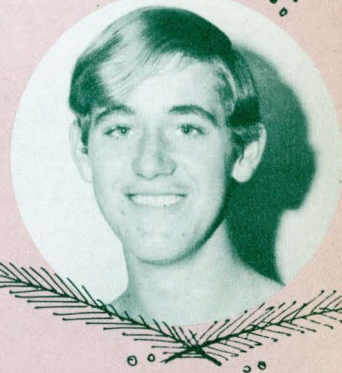
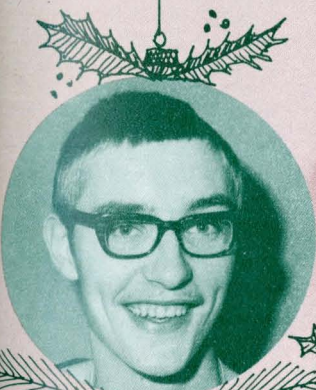
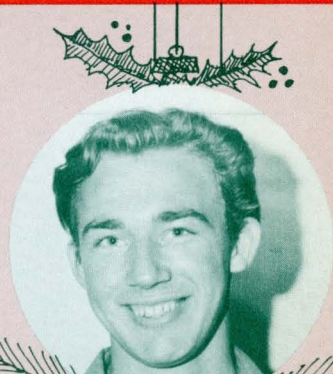


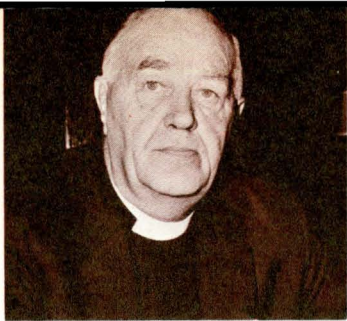


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1970



A Holiday Message

from the Director

The most devastating feeling any man can have is the feeling that somehow he has been forgotten, left out.

Because of you that will not be the case for almost 10,000 seamen. Your concern and generosity will help us to put into their hands a tangible reminder that they have friends who care deeply about them. They will know that this is the true message of Christmas and they will be deeply touched.

For many years the Seamen's Church Institute has, on your behalf, tried to minister to all the needs of seamen. Not only at Thanksgiving and Christmas but every day and night throughout the year. As a reader of *The Lookout* you *know* what is done.

We at the Institute are very grateful for the generous and continuing support you have given us. Because of your known interest we ask at this holiday season, "Could you help a little more?"

May your Christmas be full of joy and the blessings of the New Year beyond anticipation.

THE REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN, D.D.

Director

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

the LOOKOUT

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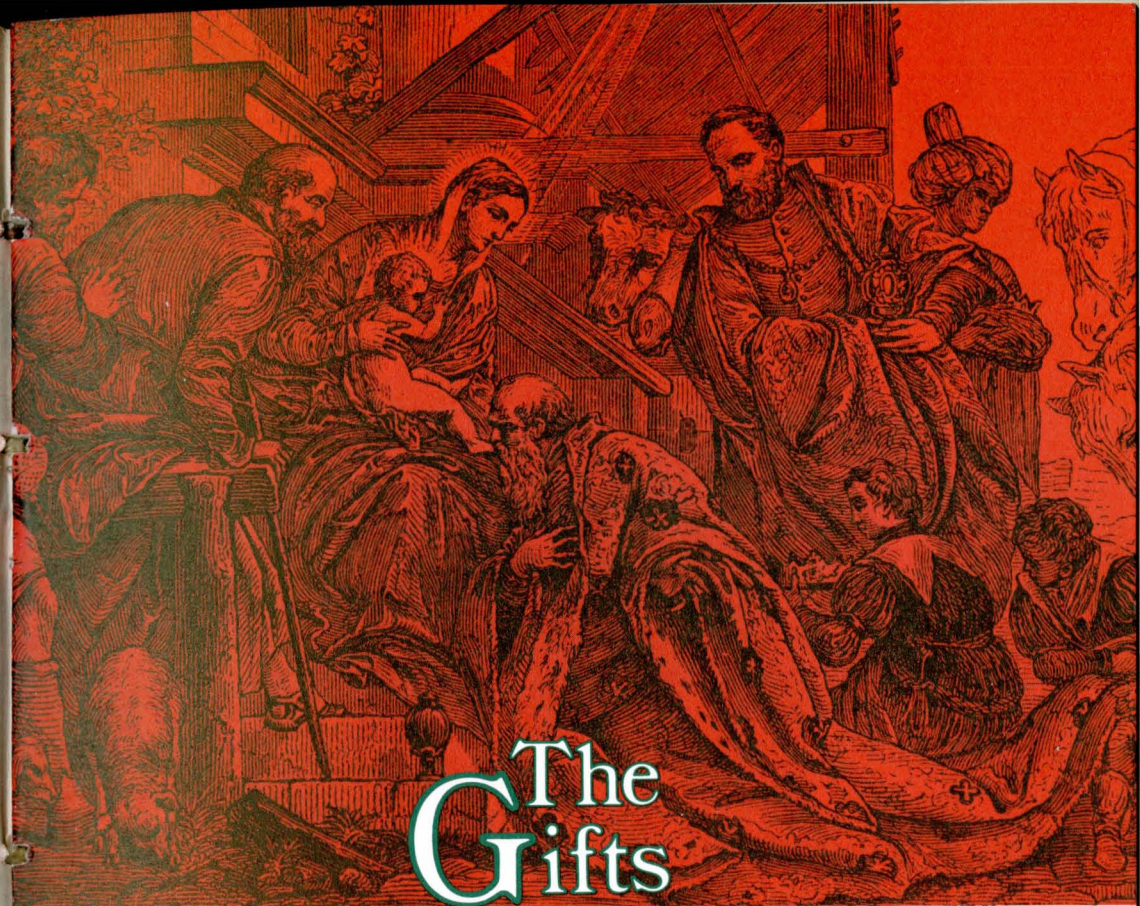
Director

Harold G. Petersen

Editor

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COVER: Faces are those of seamen photographed aboard vessels when SCI's ship visitors called upon them.



