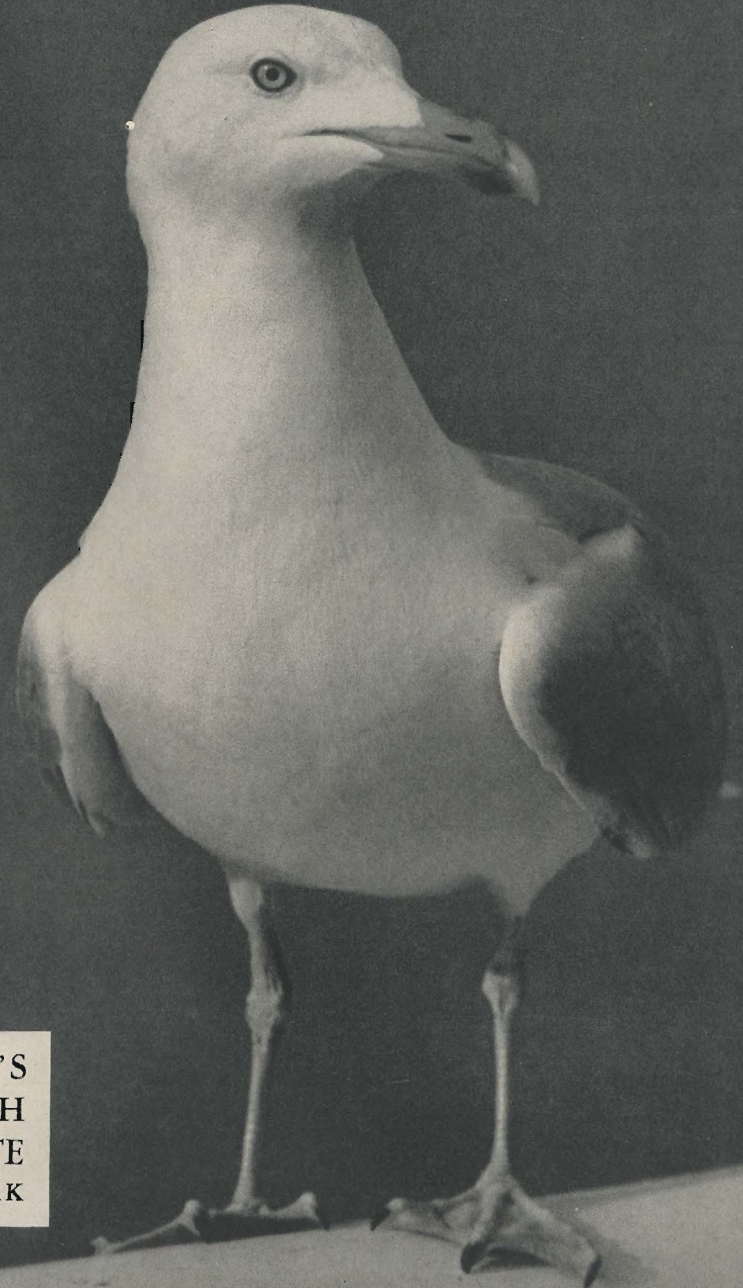


The LOOKOUT

JANUARY 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

VOL. XLVII, No. 1

JANUARY, 1956

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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Published Monthly \$1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

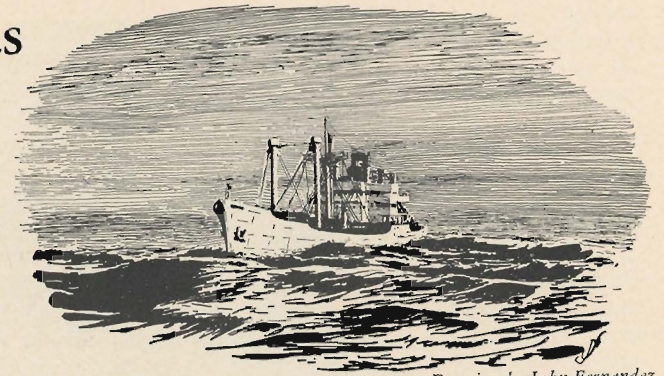
Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925 at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

THE COVER: Taking a first look at 1956, our lovely cover-gull poses for the camera of Gordon S. Smith.

