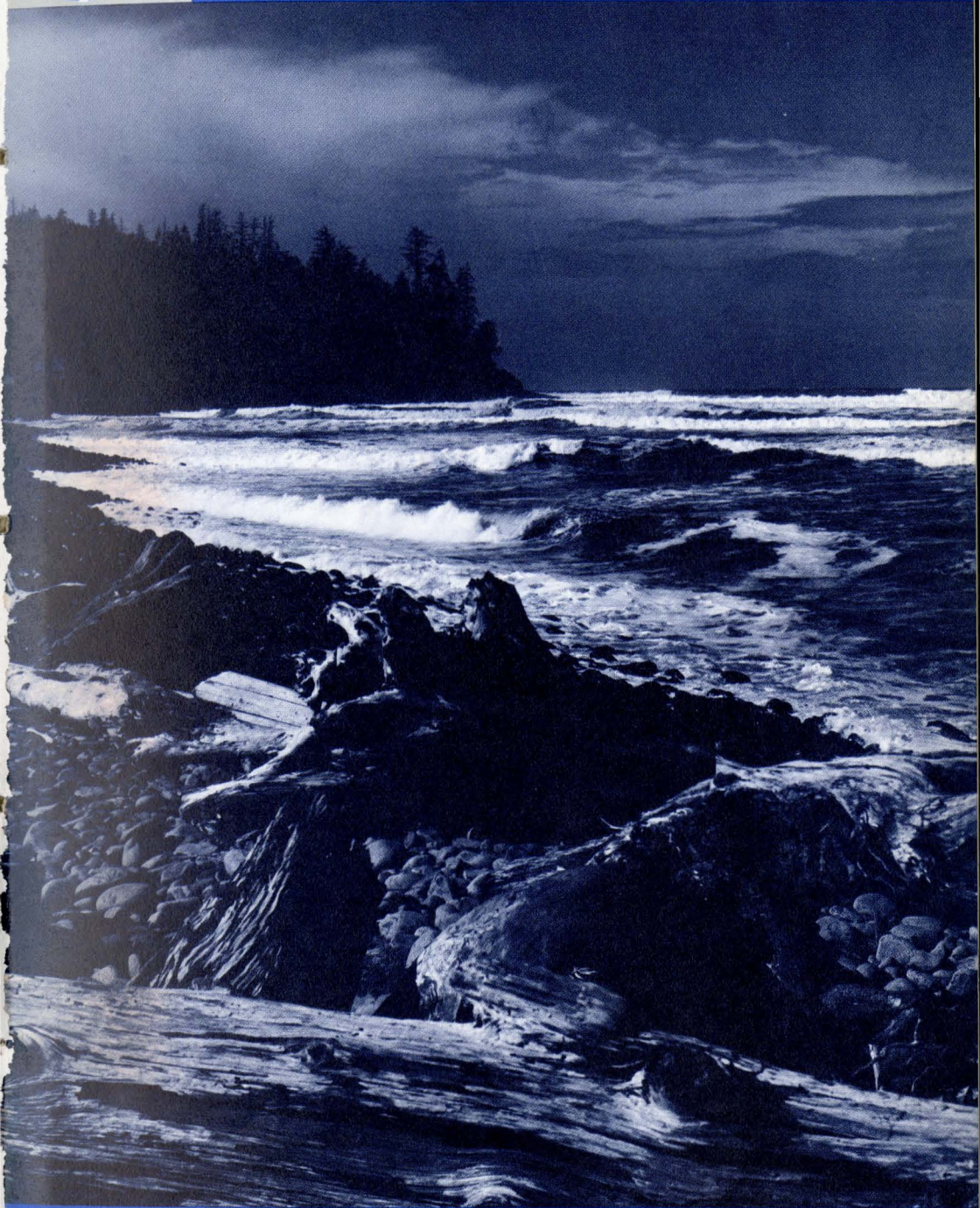




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



DECEMBER 1972

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.

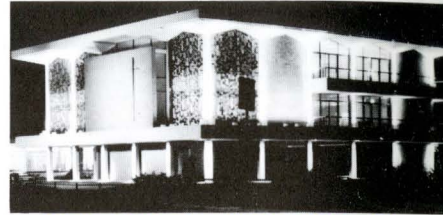
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shiping, 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 55% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the 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

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COVER: December storm over Tillamook Head in Oregon.



Medical doctors, in their time, have played many parts, but few, if any, have had such a varied career as Thomas Dover, graduate of Oxford and Cambridge, society physician — *and* buccaneer!

Until he was 16, Dover lived where he was born in 1662, at Barton-on-the-Heath, England. His parents gave him the usual upper middle class education of that age, enabling him to matriculate at Oxford University.

For those interested in medicine as a career, Cambridge offered greater facilities, so Dover went to Cambridge for three years — all it took in those days to obtain an M.D. degree — and to marry while there. The year 1687 saw him living in Soho, London.

Modern medical men may envy the "surgeries" of that age. Doctors simply went to their favorite hostelry and gave out advice for a fee. In general, this advice was given mainly to the pharmacists of that day who acted as liaison between doctor and patient; it was far cheaper to consult the man who dispensed the medicine than to obtain a diagnosis from the doctor himself.

Naturally, the pharmacist altered his prices to suit the customer's purse, but the contents would be the same; usually a repulsive mixture made from snails, blood, feathers, herbs and anything the maker regarded as a cure-all.

Dover seemed destined for success in whatever he did. First he had to be approved by the Royal College of Physicians who alone granted licenses to

practice in London. He proved a popular doctor dispensing advice in Westminster and around within a six mile radius, but London life failed to satisfy him.

The Dovers moved to Bristol, a busy, forward-looking city full of opportunity for ambitious men. Bristol was a flourishing port, carrying on among other things, business with the West Indies, including slaves.

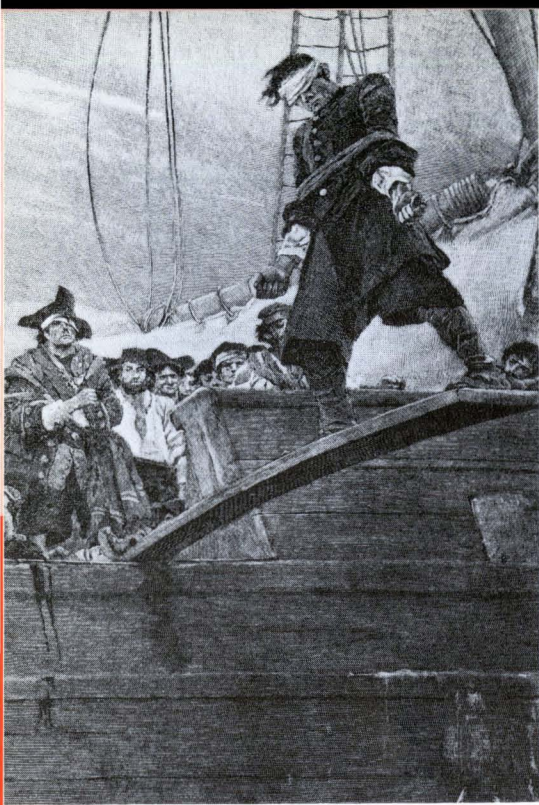
All sorts of diseases occurred and in 1696 a fever raged through the narrow streets and overcrowded houses. Many of his patients died daily but Dover was no lay-about physician. He toiled night and day and treated the workhouse children free in his efforts to overcome the infection.

