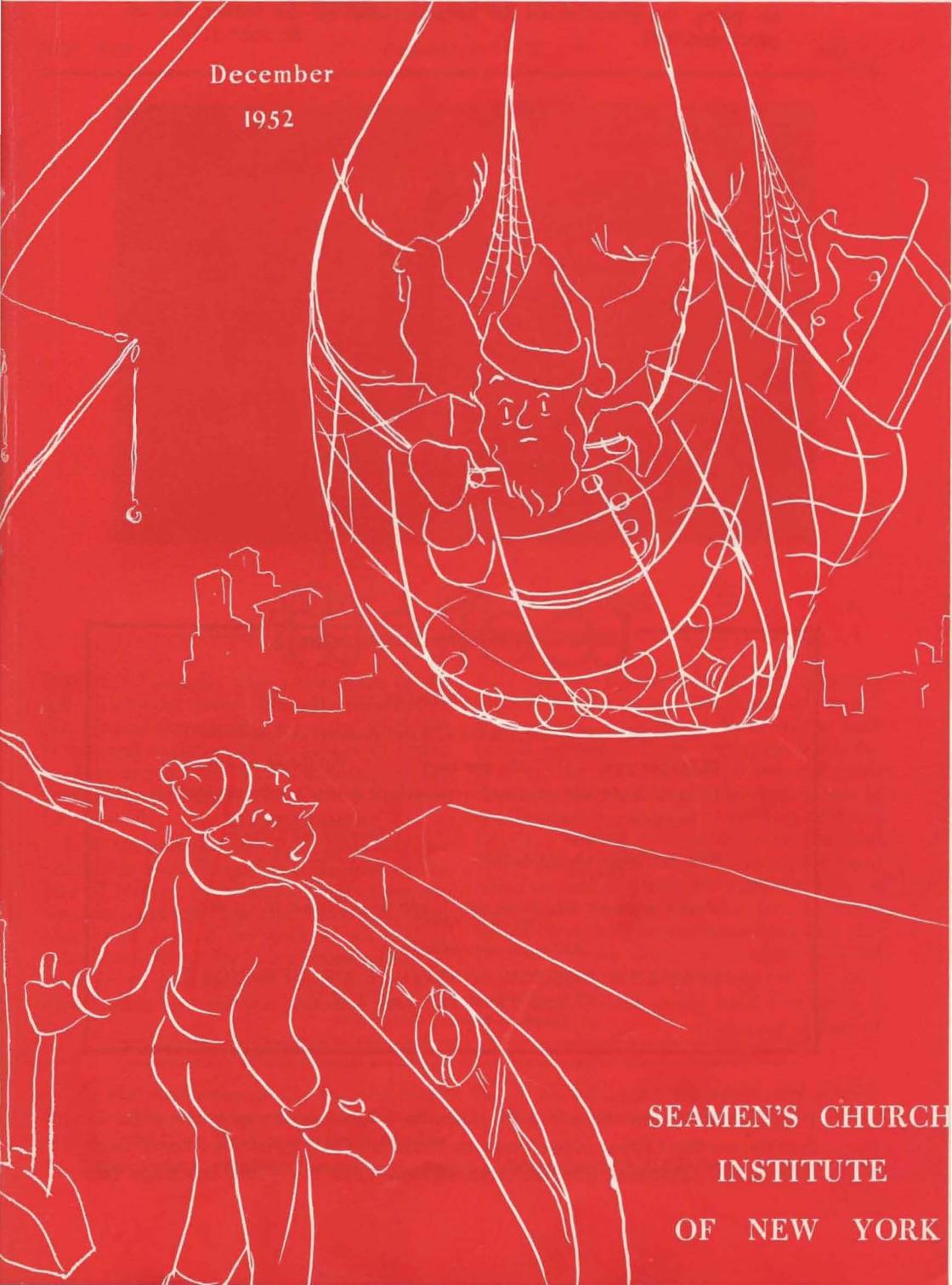


The LOOKOUT

December

1952



SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.
St. John 1:14



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII DECEMBER, 1952

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THE COVER: Santa doesn't quite seem to know how he got where he is. Frankly, we don't either, since it was the Seamen's Church Institute who put more than 3,500 Christmas gift packages aboard ships this year. See page ten.

The Lookout

VOL. XLIII

December, 1952

NO. 12



Why I Go to Sea

By Capt. Gordon H. Messegee

OFTEN I wonder why a man goes to sea — why he severs himself from home, friends and community, from the available riches and varieties of life ashore in order to float around the world confined in the loneliness and barrenness of a few hundred feet of steel.

Is it because the sea is an escape or because it is a challenge? Is it because of the lure of foreign ports and changing scenes, because of money one can make and save, because of love of the work at sea and of ships themselves? Or is it a combination of some or all of these plus some deeper and more subtle reasons that makes a man go to sea?

In search of an answer I must return to myself. I went to sea first because I couldn't resist it. As a boy I lived in the little rain-drenched town of Olympia, Washington, on the most inland of the navigable waters of Puget Sound. The nation was in the Depression and the relative poverty of Olympia seemed to accentuate its dullness. Glum people who looked alike and dressed alike seemed to move through the rain in slow futile circles, waiting for a dream called Prosperity to put them back into motion and make them smile again and set everything right — everything but the rain.

Olympia's dock could hold five ships if

(Continued on Page 8)

By the unanimous choice of John Mason Brown, Jo Hubbard Chamberlin, and John K. Hutchens, this entry was awarded first place in the essay contest sponsored by the Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

Second and third places were won by Irving B. Benton and Noel Whitcomb, respectively.

David & Goliath?

ONE of the most significant developments in world ocean transportation is the astonishing growth of the merchant fleets of 36 nations considered minor maritime countries in 1939. Their rate of increase of ships in existence since that year is almost thirteen fold that shown by the major maritime powers.

Research by the National Federation of American Shipping indicates that the post-war growth of these minor maritime fleets may be vitally related to one of the most pressing problems of all ship operators today: the current depressed demand for merchant ships.

The study reports that the merchant fleets of countries regarded as minor maritime powers prior to World War II have become today real competitors for the world's available cargoes.

The following are some of the highlights of the special study:

At the outbreak of World War II, these 36 minor maritime countries possessed an aggregate of less than 6,000,000 deadweight tons of ocean-going merchant ships. By July 1, 1952, this tonnage had increased to 11,847,000, and upon completion of current construction programs it will amount to more than 13,000,000. This will represent an increase of 124.8 percent of their 1939 tonnage. The smaller maritime countries alone, since 1939, will have added more than 7,000,000 dwt. to the world's merchant fleets. This represents a rate of growth almost thirteen times that shown by major traditional maritime powers.

Here are some of the increases countries have made over their 1939 figures: Argentina, 333 percent; Canada, 114; China, 111; Honduras, 548; India, 119; Israel, 2,029; Mexico, 584; Peru, 265; Poland, 210; Portugal, 1,085; Turkey, 130 and Venezuela, 126 percent. In addition, there are today some new maritime nations such as: Colombia, Costa Rica, Ireland, Iceland,

Liberia, and Switzerland. Also belonging to this list are Indonesia and Pakistan, although they did not exist as nations in a political sense prior to World War II.

The study showed that of the 1,389,494 deadweight tons of new ships now under construction for these nations, which represents 11.7 percent of their total fleets in existence, more than half are being built in major maritime countries such as the United Kingdom, Germany, and the Netherlands.

Of great significance to the depressed demand for merchant ships at present is the fact that more than 40 percent of the new construction for these minor maritime countries is in the freight ship category. This represents a far greater concentration on freight ships by the smaller countries than that now being accorded the freight ship by the major maritime powers in their construction programs.

The Federation study ascribed the motivating forces behind the apparent drive for strength by the smaller maritime nations as due in part to the difficulties they experienced in World War II in securing shipping space essential to their own export and import trade, particularly the so-called neutral nations. Also considered a factor is the relatively recent urge of these countries to conserve foreign currencies.

While recognizing the postwar increases in the world volume of cargoes and newly developed trading patterns, the study reports that the foreign trade (volume and pattern) of the minor maritime nations has in general not kept pace with the increased availability of their own shipping space. Consequently these countries have been in a position to reduce sharply their purchases of shipping space from the larger maritime nations. In some instances they have become actual sellers of ocean transportation services in the world market, apart from carrying large portions of their own seaborne trade.

Sinbad

By Ira C. Kenney

MIDNIGHT along South Ferry's nearly deserted waterfront finds only an occasional truck rumbling along toward Brooklyn Bridge. A prowler car, silent, alone, appears, then vanishes into ghostly shadows of towering warehouses.

High up on the twelfth floor of South Street's Seamen's Church Institute, a seaman sits alone in brooding contemplation. He watches the flitting lights of harbor craft below in the East River, tiny as fireflies, wonders whither are they bound — who their crew members?

He listens to December's blustering night wind. Straight from the north country it emerges with a lonely song of wilderness, of ice-sealed brooks and frozen rivers back home in Maine. Amid the howling, now in piercing treble, now in mournful baritone, homesickness comes apace to this greying Sinbad of South Street as he listens to the wind song.

Back home the harvest is long since gathered in. The cellar shelves are loaded down with garden stuff. The barns are filled with sweet fresh hay. Oats are in the bulging bins and apples in the storeroom.

A pre-Christmas candy pull is in progress tonight, and the old folks are popping corn at the big rock fireplace. Sinbad fidgets uneasily in his chair, listening in on the laughter and the song, tasting the warm taffy, smelling the freshly popped corn.

The December wind has little sympathy. It blusters and pushes about the eaves and cornices of the big brick building on South Street. Pausing, it then sweeps down from a new angle.

Jeb and William talk of hunting, of having stalked ring-necked pheasants in the lower meadows during October when corn was in the shack; of seeing shiny-antlered young bucks on Saddle-back Ridge; of flushing partridge and rabbits from the

spruce thickets. They talk of bear and bobcats. Good fellows, Jeb and William. And there sits the girl from Sunday River, still laughing and carefree, still looking young — remember? At the country dances, at the corn roasts, the clam bakes—remember her? The buttons and bows—remember?

Arousing himself from his reverie, Sinbad is filled with new thoughts and resolutions as he packs his sea bag. After a last look out across the harbor, he goes to bed, thinking only of tomorrow and the Androscoggin Valley back home in Maine.

Early morning daylight greets him outside. A cab, its driver fast asleep, is parked at the curb. In from the open sea, fresh and clean and salty, blows the morning wind. Tugboats wheeze and puff getting under way for the busy day to come. An ocean-going liner glides by, heading out to foreign lands. Even the stink of harbor water seems pleasant.

Sinbad cannot stop watching the passing liner, so he closes his eyes. The ship sounds her whistle, deep and easy. He tries hard to think of the Androscoggin Valley which was so very clear and close last night.

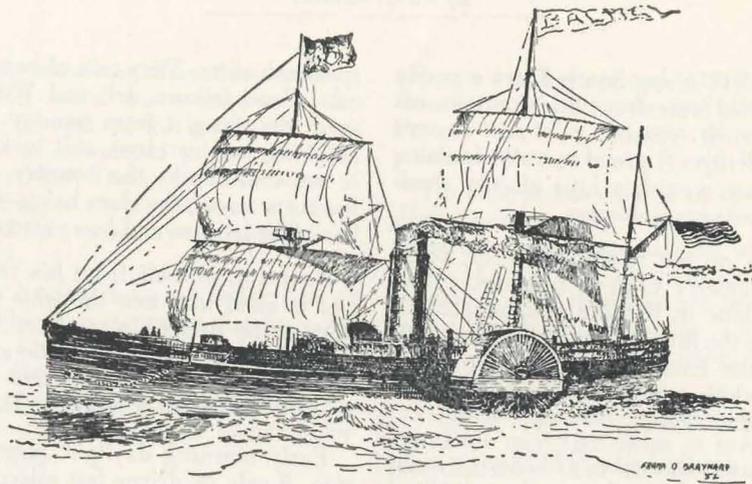
"Hey, Mate, — you got a cigarette?"

From far above, up among the sun-tinted clouds, strong, appealing, poignant, comes the call of a sea-gull.

"Thanks, Mate. You got a good day to ship."



A Famous American Ship



The Baltic

By Frank O. Braynard

FROM sea-green, shell-shaped spittoons to double-bed staterooms "for such newly married couples as wish to spend the first fortnight of the honeymoon on the Atlantic," the *Baltic* was a wonder ship.

Built ten years before the Civil War, in which she gave valiant service, the *Baltic* was unrivaled on the Atlantic — not only in speed, but in size, luxury and popularity. It was not until the new superliner *United States*, a century later, that the American Merchant Marine was to have such a standard-bearer.

The *Baltic* was tiny in comparison to the new *United States*. But no ship then or now could rival the *Baltic* and her sisters in "firsts." They were the first to be steam heated, the first to offer a complete barber shop, the first to have a bell-system for calling stewards. Their engines were the first of their type, and their straight stems set the style for a hundred years.

The *Baltic* carried and used sails, but was essentially a steamship. Her twin half-moon paddle wheel covers or boxes were the outstanding feature of her high wooden

hull. A large figurehead gave a slight slant to the otherwise plumb stem.

The forward part of her one-deck superstructure contained officers' quarters, a pantry, kitchen and barber shop. The barber shop attracted wide interest. According to a contemporary account: "It is fitted up with all necessary apparatus — with glass cases containing perfumery, etc.: and in the centre is the barber's chair. This is a comfortable, well-stuffed seat, with an inclined back. In front is a stuffed trestle on which to rest feet and legs; and behind is a little stuffed apparatus, like a crutch, on which to rest the head. These are movable, so as to suit people of all sizes; and in this comfortable horizontal position the passenger lies, and his beard is taken off in a twinkling, let the Atlantic waves roll as they may."

Of special note at the time were the suspended racks above the long tables in the dining saloon. They were cut to receive decanters, glasses, etc., so that they could be put on the table without risk of being carried from place to place. Rose, satin and olive woods were used in both saloons.

Some of the tables were of "beautifully variegated marble" with metal supporters. Rich carpets and seat covers were used. Mirrors were used in abundance to add to the sumptuous appearance. A British account notes that "the general effect is of chasteness and a certain kind of solidarity. There is not much gilding, the colors used are not gaudy, and there is a degree of elegant comfort . . . that is sometimes wanting amid splendid fittings."

There were many spittoons scattered about the *Baltic's* public rooms. They, like the various mechanical gadgets, such as the bell-rope "annunciator" used for summoning stewards, were evidence that she had been designed by Americans for American travelers. But the spittoons deserve another sentence, at least. They were large. Their upper section was shaped like a shell. They were painted "a sea green or sky blue," in the words of an English observer who added that "they give ample facility for indulging in that practice of spitting of which Americans are so fond."

The *Baltic* was larger than her three sisters, *Atlantic*, *Pacific* and *Arctic*. She measured 282½ feet, with a beam of 45 and a depth of 32. Her tonnage was 2,723 and her indicated horsepower was 2,500.

Details of her engines are beyond this writer, but they are said to have been the last word in side lever paddle wheel machinery. She had four boilers and thirty-two furnaces. Her gross coal consumption was 87 tons when she covered 320 knots in 24 hours. An engineer of the day said, "That's walking pretty fast into a coal mine."

All four new Collins Line ships were fast ships. The *Baltic* was the fastest. Her best time was nine days and thirteen hours on a voyage from Liverpool to New York in August, 1852. Her average speed on that famous run was 13.34 knots; the distance: 3,054 miles. This record was not bested for eleven years.

The superior speed of the *Baltic* and her sisters aroused that most sacred of all British humor magazines, *Punch*, to comment in poetry:

*A steamer of the Collins Line
A Yankee Doodle notion
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across the Atlantic Ocean
And British agents, no way slow
Her merits to discover
Have been and bought her — just to tow
The Cunard packets over!*

It is no surprise that the *Baltic* and her American-flag sisters gained immediate popularity and quickly took the cream of the Atlantic trade from their smaller, older and slower rivals. But the experiment was expensive, and a Cunard executive remarked dryly, "Mr. Collins is breaking our windows, but he is doing it with sovereigns, something he can't keep up very long."

High operating costs, however, were not the only problem faced by Collins. In 1854 the *Arctic* was rammed by an iron-hulled French steamer and sunk. Two years later the *Pacific* sailed out of Liverpool never to be seen again. She is thought to have struck an iceberg. In a day when disasters of these types were almost commonplace, such a loss was the beginning of the end for the Collins Line, which had many enemies in Congress and which depended on government aid to continue. A new ship, the *Adriatic*, was added late in 1857, but she made only two voyages. Hostile Southern members of Congress were in no mood to continue aid to a Northern ship line whose vessels would be used against them in a war. The subsidy was cut off and the Collins Line collapsed.

For five years the *Baltic* served the War Department, her new owners receiving from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per day for her charter. One of her first duties was to go to relieve Fort Sumter. She brought back Major Anderson and his command.

In 1870 the *Baltic* was sold to Boston shipowners and her engines removed. As a sailing ship she chalked up a number of fast passages between the West Coast and Europe in the wheat trade. Eventually sold to German owners, the old vessel was badly strained on a voyage between Bremen and Boston. She was broken up in 1880 at Apple Island in Boston Harbor.

REMEMBER THE ASBURY PARK?

The famous American excursion boat, *Asbury Park*, will soon enter her second half-century looking like a million bucks. At least, she is being rebuilt at a cost in excess of that amount for service between Vancouver and Nanaimo, British Columbia. New York area residents may date themselves by remembering when the *Asbury Park* was used on the commuter run between Sandy Hook and New York.

DEEP RIVER

The Army Board of Engineers has recommended a plan for remodeling the Hudson so that it will be at least 34 feet deep and 600 feet wide all the way from New York to Albany. This would enable heavier loading of many ocean-going ships, especially grain and oil carriers, on their runs to and from the upstate port.

The Army also recommended extensive improvements to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

The total cost of the two projects: \$126,700,000. Congressional approval is required.

REFRESHER

A 1916 graduate of the Marine School at the Institute was recently back in his old classroom for a refresher course. He is Mr. Channing Cope of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Cope went to sea for more than ten years, after which he settled on a farm outside of Atlanta and became what he calls a "front porch farmer." He has written a book having that title in which he recommends judicious planting that will allow nature to do most of the work. So successful has his theory been in his own case that he has had the free time to become a radio and newspaper personality well known in the South.

Mr. Cope came to the Marine School to brush up on the chart work and the aids to navigation he will need to operate his own craft in the waters of Florida, where he will retire.

RULING DOCKS 8 SHIPS

A recent decision of the Federal Maritime Board, ordering the withdrawal of eight government-owned ships that had been in service on a bareboat charter basis, is regarded as a signal victory by the merchant marine industry in their campaign to eliminate government competition with private shipping.

Under the present charter program, government ships may be sent out only when the routes in question have insufficient private tonnage to handle trade at reasonable prices and under reasonable conditions.

AMERICAN SHIPS SAFEST

American merchant ships have had fewer losses than the United Kingdom in proportion to fleet sizes for 14 of the last 18 peace years. In each of these years the American loss percentage has been well below that of the world average.

SHIPYARD ACTIVITY

Upon completion of present ship construction, almost all of which is taking place in the shipyards of other nations, the world's merchant fleet will be 24 percent larger than it is now, and 40 percent greater than just prior to World War II.

Tankers lead all other types, with 14,000,000 dwt. of the 22,000,000 dwt. of merchant ships being built. Freighters come next with 7,349,000 dwt. and passenger ships trail with 616,000 deadweight tons.

The National Federation of American Shipping has suggested that the world may never again have a passenger-carrying fleet equal in size to the one it possessed in 1939. Upon completion of present orders it will still be only 70 percent of its pre-World War II size. France will have restored her passenger fleet to 86 percent; the United Kingdom, 80; Netherlands, 65. The United States will have only 47 percent of its 1939 passenger-carrying tonnage.

BLUE RIBBON — PLUS

The Hales Blue Ribbon Trophy, now in possession of the United States Lines for the fast Atlantic crossing of their namesake superliner, is considerably more than a bit of ribbon. It is a four-foot-high silver and gilt symbol weighing 100 pounds.

Engraved on it are the names of all holders of the Atlantic speed-record since the trophy was first given to the Italian Liner, *Rex*, in 1935. Below four 15th Century sailing ships symbolizing the four winds are enameled panels illustrating the evolution of steamships.

The trophy is presently in the passenger department rotunda at the office of the United States Lines, 1 Broadway.

MARINE EXHIBIT

In Washington, D. C., the Naval Historical Foundation is presenting an exhibition called "Our Gallant Merchant Marine," at the Truxton-Decatur Naval Museum, 1610 H Street, N.W.

By means of historical manuscripts, paintings, prints, ship models and relics, the Naval Historical Foundation will show how sea power has influenced the national welfare, and will point out the technical progress in nautical affairs from the earliest beginnings of the American Merchant Marine to the present time.

This exhibition at the Truxton-Decatur Naval Museum will continue from November 14th through March 1, 1953, and will be open to the public from noon to 5:30 P.M. daily, except Mondays.

Mr. Dick Greyble, of the Institute's staff, reports that attendance was good at a temporary museum set up on the second floor of the Seamen's Church Institute in observance of American Merchant Marine Industries Week. The exhibit, containing ship models and interesting nautical items which the Institute has fallen heir to over the years, was open to the public for two weeks beginning October 27th.

CORONATION TRIPS

Seventy-nine voyages by the passenger ships of the major transatlantic lines have been scheduled to bring visitors from North American Atlantic ports to Britain during the two months preceding the coronation of Queen Elizabeth next June 2nd.

Forty-eight of these voyages will be from New York, three from Boston and twenty-eight from Canadian ports.

MAIDEN VOYAGE

The *Andrea Doria*, new luxury liner of the Italian Line, is scheduled to make her first appearance in New York on January 23rd. She will sail from Genoa on the 14th, following a special Mediterranean cruise prior to her maiden voyage.

DUPLEX CARGO CARRIER

A Norwegian shipping concern has ordered something new in the way of a ship. They are attempting to meet the problem of profitless voyages in ballast by means of a vessel that can double as a tanker or an ore carrier. The logical use of the double-duty ship would be to carry oil from America to Europe or Africa and to return with a cargo of ore.

While two cargoes could conceivably be carried at one time, classification societies have insisted that this would introduce too great a danger of leakage and damage to the ore cargo.

FLOATING BARNYARD

Cows, pigs, chickens—these are all on the *Gil Eannes*, the unusual hospital ship of the Portuguese fishing fleet working the rugged Grand Banks off Newfoundland.

The violent gales and the hurricanes supply the patients; the livestock and the doctors supply the necessary eggs, milk, meat and medical attention.

To compensate for the lack of grass, the animals swig cod liver oil. Yum yum.

(Continued from Page 1)

they weren't too big. For several years I went aboard every ship that entered the harbor. I loved the rusty old tramps most — British ships with Lascar crews, or coal-burning Greeks, black with dust from stack soot and from the huge piles of ashes around the fidley door. But all ships I boarded, whether they were my beloved tramps or the sleek, clean, German and Japanese motorships, became a bridge to the outer world — a world of sunlight, quick with the pulse and light of living; rich with names like Shanghai, Marseilles, Singapore, Siam; thick with things to learn and see. And so Olympia became more and more to me a dismal island, as removed from the main current of life as it was from the ocean — a symbol of a generation that was lost and confused, that had no riches of wisdom or culture to fall back on — a generation that didn't even hope well.

It was from this that I fled. It was to the challenge of the outer world that I went. One day I sailed on one of my beloved tramps, and Olympia with its people, its drab buildings and grey sky moved away from the stern of the ship. Ahead lay life.

For the next few years I wouldn't have left the sea if I could. The noise and clutter and smells of China enchanted me. Japan, with its friendly people and its little houses and narrow streets made me feel warm and wanted. The sheer beauty of Mediterranean coasts never ceased to thrill. But the tropics were my greatest discovery; they more than anything else seemed to touch something deep inside me and release it to join with the sun and flowers and the violent green of the leaves so that in a great gladness I seemed to become one with all nature.

There was the beauty of the sea itself and the wisdom of what it taught. A glass-smooth sea and a full moon in the South Pacific created huge sheets of bright golden water — acres wide — broken only by streaks of dark purple where the gentle swell dipped low; here was Nirvana — what life could be. But more often it was a choppy sea, or an angry or confused or a grey sea — what life more truly was.

And always the ocean taught me that life, like the sea, was immense, its possibilities

infinite, its scope eternal. The ocean showed me that each man had to stand his own lookout and steer his own course towards his own destination. No one else could do it for you.

There were the men who went to sea — Emil the Finn, Thor the Norwegian, Martinez the Puerto Rican, Paul the German — men who had little formal education but who knew their Goethe, their Keats and their Bhagavad-Gita better than many college professors.

There was time to read in one's bunk between watches and to think during the silent peace of wheel watch or lookout. There was a thrill in the command, "Fore and aft!" and in the cry from the bridge, "Let go!" and in the first sight of distant land coming slowly up from below the horizon. It was a rich, happy, and carefree life touched only now and then by the fleeting shadow of loneliness.

But the time came for me when all this changed. Suddenly what was once a challenge became escape. What was once freedom became prison. What was once leisure time became monotony. A way of life that once opened up new worlds now confined me in a barren cavity between routine and routine.

Actually it was the man, not the sea, that changed. A sunset was still a sunset; a foreign port, a foreign port; a book, a book. But all the sunsets and books and foreign ports piled end on end are not enough. They can never give a man the feeling of belonging. A man must belong to something — something of his own choosing in which he can closely identify himself with other people and can grow on the soil of every day human relationships. The sea can never give one that. And every stretch at sea, even if it's only a week, is a separation that hurts.

He who leaves the sea at this point is wise. He who sails beyond it is bargaining for a lifetime full of emptiness. Most men who sail beyond the first few years are unhappy. I have seldom known a man at sea — except for the very young — who really loved it. And the hard answer is not so much that they can't do anything else but that they are afraid to try.

As the preliminary sketches for this winning entry were being made, another contestant was losing ten paintings in the incident depicted, the sinking of the *Enterprise*.



Enterprise Painting Wins

A PAINTING by Thomas G. Butler of the sinking of the *Flying Enterprise* won first place in the Artists and Writers Club oil painting contest which recently concluded. Marine artists Gordon Grant and Edmond Fitzgerald judged a group of 40 oil paintings, awarding second place to Lloyd Bertrand for a still-life and third to Arthur Nulens for a portrait.

Evident in the contest paintings now on exhibit at the Institute is the wide variety of background and experience to be found among merchant sailors. The subjects range from still-lives to hurricanes, with approaches that run from the classical to the primitive. Some canvases are colored by the impetuous strength of adventure; others ache with detail born of copious spare time aboard ship. Some are the work of artists who go to sea to support themselves; the majority are the hobby creations of seamen who have the time and the inclination to daub with brushes.

One seaman, also a talented magician, turned to oil painting as a result of an in-

terest in designs he developed by fanning playing cards. He is Arthur Nulens, who won third place in the contest.

Many of the paintings reflect the travels of the artist. Tom Lyons' "Spanish Lady," a photo of which appeared in last month's LOOKOUT, was sketched while the artist was ashore in Spain and then painted while he was en route home. His painting was accorded an honorable mention by judges Grant and Fitzgerald.

The competent painting of the sinking of the *Flying Enterprise* by Thomas G. Butler derives some authority from the fact that the artist made his preliminary sketches from the deck of the *Greeley*, which stood by as the *Enterprise* foundered and finally sank. The *Enterprise* carried down with her ten newly finished canvases of another seaman, Carlos Cafferette, who also has work entered in the contest.

These paintings will be on display afternoons until December 22nd at the Janet Roper Clubroom on the 4th floor of the Seamen's Church Institute.

The Bear Before Christmas

SINCE Christmas is still a few days away, it really isn't right to talk about the presents people are going to get. However, there is refuge in the fact that the gifts about to be discussed will be received by merchant seamen who are, in most cases, already aboard ships destined to be at sea on Christmas day.

The goal of the Central Council of Associations at the Institute is to have placed gift packages on every merchant ship, no matter what flag, leaving New York after October 15th with a schedule that will find her crew on the high seas at Christmas. Every man on such a ship will receive, through the goodness and hard work of thousands of women volunteers cooperating with the Central Council, a package containing a number of useful personal gifts—each complete with fancy wrapping.

Among the items a seaman may find in his package are: a pen and pencil set, a first aid kit, a pair of slippers, a shaving mirror, a scissors, a pocket book and stationery. Through the generosity of the *Reader's Digest*, there will be in every box a bound volume of condensed novels.

In these gift packages also will be knitted articles—gloves, socks, beanies, sweaters—from the needles of women in every state in the Union. One elderly woman has knitted a pair of socks every three days for the past two years. These knitters write to the

Central Council at the Institute for yarn, which is bought with money raised through contributions. Presently, back comes a sweater, or a pair of socks. Over 9,000 garments were knitted this year.

These gift packages will go not only to those at sea, but also to those merchant seamen whom Christmas will find in the marine hospitals in the New York area. Incidentally, these fellows will get no first aid kit. Seamen who are the guests of the Institute on that day will likewise receive a gift package as part of a full Christmas program, which also includes a wonderful home-style dinner—free.

The planning, the fund raising and the work involved in the whole Central Council project, which is directed by Rebekah S. Shipler at the Institute, takes just about a full year. In a few minutes the packages are opened—over 6,000 of them. Gloves, socks, sweaters are swapped about for size, and it's all over. But only in a sense.

For years Fravessi-Lamont, Inc. has donated Christmas cards to go in each package. These cards, signed by one of the volunteers in the Central Council, bring many letters in return. One such letter read: "I appreciate very much this box. A few dollars would buy what it held, but nothing can buy the kindness that put it in my hands today. Thank you."



Shown here are Central Council volunteers gift wrapping items for the Christmas boxes. From left to right: Mrs. Alfred Hughes, Mrs. C. Franks, Mrs. M. L. Morgenroth, Mrs. Herbert S. Martin and Mrs. F. J. Choylake. In the background is Mr. Barrett, of the Institute staff. He is kept busy bringing supplies and packing the completed gift boxes into large cartons to go aboard ships.

WHERE ARE YOU HAVING CHRISTMAS DINNER?

Probably at home. If not, then somewhere that seems like home; maybe with relatives or good friends. And what will you have? Probably turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, cranberries—things most people are having, for these are a tradition, a convention. But while the menus may be everywhere the same, it still makes a difference where you celebrate the feast of Christmas. Why else do so many people travel so many miles each year to be home on that day?

For some it is impossible to be home at Christmas. Merchant seamen often find it so. Each year those seamen who are alone in New York have a standing invitation to come to a place where they all feel at home, the Seamen's Church Institute. Usually over 1000 of them enjoy a full Christmas program, including a traditional home-style dinner. And, home-style,—through your kindness—they don't pick up a check afterwards.

Some feast who, alone, could not do so well. Many more are uplifted by this kindness of people who will share good things with others, not because necessity compels it, but because they recognize such sharing as the true expression of the spirit of Christ.

HOLIDAY FUND
Seamen's Church Institute
of New York



Book Briefs

MONSOON SEAS: THE STORY OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

By Alan Villiers
McGraw-Hill, \$4.75

The author has sailed the fascinating Indian Ocean in everything from an Arab dhow to a World War II landing craft and he has written a book which combines a colorful wealth of personal adventures with the Indian Ocean's dramatic history. His presentation is highly interesting and readable.

R. NELSON

THE PRIVATEER By Gordon Daviot

The Macmillan Company, \$3.50

How Henry Morgan and a gang of slaves and bond servants were set free on Barbados because of the drought and how Morgan eventually became Sir Henry and the Governor of Jamaica is the framework for this story. The author tries also to correct some of the fantastic notions with which novelists and romantics generally have embellished the biography of the well-known privateer. Morgan is presented not only as a strong, resourceful commander, but as a human being who could be engaging and even naive.

W. L. M.

MARINE POWER PLANT GUIDE

By W. B. Patterson

Cornell Maritime Press, \$5.00

A well done manual of original and accepted text. It should be of great value for unlicensed engine personnel to further their understanding of the complexities of the modern ship's power plant.

The questions and answers should be particularly useful in helping the reader to evaluate his interpretation of the material, and to obtain the necessary knowledge for the various endorsements.

As a former pupil of Mr. Patterson, I appreciate the completeness and yet the simplicity of his presentation.

GILBERT ANTONECCHIA
Merchant Marine School

GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC

By David Stick

University of North Carolina Press, \$5.00

This is an interesting, if ghoulish, collection of yarns about the hundreds of shipwrecks off the Outer Banks of North Carolina. A ship that is sailing along as nice as you please at the top of one page, can seldom get as far as the top of the next. One abides uneasily a thorough enjoyment of the book.

T. H. B.

THE SLEEPING SWORD

By Pearl Frye

Little, Brown and Company

The last years of Lord Nelson's stormy career, the political and military turmoil involving all of Europe and the truly high romance between Nelson and Lady Hamilton are interwoven here into a fine biographical novel. The story is at once good drama and fine historical writing, and seems to serve as a kind of backdrop to the story of our own tumultuous times.

W. L. M.

THE DISTANT SHORE

By Jan de Hartog

Harper, \$3.50

Inevitably bracketed with *The Caine Mutiny* and *The Cruel Sea* because it, too, deals with action at sea in World War II, this novel is equally engrossing. It is the story of a young Dutch tug-boat skipper, escaped from his homeland, who reports for duty in a British seaport. He serves aboard rescue vessels which tow crippled cargo ships after Nazi subs have torpedoed them. Then come the post-war years when the young captain joins some of his former shipmates to go on a deep-sea diving expedition off the coast of Greece. Beautiful descriptions of under water life follow. The story mounts to a magnificent climax in the rescue of a Greek ship during a gale, a brilliantly graphic record of a storm at sea.

M. D. C.

NELSON'S CAPTAINS

By Ludovic Kennedy

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., \$5.00

This historically accurate, romantically told story of the "band of brother" serves to enhance the greatness and humaneness of Nelson as a great leader. The author's method of retelling the story of Nelson's naval activities gives prominence to the services of some of his most outstanding Captains: Hardy, Berry, Foley, Freemantle and many others. The repetition of events that would come from writing a separate biography for each Captain is avoided.

W. L. M.

SMALL BOAT CONSTRUCTION

By Robert M. Steward

The Rudder Publishing Co., 246 pp., \$6.00

For the mechanically minded man, especially if he is also boat minded, this little book should be helpful and stimulating. Written by an expert in his field of information, such chapters as Wood and Other Materials, Fastenings, Lines and Laying Down, Molds, Templates and the Backbone are clear, authoritative and really tell the reader what to do — and tempt him to get started doing it.

W. L. M.

BEHOLD the sea,

The opaline, the plentiful and strong,

Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,

Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;

Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,

Purger of earth, and medicine of men;

Creating a sweet climate by my breath,

Washing out harms and griefs from memory,

And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,

Giving a hint of that which changes not.

Rich are the sea-gods: — who gives gifts but they?

They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:

They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.

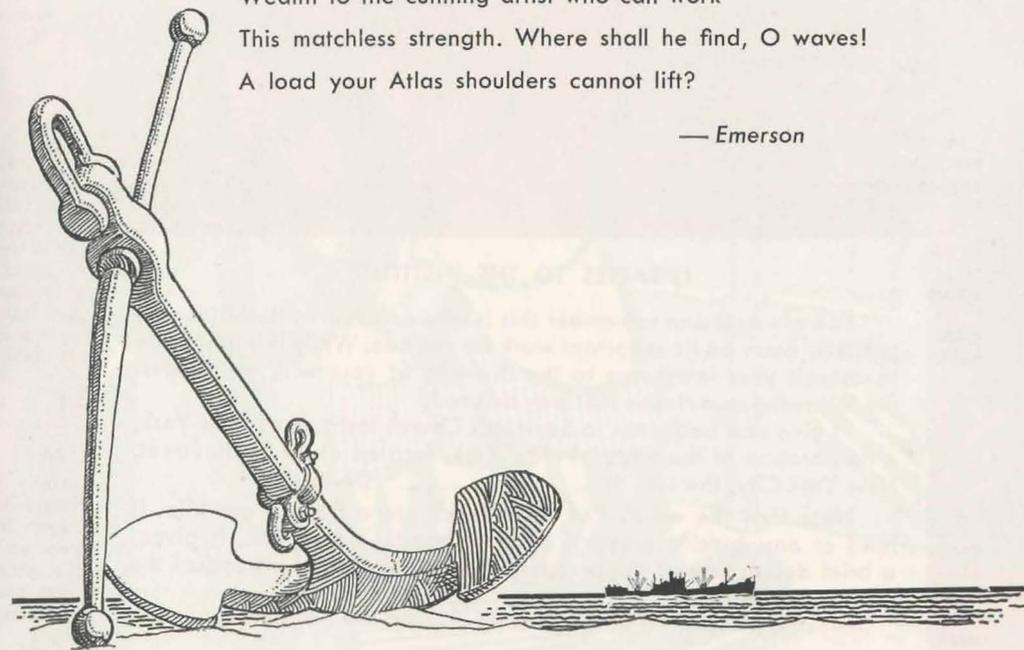
For every wave is wealth to Daedalus,

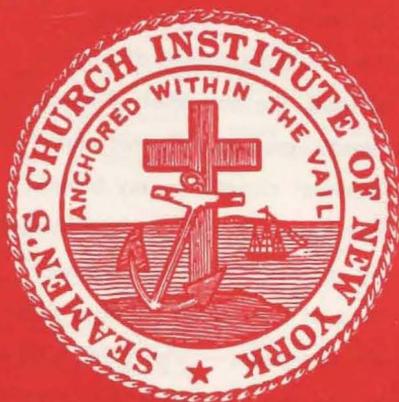
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work

This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!

A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

— Emerson





LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

"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 of.....Dollars."

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."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.