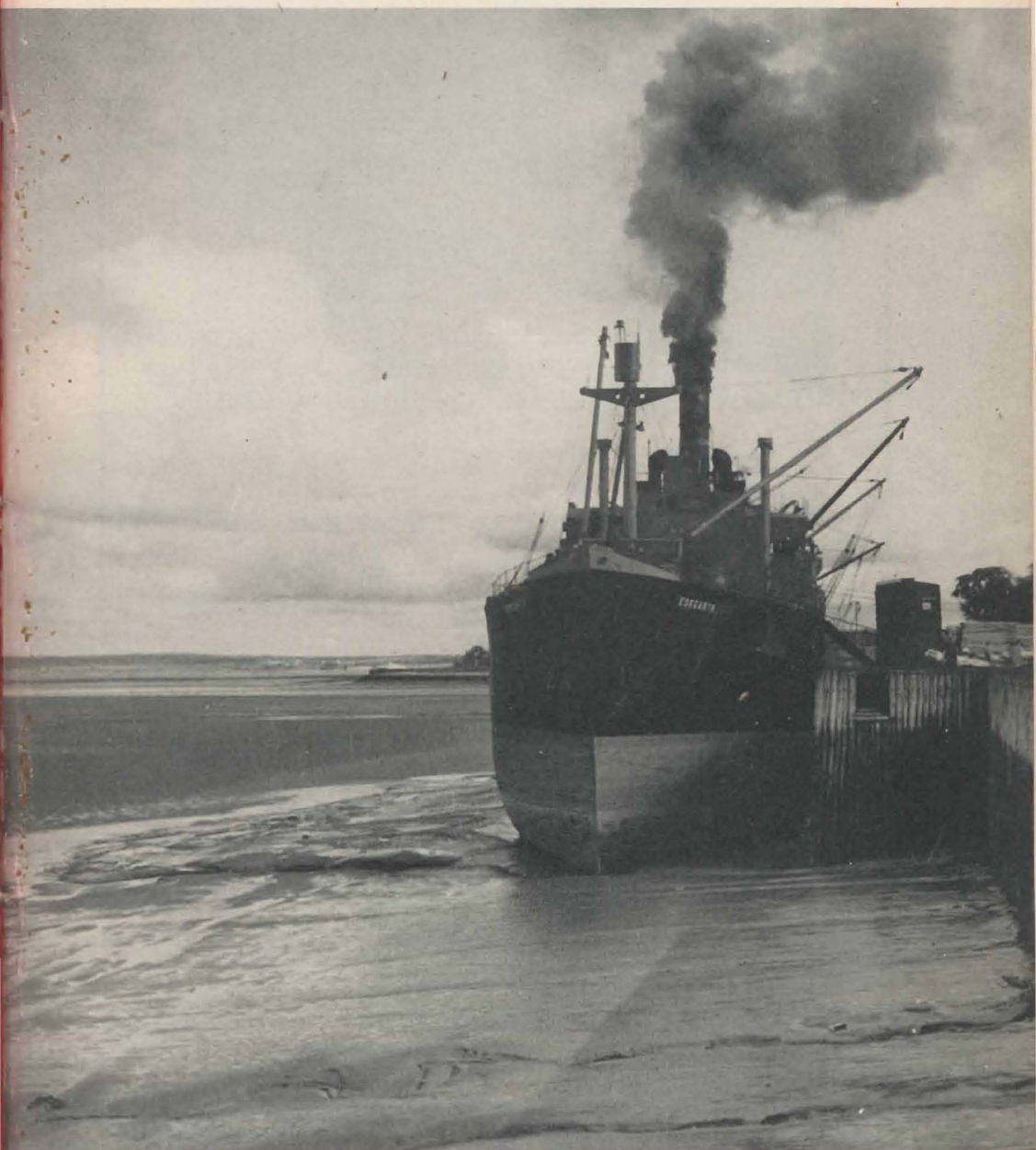


The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII

AUGUST, 1952

NO. 8



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

PRAYER FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD AFLOAT

Oh God and Father, Whose blessed Son chose men of the sea to be His appointed Messengers of the Gospel of Peace, give such grace and power to the men of the sea, that, by example and life, they may commend the same Gospel to those who know Thee not, and the Kingdom of God may be established among all men, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII AUGUST, 1952

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THIS MONTH'S COVER: When the tide goes out at Windsor, Nova Scotia, it disappears altogether. Freighter sits high and dry on the harbor bottom, but the water will be back — 40 feet of it! See page 6.

