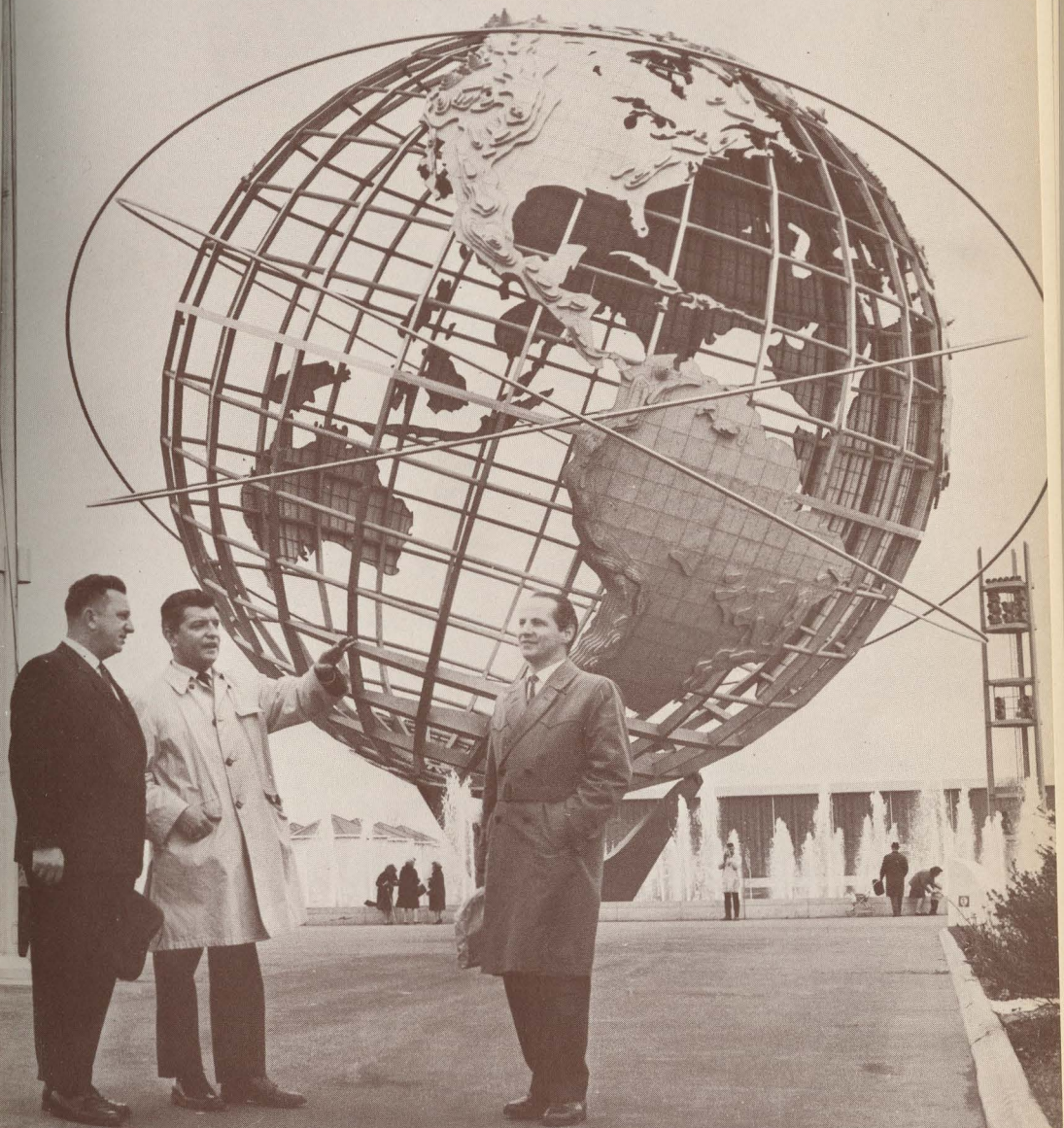


# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



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MAY 1964





## We Need Your Help

We don't like to burden you with our problems—but since your cooperation is essential in helping us solve one of them, we hope you will read the next few paragraphs to find out how you can help us save money, improve subscription service and comply with postal regulations.

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We would rather put that same money and manpower to work in essential services necessary to carry on and improve our program to seamen.

That is why your cooperation is so important to us, to yourself, to all subscribers and contributors to *The Lookout* and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

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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  
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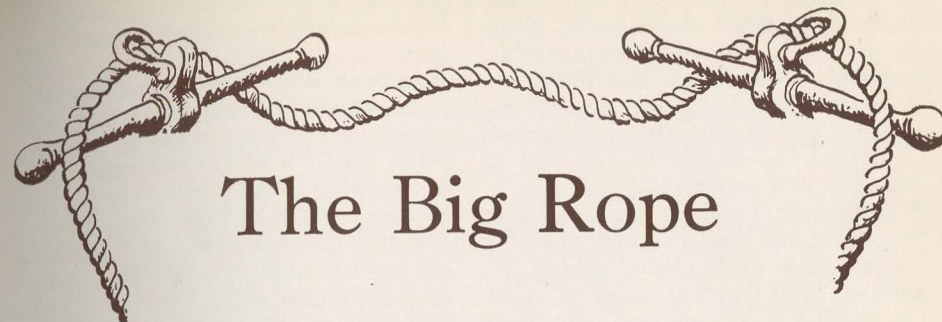
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Cover: Polish seamen with SCI ship visitor (center) pause before Unisphere during tour of World's Fair.



## The Big Rope

It frequently amazes the public who think in terms of passenger, cargo and military ships to learn that seamen nowadays perform highly-specialized, unique and dangerous jobs on oceanographic, petrologic, cartographic research ships, on missile tracking and recovery ships, vessels carrying meteorological equipment—even on floating hospitals!

Last month a 42-year-old seaman from a Boston suburb, John J. Hunt, spent several weeks at the Seamen's Church and recounted his fascinating job laying the third trans-Atlantic telephone cable as a seaman aboard AT&T's cable ship appropriately named *Long Lines*. Project for *Long Lines* was to splice onto existing telephone cable dropped by British shallow-water cable ship, *Alert*, last August which temporarily terminated 600 miles out of Tuckerton, N.J. *Long Lines* sailed off to mid-ocean, carefully paying out 1331 nautical miles of slim (one and one-quarter inch diameter) cable curving along the ocean floor.