The Gifts of the Magi

by Alan P. Major

Today Arabian dhows are still to be seen on the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean, carrying merchandise to and from the ports of East Africa, Arabia and India—as they have done for the past 2000 years and longer.

These seagoing vessels vary from a comparatively small size up to 200 tons burden, with one mast and a large triangular (lateen) sail and sometimes a tent-like structure aft to give some shelter from sun and wind.

But you may wonder—how are Arab dhows connected with Christmas?

The Bible tells how the Three Wise Men gave the Infant Jesus the gifts of

gold, frankincense and myrrh. The latter two items have been highly valued in Arabian countries for thousands of years, used in religious ceremonies, and were usually transported from Africa by Arab dhows.

So it is possible they also carried the frankincense and myrrh which formed part of the gifts of the Magi.

Frankincense and myrrh are natural mixtures of oils, gum and resin occurring in the bark of certain small trees. Frankincense is a fragrant gum resin that is exuded from the bark of several types of conifer trees, *Boswellia certeri* and *Boswellia frereana*, that grow wild on the northeast coast of Africa,



in the almost waterless coastal belt of British Somaliland and Somalia that follows the Gulf of Aden, also in Arabia and mountainous, rugged areas of India. It was believed to be a remedy for several diseases and for this reason was esteemed in Biblical times.

As a resin it is semi-transparent and of a yellowish color and possesses a bitter and nauseous taste. When burned it gives off a strong, fragrant odor, which is the reason for its ancient use in temples. It is still used in Catholic churches and incense is burned in temples in China, Burma and other Far Eastern countries.

American frankincense is obtained from a conifer, *Pinus taeda*, and is a soft yellow resinous solid, with an odor like turpentine. Another kind of frankincense is exuded from the Spruce Fir that is used in our homes as the Christmas tree every year. This frankincense varies in color from white to violet-red and from it pitch is manufactured.

Myrrh is also a gum that exudes from a shrub, *Commiphore molmal* or

myrrha, which grows in Somaliland as the frankincense tree, also in Ethiopia, Arabia and other Eastern countries. By distilling it with water, myrrh yields a sticky, brownish-green oil. Best-quality myrrh is Turkish myrrh; an inferior kind from India is known as East Indian myrrh. The ancient Egyptians used to organize expeditions to areas where myrrh grew, also frankincense, to use it in ointment, as a perfume, and for embalming their dead. Other tribes highly valued it for incense.

From October to February, in Somaliland, the local tribes who own the land on which the wild frankincense and myrrh trees and shrubs grow, make incisions in the bark and let these "bleed". Resinous lumps the size of walnuts exude from the wounds and when hard are collected and taken to the coast by camel caravan.

Almost two thousand years after the journey of the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, both are still gathered as they were then, precious products in the reign of the Pharaohs, and sold in the same part of tropical Africa.

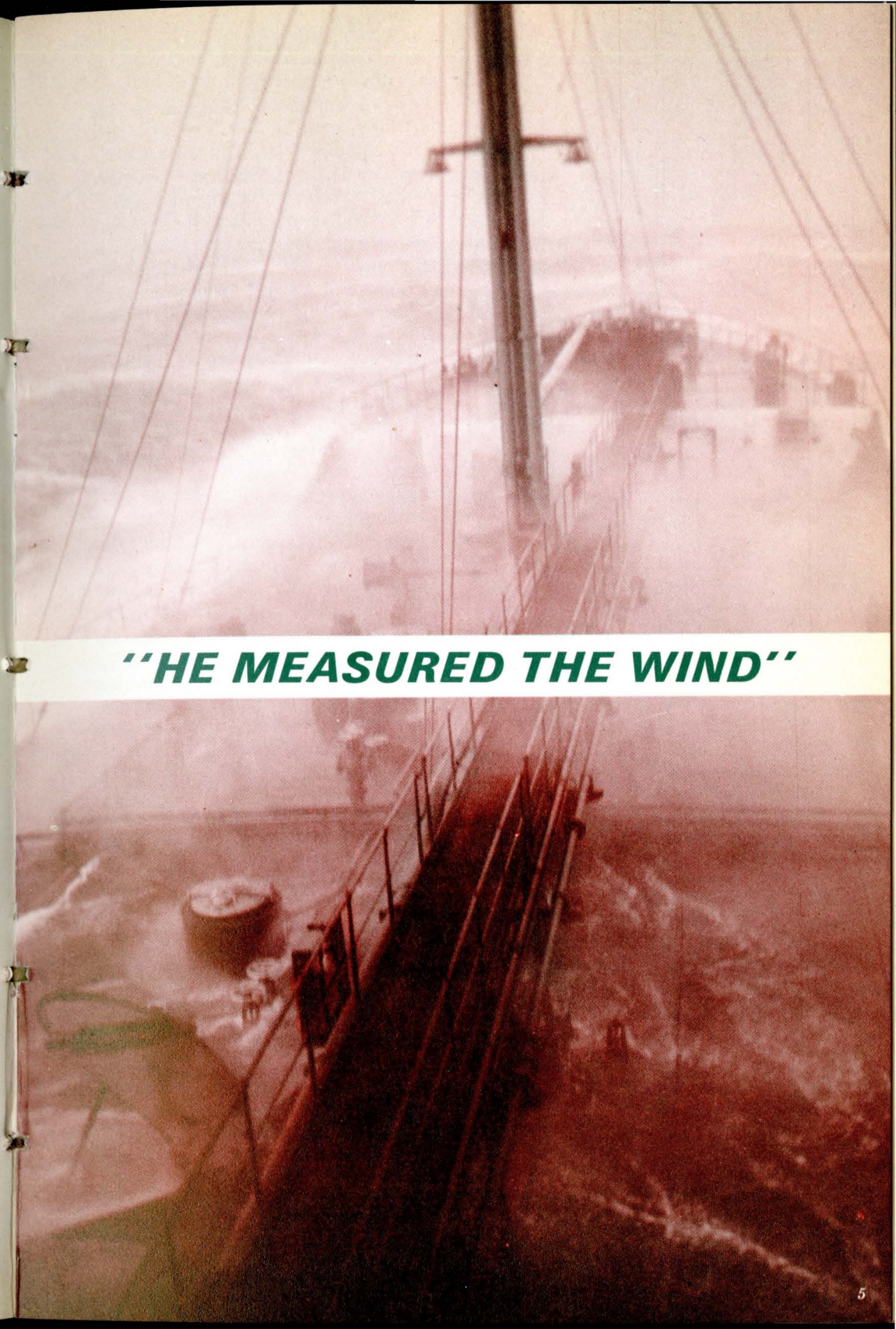
After this they are carried by the lateen-sailed dhows to Aden for distribution to Europe, America and the Far East, from ports such as Berbera, Onkhor, Shallau, Mait, and Las Khoreh.

