

# The LOOKOUT

NOVEMBER 1957



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK



**T**HE 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 give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

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. XLVIII No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1957

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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:** This is not the earth as seen from the moon, but a glimpse of the world seen from the porthole of a tanker on a grey November day that promised the sun. Photo by Tad Sadowski.



Mrs. Emanuel Borg, left, and Miss Christine Vollers help wrap some of the 7,000 gift packages that will find their way to merchant seamen on Christmas Day. The happy fella, above, was one who got a package last year.

## Christmas Cargo

**S**OME very special cargo is being carried aboard ships leaving the port of New York these days — cargo that will be "delivered" on December 25th to thousands of merchant seamen who must spend Christmas on the high seas or in foreign ports, half-a-world or more away from home.

The cargo consists of 5,000 Christmas boxes which are now being gift-wrapped by volunteers of the Institute's Women's Council and dispatched, as soon as they are finished, to Institute Ship Visitors who place them aboard ships in New York harbor. The volunteers are keeping the Institute's Christmas Room open five days and two nights a week to individually wrap the thousands of items that go into the boxes. Each sailor receives a hand-knitted

garment (a sweater, two pairs of socks, or a scarf and cap), as well as slippers, writing paper and pen, a game, a book, a hairbrush, a mirror and a box of hard candy.

Work on the Christmas project has been going on all year, with women from all over the country hand-knitting garments or contributing money to help "sail the boxes." Two thousand of the gift boxes will also be distributed to hospitalized seamen in the New York area and to Christmas guests at 25 South Street.

Volunteers on hand for the opening of the Christmas Room late last month were addressed by Seaman Tad Sadowski, one of the 400 sailors who received Christmas boxes last year while participating in Operation Deepfreeze in the Antarctic.



"... all that remained of the once proud British frigate *Madagascara*."

## The Strange Story of Mary Collins

**THIS WAS IT!** This was the end result of more than five long years of searching. This crumbling, worm-eaten mass of rotting timbers and rusted iron chains beneath my diving boots was all that remained of the deck of the once proud British frigate *Madagascara*.

Through the large, single eye of my diving helmet I could see the tangled

wreckage of shattered masts and battered spars, the barnacled sides of what was once the forward welldeck, and through the green water I could look directly into the open hatch where the prize of the sunken frigate — a fortune in golden bars and silver ingots — was almost at my reach!

Yes, this was the reason for all my years of treasure hunting; this was the exclamation mark that ended the tedious searchings through the musty archives in the British Admiralty; this was the reason for the strange robot-like diving bell that waited above on the deck of our little salvage schooner. All that remained now was a series of pulls on my signal line — a long almost endless ascent up through the warm tropic water — and then to return to those crumbling decks in the diving robot, and a fortune was mine!

As I felt the gentle pull on my line and watched the encrusted hulk of the frigate drop slowly out of view, I couldn't help but think of the incredible story of horror that had emerged from out of my research — the story of the girl, Mary Collins. *Mary Collins*. Sole survivor of the ill-fated *Madagascara* and owner of the scars of seven long years of sheer terror. Yes, a true story that came to light one day in a small mission station in Suva, New Zealand.

It was August 12, 1853, when the great Lutine bell of Lloyd's of London clanged out the direful news that another ship was missing. Instantly silence fell across the huge room and anxious faces turned to watch the clerk as he posted the news that the *Madagascara* had disappeared most mysteriously from the face of the earth.

The *Madagascara*! The brokers left their desks and crowded round the bulletin board, their eyes racing along the hastily scrawled lines of the notice. They all knew of the famous British frigate whose voyages between Australia and the homeland had brought wealth and honor to her owners, Messrs. Richard and Henry Green of Blackwell, Middlesex. "Great Scott," cried one of the men. "She was carrying almost 700 pounds of dust and nuggets from Australian goldfields! A fortune! Mark my words, gentlemen, there's been foul play here somewhere."

The *Madagascara* had last been sighted in fair weather off Port Philip Head, London-bound with all sails set. A dozen theories were advanced to explain her strange disappearance, but no one really knew . . . until seven years later, when, in Suva, New Zealand, Father Godfrey Hunt received an urgent call to come to the bedside of a young woman who lay dying on a crude cot in a mission charity ward.

