

the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

JULY-AUGUST 1975

THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

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

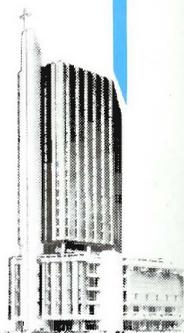
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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

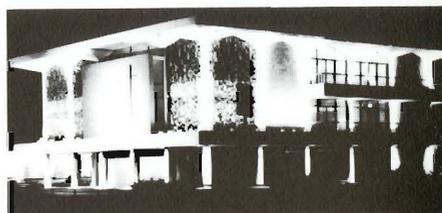
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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

Although 61% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

Vol. 66 No. 6

July-August 1975

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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 copies 50c. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Cover Photo: Courtesy U.S. Naval Academy Museum.

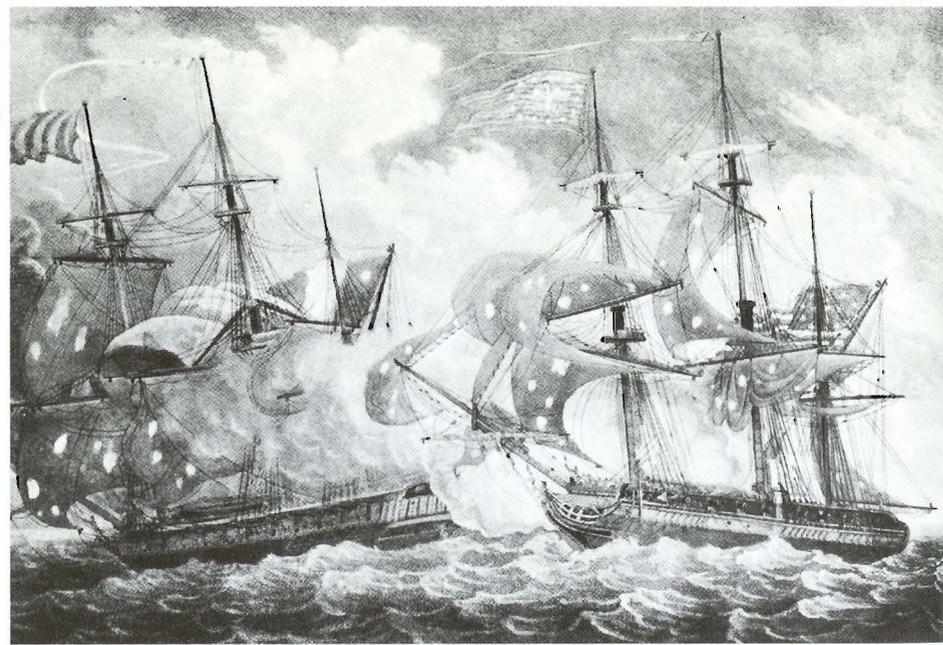
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US ISSN 0024-6425

PHOTO COURTESY U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY MUSEUM

The Revolutionary War At Sea

by Raymond Schuessler



THE Revolutionary War was fought at sea as well as on land. Washington knew that sea power would bring tremendous advantage to the land armies and spent more than a little time on sea strategy. Without proper use of sea power he realized that the Revolution, in spite of victories ashore, could fail. Only when he got the large fleet he wanted, plus help from the French fleet, did the Americans gain some control of the shoreline and thus gain the final victory at Yorktown. As Washington wrote: "What efforts are made by the land armies, the navy must have the casting vote in the present contest."

The British Secretary of War, Viscount Barrington vigorously believed that a strict enforcement of a blockade and a systematic destruction of American shipbuilding facilities could bring the Americans to their knees.

That could have been true if a tight blockade had been effected. But England never could spare enough ships to do so.

The war, after all, was not just a war against the American colonies. England had gained ascendancy over the French and Spanish and these rivals were not too happy about the ranking. On the seas England had to be prepared for skirmishes against Spain, France and even Holland, all of whom had entered the war even if only as hit and run adversaries.

Britain knew, however, that America was not capable of building a huge fleet of ships and cannons to set-up in formation against the might of the British armada. But she did realize that the raiding privateers such as John Paul Jones and other coastal ships in America could cause considerable damage to her shipping. As it was, the Americans did more than that.

