

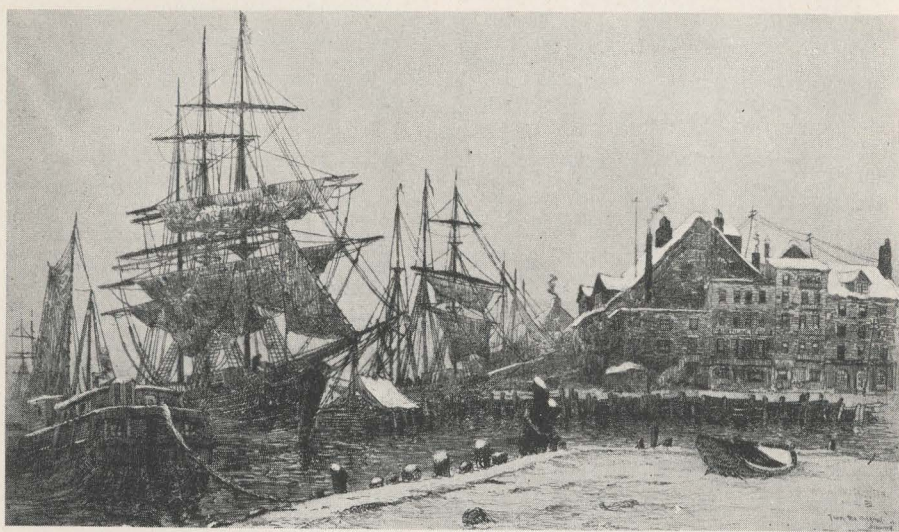


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

FEBRUARY-MARCH 1968



the LOOKOUT

Vol. 59, No. 2 February-March, 1968

Copyright 1968

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: 269-2710

The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President
Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

Harold G. Petersen
Editor

Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. 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 new SCI building has been superimposed on "A View of New Amsterdam", 1626-1628. From the J. Clarence Davies Collection. Reprinted by permission of the Museum of the City of New York.

In spite of recent explorations toward the unimaginable, uncolonized vastnesses of space, still thought by some to offer the solution to problems of world over-population, the striking fact remains that man's greatest unexplored resources lie in the sea.

For over seven-tenths of our own planet lie drowned by the still virtually unknown sea. This extends deeper than the highest mountains rise above the earth's surface and, theoretically at least, is available for development from every land-mass. Some 320 million cubic miles of water represent an enormously rich and potentially useful "inner space" so far largely untapped, but which logically ought to be explored and harnessed to our needs before we venture out to the moon and the planets.

Until very recently, man had discovered extremely little about the sea. He has always regarded it with fear and awe, believing water to be a medium totally alien to the human way of life — treacherous, dark, unpromising.

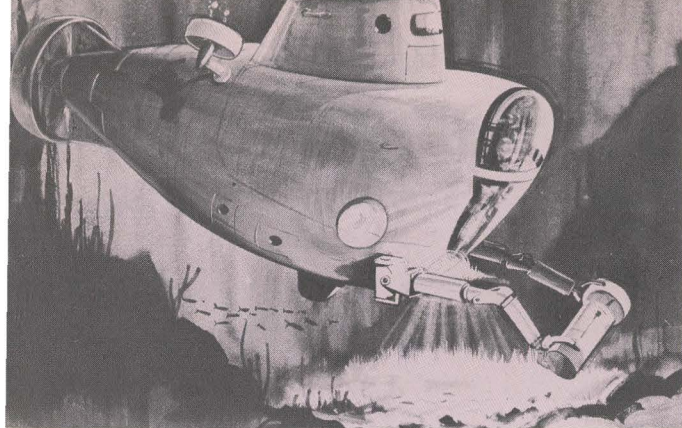
The very strangeness of being in water has for so long delayed research into the sea's many physical mysteries. Man can dive unaided only a brief distance into the deep; even with the latest diving and survival equipment he can

still penetrate only a fraction of the sea's maximum depth.

But for all this, human beings have long accepted the sea as a means of transport and travel. Ships are part of the whole story of civilization, which today is preserved, at least in part, by the secret underwater security patrols of unseen atomic-powered submarines.

What is required — and most urgently — is a combination of this old familiarity with the sea's surface with a new, open-minded probing and exploring and exploiting of the sea's numerous resources as an ally of human life. In the sea, then, in spite of age-long fears and doubts and much contemporary scientific apathy, mankind may yet find future salvation, in unrealized sources of food, raw material, wealth, fuel, power, fresh water for both drinking and land irrigation, perhaps even a new realm to colonize and dwell in.

Take food for a start. According to Professor Ritchie Calder, although man has always recognized the sea as a source of valuable food, its food resources are grossly neglected and we are still at the cave-man stage in our use of its potential, hunting the sea creatures instead of husbanding them.