Even today frankincense and myrrh are so highly valued they are used in religious perfumes in both East and West. The best quality of both go to Italy and the United States, where they are used as the basis for church incense. The lesser qualities go via Bombay to the markets of the East, for incense cones and joss-sticks. Myrrh is also used in medicine as an astringent and antiseptic mouthwash.

As for the Somalis, who are the source of much of the world's frankincense and myrrh, they remain one of the poorest peoples, despite having two of the treasures of the Wise Men offered to Our Lord.

The annual receipt from their trade in both botanicals is only about \$60,000.

"HE MEASURED THE WIND"



by Dorothy Trebilcock

"Who has seen the wind?", a poet wrote. No one, of course. Yet almost since the beginning when men first dreamed of navigating with a sail rather than through the sheer force of their own energies, wind has figured prominently into their calculations.

"Winds up to 40 mph" or "Winds gusting up to 60 knots". These are familiar phrases to anyone even slightly seaworthy — whether he be First Mate on a "laker" plying between Lake Michigan ports, a pleasure sailor in search of a far-off Indies, or the captain of a mighty ocean vessel. Each knows the invisible, elusive wind. Each regards it with hearty respect.

An Englishman, Rear Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort knew about wind at an early age. Born in 1774 in the county of Louth, he was the son of the Reverend Daniel Augustus Beaufort, Vicar of Collon. When he was only thirteen years old, he went to sea on the good ship *Vansitart* bound for Java. Unfortunately for all, and particularly for a young man on his first voyage, the ship ran aground but the crew escaped in lifeboats. Beaufort's enthusiasm was apparently not dampened in the least.

During the Spanish armament of 1790 he was a midshipman of the frigate *Latona* and his service was called "active and splendid." He next served on the *Phaeton* during the retreat of Cornwallis. In 1797 he was made a First Lieutenant and in subsequent battle with a Spanish ship, he received nineteen wounds — three sword cuts and sixteen musket shots. Following this, he was advanced to the rank of commander — at the ripe old age of twenty-three!

An enforced period of "unemployment at sea" found him hard at work establishing a telegraph line from Dublin to Galway. But the sea continued to call and in June, 1805 he was appointed to the command of the *Woolwich*, an

armed store ship.

This assignment took him to the farthest stretches of his imaginings. India. The Cape. The Mediterranean. Spain. Then, having been selected from men of the entire Mediterranean fleet, Beaufort was appointed to the *Fredriksteen* in order to survey the coast of Karamania.

This work entitled "Karamania, or, A brief description of the south coast of Asia-Minor and of the remains of antiquity" was published in 1818. It was actually written during recuperation from wounds suffered at the hands of barbarous pirates who were, perhaps, not interested in historical reservation of their domain.

However, the set of charts prepared for the Admiralty of the coasts of Asia Minor, the Archipelago, the Black Sea and Africa were unequalled. He refused any pay for these manuscripts, contending that he was in his majesty's service and that this work was only part of his responsibility.

In 1829 he was appointed hydrographer to the navy and for twenty-six years he held this post. His name became almost synonymous with hydrography and nautical science. The Beaufort scale, designed when he was captain of the *Woolwich*, was developed because he felt that a more specific and consistent system of weather recording should be made in the ship's log.

In 1846 he became a Rear Admiral and in 1848, in recognition of his long service to England, was conferred with Knighthood of the Bath. Although he was seen always entering the Admiralty offices as the clock struck and working in a dedicated way few men really understood, it would seem that he never really left the sea. He was writing articles on hydrography past his 80th birthday, retiring in 1885 only two years before his death.

At any rate, sailors today who happen to check a rating on the Beaufort scale might like to remember that a young, vigorous Englishman saw the

need to develop that system. Beaufort himself probably joined in numerous choruses of *A Capital Ship* . . . "then blow ye winds, heigh ho . . . a roving I will go". . . during his many years at sea. Though he undoubtedly never dreamed that one day his name — Beaufort — would be so closely connected with those very winds!

LETTERS
TO DENOTE THE STATE OF THE WEATHER.

- b. Blue sky.—Weather with clear or heavy atmosphere.
- c. Cloudy.—a. Descending opening clouds.
- d. Drizzling rain.
- f. Fog.—f. thick fog.
- g. Gloomy dark weather.
- h. Hail.
- l. Lightning.
- m. Misty or hazy.—do so to interrupt the view.
- o. Overcast.—a. The whole sky covered with one impetuous cloud.
- p. Passing showers.
- q. Squally.
- r. Rain.—a. Continuous rain.
- s. Snow.
- t. Thunder.
- u. Ugly threatening appearance in the weather.
- v. Visibility of distant objects.—Whether the sky be cloudy or not.
- w. Wet dew.

Under any letter denoted—Extraordinary degree.
By the combination of these letters, all the ordinary phenomena of the weather may be recorded with certainty and brevity.

b. Blue sky, with detail
g. Gloomy dark weather, b.
q. Very hard squalls.
w. Heavy shower.
See also 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Cover letters accompanying original Beaufort scale and letter system of weather-designation sent to the American Philosophical Society.

