

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1979

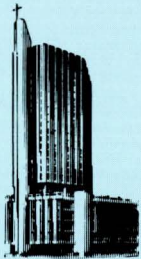
The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



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

Vol. 70 No. 5 August-September 1979

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: (212) 269-2710

The Right Reverend
Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D., *Honorary President*

John G. Winslow, *President*

The Rev. James R. Whittemore, *Director*

Carlyle Windley, *Editor*

US ISSN 0024-6425

Published bi-monthly with exception of May and December when monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

COVER: The liner NIEUW AMSTERDAM in the Grand Harbour, Valetta, Malta.
Photo by Dennis Mansell.

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 60% 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.

MARITIME FRIENDS OF SCI HONOR ROBERT T. YOUNG AT GALA DINNER

One of the highlights of the Institute's year is the annual Gala Benefit Dinner given by the Maritime Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute.

This year's event was held at the Pierre Hotel and the honored guest was Mr. Robert T. Young, recently retired Chairman of the American Bureau of Shipping. Known and respected throughout the international maritime community, it was during his tenure at ABS that the organization grew from a modest bureau to the foremost Ship Classification Society in the World.

Under the able chairmanship of Mr. John J. Farrell, Jr., President of International Terminal Operating Co., Inc., the evening was a notable success as more than 400 leading executives of the maritime community gathered to wish Bob and his lovely wife, Virginia, well.

Featured entertainment for the evening was the Fanfare Trumpets, Color Guard and Glee Club of the United States Merchant Marine Academy whose reputation was only exceeded by their performance. Following the dinner, the Grant Calin Orchestra played for dancing in the Cotillion Room until the wee hours making for a most memorable evening among Friends.



Friends Dinner Chairman John J. Farrell, Jr. (left) presents honored guest Robert T. Young with a unique pair of "mismatched" gold cufflinks. One link was engraved with the logo of the American Bureau of Shipping, the other with the indicia of the Maritime Friends of SCI.



Youngest Contributors to the Benefit.

When Willy and Abigail Lash saw their parents dressed in evening clothes and ready to leave for the evening, they naturally wanted to know where they were going. (Willy is seven and a half years old and Abigail is nine).

Their father, Stephen, who is a member of the Institute's Board of Managers explained that they were going to a benefit dinner, carefully explaining what the word "benefit" meant. Convinced of the merit of

the cause, the children went to their rooms and each soon returned with an envelope. Willy L. Lash of 151 East 79th St. N.Y.C. 10021 contributed 50¢ from his hard earned savings and Abigail, of the same address, graciously donated 60¢ from hers.

How's that for social responsibility? And, thank you very, very much Willy and Abigail.

Other Young Friends

Other special friends of the Institute are the students aboard the Schoolship *John W. Brown*. A part of the city's Park West High School, the *John W. Brown* is a former Liberty ship now used as a technical school for students who plan to go to sea following graduation.

Recently Zelda Mueller, Fund Raising Director for Maritime Friends, and an ardent supporter of the *John W. Brown* received a call from one of the students asking if several of them could visit her at the Institute.



Upon arrival they presented her with a most generous donation to the Institute (particularly considering that most of the students have limited means) accompanied by the following letter.

"The students of the Schoolship *John W. Brown*, as future seamen, realize the good works that the SCI does for seamen all over the world. As a token of our respect and esteem for the Seamen's Church Institute, the Schoolship students have gotten together through the collection of money, a donation to the SCI.

The money was collected by the class delegates on the Schoolship. It represents the good feeling that all the Schoolship students have toward our good friends at the SCI.

Sincerely yours,

Steve Jordan
Senior Class President

Thank each and every one of you. Your support means a great deal to us all.

More on the *Berengaria*

In response to our article on the presentation of a lithograph of the *Berengaria* to the Institute, we received a number of letters in reference to her. Since our brief biography on the vessel was summarized from a number of resource books available in our library, we are pleased to print the following letter from a gentleman who truly knows of what he speaks (writes).

