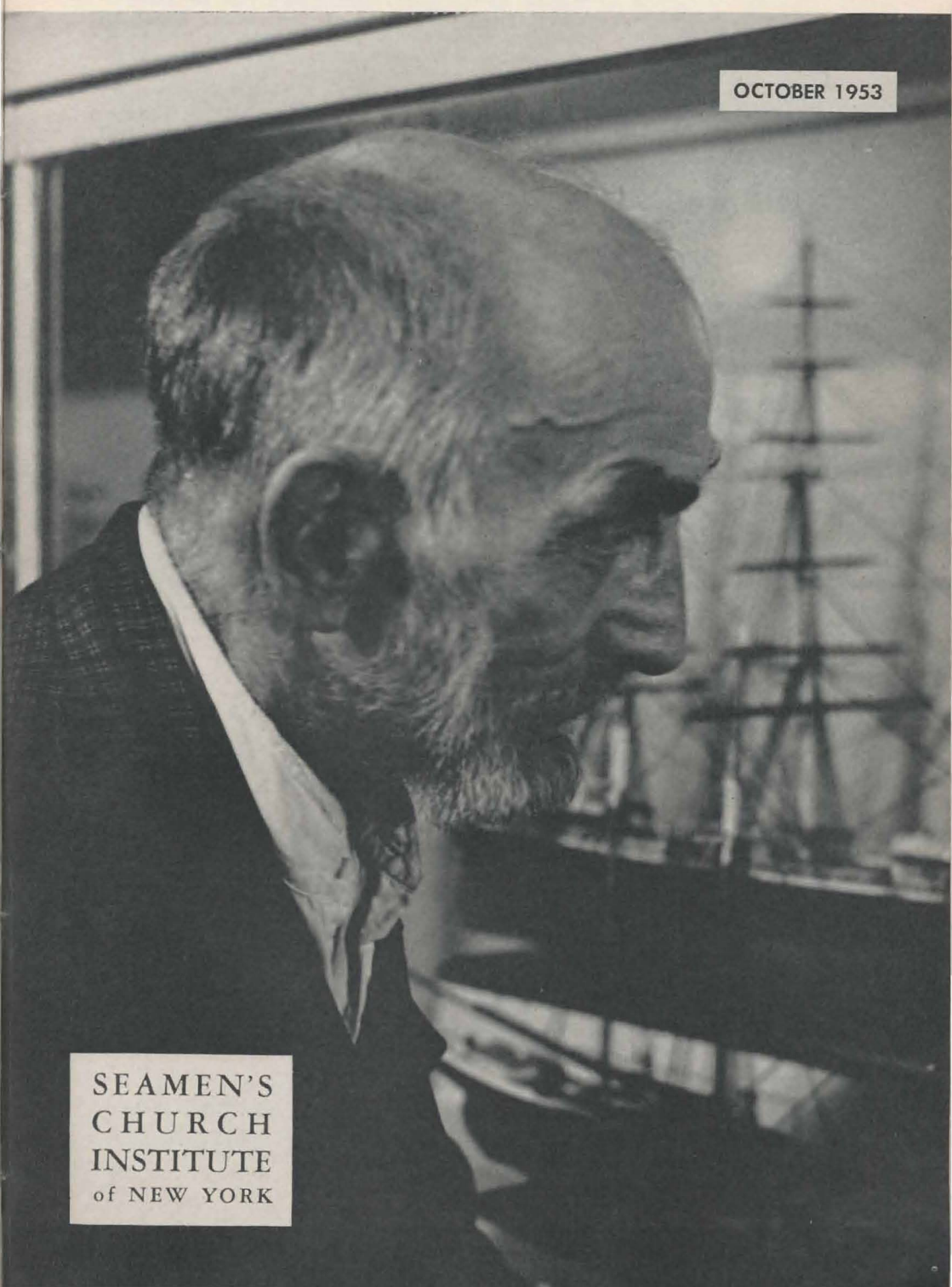


The LOOKOUT

OCTOBER 1953

A black and white photograph of an elderly man with a full, grey beard and balding head. He is shown in profile, looking out of a window. In the background, a large model of a multi-masted sailing ship is visible. The man is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored collared shirt.

SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home 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 the 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.

