a philosophical illustration of an ideal political state or was indeed handing down a legend is a matter of conjecture. Whatever the case, the story of Atlantis soon caught the imagination of his countrymen, and has enjoyed a celebrated popularity in the Western world ever since.

As Plato described it, the Lost Continent was populated by beautiful women and brave men. The soil was rich and the climate was kindly. Strong kings ruled over the country and it was wonderful to see how satisfactory life could be in a well-ordered society. This, said Plato, was the Island of Atlantis which rose out of the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and this was the way life had been lived on earth about 9,000 years ago.

Then, inexplicably, a great catastrophe had struck. Suddenly a storm swept water over the land destroying the people, and an earthquake sank

the island into the sea. No one would ever find Atlantis again because it was impossible to navigate the treacherous sandbanks near where the island had once been.

Whatever Plato's source for the legend of Atlantis, the fable—mentioned in both *Timaeus* and the *Critias*—stimulated conjecture and discussion, which is no doubt exactly what he intended it to do. As for source, one of the reasonable guesses is that there did circulate among the Egyptians the fable of an island which disappeared. This referred to the island of Crete where, as we know, the Minoans built an advanced and powerful society and from which they sailed in their own ships to trade with Egypt. When the Achaean and Dorian Greeks overran Crete, the trade with Egypt ceased so abruptly that the legend grew that the island had sunk beneath the waves.

Other less comprehensible conjectures flourish. Perhaps Plato didn't mean the Straits of Gibraltar when he spoke of the Pillars of Hercules. If so, he didn't intend the Atlantic Ocean as the location of the island. Possibly instead he meant a coast near a place where there had been a temple to Hercules. This could have been a North African Mediterranean shore or island.

On the other hand, the word Atlantis is derived from the mythical figure Atlas who was forced to uphold the heavens and the earth. Later, he was transfigured to Mt. Atlas in Northwest Africa. Atlantis supposedly lay off the coast in the great ocean near the mountain. Atlas, the name, is derived from the Greek word meaning "to uphold" or "to bear." Atlantic is the adjective of Atlantis. The Atlantic Ocean, then, is the Ocean of Atlantis.

What is highly significant about Plato's legend of Atlantis is that it seems to reflect a more intelligent and sophisticated knowledge of the world than the primitive river of Homer's world, or even the universe of the Christians in the Dark and Middle Ages. It is known that the Greeks widely held the belief that the world

Suppose we were to find in mid-Atlantic, in front of the Mediterranean, in the neighborhood of the Azores, the remains of an immense island, sunk beneath the sea—one thousand miles in width, two thousand long—would it not go far to confirm Plato's statement that "beyond the strait where you place the Pillars of Hercules, there was an island larger than Asia and Libya combined," called Atlantis?

by Orlan J. Fox

was round. Also, importantly, fourth century Greeks were able to conceive of a human history of a time span of 9,000 years.

Paradoxically, then, the legend of Atlantis was manifest in a nascence of science and exploration. Pythias, the great navigator and explorer later in Plato's century, knew about Great Britain, Ireland and even Iceland, and explored the Indian Ocean. About a hundred years ago Phoenician coins of the fourth century B. C. were discovered on Madeira, an indication of the daring expansiveness of Greek exploration.

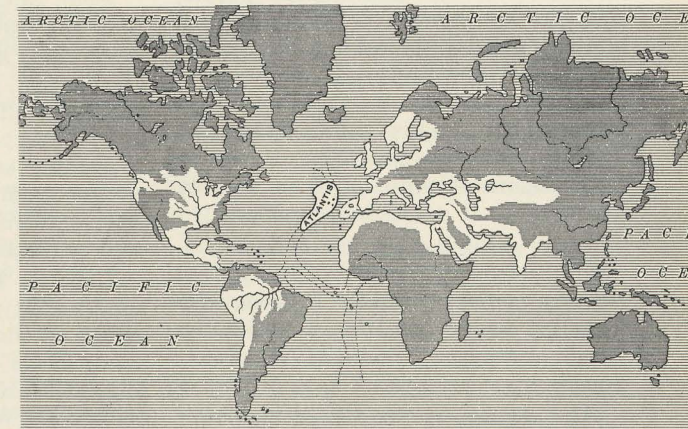
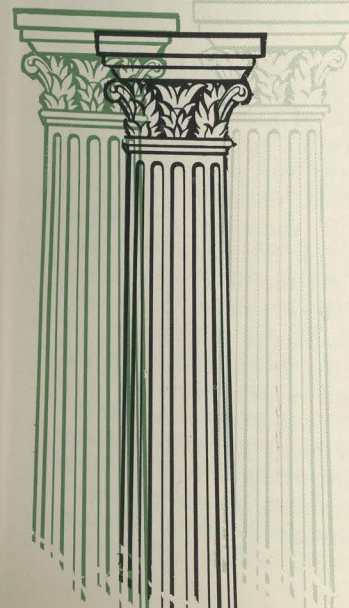
Plato's own words seem to make it clear that he really means that there is a large and navigable ocean lying beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. He and his audience apparently took it for granted that men could sail there and could find islands in the ocean. As might be expected, the Legend of Atlantis soon became mixed with fact,

