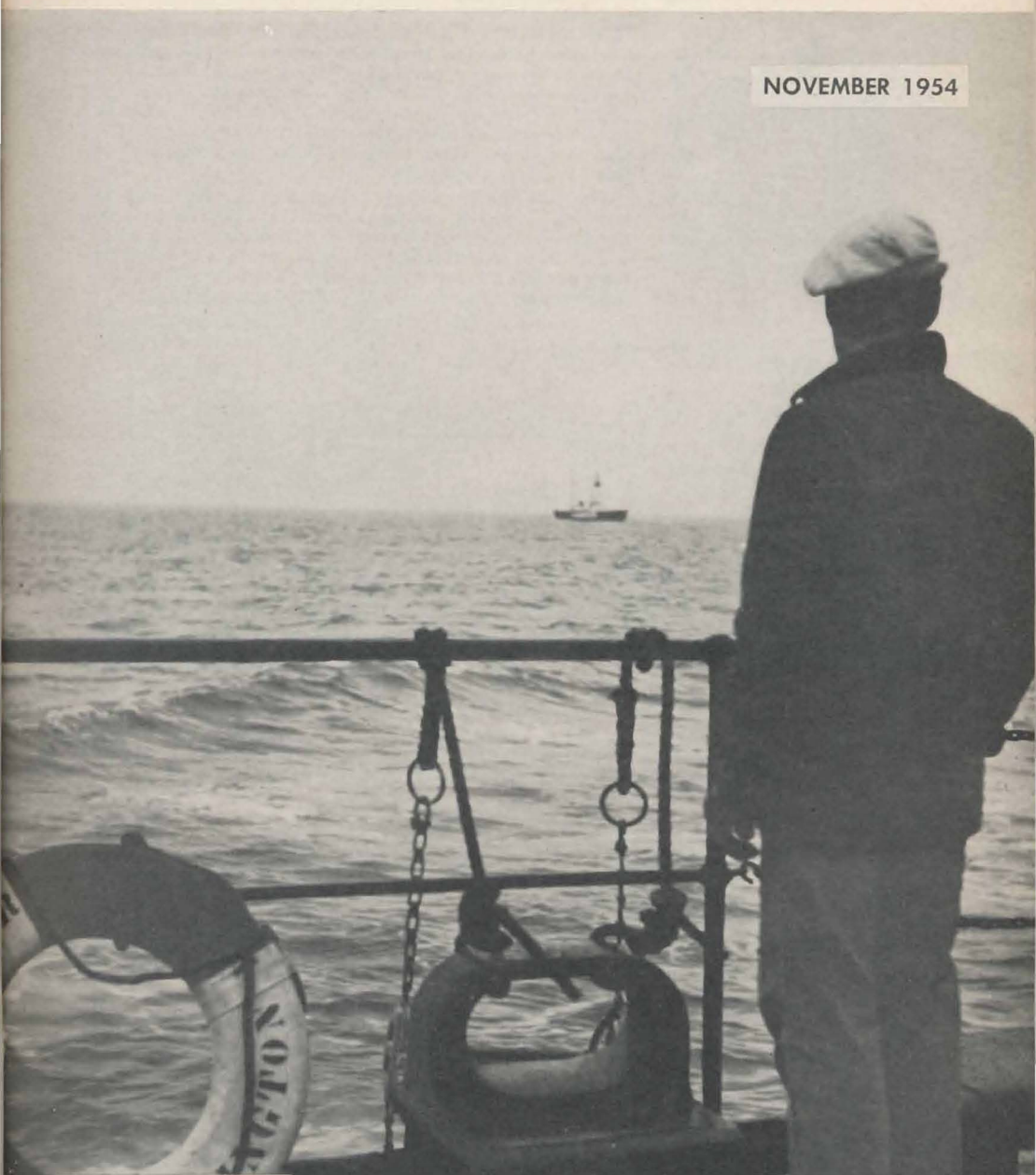
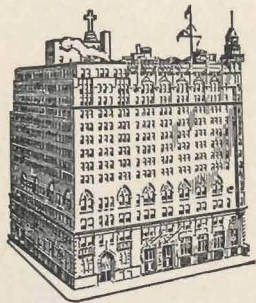


The LOOKOUT

NOVEMBER 1954



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLV

NOVEMBER, 1954

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: An A.B. on the 4 to 8 watch stands by the rail of the *Esso Ever*, hoping to sight the pilot boat scheduled to meet them off Ambrose Light. With the pilot aboard, the tanker will pick up a true course of $296^{\circ}54'$, which leads through Ambrose Channel into New York harbor. Photo by Tad Sadowski.