The picture one gains of this 17th-century doctor is of a charming, hard-working man with a restless, inquiring nature. Bristol began to lose its hold on him so when he was offered the chance to go "adventuring," he took it.

Adventure, in those days, was often a polite term for piracy. Another phrase for it was "privateering." In fact, while pirates were hanged, privateers were granted permission to fight the King's enemies, any plunder ensuing being retained by the privateer.

Dover joined company with a Captain Roger on a venture aimed at sailing round the world in two frigates, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*; he was second in command with a William Dampier as pilot, in August, 1708.

Eventually, in November, they



reached Brazil where they stopped for a rest and refit before tackling Cape Horn which they rounded safely despite gales and bad weather and with no doubt many injuries for the doctor to treat.

Dampier wisely headed for Juan Fernandez. There strange lights on the shore made the captain cautious but Dover volunteered to investigate. To his amazement he found a wild, hairy man who turned out to be Alexander Selkirk who had been marooned there for four years. (His adventures, recounted by Daniel Defoe, proved a best-seller, for "Robinson Crusoe" lives on in popularity even today.)

Selkirk was able to offer a welcome to the ships' crews. Goats he had tamed provided fresh meat. Refreshed, the Duke and Duchess company sailed for Chile, making Selkirk the mate, and upon capturing a Spaniard, master of the prize vessel.

Bristol must have seemed very far away to the doctor-adventurer for now

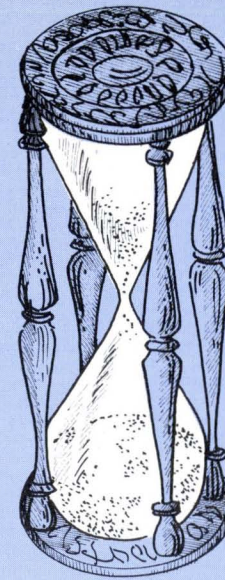
he was put in command of a raiding party that plundered Guaiquil to the tune of £1200 worth of booty. But the raiders acquired more than wealth; they caught plague from the town. Out of 180 patients, Dover lost only eleven. His treatment involved drastic bleeding.

On they went to California, capturing three more ships before heading for the Cape of Good Hope with Dover now in command of one of them. By the time he returned to his Bristol family and practice, Dr. Dover was a very rich man, yet he settled down into his old way of life with an ever-increasing number of patients.

Perhaps his family pressed him to go back to London, for in 1717 he became a fashionable society doctor and elected to the Royal College of Physicians; yet he spent much of his wealth aiding waifs and strays who badly needed medical care. He wrote a book dealing with his beliefs and earned the nickname of "Dr. Quicksilver" owing to his love of prescribing mercury. In fact, on his tombstone at Stanway, Gos., are these words:

"Dr. Thomas Dover, famous for administering quicksilver to his patients, in the 85th year of his life."

Today Dover's Powders are still sold, made to his original prescription. Few physicians have had a life so crammed with success as Thomas Dover. He was born at the right time and made full use of every opportunity that came his way.



As the sands of time trickle into the past and we approach the new year with its hopes and promise, most of us try to assess our past year and scan the horizon of the new for a glimpse of what it might hold.

Similarly, the Institute has scrutinized the year now drawing to a close and is gratified by the evidence of monetary support it enjoyed during this period by those who aided the work of the Institute in this way.

A significant measure of this support came from testamentary bequests. There were of course other forms of giving.

These acts have heartened the Board of Managers and reinforced the concept that our work is a vital arm of the Church's mission. Our faith, so strengthened and reinforced, cannot help but project a glowing horizon for the new year.

"The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones" — so said W. Shakespeare. Too often good people allow this to happen. But the good they do can live after them. Your normal annual contribution can continue as long as the Institute lives if it is funded by a bequest in your Will.

We are very grateful for your current support and we respectfully ask you to continue it by remembering the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in your Will.

NORWAY'S Ship-in-a-Showcase

Model ships in bottles are nothing new, but a full-sized sea-going vessel in a showcase must be something of a rarity. Yet this can be seen in the Bygdo Museum, near Oslo, Norway — an 800-ton ship in a gigantic showcase.

It is the famous *FRAM* (in English, *Forward*), built for the Fridtjof Nansen polar expedition of 1893-6.

Nansen, a daring Norwegian explorer, believed that the ice of the Polar Sea had a westward drift, and conceived the idea of building a vessel of such enormous strength that it could allow itself to be frozen into the sea drift along with the great ice-flow.

Throughout Norway there was skepticism that any ship could be constructed to withstand indefinitely the tremendous pressure of the ice. Collin Archer, however, a shipbuilder of Larvik, undertook the job.

The result of his ingenuity and labors was the *FRAM*, an incongruous vessel somewhat like a walnut in shape, round and full, with wooden sides nearly three feet thick.

In September 1893, Nansen sailed the *FRAM* into the ice off the Siberian Islands and the vessel became locked at 79 degrees North. Then it was allowed to drift where the ice would take it, and for two years *FRAM* zigzagged across the frozen sea.

In October, 1895, it reached 85 degrees 57 minutes North, which at that time was the farthest north any vessel had penetrated.

Towards the end of the expedition, Nansen left the *FRAM* in the ice and attempted to reach the North Pole on foot, but he was unable to get closer

than 86 degrees 14 minutes North.

Safe and sound, the *FRAM* returned to Norway in 1896, much to the surprise of the public, which at the outset had opined that the ship would be crunched to splinters in the grip of the ice.

Two years later it sailed north again, taken by Otto Sverdrup, who spent four years exploring and mapping the last extensive tract of uncharted land in the North Polar region. Once more the sturdy vessel returned to Norway undamaged.