Seafaring as a Career

By George M. Newton

First Prize, AW Club
Essay Contest, 1955



Drawing by John Fernandez

GREAT men with magic in their pens have written of the glamour of seafaring. They gave us delightful yarns of distant lands, running seas, and flying spume on the main. Enchanting writers have held us spellbound for long evenings at firesides as we lived with swinging gimbals and creaking ship timbers. Poets have beckoned to seafaring with all but irresistible charm. But these people who gave us such stirring tales and swashbuckling characters were majestic liars. They wrote fantasy. In the old days sailing just wasn't what it was cracked up to be. In fact, shanghaiing was once an occupational necessity, and the belaying pin applied generously in dark byways was a common solicitor of crews. Such, in reality, was the glamour-call of the sea.

I can forgive Stevenson and London their fantastic lies because one man was a tubercular and the other an alcoholic, and both had to make livings some way. They described certain hardships of seafaring but credited it with glamour it didn't possess except in isolated instances. Oldtimers knew that sailing wasn't glamorous; they knew it was a monotonous treadmill of starvation, filth, illness, and cruelty — a life for the misfit of the lowest order, a deep round hole for every square peg that came along. It was an occupation for wooden ships and iron-headed men.

But, as Heraclitus said long ago, things have a way of changing. The seaman is no longer a dog. He has evolved into a human commanding respect and indepen-

dence. He is well paid and can change jobs frequently. If he finds no glamour at sea he has enough in his poke to buy adventure ashore. He has free medical care, insurance, and enjoys numerous advantages not shared by shoreside brothers, such as privileges offered by seamen's institutes and dispensations of agencies and laws that exist strictly for the seagoing ilk. Promotions are plentiful; qualifying help for the unlicensed man is all but thrust upon him. Graduation from "Ordinary" to "Master" in a few years through painless stages imposes no undue tensions on cerebral alignments, and reluctance to advance brings no stigma.

Yes, seafaring is now an inviting career sought by intelligent people. But the unwary, stirred to the depths by these words and imbued with fierce desires to go sailing, should be gently cautioned. Sea hazards still exist. Crews do not always represent the most peaceful people. Hurricanes have disconcerting ways. Rough times can ride with ships. Duties are often demanding, and a seaman can not leave his ship for a holiday in mid-ocean — he is aboard ship twenty-four hours a day at sea.

It boils down to this: the man doing work he likes is fortunate and most seamen like their work. Most men who once start to sea go back again and again — without encouragement from belaying pins. My reasoning follows logically. It's a great life if you like it and your chances of liking it are excellent. When are you sailing, Mate?

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Cops and Pirates

NEW YORK'S

HARBOR POLICE:

N. Y. Police Department Photo

THE WORLD'S BUSIEST WATERFRONT IS THEIR BEAT

THE days of Captain Kidd may be over, but pirates still ply the waters of New York harbor. For proof, just ask any of the 186 members of New York City's Harbor Precinct. The sailor-cops are on the job 24 hours a day, seven days a week, patrolling 578 miles of waterfront to show latter-day pirates — whether they be petty thieves after small spoils, or big-time criminals after valuable ship cargoes — that crime does not pay, or so much as break even, on the waters of New York harbor.

The men of the Harbor Precinct have a jurisdiction extending from City Island to the low water mark of New Jersey, and from Sheepshead Bay to Riverdale. This includes roughly 1,000 piers, 100 yacht-

ing, boating and swimming clubs, the hundreds of ships and boats transiting the harbor at all times, and 27 islands within the greater islands of the city. The harbor cops are responsible for protecting a billion dollars worth of cargo that moves through the port, and for keeping a watchful eye on the millions of dollars worth of yachts and boats that blossom in New York's springtime. Add to this their task of protecting the roughly 20,000 inhabitants of the city's islands, plus the floating population — estimated at 1,000 living on houseboats, barges and stake boats — and you have some idea of their job. The world's biggest and busiest waterfront is their beat.

The oldest police precinct in New York City and in the country, the Harbor Precinct was originally set up to do battle with "river pirates" — murderous gangs of "wharf rats" who terrorized the waterfront in the 1850's. Famous among them were the "Hook Gang" headed by "Slobbery Jim" and "Bum Mahoney" and the "Daybreak Boys," under the command of "Patsey the Barber" and "Socco the Bracer." To these thugs, it was child's play to make a little night excursion to sailing ships anchored in the harbor, board them, steal what they could, and dump any crew members who protested into the drink. Or they pillaged boats tied up at docks and disposed of victims in the same way. Even small boatmen, peaceful Sunday excursionists, were subject to attack on the waters.

In 1858, the Marine Police, the forerunners of the Harbor Precinct, went into action with a tiny navy consisting of a lumbering sidewheeler, the *S.S. Seneca* and 12 small rowboats. Armed with dirks and cutlasses, they bore down on the river pirates for a year of blood on the waters. They hanged so many pirates on Ellis Island that it came to be known as "Gibbet Island." Within a year, the pirates were largely routed.