The Lookout

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November, 1954

No. 11



The *Empire State* steams up the Grand Canal of Venice.

The Maritime College Training Cruise

By Gordon Greist,

Cadet-Midshipman, State University of New York Maritime College

ALARGE and pleasantly excited crowd swarmed onto the pier at Fort Schuyler. The relatives and friends of 357 cadets were on hand to wish the boys well on their annual summer training cruise. Since I was at the throttle in the after engine room of the *Empire State*, I didn't see my father, mother and small brother wave good-bye. But I knew they were there. I felt a pang of nostalgia, too, because this was to be the last of the three training cruises that I would go on.

Every summer cadets studying to be merchant marine officers at State University of New York Maritime College,

Fort Schuyler, take a cruise aboard the 6,000-ton training vessel *Empire State*. The ship, commanded by Captain Alfred F. Olivet, visits five or six countries, and spends about a week in each. While at sea we get a chance to put into actual practice all the theory of ship operation that we learn in the classroom during the year. On the cruise we cadets pretty much run the ship. Of course, we've got trained officers on hand to watch every move we make. But this cruise I must admit that I was feeling kind of cocky: I was a first classman, or senior, and this was to be my third and last trip.

Things were pretty different this time around from the way they had been when I was a "mug" on my first cruise. That's when I spent most of my time making scores of painstaking one-line diagrams of the basic steam cycle and steam power plant. By the next cruise I had graduated to more important tasks, and stood watches as oiler, water-tender and evaporator-operator. Now I was ready for more responsible jobs, standing watches as engineer and junior engineer. As part of a study group of eight men, I would help plan, supervise and prepare for getting an entire power plant underway. I knew it was going to be tough work, but I was looking forward to it.

My pals in the deck department also held positions of graded difficulty and responsibility. They learned about the ship routine during their first cruise, concentrating on the methods of maintaining a seaworthy vessel. The next year, they studied celestial navigation and piloting; they stood watches as quartermaster and helmsman. On this, their last cruise, they would have the chance to exercise leadership and responsibility by acting as officer-of-the-deck. Underway, they would learn about navigation by loran, radar and decca and get training in handling emergency fire-fighting equipment and cargo. To top it all off, when the cruise was over, they were headed for two weeks in the offices of various steamship companies to learn about steamship management. We all had a full program — and some exciting new adventures ahead of us.

Just off City Island, not far from our home base on Throgg's Neck, the U. S. Coast Guard boarded ship to test our life boats and fire-fighting equipment. They watched 130 men get into a life boat which hung on the davits. Our equipment was found to be in good working order and we soon got under way again. I was especially eager to get started because our first stop was to be Bermuda, a port I had never seen before.

We arrived at Hamilton on the 23rd of June after an easy three-day run. I enjoyed the trip but some of our mugs

turned a little green shortly after the *Empire State* reached open sea. One mug, who was a wiper in my watch, complained sadly as the ship rocked heavily, "Gee, I wish I could sit under a tree."

For most cadets our great Fourth of July parade was one of the high points of the trip. No small matter, it was advertised for days over the loud speaker of the ship. Our student public address system, by the way, was our special pride. We played music almost all day, interspersed with the comments of our eight disc jockeys, who, it must be said, were in possession of the world's oldest jokes. At any rate, the parade had been "promoted," and enthusiasm was running high. At 1 P.M. contingents from the four watch sections started in the forward troop and went through every compartment of the ship, ending up on the fantail. Records of Souza marches blended with local notices, interviews and commentaries over the PA system to give the impression of a great affair. The paraders were dressed in the most bizarre and extravagant get-ups. Some were in white uniforms with stripes painted up and down; others were in nightshirts—where they got these remains a mystery; still others wore almost nothing, but were curiously painted. Watch section four won the contest for having the most wacky regalia. Their reward was overnight liberty. Since we were about 1,000 miles from the nearest port, this was a dubious advantage.

After a smooth crossing we made Naples on July 14th. We were officially welcomed by Mayor Lauro, who invited us to see a grand opera, "La Traviata," Neopolitan style. The next few days we were busy being tourists. We visited Pompeii and were surprised to learn that they had "one way" streets just as New York has. A group of us went to Rome where some of the boys had an audience with the Pope. Others visited the Colosseum, Saint Peter's, and the museums. Like many another American, we threw our coins in the Fountain of Trevi and silently made our wishes to return again to the Eternal City.