This two-man deep-diving research and work submarine, is one of a pair being built. Each sub will be equipped with a pair of manipulators to perform a variety of underwater tasks. The vessels are designed to operate to a depth of 6,500 feet.

Hunting and gathering fish must give way to controlled farming of fish and other sea creatures, perhaps in sea-ranches as big as Great Britain.

Fjords, lochs and sea inlets could be fenced off by underwater electric or air-bubble fencing. Nuclear power could warm cold waters, and artificial fertilizers be added to them to encourage the growth of fish food.

Alternatively, using an idea of Sir Alister Hardy's, the rich decaying store of compost on the sea bed could be raked up and stirred back into higher levels of the sea to provide all the fish food that would ever be required, even by huge sea-farms.

Star-fish, which at present eat a lot of this sea-bed nutriment, would have to be destroyed as pests. So far, oysters, confined chiefly to the tables of the world's rich, are the only seafood effectively farmed.

Many authorities believe that not only can unlimited stocks of edible fish be raised in underwater ranches, stud-farms and prairies, but within a generation, other larger sea creatures could be domesticated and controlled for human needs. Possible candidates include the highly intelligent dolphin, which might well become the range-rider of the seven seas, the manatee and its close relative the dugong, or sea-cow, and whales, from the largest blue whales to ten-foot long pilot whales.

All could feasibly be herded and reared where required. Dugongs might

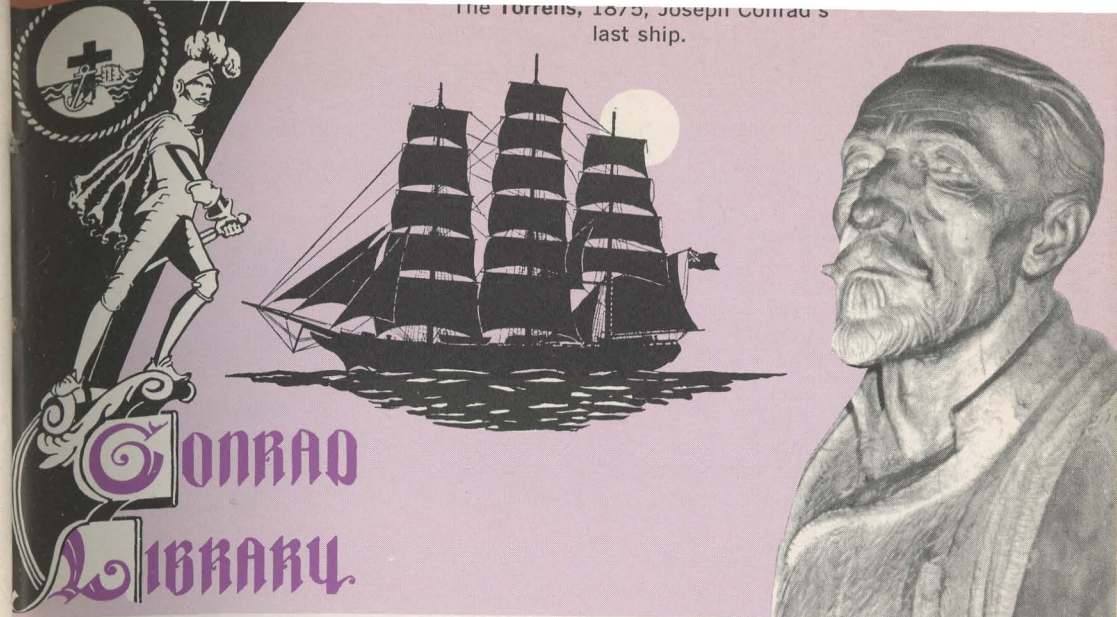
well be trained to swim up great rivers and destroy, by eating, the pestiferous water-hyacinth, at present choking the rivers of Asia and Africa.

As for raw material wealth, every ton or even every gallon of sea water contains a virtually wasted proportion of many minerals, including iron, potassium, magnesium and gold. So far only magnesium has been extracted successfully on anything like a useful scale, yet the oceans remain potentially invaluable liquid mines, not only for metals but for coal, oil and other fuels. Oceanographers and marine biologists have already revealed a little of the great, immediately needed wealth that lies beneath the waves.

The first structure in deep water in the race for North Sea oil and gas has, for instance, been installed off the German coast and was completed as recently as the middle of last month. A four-pile template, weighing about 100 tons, will be used in conjunction with a drilling unit and helicopters employed for the crews servicing the well.

