

The LOOKOUT

NOVEMBER
1952

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NO. 11



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Thank you, God, for liberty and justice, for peace and abundance, for jobs and the highest standard of living ever, for the blessings of a free people. And help us, dear God, to guard and preserve these precious possessions.



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VOL. XLIII NOVEMBER, 1952

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U.S. Coast Guard Photo

Life at 40° 27.1'N, 73° 49.4'W

LATITUDE 40° 27.1'N, longitude 73° 49.4'W, isn't one of those far-away places you've been reading about. Located roughly twenty-five miles southeast of Manhattan, it's just a little piece of ocean that looks like any other little piece of ocean—except for one thing. In the precise middle of 40° 27.1'N, 73° 49.4'W sits a little red ship. Although very red and excited-looking, this little ship isn't getting ready to go anywhere. On the contrary, she rocks smugly at anchor, with great white letters along her hull proclaiming AMBROSE for all the world to see.

Actually, her mammoth immodesty is not offensive to ships that pass, for the *Ambrose* confirms the accurate navigation of vessels headed for New York. They are only too happy to get a good close look at her and then swing to 296° 54' true, which puts them between the rows of red and black buoys marking Ambrose channel, the entrance to Upper New York Harbor.

The lightship which now sits at this location is new and statistically better able not to go anywhere than the old one. And assuming she did want to travel, she could do so 2.7 knots faster than the old vessel. The new *Ambrose* is the sixth lightship to serve this station, which was established in 1823 and first manned by the *Sandy Hook*. That first lightship cost \$17,702, compared to \$900,000 for today's *Ambrose*. But price comparison is hardly fair unless you allow for the change in dollar values and also throw off for the fact that the *Sandy Hook* didn't have television. The three vessels that have served the station since 1908 have been named in honor of John Wolfe Ambrose, an engineer who devoted the last twenty years of his life to getting the eight million dollars in federal funds required to dredge a channel 38,000 feet long, 2,000 feet wide and 40 feet deep, which made New York Harbor accessible to the world's largest liners.

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The Cruise Director

By Gordon Rosen

HAVING discovered it made a nice way of breaking the conversational ice, he became rather fond of the title. "Yes, ma'am. You are quite safe on this vessel. We have all the latest, most streamlined improvements. Heh, . . . I understand some of our more jealous staff officers claim I am the ship's unofficial cruise director."

Secure in the knowledge that nobody could call him the playboy type, since he had framed his first engineer's license some twenty years back, the Chief had taken to sporting a tiny moustache, smoking cigarettes in a long black holder and keeping the lady passengers out of mischief.

It was quite a sight to see him huffing across the sun deck in a game of deck tennis with some of the more active ladies. Or neatly pressing out some dainty feminine apparel on the ironing board in his cabin. He was well aware of the appreciative little giggles of the lady passengers when they coyly called him "Chiefy."

It was therefore all the more disturbing to account for the persistent aloofness of one: a Miss Irene Stafford, according to the passenger listings. She was very pretty, but also very independent in choosing her ship-board entertainment.

Early one morning the Chief found her having an absorbing chat with a grey, stubble-bearded seaman from the mate's watch. The Chief harumphed politely and marched slowly past. Then he turned and marched past the other way. He was noticed about as much as the sea gulls sailing by.

At the breakfast table he boomed in a most jovial manner, "Heh, . . . Miss Stafford. I see you have found at least one of our crew quite interesting."

"Oh," Miss Stafford looked up from her plate, "I just discovered Mister McLaughlin this morning. I think he is priceless."

"Mister McLaughlin . . . ? puzzled the Chief. "Oh, yes, you mean that old sailor you were talking to. That 'Mister' put me

off; I thought you meant one of the officers. How did you find the old guy?"

"This morning I heard someone singing an old Scotch ballad I hadn't heard in years. I looked out the porthole and there he was sweeping down the early morning dew."

"Heh, . . . well, I suppose he had quite a story to tell of his years on the waterfront," the Chief remarked indifferently.

"I was very surprised at Mister McLaughlin's imaginative talent. He told a little story about the sea gulls that reminds me a great deal of the work of the Russian writer, Chekov."

