



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY - MARCH 1969



Cover Story

The imaginative depiction by an unknown artist honors Saint Brendan, patron saint of Irish mariners. Born in the fifth century, he died at the age of 94 (A.D. 578) at Enachduin in Connaught.

Irish seamen speak Saint Brendan's name in reverential tones for he exemplifies the legendary courage and high-minded vision to which all men of the sea aspire. Celebrated in song and legend, Saint Brendan was an Irish monk who braved the sea for more than seven years in a 6th century voyage, guided by no more than a fierce dedication to find the "land of the saints" which was supposed to be an island somewhere in the Atlantic.

Mapmakers quickly named one of the places he visited Saint Brendan's Isle, later believed by historians to be America. Christopher Columbus knew of the legend of Saint Brendan, and history records how the famous discoverer derived inspiration from the saint's navigational feat. An intriguing question is: did the Irish saint set foot on the New World ten centuries *before* Columbus did? Ask an Irishman!

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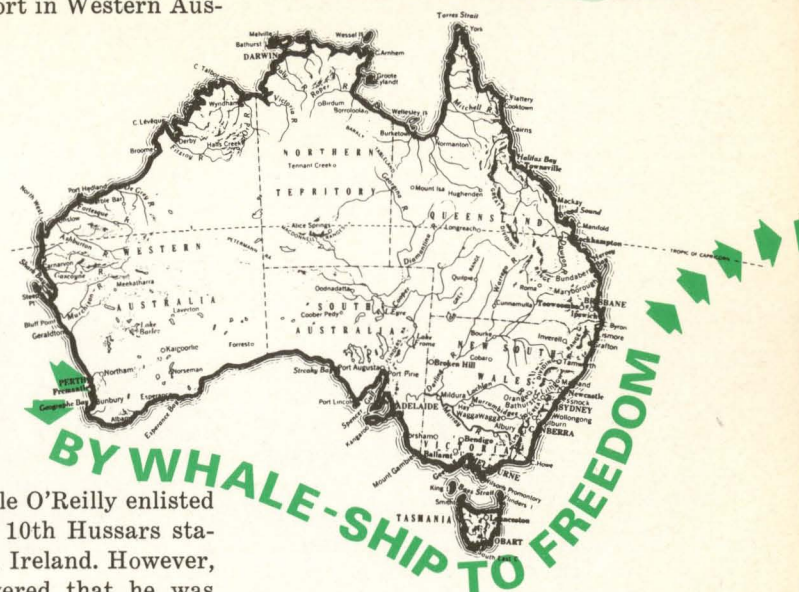
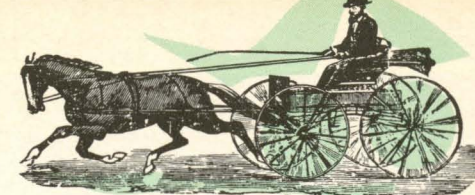
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Editor

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COVER: Art from The Bettman Archives, Inc.

One of the most courageous and well-planned escapes from prison took place in the nineteenth century, from the last of the Australian penal settlements at Bunbury, a little port in Western Australia.



In 1863 John Boyle O'Reilly enlisted as a trooper in the 10th Hussars stationed at Drogheda, Ireland. However, it was later discovered that he was using his position to persuade Irish soldiers to join the Sinn-Fein' movement.

O'Reilly was charged as a traitor to his country, court-martialled in Dublin, found guilty and sentenced to death.

But the death penalty was later commuted to twenty years penal servitude, and he was sent along with six other Fenians to Bunbury, a port which was very popular with whalers at that particular time.

In 1869, helped by the parish priest, O'Reilly managed to escape. It was arranged that the captain of one of the whaling ships was to take him on board, but unfortunately, it sailed away without him, and he had to hide among the sand dunes for five days until he was picked up by Captain Gifford of the whaling ship *Gazelle* of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

(Later, out of gratitude, when O'Reilly was safe in America, he wrote a book of poetry entitled, "Songs of the South Seas", which he dedicated to the Captain.)