Dear Mr. Windley,

Reading The Lookout always gives me a great pleasure. However, in the current issue the article on the Berengaria is in error. It states: "With the end of mass immigration to the U.S. in 1921, the Berengaria was used as a West Indies Cruise ship etc." This is not so. She did not enter the New York to Southampton run until that year when she had been overhauled and converted to an oil burner. I made several trips on her between 1923 and 1929. She was a wonderful ship but not as fast as her younger sister, the Majestic which was at that time competing with the Mauretania for the "Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic." In the depression years, she did make some cruises to the West Indies.

Sincerely,
Fenwick W. Wall



The *Berengaria*

We also want to thank Mr. Owen Banner of Long Beach, New York who donated a post card from the *Berengaria* to the Institute. One side is a handsome colored picture of her and on the reverse is an abstract of her log for the week of February 6, 1935. It was on that crossing that she sailed from Cherbourg to the Ambrose Channel Lightship in 5 days 14 hours 09 minutes.

We might add, that it was because Mrs. Eugenia C. Sigel, a subscriber, passed her copy of *The Lookout* to her neighbor, Mr. Banner, that the postcard came to his mind. So we also thank Mrs. Sigel and heartily endorse pass along readership.

SEAMEN'S SPORTS WEEK A GREAT SUCCESS

It was a rough and tumble, highly competitive and most enjoyable week at the Mariners' International Center in Pt. Newark as the Annual International Sports Week got underway June 28-July 3.

Sponsored by the Norwegian Seamen's Service Agency in conjunction with the Seamen's Church Institute, the clubhouse was filled late each afternoon with crew members from numerous ships as teams made ready for the track and field events.

Lights burned late into the evening

while soccer teams played "round robin" for the winner's spot. Clubhouse camaraderie was as enthusiastic as the games themselves, as teams relaxed after the meet.

One of the many soccer matches played under the lights during International Sports Week at the Mariners' International Center in Port Newark. In the background is an example of the hundreds of sheds and loading areas for container ships that border the Ports Newark/Elizabeth waterfront.



"MORRY," YOU MADE IT

Editor's Note:

Recently we received a sheaf of poems from a Mr. L. Morrison (or "Morry," as he prefers to be called.) We were most intrigued by them. Not because they were exceptional poems but because they seemed to chronicle a seafarer's life and were filled with such a quality of honesty and joy of living that we decided to print some of them.

We also wrote the poet. The following letter, poems and photos are all his. We hope you enjoy the whole melange and "Morry," we are pleased to say that you're finally in print.

Dear Editor,

Could, possibly, the enclosed be of interest to you? "Dear Mr. Morry," Thank you for the 3 new additions to your collection "Songs o' the Sea" — you have painted fine word pictures of your experiences. I certainly admire your ability to stick to the truth. And as you say the truth usually makes for unusual subject matter. — Keep up the good work! Sincerely, Virginia S. Brigs — Editor — The Lookout."

... and this letter written Aug. 22, 1960 I'm afraid that I can't recall the titles of the rhymes I submitted — but I know that more of these were included needless to say — I've never been published! Unless someone soon recognizes the quality of my "work", why there's a good possibility that this same "Morry" fellow will never get into print! A crime, that, no?

Actually, I have written well over 200 poems, mostly short ones (16 lines) and, perhaps, twenty, 30? are, as I prefer to call them "Sea songs." They deal with my years as a seaman from 1935 - 1952. They are, in the main auto-biographical, as I saw it, so have I written it down!

My rhymes are strictly based on some event or adventure that happened to me during my seafaring days. And I



Morry as a young seaman with his dog "Tex," smiling.

wouldn't want to change that period for all of the gold in Ft. Knox. Yes, and could you believe this? Most of the time I kept a running log account of my various voyages. Then I do excerpts from my personal logs and my verses match up (see "Garden Bridge") both covering the same event."