### CABLE LAYING EXACTING JOB

"We coddled that cable like a baby," seaman Hunt recalled to his wide-eyed SCI audience in the International Seamen's Club. "It couldn't be bent at sharp angles, or payed out too rapidly or even held too taut."

Accommodating for all these possibilities makes cable-laying a tense job, according to the seaman, who described the advanced equipment AT&T uses for efficient watchfulness.

As a "cable man," John's most important responsibility was surveillance. Cable men, stationed all along the line being paid out, watch for pos-

sible kinks which might interrupt the smooth operation of the ship's "linear cable engine." The engine feeds the plastic-covered corrosion-and barnacle-resistant line into the sea, gripping it with treads like those on caterpillar tractors. The machine releases it at an acceptable speed and also handles the bulky "repeaters" (the amplifying heart of the system) which are spliced at regular intervals to the cable at the factory before winding on spools. Repeaters send telephone signals through the cable and actually make two-way conversation possible on a single cable.

"Really rough weather can be a serious handicap to operations," he said, "because the cable becomes either too taut or too loose according to the pitch of the ship."



Seaman John Hunt points out route of transatlantic cable for International Club manager Robert Sarafian and Club's Hostess, Roberta Chait.



What happens when the ship runs out of cable? we asked. The termination was marked by a buoy, while *Long Lines* sailed on to Southampton, England, to reload her three huge cable tanks. Two thousand miles of cable are held in the ship's mammoth chambers, two measuring 55 feet in diameter and another 42 feet.

Returning to mid-ocean again where the new cable was attached, the ship headed back to England, paying out another 1549 nautical miles of cable. On October 6 of last year, she made the final splice to connect Tuckerton, New Jersey with the south of England.

### PACIFIC CABLE

*Long Lines* is now laying cable connecting the West Coast with Japan and touching Honolulu, Midway, Wake, and Guam. She will reload cable in Yokohama, laying it on the return route back to mid-Pacific. Water route in nautical miles is 5,500 but because of incalculable variations in the ocean's floor, the cable will be much longer.

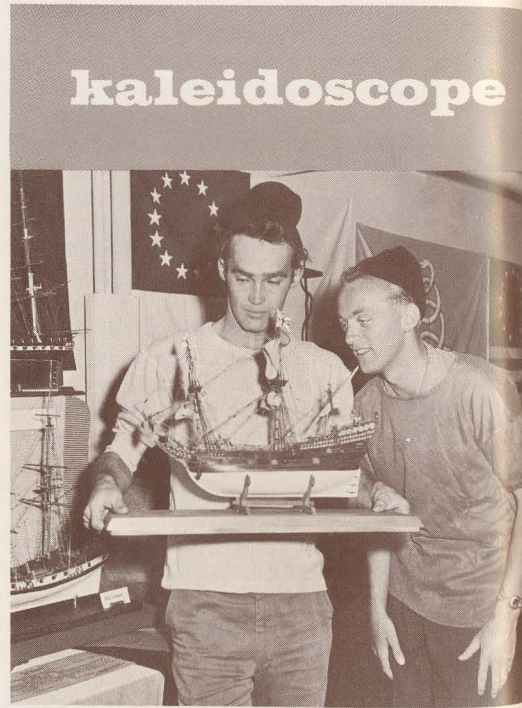
Seaman Hunt sailed on *Long Lines* since May last year until recently when he left the ship in Honolulu because of skin-diving commitments. When he is not shipping, his business of diving for salvage and research forces his separation from his wife and six children living in Boston. Like most seamen, Hunt regrets the loneliness and separation for his wife, but acknowledges the personal hardships of a seaman's way of life.

The telephone cable which the AT&T has put down is capable of transmitting 128 two-way messages simultaneously. Climaxing one of the bitterest business battles in history, the FCC last month refused AT&T's request for permission to transmit printed as well as verbal messages through its cables, which are capable of carrying both.

### CABLE PIECE IN SCI MUSEUM

The complete story of the first Atlantic cable is a fascinating one involving innumerable trials and tribulations, the surmounting of which called for the wisdom of Cyrus W. Field who

with three other men organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. First cable connecting Ireland with Newfoundland was put down in 1858 but after President Buchanan and Queen Victoria exchanged congratulatory messages, the system ceased working. After the Civil War, Field engaged the hoodoo ship *Great Eastern* to lay first successful cable in 1866. *Great Eastern* was a monstrous vessel and the largest before 1899. Originally designed as a passenger ship, she was a financial disaster because her owners failed to figure for the lack of coaling stations along the route for such a colossus. She needed 250 tons daily. She is among the most famous and legendary ships. Many photographs of her early days are available in the Marine Museum of SCI, including a small section of the 1866 cable.



**MODEL BUILDERS SHOW**— Concurrent with the opening of FDR's collection of historic prints this month at SCI is a special exhibit in the Marine Museum presented by the New York Ship Craft Club who maintain headquarters at SCI and whose members donate hundreds of hours repairing our Museum models. The exhibit is insured for \$50,000 according to Club president, ex-seaman Frank Cronican. Pictured viewing last year's exhibit are seamen John Forsythe and Klaus Kreuger.

# The Melting Curtain

Several recent incidents involving the SCI with seamen from Russian satellite countries indicate that there is a changing attitude from intransigence last year to friendly cooperation this year. The incidents which we will relate would have been inconceivable in our ecumenical approach to seamen in 1962-3.