American ship yards were adept in adjusting to building naval ships and many ships were produced of good speed and maneuverability. Finding seamen was no problem since most of the American settlers had come from the maritime nations of Europe and had a touch of sailing

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in their heritage. But adjusting to naval warfare was another story and the apprenticeship was long and costly. As Washington wrote: "The plague, trouble and vexation I have had with the crews of all the armed vessels is inexpressible. I do believe there is not on earth a more disorderly set."

When opposition raged in Congress to the formation of a Continental Navy - a Virginia delegate, George Wythe exclaimed, "maddest idea in the world." "The Romans built a fleet from scratch and managed to destroy Carthage."

The naval war all began on June 11, 1775 when the British schooner *Margaretta* was boarded at Machias, Maine. Oddly enough, the British captain and his officers were attending church that Sunday, June 11, 1775 when the attack was hatched. The British officers getting wind of it, jumped out of the pews and ran to their ship followed by a mob of sickle waving farmers. Though they made it to the ship, the battle had just begun. The Americans boarded two tiny vessels and gave chase. They boarded the British ship, killed the captain, and the crew surrendered. This was the beginning of the naval war that was to contribute so much to American victory.

At the beginning, the only cannons the Americans had were in forts and those land batteries they could take from the British. Sometimes ships used to plead with other ships to "loan" them a cannon or two. Crude American foundries tried desperately to make the guns needed but there just wasn't enough time or production facilities at the beginning to produce the amount needed.

Early in the war the Americans raided the Bahamas for arms and powder (George III prohibited the export of gunpowder and warlike stores to America in December of 1774). Esek Hopkins was the commander of the small fleet of 4 ships which included the ambitious John Paul Jones as Lieutenant. Here they found 71 cannons, 15 mortars and 24 barrels of gunpowder but missed "procuring" 150 more barrels which had been transferred the night before.

Sailing back and reaching Rhode Island, they met a British ship *Glasgow*, and a fight ensued. The plucky British ship out-manuevered and outfought the four Continental ships and escaped. For this, Esek Hopkins was court martialed and retired. Not an auspicious beginning for American naval hopes.

Perhaps America's best battle at sea was fought by the privateers. These were private ships fitted with cannon and manned by merchant seamen. The great lure of working on these ships — and plenty of fighting seamen were needed by both the new Navy and the privateers — was the prize money offered. When an enemy merchant ship was captured all the cargo was split, the biggest take going to the owner, but a huge chunk was also divided among the Captain and crew. One voyage could make rich men out of most everyone.

In one instance, after the capture of Havana, over 700,000 pounds was divided, 120,000 going to the admiral alone. When John Paul Jones captured the *Serapis*, his officers and crew shared \$26,000. Compared to the \$6.66 a seaman in the U.S. Navy of that time received, or even a captain's \$60 per month, this was a quick fortune.

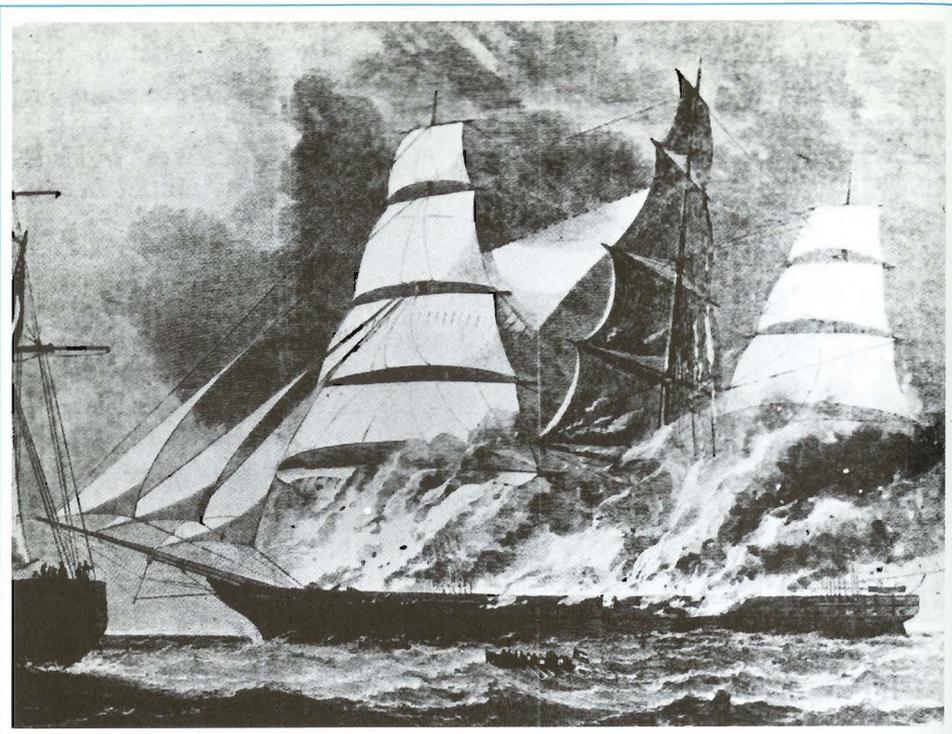
Over 1000 British ships were captured by the privateers and although the total effect on the war may have been small it was a constant torment to British shipping.

