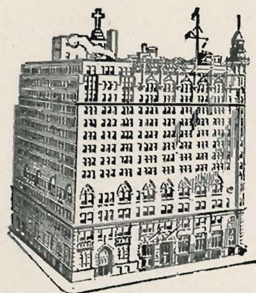
The LOOKOUT



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center 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 give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

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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The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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THE COVER: This scene surely needs no caption, except to note that Pier 81, North River, is the place to see her. Take along 95¢. See our back cover also.

Crewmen from the *Manipur*, some rather shy, pose for their picture atop Rockefeller Center.

A Long Look at the Big Town

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Rockefeller Center photo

WHEN their ship was disabled in New York by a fire, 60 merchant sailors from Pakistan and India recently had a rare opportunity to "do the town." Although most of these crewmen from the British freighter *Manipur* were veterans who had made many previous stops here, few of them had ever been ashore for more than an evening or two at any one time. While the *Manipur* was being repaired, her crewmen stayed at the Institute when not working on the ship, and early in their month-long beaching the Institute arranged a sightseeing tour to introduce these men to the wonders and delights of New York that would be available to them from their front porch at 25 South Street. Follow-up visits were then made to points of interest.

Because "Americans always visit our temples," most of the seamen reciprocated with visits to St. Patrick's Church and the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. While one group was visiting Saint John's, an organ recital was under way. Never before having heard the sound of an organ, they looked at each other in wonder. How could one man make all that sound? Their arm-weary guide, Institute staffmember Tom Taggard, commented later, "If you want a job on your hands, try explaining that sometime in sign language."

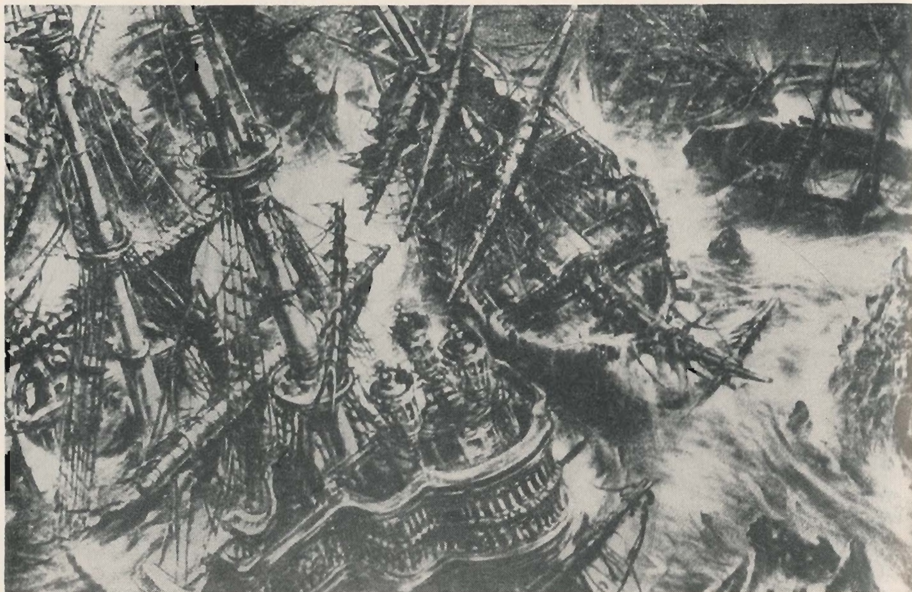
Street scenes that delighted the Far-Eastern eye included Indian girls in the neighborhood of International House, and Fifth Avenue women with French poodles. Remarkably, the sailors pointed out Coca Cola signs as being the chief similarity between Calcutta and New York.

And the subway? Well, they got a kick out of it, accepting the noise, speed, rocking and jolting as cheerfully as if they were on a roller coaster, where the rider grins his horror down.