In the past ship visitors from our staff boarded ships from both Poland and Yugoslavia where they found crewmen to be hospitable but reticent. When they began distribution of books and magazines aboard these same ships in January, they reported a new responsiveness, and expressions of gratitude for SCI's interest in them while visiting New York. They were *welcome aboard!*

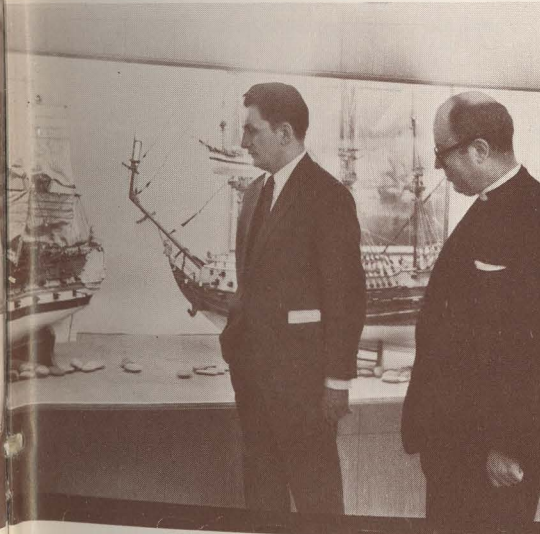
The first of these "incidents" occurred on January 30 when two young Yugoslav seamen were brought to Port Newark station by a wharf foreman who was helping them find their ship. It was learned from the Coast Guard that their ship had been moved unaccountably to Sandy Hook and was under surveillance. SCI's ship visitor,

Lazar Jelesejevic, a native of Yugoslavia, quite bewildered the two Yugoslavians by providing invaluable and appropriate help in their native tongue. He was instrumental in getting the men transported to SCI in Manhattan where lodging was provided by the ship's agents and Immigration authorities. These same two Slavs, their number increased by five more, returned to Port Newark station the following, bitterly cold Sunday to watch television. They apparently were not uncomfortable in church-related seamen's mission after realizing that we had nothing to gain but their friendships. They relaxed, too, that night among a particularly "well-mixed" group including Chinese, Greek, Norwegian and Syrian seamen.

Ship visitor Jelesijevic lost no time making a return visit to their ship, the *Uskok*, with an offer of an official SCI-sponsored soccer game. Response was overwhelming and the next day many tall, robust seamen played a Swedish crew from the *Husaro* on the muddy field under falling rain. After hot showers and dry clothes, the Slavs entered into all activities of the club and were most vocal in cheering television cowboys to victory against the Indians. Two days later our Slavish seamen faced another soccer team from Swedish ship *Sydland*.

Completely disarmed, they soon accepted the ship visitor's invitation to board SCI's bus from Port Newark for their first dance in the International Seamen's Club.

During this same week two of our Manhattan ship visitors, Peter Van Wygerden and Chris Nichols, encountered similar friendly receptions on three Polish ships, the *Lelewel*, *Domeyko* and *Stazisz*, with acceptances to the Club's dance. Reporting the activities in the club the following night, staff hostess Tina Meek wrote:



**PLEASANT POLE**— The Hon. S. Soltysiak (L) First Secretary in the Polish Mission to the United Nations found the Marine Museum an interesting stop after his "Nations of the World" lecture on Poland to an estimated 125 seamen. Program began a week during which a great number of Polish seamen were guests in the International Seamen's Club. (See "Curtain" this issue) Chaplain Huntley (above) Director of Education, points out models of unusual interest to the visitor.





Captain Roznowsky welcomes SCI staff to luncheon aboard Polish ship *Stazisz*.

"We were elated with the success of the evening. . . the colorful list of nationalities and the opportunity to entertain Polish seamen for the first time in years. On the bus from Port Newark were Greek seamen from the *Hellas* and *Eurybates*, Yugoslavs from the *Uskok*, Swedes from the *Husaro*, British from the *Rochampton Star* and Italians from the *Gimmi Fassio*. The men were charming and delightful and appreciated every gesture. From the Yugoslavs to the South Africans this party was color—from one end of the room to another it was quite a perfect party."

To our surprise we found that the young Yugoslavs executed a pretty acceptable "twist" and that the older Polish seamen were the most comfortable with a waltz or polkas which were played especially for them.

Regardless of political ideologies at home, the problems faced by seamen away from home are identical: i.e. loneliness, rejection in a foreign port because they're seamen. For a time they forgot their loneliness and rejection.

German-speaking ship visitor Peter Van Wygerden remarked: "Last year when we visited Polish ships they never responded to our invitations. This time they not only accepted, but asked advice about touring the World's Fair.

Our hospitality was reciprocated by the crews of these Polish ships which had arrived from Yugoslavia via Germany to U. S. coastal cities. Van Wygerden was invited to join them at their simple but hearty meals each time he visited. "How do you refuse food when you have already eaten but

when you don't want to offend anyone?"

An SCI-sponsored tour to the World's Fair for 20 Polish seamen the following Sunday began a succession of pleasant experiences.

Upon their arrival in New York the Poles had been given free tickets to the World's Fair by ship's agents and naturally conversation dwelled on the wonders at Flushing Meadows. Would Van Wygerden give them information on how to get to the Fair? More than that, he would personally escort them. A meeting time was agreed on. He reminded them to bring their lunches because "serious" eating at the fair could sabotage their average monthly salaries of \$18.

Word of the "escorted tour" spread and when Van Wygerden reached the docks he never saw such a smiling group of 20 seamen waiting to get into one station wagon. After the transportation emergency was solved the curious crewmen were soon entering the World's Fair beneath an arch emblazoned with the Fair's theme "Peace Through Understanding."

"What a happy-go-lucky group," reported Van Wygerden. "They were bewildered at the architecture and were most interested in the technical displays like the General Motors, Ford, IBM and DuPont Pavilions. They were especially delighted by Walt Disney's animated figures.

During the tour the seamen passed the beautiful Vatican Pavilion. "They knew the Fair better than I, and they knew that Michelangelo's 'Pieta' was inside. They stood before it in absolute silence. At the concession stand they stopped to buy colored post-cards of Pope Paul, purchased Vatican stamps and penned notes to the folks back home." Van Wygerden tried to register no surprise. When lunchtime came, the seamen produced sacks of sandwiches, Polish sausage, boiled eggs and candy. "They brought enough for me too," he laughed.

The day had rewarded both the SCI and its ship visitor. And we anticipate increasing visits by seamen from Iron Curtain countries as the much publicized curtain begins to melt.

## NATION OBSERVES TRADE WEEK

To promote an awareness of world trade to the healthy economy of our nation, President Johnson has proclaimed May 17-23 as World Trade Week.

World trade is of particular importance to residents of the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area where it is estimated that port operations provide the livelihood of one out of every four people. Events throughout the week will dramatize the many benefits citizens derive from the flow of international commerce to our port.

