

# The LOOKOUT



*Courtesy U.S. Naval Academy*

U. S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"

From the painting by Charles Robert Patterson

MARCH 1951

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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From: "Thanksgiving . . . 1950"  
By Edna St. Vincent Millay  
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## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, MARCH, 1951

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THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the U. S. Frigate "Constitution," popularly called "Old Ironsides." She was launched on October 21st, 1797, from Hartt's Naval Yard, Boston, Mass. where she was built under the supervision of George Claghorne. During the hurricane that swept up the Atlantic seaboard on September 21st, 1938, the 141-year-old vessel was torn loose from her moorings in Boston harbor and badly damaged, but was later repaired. Navy Department records located a large store of seasoned oak at Pensacola submerged for many years to keep it in a perfect state of preservation for this repair work. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is the proud possessor of a breast hook which once formed a part of the old ship before she was reconditioned. Our cover is a reproduction of a section of a mural painting by Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist, and the original is in Bancroft Hall, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

# The Lookout

VOL. XLII

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NUMBER 3

## Masters of Two Robin Line Vessels Cited For Performances in Korea Evacuation

THE masters of two Robin Line vessels — the *Robin Gray* and the *Robin Kirk*—have been cited by Vice Admiral C. T. Joy, Commander, Naval Forces, Far East, for the "high caliber" of their performance during the evacuations of Wonsan and Hungnam, Korea.

The commendations, which were relayed through the Military Sea Transportation Service, were addressed to Capt. Richard J. Ryan of the *Robin Gray*, and Capt. James C. Herbert of the *Robin Kirk*. Both vessels are presently under charter to the service.

Captain Ryan's part in the evacuations was highlighted by his negotiation of two miles of crowded anchorage in a blinding blizzard at Hungnam without a pilot. At the time, he moved up the recently mine-swept channel strictly on his radar. Prior to that occasion, he was forced to "feel" his way out of Sasebo, Japan, on radar when a pilot could not be obtained for a hurried departure.

A report of the incident quoted the

vessel's master as maintaining that he had the "best possible pilot for the trip. He sat on my left shoulder all the way up the channel."

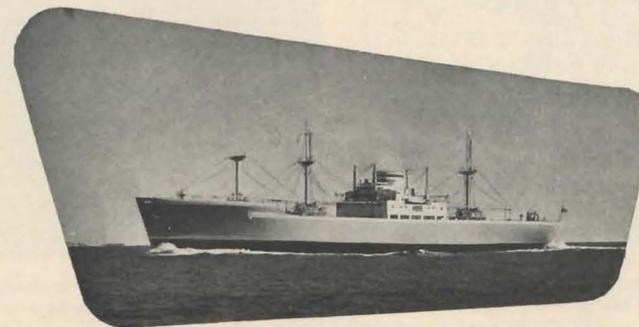
Captain Ryan, who commanded vessels during World War II, compared the thunder of gunfire at Hungnam to air raids he experienced at Malta.

The master of the *Robin Kirk* received particular mention for his "resourcefulness and seamanship" in handling the unloading of heavy equipment at Wonsan.

Both skippers are career men with the *Robin Line*, Captain Herbert having served twenty-three years with the company and Captain Ryan slightly more than twelve.

The former joined the line as a cadet and worked his way up to a command in 1944, at the age of 36. Captain Ryan also joined Robin as a cadet and rose to his first command, the *Robin Locksley*, in 1945 at the age of 25.

N. Y. Times, Feb. 20, 1951



Robin freighters carry supplies to the front lines in Korea.

## "ARTISTS" AT WORK ON SHIPBOARD



Slushing down the rigging (with white lead and tallow).



Painting the Hawse.  
(Where the anchor is housed)



Painting the "Figures."  
(Draft Marks)

## A Chilling Experience

A Satire by John Wieting (A Former Seaman)

AS the crack ocean greyhound, *S.S. Cliche*, sliced through the North Atlantic fog, Captain Cedric Pettigrew, "The Whip," paced the bridge with cat-like grace. Keen-eyed and grim-lipped, alert to every shifting nuance of the moose-like moans of the fog-horn, Pettigrew was swiftly computing mathematical problems in his head.

"Two times two is four. Four and four is eight," he murmured, lips barely moving. He repeated these mental acrobatics and then, rapidly counting up to ten using only the fingers of one hand, he stepped into the wheelhouse.

