

Keep December 1, 1955 open for

DELILAH

Seamen's Church Institute Fall Theatre Benefit

starring

CAROL CHANNING

Bibi Osterwald

Danny Scholl

Production staged and choreographed by Robert Alton

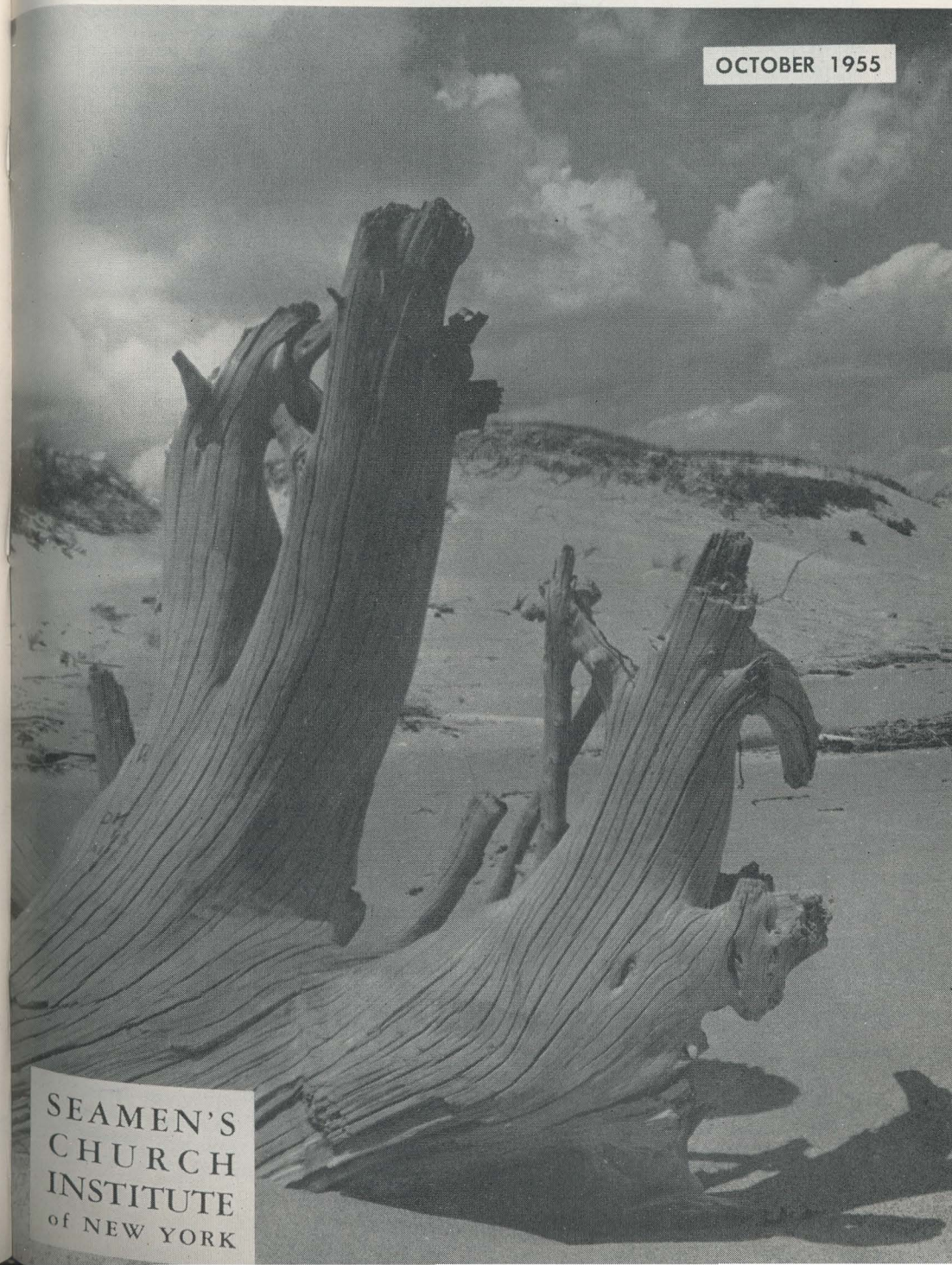
Winter Garden, 50th St. & Broadway

Thursday evening, December 1, 1955

*Watch the November issue for information
on ticket reservations*

The LOOKOUT

OCTOBER 1955



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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OCTOBER, 1955

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: Fall, a seasonal reminder that all things are harvested by the primordial sea. Photo by A. W. Spofford.

Captain C. E. Umstead gives a few final instructions on chart work to Brother Joseph J. Bocain prior to his graduation from the Institute's Marine School.



Skipper for the Cloth

IF you had grown up on New York's East Side and had virtually never been in a boat before, do you think that with less than a month's preparation you could handle a 50-foot schooner in the vastness of the Pacific?