The white-haired priest tiptoed quietly into the darkened ward and saw the wreck of what had once been a beautiful woman. Now her lips were drawn in pain, and her pale face was harshly etched with lines of bitter suffering. Weakly her eyes flickered open, and their depths bespoke horror. The priest knelt beside the cot and the woman spoke in a painful whisper.

"I am dying, Father. I know I'm dying."

The priest groped for words, but could say nothing.

"I'm not afraid to die, Father. But before I go I want to tell you my story . . . for I am the last of those who sailed on the *Madagascara*."

"The *Madagascara*?" The old priest's voice was shaded with doubt. "Why, that ship disappeared more than seven years ago!"

"Yes, more than seven years ago it was . . . but it seems like 70 to me. My name is Mary Collins. I was a nurse to an invalid who was sailing back to England.

"From the very start, a feeling of doom hung over the ship. The first passengers aboard were miners going home with gold from the Australian mines. Somehow the news became known. Before we were ready to leave, other passengers came aboard — sly-looking men, criminals and hard characters from the bush country. Then, on the day we were to sail, detectives from Melbourne came aboard and arrested two men for attempted robbery. We were held in Port Philip for a month while the trial was in progress, but in the end the authorities could prove nothing, and the men were released to come back to the ship. Finally, we cast off and put out to sea.

"We were happy to be bound for Eng-

land at last, and for a few hours the gloom that had hung over the ship seemed to lift; but we were no sooner out of sight of Port Philip than mutiny broke out. The leaders were the two men who had been on trial.

"Even now my ears ring with the screams that startled me awake on the fatal morning. For a brief moment I thought I was struggling with some horrible nightmare that must end; but the curses of the men and the frantic trampling of feet on the deck above my head warned me that this was no dream. Quickly I threw a robe over my night clothes and hurried up on deck.

"What a sight met my eyes! The cutthroats and bullies had taken command, and the few brave men who had dared resist them were sprawled about on the decks. As I watched with terror in my heart, Captain Harris, the frigate's master, rushed up the companionway from below. With murderous cries a group of the mutineers swarmed over him and clubbed him into insensibility. Then they dragged him across the deck and flung his battered body over the rail into the sea. The other

The author, Lieut. Harry Rieseberg, right, briefs two divers on the location of the wreck of *Mary Collins*'s ship, the *Madagascara*.



officers and crew were dragged up on deck and treated to the same terrible fate. The rest of us dared not move or cry out, and we trembled with fear as we wondered what might happen next.

"We hadn't long to wait. We were imprisoned in the larger cabins, and what miseries we went through then, knowing we could expect no mercy from these fiends; they had ceased to be men."

Mary Collins paused in her story for a brief moment, and her dying eyes lit suddenly with hatred and loathing. Then a deep sigh of despair escaped her pale lips. Finally, she continued with great effort:

"The days that followed were much alike. There was nothing we could do, and madness threatened us all. The mutineers were jubilant at their success, and they set a course for Rio de Janeiro, where they planned to wreck the frigate and go ashore with chests of riches. The weather was calm and clear as we sailed up the east coast of South America, but as we neared Brazil, storms sprang up, and pounding seas forced us steadily inward close to the barren shores.

"The *Madagascar* drifted fast and through the misty darkness of night we could hear the crash of breaking surf. At midnight we suddenly struck, and then a mast of the frigate cracked with a noise like thunder and broke clean off. A shudder ran through the hull as the ship recoiled, and the sea washed and swirled over the shattered bulwarks. Lights were hastily lit and hung on the taffrail, while the great combers of the sea thrust us nearer and nearer to the shore. The ship pitched and the remaining masts crashed down, cluttering the deck in a confusion of spars, rigging, lines and canvas.

"At dawn two lifeboats were lowered. The mutineers forced some of the passengers into the boats as hostages, then they took as much of the treasure as they dared to carry through the heavy seas. Before casting off, they scuttled the ship and set it afire in a dozen places with torches of oil-soaked rags. We were rowed ashore by the light of the blazing frigate, but as we reached the pounding breakers, our small lifeboats were spun



Rieseberg's assistant locks him into the diving robot, ready to operate on the wreckage of the *Madagascar*.

on end and overturned, throwing us all into the boiling, maddened sea. By some queer twist of fate a few of us gained the shore, cold and sodden, more dead than alive.

