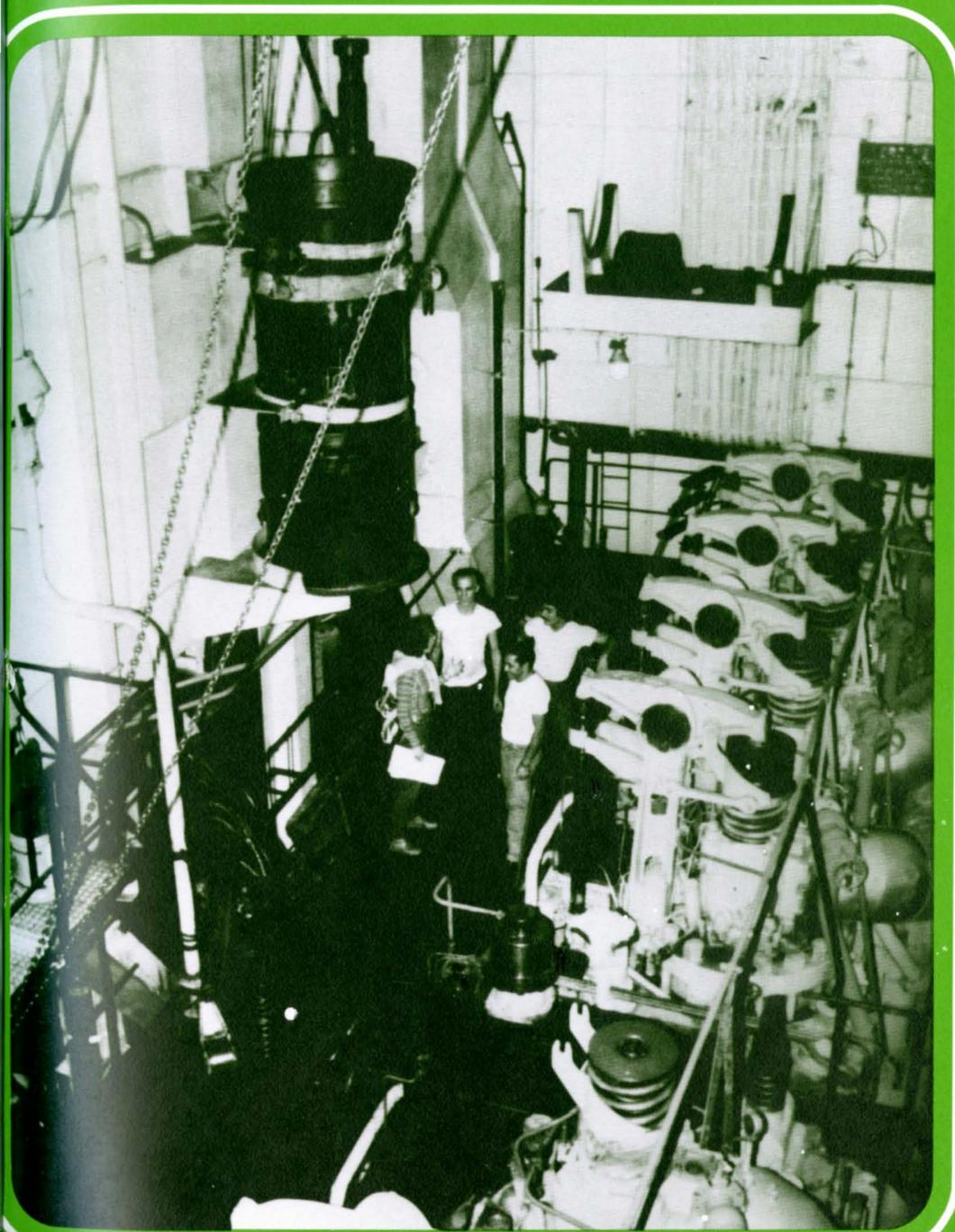


MARCH - APRIL 1980

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD ELECTED AT ANNUAL MEETING



Honorable Anthony D. Marshall

Following the Annual Meeting of the Board, it was announced that the Honorable Anthony D. Marshall is the newly elected President of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey. The former ambassador succeeds Mr. John G. Winslow who has chosen to retire from office, having ably served as president for the past ten years.

