

The LOOKOUT

DECEMBER 1953



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.

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VOL. XLIV

DECEMBER, 1953

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVERS (front and back): Again this year the Seamen's Church Institute of New York gave Santa a lift. Nearly 4,000 Christmas gift boxes were put aboard vessels in New York harbor by the Institute's Ship Visitors. (See page one.) Your gift to the Institute's Holiday Fund will help us meet the expense of our annual Thanksgiving and Christmas programs for seamen ashore in New York on these festive days. All gifts made to the Institute before the end of this month will be deductible from your 1953 income tax.

The Lookout

VOL. XLIV

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No. 12



In the pre-Christmas rush at the Christmas Room of the Central Council, Mrs. Frederick Dillingham and Miss Marie Rug prepare Christmas gift boxes for seamen.

Christmas

THE Central Council opened its gaily decorated Christmas Room last October 22nd and set about the business of sorting and wrapping some 60,000 items that are included in the 6,500 Christmas boxes the Council distributes to seamen each year. By December 6th most of the boxes destined for men who were to be at sea on Christmas Day had been placed aboard ship. By December 15th, all the work was done and there remained only the pleasure of distributing those boxes set aside for the guests of the Institute and the seamen in the local marine hospitals. A group of Council volunteers residing on Staten Island delivered 750 boxes to the patients at the U. S. Public Health Hospital at Stapleton, S. I. Actually, the preparation of the Christmas boxes takes just about a full year.

Volunteers in every state in the Union begin early the job of attaining the Council's goal of 10,000 hand knit gifts — sweaters and socks, mittens and mufflers. Every box will contain at least one knitted garment as well as a sewing kit, slippers, wallet, mirror, writing paper and pen, first aid kit, leather jacketed nail clip, a book and some hard candy. The funds for these items are raised through contributions.

Two cards accompany each gift — a cheerful greeting card donated by Fravessi-Lamont, Inc. and a personal message from the volunteers of the Institute's Central Council which says in part: "These gifts were placed in your hands through the sincere good wishes of thousands of your friends who want to share their Christmas with you."

Passing the Time

ONE of the oldest neighbors of the Seamen's Church Institute is a nautical instrument firm now located at 69 Pearl Street, a narrow five-floor building at the head of Coenties Slip. The faded gold lettering on the tall office safe there reads, "T. S. & J. D. Negus, Est. 1843."

As the old chanty says, "A hundred years is a mighty long time." However, time itself is mighty to the Neguses, for it has been their chief stock-in-trade for over four generations. It is likely that some of the ships racing around the Horn with picks and prospectors during the great California gold rush navigated with the aid of a Negus chronometer, for "old J. D." was at that time building and testing these sea-going clocks at a shop near the lower Manhattan waterfront.

Actually, a chronometer should never be referred to as a clock. A chronometer is a sensitive instrument with roughly ten times the accuracy of the average landlubberly clock. It is designed to run in only one position (hence it is gimballed on shipboard) and it obtains most of its accuracy from the fact that the mainspring power is delivered to the gear train by means of a fusee and chain. This latter is a device for increasing the mechanical advantage of the drive as the mainspring unwinds and loses its "oomph." Thus a chronometer always runs at the same speed, while a clock or watch without such an effective compensating mechanism will vary considerably.

It is highly important aboard ship to have precise time. In some latitudes, for example, a four-second error while shooting the sun at noon would throw a vessel a mile out of her estimated position. To get precision time, mariners from all over the world have appealed to the "House of Negus" in New York and have carried Negus chronometers literally to the ends of the earth. One went with Peary to the North Pole and another went with Byrd to the South Pole.

However, J. C. Negus (grandson of "old J. D."), who with his son, J. S. II, runs the family business today, finds that radio time signals now available to ships have to a great extent supplanted reliance on the chronometer for the extended keeping of accurate time. Evidence of this can be found in the fact that fewer ships today carry a full complement of chronometers. Vessels depending solely upon these instruments for their time must carry at least three. Two would be no better than one, since any variance between them would create a quandary that could be resolved only by reading a third to determine which of the other two was at fault.

During wartime, however, when radio time signals are not transmitted, the chronometer comes fully into its own again. But the relative shortness of modern voyages has permanently reduced the danger of a navigator's being undone by faulty timepieces, since they can be more frequently checked and adjusted. On the other hand, this advantage is partly offset by the speed with which ships are now handled in port. A vessel's quick "turn-around" often allows only a fraction of the time needed to adjust and rate an instrument properly. Formerly the Negus firm would not touch a chronometer they could not keep in the shop for a month. Today an instrument is often in and out again in far less time.