And if the above be not unusual (log and poetic efforts) I even carried a camera aboard ship all through the war. Had it wrapped in oilskin, in my back pocket even as I swam about in the Indian Ocean at the time of the torpedoing of the S.S. *Deer Lodge*, Feb. 17, 1943 and off So. Africa. As a result pictures of the "Lodge" about to

(continued)

head for "Davey Jones locker" and of my shipmates manning the lifeboats! Yes, I have all sorts of records of then.

As for the enclosed poems. Yes, I have been "Stranded." 2 mos. of living at Port Elizabeth, So. Africa as an ex-patriated seaman (we just couldn't get home!) and I have climbed the foremast during the worst storms in order to shoot

good hurricane photographs (Seastorm"). I got them, too!

Yes and ("Deer Lodge") (crossed out, purposely!) relates the occasion when that Nazi sub caught up with us just before daylight on that fateful morn. We were heading for Alexandria, Egypt via the Panama Canal and around Cape Horn and all alone, no escort! But the poem tells it



STRANDED

FREIGHTER — rusty and unGodly slow
And pausing only to let the pilot go
Please! — can't you stop her, somewhere, on this side of that wreck?
At least, long enough for me to make it on deck

TANKER — silently, slipping past
Clean of hull and extremely fast
Tell me — why do you feel you just can't afford —
To have even one extra hungry mouth aboard?

SCHOONER — heading on out to sea
With sails all set and running free
Won't you bring her about and tack
To take me back — HOME?

PASSENGER VESSEL — alongside and roomy
Pray, and what reason do you have to keep me gloomy?
Oh, you would see to it that I got to the states —
And at the present low rates?
-uh-no thanks', I guess I'll just have to walk!

"Morry"



SEAFARIN'

To have run off to sea —
Is to have listened to the rhythm of the sweeping waves
To have understood why a ship behaves
To have thanked your lucky star — while down on one knee.

To have followed the sea —
Is to have stood the good watch — day after day
And to have envied the porpoises — so adept at their play
To, maybe, have given a little thought to the POWER THAT BE

To have put your time in at sea
Is to have knocked around in a variety of ports
To have rubbed elbows with men of all sorts
To have enjoyed the sensation of having been free!

Ah, but — never to have shipped out on the "briny deep"
Is to have never really lived — the ideal life
Nor to have gotten completely away from storm and strife
To never have fully awakened from an over sleep!

"Morry"



exactly, as the event occurred. "Star Watch," that was the way of it, back during W. W. 2 and afterwards when I was the ship's navigator. "Garden Bridge" the log excerpt attached to it more or less, verifies the "yarn" yes? I didn't really dream it all up!

And that's about it, except that I'm of the opinion that might we be of help to

one another I could see myself after fully 20 years of waiting, in print! You on the other hand, could, perhaps gain something by having this same "Morry" fellow's poems in your "Lookout." At least I feel that you could do worse. You wonder at that?

In any case here's thanking you in advance.

Sincerely — L. Morrison (Morry)

TOO LATE, BORN

You can have you of' sky-scrappers your giant 'bridges et al
Just give me the things that come — well, more natural!
Such as a vivid rainbow — the sun having poked through
Or a thunderous surf, with plummeting terns in view!

Give me a full-throated trout brook about the middle of May
Or a Lake edged in flame, on a bright Autumn day
Or even a mountain-slashing a big hole in the sky —
Or yet, a stand of pines, with a fresh breeze "rustlin" by

God's creatures, too, are a prime favorite with me
A colt (all legs!) galloping round and round — skittishly
A mopey "ol' Dick" broaching right alongside
One of mankind's uninhibited out sunning her lithe hide!

Yes, I just, naturally, lean toward nature's own handiwork:
Her unspoiled rivers — her hidden woods — where too few of my
wild friends still lurk
And all of which gives me grave concern — regarding her present state —
Could it be I was born a full century or two, too late?