A member of the Board since 1963, Mr. Marshall brings to the office his expertise gained from 20 years service as a career diplomat for the government of the United States, his current work as consultant and director of corporations of international affairs and his family's abiding concern for the welfare of the port and city of New York.

Prior to entering private business in 1978, Mr. Marshall held a number of ambassadorial posts, the most recent of which were American Ambassador to Kenya, 1974-1977; the Seychelles, 1976-1977; Trinidad and Tobago, 1972-1974 and the Malagasy Republic, 1969-1972.

Currently, he serves as director of and/or consultant to various companies including Global Union Bank, Tucker Anthony & R.L. Day, Equator Bank Ltd. and United Technologies International.

Both the Marshall and Astor families to which he belongs have long played important roles in the life of New York City. Captain Charles H. Marshall founded the Blackball Line in the early 1800's and his company was the first to establish regular packet schedules from New York to Liverpool. Later, both he and his grandson worked on behalf of the Seamen's Church Institute to help improve conditions for seafarers in the Port of New

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

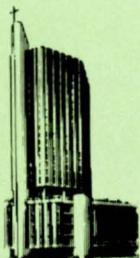
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 76% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey
15 State Street
New York, N.Y.



Mariners' International Center (SCI)
Ports Newark/
Elizabeth, N.J.

The LOOKOUT

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COVER: SCI ship visitor checks-in with enginemen on duty in main propulsion room of giant containership.

HEY, EDITOR, THERE'S SOMEONE YOU OUGHT TO MEET

When three "salty" characters in the course of one day tell you there's a young A.B. you should meet; and, on the next day ask if you've done so, then you know that you had better get cracking. That's what happened when Kay Preston Peters came to SCI. She had barely made it into the building before they were pounding on the door telling me to get with it and "write'er up."

Although a little suspicious of their enthusiasm, I did foresee that there would be no peace for the weary until I met her. I made an appointment for the following morning.

On meeting, Kay was more wary of me and of being interviewed than I had been skeptical about her. But, once again my salty friends were proven right; and it didn't take long to see why she is so unique — and that's excluding the fact that Kay is an American woman gainfully employed as a deckhand aboard supertankers.



The simple truth is that by most people's logic she shouldn't be shipping out at all. But she is and she likes it *and* she plans to stay. That's why everybody is so proud of her.

Kay Peters is attractive, intelligent and articulate. She has a Master's Degree from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and was a successful, highly regarded teacher for five years before she decided that lesson plans and paper bureaucracy just weren't her thing. An outdoors person who likes physical exercise and open spaces, she decided that she needed a change.

Taking a year off to search for the better way, she happened to talk with her sister about how she (the sister) had worked aboard a passenger ship one summer and how much she had enjoyed it. Kay liked the idea of going to sea. Later she heard that Exxon was hiring women for entry level jobs so she made inquiries. Before too long she was contacted to report to Norfolk.

That was in 1974 and it only took one trip out to convince her that the seafaring life was for her. Granted, she has chipped a lot of paint and helped clean-out a lot of 46 foot deep tanks coated with oily, gooky residue that has to be scooped out with shovels since then; but by this April she will have enough sea time to sit for her 3rd mate's license.

She's already been studying. That was why she was at SCI taking the Loran and Gyro compass course taught by our Merchant Marine School. She also attended the MARAD Radar School located in the building. She's made up her mind that she wants that Third Mate's ticket. There's no question that she'll make it.

Perhaps equally important is how one grudgingly admiring male shipmate described her. "You know, she can work like a man, acts like a lady, can hold her own in most any situation and is able to tell you that she won't sew the button on your shirt but that she's glad to show you how. She's doing okay."