After a stop at Antwerp, we headed for Rotterdam. The harbor, one of the largest in Europe, amazed me. It looked like a forest of steel derricks, huge black slanting booms lining the shore as far as the eye could see. The harbor had not been destroyed by the Nazis in World War II, though the city was heavily bombed, and a great many ships were loading and unloading cargos. I liked Rotterdam very much; It seemed such a neat, clean, and very modern city. It appeared to be honeycombed by a very efficient trolley system. In one section of the city, called the "Fifth Avenue of Europe," I saw the most modern and elegant shops I had seen in Europe.

From Rotterdam we sailed for Santander, Spain, a city of 85,000 people. We arrived on a golden Spanish day, warm and sunny. Shortly after we got there, crowds began to gather on the dock. We threw open the ship to the public and about 1,000 people a day visited us.

The Spaniards were very cordial, inviting us to dinners, parties and dances. The big problem was accepting these invitations. Social affairs in Santander start very late, sometimes at midnight. Consequently, our watch schedules were thrown into confusion. However, Captain Olivet, our commanding officer, al-

lowed us to attend these functions, schedules notwithstanding.

Our return voyage was marked by excitement. On August 22, about 2,000 miles from New York, we received an urgent message from the supertanker *S.S. Coro*. Her master, Captain E. Rudino, was critically ill and needed immediate medical attention. The *Empire State* hove to in a heavy sea while cadets lowered a boat and rowed Dr. Joseph E. Bennett, the school's medical officer to the *Coro*. Dr. Bennet gave emergency treatment to Captain Rudino and then returned to the *Empire State*. Our mercy mission had been in vain; we learned that Captain Rudino had died later of a heart attack.

We remained in Washington for a few days while the cadets took part in American Legion activities and visited the capitol. A few intrepid adventurers climbed the lofty Washington Monument. Some, a little wiser, walked down the several hundred steps instead of up them. But at this point, sightseeing had not its usual satisfaction: we were eager to be back. On September 6th, after 12,170 miles and five foreign countries, we sailed up the East River, under the bridges, past Hell Gate, and finally sighted with affection, Fort Schuyler. We were happily home.

For the man who has everything . . .

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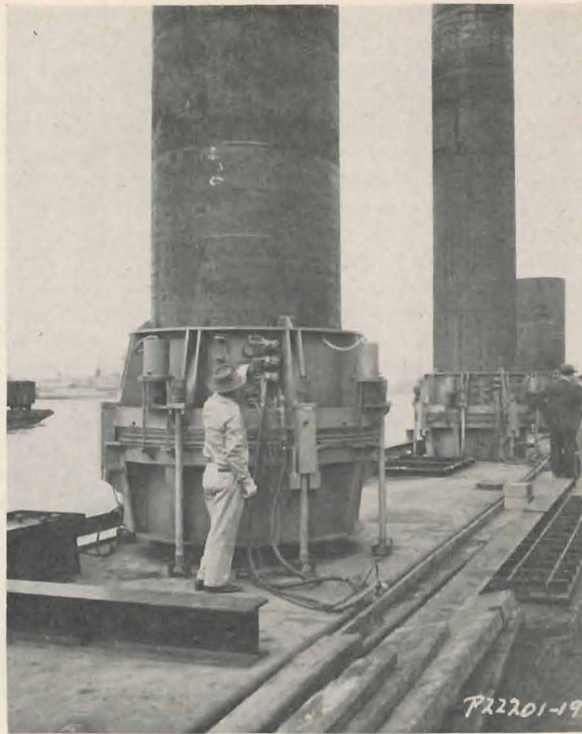


Mail to Editor, THE LOOKOUT, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.



From Barge To Pier

New Dock Climbs
Out of Water
On Its Own Legs



A workman examines pneumatic jack which lifts barge up cylinders and out of the water.

A 600-TON steel barge floated its way into New York harbor a few weeks ago, climbed out of the water on its own legs, and became a pier for Consolidated Edison's new generating station in Astoria, Queens.

This maneuver was performed by a million-dollar DeLong dock, which started life as a covered steel barge pierced by several round steel sleeves. Steel cylinders six feet in diameter were dropped through the sleeves until they hit the bottom. Special jacks attached to the barge then lifted the barge up the cylinders until it was the proper height out of the water. The barge was then welded to the cylinders, the cylinders were firmly attached to the bottom, filled with concrete and cut off flush with the dock. The whole operation, transforming the barge into a pier eight feet in

the air, took less than two hours.

The DeLong dock, already in use in Thule, Greenland, on the Orinoco River in Venezuela and in Alaska, was built by the DeLong Engineering & Construction Company to provide a practical method of raising a pier in remote and difficult locations. This is the first one to be put to commercial use in the United States. A sloping rock river bed and an absence of mud deposit made the construction of the usual-type pier impossible in the East River spot.