and by inference the classical and subsequent Roman and medieval geographers carefully described the island, though none could agree as to its sunken location.

To Plato's fable other classical writers added stories about the Fortunate Islands which were located in the Atlantic; still others talked about the Hesperides. Some of these islands were supposed to be inhabited either by gods and demigods or by extremely fortunate human beings. The Irish later told stories about St. Brendan's Isle and about an island called Antillia or Hy-Brasil. All of the islands shared Atlantis' paradisaical features.

As man's knowledge of the earth's surface increased in time, cartographers reluctantly pushed Atlantis and the other mythical islands farther and farther into unknown waters. Finally, they disappeared altogether. But even in the last century the question of their possible existence was seriously con-

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One of the earliest maps of Atlantis, with its islands and connecting ridges, from deep-sea soundings. From book ATLANTIS, The Antediluvian World, 1882.



FAVORITE PORTS O'CALL

by seaman Frank R. Lugger

The sea approaching Guanta is calm, the brilliant blue peculiar to the ocean surrounding the eastern coast of South America. The mountains present an imposing sight, and as one enters the small bay—in reality a cave—the question arises: where is the town?

This not being a regular port of call, we were unprepared for the complete absence of the attractions generally available for passenger ships. Porta La Cruz was full and this tiny inlet afforded a landing from which the passengers could journey over the mountains to this comparable metropolis.

The air is still and slightly humid, the sky a vague blue nothing, and nestled amid hills with a chalk cliff to the left and imposing mountain to the right lies Guanta, a scattering of small huts sleepily perched in this dent in the wilderness. The mountains towering to a height of 1,000 feet or more make it seem even smaller.

Upon going ashore one finds a restaurant, two bars, pigs in the unpaved streets, noisy children begging for coins, a sense of drowsy well-being peculiar to small outposts in a vast jungle.

The natives are Spanish, dark brown in color, and stem from a rather hectic background, as past and current events loudly proclaim. Up on the mountain-

side live some Indians of a rather primitive nature.

The people derive a living from working in the iron mines, fishing, or catch-as-catch-can. Iron ore is mined here and provides what semblance of industry there is.

One would think the struggle to keep from being pushed into the sea would have worn out the population; and this may be true, for this surely is the land of manana.

The gulls mew incessantly around the bay, and the majestic mountains arise to blot out all thoughts of civilization.

Upon entering the one restaurant, you are served excellent coffee, delicious fish, and, if desired, a taste of the native fruits; mangoes, calavos, coconuts offered for sale by bright-eyed, merry-faced children who, with a flashing smile, endeavor to part the visitor from a few centavos. The other native foods are tortillas, rice, beans and perhaps an occasional pig roast.

Gone is the hustle and bustle of modern city life. Present is a simple mode of living which rests on the basic needs of food, shelter and clothing, the latter being a small problem due to the warm climate. Adults wear simple cotton shirts, pants, and gay print dresses, while the children wear the equivalent of bathing trunks or

nothing at all. Straw hats are plentiful because of the sun, and the children swim like dolphins. It would be difficult to imagine a more carefree group.

The shacks, cobblestone streets and the pigs foraging in the streets are very picturesque and time seems to have moved back.

The ship is an intruder, overlooked, disregarded and held almost in contempt by the primitive landscape.

Way up the cliffside lies an Indian settlement miraculously nicked on the side of a towering hill. The people in this settlement live a life apart from the rest. An occasional trail of smoke rising from the cluster of shacks belies some industrious soul shaping souvenirs for the small store in the village below. This and perhaps a little more mining is about the extent of their occupations.

A small, little-used trail leads to this settlement, seldom visited because the climb up the path is rather awesome and only those fit for the endeavor would try the ascent.

A little souvenir shop does good business with visitors from the ship and everyone seems happy. No cares, no worries, and tension is non-existent.