C.W.
Editor



Here's another from our sea-roving correspondent, Radio Officer, "Bill" Mote. One of these days we're going to get him to stay put long enough to take his picture so that you can see what he looks like.

HOBBIES AT SEA

by William P. Mote

After writing an article for the *Lookout* on books and reading at sea, I began to think of all the many hobbies I've known seamen to follow. Hobbies at sea could be grouped into individual or group activities: arts and crafts, collecting, model making, sports; and, of course, reading which remains universal.

Rope work, most likely was the first leisure time activity at sea. Fancy knotting and macrame work can be both decorative and useful — belts, handbags and drink coasters are common items. In the hall of Seamen's Church Institute in New York City are many lovely examples — beautiful knot boards with dozens of fancy knots are fine show pieces. This form of art can also be applied to bottles or hanging basket planters.

Another old form of sea art was scrimshaw — the carving of designs in whale teeth or bones. Naturally, this art was largely limited to whaling ships. Displays of scrimshaw can be seen at Mystic, Conn., and various other maritime museums.

Music, in the form of the sea chantey, was a part of the old seamen's work day and surely harmonicas and guitars went to sea in sailing ships. Recently, I was shipmate with a fellow from Sri Lanka who

had his sitar with him and even though the music was lost on us, we could appreciate the skill needed to play it. It's reported that on each ship of the Onassis Fleet is a grand piano but, sad to say, rarely played. I doubt that the job of "fleet piano tuner" exists, but it would be a good one.

Other hobbies of the arts and crafts type can bring the craftsman an added income. Years ago in the "Flying-A" fleet; there was an engineer who painted oil pictures of the fleet's ships. To this day, some of his paintings hang in the Pea Patch Inn in Delaware City, as well as in the homes of fleet personnel.

Leather work is especially good for off-duty hours. The belts and pocketbooks can be made up to most any design with names and initials on them. Full sets of tools are available in any large city and are easy to carry aboard.



Enamel work of earrings, bracelets and pendants are beautiful and quickly made. Again, the inventory is not heavy to carry — copper blanks, glass powder and a small kiln that works well on ship's electricity.

More ambitious projects include making hook rugs and gem grinding. I've known of only one hobbist of each at sea. These men were making them for their own enjoyment and not for resale.

Individual sports take a number of forms, probably the most "useful" is fishing in port. When the fish are biting it's a chance to load up on fresh fish. While anchored for two weeks in the Arab Gulf, we hit a fantastic run of pan fish, of the angle-fish type. We filled the fish box, all the freezer compartments of the individual ice boxes aboard and also had a fish fry on the afterdeck. We also caught a variety of other tropical types including sharks, rays and a few trigger fish. We did not eat the latter, as we were not sure they were not poisonous. In the Philippines, a Dane brought back a live octopus which ended up in the stew pot along with garlic and spices. If one forgets what he is eating, it is very good. Over the past few months, our crew has been specializing in sharks and caught several in Panama. These would fall more into the sport-fishing category but they are tasty if eaten fresh.

Of course, card playing has been a part of going to sea from the days of the riverboat gamblers to the present. When I was in the

Navy, "hearts" was the favorite, but poker seems to be the all-around game on U.S. flag ships and pinochle on German ships. Cribbage is international.

Board games, such as checkers on U.S. and U.K. vessels; of course, chess on Soviet ones vie with the Japanese specialty of "go" on oriental crewed ships. Assuredly, on all U.K. ships is the ever present dart board. A more active individual sport would be golf, either "deck golf" played with a hockey puck, or driving balls into a tarp for practice. Golf became a fad on the missile-tracking ships stationed in Australia during the Gemini series. On passenger ships, and some of the Navy vessels, skeet is organized for competition shoots. I don't know of any commercial ships having skeet, but last year I was on a foreign flag vessel where we had regular rifle-target practice using everything from burned-out light bulbs to empty bleach bottles for targets. Even at slow speeds, it takes skill to come near, let alone, hit a small bobbing target.