He thought constantly of his six unfortunate friends who were still political prisoners in Australia, and how they could be released.

Eventually a committee was set up in New Bedford and New York to attempt a rescue; the scheme evolved by the Clan-na-Gael was estimated to cost 26,000 pounds.

John Davey, who was then night editor of the *New York Herald*, and Captain Hathaway of the New Bedford police force, together with the third mate on the *Gazelle*, all united to help him choose a whaling ship for his plans.

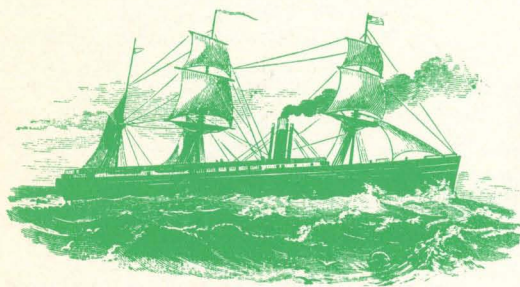
They chose the *Catalpa* of New Bedford, reckoning that a whaling ship would not attract much attention around the quiet coast of Western Australia.

Everything was planned as though for a normal voyage, and a mixed crew of Kanakas, Malays and Africans were selected. Only the Captain, George S. Anthony, and the carpenter knew the real object of the journey.

by Frank Madigan

Final instructions were issued to Captain Anthony by John Davey:

"You will cruise until fall, about six months, in the North Atlantic. Then you are to put in at Fayal, (an island in the central Azores), ship home any oil which you may have taken, and sail at once for Australia, where we expect you to arrive early in the spring of 1876. You are to go to Bunbury on the west coast, and there communications will be opened up with you from our Australian agent."



In the meantime two other men of the rescue organization, John Breslin and Thomas Desmond, were planning the most hazardous task of all, that of arranging the escape of the prisoners from the Fremantle jail in Australia.

In September, 1875, they sailed from San Francisco for Australia, under assumed names — Breslin was "Mr. Jones" and Desmond was "Mr. Collins."

"Mr. Jones" was said to be a wealthy traveller, and was allowed to contact the six prisoners while posing as a casual visitor to the Fremantle prison.

Meanwhile, *Catalpa* finally arrived in Bunbury after an exciting whaling voyage. There Captain Anthony met Breslin in a hotel to lay their plans.

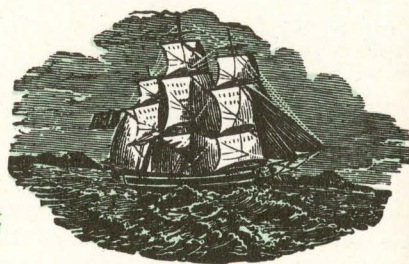
They travelled down again to Fremantle on a coastal steamer, Captain Anthony cultivated the steamer's skipper, and obtained full information about the inshore soundings near Fremantle.

It was planned that Breslin and Desmond were to convey the prisoners by

horse-drawn buggies through the bush from Fremantle to Rockingham (about 23 miles) where Captain Anthony would be waiting on the beach with a fully manned whale-boat.

Captain Anthony and Breslin first drove over this escape route together and timed it. Then Anthony went back to his ship at Bunbury after having fixed up a telegraph code.

Because the six prisoners were all well-behaved political prisoners, they had been given outside work. This



meant that on the morning of the escape, they were able to get away without creating suspicion. Breslin and Desmond were waiting with the buggies as arranged.

Then it was a mad, reckless ride for the prisoners through the sandy eucalyptus forest, until they finally reached Captain Anthony at Rockingham.

So well had the secret been kept that the crew of the whaling ship strongly resented the arrival of these six wildly cheering Irishmen, who clambered on board their tiny boat.

However, the Captain soon restored order and pulled out to sea just in time, because a pursuing squad of mounted police appeared on the beach, not more than a half mile distant.