This was the task facing Brother Joseph J. Bocain as he graduated September 30th from the Institute's Marine School. A member of the Catholic Jesuit order, Brother Joseph used a scholarship at the Marine School during September to learn the kind of seamanship he will need in sailing a native-manned schooner among the Marshall Islands, with occasional long runs to Truk, in the Caroline group.

It did not develop until late August that operating the schooner would be one of his duties as assistant to the Jesuit priest now handling the order's missionary work in the widely scattered islands.

Captain C. E. Umstead, principal at the Marine School, described the aspiring skipper as a "sensational pupil" in having mastered nautical theory up to and including celestial navigation in so short a time. "In my ten years here," said Captain Umstead, "I've never had a man who could approach him. Coming in absolutely green,

he has finished in four weeks flat a course that is tough for a man with elementary nautical background to cover in two months."

The background of the 33-year-old New Yorker does include a hitch in the Navy during World War II, but since he was a yeoman-storekeeper at a Navy ammunition depot, the only thing nautical about his service was the transportation to Australia and back. After the war, he studied accounting in night school at St. John's University, Brooklyn, and worked days in a C.P.A.'s office. He entered the Jesuit order in 1950.

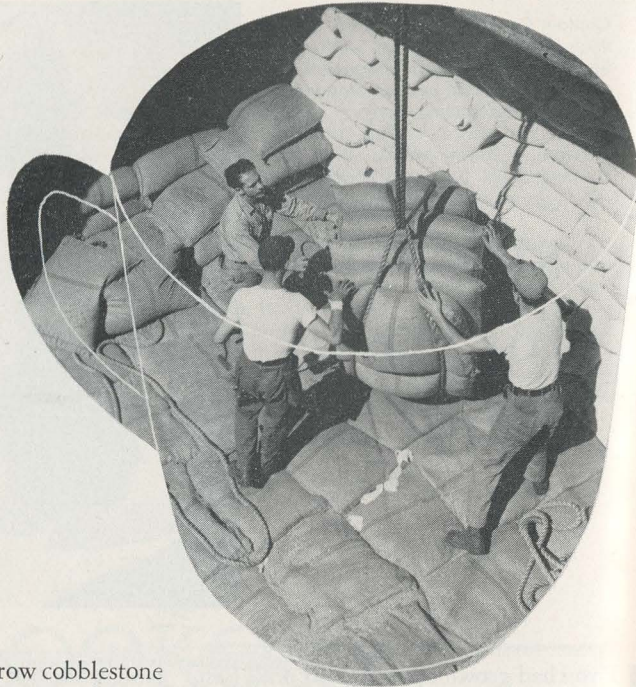
Explaining that he was not fulfilling any personal ambition to become a sailor or an adventurer in the South Seas, Brother Joseph said at his graduation, "In the life of a Jesuit brother, the emphasis is on the how and why something is done and not on what you do. The goal is a spiritual life, the sanctification of one's own soul and aiding in the salvation of others."

Fellow students at the Marine School wished him pleasant and safe voyages as he left to accept his lifetime assignment in the Marshall Islands, where he will take up his duties this month.

COFFEE:

The Big Brew

115 BILLION
CUPS A YEAR



Moore-McCormack Photo

HUDDLED into two narrow cobblestone blocks of lower Manhattan just behind the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, is one of America's most surprising main streets. Here on Front Street, in an unimposing group of aging buildings is the trading, testing, processing and packaging center for much of America's most valuable import — coffee.

In a typical day on Front Street, everything happens at once. At the large coffee importing concerns the ticker tapes and international cable machines are busy relaying from all the coffee-producing countries of the world the latest information on prices, the latest offers to sell. These offers are then distributed nationwide to brokers. On Front Street, the broker may be negotiating the roaster's purchase of green coffee beans from an importer or from another roaster. He is probably dealing in "spot coffee" which is already in New York, either on the docks or in the warehouse. Coffee is also bought on the "futures market" at Front Street's New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, where traders purchase contracts for the future delivery of coffee that is still on the trees in the producing countries.

Meanwhile, at the large coffee roasting plants on Front Street, green beans are given the full treatment. They are blended, roasted, ground, perhaps made into instant coffee and distributed to grocers and restaurants. Smaller merchants have their beans roasted at a large plant, do their own grinding, and sell to a few selected customers. Trucks arrive spasmodically from the piers and warehouses, dumping huge bags of green coffee beans into the basement storage bins. When the wind is up, Front Street is heady with the aroma of roasting beans. And everywhere on the street, tasters and blenders are endlessly sampling, tasting and testing in search of "the perfect cup of coffee."