FALL BENEFIT: The Institute is happy to announce that its annual fall theatre benefit will be the December 1st evening performance of "THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL," starring LILLIAN GISH, at the Henry Miller Theatre, 124 West 43rd Street. For good seats make your reservations now through the Institute.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIV

OCTOBER, 1953

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710

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THE COVER: At the Institute's Marine Museum, Martin Jensen, one of the iron men of yore, pauses to reflect on the days of wooden ships. Today Jensen operates a fishing smack in the Chesapeake Bay area, but he still stops in at the Institute periodically, as he has for many decades, to call for his mail.

The Lookout

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No. 10



The Turn-Around

IT'S 7:30 A.M. and a series of thunderous booms roll heavily in over the waterfront, thudding dully against the taller buildings. Tug whistles shriek; ferryboats cough hoarsely and sharply, like wheezy old elephants. Cars pull to one side and people clamber out to stand at the river's edge. The *United States* is in. Her sharp, slender prow noses around the end of Pier 86. Two Moran tugs nudge her gently as they perform the delicate business of warping her around the pier end. She slides silently forward into her berth, her immense bulk inking a quivering shadow on the water.

Some passengers cheer, some shout, some wave frantically at familiar pink blobs among the welcoming faces on the pier. Heavy lines are thrown and caught, gangways put up, escalator belts extended and a small army of pier-side men swings into action.

The first passengers dash down the ramps into the arms of the customs men, and almost as quickly, the first small pieces of baggage bump and bobble their way down the escalators. Within 10 minutes the push-button hatches are open and netted trunks are swung out and lowered swiftly to waiting hands on the dock. Within 15 minutes Esso fuel barges commence refueling operations on the port side of the ship. Painters, on special rigs overside, carefully retouch the white draught numbers and brighten some starboard patches dulled by wind and salt spray. Serious men, intent on their work, prowl the ship mending a bit of upholstery here, replacing a worn part there.

Reporters shoot questions at a politician, trailing him about on deck and repeating their queries plaintively as he prepares to leave. Photographers crowd

around and flash bulbs explode, blue bursts in the dazzling yellow sunlight. Some reporters give up and sulk in the commandeered cabin that serves as a pressroom, patiently waiting for the bottled beer in the sink to cool. It isn't much after eight.

On the promenade deck, winch machinery creaks and the first auto rises out of the deep hold forward. A yellow Cadillac convertible teeters on a sling fashioned of cables and steel rods that cup the wheels. The longshoremen of the "winch gang" guide the winch operator at the hatch by hand signals, and the auto rides like a toy over the rail and descends to the lower level of the pier. A service gang connects the batteries which had been disconnected aboard ship because of fire hazards. They pump three gratis gallons of gas into each car and the lucky owners, passed by customs, simply drive off.

On the pier's upper level, flags and bunting wave merrily from the rafters, sharing overhead space with huge square signs emblazoned with letters of the alphabet. Some are pale blue, some royal, some red, according to a coded color system representing the three passenger "classes." Groups of brightly-clad passengers cluster obediently beneath the letter-signs which hang at irregular intervals. Space is allotted according to passenger lists forwarded prior to the ship's arrival. The S's usually garner a large bit of pier.

Members of the longshoremen's pier gang stand in pairs at the bottom of each baggage escalator. They catch and load the bags on wheeled racks that are trundled to and fro. The color of the label and the first letter of the owner's name decides under which sign the bags must go.

Men and women dodge hand trucks and skip over suitcases to shriek excited greetings to the newcomers, who must stay beyond a picket fence partition. A determined woman with a reluctant child searches tirelessly for the ship's photographer, challenging every innocent bystander with a camera. She *must* have a picture and she suspects the scoundrel

is deliberately avoiding her.

Customs men's severe black uniforms jump starkly out of the bright, sunlit background. They work in three groups, one for each passenger class, constantly besieged by women clutching at their coat sleeves and small boys pulling at their trouser legs. Recent cuts in the customs budget have sharply reduced their staff, and to expedite clearance of baggage they now only examine approximately one piece in every eight. Even at that, some passengers regard the inspection as a personal insult and clutch at string-bound cartons and lumpy carpet bags in righteous, defiant indignation. By 11:00, though, the panic is pretty much over and passengers, friends and suitcases have all joined company and headed home. But the job of fitting the *United States* for her sailing in four days goes feverishly forward.

Baggage had been unloading during the rush from ten different locations at once, linking her to the pier by a maze of gangways, escalators, cables and nets. She averages 7,000 to 9,000 pieces totaling approximately 25 tons. The automobiles shipped aboard her are owned by the passengers and fall into the baggage category, accounting for an additional 80 tons. The *United States* carries no cargo; her storage space is divided between baggage, mail and food. Her record unloading time is 2½ hours.