"The treasure itself was gone now, our food was water-soaked and useless, and we had no weapons. There we stood, stranded on the edge of wilderness. There was nothing we could do but push on to Rio de Janeiro.

"It wasn't long before the dense jungle closed us in, with its sinister, brooding air, but hunger and thirst drove all lesser fears from us. We fell in with an Indian tribe that gave us food and shelter, but even as it seemed that we had been saved, the curse of jungle fever came down upon us and added the delirium of fever to our miseries. The fever soon did its work; and of all those who had boarded the *Madagascar* in Port Philip there were only three of us left.

"How long we wandered through the jungles from Indian village to village, I don't know. One's mind refuses to remember such a nightmare. I wanted to die, but even that was denied me. After many months I finally reached Rio, alone. I was broken and bruised in both mind and body, but the desire to live was still within me. I had nothing to look forward to

now, but I wanted to see hibiscus flowers and the sea breathing white over coral reefs. So I haunted the wharfs and dock-sides of Rio, day and night, searching for a ship that would take me back. Finally one day I found one . . . an old tramp schooner that was bound for Suva. I had no money, so I made the best trade with the master I could . . . and I earned my passage many times over.

"But now that is all over and done, Father. I have reached the end of my journey . . ."

The priest said, "Now you must rest, my child."

"No, Father, I'm going; I know it. And I have a little more to tell you."

"Father," she said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "when I'm gone and you tell my story, men will ask about the treasure of the *Madagascar*, for that is the way of all men. Tell them, when they ask, that it lies in a little bay called Paranagua about 100 miles south of Sao Paulo. The water is shallow, and beneath its blue surface glitter six to seven hundred pounds of pure Australian raw gold . . . and may it stay where it lies, for already it has brought tragedy enough to those of us who sailed on the *Madagascar* . . ."

Those were the last words of Mary Collins — the true story of the ill-fated *Madagascar*.

A little bay called Paranagua. A hundred miles south of Sao Paulo — but only 30 fathoms straight down from where I am now. And then suddenly, as the brilliant light of a tropic sun crashes full on the glass face-plate of my diving helmet, I see the familiar side of my salvage schooner and feel eager hands pull me aboard and start unbolting my helmet. As the men hear that I've found the wreck — as their eyes light up with the gleam that only sunken treasure can bring to men's eyes, the story of Mary Collins and the *Madagascar* seems to slip away into the forgotten past again — to mingle with the many strange tales that are always present when you dive for sunken riches in lost ships. For this is the present, and only hours away is gold!

*Treasure!* Six hundred and fifty pounds' worth of raw gold. And who am I to stand here in the blazing South Atlantic sun, on the hot deck of a salvage schooner and dream of the past, when it's the present that counts now? The present — and a cargo of treasure!

— LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

## Searching for Something Special

for Christmas?

Come up with The LOOKOUT!

Please send a gift subscription to

Your name and address: .....

For each subscription, mail \$1.00 to The Lookout, 25 South Street,  
New York 4, N. Y. (Spanish doubloons accepted)



# The World of Ships

## A QUEEN'S FAREWELL

The battleship *Wisconsin* sailed into oblivion early this month and marked the end of an era in American naval history.

A victim of the age of the guided missile and an economy drive, the 45,000-ton grey giant arrived in New York harbor under a leaden sky for her final cruise. Two days later she left for Bayonne, New Jersey for a four-month decommissioning operation for the mothball fleet.

Navy brass who gathered to pay a mournful farewell to the former queen of the fleet said she might be used again someday — not as a battleship, but possibly as a missile ship, an oiler, or in a "brushfire war."

According to Navy authorities, the heyday of the battleship was over by the end of World War II, when aircraft carriers assumed the offensive role in the naval battles against Japan. Today, missile carriers are more important.