While some of the crewmen visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art, several men from the *Manipur's* stewards department inspected the kitchen at the Waldorf. The *Manipur's* crewmen, who ate many of their meals at the Institute, were gracious in their comments on American cooking. It was good, but different. In other words, it could have been spicier.

As in the case of nearly all foreign seamen, they took special delight in the four free movies available to them each week right at the Institute. "From this, like sightseeing, we learn much about America."

Their visit brought special pleasure to another Pakistanian sailor at 25 South Street who had been left behind earlier by his ship when he became ill and had to be hospitalized in New York. After several months of isolation from his native tongue, Hindustani was the sweetest music this side of the Ganges. As with Times Square, if a sailor stays at the Institute long enough, he is almost sure to meet someone from his own home town, no matter if it is half a world away.



"There was a last convulsive shudder, a last pounding onslaught of the elements, and the 'Pirates' Babylon' was smashed into the sea."

A GHOST CITY UNDER THE SEA —

The Pirates' Babylon

ONLY 1,374 miles from the winter frosts of New York City, and 500 miles from the neon tubes of Miami's bright spots, at 30 fathoms of water, rests the only known submerged city in the world — Port Royal. Two hundred and sixty-four years ago this fabulous city off Jamaica was known to the world as the "Pirates' Babylon" until earthquake and tidal wave plunged it deep into the blue waters of the Caribbean. The lure of a treasure in Spanish gold and jewels stored on a galleon docked in the harbor at the time of this catastrophe led me to one of the most amazing adventures of my long career of treasure hunting under water — the discovery of Port Royal. I am now preparing for my return to that watery tomb, and to the treasure stored in its coral vaults.

By mid-17th century, Port Royal had become infamous throughout the world, a sanctuary for every outlawed man, woman, ship and cause on the Spanish Main. From far and near the brethren of the Spanish Main came there, bringing with them for storage all their stupendous riches seized on land and sea. Into the teeming streets they poured, heralding their arrival with loud blasphemies and maudlin, obscene songs. Golden earrings framed their tanned faces; fragile lace encircled their brawny wrists; silk stockings covered their hairy legs; ship's captain and deck-hand, each arrayed himself in glory. They washed the salt taste of the sea from their mouths with vintage wines and long-aged liquors. They gorged on rich foods served on looted silver plates.

With dusk, the pub, gambling den and brothel emerged like large, glowing stars. The sputtering flames of great lamps and huge bonfires lighted the way for the revelers. Money changers called out their offers to exchange good Spanish dollars for the pirate coin, gold and silver plate and jewels. And "honest" merchants opened wide their doors to the rich commerce.

Such was Port Royal, a financial giant and a moral bankrupt, a citadel secure against the physical justice of righteous men and women and seemingly immune to the laws of God until the morning of June 7, 1692.

That day came slowly, and the revelers, clinging desperately to the extra hours of darkness, continued their carnival. There was no hint of the coming doom.

Suddenly the sky lost its few faint traces of dawning color and a midnight blackness descended over the city. Thunder began to roll; lightning flashed out; and rain fell in a deluge. The wind rushed screaming into the town, flinging uprooted wreckage before it.

Then the land itself quivered. As the ground undulated, huge cracks appeared in the buildings. Crashes were heard. Vast flocks of seafowl rose from the tidelands in panic-stricken flight. The rich sugar mills took fire and clouds of yellow smoke from their burning spread a pall across the town. Desperate men and women, suddenly sobered, white-faced, fought their way out of tumbling structures into the howling chaos of the maddened universe. There was no defense.

For a few thrilling moments Port Royal hung on the brink of oblivion. Then the sea and the land fell away. There was a last convulsive shudder, a last pounding onslaught of the elements, and the "Pirates' Babylon" was smashed into the sea. Swept from the ken of man, it rested there on the floor of Kingston harbor, still holding the fabulous treasure in gold, silver, jewels and other wealth of all kinds that bulged from its storehouses on the day of its destruction. For a little over 2½ centuries no human being disturbed the solitude of the sunken city until I entered its ghostly portal.