The Director
of the
Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey
asks you to consider a major commitment
to an important event in your life
and
in the life of the Institute
a

Memorial Page in The Institute's BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE



Donated by Martha and Stephen Comstock
this book is an
appropriate way
to perpetually honor
a loved one or event
while supporting the
work of the Institute



In 1979 and 1980
Each gift of \$35,000 for a page in this book
will be matched in equal amount
by a grant from the Vincent Astor Foundation



Some
Suggested Memorial Days
 Birthday
 Wedding Day
 Child's Birthday
 Anniversary
 Memorial to a loved one
 Occasion for giving thanks
Beginning or end of memorable event
 Escape from near tragedy
 A cherished, but undisclosed event

About the Book of Remembrance

The late Martha and Stephen Comstock were devoted supporters of the Institute who wanted others also to contribute to its work. To encourage this, they proposed giving the Institute a special Book of Remembrance based on the earlier tradition of hand illuminated Bibles.

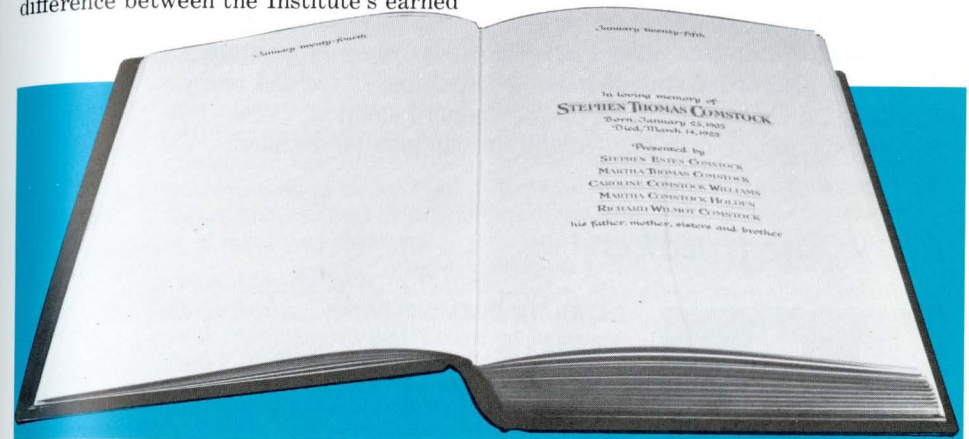
The purpose of the book was to provide the means whereby an individual or family could preserve in perpetuity the memory of a special day, person or event plus that of the donor.

In return for an inscribed page in the book, the contributor would donate to the Institute, the capital required to yield the difference between the Institute's earned

day; and, so shall it be, in perpetuity.

The Institute is pleased that others have found the Comstock's benevolent project an appropriate and gratifying way to honor some loved one or cherished event, while at the same time supporting its ministry to seamen.

Some people have done so through deferred gifts, bequests, endowments or other special plans. During the years 1979 and 1980, each \$35,000 Book of Remembrance gift will be matched in equal amount by a grant from the Vincent Astor Foundation. Thus each gift will yield \$70,000 for the Institute.



income and its actual operating costs for one 24-hour period. At an anticipated average interest of 5½ percent annually, the amount is currently \$35,000.

Thus it was that the Comstocks presented the Institute with a gold tooled, handcrafted maroon leather Book of Remembrance together with its handsome glass topped, carved oak case. Today, on many of its vellum pages are the names of people or events, each one beautifully engrossed in red; burnished with gold. Often a brief description follows the name.