Nova Scotia Bureau of Information Photo

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The Passing of a Ship

HER bow dripping champagne, the *Manchuria* slid down the ways at Camden, New Jersey. She was nothing unusual, not even in 1904. Three other similar liners had already been launched and two more were under construction, completing a sextette for the Atlantic Transport Lines.

Because the Panama Canal had not yet been dug, the *Manchuria*, when sold as a new ship to the Pacific Mail Line, had to report by way of Cape Horn. With a sistership, the *Mongolia*, she was operated in the transpacific service until 1915, when both were sold back to the Atlantic Transport in time to haul 49,000 Yanks to France.

After the war she carried immigrants to America until the new quota system collapsed that run. With a coat of white paint she then reported to the Panama Pacific Line, who ran her between New York and San Francisco until the depression when she was taken into the round-the-world service of the Dollar Line. Later the American President Lines renamed her the *President Johnson*. As the *President Johnson* she again slid

among mines and submarines, carrying off to World War II the sons of those who, with her, had survived the A.E.F. of 1917.

Still trim looking in 1947 she was sold to Portuguese interests and called the *Santa Cruz*, the name under which the Italian Line, her present owner, is scrapping her as no longer needed with the advent of fast, up-to-date tonnage.

And this is the death of a ship. Not a big ship, nor a fast one, nor a famous one — just a fairly old ship that is no longer efficient to operate. She has been ridden as far as anyone wants to take her, so the present owner must get what he can out of her — 15,000 gross tons of scrap which will be resmelted into the multitude of things the world wants.

The oceans have patiently and easily smoothed over 2,500,000 miles of her wake. And the *Manchuria* now passes out of being, having made no mark in the world except in the memory of those who can recall having sailed on her, and known and perhaps loved this work-horse of the sea.

New York Harbor Has A Unique Visitor

By Tom Baab

FLYING dress colors, the *Fred B. Dalzell* and the *Dalzell* leader, tugboats, went down into the Narrows in July to escort to her berth a ship that had never before been in the New York harbor. It was a type of ship now seldom seen even in this great port. She was the Norwegian *Statsraad Lehmkuhl*, a three-masted steel barque operated out of Bergen, Norway by the Bergen Training Ship Foundation to train boys aged 15 to 17 in the arts of seamanship.

As the two tugs drew near enough to whistle their three long welcome blasts, the press contingent which accompanied the Reception Committee, busily manipulated their cameras to catch the rare offering which sparkled at anchor in the bright morning sun. The *Lehmkuhl's* hull was white and sleek against the grey backdrop of Staten Island; her sails were furled along the yard tops so tightly they looked like buckskin thongs. Seamanship and discipline radiated from her tight rigging and her polished brass. Her answering whistles were bright and hard.

The first to board the *Lehmkuhl* from the tugs was Admiral Erling Hostvedt, Norwegian Naval Attache at Washington. Following the opening welcome speech of Captain Conway of the Reception Committee, Admiral Hostvedt greeted Captain Ottersen and his aides and crew on behalf of the Norwegian Navy, and expressed his admiration for the seamanship and spirit apparent on the *Lehmkuhl*. Other speakers at the brief, jovial welcome ceremony on the quarter deck were Acting Consul General of Norway in New York City, Ditlef Knudsen and Commissioner of Marine and Aviation for New York City, Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., representing Mayor Impellitteri.

After the welcomes, the 180 trainees broke their neat inspection formation and the activity next centered, very

literally, about the anchor capstan on the forward deck. New Yorkers can visualize a subway turnstile with ten spokes and people pushing through on each dime. As the center drum turns it cranks up the anchor chain. The 3000 pound anchor was down approximately 30 fathoms where the ship lay at Quarantine, and 40 minutes of stern effort were required to raise it. One boy's contribution to the concerted effort of weighing anchor must have been envied by the rest: he played the accordion and led the circling group in capstan chanties!

Perhaps the sight most thrilling to onlookers came when the signal was given for the deck crew to go aloft. Clad in white duck uniforms and wearing sneakers the boys swept up the rigging with a practiced agility that was breathtaking to watch. The smaller boys went to the very top and so looked even smaller as they shuffled out along the yards on cables—in some cases 160 feet above deck. Acknowledging that it seemed wrong, especially to mothers, to send the smaller boys to the most fearful heights, the deck officers explained that it was done because the sails on the very top yards were smaller and required less strength to furl and trim.

An order was shouted aloft and in an instant yards that had seemed clean and bare were smothered in great drooping folds of canvas. Tackle from the deck drew the sails open and a fine following wind bellied them full. The *Lehmkuhl* pressed forward up the harbor to a berth at pier 75, North River amid an almost constant exchange of greeting whistles. From passing sightseeing boats she drew spontaneous applause.