"Have you been enjoying the voyage?"

Miss Stafford smiled. "You should really have heard Mr. McLaughlin tell it. I asked him what ever happened to the old seamen who had outlived their usefulness at sea.

"He said, 'Lady, do you see the sea gulls that keep following the ship? They have the same problem. Some of them finish up their account with life every day. But you rarely, if ever, see the remains of a dead sea gull. Maybe their friends give burial. Now back in my home country they claim that the young sea gulls, all so white and clean, are the souls of the young apprentices that met with an early death at sea and came back to follow their natural calling because there's nought else for them to do.

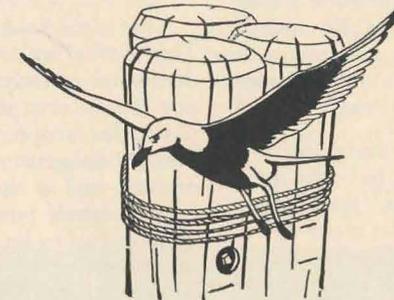
"And the fat, sassy, in-between-looking gulls are the more belligerent hands that weren't satisfied the first time around and have come looking for another argument. While the dirty, greasy, red-eyed old rips, with the sweat rag hanging from their back pocket and flying like they were carrying their lunch under one arm, are the late unlamented hungry stewards; the slave-driving engineers and mates; the penny-pinching masters making sure that not one man eases off from his work or that one ha'penny's worth of the company's garbage goes to waste.'" Miss Stafford turned back to the Chief. "Isn't that a charming story?"

"You want to watch out for those old-

timers," the Chief rumbled. "That so-called imagination or superstition is an old foc'sle trick for getting around the uninformed. Why that old goat . . ."

"Why do you say old? He's not so old—Mr. McLaughlin. About your age I should say."

As Miss Stafford strolled off, the Chief leaned against the rail and stared out across the sea. He began to entertain seriously the idea of shaving off his moustache. It undoubtedly added years.



"An Investment in Human Beings"

By Rev. Ragnar Kjeldahl

THE Merchant Marine of today represents a tremendous investment of capital. Years ago a man could be sole owner of a shipping firm. Today few if any persons can be sole owners. Usually the company is made up of stockholders and a hired management to run the business. Thus the economic forces of shipping have a wide ramification in our community life. The Merchant Marine represents a tremendous investment of human endeavor. From the ancient days when man learned to hollow out a log as an improvement over sailing on a raft to our days, thousands of men have been engaged in inventing new ways, dreaming visionary dreams, working and experimenting in order to produce our modern ships. The SS "United States" is the latest and greatest example of what human endeavor and capital invested together can do. And still we are seeking new ways and means to build even greater and better ships.

Along the long and torturous way we have come, we have felt the impact of an-

A small covey of gulls sailed slowly along in their usual social order: the clean, white-plumed young ones flirted innocently in and around the sedately belligerent grey-backs; bringing up the rear, shepherding his little flock along, was a real raggle-taggle, red-eyed old rip. A small feather or dab of refuse dangling from his beak gave the appearance at a distance of small moustache. As the Chief squinted to make out this interesting detail he saw one of the red-rimmed old eyes close in an unmistakable wink.

other investment not yet clearly defined. We have found that orderly development involves, on every step, what we today call human relations. No matter what type of ship we build, we still must have competent men to run them. Long and bitter has been this battle between labor and management. Sad to say, the majority of these battles need not have developed if we had been willing to analyze the facts that make up human relations. Seamen, like their brothers ashore, set up unions in order to protect themselves and to deal with management. Labor-Management relations is now so vast a field that we have set up specialist courses in our universities. We have come a long way even in our short lifetime. I predict that we will go much farther in the days to come. I also predict that until industry and labor have learned that the human individual is more important than industry — that industry exists for the benefit of the individual and not the individual for the

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benefit of industry — we shall have many unnecessary and costly battles ahead of us.

Labor-Management relations works steadily on these problems, but in most respects the effort is along the lines of group relationship. Far-seeing leaders on both sides are beginning to realize that there are problems outside and beyond those that they are set up to deal with — problems that are purely personal and individual — but of such nature that if they are not dealt with at the source, they become the underlying and unknown reason for “beefs” which eventually develop into group-antagonism, with tragic results.