"Two points off the starboard beam," he snapped.

"Two points it is, sir," the seaman at the wheel cried, not moving. He had no idea what "The Whip" meant, but he was no fool.

"Two points what is?" Pettigrew purred, gripping the man by the throat.

"What you said, sir!" the man screamed. His name was Bjornetorklskaag. He was from Iceland. On the coast.

"Now look sharp," the captain roared. "If you see any icebergs call me. I love icebergs." He wasn't known from Coney Island to Rockaway as "The Whip" for nothing.

The voyage was uneventful for the blue-ribbon giant of the steamer lanes until—ah—until the last night out.

The radio message sent out by a Coast Guard patrol cutter on that eventful evening made maritime history. "To Walter Winchell and all the ships at sea," it read, "A big iceberg is drifting south. It has no steering apparatus. Watch out."

Just how big that famous berg was even the Coast Guard didn't realize. It was found later that there were ten adult polar bears on it and each thought he was alone, and was worried.

Aboard the *S.S. Cliche*, the Captain's ball was being celebrated with



a gala costume party. No one recognized Captain Pettigrew as he came through the swinging doors of the main salon because, in a wild flight of imagination, he had donned the uniform of a ship's officer.

Amid the dancing, several ladies complained of a sudden chill, but their complaints were taken lightly since one of them had come to the party as "The Spirit of Long Distance Communication in the 20th Century" and wore a form-fitting airmail stamp. The other lady wore a dress cut down to the Plimsoll mark. Champagne was pressed on them; in fact it was poured all over them and their discomfort was swept away in the general merriment.

At the height of the evening, just before the signal for unmasking, an officer hurried to Captain Pettigrew. "The Whip" was on his knees under a table giving a hot-foot to a man made up as the president of the steamship company—he was in rags and had a tin cup in his hand. The man was really Bjornetorklskaag.

"Well?" he snapped at the officer.

"We took a look in the radar, Captain. You know, that thing in the wheelhouse? Quite interesting," the officer replied.

"Radar, my foot!" "The Whip" cracked, lighting the match in Bjornetorklskaag's shoe, "Stop talking backwards. The word is *radar*, not radar." He ripped open the radiogram. His practiced eyes read the message. "Says here it's an iceberg."

An unseasonal chill was now gener-

ally apparent. The scantily clad ladies draped themselves in capes of hot-water bottles.

Captain Pettigrew in search of his room, took a wrong turn and found himself on the bridge.

"Keel-haul my gaff-jaw, Captain, where are we?" he growled good naturedly. The first and second staff captains were both on the bridge. The *S.S. Cliche* was so huge that she carried six staff captains and thirty-seven assorted first, second, third, fourth and fifth mates.

"I don't know exactly, sir," the first staff captain said, "But the lookout just called up to say 'Land Ho!'"

"Shiver my bilge pump," Captain Pettigrew said. "What did you tell him?"

"I told him, sir, if he didn't stop fooling around I wouldn't lend him my comic books any more . . ."

"Land Ho!" he cried, "Honest!"

"That ninny insists it's land," the staff captain said and hung up. Captain Pettigrew. "Sometimes I get so angry!" He spun on his heel. The man at the wheel was wooden-faced. He was a cigar store Indian. They stood there while the vessel was on automatic control. Behind him crouched Bjornetorklskaag. "The Whip's" mind was racing, but it was losing. He had just remembered about the iceberg. "Two times two is four. Four and four is eight," he was mumbling when a rending crash jarred the ship.

"Why is it," he muttered, "that every time I'm in a crash it has to be rending?"

Halfway across the boat deck, a massive white body appeared. It was a polar bear. One look at the Captain and the beast growled and flung its two-thousand pound bulk over the rail. Pettigrew was reminded that he had forgotten to put on his party mask. Other bears clambered aboard from the iceberg but the ladies clad in hot water bottles made them think an unseasonable heat wave had arrived. The bears greedily reached for them with their immense paws. The ladies collectively screamed.

Suddenly there was a guttural shout. It was Bjornetorklskaag standing at the rail. Speaking fluent polar bear, he gave the huge beasts a tongue lashing. They retreated sheepishly to the iceberg where they sat and played possum. The bear who had dived overboard joined the circle. He was dripping wet. "That water is like ice!" he growled.

The *S.S. Cliche* and the giant berg soon drifted apart. The liner proceeded slowly toward New York and the iceberg limped South, melting a little at the edges.