Here is a capsule schedule of events, some of which are open to the public.

### Maritime Sunday, May 17 — 11:30 a.m.

"Our Navy: 1776-1860." Opening of FDR's marine collection. Seamen's Church Institute.

### Marine & Aviation Day, May 18 — 12:00 p.m.

Crowning of World Trade Queen. Re-enactment of the collection of first custom's duty in New York 175 years ago. Bowling Green Park.

### World Port Day, May 19

Visit new marine terminal facilities in Manhattan, Brooklyn and New Jersey. Some will offer tours.

### Export Industry Day, May 20

Luncheon, Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, New Jersey.

### World Trade Day, May 21 — 12:00 p.m.

Luncheon, Americana Hotel. Address: The Hon. Orville Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture.

### National Maritime Day, May 22 — 12:00 p.m.

Program in Rockefeller Plaza. Preceded by parade of cadets from Kings Point and Fort Schuyler Maritime Academies. Invocation by The Rev. John M. Mulligan, Director, SCI. Drill teams from the maritime academies. Address: The Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Under Secretary of Commerce. Followed by Propeller Club Luncheon, Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Address: Vice-Admiral Roy L. Gano, USN Commander, M.S.T.S.

### Kings Point Day, May 23

Guided tours of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y.

## DECADE'S MOST EXCITING MARITIME EVENT FOR JULY

What undoubtedly will be the most dramatic, colorful maritime pageant of this decade—July's "Operation Sail" featuring the largest gathering of wind-driven ships in existence—will be the realization of a dream by sailing enthusiasts who have spent months solving the complexities of such an undertaking.

Four years in the planning, and directed by Rear Admiral John J. Bergen, USNR (ret.) Operation Sail has received commitments from 13

countries which will send a total of 24 training vessels. The United States has promised six, including the *Eagle*, according to the Operation Sail committee.

Some ships will race from Lisbon to Bermuda, then, joined by U. S. and South American ships, on to New York Harbor, arriving on July 12 or 13, where they will lie at anchor off Gravesend. Following their arrivals will be a formal review by Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Wagner, climaxed by a parade from Battery Park to City Hall and a Grand Ball in the old tradition at the 7th Regiment Armory.

Many social and recreational and touring activities for the cadets from participating countries are well along in planning, and SCI will assume its responsibility for a number of events. The World's Fair will be the ultimate destination of most seamen, if not of the ships, which will be in the Hudson River, south of the George Washington Bridge.

At this writing there have been received definite commitments by several governments and others may join later, according to the maritime's repository of information, Frank Braynard, who is public relations director of Moran Towing Company, and whose contacts and resourcefulness have been essential to the project. According to him, countries to be represented are: Argentina, Belgium, Canada, Chile, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Norway, Panama, Portugal, Spain and the United States.

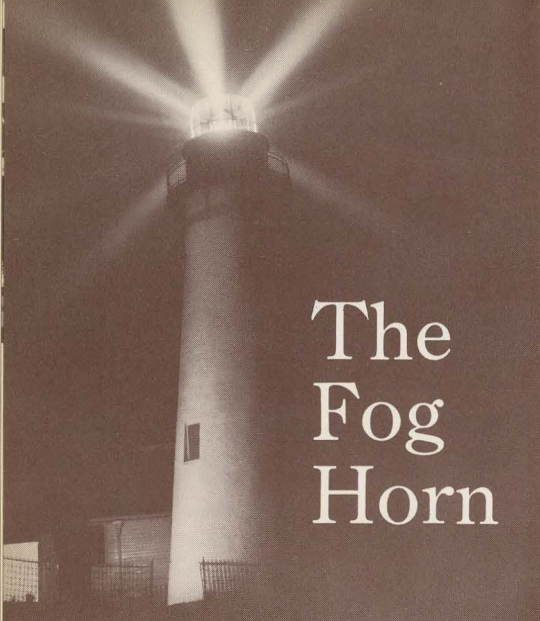
President Lyndon Johnson has been invited to attend the festivities.

Every sailing buff will thrill to this spectacular event.

## AMERICAN SEAMEN IN PORT LAS PALMAS GET SCI BOOKS

The new Seamen's House on the Spanish Canary Islands received its first shipment of books and magazines in the English language, courtesy of the Seamen's Church Institute. Reading material will be given to American merchant seamen who visit the busy port.





# The Fog Horn

by Ray Bradbury

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Out there in the cold water, far from land, we waited every night for the coming of the fog, and it came, and we oiled the brass machinery and lit the fog light up in the stone tower. Feeling like two birds in the gray sky, McDunn and I sent the light touching out, red, then white, then red again, to eye the lonely ships. And if they did not see our light, then there was always our Voice, the great deep cry of our Fog Horn shuddering through the rags of mist to startle the gulls away like decks of scattered cards and make the waves turn high and foam.

"It's a lonely life, but you're used to it now, aren't you?" asked McDunn.

"Yes," I said. "You're a good talker, thank the Lord."

"Well, it's your turn on land tomorrow," he said, smiling, "to dance the ladies and drink gin."

"What do you think, McDunn, when I leave you out here alone?"

"On the mysteries of the sea." McDunn lit his pipe. It was a quarter past seven of a cold November evening, the heat on, the light switching its tail in two hundred directions, the Fog Horn bumping in the high throat of the tower. There wasn't a town for a hundred miles down the coast, just

a road which came lonely through dead country to the sea, with few cars on it, a stretch of two miles of cold water out to our rock, and rare few ships.

"The mysteries of the sea," said McDunn thoughtfully. "You know, the ocean's the biggest damned snowflake ever? It rolls and swells, a thousand shapes and colors, no two alike. Strange. One night, years ago, I was here alone, when all of the fish of the sea surfaced out there. Something made them swim in and lie in the bay, sort of trembling and staring up at the tower light going red, white, red, white across them so I could see their funny eyes. I turned cold. They were like a big peacock's tail, moving out there until midnight. Then, without so much as a sound, they slipped away, the million of them was gone. I kind of think maybe, in some sort of way, they came all those miles to worship. Strange. But think how the tower must look to them, standing seventy feet above the water, the God-light flashing out from it, and the tower declaring itself with a monster voice. They never came back, those fish, but don't you think for a while they thought they were in the Presence?"