Every year on the day of the event cited, the person or persons commemorated are included in prayers during the Institute's chapel services and family members are notified in advance so that they might attend. The Book of Remembrance remains open to that special page for the



Should you like additional information on the Book of Remembrance program, please let us know. We think you will find it a most gratifying way to commemorate those persons or events you want remembered. The Rev. James R. Whittemore
Director, Seamen's Church Institute
of N.Y. and N.J.
15 State Street
New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: (212) 269-2710

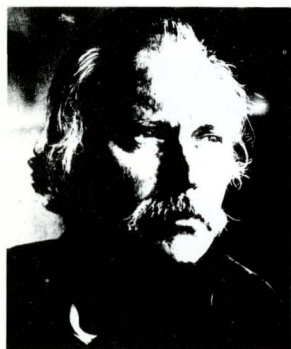
ARCHAEOLOGIST PETER THROCKMORTON TO REPORT ON N.U.M.A. SEARCH TO DATE FOR THE *BONHOMME RICHARD*

Thursday, October 11 at 7:00 p.m. at the Institute

Thanks to the Sea Heritage foundation, the public is invited to a free talk by Peter Throckmorton, chief archaeologist for the National Underwater Marine Agency, Inc. who will describe his organization's progress in locating the sunken vessel *Bonhomme Richard*.

Known as Operation John Paul Jones, the latest expedition covering a grid of 106 square miles in late June '79 yielded many significant finds narrowing in on the vessel's location. Other phenomena and finds of the expedition will also be detailed.

About the Speaker



PETER THROCKMORTON has surveyed the waters of many regions of the world in quest of lost ships. Among his successful underwater exploits is the 1975 discovery of a Cycladic ship of the third millennium B.C. — the oldest shipwreck ever found. More recently he has been investigating the remains of historical sailing ships, including *The Vicar of Bray*, with the purpose of having them transported from the Falkland Islands, where they are now abandoned, to the United States for museum exhibition.

Mr. Throckmorton is curator and chief archaeologist for the Newcastle Historic Society in Maine, a consultant to a number of organizations and museums related to marine archaeology in the United States and abroad, and a member of the American Institute of Nautical Archaeology, England's Ocean Sciences Associates, Ltd., and the Hellenic Institute of Marine Archaeology.

During his long career, he has conducted undersea investigations for Greek, Italian, and Ceylonese archaeological services, the National Geographic Society, the University of Pennsylvania Museum, the British School of Archaeology in Rome, and the United States Army Corps of Engineers.

He has published articles on marine archaeology in the magazines "National Geographic" and "Archaeology in the United States". "Marines Mirror" and the International Journal of Nautical Archaeology and Underwater Exploration in England, and L'Express in France. In addition, he has contributed pieces to The New York Times and the London Observer, and to various volumes on maritime subjects. He is the author of three books: *The Lost Ships*, *Spiro of the Sponge Fleet*, and *Shipwrecks and Archaeology*.

The following article first appeared in the November, 1977 issue of *Nautical Magazine* and is published here with the permission of its editor, Mr. R. Ingram Brown.

"THE DEVIL MAKES WORK ..."

by *Nereus*

Those of us who own a highly-tuned personality know that it needs careful handling; especially where books are concerned. So we tend to be finicky about what we read. The other afternoon though, I slipped up badly. Stupified by the heat, and a second helping of the cook's lunch-time curry, I fell into the trap of reading that excellent book, *Spare Time at Sea*.

It only took me a couple of pages to realize my mistake, but by that time it was too late; the damage had been done. The book had got a hold on me and I couldn't put it down. In a couple of hours I had finished it and my peace of mind was shattered.



I knew now that the oceans around me were filled with ships that throbbed with activity as people took photographs, or painted pictures, or made things out of wood. Suddenly, needing reassurance, I

stuck my head out into the alleyway. It was all right; nothing had changed. Around me the ship throbbed with lethargy and apathy.

For a while I wallowed in remorse. Why hadn't I used my spare time to become an expert at taking photographs, or painting pictures, or making things out of wood. Why, at the very least, hadn't I sailed with other people who were expert at taking photographs, or painting pictures, or making things out of wood. If I had, then perhaps some of their expertise would have rubbed off on me, taking some of the slack out of my character.