## TREASURE ADRIFT

Sharp-eyed seamen and/or beachcombers in New York's Long Island area ought to be on the lookout these days for messages cast afloat in Great South Bay and Huntington Bay by a publicity-minded department store. Containing "Moderne Treasure Maps," the bottles were launched when Abraham & Straus opened a branch store in the salty community of Babylon, complete with champagne christening and "piping aboard" of the store's top brass. The maps, redeemable for gift certificates, are printed on long parchment and, in 17th-century style script proclaim: "To ye who have perceived and opened this bottle and thus shewn yourself to know a goode thing when you see it — a REWARDE! This parchment is worth (sums from \$10 to \$100 filled in) when ye bring it to ye brande new Abraham & Straus store . . . ye neede scribe no limerickes. Ye neede

sende no boxe tops. Ye neede paste no coloured stamps in bookes. This be Booty free and clear." A rough sketch of the terrain, with X marking the spot of the store's location, will lead finders to the cache.

To date, none of the bottles that the Seamen's Church Institute launched last March south of the Gulf Stream for visitors to its ship model exhibit at the Jersey Coast Boat Show has turned up on any of the four continents of the earth. They were dropped at a point 20 N., 40 W., by the crew of the *S.S. African Lightning* while that ship was enroute to Capetown, South Africa.

## THE LAST OF CONRAD'S FIRST

Joseph Conrad's first command, the 350-ton bark *Otego*, has fallen under wrecker's torches in Hobart, Tasmania. She had been rusting away in a backwater creek for over 25 years.

Conrad, who was born just one hundred years ago next month, December 3, 1857, left his native Poland when he was 17 and ran away to sea. He earned his master's ticket when he was 29, and two years later, in 1888, he was given command of the *Otego* in Bangkok, Thailand. The ship's previous master had killed himself in his cabin.

The *Otego* was bought by an Australian company in 1912 and spent her remaining years of service as a coal hulk.

## PURPOSE IN PAINTING

A well-painted woman, so a sage once said, goes places faster, and now it seems that holds good for a ship, too. According to the British National Physical Laboratory, which has been studying the effect of surface roughness in ships, a well-painted vessel may gain half a knot an

hour over her dowdy sisters and still use no more power.

Thus a ship with a new coat of paint crossing the ocean from New York to Southampton, England at 15 knots an hour, could conceivably save seven hours on the 3,189-nautical-mile voyage.

The British scientists also found out that a riveted vessel has more surface resistance than a welded one, and the bigger the ship the bigger the difference.

## HEROES

For outstanding acts of heroism at sea, four American merchant seamen have won Christopher Columbus medals from United Seamen's Service. They are Fireman-Watertender W. Elliot, Steward William J. Lowe, Boatswain William Velasquez and Chief Engineer Laurence B. Jones.

When an explosion sprayed fuel oil over the fire room of his vessel sailing off the coast of Spanish Morocco last May, Seaman Elliot plowed through the hot oil without regard for his own safety, reached the valves and secured the burners before further harm could be done.

Although he was unable to swim, William J. Lowe seized a line and leaped overboard from the deck of the *S.S. Edward Luckenbach* to save the life of a shipmate who had fallen overboard in the harbor at Inchon, Korea last June. William Velasquez jumped from the *S.S. Steel Worker* to rescue the life of a shipmate who had fallen overboard, unconscious, into shark-infested waters in the port of Basrah, Iraq, last year.

When two explosions and a fire broke out on the tanker *S.S. Esso Patterson*, loading kerosene in Baytown, Texas, Chief Engineer Laurence B. Jones rushed to the engine room, put steam on the smothering line and made certain the fire pump was operating. He then dashed back to the main deck and directed the extinguishing of the fire.

## UNDER THE SPREADING . . .

Ever hear of a marine blacksmith? Well, that's what Frank H. Kaatz of Sebewaing, Michigan calls himself. Kaatz concentrates on making ice spuds, fish spears, gaff hooks and anchors, and although he's been a blacksmith for 50 years, he's never shod a horse.

Kaatz, 68, who operates one of the last blacksmith shops in Michigan, told a reporter that he was not at all concerned about the fact that his trade was dying out, since hardly anybody's got a horse any more. "In fact," said he, "I don't like horses."

## JAR MARKERS

Some egg-shaped Roman jars just discovered by skindivers in the waters off Sardinia may mark the site of an ancient Roman galley, shipwrecked some 2,000 years ago and still buried in the silt and sand of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Government archaeologists in Rome last month said they thought they were on the track of an "exceptional" finding. The terra cotta jars are believed to be the cargo of a vessel that sprung a leak and foundered in that area. Plans are already underway to raise the ship next spring.