Although the perfect cup of coffee, like the great American novel, may never be produced, the people on Front Street and the rest of the industry are doing a good enough job, if statistics prove anything. Americans are more coffee conscious than ever in history. In 1953, for example, they drank approximately 115 billion cups

of coffee and imported over 20 million bags (each weighing 132.38 lbs.). The coffee break has become a definite part of the working day, as much an element of the American scene as tea-time in England. On a dollar basis, coffee is America's most valuable import, even exceeding petroleum. Accounting for 14% of the dollar value of our yearly imports, coffee's importance to merchant shipping is enormous.

It has been, ever since American ships first started putting out to sea. Salem men were the first American seamen to go to Arabia in search of the fragrant bean. When the *Recovery* opened the so-called Mocha trade with Arabia in 1798, she received the kind of welcome Columbus probably got in the new world, so unusual was the advent of a ship in those parts. By 1805, Salem was importing two million pounds of coffee from Arabia. Undaunted by the occasional killing and eating of their shipmates by Fiji cannibals, the Salem crews, once they found their way to the Pacific, kept coming back for more and more of the precious cargo.

American ships were leaving New York for Java, Sumatra and the other Dutch spice islands for coffee at about the same time. Gradually, though, American ships sought sources of supply closer at hand, and found them in Martinique, Haiti, Puerto Rico and Jamaica. Eventually Brazil took over as the world's leading producer of coffee, a role she maintains to this day. The first cargo of Brazilian coffee reached the United States on a ship arriving at Salem in 1809.

By the 1830's, coffee was being carried in the clippers, along with tea and spices from the East, along with sugar and molasses from the Caribbean and South America. Today, coffee cargoes come largely from Brazil and the Central and South American countries, although the trade with Africa is once again starting up.

Americans are relative newcomers, however, to the joys of coffee; its history goes back, at least to the time of Mohammed. Legend has it that an Arabian shepherd named Kaldi noticed that his goats became strangely excited from nibbling the red berries of an unknown tree. Kaldi and a

holy man from a nearby monastery sampled the berries and found their own spirits picking up. Later that night the holy man received a vision from Mohammed. The magic berries, spake the prophet, boiled in water, would promote wakefulness; wakefulness promoted prayer, and that was better than sleep. The holy man followed Mohammed's recipe and in a short time his monastery became famous throughout Arabia for the vigorous praying of the coffee-drinking brethren.

Be that as it may, there is definite evidence that *Qabwab* or *Bunchum* as coffee was also called, was used in Arabia and Persia while Europe was still in the Dark Ages. At first only monks preparing for prayer were allowed to imbibe, but public demand from the residents of Mecca became so great that the first coffee houses, called *Kaveh Kanes*, were opened. When the Turks conquered the Mohammedans of North Africa and Arabia, coffee became their national beverage, with upper-class citizens consuming about 20 cups per day. Failure to provide a Turkish wife with coffee was in itself grounds for divorce, and in the marriage ceremony, the groom had to promise his bride that he would bring home the beans.

Front Street coffee roaster Lester Vail examines some samples of green coffee beans. Vail conducts a world-wide mail-order business in coffee and tea.





Bob Wilson of RCA TV watches Savarin blenders test cup quality. First the blender sniffs the brew, then tastes it, rolls it on the back of his tongue and spits into a large brass cuspidor. Blenders never swallow the coffee they are tasting.

Coffee came to Europe in 1615 via the great port of Venice where the Italians seized upon it as a healer of all ills, guaranteed to quiet the passionate and stimulate the dull. Coffee houses blossomed on Piazza San Marco, but a few worried priests urged the Pope to forbid the use of coffee to good Christians, claiming it led to immorality and vice. The Pope, intrigued, sampled the brew, and found it too good to waste on infidels. He baptized coffee and made it truly a Christian beverage.

The greatest day of the coffee house was, of course, in London, where English social life revolved around these "penny universities" from 1652 until early in the 19th century. At first coffee had to pass through the bleak medicinal period in England, too. One cheerless soul named Walter Rumsey mixed the beans with condiments, herbs and chemicals and sold the concoction along with an instrument to cleanse the stomach. Coffee was hopefully gulped by barren wives and just as optimistically by fathers seeking to cut down the unmanageable size of their families. Coffee finally got out of the medicine cabinet and into the coffee houses, where for a penny or two, a gentleman might not only sip the brew and read a news sheet, but also hear some of the best conversation of his time. Men of similar interests tended to gather at specific houses and in time, Edward Lloyd's Coffee House became the meeting place for merchants and shippers, Will's Coffee House for poets and journalists, and so on. Coffee was drunk in saucerless dishes, usually black and unsweetened, but

some adventurous drinkers took theirs with mustard, cinnamon, cloves, spearmint, molasses, or sour cream.