The Americans realized that they could not hope to defeat the British Navy, but they knew too that they could cause havoc in England by destroying or harassing their trade. As effective as the raids of John Paul Jones were along the English coast, it was also the small forays against British shipping and settlements along the American coast that helped defeat the enemy. These early American ships raided both shores of the Chesapeake Bay and the rivers emptying into it, to "search out and attack, take or destroy all the enemy naval forces that you may find." They did the same along the Carolina coasts.

Surprisingly, the traitor Benedict Arnold fought valiantly during the early stages of the war and was instrumental in building a small navy on Lake Ticonderoga to forestall the British from cutting the colonies in two, should they have used that lake as in invasion route. Arnold had a company of men at Crown Point and Skenesboro in October 1776 and built a crude squadron of small ships to fight the British. These included row galleys 72 feet long and 20 feet at the beam, but strong enough to carry nine cannons. He also built flat-bottomed gondolas 45 feet long that could carry three guns.

In the battle, Arnold and his makeshift fleet were defeated. Eleven of his sixteen ships had been captured or destroyed, and 80 of his men killed or wounded. But the effect of the battle was immensely important to the outcome of the war. Because Arnold had chosen to build the American lake fleet, the British had to waste time building a fleet too. Thus time, and the battle itself, had forced the British to delay the siege of Ticonderoga because of the coming winter. Had the British been able to take Fort Ticonderoga easily in the summer they could have gone on to Albany and perhaps prevented the loss at Saratoga. Then the





British could have joined up with Howe's forces advancing up the Hudson. At that point in time, it could have put so much pressure on Washington that all consequent battles could have ended differently.

When the British took Philadelphia under the brilliant General Sir William Howe in September, 1777, he knew it could only be held if Delaware Bay could be kept open.

The Americans, in an effort to hold out the British, set crude ship obstructions under the water, ingenious corrals of stones holding an iron-tipped log at an angle in order to penetrate the hull of any ship that rode into it. On shore a fort was designed to discourage any attempt to remove the traps. But the British, by taking the fort first, were able to tear down the traps.

It might be noted here that in the attack on Fort Mifflin by the British, sometimes referred to as the flimsiest fort ever built (it had stone walls on only two sides) an incident took place which crumbled

some sombre historians. It seems that the fort's biggest cannon, a 32 pounder, had no ammunition and the men were offered five ounces of rum for every cannon ball of that size that they could retrieve that the British shot into the fort. At times there were two dozen men standing in the center of the fort chasing rolling cannon balls for the gun, just as kids today stand outside a baseball park for home run balls.

All the while, the American fleet - small as it was, could have made the battle tough for the British in trying to take the fort. Instead, they hung back while the British lined-up four ships in front of the fort and blew it to smithereens with 86 guns firing 2000 shells an hour.

It was a grand land defense by the outnumbered Americans, perhaps the greatest of the war and the British knew now what an indomitable fighting spirit they were up against. As General Nathaniel Greene had said, "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again."

When Fort Mercer located further

north fell, the Americans had to burn their small fleet of six ships which they had been afraid to commit to battle. It was a sad day for the Americans and re-cremations were many.

David Bushnell, after losing his submarine went on to devise floating mines to bedevil the British Navy. He fastened his mines to kegs which floated the mine submerged just below the water. When a ship pulled one of these strange devices aboard, it went off, killing and wounding many. As a result, the British began firing cannon at every floating object within sight, they were so frightened of these exploding devices. Even pieces of driftwood were blown out of the water with intense cannonading.

American newspapers of the day called it the "Battle of the Kegs" and great meriment, songs and poems were written about the hysteria aboard British ships to the amusement of everyone but the British — who still doubled the watch and continued to bombard every floating stick for years.