Much of the detail of her unloading system, described as the most efficient in the port of New York, is a trade secret. It was conceived by Baggage Master Johnny Franke, who, together with his office staff of four, commands a total of 140 years of experience in handling baggage. Their duties are varied and involved, not the least of which is processing unaccompanied baggage and tracing strayed pieces that didn't make the ship in foreign ports.

In the next two working days the rattling of hand trucks, the creaking of winches and the shouts of men at hard, physical labor never cease, as the unglamorous but vital job of servicing the big ship goes on. Garbage is unloaded, linens replenished and a multitude of

minor repairs and replacements made. Food stores arrive on the pier according to strict schedules worked out by Bert Glendinning, pier superintendent. This speeds loading and insures proper stowage. Perishables, including meat, ice cream and fresh vegetables, are last to go aboard. On the day before sailing, all of the automobiles and most of the baggage is loaded. Men work deep in the holds with the sure skill of experience, securing cargo against shifting at sea.

On sailing day, a grey drizzle mists the air and the monotonous warnings of foghorns drone from the milky river. But the weather does little to dampen the high spirits or slow the fever of activity on Pier 86. There are no restrictions today and the passengers and joyous well-wishers crowd aboard the *United States* ohing and ahing, getting cheerfully lost, or conducting impromptu tours. All the baggage escalators are up and the last suitcases carried by the embarking passengers bump their way on board. Dark-suited messenger boys troop up the gangways bearing bon voyage gifts. Mr. Franke's system here processes approximately 1700 gifts in 2½ hours.

Men in slickers batten down the hatches and lower the booms. Canvas covers are hauled out and the booms are lashed as well as locked in place. There may be a bit of weather ahead.

A distracted public relations man mutters "cheese and an umbrella," as he glances furtively at young women. His mission is to seek out an attractive girl with an umbrella to pose for the photogs.

The ship bellows its intention to leave and the women on the top deck hold their ears and squeal. Only twenty minutes left. People crowd in off the decks reluctantly and start the slow trek downward. Most prefer to use the stairways and run breathlessly out onto each level "to see what's there." Most of the reporters have hurriedly jotted down interviews and rushed off to make their deadlines. The photogs spiritedly discuss the merits of their "cheese cake" photos as they join the general movement off the ship.

The gangway entrances are choked with people, some cheery, some weepy, all putting off the moment of parting. There's much hearty laughter, backslapping and moist, sentimental kissing. One group teeters and gravely discusses a serious problem. There's a disagreement as to who is seeing off whom. Another warning blast blots out all other sound and the visitors, brandishing half-filled glasses and trailing colored streamers, pour off the gangways.

Only one minute to go. There's a mad flurry as some race up the gangway and others race down. The gangways are then rolled off and the *United States* pulls away from her dock. Her railings are a forest of waving arms. Last minute shouted instructions are lost in the general clamor.

The tugs steam about importantly, guiding the big ship out into midstream. She rides the water regally and her court of riverboats shriek, wail and toot in proper homage to the Queen.

— MAE STOKE



YOUR MERCHANT MARINE

...AND ITS
HEROES HAVE
ALWAYS
SERVED *the*
NAVY WELL

*Information Courtesy
American Merchant Marine
Institute, New York*



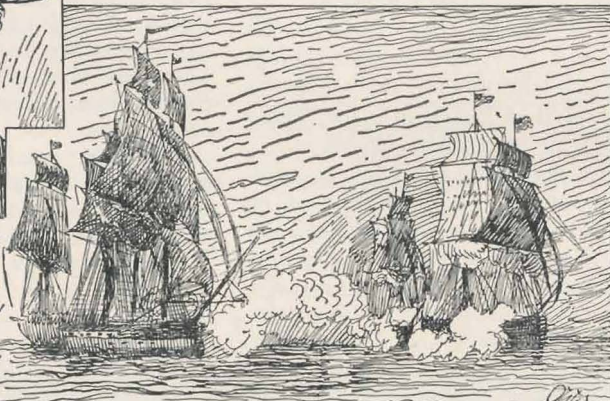
U.S.S. CONSTITUTION



● *Commodore Edward Prebel,
TRAINED IN THE MERCHANT MARINE,
COMMANDERED THE U.S.S. CONSTITUTION
IN THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI*



*John Paul Jones,
TYPICAL OF THE
SHIPMASTERS OF
HIS DAY, BROUGHT
TO THE INFANT NAVY
THE VIGOR AND
ENTERPRISE HE
HAD FIRST SHOWN
AS A MERCHANT
MARINE OFFICER*



● *THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SHIP BON HOMME RICHARD
DEFEATING THE BRITISH SERAPIS*

*TODAY as YESTERDAY your merchant marine is vital in peace
as a source of officers for the Navy in war*

EVERYONE enjoys sharing Thanksgiving and Christmas with others, when possible, with family and friends. It has also become an American custom to reach out and include those who must be away from their home towns during the holiday season. Many veterans remember warmly the families living near military bases during the war who offered to share their special feasts.