I had outfitted my little salvage schooner in Miami and had signed on a crew of five West Indians for the cruise. I intended to take on five extra hands in Kingston to help in diving operations. It was well into the afternoon when we stood in Kingston harbor. By the time I had cleared through the customs, it was dark.

At the dock I could find only the night watchman, an elderly Negro. He called out to me in that surprisingly British accent of the Jamaican, softened by the pleasant slur of the Negro. I told him that I was seeking a pair of native hands to work my salvage schooner for a few days.

"My schooner is moored out there," I said, pointing into the darkness in a southerly direction.

"I understand," he remarked. Then, as if playing for time, he asked, "Your schooner, it is anchored on the west side of the bay? That is where you will dive, sar?"

"Yes," I answered.

The man shook his head and eyed me suspiciously. "You do not know about the bell, sar?"

"Bell," I exclaimed. "What bell?"

"Sar, the bell of the cathedral, Port Royal cathedral. You do not know these waters, sar? The bell sounds below the waves and it is rung by evil spirits." He lowered his voice, almost to a whisper. "For anybody to disturb those waters, for anybody to hear the bell below, it is a warning of death—ever since it rang when Port Royal sank into the sea."

"Come, man," I reasoned, "do you mean these natives here won't work for good wages in American money just because of some superstition about a church bell?"

"Yes sar," he replied soberly. "I have watched these waters from this dock now for 20 years. Never have I seen a native go into the west bay to work under the water. If you go to the west bay to dive on the bottom—you go alone, sar." The old man let his voice fade into silence.

The Negro had spoken too earnestly for me to doubt his words. I would find no native help that night. I left the dock and went back to the schooner, annoyed

"The lure of a treasure in Spanish gold . . . led me to one of the most amazing adventures of my long career of treasure hunting under water — the discovery of Port Royal."

and uncertain. My five men could actually handle the work during a dive if everything went off with complete smoothness; but there would not be enough of them if we had any major trouble. But somewhere under those waters lay a ship piled high with Spanish treasure. Short-handed or not, I decided to go down for it.

Early the next morning we got underway to the position I had selected as a reference point for our search. We worked slowly back and forth, sounding the depth with a hand lead. Suddenly, the lead found an abrupt drop, indicating the underwater ledge for which I was looking. I plotted the position and made my first descent.

I shook off the fascination of the underwater sights and set to my search. But there were no signs of my treasure hulk. As I slowly trod the slopping bottom, I was surprised to see an abundance of large coral growths where I had expected to see the low, dense type. Then I was brought up short by a water-clouded vision. It was just at the limit of my sight, and for a moment, I thought the oxygen was stimulating me. But the air, as it came down to me, was constant and only a trifle rubbery. I edged closer. There in the heart of the sea was a coral-encrusted structure, and beyond that another, and vaguely others running beyond the power of my eyes. *A ghost city fathoms under the sea!*

I stood there entranced!

"The bell sounds below the waves and it is rung by evil spirits."

It was a scene of unbelievable fantasy, held in dreamy suspension by the quivering water. Coral had built itself over the original design and had created a place of unearthly beauty. The structures before me had been transformed into a great cathedral, holding its roof aloft by massive columns. From overhead, a muted sunlight filtered down through the translucent water in oblique rays, as if through a stained-glass window. A school of rainbow fish shuttled across an opening, weaving a fleeting tapestry of color. When I lifted my hand to touch them, they flashed away like shards of rainbow.

I had to force my mind to accept the idea that the structure—roughly about 50 feet long and half as high—had originally been created by human hands. The coral growths had created around it a form removed from earthly architecture; and the exotic fish passing in and out of the openings, the swaying motion of the water, gave an illusion of enchanted life. I could tell from the increasing difficulty I was having in moving about that I had been down as long as was sensible. Yet I could not stop now. I treaded slowly toward an opening that pierced the well at ground level and arranged my air-line along the bottom to make a straight lead into the place. I stepped over the coral fringe that cased the entrance and paused to adapt my eyes to the new dimness.