American industry is becoming aware of this more and more. We may have the finest plants, the best conditions, the highest wages; but the individuals who make up our workers may have problems that they cannot solve alone. They take them along on the job. The problems interfere with close attention to the work, or cause tension between one or more fellow workers. Personal adjustments, family tension, economic or health worries — all of these and more have been found to be the cause of serious production or labor problems. What to do about this? Clearly it is outside the scope of union-management relations. Just as clearly, both groups suffer under it. The average industrial community has agencies which can be called on for help in specific instances. But still responsible leaders find that industry must go a step further. So, specially-trained ministers and other personnel have been placed on the pay roll. These men are available at any time for the individual worker's benefit. They are the chaplains in industry corresponding to the chaplains in the Armed Forces, though they are civilians. This is a comparatively new idea. It is still in the experimental stages, but it points to the emergence of an awareness of the greatest investment in industry and in the world: THE HUMAN INVESTMENT.

If industry at large, which can call daily on the help of a number of types of agencies in the community, has found it necessary to

create a chaplaincy in order to reap the greatest benefit of the other investments, how much more is this necessary in the Merchant Marine.

The average seaman spends most of his time away from home and community developments. Therefore, he is much more susceptible to the adversity of his problems, which are multiplied by his many other needs.

This is the field of the Seamen's Agencies. This is what we as workers in this field have dedicated ourselves to. We never have — nor do we ever want to — impinge on the particular scope which is the domain of union-management relations. During the century and a half that seamen's agencies have existed, part of what now in their domain had to be shouldered by us because there was no thought for the necessity of such relations. We gladly saw such problems transferred to those who could make them their chief field.

Our aim is to meet certain basic and personal needs of the individual who has made sea-going his career. We are not concerned about his working conditions or his wages any more, since this is within the domain of his particular union. But we are concerned about his individual needs, such as housing, safe-keeping of gear and money and mail. We are concerned about his spiritual, cultural and social welfare when he is in our port. We are concerned about his family matters and other personal problems. We are concerned about him when he is sick and lonely — not as to the care he receives, because that is in the hands of our hospitals — but because he is an individual who desires the same attentions as if he were in his home community. And we are concerned because he as an individual is important to the well-being of our nation and our industry.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is an excerpt from a speech on the Merchant Marine delivered at the annual meeting of the Propeller Club at Los Angeles in October.*

He Sails for Adventure

Profile of a Magician

THE AUDIENCE could not be called “weak-kneed” at the Institute. They were able-bodied seamen, bosuns, deck officers, interspersed with ladies—the *Gulls of the Port & Starboard Watch*, a merchant seaman's hostess club. But the entire audience sat quietly, almost horrified when they realized what the seaman in a top hat in front of them was preparing to do. Deftly flicking a hand to divert attention, in the most professional manner, he picked up a long, knife-like needle from the table and thrust it into his own neck. A spectator, grizzled from years on the high seas, sank in his chair. The chief hostess of the Janet Roper Club rushed to the weakened seaman with a cup of water. But undaunted by the commotion in the startled audience, Ordinary-Seaman Dale Hill, performer and magician, extracted the instrument from his own flesh and again sent it into his neck. Only this time he performed the trick neatly without benefit of a mirror to watch just where he was putting it. The needle slid into another part of his neck . . . and stuck there. The room was filled with electric excitement, but the dapper seaman, after several stiff tugs, retrieved the instrument. Then laughing, he bowed brightly to his friends.

“Really should use a mirror when I do that,” he remarked aside.

Then he picked up a cigarette—burning

—and put it into his mouth, the lighted end first. In another moment he extracted it, completely extinguished. This, he followed up by eating a lighted piece of paper, but only after he had held it for a long moment, burning, over his own arm!

This was too much for the audience. Dale Hill had triumphed, but the party had broken up to quaff coffee for their jangled nerves.

