

The LOOKOUT

JUNE 1956



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



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 so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: Spring was a little late this year, but it finally got to New England and stayed long enough for John Penfold to get this photo of the whaling ship Charles W. Morgan, anchored at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.

Are Clams Really Happy?

You May Say

What You Mean,

But Do You Know What You Say?



John Broudbecker

THE party was a bore, all right, but you stayed to the bitter end. Well, what was so bitter about it? And you were happy as a clam to get home. Good enough, but what makes you think clams are happy?

You may not know the answers to these questions, but any man who has sailed before the mast would. Expressions that were shop talk to the crews of the wooden ships have now sifted into the language and are tossed off by landsmen as if they really knew what they meant. Can you tell how these italicized expressions got that way?

"Poor guy, he's stuck with the *graveyard shift*." The worker who toils by night need have no fear of ghosts. The term is a garbled version of the sailor's "gravy-eye," or middle watch, which he had to stand from midnight to 4 a.m., when, of course, his eyes were sticky with sleep.

"He's *happy as a clam* with his new job." Clams belong to the strong and silent species, but whoever said they were happy? When sailors used the phrase it made more sense. "Happy as a clam at high water," meant the clam was safe from his enemies.

"We girls had a wonderful time this afternoon, sitting around and *chewing the fat*." If you really meant it ladies, you would have passed the afternoon chewing the gristly salt beef which sailors found required a great deal of mastication before it went down.

"This is a tough case to crack," said the

detective, "but I think I've *got a line* on it now." If this man really meant what he said, he'd have us believe he was out in a small boat with his harpoon firmly laced into a whale. Whaler's jargon brought this term ashore.

"We stayed until the *bitter end*." This doesn't mean that the end was foul-tasting or most unpleasant. It refers to the end of the anchor cable which was fastened to the bitts and was not allowed to run out when letting go the anchor. When you come to the bitter end, that's all there is, there isn't any more.

"She's seeing him *off and on*." Today this means that the couple in question are having a casual friendship. But a ship that was standing off and on was one which was tacking toward and away from the land, waiting for daylight or the tide.

"She just loves to *rummage* through bargain basements." Rummage was originally a verb, which meant to stow cargo. Later it came to be applied to the clutter and confusion of goods in the process of being stowed. Today it means to ransack, to disarrange while searching—like you do to that stuff in the bargain basements.

"The judge was accused of having a *slush fund*." Slush used to be the special property of the ship's cook, and it had nothing to do with graft. It referred to waste from the galley, which was used to grease the masts.

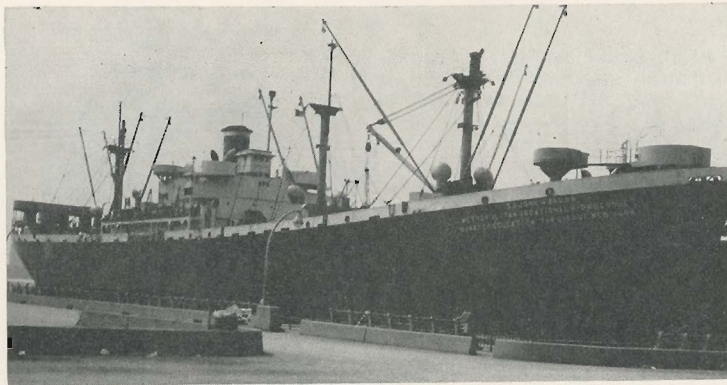


Photo by Captain Joseph W. Schellings

It doesn't look like a high school, but the Schoolship John W. Brown will graduate 60 boys this month. They are headed for college, the merchant marine and the Navy.

High School for High Seas

THE only seamen we know who get report cards regularly and report home to mother every day at three are a group of some 300 energetic youngsters who are going to high school and going to sea at the same time. To be more accurate, they're going to a ship. Their school is the 10,000-ton Liberty ship *John W. Brown*, their campus is the wind-swept East River, their teachers are ex-seamen and after graduation?—they're going to sea, of course.