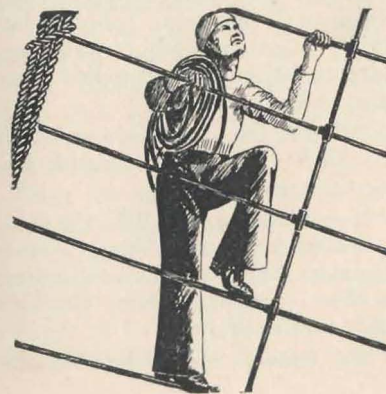
Under full sail the *Lehmkuhl* carries 21,500 square feet of canvas, nearly a half acre. The height of her masts above the keel is 174 feet, making passage under the Brooklyn Bridge impossible. She has a beam

of 41½ feet, a draught of 17½ and an overall length of 258. For use auxiliary to her sails the barque has a four-cylinder diesel engine of about 370 horsepower which can drive the vessel through the water at six knots. In service in her present capacity since the early twenties, the vessel has been the school of about 5000 trainees during her five-month cruises which begin around the first of May each year and end in September.

During these cruises, the boys learn the type of work to which they are best suited—deck, engine room or galley. They are usually confined to Norwegian waters with short visits to Sweden, Denmark or across the North Sea to Great Britain. The visit to the United States this year by the *Statsraad Lehmkuhl*, the first in the ship's history, was a cooperative effort of the Bergen Traineeship Foundation and the Norwegian Employers' Association, together with a number of individual Norwegian shipowners.

Shipping companies hold so high an opinion of the training which the boys receive aboard the *Lehmkuhl* that graduation assures them of almost immediate jobs. Their training complete, approximately 120 boys left the ship after her arrival in New York for assignments to Norwegian vessels.

During their stay in New York the ship's officers and trainees enjoyed a full program of entertainment which included sports events, a trip to the United Nations, Empire State Building, Norwegian Seamen's House, Nor-



wegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn and Lake Telemark, New Jersey. And, of course, Coney Island. The hands from the *Lehmkuhl* also arrived in time to assist Mayor Impellitteri in the reception of personnel from the S.S. *United States* at City Hall.

These shore activities were especially attractive to a crew that had just finished a voyage of 36 days during which they were shut away from the rest of the world completely. Without radio contact they were unable to keep tabs on the news they had been following prior to the voyage. First Mate Cornelius Corneliusen used his first spare moment after the hustle of getting under way from Quarantine to inquire whether or not the *United States* had beaten the world record for the Atlantic crossing time. First Mate Corneliusen acknowledged a keen interest in steam-powered ocean travel, but at the same time proudly stated that he had been a seaman since 1904 and had not yet shipped on a steamer.

Quartermaster Helmer Okland, rather a veteran at Atlantic crossings, said the trip got pretty rough on several occasions. He said that at one time with only two sails unfurled the wind was so heavy that they ran at a 32 degree list, with the lifeboats in the after davits kissing the ocean on the lee side. As a diminutive deckhand walked past, Q.M. Okland stopped him and pointed out a long, deep scar on the boy's cheek. "He got this as a souvenir of his first time at sea. A heavy metal table broke loose from the floor in the engine room one night. It broke three ribs on another boy before we got it secured."

First Mate Corneliusen reported that two sails had been carried away by violent winds and that the boys had seen some very wild times aloft. However, as the *Lehmkuhl* tied up, no one seemed handicapped from the rigors of the sea. Everybody ran fast down the gangplank toward a long table piled with sandwiches and soda pop.



Jolly Good Stowaways

By Maurice Marrinan, Irish Seaman

THE yarn starts in Sydney when Jock, a rootless young Scot ex-shipmate mysteriously showed up on my lodging house doorstep — flat broke. Convalescing from a serious operation, I was living up the few remaining fruits of a windfall. There was nothing for it but to take Jock in and stake him.

Very soon the windfall was exhausted and still Jock couldn't find work.

"We must sign on any old tub going any old place," he insisted, disconsolately noting that I was still too weak to be any good as a member of a ship's crew.

"There's New Zealand," I said, advancing an idle suggestion, "Only three days' run away. What about stowing away on something going that way?"

With that we heard a loud knocking on the door, then a harsh voice called out:

"Say in there — how about this week's rent?"

Jock pensively eyed me for the tense moment that we sat quietly until we heard the landlady shuffling on down the narrow hallway.

"Okay," he said. "Let's get going."

Hiking down to the Sydney harbor, we located the Seamen's Mission and entrusted our few belongings to their keep. Then, with the clothing we stood up in, we departed "schooner rigged," our shaving gear stuffed into our pockets, and gaily carrying a pipe and a camera.