But I had never been that lucky. The ship on which I was then sailing was a perfect example of everything that had ever gone wrong with my spare time at sea. Like all the others it was stuffed to the hatch coamings with unmotivated idlers. If they engaged in hobbies at all, they did so in a desultory fashion, simply killing time until they could let off steam in another outburst of childish eccentricity.

For a moment my train of thought was interrupted as the beat of the engines got out of synchronization with the snores coming from the Third Mate's cabin next door.

Now there was a good example of what I meant. The Third Mate spent all his spare time asleep. He only opened his eyes to keep his watch. Even his meals involved

(continued)

nothing more than a quick stop off on the journey between bridge and bunk. And he was only one of a squad of dedicated spare-time sleepers.

Almost indistinguishable from the sleepers, except to the practised eye, were the readers. They were the ones who, while they were asleep, kept a book open on their chest. We had quite a few of them, too.



The Radio Officer didn't fall into that category though. He was a real reader. After four weeks of strenuous toil he had got as far as page twelve of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Now he was determined to read the book right through. He wanted, he said, to see how it came out in the end.

But even so, he hadn't started the voyage with the intention of becoming a proper reader. It had happened to him by

chance. He had been thrown to the mercy of the declining Romans by the rest of the crew, who had sent him to Coventry because they didn't like the way he treated the Bosun; and that had happened after his unhappy brush with the Bosun's hobby.

The Bosun's hobby was repairing watches. Even though his hands hung from the ends of his arms like a pair of cow's udders. So it was brave of the Captain, when he was offered a free service, to put his watch into the Bosun's tender care. But the Bosun's workmanship turned out to be impeccable, and when word of this got about we were all only too eager to have our watches cleaned for nothing.

It was only after the watch-cleaning programme had got into full swing that we discovered that the Bosun had another hobby. It seems that life, as far as the Bosun was concerned, sometimes lost enchantment when seen through a watch-repairer's glass. When this mood came over him, the Bosun used to try looking at life through the bottom of a bottle instead. Usually he managed to keep his life well compartmented. But this time something went wrong and his two hobbies overlapped. It was bad luck on the Radio Officer that it was his watch that suffered. But this, we felt, was one of fortune's little whims, and we didn't think that the Radio Officer should have made the fuss that he did.

Anyway, we were grateful for the supply of empty bottles that the Bosun provided. Those of us, that is, who badly missed the normal cultural outlets available to the landsman. We used to throw the bottles over the side with messages inside them. This was our substitute for doing the football pools.

We had picked up this habit from a previous Third Mate who regularly used to send off his name and address sealed inside

a bottle. When we laughed at him he told us he was investigating ocean currents. We heard later that one of his bottles had been found in the Carribean by an oil millionaire's daughter. They wrote to each other and eventually got married. From then on he was more interested in the vertical movement of oil than in the horizontal movement of sea-water.

It was the horizontal movement of sea-water which had recently brought the whole ship's company into conflict with the Captain. This came about as a result of what the Mate and the Second Engineer chose to regard as a hobby; irritating each other as much as possible.

One day while he was ashore, the Mate had what-for-him, passed as a clever idea. He bought himself a water-pistol. When he got back on board he sought out the Second Engineer and walked up to him with his cap tilted over his eyes; then, saying in a low drawl, "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do," he gunned the Second Engineer down.

The Second Engineer was delighted. As soon as he could, he rushed ashore and bought his own water-pistol. After this he and the Mate used to have a wonderful time, sauntering towards each other along the Boat Deck and acting out their fantasies. They were obviously enjoying themselves so much that we all wanted to join in. We all bought water-pistols and two rival gangs were formed.