Officially, these boys are students at the Metropolitan Vocational High School in New York City, of which the *Schoolship John W. Brown* is an annex. Metropolitan offers the only public high-school training program for seamen in this country, and possibly in the world. The idea was the brainchild of Dr. Franklin J. Keller, Metropolitan's principal, who back in 1936 was struck by the fact that New York City taught just about every trade in its vocational schools except the one to which the city was most indebted for its existence: seafaring. Traditionalists in education looked askance at the project, but Dr. Keller persisted and set up classes in seamanship at Metropolitan. In 1941, he succeeded in getting a ship, of sorts. She was the old Staten Island Ferry *Brooklyn*, and while she was useful, she was far from perfect as a training ship. Besides, it was wartime, and most of the instruction aboard the

Brooklyn was aimed at Coast Guard recruits. The Metropolitan boys were squeezed in where they could be.

Keller's dogged persistence, along with the able assistance of public figures like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in 1946 got the school what it needed—a real ship. The Maritime Administration was about to consign the *Brown* to the mothball fleet, but they were persuaded to loan it to the City of New York for the token fee of \$1.00 per year, on the condition that the ship be kept in trim. The Maritime Administration's wish and Metropolitan's needs dovetailed, and a dream took life.

Ten years later, the dream is still going strong. Down at East River Pier 73, the *Schoolship John W. Brown* swarms with youngsters busily learning the various skills that go into the running of a ship. At any one time of the school day, a number of small, informal classes are going on. In the galley the boys may be learning the fine art of salad-making from a master chef; in the engine room they are studying the complexities of steam generating marine boilers; on deck the subjects may be marlinspike seamanship and semaphoring; and on the bridge, the rudiments of navigation. Every student must learn the essentials of deck, engine and steward work, although later on he will specialize in only one of these fields. School officials

feel that with perpetual employment crises hanging over the merchant marine, a boy should be able to qualify for a first job in any department of a ship. And they want to avoid any more mishaps like the one that befell one of their most promising boys who had studied only deck-department subjects, took a berth as a mess boy and ran smack into trouble. It seems that the captain of the ship was a crotchety fellow, and the boy committed the unpardonable sin of serving him his coffee from a mug instead of a cup; that error ended his career on the ship. The faculty at the Schoolship say they can't change the habits of cranky captains, but they can fortify the boys with skills. Every boy who graduates from the *Brown* now has seamen's papers that qualify him as an ordinary seaman, messman and wiper—all three. Of course, he has a high-school diploma, too, for he has spent half of his school week at Metropolitan's main building studying English, science, math, social studies and music.

This training stands the boys in good stead. Returning grads report that their tasks in the merchant marine or Navy are relatively simple. The 20 to 25% of the boys who go on to maritime academies or



Learning the dits and dots.

other colleges find they have a head start on their classmates who studied strictly academic subjects in high school. This is one school, by the way, where returning grads are plentiful. Full of the glories of their careers at sea, they always get an attentive, sympathetic and slightly envious audience from the land-locked faculty, all ex-merchant marine officers themselves.

What kind of boy goes to the *John Brown*? "He must be first-rate," says Captain Joseph Schellings, Chairman of the Schoolship. "He's got to have sound health, an ability to get along and work with people, self-discipline and maturity. Without that, he'll never be a good student here or a good man aboard a ship. Most important, he's got to have a tremendous liking for ships, a real feeling for the sea." Captain Schellings pointed out that many of the boys on the Schoolship come from seafaring families, like 14-year old Hans Andreasin of Staten Island, a freshman on the *Brown*. Hans' father was lost at sea serving aboard an Esso tanker during World War II, when Hans was five weeks old. His uncle is also an Esso man who worked himself up from cabin boy to captain. Hans has wanted to go to sea since he's been seven years old, and the *John W. Brown* is the first rung of that long ladder. "The *Brown's* a pretty easy school," says Hans. "Not too much homework, but you can't fool around."

A small class of engineering students study the inner workings of the boiler.



Although the *John W. Brown* is in ship-shape condition (six bolts on the propeller shaft would return it to seagoing status), she will probably never take her youthful charges to sea. Faculty members feel a training cruise would be a great educational tool, but the Board of Education would most likely veto the project. The Schoolship is, after all, a city school, and city schools close at three in the afternoon; they don't go traipsing across oceans. Besides, the Board of Education is already harassed enough by the *Brown*; it is used to dealing with requests for blackboard erasers and chalk, not rope, paint and life-preservers.