The Harbor Police go about their business today with more efficient equipment. Dirks and cutlasses have given way to submachine guns and high-powered rifles, to ward off modern river pirates: criminals magnetically attracted to precious cargoes in lighterage; or perhaps "junkies," who legitimately buy rope from ships in the harbor but who have a reputation for lighthandedness around piers and loading platforms; or those with an eye on the fancy outboard motors, yachts and boats that lie at anchorage by the hundreds in the waters surrounding the city in the warm months. The water-thrashing *Seneca* has been replaced by a navy of 11 motor launches, ranging in size from 22 to 65 feet, small sturdy craft that can breast the waves of the Atlantic or nose their bows into the dark recesses of deserted piers. Each boat is constructed to meet specific police requirements. The *Robert Steinberg* is the ice-breaker of the fleet; the *Daggett*, on

patrol at Idlewild Airport, is a flat-bottomed boat with a hollow keel, designed to plow its way through marshes; the *Slattery*, on duty at La Guardia Airport, is a hospital boat which has already ministered medical aid in 20 plane crashes. The regulation equipment on every police launch reflects the main concern of the squad — to protect life and property, more than to chase criminals. Each boat carries life-guns, heavy grappling irons for raising sunken bodies or sunken property, power pumps for bailing out sinking vessels, rubber exposure suits, first-aid equipment, and a ship-to-shore telephone. Thus armed, the harbor cops can cope with almost any emergency on the waterfront, and they usually get a chance to do just that.

One of the more frequent assignments for the harbor cops is picking up a "floater." This term doesn't refer to a bum or a ne'er-do-well, but to a body, usually bloated and ballooned to unrecognizable proportions — a victim of homicide, accident or suicide. Suicides, also known as "jumpers," are the biggest problem. "I'd swear there's a correlation between the full moon and the number of people who decide to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge or the Staten Island Ferry," remarked one of the harbor men. "When we hear that a jumper is contemplating that long, last leap, we rush to the scene. The Emergency Service Division, of which we're a part, tries to stop the person from going over. If they're too late, then all we can do is search for the body." Would-be jumpers are just as much work for the harbor cops as those who actually take the plunge. "We once spent 5 days looking for the body of a girl," said one of the men. "She had told her mother she was going to jump off the George Washington Bridge if she couldn't marry the man she loved. Well, she left her pocketbook and her glasses right on the bridge — and disappeared. A week later she called her ma and confessed that she had gone out of town and married the guy. She hadn't jumped into the river at all."

Another common assignment for the marine cops is to afford convey for precious freight cargoes in lighterage on barges or car floats. Or they may be asked

to grapple for an automobile that has crashed over an embankment, or to retrieve bodies that went down in an airplane crash. In the course of duty the Harbor Precinct cooperates continually with federal, state and city departments in such matters as preventing the smuggling of aliens or narcotics, protection of gold shipments, prevention of violation of Navigation Laws, assisting in the enforcement of quarantine laws, reporting sunken derelicts and other obstructions to navigation, assisting at fires on vessels, and regulating traffic at special events, to mention only a few of their chores.

A typical tour of duty on a police launch may involve nothing more than making a peaceful patrol of the waterways to see that all is well, waving greetings to the folks on the stake boats, making routine inspections and calling it a day. But more often than not, a patrol is marked by incident. A few weeks ago, the Harbor Police rushed to Bedloe's Island to take the caretaker's wife to the hospital, just in time to deliver her baby.

Police grappling hooks bring many things to the surface in a year's time. Here, it's a safe.

N. Y. Police Department Photo

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One harbor sergeant tells the story of how he was once ordered to retrieve a stray anchor that was fished up by the anchor of a large merchant vessel. In his small police launch he reported to the ship. "I've come to pick up the extra anchor," he told the captain. "Fine," came the reply, "but it weighs twelve tons." Undaunted, the sergeant called a towing and wrecking company, and continued on his patrol.

Another harbor policeman recalls with relish the time he took a wealthy Italian count off one of the big transatlantic superliners leaving the Harbor. "This guy had just had a big fight with his society girl friend and had gotten into trouble with the law. He thought he'd cool off in Italy, but we didn't think that was such a good idea."

The harbor cops themselves are men with the proverbial salt water in their veins, men who have been around boats since they were children, spend their working days on the police boats and for holidays go fishing — or boating. Most of them are "clamdiggers," police slang for men who come from City Island or Long Island, or the other shore regions of New York. Some of the marine cops worked on tugs or other small boats before joining the Police Force. A few hold merchant marine ratings.