The author, Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg, is photographed here exploring the sunken remains of Port Royal.

I stood in a space that could no longer be called a room. Coral had rebuilt the shape, removing every crude line and sharp angle from walls and corners, and had sculptured a vaulted chamber, with tunneled passages leading into the adjoining dark. Along the walls and in the center were shapes wrought by the coral into weird designs. Filling the space was the astonishing color, for every surface was mantled in blue. But it was no earthly blue, no portion of the sun's spectrum laid on in familiar strokes; it was an incredibly vibrant blue, swirling with the water's undulation, through every shade and tint of that one color, from fairest pastels to somber purples. Even my bare hands as I held them before my faceplate were cast in that magic blue.

I moved across the eerie vault to the darker side, where an opening made a black rectangle in the wall. I peered into the passage, straining desperately to see. Suddenly, I sensed a movement in the darkness. I recoiled in horror as I glimpsed the claw and reaching feeler of a huge spider crab, and beyond this creature were moving octopus tentacles quivering in still water. I retreated, trying to stifle a panicky thought that I was in no shape to defend myself against those arms. I had stayed down too long; I could tell from the terrific pressure that was beginning to weigh on me. I quickly jerked the signal line.

As I rose slowly upward toward the surface, my mind was afire. I had found no treasure hulk, but that scarcely mattered; I had seen what no other living man had gazed upon, the major relics and ruins of Port Royal. In all the years, no one had apparently discovered this spot; nor had anyone devised a means of raising its wealth to the surface. A rubber-suit diver could go about as far as I had gone.

Photos by Rieseberg

Rieseberg helped design this 25,000-pound diving robot.

Today, obstacles have been surmounted. My carefully preserved chart shows the position at which I can descend to those treasure-houses again. And a newly-devised diving gear will carry the diver well beyond the limits of present-day diving dress and provide him with tools to tear those steely encrustations apart.

It won't be long now before we will start out. I'm going down to those ruins again. I may recover some of that vast hoard of pirate loot. I may help to add an exact footnote to history regarding this unique disaster. Certainly, I shall satisfy my inner compulsion to stand again on that sea bottom, look at that incredible blue coloring, probe into the mystery whose fringes I barely touched. For I have a long-delayed rendezvous with the dead city under the sea—Port Royal, the city which was once the wickedest and richest community in the world, and which for just retribution was swept into the sea by earthquake and deluge on June 7, 1692!

—(Lieut.) HARRY E. RIESEBERG

The World of Ships

RUSTY CLUE

The captain of a fishing boat in South Africa believes he has found a clue — in the form of a corroded iron plate brought up from the bottom of the ocean — to one of the famous unsolved mysteries of the sea, the disappearance of the liner *Waratah* somewhere between Durban, South Africa and England, in 1909.

The plate was fished up off the mouth of the Umzumbi River, 60 miles south of Durban. Engineers examining the plate said it was from a ship that had been under water for many years. Rivet holes showed that it came from a large vessel. According to the captain of the fishing boat, an echo-sounding device indicates the presence of a large, iron-built vessel standing about 12 feet above the seabed.

If the unidentified hulk proves to be the *Waratah,* it will be the first trace anyone has found of the 16,800-ton passenger and cargo steamer since she vanished into the sea on July 26, 1909, with 201 persons on board.

INSURED

Although the original *Mayflower* had a much more hazardous crossing than the ship of the same name now on exhibit in New York, she was probably never insured. However, the present-day pilgrims are taking no chances. The hull of the *Mayflower II* is insured for 80,000 pounds in the London market and an additional $5,000 here. In addition, portions of her cargo were insured by various department stores awaiting their consignments of *Mayflower* goods from Britain.