Even more striking to the imagination is the liquid wealth in plain fresh water that lies almost for the taking in every gallon of salt sea water. The late Karl Compton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, once declared that if only 10 per cent of the money spent on developing the atomic bomb (\$200 million) had been allocated to this problem, then we should now have produced an economically feasible

(Continued on page 11)



When the Institute undertakes its shake-down cruise in late spring at 15 State Street, one of its notable components aboard will be the Joseph Conrad Library which will observe its thirty-fourth birthday in May.

This library, as one might expect, includes a special and considerable number of volumes relating to all facets of seafaring; a sizeable section of marine reference books utilized heavily by SCI's Marine School students; hence the library is heavily patronized by both the young and the older salts. Then there are, of course, books usually found in general libraries, fiction, magazines and other periodicals.

The library now has around 6,000 volumes in its collection, about 5,600 of them catalogued.

The assigned space for the library at State Street will allow for more stacks than is the case at present, consequently an increase of the collection is anticipated. However, a limited library budget will preclude a significant increase — immediately, at least.

Instead, the Institute hopes donations of quality books will come from interested persons; that some will make financial donations for new book

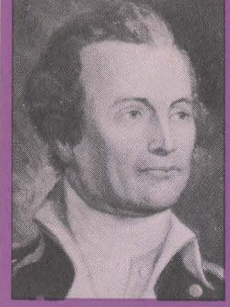
acquisitions or special library equipment needed in the new location.

The library also collects books and other reading material which are placed aboard visiting ships for the crewmen by SCI's six ships' visitors working from Manhattan, Brooklyn and Newark.

The average seaman, the library personnel say, is an omnivorous reader whose tastes in material span the gamut. Many, upon coming ashore, immediately head for the Conrad Library, to immerse themselves in reading and as a respite from the constricted ship life. More than one seafarer, it is said, has become so absorbed in his reading in the library that he missed his outbound ship.

Several familiar artifacts in the South Street library will undoubtedly be included in the State Street library decor. Among these will be the Burmese Halduwood bust of Conrad carved by sculptress Dora Clarke of England and designed in the manner of a ship's figurehead.

Christopher Morley was the featured speaker when the Conrad Library was dedicated the afternoon of May 24, 1934, the event attended by a group of distinguished guests.



General John Glover

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE



by Abbie M. Murphy

The painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" may not be a work of art, but it is certainly familiar to every American. It was part of our childhood, when a print of it hung in nearly every room of every school.

There is a story behind the picture which reveals a little-known side of history.

Marblehead, Massachusetts is an old, seacoast town. Its harbor is one of the most beautiful small harbors in the world. Its 17th and 18th century houses still stand, clinging tenaciously to the rocky ledges on which the town was built. Settled in 1629, it was the leading fishery in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Among Marblehead's patriot sons of the Revolution was General John Glover, whose home at 11 Glover Street may still be seen. It was he who organized the famous "21st regiment," a group of hardy Marblehead fishermen recruited for duty on water as well as on land. It was he who hired and fitted the "fleet" — six fishing schooners. Glover's "amphibious regiment" proved to be well able to handle either flintlocks or halcyards.

It was General Glover's "men of Marblehead" who rowed Washington and his troops across the Delaware on that Christmas night of 1776 to fight

the battle of Trenton, where they defeated the Hessian troops. They also forced the British to retreat from Princeton on January 3, 1777, a few days later. The group really constituted America's first Marine unit.

One of Marblehead's historians, George A. Billias, described the crossing as follows:

"An angry wind roared down, churning the river waters and making difficult the handling of pitching craft. The river was high; the swift and surging current was littered with ice."

At the point of crossing the Delaware was only 1,000 yards wide. All the seamen's skill was required. The huge ice-cakes, hurtling downstream, almost smashed their boats. But they succeeded in their task.

The victories at Trenton and Princeton were strategically very important to the success of Washington's "Jersey Campaign" and were a real turning-point toward victory for the Continental Armies.

"All our hopes," wrote the British Secretary of War, "were blasted by the unhappy affair at Trenton."

George Washington never forgot the men of the 21st regiment. He visited Marblehead after the war, and was en-

(Continued on page 14)

Settings

FROM THE LOG OF AN SCI HOSTESS

IT WAS A DREARY, rainy day outside with snow and slush. The early arrivals huddled under the TV set and others settled down in the snack bar for a cup of hot coffee. At night the atmosphere was cheerful because Emile's trio did a lot to lighten the mood. The seamen and volunteer hostesses arrived when the downpour was at its worst, but nothing dampened their spirits. They met the new club director, Mr. Frank Abbema, who was introduced by our departing Chaplain Russell Brown. The evening turned out most pleasantly.

WE HAD A VISIT from a seaman, now retired. He brought his cousin into the club and he took her on a tour of the building. He was reminiscing about all the good times he had had in the Institute for many years. The dance was well attended and the volunteer hostesses made a very pretty picture wearing the corsages we provided for them and which they enjoyed immensely. The orchestra was in excellent form so the dance was a big success.