To meet this situation, some steamship companies keep extras in reserve to insure each instrument adequate time at the shop's chronometer board. Here they are repaired, adjusted and rated down to 1/10th of a second for their gain or loss from exact Greenwich time, still

taken by the Neguses from a master pendulum clock built by "old J. D." in 1843. This master clock, which has been in constant use since it first began to tick, is continuously rated against Greenwich time telegraphed daily from the National Observatory in Arlington, Virginia. (This is the same signal which drops the Institute's Titanic Tower time ball at noon each day). By keeping a careful record of their master clock's "rate," the Neguses can determine exact Greenwich time at any moment of the day.

The chronometers, when they are fully rated, are returned to their ships by messengers experienced in handling these delicate mechanisms. Their task is not much easier than carrying a brimming cup of tea across town, and the consequences of a wrong motion are substantially more serious. Any abrupt movement might completely undo the fine adjustments made in the shop. The oil used, incidentally, is supplied to the Neguses by a man from Maine who gets it from two small sacs found on either side of a porpoise's jaw. This porpoise oil is valuable because it never "stiffens up" in cold weather.

In addition to chronometers, the Negus firm also supplies all the charts and other instruments needed by the deck department of a vessel. Important among these is the magnetic compass. Like the chronometer, the magnetic compass will work properly only when it is kept in perfect adjustment, when its deviation at various headings is accurately determined. Mr. Negus and his son spend much of their time today "swinging" ships and shooting the sun and stars to check the orientation of compasses. When the ship is headed true south, where does the magnetic compass point? When the ship is headed east? These deviations must all be noted in the compass log.

Ship "swinging" is usually done as the vessel is leaving port, so the Neguses are familiar figures on the Sandy Hook pilot boat. Their work ends just as the voyage begins, but the job they do affects the safety of the ship until it is back in port again. "It may sound fun-



In the window stands the wooden sailor boy carved by Tom Negus in 1851 to hold the binnacle of the tea clipper, *N. B. Palmer*. Captain Low of that vessel two years later returned the carving in exchange for an ordinary binnacle. The crew had complained that the sailor boy's eyes seemed to move at night.

The sailor boy was prudently relieved of his duties as a sidewalk sign and placed in the window in the Thirties when an antique dealer offered a very high price for him. The substitute sign shown in the lower right had to be set out to guide seafarers who complained of not being able to find the Negus shop without the sailor boy.

The cross and flags reflected in the windows are those of the Seamen's Church Institute.

ny," says Mr. Negus, "but working with these compasses and chronometers is more than a simple routine. It's an art, really, and you have to have a conscience about it or you're no good."

One of the firm's easier jobs, conscience-wise, was that of giving a proper heading to the giant compass inlaid in the floor of the Institute's main lobby. A wrong reading here might have started a few arguments among the kibitzers, but it would not have caused a shipwreck. The compass on the lobby floor, as a matter of fact, no longer does point out magnetic north properly, since the earth's magnetic field has shifted since 1928, when the compass was laid. Mr. Negus recalls that magnetic variation in New York when he entered the family business 47 years ago was 8'40". Today it is 11'55".

Another reminder of the passing years came to the Neguses not long ago from

a British rear admiral who wanted to check the history of a Negus chronometer said to have been captured by his grandfather from a slaver. Investigation revealed that the purchaser had paid cash and had left no name, as was the practice with slaver captains in the pre-Civil War days. When they bought charts of the African coast they put their money on the counter and tapped the appropriate drawer with the toe of a boot.

The firm's long tenure is regarded by the Neguses as a tribute to the loyalty of their seafaring clientele. Some of today's customers are the great-grandsons of skippers who purchased chronometers from "old J. D." a century ago. "In a way," says Mr. Negus, "there's something about this business that's like going to sea — once you get started you don't seem to be able to quit. I guess that's one reason why we've lasted so long."

Hark! The Herald Angels Saved Us!

By Orriz R. Contreras, Stewards' Department

NOT a Christmas goes by that I don't remember the most unforgettable Yule of them all. It occurred aboard our C-2 cargo ship, the *S.S. Nathan Eliot*, as we were crossing the Atlantic one bleak December. Six days out of Sandy Hook we were enveloped by that nemesis of the sea — fog. The gray mist swirled around us in soft, white shrouds isolating us from the rest of the world. The only sound one could hear was the ship's intermittent whistle of warning.