Although the *John W. Brown* itself will never go to sea, its students will, and do, all the time. Even before graduation, many of the boys spend their summers shipping out on foreign vessels. If they ship out two summers and keep a log, they get credit for one term of ship work. The logs they bring back to school are minor masterpieces of what it feels like to go to sea for the first time. They are full of the glories of sitting alone on the

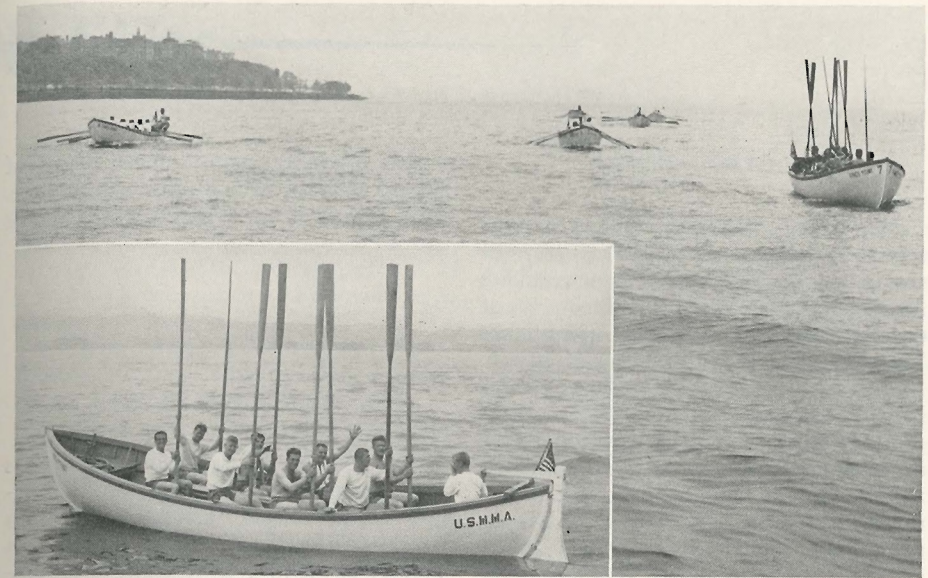
bow at night, meditating on the wonders of the trackless sea, interspersed with the wistful plaints of the 16-year-old away from home for the first time. Parents who fear that their youngsters going to sea may fall into evil ways, have only to read: "There wasn't any ice cream aboard, so I bought my last dish for a long time." "The food is fair, but not like Mom's." "It is nice to go on the bow and sit. You think about home, Mom especially, what is she doing." "At supper, the second engineer was feeling good and blew everybody to a beer, so I had a soda." One of the boys waxed lyrical at the beginning of his first trip: "During the cold winter months and the warmer months of spring, an uncontrollable desire swept through my mind. This extreme passion can come only to a boy of 16 who has a love for the sea and longs for an unforgettable adventure." And when the trip was over, he wrote: "I have not only found more knowledge, but I feel as tho I have grown in age and wiseness since I had left. I know that for the rest of my life I shall never forget my first sea voyage."

— FAYE HAMMEL

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Students in the deck department of the Schoolship *John W. Brown* learn the ropes.

Photos by students of the Schoolship *John W. Brown*



Seamen from the *Esso Brooklyn* raise their oars in victory. The *Blatchford* team at the far left finished second.

Stars and Stripes For Once

FOR the first time since the competition was resumed following World War II, an American team has won the International Lifeboat Races, held May 30th this year in the Narrows under the sponsorship of the International Council on Seamen's Recreation. A well-groomed crew from the *Esso Brooklyn* won gold watches and took the J. W. Powell trophy away from Norwegian oarsmen long accustomed to having it. To complete the surprise, the only other American entry placed second.

The first four-boat heat started with a resounding click as the starter's rifle misfired, and it ended with a downpour of rain that kindly cooled the losers while not dampening in the least the winning team from the MSTs ship *General Blatchford*. Another Coast Guard dud clicked harmlessly to start the second heat, in which the *Esso* team first showed its mettle.