Coffee finally gave way to tea in England, however, and it was because of the English cup of tea, ironically enough, that coffee became so popular in the United States. Tea was the favorite drink of the colonists until the Boston Tea Party; after that, tea-drinking became practically treasonable.

Most of the coffee that we drink in the States today has its origin in Latin America, where in eight countries it is the principal export and the mainstay of the economy. The green coffee bean is the seed of the ripe fruit of the *coffee arabica* tree. The fruit, resembling a North American cherry, consists of an outer skin, a layer of pulpy material, a tough, parchment-like inner skin, a thin silvery skin and finally the beans themselves, two to each cherry. Nearly 2,000 hand-picked cherries, the yield of one tree per year, are necessary to provide the beans for one pound of roasted coffee.

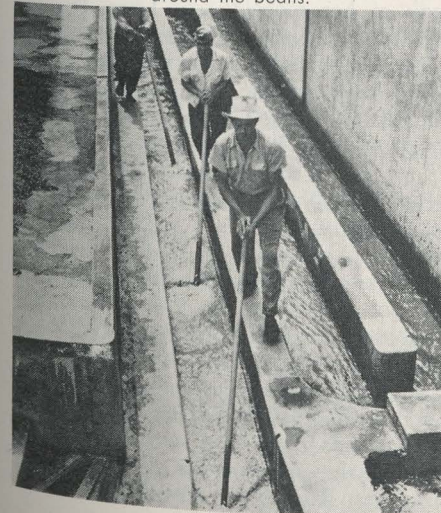
After processing by either the "wet" or "dry" method, the beans are carried from the coffee plantations in the interior to the seaports by anything from mule-back to airplane. Aboard ship, the cargo must be constantly protected from moisture. Once in New York (this port receives 47% of the annual East Coast supply), the beans must be sampled and weighed to see that they meet previous specifications. Then Front Street steps into the picture again. Let's take a look at what happens to a typical

shipment of coffee at a medium-sized roasting house on Front Street, the Savarin Coffee Company.

The first problem that arises with each shipment—and a new shipment arrives every day—is blending. Since all coffee is a blend of various types of green beans, and since no two shipments of beans, even those from the same plantation, are exactly alike, maintaining the uniformity of the finished coffee is a tidy feat, requiring the skill and judgment of experts. Savarin employs three such men, who by constant and rigid taste-testing determine just what quantities of "Brazils" and "milds" (beans coming from any Central or South American country other than Brazil), must be used to make up their distinctive blend. The formula must change every day in order for the finished product to be always the same.

The beans are then prepared for roasting, the most important single step in the processing of coffee. Roasting is essentially a process of dehydration which develops carbon dioxide to act as a vehicle for the aromatic oils which give coffee its fragrance. The higher the shrinkage the "stronger" the coffee. American tastes prefer a 16% shrinkage. What is known in the trade as a French roast has a 20% shrink-

In South America, workers move the coffee beans from the fermenting tanks to the drying area. In the sluiceway, constantly flowing fresh water, removes the gummy substance around the beans.



age. An Italian espresso roast, for demitasse, has a 22% shrinkage. In Savarin's giant roasting ovens, each machine roasts over 500 pounds every 15 minutes.

Freshly roasted, the beans are then ground either drip, regular or fine and instantly sealed in vacuum cans. Vacuumizing is the coffee maker's weapon against time, which makes coffee stale; a can of vacuumized coffee, no matter when it is opened, is technically only about one minute old. Vacuumizing also guarantees that a can of coffee smells like coffee, and nothing else. Since ground coffee is highly odor-absorbent, the kind that grandma used to make usually smelled of just about anything that happened to be in the kitchen.

Instant coffee is one of the important new developments in the field, accounting now for about 14% of coffee sales, with potential for the future looming even higher. Soluble coffee was invented back in 1899 in Chicago by a Japanese chemist, but it got popular only after World War II. It is usually a fine powder or a tiny crystal ball of pure coffee which is dehydrated from strong concentrates of brewed coffee. Purists in the coffee trade look down their sensitive noses at the flavor and aroma of the instant stuff, but they do admit it's practical. At first, most coffeemen fought instant, but now the majority have hopped on the bandwagon and added it to their line. According to the *NMU Pilot*, however, merchant seamen may have real cause for worry if coffee makers should build instant coffee plants in Latin America. Coffee cargoes would be cut down materially. But, say the coffee makers, it's all highly tentative.

How do you take your coffee? Most experts in the trade drink theirs black, but most Americans prefer it with cream and sugar. Should you crave the unusual in coffee, try one of the new little coffeehouses that are mushrooming all over New York. One such spot, Serendipity 3, serves an exotic concoction called "Nell Gwynn, the pousse-café of espressos." The menu says, "On steaming espresso, layers of whipped cream, semi-sweet chocolate, whipped cream and grated valley orange."