I shivered. I looked out at the long gray lawn of the sea stretching away into nothing and nowhere.

"Oh, the sea's full." McDunn puffed his pipe nervously, blinking. He had been nervous all day and hadn't said why. "For all our engines and so-called submarines, it'll be ten thousand centuries before we set foot on the real bottom of the sunken lands, in the fairy kingdoms there, and know *real* terror. Think of it, it's still the year 300,000 Before Christ down under there. While we've paraded around with trumpets, lopping off each other's countries and heads, they have been living beneath the sea twelve miles deep and cold in a time as old as the beard of a comet."

"Yes, it's an old world."

"Come on. I got something special I been saving up to tell you."

We ascended the eighty steps talking and taking our time. At the top, McDunn switched off the room lights

so there'd be no reflection in the plate glass. The great eye of the light was humming, turning easily in its oiled socket. The Fog Horn was blowing steadily, once every 15 seconds.

"Sounds like an animal, don't it?" McDunn nodded to himself. "A big lonely animal crying in the night. Sitting here on the edge of ten billion years calling out to the Deeps, I'm here, I'm here, I'm here. And the deeps do answer, yes, they do. You been here now for three months, Johnny, so I better prepare you. About this time of year," he said studying the murk and fog, "something comes to visit the lighthouse."

"The swarms of fish like you said?"

"No, this is something else. I've put off telling you because you might think I'm daft. But tonight's the latest I can put it off, for if my calendar's marked right from last year, tonight's the night it comes. I won't go into detail, you'll have to see it yourself. Just sit down there. If you want, tomorrow you can pack your duffel and take the motorboat in to land and get your car parked there at the dinghy pier on the cape and drive on back to some little inland town and keep your lights burning nights, I won't question or blame you. It's happened three years now, and this is the only time anyone's been here with me to verify it. You wait and watch."

Half an hour passed with only a few whispers between us. When we grew tired waiting, McDunn began describing some of his ideas to me. He had some theories about the Fog Horn itself.

"One day many years ago a man walked along and stood in the sound of the ocean on a cold sunless shore and said, 'We need a voice to call across the water, to warn ships; I'll make one. I'll make a voice like all of time and all of the fog that ever was; I'll make a voice that is like an empty bed beside you all night long, and like an empty house when you open the door, and like trees in autumn with no leaves. A sound like the birds flying south, crying and a sound like November wind and the sea on the hard, cold shore. I'll make a sound that's so alone that no one can miss it, that whoever

hears it will weep in their souls, and hearths will seem warmer, and being inside will seem better to all who hear it in the distant towns. I'll make me a sound and an apparatus and they'll call it a Fog Horn and whoever hears it will know the sadness of eternity and the briefness of life.'"

The Fog Horn blew.

"I made up that story," said McDunn quietly, "to try to explain why this thing keeps coming back to the lighthouse every year. The Fog Horn calls it, I think, and it comes . . ."

"But —" I said.

"Sssst!" said McDunn. "There!" He nodded out to the Deeps.

Something was swimming toward the lighthouse tower.

It was a cold night, as I have said; the high tower was cold, the light coming and going, and the Fog Horn calling and calling through the raveling mist. You couldn't see far and you couldn't see plain, but there was the deep sea moving on its way about the night earth, flat and quiet, the color of gray mud, and here were the two of us alone in the high tower, and there, far out at first, was a ripple, followed by a wave, a rising, a bubble, a bit of froth. And then, from the surface of the cold sea came a head, a large head dark-colored, with immense eyes, and then a neck. And then — not a body — but more neck and more! The head rose a full forty feet above the water on a slender and beautiful dark neck. Only then did the body, like a little island of black coral and shells and crayfish, drip up from the subterranean. There was a flicker of tail. In all, from head to tip of tail, I estimated the monster at ninety or a hundred feet.

I don't know what I said. I said something.

"Steady, boy, steady," whispered McDunn.

"It's impossible!" I said.

"No, Johnny, *we're* impossible. *It's* like it always was ten million years ago. *It* hasn't changed. *It's us* and the land that've changed, become impossible. *Us!*"

It swam slowly and with a great dark majesty out in the icy waters, far



away. The fog came and went about it, momentarily erasing its shape. One of the monster eyes caught and held and flashed back our immense light, red, white, red, white, like a disk held high and sending a message in primeval code. It was as silent as the fog through which it swam.

"It's a dinosaur of some sort!" I crouched down, holding to the stair rail.

"Yes, one of the tribe."

"But they died out!"

"No, only hid away in the Deeps. Deep, deep down in the deepest Deeps. Isn't *that* a word now, Johnny, a real word, it says so much: the Deeps. There's all the coldness and darkness and deepness in a word like that."

"What'll we do?"

"Do? We got our job, we can't leave. Besides, we're safer here than in any boat trying to get to land. That thing's as big as a destroyer and almost as swift."

"But here, why does it come *here*?"

The next moment I had my answer.

The Fog Horn blew.

And the monster answered.

A cry came across a million years of water and mist. A cry so anguished and alone that it shuddered in my head and my body. The monster cried out at the tower. The Fog Horn blew. The monster roared again. The monster opened its great toothed mouth and the sound that came from it was the sound of the Fog Horn itself. Lonely and vast and far away. The sound of isolation, a viewless sea, a cold night, apartness. That was the sound.

"Now," whispered McDunn, "do you know why it comes here?"

I nodded.

"All year long, Johnny, that poor monster there lying far out, a thousand miles at sea, and twenty miles deep maybe, biding its time, perhaps it's a million years old, this one creature. Think of it, waiting a million years; could *you* wait that long? Maybe it's the last of its kind. I sort of think that's true. Anyway, here come men on land and build this lighthouse, five years ago. And set up their Fog Horn and sound it and sound it out toward the place where you bury yourself in sleep and sea memories of

a world where there were thousands like yourself, but now you're alone, all alone in a world not made for you, a world where you have to hide.