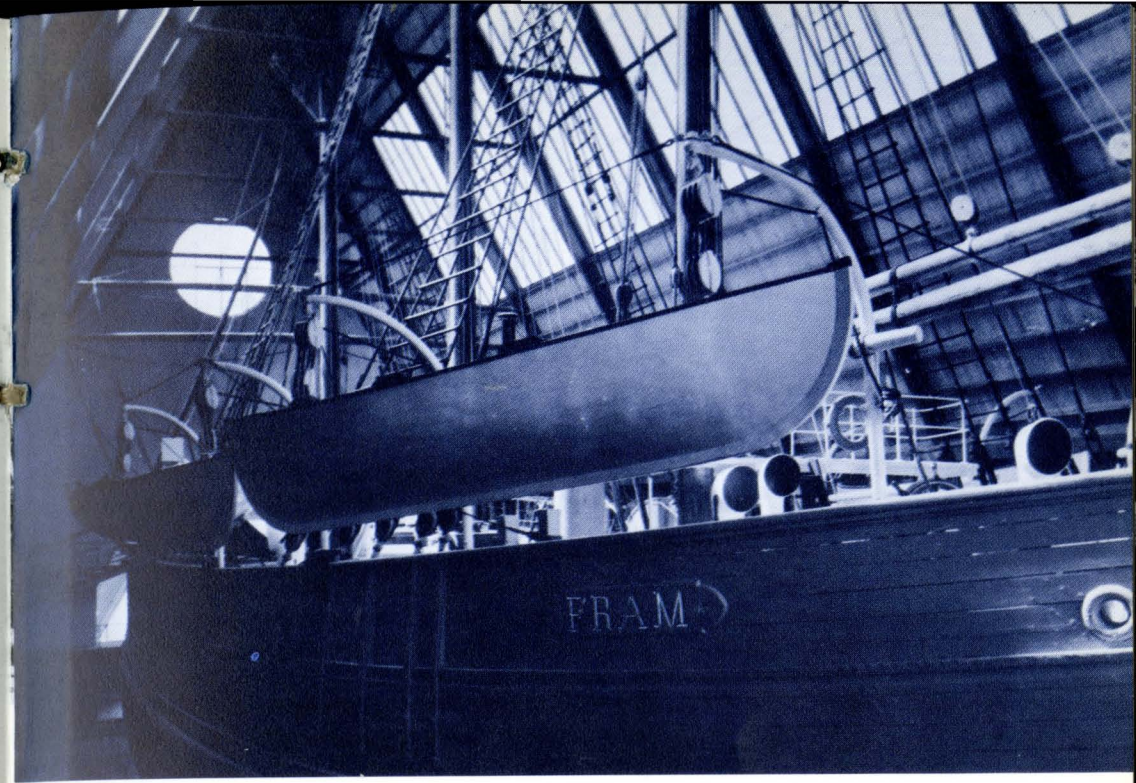
Its final voyage was to the South Pole. Explorer Roald Amundsen sailed her to 78 degrees 41 minutes South, then set out on foot with four companions to plant the Norwegian flag at the Pole eleven days before Christmas 1911. Just thirty-five days ahead of a British expedition led by Captain Robert Falcon Scott.

When the *FRAM* returned from this successful trip, still in one piece and seaworthy, it was decided to preserve her as a permanent tribute to the courage of those who had sailed in her, and to her superb workmanship.

More than sixty architects competed to design a unique showcase for the ship, the winner being Bjarne Toien. He based his structure on the triangular-shaped, log built, bark covered boatsheds of primitive Norway.

It took two months to haul the *FRAM* to Bygdo, where the showcase was built around it. The gallant ship rests there today, a wonderful monument to the fortunate and daring of Norway's greatest explorers.

by Paul Brock



Howard D. McPherson

SEMINARS LAUNCHED

The first of a series of seminars (Business Partners Around the Globe) was held at the Institute recently — under joint auspices of SCI, New York State Department of Commerce and the International Division of the UN.

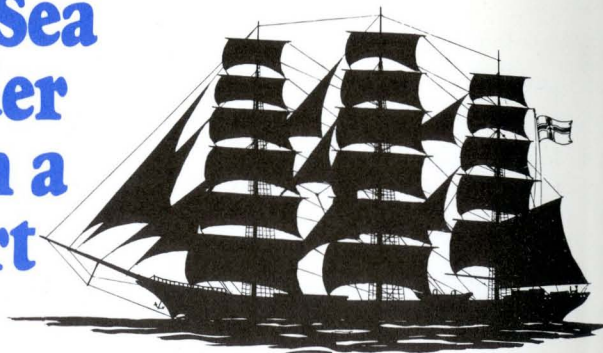
The event was addressed briefly by Dr. John Mulligan, SCI Director, and Howard D. McPherson, Deputy Commissioner of N.Y.S. Department of Commerce.

Panelists (from left) were: Jose Machado, Roberta Sachs, John Vanjallo. Helen Lange (extreme right) was moderator.



Count Felix von Luckner

The Sea Raider with a Heart



The wartime sinking of a merchant ship is, without doubt, a great loss. But no ship was ever destroyed with greater chivalry, grace and compassion than those that went down under the guns of the German World War I raider *Seeadler*.

For *Seeadler* was no ordinary raider. In the first place, she was a sailing vessel, the former American square-rigger *Pass of Balmaha*. She had been interned in a German port, seized by the Imperial Navy and specially fitted out as a surface raider.

In the second place, *Seeadler* sailed under the command of Count Felix von Luckner, no ordinary captain. Luckner was a true knight of the sea, a mariner whose life story surpasses in adventure and romance anything that the most wide-eyed novelist could ever put on a page.

By all rights the Count should have become, not a latter-day buccaneer, but a cavalryman; for that was his family heritage. A streak of romantic rebellion, however, showed up early in Luckner's personality and launched him on his seafaring career without his family's blessing.

As a schoolboy he much preferred

American Indian stories to his studies and dreamed his way through too many classes. Skipping from school to school and tutor to tutor, Luckner, a scholarly failure at thirteen, chucked it all, took a false name and ran away to sea as an unpaid cabin boy aboard the Russian windjammer *Niobe* — in his own words “an old craft, dirty and mean.”

This stint as cabin boy began a seven-year odyssey which included an astounding variety of occupations. In addition to shipping before the mast under different flags, Luckner was, at various times, a dishwasher, lighthouse keeper, kangaroo hunter, professional boxer, advance man for a troupe of Hindu fakirs, saloon keeper, beachcomber, Mexican palace guard and wrestler.

His greatest exploit, however, and the one which gained him international fame, was the *Seeadler* cruise.

