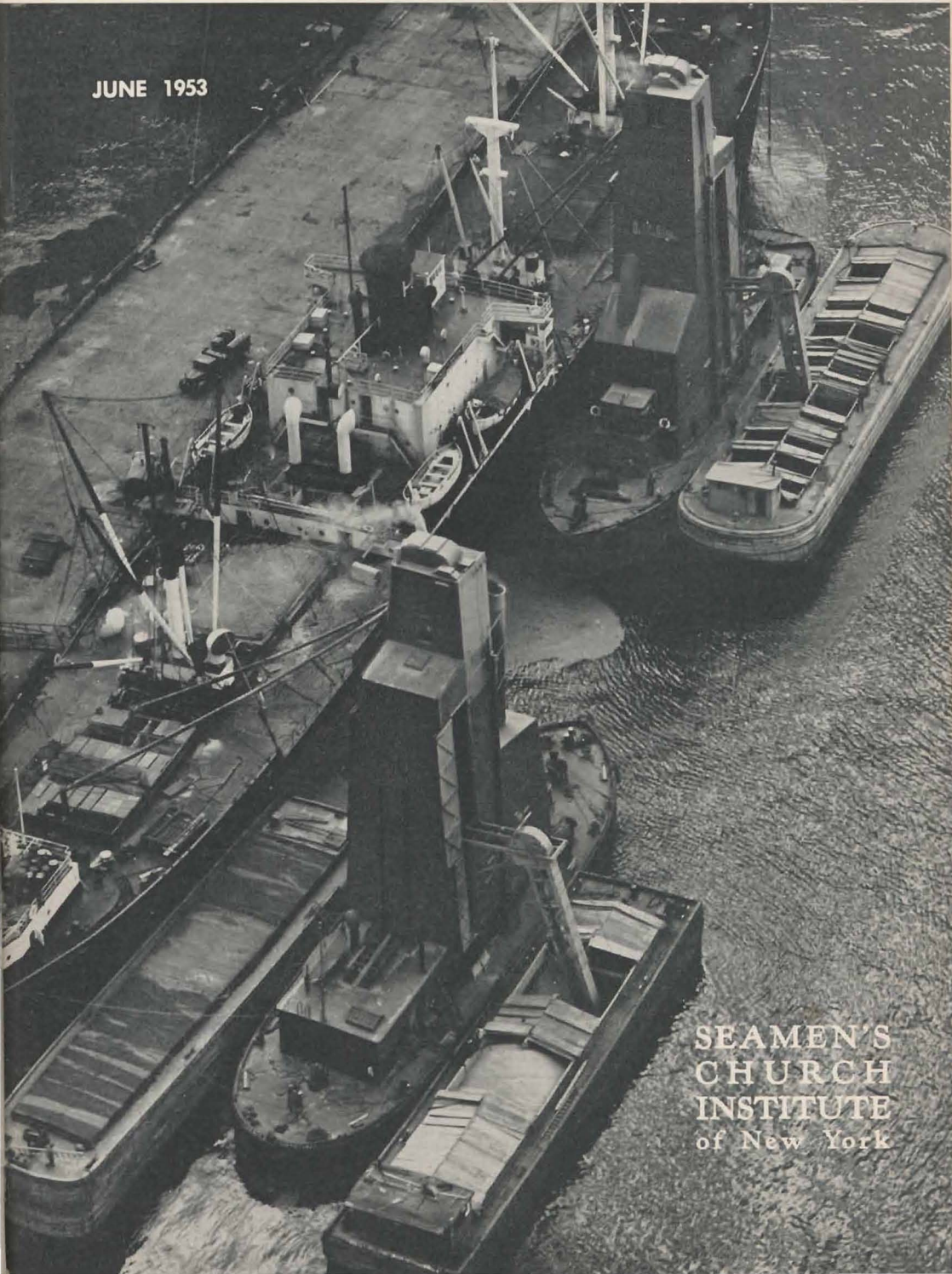


The LOOKOUT

JUNE 1953



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of New York

This aerial view shows two of New York's grain elevating ships at work. Unlike icebergs, which submerge nine-tenths of their bulk, these vessels draw ten feet of water while projecting ninety feet into the air. See article on page 2.



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIV

JUNE, 1953

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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NO. 6



Trade and Our Merchant Fleet

The following is a talk given by Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Seamen's Church Institute, at ceremonies held in Jeannette Park, May 18th, inaugurating New York World Trade Week.

IT WAS the search for new trade routes to the East that resulted in the discovery of the Western Hemisphere. Those who had sailed for silks and spices were denied the wealth of the Indies, but as one surveys this hemisphere today, he must conclude that the consolation prize was not half bad.