When it is completed in December, the dock will be 60 feet wide and 468 feet long. It will support an unloading tower which will be capable of handling 14 tons of coal a minute.

The pier is similar in construction to the network of radar warning platforms at sea recently proposed by the Air Force.

THANKSGIVING and Christmas can be two of the best days in the year. To most of us they mean a time of homecoming, of parties and presents, and of holiday dinners with family and friends. But they could also be two of the worst days in the year, if you had to spend them alone among strangers, in a strange town.

Merchant seamen, more often than most people, find themselves strangers in town. Their work — maintaining the country's lifelines of commerce and defense — requires that they be away from home most of the time. And even the brightest lights of the holiday season can seem pretty dismal to the seaman who's left his ship, said goodbye to his buddies, and ventured out alone into an unfriendly city.

In the Port of New York, many of these men head for the Seamen's Church Institute. This year, as in the past, over 1000 of them will be guests of the Institute at Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Our holiday activities express clearly the purpose behind the Institute's entire program. Most all of the men we have to dinner for Thanksgiving and Christmas could buy their own turkey and potatoes. But there's something more than a meal involved. These men will be our guests, and everything possible will be done to recreate for them here at 25 South Street the spirit and atmosphere that gives meaning to these days enjoyed at home.

In the spirit of holiday hospitality, won't you help us "pick up the tab" for these dinners and extend a welcome to merchant seamen — strangers in New York. Make checks payable to

HOLIDAY FUND

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

UNCHIVALROUS

What with all the talk about Carol, Edna and Hazel, the three terrible sisters, it seems that a lot of people (mostly women) are getting pretty upset about the Weather Bureau's habit of naming hurricanes after the ladies.

E. M. Vernon, chief forecaster of the U. S. Weather Bureau, has announced that the subject will come up for discussion next January or February when the bureau holds its annual conference on the reporting of hurricanes at Miami.

A spokesman for the Weather Bureau in New York told us that the original reason for naming the hurricanes after girls was to have an easily understandable name which could be transmitted to radio operators at sea. It all sounded like a good idea, but a lot of women just don't seem to like it. At least 100 of them have called the bureau in the last two or three months to protest that storms of such great destruction, violence and eccentricity should not bear female names. Oddly enough, no men have called up to complain.

PIPE MIXTURE

America's first nuclear-powered submarine, the *Nautilus*, which was launched in a blaze of glory this winter (*Lookout*, February '54), met trouble before she even left her dock. The Navy's \$55 million A-sub, which extracts enough energy from a tiny lump of uranium to drive itself around the world without refueling, has been plagued by faulty piping.

When a steampipe on the *Nautilus* burst during dockside tests last month, it was discovered that welded piping had

been substituted for stronger seamless tubing, which would have been able to withstand the high pressure. An extensive Navy investigation traced the error back to the fact that both types of pipe have identical dimensions and a similar general appearance. Workmen had mixed them together in the warehouse, and this consequently led to misfitting not only in the *Nautilus*, but also in the second sub, the *Seawolf*, now under construction.

GONG WITH THE FOG

Manually operated fog gongs may be on their way out. At least, that's what the people at the C. C. Galbraith & Son Electric Corporation, whose new electronic fog gong has just been approved by the Coast Guard, believe.

The electronic gong, which is automatically regulated from the pilot house, makes it unnecessary for a seaman on watch at the ship's stern to strike the gong with a mallet for five seconds of every minute. Coast Guard regulations require that all anchored large craft ring a bell forward and sound a gong aft during "fog, mist, falling snow, heavy rain-storm," so that vessels in the vicinity can locate the position of the anchored ship.

SEA-POWER

In the hope of eventually harnessing some of the tremendous power of the sea for commercial purposes, British scientists have developed an intricate wave-measuring instrument which, hydrographers claim, will enable them to chart, for the first time, the "exact height" of ocean waves.

Known as a ship-borne wave recorder, the device has been installed in the research ship, *Discovery II* and in the ocean weather ship, *Weather Explorer*. A similar model has been ordered by the Oceanographic Institution at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, for use in the research ship *Atlantis*.

The wave recorder works by measuring and coordinating the effect of two forces — the wave pressure which operates below the water line of a ship and the "heave," or upward and downward motion of a ship at the instant of wave impact. Electrical coordination between the pressure and the "heave" meters gives the resulting height of the waves.

Hydrographers on the *Discovery II* have already learned that a 10-foot up-and-down movement is roughly equal to the generation of 20,000 horsepower by the sea.