FIGURES
TO DENOTE THE FORCE OF THE WIND.

- 0. Calm.
- 1. Light Air.—just sufficient to give . . . Steering way.
- 2. Light Breeze . . . 1 to 2 knots.
- 3. Gentle Breeze . . . 3 to 4 knots.
- 4. Moderate Breeze . . . 5 to 6 knots.
- 5. Fresh Breeze . . . Royals, &c.
- 6. Strong Breeze . . . Single-reefs and top-gallant sails.
- 7. Moderate Gale . . . Double-reefs, jib, &c.
- 8. Fresh Gale . . . Triple-reefs, courses, &c.
- 9. Strong Gale . . . Close-reefs, and courses.
- 10. Whole Gale . . . Close-reefs main topsail and reefed foresail.
- 11. Storm . . . Storm stay-sails.
- 12. Hurricane . . . No canvas.

If the above mode of expression were adopted, the state of the wind, as well as its direction, might be regularly marked, every hour, in a narrow column on the log-board.

From *Philos. Soc. Trans.* 1809
from *Woolwich*

London 14 Aug 1819
John Vaughan Esq
Secretary
Am. Phil. Socy
Dear Sir
Capt Beaufort R.N. Hydrographer
to the Admiralty has sent me some
copies of Light Houses in the British Islands
and France and a table about the weather
and think one copy of each you will please
to forward to Prof. Metcalf and the other
to the Am. Phil. Society.
I am Dear Sir
Your aff. Brother
Wm. Vaughan

SCI's SHIP VISITORS

"When being introduced to people for the first time and during the exchange of amenities they ask what my occupation is and I say I am a 'ship visitor' for SCI, they usually murmur something about how nice it must be to make social calls all day aboard ships—just 'visiting'.

"Well, I try to conceal my exasperation because I know there isn't the time to really explain even a portion of the things a ship visitor does. Maybe we should be called something more apt than a 'visitor'. 'Visiting' is only the tip of the iceberg, so to speak!"

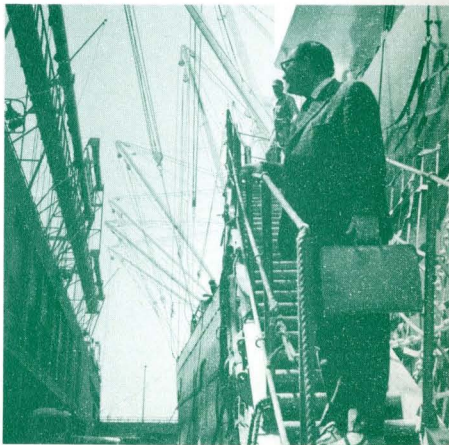
This was the contention of a veteran Institute staffman who has been clamoring up and down ships' ladders along the 650-shoreline miles of the Port of New York waterfront in all

kinds of weather, for quite a few years—calling on merchant, tanker and passenger ships.

The fact is that no matter what they are called or termed, representatives of the SCI have either been coming aboard vessels in the harbor or have been in close contact with seamen through other means ever since SCI's floating Church of Our Saviour was launched on East River in 1844.

The SCI has six men boarding ships along the waterfronts of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabeth and sometimes Bayonne, Jersey City and Hoboken. One of them, not a "visitor," delivers free reading material on board ships in both New York and New Jersey. They get around by leased cars. Before the advent of the automobile, SCI representatives used to reach vessels in the harbor by means of a launch.

The first of these was the *Sentinel*, acquired by SCI in 1908 and sold in 1913 because of its age and unseaworthiness. It was replaced by the newly-built J. Hooker Hamersley, the gift of L. Gordon Hamersley, which began its career for the Institute in 1914 and then was retired in 1921. Not only were the launches the means of mobility between SCI and the vessels in the harbor, but they were also used as training boats for the Institute Marine School students.



Raymond Kenny leaves ship following a call aboard.

The typical Institute "visitor" is married, usually has a small family, sometimes has had sea employment. He may have a "working" knowledge of several foreign languages, but often speaks two or three languages fluently—a great help when working with foreign ships.



Visitor Aldo Coppi (wearing eye glasses) chats with crewmen in their mess-room.

Three men headquarter out of the Manhattan SCI headquarters building; two out of the Port Newark Mariners Center. The Manhattan men are Aldo Coppi (he speaks Italian, French and German), Raymond Kenny and John Shea (speaks Spanish). The Jersey men are Walter Manasewitsch, (he speaks German), and Basile Tzanakis (he speaks Italian and Greek).

Peter Van Wygerden (Netherlands-born and an ex-seaman) is in general charge of the SCI shipvisitors working out of Manhattan, also manager of the Seamen's Club in the Manhattan building. His foreign languages are Dutch, a smattering of German and French. "Enough to get by on," he says. Mr. Tzanakis is the senior visitor of the Port Newark Mariners Center.

In some instances a "visitor" has been calling on the same ships for years and has come to know the individual crew members very well. In other instances, a ship may come to port with a completely different crew each time, with exception of the officers, perhaps.

Each "visitor," although conforming to the same basic pattern of performing the job, seems to go about his work in

different ways—reflecting his individuality.

"But there are certain concepts and ideas which all of us hold in common," said one "visitor." "For one thing, we believe a ship is the 'home' of the crew and that we should, accordingly, handle ourselves aboard a ship as if we were a guest in a land-side home. We aren't selling anything, really, except our sincerity in trying to be as helpful as we can to the crew and we always hope we come across in this way.

"Knowledge—a comprehensive knowledge, I would say—of the cities in the metropolitan area is very important for a 'visitor,' for a number of reasons; we must be able to tell a man where he may obtain certain articles he may want to buy for his wife or children; sometimes we'll buy the things for him. Then, too, obviously, we must know the cities very well so we may accurately direct men to the various points in which they are interested.

(Continued on page 12)



Peter Van Wygerden waves to crewmen as he ascends the ship's ladder.