Hey, Joe, make mine black!

FAYE HAMMEL

The World of Ships

CURSE LIFTED

The crew of the Isthmian Line freighter *Steel Surveyor* won't be taking on any more white pythons as cargo, thank you. One such rare serpent, unloaded in Wilmington last month after a journey from the Far East was responsible, the crew believed, for a lot of trouble. The climax of the mishaps came at the unloading when a cargo boom gave way and headed for a crowd of onlookers. It was luckily caught by steel cables in the ship's rigging.

A Swiss animal trapper told an Associated Press reporter that the white python was responsible for the ship's bad luck. "In Singapore it was riots; in India it was floods. Our best tiger jumped overboard in the Red Sea. Then we were chased into a strike-bound port by a hurricane. And now the cargo boom breaks. I hardly know what to expect next," he said.

SUPERLINER BY '60

A sister ship for the superliner *United States* may be sailing from New York to Southampton by 1960, according to Maritime Administrator Clarence Morse. "It is not in a definite stage yet," Morse told a New York Times reporter in London recently, but "it is in the talking stage—and we're talking seriously."

The United States Line and the Federal Maritime Board, which hands out the subsidies for new ships, have been discussing the possibility of a replacement for the aging *America* for some time now, but Morse's announcement came as the first word that the new vessel might be built within the next five years.

It is reported that the company is considering atomic propulsion for the new vessel if a reactor suitable for passenger liners can be made available.

If the new ship is built, Britain's Cunard Line, which has dominated the run from New York to Southampton for years, will be facing serious competition for the first time. In 1960, the *Queen Mary* will have reached the ripe old age, for a ship, of 24; the *Queen Elizabeth*, 19.

FAREWELL, ANNIE

The last of America's four-masted lumber schooners is gone. The *Annie C. Ross*, only recently named the *Star of the Sea* and given a bright new lease on life by the boys and girls of the Cadet Midshipman Training Corps (Lookout, May 1955), sank at her moorings in Long Island's Hempstead Harbor early last month.

Once a trim schooner in the Eastern Seaboard lumber trade and more recently a beloved if battered training ship to hundreds of New York youngsters, the *Star of the Sea* is now termed "a dangerous derelict" by Nassau County Police. Resting in 23 feet of water, only her towering 90-foot masts are visible at high tide. Unless she is raised and towed to shore, an expensive job depending on voluntary contributions, she may have to be dynamited as a hazard to navigation.

Eight teen-age boys, members of the Cadets, who had spent the night aboard ship, noticed that she started taking in water early one morning. Hoisting their American flag upside down in the inter-

national signal of distress, they soon got the help of three police boats, three Coast Guard boats and two Coast Guard helicopters. The boats placed six hoses in the hold and pumped until 6 p.m., but the vessel continued to settle slowly. Two of the boys who dived under the ship reported that there seemed to be holes along the keel where the caulking had come out.

Although the ship could not be used as a sailing vessel, the Coast Guard had approved her as a training ship.

LIQUIDATING

Want to buy some merchant ships — cheap? For about \$100 each? You can, if you don't mind getting slightly waterlogged vessels, since the ships were sunk in United States coastal waters during World War II.

Eight such ships have just been purchased from the Government under a system of competitive bidding. Five ships, sold at \$100 each, represented the lowest price the Maritime Administration has accepted in its program to dispose of sunken merchant ships.

The vessels are sold only for their value as scrap. Buyers must not restore or recondition the ships, nor can they use any of their parts in the construction or repair of another ship.

The price of second-hand ships, meanwhile, has gone up to the highest level in several months, according to the New York Journal of Commerce. Responsible is the increasing demand for ship tonnage to carry coal to the United Kingdom, Europe and the Far East.

SEAFARERS FUND

The establishment of a fund to be known as the "Trust Fund for International Seafarers" has been announced by Edgar F. Luckenbach, Jr. and Lloyd H. Dalzell. Mr. Dalzell, chairman of the Dalzell Towing Company and past-president of the National Council of Seamen's Agencies, described the fund as being established "to give support to organizations which provide service to seamen, regardless of race or creed, in all parts of the world."

Mr. Luckenbach, principal stockholder of the Luckenbach Steamship Company, stated that one of the first regions the fund's activities would encompass would be the Far Eastern ports. Drawing upon his first-hand knowledge of the area, he described the facilities there as "frequently inadequate and in many cases non-existent."

The first grant will be to the International Seafarers Service Study Committee to finance a survey of existing conditions in principal world ports.

WANTED

Now that cleaning-out-the-closet time is here again, here's a good way to dispose of those items you no longer have any use for. Men's warm clothing — particularly shoes, overcoats and suits — are all needed for the Institute's Slop Chest.

The mailing address is 25 South Street, New York 4. If you live in New York City, phone BO 9-2710 and arrange for the clothing to be picked up.



Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Institute and Clarence G. Michalis, chairman of the Board of Managers, chat with Reverend Cyril W. Brown (right), during his recent visit to 25 South Street.

Notes From Abroad

BURNAM Wood came to Dusanee, and coal is now being carried to Newcastle. This incidental but surprising intelligence was offered by the Reverend Cyril W. Brown, general superintendent of the British Missions to Seamen, during his recent visit to this country to work for a closer relationship between the Anglican Church and the Protestant-Episcopal Church in the United States in matters relating to seamen's welfare. In particular he was interested in obtaining an American chaplain for his organization's mission in Hong Kong, which is host to many American seamen each year, particularly Navy personnel. "The chaplain should be an American," said the English cleric, "because the way to confidence is paved with small talk;

in brief, we want a man in Hong Kong who can talk baseball." Where American seamen are concerned, cricket talk just ain't cricket. The National Council of the Protestant-Episcopal Church is currently taking action to meet the need.

But getting back to that coal which is now being carried to Newcastle, the subject came up in connection with the Reverend Brown's observation that the charter of small tramps has recently been on the upswing in England. And the upswing, it appears, is due mainly to the fact that low-grade American coal is now being transhipped from Rotterdam to the United Kingdom for power station use. So with coal, of a sort, indeed being carried to Newcastle, another cliché is the threatened

victim of technological unemployment.

The situation not only contradicts the normal flow of coal across the English countryside, but also the trend of English merchant shipping away from tramp free-lancing into canalized operation, which has brought a new degree of regularity into the lives of British merchant seamen. Reverend Brown indicated that marriage and homemaking were on the rise as a result. Voyages take less time, and while a man is still away from home a great deal, he returns oftener and with some pattern.

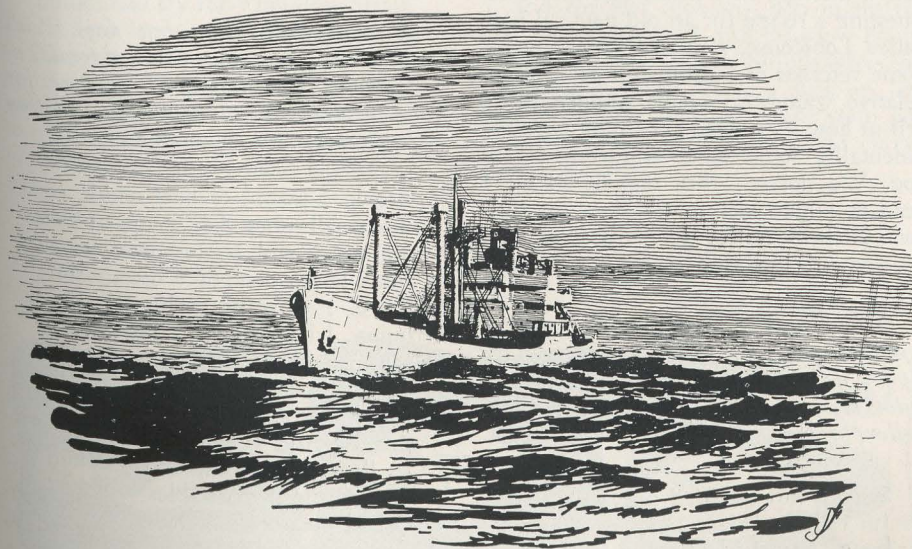
Referring to the past and future of seamen's welfare work, Reverend Brown said, "Man does not change. His essential strengths and weaknesses remain the same; his essential personality remains the same. In England, I should say the major factor conditioning our work is the education of the seamen themselves. Twenty-five years ago when I started, it was not uncommon to meet with illiterate men on the ships. These are quite rare today.

"A seaman's leisure time must now be occupied in ways rather different from those of years ago, whether on board ship or ashore. For example, the seaman of today reads a good deal, and he wants a vari-

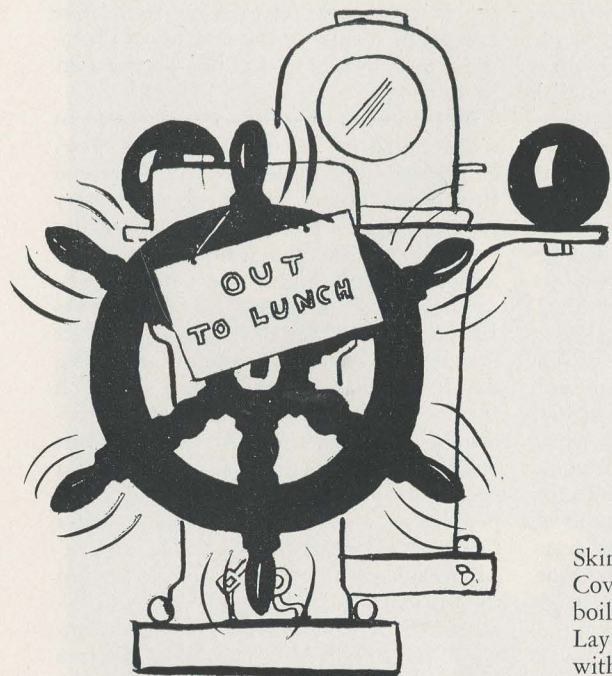
ety of good material to select from. The use of the hands, in the making of scrimshaw and knick-knacks, has declined in proportion."