Ships blessed with a swimming pool have that advantage and an empty hold can



be used for handball — all it takes is a bit of initiative to find some individual sport. A pair of coffee cans, filled with cement and joined by a length of pipe and presto — a set of weights. Jogging should be limited to deck areas where the jogger won't be pounding across some off-duty sleeper's bunk. As with sports ashore, common sense is necessary. On super tankers, bike riding has been tried but no six-day races ... yet.

Team sports are not common aboard U.S. flag ships. I would say this is due to two reasons: first, the rapid turnover of our crews; secondly, the "modern American suburbia" syndrome which causes many of our seamen to stay mostly by themselves while off duty. Most European ships can field a football (soccer) team, the Japanese a baseball nine and most Oriental ships can raise a volleyball team on short notice, some going so far as to rig net-covered areas on deck for practice. I was on a U.S. ship where we had a pingpong table on deck but kept losing balls. We made a horseshoe pitch with rubber gasket horseshoes. That worked fairly well. I've heard of British crews playing cricket on deck but, again, this requires something like a super tanker with acres of deck space. But, along with reading is writing. The sea has produced many authors such as Conrad and Melville. Some like Steinbeck, although not usually thought of as a writer of the sea, did ship out one time or another. Others, not well known, have turned out excellent books such as Callison's *A Ship Is Dying and Hell, Hail and Hurricanes* by Willis.

Another type of writer is "the letter writer." This is a special breed that seems

to have a correspondence list matched only by the Manhattan telephone directory. Some of these men got into this form of recreation via the old "People-to-People" program of Ike's Administration. Others just make friends all over the world and keep writing year after year. I receive a birthday and Christmas card each year from one gentleman I've not seen in over twelve years. These folks are also in the best position to collect stamps from everywhere. Stamp, coin and currency

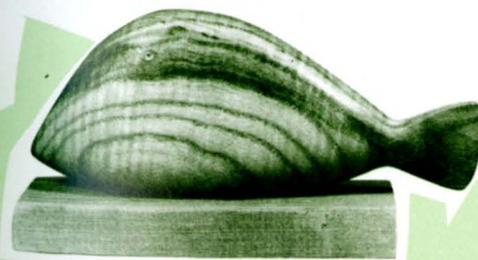


collecting is popular at sea, either for oneself or for young people known at home ashore. Most port cities have markets where older stamps and coins can be bargained for; and, of course, the banks and post offices have all the latest issues that won't reach the States for some months. Some seamen go so far as to make arrangements with local stamp/coin dealers back home to bring new issues back for re-sale. Singapore is one of the places where the old U.S. "Trade Dollars" occasionally turn up. Market places in the Orient, Indian Sub-Continent and the Arab countries are very interesting for the medal and decoration collector. Badges, buttons and patches of famous military organizations turn up as well as medals and ribbons, and an occasional "star." One young Soviet seaman I met in Singapore has a collection of military awards that would be suitable for a museum.

Collecting is one of the oldest pastimes; and the seaman interested in original paintings and carvings has a unique opportunity to acquire beautiful works — from oil paintings (Holland) to life-size humans carved in wood (Philippines). The problem is one of transportation. I met an Englishman in Calcutta that collected tiny car models of the "match box" series. These little vehicles have been produced for many years in the U.K. and have been distributed all about the world. In India,

he was able to find many that were no longer available in England. These little cars do not present a transport problem, are quite cute and very much of an investment. Seashell collecting is also done but not as much as one might expect. Again, the heavier ones present a weight problem. Asia and the South American and African countries are the favorite haunts of the shell collector and shells can be purchased in the market places or one can go hiking on the beach and do the searching out himself. Like collecting coins from change in the pocket, the chances of a rare find on the beach is about zero but many collectors keep on looking — possibly as much for the walking on the beach as for what they might find.