The accidental discovery of America is but one example of the good results that can flow from trading with our neighbors in other parts of the globe. In trading things, men trade ideas; and in trading ideas, men grow in their understanding of each other. So it is that the

story of world trade is the story of the spread of civilization and culture.

And so it was trade that sent men down to the sea in ships to perform the hard and lonely task of floating the world's freight from one shore to the other. As men have grown skilled in sailing, so have their nations flourished through the development of trade.

As a young country America rose rapidly to an important role in world trade mainly because, in an age of wooden ships, she was a land of splendid forests. These American forests encouraged the building of our own wooden vessels,

(Continued on Page 10)

New York's Floating Elevators

Seven Tall Ships
with a Short Future

ONE of the important export commodities that brought the clipper ships to New York in former times was grain. Of course, it can also be said that grain came into New York because the clipper ships did. But the essential fact is that New York was the Atlantic seaboard's best natural harbor.

To beat the hard and slow task of loading these clipper ships with grain by hoisting it aboard in tubs and buckets, a very special vessel was developed exclusively for New York Harbor. This was the floating grain elevator, first built in 1848.

A marine architect's nightmare because it resembles so closely its Kansas cousin, the floating grain elevator works with a beautiful simplicity that has required few changes over the years. It has gotten taller as ships have gotten higher, and it can handle more grain per hour than before, but its basic design is the same: the machine does one half of the work and gravity does the other half. "Marine legs" on either side of the elevator, mounting large cups on an endless belt, scoop the grain from barges or dock-side bins and raise it into the red tower, where it gets cleaned and weighed and then goes swooshing down long pipes into the hold of a ship. Stevedores in the hold trim the load by means of "spouting bowls" (imagine an oversized salad bowl nailed on a short board); the

stream of grain rushing down from the ninety-foot tower can be suitably deflected with a roll of the wrist.

Because the railroads found it better to provide free litarage in servicing New York Harbor than to lay the maze of trackage and tunnels that would otherwise have been necessary, the floating grain elevator proved indispensable in loading grain into ships from railroad barges. The elevator's ability to go to the ship created a wonderful flexibility, enabling passenger liners to take on a profitable ballast of grain without having to change piers or hamper their sailing schedules.

The floating grain elevator proved to be a machine perfectly suited to the needs of the harbor that originated it. However, these specialists are seldom called on any more to ballast passenger ships with grain. In fact, they are so seldom called on at all that today there are only seven left, and these, too, may well soon pass out of existence. The story of the decline of New York's floating grain elevators offers a lesson in the complexities of modern society and an unbright prophecy about the future of this port, upon which one New Yorker in every ten is dependent for his living.

In 1905, with the sanction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads serving the Atlantic seaboard launched a plan to switch rail traffic to other seaport connections by establishing a freight rate differential for inland goods coming to the East Coast for export. For example, in the case of grain it was decreed that 100 pounds would be shipped to Philadelphia one cent cheaper than to New York, and one-and-one-half cents cheaper if the shipment went to Baltimore.

As a spur to the development of other Atlantic port cities, the rail rate differential established in 1905 had merit, for ships preferred to load in New York and their preference manifested itself in lower cargo rates. This helped New York offset the rail rate differential.

However, during the shipping depression of the middle Thirties the steamship companies, hoping for a greater net



From the lithograph by John Noble

"I know I'll be asked about them not many years from now, and then I may have nothing to go by."

return, just as the railroads had in making their play thirty years earlier, established uniform rates for all Eastern seaboard ports. This removed whatever advantage New York had enjoyed. It was now a matter of simple arithmetic for inland shippers to decide that their grain should go to Baltimore or Philadelphia rather than to New York. On a shipload, it meant a saving of several thousand dollars. Where money is concerned, people do not tend to be sentimental, and the export grain spout was quickly swung to the other port cities.

Grain moving east to the Atlantic via the Great Lakes was also met at Buffalo with a rail differential rate which handicapped New York with a half-cent higher charge for each one-hundred pounds. Furthermore, grain shipments on the Lakes had to compete for cargo space with iron ore coming down from Minnesota to the Eastern smelting centers. Ore was the premium cargo and it naturally drove the grain rates up, causing inland shippers to rely on all-rail transportation

east, with the one-and-one-half cent differential causing them to forget about New York as an export center.

All movement of Canadian grain through New York had been completely stopped in 1932, when Canada, to help her own ports develop, slapped a six-cent-per-bushel tax on all grain coming to this country for export.