"There's no glamour to our jobs," one of the cops remarked, "not when you have to deal with grease and human bodies. It's hard physical work — climbing up docks, greasing, painting, polishing brass, and at the same time, being a policeman, always responsive to emergencies." But the men love it, and wouldn't trade it for anything else. As proof, many stay in the Harbor Precinct for the maximum 35 years. Father and son teams and brother combinations are not unusual. When the time does come to retire from the Harbor Precinct, they joke that "Old harbor cops never die, they just dry up and float away." And those seagulls on the water? They're not gulls at all, merely the spirits of reincarnated harbor cops, still patrolling their old beats.

— FAYE HAMMEL

At the Institute's auditorium the State Department's Voice of America microphone picks up the escape stories of Polish seafarers who will man the *Wolna Polska*.



Freedom Sailors

DURING the first week of 1956 the Seamen's Church Institute was host to 17 Polish seafarers who had fled their homeland and arrived in this country to join twenty other escapees in operating a Liberty ship named *Wolna Polska* (Free Poland) under the leadership of Captain Jan R. Cwiklinski, who gained notoriety by jumping ship and escaping to the West while master of the liner *Batory* in 1953.

Although their ship flies the flag of Liberia, the men will form the nucleus of an attempt to establish a free Polish merchant marine. The *Wolna Polska* will be operated by the Pulaski Transportation Line, Inc., a firm established by Polish-American business men. Flying a company flag resembling the pre-war Polish maritime flag, the vessel will sail as a tramp steamer without scheduled ports of call. Upon the arrival in America of this last complement of his crew, Captain Cwiklinski told the press that those chosen to sail the *Wolna Polska* were men who had made a "special effort to escape the Iron Curtain."

Some of these efforts to escape were recounted by the men for the benefit of the State Department's Voice of America, which visited the Institute during their stay here to make recordings to be broad-

cast in Polish behind the Iron Curtain. One young seaman, Stanislov Mazur, told how he had escaped while serving as a cadet aboard a merchant marine training ship anchored at Gibraltar by jumping overboard and swimming 400 yards in the darkness before his hand clutched the anchor chain of a British ship across the bay.

Andrew Guzowski, radio commentator for the Polish Service of the Voice of America, revealed that the Communists go to great lengths in attempting to block the broadcasting of such escape stories, which are used as part of the West's campaign to get the truth behind the Iron Curtain. He indicated that "jamming" efforts by the Reds were never completely successful because of the fact that it takes approximately ten transmitters to block out the signal from one Voice of America transmitter. The jamming procedure is further complicated by the fact that the broadcasts are sent out in different wave lengths, seven short-wave, one long wave and one medium. Also the frequencies are varied. But the chief leak in the Iron Curtain seems to result from the fact that the Communist monitors always let one broadcast come through in order to be able to listen to it themselves for tactical purposes.

The World of Ships

FOR BRAVERY

A former merchant marine skipper who is now a Benedictine monk has been decorated for bravery by the Korean Ambassador to the United States. Leonard P. La Rue, who was a sea captain with Moore McCormack Lines, received the honor for rescuing 14,000 Koreans from the burning city of Hungnam five years ago. His ship, the *Meredith Victory*, was built to accommodate twelve passengers.

"Prior to the time when we entered the harbor, we had no idea of the cargo we would carry," La Rue said. "It was like a scene of Dante's *Inferno*. The once fine city of Hungnam was a mass of devastation and wreckage. It was gasping its death throes . . . Five unshaven, disheveled Army colonels came aboard. 'Captain, we need your assistance,' one said. 'Zero hour is fast approaching. Thousands of men, women and children are here. We have to get them out. Will you help us?' . . . We were credited with taking 14,000 in a single lift."

NEW YORK: A BIG CITY, BUT . . .

Among the multitudes in New York at Christmas time last month were 165 Brazilian Navy cadets who arrived in this ice-strewn port aboard their training ship, *Duque de Caxias*. With their ears muffled and their necks drawn into the warmth of their collars, they were squired about town by the U. S. Navy to see all the great sights.

In the course of their visit, they stopped in at the Sperry School atop the Seamen's Church Institute to see Gotham converted to blips on the radar screen. Sperry radar

instructor Frank Burns asked English-speaking Fernando Mirando how he and his fellow cadets would compare New York and Rio de Janeiro, from whence most of them had come. Mirando relayed the question to his shipmates and the air filled with Portuguese and gesturing hands. After a moment Mirando turned back to Burns: "They say New York is a big city, but Rio is warmer."