While the ultimate goal of converting some of this sea-power into energy for commercial purposes is a long way off, the wave recorders are being used now to secure valuable information in the building of ships and harbors.

VARIETY

As far as variety goes, Noah's Ark had but a small edge on the Cunard Line freighter *Andria*, which arrived in New York a few weeks ago resembling a floating zoo. Bearing animals for the Chicago Zoological Society and the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C., the *Andria* had a conglomerate passenger list. It included three zebras, five vultures, one crow, twelve tortoises, two snakes, one giant rat, one squirrel, two civet cats, one jackal, one hedgehog and one mongoose.

SORRY, WRONG GENERAL

A couple of "lawful generals" from India got some foreign analysts needlessly excited a few weeks ago. Learning that a ship broker was advertising for a vessel to carry "lawful generals" from India's East Coast to the Russian port of Odessa, the experts had almost figured out the full implications of a possible Soviet-Indian military alliance before someone told them that they had run into some charter market jargon.

The "lawful generals" refer to general cargoes of an unrestricted, or nonmilitary nature, in search of a ship going from India to Odessa.

ONE BETTER

A lone New Yorker arrived in Pago Pago, Samoa a few weeks ago. His means of transportation—a 34-foot balsa raft on which he had drifted 6,000 miles across the Pacific for 115 days.

William Willis has been going to sea for 44 years. He undertook the latest voyage, from Callao, Peru to Samoa, to "show that a lone man can conquer the ocean and the fury of the elements with his bare hands and the most rudimentary means of navigation." He also succeeded in his plan to outdo the Kon-Tiki Expedition of 1947 which sailed from Callao to the Taumotu Archipelago. Willis drifted past Taumoto for about 2,000 miles more, on to Samoa.

Willis made the voyage alone, except for the company of a cat and a parrot. However, on his next raft expedition, he'll have a crew member — his wife, Mrs. Tess Willis of the Bronx. She told reporters so when she learned of her husband's safe arrival in Samoa.



A Long Island Railroad car float swings past the lower tip of Manhattan and heads up the East River.

The Railroad Fleet

WHERE THE TRACKS END, THE CAR FLOATS TAKE OVER

THE DAY starts at eight, or four or maybe midnight. For eight hours straight, the tug maneuvers tons of precious cargo from one pier to another, working with the utmost precision, for the slightest mistake can mean an accident and thousands of dollars worth of damage. Once a job — which may have taken anywhere from 20 minutes to four hours — is finished, the captain radios headquarters for another assignment. When one crew goes off, another one immediately takes over. And so it goes, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Multiply the activity of one tugboat by a hundred or so, and you have some idea of the vast freight-floating operations going on in and about the 600 miles of shore line that make up the New York waterfront.

Freight floats or car floats—squat steel platforms bearing freight cars on rails, shepherded by heavy tugs — are one of the most familiar sights in New York harbor. A necessity born of the special geography of places like Manhattan Island, they offer the only economical means of interchanging from one railroad to another the hundreds of freight cars which arrive each day on the lines surrounding the city. Regular lighterage, the transport of unloaded cargo on barges, used mainly in getting cargo from ship to rail or vice versa, is impractical when the contents of a whole railroad car have to be transferred. Thus the marine departments of all the railroads whose lines converge on the harbor operate fleets of car floats. The person watching

from land often wonders where the amphibious-looking railroad cars come from, where they're going, and how they got on the water in the first place.

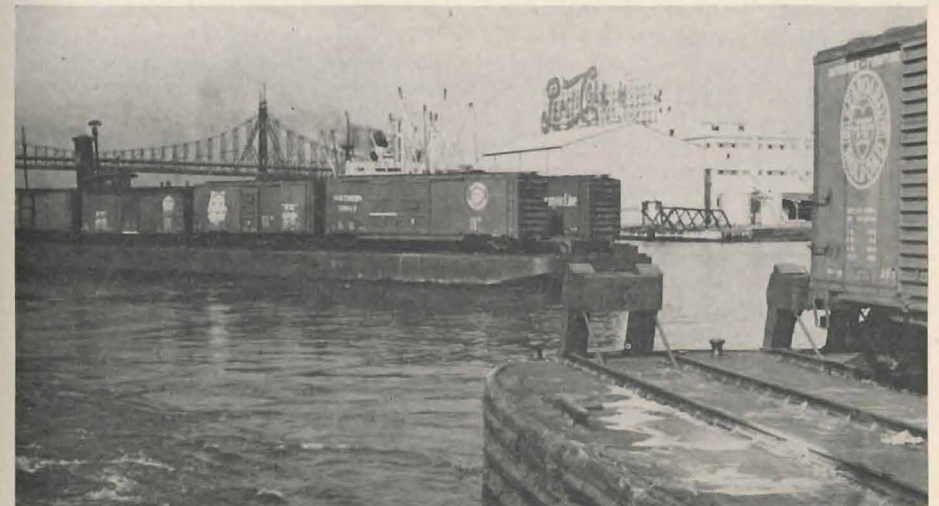
Before the cars get on the water, they have to get on a car float. A typical car floating operation begins at the water's edge of the railroad yard. An average-sized yard will have about four steel float bridges, each equipped with a section of road bed that can be raised or lowered to meet the tracks on the float no matter how high the tide. The empty car float, which has been towed into the slip by the tug, is made fast to the bridge by narrow steel blocks about five feet long, and secured with ropes. Once this operation, known as "pinning the float" is done, the railroad engineer releases the freight cars across the bridge and on to the float. It sounds simple, but there's plenty of room for error. Consider the case of the engineer who got his signals mixed and released three cars of Christmas trees right into the Hudson. They got there just before the car float did.