For merchant seamen, in a sense, the war has never stopped. Maintaining America's lifelines of commerce and defense on the seas still requires these men to be away from their homes most of the time. This year, as in years past, over 1000 merchant seamen at Thanksgiving and Christmas will be invited to a home-style dinner as guests of the Seamen's Church Institute. True, it's not the same as being home, but a glance around our table would assure you that it is a good substitute.

Will you help us "pick up the tab" for these dinners and so share in an observance of the holiday season in the finest tradition? Make checks payable to:

HOLIDAY FUND
Seamen's Church Institute
of New York

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION

Perhaps there has never been a vessel more specially designed than the *Cleopatra*, built in England in 1877 to fetch Cleopatra's Needle, the obelisk which stands today on the Thames Embankment in London. Circular in shape and a hundred feet long, the strange vessel was actually assembled around the monument itself in the Egyptian desert. Then the *Cleopatra*, Needle and all, was rolled out to the sea, where a keel, mast and cabin were added. After many trial voyages it was successfully brought to England. Naturally, the ship had to be dismantled again to get the cargo out, but this really didn't matter, for the *Cleopatra* had quite fulfilled the hopes of her builders.

THANKS ANYWAY

In his column "Where on Earth" in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Ted Atwood recently revived the case of the stately old four-masted bark *Pamir* which was offered by German interests for duty with the U.S. Navy during the Korean War in December, 1951, when there was a shortage of supply ships.

Her charter price of \$5,000 per month (American-flag freighters were then getting \$1,800 per day) had to be declined for the lack of American seamen trained in the ways of a sailing ship.

Built in Hamburg in 1905, the *Pamir* sailed to Chile for nitrates, later switching to the grain trade between Australia and England. After a close brush with the scrap heap in 1949, a German firm manned her with an international crew of young cadets and sent her back to sea carrying low-rate bulk cargoes. Much of the time she was not actually sailed, however, for a big diesel engine capable of driving the vessel at nine knots was now taking up part of her cargo space,

and it was made to earn its keep. Very high freight markets after the start of the Korean War kept the ship going for a time, but following the recommissioning of mothball fleet vessels, the market went down and the *Pamir* and a sister ship, the *Passat*, bankrupt the owners.

However, this incidental information concerning the *Pamir's* financial straits should not be suffered to discolor the gallantry of her offer to help out the American Navy at a time when the chips were down.

THE SAME OLD SEA

The unrelenting dangers of seafaring were recently pointed up in a dramatic episode in which Captain William W. Kuhn, retiring master of the American Export liner *Exeter*, was plagued by haze and fog while bringing his ship safely into harbor for the last time, making his final few miles as a sailor "the toughest stretch of them all."

Another of the essential facts of seafaring was contained in Captain Kuhn's calculation that in thirty-nine years of married life he was away at sea an average of 295 days a year.

NFAS DISSOLVED

In what was called the first step in a series of moves planned for stronger trade association representation of the American Merchant Marine, steamship organizations on the Atlantic and Pacific recently announced the dissolution of the National Federation of American Shipping in Washington, D. C., effective September 30, 1953.

At the same time it was announced that the American Merchant Marine Institute, New York, would absorb the functions and staff of the Federation's Washington offices. The announcement

was made jointly by Alexander Purdon, Secretary-Treasurer of the Federation, and by the presidents of its two member maritime organizations, Walter E. Maloney, President, American Merchant Marine Institute, New York, and Robert E. Mayer, President, Pacific American Steamship Association.

The National Federation of American Shipping when organized in 1944 represented five shipping associations whose member companies included virtually the entire American Merchant Marine. These were the American Merchant Marine Institute, the Association of American Ship Owners, the Pacific American Steamship Association, the Pacific American Tankship Association and the Shipowners Association of the Pacific Coast.