In 1947 Dale Hill went to sea as ordinary-seaman in search of travel and adventure. And with him he carried a case of thick volumes — massive discourses on magic. Previously he had worked before audi-

ences with the famous “Doctor Q,” notorious stage magician. Dale was studying to be a first class magician, himself, but with Dr. Q he was only allowed to act as a human pin-cushion and audience “wise guy.” Life was too dull for him on the stage, he explained. “Stooging is about the only way a young magician can get his start, and that takes a long time.”

Now he is ready to expose to the public, perhaps for the first time, how many miraculous magical feats are accomplished. “The whole principle of being a human pin cushion,” he explains, “involves mind over matter.” Dale Hill points out that fear in the mind is one of the major factors involved in feeling pain. When he performs

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Photo by Billups

The Mayflower's Captain

By Marjorie Dent Candee

A GREAT seaman in American history seems almost to have been shrouded in secrecy. The name of the captain who guided the round-bottomed, wooden-hulled *Mayflower* across the Atlantic has been recorded simply as Captain Jones. After years of patient research in England, the late Henry Justin Smith wrote in his book, *The Master of the Mayflower*, that the captain's first name was Christopher, thus clearing up an existing confusion with a famous pirate of those times, Thomas Jones.

Christopher Jones was a middle-aged burgess of Harwich, England, who came from a long line of seafaring men and ship owners. Unpaid, and only out of the goodness of his heart, he piloted the Pilgrim company safely to America and then stayed through the first bleak winter to help them.

Christopher was a good name and an illustrious one, for had not that able navigator, Columbus, been so christened? And had not Captain Christopher Newport carried the first settlers to Jamestown? Was not St. Christopher the patron saint of seamen

and travelers?

Thus the prospective Pilgrims recruited Captain Christopher Jones to carry them to the new land, and he in turn enlisted the help of two mates who had knowledge of the American coastline. They were John Clark and Robert Coppin. As Governor Bradford recorded the trip, no one knows the exact position of the *Mayflower* when she ran into "frets of wind," but according to Governor Bradford these "frets" increased to quite a gale. The Pilgrims were sent to their quarters, and they remained there for a long period until the Atlantic abated its rage. During the storm a baby was born; Captain Jones appropriately christened him "Oceanus." Oceanus later grew up to be a sailor!

During the voyage the heavy-laden vessel battled for many days against the blasts from up Greenland way, and then disaster

struck. In Governor Bradford's quaint hand, "One of ye maine beams in ye midd ships was bowed and cracked." Jones and the master carpenter examined the damage. Some means had to be found to spring the sagging beam back, or something else would give way. At first they tried to move the mammoth beam by man-power. The strongest in the crew set their shoulders to the job. They strained, heaved, groaned and failed. A timber was then brought from the spar room and the seamen tried to prop the beam. Brawn enough was not enough to straighten the massive oak timber.

Just in the darkest moment, a brilliant suggestion was ventured out of sheer desperation. "How about a great iron screw the passengers had brought out from Holland?" It was a part of an antique printing press. It was with this the giant bent beam was jacked into place. The ship was saved by a printing press! That was the turning point of the voyage. The crew fell to work with mallets and oakum, calking deck seams, and the ship plodded on at her high speed of from two to four knots.

Thus attended by angels of life and death, the weary *Mayflower* neared her goal. But it was not all over, for soon she started to wander in the dense fog. The Captain, mates, lookout and leadsmen had to keep constant vigil for land-birds, driftwood, and logs. Governor Bradford wrote in his Journal, "They fell amongst dangerous shoulds and roiling breakers." Again the vessel was in the balance. Captain Jones had to steer for deep water or risk certain disaster. Then, at the critical moment, it seemed that a direct answer came to his prayers.

Through good seamanship, and the grace of God, Christopher Jones had beaten the Atlantic.

News service
for a
printing press

The Wind
blew them
to safety

The World of Ships

CARGO FLEETS UP IN SMALL NATIONS

The influence on world-wide shipping now exerted by countries considered relatively unimportant in the maritime field prior to World War II was emphasized in a special study made public by the National Federation of American shipping.

The federation report covers thirty-six nations and points out that, whereas they possessed a combined total of but 6,000,000 tons of ocean-going merchant ships in 1939, they had since increased their holdings to 11,847,000 deadweight tons. When their present building programs are completed the figure will be about 13,000,000 tons.