THERE WAS A LOT of activity in the Club tonight. The movie "The Sea Around Us", written by Rachel Carson, was well received and appreciated by the seamen. Our young German boy came in to say goodbye and to tell me how nice everyone had treated him at the Institute.

THE DANCE WAS LIVELY with the Charles Frend orchestra providing the music for the many couples on the floor. We had quite a few foreign seamen. There were Greeks from the **Alcyron**, Portuguese and Spaniards from the **Grundsunda**, Englishmen, Chinese, Japanese and Canadians from the **World Harmoner**, Panamanians from the **Waconda**, Pakistanians from the **Al Hasan**, Indians from the **Vishna Prabna**, also Italians from the **Portoria**. Among others we welcomed the Germans from the **C Schulte**, the **Cadiz** and the **Karina**, also Hollanders from the **Cartargo** and the **Alchiba**. There were Icelanders from the **Hofsjokull** and one lone Venezuelan from the **C de Valencia**. It was a busy evening.

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON we were kept busy selling cards, souvenirs and composing letters for the seamen writing home. The game room was the center of activity. At night a large audience viewed and applauded an excellent film, introduced by Douglas Whiddon, entitled **Down To The Sea In Ships**. We had three foreign seamen, two Englishmen from the **Tilapa** and a Portuguese from the **Dolomit**.

THIS WAS A VERY PLEASANT day and evening at the International Club. Shortly after we opened we had a visit from a former seminary student who worked here during the summer. He is now a Chaplain and in Georgia permanently; he was on a visit to New York and came back to the Institute for a look around.

THE USUAL AFTERNOON activities consisted of playing pool, billiards, ping pong and watching TV. The only foreign seaman was a German from the **Barenstein**. The evening was made pleasant by an excellent seaman pianist who gave us an hour or two of Gershwin and Stephen Foster tunes.

THERE WAS a nice group of seamen in the club this evening. The game room was well-occupied. We also had small groups gathered around the tables chatting and snacking. I noticed one very young boy who had a cast on his arm, sitting alone on the settee. I sat down and spoke to him and discovered he had been on a ship bound for South Africa, but had broken his arm and was sent to the hospital. However, he was going back to Germany next Tuesday. He was very thrilled at the prospect of going home. This boy was only sixteen years old. I introduced him to a young Swedish boy. They got along fine together because they had something in common: The young Swedish seaman had just been released from the hospital too.

WE HAD A FINE CROWD watching the movie. After this event I spoke to quite a few of the men and they all agreed the movie, **The Wreck of The Mary Deare**, was really worth watching. I also talked with some of the young men who were shipping out tomorrow in the Navy. Their families were in Connecticut. Both parents and the men were very grateful to the Institute for looking after them while in New York. They were very nice and really looked like young school boys.

MANY OF THE MEN today watched television or were busy reading. One young seaman seemed anxious to talk and an interesting conversation resulted. It seems he heard the opera which the Institute arranged for seamen last week and thoroughly enjoyed it. He had the impression that people who run these places don't think the seamen are intelligent enough to understand opera. I told him my own brother, who is a retired seaman, is an expert on the art of opera.

the way it was - for the Men of the Sea ...



Photo by Thor Dahl. Photo taken Christmas day aboard ship in Port Newark.

I'm not used to writing letters like this, but I would just like to thank you for the small gifts that were sent to us by you. It's nice to know that the jobs we do, no matter how small, are appreciated. When there are people like you back there thinking of us, our jobs seem more important and less lonely.

Again, my fellow shipmates and I say thank you.

On the first day of Christmas we had on board of this ship a brief get-together with a speech of the captain and a record with Christmas carols. But you should have seen all the happy faces of the different crewmembers when everyone of them had to come to the Christmas tree to receive a box with nice presents. Everybody was so happy. And everyone was so surprised.

I don't know if there are some others who will write to you. I don't think so, because life in a ship is so busy and most of the boys don't know enough of the English language to write in it. But I assure you that every member of our crew has enjoyed it with all his heart. And we are all very grateful to you and to all the other members of your staff and all others who made this

work possible. It must have been a tremendous lot of work 9,600 packages, but I assure you, it is worth while. Every seaman appreciates it from the bottom of his heart.

Several hours ago, the gifts which you supplied were distributed. Seamen, as you know, come in various sizes, shapes, age and color. At heart, every man is a child.

The efforts of you and your generous staff produced some happy children this day.

On behalf of myself and shipmates that for untold reasons neglect to express their gratitude by mail, let me thank you.

Before I explore the Christmas package I received from the Church Institute I will use the first item, this stationery, to thank you for your kindness. Without your gift this would be the first of my 24 Christmases without some package under my tree.