Back at the ship the native children put up a clamor alongside the hull in small boats. "Uno bolivar, uno cen-

tavo," is the cry; and when the object of their affections is thrown over the side, they dive in a flash of arms and legs and in a few seconds arrive at the surface dripping, smiling, with the prize in hand.

The trip down to this ancient haven was a little windy and rough at times but here is a placid sea devoid of angry whitecaps and heavy swells. This bay seems smiled upon by the forces of nature.

It is nearing Christmas, although the temperature is in the upper ranges and firecrackers are being shot off with a noisy clamor. Perhaps to let Santa Claus know Guanta is there.

When night falls, the chalk cliff turns into a phosphorescent giant. A thing of fairyland beauty, it shines and glows like a guardian over the peaceful scene. It stands about 275 to 350 feet in height and shines with a bright, silvery color.

Upon inquiring I found that the ore in the mountain makes it glow. Understandably, it is shrouded in superstition, but I gathered that a type of manganese present in the ore, not phosphorous or foxfire, makes it glow.

All too soon we leave the cove, and Guanta slips back into the wilderness. Goodbye, Guanta, land of manana, and may we meet again.



We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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

BOOSTER — After SCI Board President Franklin Vilas had addressed the Women's Council annual luncheon, enthusiasm among women from the New Jersey area was soaring. Mr. Vilas discussed the expansion plans for SCI's Port Newark Center, and told how strategic these women would be to the success of the project.

The Annual Meeting of the Women's Council was an occasion which combined business and pleasure, the pleasure having been supplied by the Heidelberg College Choir of Tiffin, Ohio. The concert was arranged through Chaplain Huntley, SCI's Director of Education, himself a proud alumnus of Heidelberg. The trained young voices delighted their listeners. That same evening an audience of wildly enthusiastic seamen had the good fortune to hear selections that the choir found popular on its overseas State Department tour. Religious, classical, show tune — each rendition had the audience clamoring for more.



HEAPS OF HONORS—He's first in the hearts of the SCI Women's Council who honored his 36 years as manager of the Institute by awarding him the "Man of the Year" scroll last month at an annual luncheon in the auditorium. Mr. Westerman turned the honor by speaking about devotion of SCI's female employees, ended with "There is nothing like a Dame!" (left to right) Mrs. Ogden Bowman, Council Chairman; Mrs. Thorne Lanier, Honorary Chairman, and Mr. Westerman.

REAL DANDY — The recent strike forced many of our resident seamen to seek shoreside employment in order to keep body and soul together. One of the most unusual assignments went to 22-year-old German seaman Klaus Schlueter, a resident of SCI since December. Spring in New York is a season of formal affairs, and to push the tuxedo trade of its exclusive London Men's Shop, John Wanamaker's hired Klaus to parade up and down the Wall Street area during busy traffic hours displaying himself in formal attire, carrying placard calling attention to the good tailoring job. In addition to the remuneration for his efforts (which he enjoyed) the store let him keep the accessories — just in time to replenish his dwindling wardrobe.

SAFE AT LAST — Nine Cuban seamen, all refugees, found a home at SCI this month through the efforts of the International Rescue Committee and the American Consulate in Casablanca. Led by 28-year-old skipper Abelardo De Guzman (fifth from left) crew of Cuban cargo ship **Pinar del Rio** defected, sought political asylum when it reached Casablanca from Havana in January. Through the efforts of American groups, the men were provided with visas, and also air passage to New York. They will be guests of SCI until employment is secured. The Institute has placed two men in shoreside jobs at this writing. Being welcomed to SCI by Dr. Roscoe Foust (seventh from left) in front of the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse on SCI's roof are seamen: Couto, Cuza, Dominguez, Gonzalez, De Guzman, Iglesias, Dr. Foust, Meneses, Rodriguez and Zayas.

Crowds of seamen from a dozen countries were witnesses last month in the International Club for the presentation of the Third Annual SCI Football Trophy to Felix Minicua, captain of the winning team from Colombian freighter **Ciudad de Tunja**, who defeated Brazilian, Dutch, Greek, Yugoslavian, Italian, German, Spanish and Norwegian crews in a 41-game season. Men from the largest liners competed, including those from the **France, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Rotterdam and Canberra**. In introducing the lively ceremonies, ship visitor Peter Van Weygerden explained that the organization of competitive games was an important facet of the SCI Ship Visitation Program, and helped create goodwill and friendship among nationalities. Trophy presentation to team captain Felix Minicua was conducted by ship visitor Elias Chegwin, a native of Colombia and a popular staff man. Van Weygerden first related a humorous story about Mr. Chegwin's resourcefulness. While a large German ship was docking once, and before it had tied up—at least 50 feet from the dock—Chegwin threw a stick on board the vessel with a message attached asking the crew whether they could play football as soon as the ship was tied up. The men, needless to say, were heartily enthusiastic and played that same evening. It was a double honor for Mr. Chegwin to present to trophy to men from his homeland, addressing them in their native language and translating in English almost simultaneously for those present. Following a rising round of applause for the winning team, Vice-Consul Alvaro Forero of Colombia expressed his gratitude to SCI for its work among the seamen from his country.