Mr. M. F. York, president of Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, which carried insurance on part of the cargo, pointed out that coverage was primarily "all risk" rather than the "perils of the sea" coverage available in the 17th century. There are no records of hull insurance on the original *Mayflower.* It is also extremely doubtful, said Mr. York, that there would have been cargo insurance, because "... the tools and supplies carried by the colonists were their own, and disaster would have destroyed the policy-holders as well as their property."

RECOGNITION

Radio operator Clifford Jackson, who received his first formal recognition as a painter when he won a painting contest sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute in 1955, has just been awarded a John Hay Whitney Foundation opportunity fellowship in the field of painting. With the $2800 grant, Jackson left immediately for a year in Europe and Africa, where he will spend his time seeing the great art collections, studying the people and their culture, and experimenting with water colors so as "to get as much work done as possible."

Jackson, who is 29, became a radio operator in 1944 and began painting only four years ago. Between trips he studied with painters like Raphael Soyer, Harry Sternberg and George Gross. A self-styled expressionist, Jackson comments, "That means I use modern techniques, but you can recognize what comes out."

TRICKSTER

Those old sailor yarns about ships that would not sink don't seem quite so strange anymore to those who are following the antics of the *Joyita.* The 70-ton trading vessel had already earned a fair reputation as a mystery ship in 1955, when she was found abandoned in the Pacific, her crew and passengers vanished into thin air. Now she's added another bizarre chapter to her story. Stranded this winter on a reef in the Koro Sea, the vessel, according to Glasgow's Nautical Magazine, was able to refloat herself in an upright position, although in a waterlogged and holed condition. What's more, the cork lining which was originally in her refrigerated holds had been removed, giving more credence to the contention that the *Joyita* is unsinkable. Sink-proof or not, it's doubtful that she'll go to sea a third time under the same unlucky name, say her owners.

3-D NAVIGATION

If anyone tells you he's seen a flying saucer lately, you may believe him or not, as you choose. But if he claims he's seen a flying tugboat, you're just going to have to take his word for it.

According to a recent report from the Aircraft Industries Association, a 3,000-ton LST (Landing Ship Tank) has been successfully towed by a military helicopter. What's more, the experiment showed that the ship was more maneuverable under aerial tow than under its own powers. The ship was towed at approximately five knots, about half its cruising speed.

SLIPPING

Government statistics show that the North Atlantic ports did not show a gain in proportion to the sharp increase in the nation's foreign trade during 1956.

Although they remained easily the big freight handlers, moving 59.1% of the total U.S. tonnage, the North Atlantic ports lost ground to the Gulf and Pacific ports. The South Atlantic ports handled the same percentage in 1956 as in the previous year.

Despite a trade volume gain during 1956, New York's rate of gain fell below that of the nation and its North Atlantic competitors.

LEGISLATION

Two new bills now before Congress are winning wide support from American maritime unions. Introduced recently by Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, they call for complete legalization of maritime hiring halls and greater jobs opportunities for American seamen.

The first measure would amend the National Labor Relations Act so as to remove controversial points in connection with union hiring halls. It would give the unions what amounts to a closed shop, something they have long been seeking. The other bill is similar to the measure introduced by Magnuson several years ago, known as the "English Language Bill." In an effort to tighten the restrictions on the use of aliens in the crews of U.S. flag vessels, the bill stipulates that all deck department ratings other than able seaman must demonstrate sufficient knowledge of the English language, both written and spoken, so that they can perform duties adequately and carry out the orders of superiors. Qualified members of the engine-room force would be exempted.

Both bills have been referred to committees, the hiring hall question to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, and the other to Senator Magnuson's Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

HELP WANTED

From a *Lookout* reader in Australia, Mr. F. C. Rhodes, comes a request for information from other readers on "sea traditions and institutions." Mr. Rhodes explains that he is doing research on factual information in these subjects and is "not interested in fo'c's'le lore — I got that out of my system when I came ashore." He can be reached at 97 Main Avenue, Rainsworth W4, Brisbane, Australia.