In the finals, as the balky rifle really fired, 48 seamen in six lifeboats bent to the task of pulling a fast mile against a strong ebb tide between 100th and 79th streets off the Brooklyn shore. Unlike the race of last

year, which saw eight Norwegian huskies run wild, the field stayed fairly close together. American teams took first and second places over three Norwegian crews and one from a Swedish vessel. The *Esso Brooklyn* boys won by a half dozen lengths and the *General Blatchford* crew finished a length or two ahead of the *Siboney* Norwegians. Oarsmen from the Norwegian motorship *Libreville* took fourth place. Winning time was about 14 minutes.

The November 1927 LOOKOUT describes the first lifeboat race from the Statue of Liberty to the Battery as a "big event," which took place on Labor Day. Competing were Norwegian, Dutch, British, German, French and American entries. The *Leviathan* delayed the start of the race by blocking the course with her "huge bulk as she nosed out to sea." The winning time in that 1927 race was 15 minutes and 27 seconds. First place: Norway. Second place: Norway. Third place: Norway. Perhaps this remembrance adds stature to the 1956 efforts of two American teams against four from the land of the herring.

The Word of Ships

GRADUATES

New York Maritime College at Fort Schuyler turned out its 100th crop of graduates early this month, 91 new officers for the American Merchant Marine. 78 of the graduates will enter the United States Naval Reserve with the rating of ensign.

Undergraduates at the college, America's oldest nautical school, will embark the middle of this month on their yearly three-month European training cruise on a new ship, the *Empire State III*. She is the former Navy hospital ship, *Mercy*, which also served as an Army hospital ship, an Army transport and a refugee transport, before being taken over by Fort Schuyler. The ship was broken out of the James River, Virginia, Reserve Fleet last month, repaired, painted, and refitted with classrooms and equipment.

PLANNING AHEAD

The Liberty ship of a possible future war is already in the planning stage, Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse told Congress a few weeks ago. He has asked approval of a bill that would allow his agency to construct and test two freighters, a "Freedom" and a "Clipper" ship, that could be turned out on a mass production scale, if need be.

The "Freedom" would do 16 knots, weigh 8,770 deadweight tons, and cost about \$6,500,000. The "Clipper," a larger and faster ship, would make 18 knots, weigh 10,900 tons and cost \$8,900,000. Both ships, Mr. Morse told the House Merchant Marine Committee, would be serviceable as mobilization ships and as commercial carriers. Steamship companies have expressed interest in these vessels as possibilities for replacement programs.

The plodding, aging Liberty ships of World War II, said Morse, are obsolete. They were rarely capable of steaming above 10 knots.

COMES THE DAWN

The ultimate in sea-going luxury has been designed for passengers on the English Shaw Savill Company's *Southern Cross*—an artificial dawn. Seems that waking to the blazing sunlight of a tropical day can be most upsetting for sea travellers, so the builders of the ship have installed a dial in the depths of the liner which even outdoes Mother Nature. It is set the night before at a selected time. When it goes off, a quiet, golden fluorescent dawn—none of that harsh, real, stuff—floods the passenger's cabin. And when the steward arrives with the morning coffee, pulls back the blinds and lets the real dawn burst into the cabin, why it isn't hard to take, at all.

COUNCIL MEETS

"Seamen at the Heart of America" was the theme of the National Council of Seamen's Agencies annual convention held early this month in Chicago. Delegates from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and from seamen's agencies in the United States and Canada held a two-day conference to discuss the shoreside facilities and services for merchant seamen. Great Lakes ports will need when the St. Lawrence Seaway is opened. This was the first time in the Council's 25-year history that it had not met at a coastal port city.

At the close of the conference, Carl E. McDowell, who was re-elected Council president, presented to Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago the Council's resolution to make available to interested groups in Chicago its experience and knowledge in serving merchant seamen.

Dr. James Healy of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York received a special tribute from the convention delegates for his 40 years work as a waterfront chaplain.