But it was Christmas eve! This was no time to worry about the fog outside of the usual precautionary measures. There was food to prepare; a piping hot feast of fowl and baked ham with all the trimmings. The officers' mess was ably trimmed and decorated by our two Filipino messmen. Candles, wreaths, holly, and table settings of red and green gave it a festive air. The chief steward was prowling through the storeroom peering into mysterious boxes for his best beverages and the cooks were the happiest of all. Ah-h-h, the aroma was something to talk about. It wasn't a spic-and-span galley. It was Mom's kitchen, the ranch chuck wagon, and Pierre's French Cuisine all rolled into one. Down in the engine room the first-assistant engineer was humming a carol as he worked on his daily log. The wipers, those much-abused denizens of the black gang, were revelling, for theirs was the lightest of work. And there was little sleep tonight in the seamen's quarters. A tired squeeze box and an equally tired guitar were exploring the melodies of the Yule carefully, but delightfully.

As for myself, I was out on deck for a breather after struggling to decorate the coffee urn with several strings of lights. We had overlooked a tree; how or why I shall never know, but I suspect a pre-Christmas outing ashore had something to do with it. Thus, the coffee urn had to do double duty. However, it made

an admirable tree, with the lights reflecting brilliantly in its highly polished surface. On the shelves under it were a few presents surreptitiously placed there by various members of the crew. I knew that the tie-clasps, rings, carved napkin holders, and other craftwork represented many hours of hard but pleasurable work. The gay colored wrappings appeared out of nowhere. The galley crew saw to it that chains of popcorn and iced-trimmed cookies were in abundance. Yes, indeed, we might be short on the luxury end of the holiday, but we were happy.

I certainly wish I could end this little narrative right here by telling you that the captain and the chief engineer were holding their "championship" cribbage finals, or that the officers were rounding out another series of gin rummy and poker; or that the crew found time to catch up on odds and ends. But I can't. For at that moment I heard it. Then it was heard up on the bridge. Like an invisible wireless it summoned most of the crew outside. It was the whistle of another ship somewhere off to our starboard. Again and again we heard it and our own whistle answered. Then it ceased. After a long five minutes we heard nothing more and we were worried for fog is treacherous with sound. It appeared that we were once again alone out there with not a sound to be heard except that of our ship knifing through the water. In one swift moment our fears were realized. Something had happened to that ship!

By now the radio operator was sweating out signal after signal. The skipper, no longer a genial host, appeared on the bridge in his greatcoat. He paced endlessly and his brow wrinkled into a thousand little worries.

"Keep that whistle open, Mr. Briggs. Have all lookouts report to their stations. Cease all activities at once until further

(Continued on Page 11)

EQUALITY

New Hebrides in the South Pacific is under the joint rule of England and France, and a recent ruling to the effect that the flags of each of these nations must be displayed with exactly equal prominence has vastly complicated the reportedly idyllic life of the residents. All boats must have two flagstuffs. All public buildings must have twin flagpoles of equal height.

On the island of Tanna the French and English district commissioners reside side by side. Each building is equipped with two flagpoles. The English commissioner's flagpoles were of unequal length, and the Union Jack projected a foot beyond the French colors. To avoid an "incident" the British reluctantly ordered an extra foot spliced onto the offending pole. In the process both poles crashed down on the jeep of a visiting missionary.

Some semblance of peace has finally been restored.

Perhaps the best illustration of how seriously this ruling has been taken to heart by the two nations is the case of the district commissioners' buildings in Vila. The French office is on higher ground than the British. But both flags flap at the same distance above sea level. The British have a taller pole.

TRIBUTE

Since seafarers are not inclined to effusiveness, it is with some pride that we report the following conversation between an Institute staff member and a seaman, who declared:

"That woman is worth her weight in gold!"

"What woman?"

"The woman who makes those donuts

in the cafeteria."

"Well, thank you sir, but that woman is a man."

"Well, then *he's* worth his weight in gold. I've traveled this world over, and the seven seas, but I never found donuts that tasted like these!"

SMALL WORLD

Cosmic eruptions are causing the world's topsoil to shrink and recede and the sea level to rise. A further result will be prolonged droughts and some drastic changes in existing animal life. Professor Vaino Auer of Helsinki University, in collaboration with Yale University, claims that he has established beyond any doubt a pattern of cosmic eruptions that have been occurring on the earth every 2,000 years. Past eruptions, he says, caused the flooding of lands that now lie at the bottom of the North Sea, and just 2,000 years ago initiated the great mass migration of Asian peoples because of the loss of food producing land.

The professor warns that we are living in a period of similar cosmic disturbance, and cites a recent United Nations report which listed about 1,000 animal species that are now near extinction, or have already died out. In Chile, great forests are receding, and all attempts to replant them have failed. In other sections of the Southern Hemisphere the changes have been so rapid and marked that they could be photographed.