Many, many thanks from one of the 9,600 who received, appreciates, and certainly will enjoy the Merry Christmas box of "goodies" from the Institute!

Torrents of letters from seamen aboard ships in the oceans and ports of the world continue to pour into headquarters of SCI's Women's Council to thank Council members for their Christmas boxes distributed to the seamen on these ships last December.

Letters come from vessels of all nations, from ship captains to individual crewmen, from Vietnam-bound freighters to those plying the North Atlantic.

Some of the foreign seamen have difficulty writing in English and their letters do not read easily. But there is no mistaking the sincerity. Portions of a few of the letters are printed here.

It is truly a wonderful and comprehensive assortment of thoroughly useful items — although I glory in not having to use the excellent quality watch cap and scarf at the moment — it is delightfully warm here in Lourenço Marques, Mozambique!

We had a wonderful Christmas party aboard the German *MV. Wolfsburg* off the shores of Newfoundland on our way to New York. Santa Claus came aboard and distributed all those wonderful Christmas parcels you had given on board during the ship's last stay in New York. This was a very unexpected surprise for all of us and we want to thank you and all your friends who made this possible. Many, many thanks for all those kind and useful presents, you gave to us. This great amount of gifts showed us that there were more people than only our relatives who were thinking of us during the Christmas holidays even though we were far away in the stormy Atlantic. We shall never forget your kind generosity.

I want once again to send you the sincere thanks of my crew and myself for your wonderful Christmas packages. To think of people unknown by us

going to this much trouble and thoughtfulness to please strange seamen at Christmas is most gratifying . . . when I wear my fine warm sweater I always will have a warm feeling for your organization. . . .

May God reward you for this good work.

I know that there are many women, mothers and children thinking of the seamen which are on sea on Christmas evening and can not be together with their family. Some of them even can not light a candle when the sea is rough and they have to do their duty.

But I did not know, that there are people, who think of this seamen although they never have met them.

It was a pleasure to see the happiness in the eyes of the grown-up sailors, when they unpacked your gifts and put on a pull-over, a cap or a pair of socks.

I write this letter on behalf of the officers and crew of the above named British ship at present in the port of New York, to express our grateful thanks for the Christmas Gifts placed on board on 24th. inst.

The fact that these gifts were so unexpected made them so pleasantly surprising on the breakfast table on Christmas morning, and so very much appreciated, and the personal touch of the cards enclosed made us feel that although away from home at this particular time of year, makes us realize that it is not a case of "out of sight, out of mind".

I wish to thank you for the Christmas gift which has been sent to me aboard the *S/S Santa Maria*. I wish to enclose my best wishes to all of you fine people who have made the thoughts of Christmas a pleasure.

I have been a seaman for 19½ years. I am now 42 years old; this is the first time I have ever been thought of at sea at Xmas.

the strange case of the



by James M. Powles

The morning of October 23, 1880 dawned over Wales with clear skies and a soft breeze. In the harbor of Cardiff the small steamer *Ferret* rode gently at anchor. Aboard, her boilers were being fired up and her crew was busy making last minute preparations before leaving for the Mediterranean.

When everything was in order, she slipped her moorings and headed out of the harbor.

The *Ferret* had been chartered out by her owners, The Highland Railway Company, to a "Mr. Smith" for a Mediterranean cruise. At first the officials of the Highland Company were hesitant about chartering their pride and joy to Smith who appeared to be on the shady side. However, their fears were calmed when he said he was a close relative of W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Some three weeks after departing Cardiff, the *Ferret* passed the Rock of Gibraltar and disappeared into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In due time the steamer was listed overdue and eventually posted missing by Lloyds. All concerned presumed the *Ferret* and her company had been lost.

The little steamer was not lost, however, but very much extant. The "disappearance" had been carefully planned by Smith, the ship's captain, Wallace, and purser, Carlyon.

In an out-of-the-way port, the *Ferret's* crew went to work repainting her decks and superstructure white and changing her funnel from white to black. Her name was scraped off everything from her bow to ship's bell and in its place the name *Benton* was written. Every effort was exerted to assure that nothing except the silhouette of the *Ferret* looked the same.

By bribing and threatening the crew, Smith was able to secure its help in the fraud. He now said his name was "Henderson."

After the change was completed, Smith steamed the *Benton* back past Gibraltar at night so that she would not be detected and across the Atlantic to the port of Santos, Brazil. Here he managed to secure a charter for 4,000 bags of coffee for Marseilles, France. After spending Christmas and New Year's in Santos, the *Benton* left port on January 9th with coffee bags piled high in her hull, supposedly for France.