In respect to number of ships, these same countries have expanded their fleets thirteen times as much as the traditional maritime powers. In the past year alone their increase was three times the relative increase of the larger maritime countries.

For example, Argentina has increased its fleet 333 percent over what it was in 1939; Canada, 114 per cent; Honduras, 548 per cent; Peru, 265 per cent; Poland, 210 per cent; Portugal, 1,085 per cent; Turkey, 130 per cent, and Venezuela, 126 per cent.

Some of the countries covered in the study did not even have a national flag merchant fleet in 1939. Among these are Colombia, Costa Rica, Ireland, Iceland, Liberia, Switzerland, Pakistan and Indonesia.

The federation emphasized the effect this sizable tonnage was bound to have on the presently depressed world freight market. In this connection it noted that 40 per cent of the tonnage still under construction for these countries is dry cargo ships. This, the federation said, represents a far greater concentration on freight ships than that accorded by the major world maritime powers.

The study ascribed the motivating forces behind the drive for maritime strength by the smaller nations due in part to the difficulties encountered by them in World War II, and in part to the urge to conserve

foreign currencies. The report also points out that the foreign trade of these newcomers to the maritime field in general has not kept pace with the increased availability of their own shipping space. Consequently, these countries, as a group, have been in a position to reduce sharply their purchases of shipping space from the larger maritime nations.

In some instances, the study stresses, they have become actual sellers of ocean transportation services in the world market, apart from carrying large portions of their own sea-borne trade.

CHARITY DEDUCTIONS LID LIFTED

The Senate has unanimously passed a bill allowing a taxpayer to deduct as much as 20 per cent of his gross income, instead of 15 per cent, for contributions to charitable, educational, religious and other organizations.

The action came as an amendment to a House-approved bill allowing sports organizations to deduct from their income tax all proceeds of performances given for the American Red Cross.

The bill will go back to the House for concurrence in the Senate amendment, which would become effective next Jan. 1, 1953.

It was believed the amendment would aid colleges, hospitals and other organizations which are becoming more and more dependent on private contributions to supplement their endowment income.

SHIPBUILDING AT LOW

The Shipbuilders Council of America reported that fewer merchant ships were now under construction in American shipyards than at any time since January and the deadweight tonnage laid down was less than at any time in the last eight months.

The council's survey covers the period since Sept. 15 and includes all seagoing and

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inland-waterway vessels of 1,000 or more gross tons under construction or on order as of Oct. 1. It discloses that ninety-six ships of 1,937,550 deadweight tons were contracted for on that date in comparison with 102 craft totaling 2,025,450 deadweight tons on Sept. 1.

It was the first time since March that the number of ships had fallen below the 100 mark or that the deadweight tonnage had been less than 2,000,000. The vessels involved included thirty-five cargo ships, fifty-one tankers and eight ore carriers. Not one passenger ship was listed among the ninety-six contracted for.

In the period covered, the report noted, seven vessels were completed and delivered to their owners and five other craft were

launched. Those completed included four ore carriers, A Navy transport, a tanker and a passenger railway ferry.

CUBAN MERCHANT MARINE

The Cuban government has announced that it is now planning legislation to finance the construction of vessels to form the beginning of what it hopes will be a large Cuban merchant marine, sailing under the Cuban flag . . . Eleven nations met at Kobe to conduct the first International Harbor Conference. The US was one of the participating nations which discussed ways of improving harbor facilities, and speeding up the handling of cargo and vessels . . . The Coast Guard dispatched a cutter to take a seriously ill fisherman off a fishing vessel off Pollock Rip Lightship off Cape Cod.

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a trick that might hurt a little, he merely sets his mind to *not* "think pain." But there is still another, and perhaps more important part of the trick. Take, for instance, pins and needles. They should only be inserted into a part of the body where there is little or no feeling. These are called "sensory dead zones" in the business. They are located in the fleshy part of the chin, ear lobes, tongue and forearm. In the case of putting burning objects into his mouth, or placing flames on his arm, he merely employs the technique of "telling myself that it doesn't hurt, then being sure that I touch a dead zone."