However, once relieved of their strong feelings about New York's frigid air, they warmed up about Radio City, the U.N., the Empire State Building, et al.

With the completion of their year of sea duty that tops a five-year training program, the cadets this month will receive their commissions and assignments to cruisers and destroyers in the Brazilian Navy — a navy which has no aircraft carriers or battleships.

DOWN IN PANAMA

Twelve leading American steamship companies are up in arms about the high cost of using the Panama Canal. They have filed suit against the Government corporation, Panama Canal Company, to reduce tolls and to recover \$27,000,000 in toll collections which, they claim, has been charged excessively since 1951.

The companies base their claim on a recent audit report issued by the Government's own General Accounting Office. It shows that the Panama Canal Company has been issuing financial statements in which the accounts of its Canal operations and its separate business enterprises serving the Canal Zone — railroads, steamship lines, commissaries, laundries, hotels, etc. — have been intermingled, although

this is specifically forbidden by mandate of Congress. As a result, shipowners have paid an excess of \$27 million in tolls over and above all costs chargeable by law to Canal operations, to offset the \$15 million loss to the business empire.

The Panama Canal Company, which took over operation of the Canal in 1951, is dominated by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. An editorial in *Marine News* for November, 1955, suggests that on a long-range basis, the only equitable solution of the problem of operating the Canal would be a transfer to the Department of Commerce, which should be able to run it as an essentially commercial enterprise, with an appreciation of the importance of lower tolls to international trade. The editorial also points out that while spokesmen for the Panama Company defend themselves by saying it would cost a ship which pays \$7,000 for a Panama transit, \$50,000 to go around Cape Horn, this is not the choice at all. The "choice is between Panama and extinction," says *Marine News*.

— A DAY'S WORK

A jet fighter pilot forced to parachute into the ocean when his plane ran out of fuel was rescued during December, about 13 miles off the Florida coast, by the crew of the tanker *Michigan Sun*. The Sun Oil Company ship, making her way from Beaumont, Texas to New York with a cargo of heating oil, picked up the man, and notified the Coast Guard. They in turn alerted the Air Force at Palm Beach where a crash boat is stationed. The pilot, unhurt, was taken back to Palm Beach and the *Michigan Sun* proceeded on her way to New York.

PARTNERS

The farmer and the sailor are close partners in one of America's biggest businesses — foreign trade. According to recent statistics issued by the Committee of American Steamship Lines, one acre in every ten on American farms is growing crops which will cross the sea. One dollar in every eight of the farmer's income comes from overseas sales.

The farmer's welfare, prosperity, price structure, extent of government aid and size of surplus commodity stockpiles are all tied closely with the fate of American shipping, says the Committee.

ROUGHING IT

Two cargo ships with ultra-luxurious accommodations for passengers are now wending their way around the world, creating a mild furor of ship-building interest in every port they visit.

They are the *President Jackson* and the *President Hayes*, both converted Mariner-type ships of the American President Line. The largest (21,000 tons displacement and 563 feet long) and fastest (21 knots) cargo liners ever constructed in this country, they feature unusual comforts for twelve passengers each. Among the innovations are self-service passenger elevators, never before built on a freighter, and sky decks, boasting forty-one solarium-like floor-to-ceiling windows, each more than seven feet high and five feet wide.

The world-circling cruises of these liners last 105 days, with forty days spent in port, on the west coast of the United States, in Japan, Malaya and India. The price tag, per passenger, is \$2,700.

How Deep is the Ocean?

... THEME SONG OF THE NAVY HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE

POETS have long eulogized the never-changing sea, but the people at the Navy Hydrographic Office will tell you that this is merely another case of things not always being as poets say they are. The sea does change; deeps and shallows appear, islands sink and rise again, shorelines alter their shape, and icebergs appear. Keeping mariners informed of these events which crucially affect their shipping courses is one of the chief functions of the Navy Hydrographic Office, or Hydro, which officially celebrated 125 years of service to seafarers last month.

From a three-man operation known as the Depot of Charts and Instruments, set up in 1830, the U. S. Navy Hydrographic Office has come to lead the world in knowledge of the sea. Twenty-five naval officers and a staff of over 1400 civilian specialists in hydrographic engineering, cartography, navigational science, oceanography, statistics and lithography are constantly at work preparing the 6,000 charts and publications issued by Hydro every year. Sixteen million copies of such charts and publications are already in its distribution system, making it the largest repository and distributor of navigational information in existence. Its staff members serve as advisors for the United Nations, NATO and the Inter-American Defense Board. Hydro has served as a model for countless similar installations in other countries, and naval officers outside the United States regularly come here to study its operation. Although the United States is one of the youngest of the maritime nations, it leads the world in hydrographic work.