As we skylarked together along the Woolloomooloo Dockside toward our selected stowaway target, the S.S. *Awatia* (Maori for New Dawn), Jock carelessly sucked on the empty pipe,

and tourist style, I swung the camera to and fro.

The *Awatia* would leave in a matter of hours for Wellington. Dressed in sport jackets and flannels, fortunately not long out of the cleaners, and with our "boats burned behind us," we moved in for the first act. Behind us lay a city in which we had been "on the beach." Before us lay a hobo exit — the S.S. *Awatia* — the New Dawn.

"Tickets, gentlemen," rang out the voices of two officials, almost in unison, as we set foot on the gangway.

With a hearty laugh, I called back, "That's all right, boys. We're only going aboard to see some friends off. There's plenty of time—I hope?"

It worked! It was easy, and we were aboard. Nonchalantly I kept taking imaginary "shots" with my empty camera. Things did look promising, but it was still far too early in the afternoon to allow full sway to our optimism.

Then we heard the first of three broadcasts, warning all visitors ashore. Suddenly, a small group of laughing passengers stepped aside for a ship's officer. He made straight for us.

"May I see your tickets please, gentlemen?" he said, politely, but frigidly. It was to be our swan-song, and even before we had pulled away from the dock!

Chilled to the heels, the spur of an eleventh hour brain wave struck me. Angrily I answered:

"How dare you, sir! Who the devil do you think you are talking to—two miserable stowaways? Then, noting the effect of surprise at my attack, I huffily continued on:

"We handed our tickets to the

purser himself—almost two hours ago when we first boarded this confounded ship. We do not wish to be bothered again, sir!"

Furtively the officer looked around to see if anyone had heard his blunder. Then apologizing profusely he hurried away.

Soon it was midnight, and we had found our way into a hold in the forward part of the ship. A seaman can always find a hiding place, for a ship is all the home he really knows. And, too, we knew how to loot the crew's food, for only a few months before we had been crew members, ourselves razzing or championing the most important man on any ship—the cook.

Reclining on a tarpaulin, we gorged ourselves with the grub we had filched. "It's a cinch," Jock grinned, stuffing the remains of an apple pie into his mouth. "Nothing like seeing the world in comfort. Let's not go back to sea again as deck hands. This is the only way to do it!"

But Jock was wrong, for as the sun reached the azimuth on the following morning, and we stretched and yawned, preparing to sit the day out, a search party stumbled right into our hiding place. The food had been missed. They knew we were on board.

Given blankets, we were escorted to the tourist passengers' deck and told to remain there for the rest of the voyage. We must keep out of all passengers' lounges, dining rooms, reading and writing rooms, the ship's cinema, bars, or anywhere else. A spot was assigned to us on deck, and we had to eat our meals in the ship's pantry. It could have been much worse. The food was still excellent, and I soon found myself some laundry bags on which to sleep under the poop deck aft.

Then the news got around to the passengers. They came to our spot to wonder at us. We were slapped on the back, and congratulated — on what, we were not quite sure. They brought us to the bar, and enveigled us to the cinema. It became a game

between the passengers and the ship's officers to see who could get to us first.

Soon Wellington came into view through a gloomy, rainy drizzle. We heard the familiar noises of rattling winches and well known shouts and cries of the stevedores and dock workers. We'd made it to Wellington. We congratulated ourselves. Just why we were there we did not know. — It was only that Wellington had seemed a logical place for us to go.

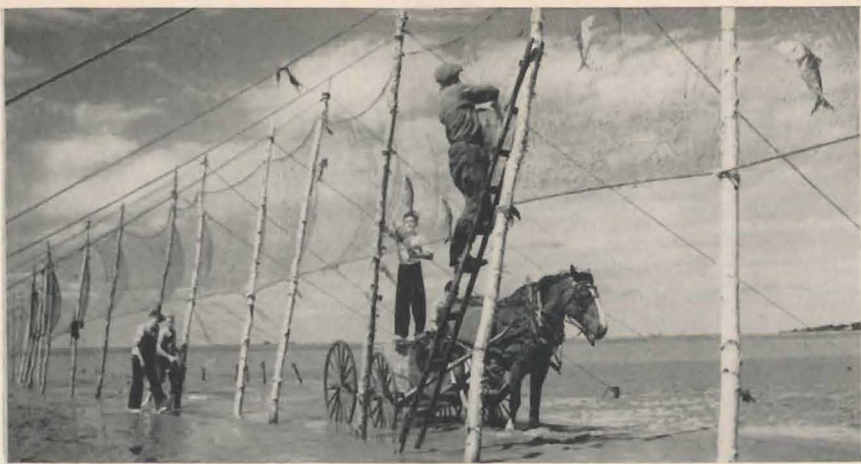
Then, at that instant, it all unfolded and we knew what we would do there. Far down near the gangway we spied a big "black maria" waiting on the quayside. And at the same moment we saw two burly cops on the gangway.