Things came to a head one hot afternoon when the two rival gangs fought it out for total supremacy. Handguns were used at

first, but then the fighting escalated. Hand grenades — waterfilled balloons — were introduced into the battle. That was when the Captain, waking from afternoon sleep, wandered groggily out on to the Boat Deck just as the heavy artillery was brought up. Caught in the cross fire of two firehoses, he was knocked off his feet and washed into the scuppers.

His subsequent hysterical cry of "Why don't you lot do something useful with your time?" was, I suppose, justified; but when he followed this up with, "Like I do," we all felt that he was bending the truth a little.

He did, admittedly, have a spare-time activity: its usefulness was a matter of



argument. He called it "Renovating old furniture." He would start, say, with an old chest of drawers. A few hours of renovation would take place. He would finish up with something that looked like a box inside which a bomb had exploded. At

(continued on page 19)

METROPOLITAN AREA WELCOMES NEW SENIOR NAVAL OFFICER



Captain Richard O. Gooden, USN

In the change of command ceremonies at the Military Ocean Terminal in Bayonne, New Jersey, on the morning of 15 June, Captain Richard O. Gooden, USN, assumed command of the Navy's Military Sealift Command Atlantic Area Headquarters and become the New York/New Jersey metropolitan area's senior Naval Officer. Captain Gooden relieved Captain Herman E. Fritzke, Jr., USN, who is retiring from active Naval service.

Captain Gooden, of Conway, Arkansas, enlisted in the Naval Reserve in 1947 and was called to active duty in 1952. His sea service has included assignments aboard the destroyer escort USS MCCOY REYNOLDS (DE-440), the destroyer USS SHIELDS (DD-596), the attack transport USS BAYFIELD (APA-33), the fleet tug USS MOCTOBI (ATF-105) and the destroyers USS BIGELOW (DD-942) and ORLECK (DD-886). Under his command, the combat stores ship USS SAN DIEGO (AFS-6) received the National Defense Transportation Association Award as the most outstanding Navy transportation unit.

He is a graduate of the Armed Forces Staff College and the Army War College, and holds a Master's Degree from George Washington University, Washington, D.C. He comes to the Military Sealift Command from duty with the Bureau of Naval Personnel, the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Office of the Secretary of Defense. For the past year, he has been Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans and Programs at Military Sealift Command headquarters in Washington, D.C. Captain Gooden is married to the former Louise Parette of Morrilton, Arkansas. They have two grown sons and a daughter who is attending college.

Captain Fritzke, a native of Chicago, completes thirty-one years of Naval service upon his retirement. A graduate of the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Captain Fritzke has served with the Military Sealift Command in various capacities since 1969. While assigned to the headquarters staff of the Commander, Military Sealift Command, in Washington, he directed cargo and passenger operations prior to taking over the Command's Mediterranean Subarea in Naples, Italy. In 1972, he became Commander, Military Sealift Command, Europe, with headquarters in Bremerhaven, Germany. He came to the Atlantic Area Command as Chief of Staff in 1975, and was appointed Commander in March, 1977. Captain Fritzke is currently Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Chapter of the National Defense Transportation Association. Captain Fritzke and his wife, Olga, plan to remain in the New York area following his retirement.

The Military Sealift Command is an operating force of the United States Navy, staffed predominantly by a civilian workforce. The ships of the Command have status as a Navy fleet, and provide immediate sealift capability to support military contingency plans and other national emergencies. Working closely with commercial steamship companies, the Command plans for immediate expansion in time of war. The command also operates ships of the Naval Fleet Auxiliary Force (oilers, tugs and stores ships), providing

underway replenishment and ocean towing to all the numbered Navy fleets. The Command's Scientific Support ships are involved in oceanographic research, ocean survey, and missile tracking operations.

The Director and staff of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, extend their best wishes to their good and valued friend Captain Herman E. Fritzke, Jr., and his wife, Olga on the occasion of his retirement, and welcome Captain Gooden to his new command.