"But the sound of the Fog Horn comes and goes, comes and goes, and you stir from the muddy bottom of the Deeps, and your eyes open like the lenses of two-foot cameras and you move, slow, slow, for you have the ocean sea on your shoulders, heavy. But that Fog Horn comes through a thousand miles of water, faint and familiar, and the furnace in your belly stokes up, and you begin to rise, slow, slow. You feed yourself on great slakes of cod and minnow, on rivers of jellyfish, and you rise slow through the autumn months, through September when the fogs started, through October with more fog and the horn still calling you on, and then, late in November, after pressurizing yourself day by day, a few feet higher every hour, you are near the surface and still alive. You've got to go slow; if you surfaced all at once you'd explode. So it takes you all of three months to surface, and then a number of days to swim through the cold water to the lighthouse. And there you are, out there, in the night, Johnny, the biggest damn monster in creation. And here's the lighthouse calling to you, with a long neck like your neck sticking way up out of the water, and a body like your body, and, most important of all, a voice like your voice. Do you understand now, Johnny, do you understand?"

The Fog Horn blew.

The monster answered.

I saw it all, I knew it all — the million years of waiting alone, for someone to come back who never came back.

The Fog Horn blew.

"Last year," said McDunn, "that creature swam round and round, round and round, all night. Not coming too near, puzzled, I'd say. Afraid, maybe.



And a bit angry after coming all this way. But the next day, unexpectedly, the fog lifted, the sun came out fresh, the sky was as blue as a painting. And the monster swam off away from the heat and the silence and didn't come back. I suppose it's been brooding on it for a year now, thinking it over from every which way."

The monster was only a hundred yards off now, it and the Fog Horn crying at each other. As the lights hit them, the monster's eyes were fire and ice, fire and ice.

"That's life for you," said McDunn. "Someone always waiting for someone who never comes home. Always someone loving something more than that thing loves them. And after a while you want to destroy whatever that thing is, so it can't hurt you no more."

The monster was rushing at the lighthouse.

The Fog Horn blew.

"Let's see what happens," said McDunn.

He switched the Fog Horn off.

The ensuing minute of silence was so intense that we could hear our hearts pounding in the glassed area of the tower, could hear the slow greased turn of the light.

The monster stopped and froze. Its great lantern eyes blinked. Its mouth gaped. It gave a sort of rumble, like a volcano. It twitched its head this way and that, as if to seek the sounds now dwindled off into the fog. It peered at the lighthouse. It rumbled again. Then its eyes caught fire. It reared up, threshed the water, and rushed at the tower, its eyes filled with angry torment.

"McDunn!" I cried. "Switch on the horn!"

McDunn fumbled with the switch. But even as he flicked it on, the monster was rearing up. It had a glimpse of its gigantic paws, fishskin glittering in webs between the fingerlike projections, clawing at the tower. The huge eye on the right side of its anguished head glittered before me like a caldron into which I might drop, screaming. The tower shook. The Fog Horn cried; the monster cried. It seized the tower and gnashed at the

glass, which shattered in upon us.

McDunn seized my arm. "Downstairs!"

The tower rocked, trembled, and started to give. The Fog Horn and the monster roared. We stumbled and half fell down the stairs. "Quick!"

We reached the bottom as the tower buckled down toward us. We ducked under the stairs into the small stone cellar. There were a thousand concussions as the rocks rained down; the Fog Horn stopped abruptly. The monster crashed upon the tower. The tower fell. We knelt together, McDunn and I, holding tight, while our world exploded.

Then it was over, and there was nothing but darkness and the wash of the sea on the raw stones.

That and the other sound.

"Listen." said McDunn quietly. "Listen."

We waited a moment. And then I began to hear it. First a great vacuumed sucking of air, and then the lament, the bewilderment, the loneliness of the great monster, folded over and upon us, above us, so that the sickening reek of its body filled the air, a stone's thickness away from our cellar. The monster gasped and cried. The tower was gone, The light was gone. The thing that had called to it across a million years was gone. And the monster was opening its mouth and sending out great sounds. The sounds of a Fog Horn, again and again. And ships far at sea, not finding the light, not seeing anything, but passing and hearing late that night, must've thought: There it is, the lonely sound, the Lonesome Bay horn. All's well. We've rounded the cape.

And so it went for the rest of that night.

The sun was hot and yellow the next afternoon when the rescuers came out to dig us from our stoned-under cellar.

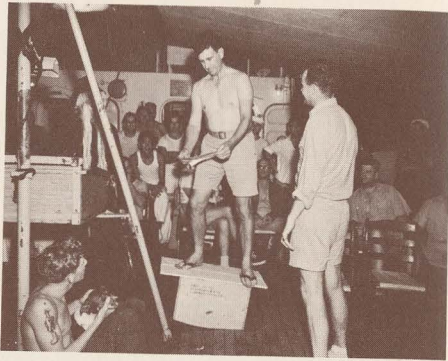
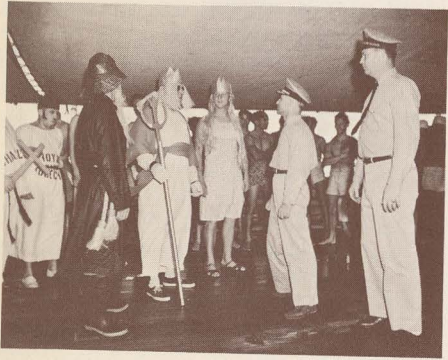
"It fell apart, is all," said Mr. McDunn gravely. "We had a few bad knocks from the waves and it just crumbled." He pinched my arm.

There was nothing to see. The ocean was calm, the sky blue. The only thing was a great algaic stink from the green matter that covered the fallen tower stones and the shore



# DOMAIN OF NEPTUNUS REX

To All Sailors Wherever Ye May be, and to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents, Sharks, Porpoises, Dolphins, Skates, Eels, Crabs, Lobsters, Pollywogs, and Other Living Things of the Sea:



by Karl Lueder

His Royal Highness, Neptunus Rex, Supreme Ruler of the Deep was greatly displeased. It had been brought to his attention through his trusty pollywogs that his sovereignty had been transgressed by the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Taney*. The Ruler of the Deep was not displeased that the U.S.C.G.C. *Taney* had thought it proper to visit his realm (for the *Taney* was a good ship) but he was displeased greatly by the fact that the ship was manned by a crew a great number of whom had not acknowledged the sovereignty of his person.