The infant organization got its big impetus in 1838, when Lt. Charles Wilkes set out for the first major overseas scientific expedition ever authorized by Congress. His four-year survey, ranging from

the eastern Atlantic to the coasts of both of the Americas and deep into the western and southwestern areas of the Pacific, was a scientific feat almost unprecedented in his time; even today, with modern hydrographic equipment, it would be a tremendous undertaking. Out of it came 87 engravings, which have since served as the basis of charts issued by all maritime nations. Subsequent expeditions in 1848, 1850, 1853, and Perry's expedition to Japan in 1852 provided a wealth of supplementary information.

The Depot's greatest period of growth came about when Matthew Fontaine Maury took charge in 1842. His achievements were little short of phenomenal. His famous "Pilot Charts" cut down the average passage of the clipper ships from New York to California by 50 days; American shipowners were able to save \$2,000,000 a year. Under his direction, the Depot produced trade wind charts, thermal charts, and storm and rain charts. His book, *The Physical Geography of the Sea*, published in 1855, has become the bible of the science of oceanography. Maury advocated the linking of the continents by telegraph cable and marked the path for the first Atlantic cable. His notion of making systematic weather observations on land and sea, and for daily weather reports to farmers, paved the way for the U. S. Weather Bureau.

The Civil War, and with it Maury's return to his native Virginia, put an end to his achievements for the Navy. The Depot itself settled into a quiet slump until 1866 when Congress defined its mission and changed its name to the Hydrographic Office. Henceforth its function would be to provide "accurate and cheap nautical charts, sailing directions, navigators and manuals of instruction for the use of all

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U.S. Navy Photo

The U. S. brig Porpoise was Hydro's first survey ship.

vessels of the United States and for the benefit and use of navigators generally."

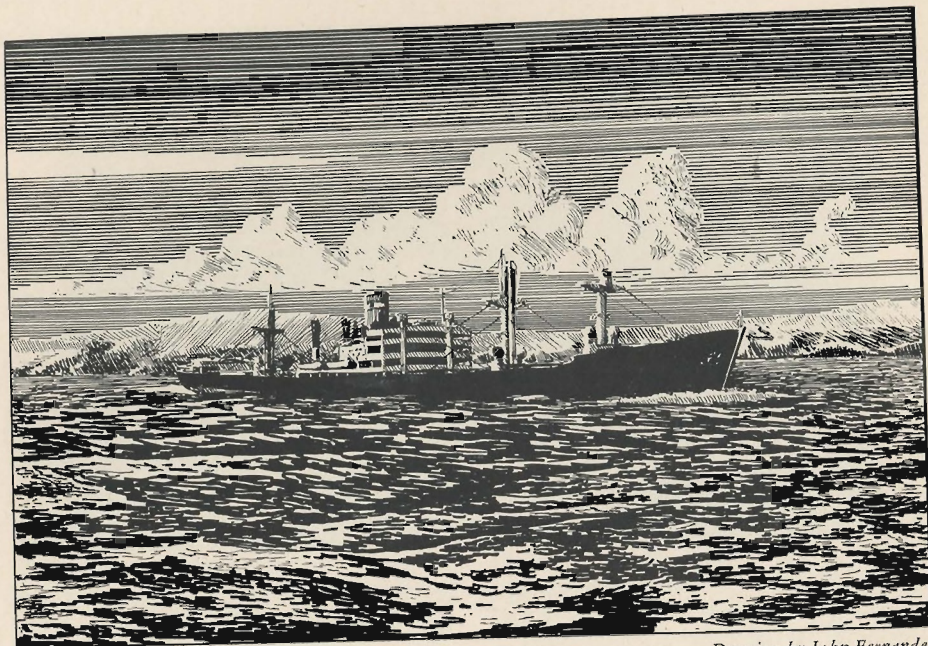
Hydro's functions are still the same today. Through the century and a quarter it has been operating, its publications have reflected the advances in scientific navigation, many of them pioneered by Hydro itself. In the first part of this century, its main problem was providing the best tables for computing celestial observations and the most rapid means of drawing the related position line. As naval aviation grew, Hydro devised charts for air navigation. The invention of Loran, the revolutionary electronic aid to navigation, necessitated the revision and publication of countless Hydro charts.