"The biggest challenge of all to any magician, however, is not to fool the public—that is easy," he told me. "The real mark of a great magician is to be able to baffle other magicians."

He says that any trick you view in a carnival is just old stuff. No self respecting magician would bother with these simple tricks. Now, however, he is preparing a surprise that will completely startle the world of stage magic. He has a brass bowl filled with fire. Into this he extends his hand, to pull out the flames. The fire actually does

leave the bowl and remains burning in his hand.

Another good trick that he is perfecting involves starting a good fire in the bowl and having it going well. Then he inserts his hand for a moment and takes it away. Flames arise from the bowl as he moves his hand away until the entire fire follows his hand into the air and remains suspended, unsupported in the ether! This not only wows the uninitiated audience but completely bowls over fellow magicians. Though he will not tell how this feat is accomplished, he hints at the secret saying, "I study physics, you know."

Now while on shore Ordinary-Seaman Hill is studying rope tricks to add "to his bag of tricks." He is taking lessons from Jack Miller, leading rope magician who is now in his late seventies, but who once gained fame as Houdini's teacher. Jack Miller is credited with teaching the great Houdini his famous "running rope knot" and "invisible rope cut." Dale refuses to explain these tricks though he is familiar with them, for that would be giving away the professional secrets of one who was revered by other magicians as "the greatest of them all."
—Hellen McCombs

(Continued from Page 1)

The major improvement on the new *Ambrose* is still to come: a high-intensity type light recently developed in England from principles learned in aerial navigation and flying field operation. The light source itself will be similar to the present 15,000 candlepower lamp, but a new optical system will develop a peak intensity of two million candlepower, with three steps of lesser intensity down to a low of 100,000. By comparison, the light in the Titanic Tower atop the Institute would look like a glow-worm's tail light. The horizontal beam of the *Ambrose* will be visible at a distance of 14 miles for 67 more days a year than is possible with the present lamp. At a greater distance than 14 miles the light is eclipsed by the earth's curvature. Equipped with this new light the *Ambrose* will also be a navigational aid to aircraft, for a cone of light will be thrown into the air.

In addition to saying AMBROSE all over the hull and emitting three white flashes every eight seconds with her light, the 128-foot lightship has still other ways to advertise her presence. She can also squeak out Morse Code E with her radio during the first and fourth 10 seconds of every minute, blow her deluxe foghorn, or become a blip on a radar screen. Her foghorn is a tricky double-tone job that starts off on a high note and then gulps to a vibrating low, like the infamous "BO" raspberry. One cannot help speculating on the degree to which "fear of offending" is impressed on the crew during a two or three day honk, which is by no means unknown. The "BO" warning sounds for three seconds, four times a minute.

Life aboard the *Ambrose* has inescapable ups and downs—particularly when a heavy sea is running. Held to a drifting radius of 600 feet by the chain running down to a 7500-pound mushroom anchor buried in the mud, the ship is naturally nosed into the swells so that roll is minimized. But the pitching is fearsome. Across the forward deck a three-foot-high baffle stands as a sort

of secondary breastworks against seas that leap the freeboard at the bow. To sleep in safety, the crew at times has to tie themselves into their bunks. A game of checkers is sure to come to grief.

But the sea is not completely mean and when she relents, the seventeen men in the *Ambrose* crew have a quiet, peaceful life that New Yorkers can only read about. The crew's only contact with the outside world comes each Friday when a buoy tender brings supplies and mail and takes ashore men going on leave. Dark indeed is that Friday on which a rough sea prevents the buoy tender from coming out. Only the crewmen in New York who were to be returned to duty are consolable. Through the ferry services of the tender, a generous leave schedule is served despite the fact that the *Ambrose* herself docks only once or twice a year. The men get six days' "compensatory absence" a month in addition to an annual leave of thirty days.

Recreational facilities aboard ship for the crew include TV, a hobby shop and a library, to whose new and empty shelves the Institute is making a contribution of books and magazines. The crew reports that television reception is only occasionally blurbled by interference from the ship's high-powered electronic equipment. Those who like to fish don't have to go far. The fish caught are either turned over to the cook or promptly thrown back. Skipper R. V. Wood discourages the use of the deck as a trophy board.