When the loading is completed, the float is the tugboat's baby. The captain has already received his instructions via

ship-to-shore telephone from the pier's dispatch office, where four or five men and a battery of phones form the nerve center of the work. He noses his tug into the slip, fastens lines to one, or often two floats (one on each side), and moves out. He may be headed for a routine trip of an hour or so, a three or four hour run, or perhaps he is simply moving a foreign float (which then waits for a foreign tug) to another pier, a trip of probably 20 minutes or less. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a foreign float is not one coming from far-off, romantic places, but simply one belonging to another railroad company. Since all the lines switch carloads among themselves, it's not unusual to find a New York Central float at a New Haven pier or a Pennsylvania tug hauling a Long Island float.

Out on the water, the tug's main concern is safety. Freight cars may not look particularly fragile, but on a car float they can be as temperamental as any prima donna. Although the float is constructed with stoppers at its bumper (stern) to keep the cars from going over backwards, it's not so easy to keep them from sliding over the unprotected toggle

Arriving carfloat heads into slip just vacated.



(bow), from which the loading is done. One wrong move from the tug can cause derailing and then anything can happen. Employees at the New York Central still talk about the time eleven carloads of coal parted company with their float — and the day the three banana cars went for a swim in the Hudson.

The cost of these mishaps can run sky-high. Although the Central maintains several giant hoisters which can pick up partially submerged cars, they must call in an outside company to do the job when cars take a full dive. The fee for the use of a single derrick may run as high as \$1500 a day.

Then there are the runaway floats to watch out for. Ships going at full speed, or very high tides, can break or lift the lines off a piling, and “off the floats go to Yonkers,” as one tugboat captain put it. The tugs though, which can do up to 13 knots without a tow, usually have no trouble catching the wandering float.

Sudden fog is a particular menace to the tugs, more so than high tides and high winds. Because the heavy load of the steel float pulls a compass needle a few degrees off, it's impossible to steer by instrument. The tugs usually tie-up in a fog, but if it strikes without warning, there may be trouble. Tugboat captains, when they tell you about “their most dangerous trip,” always mention the time they got caught in the fog.

The captains are usually veterans of many years service with the railroad fleet, a 20-year man being considered a mere upstart. Because they enjoy all railroad employee benefits and seniority privileges, most of them prefer railroad work to any other type of tug service. By the time a man has worked his way up from deck hand to captain, he's a highly skilled expert on the currents, channels and tides of a harbor that is never simple, and often extremely complicated to navigate. Captains must have special licenses to pilot the tugs through certain parts of the harbor.

Some of the stories the marine railroaders like to tell best are about the unusual cargoes they've floated. The peo-

ple at New York Central will have a hard time forgetting the 80-foot stuffed whale that graced its Weehawken pier for about a year. A Belgian had brought the embalmed monster to this country to exhibit, but once he got it off a steamer and up to Weehawken via an open car float, he couldn't find anyone who wanted it. So it stayed in storage at Weehawken peacefully enough, except that it began to smell a little worse every day. Attendants couldn't pump enough formaldehyde into it to take the odor away and the neighboring residents began to complain rather loudly. To everyone's great relief, plans were made to display it at Coney Island. The whale boarded a car float for the second time for the trip across the river and then was taken to Coney by truck. However, the whale didn't prove exactly popular with the residents of Brooklyn either, and it was ordered removed. Just before another car float could come to start it on its last journey, the whole thing burned down.