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The *Action*, oceanographic research schooner of New York University. *Photos by New York University*

Sailors for Science

IN the days of sail, anemometers and bathythermographs were hardly standard equipment. Today however, the small crew of the 65-foot auxiliary schooner *Action* wouldn't consider casting off without them. The *Action* is an oceanographic research vessel, and she carries scientists who are bent on solving some of the most complex mysteries of the sea.

Commissioned last year by New York University, the sleek two-master can be seen almost any day this summer plying the waters of Long Island Sound. The *Action* is something new in oceanographic research vessels, and her conversion from a pleasure yacht fills an important gap in oceanographic field work, according to Dr. Gerhard Neumann, a former merchant seaman who is now professor of oceanography at NYU. Although much of an oceanographer's work is analytical and mathematical, and although he can make a significant discovery about the sea's behavior while sitting at his desk miles away from any coastline, there is no substitute for actual observation of the ocean. "This type of ship," says Dr. Neumann, "allows an oceanographer to put his nose right to the water's surface." The *Action* is small enough so that precise study of air-sea boundary processes can be made, yet large enough so that she can cruise in a wide radius and remain stable while scientific measurements are being taken. Stability is crucial, says Dr. Neumann, in such problems as accurately measuring wave energy and wind speeds at the same time. The wind-wave relationship is fundamental in maritime meteorological research.

A typical cruise of the *Action* begins at her City Island mooring and takes her up Long Island Sound, perhaps as far as Montauk Point. She usually stays out about two or three days at a time, dropping anchor at various points along the way. A boom equipped with testing instruments is lowered over the water when the crew goes to work, silently making their observations, for hours at a stretch. All of them graduate students or research professors in oceanography or meteorology at NYU (with the exception of the skipper), the crewmembers are engaged in a variety of research problems having to do with the general study of the air-sea boundary processes. Right now, they are measuring the energy and frequency of tiny ocean waves less than two inches high, to find out exactly how these waves reflect radar signals and reduce radar's usefulness to navigation. These waves, called capillary waves, arise not from the winds, as do most ocean waves, but from the type of capillarity associated with surface tension phenomena. Because their slopes are greater, they seem to influence radar beams more than do the large gravity waves.

The motto of researchers aboard the *Action*: have callouses, will travel.

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Professor James E. Miller adjusts a very sensitive anemometer, which transmits measurements of wind speed and direction to an electronic recorder.

There are a number of research problems on the *Action's* agenda for the future, including work on the problem of solar radiation, evaporation of water surfaces under different weather and sea conditions, exchange of water masses between the Sound and the open sea, and off-shore land breezes. By giving scientists a better knowledge of sea surface conditions, all of these projects should be of significance in improving long-range weather forecasting. "For the present, though," says graduate student Joe Pandolfo, "Our big problem is

developing instruments for this type of work. Meteorology is such a young science that a good deal of our time now must be spent in simply making our tools."

In charge of work on the *Action* is Dr. Gerhard Neumann, who had a career both as a sailor before the mast and as a navigator in the German Merchant Marine before becoming a scientist. His present stint on the *Action* fits in beautifully with Dr. Neumann's practice of alternating theoretical research with practical field work. In 1950 and 1951 he got a heavy dose of field work when he made a total of 27,000 individual wave observations from the flying bridge of a small freighter sailing the Atlantic. This project gave him the basic data that led him and another NYU colleague, Dr. Willard J. Pierson to discover the mathematical formula for the spectrum of ocean waves. Using this as a basis, they were able to bring statistical mathematics to bear on the problem of forecasting — on the basis of wave properties and meteorological conditions—what kind of waves a man on the bridge of a ship might expect in the next two or three minutes. Their work, incorporated in a wave forecasting manual, has been published by the U.S. Hydrographic Office, and is now in use on all U.S. Navy ships.

This type of work, and the research projects carried out on the *Action*, should prove of inestimable value to the maritime world.