Featured speakers at the conference were Mr. Max M. Cohen, director of the Chicago Regional Port District, Professor Wayne McMillen of the University of Chicago, Dr. Elmer S. Hjortland, pastor of the United Lutheran Church in Oak Park, Illinois, and Mr. Kaare Stoylen, general secretary of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission, Bergen, Norway. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, reported on recent developments in international seamen's welfare.

FAIR IS FAIR

New York and Boston have finally won a ten-year battle to equalize their freight rail rates with those of other North Atlantic ports.

Some fifty years ago, a differential amounting to three cents a hundred pounds on import and export cargo was instituted to offset the advantage New York and Boston enjoyed over other North Atlantic ports because of higher steamer freight rates to these ports. In 1935, the steamship freight rates were equalized, but New York and Boston had to continue to bear the burden of increased rail rates. Now at last, the punishing differentials have been eliminated.

NEW SHIP FOR OLD

A new liner is in the offing to replace the French Line's elderly *Ile de France*, but the keel laying is still almost a year away, company officials have announced. When the new ship, which will be between 53,000 and 55,000 tons is completed in 1960, she will carry 2,000 persons in first and tourist classes. With a cruising speed of 31 knots, she would be able to cross the Atlantic in less than five days.

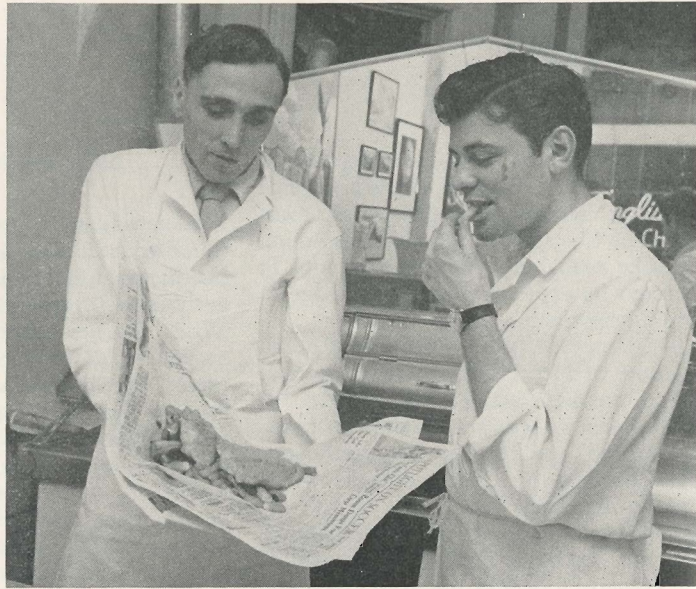
LANDLOCKED

A ship that will never go to sea has become headquarters for turning soldiers into competent stevedores. The *Neversail*, which bears all the accoutrements of a contemporary freighter, minus a bow, stern, bridge and keel, is the main classroom of the Army Stevedore School at Fort Eustis, Va. Since the Army must load its own cargoes on Military Sea Transportation ships, it has set up this school to teach its men how.

The landship is equipped with booms, winches and holds equal to almost anything on a freighter that floats. She has four holds, designed to accommodate ammunition, fuel, heavy cargo and general cargo. 18 cargo booms of the ten-ton and 60-ton variety, winches and other equipment give the 272 men in training a chance to practice the most modern cargo handling procedures.

The *Neversail*, which is made completely of steel, weighs 1,050 tons and is 312-feet long, cost \$3,000,000 to build. She replaces an obsolete World War II wooden vessel which the Army Transportation Corps Center has used for the past nine years.

James Mordeno, right, samples a batch of fish 'n chips that his partner, Jack Barker, has just taken out of the fryer. The two ex-seamen operate the only "authentic" fish 'n chippery in New York.



OFF THE SHIPS TO

Fish 'n Chips

A FEW years ago, a British merchant seaman ashore in New York got a yen for a good dish of English fish 'n chips. His hunger had to go unappeased; there are 25,000 fish 'n chipperies in England, but in all of New York, not one. The seaman, Jack Barker, returned to England, learned the fish-frying business and came back to New York two months ago to remedy the situation. He and his partner, Great Lakes seaman James Mordeno, are now the proprietors of the only "genuine" fish 'n chippery in New York.