Washday produces no unsightly red, rough hands, for the ship has a miniature laundromat, a washer and a dryer. But prettier by far than these is the refrigerator, with a lovely white door that opens easily to reveal leftovers of unusually high snack-potential. There's chicken, of course. And a ham so huge that countless slices would go unmissed. To one side is a great bowl of cold, golden peaches. For further details see your Coast Guard recruiting officer.

By Tom Baab



Book Briefs

A WHITE BOAT FROM ENGLAND

By George Millar

Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.50

This is a beguiling tale of a salt-water cruise in a sixteen-ton, tall-masted Bermudian type sloop from England to Spain and Portugal. The writing is urbane, the observation of people and places perceptive. This reviewer's only fault to find with an otherwise entertaining book is Millar's false modesty—he keeps protesting that he knows very little about small-boat sailing. The storms they encountered, and survived, belie his modesty. But he likes to disparage his seamanship. His wife, who is his companion on the voyage, has great intuition about engines, sails, and winds. Without her their adventures might have ended on the rocks. The high spots of the book are the impressions of curious and bizarre characters met in out-of-the-way seaports enroute. Armchair sailors and yachting enthusiasts will both find this tale as entertaining as its predecessor, "Isabel and the Sea" when the Millars sailed the thirty-one-ton ketch *Truant*. Their present sloop, *Serica*, has quite a personality of her own.

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE

HE SAILED WITH CAPTAIN COOK

By Charles A. Borden

Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, \$2.75

Tobias Whitechapel worked up unusually fast from able seaman to petty officer and became almost a son to Captain Cook in the course of the long voyage. But Tobias is by no means an improbable figure. He simply knew how to live more intelligently than the other young men on the ship and had a better background than they. The story is based directly on the actual records of Captain Cook's scientific expedition to the South Seas.

This is a fine, entertaining sea adventure story for juveniles, but it is also, like *Treasure Island*, the kind of story grown-ups are likely to keep on reading if they once get started.

W. L. M.

ACROSS TO NORWAY

By David Haworth

William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York, \$3.75

David Haworth was second in command at the Shetland base at which the grim, arduous work of shipping munitions and other supplies across the North Sea to Norway was carried on during the darkest and stormiest months. *Across to Norway* is a vivid account of these operations, among the most difficult and dangerous of the war. The pictures offered of these men going about their unheralded tasks, of the bleak shores and waters, the frightened people, the fatigue and hardship are fit matter for tragic balladry on the order of "Sir Patrick Spens."

W. L. M.

SUBMARINE!

By Commander Edward L. Beach, USN

Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$3.50

This account of American submarine activity in the Pacific during World War II is so action-packed it is strangulating, like soup that is all animal crackers. The narrator scrambles incoherently from one submarine to another, often barely arriving in time for the torpedo hits (WHANG! WHANG!) and the depth chargings (WHAM! WHAM!). Although there are occasional passages of effective writing, the book is too anecdotal, too episodic, to develop either character or dramatic contour. In short, the reader of *Submarine!* had better really be interested in submarines.

T. BAAB

PRIMER OF NAVIGATION

By Mixer and Williams

Van Nostrand — New York

The revised (Third) edition of "Primer of Navigation" is undoubtedly the best navigational text book on the market today. It is notable for the completeness of the subject matter, the well written text, the beautifully executed drawings and the ample problems of each type.

One of the exceptional features is the explanation of the differences in methods as practiced by Merchant Marine and Naval navigators.

It is a book that will be valuable to all who use it.

C. E. UMSTEAD

TREASURE CAVE

By Carl D. Lane

Little, Brown and Company, \$2.75

A pleasant boys' story of adventure on a cruise in a Morse sloop along the Maine coast, interlarded with bits of seamanship and navigation useful to amateur yachtsmen.

W. L. M.

MISTER STORMALONG

By Malcolmson McCormick

Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, \$2.25

Like the stories of Paul Bunyan, the giant lumberman, or Joe Margarae, the smiling giant of the steel mills, the Stormalong yarns of the giant seaman are a part of American folklore. These last stories, probably the product of daydreaming minds at sea, helped to break the monotony of the long cruises before the merchant marine went into steam. They filled many otherwise barren, lonely hours when any excuse for light banter and the sound of human voices was welcome.