— Faye Hammel

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With a hand-held anemometer, Dr. Gerhard Neumann, professor of oceanography, reads wind speed and direction.

Photos by New York University

It's a bathythermograph, not a bomb, and it records the temperature and pressure of the sea at various depths.

Adopt-A-Boy

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Sun Oil Company photo

FOR writing the best essay in his school on America's need for a strong merchant marine, an 11-year old Virginia boy got a chance to swap his native mountains for salt water last month and spend two weeks cruising on an oil tanker.

Special guest of the crew of Sunoco's *Sabine Sun* was Richard Ruble of Christiansburg, Va., high in the Allegheny mountains. Richard's fifth-grade class had "adopted" the *Sabine Sun* under the Adopt-A-Ship program and had been corresponding with the men on board all year. In the course of answering the children's questions about the ports they visited, the cargoes they carried and life aboard the ship, the crew got so interested in the children that they decided to award a prize trip to the member of the class who wrote the best essay on the merchant marine. The trip, the first one resulting from the Adopt-A-Ship program to date, took Richard on a 4000-mile voyage, from Marcus Hook, Pa., to Ingelside, Texas and back.

Do you have a friend who is interested in the ships and men of the merchant marine?

Enclosed is $1. Please send a one-year LOOKOUT *subscription to:*

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Book Watch

THE LIVING SEA

John Crompton

Doubleday & Co., New York, $3.95

Most of our planet is sea. The land, according to the author of this book, is only "a piece of sea floor that happens to be temporarily sticking out." Human inhabitants of that transitory dry strip should learn a great deal about the vast watery world around them from John Crompton's fascinating book.

Written in a bright and sprightly vein, *The Living Sea* makes the great themes of the biologic past seem simple and the evolution of man from the creatures that swim in the deep a first-rate adventure story. The rest of the book is devoted to a brief natural history of the seas' inhabitants today. Here the reader picks up all sorts of intriguing information: how to make an octopus neurotic, notes on the intelligence of the crab and the amazing ability of the lobster to grow a new leg or a new eye when he needs one, the ability of a fish to taste with its tail, and so on. This is natural history at its most readable.

LINCOLN'S COMMANDO

Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren

Harper & Bros., New York, $4.50

Although the word "commando" was not yet in use at the time of the Civil War, few words would have described William Barker Cushing so well. One of the most celebrated of the young men who maintained the Union blockade of the Confederacy, Cushing skyrocketed to fame at the age of 21. In a small launch he plunged deep into enemy territory and torpedoed the Confederacy's formidable ironclad *Abermarle,* which had held the Union fleet at bay. In 1876, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Wells wrote of him, "...young Cushing was the hero of the War."

Drawing from Cushing's own letters and contemporary records, Ralph Roske and Charles Van Doren have pictured his brief and brilliant career with vigor and insight.

DE LESSEPS OF SUEZ

Charles Beatty

Harper & Brothers, New York, $4.50

The Suez Canal has had a long history as a storm center; while today the struggle for its control looms large, a little less than a century ago its birth was accompanied by travail that shook two continents. In the eye of that storm stood the man largely responsible for the canal's creation, the one man with enough tenacity and courage to translate the ancient dream of a waterway between East and West into solid fact—Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Charles Beatty has written an informative biography of de Lesseps that is worth reading not only for its picture of the career of the remarkable canal-builder, dreamer and diplomat, but for the fascinating perspective it throws on the seething political history of Europe and Egypt in the 19th century.

SHIP

Above the water controlled
by the earth's firm edge,
piercing the painless sky
with her high mast,
the ship draws in her sides
and removes herself from praise
as someone who has long lived
not on human love but God's
and on the solidity of the sea
leaves a wake like a rotting train
which has seen better days than this
—broad, straight, not white
but its design still self-contained—
and with more than royal grace
moves as surely as an Olympian cloud
to some far and god-like predesignated place.

—A. Kirby Congdon