Model making at sea goes back a long way. The traditional ship-in-a-bottle is still seen; and the Seaman's Church Institute's Franklin D. Roosevelt Institute night school, offered a short course in this craft several years ago. I've never tried it. Emptying the bottle distracts my thoughts from building the model. Even more popular are large, non-bottled, ship models. I know one messman who was building a wooden model of a U.S. Lines freighter. He had seen several of these completed models in the lobby of the Seamen's Bank for Savings in New York City and obtained the kit versions from Polk's Hobbies Shop. Today there are many kits of sailing and war ships available in plastic. The size of the completed ship, and the delicacy of its rigging, makes it difficult to carry them ashore. Model aircraft can be built, if not flown, at sea. In



a Cities Service Co. vessel, there was a mate who built giant radio controlled planes at sea. He was able to test the engines and radios but no amount of "armtwisting" from his fellow crew members could entice him to risk several hundred dollars (and a lot of building time) in a test flight from the ship. One chief engineer was into model steam engines and while in Europe and England, he would buy the unfinished castings, machine them at sea and assemble them. These were museum quality "toys" and could be run from compressed air. He had built over a dozen replicas of oldtime ships' plants and had sold several to maritime museums where his work is on display today. About the only type of models I've not seen aboard ship are model railroad layouts but I would not bet against there being one somewhere at sea today.

Last year, I made a trip to Germany in the *American Ranger* and about half the crew was chipping in \$1 a person each voyage to rent films. We had four each way and it was a good break in the routine. On another ship, some of us got together and bought live crayfish, oysters and beer and had a marvelous cookout in the Mississippi River — Louisiana style. Bill White of Florida gets credit for that idea. Those of us who enjoy natural, i.e., non-chemical foods, had a field day in the USSR where we brought back bags of cheese, salami and the excellent Russian-style black bread — and received a lot of giggles from the shop girls who enjoyed watching the crazy foreigners fill their arms with what, to

them, was "blah," common food. We also found a wine shop with Soviet champagne and wines, and wines from the BLOC countries. Each evening, on the voyage home, we tried different wines and snacked on the "goodies." So, even wine tasting goes to sea!

Some hobbies are *very* unusual. One A.B. friend of mine has been studying medicine for some years in a desperate attempt to clear up a progressive eye problem. When the regular M.D.'s couldn't cure his vision, he began to read up on everything from acupuncture to yoga. To date, he has not helped his eyes but he is well-read on exotic medical arts.

Another hobby at sea is the raising of plants — usually found among the nature-loving Scandinavians and Russians. I was the guest of a Dane radio officer and we had to move a small jungle off the table before we could get to her radio gear. How she was able to handle her



messages remains a mystery. Her husband, a 2nd engineer, was a photographer and had sealed off one small storeroom for a darkroom. This was some years ago; and now, with the Polaroid in general use, I doubt there are many photo processors going to sea.

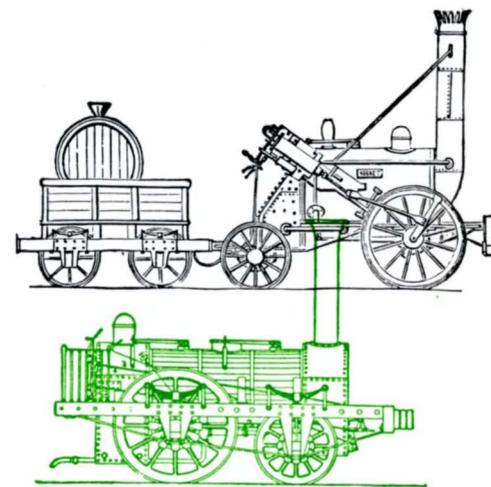
Soon after the war, in some of the larger English ships, there were theater groups but I think they have gone the way of the "dodo." Listening to music at sea is a special subject. Records, of course, are out — any motion and you lose the tracking of the needle. The old reel-to-reel recorders were fine for quality music but large and heavy. Some newer ships have built-in one or two channel systems providing music to living quarters by tapes. Soviet ships have Moscow radio piped into living and working areas with five minutes of news on the hour and music around-the-clock; including, believe it or not, music from West Europe and the U.S.A. Many crew members carry aboard cassette recorders and tapes. A box the size of a briefcase can contain many hours of listening. One foreign ship that I was on had built-in cassette sets in the mess and on the bridge as well as a TV in the mess. So it's not just the U.S. ships that have "modern" set-ups for crew enjoyment.