The Long Island Railroad has never been honored with a whale for a passenger, but it claims its share of some rather unusual car float cargoes. For the past two months it has been transporting boats over water. Landing crafts built for the Army in a Long Island shipyard are loaded on to the floats, one 50-foot boat in each car. When the Ringling Brothers Circus played the Island, the LIR floated all the animals over from the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey to Bay Ridge. According to LIR officials, it's the first time the circus has ever been on water. At least, it's the first time it's ever been on car float.

The Long Island also carries on a rather unholly two-way traffic. Car floats coming into the Island carry tons of duck feed, a kind of residue from corn flakes, to fatten up the famous Long Island ducklings. And on the outward route, floats carry the ducklings, fed, fattened — and frozen. As a Long Island employee puts it, “If ducks don't fly south, we ship south.”

— FAYE HAMMEL



Mrs. Rebekah Shipler and customer examine a purchase at the Crow's Nest.

Gift Shop Opened

CHRISTMAS shoppers, window shoppers and just plain browsers are all to be seen in abundance at the new Crow's Nest Gift Shop, the latest addition to the lobby of the Institute. Set up for the purpose of raising funds for the Institute's Central Council of Associations, the attractive shop features nautical gifts, unusual costume jewelry and an assortment of greeting cards.

All profits from the Crow's Nest will help the Central Council of Associations send more than 6,000 Christmas gift packages to merchant seamen in foreign ports, on ships at sea, in hospitals and at the Institute. Every year letters from seamen all over the globe gratefully acknowledge these Christmas boxes, which contain hand-knit sweaters, scarves or socks, slippers, candy, a sewing kit, a book, writing paper and pen, an address book, polishing cloth, and a popular game — chess, cards or scrabble.

Behind these gift packages is a vast amount of work. It begins early in the year, with sweaters, socks and scarves being knitted by over 1,000 volunteers throughout the country. From mid-October to December, each gift is individually wrapped by volunteer women — and a few brave men — who keep the Christmas Room at the Institute busy five days and two nights a week. Early in November, Institute ship visitors begin loading the boxes aboard merchant ships which will be on the high seas or in foreign ports on Christmas Day.

Money raised by the Crow's Nest Gift Shop will buy gift items for the boxes and put wool into the hands of knitters. Most of the money needed (it costs \$3.50 to “sail a box”) must still be obtained, however, by contributions sent to the Central Council of Associations, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York 4, New York.

Book Briefs



ELISHA KENT KANE AND THE SEAFARING FRONTIER

By Jeannette Mirsky — Little, Brown, Boston, \$3.00

Just about one hundred years ago, everyone was reading a book called *Arctic Explorations*. The *Annapurna* of its time, it told of another bold adventure that had captured the public's imagination, of two and one-half years spent in the frozen Arctic, in a latitude higher than any American or European had endured before. Its author, Elisha Kent Kane, was a national hero. When he died, a nation heading toward civil war mourned him, North and South alike. His story is engrossingly told in this latest addition to *The Library of American Biography*.

In the history of the United States, the seafaring frontier has been as dynamic a force as the Western, or land frontier. Both movements stemmed from the restlessness of the young country and both answered the same basic need of its people, the need to make a living. Some chose to blaze trails over the land; others — whalers, China traders, explorers — turned northward and eastward to the seafaring frontier. Elisha Kane belonged to the last category. Although he never reached the North Pole or succeeded in finding the elusive Northwest Passage, Kane gave the world an Arctic stripped of its terror and danger. He humanized the northernmost frontier.

Elisha Kane would probably have been a success at anything he chose to do. The brilliant son of an illustrious Philadelphia family, he was preparing for a career as an engineer when an attack of rheumatic fever proved near-fatal. Kane left his sickbed determined to live to the hilt the few years of life he could hope for. The first step was to become a doctor to learn how to take care of himself. Then followed service with the Navy as medical officer on a diplomatic mission to China, and fighting in the Mexican War. But this was hardly enough to satisfy the restless Kane. He found his real mission, one that would absorb him for the rest of his life, in the search for the Franklin Expedition.

Although Kane's first Arctic expedition did not succeed in finding the lost British explorer, it taught him a great deal about life in the Arctic. Jailed for months by the ice, he experimented with ways to handle Arctic medical problems, coped with the ravages of scurvy, noted the effect of cold on food habits. Appre-

tites changed; men suddenly yearned for frozen ham fat and sauerkraut drenched with olive oil, not even aware of their craving for the high-fat diet of the Arctic. In a semi-scientific entry on the effect of severe cold on foodstuffs, Kane notes that barrels of dried apples had become 'one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony . . . pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic: crow-bar and pick-axe! for at -30° the axe can hardly chip it!'