The sea was rough, and the *Catalpa*, which was some way off, couldn't see the small boat. After pulling all day against strong wind and sea, the oarsmen gained little distance.

The seas were so rough that the party had to wait till dawn in their very overcrowded open boat before

Messages from Sea



M.V. Cedric (South Wales)

I am a seaman of forty years experience and appreciate your kindness for the parcel. The woolen scarf will be so useful this winter. I think that you folks are very generous and maintain the old spirit of Christmas in giving your valuable time to the comfort of sailors. Rest assured your gift parcel is so very appreciated. I take this opportunity to wish all of you friends a happy Christmas and a happy New Year. God bless you one and all for your generosity which must warm not only physically but all hearts with whom you contact.

M/V Rio Bermejo (Argentina)

God bless you for your kindness and for showing that still and in spite of everything there is love in the world.

How could I ever thank you for the happiness you gave me sending me a Christmas present being so far from home, and mostly considering that we don't know each other. You have shown me that there is love among human beings, that not everything is lost yet. God bless you for making me become faithful in humanity again. There should be more people like you in all the world.

M/V Port Montreal (Panama)

As seamen few of us are angels and many are hardened to the ways of the world and it was a very sobering thought to all of us to realize that there is one who thinks of us at all times.

You don't have to go to Church to be a Christian but by God it helps. Since I have been at sea I have had few occasions of being able to attend Church and it has certainly left a large gap in my life and makes additively harder to keep in touch with God.

Once again I would like to thank you very much for our Christmas present and say how much it meant to me. . . .

Mormacelm (Capetown, So. Africa)

Your presents were warmly received by all hands yesterday, Christmas Eve, while we were still at sea.

Sincere thanks from the entire crew of the "Mormacelm" to all who contributed.

S/S Pioneer Mist (Kobe, Japan)

Just a line to say how well pleased and happy your gift made me at sea on Christmas Day.

I have had many Christmas days at sea but this is the first time I got a present.

M/S City of Adelaide

Today, we were given your splendid gift boxes, put aboard when the ship lay at Newark, N. J. recently.

In mine — a beautiful knitted pullover and other nice things — a happy surprise — and I, along with my shipmates, wish to say a very big 'THANK YOU' — to the good, kind 'hands' who gave so generously of their time and material. May they have the satisfaction of knowing that if appreciation counts at all, their efforts have not been wasted.

On my first visit to New York Xmas 1920, I received a similar present from you — and I have never forgotten. This will probably be my last — I retire in spring and I will carry away with me a feeling of warmth and friendship from our good friends in the U. S. A.

M/V Brunstor New York, N. Y.

Only your kind consideration of sending us Christmas packages was the highlight of our Christmas, when each member was presented with a package. You should see the eager fingers opening the boxes, unwrapping the gifts, followed by the comparing what each one had gotten and considering the good use everybody had for the many presents. Exactly like at home, when a child.

MS Cape Verde (Germany)

I don't know whether I can English good enough to thank you for the nice Christmas present which was sent to us by your Seamen's Church Institute of New York but I hope you will understand these words of gratitude. I am sure that other crew members of our ship like me will not forget this nice gesture.

I hope to see you and your Seamen's Church Institute when I once will come back to New York.

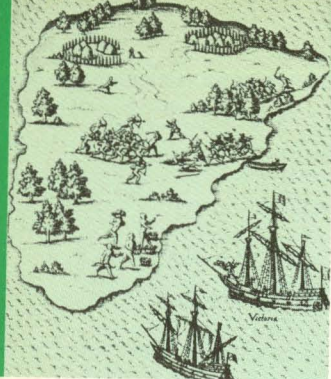
mv. Kreon (Netherlands)

On behalf of my crew and my four passengers I thank you very much for all your gifts and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Your parcels contained that much, that we are really impressed by all the love, care and thoughts you must have been giving us, when you made those parcels.