Several days out of Santos, the *Ferret* underwent a second change. The name *Benton* was scraped off and replaced by that of *India*. This done, Smith changed course from France and twenty days later reached Capetown where he sold the coffee for a tidy profit. The *India* then left Capetown and steamed to Port Louis in Mauritius where she was dry-docked and needed hull maintenance done.

The *India* now moved to Albany, West Australia, to take on coal and supplies. Smith then decided to go to Port Philip, Victoria, in hopes of finding another cargo. At Port Philip Smith ran into a problem; the pilot insisted the *India* be moved to Melbourne where she anchored close to the Williamstown shore.

At Williamstown, Smith and the captain went ashore in hope of contracting a cargo. Smith left orders with the purser to have the crew keep the fires going and to be ready to sail at a minute's notice; someone in the large port of Melbourne might recognize the *India* as the *Ferret*, or some of the crew might jump ship.

Smith's apprehensions were well-founded. A police constable did notice the *India* and reported to the authorities that she bore a strange resemblance to the missing steamer *Ferret*.

A party of police led by the Commissioner of Trade and Customs boarded the *India* and found sufficient evidence to warrant detaining the vessel.

THE KEY TO TOMORROW IS IN THE SEA (Continued from page 4)

method of desalting sea water to make the deserts of the world prosper and many hungry millions well-fed.

Here indeed is one field where scientists might well be induced to "think big" in terms of both projects and costs. A suggestion of the American, Dr. Roger Revelle, recently was for nuclear power plants 25 times as big as anything yet built. Not only would these produce electric power of staggering cheapness: They would also yield fresh water from sea water, 1,000 million gallons of it a day, at about 10 cents per 1,000 gallons.

The key here lies in the element deuterium, found abundantly in the oceans, yielding unlimited power in the form of electrical energy released by fusing its atomic nuclei into helium. Drawing such resources from one area of sea alone, according to Dr. Revelle, would



At the subsequent trial held in Melbourne, the full story of the *Ferret*, alias *Benton* and *India*, was revealed. Found guilty as charged, Smith, whose real name was Bernard, and the *Ferret's* captain, William Wallace, received jail sentences of seven years each while the purser received three and a half years.

The most unusual part of the fraud and the reason for the light sentences was that the trio was tried only on charges of changing the ship's name illegally, and for cargo fraud. An option-to-buy clause in the ship's charter contract saved them from facing stronger charges of grand larceny.

enable the southern shores of the Mediterranean to "become again what they were in Roman times but with crops, such as fruits and vegetables, of particular value in our economy." Ben Gurion's command to Israeli scientists to "sweeten the seas and harvest the desert" may well prove to have a more practical application than hitherto imagined.

Once man can overcome his emotional blocks to the deep, the possibilities of his venturing and, indeed, living beneath the waves become immediately more real. The recent feats of Jacques Cousteau in living under the sea, are helping to bring this re-thinking nearer as a practical possibility.

His plans to construct underwater villages and homesteads at comparatively shallow depths on the Continental shelf, are pointing the way to the last

(Continued on following page)

and ultimate offer the sea may well make to mankind—that of a new, unimagined realm to colonize and exploit through scientific control.

If a dwelling with an atmospheric pressure equal to that of the surround-

Such a man would have his lungs completely filled with a balanced saline solution to neutralize them and remove the underwater danger from a gas-filled cavity of the body. Oxygen would be supplied to him by diverting blood

Photo: Robert B. Goodman of National Geographic Society. ©



ing sea water could be built on the seabed, men could live in it in comparative comfort without danger from the increased pressures on their fragile bodies. By donning breathing apparatus they could go out to work in the surrounding areas on the bottom.

Already the only difficulties raised by such an idea, those of the final decompression routine when the men return to land and the exact mixture of gases (helium, nitrogen, oxygen) used in their underwater compartment are, according to the Royal Navy's Director of Medical Research, "well on the way to being solved."

Cousteau himself has already gone further in both plans and prophecy. At the 1962 International Underwater Conference in London, he put forward the notion of underwater man, a person so adapted to a submerged existence that he would be completely independent of breathing air and so could exist in the sea like fish, a kind of *Homo sub-aquaticus* who, far from being a retrogression to prehistory, would be a highly skilled marine technologist.

"from a convenient vessel" and oxygenating it inside a kind of artificial gill strapped to his chest. In fact, his "breathing" would correspond to that in the lung section of the already well proved heart-lung machine.

Biologists working at the University of Leiden, in Holland, have already proved the physiological feasibility of all this by making many valuable experiments, which encourage the hope that man may yet be able to overcome the traditional difficulty of breathing under water. Such experiments will continue in the future and lead to even more hopeful results.