Passengers talked of their "chilling" experience. But the polar bears thought just the opposite.



#### CIVIL DEFENSE VOLUNTEERS MEET AT INSTITUTE

The auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is the scene of much activity these days as civilian defense and air warden volunteers gather twice weekly for instruction in protection of the waterfront in case of enemy attacks. Similar meetings were held here at the Institute during World War II as it was the only building in the area with enough space to accommodate a large number of people.

Under the direction of Police Captain Martin L. Hayes and Civil Defense Coordinator Acting Lieutenant Henry Pauze, seamen, office personnel and workers who have volunteered for this service are learning the essential techniques of civil defense. It will be their job to patrol piers, gas tanks, electric power houses and to evacuate pedestrians and motorists to places of shelter in case of air raids.

## SEA TERMS

By Ted E. Werner, Cadet-Midshipman

YOU might say that the Norsemen put their backs to their work, evident by the fact that the bottle of champagne spilled on the bows of a merchantman now-a-days is a humane substitute for the prisoners who were sacrificed to the God Odin at each launching of a Viking ship. The victim's back was broken against the stem-post as the bottle is broken today.

The Norsemen handed down to us several traditions of the sea, as did the English and French.

The ship's loading booms were named for Derrick the Hangman, one of Queen Elizabeth's boys. This enthusiast invented a patent gallows fitted with topping-lifts, "which did greatly enhance his trade." The correct meaning of "weigh" with reference to the anchor, is Old English for "to raise." The English were pretty good at misreading and misinterpreting. Halyard, now the name of any hoist, originally was an order "Haul Yards." Then there was that unscholarly British shipmaster who thought the abbreviation for deducted reckoning (DED) was the word "dead" misspelled so he added the "a," and "dead reckoning" it has been called ever since.

Ever wonder why the holystone is so holy? Well, some witty "salt," who scoured many a deck-plank in his day, remarked that its use always brought a man to his knees, so the thing *must* be holy!

France, noted for other things, besides, gave us a few customs and words still in use aboard vessels today. Mechanical boat-lifts were called davits and pronounced as David. This word "davit" was once spelled "Davyd," coming from *davier* (French), a corruption of David. The French didn't stop here, for they were the first to name the rope rove through the shackle at the stem-post of small lifecraft, the *peynbours*, meaning a noose or bight, now-a-days the "painter."

Something familiar to you is the term "grog," used most often in the British Navy. Its origin is traceable to Rear Admiral, Sir Thomas Pelham, who wore a cloak of "grog-



Drawing by Ed Randall

"Old Grog"

gan" or homespun woolen so often that his men nicknamed him "Old Grog." Besides calling him this, there was more to say when he advocated the diluting of the rum ration 50-50 with water.

Not to upset anyone's mind, but contrary to general belief, amidships does not refer to that portion of the deck between the foc's'l head and the poop, but to the centerline of the deck which is parallel to the keel. Thus wheel and masts are set amidships.

Perhaps you may have wondered why it is the tradition for merchant men never to come ashore in uniform. This dated back to the day when press-gangs, on the lookout for likely lads to serve aboard His Majesty's warships, gave instant chase to anyone who looked or dressed like a sailor. Hence merchant-men ashore disguise themselves in "civvies."

On your first attempt to climb a Jacob's ladder I imagine you were easily persuaded that it got its nickname from the one dreamed of by the old Biblical character Jacob; for that top rung sure looks as far away as Heaven!

"Dead marines," or empty bottles, originated at a naval banquet when the Duke of Clarence pointed to several empty wine bottles, directed that "those 'dead marines,' be removed." A captain of the marines present objected to their being so derisively named for his honorable service, whereupon

the Duke, with charming tact remarked that he had thus called them, "because they are excellent fellows who have bravely done their duty, and when full once more, would do so again." At this banquet probably many were "loaded to the guards." This expression refers to the Plimsol mark or load line which indicates when the vessel is loaded to capacity (thus easily showing the connection?).

Ever hear of the "foreyard sobriety" rule? This rule was in effect aboard those vessels that prohibited any officer from taking a drink before the sun had risen higher than the foreyard.