Merry Christmas

Your friends at the Seamen's Church Institute, many of whom you have never seen and most of whom have never met you, send you their warm holiday greetings. We want every seaman to know that we are his friend and that we share with him a common hope for peace and fellowship among men of all nations in the year to come.

This package and 9,500 like it is the product of Christian love. The love of Christ, brought into the world on this day, touches every man. We hope these gifts will be of use to you and that you will accept them in the spirit in which they are given. When you are in New York or Port Newark, stop in and meet some of your friends. We'll be glad to see you.

Sincerely,

John M. Mulligan
Director

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES DOWN THE SHIPS' FUNNELS BEARING GIFTS FROM SCI.

The saddest among men, perhaps, is the seaman depressed by the monotonous days of a long voyage and who counts the hours, the days when he can return to his family and friends from whom he has been cut off completely for a protracted period.

Few poets, if any, have completely illumined the deep feeling of desperation, the overwhelming pall of despondency often experienced during the Christmas holidays by men aboard ships tied up at foreign or domestic piers, or at sea . . . men thousands of miles from their homes, bound to their work by the fetters of shipboard duties and responsibilities.

The staff of the Institute know how seamen react to this trauma because it has the substantial knowledge of mariners acquired through the Institute's over-a-century experience with these men.

It is from this deep well of special insight — and compassion — for the men of the sea which motivates the SCI

in one of its major special projects — a collective endeavor requiring a year's time of preparation by staff and several thousand volunteers.

This monumental task is known as the "Christmas Boxes for Merchant Seamen." Its climax is when almost 10,000 Christmas boxes, each hand-packed by volunteers from the Women's Council of SCI, are distributed aboard ships in the ports of the New York area during November.

Around 100,000 of these famous boxes have been distributed by the SCI staff shipvisitors (men who call regularly on ships in the harbor in behalf of the Institute) within the past ten years. These gifts are quietly taken aboard and stowed away by a ship's Mate until Christmas Day when they are given to crewmen as the Big Christmas Surprise.

This traditional SCI custom has delighted seamen for over a half century, the proof being the stacks of appreciative letters received by the Institute

from seamen following each Christmas, some describing details of the joyous, sometimes hilarious scenes aboard the ship when the packages were opened — be it on the open seas, in a foreign port, even in the Arctic or Antarctic.

Each package contains eight or nine individually-wrapped gifts carefully selected for their suitability for seamen. The most valued among these by mariners is most always the hand-knitted woolen garment which may be a watch-cap, muffler, sweater or gloves knitted to specifications by the hands of volunteer SCI knitters located in every state of the country.

(Almost all of the wool used by the knitters is provided by them.)

The letters invariably praise the hand-knitted articles; some of the letter-writers are obviously emotionally affected by them . . . that some unknown person took the time to knit an article for an unknown mariner. Something "personal." Other seamen write to tell of the humorous incongruity of receiv-

ing a knitted muffler while the ship happened to be steaming in the equally steaming tropics, but quickly adding that the woolens will be needed when the vessel works its way back up into the frigid northern waters.

In addition to distribution of the packages to merchant ship crewmen, these cheery symbolisms are also brought to the bedsides of ill or injured seamen in the hospitals of the New York area.

The cost to SCI of the gifts is considerable.

Nonetheless, since the unswerving purpose and function of the Institute is the welfare and happiness of seamen, it continues this unique and traditional Christmas box, knowing it is fulfilling a precious need . . . for the human spirit.

And hoping that SCI's supporters might like to make a monetary gift to help move the project along more easily



(Continued from page 9)

"Tankers, especially, also container ships have very fast turn-arounds now and the men sometimes don't have time to get ashore much.

"So we sometimes have to scurry around pretty fast to accommodate them—something we are always happy to do, of course, for all seamen."

"While, through our ship visitors, we can bring certain services to the men aboard a ship, we can do much more for him when he lives with us because most of our resources are at our buildings," commented the Rev. Dr. John M. Mulligan, the Institute director.

"We can get to know the man while

he is staying with us and he can get to know us. We have, on our premises, not only the physical equipment and recreational programs designed for the special needs of mariners, but the staff people trained and ready to help him with the sometimes unforeseen and unique problems peculiar to seafaring.

"Not all seamen have problems, deep-seated or otherwise, but a number of them do — some brought on by long absence from land, perhaps. We have specialized staff people to deal with the serious problems and the minor ones usually vanish by the restorative act of renewed contact with landmen in the relaxed atmosphere

of the Institute.

"Sometimes, of course, after a lengthy period of confined shipboard living with other men, the last thing a seaman wants after he sets foot on land again is to be forced into close proximity again with others. When our staff people spot such a man they don't coax him — we don't coax anyone to do anything — into group activities. We let the man make his own choices... always."

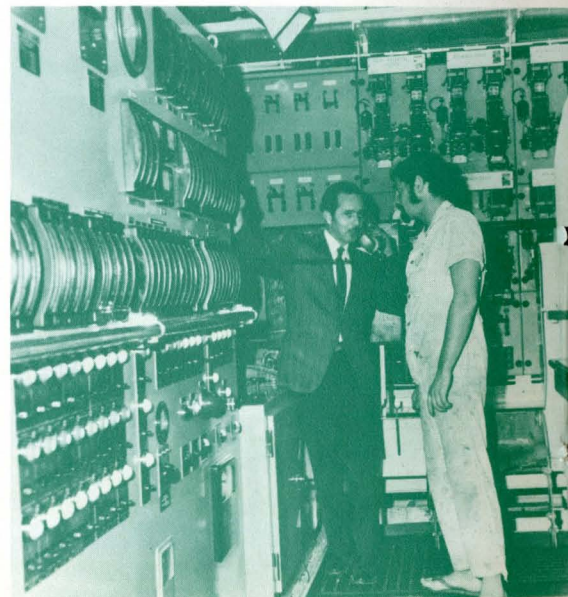
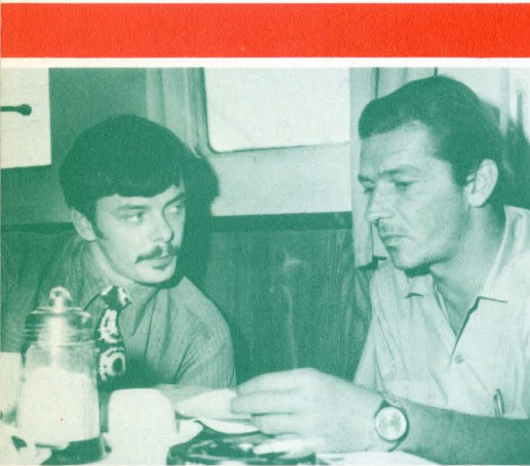
The technology of moving goods and materials speedily by sea grows by bounding leaps. A spectacular example is containerization. And who is so brash as to predict there will not be