Aquatic men would, of course, be able to supervise and control all the above uses of the sea's untapped resources, by remaining submerged for much longer periods than have so far proved possible by any other means, including diving bells. Once the profit angle on such activities is realized, they will come about.

Then, and only then, will man's total partnership with his own planet have been achieved.

out of the sea came he

by Joyce Somerset

I never see bananas without remembering the time some were presented to me in mid-ocean in the middle of the war. It was a presentation watched by the entire manpower of two ships sailing alongside each other in a war-time convoy.

My fiancé had sailed from England to take up an appointment as First Lieutenant of a corvette, a small naval vessel used to protect convoys from enemy submarines.

I was due to leave very shortly en route for Beirut in Syria, where I was to work at the British Legation.

Before my fiancé, John, had sailed, he gave me the number of his ship so that I could contact him, just in case, by some strange chance, we ever met up in the Middle East.

It was with mixed feelings that I left London. There was the exciting prospect of visiting the Middle East, but there was also an inexpressible sadness at leaving a London so cruelly ravaged by the blitz. Almost a feeling of reproach that I was leaving at this time the city where I was born but had only recently known how to love.

After heart-rending goodbyes, I sailed from Liverpool, under cover of great secrecy, due to the ever-increasing attacks by enemy bombers. In fact so discreet was our departure, that as we sailed out into the darkness we could hear the faint whine of the sirens, and we knew that Liverpool, and not ourselves, was in for another pounding.

Our small 7,000-ton ship was one of a huge convoy. There were twelve passengers aboard. Another young woman and myself, the only females, and ten Army and Navy types.

I think we were all nervous that first night at sea. It was a disturbing ex-

perience peering over the side of the ship in the uncanny stillness of the night, wondering if a sudden swift torpedo might send us hurtling into eternity.

The uneventful days turned slowly into weeks.

Sometimes I talked of John to our ship's Captain, who had a daughter of his own, and whom he said I so closely resembled. Then one morning as we sat idly on deck, revelling in the warmth of the tropical sun, a message came through from the Captain telling me the ship I had been dreaming about — the one my fiancé was in — had been sighted on the horizon.

This was electrifying news.

No thought had ever crossed my mind about the possibility of our ever passing each other at sea — or even being in the same convoy. But sure enough, far out on the horizon a tiny speck of a ship could be seen with the naked eye, its number barely discernible through powerful binoculars. My fiancé's ship!

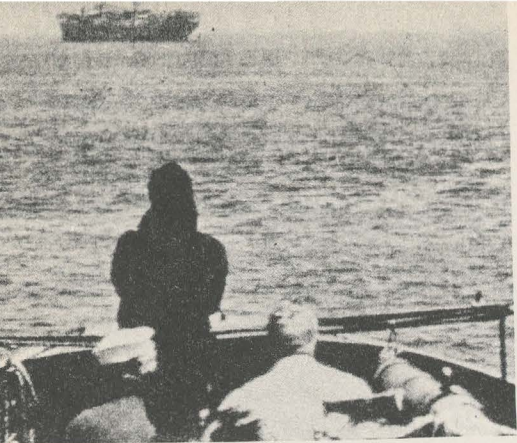
On seeing my wild state of excitement, our Captain, a man of great humor and understanding, decided to send a signal to the Commodore of the convoy.

It said, "Please inform Lieut. Somerset that his fiancée is aboard this ship."

We watched the message being flashed to the corvette, and after a brief interval, back came the answer.

"The ship with Somerset aboard will come alongside at 1600 hours."

My memory fails me as to how those hours of waiting were passed. I know that when at last I saw that small dot on the horizon moving swiftly and nimbly towards us, it seemed unbelievable. I was trembling with excitement



again, the first since the war began. I said "thank you!" by shooting across some fairly recent copies of my magazines.

After what looked like some earnest consultation with his Captain, John announced that his ship would come alongside again first thing next morning, and with that they sped away to the far end of the convoy.

Next morning I had another thrilling experience, this time exchanging our mail. Then we said our farewells, amidst loud cheering from the crews of both ships as we moved off. Our ship was leaving the convoy to continue to Nigeria alone.

It was many a long day before we grew tired of talking of this episode.

Strange, isn't it? In the midst of a grim war, two ships met in mid-ocean, greeted each other and exchanged the pleasantries which meant so much to the people concerned.

Neither John nor I knew at that time if we would ever meet again.

We did! In South Africa. We were married in Durban a few years later.

like a school-girl.

The corvette approached near enough for John and me to speak through a megaphone to each other, though what we said was scarcely private! Both ship's companies were lined up on their decks watching us, and giving us the benefit of some humorous backchat.

John shouted across to ask if I would like some fruit, an almost forgotten luxury in war-time, and on my eager acceptance proceeded to shoot some across to our ship by rope line.