England now requires a boy to stay in school until he reaches the age of 15½ before he is permitted to sail. Reverend Brown also observed that this elementary schooling is often followed by further training to make the seaman of today a technician with highly specialized skills.

The British Missions to Seamen was started in 1835. Commenting on the fact that several American societies, including the forerunner of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, started at approximately the same time, Reverend Brown observed, "The early 19th century was a period of social reform; a period when people began to wake up to their broader Christian responsibilities." Today the British organization has 80 missions located in the world's principal seaports. As its superintendent, Reverend Brown is also a member of the British Merchant Navy Welfare Board, which in England coordinates the interests of labor, management, government and the private agencies in seamen's welfare work.



Drawing by John Fernandez



WE always suspected that merchant seamen knew quite a bit about food and cooking, and now we know for sure. Ever since Seaman Albert Bruck sent the Institute a message in a bottle last spring requesting a recipe for an old nautical hash called Lobscouse, a number of seamen—some veterans of sailing ship days, others relative youngsters—have stopped by to tell us how they make Lobscouse—and incidentally, some other seafaring dishes, too. We guessed that our LOOKOUT readers might like to try them in their own kitchens. So for the hardy souls, here are some recipes straight from the galley.

Dandy Funk or "heavy weather soup" is simply a pea soup thick enough to stand up of its own accord, plus hard tack or pilot biscuits. This is how the old-time sailors prepared 6 to 8 servings:

Soak 1 cup of dried peas in water for 12 hours. Place 2 to 3 lbs of ham-bone, 1 scraped carrot, 1 onion, 2 potatoes into a kettle of boiling

water for one hour. Remove the vegetables, rub through a strainer and return to the stock. Add peas and boil for one hour. Season with salt, pepper and catsup. If necessary, thicken with butter and flour cooked together. For a richer flavor, add cream. A small turnip diced with the carrot also improves the flavor. Serve with hard tack or crackers on top.



Dogfish Pie is a bit less complicated:

Skin 2 dogfish and cut into 2" pieces. Cover with cold water, let come to a boil and simmer gently until tender. Lay in a deep baking dish, season with salt, pepper and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and cover with the liquid it was stewed in. Cover with vented pie crust and bake brown.



Back in the sailing-ship days, "salt horse" stew was considered a real treat. Today seamen substitute pork or beef for horse meat, but the old name, Slumgullion still survives:

Brown 1 pound of beef chuck, cut into small cubes. Add 2 cups of boiling water and 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon of Worcestershire Sauce, 1 clove of garlic, 1/2 sliced onion, 1 bay leaf, 1/2 tablespoon of salt, pepper, paprika, dash of cloves, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, and simmer for about an hour and a half. Stir occasionally. Add 3 quartered carrots and 1/2 lb. small onions. Cook 30 minutes, or until vegetables are done. Cubed potatoes may be added. Remove meat and vegetables and thicken liquid for gravy. Serves 4.

Here's an unusual seafaring recipe, on the gourmet side, Oyster Omelet:

Melt 6 tablespoons of butter in an omelet pan. Beat the yolks of 6 eggs, add 1 cup milk, stir together, season with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon black pepper; add 1 cup oysters, cut into quarters. Add 2 tablespoons of melted butter and beat in the stiffened egg whites. Pour the mixture into the omelet pan and lift the omelet with a spatula as it forms so that the butter reaches every part. When the omelet is golden brown, fold and serve very hot.



The chowder controversy between the New Yorkers who make it with tomato and the New Englanders who make it with milk rages on endlessly. A Maine seafarer gave us the word on Maine Fish Chowder:

Skin and bone 1 4-pound haddock, cut into 2" pieces. Cut a half-dozen medium potatoes and onions into thin slices. Cut a pound of salt pork into small cubes. Dry out, then add onions and fry for 5 minutes. Strain fat into large pan, add potatoes to fat; then add 2 cups of boiling water and cook 5 minutes. Add fish, cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Add four tablespoons of scalded milk, 1 tablespoon salt, a little pepper, 3

tablespoons of butter, and crackers or hard biscuits soaked in enough milk to moisten them. Before serving, add crumpled, crisp bacon and parsley. Real pilot crackers or common round crackers go well with chowder. This will serve 8 to 10 salty appetites.