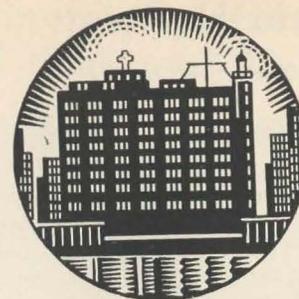
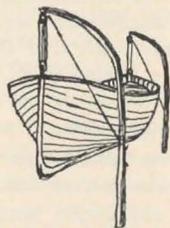
You might tell your shipmate that your best girl is on the towrope, but telling her might result in—, no use thinking about it. The meaning of this slang terminology is indicative of a fast voyage. It suited sentimental Jack to believe that his best girl was always waiting with great longing to see him.

Chain cables were first substituted for hemp in 1812. However, with traditional conservatism, the Navy was skeptical as to

the holding power of iron links, so the *USS Constitution* (Old Ironsides) was ordered to play "safe" and retain her hemp cables.

In slave-galley days a headman kept time with hammers pounding on a wooden block so that the slaves would row in unison. When he stopped, the slaves stopped, as they heard no knock. And so now-a-days we use the term "knock off," meaning to stop work.

*Reprinted from "Polaris"*



**I**T ISN'T as tall as the Empire State Building, as old as the Parthenon, as big as the Rock of Gibraltar, as beautiful as the Taj Mahal, or as famed as the Eiffel Tower. But to many men who have seen these scattered wonders, the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a more welcome sight than all the rest combined.

Mere landmarks appeal to the eye and the sense of things historic, while a home appeals to the heart. And the Institute, which you and other generous friends help maintain, is literally a home to thousands of deserving merchant seamen.

Here, after a tedious or arduous voyage or during the doldrums of extended unemployment, the seaman finds friendly service catering to his physical needs, accommodation for his comfort and well-being, wholesale entertainment for his relaxation, and ample facilities for meditation and worship, regardless of his race or creed.

At "25 South Street," he finds that certain atmosphere which proves it is, in fact, a home — a hello from a staff member, the hearty handshake of an old friend, a long chat with one of our volunteers, the kindly advice of a trained counsellor — things that can lift the sagging spirits of a lonely man and make him smile again.

Your contribution does so much for so many. In the name of thousands of seafarers, we thank you for your continued loyal and generous support. Our Merchant Marine is essential for trade, travel and defense. There is no substitute for ships and seamen when war strikes.



## Chaplain Daley Appointed Assistant to Director



Chaplain Francis Daley and a seaman discuss his problems.

**T**HE INSTITUTE announces the appointment of the Reverend Francis D. Daley as Assistant to the Director, the Reverend Raymond S. Hall, D.D. He joined the staff in 1949.

Chaplain Daley has done extensive work with merchant seamen and is well acquainted with their problems and needs. He will continue in this work coordinating it with his new executive duties.

He was graduated from the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, in 1928, and received his S.T.M. in 1930. Previous to

his university work he was a staff reporter for five years on the *Baltimore Sun*. Chaplain Daley was ordained in Baltimore and became rector of the Church of Epiphany in that city. Later he served in parishes at St. Luke's, Altoona, Pa.; Trinity, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Calvary, Hillcrest, Del. In 1940 he represented the Diocese of Arkansas at the General Convention in Cleveland, Ohio.

Chaplain Daley is a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa.

## Seamen Entertain Hostesses

By Angela Geele\*

AND it should be in headlines—for it was a lovely party!

On Valentine's Day a group of seamen who spend their leisure hours in the Janet Roper Club gave a party for the volunteers. Now you must know that the Janet Roper Club is really two rooms—one containing the piano, and radio, where the concerts, exhibitions of paintings, etc., are held, and the other a large, comfortable room where the men and volunteers play cards, cribbage, read and talk.

When the hostesses arrived on the night of the party they were ushered into the back room where a great many men were assembled and a musical program began. The doors between the rooms were closed and everyone was warned not to peek, but the sound of furniture being moved, the clatter of glass and dishes and much talking and laughter, proved to be quite distracting and we all wondered what was coming next. When the concert ended it was announced that a Valentine party was being given for the volunteers and one of the seamen, a captain of long-standing, took the floor. He called each hostess by name, presented her with a Valentine from the men and said a few words appropriate to each



one. Then the big moment arrived—the doors were opened and what a sight met our eyes! A table had been placed in the center of the floor, covered with a fancy cloth and trimmed with Valentines. The centerpiece was a large fruit cake decorated with white frosting and anchors of blue icing. It had been made by a ship's baker, and was delicious. Other seamen had made all kinds of elaborate sandwiches, as well as cakes, coffee—and mints. The men even washed the dishes!