FROM A GETTYSBURG ADDRESS . . .

The smiling face on the oil portrait in the hands of SCI's Chaplain William Haynsworth belongs to Mrs. John Eisenhower, daughter-in-law of former president Dwight D. Eisenhower. Chaplain Haynsworth was acting as go-between to fulfill a promise that had its origin in Japan and its end in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Seaman John Haus, of Aurora, Illinois, commissioned a Japanese artist-friend to paint the portrait from a photograph taken while Mrs. Eisenhower was on tour in Rome with the presidential party in 1959. With Chaplain Haynsworth's message about the painting went an invitation to General Eisenhower to be the honored guest of the SCI one day for a special visit. General Eisenhower graciously replied that he was delighted with the portrait and with the invitation, and that as soon as the pressures of his "retirement" subsided he would be pleased to accept the invitation. In the meantime, the SCI will proudly keep before it General Eisenhower's statement that he is "fully aware of the fine work this organization has carried on for so many years and to visit there is something I would personally like to do."



LADIES DAY—Mr. Mulligan and Dr. Roscoe Foust extend warm welcomes to Mrs. Carl H. Sjostrom, President of the Women's Propeller Club of the Port of New York during luncheon meeting at the Institute last month. Exclusive membership includes those women involved in some way in the maritime industry who organize money-raising events to support their philanthropic work among seamen. At conclusion of the luncheon, Mr. Mulligan presented sound slide-film "View of the Harbor" which tells the story of the Institute and its Port Newark Station.



TABLE TALK—Mrs. Gordon McClintock, wife of Adm. McClintock, Superintendent of the Kings Point (N.Y.) Merchant Marine Academy, chats with the Rev. Joseph D. Huntley, Director of the SCI Department of Education, who told the group about his department's pioneering projects among seamen.

The recently-settled longshoremen's strike was an ill wind that blew a great deal of good in the paths of a number of strike-bound foreign seamen. SCI's Peter van Wygerden toured the United Nations and the lower mid-Manhattan area with forty seamen from the Dutch freighters *Korendyk*, *Soestdyk*, *Schiedyk* and *Kamperdyk*, and twenty-five German seamen from North German Lloyd's *Neckarstein* and *Birkenstein*. Elias Chegwin, SCI's own Amigo, took charge of the Spanish-speaking contingent. Chris Nichols, our International Club director, with the help of Basil Tzenakis, Port Newark's ship visitors, escorted fifty-one Greek seamen from Hellenic's *Splendor*, *Leader*, *Hero* and *Hellas*. A keen interest in the many sights is apparent in the faces of the four Greek captains flanking Mr. Nichols in spite of the blurred photograph. The footsore tourists relaxed at the end of their day of "rubbernecking" with refreshments served at the International Club.



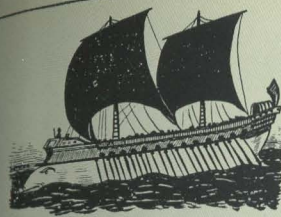
A group of German seamen at the Museum of the City of New York being shown the first boat ever built in New York State. They were much amused to learn that this find was discovered during excavations for a new subway line.



Amigo Chegwin, SCI ship visitor, pointing out the sights of lower mid-Manhattan to a bus-load of Colombian seamen.



Four strikebound Greek sea captains and one SCI ship visitor making the most of an enforced day ashore.



When the owner or captain of an ancient Greek trading ship died, the sails were immediately painted **BLACK** for a period of one year!!