The English Fish 'n Chip Shop, located across the street from Madison Square Garden, within walking distance of the Cunard and French Line piers, is strictly orthodox. Customers eat off wall shelves on either side of the shop. The walls are decorated with British travel posters and pictures of Queen Elizabeth and Winston Churchill. If you wish, you may take your

fish 'n chips home, wrapped in a copy of the London "News of the World," the traditional wrapping for fish 'n chips. Barker imported half a ton of the newspaper from England, so that everything would be done in the most correct fashion.

He also imported a two-ton deep fat fryer in which he drops the fish. It is usually haddock, dipped in a thin flour (European flour, that is), and water batter. "The trick," says Barker, "is to get the oil very hot. This seals up the fish as soon as it hits the oil. Keeps the nutrition in, you know."

The shop hopes to attract seamen from the Cunard Line ("Makes the boys feel more at home when they can have some fish 'n chips," says Barker) and from the French Line. He pointed out that, after all, it was the French who brought fish 'n chips to England. "That is," says Barker, "they brought French fries, probably around 1830 or so. Before that, we Britishers had

our fish with boiled potatoes — unhappy thought!"

Barker is a veteran seaman himself. He left Oxford in 1935 to start his sailing career on the Finnish bark *Parma*, one of the last of the European windjammers. Barker has served, all told, under six flags, including the American. He studied for his second and third mate's licenses at the Merchant Marine School of the Seaman's Church Institute in 1943 and 1944. Although he's never been a steward, he's much more intrigued, right now, by the restaurant business than by seafaring. So is his partner, A. B. James Mordeno, who sailed for a number of years on the Lakes.

Running a fish 'n chippery in the States is partly an educational problem, say the partners, and one of the first things that must be done is to teach Americans to eat with their fingers. "It's the only way to eat fish 'n chips, you know." The partners re-

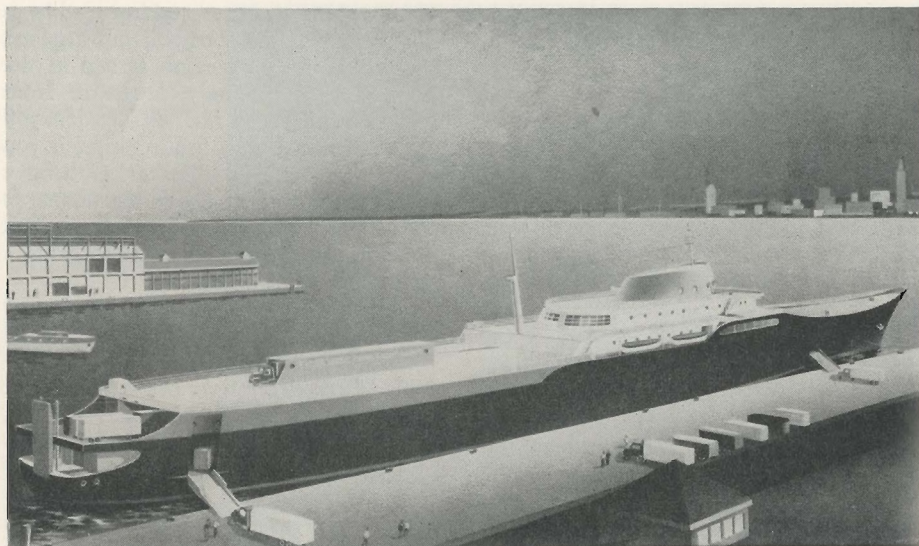
port that Americans are taking readily to the ginger beer — imported from England — which is the only drink served in the shop. This is the only departure from English tradition so far. "In London you would drink tea with fish 'n chips, if you drank anything," says Barker. Getting a good cup of British tea in the States is quite a feat, he claims, and right now, he's "dickering with a tea company to bring a lass in here to serve tea."

There are other bright prospects for the future; traditional English tripe, pickled onions, and Cornish pasties. The last, explained Barker, is a light pastry filled with meat. "Nothing better," he says.