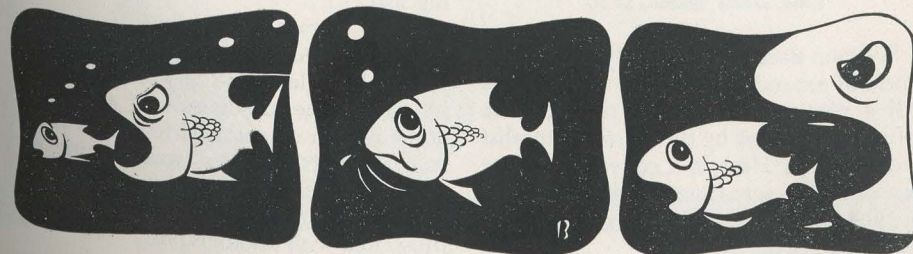


The recipes for Lobscouse are getting to be legion around here, but here is one of the newest we've come across:

Put 3 cups of cold boiled potatoes and 4 cups of cold corned beef, gristle and fat removed, into a wooden hash bowl. Chop into tiny pieces. Melt piece of butter the size of 2 eggs in a frying pan. Add a cup of boiling water to the butter; then pour in the chopped potatoes and beef and stir until hot. Tap the hash down in the pan and push it to the back of the stove. After 15 minutes, turn the hash cake upside down and brown the other side for 15 minutes. Try a poached egg with each serving.

And for real economy, you might try that famous nautical dish, Shadow Soup. Veteran sea cook Charlie Billups offers the following method: "Hold a duck up, letting its shadow fall within the soup pot for two hours. Season well, and chow, mateys, is ready!"

Drawings by John Broudbecker



Book Watch



THE OLD FALL RIVER LINE

Roger Williams McAdam

Stephen Day Press, New York, \$5.00

For those of previous generations who have nostalgic memories of the famous Fall River Line steamers, or for those interested students of early financial mergers which probably set the pattern of later years, this book is worthwhile reading. Without these incentives however, it is too full of details to hold the interest of the average reader.

It traces the history of Long Island Sound navigation from New York to Fall River, Providence, Stonington and Boston from the beginnings of the Bay State Line in 1847 to the final collapse of the Fall River Line in 1938. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of old newspaper advertisements and pictures of the entire fleet of these world-famous giants of the Sound.

ADVENTURING WITH BEEBE

William Beebe

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York —

Little, Brown, Boston, \$4.50

William Beebe is not exactly news in the world of natural science these days, but it's still a pleasure to read, or reread, these informative essays by the master naturalist and explorer. Here is a collection of the best of Beebe, selections culled from seven previous books, highlighting his career from 1918 to the present.

His most memorable chapter is "A Round Trip to Davy Jones's Locker," an account of the now historic descent in the bathysphere one-and-one-quarter miles below the surface of the sea. Far below the depths to which living man had previously descended, Beebe and Otis Barton became "the first living men to look out at the strange illuminations," the intense blue of the great depths. Dangling in front of the glass cage was bait, to lure into their range of vision fantastic deep-sea creatures that no human eye had seen before. The bathysphere, surrounded by water pressure of more than six-and-one-half million pounds could easily have become a tomb had there been the slightest fracture of glass or metal. As Beebe writes, "There was no possible chance of being drowned, for the first two drops would have shot through flesh and bone like steel bullets."

The rest of the chapters are not quite as dramatic, but they are nevertheless interesting. Beebe's travels led him below the sea, to river banks, to dense jungles and to highest mountain peaks. Everywhere he saw, he observed and he wrote, exploring with the curiosity of the scientist and the respect of the humanist the greatest and smallest of earth's creatures, from the one-celled Halicystis or "sea-bottle" to the 42-foot whale shark, one of the largest of living fish.

Beebe always works with a purpose. "The underlying urge is to glimpse some small, clear gleam in the working of evolution in some sub-division of an insignificant bypath of animal life and development." He sometimes writes with too much sentimentality, but always with modesty and charm. Beebe is still good reading. Illustrated with photographs.

NEVER THE SEA

Never the sea has changed, never has man
Made any mark upon it; man who goes
Through mountains to carry out his plan
To conquer earth. And neither rains nor snows
Leave any signature upon its breast,
While the four winds that wrestle wave and foam,
Unleashed against the towering emerald crest
Retire vanquished to their Aeolian home.
Here those not privileged to look on Eden
May gaze in wonder on a vastness fresh
As that first seen by Adam — waters laden
To depths where life and mystery enmesh . . .
Yet even the Quiet One of Galilee
Left not a footprint on the changeless sea.

Harriet Gray Blackwell

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