COLLISION

Out of Quebec via the *Canadian Sailor* comes this "whale of a tale," or vice versa. It seems that the *S.S. Atlantic* was three days out on her way to Europe when her master, Capt. Martinoli, and the chief engineer noticed an unaccountable slackening of speed.

A thorough check of the liner's machinery revealed nothing. Then a deckhand did the obvious and looked over the side, to discover an enormous dead whale draped around the bow. Evidently the 40-foot monster had been killed outright by the ship's prow, with the impact imbedding it deep into the vast carcass.

Captain Martinoli stopped the ship and notified all passengers of this unscheduled attraction, such as he in fifty years at sea had never before seen. When everyone had looked his fill, the ship was backed free of its prey.

Later Captain Martinoli remarked, "I hope I don't get in wrong with the SPCA. Perhaps we ought to devise a signal system to warn whales in the future."

AT CLEVELAND

Twenty-four resolutions designed to strengthen the American Merchant Marine were put forward at the September convention of the Propeller Club of the United States and the American Merchant Marine Conference in Cleveland.

Reaffirming its faith in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, the group urged that Governmental action be taken to implement the policies spelled out at that time. Among other things, it was resolved that:

- ☐ The Government should recognize the need for an adequate fleet.
- ☐ Facilities for training seamen should be increased.
- ☐ Congress should formulate without delay a sound long-range ship building program for the replacement of aging vessels.
- ☐ Congress should adopt permanent legislation insuring that 50% of foreign-aid cargoes would be carried in privately owned and operated American-flag ships.
- ☐ Government agencies should eliminate discriminatory practices hurtful to American-flag operators.
- ☐ Federal projects should be undertaken to effect certain inland waterway improvements.
- ☐ Congress should authorize the Federal Maritime Board to investigate the lowering of railroad rates of commodities for which water transportation competes.
- ☐ All Government passengers and cargo, civilian, military or otherwise, should be carried on private American-flag vessels, except in cases of large troop movements, or where the nature of the traffic warrants an exception.
- ☐ There should be no restriction on importing petroleum into this country.
- ☐ Ship construction subsidy contracts should be final and binding on both the Government and the operators.



Captain Bob Hayes at the wheel of the *Carol A. Moran*.

A Day at the Races

WHEN the race was over and the tug *Carol A. Moran* was headed back to work, Captain Bob Hayes slapped the wheel and turned to his brother, Captain Bill.

"Dammit, if we had to lose, why couldn't we lose by a decent margin — by a couple lengths or something? Johnson was laying right on the nose and he still thinks we won. That's how close it was."

"Yeah, I keep thinkin' if we'd only done this or that, it would have been different."

"Boy, I never pushed on a wheel so hard in my life. I nearly bent it over." Captain Bob gave the big brass wheel another rap and stared far down the Hudson.

Suddenly he turned on a tall, dried-out deckhand sitting quietly in the cor-

ner. "Daniel Webster Johnson, what the hell were you doing up in the bow catching all that wind and slowing us down?"

"Don't blame me, Cap," grinned Johnson. "I was pullin' with all I had."

Hugh Mesnard, chief engineer of the Moran fleet, joined the post mortem session in the pilot house. He stood wiping his hands on a rag and said nothing.

"Well?" Captain Bob kept staring down the river.

"Well what?" answered Mesnard. "I'm not making any excuses. Everything went in but the kitchen sink. I'm satisfied we got all she had. *Socony 11* just musta found something we didn't have."

"I'll tell you this much, though," chimed in Daniel Webster Johnson, "we sure showed 'em how close you could come and still not win."

The race actually had been a very close

one. At the finish line most of the press observers on the Coast Guard *Tuckahoe* had scored the *Carol A. Moran* first. But admittedly, to the anguish of the photographers aboard, the *Tuckahoe* was a big half mile from the finish line. The *Carol A. Moran* had really lost, and everyone aboard finally admitted it, even Daniel Webster Johnson.

It was not a loss, however, born of indifference or frail hopes. As Captain Bob Hayes remarked to a visitor on the *Carol* before the race started, "There's no sense racing if you don't do all you can to try to win. I know we're gonna deserve an 'E' for effort. And I hope you'll need a telephoto lens to get a picture of the next closest boat."

The race took place on a Saturday afternoon, with the boats forming at Pier 1 for a parade up the Hudson at one o'clock. Just an hour earlier the *Carol* had been helping the *Ryndam* sail from Pier 5, Hoboken. But it would not be accurate to say that she just knocked off from work in time to go to the races.