It was a splendid gesture on the part of the seamen and the hostesses were most appreciative, not only of the time and effort the men had expended to make it a real success but also of the underlying thought and the knowledge that their efforts do not go unnoticed.

*\*Editor's Note: This Valentine party occurred last year and was remembered by our volunteer hostess, Angela Geele. This year, the volunteers returned the compliment by giving the seamen a gala party on February 14th.*

### A WAY WITH THE WOMEN

The Irish steward who served twelve passengers on a freighter to Puerto Rico explained that it was his first time to sea in five years. "I had a quarrel with my wife." He went on to say, "I found a way to make her eat out of my hand. Just as soon as we start a little tiff and I see her gettin' the best of the argument all I have to do is start packing my duffel bag and say: 'Well, I guess I'll pack up and go back to sea.' Then that's the end of all arguments. She kisses me and begs me to stay home. It's a swell idea and I'm glad to pass it on to all who can use it." Nobody dared ask him how he came to be on shipboard!

## Landsmen's Interpretation of Seas and Ships



Reaction to art is an intensely personal thing. Seldom do two seamen (or two landsmen either!) agree.

The Exhibit of Marine Paintings by Members of the Village Art Center held at 25 South Street brought many comments—pro and con.

IN talking to seamen in the Janet Roper Room while they sipped their afternoon coffee it soon became apparent that many of them are interested in painting and have carried their interest to the degree of learning about the established masters, both as to style and history. Others confessed themselves to be artists—but modestly hastened to add only on an amateur scale. One young man, a short, dark, intense Canadian of Italian extraction said that he "just likes to draw." When invited to join our Artists and Writers Club, he said that his paintings "would look sick" alongside those of the Village Art Center artists. Nevertheless, he revealed that he is familiar with the medium of oil, watercolor and pencil and that he likes to paint when he is sailing along the coast or coming into a harbor—particularly in the West Indies.

James Chianelli, A.B. Seaman, said that he has an uncle and a cousin in

Naples, both of whom are professional sculptors.

Among the Village Art Center paintings he liked especially were Florence Daley's *Monhegan Fishing Boats* and Bertram Goodman's *East River*. He commented that it was nice to see some pictures that he could understand. He praised the seascape by Frederic Waugh at the entrance of the Janet Roper Room which hangs there permanently, and wagered that most seamen would think that the finest painting in the room.

Oscar Hansen does not paint but is very fond of pictures and has a number of originals on his walls at home. He collects mostly paintings of the sea but also has some still lifes. This observing art critic sailed Whalers near the South Pole for 15 years until 1939 when he started shipping on freighters. He didn't like the paintings of freighters because he saw them too much in his day-to-day life, he said, but he liked the painting of the New York docks by Bernard Bovasso, one of two seamen artists included in the Show.



Another seaman liked a painting by Herbert Scheffler of a group of small sailboats riding at anchor, but objected to the artist's use of a wavering line to depict the masts. He said it was all right to paint their reflections in the water that way, but that the masts themselves are supposed to be straight, not "wiggly."

One seaman critic found the exhibit difficult to judge because his favorites were Van Gogh and Rembrandt. He also praised Carl Larson, whom the Swedish call the "sun painter" because of the vibrant light and air in his paintings. He felt it was only fair to judge paintings when you understand them, and he didn't understand those on exhibit. Nevertheless he, and many other seamen, were glad to see pictures hung on the walls. They watch for each new Show when they are in port.

Another recent exhibit of paintings and drawings held in our Gallery was by employees of the Seamen's Church

Institute of New York. Judged by Board members, the prize winners were by James Shea, James Whitehouse and Egbert Bravo.

## A Good Deed

1,200 books, the unexpected result of a Boy Scout Troop's drive to collect one book for each of the 41 years of Scouting in America, were recently presented to the Conrad Library of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Troop 599 of Manhattan, sponsored by the Protestant Men's Association, West End Presbyterian Church, collected magazines dating back to the 1800's, family bibles, best sellers, medical and law books. One Scout turned in a complete set of 18 volumes of Kipling.

Dr. James Healey, a Chaplain of the Institute, received the books from the Scouts.

## NAUTICAL ART ON S.S. CONSTITUTION

(American Export Lines)

John H. Jacoby was commissioned to paint a mural for the Tattoo Rooms on the *Independence* and the *Constitution*. The colorful motif is based upon oldtime tattoo designs supplied by the Seaman's Church Institute of New York.