When business is slow, Barker and Mordeno spend their time studying the fine art of the fish 'n chip. Their textbook, direct from London, is called "The Fish Fryer and His Trade." The author is a bloke named Chat Chip.

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The Maritime Administration designed this prototype of a roll-on, roll-off ship, the *Turnpike*, a year ago. A number of shipping companies have adopted similar designs.

Roll and Go

AMERICAN coastwise shipping, which has been doing poorly for over a decade, is on the road back to health. A number of steamship companies, as well as the Maritime Administration, feel they've discovered just what the doctor ordered—the roll-on, roll-off ship—to cure a serious shipping malaise.

Coastwise and intercoastal shipping were two serious casualties of World War II for the American merchant fleet. Dislocation resulting from the war, advances in land transport and rising labor costs all added to the tremendous decline of the intercoastal and coastal fleet. The 1939 coastal dry cargo fleet of 350 ships of 2,444,000 tons has fallen to 104 ships of 1,067,000 tons, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute. The 28-ship passenger fleet, which went into war transport service en masse, has completely disappeared. Maritime leaders speak of

the trend as a "national catastrophe," a "disaster." The roll-on, roll-off type ship may well be the looked-for solution.

The new vessel, which also goes under the names of "lift-on, lift-off," "sea train," "trailership" or "sea truck," is basically a ship designed to take on and discharge rolling equipment for a low-cost water trip between highway or rail runs. Detachable trailers are placed aboard ship and secured in place on the deck. At the destination point, other tractors hitch onto them for highway delivery. Since each trailer-load of cargo remains intact during the voyage, vessels of this type can be loaded in hours instead of days. The advantages are obvious: cargo handling costs are pared way down, a great deal of shoreside inefficiency is overcome, and the time of the sea voyage compares favorably with over-the-road truck time. The new method, say its proponents, combines the

best features of land and sea transportation; it may once again make domestic shipping a major industry.

To date, a number of steamship companies have announced plans for a total of 31 vessels of the roll-on, roll-off type. One of the most ambitious of these projects is being carried out by Pan-Atlantic Steamship Corporation, who are using the roll-on, roll-off principle to make tanker operations profitable on both legs of a voyage. Normally, tankers carry cargoes only one way from oil centers and must return in ballast. Pan-Atlantic has solved this time-and-money waster by building special decks over the pumping machinery of its vessels. They hold 58 fully-loaded trailer bodies, with a total capacity of 2,320,000 pounds of dry cargo. Two T-2 type tankers, the *Ideal X* and the *Almena* have already been fitted out with the custom-built decks, and are now providing door-to-door truck and water service between New York and Houston, Texas. A third tanker-trailer, the *Maxton*, is presently being converted and will go into service in July and seven more vessels of the roll-on, roll-off type are being planned by Pan-Atlantic at a cost of \$72,000,000.

The Government, naturally, has a finger in the roll-on, roll-off pie too, for two important reasons. It is interested in spurring the revival of coastwise and inter-coastal shipping for general trade purposes, and it also knows that in the event of war, these vessels would make possible highly mobile striking forces. They would be ideally suited for carrying tanks, artillery and other types of military equipment. Construction has already gotten under way on a roll-on, roll-off type vessel being built for the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service. Designated by the Government as a "vehicle cargo vessel," the ship, under construction at the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company in Chester, Pa., will cost \$10,000,000. It is designed for "point-to-point" transport of fighting and supply military vehicles. The Government came up with a prototype design of a trailer-carrier—the *Turnpike*—about a year ago, but so far, no takers. Shipping companies prefer to go ahead

with their own variations on the trailer-ship theme.

The companies are receiving Federal mortgage insurance, however, on these roll-on, roll-off vessels. The first ship to be granted a Government stipend as a special-purpose vessel essential to national defense was the *L.S.D. Carib Queen*, which TMT Trailer Ferry, Inc., will soon put into service between Port Everglades, Florida, and San Juan, Puerto Rico. The *Queen* will carry 92 loaded truck trailers, 97 automobiles and 12 passengers on her two-day voyages. TMT also has plans for twelve other vessels, which will range from four-trailer "sea trucks" to ships capable of carrying 200 trailers. They would operate from South Atlantic ports to Puerto Rico, the islands and to Venezuela.