In the darkness at 3 A.M. that morning the *Carol* was making full-power test runs between St. George and the Narrows. Hugh Mesnard, Moran's chief engineer, had come aboard about 5 P.M. the previous day to assist the *Carol's* engineers in making a complete readjustment of the 16-cylinder diesel-electric engine to obtain with safety its maximum output.

"This represents a half-million dollars worth of equipment," commented Mesnard, "and you sure don't want to wreck it just to gain ten feet on another tug."

The *Carol* was chosen by Moran for the General Class A Division race because she had been the most recently overhauled—on Thursday, just two days earlier, to be exact. Undoubtedly on the other tugboats crewmen were saying that she had been pulled out specifically to prepare her for the race, and that a speed wheel had been slipped on her to replace the towing wheel normally used.

At least the *Carol* was overflowing with scuttlebutt about unorthodox preparations other tugs were making to improve their chances in the races. Someone was saying that the New York Central tug had been pulled out and that her whole hull had been given a wax job and that the crank pins from an old steam locomotive had been loaded in her nose to trim her so that under full power she wouldn't just dig herself a hole and try to plow out of it. Everybody seemed to know that everybody else had sneaked on a speed wheel. All over the harbor binoculars were trained on other test-hopping tugs.

The tug that had them guessing the most was the *Dalzeller*, the job with the new de Schelde controllable-pitch propeller that was said to work wonders. She had the same power plant as the *Carol* and her hull was trim and fast.



The races caused considerable excitement in the harbor.

From all they knew about her, she seemed to be the one to beat.

Part of the excitement that was abroad stemmed from the fact that running light under full power is a rare experience for all tugs. The *Carol*, for example, was built in 1949, but she had never been really "opened up" until the day of the race. Her potential was a secret not even known to her skipper. "You don't dare run full power in the harbor. Why, if I'd open this thing up and blast around the island a couple times, the swell damages would break the company. A tug can really push water around."

To lighten the boat and reduce hull resistance, over 15,000 gallons of fuel was pumped out of the *Carol* before the race, and like many another tug on that day she was high and gawky in the water, making her look like a colt among draft horses when she tied up among the working boats. Her fenders were all jacked up so they would not drag in the water.

The problem of wind resistance was also given careful thought. Despite the fact that dress flags would have added smartness to the boat, they were ruled out because they pulled too much wind.

"You sure don't want to wreck it just to gain ten feet on another tug."



Only the American flag was flown; a new one was brought out for the occasion.

The boarding ladders used by docking pilots to get on and off vessels in mid-stream had to be unslung from their exposed positions and stowed aft. "If you ever tried to hold one up to the side of a moving ship, you'd know how much wind they catch," observed Captain Bob.

Considerable debate arose over what should be done about the pilot house windows — whether they should be opened or closed. Some thought that if the windows running around the front were all opened to let the air in, and if the back doors were opened to let it out again, that the pilot house would lose a lot of its bulk and would catch much less wind. Others felt that, in passing through, the air would be riled by the many irregular surfaces and objects inside and would get bottled up, with worse results than if it were left free to sweep around the contours of the pilot house.

By the time of the race, however, despite the fact that the air was blustery and chill with occasional spitting rain, they decided to run with the doors and windows of the pilot house wide open. This meant that the record books, the pencils, ash trays and all other loose objects had to be secured so they wouldn't be blown out into the Hudson as the tug bucked a headwind at full speed.

The *Carol* arrived at Pier 5, Hoboken, sufficiently ahead of the *Ryndam's* sailing time for the engine to be shut down while Mesnard and the *Carol's* engineers made the final adjustments. In the rare quiet of the engine room there was only the scuffle of screwdrivers as inspection plates were removed and the proper settings were administered. The machinery was all neat and gleaming; you could lay a sandwich down anywhere.

After the *Ryndam* was on her way, the *Carol* joined a scene of confused milling off Pier 1. It was a rare opportunity to see tugboats, some of them outlandishly overdressed and bubbling with guests, others clean and bare for the race. In the middle of it all, the American Export liner *Constitution* slid majestically out to sea.



Presently the tugs found their parade positions and proceeded up the Hudson to the race area between Grant's Tomb and the Sailors and Soldiers Monument. The Jersey half of the river along this section was a clutter of boats of all sizes filled with spectators. Daniel Webster Johnson spotted a lifeboat and remembered that these were going to race when the tugs had finished, but the *Carol* was concerned with little except her own competition, the *Dalzellera*, *Helen L. Tracy*, *Turecamo Girls*, *Dauntless 14* and *Socony 11* — all fast boats.