Although ancient writers, poets and sculptors left a great deal of information about the ships that plied the Mediterranean, few actual remains of these ships have been preserved. In 1929, two vessels belonging to the Emperor Caligula (12 to 41 A.D.) were recovered from the Lake of Nemi, south of Rome, but were destroyed during World War II.

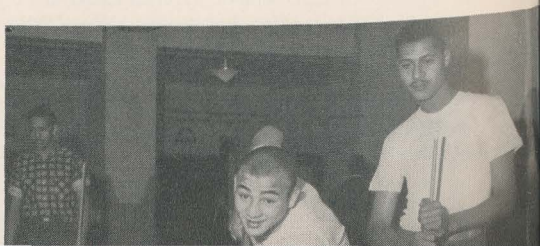
Signor Gianni Roghi of Milan, a 30-year-old writer, sportsman and amateur archaeologist who led the Sardinian expedition, said the deposit of jars was about 60 feet long and more than 30 feet broad.



South African merchant sailors in front of 25 South Street.

## African Visitors

On the same day Federal troops were ordered into Little Rock, two South African crews arrived in New York. These 65 merchant sailors spent more than two weeks at the Seamen's Church Institute. From 25 South Street, their American front porch, they were taken on tours of New York, they visited several television shows, they saw nearly a dozen American movies free at the Institute's auditorium, they enjoyed live entertainments in the Janet Roper Club and the many other recreational facilities of the Institute. They had time to get dental work done free at our clinics. They had time for long conversations with staff members and other seamen at the Institute, and they also had an opportunity to understand and perhaps overlook some of America's backyard controversies.



On sailing day they assembled their gear in front of the Institute and prepared to leave for their ship. Among the two crews which were flown to the United States to man ships purchased by a South African company, there were several youngsters who had never been to sea before. For them, it was a moment of high adventure.



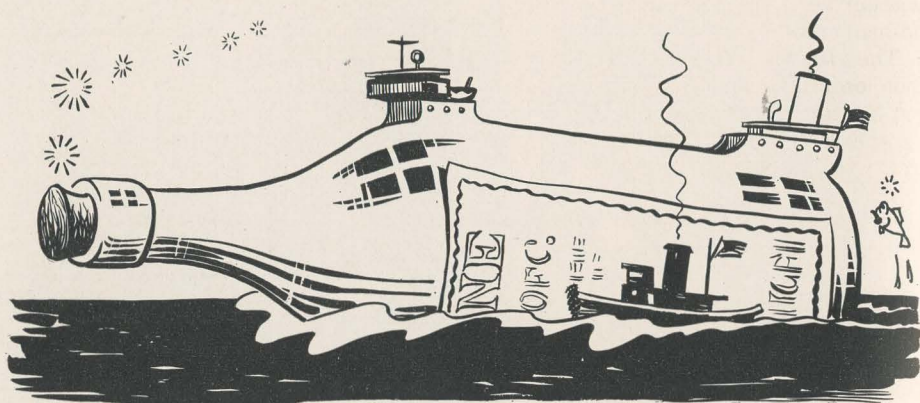
Seaman John Moodley is married to a school teacher in South Africa. Here he discusses the textbook shortage there with Elaine Williams of the Institute's Conrad Library. The Library was able to select books for him to take back to his wife to use in teaching both grammar school and adult education classes.



As they boarded buses to leave for their ship, the crewmen stopped individually to shake hands with their special host, Staffmember Tom Taggard, and to express their gratitude to the Institute for an enjoyable stay in New York.



She's A Corker . . .



## Bacchus Boat

A SHIP in a bottle is no novelty, but a ship that is a bottle is something else again. The *S.S. Angelo Petri*, America's first wine tanker, pulled the switch last month when she arrived in New York bearing enough happy grape juice — almost two-and-a-half million gallons — to stagger the French army.