Therefore, acting promptly, for Neptunus Rex was a man of action, he dispatched his trusty scribe, one Davy Jones to 169 degrees, 30 minutes West Longitude and 30 seconds North Latitude to contact Commander Coffin, Captain of the *Taney*, at midnight Friday, 26th May, and advise the Captain of his displeasure.

I had been playing acey ducey with Commander Kenner in the ward room. The game broke up about midnight and I went on deck for a breath of fresh air before turning in. I paused by the rail and noticed this character (later I learned it was Davy Jones)

coming over the starboard rail. He moved rapidly forward in the direction of the bridge. I took a turn around the deck and retired to my cabin where I fell into a sound sleep, little knowing what the morrow had in store for me.

I was summoned from my sleep, at first light, by two bears and served with an official-looking document which read:

"In the Royal Court of the Realm of Neptune, In and For the District of Equatorius.

The People of the Realm of the Deep

versus

All Landlubbers of the  
U.S.C.G.C.

to Karl Lueder

Pollywog Summons

"It having been brought to the attention of his Royal Highness, Neptunus Rex, Supreme Ruler of the Deep, through his trusty pollywogs, that a ship manned by a crew who have not acknowledged the sovereignty of the Ruler of the Deep, has transgressed on his domain and thereby incurred the Royal displeasure.

"Be It Known: To all ye that his Most Royal Highness, Neptunus Rex,

Supreme Ruler of all mermaids, sharks, crabs, pollywogs, timmonogs and other denizens of the deep, will, with his Secretary and Royal Court, meet in full session on board the offending ship U.S.C.G.C. *Taney* in latitude 0 deg. 0 min. 0 sec. longitude 169 deg. 30 min. 0 sec. at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 27th day of May 1939 to examine your fitness to be taken into citizenship of the deep and to hear your defense of the charge . . ." and that was all I was able to read for I was pulled from my bunk and dragged to the deck, by the bears.

On deck the bears pounced upon me and forced me, on all fours, into a canvas tube that extended aft to the quarter deck. I was washed through this tube by a jet of water and struck from above each time I raised up on all fours, to aid my progress.

Washed free of the tube and on to the quarterdeck, I lay there somewhat more drowned than alive. The Royal Chaplain, seeing my plight, separated himself from the Royal Party and assisted me to my feet. He appeared solicitous of my condition and offered me his hand in friendship. Through that hand passed 110 volts of electricity which, in my wet condition, sent me sprawling to the deck again, to the merriment of the Royal Party.

Well, eventually, the Captain introduced me to the Royal Party consisting of Neptune, Her Highness Amphitrite, the Royal Baby (whose knee I had to kiss), the Royal Chaplain (but this time I avoided shaking hands with him), Neptune's Officer of the Day and several Judges and Attorneys. The Royal Navigator was not present having taken his place on the bridge to relieve the Captain.

Also there was the Royal Scribe, the Royal Doctor, the Royal Dentist, Barbers, Police and numerous Bears (before mentioned). But above all there was the Devil.

This wicked denizen of the deep pursued me up and down the deck, to the merriment of the Royal Party, assembled around the throne, for each time he caught up with me he prodded me with his pronged fork and another 110 volts of electricity.

Well, the Devil chased me up a ramp and onto a platform adjacent to a tank of water. Two Barbers grabbed me and placed me in the barber's chair, with my back to the tank. They shaved off my left eyebrow and the right side of my head. They painted me from head to foot, green on the starboard side and red on the port side and aluminum on the top of my head for a headlight.

That done, one of the Barbers hit me under the chin. The barber's chair, which was hinged, went over backward and so did I, in a complete backward somersault into the tank.

The ambitious Bears, who appeared to be everywhere, pounced on me in the pool, and ducked me time and again, until I took on some water, then threw me out on the deck a SHELLBACK.

Well, I recovered and after I finally got all the paint out of my ears and what little hair I had left I began to appreciate being a part of this old tradition of the sea. Now, I live through it again as I read the large certificate that hangs above me over my desk:

## "DOMAIN OF NEPTUNUS REX

To all Sailors wherever Ye may be, and to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents, Sharks, Porpoises, Dolphins, Skates, Eels, Crabs, Lobsters, Pollywogs, and other Living Things of the Sea:

Greetings: KNOW YE, That on this 27th day of May 1939 in Latitude 0 deg. 0 min. 0 sec. and Longitude 169 deg. 30 min. 0 sec., there appeared within the limit of our Royal Domain the U.S.C.G.C. *Taney*, bound southward for the Equator and the South Sea Islands.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That the said Vessel and its Officers and Crew thereof, have been inspected and passed on by Ourselves and Our Royal Staff. And Be It Known, By all Sailors, Marines, Landlubbers, and others who may be honored by his presence, that

Karl Lueder

having been found worthy to be numbered as One of Our Trusty Shellbacks, has been gathered to our fold and duly initiated into the solemn Mysteries of the



# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

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



◀ **JOLLY TARS** — Director Mulligan had reason to smile recently upon his invitation to honorary membership in exclusive Marine Society of New York, a venerated, 195-year-old maritime group. Membership entitles him to the Society's scroll, printed from the oldest lithographic plates still being used in the U. S., and to be addressed "Captain." Presenting the framed scroll to him is Society's secretary, Capt. Aime Gerber (left) with officers Capt. Harry Parker, Capt. Milton Williams (president) and Capt. James Hanna.



◀ **TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER** — Coast Guard launch which brought 20th Century Giovanni Verrazano (ctr.) to Manhattan last month was far cry from 3-masted galleon which transported original Verrazano in 1524 to what he described as "an island of triangular form, about ten leagues from the mainland, in size about equal to Rhodes." Commemorating this 440 anniversary, New York's Italian community turned out in Battery Park near SCI to re-enact the event for news and television cameras. Verrazano's skill as a navigator gained him a commission from Francis I. to discover a new westward route to China. New York City's fathers named yet unfinished bridge linking Brooklyn with Staten Island (longest span bridge in the world) Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.