While the first tug division races were being run off, the *Carol* moved above George Washington Bridge, where the *Turecamo Girls*, *Helen L. Tracy* and others were clearing their throats for the big try. Captain Bob sent the *Carol* into a high-powered circling maneuver designed to heat up the engine and burn all the carbon out of the cylinders. "When I smack that throttle down at the start," he said, "I don't want her croupin' and whoopin'. I want her to dig in and git!"

As all six tugs jockeyed abreast of one another for the race, Chief Engineer Mesnard went over a special set of engine room-pilot house signals with Captain Bob and then headed below. At the boom of the starter's pistol a sudden surge of power slammed through the *Carol*, rock-

ing everyone back on his heels. She sank on her haunches and lunged off to a good start, leading the pack.

It wasn't until halfway down the course that *Socony 11* began to throw smoke, and then she began to gain — very slowly. To everyone's surprise and delight the *Dalzellera* on the far right was laboring and slowly falling behind. *Turecamo Girls*, next to the Manhattan shore, was making a good race of it, despite a deck load of guests. But *Socony 11* was the one that was gaining, and no matter how hard Captain Bob pushed on the wheel or kicked on the wall of the pilot house, she continued to gain. Inch by inch, she crept up on the *Carol*, and at the finish line one of her crew members clambered exultantly to the roof of the pilot house swinging a new broom.

Daniel Webster Johnson was discouraged. "Last year that railroad tug; this year an oil company tug. Damn these outsiders!"

"Buck up, old man," said Mesnard, "maybe they'll have a separate division for oil company tugs next time like they did with the railroad tugs this year."

"Yeah," quipped somebody, "we'll win this race yet — if we have to run against all Moran tugs to do it."

— TOM BAAB



Book Briefs

RIDE OUT THE STORM

By Roger Verceel,
trans. by Katherine Woods
G. P. Putnam, \$4.00

Against the colorful backdrop of the last great days of sail, when square-riggers drove hard and fast around the globe in a losing battle with steam, Roger Verceel has written an engrossing novel of a man's search for himself. Its protagonists are two, Pierre Rolland, a young French seaman who becomes one of the most daring skippers of his time, and the sea itself.

The author writes of the sea and the men who sail it with authority and insight. His characters ring true; his observations on sea superstitions and the motives of men are excellent. His keen dramatic sense is at its best when describing a ship and its crew in the grip of an arctic gale or the deadening calm of the doldrums. An occasional wordiness in the writing can perhaps be blamed on the translation. On the whole, however, *Ride Out the Storm* makes exciting reading.

DICK NELSON

THE HIDDEN COASTS

By Daniel Henderson
William Sloane Associates, \$5.00

The Hidden Coasts, a biography of Admiral Charles Wilkes, presents the highlights of a life crowded with dramatic incident and leaves the analysis of the man to other historians.

Wilkes was a Naval adventurer in the rollicking, undisciplined days of America's infancy. He skirmished with the Fiji Islanders, charted and named an impressive number of Pacific islands and in 1838 commanded an expedition to the Antarctic continent, out-racing the British and French to be the first to explore this little known land. He was rewarded for his labors by being promptly court-martialed upon his return to the United States, an unfortunate victim of political skulduggery. He got out of that scrape well enough, but next we find him exchanging harsh words with England, during her blockade-running for the South during the Civil War. Open warfare with the Mother Country was but narrowly averted, as the Northern chiefs of state succeeded in placating the tempers of the two — Wilkes and England.

An interesting but limited portrait of one of America's most fiery Naval commanders.

MAE STOKE

THE SEA HUNTERS

By Edouard A. Stackpole
J. B. Lippincott Company, \$7.50

From 1635 to 1835 whale fishing in New England grew from infancy to a powerful and highly profitable industry. Edouard Stackpole, in *The Sea Hunters*, surveys these two centuries with a patient thoroughness which reveals the great significance of the industry both to American history, and to the advancement of oceanographical and geographical knowledge.

Solidly documented by such original sources as ship's logs and personal journals, this book is nevertheless far from being a deadly rendering of dull economic facts and figures. Its skillfully handled material gives entertainment on every page. In world-spanning cruises which usually lasted more than two years, whalers encountered many a hazard and often met tragedy. One ill-fated ship, the *Essex*, was stove in by a whale and only three of her crew survived the open boat voyage to civilization.