Cap'n Walt's Page



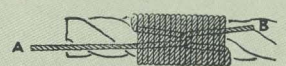
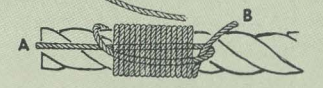
Here's a further opportunity to add to your nautical dictionary. See how many of the definitions you can match correctly with these seagoing expressions.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| Get in the lee | 1 Watch for a change in the weather. A storm may be brewing and it may be necessary to keep close track of it. |
| Look aloft | 2 Get out of your cabin and go out on deck. |
| Keep a weather eye | 3 The act of measuring the depth of water inside the hold of a boat. Boats have bilge water in them. This bilge water must be pumped out frequently. |
| The glass is dropping | 4 This is the cry from the lookout at the masthead indicating that he has sighted a whale spouting. |
| Put your glass on her | 5 The act of heading a vessel up into the wind until the sails slap. |
| Go topside | 6 Plain rectangular colonial house with a steeply-pitched roof on the front. |
| Off to quarter | 7 Haul the anchor up—to get the anchor clear of the bottom. |
| Hove in stay | 8 An angular direction off behind you. |
| Trim your courses | 9 The act of coming about when it is necessary to pull in some of the stays—tighten them up. |
| Sounding the bilges | 10 To look to the rigging. |
| Luff up | 11 The barometric pressure is getting less which may indicate a storm is approaching. In a like manner one might say that the "glass is rising." What does that mean? |
| "Thar she blows" | 12 To get in shelter on the side away from the wind. |
| Weigh anchor | 13 Flat balconies or look-outs on top of New England houses where the mariners' wives (widows) could scan the sea in hope of seeing their husbands' ship returning. |
| Widows' walks | 14 Balance the main sail so that it takes the wind properly. |
| Salt box house | 15 Focus your telescope on that distant ship. |

Learning to tie knots is good preparation for going to sea. Practice these knots so that you can eventually tie them without looking at the instructions. Ask your mother for some old clothesline rope and see how expert you can become.



CLOVE HITCH



WHIPPING



FISHERMAN'S KNOT



FIGURE EIGHT KNOT

Down to the Sea... 1890

Chapter VI. Continuation of the
log of 18-year-old Fred Best as
recorded in 1890 aboard full-rigged
ship ASIA sailing from Boston.

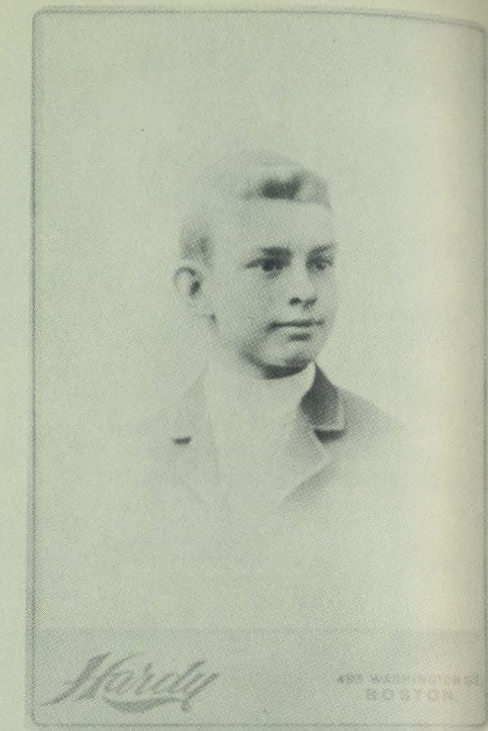
September 28,

When the storm was over, I was laid up with rheumatics in my right leg so bad that I couldn't touch my foot to the floor, and though it is better now, it still bothers me a lot. The skin is all peeling from my hands and feet, and I hope I shall never have a fever again. I am very thin, and quite weak, but am growing better every day and hope to be as well as ever bye and bye. I am not working yet, but get out on deck every day.

Today is Sunday, and is a fine day. A good breeze and the ocean is as blue as the sky. I went aft to the services this afternoon, the first time for a month. We are now in the Indian Ocean, in the Trades, and expect to have a fine breeze all the time for a few days.

October 4,

A fine day with a good breeze. The men have been busy all the week tarring down the rigging, taking off chafing gear, oiling spars and masts. They are trying to make the ship look ship-shape after the terrible beating she took in the hurricane gale, for we



expect to make port in about two weeks. It looks fine up there aloft now. I worked one afternoon—or at least was on the watch, though I didn't do much, and my leg was very painful at the end of the watch. I looked at it below the knee and it was very much swollen. When by accident, I rubbed on a place which felt rather strange, and pressed it with my thumb, it left a hole in the spot which I pressed, and the flesh did not come back into place. I showed it to the Capt. and he said that often happens after the fever such as I had. He made me soak my feet in hot salt water that night, and it seemed to do some good, as the flesh did not seem so dead after that, but my leg is still very painful, and doesn't seem to get well. I can walk, but with pain at every step, and I shall be glad when it is all right again, for I am getting tired of being laid up, and haven't anything more to read. I've read every book aboard, including those which we traded with the men from the barque—when they came aboard for sugar and kerosene in the Atlantic before we rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