However, it was an American affair all around (wine tankers are old hat to Frenchmen, anyway). The \$7,000,000 floating winery, the pride of United Vintners, Inc., of California, was enroute to Houston, Texas out of Stockton, California. On seven such round trips a year, she will discharge about 1,400,000 gallons of wine at Port Newark for eastern bottling facilities, and the remainder at Houston for southern and midwest markets. On her return voyages she will carry liquid edibles, like sugar in solution and beverage alcohol, as well as ordinary cargo.

The white-hulled, 21,800-ton vessel represents the best possible method of transporting wine, said Louis Petri, president of United Vintners, on hand for the maiden voyage. Pointing out that air and wine just don't coexist happily (the reason gourmets keep wine bottles horizon-

tal is so that no air intervenes between wine and cork), Petri showed what happens to a wine bottle when it gets the rough jolts of land transportation — a new wine surface is constantly exposed to the collar of air in the bottle. When wine is transported by sea, huge tanks eliminate bottles and collars of air, and the gentle rolling motion of a ship prevents rough jolts (although the possibility of storms at sea was not mentioned). Up to now, he added, 70% of California wines have been shipped east in tank cars and 30 percent in bottles.

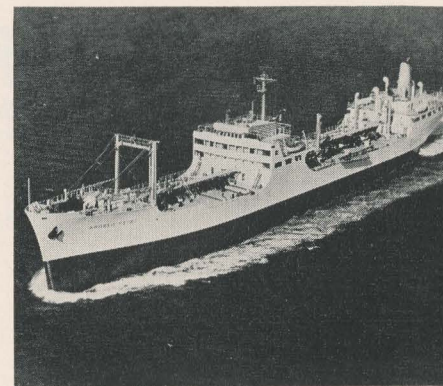
On board the *Angelo Petri*, 26 separate chromium-nickel stainless-steel vats keep the different wines from mingling. After the wines are discharged (which takes from nine to twelve hours), and before other liquids are pumped aboard, the tanks are thoroughly hosed with hot water. The *Petri* carries her own supply of 200,000 gallons of fresh water.

The ship was built for United Vintners in San Francisco by the Bethlehem Steel Company. A forward section was joined with the stern section of a former T-2 tanker that broke in half in Alaska in 1946. Named for the board chairman of

United Vintners, the new ship cruises at 15 knots and can travel for 10,000 miles without refueling. She is operated by a 45-man crew.

The *Angelo Petri* looks like any common, ordinary, sober hard-working tanker, but her true colors are revealed by a company flag of a blue, bubbling wine glass in a white circle enclosed by blue.

United Vintners sells more than 22% of the 150 million gallons of wine consumed in the United States each year. Its labels include such well-known names as Petri, Italian Swiss Colony, Gambarelli, Davitto, Margo and Mission Bell. The company's VIP's will be well reminded of their domain when they travel on the *Angelo Petri*. Owner-guest quarters feature white wine colors in the lounge and dining room areas and staterooms done in "basic colors . . . of burgundy, sauterne



Seriously, this is the *S.S. Angelo Petri*.

and sherry." Even the lampshades "are dyed to duplicate the colors of certain wines produced by United Vintners."

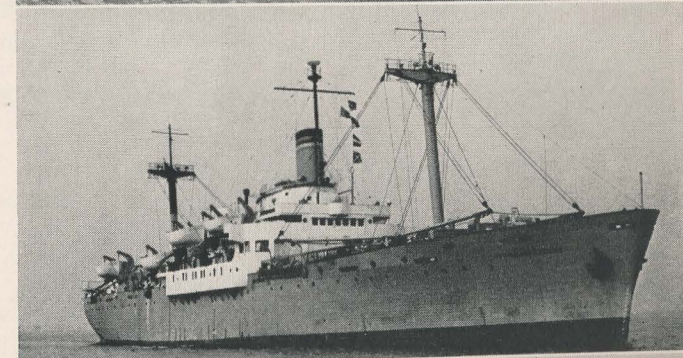
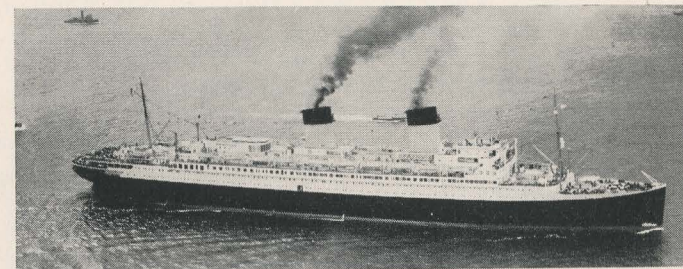
There are no Scotch plaids.