FISHERMEN PLUS

Norway has partially solved the problem of her extended and inadequately guarded coastlines by converting her

fishermen into an improvised coast guard. The fishermen are recruited along with their boats, to spend their spare time training for local defense, under the command of the Norwegian Navy. Each fisherman will be assigned to an area well known to him from his fishing expeditions.

The new home guard is expected to play an important role in Norway's defense in the event of war. Norway's fisherman fleet is made up of about 32,000 motor driven boats.

LIFESAVING

The *Seafarer's Log* relates an unusual instance of lifesaving at sea, when a missionary doctor on the Isthmian ship *Steel Fabricator* saved the life of a seriously injured crewmember with the aid of a grease gun. The crewmember suffered an 18-foot fall from the aft part of the officers' deck to the metal main deck. Dr. Charles Bissell, a Presbyterian missionary, saw that the seaman was choking and unable to breathe because of serious internal bleeding. Since ordinary first aid kits were the only medical equipment aboard, Dr. Bissell rigged a thin rubber tube to a grease gun and pumped the blood out. He put another piece of tubing down the seaman's throat so he could breathe. Then he took a tank of industrial oxygen, tubed it through a jar of water, which purified it a bit, and improvised a mask for the seaman to receive the oxygen. A Coast Guard seaplane sent to remove the man was wrecked by the heavy seas, and the crew taken aboard the *Steel Fabricator*. Dr. Bissell and his wife nursed the man until the ship reached port. The seaman was left resting comfortably in a Manila hospital.

SHIP SHOW

An International Maritime Exhibition, the first of its kind, will be held in Naples, Italy, from May to October of next year, under the sponsorship of the Italian Ministry of the Merchant Marine. The aim of the show is to trace "the development of navigation through the ages, from the historical, scientific, economic and technical point of view."

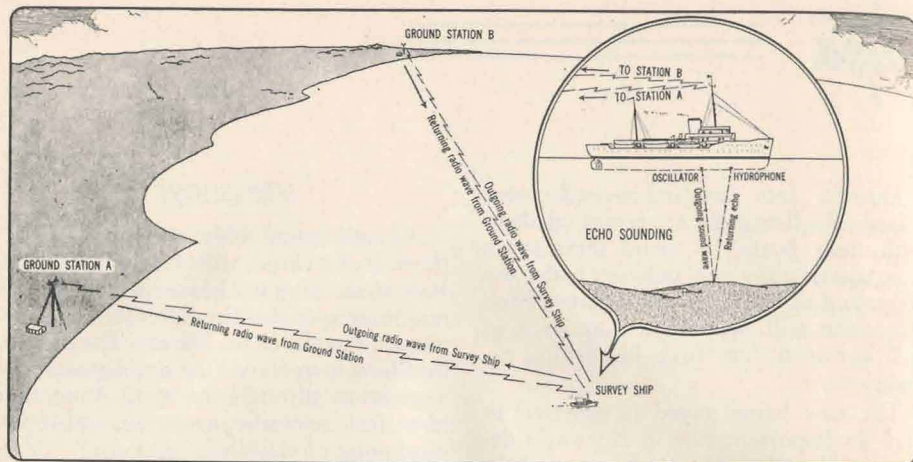
The governments and private industries of the world's maritime nations have been invited to participate. Dr. Clemente Boniver, commercial counselor of the Italian Merchant Marine, said that the plans for the exhibit include a number of pavilions that will house exhibits by deep-sea steamship lines, inland navigation companies, tanker concerns, rope and cordage manufacturers, and by shipbuilding and repair yards. Ship model exhibits are expected to fill an entire building.

Dr. Boniver pointed out that 35% of Italy's imports come from the United States, and expressed the hope that the American maritime industry would "follow up" on its already established good will by participating in the fair.

WHALING SEASON

Fourteen expeditions have put out from European ports for the opening of the whaling season, January 2nd. Included in the convoys are seventeen floating "factories," huge ships which maintain the means of processing and storing whale oil and meat. About 210 smaller vessels will engage in the hunt.

Six nations are represented, with the Norwegians again leading with nine separate expeditions. It costs about \$2,000,000 to finance a single expedition.



Echo sounding, diagrammed above, is one of the many field studies conducted by the U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey.

The U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey

BENEATH the waters surrounding the city of New York lie deep valleys, equal in depth at some points to Colorado's Grand Canyon. Sweeping into New York's harbor waters each day are two tides — one from the ocean and one from Long Island Sound — which meet head-on to create that dread swirl of water known as Hell Gate. Strong currents surge and ebb, sands shift, channels slowly alter in width and depth.