We are now in about 14 S. Lat. so it is getting hot again as we near the Line. Today we saw some land birds, so we must be near some island. They are called boatswain's birds because they have a tail which resembles a marlin-spike, and is very peculiar looking. We also saw a school of dolphin. Some of them leapt out of water 3 or 4 feet high and went as much as 15 feet before dropping into the water again. We expect to be in Padang in about 10 days, and I shall be glad as I want some fruit. I miss the fruit, for we have had none since we sailed. It is five weeks ago today since I was taken sick, and I shall be glad when I can work again.

October 12,

Yesterday I went to work although my leg is not well, and had a job scraping the deadeyes in the forerigging. We saw a little bird about as big as an English sparrow. It flew all around the vessel and kept chirping all the time. We must be pretty near some land, as I am sure this was a land bird. Another one which resembled our sandpiper lit on the ship and stayed all day.

We saw a beautiful sunset last night, which I wish an artist could have painted. I never saw so many colors before as I have seen in the sunsets in these tropics.

Today I did not work, as my leg is worse and has dead flesh on it again, and is painful. It was hot and sunny till noon, then it began to rain and rained all the afternoon. All the casks were filled with rain water, and as we are in the hot climates, it was a good thing. Our clothes get dirty very quickly and we need plenty of water to wash with.

Last Sunday it was squally, and the men were busy with the sails all day so we did not have any services.

Last week when a bird lit on the main upper topsail yardarm, Fred Carrier and I drew lots to see who would go up aloft after it. He got the job and crept out on the footropes to catch it. It was savage and bit him several times, and he fetched it down on deck where he dropped it. As it

was a sea bird it had webbed feet and could not fly from the decks. It was about as big as a crow, with a white breast and dark back and wings. Its feet and bill, which was five inches long, were green. Nobody on the ship knew what it was, and all hands thought it quite a curiosity. They let it go after a while and it swam about for a short time, then the bird flew around the vessel and finally lit *again* on the mizzen topgallant crossrees. Then the Capt. shot it, and I guess one of the sailors is going to stuff it for him.

October 18,

We have had hot cloudy days with frequent squalls and rain. This is the hottest weather I ever experienced. The winds are very changeable in these parts, so we can't tell when we shall get in.

On the fourteenth, Herbert called me at about 6 A.M. and said that there was land in sight. I got up quickly and sure enough, there was a faint blue streak on our starboard bow. We got nearer and could see that it was a mountainous country and the Capt. said that it was *Sumatra*, but Padang is further north, and we tacked ship as we had a headwind, so we left the land behind. One hundred and eleven days out. About noon that day we sighted Trystal Island, and then again we were in sight of *Sumatra*.

Every day since then we have been in sight of different small islands. Once I saw a coconut and some bamboo floating near the vessel.

When my leg doesn't bother me too much, I turn to with my watch, but the Capt. does not expect me to, for my leg is still sore, and the flesh seems dead. With the changeable wind and squally weather, we are busy bracing yards nearly all the watch. At night there is plenty of pulling at the braces, and then we will have a calm windless day. There is no wind today and everyone is feeling ugly over such bad weather. The crew and the officers, and especially we boys (Arthur and Herbert and I) are anxious to get ashore. We can hardly wait.



THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA. Edited by Edouard A. Stackpole. Designed by Richard Ellis. 270 pp. New York, Dial Press. \$15.00.

The author of this excellent anthology takes us on perilous voyages from antiquity to the present. Historical journeys are told in first-person narratives by people who communicate their fears in the face of the unknown as well as their ultimate triumphs. In addition to the more familiar accounts of whaling, Admiral Nelson's death at Trafalgar, and Magellan discovering his Strait, we are told of the shipwreck of St. Paul, from the Acts of the Apostles. Also, the reader suffers with the chained eighteenth-century galley slave; he shares the delighted surprise with which Captain George Robertson discovers the island paradise of Tahiti. The text is accompanied by an unusually fine profusion of rare illustrations.

BY SEA AND BY RIVER. THE NAVAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Bern Anderson. 303 pp. New York, Knopf. \$5.95.