Through the throng of passengers we were pushed forward. Then, as we looked back we heard a chorus of voices in all pitches singing out:

"For they're two jolly good fellows — for they're two jolly good fellows."

Vaguely we looked around to see what had caused the excitement as we were pushed toward the gaping, black doors. Then, a crowd of surging passengers, laughing, and calling to us, converged on the truck as it moved off, carrying two vagabond seamen to a new adventure on the beach.





Land of the Wagon Team Fishermen

SMOKE belches from the stacks of a lumber-laden tramp as she leans against the wharf ready to sail—only there isn't any water. The ship sits high and dry on her bottom in the mud, as dry as before she was launched. Still, the bustle on deck and the rolling smoke are the usual preliminaries to a ship preparing to move!

Miles away along the coast a fisherman inspects his nets and gathers his catch, a chore of fishermen everywhere, but this fisherman doesn't use a boat. He travels by horse and wagon, and climbs a ladder to get his fish!

No, it isn't a dream or a morning-after excursion. This is Nova Scotia, where a lot of things happen that don't anywhere else. It happens every day in the Bay of Fundy—twice each day!

Fundy isn't much different from a thousand other bays and inlets except that it washes the shore of Nova Scotia, and has the highest tides in the world. In the upper reaches they range between 46 and 99 feet! Once in a big storm about eighty years ago they reached 103 feet. The cause of these tides lies in Fundy's funnel shape, which pushes the water higher and higher as it rushes in.

And tides are not the only oddity in Nova Scotia. Only a narrow neck of land called Chignecto Isthmus prevents the Province from being an island. The peninsula is three hundred seventy four miles long, and so narrow that at no part is it more than

fifty miles from the sea. Shaped like a lobster claw, it juts into the Atlantic.

Along with the king-size tides, Nova Scotia has king-size fish. A bluefin tuna caught there with rod and line can weigh up to a half a ton. The largest ever taken was in 1950 — weighing 977 pounds.

But the strangest fishing of all is in the Bay of Fundy, where the horse and ladder fishing is carried on during the shad season from mid-May to September. Constantly battling the rushing tides, and thick fogs for four or five months, these men return home each day with their carts loaded with the shad catch, like farmers returning with a load of turnips.

At low tide nets supported by 15 foot birch poles and guy ropes are strung out three miles from shore. When the tide rushes in, rising 28 feet in six hours, it floods over the nets leaving the shad caught in the nets by their gills. Then, when the tide recedes and the floor of the basin is bare, the fishermen drive their wagon teams across the muddy flats and pick the fish from the nets. Often they must climb up on ladders to get the fish that are out of reach.

A wagon trip is made twice every twenty four hours at low tide, and a day's haul of the shad brings about \$50.00 if the men work at high speed. The fast, evening tide then chases them into shore, for their catch must be in before the thick night fog settles.

Hawse-Pipe Skipper

A Profile

By Marjorie Dent Candee

ON a recent voyage to the east coast of South America on board the Moore-McCormack Lines cruise ship *Brazil*, I stood on the bridge with the genial skipper, Captain Harry N. Sadler, as the 33,000 ton liner crossed the mythical "Line." As we watched the traditional ceremonies while landlubber passengers were initiated, I remarked:

"Captain, I guess you've crossed the Equator probably more times than any other man in the world."

Captain Sadler laughed. "You're right. Father Neptune and I are friends of many years' standing. I've been master of the *Brazil* since 1938 when Moore-Mack took over the Panama-Pacific liner *Virginia* and inaugurated the Good Neighbor service to South America."

Next month the square-shouldered man who so effectively combines the qualities of host with those of seaman will start his 26th year as skipper of the *Brazil* and his 32nd year as a

Captain in the American Merchant Marine. As far as we can determine, no other man has a record of similar service. When his ship reached Buenos Aires on her last trip, shipping men in the Argentine capital presented Captain Sadler with a gold medal to mark his long seafaring record.

Captain Sadler prides himself on being "a hawse-pipe skipper." I discussed this term with him, and we referred

to Joana Colcord's interesting book, "Sea Language Comes Ashore," for a definition. The expression refers to seamen who have worked their way from the fo'c'sle to the bridge. The "hawse-pipe" is the hole through which the anchor cable runs when a ship "drops anchor." Working up through the hawse-pipe would be a difficult feat, and thus a man who shipped before the mast and worked his way up to the bridge is "a hawse-pipe skipper." This picturesque term, a remnant of sailing ship days, is still in use today to distinguish a "self-made" man from one who studied in officers' training schools.