These incidents conspired effectively to choke off the flow of grain to New York. Figures show that way back in the 1870's over 120,000,000 bushels of export grain was handled here. Last year, with total American grain exports far higher than they were seventy years ago, only 10,000,000 bushels moved through New York Harbor. This compares with 75,500,000 bushels exported by Baltimore during 1952.

Actually, much of last year's 10,000,000 bushels and the major part of that which will be handled by New York this year is not the result of a healthy economic activity. In order to receive parity prices for their grain, farmers must de-

liver it to approved warehouses — which are all overflowing with the grain of previous years. To provide the needed space, the Government is storing the old grain in ships of the Maritime Commission's mothball fleet anchored at Stony Point, New York. A Government contract calling for the loading of fifty of these ships is keeping New York's remaining seven floating elevators in business at the present time. Nothing is in sight for the days when the contract is completed, which will be sometime in October.

A faint glimmer of hope emanates from the Port of New York Authority's court action with the Interstate Commerce Commission which resulted last January in the removal of the one-half cent rail differential for grain coming out of Buffalo. Some improvement in the Great Lakes grain shipping picture is also expected with the recent opening of new iron ore deposits in Labrador, coupled with the near-exhaustion of Minnesota's Mesabi range, which has kept the Lake boats hustling for many years.

However, as New York sets about locking its barn, it cannot overlook the fact

that a once magnificent grain trade is now gone, and that other ports have developed extensive facilities for handling the grain that used to come here. By what means less arbitrary than those which took the grain trade away can New York gain it back? This is a difficult question which throws doubt on the chances of anything like a full recovery.

The last seven floating grain elevators operated by the International Elevating Company handle between sixty and seventy percent of New York's export grain. Last year, these ships, with their 20,000 bushel-an-hour capacities, could have accomplished their year's work in a month's time. With no relief from the one-and-one-half cent rail differential on grain shipments to New York, the future of these strange vessels is highly uncertain.

Marine artist John Noble, who prefers capturing his subjects from life to resurrecting them from books and photographs, has done a series on the floating grain elevators. He comments, "I know I'll be asked about them not many years from now, and then I may have nothing to go by."
— TOM BAAB



Photo by Charles E. Rotkin

Down in a grain barge, feeding the marine leg with power scoops. A photographer once shot a series on this operation and called it "The Ballet of the Grain Stevedores." The men disapproved.

SIX Americans and twelve Chinese drowned off the Swedish coast in 1920 when the *S.S. Macona* went down. These seamen were buried by the coastal parish of Lindberg. Recently the minister of this parish appealed to the American government for help with the cost of caring for these graves. It amounted to sixteen dollars a year.

The State Department had no money for this purpose, so the U. S. Foreign Service referred the case to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. They did so because the men had been seamen, and because the Institute is known the world around as an agency that cares for the interests of seafarers of all nations. Nor did the Institute fail the memory of these men who were lost to the sea three decades ago.

In an age of bitterness and uncertainty, the Seamen's Church Institute today, as a century ago, stands firmly on a positive program of Christian service, a friend to those who make their livings on the great and changeless sea. It does many things for which no payment can be made. Truly, these are often the most valuable things in life, for when a man has only that which he can buy, he is poor indeed.

In being a real home to merchant seamen the Institute encounters expenses that can be met only through the help of landmen — for whose benefit the seafaring profession exists. This cost amounts to \$273.97 each day. To learn how you, as a friend of the Institute, may establish a living memorial that will sponsor this program of service to seamen on one day each year, you may write to the Red Letter Day Fund, 25 South Street, New York 4, New York.

ALEXANDER WHO?

Seamen on South Street were mildly surprised recently when Hamilton, Washington, Peter Stuyvesant and Father Knickerbocker strolled into Jeannette Park across from the Institute and began recalling old times. To make eavesdropping easy, WNYC had set up a public address system and a battery of radio mikes.

However, programs distributed to the crowd by the New York City Chamber of Commerce gave the gag away. Hamilton, Washington, and Stuyvesant were really actors Bramwell Fletcher, Fred Hildebrandt and Humphrey Davis. Father Knickerbocker was Dr. James J. O'Brien, Protocol Aide to the Mayor.

The pageant, written by Maurice Barrett, dramatized the theme chosen this year by the New York World Trade Week Committee: "Freer Trade—Key to Peace and Prosperity." Speakers were James S. Carson, Committee Chairman; Frank J. Connaughton, First Deputy Commissioner of Commerce, City of New York, and Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Director of the Seamen's Church Institute (see page 1). Music was furnished by the New York Fire Department Band and Miss Anita Esganderian sang the National Anthem. A color guard was provided by the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy.