After his global ramblings, the count had returned to Germany, convinced that he had to polish his brains and his manners so that he could earn a commission in the Imperial Navy and, wearing the Kaiser's uniform with honor, return to the good graces of his family. Sailing before the mast might have

by H. R. Berridge

been romantic but it was also uncertain, unprofitable, and often downright hazardous.

So by 1905 Luckner had buckled down and earned his naval reserve commission; in 1912 he went on active duty. Then in 1916, because of his experience under canvas, he was given command of the *Seeadler*.

Its mission was improbable. The old square-rigger was to slip through the tight British blockade, roam the Atlantic and disrupt Allied shipping, selecting only victims that would be unable to warn others by radio.

It was a miracle that it worked; it was even more of a miracle that Luckner accomplished the whole thing — the blockade run disguised as the Norwegian bark *Irma*, the successful foray through the Atlantic and into the South Pacific and the sinking of 18 Allied ships in less than a year — without the loss of a single life, not even so much as a ship's cat.

To add to his reputation as a most gracious enemy, Luckner treated his defeated seamen royally. He always removed crews before sinking ships. He provided more than adequate quarters in the *Seeadler* for them, stocking rooms with magazines, newspapers and gramophone records. And topping it all off, he feted his “guests” with frequent parties, serving them fine food, drink and music. (The *Seeadler* boasted a Steinway concert grand.)

These shipboard festivities were helped immeasurably when *Seeadler*

encountered the British steamer *Horn-garth*. Luckner, using a phony “ship-board fire” as bait, lured the mercyminded steamer into gunshot range, revealed his true colors, fired a horrendous dummy broadside and then loudly ordered his crew to “clear away the torpedoes” (which *Seeadler* did not, of course, carry).

Hearing this last was enough for the crew of the *Horn-garth*. They surrendered, and the vessel was sunk, but not before Luckner took off the steamer's cargo. It was champagne. “That was our banner day,” the Count later reminisced.

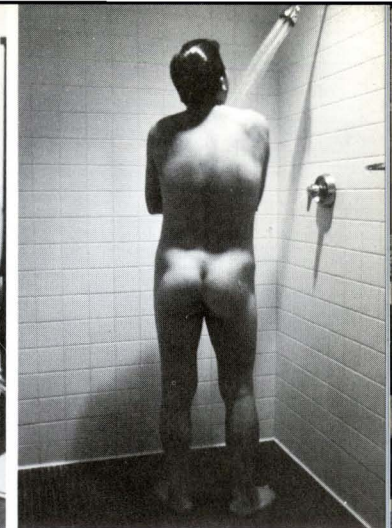
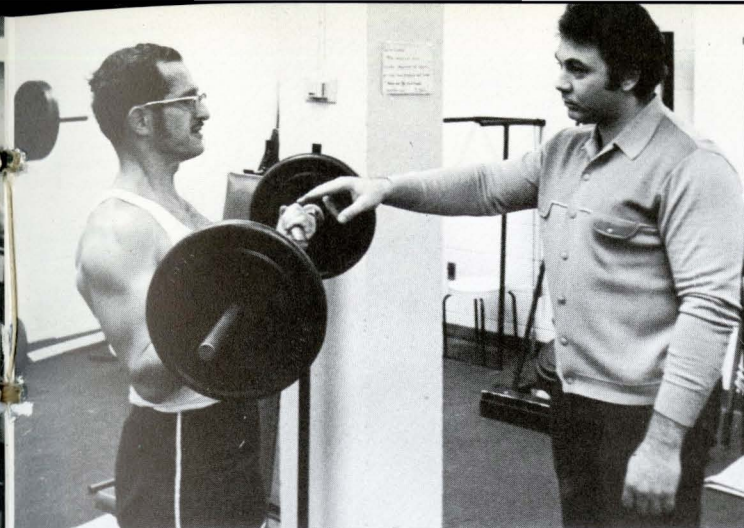
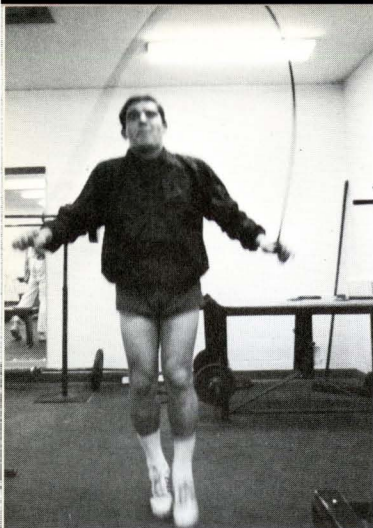
But another incident in the *Seeadler's* cruise evoked a far different emotion — this time biting poignancy.

One Sunday morning in the South Atlantic Luckner overhauled a large British windjammer and proceeded to challenge. The ship turned out to be the *Pinmore*, one of the vessels the Count had served in as a common Jacktar. Sentiment was cast aside; his old ship would have to be sunk. But not until the romantic Luckner did some soaking up of last bittersweet memories.

To the wonder of his crew, he ordered a boat to take him to the *Pinmore*. He clambered aboard, telling the boat crew to cast off and return for him when he hailed them.

Luckner then made his sentimental journey, treading the planks of his old ship. In the fo'c'sle he visited his bunk out of which he'd tumbled countless times. Working aft, he skirted the cap-

(Continued on page 13)



KEEPING FIT at the INSTITUTE

Fighting down an expanding waist-line is a concern of seamen and landsmen alike. The small gymnasium on the fourth floor of the Institute is well-patronized by men of all ages most every day of the year, all interested in shrinking that bulge by vigorously manipulating a variety of gym equipment at their disposal.