A native of Mathews County, Virginia, Captain Sadler went to sea as a lad when he sailed Chesapeake Bay with his uncle who owned one of the "bug-eyes" characteristic of that area, and which carried cord-wood up the Piancatanic River in Virginia.

"I fell in love with the sea at first sight," Captain Sadler recalled. He

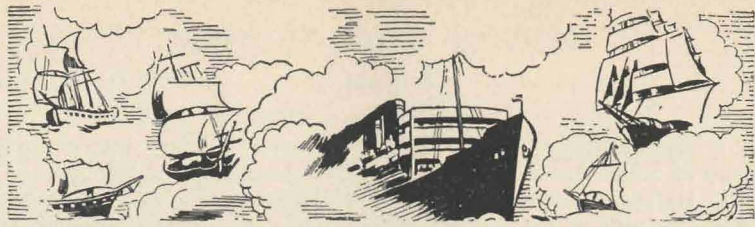
continued his career by serving with the Merchants & Miners Company on coast-wise ships, rising through the ranks to become chief mate. In Boston he was tutored in navigation by Captain Robert Huntington who later came to New York and established the Merchant Marine School at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

In March of 1920 Captain Sadler won his
(Continued on Page 11)



Photo Mooremack News

Capt. Sadler wearing decoration of Naval Merit presented by the Brazilian Government.



Just One Hundred Years Ago

By Frank O. Braynard

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Courtesy, "The Westsider," Summer, 1952

About the Author:

Frank O. Braynard is Vice President of the Steamship Historical Society and Director of the Bureau of Information, American Merchant Marine Institute.

The World of Ships

FLEET ATOM BOMB PLAN DEPENDS ON MERCHANT SHIPS

American merchant ships, particularly tankers, will perform an important function under a new atomic bomb attack pattern described recently by Admiral William M. Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations.

The attack pattern calls for the use of aircraft carriers as home bases of A-bomb planes. In the past the Navy premised its atomic attack schemes on the use of land bases in Great Britain and in other foreign countries. Entirely independent action, however, is not possible from foreign air bases.

An operation with carriers and A-bomb planes would be dependent upon oil tankers, most of which would be drawn from the nation's peacetime merchant fleet, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

Admiral Fechteler pointed out in his announcement of the new plan, "that the Navy will then have the capabilities of delivering an atomic bomb from a point anywhere on the seventy percent of the earth's surface that is covered with water to a target within a radius of the axis of carrier-based planes." This is a distance of some six hundred miles.

NEW SPEED RECORD

The new trans-Atlantic speed record established by the superliner *United States* was won by a wider margin than ever before in the history of steamships on the Atlantic, a study by the American Merchant Marine Institute disclosed.

There is a difference of 3.9 knots between the 35.59 knot average established by the *United States* on her maiden voyage and the 31.69 knot average of the *Queen Mary* on her fastest run. Since 1838, when more or less regular steamship service began, the winning margin has averaged less than one knot.

The last American ship to hold the record, the Institute pointed out, was the *Baltic*, of the Collins Line. The *Baltic* won the record from a sister-ship in August, 1852, with an average speed of 13.34. (See page 8)

The *Queen Mary* took the record in August, 1938 from the French Line's ill-fated *Normandie* by a margin of only .49 knots. The *Normandie* had won the mythical Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic in March 1937 from the *Queen Mary* by a .36 difference in speed. The *Queen Mary*, nine months before that, had beaten the original *Normandie* record by barely .32 of a knot.

When the *Normandie* first took the record from the Italian superliner *Rex*, in June 1935, she beat the Italian craft by 1.02 knots. The *Rex* had beaten the German liner *Europa*, now the French Line's *Liberte*, by a flat one knot.

SIX COUNTRIES TO COMPETE IN SEAMEN'S LIFEBOAT RACE

On August 27 the Hudson River will be the scene of a lifeboat race in which all of the boats entered will be manned by merchant seamen. Definite commitments to enter a boat have been made by the United States, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Brazil, and Spain. Other entries are expected to come in from countries still uncommitted.

Some hesitancy to join into the International competition has been expressed by countries that felt that seamen, now unused to the traditional lifeboat with oars, might make a clumsy showing and give an impression of poor seamanship. Lifeboats are now propelled by a system of levers similar to those on a railway handcar, and by gas motors.