The firm of Polk Modelcraft Hobbies was commissioned to prepare a complete history of American sailing ships—both in the Naval and commercial fields—by the use of small models in bottles to be mounted on walls. The tiny ships, exquisitely detailed and about six inches in overall length, represent the story of sailing—from the early raft-like boat with bamboo sails through man's progress in harnessing winds for propulsion to the advent of Fulton's Steamboat. They are a feature of the Boat 'n' Bottle Bars aboard the new ships.

Anton Refregier (a former seaman) was commissioned to prepare murals showing scenes of ship-building activities in the 18th Century. These murals are in the Pioneer Restaurants aboard both vessels.



## IN THE FINEST TRADITION

The British freighter *Wendover* was about 190 miles west of Station "Charlie" when a seaman collapsed while on watch. His illness was diagnosed as peritonitis following an internal rupture. The master was able to raise the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Matagorda*, and both vessels altered course to meet about 9 P.M. in weather with a force 6-7 wind, a high-breaking sea and heavy swell.

The *Matagorda* lowered a boat with a doctor and hospitalman. The British master reported, when the boat was alongside, "It was up with the bulwark rail one time and then near the keel the next \* \* \* but did not incur damage due to skillful handling."

The doctor's examination confirmed the inexpert diagnosis and he prescribed treatment. He then returned to the *Matagorda*, leaving the hospitalman to carry on. The seaman, however died the following day and was buried at sea.

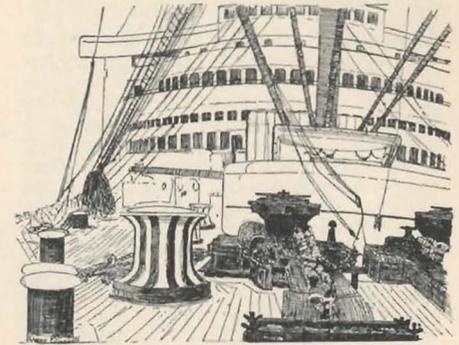
The master in a report to his owners said, "The whole operation was as fine a piece of seamanship as I have seen, and my highest respect goes to the doctor, hospitalman, and boat's crew who were prepared to risk their lives in such weather to save a man's life."

The *Wendover's* owner added, "As an old seaman myself, I would like to put on record that they were in accordance with the finest traditions of the Brotherhood of the Sea."

## LANDMARK GOES

One of South Street's most famous landmarks, Numbers 71 and 72, is to be abolished. The wreckers have already begun their work. This is the granite building erected after the Great Fire of 1835 by Nathaniel and George Griswold, shipping merchants. They owned the clipper *Challenge* (1851), the extreme clipper *Panama* (1853), *Eureka* (1859), as well as the packet ships *George Griswold*, *Helena*, etc. The solid stone "fortress" at the corner of South Street and De Peyster Alley stored the rum and sugar brought from the West Indies, the tea from China and spices from the Far East; also the flour shipped to New York from the West, and then loaded aboard packets and clippers. There was not a country store throughout America which did not handle packages of tea marked "Ship Panama," and the initials "N.L. and G.G." referred to the Griswold brothers. The firm was known as "No Loss and Great Gain" Griswold because of the profitable business. The site will now become a parking lot.

## Ship News



Tom Musser

## SEVEN MILLION DOLLAR CARGO SHIPS

Immediate construction of 25 Mariner class ships with over 20 knot speeds will begin in East and Gulf Coast shipyards. Designed to sail without convoy, or in special convoys of similar vessels, these vessels 10,500 (deadweight tons) will be able to outrun submerged submarines.

Vice-Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, maritime administrator, stated that the first 15 ships have been awarded, after competitive estimates, to the following shipyards: Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., \$7,775,000 a ship; Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., \$7,898,000; Bethlehem's Sparrows Point, \$7,938,000; Bethlehem's Quincy, \$8,296.00; Sun Shipbuilding, \$8,399,000.

This order is the first big cargo ship contract awarded to shipyards by the U. S. Government since completion of the Victory and Liberty ship programs during the war.