Whalers discovered many of the islands of the South Pacific and were probably the first to view the Antarctic continent. They contributed much to the knowledge of ocean currents in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. This impressive book presents whaling history in a truly absorbing manner. It is well worth reading.

HOWARD REED

SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN

By Charles McKew Parr
Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York

This is a definitive account of Magellan's epic voyage as well as the events leading up to it. The author traces the development of maritime excitement in the courts of the Mediterranean as Portugal and Spain take turns seizing the initiative in the race for expansion. Magellan's personal struggle to attain his dream is presented from lowly "pagehood" in the royal household to commander of the five-vessel fleet that without him three years later and three vessels poorer won another "first" for the Spanish crown. Like his predecessor Columbus, Magellan had to seek sponsorship outside his native land, but unlike Columbus, he did not live to see his dream achieved.

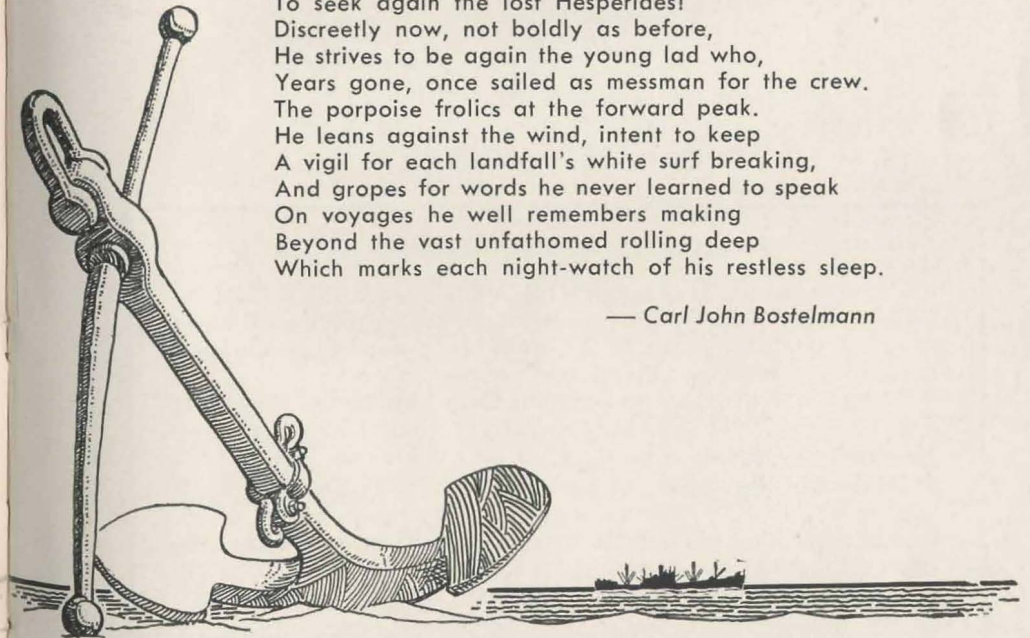
The painstaking research that went into the documentation of this once hazy event is especially noteworthy. The author never goes out on a limb nor does he build on the fantasies of his private imagination.

L. D.

UNKNOWN ISHMAEL

Outbound from north of Hatteras upon
Imagined voyages through waiting seas
Across the world, one unknown Ishmael
Embarks again where other men have gone,
By Salem clipper, Spanish caravel,
To Canton, Aberdeen, the Caribbees,
Pitcairn, Gibraltar, and the Hebrides.
Born inland, he had longings to go down
Where ships were stowed with treasure, to sail out
To strange horizons of the farthest ocean;
But he was soon apprenticed in the town.
Each tide became his personal emotion
As he hummed chanteys, heard the ringing shout
Of deep-sea sailormen he dreamed about.
When I confided grim and various
Adventures of my youth, that I had learned
Aboard a freighter carrying cheap cargo
Years gone, he still preferred vicarious
Sea-journeys in his life of long embargo;
Yet, like a secret stowaway who yearned
For coasts afar, back to the sea he turned.
Call it incredible that memories
Can stir a man from all he ever knew
In all the years that he remained ashore
To seek again the lost Hesperides!
Discreetly now, not boldly as before,
He strives to be again the young lad who,
Years gone, once sailed as messman for the crew.
The porpoise frolics at the forward peak.
He leans against the wind, intent to keep
A vigil for each landfall's white surf breaking,
And gropes for words he never learned to speak
On voyages he well remembers making
Beyond the vast unfathomed rolling deep
Which marks each night-watch of his restless sleep.

— Carl John Bostelmann



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"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."

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