Captain Herman E. Fritzke, Jr., USN

British Sailors' Society Offers Fine Print of TITANIA

In commemoration of its 160th Anniversary, the British Sailors' Society has commissioned a limited edition fine art print of the China tea clipper the *Titania* as portrayed by the noted marine painter Derek G.M. Gardner, V.R.D., R.S.M.A.

Strictly limited to an issue of 850, each full color print is embossed with the British Sailors' Society logotype and is individually numbered and signed by the artist. In addition, each print is accompanied by a numbered certificate authenticating the print, its number and

signature. Overall print size is 24-5/16" x 32-3/8" and the actual image size is 18" x 27". Priced at £79 (pounds) each including air parcel postage, it is an excellent buy in support of a most worthy organization.

A full color descriptive brochure which includes an order form may be obtained by writing Miss Jean Barclay, British Sailors Society, Commercial Union House, 406-410 Eastern Avenue, Ilford, Essex, England IG2 6NG.



"THE DEVIL MAKES WORK..."

(continued from page 15)

this stage the Carpenter would be called in, heads would be scratched, beer would change hands, and muffled banging would come from the Captain's cabin during the night. Then at the end of the voyage a fine-looking chest-of-drawers would be taken home to join the other renovated furniture at the Captain's house.

But it was the Captain himself — such is the intricacy of the finely-spun web of cause and effect aboard ship — who brought to an end this agreeable arrangement; and all because he didn't much like the look of the Third Mate. We couldn't fault him on this; we didn't like the look of the Third Mate ourselves. His face was far too thin for his straggly blonde beard and long yellow hair.



We felt though that the Captain had gone too far, when one day he looked at the Third Mate, pensively, and then said, "You know, you remind me of a rat peering out of a bale of oakum." The Third Mate was hurt and he retaliated by shaving his head completely. The resulting combination of shaved head and beard look so bizarre that the style caught on. We all shaved our heads and we all tried to grow beards and we all thought we looked striking, in an original sort of way.

Naturally enough the style suited some more than others. The Mate looked particularly grotesque. After he had shaved his head, people used to stop and talk to him, just so that they could have a look at it. It didn't seem possible that so many lumps and bumps could be crammed

into so small an area. His beard wasn't a success either; it grew in tufts, so that his chin looked like an uncut lawn during a drought. When he got an infection, and had to have his ear painted purple, the Mate's satisfaction was complete. The very sight of him would be enough to frighten the most rebellious crew member.

Sadly, the Carpenter was the first to experience this new version of the Mate, and the Carpenter was not a brave man. One morning he overslept. The Mate was hanging about on deck just before breakfast and he noticed that the Carpenter's jalousie was still shut tight. So he went to investigate. Various banging noises inside the cabin suggested that the Carpenter was stumbling around and trying to come to terms with the new day. The Mate, who knew the Carpenter's habits, grinned horribly and pressed his face against the Carpenter's window.

A few moments later, ready at last to take his first look at the world outside, the Carpenter put his two hands on the jalousie top and pulled it down. He squinted and blinked for a bit, and finally managed to get his eyes focussed. His mouth fell open and a small grunt of fear came from deep inside his throat. There, only a thin sheet of glass away, was the lumpy-headed, purple-eared, tuft-chinned, grinning face of the Mate.

The Carpenter slammed his jalousie shut and it was two hours before he could be coaxed out of his cabin. His hands didn't stop shaking for the rest of the voyage and the Captain had to give up renovating old furniture.

When you think about it, how we *do* waste our time. I am definitely going to take up a useful hobby. It will have to wait a bit though. The Second Engineer has just put his head around my door to say that the Mate is ashore and that there are a couple of cans of red-and-white paint lying around in the Engineer's shop. So we are going to paint one of the derricks to look like a barber's pole.

I can't wait to see the Mate's face when he gets back on board.

Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.

15 State Street

New York, N.Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID
AT NEW YORK, N.Y.