"Modern" hobbies bring us to the most modern of all — electronics. Many seamen carry shortwave radios of their own and

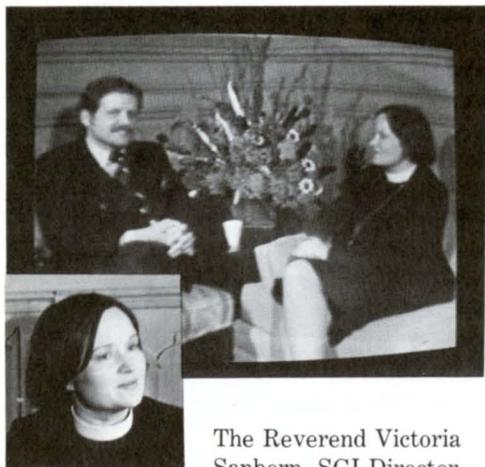


S.W. listening is useful to check the news of the world, sports results and the price of gold in Switzerland. Some amateur radio operators have ham stations at sea. Regular networks of these fellows meet over the air. Also, today, CB radio is turning up at sea but is more or less limited to the U.S. coast. In European waters, the U.S. CB band is still used by hams and interesting contacts can result, albeit illegally. Ham radio on ships visiting in a Soviet port nearly caused some international incidents when the Soviet radio monitors sicked the border guards on hams trying to call home while anchored in Soviet waters. Today, the availability of kits allows the electronic hobbyist to build color TV's at sea and/or computer kits that work in the TV sets.

Hobbies have come a long way from rope work; and as mankind advances, sea-going off-duty activities will reflect changes. But one suspects that somewhere there will always be someone squareknotting a belt while the gulls fly by with barely a glance at this long-remembered sight.



SCI COUNSELOR APPEARS ON TRINITY TV PROGRAM



The Reverend Victoria Sanborn, SCI Director

of Alcoholism Services was a recent guest on "Searching," the weekly television program produced and sponsored by Trinity Church of Manhattan.

During the interview conducted by Ted Baehr, the show's producer and alternate host, Vicki told of the traditionally high incidence of alcoholism among seafarers and explained the counseling and rehabilitation services available to them through the Institute. She also pointed-out the importance of agencies co-operating in this work, citing the National Maritime Union, the United Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island, and the N. Y. C. Affiliate of the National Council on Alcoholism, in particular.

In describing her work, she noted that it not only included counseling and personal assistance during initial treatment, such as "de-tox," but that on-going counseling and support also was a part of her work with the seafarer who wants to deal with the disease. Her work also involves ministering to seafarers who are in the terminal stages of alcoholic illness — an occurrence not uncommon among older seamen suffering from years of alcoholic abuse.

Although personal counseling and alcoholic referral for treatment has long been a basic service at the Institute, it is only in the past year that the Institute has been able to initiate a specific total program of alcoholism services for seafarers. Response to date has been so good that already there are more clients than Vicki can handle. Unfortunately, additional staffing is contingent on additional funding which is currently being sought from a variety of quarters. For Vicki, this is particularly frustrating because she realizes the need to be working with the increasing numbers of seafarers seeking her help. However, she is confident that the obvious urgency of the need must inevitably meet with funding success. In the meantime, she stretches both her time and resources; hoping that tomorrow brings "good news" for those seafarers still awaiting her attention, counsel and care.