## For Gallantry

The first Gallant Ship Awards made by the U. S. Government since World War II were presented last month to three ships that figured dramatically in the rescue of survivors from the *Andrea Doria*. From top to bottom: the *Ile de France*, the U. S. naval transport *Pvt. William H. Thomas* and United Fruit Company's *Cape Ann*. Tide-water Oil's tanker *Robert E. Hopkins*, not shown, won a special letter of commendation for her part in the rescue.

At ceremonies held aboard the *Ile de France* at her French Line Pier 88 in New York, Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation Louis S. Rothschild presented the captain of each of the Gallant Ships with a commemorative bronze plaque designed by the American sculptor Jo Davidson.

Only nine ships, all of them engaged in action under fire, were named Gallant Ships during World War II. The *Ile de France* is the first foreign Gallant Ship.





## Book Watch

Books on the role of sea power in the Civil War are beginning to catch up with the avalanche of Civil War material — novels, biographies, monographs, etc. — of the last few decades. The two latest works to take up the important and previously minimized role of naval power in that war are **How The Merrimac Won**, by R. W. Daly, Thomas Y. Crowell, \$4.00 and **The Rebel Shore**, by James M. Merrill, Little Brown, \$4.75.

In **How The Merrimac Won**, the author, who teaches Naval History at Annapolis, reverses a popular schoolbook legend, basing his judgment on a full consideration of the strategic and tactical objectives of the commanders of the two ships. His conclusions are provocative: the *Merrimac* was not primarily an anti-blockade weapon, and she was a major reason why the war did not end in 1862, but dragged on into 1865. The evidence, carefully documented, is of interest to both the scholar and the general reader of naval history.

**The Rebel Shore** is a lively and readable account of the role of Union sea power in the Civil War, an attempt to dig out, from countless official naval dispatches and personal correspondence of the Yankee bluejackets, an evaluation of the importance of Lincoln's forces afloat. This is the story of the Union amphibious attacks which spearheaded the offensive and were probably more significant, according to the author, than the blockade. The book also recounts the advent of the iron-clad ram, the *Monitor*, the under-

water mine, the torpedo boat and the submarine into the arena of naval warfare.

The role of sea power in more recent wars is taken up in two new books from the U. S. Naval Institute at Annapolis, **The Sea War in Korea** and **U. S. Coast Guard in World War II**, each \$6.00. In the first, Commanders Malcom W. Cagle and Frank A. Manson attempt to teach and transmit the many naval lessons of that war and to indicate the increasing need, in the atomic age, for a strong and adequate Navy. The impact of the Korean war on every field of naval operations — amphibious, logistical, aviation, planning — was "monumental," the authors say.

In **U. S. Coast Guard in World War II**, Lt. Malcom F. Willoughby, U.S.C.G.R., gives a detailed and exhaustive account of the vital part played by the Coast Guard in bringing about the Allied victory in World War II. The Coast Guard's role at home, guarding ports and coasts from attack and sabotage, as well as its part in all the amphibious operations in the Atlantic and Pacific, is recounted.

**Billions for a buck:** Everybody seems to be hunting for sunken treasure these days, so why not join them? A. C. Fredrickson, Box 272, Frankfort, Michigan has a chart which covers 200 miles, 200 ships and may lead to two billion dollars worth of treasure, all for \$1.00 postpaid. The chart maps the area 100 miles north and south of Frankfort, Michigan and gives names, cargo and approximate location of 200 ships lost in that area since 1850.

## SEAMAN ASHORE

Bending over flower beds  
Or pruning apple trees,  
No seaman ever will be found  
Forgetful of the seas;  
And little flitting sparrows  
Can never satisfy  
A man who's shared a thousand dreams  
With gull wings in the sky.

## SEA WATCHERS

On the porch at twilight  
I lean on Grandpa's chair,  
And out across the hollyhocks  
The silver sea is there;  
We never go indoors until  
The gulls have all stopped flying —  
And suddenly the sea is black,  
And I hear Grandpa sighing.

—Iva Poston