The safety of our shipping demands that these phenomena of nature be known quantities: that the time and extent of the tide's rise and fall be noted and predicted; that currents be analyzed according to their direction and velocity, and their most dangerous as well as their slack, or safe, periods be known and timetabled; that reefs and shoals be accurately located and that all of the information available be checked constantly for change to keep the most precise, complete and up-to-date picture of the harbor, its dangers and its aids. The Marine Service of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey does the job.

The Service's field work is intensive

and constant. Four hundred and sixty-nine field reports, records and volumes of technical information are required for a single nautical chart. The New York Harbor chart alone must be issued afresh four times a year in order to keep up with data changes.

Most of this data is collected by the launches and survey ships that conduct the field trips of the Service. One of the most important field studies is that of charting the floor of the sea — its depths, its shallows, the wrecks rotting in its sands, and the rocks jutting from its surface. This study is called hydrography. Most of it is done by means of echo sounding, which measures the depth of the water and, by repetition, traces the contour of the sands beneath. It consists of a sound wave that operates like a boomerang; the water depth determines the length of time the sound wave will take to bounce back from the "floor." At the same time, the survey ship sends electronic impulses to a control station on shore, which receives and returns the pulse. Thus distance from shore is also measured and the position of the depth

soundings properly mapped.

Location of wrecks is accomplished by wire drags. Two ships run parallel, dragging a lead wire between them. Originally, the charting of wrecks was undertaken for the protection of submarines, to avoid collisions and the possibility of some old hulk's being mistaken for another sub. Since the war, the wreck charts have proved a boon to fishermen. The commercial fishing boats avoid the snagging and ripping of valuable nets. Private fishermen camp happily over such areas, convinced that the fish use the hulks as general meeting halls.

The hydrographic findings of the Coast and Geodetic Survey are of prime importance to tunnel and bridge builders, who are able to choose likely areas for intensive survey suited to their particular needs without the expense and delay of conducting a general mapping-out of large sections of the rivers and the harbor. The tides and currents will also play a part in the ultimate safety of their constructions.

The Marine Service's tide and current surveys are aided by some intricate and delicate machines. One is a tide predictor. Tidal observations are resolved into constituents, or basic elements, and set on the machine. When the arm is cranked, the machine automatically shows the time of the successive rise and fall of the tide for the year in question. Another mechanical aid is the Roberts current meter, which measures the velocity and directional changes of currents. It floats in the water and has dangling, underwater extensions that are not unlike modern art mobiles. The current meter relays its measurements by radio signals, which are received and plotted on another machine carried by the survey ship.

Tide and current statistics are, of course, vital to navigation. They are also invaluable in any number of instances unrelated to shipping. For example, shore installations and buildings must be so situated as to avoid inundation by high tidal waters, and strong current flow must be taken into careful consideration in devising a proper method of sewage

disposal and avoidance of water pollution. Nor can offshore oil projects operate without this highly efficient technical information.

The Marine Service's field studies in hydrography and tides and currents form only part of its field observations. Data is also compiled from magnetic, coastal, geodetic control and coast pilot surveys. Their findings are issued in the form of charts and tables of which major use is made by the merchant marine, the armed forces and various related federal and state agencies, small boat operators and the fishing industry. The Marine Service operates about twenty ships in the "field." These restrict their operations to the waters off the United States and possessions. Field trips to areas like the Alaskan waters amount to expeditions and are of six months' duration.

The major work of the Marine Service, however, is the compilation of nautical charts, along with those related charts that come under the sub-headings of harbor, coast and sailing. It also maps special fishing and wreck charts.

Chart and map making is an old and cherished art. The local office of the U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey has framed reproductions of some of the early English maps of New York hanging on its walls. Rather shapeless little blobs represent land areas, with many curlicues and artistic sweeps distinguishing the text. A stand-offish little round of green was identified as Coney Island, at that time separate from the mainland. The settlement on Manhattan was represented by ten or twelve tiny blacked-in oblongs huddled at the rounded southern tip of Manhattan — what is today Battery Park.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey was originally organized to promote maritime commerce. It began operations in 1816. (The word "geodetic" before survey simply indicates that the fact that the earth is round is taken into account in its calculations.) Today, the Marine Service is only one of four major arms of the agency. The others are the Seismological, Geodetic and Aeronautical Services.

— MAE STOKES



Seaman Tom Lyons reviews one of his oil paintings now on exhibit in the A.W. Club Gallery.