World Trade Week was May 18-24.

REFITTING

The 11,600-gross-ton freighter *Hikawa Maru* is scheduled to undergo extensive reconditioning that will make her the first Japanese vessel to return to the passenger trade since the start of World War II. The 511-foot motorship will re-enter service at the end of July, running between Yokohama, Osaka, and Kobe and the West Coast ports of Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, B. C.

The *Hikawa Maru*, the only survivor

of the once large Japanese passenger fleet, will be returning to the same run she had in the Thirties. She will have accommodations for thirty-four passengers in first class and 200 in third class. Her cargo capacity will not be reduced by the conversion.

BAD OMENS

To the lore of hoodoo ships, the British SEA BREEZES adds the story of the *Saragossa*, a windjammer, that jibbed skittishly at her launching when the bottle was thrown — a bad omen. Wherever she sailed, wind and storm raged. At one time her helmsman was crushed to death against the wheel by a heavy sea; fires scorched her cargoes and towlines guiding her to anchor fell apart. At sea, at 4 A.M. on August 15, 1904, a black mass hove into view. The crash of breakers warned her crew, but too late. She fell broadside on a reef, where waves pounded her to a total wreck.

A similar fate overtook the *Otterspool*, a handsome sailing ship. Her crew shook their heads and said their prayers when her port light flickered out several times as she went down-channel from her launching. Her first voyage was her last. She fought storm, fire and explosion and had to be run aground and abandoned — a blazing hulk on a deserted beach, still 500 miles from her first destination.

JUST NAMELESS

For the first time in the history of Atlantic passenger service a ship destined for the ocean run has been launched without a name. At Glasgow, Scotland, April 16th, a 23,000-ton liner slid down the ways without benefit of champagne, identified only by her shipyard number, 636. The nameless vessel will be a flagship of the Greek Line's North Atlantic Service.

Any seaman will tell you a ship has a personality — hence the literary refer-

ences to "gallant ships" and "hearty ships." One wonders what effect such a launching will have upon the psyche of the new liner—and, indeed, if one should refer to No. 636 as he, she or it.

WIDER AND DEEPER

New York State has endorsed a \$30,700,000 Federal project for improving the Hudson River from New York to Albany. The program, which has yet to be approved by Congress, calls for widening the river's channel to a minimum of 400 feet and deepening it to thirty-two. The project would be handled by the Army engineers.

THE RACES

Using standard Coast Guard lifeboats, the various maritime nations will match skills during races to be held on the Hudson River, September 12th.

According to William S. Stuhr, new president of the American Seamen's Friend Society, the ten entries that have already been made for the races indicate a large field this year.

Plans for tugboat races also to be held September 12th have not yet been completed, but a repeat of the same three classes of boats used in 1952 is expected.

GAMBLERS

Through means now generally held illegal, the American colonies were able to finance the building of several of their early lighthouses, among them the New London and the Sandy Hook. The funds were raised by lotteries.

According to Coast Guard records, upkeep on the lighthouses was paid by a tax imposed on vessels entering and leaving port.

The first lighthouse was built on Boston Harbor's Great Brewster Island in 1716. The Sandy Hook lighthouse tower, built in 1864, is the oldest still in use in America.

QUARANTINE

Cholera, yellow fever, bubonic plague, smallpox and typhus are the dread diseases watched for by the U. S. Public Health Service at their quarantine inspections of incoming vessels. Crews are examined for evidence of communicable diseases and the vessels are given a thorough sanitary inspection before they are permitted to touch shore.

While in quarantine, ships must fly the yellow "Q" flag, which warns all others to keep their distance until a clean bill of health is issued.

The Rosebank, Staten Island station, which has charge of New York Harbor, averages better than thirteen inspections daily.

DANGERS

The hazards of seafaring are reflected in the fact that the American Merchant Marine — the world's safest — still has the second highest accident rate of any American industry, according to Marine Index Bureau figures.

Last year there were 56,071 cases of illness or injury and 192 deaths aboard American ships. Unlicensed personnel accounted for 19,457 sick reports and 20,858 injuries. Backs, heads, hands and feet took the worst beating.

Free radio medical service provided for ships at sea has done much to reduce fatalities in the case of serious illness or injury. This service was established in 1921 by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, by means of a radio station operated on the roof of the Institute building at 25 South Street. This station, KDKF, was subsequently taken over by Radiomarine Corporation and radio stations were established all along the U. S. coastlines.

The Institute also initiated legislation requiring first-aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license.