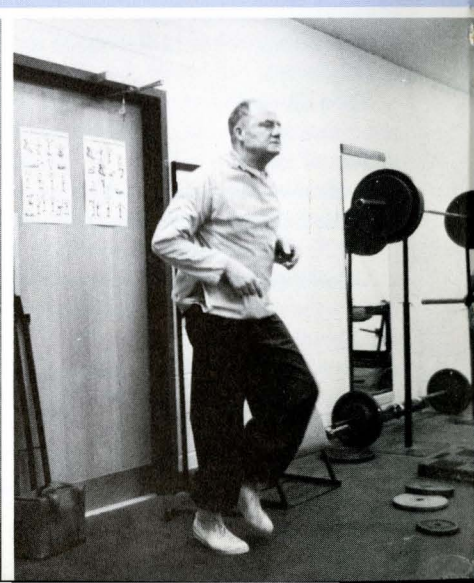
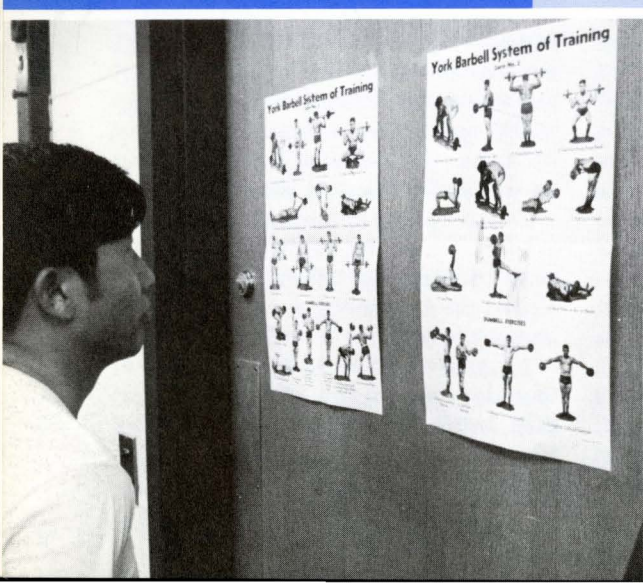
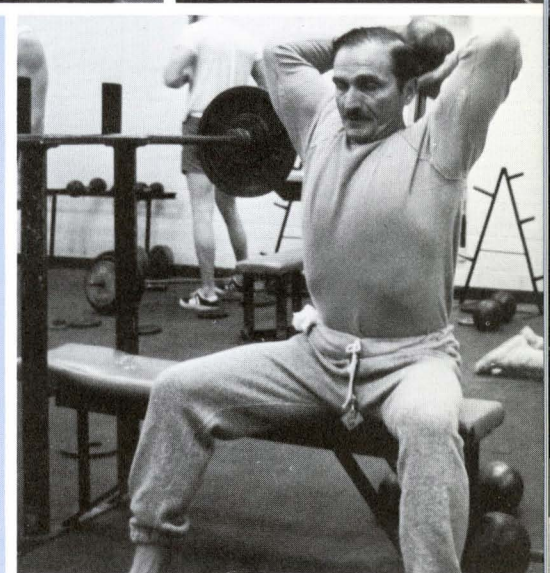
An immense wall mirror enables the grunt-and-groaners to view themselves as they exercise so that they might correct their exercise techniques, posture, stance and excess avoirdupois. Moments of truth.

As in other gymnasiums, there is, among the men, much exchange of favorite reducing diets and discussion of the role of vitamins to health plus other kindred locker-room topics.

Few of those coming to the SCI gym seem interested in building the Body Beautiful in order to qualify as an Adonis on Muscle Beach. Keeping fit is the dominant objective.

A session in the Institute sauna sometimes finishes off a period of exercise in the gym for some, but a hot shower satisfies most.

Photography by the Editor



The Sea Raider with a Heart

(Continued from page 9)

tain's cabin, still a sacred place to the raider commander temporarily turned able seaman. And on the after rail he read the carved letters P-H-E-L-A-X L-U-E-I-D-G-E (spelling out his assumed name) that he had incised there years before.

Reminiscing over, Luckner hailed his boat, returned to *Seeadler* and stayed shut up in his cabin while his demolition crew placed their lethal bomb deep in *Pinmore's* innards, sending the old ship "on her last cruise."

And when *Seeadler* began to take on the appearance of an overloaded pleasure cruiser rather than a German mystery raider, Luckner put a batch of prisoners aboard the captured French bark *Cambronne*, after first lopping off her topmasts so as to cut her speed, thus enabling *Seeadler* to log many miles before definite word of her whereabouts could get to shore.

But because he knew word of his location would eventually reach the British even with *Cambronne's* reduced speed, Luckner decided to race around Cape Horn and continue his peculiar brand of piracy in the South Pacific. *Seeadler* made it around all right, but only narrowly eluding a British auxiliary cruiser that was prowling the area.

The raider beat its way into the Pacific, sinking three American schooners northeast of Samoa. But less than a month after her last victim's demise, *Seeadler* herself reached the end of her raiding days. Not, however, by the hand of man.

It happened this way. The merry raider had logged some 35,000 miles. Provisions were getting low. Scurvy was breaking out. So in July 1917, the *Seeadler* made for Mopelia, an uninhabited coral island in the Society group. Here she could take a break from raiding, refit a bit and gather

some badly-needed fresh water and provisions.

The atoll proved, at first, to be just what the shipworn raiders needed. They had barely gotten going with their refit, however, when with no warning a 30-foot tidal wave, probably caused by some submarine earthquake, crashed into *Seeadler* marooning it on the jagged coral reef that ringed Mopelia. The ship was a total wreck.