Oil Painting Show

CURRENTLY on view in the Artists and Writers Club Gallery at the Seamen's Church Institute is a one-man show of oil paintings by Tom Lyons.

The paintings, numbering twenty, deal with landscapes, figure subjects and character studies. Two harbor scenes offer evidence of the artist's marine background. Tom, an English-born Irishman, has been going to sea "off and on" for fifteen years. He frankly admits that he'd rather be "off" than "on," since he would much prefer to work as a portrait painter than as a watertender aboard ships. Of seafaring he remarks, "It's a tough, dreary business. After a while, it seems that you just aren't getting anywhere."

During his shore leaves in New York, Tom has studied at the Art Students

League and at the National Academy School of Fine Arts. In 1950 he spent a six-month leave in Paris studying at the Grand Chaumière under Ed Gorg.

As an artist, Tom has a preference for pastel and line drawing. His knack for likeness in portraits is remarkable; he has sold everything he has done in this category.

Each year he enters work in competition for various scholarships. While he has not "clicked" to date, the improvement in his work keeps Tom enthusiastic about the chances. Meanwhile, to augment his income as a painter, he plans to study medical art, which has good commercial value.

His present show of oil paintings can be seen at the Institute until January 15th.

(Continued from Page 5)

notice. I want all hands to stand by."

Short, terse words that meant "Good-bye, Christmas." Each engineer stood by the panel board and speaking tube awaiting orders. The deck gang hied themselves to all lookouts fore and aft and in the crow's nest. The cooks readied hot coffee and sandwiches for the long vigil. We knew we had to spot that ship before it was too late.

Sparks kept in continual conference with the Old Man. The ship's position was perilously close to ours. Engine difficulties had affected her whistle — we had to find that ship first.

The purser stepped out of his Santa Claus costume and began checking his medical equipment. The only thing to bring Christmas back to us was a little musical powder box that the second mate had bought for his wife. Over and over again it kept repeating "Silent Night . . . Holy Night . . . Silent Night . . . Holy Night" until, from sheer exhaustion it was stilled. From time to time the captain would glance up at the fog half-hoping the Star of Bethlehem would come to our rescue. At that moment, a strange thing occurred.

Up in the crow's-nest, Neils Swenson placed a hand to his ear and looked to the starboard. At that pre-Christmas outing ashore I mentioned earlier the Swede took, and administered (for the record), a terrific wallop from a Norwegian. It concerned an argument we would do well to leave alone. Needless to say, however, we carried Swede with loving tenderness back to the ship. So at this moment Neils couldn't be sure of what he heard. Why report it to the bridge?

At the bow, Gerry cocked his head to one side with a look of utter disbelief on his face. Call the bridge? And be logged for such nonsense? Instead he kept looking and straining to see past the fog just off the starboard bow. Gerry had been sailing for over twelve years, torpedoed thrice in the last war, too. Perhaps he could attribute this to a headache because what he thought he heard — well, could you blame him for being doubtful?

But other members of the crew were

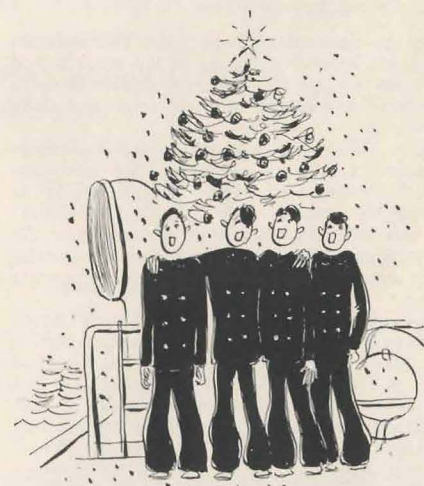
hearing it now. I was beginning to think they were all a little bit off until I heard it, too. The bridge was alive with excitement. Flares were sent up with more frequency and Sparks was busier than ever. Our captain was wiring frantic instructions that he was standing by to give assistance but above all a collision must be averted. Positions must be in constant check at all times. We couldn't see their flares and, until now, we didn't hear them.

Off the starboard beam as clear as a bell now we heard a group of voices singing, "Hark! The Herald Angels sing! Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mercy mild . . ." The voices were closer now and we were beginning to see their flares. Symbolically enough, they were red and green.

It was a good, great world again. Even the stars were making desperate attempts to penetrate the gloomy fog. We dispatched our engineers over, and in the meantime, extended a Yule invitation to the stranded ship's crew via some of our delicacies sent over by lifeboat.

In the officers' salon the two captains sat together and a special group from the ship visited us to sing carols. But of all they sang the most beautiful one was:

"Hark! The Herald Angels sing! Glory to the new-born King!"