even more dazzling technological applications in sea transport?

Whatever may come in the decades ahead and by whatever name or designation, skilled seamen will be required to operate the complicated thing called a ship.

And so long as there are mariners, the best friend of the seamen in the New York port area will continue to be his loyal friend on the shore — the SCI shipvisitor, the man who knows him best.

Story and photography
by H. G. Petersen



1 SCI man John Shea (left) confers with a ship captain on arrangements for an inter-ship soccer game.

2 Walter Manasewitsch (left) calls on the Second Mate in the ship's bridge to plan transportation of the crew to an SCI dance.

3 SCI's Port Newark Mariners Center.

4 Basile Tzanakis, in the engine room of a vessel moored in Port Newark, has some of the electronic equipment explained to him by a crewman. A ship's engine room is usually uncomfortably warm — which is why the crew working in this part of the vessel are lightly clad.

5 The *J. Hooker Hamersley*, last harbor launch owned by SCI.

6 The *Sentinel*, first harbor launch tied up near an Institute floating church, probably near Pike Street in Manhattan.

It is a coastline of shipwreck, treasure, and diamonds. For 250 miles along the sandy desert edge of South-West Africa between Walvis Bay and Lüderitz, dead ships, pirate loot, and precious stones lie buried.

Not even among the isles of the Spanish Main or the Pacific is there such strong evidence of hidden hoards, or of the grim fate which has overtaken scores of treasure-searchers approaching from the sea.

Sandwich Harbor — called Port d'Ilheo by the old slave traders who made it their base — is the first romantic lagoon the treasure-seeker should visit. He must sail southward from Walvis Bay to reach it. One of the first things he sees beyond the sand spits at the narrow entrance is the rotting hull of a sailing vessel, now used only as a landmark by passing shipmasters.

She used to be a slaver. She has square gun ports and clipper bows, and even in decay there clings to her splintered decks an atmosphere disreputable and sinister.

Once there was a factory here for preserving meat bartered from the Hottentots. There were also houses, stores, workshops. But the restless dunes, moving like snowdrifts, covered everything with thousands of tons of fine, gritty sand.

In the shallow harbor are two islands and hordes of seabirds. Where birds flourish there must be fish, and indeed salt fish and guana are still the products of Sandwich Harbor even today.

Here, somewhere, lie the remains of the treasure ship *Falmouth*, an East Indiaman with holds crammed with gold and precious stones. The ship, according to records still preserved in

London, left India in the middle of the eighteenth century, after Clive had captured Delhi. Her cargo consisted of the jewels and riches of the Great Mogul. It was one of the biggest fortunes ever to be transferred by sea.

She had just rounded the Cape of Good Hope on the last leg of her homeward run when the swift north-flowing Atlantic current gripped her, and the thick coastal fog blinded her. The tired, scurvy-stricken crew could not save its ship, which struck on a reef "in the shape of a crescent" and had to be beached to prevent foundering.

Her crew unloaded the treasure, said to be worth almost \$5 million even in those days, and foolishly buried it in a sand-dune above high-water mark. They then tried to escape by marching along the barren beaches to Walvis Bay.

Only three survived. One officer who eventually managed to reach England handed the East India Company a map showing where the treasure was buried.

But the dunes change week by week.

Every storm in that desolate region shifts the sand into a new pattern of razor-edged canyons and gullies. Even at that time it was realized that a search for the lost East Indiaman's precious cargo would be doomed to failure. The riches of the Great Mogul still await discovery under the sands of South-West Africa.

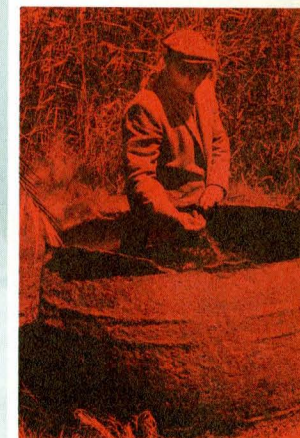
The coast of the neighborhood of Sandwich Harbor is strewn with the timbers of wrecked ships and the driftwood of centuries. Diamond prospectors, camping at Sandwich Harbor in the days before all prospecting was banned, used to send Hottentots out