To prepare its material, Hydro works with a survey fleet of six ships, all of which have been converted from attack cargo and fleet mine sweeper types. The *USS Maury* and the *USS Tanner* are the largest and best equipped hydrographic survey ships in the world. They are fitted with the most modern navigational and surveying instruments, including special electronic systems for precise positioning during sounding operations. They each carry four large sounding boats, equipped with echo sounders and radio, six landing

craft, and amphibious and regular trucks. Two helicopters are assigned to each ship for use in reconnaissance, aerial photography and transportation. In addition, each vessel can compile and print charts as soon as survey operations are completed.

The Hydro fleet also boasts two purely oceanographic ships, the *USS San Pablo* and the *USS Reboboth*. These vessels have been anchored in 2,000 fathoms of water. They have also taken successful underwater photography at 3,400 fathoms. They are playing an important part in man's constant struggle to unlock the vast food and mineral resources of the ocean.

Merchant mariners know Hydro well. Several times daily they are apprised of urgent information by Hydro, through its radio warning systems in the Atlantic and Pacific. They read Hydro's weekly "Notice to Mariners" which furnishes material keeping the charts and publications of the office up to date. They have been relying upon Hydro for 125 years as their most accurate source of information essential to safe navigation. Seafarers can well repeat the inscription on Matthew Maury's monument — *Every mariner for countless ages as he takes his chart to shape his course across the sea will think of thee.*



Drawing by John Fernandez

50-50, or Fight

THE American Merchant Marine Institute has opened the new year with a blistering charge that "a foreign conspiracy is working to hamstring America's merchant marine, the fourth arm of our national defense and first arm of our commerce."

Francis T. Greene, president of the shipping group, charged that the governments and shipping associations of England and the Scandinavian countries in particular were attacking important American shipping legislation and sowing "cleverly contrived seeds of discord" in agricultural areas of the United States in an effort to destroy the "natural alliance between the American farmer and the American merchant marine."

The shipping leader also charged that American newsmen abroad were being "button-holed and filled with distortions and prejudgments on shipping matters." He said that these writers, "away from home and unable to check the facts" have

occasionally cabled such stories home.

The AMMI president observed that ships sailing under foreign flags were already carrying 80% of our commercial cargoes and almost 50% of our foreign aid and other cargoes paid for or financed by the American government. "Their owners," he commented, "apparently want not only all of our commercial trade, but also all of our Government-generated cargoes."

Mr. Green cited the 50/50 provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 as being "typical of the generosity of Americans in being able to give as well as to ask an even break. This law," he said, "provides that our aid cargoes and other Government-financed cargoes may be shared with foreign-flag ships on an approximately 50/50 basis. No such sharing is permitted by foreign governments in the case of their own government-owned or financed shipments. Nevertheless, foreign governments, not satisfied with the

80% of our commercial cargoes and 50% of our aid cargoes, are now demanding and getting others to demand that our 50/50 law be emasculated so that they can drive American ships and American seamen off the oceans."

On behalf of the 60 steamship lines represented by his organization, Greene expressed confidence that "the American people and their representatives in Congress will realize the selfish nature of these foreign efforts to monopolize all of America's commerce so that we will then be completely dependent upon foreign-flag shipping and completely subject to ocean shipping rates dictated by foreign competition."

Noting that the privately owned merchant marine had declined more slowly during 1955 than during the previous year, but still enough to bring it below the 1939 level of 1000 ships, Greene pointed hopefully to the fact that during 1955 the merchant marine had taken its

most "concrete and ambitious steps since the war to ensure its future vitality and efficiency — steps tending especially to replacing and upgrading present fleets and to reinstating the coastwise and intercoastal trades. New shipbuilding programs," he said, "one involving over \$300,000,000, were announced by several major American lines. A rash of orders and plans for trailer-type coastal ships were announced during the latter part of the year. The high speed Mariner-type freighters continued to prove more popular with private lines than would have been hoped by the most optimistic a year earlier, with ten bought from the Government during the past 12 months."

"The outlook is not dark if the fair philosophy of the 50/50 Law is maintained," Mr. Greene concluded. "We are confident that it will be, particularly in light of the general reawakening of public interest in the necessity for a strong, efficient American merchant marine."

Something Personal

In many warm greetings received last month from seamen all over the globe, we at the Institute find inspiration for the New Year and the years beyond. We would like to be able to share all of these greetings with our many friends who have helped earn them.

To All at the S.C.I.:

This Christmas I will address my card to all because so many of the old original gang are missing.