Drawing by Phil May



Book Briefs

TOBACCO COAST

A Maritime History of Chesapeake Bay
in the Colonial Era

By Arthur Pierce Middleton, Ph.D.

Newport News, Va.: the Mariner's Museum, \$5.00

This scholarly volume relates the early growth of the tobacco industry in the Chesapeake colonies to the network of excellent waterways serving the area and shows how the sailing ships helped the tobacco pipe breathe a prosperous economic life into Maryland, Virginia and the whole of colonial America.

From the travel journals of the period the author develops an accurate and vivid picture of what an Atlantic passage meant in the early times. New respect is inspired for the brave efforts of the merchant fleet, the masters and mariners, associated with the tobacco trade and the related commerce of the Chesapeake Bay area.

The text is graced by 28 pages of illustrations, many of the best being reproductions of items in the Mariner's Museum, the publishers of this excellent volume.

THE WAY OF A SHIP

By Alan Villiers

Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., \$6.50

In this fascinating book Alan Villiers combines his broad researches in the records and histories of Cape Horn ships with his extensive first-hand knowledge of their ways and their crews.

Alan Villiers is one of the few marine writers in America today able to add all the trimmings to a discussion of the Cape Horn vessel. He is thoroughly versed in their sailing technicalities; he can tell how they were rigged, how the crews were recruited, and how they were profitably operated in the years when steam was rising.

Included also are the histories of such famous ships as the *Cutty Sark* and the *Preussen*, which is treated in a chapter titled, "The Greatest Ship of Them All." Villiers also recognizes that no survey of this period of sail would be complete without some account of the outstanding captains, Hilgendorf, Nissen, Learmont, Woodget and others.

The interesting text is well illustrated by many photographs and line drawings.

SHIPWRECKS OF THE LAKES

By Dana Thomas Brown

Author and publisher, Daytona Beach, \$5.00

Sidestepping the wrecks described in his two previous volumes, *Lore of the Lakes* and *Memoirs of the Lakes*, the author affords in the present work an account of selected disasters memorable to those who follow shipping on the inland seas of North America.

In a pictorial section of the book an interesting battery of photographs and engravings is furnished to supplement Mr. Bowen's account of these dramatic episodes. Some proof that Great Lakes history warrants such a book as this can be found in the fact that 1,167 disasters were recorded in the year 1871 alone.

SIDEWHEELER SAGA

By Ralph Nading Hill

Rinehart & Co., Inc., N. Y., \$5.00

Here is a book devoted exclusively to a chronicle of the sidewheel steamboat. The history of these colorful vessels is traced from Robert Fulton's *Clermont* through the heyday of "floating palaces" down to the *Ticonderoga* on Lake Champlain.

Mr. Hill offers a good insight into the personalities important in sidewheeler history and shows how they were related to the rising and falling fortunes of a business important to American social and economic history.

THE MAGNIFICENT MARINER and THE FIRST ADMIRAL

Two books for young people
by Frederick A. Lane

Aladdin Books, N. Y., \$1.75 & \$2.75

The Magnificent Mariner deals with the marine aspects of America's struggle for independence in the early days, and it centers around a boy who assists John Paul Jones in his efforts to provide the colonies with a navy. Captain Jones is held up as an ideal for American youth.

In *The First Admiral*, Mr. Lane offers a biographical account of the naval career of another of America's heroes, David Farragut. The author catches up the interest of his young readers with Farragut's early experiences as a ship's boy on a Mississippi River gunboat and traces out his brilliant naval record in three wars, recounting the successes at New Orleans and Mobile Bay that prompted Lincoln to name him First Vice Admiral, then the highest rank of the U. S. Navy.

ON THE WATERFRONT

Alone on the waterfront,
He looked steadily at the sea,
Swelled his chest with strong salt air
And the sea's immensity.

He stared — infinitesimal,
Companion to the sea,
Alone — but part of everything —
As big as man can be.