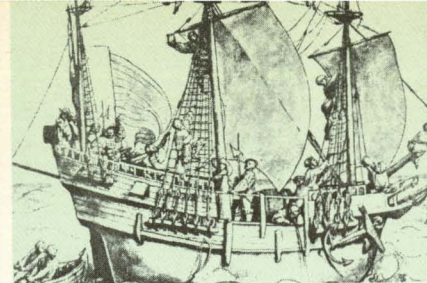
I was able to make another 4 parcels from the contents, so that I could hand the passengers a parcel as well, which was highly appreciated by them.

Wishing you a very happy New Year and all the luck in your work.



"Magellan THE FIRST Circumnavigator"

by Brenda Gourgey



In 1519, when Ferdinand Magellan set out to sail round the world with a fleet of five "very old and patched-up" ships, Europe still had only a hazy idea of the true nature of the globe. Hence backers of voyages were wary of risking good money on first-class ships which might not survive the journey. There was also the superstition persisting in the minds of sailors who believed the world was flat; that only by some miracle which might not recur had Columbus and the rest avoided the Green Sea of Darkness and other horrors which awaited them at the world's edge.

Such fancies never seemed to occur to men like Ferdinand Magellan. Born in Portugal in about 1480, iron-willed and tenacious, Magellan embarked on exploration with missionary zeal. Already, by 1519, he was a hardy, experienced sailor, thoroughly familiar with the hardships and dangers of the seafaring life.

In 1505, he had gone out with the Portuguese forces to the East, but was less interested in fighting on land than in exploring the sea. For long periods, his caravel disappeared eastwards, as he unofficially explored the Pacific up to 2,000 miles away from his base at Malacca.

Though he probably reached the Philippines, Magellan never fully revealed where he had been.

Late in the 15th century, the eastern "half" of the world had been assigned to Portugal by papal decree. Officially in the Portuguese zone lay the Moluc-

cas, the much-coveted "Islands of Spice" which could prove a limitless supply of the commodity Europe needed most. Magellan's forays into the Pacific and his own solar observations had, however, convinced him that the Moluccas lay within the western "half" — the Spanish zone: and he proposed to prove it by reaching them from the west.

Not unnaturally, this was the last thing the Portuguese wanted to hear. Magellan was packed off to Lisbon in deep disgrace.

In October, 1517, after three years of snubs at court, he left for Spain to offer his services to King Charles I.

By the following spring, five ships were being fitted out at Seville, and despite several Portuguese attempts at sabotage, they left St. Lucar less than a month after the appointed date, on September 20, 1519.

After crossing the Atlantic, the fleet arrived off the Bay of Rio de Janeiro on 13th December. Turning south, Magellan sailed down to Rio de la Plata, the southernmost limit of Vespucci's exploration of the coast in 1502. Magellan proved the estuary for a strait, but found nothing, and sailed on southwards to reach St. Julian at the end of March, 1520. Here, the expedition spent the winter.

Five months later, on October 20, the fleet rounded Cape Virgins, having lost one ship, *Santiago*, when it was wrecked reconnoitering. Here, Magellan's three remaining captains tried to persuade him to turn about and make

a quick eastward run to the Moluccas. Magellan refused, for he was absolutely certain that he was about to discover the strait he was looking for.

But when the four ships entered the bay, a violent storm struck them, driving *San Antonio* and *Concepcion* out of sight of *Trinidad*, Magellan's flagship, and *Victoria*. Magellan gave them up for lost, but nearly a week later, they were sighted bowling in from the west, masts a riot of bunting, guns joyously firing. They had penetrated over 100 miles into a deep, narrow strait whose waters gave every indication that an ocean lay beyond.

Magellan wept with joy at the news, but on November 28, when he emerged through the strait into the Pacific, he found that only three ships remained in his fleet. The crew of *San Antonio*, fearing the dangers that lay ahead, had deserted, taking with them most of the expedition's stores.

Though desperately short of supplies now, Magellan steered northwards to find a favorable wind and then struck out westwards. What he did not know, however, was the actual extent of the Pacific.