Because naval operations during the Civil War were less spectacular and on a smaller scale than the land campaigns, historians have not given them as much attention. However, the Union naval blockade was a crucial factor in the outcome of the Civil War. President Lincoln entrusted naval operations to his capable and loyal Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, who was fortunate in having a large pool of experienced merchant marine officers upon whom to draw to augment his small navy. The gallant Confederate Navy, sealed off from free access to the essential materials it needed, could not continue the war. Contemporary maps and photographs bring to life this aspect of historical struggle.

BLACK CARGOES: A HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC SLAVE TRADE. By Daniel P. Mannix in collaboration with Malcolm Cowley. 287 pp. New York, Viking Press. \$6.95.

This is the story of how the Negro colonists were brought to the two Americas, as the result of a gigantic commercial operation that changed the history of the world. Millions of innocent lives were lost in the process of producing enormous fortunes. The cruelty and inhumanity of the people involved were legendary, and at one time there was "only one captain in Bristol who didn't deserve to hang." Among those who agitated incessantly for abolition were William Wilberforce of England and the early American Quakers. Finally, a bill abolishing slavery was signed in this country in 1807, three weeks before Great Britain enacted a similar law. One might say, however, that the doom of the slave trade was sounded by the guns at Fort Sumter.

THE SHIP. by Björn Landström, 309 pp. New York, Doubleday. \$14.95.

This unique book spans over six thousand years of maritime history. Beginning with the first crude sailing devices that were hewn from logs, it traces the entire development of the ship down through the ages and in all sections of the world. Egyptian papyrus boats of the Nile in 3500 B.C., Greek war galleys, Viking ships, Spanish galleons, American clippers, the first steamships, today's nuclear submarines, as well as many other types of vessels, are described and illustrated with careful attention to technical details. For example, what reader can fail to be impressed when he is told that the range of a nuclear-powered submarine's Polaris missile is 1500 miles!

WHALING AND OLD SALEM

A chronicle of the sea
Frances Diane Robotti

The author vividly describes in stirring narrative early America's most romantic and picturesque industry, the terror of uncharted seas and the perils of rounding the Cape of Good Hope. An excellent gift.
Offered to LOOKOUT readers for \$8.50

Make checks payable to Seamen's Church Institute. Allow three weeks for delivery.

THE BOOK OF THE SEA, edited by Aubrey de Selincourt. 359 pp. New York, Norton. \$6.00.

A wide-ranging selection of works by writers of prose and poetry on the mystical lure of the sea has been anthologized in this book. The many faces of the sea—the terror of storm and shipwreck, the calm of the tropics, nautical superstitions — have been dealt with through the ages by the famous and the obscure. Homer spoke for countless others when he said, "Odysseus, full of joy, spread his sail to the breeze and sitting at the helm used all his seaman's cunning to hold the vessel to her course." The most powerful emotions usually underlie the skill of the true sailor.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED —

Seaman George Dimas had settled down for an evening of TV and bingo at the Seamen's Church Institute when pains in the chest and weakness overtook him. Marie Donnelly, our quick-thinking hostess, summoned an ambulance from nearby Beekman Street Hospital. Seaman Dimas was released after one hour despite his poor condition. Miss Donnelly, familiar with the plight of the transient seaman, had seaman Dimas readmitted. While the patient lay in an oxygen tent, he at least didn't have to worry about his mail and property, which were being looked after by the SCI.

CAP'N WALT'S PAGE

Continued from page 19

Answers to nautical dictionary:
12, 10, 1, 11, 15, 2, 8, 9, 14, 3, 5, 4, 7, 13, 6

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 2

standing of his son's deepest needs, Mr. Murphy signed and Harold served for the next seven years as a merchant mariner.

In 1950 he was married to the former Mary Korda and settled down to a thoroughly landlocked job with the Nassau County police force. Within eight years he worked himself up to the rank of detective. At this time the Murphys moved to Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Murphy opened his own garage. He must have meant to stay because he even joined the Lions Club. However, that same yearning he had felt as a boy came over Harold James Murphy and once again he went to sea.

Like a good wife, Mary felt that what was best for her husband was in the long run best for her and the children.