Sponsored by the Seamen's Friend Society, the race will follow a

mile course in the Hudson. Starting opposite Grant's Tomb, it will go downstream to a finish opposite the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at 89th Street. Fifty thousand spectators are expected to watch the race which, if successful this year, will become an annual event.

Crews have been training a month prior to the race. Each crew consists of eight oarsmen and a coxswain. All entries are on a national basis rather than from various steamship companies. Members of the boat crews are chosen from companies and merchant marine organizations of each country.

The boats for the race will be furnished by the United States Coast Guard. The Navy and Coast Guard are not expected to enter but the Military Sea Transport Service, which is primarily manned by merchant seamen, is expected to enter a crew.



(Continued from Page 7)

first command, as master of the Shipping Board vessel *Lake Linden*. The next year he joined the Munson Line as master of its *Munrio*, and in 1926 became skipper of that company's *Southern Cross*, operating in the South American trade.

"That's when I crossed 'The Line' (Latitude 0°-0'-0") and first became acquainted with Father Neptune, Davy Jones and his court," Captain Sadler recalled. "Watching thousands of passengers being initiated into the ancient order of the deep since that time is always interesting. Whether they get 'dunked' into the *Brazil's* pool, 'shaved' with white of egg and confectionery sugar by Neptune's barber, or 'sawed in half' by the ship's surgeon, it's all good-natured fun and nobody gets injured while being initiated. People get such a thrill when

PRINCETON HONORS CHAPLAIN

Dr. James C. Healey, Senior Chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, who for the past thirty-seven years has been engaged in social and religious work among men of the Merchant Marine, received the Princeton University Class of 1915 Merit Cup for a year at a dinner given at Princeton.

Among those who have received the Cup in previous years are the names of James W. Forrestal, First Secretary of Defense for the U.S., Dr. Philip Drinker, inventor of the Iron Lung for polio victims; Dr. John Paul, Professor of Preventative Medicine, Yale Medical School; Dr. J. Vincent Meigs, Gynecologist of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and Mr. Maurice Pate, Director of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund.

they receive their certificate indicating that they are 'Shellbacks'."

Although most of Captain Sadler's seafaring experience has been in the South American run, two wars carried him to other parts of the world. The *Brazil* sailed as a troop ship to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, to Pacific, to North Africa, and the North Atlantic in World War II. In World War I Captain Sadler served in the U.S. Navy aboard mine-sweepers. He lives with his wife in Virginia between trips to South America. His hobbies are canasta, "open spaces" and "people." Thousands of tourists call the *Brazil* the "Sadler" ship, and many make "repeat" voyages aboard. Captain Sadler still has the same enthusiasm for the sea as when he began his career in 1905.



Book Briefs

JOSEPH CONRAD

By Oliver Warner

Longmans, Green & Co., New York

This addition to the *Men and Books* series is another searching and sensitively critical study of the work of a great writer. The earlier part of the book is mainly biographical, noting especially those facts in Conrad's life that explain the origin of the material for his books: his characters, settings, situations, etc. The latter part is mainly a series of sympathetic and critical analyses of his long novels, his shorter novels, short stories and a study of his place among the great literary figures of all time. The book is excellent reading for lovers of Conrad's work and should tempt many new readers into their circle.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE TEA CLIPPERS

By David R. MacGregor

Percival Marshall & Co., Ltd., London

Much has been written already about the beauty and romance surrounding the adventures of the clipper ships, their clouds of canvas, speed, the daring of their captains, but less about the practical aspects of making them paying propositions for their owners or of the problems of navigation, timing of voyages and choice of courses. Mr. MacGregor has told the story of the British tea clipper ships on this latter, more practical basis. Besides his appreciation as a marine artist of the beauty of the ships, he has brought both scholarship and painstaking research to bear on the matter and has collected a fine gallery of pictures, hull designs, chart studies of the routes of travel. The book should be of special interest to those who desire exact, reliable information on the development of the British tea trade during the years from 1849 to 1869 and the opening of the Suez Canal.

W. L. M.

FORCE MULBERRY

By Alfred Stanford, Comdr. USNR

William Morrow & Co., \$3.50

As a participant in the invasion, and a well-known author on naval topics, Comdr. Stanford is well-equipped to tell the story of the Omaha and Utah landings in World War II. It is difficult to convey the vast conception of the equipment, the heart-break, confusion, destruction and chaos that culminated in the greatest assault of material ever conceived by man in wartime. This concise account of these great Naval operations, though short, tells the story very well.

W. L. M.

SUCCESSFUL YACHT RACING

By C. Stanley Ogilvie

W. W. Norton & Co., \$4.00

Skipper Ogilvie has won so many races in a variety of sailing yachts that he rates an audience among the experts, for this is no book for beginners. It is an expression of the author's views on some of the more controversial features of the sport of racing.