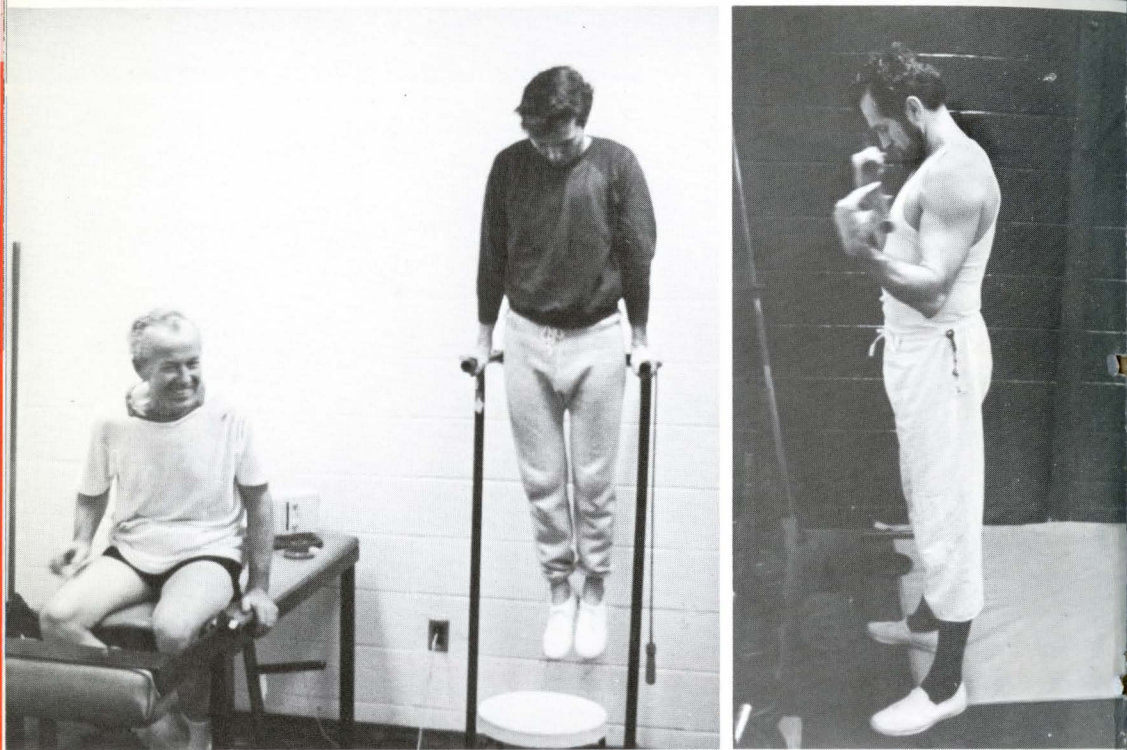
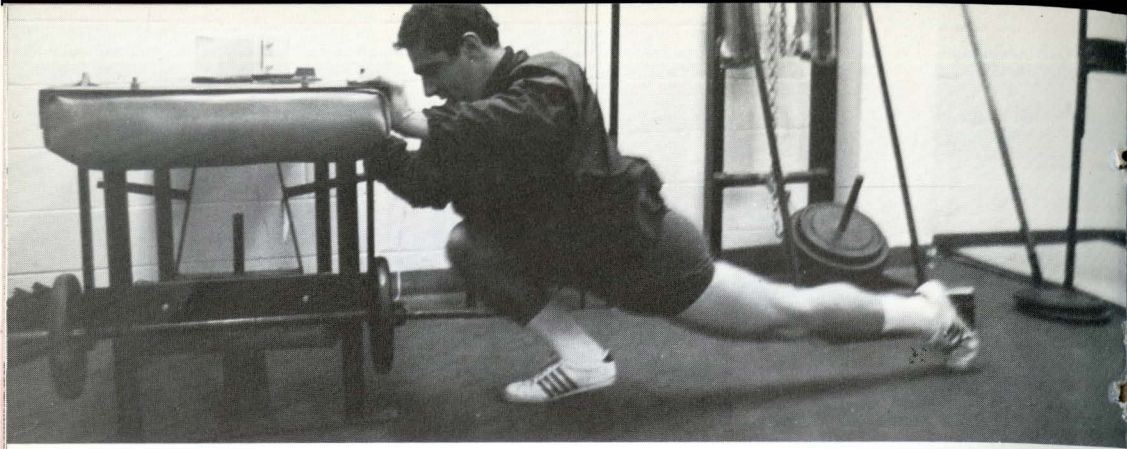
In a way it was a fitting end. The ship had been, at best, a reluctant warrior. How many more sinkings could Luckner have accomplished without the blemish of a combat death?

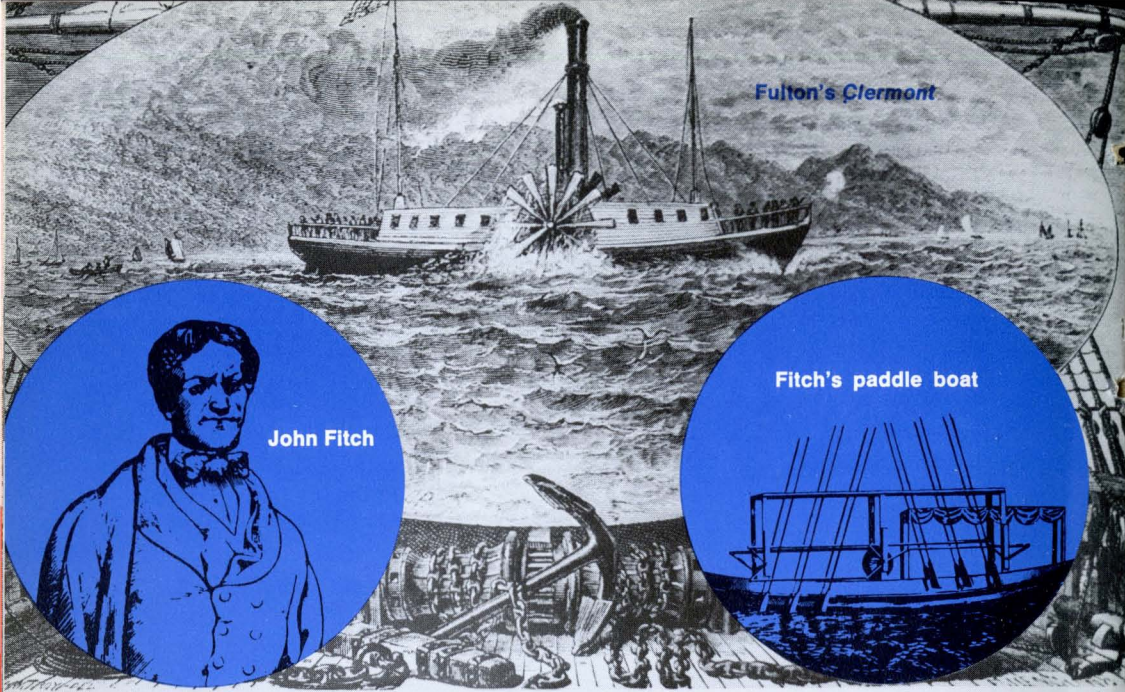
After a few attempts at capturing another ship to use as a raider, a noteworthy small-boat voyage and a temporary escape, Luckner was finally caught and interned by New Zealand authorities until the end of the war.

After World War I the Count became known as an international "character." He was a popular lecturer, capturing his audiences with tales of his fantastic career. He appeared before audiences at the Institute several times. Lowell Thomas co-authored two biographies with Luckner: *The Sea Devil* and *The Sea Devil's Fo'c'sle*. The ex-raider also had a popular radio program which ran for a time after 1931.

After the Nazis came to power in Germany Luckner's worldwide popularity waned. Although he made a brief but abortive fling as a public relations man for National Socialism, he apparently had a falling out with the party because he refused to give up his honorary California citizenship after the Nazi leadership had ordered him to.

At the close of World War II Luckner was found in semi-seclusion by American forces entering Halle. He moved shortly afterwards to Malmo, Sweden where he lived quietly until his death on April 13, 1968. He was 85.





John Fitch

Fitch's paddle boat

Who Steamed Up First?

Most of our current history being made in space, the contrast offered by reviewing the past, when the sea held this privileged priority, still provides excitement — especially if anyone innocently holds the opinion that the first steamship to cross any ocean by steam power alone was American.

True, among the early steamboat experiments were those by John Fitch (1743-98) in 1785. But he was not the first and it was not until August 22, 1787 that he demonstrated a steamboat with twelve mechanical oars on the Delaware River and averaged a top speed of three miles an hour. He landed to a subdued welcome and no formal handshakes.