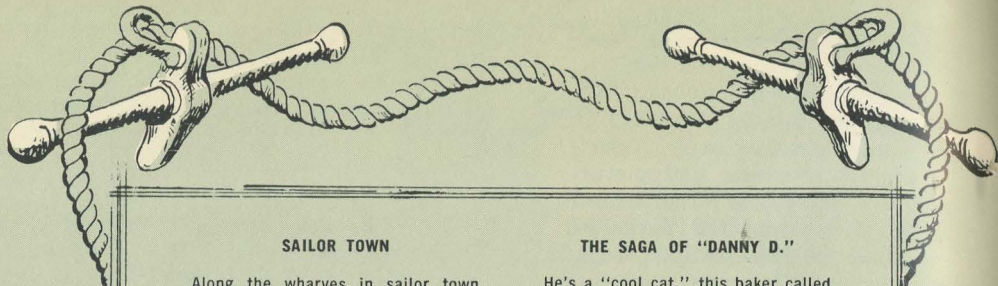
Seaman Murphy's early experiences included a sojourn on Bora Bora, one of those jewels of the Polynesian Islands. It was a castaway's dream full of friendly natives and inviting beaches. Such youthful fancies behind him, Murphy together with some of his shipmates now helps to support a Catholic orphanage in St. Nazaire, France. The men pool their money and donate it to the orphanage. Radios, phonographs and other equipment which this institution could not possibly afford have been made possible by the generosity of our Lucky Seaman and others like him.

THE LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS

Continued from page 11

sidered. It took the modern technological advances in oceanographic and geologic exploration to prove without a doubt that these islands do not and could not have existed within the history of man.

Science has completed its duty, but the metaphor of Atlantis remains. Just as the Garden of Eden holds meaning for the poetic non-believer, the Lost Continent will endure as the inspiration of idealistic philosophers and the dream of sailors with wanderlust.



SAILOR TOWN

Along the wharves in sailor town
 a singing whisper goes
 Of the wind among the anchored
 ships, the wind that blows
 Off a broad brimming water, where
 the summer day has died
 Like a wounded whale a-sounding in
 the sunset tide.
 There's a big China liner gleaming
 like a gull,
 And her lit ports flashing; there's
 the long gaunt hull
 Of a Blue Funnel freighter with her
 derricks dark and still;
 And a tall barque loading at the lum-
 ber mill.
 And in the shops of sailor town is
 every kind of thing
 That the sailormen buy there, or the
 ships' crews bring:
 Shackles for a sea-chest and pink
 cockatoos,
 Fifty-cent alarm clocks and dead
 men's shoes.
 You can hear the gulls crying, and
 the cheerful noise
 Of a concertina going, and a sing-
 er's voice—
 And the wind's song and the tide's
 song, crooning soft and low
 Hum old tunes in sailor town that
 seamen know.
 I dreamed a dream of sailor town,
 a foolish dream and vain,
 Of ships and men departed, of old
 days come again—
 And an old song in sailor town, an
 old song to sing
 When shipmate meets with shipmate
 in the evening.

by C. Fox Smith

A MOTTO UNSEEN

The first prison I ever saw had
 inscribed on it "CEASE TO DO EVIL;
 LEARN TO DO WELL," but as the
 inscription was on the outside, the
 prisoners could not read it.

George Bernard Shaw

THE SAGA OF "DANNY D."

He's a "cool cat," this baker called
 "Danny,"
 Each time he plays checkers, it's
 very uncanny,
 As he whips out his glasses and
 adjusts his men,
 Stares at the "Chief" and tries it
 again.
 And on into the night, they play and
 they fight.
 For "Danny" is wrong, and the
 Chief's always right;
 And "Danny" knows cheating, like
 a gambler knows dice,
 Though the Chief keeps insisting,
 "It's not very nice!"
 The crew gathers round, and ribs
 the old baker,
 They know he can't win, he's only
 a "fakir."
 The Chief makes a move, and jumps
 four of his men,
 And "Danny" gets mad as an old
 wet hen.
 Tirelli starts laughing, until Jimmy
 butts in.
 And "hints" of tobacco in Dan's
 flour bin;
 The gang then remembers that pine-
 apple pie
 That made them so sick they could
 almost cry.
 It happened in Djibouti, when the
 baker lost,
 Thirty to nothing, to his Indian host.
 The baker ne'er forgot it, he still
 seems to pout
 As he pounds on the table, and lets
 cut with a shout—
 "'Tis a damned lie"! he tells the
 saloon mess.
 "You shut your darn mouth, you're
 just a big pest."
 Tension keeps mounting as the Chief
 starts to laugh.
 And "Danny" then wishes he could
 break him in half.
 As this saga ends, and the baker's
 in gloom,
 The crew begs the Chief to cancel
 his doom.
 "Let the baker win two," Jimmy
 finally explains,
 For the baker is crying, like the
 monsoon rains.
 And as this is ending, the Chief
 says "Okay!"
 So the baker starts smiling, there's
 a fresh cornbread today!
 The crew breathes a sigh, the stew-
 ard starts humming.
 The "Robin Kirk" sails, and Kelly
 starts strumming.