One of the grimmest aspects of the sea war was the foul prison ships off the Long Island shore where lay anchored, whole flotillas of stinking, deteriorating hulks that rotted human bodies suffering from disease and lack of proper nutrition. For seven years the dreaded hulks lurked there and over 11,000 American seamen died in those obscene holds.

These British prison ships were a living hell. Sometimes an old war ship was stripped down, her gun ports nailed shut and prisoners packed so deep that every morning the dead were laid out like garbage.

One survivor wrote: "Men were in rags, covered with filth, shriveled by disease and hunger, wide-eyed with horror at death all around them."

In early 1778, the French thought they saw the tide of the war favor the Americans. They made an alliance, at first secret but then open, with the Americans and sent a French fleet under the control of the Comte d'Estaing. Britain was alarmed because this meant that their once meek colonies had allied themselves

with all of the European countries who would welcome a chance to recover their American colonies.

But the Americans were delighted. However, the French commander was not the warrior the Yankees expected. He took 85 leisurely days to arrive and allowed an inferior British fleet to escape.

The French finally cornered the British fleet off Sandy Hook, N.J., but the commander declined to attack and sailed away. Next he sailed to Newport, Rhode Island, a strategic harbor which the British controlled.

D'Estaing prepared to attack. The British, alarmed by a superior force, entered the inner harbor, while other ships were sunk to block the channel. The French landed 4000 troops to reinforce the 10,000 Americans against the British force of a mere 6000.

Then who should appear off the horizon but Sir William Howe with a slightly reinforced British fleet, although still not as strong as the French.

To the amazement of the American forces, the reluctant French drew back all their men on shipboard, cut the cables and fled!

The next morning the British and French fleet got into position for battle. Then a fierce storm blew up scattering both fleets. Two days later the fleets tried to reassemble, a few battles took place, but d'Estaing set sail for Boston to refit.

The discouragement of seeing the French fleet pussyfooting about led the American soldiers to desert by the ton. General Sullivan was so upset he declared that "Americans could do without such allies."

D'Estaing blundered through the West Indies. His last attempt to win some sort of victory occurred at Savannah. His attacking force was slaughtered to the tune of 800 men including Count Pulaski. The French Ichabod gathered up his troops and left. There was great disillusionment in America.

When the British landed a force at Penobscot Bay in June 1779 and hastily put up a fort less than 170 miles north of Boston, the Americans organized their

greatest naval effort of the war.

Seven warships, 12 privateers and 22 transports with 2500 troops sailed to dislodge the British. But if success was to be attained, cooperation between sea and land forces was paramount — a measure difficult to consummate in any war.

The commander of the fleet was one Dudley Saltonstall, reputedly not the most admired of men.

When the armada arrived, the British were still laboring on the half-completed fort. Hastily the redcoats prepared to do battle against the superior attacking force. The English had only three sloops and a few shore batteries.

All the ships' captains begged Commander Saltonstall to attack at once, directly at the harbor. Instead, a landing expedition was ordered at a nearby island 600 yards from the fort. The message was sent back and forth a few times. Even in Boston they sent word to Saltonstall, "Please attack the three tiny ships, Sir!" British reinforcements could arrive at any moment.

For two weeks the debate raged. Meanwhile the British Navy in New York did get word and sent ships scurrying north.

The British ships soon arrived and blocked the Bay. Still the American forces had superior fire power of 316 guns to 190 although it was true that some of the British guns were heavier. But, if the American ships had fought stoutly, certainly a number of them could have fought through and escaped to sea.

According to old British maps, the American ships formed two crescents, transports behind and warships up front.

The American fleet fired only a few feeble broadsides and then turned tail fleeing into the inescapable outskirts of the bay where they were shot up, boarded, grounded, some setting their own ships afire by lighting the powder magazines. Soon all Americans were fleeing flaming wrecks, which drifted aimlessly, some of the men escaping into the thick woods to march back to Portsmouth. The Americans lost 500 men, the British 15. Saltonstall was court

martialed. It was America's worst naval disaster.

Washington wrote in May of 1781, "If France delays timely aid now it will avail us nothing if she attempts it hereafter. We are at the end of our tether and now or never our deliverance must come."

Thus France sent its West Indies fleet of 28 ships under Admiral Comte de Grasse sailing north. Then the English learned of the fleet's departure and also struck north, with 19 ships — a fatal underestimate of the strength needed, passing the French fleet who had taken a devious route. The British found no one at Chesapeake Bay and sailed to New York.