COASTLINE OF FORBIDDEN HOARDS

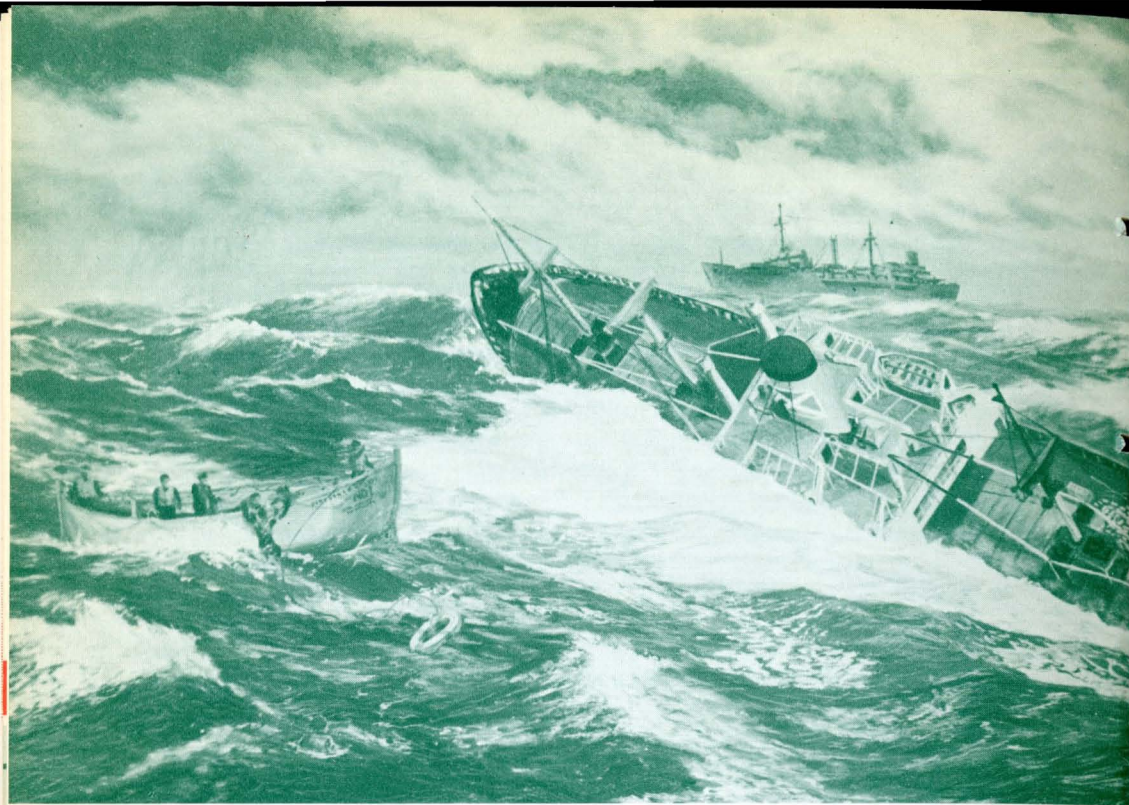
by Paul Brock



Four-wheel drive vehicle (lower left corner) is dwarfed by mountainous sand-dunes rising from the desert floor.



Relic of early whaling days on Sandwich Harbor — an old iron blubber pot being examined by the only resident living in this remote area.



with carts to collect firewood. One boy returned to his employer in great excitement with a story of a ship he had found, large enough to provide firewood forever.

The prospectors started out that night with lanterns in the hope of finding something even more valuable than diamonds. The story was true. Projecting from the side of an enormous dune, the stern-walk of a galleon black with age showed up in the lantern light. That this must have been an ancient wreck indeed was proved by the hand-carved oak on the stern.

An attempt was made in the first light of dawn to excavate the whole stern of the ship, but the prospectors were constantly threatened with the collapse of a great sand dune looming steeply over them. Finally the dune collapsed, making a rumbling sound of warning that sent every man scurrying out of danger.

Soon afterwards a cloud came billowing along the desert coast. Not a rain

cloud, for rain does not fall once in five years on that coast. It was a dust storm, a stinging rain of fine sand driven by the wind at fifty miles an hour.

While it raged they lay on their faces struggling for breath. And when it had passed, they saw that every trace of the old ship had been wiped out, buried beneath a mountain of sand. Nothing less than an army of men could move it. The hull of the ancient ship still rests there, possibly holding a treasure that would startle the world.

South of Sandwich Harbor at the little oasis of Meob, a prospector named Geldenhuis used to work. Washing for diamonds one day, he was astonished to find gold coins and diamonds mixed with the gravel in his sieve. The coins were the size of English sovereigns, and many bore the clear mark v.o.c. — the stamp of the old Dutch East India Company.

The find supported a legend quoted by Hottentot beachcombers to the effect that a big sailing ship had once an-

chored off the coast. Sailors landed, made a great hole in a hill, covered it over again, and then sailed away.

When the timid Hottentots came out of their hiding places, they found dead men on the dunes. The Meob oasis still has the reputation of being haunted.

The pirate legend is also supported by drawings and carvings left behind by the little Bushmen of South-West Africa. Elsewhere on the Dark Continent this primitive art is usually confined to representations of men with bows and arrows and of wild animals. The Bushmen's caves, however, reveal sketches of ships on fragments of ostrich shells. The detail of these drawings is sufficient to show that the sailing craft depicted were of a very old type.

Somewhere in the ghastly dunes further south, inland from Conception Bay, is "Bushman's Paradise." It is said that a German soldier during World War I lost touch with his patrol during a sand storm, and was found at the point of death by a wandering band of Bushmen. They took him as a captive to a secret oasis and treated him kindly.

At the oasis there were diamonds in enormous quantities. Children literally played marbles with the beautiful blue-white stones. Water was plentiful, Hottentots even established a stronghold there for cattle.

The German soldier escaped, obtained his discharge from the army, and raised money for an expedition to "Bushman's Paradise." He was found dead, weeks later, with a Bushman's arrow through his heart. In his pocket was a map with the route to the treasure-spot drawn in, and several rough diamonds.

There are so many men alive today who swear that they have personal knowledge of this remarkable story that some foundation for it probably exists. Several expeditions have set out in search of "Bushman's Paradise," and lives have been lost in the attempts, but so far the elusive treasure-house

of diamonds has not been found.

Sylvia Hill is the next landing on the treasure voyage-scene of the wreck of the steamer *Limpopo* in 1929. The twin peaks of Sylvia Hill mark the cemetery of many fine ships and crews who perished from thirst in that burnt-out, sun-stunned wilderness. There is water, but few know where to find it. You must dig at the north-west foot of the hill until the hole you have scooped out fills with fresh water from some underground stream. From time to time prospectors have placed crude noticeboards at this spot describing how water may be found, but the hot "Soooopwa" wind of the desert has blown them away.