Notes from a Skipper's Log



*Excerpts out of the personal log of Captain Dennis Sullivan,
30 years in command, now retired.*

Tuesday, May 1, 1934

1:26 A.M. Cast off from Pier 6. Proceeded to sea. Departure from Cristobal C.Z. towards Liverpool, England.

5:14 A.M. Mr. Wright, chief officer, rushed to me with the shocking news that Robert Smith A.B. was missing from ship. All hands searched thoroughly, stem to stern. They reported they feared he had fallen overboard; he was last seen at 3:56 A.M. at #4 hatch. I ordered the ship swung about and took the bridge myself. All available hands went on the lookout on the crow's nest and cross-trees. We retraced our course, eyes straining in the half light of dawn, crew silent and tense. A cry from the lookout sent us full speed ahead to a black blob rolling on the swells; it was a wooden crate.

7:14 A.M. With heavy hearts we turned the ship around again and headed 54° towards Mona Passage. Suddenly the ship's silence was shattered by yells from the mess room. An A.B. came running, shouting all the way. Seems Robert Smith had just marched in for breakfast! He was astounded that we had been searching for him; had been napping on a load of lumber.

I admit I saw a pretty vivid shade of red for quite a while, what with the anxiety and tenseness of the hours previous, and the uselessness of it all. Naturally, I thanked my stars that the boy was alive and not shark bait, but the feelings I let go with had nothing to do with gratitude.

April 27, 1927

Departure Panama towards Honolulu, T.H.

12:15 P.M. Water like glass today; not a ripple. Sea turtles float by like so many logs of wood, seabirds perching on their broad, dark backs. Some flights of tropic birds went scolding by and porpoises played and rolled, and raced alongside the ship. We found a flying fish dead on the port bulwark. It measured 20 1/4" from wing tip to wing tip and 18 1/4" long. It made a rare and tasty breakfast.

8:00 P.M. At nightfall we ran into a phosphorescent sea; a weirdly brilliant light that went on for miles, as if the sea were on fire. It was bright enough to read a newspaper.

April 30, 1927

3:30 P.M. Calm sea. Hove to for motor repairs. A regular fleet of sharks pursued the ship, their fins cutting knife-like swaths in the water. Crew members off watch decided to try shark hunting. They threw some strong lines baited with raw meat over the fantail aft, and brought a line forward to my wife. She held it till noon, when she went off to brew some tea. Hardly had she gone than there was a vicious snap at her line, and a shark carried off hook, bait and all. A few minutes later there was a shout aft, and the gang put their shoulders to it and hauled aboard the first catch. They fell to and cut him open to retrieve the hook when lo and behold, they found my wife's hook and a piece of line in his insides! There was a lot of laughing and congratulating, and they marched forward and tied and baited the same hook onto her line again. This time she left for only a few minutes to tend to her tea pouring, and rushed back

to find her line flaying in the breeze and her hook and bait gone again. It was some time before loud yells and whistling cord aft told us we had hooked a whopper. The boys battled him a good while before they could bring him alongside. They looped some heaving line just above his tail and hoisted him aboard. Everyone crowded around. I went down for a look myself. A fireman knelt and cut the shark's belly open. There were two hooks in him—he had swallowed my wife's hook, just as the one before! The gang was after thinking that there was something uncanny or supernatural about it, and my wife was as amazed and perplexed as the rest of us. Nor was she sure at all that she liked her new found reputation of shark-hexer.

February 27, 1927

4:38 A. M. Cast off from Pier #2 and proceeded from Charleston, S. C. towards Cristobal, C. Z.

6:45 A. M. Wind ENE 5 and freshening; threatening rain.

Noon pos. lat 31° 54' N, long 79° 13' W, Co 151°. Dist. 53 miles.

Wind hauling to East 7; barometer falling; shipping water.

4 P. M. Shipping heavy seas. Wind hauls to SSE.

9:45 P. M. Reduced speed to 70 rpm; heavy electrical storm, flashes of great intensity with thunder. Barometer still falling.

Midnight. Wind hauls to SSW. Mountainous seas; shipping water heavily. Let storm oil run from both bows. Reduced speed to 65 rpm. Gave orders to stand by engines.

February 28th 1927

1:19 A. M. Half speed.

3:50 A. M. Hove to. Wind now West 10, with squalls of hurricane force. Heavy rain. Try to run out of storm with wind and sea on starboard quarter.

March 1st, 1927

5:52 A. M. Electric steering gear wires burnt out. Steering gear broke down. Ship broaches to, heading 280°. Hove to on starboard tack, picking up her

own position; engines slow ahead at times. Ship taking heavy list to port; caught in trough of sea. No attempt to steer by hand; in smooth water four men at hand wheels could only keep ship within 90° of her course. Chief engineer working to repair steering gear.