It was wonderful to see bananas

THE STORY BEHIND THE PICTURE (Continued from page 6)

tertained at the Jeremiah Lee House, the finest mansion in town.

Marblehead was very proud of its part in the crossing of the Delaware. Last summer, in a "special exhibition of maritime Marblehead", at Peabody Museum in Salem, many Glover items were shown.

One most interesting exhibit was an oil painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware". It was described in this way:

"Attributed to Emanuel Leutze (1816-1868). One of the several studies executed by Leutze in preparation for his large, famous painting now at Washington Crossing Park, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

"The oarsmen are Marbleheaders, members of John Glover's Marblehead Regiment."



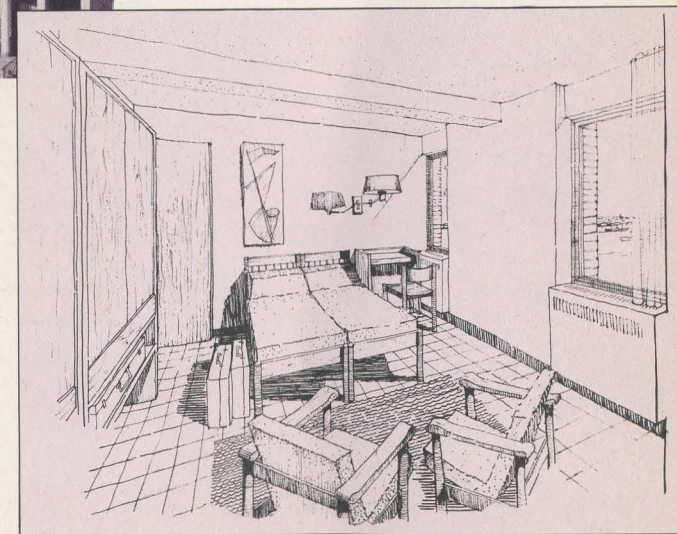
Home of General Glover in Marblehead, Mass.

Up on Marblehead's Old Burial Hill, among the graves of the Revolutionary heroes, there is a large, simple stone which reads as follows:

"Erected with filial respect to the memory of the Hon. JOHN GLOVER, Esquire, Brigadier General, the late Continental Army. Died January 30th, 1797, aged 64."



Building as it appeared January 2, 1968. Temporary elevator staging at front of structure and contractor's hoisting engine on sidewalk have since been removed.



Architect's sketch depicting typical double bedroom in new SCI State Street building.

Construction work on the State Street building will — barring unforeseen obstacles — be practically completed around March 1, according to representatives of the prime contractor, the George A. Fuller Company. Only some finishing touches will then remain.

As this was written, metal lathing and plastering of rooms was well under way as was installation of millwork, telephone conduits, chutes, ceramic tiling, erection of some "curtain" walls and fitting of hardware items.

Stained glass windows for the chapel were scheduled to be installed around the first of February. Assembly work on elevator cabs and placing them in the shafts is going forward.

Even though the basic building work will likely be completed by March 1, some time will elapse before the building can be opened to its seamen and seawomen patrons, it was predicted.

All equipment will first have to be tested, furnishings distributed and arranged, food stocks stored — to name but a few tasks which must be done before the State Street building can be made ship-shape.

VIBRATION

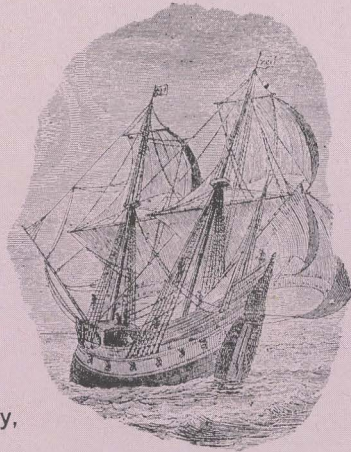
There's something in me of the stuff
That made Columbus sail the rough and briny sea.
Such deeds have set my soul afire
With dreams of danger, and desire
To make brave history.

Could I be in some distant realm
I'd take my place beside the helm
Courageously.
I have no fear of the unknown
And wish I could have sailed alone
Heroically.

The reason that I didn't go
Is proven by a fact I know,
And no dark mystery.
For Fate has deemed that I must stay,
And sadly state the salty spray
Is not for me.

I long to navigate the ocean.
What stops me is, I feel the motion.

Lucille Jean Medwick



WHITE FLARES

High, high,
the clouds have burst!
wind has strewn their frothy sweep
across the sky:
thick folded fleece of sheep,
chrysanthemum rockets,
dinosaur's bleached ribs;
long waves of mammoth swells —
all with the fluted curves
of the tide-washed shell;
which lifted to the ear
significantly hums
with life beyond the sphere.

Kathryn Wolcott