Kane's book, *Arctic Explorations: The Securing of still more work*. Three years of popular lecturing, voluminous correspondence and public appeals finally raised enough money for a privately-financed Second Grinnell Expedition. Hardship trailed the group. Hurricanes, rats, starvation plagued the men; news came that Franklin and his party had perished. But despite it all, the expedition managed to weather two winters in the Arctic, exploring as far as $80^{\circ}35' N.$, farther than man had previously gone. With provisions running out, Kane and his group abandoned their ship, the *Advance*, and after 10 months of travel by sledge and boat, reached the Danish settlements in Greenland. Kane's brilliance lay in applying the advantages of his scientific knowledge to the lessons he learned from the Eskimos about living and working in the Arctic. He adopted the Eskimo's eating and hunting habits, and developed techniques of sledging that Peary, in his dash to the North Pole 54 years later, imitated. He charted unknown regions of Greenland and made botanical and geological surveys and meteorological observations that are today a vital part of our knowledge on these important Arctic areas.

Kane's book, *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin . . . 1853, '54, '55*, became, in his own words, his "coffin." He died soon after it was published. And although the nation mourned him as a hero, the outbreak of war, the decline of the whaling industry and the end of the great days of the Clipper ship pushed Kane's name back into semi-darkness. A century later, Miss Mirsky's biography does a good deal to restore him to his rightful place in America's seafaring history — F. H.

COASTAL FOGS

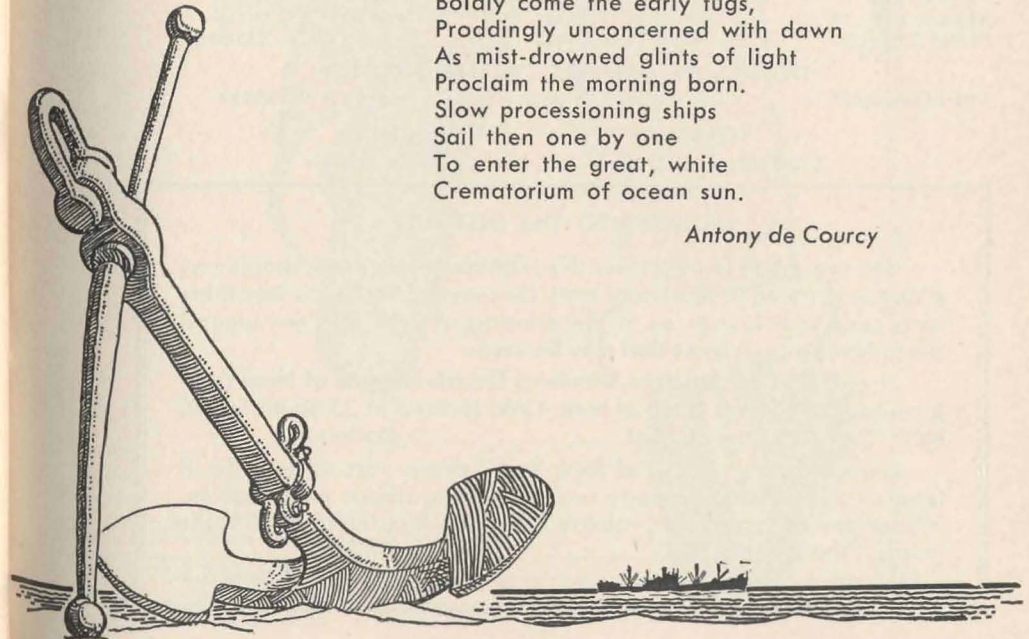
At first the newborn fogs will scarcely dare
Peer from the canyon mouth until they wait
For darkness, and for windows everywhere
To have shades drawn. Then still they'll hesitate
With every step they take: at every fence,
At every hedge, at every looming tree —
As slowly, moved by some impelling sense,
They make their anxious way down to the sea.
But later on they grow so sure and bold
And multiply to such enormous flocks
They'll mass for miles along the coast to hold,
Immobilized, all traffic lanes and docks —
And show no least regard for glaring light
Or frantic foghorns blowing day and night.

Iva Paston

SHIPS IN NEW YORK HARBOR

They watch the doom-pale moon
With waiting, yellow eyes:
Stirs of the crouching wave
And each star that dies.
Boldly come the early tugs,
Proddingly unconcerned with dawn
As mist-drowned glints of light
Proclaim the morning born.
Slow processioning ships
Sail then one by one
To enter the great, white
Crematorium of ocean sun.

Antony de Courcy



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"I give and bequeath to **Seamen's Church Institute of New York**, a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum ofDollars."

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

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