Who wins the races in "one design" craft? — How much does hull condition affect speed? — What about fittings for lively boats? — How does airflow behave about a sailing boat? — Ideas about sailing the windward leg. Topics like these, discussed by a habitual winner deserve notice from yachtsmen who would like to learn how it is done.

W. L. M.

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II

Vol. 7, *Aleutians, Gilberts & Marshalls*

By Samuel Eliot Morison

Atlantis Little-Brown & Co., \$6.00

This volume of Prof. Morison's monumental history is filled with detailed, first-hand knowledge obtained on the spot. The accurately detailed accounts of these operations from June 1942 to April 1944 are more lucid because of pictures, diagrams, and charts. The author is well equipped to write this history, having been carefully instructed in Naval strategy, fleet logistics, amphibious warfare, and other phases of fleet operation by Admiral Spruance, Vice Admiral Calhoun, and Lt. General R. C. Richardson.

An Introduction by Comdr. James C. Shaw gives a vivid picture of the complex organization on aircraft carriers that swing into action when the "task force sorties for the strike, ships filing out with the solemn majesty of priests marching to mass." This book is a great addition to Naval history.

W. L. M.

THE PLUNDERERS

By Georges Blend

Translated by Frances Frenaye

The Macmillan Company, \$3.50

A tragedy that savors of the primordial. It is the story of Sila Ivanovich Shayffrin — of his years of struggle, misfortune, intrigue in the East Siberian Court of Irkutsk and in the Court of the lovely Chinese princess Tsao-Hi at Maimatchin to get ships for his Behring Sea expedition; of the slaughter of seals at Goddess Island; of the rescue by Shayffrin of the kidnapped Indian women and of his own tragic and terrible end. Not just a horror story, but a rather sophisticated, scholarly tale of plunder in the North when Russia first entered the area.

W. L. M.

Merchant Seamen's Poems

FIRST PRIZE in the Ninth Annual Poetry Contest for Merchant Seamen sponsored by the Artists and Writers Club at the Seamen's Church Institute was awarded to MORRIS GOLUB, Chief Mate.

Other winners in the Contest were Charles E. Grant, 3rd Engineer, 2nd Prize; and C. Allen Neilsen, A.B. Seaman, 3rd Prize. The second and third prize winning poems will be published in the September LOOKOUT.

We are publishing the three prize poems by Mr. Golub which were, in the opinion of our esteemed judges, outstanding in the 1952 contest.

PROMENADE

The waves are casting up the drift of time,
Caressing the deserted sands with all
The echoes of a vasty history:
The bones of mariners bleached by the
brine;

The prayers at night along a rock-bound
coast,
The furtive landings on an unknown shore,
The triumphs of a fear-crazed helpless crew
Have wandered inland to the villagers
Out strolling on a Sunday afternoon.

The air is dry, the week-end sky is grey
With the uneasy urgency of calm;
Tonight, they say, the sea will rage, and
from

The creaking masts St. Elmo's fire dance,
The wind will scream a thousand trump-
petings,
And green-faced boys and certainless old
men
Will lurch with terror in the nowhere night.

I tell you that the wanderer can see
Through torrents howling out of nothing-
ness

The lights that shine upon the flickering
shore,

The loom of cities burning leagues away;
For who shall know the wrath of all this
world,

If not the dead and their inheritors,
The sombre population of the sea?

Choice of judge A. M. Sullivan

SARGASSO

Sighing for a lost world that never was,
Complete with maps, terrain, and citadels,
Alive with monuments and reservoirs,
The spinning sailor stamps the final seals
On documents portending utter wars.

If you are wise, you will not pity him
Whom thunder cannot blanch, nor tempest
tame,
But let him wallow in the trough of time
Where fitful westings hint of somewhere
home.

His log impervious to testament,
He yaws forever in a bowl of brine,
Whose acid breath corrodes the instrument
Appointing signals to his brooding brain
Of noon positions showing nowhere gone.

Choice of judge Joseph Auslander

AZIMUTH

Sailor at the gunwale turning
Distant on the boundless air,
See the stranded shipwreck burning
On the beach at Finisterre;

See the anguished limbs and swollen
Clinging at the hempen strands,
And the precious cargo fallen
Helpless on the hopeless sands;

Sailor, can you hear the frightful
Meaning in the sirens' cry,
Flaring when the flames at nightfall
Fire the doom-enshrouded sky?

Choice of judge Francis Frost



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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, **"the sum of.....Dollars."**

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.