The Government has also received mortgage applications from the American-Hawaiian Line, which has one of the most extensive of the trailer ship programs in the offing. The company plans to build ten ships at a cost of \$115,000,000, to ply American-Hawaiian's traditional route between New York and Los Angeles, San Francisco, Astoria and Seattle. Voyages to foreign ports are also planned for the future.

Although the roll-on, roll-off trend has been snowballing this year, the idea itself is by no means new. The principle of stowing cargo in its overland container was probably used by the Greeks and Phoenicians; in modern times, sea-going ferries have been in operation at Messina, at Copenhagen, in England and Japan. In our own country, Seatrains Lines, Inc., has been handling seagoing boxcars on water runs from New York to Savannah and New Orleans and from New York to Texas City since 1929. A million-dollar terminal at Edgewater, New Jersey, boasts the most modern and elaborate lifting equipment.

What is new, though, is the wholesale use of the roll-on, roll-off principle. If it can successfully eliminate the traditional bugaboo of coastwise shipping—high cost, low-speed cargo handling—a good part of the American merchant fleet may be headed for better times.

Book Watch



THREE narratives of personal adventure at sea have been published recently, and they all make for interesting reading. *My Ship Is So Small*, by Ann Davison, William Sloane Associates, \$3.75, is easily the best of the lot. It is an account of Mrs. Davison's solo crossing of the Atlantic in a 23-foot sloop, *Felicity Ann*. The first woman to accomplish such a feat, this young Britisher accepted the challenge partly out of a wish to complete a similar voyage, started some years before, on which her husband had met his death. "The actual realization of a dream is neither better nor worse than imagined. It is entirely different," writes Mrs. Davison. Her book is a detailed account of that dream. Her grace as a writer is matched by her courage and daring as a seafarer, and the two combine to make an unusually delightful story.

Half-Safe, by Ben Carlin, William Morrow & Co., \$5.00, is a sometimes amusing, frequently uninspired report on how a young couple crossed the Atlantic and then toured Europe in a fiendish contraption known as an amphibious jeep. *Mad Sea*, by Hjalmar Rutzbeck, Greenberg, \$3.75, is a tale of ten wild-and-wooly years spent before the mast on Danish, German and Norwegian square riggers around the turn of the century. The adventures are all true, although some of them strain belief.

World War II at sea continues to produce its crop of books, as three new items attest. *Falconer's Voyage*, by Hugh Hickling, Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.50,

is a novel by a young Englishman set against the background of the Normandy invasion of 1944. Alex Falconer, commanding officer of one of nine landing craft in the operation, finds that his personal road of salvation is a more arduous one to travel than the one which begins at the Firth of Clyde and ends in the landing under enemy fire.

The infamous career of the *Altmark*, supply ship to the Nazi battleship *Graf Spee*, is depicted in *The Altmark Affair*, by Willi Firschauer and Robert Jackson, The Macmillan Company, \$3.75. With the crews of seven British ships imprisoned in her hold, the *Altmark* fanatically sought to bring its prisoners back across the ocean to Hitler. Pursued by the enraged Allied forces, she meets a stormy fate, vividly portrayed here.

The little-known story of the daring rescues performed by the Submarine Lifeguard League during World War II is told in *Zoomies, Subs and Zeros*, by Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood and Colonel Hans Christian Adamson, Greenberg, \$3.95. In case you didn't know, a zoomie is an Allied aviator, and a zero is a Jap plane. In this instance, the subs were surfaced submarines stationed close to the target areas in the Japanese-held islands of the Pacific, in order to rescue zoomies shot down or forced to hit the silk. A submarine mission bent on saving 'em rather than sinking 'em, the Lifeguard League receives a well-earned tribute in this book.

Atlantic Fishermen

For those who sleep beneath
the rocking turquoise sea,
who held reluctant breath
for that dark lullaby:
for those who nameless turn—
boy with the empty side
where once his hot heart burned,
strong-thighed men whom tide
loved overmuch, who flung
nets to the raging hours —
we lay our wreaths on the long
waters, these heartbreak flowers.

Frances Frost

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