As day after day passed with only endless ocean on the horizon, more and more agonized victims of scurvy lay groaning on the decks; others were wracked with hunger and stifled by the stink of the bilges and the stagnant yellow liquid the tropical sun had made of their drinking water.

The ocean seemed endless, but at last on March 6, 1521, after 99 days at

sea the fleet reached Guam. Three days later, Magellan steered WSW towards the Philippines, which he sighted on March 16 and formally annexed for Spain.

The natives' reception was friendly, and might have remained so had Magellan not meddled in their affairs and tried to convert them to Christianity. The unwilling Filipinos killed him in a violent battle on Mactan Island on April 21, 1521.

Ten days later, his officers and men abandoned *Concepcion* and sailed on westwards in *Trinidad* and *Victoria*. The two ships reached the Moluccas, but only *Victoria* set sail for Spain on December 21: the badly battered *Trinidad* remained behind.

On September 6, 1522, this lone ship, carrying only 18 men, dropped anchor at St. Lucar.

Magellan's voyage was the first practical demonstration that the world was round. It showed, too, that westerly circumnavigation entails a day's loss in the calendar, and settled the problem of the length of a degree of longitude. If only by their suffering, Magellan and his men revealed the immensity of the Pacific and, by inference, the supplies required to survive its crossing.

After Magellan, no sailor set out with quite the same uncertainty, no geographer groped about in so much darkness and legend.

Though much remained to be done, and much to be discovered, Magellan left the world a far less parochial place than he found it.

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront



Two newly-married brides of seamen visit snack bar in the International Club of SCI.



Infant son of Captain and Mrs. Y. S. Koo was given registration form with which to "sign in," but declined with thanks, preferring to crumple it up. Grandfather Koo at left.

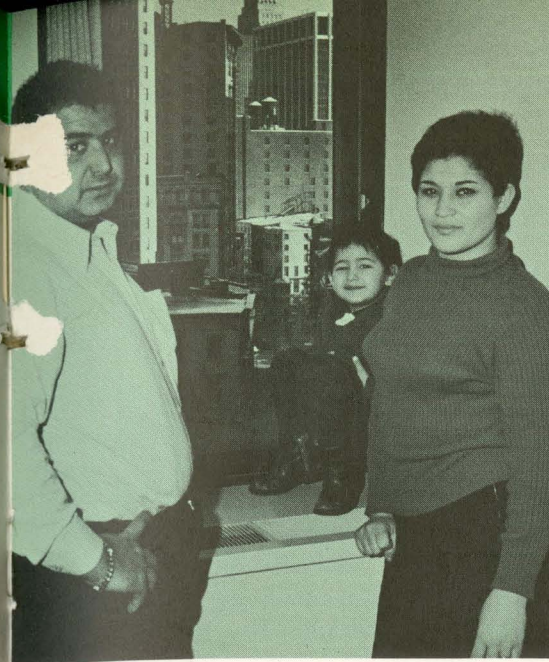


In the very old sail ship days one of the superstitions held by mariners was that if a woman set foot on a ship bad luck would subsequently follow; the vessel might be wrecked in a storm; she would sustain a series of misfortunes without end; she was likely to vanish at sea with all hands.

But today, women seafarers and the wives and children of seamen are welcomed aboard the jolly ship *Institute* in growing numbers and no one seems to think the State Street building is going to sink into the Bay as a result.

Now that spring and its thoughts of love have arrived, it should be noted that at least one wedding has taken place in the chapel since it was opened — that of a seaman and his bride; several other newly-married seamen and their brides recently spent at least a portion of their honeymoons at SCI.

The infant son of Captain and Mrs. Y. S. Koo of the *Atlantic Antares* was the cynosure of all lobby eyes when his mother brought him down from the Koo hotel room. Captain Koo's father, Captain Y. H. Koo, also seemed to think his grandson was mighty special.



The Bemshimol family, including daughter Sonya, watch the construction of new buildings from their window.