Some things a man does just because he feels like it and so, again in 1796, Fitch demonstrated his boat on Collect Pond (now Foley Square) New York.

Although Fitch was as American as one can get, he was unable to com-

mercialize his invention, and when he was robbed of recognition he committed suicide, age 55.

Twenty-two years passed before the advent of the first commercially successful steamship in American waters and twelve more years went by before the first American steamship crossed the Atlantic.

From 1783 through 1802 experimental steamboats were invented by Jouffroy, France; Rumsey, USA; Miller, Scotland; and Stevens of the USA. In 1802 another Scotsman, Symington, demonstrated the only practical steamboat other than Fulton's.

To Robert Fulton (1765-1815), after his experiments in 1803, goes full credit for making, four years later, the first successful and practical steamboat trip on the *Clermont* — an open boat, 140 by 13 ft., 7 ft. draft, with side paddle wheels. He left New York on August 17 and reached Albany, 150 miles in 32 hours.

The 42-year-old navigating-inventor bellowed orders and performed just like the ship masters who knew what they were doing when they, much later and more experienced, followed in his wake.

One of these was an associate of Fulton, Captain Moses Rogers (1779-1821). It was under his direction that the steam appliances were designed and installed on the *Savannah* which celebrated its maiden voyage by becoming the first American steamship to cross the Atlantic.

The *Savannah* was built by Francis Fickel at Corlears Hook, N. Y. and the keel was laid in 1818. By the time she was launched in the East River on August 22 of that year she had developed into a fully rigged sailing vessel with a steam auxiliary system. Her vital statistics: 350 tons, 98.5 ft. long, beam 25.8 ft., depth 12.9 ft. She carried 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood.

Her steam power was supplied by engines and detachable iron paddles. Each paddle wheel had eight radial arms held in place by one flange, arranged to close like a fan, and were so constructed as to be easily detached from the shaft when not in use.

The cost of the *Savannah* was about \$50,000 and included such luxuries as two comfortably appointed cabins, one for ladies, one for gentlemen, and state-rooms with 32 berths.

On March 28, 1819, the nautical beauty departed New York and on April 6 came to anchor off Savannah, Georgia. Then she sailed to Charleston, S.C. where she was given the grand tour by President Monroe who expressed admiration with her machinery, wished her "bon voyage" and said "All of America will be with you."

The "bon voyage" became a reality on May 22, 1819 when the *Savannah*, Captain Moses Rogers in command, sailed for Liverpool, England.

As if conscious that she had an ocean to be conquered and all of history wait-

ing ahead, the *Savannah* performed well until June 2 when, according to Captain Rogers' log "...stopped wheels to clean clinkers out of furnace. Heavy sea, started wheels 6 p.m. Took wheels in 2 a.m."

Not everything was complimentary about the first voyage which renders far more significance to that which was. Steam power was used for only 105 hours, during parts of 12 days, and then only in calm weather.

Off the coast of Ireland, June 17, the King's cutter *Kite* hailed the *Savannah* and offered assistance. Their lookout thought the steamship was on fire with all that thick black smoke billowing from its stack.

When the *Savannah* continued on, the *Kite* fired several warning shots and Captain Rogers ordered the engines stopped.

The cutter came alongside and the crew were permitted to examine the machinery. The British officer in command confessed his surprise, with all his sails set and a good breeze, he was unable to overhaul a ship under bare poles.

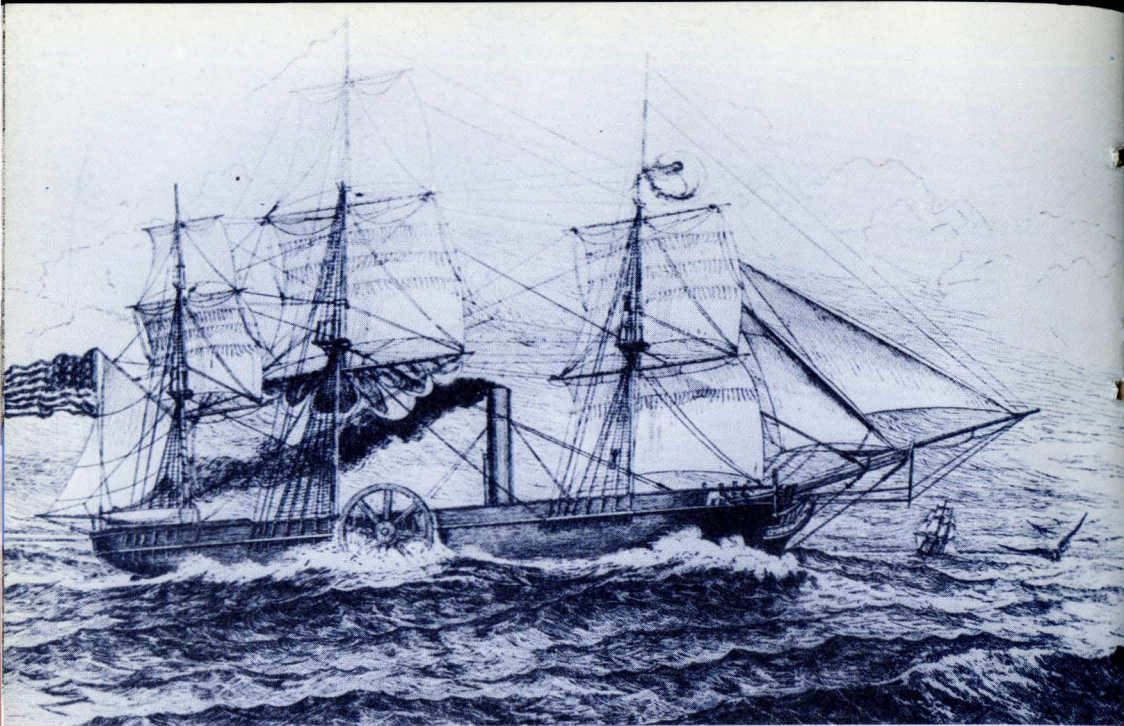
After he toasted Captain Rogers for a very "good show" the *Savannah* steamed ahead.

Twenty-nine days and four hours after she left Savannah, Georgia the ship anchored June 20, 1819 off Liverpool.

Captain Rogers had planned an impressive entrance with full steam ahead but was forced to make the run up the English channel under sail because the coal supply had been used up during the voyage.

The reception Captain Rogers and his crew received was more taxing and demanding than the voyage itself. The normally stiff and well-contained English really loosened up. There was handshaking, backslapping and an endless routine of banquets. Rogers didn't have time to dent the pillow in his bunk for days.