## IN CONTRAST! One Hundred Years Ago in the New York Tribune

ANOTHER CLIPPER FOR CHINA—The ship *Game Cock*, a crack clipper vessel, built to join in the great world-wide race, now being run by the *Oriental*, the *Sea-Witch*, the *Sea Serpent* and the *Stag-Hound*, has arrived here in 48 hours from Boston. She will shortly leave for Canton. She measures 1,392 tons; is 163 feet long on deck; has 36 feet breadth of beam; 18½ feet depth of hold; and 24 inches dead rise at half-floor.

January 27, 1951

WHALING AND OLD SALEM

By Frances Diane Robotti

Salem, Mass., Newcomb & Gauss Co., 1950

The great American whaling industry has usually been associated with such places as Nantucket, New London, New Bedford, Sag Harbor; it is something of a surprise to most people to learn that Hudson, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie, far up the Hudson River were also whaling towns. It may also interest the cottagers and fishermen around Long Island Sound that a hundred years ago whales often roamed far up into the Sound. Frances Diane Robotti has collected a great store of interesting material on whaling in general and on Salem whalers and Salem marine history in particular. The great book, "Bowditch," which every navigator knows, was originally written by Nat Bowditch of Salem; and it was Ichabod Paddock who went over from Salem to Cape Cod to teach Nantucketers how best to catch whales and to extract the oil from them. A Salem boy went to sea in his father's ship at fourteen; by the time he was twenty he was a captain and at forty he retired to the elegant home his efforts at sea had earned him. Miss Robotti's style is clear and concise. "While commanding the *Topaz* owned by Thomas H. Perkins of Boston in 1808, Capt. Folger searched the seas for new sealing grounds, and in this search happened upon Pitcairn Island where he found the single survivor of the famous mutiny on the *H.M.S. Bounty*, Capt. William Bligh." An entertaining and informing book.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

BATTLE SUBMERGED

By Rear Adm. Harley Cope, U.S.N. (ret.) and Capt. Walter Karig, U.S.N.R.

W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.75

The authors say in the last chapter, "In the Pacific our subs sank more Jap tonnage than all of the other services combined. That the submarines more than any other branch of the armed services were responsible for Japan's defeat is not a claim, it is the award of history." Their services were multifarious. They acted as spies and raiders by land and sea, as mine layers, lifeguards, evacuation ships and troop ships. They entered enemy harbors, bombarded shore defenses, fought other submarines. The story of their activities is vividly and stirringly told in this book, often with a rough, sturdy humor. How devoted to their mission these able, unassuming fighters were may be epitomized in the story of the *Sculpin* and her commander. When the *Sculpin* was about to sink, Lieut. Brown went below to tell Captain Cromwell it was time to abandon ship. But Captain Cromwell remained aboard fearing the Japs might extract by torture important information he had about the overall strategy in the Pacific.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

NEW YORK HOLIDAY

By Eleanor Early

Rinehart & Co., \$3.75

Light-hearted and informative, this pleasant guide to New York will make New Yorkers more aware of the wonderful sights around them, and will delight out-of-towners with its helpful hints on what to see and do. Miss Early has written eleven other successful guidebooks and she has a way of making historical stuff lively, and of telling anecdotes in an interesting fashion. The Chapter, "Tales from the Waterfront" relates many yarns of the days when South Street was the Street of Ships. The author kindly devotes several pages to describing the activities of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and points out the difference between the Institute and the Sailors' Snug Harbor, often confused with the Institute. The Harbor is for aged, decrepit and outworn sailors who have "swallowed the anchor." The Institute, on the other hand, is for active seafarers.

M. D. C.

WATERFRONT REPORTER

By Felix Riesenberger, Jr.

Rand, McNally Co., New York, 1950, \$2.50

Bill Everett, reported on the San Francisco *Globe*, got a hurry call from Chet Huntley to come in for a private briefing. Rushing through lower San Francisco his taxi was almost rammed by one of the *Globe's* delivery trucks driven by Sid Rail—a queer time for Sid to be out with his truck. And when Bill learned that he was to follow up a tip that the *Aurora*, trans-Pacific liner coming in through the April dawn, had a large shipment of opium aboard and also that the "Globe's" Washington office wanted private information about a mysterious Dr. Seltz of Lucerne, Switzerland, there started a chain of thrilling, rapidly moving incidents that take the reader through the mazes of waterfront of nearly the whole of the great Bay, into hide-outs of smugglers, fish shacks, juke joints, backwaters, sloughs, wherever Merkle, the brains of the big smuggling venture leads him. The places named in the story are real and the policemen, newspapermen, stewards, bumboatmen, heroin addicts, are authentic studies of real people. The story of how Bill and the "Globe" photographer, Freddie Lamp, broke the case and helped smash the great dope ring has the sound of genuine front page stuff. A refreshing feature of the book to at least some readers is that while Felix Riesenberger, a trained newspaperman, knows all the underworld lingo he tells his vivid story without taking his reader slumming through the English language. He has much of what the French have called "literary conscience." The story is lively, clean entertainment.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