◀ **INVOLVEMENT** — Success of next month's "My Fair Lady" benefit performance at the Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N. J. will be largely the result of good planning by group of prominent New Jersey women, all members of the Women's Council of SCI. Meeting to formalize fund-raising event to furnish chapel of new Port Newark SCI are: Mrs. Cybil Shugg, Short Hills (Chairman); Mrs. H. Brevoort Cannon, Morristown; Mrs. Ordway Hilton, Morristown; Mrs. Edward N. Maxwell, Bernardsville, and Mrs. N. Lester Troast, Bloomfield.



◀ **PRECISION** — Cadet members of the Fort Schuyler Maritime College glee club vocalize before concert at SCI on May 1. The musical discipline of this excellent choral group was thrilling to an audience of seamen and public. Three cadets surprised listeners by accompanying themselves on the guitar in a group of sea chanties. Directed by Mr. Eugene Mott, the club was organized 20 years ago.

## Bookwatch

**ALMANAC OF NAVAL FACTS.** 305 pp. Annapolis, Maryland. United States Naval Institute. \$3.50.

**THE ALMANAC OF NAVAL FACTS** is a handy reference book about the Navy, particularly those elusive bits of information which are usually only half remembered and always difficult to verify. It contains a calendar of events from 1775 to the present, a complete listing of campaigns, battles and actions, naval explorations, disaster relief, Marine Corps engagements, naval first, and ship losses. Also included is an extensive glossary of naval terms and phrases. The book may be ordered directly from the book order department of the U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland.

**THIS WAS CHESAPEAKE BAY** by Robert H. Burgess. 210 pp. Cambridge: Cornell Maritime Press. \$10.00.

A book devoted to the history of Chesapeake Bay from fossils and Indians to the 20th century. It presents in words and photographs the ships and people of the Bay area — its artist, its last sailmaker, its most famous parson, and the log canoes, oyster boats, schooners and steamboats that have made the history of the Bay. An engrossing compilation of the memorabilia of Chesapeake Bay, whose proponents proclaim it as the perfect boating region.

**MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, SCIENTIST OF THE SEA** by Frances Leigh Williams. 720 pp. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. \$10.00.

The navigational charts published by the U. S. government bear this notice at the top: "Founded upon the researches made in the early part of the nineteenth century by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a

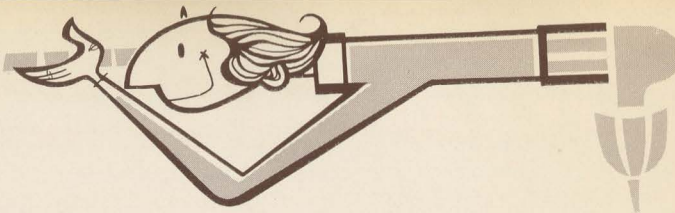
lieutenant in the U. S. Navy." In this way mariners are reminded of the man who revolutionized the navigation of all nations, decreased sailing times with his indications of prevailing winds and weather, and reduced ship collisions. This biography of Matthew Maury, the founder of the science of oceanography, is thorough and scholarly (177 pages of notes and 60 pages of bibliography are appended to the 479 pages of text). The man's life makes absorbing reading, even though the style of this work is less than sparkling.

**PORTRAIT OF A SEAMAN** by J. Inchardi. 256 pp. New York: The Day Company. \$3.95.

**PORTRAIT OF A SEAMAN:** kaleidoscope of a life in vibrant, lucid prose. The men—Moose, Eustace, Ali, Jean—the places—Istanbul, Coney Island, Casablanca—the women, the liquor, the flashes from the past; images tumbling in rich chaos past the eyes of one rootless figure. A portrait of Davy, a portrait of movement; for Davy is a man in transit, physically, spiritually, inescapably. Davy is a seaman.

Creating a deeply personal and subjective portrait, Mr. Inchardi succeeds in giving the reader extraordinary insight into one man. Davy's rootlessness and lack of commitment, the tumult and fluidity of his life are vividly presented in a rapid succession of events as they looked, felt and smelled to Davy himself, and he reflects the rootlessness of all the wanderers of this mobile 20th century, seaman and non-seaman alike. **PORTRAIT OF A SEAMAN** is a moving and penetrating entry into the lives of the sometimes rowdy, often unhappy, always lonely men of the sea.

Mr. Inchardi has himself served aboard various merchant and naval vessels.





In a letter to SCI, the center's administrator, Manuel Perez, noted that the first shipment of 239 books had been received and his organization's ship visitor boarded an American ship on April 19 to distribute some of them to book-hungry Americans.

SCI regularly will send shipments of reading matter to the center which is operated by Spain's Institute for Seamen.

NEPTUNUS REX

*Continued from page 13*

ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP

BE IT FURTHER UNDERSTOOD, That by virtue of the power Invested in me, I do hereby command all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him wherever he may enter into Our Realm.

DISOBEY THIS ORDER UNDER PENALTY OF OUR ROYAL DISPLEASURE

Given Under Our Hand and Seal this 27th day of May

Davy Jones,

His Majesty's Scribe

E. A. Coffin,  
Commander,  
U. S. Coast Guard  
Commanding,  
TANEY

Neptunus Rex,  
Ruler of the Raging Main

rocks. Flies buzzed about. The ocean washed empty on the shore.

The next year they built a new lighthouse, but by that time I had a job in the little town and a wife and a good warm house that glowed yellow on autumn nights, the doors locked, the chimney puffing smoke. As for McDunn, he was master of the new lighthouse, built to his own specifications, out of steel-reinforced concrete. "Just in case," he said.

The new lighthouse was ready in November. I drove down alone one evening late and parked my car and looked across the gray waters and listened to the new horn sounding once, twice, three four times a minute far out there, by itself.

The monster?

It never came back.

"It's gone away," said McDunn. "It's gone back to the Deeps. It's learned you can't love anything too much in this world. It's gone into the deepest Deeps to wait another million years. Ah, the poor thing! Waiting out there and waiting out there, while man comes and goes on this pitiful little planet. Waiting and waiting."

I sat in my car, listening. I couldn't see the lighthouse or the light standing out in Lonesome Bay. I could only hear the Horn, the Horn, the Horn. It sounded like the monster calling.

I sat there wishing there was something I could say.

**Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.**

**25 South Street**

**New York, N. Y. 10004**

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