Meanwhile De Grasse arrived on August 30, 1781 and blockaded the Bay in order to cut Cornwallis' escape to the sea from Yorktown — if they could hold the Bay. In addition the French landed 3000 troops so that Lafayette could hold the British until the main American force should arrive. The strategy was masterful.

The British returned and both fleets lined up for engagement. This was the most important battle of the war.

The two lines of ships did not meet head on. Rather the French slanted towards the British line gradually so that some ships were abreast and firing before the other were even in position.

The firing died at sunset with the British suffering heavy damage. They did not close again. British Commander Graves decided not to resume battle, although they lay in sight of each other. When the reinforcing French fleet was sighted, the British fleet headed back to New York.

Cornwallis, without reinforcements, was unable to hold at Yorktown and the end of the war was in sight.



Institute Holds Graduation "On Deck"



In keeping with our maritime tradition, SCI's Roosevelt Institute graduated its first class of Maritime Transportation students aboard the sailing yawl *Petrel*.

Dr. John M. Mulligan, SCI director, awarded diplomas to each of the graduates (in recognition of their having completed a six-course, two-year program in inter-modal and multi-modal transportation) while invited guests and students cheered and toasted the occasion.

The Petrel

The new sailing craft in our front yard is the *Petrel*, a handsome 70-foot yawl now sailing daily from Gangway A in Battery Park. Captained by Nick Van Nes, the vessel's arrival is the first step in his master plan to bring sailing back to New York City.

For information on sailing classes or for the weekly sailing schedule, just call (212) 825-1976; then come on down for an outing. When you do, be sure to visit us, we're just across the street. Also, if you're sailing on weekends (or weekdays) our cafeteria is open 7:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. just in case all the fresh salt air increases your appetite.

So Long, Boss

by Kermit W. Salyer

Editor's Note:

The following editorial was brought to our attention by Mrs. Anne Hazard of N.Y.C. It was written by retired seaman Kermit W. Salyer who is now the editor/publisher of *The Franklin News-Post* in Rocky Mount, Virginia.

We reprint the editorial because we think it is a revealing aspect of a man whose "life" seemed based on public myth as often as fact.

I will never forget that day in 1949 when you bought the oil tanker S.S. *William A.M. Burden*. She belonged to the U.S. Maritime Commission and was being operated by U.S. Sulphur Co. We were en route to the Suez Canal from the Persian Gulf with a load of crude on a Marshall Plan contract. The crude was destined to be unloaded at Le Havre and there were rumors that we would load in the Gulf again and then go home.

But you were assembling your fleet of tankers then, and after you bought the *Burden*, all plans went out the window.

For the next four years you sent us through the Suez Canal every three weeks transporting crude oil to Mediterranean and North Sea ports.

You sent us to Mena Al Ahmadi, Ras Tanura, Bandar Mashur, Umm Said, Abu Dhabi, and many other oil ports on the rim of the Persian Gulf that in the past few months have emerged from limbo to become headline place names in the world's newspapers. But back in those days, even we sailors had never heard of some of the places where we loaded oil that cost less than \$2.00 per barrel.

Those were the best four years of my life, and many times I have planned to write and thank you for your courtesy to me personally and your generosity in supplying sufficient money for me

to maintain my ship in the manner that gave it the reputation of being the cleanest tanker on the seas. And, believe me, that was a hard thing to do, what with having to fight the sandstorms and 130-degree heat for more than half of each voyage.

But above all, I wanted to thank you for your courtesy and consideration when you called me for my last voyage in 1951. I was here in Rocky Mount, Va. at the time, discussing the purchase of *The Franklin News-Post* from the late William Barnes. I told your agent in New York that I had no place to leave my dog, a thoroughbred Kerry Blue terrier named Corky. The agent said, "I'll check and call back tomorrow." He called back the next day and said that you had told him to pay my dog's fare, first class, to Paris so I could join the S.S. *Lake George* at Le Havre. Talk about service on that flight from New York to Paris! Three stewardesses fought for the privilege of taking care of Corky during the flight, which at that time was twice as long as it is today, a full eleven hours.