And, too, the patter of little children's feet has now been heard in the corridors of the Institute; there was, for instance, 4-year-old Sonya, daughter of Third Engineer and Mrs. Michel Benshimol of Haifa, Israel, a family group which stayed at the Institute. Seaman Benshimol was on the *Eshkol*.

A foursome, two Norwegian shipmate couples from the *Polystar* occupied adjoining rooms for several days while awaiting for their ship to dock from up the coast. They were Bosun Rolf Hansen and Mrs. Hansen of Molde, Norway, and Second Mate Knut Karlson and Mrs. Karlson of Bodo, Norway. The wives are stewardesses on the *Polystar*.

Two Norse couples from the *Polystar* take a welcome shore respite from shipboard routines.



The annual meeting of the Women's Council of SCI was held in late January. Shown below are (from left to right): Mrs. Constance B. West, Director, Mrs. Bertrand F. Bell, Jr., Chairman, Mr. Peter Van Wygerden, Ship Visitor, Mrs. W. S. W. Edgar, Jr., Vice Chairman, The Rev. Roscoe T. Foust, D.D., Director of Special Services, and Mrs. Warren J. Taussig, Sec'y.





To be stranded far from home at the peak of the holiday season is hardly a pleasant experience for a seaman . . . or anyone.

But 44 crewmen of the British freighter *Manchester Miller* found themselves in just such a predicament when their ship caught fire at a New York pier in mid-December, making it unseaworthy.

The crewmen were brought to SCI where they were provided rooms for several days and nights until the ship-owners could find transportation home for them in time for Christmas.

All services of the Institute were put at the disposal of the men — from its gymnasium to its evening dances and club rooms.

Each man, too, was given an emergency cash loan by SCI — for meals and purchase of personal necessities to replace those lost in the fire. Institute ship visitors and chaplains maintained close touch with the crewmen so that nothing was overlooked in hospitality and comforts.

SCI director Dr. John M. Mulligan and business manager Allen Sorensen supervised arrangements for the men.



For the past forty-nine years SCI has maintained what is called the "Missing Seamen Bureau"—what might be termed a world-wide search-and-find service to locate seamen who have become "lost" somewhere in the world; this is performed in behalf of families and friends of the missing men.

Among such men now sought (would "discovered" be the appropriate word in this instance?) is Christopher L. Columbus, Jr., age 65, birthplace unknown.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Columbus should notify the Bureau.



The lengthy longshoremen's strike affected SCI in various ways. As the impasse drifted on (the dispute unsettled as this was written), the crews of ships immobilized at piers throughout the New York harbor came into SCI during their free time for general recreation, the evening dances, a game of billiards, or simply to swap yarns with other seamen.

Some of the stranded mariners took rooms at SCI during the strike period, swelling the normal seamen population at the Institute by around 20 per cent. They, of course, enjoyed the many special facilities of the building and the SCI ship visitors arranged sight-see-

ing tours for them.

Not so lucky were the crews of around 25 ships anchored in the harbor near the Narrows bridge, the ships remaining there to avoid paying pier and docking fees. Unable to get off their vessels unless willing to pay \$12 for each water-taxi fare to shore, some crewmen nonetheless did make it ashore, a portion of them gravitating to SCI.

Though the SCI ship visitors were severely handicapped by the abnormal harbor condition, they were able, at times, to get supplies of magazines and other reading materials to some of the vessels anchored in the "stream".



Mrs. Gladys Kadish

Gladys Amelia Kadish has met thousands of men — seamen, that is — in her life and is going to miss them.

Really miss them, she said in her clipped Scottish-Welsh burr as she tidied up her desk before leaving her job February 1 as the Institute's Personal Services counselor.

She logged thirty-nine years with SCI, the last twenty-one of them as counselor, also as a kind of mother-confessor and advisor to thousands of troubled seamen with personal problems, both great and small.

What were her plans now that her long career at the Institute had ended?