Somehow, at Christmas time my thoughts always drift back to my youth — back when I first started to sea. And because I never had a home, I sort of adopted the S.C.I. It offered me security and altho many hundreds of other seamen made use of its facilities, there always seemed to be something personal and homelike about the place; that those in charge were sincerely concerned about my comfort and welfare, and a sort of fraternal bond did seem to exist among us all.

During the Depression years the S.C.I. was a refuge, offering us food, facilities to keep ourselves clean, movies, sports and other amusements, to lessen the boredom

of long winter days and nights. The Conrad Library was a luxury — a haven for those who enjoyed good books. And the Chapel a place to go for quiet meditation and prayer when we were weary.

I always remember particularly, Dr. Mansfield and Mrs. Roper, among the many who have served the S.C.I., because of their sincere devotion to their work — the dedication of their lives to improve the seamen's lot by offering us a choice of environment, a home, wholesome entertainment and for their never ceasing in their belief that we were worth the effort.

Fair winds and smooth sailing throughout the New Year for all.

DONALD W. JOHNSON
San Francisco, Calif.
Dec. 1955

Book Watch



THE reading public's fascination with details of World War II at sea continues unabated, if the appearance of four new books on the subject is any indication. Wolfgang Frank, the public relations officer for Admiral Dönitz, tells the story of German U-boats during two world wars in *The Sea Wolves*, Rinehart, \$5.00. *Defeat At Sea*, by C. D. Bekker, Holt, \$3.95, is another book from the German side, giving an account of the struggle and destruction of the German Navy in World War II. *The Secret Raiders*, Norton, \$3.75, written by an American, David Woodward, gives the facts on the German merchant raiders of World War II, the disguised marauders whose toll of Allied shipping was greater than that of all the German battleships and the mines laid by the German Navy and air-force combined. Turning to another theatre of war in *Hellcats of the Sea*, Greenberg, \$5.00, Admiral Charles A. Lockwood and Hans Christian Adamson tell the amazing story of how American submarines broke through the deadly mine fields of the Sea of Japan in 1945 to deal the deathblow to Japanese shipping.

For the aficionados of the around-the-world in a small boat school, three new books of interest are on the market. Especially exciting is *The Gods Were Kind*, by William Willis, Dutton, \$4.00. On October 15, 1954, Willis, a former merchant seaman, completed an epic 6,700-mile voyage across the Pacific, drifting alone on a small balsam raft from Callao, Peru to Pago Pago, Samoa. The Adven-

turers Club hailed his "epic drift" as the greatest solo journey since Lindberg's ocean flight. *Yankee's People and Places*, by Irving and Electa Johnson and Lydia Edes, Norton, \$5.00, recounts the activities of a group of young people who went around the world on Captain Johnson's famous schooner, *Yankee*, and of the strange lands and friendly people they visited. *Heaven, Hell and Salt Water*, by Bill and Phyllis Crowe, John De Graff, Inc., \$3.75, is another round-the-world odyssey, this time completed by two young Californians in the 39-foot schooner, *Lang Syne*. Good reading fare for those who put to sea in boats and those who stay at home and think about it.

A book of special fascination for marine readers will be *A Night To Remember*, by Walter Lord, Holt, \$3.50. Walter Lord has devoted more than 20 years of intensive research to the *Titanic* disaster. He has tracked down, interviewed and corresponded with scores of survivors, rescuers, relatives of victims, steamship officials and others connected with the tragedy. The result is a masterful "you-are-there" report of the fateful night when the "unsinkable" *Titanic* went down.

Budd Schulberg, who wrote the screen play for "On The Waterfront," has now written a suspenseful novel on the same theme. *Waterfront*, Random House, \$3.95, again probes the crime and corruption on the New York docks against a background of sharply drawn and compelling characters.

PROMISE

So much of life is not our own — yet who's to know
 Whether some near next heart hold not a dream to match his own?
 There is nothing real which will not permit also of an ideal
 All these other trifling considerations quite apart
 Do we ever even write just what we meant to write
 Does not our meaning, by a word, fall always somehow short
 But we would have written you up to another height
 Had you not spoiled our effort forever with a cruel quote
 There could be an harmony powerful as ocean's seas
 Subsiding to such tender-glory as only real seamen show
 When they feel they are answered in some sort, nor blow
 With windy phantoms up the aisles of crooked, lonely trees
 Seeking the futile figure. What figure, then?
 The one that, sanctified, sits supreme in every stricken eye.
 So much of life is not our own — yet we go on
 Strangely trying to make of it something

Magnificent,
 Sea-orchestral,
 Love-strong.

— Forrest Anderson
 Third Prize, AW Club
 Poetry Contest, 1955