11:48 A. M. Steering gear repaired. Proceed to wear ship to 120° at reduced speed.

7:10 P. M. Steering gear broke down. Wind now NW10. Violent squalls. Storm at height. Towering seas; shipping quantities of water. Tried to wear ship by swinging under port helm North about, but ship remained in trough of sea. Compelled to swing under starboard helm, then West and South during a lull in storm. Ship taking much water on board fore and aft; storm oil running from both bows to help smooth sea.

March 2nd, 1927

Time hove to about 20 hours from midnight on the 1st to midnight on March 2nd. Worst storm in history in this area. Washed off storm cap on #2 after ventilator, letting considerable water into the hold and lower and upper tween-decks with damage to cargo. Considerable damage to lifeboats. Cargo shift.

March 3rd, 1927

2 P. M. Storm moderates. Wind NNW 7. Connected fire hose from hydrants to vents of double bottom tanks of #2 and #5 starboard and filled both to reduce the heavy port list. 300 tons brought ship almost upright.

March 4th, 1927

10 A. M. Opened all hatches. Cargo had shifted from starboard, causing list. Some damage to cargo in shifting. All available hands working in hold, moving all cargo possible from port to stbd. #1 and #2 port bilges badly flooded; pumped them out.

3 P. M. Weather now fine; wind still fresh NNW 6; mountainous heavy swells. All hands accounted for. Emergency cargo shift effective. Proceeding on course.

(Continued from Page 1)

which soon came to carry an important share of the world's international trade. This development by America of a large merchant fleet in turn fostered the growth of our other native industries by offering them access to the world's markets. Our great American clipper fleet once carried twenty-five percent of all international trade. We now carry a bare five percent. American ships once carried between eighty and ninety percent of the goods that went in and out of American ports. We now carry less than twenty-five percent — except in wartime, when we demand (and, so far, have always gotten) miracles from our merchant marine.

When America thinks of its war heroes it had better not forget the men who come and go at the Seamen's Church Institute — across the street. Some men in this gathering today were torpedoed on the Murmansk run. During the last war, we saw many go who never checked in again. And unless we are absolutely convinced that peace is upon us, America had better build itself some first-class ships, or we risk having to send our seamen out in the rusted and obsolete fleet that won the last war.

Peace or war, the American Merchant Marine must go forward with the rest of the nation. Freer trade among the nations of the world will inevitably result in increased cargo hauling. As countries develop special products they must rely upon exchange in order to meet their economic needs. Shipping will have a greater delivery job in the future than it has in the past. There is no reason why America should not play a strong hand in this maritime activity, and our defense needs should stimulate us to prepare for the job.

As he walks down the gangplank, the seaman is a man away from home, and it is up to the people in the port city that he enters to help him find a working substitute. And that's exactly what the people in this greatest of all ports have done in the case of the Seamen's Church Institute. As private citizens they have provided a great building and the means for

recreating the atmosphere and the benefits of home life.

The City of New York is celebrating its 300th anniversary. The Seamen's Church Institute is not quite half as old, but it is old enough to remember this part of town when it was far different from what it is today, for the Institute goes back to the first half of the last century, when the waterfront was a forest of yards and spars and when the waggons ducked their heads to clear the bowsprits of sailing ships nosed in along South Street. In those days the Institute itself was tied along the shore, for it was a small church built on a barge.

When we gave up our mobility, we did it for a good reason. The boarding houses that catered to seamen along South Street — like the waterfront boarding houses in most ports of the last century — were scenes of crimping and shanghaiing. Seamen were like pawns in a vicious racket worked by these boarding house masters, who, by various means, ranging from whisky and women to opium and brute force, managed to gain custody of most of the crew of every ship that docked. When a ship wanted to sail, its master had to go to the boarding house crimps to get a crew together, and they had to pay so much a man. In order to be able to collect these fees, the crimper would often shanghai some of his boarders. With a lacing of dope in their soup or whisky, these seamen could be put aboard like so many sacks of meal. The seaman might not only wake up on his way to the Far East, but he might also find that his first two months' salary had been paid in advance to the crimper who had shanghai him. These crimpers would not even play fair with the masters. More than one captain paid \$100 for a man who never woke up at all. He had simply bought a corpse.