HEAVEN

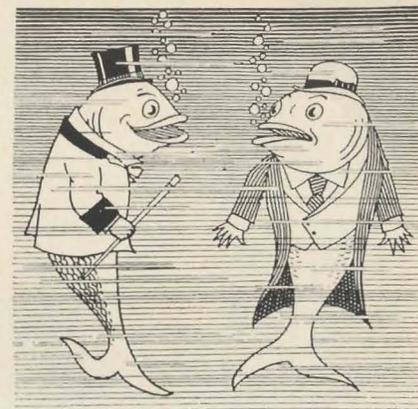
Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,  
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)  
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,  
Each secret fishy hope or fear.  
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;  
But is there anything Beyond?  
This life cannot be All, they swear,  
For how unpleasant, if it were!  
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good  
Shall come of Water and of Mud;  
And, sure, the reverent eye must see  
A Purpose in Liquidity.  
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,  
The future is not Wholly Dry.  
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—  
Not here the appointed End, not here!  
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time.  
Is wetter water, slimier slime!  
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One  
Who swam ere rivers were begun,  
Immense, of fishy form and mind,  
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;  
And under that Almighty Fin,  
The littlest fish may enter in.  
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,  
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,  
But more than mundane weeds are there,  
And mud, celestially fair;  
Fat caterpillars drift around,  
And Paradisal grubs are found;  
Unfading moths, immortal flies,  
And the worm that never dies.  
And in that Heaven of all their wish,  
There shall be no more land, say fish.

From: *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*  
Publisher, John Lane

SUPPLICATION OF A SAILING SHIP

By Eric Thompson

Let me not pass O Lord, my watch then done,  
A shattered hulk, with dull and rotting spars;  
Let me not lie, forgotten in the sun,  
Or dew-rimmed 'neath the nightly stars.  
But let me sail my billowed way again  
With phantom curves of canvas tautly set,  
Let me exhilarate in spray and rain,  
A proud stout ship, with lee-rail ever wet.  
Again I pray O Lord, Thy peace be mine,  
Till resting gently on Thy Heavenly slip,  
I make the Everlasting Port of Time,  
Still proudly free—a little sailing ship.

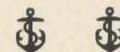


SHIP IN A BOTTLE

Here in a nightmare trance of sleep we see,  
Tossed by no billow and no wave, a schooner  
That seems a ship but cast in a filligree  
And crystal in this harbor where the lunar  
Tides do not reach her. Here she will forever,  
Aloof, immobile, without sign of motion,  
Be unassailed; no vagaries of weather  
Will make her turn upon this painted ocean.  
And peering in we see imprisoned here  
In miniature the essence of a dream  
Some craftsman spun of light and atmosphere,  
A stillborn ship whose mastheads seem to gleam,  
But her small decks are motionless, her spars  
Are drawn by no dark magnet of the stars.

HAROLD VINAL

*N. Y. Times*, Jan. 12, 1951



Woodcut by Freda Bone in "Bousprit Ashore."



Courtesy Maritime Exchange B

S.S. *Constitution* launched by American Export Lines.  
Scheduled to sail on her maiden voyage June 21, 1951.

#### MAIDEN VOYAGE COVER

A cacheted maiden voyage cover will be serviced for stamp collectors in connection with the maiden voyage of the American Export Lines' new 26,000 ton passenger ship *Constitution*.

The *S.S. Constitution* will sail from New York June 21st in the Lines' New York-Italy-France express service.

Orders for these covers should be sent to the American Export Cover Agency, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. on or before June 15th. The charge is fifty cents

per cover and should be sent in coin or postal money order (not stamps). *Please do not send self-addressed envelopes.*

Proceeds on the sale of these cacheted covers will be donated to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to be used to help maintain its health, welfare, religious, recreational and educational facilities for active merchant seamen of all race and creeds. Collectors interested in purchasing previously issued First Day Covers, should ask for the list.