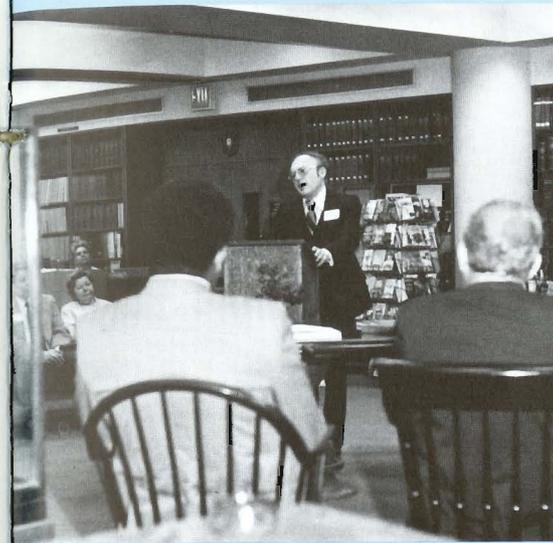
As in most things, we wait until it is too late to thank people who are kind to us.

But better late than never; so many thanks to you, Aristotle Onassis, the best boss I ever had.

KWS

As a merchant seaman, Mr. Salyer served on a number of tankers belonging to Onassis' companies.

CHIEF OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION BRIEFS "FRIENDS OF SCI" ON CITY'S BUSINESS STATUS



Mr. Alfred Eisenpreis, head of New York City's Economic Development Administration was a welcome keynote speaker at the first meeting of the "Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute" held late afternoon June 3.

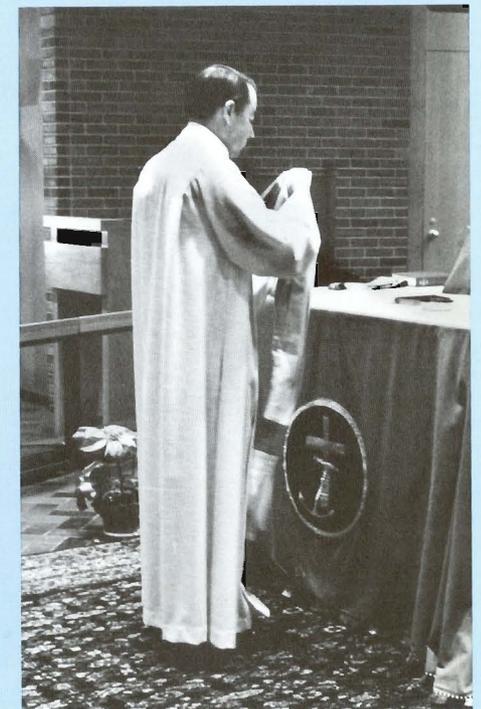
Speaking with his usual wit, wisdom and candor, Mr. Eisenpreis up-dated the business executives present on the state of business in the city and its immediate prospects for more business — particularly those areas directly affecting the maritime industry.

The "Friends" event, held in the Institute's Conrad Library was hosted by the Institute in conjunction with Dart Containerline, Inc.; Farrell Lines, Inc. and the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

Thank Offering Honors Seaman

The Reverend Douglas Wolfe, SCI Chaplain in Residence blesses a stole given to the Institute by Sister Anita as a thank offering in honor of her brother, Mr. John Mulqueen a seaman who for many years has spent his time ashore here at the Institute.

Sister Anita is a member of the Sisters of the Cross, a Roman Catholic religious community located in Springfield, Massachusetts. The handsome modern design stole was handmade by members of her order and it will be used on festivals at Holy Communion.





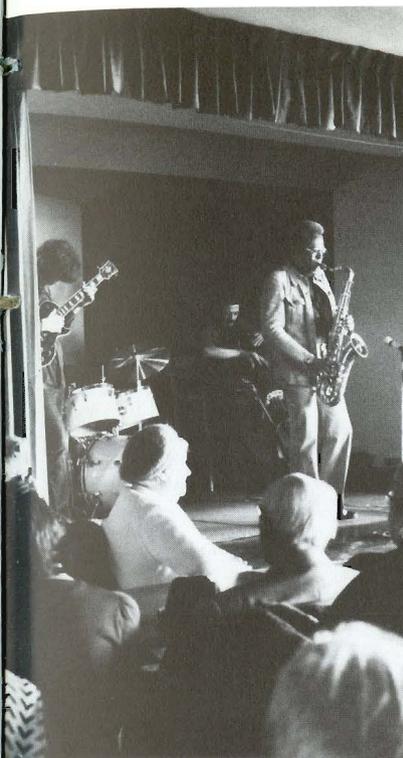
Novelist Arona McHugh presents a copy of her latest book, *The Calling of the Mercenaries* to SCI librarian Douglas Whiddon and dedicating the copy to "the Joseph Conrad Library, the Seamen's Church Institute and all seafarers."