These were the practices of the waterfront boarding houses that prompted the Seamen's Church Institute to establish lodging accommodations. The seaman's needs were more than spiritual. A vicious circle had to be broken, and it was broken. But it was not easy as long as the

boarding house master had the job market cornered. At the turn of the century, a brave clergyman, Dr. Archibald Mansfield, who was then director of the Seamen's Church Institute, opened an employment bureau at No. 3 State Street, thus openly challenging the crimpers. It was a tough battle and it caused bloodshed as crimper gangs tried to prevent Dr. Mansfield's men from shipping. Dr. Mansfield's life was repeatedly threatened. It may surprise you to learn that the New York crimping ring was not broken until after the present Institute building was opened in 1913.

The ground on which we stand today was filled in. To secure our building to a bedrock foundation, great caissons of steel and concrete had to be sunk to a

depth of 200 feet. The history of the Seamen's Church Institute, like the foundation beneath the building itself, reaches well back into the history of our port. We stand firmly on our record of service to New York City, achieved through serving the men without whom this could not have been a great city, the men of the merchant marine.

On this occasion of the 300th anniversary of the City of New York, the Seamen's Church Institute is glad for the opportunity to join the New York World Trade Committee in a prayer that international tensions will cease and that a program of freer trade will, indeed, prove to be the key to peace and prosperity for this city and for every other port and hamlet the world around.

The American Girl

By Arne Hartman

A foreign seaman takes a critical look.

BEAUTY ROW, on the corner of 55th Street and 5th Avenue. Oi, oi, how they are wonderful. And well dressed. And well painted.

And high hatted.

And don't look for long on them — man from Europe—and for heaven sake, don't whistle after them. Because this is the United States, and not the old countries, where it is a compliment to a European female to be stared at. They like it.

Here they call a cop.

I saw a comicstrip in a newspaper: a story about a far planet. The people on this planet had a glass bowl around their heads. To breathe in.

All the girls in this country seem to have their heads in such a bowl, with an invisible mirror inside.

They don't seem to observe anything outside the glass bowl.

Well, well, they can smile. A perfect smile.

I mean perfect from a dentist's view.

A lot of them don't smile with their eyes. They just show their teeth. And that tooth smile (keep your hands on the chair — man from Europe) some of them learned it from a book or in a school!!!

Yes, yes,—they learn to say again and again:
Teeth

Teeeeeeeeeth

Teeeeeeeeeth

And they walk, speak and act as though a photographer were rolling beside them from morning to evening.

I hope that rocket ship to Mars will be finished in a hurry.

And the girls there are without glass bowls.





Book Briefs

JOLLY ROGER

By Patrick Pringle

W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.95

A book which earnestly attempts to separate fact from legend in the history of piracy, *Jolly Roger* describes the most famous pirates and near-pirates from Sir Francis Drake to Mary Read, a woman who could spill as much blood as any male in the trade. Though pirates were not as inhuman as their reputations make them, they were not exactly gentlemen either, and this book gives both the gory side and the dull side of pirate life. Avoiding fights was good pirate business. An occasional atrocity kept merchant captains from offering too much resistance. But admirable as it is to have authentic history, too many dry details can stifle interest. The bloody legends read the best.

HOWARD REED

FAR FROM THE CUSTOMARY SKIES

By Warren Eyster

Random House, \$3.75

A novel of men on a destroyer in the Pacific during World War II, this book is the first work of a twenty-seven-year-old Navy veteran, Warren Eyster.

It's a "different" story because it deals not so much with events as with the men and their thoughts, emotions and motivations. The battle passages are brilliantly written, always filtered through the consciousness of the participants.

One could say this ran the gamut of emotions; that it was exciting, sad, infuriating, cruel, touching, amusing—but that would be selling the author short. Because he wrote a book. More than that. With a delicacy and sensitivity rarely encountered, he created a living thing—a pulsing bit of reality peopled not with the standard puppets but with those rare frequenters of fiction—human beings. It is something to be read and pondered and wondered at.

Oh, there are a few things askew; a little over-writing here and there, a bit too much preachment somewhere else. But one doesn't look at the "Mona Lisa" and criticize her fingernails. This book will demand and gain your full time and attention, and moreover, it does not draw its sustenance from purple language. The trend seems to have been that if one packed enough swearing end to end, one would have a war novel.

THE UNDERSEA ADVENTURE

By Philippe Diole

Julian Messner, Inc., \$4.50

Exploration of the unknown has an eternal fascination for everyone. With self-contained diving apparatus, divers have been able to browse freely among the myriad mysteries of the undersea realm. The quality of this modern adventuring will be vastly different for each individual experiencing it, so there is room for many books on the subject. This book gives not only a personal reaction to the submarine world, but also a comprehensive and objective report of man's present knowledge (still far from complete) of undersea life.

Though undersea exploration is a subject for poetry, the author succeeds in giving the reader a hint of the strange, intense excitement a diver feels when floating in liquid space among the weird fish and fantastic plant growths.