ABOUT "SEARCHING"

"Searching" is another of the outstanding programs conceived and produced for broadcast by Trinity Church. This particular series is an attempt to inform the viewing public of the various specialized ministries that are examples of love in action. Among the people appearing on "Searching" have been those ministering to battered children; Asian refugees and troubled teenagers, to name but three.

Currently, "Searching" can be viewed every Tuesday at 5:30 p.m. on Cable TV, Channel D in Manhattan. Subjects covered to date will also be listed in the newly published "Episcopal Church Video Research Guide" and video tapes of the color, half hour program are available at cost.

Deus Ex Machina: A Song of the Engine Room Lawrence H. Miner, engine department

*Neath this throbbing, keening sound
Cogs engage and gears go round,
Turbines scream and pistons pound
In a rhythmic rite profound.*

*In the Fire-box eye of hell
Seething Flame-imps surge and swell,
Spinning, while the blowers yell,
In a white entropic spell.*

*Here, amid the stifled roar,
Genuflecting figures pour
Into journals Dragon's gore-
Moloch's mead of Dinosaur.*

*Little acolytes atoil,
Bearing chalices of oil,
While the mighty cauldrons boil
And their superheaters coil.*

*Striving to unleash, insane,
Like tormented souls in pain
Pentup where the Demons reign-
Thralls to the Computer-Brain.*

*Senses, ere this Golem, reel,
Bowels of Babbitt, thews of Steel,
Stamping out with Iron Heel
Anything alive . . . to feel.*

*Down the Console's pulsing ramp
Fire-flies flicker, light by lamp,
Gauges meter, contacts clamp,
Triggered by the ruthless Amp.*

*Monster, Master, King and Queen,
Sexless God of the Obscene;
Ye control us all I ween,
We who made what might have been.*

*Genie of a fairer Dawn,
Mankind's hope to light us on
From our brutal Night anon
To a radiant Avalon.*

*Like the Graf of Frankenstein,
To our terror, now we find
What we built we cannot bind.*

*Men of heart and soul- and spine,
Let us stoop for rocks to grind
For that Fire we left behind.*

For the Sailors not in the Merchant Marine, here's how many of them spend their March and April weekends.

COMMISSIONING

by Mary Jane Hayes

Hammering. Scraping. The steady rasp and hum of sanders, mingled with the beat of music from a distant boat. A few early-birds like yourselves are already at work on a Saturday in late March. As you remove your vessel's cover, a chilly wind is blowing — naturally — just as it was blowing last October when you put it on. Now the untying of socks, sweaters, old shirts which have cushioned the sharp corners of your wooden supports. Opening your boat, you find it dry as a bone. "Spring is here!" chirps another yachtsman as he arrives to begin work on his craft. Mask on, you begin to sand your vessel's bottom and are enveloped quickly in blue dust. Your fingers become covered with the stuff. (Your forehead, too, because you've paused to wipe your brow.) All the while, cars come and go at the yachtyard. Though the wind is cold, the sun is warm in the "lee" of your station wagon when you break for coffee or lunch. After sanding, and "dusting" off the resultant "dust," you mask your vessel's waterline with tape in preparation for painting the bottom.

On Sunday there is still a cool wind, but lots of bright sun, and the sky is cloudless. "I'm usually painting in the snow!" one workman confides cheerfully to another, relishing the delicious sun. "Even the seagulls like this sort of weather." (Indeed, their wheeling and screeching is constant.) Like a fine horse being groomed for a race, your vessel submits to your ministrations. You paint the bottom, discovering in the process that anti-fouling paint takes m-i-x-i-n-g!! You put the batteries back in. Sailors' dogs, friendly and unfriendly, are



shut into cars. Incensed, one or two watch the proceedings from the driver's seat. Kicking up dust, a passing motorbike is made to slow down. "No consideration," you mutter.

The friendly visiting back and forth goes on all day. "Why didn't I have all sons? wonders a neighbor. "This is a lot of work for one person to do alone . . . but I wouldn't give it up!" You go home with a sense of satisfaction that sanding and painting (and two coats at that) can be accomplished in one weekend. Also, you feel a little pity for the fellows with the all-wood boats, who probably feel the same for the sailors stuck with those "fiberglass bleachwater bottles."