— From the *Seafarers Log*

LAND AND SEA

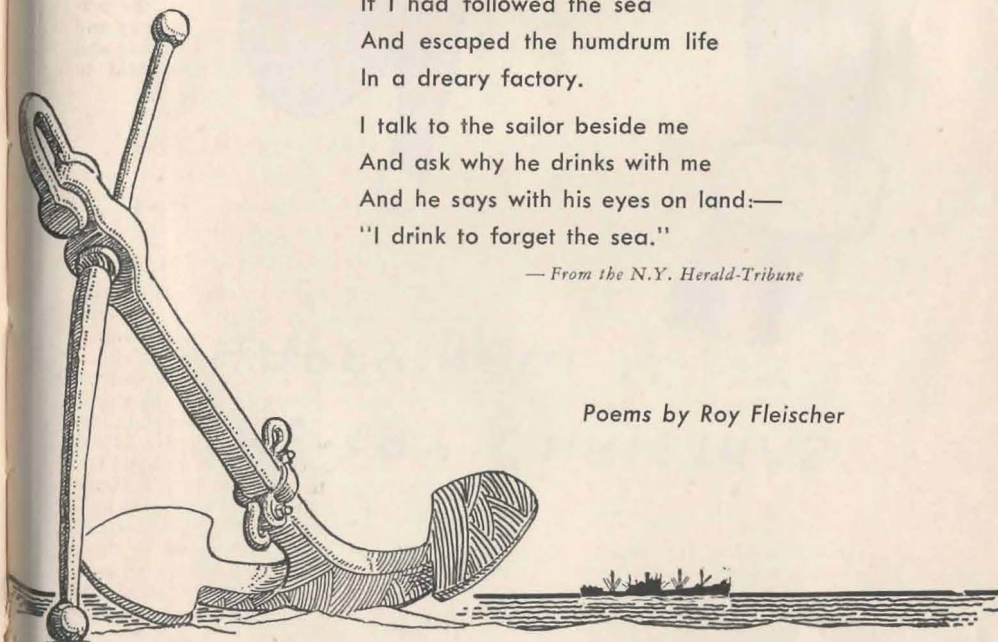
Dull, tired and weary,
I end my work at the mill
And rest my arms against the bar
In the inn at the foot of the hill.

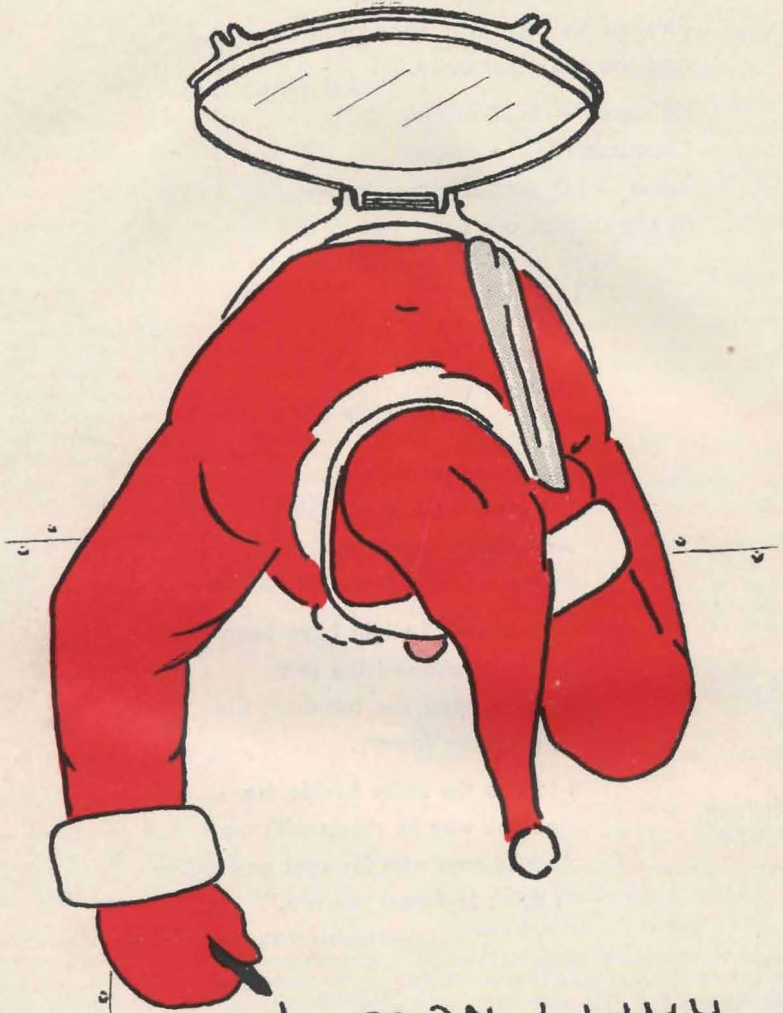
I think what I might have been
If I had followed the sea
And escaped the humdrum life
In a dreary factory.

I talk to the sailor beside me
And ask why he drinks with me
And he says with his eyes on land:—
"I drink to forget the sea."

— From the *N.Y. Herald-Tribune*

Poems by Roy Fleischer





MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW Y