H. R.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF A POWERBOAT

By Lauren and Madge Drake

W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.95

An absolute must for the novice boat enthusiast, this book gives close attention to every detail of choosing, buying and outfitting a powerboat for efficient operation and comfortable living.

Written by a couple who have four boats of their own, and have sailed well over 12,000 miles since 1936, this is full of the kind of know-how only first-hand experience provides. Women will be especially interested in the detailed planning for convenient and practical galleys, and easy shipboard housekeeping.

Included are evaluations and advice on the various craft on the market, and itemized estimations of living costs. An excellent, all-around handbook.

M. S.

The highest praise I can think of is simply this: Warren Eyster is a writer—an artist. If you would like to sample something genuine, this is it.

M. S.

PEG-LEG'S FIDDLE

I've a pal called Billy Peg-leg, with one leg, a wood leg,
And Billy, he's a ship's cook, and lives upon the sea;
And, hanging by his griddle,
Old Billy keeps a fiddle,
For fiddling in the dog-watch, when the moon is on the sea.

We takes our luck wi' tough ships, wi' fast ships, wi' free ships,
We takes our luck wi' any ship to sign away for sea;
We takes our trick wi' the best o' them,
And sings our song wi' the rest o' them,
When the bell strikes the dog-watch and the moon is on the sea.

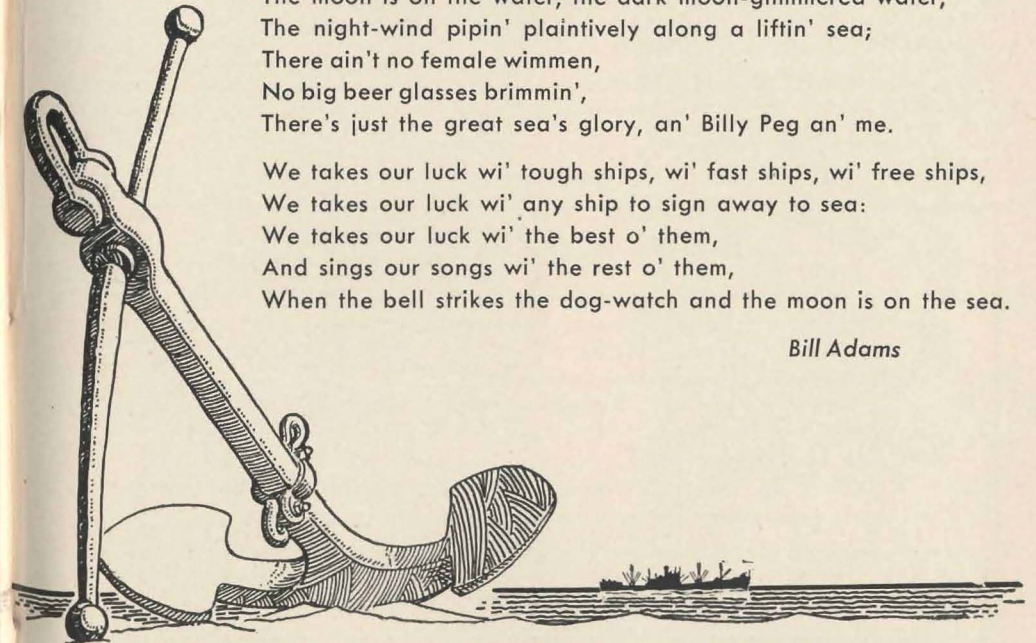
You'd ought to see them tops'ls, them stays'ls, them stuns'ls,
When the moon's a-shinin' on them along a liftin' sea,
Hear the dandy bosun say,
"Peg-leg, make that fiddle play
And we'll dance away the dog-watch, while the moon is on the sea."

Then it's fun to see them dancin', them bow-legged sailors dancin',
To the tune o' Peg-leg's fiddle, a-fiddlin's fast and free;
It's fun to watch old Peg-leg,
A-waltzin' wi' his wood leg,
When bosun takes the fiddle, so Peg can dance wi' me.

The moon is on the water, the dark moon-glimmered water,
The night-wind pipin' plaintively along a liftin' sea;
There ain't no female wimmen,
No big beer glasses brimmin',
There's just the great sea's glory, an' Billy Peg an' me.

We takes our luck wi' tough ships, wi' fast ships, wi' free ships,
We takes our luck wi' any ship to sign away to sea:
We takes our luck wi' the best o' them,
And sings our songs wi' the rest o' them,
When the bell strikes the dog-watch and the moon is on the sea.

Bill Adams



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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.