Not the slightest malfunction had



Savannah

been experienced aboard the *Savannah*, other than the loss of a hawser and anchor. In a demonstration for Lord Lynedock, an English general, Rogers brought the *Savannah* from steam to canvas in 15 minutes flat. Thoroughly amazed by the astounding performance, Lord Lynedock presented Rogers with a huge silver urn.

"I'm not good at remembering names," Captain Rogers said after meeting scores of dignitaries.

"You don't have to," he was told, "but your name will be."

For 25 days the steamship held the stage, center of attraction, officers of the English army and navy visited her as did thousands of sightseers and browsers with sturdy shoes.

Every day was as magnificent as the premiere of a new opera.

Here's a rough idea of the *Savannah's* demanding itinerary: July 21 bound for St. Petersburg, Russia.

August 22 docked at Stockholm, Sweden. Presented with a "stove and muller" (a device for grinding paints

or drugs) by Charles XIV king of Sweden.

Sept. 5 departed Stockholm, its elaborate dinners and toasting with aquavit.

Sept. 18 steamed into St. Petersburg, "bear hugs and broad grins."

Sept. 18 through 22; maneuvered under full steam in the harbor with members of the Royal Family and Russian nobles as passengers.

Sept. 23 bound for Arendal, Norway.

On October 22, 1819, five arduous months from the day the *Savannah* steamed out of the U. S. of A., she left Arendal. Forty days later, on November 30, the first American steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean anchored in the Savannah River. Round trip, six months and eight days.

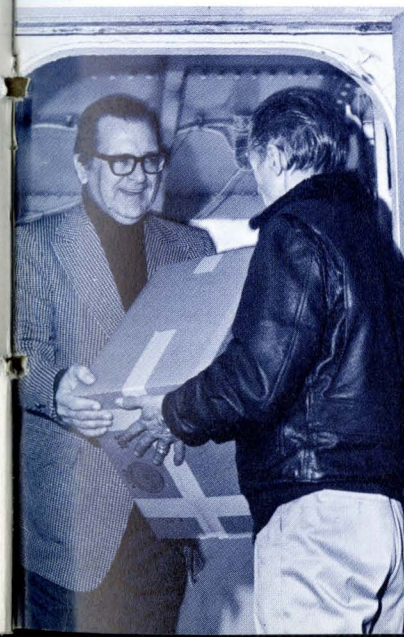
Two years later Captain Rogers was dead — yellow fever in Georgetown, S. C. In 1833 the Royal William, an English ship, left Quebec, Canada and 25 days later docked in London to become the first ship to cross the Atlantic by steam alone . . . whether the sea was calm or angry.

LAST MINUTE YULE PREPARATIONS AT SCI

The Institute — as this was written — was a-bustle with the packing of the Christmas boxes for seamen by the Women's Council volunteers and the distribution of them by the SCI shipvisitors.

The SCI men were clambering furiously up and down ships' ladders with the cartons containing the gift boxes — making certain that every ship in the harbor was covered. When this was done there were boxes to be distributed to hospitalized seamen in the city.

Photo at bottom is of SCI shipvisitors of twenty-nine years ago — about to set out on their tours from the South Street building.



Billethead? Gangway Boards?

by Abbie Murphy



Billethead, cathead, port lids, gangway boards, mast sheaths . . . how many of them are remembered from their maritime past? In the days of sail every one of these items, representing various types of ship carving, had a very important place in the adornment of a vessel.

A Barbados ship owner, for instance, writing to his New England agent in regard to a ship being built for him at Piscataquay (Portsmouth, New Hampshire) specifically instructed that "she be set forth handsomely with carved work."

The real masterpieces of the shipcarvers' art were, of course, the commanding figureheads at the prow, many of which were notable. But the other shipcarvings, such as those mentioned above, were also a part of the sailing ship's romantic past.

The billethead, sometimes used instead of a figurehead, was a carved piece that was fitted into the stemhead of the bow. The smaller ones were placed close under the bowsprit. John

W. Griffith, the great naval architect, wrote: "It is more difficult to set the full figure (figurehead) on a cutwater . . . than the billethead. Provision should be made to clear the bowsprit shrouds . . . the whole effect should be that of harmonizing all parts."

The visual effect of a well-carved billethead is distinctly that of a breaking wave. In many of those seen today in museums there is a strong "forward movement," beautiful indeed.

Sometimes the billethead was part of a case in which the ship's papers were kept. The papers were probably placed in that location because of the possibility that, in a disaster at sea, the head might be knocked off the ship. In that case, it was hoped, it might be picked up eventually, still carrying the important papers.

When gangways cut through the high bulwarks of naval vessels and packets came into use they were finished off with gangway boards. These were heavy pieces of wood decorated with a carved design, usually symbolic of the vessel's name.

Another decoration that was much used was the "cathead." The "cat" itself was the timber projecting from forward quarters, and used as a crane boom when getting anchors on the rail. These were usually adorned with a lion's head — a very bloodthirsty lion, generally — showing a lavish set of teeth. The anchor was often referred to as "catted."

When it happened that the rudder head or the mast passed through the open space of a cabin the unfinished wood of the supporting timber was enclosed with a casing. This resulted in the so-called "mast sheath," beautifully carved. One especially handsome

example is that which came from the ship *New York*, 1882.

The "port lids," many of which are intricately carved, were covers for the gun ports, actually. When closed, they showed on the ship's exterior a more or less conventional design.

There were "jack posts," where the stern "lanthorns" were hung . . . there were "sternboards" and "quarterboards," which usually bore the name of the ship, and many other lesser carvings, each contributing to the "personality" of the vessel. All of these had their part in adding to the interest and the lustre of the age of sail.



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

HAROLD G. PETERSEN
Editor

Address Correction Requested



WINDSONG

Blow gently,
Wind from the waterfronts
With scent of nostalgic pasts
Now numberless shores invite:
Which shall I know again?

Blow kindly,
Healing is in your touch
You soothe away the reproach
Of years that slipped by, unliv'd —
Accusing memories.

Blow softly,
Whisper of wind that wakes
Old dreams and desires denied,
Awaken this harp of life
With your deft minstrelsy.

Antoinette Adam

AS RIVERS GIVE

Your comfort makes me strong!
You do not merely wipe my tears away,
Leaving me to harbor hopelessness.
Quietly you show your faith in me
That courage will be mine for every need
And joy to walk the unknown path ahead,
My trust in God, wherever life may lead.

Your comfort makes me strong!
You never offer pity bent to keep me
Sorry for myself and helpless-bound.
You give compassion I must give away!
And I find strength not only meant for me.
I must drink deep of mountain waters flowing,
And give, as rivers give, who seek the sea.

Emily Sargent Councilman
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