A former seafarer herself, Mrs. McHugh served in the Women's Army Corp from 1944-48 and was stationed aboard ship with American Occupation Forces in Germany. She received her B.A. from the University of Iowa's Writer's Workshop and her Master's degree from Columbia University.

Her novel, set in post-war Germany relates the experiences of the Merchant Marine crew and Army staff of the *USAT Scudder* who find themselves involved in a minor incident that mushrooms into a larger one, which drastically affects all their lives.



A "mixed bag" of melodies and musicians was the entertainment fare of the day when the Manhattan Chamber Players gave a special Mother's Day concert at the Institute.



"Jazz Above The Battery" with tenor saxophonist Charles Rouse and Company proved to be a festive way for seafarers and community members to spend a sunny, Sunday afternoon in April at a special concert in SCI's Seamen's International Club. The house was packed with jazz lovers of all ages whose applause encouraged "C.R. & C" to play a 40-minute encore. and . . .



Latin melodies filled the air when Mexican soprano Guadalupe Perez Arias sang for seamen and community members at a recent concert here at the Institute.

Both concerts were made possible by the Cultural Affairs Department of the N.Y.C. Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration in co-operation with the Carnegie Hall Corporation by arrangement with the Cultural Counsellor of Mexico in New York.



Dr. Ronald Lee Gaudreau, executive vice president - NYC Bicentennial Corporation (R) presents the NYC Bicentennial Site Flag to Dr. John M. Mulligan, SCI Director.

The Flag was awarded to SCI in recognition of the Institute's being an historic site and for its involvement with and presentation of Bicentennial programs and events.

The flag presentation was made at a preview/reception of the NYC Bicentennial Urban Quilt Exhibition held here at the Institute.



The Volunteer Council of the Staten Island U.S. Public Health Service Hospital recently celebrated its 50th year of service to seamen and other hospital patients at a reception attended by active and former volunteers who served the council since its inception in 1925.

Pictured are (left to right) Capt. Lewis Rabbage, U.S. Coast Guard, ret. and first President of the reorganized Volunteer Council in 1948; Mrs. Marjorie Lutynski, President of the Volunteer Council and chaplain's assistant; Mrs. Barbara Blue Spruce, Director of Special Services at the hospital; and the Reverend A. Dawson Teague, Jr., SCI Chaplain to the hospital.

About Our Cover

This month's cover art (also shown above) is a painting by the eminent marine artist Edward Moran and depicts the "First Recognition of the American Flag by a Foreign Government, February 14, 1778." (Which relates directly to this issue's two part feature story.

Shown in the foreground is John Paul Jones' ship *Ranger* while in the background, numerous French ships salute the American Flag. This work and seven other of the museum's paintings are currently available in 21"x26", four-color self-mat prints. They are modestly priced, ready for framing and all proceeds therefrom are used for the museum's art conservation program.

For a brochure describing all eight prints, please write to the Director, U.S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis, Maryland 21402.

We recently received the following question from Mrs. Marian Forbes of Hampton Bays, N.Y.

"Listening to Mike Douglas and guests trying to puzzle out why the 1920's were called the "Roaring 20's" — it occurs to me your navigators probably have an answer to that."

answer, please . . .

If any of you knows the answer, please advise us as we feel a little inadequate at the moment. Just send your answer to:

**Editor, The Lookout
15 State Street
New York, New York 10004**

Pour votre Toutou Madame
Pour votre fidèle
Compagnon Monsieur



MENU



Le Plat de Tayaut

(Consommé de Bœuf - Toasts - Légumes)

Le Régal de Sweekey

(Carottes - Viande Hachée - Epinards - Toasts)

La Gâterie "FRANCE"

(Haricots Verts - Poulet Haché - Riz Nature
Arrosé de Jus de Viande et de Biscottes en Poudre)

La Préférence du Danois

(Os de Côte de Bœuf, de Jambon et de Veau)

Le Régime Végétarien des Dogs

(Tous les Légumes Frais et Toutes les Pâtes Alimentaires)