In that climate, where the mercury rises to 130 degrees and there is no patch of shade, lack of water means certain death. Human skeletons that appear and disappear at the whim of the winds around Sylvia Hill tell their own grim story.

Twelve miles to the south of Sylvia Hill are Easter Cliffs, high and rugged, with the hull of the steamer *Balgowan Castle* still gripped firmly by the rocks at the base. She carried many cases of candles in her cargo, and for years prospectors supplied themselves with candles from her hold.

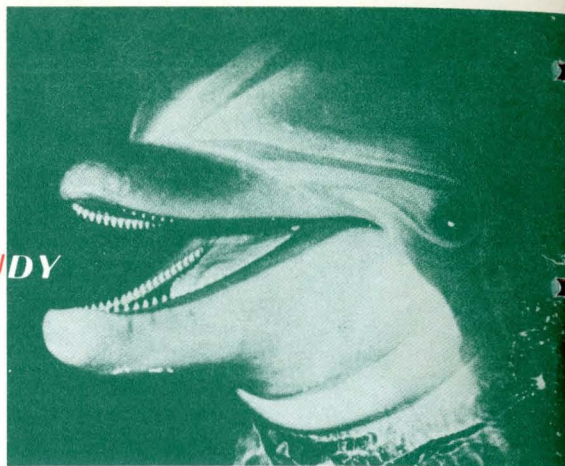
Pirate literature tells us Captain Kidd's greatest haul, looted from ships homeward bound from India, was lost at sea. Kidd's own log says so, but there are some who think he made a fictitious entry.

He could have hidden the treasure on the coast of South-West Africa, to avoid sharing the spoils with his backers in England. Kidd did not know that he was to be hanged at Tyburn for the chance murder of a mutinous seaman.

Somewhere among the bones of all those dead ships on the desert coast, the treasure chests of Captain Kidd may await discovery. Meanwhile, men will continue to dream of ways and means of conquering this savage country to reap a harvest of unbelievable wealth.

(END)

THE PORPOISE OF A STUDY



Ocean scientists, working both at the U. S. Naval Oceanographic Office and in all oceanographic endeavors, are looking to the porpoise to provide them with new insights in how to develop more effective sonar systems — man's principal eye to what lies beneath ocean waters — and to use these acoustic systems more efficiently.

The gentle porpoise, known as the most intelligent of all sea life, has an amazing built-in sonar system, one that may help it to communicate with other members of its species and also sound its way through dark ocean depths.

While swimming and playing on or near the surface, porpoises, as everyone knows, apparently "talk" through a combination of squeak and whistle. While this "chatter" interests Navy scientists, they are even more interested in the complex nature-given system the porpoise apparently uses to chart a course through ocean depths.

The animal, they said, emits a variation of clicking sounds, apparently as a means of navigation, after diving deep in the oceans. The porpoise can transmit these clicks at frequencies up to 170,000 cycles per second, which is a frequency ten times higher than man can hear.

It emits these clicks in a scanning motion and apparently listens for echoes emanating from the clicks, all while swimming forward. The animal seems to know instinctively that the time interval between transmittal and receipt denotes the distance of an object. The porpoise then relies on the strength of the returning echo to give it direction.

Navy scientists are studying the porpoise's natural sonar capabilities with a view to using knowledge gained from their investigations in salvage and rescue operations.

"Where is Oodnadatta —?"

The letter reprinted at right was recently sent to some of the friends we had not heard from in quite a while.

When replying, many asked for information regarding the location of the cities mentioned.

How is YOUR geography? Check the list, then compare your answers with those listed on page 19. If you have three out of five correct, your score is excellent.

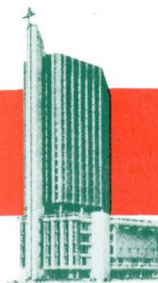
LONGITUDE
67° E
67° E
135° 28' E
56° 05' W
40° 2' E
00° 16' E

LATITUDE
39° N
27° 33' S
15° 35' S
32° 5' N
29° 14' N

Approximate position.
SAMARKAND, KAZAKH, U.S.S.R.
OODNADATTA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA
CUIABA, WEST CENTRAL BRAZIL
RUTBA, WEST SYRIAN DESERT
TIMIMOUN, WEST CENTRAL ALGERIA

Answers to City Locations —

FOUNDED
1834



Seamen's Church Institute of New York

FIFTEEN STATE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10004

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND -
IN SAMARKAND?

Dear Friend:

Do you have a friend in Samarkand, or Oodnadatta, or Cuiaba, or Rutba, or Timimoun? Probably not, for these are places far from ports, on land remote from the sea. But you do have friends, by the thousands, wherever ships sail, or drop anchor. They are the merchant seamen, around the world, you have helped in the past by supporting the services of the Seamen's Church Institute.

We hate to lose a friend, and so do the three hundred thousand seamen we help each year--we beseech you therefore to rejoin the "Fellowship of the Seven Seas"--to be part of the future, as you have been part of the past.

With the aid of your contribution, we will successfully continue our tradition of spiritual and material ministry to the men of the sea.

Thank you, and may God bless you for your generosity.

Faithfully yours,

John M. Mulligan

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.
Director

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

15 State Street

New York, N. Y. 10004

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IN

THE SPIRIT

OF THE SEASON WE

INVITE YOUR SPECIAL

CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WE MAY

MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER FOR MANY

LONESOME MEN FAR AWAY FROM HOMES AND

FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOLIDAY HOME WITH

US. IF YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS YOUR

BROTHER'S BROTHER, PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY TO HELP

US IN OUR WORK, ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT DURING THIS SEASON

WHEN JUST HAVING A FRIEND MEANS SO MUCH... NOT ONLY TO OUR

AMERICAN SEAMEN. BUT

TO HUNDREDS OF SEA-

FARING BROTHERS

☒ VISITING WITH ☒

US THIS YEAR WHO

NEVER HAVE EXPERI-

ENCED THE WARMTH

AND FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTMAS