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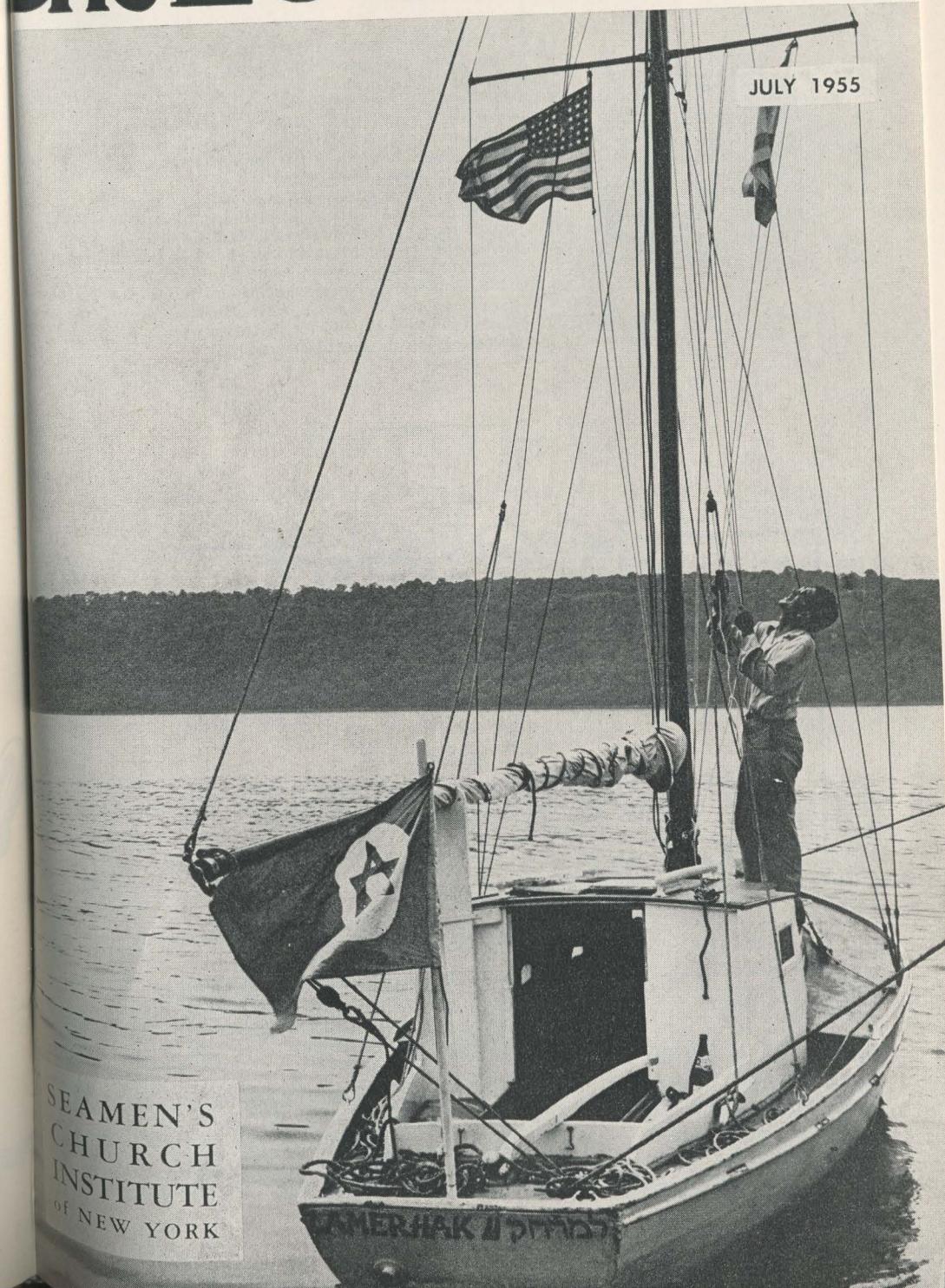
You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

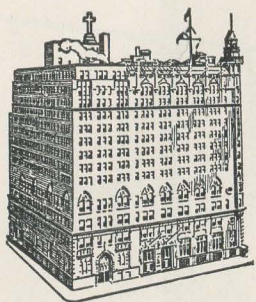
"I give and bequeath to **Seamen's Church Institute of New York**, a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum ofDollars."

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."

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

The LOOKOUT





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

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JULY, 1955

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25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710

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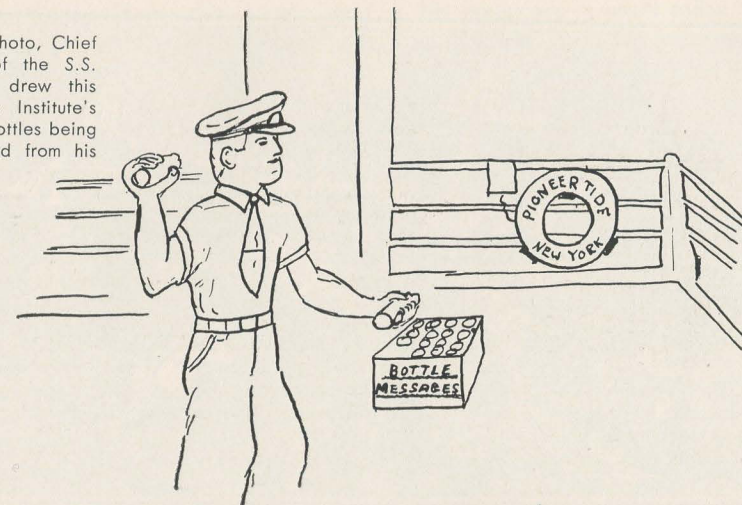
FAYE HAMMEL
Associate Editor

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In lieu of a photo, Chief Mate Pella of the S.S. *Pioneer Tide* drew this sketch of the Institute's messages in bottles being cast overboard from his ship.



Bottles at Sea

LAST April, somewhere between Manila and Honolulu, the crew of the S.S. *Pioneer Tide* started throwing things. Happily, it wasn't mutiny—and the things they were throwing were only bottles, being cast overboard for visitors to the Institute's ship model exhibition held last winter at the Jersey Coast Boat Show.

In March of this year, 426 bottles aboard the *United States* were tossed to the waves of the Atlantic, mid-way be-

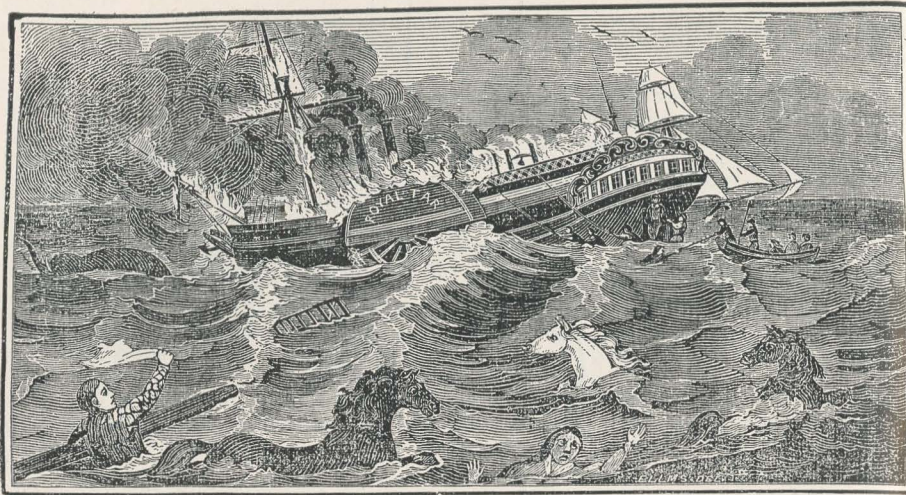
tween New York and Southampton. To date, none of the bottles has turned up on a South Pacific island, a tropical shore, or a New York bathing beach, but it's all a matter of time. When the first one does reach land, both its sender and finder will receive a seascape by marine artist Linwood Borum, as a gift from the Institute.

During an earlier fund-raising drive, 12% of 300-odd bottles were found and returned to the Seamen's Church Institute.

United States Lines' S.S. *Pioneer Tide*.

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THE COVER: Although the world was first circumnavigated in 1522 by the voyage of Magellan, the challenge of such a trip has not disappeared. See page 8.



From *Tragedies of the Seas*, 1841

By means of a policy of Insurance it cometh to pass that upon the loss or perishing of any ship there followeth not the undoing of any man, but the loss lighteth rather easily upon many than heavily upon few.

MARINE INSURANCE — Underwriter of Trade



IN 1601, when Queen Elizabeth of England signed her name to the above document, "An Acte Concerning the Matter of Assurance Amongste Merchants," the practice of marine insurance, which flourishes today as an essential adjunct to shipping and world trade, was already an old, old story. It has been in operation, in one form or another, for some 3,000 years. "Without it," a prominent marine insurance broker has said, "international trade, upon which our present high standard of civilization rests, would be impossible."

The earliest form of marine insurance, "bottomry," was practiced among the Greek and Phoenician traders, and was really the reverse of the present system. In those days, it was customary for a merchant or shipowner who needed money for carrying out his venture to pledge his vessel or cargoes as security for a loan. The person making the loan paid out the whole of the money at the start of the voyage and received it back, with a premium, if

the ship arrived safely. If the ship were lost, the borrower paid nothing. Naturally, the rate of interest which such bottomry bonds carried was very high — so high, in fact, that in about 500 B.C., the Emperor Justinian found it necessary to limit the legal rate of interest on "Foenus Nautican," or bottomry, to 12 per cent. A few hundred years later, the practice was not held in very high repute, if we are to believe Plutarch, who writes that Cato was a great moneylender, and "used to loan money in the most disreputable of all ways, namely on ships."

In the succeeding centuries, marine insurance became respectable, and also reversed itself in form. In the present-day insurance policy, a premium is charged on an amount representing the fair value of vessel or cargo, and the amount itself is paid only in the event of loss. Just when the current type of marine policy came into existence is not known, but records show that these were issued as far back as the 14th century. The Hansa and Lombard merchants, the great traders of the Middle Ages, used such policies and introduced marine insurance to England, where it underwent its greatest development. The present system of American marine insurance stems directly from the English tradition. A typical English policy, taken out on the ship *The Three Brothers*, which sailed to the East Indies in 1655, is of interest:

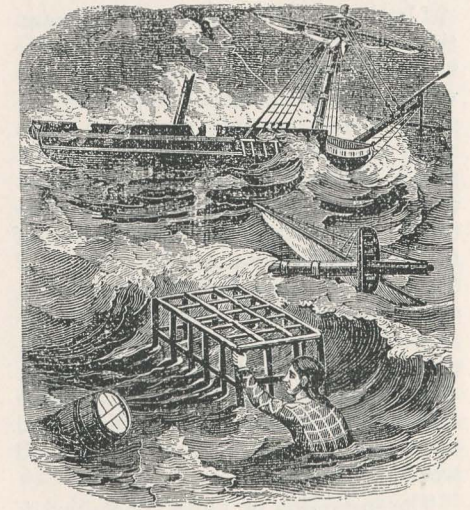
Touching the adventures and perils which we, the assurers, are contented to bear and do take upon us in this voyage, are of the Seas, men of war, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettizons, letters of marte and countermarte; surprizalls and taking at Sea, arrests, restraints and dettainments, of all Kings, Princes and Peoples of what Nation, condition or quality soever, Barratry of the Master, and mariners and of all other losses perils and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment or damage of the said goods and merchandise or any parts thereof.

Exactly three hundred years later, reflecting the essential conservatism of the English people, most of the same terms

used in this policy are in effect today.

Today's policies, though, incorporate three centuries of growth and development in the marine insurance field, a great deal of which has been sparked by the most famous insurance organization in the world — Lloyd's of London. The origin of Lloyd's harks back to the coffee house days of Restoration England, when merchants and shippers sought out individuals at the coffee houses who would stake them to their ventures. Edward Lloyd's coffee house was only one of the places where they met, but Lloyd capitalized on the marine gossip drifting over his coffee cups and printed it in the pages of *Lloyd's News*, which under the title of *Lloyd's List*, is still published today. Extra services like this eventually made Lloyd's the central meeting place for merchants, mariners and underwriters (once called undertakers) who personally wrote risks. In the course of three centuries, Lloyd's has evolved into an international center for marine insurance, a publishing house of essential shipping information, and a corporation that functions as a kind of watchdog and guardian to merchant shipping the world over.

From *Tragedies of the Seas*, 1841



What most distinguishes Lloyd's today from its American counterparts is the fact that it still carries on the 17th-century practice of individual underwriting. A person does not insure with the Corporation of Lloyd's; he insures with an individual underwriter who is to be found "at Lloyd's." This underwriter, or the syndicate (a group of 5 to 100 underwriters) which he represents, is fully responsible for every risk he writes. An applicant for insurance must work through a broker, who writes the details of the risk on a slip of paper which he takes to the great "Room" at Lloyd's. Here things have not changed very much since the coffee house days. The attendants are still called "waiters;" the underwriters sit in their "boxes," vestiges of the coffee house pews. The broker takes his slip to various underwriters, each of whom writes on it his initials and the sum he is willing to subscribe for his syndicate, until the required total is made up. The risk on one slip may be shared by as many as 10 or 20 underwriters.

The underwriter's "slip" is a beautifully simple document, and yet on it may hang the payment of millions. The slip which insured payment for the great *Titanic* disaster is simply a narrow piece of paper scribbled with amounts and initials of underwriters—an inviolable promise to pay.

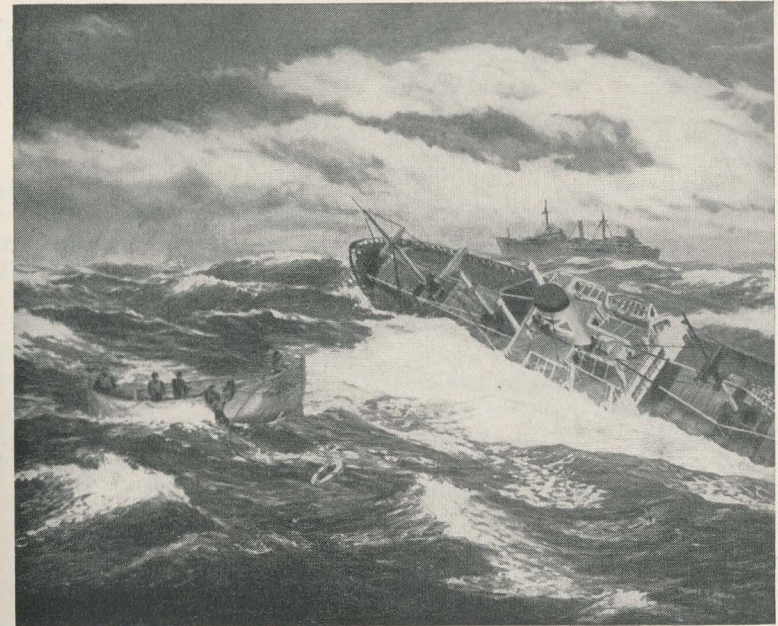
Lloyd's is the only insurance organization today where the individual underwriter still exists. In America, and elsewhere in England and Europe, the corporate firm is the unit of marine insurance; the underwriter is a salaried employee of the firm, not an individual responsible for the risk. The first company to be incorporated for the transaction of fire and marine insurance in the United States set up shop in Philadelphia in 1792, and was soon followed by similar organizations in the other coastal cities. American marine insurance corporations today do a sizeable yearly business; through reinsurance, Lloyd's and its individual underwriters receive at least \$50,000,000 worth of this business.

The institution of Lloyd's, however, is

a mere upstart chronologically, in comparison to the underlying principle on which marine insurance is based, the law of general average. In 916 B.C., it had already been stated formally in the so-called Rhodian Law, ". . . if goods are thrown overboard to lighten a ship, all make good by contribution that which has been given for all." The law became a necessity because in those days it was the custom for merchants to accompany their cargoes aboard ship, and since the ship was usually overloaded and in danger of sinking when a storm came up, a great deal of haggling went on as to whose goods should go overboard first. The system of general average, which assesses the value of the jettisoned goods pro rata over the entire value of the venture (hull, cargo and freight), put an end to this. Today business is carried on in a more dignified manner, but the principle of general average, greatly broadened, still persists and is part of the law of every maritime nation. In modern insurance parlance, a "general average" loss is one which results from a voluntary sacrifice; a "particular average" is a partial loss, not due to sacrifice, which falls on one interest. Today experts at "averaging adjusting" form an essential part of the marine insurance picture.

In marine insurance there are three things which may be insured — hull, cargo and freight. Hull insurance, borne by the shipowner, may cost him roughly 10% of his yearly expenses. The cost of insuring one of today's gigantic passenger liners for a year — if one were to hazard a guess — might be in the neighborhood of \$350,000 to \$450,000. This seems like a tremendous amount of money, but on an over-all basis, marine insurance has become very much cheaper in the course of the years as greater emphasis on safety and improved aids to navigation, such as radar, decrease the risks of shipping.

Cargo insurance is paid for by the merchant and the cost is eventually absorbed by the consumer. Setting the rates is an immensely complicated problem, since the degree of risk varies with the nature of each commodity. It's all in a day's work for an underwriter to know, for example,



This oil painting by Thomas G. Butler depicts the 1952 sinking of the *Flying Enterprise*.

that he must charge a higher premium on cement than on bricks, because cement, if it comes in contact with water, will turn to stone. Multiplying this one detail by the thousands of cargo items with which he deals gives some idea of the complexity of his work.

Freight, the third great class of marine insurance, refers to the money paid to a vessel for the carriage of goods and merchandise, including animals — but not people. For ocean transportation one pays "passage," not "freight."

Although marine insurance is not required by law in this country, almost everyone engaged in a shipping venture uses it, the most notable exception being, of course, the United States Navy. In wartime, when the marine insurance business booms, it is merchant shippers, not the Navy, doing the heavy insuring. During wartime, premiums always rise because the hazards to shipping are so greatly increased. One insurance official pointed out that during the treacherous U-boat days of World War II, a flotilla of 40 mer-

chant ships might go out; only 30 would be expected to reach port. Premiums went up to as much as 40%.

Since marine insurance follows the fate of the merchant marine, its present volume of business in the United States is low. Hull insurance is suffering because so many American flag ships are tied up. Cargo insurance is in the doldrums because since the Marshall Plan, American marine underwriters have not been allowed to compete for insurance on foreign aid cargoes. If a shipment of wheat is going to France, it will be insured by French underwriters — and at a higher premium than available in the United States. Members of the industry are currently bringing pressure to bear on Congress, hoping to have what they feel are unjust restrictions removed.

With its steadfast insistence on the lowering of hazards, the marine insurance business has served as a necessary watchdog to the shipping industry, raising its standards and increasing its value to the people it serves.

— FAYE HAMMEL

The World of Ships

FISH STORY

Yarn-spinning summer fishermen will have to hand it to the Russians this time, because they've come up with the biggest fish story of the season.

Radio Moscow reported late last month that Soviet fishermen in Sakhalin had lassoed and landed—of all things—a whale.

It seems that the sea-going cowboys, examining the catches in their nets, noticed that the net floats were shaking and that there were small waves on the surface of the water. Then the whale announced himself by blowing a spout of water out of the net. From then on it was a struggle to the death between the fishermen and the young whale, who tore the nets and broke several ropes before he was finally roped and towed to the coast.

Which may prove that even Russians can sometimes have a whale of a time.

ECLIPSE

A dark cloud of secrecy has fallen over the work on the excavation of the 5,000-year-old solar ship of the Egyptian Pharaoh Cheops, which only a year ago was hailed as one of the brightest discoveries of antiquity.

Today its discoverer, archeologist Kamal el-Malakh, has been relieved of most of his responsibilities in the Department of Antiquities and is not even given free access to his discovery. Work on the excavation has been at a standstill at the site for nearly four months, and many of the protective coverings have been removed from the ship, exposing ancient drawings and workmen's markings to the elements. Chickens scratch in the dust around the shelter which was designed to

protect the wooden vessel after the Pharaoh's tomb had been opened.

Meanwhile, the Department of Antiquities is making extensive explorations in adjacent areas, in search, it is rumored, of a discovery to rival the solar ship, which according to Egyptian belief, would carry the souls of the dead in the fleet of the sun-god Ra. A sister ship, which would transport them on the nocturnal part of their journey around the earth, is believed to be buried in a nearby chamber.

CRUISE KIDS

Twenty-two high school youngsters from the United States, Puerto Rico and Japan have started off on the kinds of voyages most teen-agers just dream about. As winners of the annual Harold Harding Memorial Essay Contest sponsored by the Propeller Club of the United States, they have boarded American-flag vessels for trips to the Caribbean, South America, Europe, South Africa, Australia and Hawaii.

PRESS HERE

The age of the push-button is upon us, and there's no retreating. Even such a simple matter as swinging a bottle of champagne against the bow of a ship is now being done automatically. At the recent launching of the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain* in London, Queen Elizabeth did the honors by pressing a button that simultaneously swung a bottle of champagne against the vessel's bow and

sent the ship moving down the ways.

The new 25,000-ton all-white vessel will take the place of the Canadian Pacific liner of the same name which was sunk in World War II. Air-conditioned and fitted out with stabilizing fins, the ship will carry 150 first-class and 900 tourist-class passengers on her transatlantic crossings.

A BRIEF FOR LIEF

Christopher Columbus was a mere upstart as far as the discovery of America goes, according to Senator Warren P. Magnuson, who recently made his fourth attempt to convince Congress that Washington should honor the Norse adventurer, Lief Ericson, with a statue.

Magnuson pointed out that the "intrepid Viking" and his crew had braved icebergs and severe cold, with only crude sailing gear, to discover America in 1002 A.D., roughly 500 years before Columbus, who sailed in comparative luxury. The least Congress could do, reasoned Magnuson, to compensate for the excessive honors heaped on Columbus was to authorize \$53,000 to place a gigantic statue of Ericson beside the Potomac, his eyes "gazing toward the water." At present the statue, which was presented to the United States by Iceland, is stowed away in mothballs at the Marine Museum in Newport News, Virginia.

Magnuson, a Democrat from the state of Washington, claims it's embarrassing to have to tell his constituents of Scandinavian extraction that Ericson's monument is not on public display. His previous attempts have failed, his advisers say, because Congressmen of non-Scandinavian persuasion are generally apathetic about the whole project.

ORGANIZATION

Intensified efforts to organize the thousands of crewmen who man the "run-away" flag ships of Panama, Liberia and Honduras are being made here in New York by the International Transportation Workers Federation, under the direction of Willy Dorchain, the Federation's representative in the United States.

Mr. Dorchain, who has just opened a business and social center for these seamen in New York, states that the aim of the drive is two-fold: to raise the substandard wages of the crewmen to the equal of those paid aboard ships of the "legitimate" maritime nations, and to insure adherence to satisfactory safety conditions.

He reports that the campaign is viewed with favor by ship operators in the principal maritime nations whose vessels must complete with the lower-waged, lower-taxed "foreign flag" ships.

IT'S NATURE'S OWN

One hazard to surviving a shipwreck should be considerably lessened now that a shark repellent which employs the natural defense mechanism of the octopus and squid has been developed.

Recently perfected by a firm in Wales for ship and aircraft disaster kits, the repellent, which contains water-soluble dye, acetates and other chemicals, spreads through the water, blinds the sharks and counteracts the odor of blood which attracts them. Octopi and squid have been working on the same principle for years. When a shark approaches, they squirt out a black, inky smoke screen which blinds the attacker and aids their own escape.



East to west, 30,000 miles is the goal.

Madcap Magellan

JOSEPH Havkins is small and unimpressive to look at, but the 41-year-old Israeli seaman must be far tougher than he appears. If not, he's in for a real mauling during the next four to six years when he will be sailing around the world solo in his small sloop, *Lamerbak II*.

Certainly, he did not seem overawed by the prospects of such a trip when he left New York July 6th, for he quipped easily as he trundled the last of his gear aboard the jam-packed little vessel. In fact, he was so casual that he brought anxiety of a sort to the reporters and photographers who had come to a Dyckman Street boat basin to see him off.

"Have you got any emergency flares in case of trouble?" asked someone, eyeing the setup skeptically and wishing to be helpful.

Havkins was carrying a case of soda aboard. "No, I don't," he answered in a vaguely European accent.

"Any dye markers?"

"No dye markers, either." Havkins put the soda down and shrugged, "If I waited until I thought of everything, I'd never leave."

Havkins' dress reflected his concern for

only the bare essentials: a khaki shirt and pants, eyeglasses and two scuffed oxfords. He wore no cap, no socks and no belt, and there didn't seem to be anything in his pockets, although he said he had thirteen dollars ready cash.

Thinking that thirteen dollars wasn't much money for underwriting a four-year trip, one of the reporters shook his head. "I hope you've got plenty of fishhooks. But why the soda — how long will that last?"

"Well, you see, I got no water," said Havkins, "so I got to have something. I got four quarts ginger ale, four club soda and four black cherry." He was finally pressed into admitting that he would stop in Atlantic City for a cool drink of water on his way to Cuba.

When Havkins talked, he flashed several silvery teeth which prompted someone to ask, "What if you get a toothache?"

"Then I have a toothache," he grinned. "You like my metal teeth? I ran out of money or I would have them all that way. They wouldn't ache and I could clean them with Brillo."

The 23-foot *Lamerbak* flies the Israeli flag, but she was built in Spain 11 years

ago. Havkins acquired her in the wake of a \$7,000 award for personal injuries he suffered as a seaman in the merchant marine. The vessel proved herself to Havkins in bringing him safely to New York last year. He ran from the Canary Islands to Puerto Rico in 82 days and from Puerto Rico to New York in 37.

In preparation for the 30,000-mile cruise (east to west) around the world, the craft was freshly painted, white with blue trim, a careless brush having also partially blocked up most of the tiny cabin windows. Much of the equipment for the voyage came via the publicity departments of various companys — the sails, the auxiliary engine, the navigation instruments. One firm gave him a four-year supply of drugs and medicine, another a wrist watch which evidently was to serve as his chronometer.

During World War II, Havkins had become a steady visitor to Conrad Library at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, so for a supply of books for his trip he came to 25 South Street and left with all he could carry, about three dozen. Where reading is concerned, Havkins doesn't just kid around, as the space allocated to books in his small crowded cabin will show. During his trip from Spain, for example, he went through 100 volumes — French books picked up in North Africa, Spanish books from the Canary Islands and German and Latvian books bartered for with ships he met at sea.

Language is no barrier to his reading. In addition to his native Latvian, Havkins has mastered seven others: English, French, Spanish, Russian, German, Hebrew and Yiddish. These he has picked up through books and in the course of his far travels. "You no doubt heard of the wandering Jew," he laughed, "well, I'm the original. Some people collect stamps; I collect languages."

He mentioned Norwegian and Polynesian as two more he would tackle on his round-the-world trip — Polynesian especially, "so I can speak to the native girls in their own language." However, to prove that his interest in linguistics is not solely utilitarian, Havkins cited a Basque

dictionary as being the best book he carried during his last voyage.

The attendant at the boat basin, who seemed to have enjoyed many weeks of helping Havkins make ready for his long voyage, wasn't sure what a Basque dictionary was, but he laughed at the idea anyway. "You'll need more than that on this trip!" He called across the water to his competitor on the next pier, "Hey Willy! Come on over. Here's a chance to get away from your wife. Havkins needs a first mate!"

Later, though, as Havkins started the 35-horsepower auxiliary and headed his tiny sloop out into the Hudson the attendant confided, "Don't let him fool you; he ain't as whacky as he lets on. He's a real good sailor. When he hits the long runs, he'll have everything he needs — don't worry about that. I admire his guts."

But when they watched the sloop grow small as Havkins swung it seaward into the bright face of danger, the press boys were not easily reassured. "Can he swim?" asked somebody. There was no answer. Apparently everyone had been afraid to ask.

— TOM BAAB

Joseph Havkins — at home.





Before he left for Europe on his anniversary trip, Chaplain Healy received a passport wallet from his friends in the Department of Special Services. The section marked "Air-line Tickets" came in handy when Chaplain Healy's passage on the *Queen Mary* was cancelled because of a British seamen's strike. Making the presentation are Mr. O. C. Frey, Mrs. Gladys Kadish and Mrs. Ida Cathers.

Forty Years on the Waterfront

DR. JIM HEALY'S long-planned voyage to Europe with his wife and granddaughter to observe his 40th anniversary as a chaplain to merchant seamen was scuttled recently when he left alone by air, following the cancellation of the *Queen Mary's* June 22nd sailing due to a British seamen's strike.

A former British merchant seaman himself, the stubby 74-year-old clergyman from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York was philosophical as he boarded the airliner at Idlewild. "I trust the boys had a real grievance," he smiled, "and besides, they probably didn't know I was going to be on the ship." He also commented that the ocean trip would have actually held small novelty for him, since he had logged 20 crossings of the North Atlantic during his four years of seafaring to all parts of the world.

Mrs. Healy and her 8-year-old granddaughter, Cynthia Carpenter, left on a post-strike sailing of the *Queen Mary* to

join the chaplain in Europe. "I don't know when or where we'll find him," said Mrs. Healy as her ship left. "He's not a very big man. My granddaughter says we'll just have to listen for his laugh."

Dr. Healy plans to be in Europe for three months, spending much of the time on a "busman's holiday." He will be received by the Archbishop of Canterbury when he addresses the 99th annual meeting of the British Church Missions to Seamen (Flying Angels), and he will be deputized to speak in their behalf in various English Churches. In addition to visiting seamen's hostels in the principal ports of Europe, Dr. Healy will be in Brussels in mid-July to meet with delegates from seamen's agencies all over the world who will study the feasibility of establishing a world-wide council of seamen's agencies.

Aside from these matters, the veteran chaplain and his wife plan to regard the trip as "a second honeymoon, mildly chaperoned."

In 1930, Dr. Healy was deck steward on the Cunard Liner *Etruria* when he jumped ship in New York to become a U. S. citizen. It was in 1916, directly across the street from Pier 53, where the *Etruria* had always docked, that he began his career as a welfare worker after having been graduated from evangelist Dwight L. Moody's Mount Hermon School for Boys and from Princeton University.

His first job was that of assistant to the chaplain at the Sailor's Home & Institute then maintained by the American Seamen's Friend Society. His "clientele" consisted in part of seamen from the Cunard ships, some of them his former shipmates. After the merger of the American Seamen's Friend Society with the Seamen's House YMCA at 550 West 20th Street, Dr. Healy served there until after World War II, when he joined the staff of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, where he is today senior chaplain.

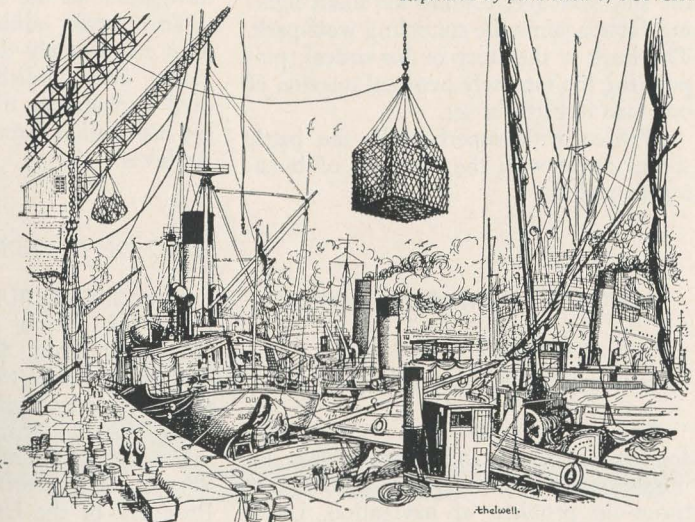
During his career as a chaplain to seamen, Dr. Healy used his spare time away from the docks to earn a master's degree from Princeton and New York University. He was graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1920 and received a doctorate of philosophy from N.Y.U. in 1936. His published dissertation, "Foc's'le and Gloryhole," an analysis of the merchant

seaman and his job, actuated many reforms and is still today considered a leading work on its subject.

While his broad study of the social background responsible for many of the personal difficulties of merchant seamen has contributed to the insight he brings to his work, Dr. Healy attributes his best accomplishments to "good health and energy — not brains." During his 40 years on the waterfront which have made him the "dean of seamen's chaplains," he has earned the friendship of thousands of seamen. "I'm pretty sure," he says, "that I could borrow a dollar on any ship or in any seaport I might happen to be."

The son of English seafaring ancestry, Dr. Healy traces his own moral rectitude as a sailor to his nearsightedness. "In those days," he explains, "eyeglasses were inadmissible among sailors. If you wore them, you just couldn't be a sailor — just as you couldn't be a soldier. I could keep my glasses out of sight and manage satisfactorily with my work as a steward aboard ship, because, up close, I could see things fairly well. But ashore I was lost without them, so when I left the ship I always had to slink off and be a lone wolf while the rest of the crew ran in a pack among the 'free and easy joints' too close to the waterfront."

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"I never tire of looking at the sea."

Book Watch



THE GOOD SHEPHERD

C. S. Forester

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, \$3.95

The unmatched master of the naval adventure story, C. S. Forester, has done it again. His new novel, *The Good Shepherd*, shifts the scene of conflict from Captain Horatio Hornblower and Old England to Commander George Krause and a Navy convoy in the treacherous North Atlantic of World War II, but the result is a tale of adventure at sea to rank with the author's best work.

Commander Krause, a modern good shepherd, is charged with guiding three thousand lives and property worth fifty million dollars through the U-boat infested waters across the North Atlantic. Through 48 terrible hours he remains on the ship's bridge, leading his small fighting force against the encircling wolf-pack. The book is the story of his ordeal, pinpointing the intensely personal reaction of one man to battle at sea.

Written with superb skill, the battle scenes move with the intensity of bursting torpedoes.

NAVIGATION WITHOUT NUMBERS

Joseph B. Breed III

W. W. Norton & Company, New York, \$3.50

Armchair navigators as well as professional mariners and flyers will be interested in this new approach to a centuries-old problem of navigation. Using

the author's unique method, the basic triangle of celestial navigation can be solved by drawing it without resorting to complicated figures and formulas. The only numbers used are the ones on the protractor.

Here's how the new system works geometrically: the spherical triangle formed by ship, pole and star becomes a pyramid with all curves eliminated. Imaginary hinges are applied to the pyramid and it, in turn, unfolds into a group of four simple flat triangles. Now the no-longer spherical triangle of navigation can be drawn and measured on any flat surface, with an ordinary ruler and protractor.

Mathematically sound, the method has been endorsed by high-ranking Navy officers and published in the Navy's professional journal, *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*. It can be used for actual navigation, in the sea or in the air.

This book edition, undoubtedly the most handsomely designed text on navigation ever published, mingles two-colored explanatory diagrams with unusual old navigation prints from the Bettman Archives.

ALSO OF INTEREST:

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP, Commander Edward L. Beach, USN, Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$3.95, a moving and dramatic novel of the silent service — the submarine crews which destroyed the Japanese merchant marine. The author, who saw submarine service himself in World War II, is at present Naval Aide to the President of the United States.

FOR A DEAD SAILOR

Where, in this waste of water, shivered in sun,
After the shock you fought your fight, and lost,
The hand that grasped the tiller loosed, the cost
Proving too great, the death and damage done,
Others have died before. And when you sank,
Spiraling down through vast improbable seas,
Small silver fish beheld these auguries
With underwater wonder, turned their flank
And fled in swift alarm. At last you came,
Paler than phantoms, to the ocean's floor,
And lingered on the bottom, by the door
Of chambers numberless and without name.
And there they lavished on you every care,
These slender spectral scavengers, that seemed
In glides and gleams like something you had dreamed
Long years before; made haloes of your hair,
And when your flesh had fled your watery tomb,
And only bones remained, they slowly moved
Among your maze of ribs. And there they loved.
And of your hollow skull they made a home.

Ormonde de Kay Jr.

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