The stories tell how Stormalong untangled the shrouds of the *Silver Maid* so that the ship could sail; how he rode across the Pacific on the back of a three hundred-foot whale, and also how the greatest ship in the world was built for him.

W. L. M.

Poetry of the Sea

THINKING ON THE DIAMETER OF THE UNIVERSE

Thinking on the diameter of the universe,
All its two hundred million light years,
The stretch between here and the hereafters,
The star clusters weaving in space's rafters,
The solar system's chilling segregation
In the deep freeze of eternal radiation,
I am aware the galloping hand of the abyss
Sweeps at the insect with a near-miss —
And in an instant's blink, smack, I'm here
In a house in the backwoods winded with fear,
Dimension ensconced among rafters and rugs,
The treetops whispering next door to words,
The old world urgent with whistlings of birds,
And in the fireplace the fine little whips of logs.

—OSCAR WILLIAMS, Yaddo, 1952
From "Voices"

PORTUGUESE FISHERMEN

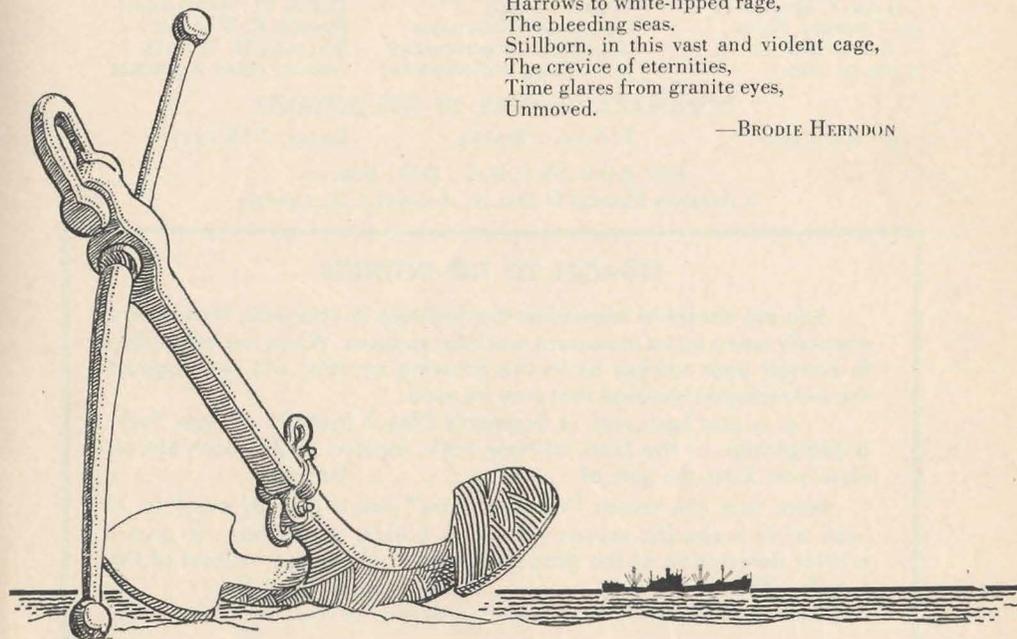
Grog in the belly, bright stink of fish
Blurred, dank air friendly,
Warmth in the veins a hearthstone fire.
No more haul now, sprawl in the port.
Slap thigh, buttocks — all copulation
Humor. The broken tide drifting.
Laughter strong above slackening muscles.
No gray mainland, the boat an island
Fog-lapped. The harsh love of comrades.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK
From "Voices"

MAINE COAST: WINTER

Under this cold sky,
Gashed with harsh teeth of tamatack,
Stabbed with spikes of fir,
Ocean breaks her pulse
Against the frozen back
Of a ragged shore.
Faint, in frosty air,
Old ghosts cry their hollow wails
From throats of gulls;
And wind,
With brash and biting flails,
Harrows to white-lipped rage,
The bleeding seas.
Stillborn, in this vast and violent cage,
The crevice of eternities,
Time glares from granite eyes,
Unmoved.

—BRODIE HERNDON



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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 of.....Dollars."

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

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