"I really think," she said, "that I am happiest when I am helping someone directly. So when I leave here I want to do volunteer work — not in a typing or clerical job insulated from people needing help—but in a situation where I can be in direct contact with people. Hospital work, maybe."

"Helping someone" is ingrained and second nature to Mrs. Kadish because she learned at an early age the meaning of helping; as a child of a large family living in then sparsely settled Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada, she said, "Each of us had our jobs to do on the farm but we also learned to assist each other."

That the seamen felt strong ties and

affectionate regard for Mrs. Kadish was evident in many ways, one manifestation being the hundreds of souvenirs which lined the what-not shelves of her South Street office, sent or brought to her from over the world by seamen. Her telephone rang often with messages and warm greetings from men in port.

The postal cards, the solemn-faced Eskimo doll, the carved ebony African idol on her souvenir shelf . . . each memento said "hello" to "Gladys" from men in far away places who wanted to be remembered and convey their thanks for a deed or service performed in their behalf.

Perhaps, typically, she might have helped these men by guiding them in filling out pesky income tax forms, applying for pensions, making out medical forms, or typing personal letters to men's families.

In many cases, she related, a lonely mariner just wanted to talk, to unburden himself about his problems. Maybe he needed only some suggestions, assurances or advice of a very elementary nature; but if, as sometimes happened, he did indeed have a complicated problem requiring specialized aid from multiple resources, the Institute counselor knew where to refer him for a solution.

Did she have any observations about the seamen of the Thirties and those of today?

Today's seafarer is better educated, more knowledgeable and perhaps better trained than the older men, she said, and his needs are somewhat different, but he still needs a shoreside base where he can not only fraternize with other seamen but with the landmen as well.

That, as she saw it, is one of the important contributions of the Institute.



BY WHALE-SHIP TO FREEDOM (Continued from page 4)

they were seen by the *Catalpa* and picked up.

By this time the guard-boat from Fremantle, with thirty to forty men on board, gave chase. Then the coastal steamer, the *Georgette*, joined the pursuit; the steamer had a troop of soldiers and a gun on board.

When the *Catalpa* was about twelve miles out to sea, Captain Anthony was hailed by the *Georgette* and ordered to hand over the six escaped prisoners in the name of the Governor of Western Australia.

"Failure to do this within fifteen minutes will be the signal for opening fire, and I assure you, Captain Anthony, I will blow the mast out of the *Catalpa*, if necessary.", shouted the captain of the *Georgette*.

Calmly, Anthony pointed to the U. S. flag at the masthead and shouted back, "This ship is on the high seas. If you fire on me you are firing on the American flag."

Under the circumstances, the skipper of the *Georgette* had no recourse but to return to Fremantle and report that the prisoners had escaped on a whale-ship from New Bedford.

The Governor of Western Australia dispatched an official police notification to the chief of police at New Bedford, demanding the immediate return of the six men. The request was never adhered to, of course, because the chief was Captain Hathaway, one of the prime conspirators in this amazing and very imaginative rescue from a prison thousands of miles from New Bedford.

HARBORS SAY "Welcome"

by Edyth Harper



Harbors are as old as time. Long before man first ventured cautiously along primitive coasts, the natural harbors were there, waiting to give shelter to seafarers in distress, and safe anchorage for their craft in all weathers.

As every sailor knows, the variety of harborage is infinite. Some may prefer the bustle and excitement of busy ports, such as San Francisco, Sydney or Southampton. Others may choose tiny rural harbors as their ideal, such as those found around Cornwall, England, where in calm weather a small craft can just squeeze through the harbor entrance. When the storms rage, exit and entrance are impossible.

Many of these ancient harbors boast quaint names; Boscastle, Mousehole, Mullion, Polperro — they have served countless generations of seamen and today draw tourists as well to admire their miniature jetties and sea-walls.

There is something about the smell of a harbor that is indefinable; a mixture of many cargoes — mingled with rope, tar, oil and salt water that stirs the blood. The buildings, too, have a charm of their own. The Customs Houses could tell a tale, for here sea captains paused to sip sherry and do business with merchants interested in the contents of their vessels.