The first weekend in April is cold and grey. Your fingers are stiff as you remove the masking tape (or *try* to). Take-tape-off-within-24-hours-or-you'll-be-trying-to-strip-off-gum, you learn. You wash the inside of your boat. You oil the interior teak, thrilling to the deep lustre which emerges. You lubricate and

test all the seacocks. You reconnect the raw water intake hose and double clamp it. You take out plugs, points, condenser for checking or replacing. You put in and gap new spark plugs. After which you check the points, condenser and rotor and find them o.k. You put double clamps on other through-hull fitting hoses.

The next day it's blowing a gale! Ladders have to be tied to sterns to hold them in place. Using Acetone, Comet, SOS, Ajax, you tackle the arduous task of removing the remnants of the masking tape — now turned to cement. (A labor that could turn a saint into a blasphemer!)

More "diddling" with the engine by the skipper the following weekend, along with the affixing of the tiller, the uncovering of the winches and the compass, the cleaning of the stove, the reinstallation of the VHF radio, plus the refinishing of the teak hatch boards and the sealing of a window leak. (The first mate, whose presence isn't required, tends to some much needed yardwork at home.)

In mid-April, an entire day is absorbed by the hanging of new curtains. Affixing plastic tracts to the fiberglass with the tiniest of screws and working at often impossible angles in inaccessible spots is a decided challenge to the crew's better nature.

After losing a weekend late in the month to heavy rains, the final weekend in April is Spring at its best. The apple trees around the yachtyard are now in bud, its surrounding marshes have their first tinge of green. On a beautiful day of downy clouds and northwest winds (which sweep sweetly across the water, ruffling it the way that fingers do the hair), you arrive to find your vessel at a slip, her mast stepped, her rigging in place. Excitedly, you carry aboard cushions, sleeping bags, pots and pans. You install your sails and attach the

main. You wash and seal the teak above decks, and wax the fiberglass. "Buffy," a half-schnauzer, half-mutt on the powerboat berthed beside your own boat, arrives for her first look of the year at her vessel, tail wagging a mile a minute. (A better sailor than many a sailor, "Buffy," her master reports, never gets seasick, loves to swim and likes to retrieve boathooks and anything else blown overboard.)

On the first of May, which is a glorious day with the sea as blue as a hyacinth and the wind a spanking 10 knots from the southeast — all the work on your boat having been done except for some minor tuning of the rig, and with only a few "butterflies" in anticipation of the first sail of the season — down the river you head, out of commissioning and into spring training!



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AUTHOR — COME FORTH

Editor's Note. Seaman Ed Emory recently brought the following poem to us. He found it one night about three years ago, scrawled on a sheet of paper in a black book in the drawer of the log desk of the *S.S. Chelsea*, a Margate tankership berthed in New York; then under charter to Keystone Shipping.

No one knew who wrote the poem but Ed, having tried his hand at poetry, recognized its merits. So, he borrowed the poem and has been showing it to his fellow seafarers ever since trying to locate the author — with no success.

After reading the poem, we told him we would lend our efforts. So, author step forward. Contact us % *The Lookout*, 15 State Street, N.Y.C. 10004. You've got a good poem here and should be congratulated.

Ballad of the Galapagos Worm

A weird bluish species of worm has been found off the Galapagos Islands in water saturated with poisonous hydrogen sulfide. Smithsonian experts are mystified for the following reasons.

The blue tube worm's a puzzling beast
It has no mouth with which to feast.
It has no gills, it has no lung.
It lacks a port for passing dung;
In fact, it lacks a single vent
And yet it seems to be content.
What's more it thrives and grows
quite fat -
In poisoned habitat at that!
Biologists dispute and question,
How it manages digestion,
Why it never suffocates
How it mates and replicates.
All we know is that it's blue
If you lived thus you would be, too.