Biscuit - Ken'l

COMPAGNIE GENERALE TRANSATLANTIQUE

French Line

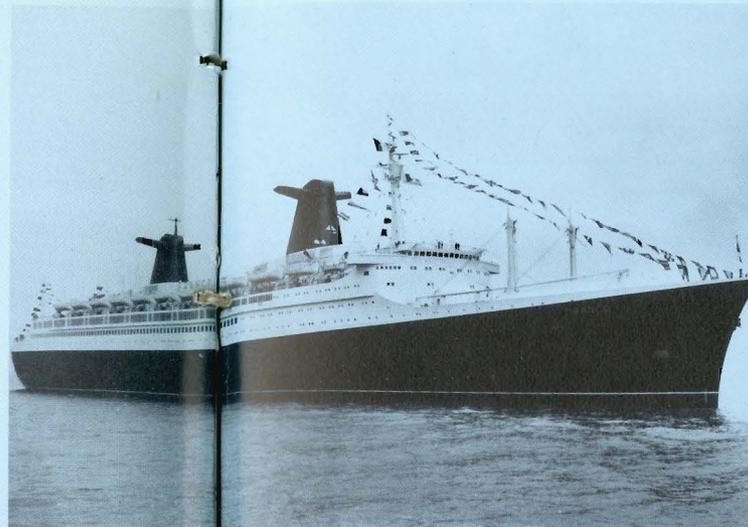
PAQUEBOT "FRANCE"

Seadogs or Canine Gourmets at Sea

by Tessa Unthank

had previously returned to the United States in 1972. This famous luxury liner, I read, was being mothballed because she was operating in the reddest red and losing out to the airlines on every voyage.

Part of the red, in these straitened days, was caused by the *France's* generous gourmet catering in which plenty of two-legged seadogs, myself included, had wallowed. But although her mothballing was mournful news for us, it was also equally mournful tidings for all the quadruped seadogs whose furry waistlines had similarly expanded as they crossed with their owners. Someone, I felt, should record the passing of *their* Golden Age of seagoing for they too had been able to select meals from a lilac-tinted menu and they too had had cosseting around the clock. Many ships have carried dog passengers but none, I ven-



ture, have done it with the style of the *France*.

Awash in nostalgia, I dug that evening into a dusty suitcase and dredged up my Golden Retriever's souvenir copy of a classic menu of canine *haute cuisine*. Yes, there they were, several fancy meaty dishes and special "Danish bones". Some of the dishes bore names as titillating to canine tastebuds, no doubt, as Stroganoff and Melba are to their owners. Even more intriguing was the fact that even the vegetarian dog was catered to with lashings of fresh vegetables and a variety of what can only be loosely translated as "nutritive messes."

Veggie dogs, of course, are nothing new, as the worldly *France* evidently knew. In 1898, Marie Mallet, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, recorded in her journal that a ship's captain had come to visit, bringing a spaniel which, "thanks to a strict diet of ship's biscuits and salad oil had not only survived three years of West Africa, it flourished."

Seadogs aboard the *France* also flourished for their snug kennels on the top deck were under the watchful eyes of an efficient kennelman and his assistant. Several times a day all the dogs were released into large open-air runs. These were kept spotlessly clean and imaginatively provided with scarlet and white fire hydrants and milestones, the latter

reading *Paris* or *Le Havre*. Lamp-posts were also featured.

Owners, sure of their own sealegs, could walk their pets in a designated area at any time and could feed their own seadog his meals if they wished. Meals were always served on the dot in stainless steel dishes. In the event of *mal-de-mer*, laying any furry passenger low, there were tested remedies at hand. One of these included fine brandy!

With fares at around \$60 for dogs, slightly less for cats, it was surprising to count the number of pet passengers aboard, not all belonging to First Class passengers either. My retriever's cabinmates included two St. Bernards, several poodles and German Shepherds, and an elderly pug which partook of the vegetarian regime. In roomy cages above the kennels was a straggle of obviously loved alley cats and, out of claw reach, a basketful of pigeons belonging to a commuting magician. Though our crossing was somewhat rough, only the cats complained.

"They 'ave ze sad stomach," said their attendant sympathetically. They will have even sadder stomachs if they have to take to the airlines. All seadogs will agree on that.

It is hard to think that the elegant *France* will sail no more. It is hard to picture those cozy kennels dark and silent, the milestones marked *Paris* undrenched, and the stainless steel dishes stacked "Shipshape and Bristol fashion" forever.

Flying has some advantages but many of us who love the sea can never come to anything more than terms of cold politeness with airports. And those of us who must travel with pets are haunted by those horrendous tales of animals frozen or roasted alive in cargo compartments. Besides, where is the mystique in tarmac and flight towers? Can you imagine Masfield having written, "I must go down to the boarding gate again. To the crowded terminal and the holding pattern ..."

Not even my landlocked students can picture that.

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