From their windows there is a commanding view of gulls wheeling after floating food, old quays, often still cobbled in parts, ancient bollards swathed

in green weed, limpets, and, sadly, old ships, laid up as progress renders them obsolete. A cluster of tarred nets and crabpots lies near the fishing boats. Sheds, cranes and lorries assert a modern touch to the newer docks.

Harbors have always attracted writers. In 1453 an anonymous poet sang of mariners "gone and comen unto the costes cold." Modern writers, such as Conrad and Hemingway, have described the lure of harbors, artists have painted them, but, only those who go to sea really know the secret of what a harbor means, or the desolation of one, once busy, now silted up or gone out of fashion.

The start of any sea voyage is concerned with a harbor. Luxury liner or tiny trawler alike are governed by its rules. The end, too, comes in harbor again. The ship's voyage is like a thin line joining port to port, whatever the distance.

There is another side to harbors, less savory in its implications. Ships bring wealth in cargo and men's pay. The old-time sailor, free from the restrictions of the voyage, thought he had money to burn and many hands were only too ready to help him do so; in the olden days the harbor front housed much that



was vile. Often a night's carousing would use up all a man's pay.

There are still harbors with quarters of bad repute, but the modern sailor is on the whole less easily hoodwinked than his counterpart of a century ago. He and his money are not always so easily parted.

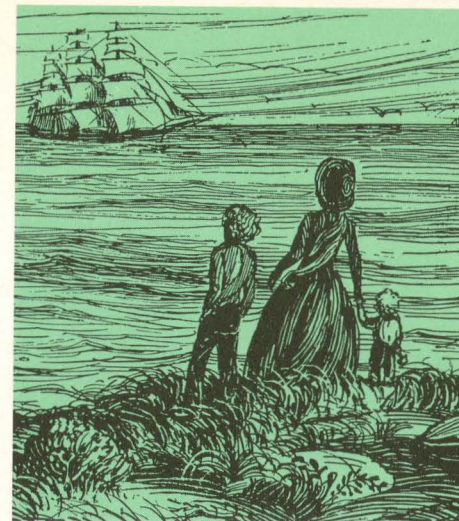
Each age brings a difference to harbors. Larger and larger ships in the 20th century have meant vast dredging operations if certain ports are still to

be capable of admitting big liners and tankers. Air travel has caused a reduction in the number of luxury liners, but the backbone of the shipping industry, the cargo-carrying vessels, are as vitally needed as ever.

Oil, as a cargo, has assumed such importance that nations spend millions on suitable harbors, with refineries to speed its transport. Alteration in naval architecture and the structure of fleets, too, has caused many naval ports around the world to be closed down, or, at least, made partially redundant.

Yet, however they may change, there will always be a need for harbors. The Victorians sang "Safe home, safe home in port." That is the secret aim of any sea traveller, whether he be a lone yachtsman, a member of a liner's crew, or a fisherman trawling for cod. The voyage may be dull, or perilous, long or slow; it's the harbor at start and finish that makes it worthwhile.

If there are friends waiting to greet voyagers when landfall is made, so much the better. Institutions such as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are there to do just that. A friend in harbor is a friend indeed and many can testify to the benefits these institutions have to offer in many ports on many coasts.



THE DAWN SAILING

You weighed the anchor and unfurled the sail
And slipped into a quiet dawn to sea.
The morning cold and hung with fog's gray pale,
Sea birds were stilled, buoys echoed eerily.
Blue spindrift cut your bow with stinging spray,
The taste of brine was tears upon my lips
For I remembered no farewells to say,
No memories return on home-bound ships.
Your destiny now cast its star-dim chart
Where distant dreams in mystic ports of call
Would shape your life, and new love fill your heart;
I am alone where empty breakers fall.
The pain of parting now leaves sorrow's seal,
My heart remembers this goodbye is real.

Nonee Nolan

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

15 State Street

New York, N. Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested

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