



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

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SEPT. - OCT. 1978

IN PRAISE OF BOATS

by *Mary Jane Hayes*

The first boat I ever had experience of was my (then future) father-in-law's dory, put into the water off North Truro, Mass. every summer, fresh as a sprig of new mint. The second (properly a ship) was a liner of the old Furness-Withy Line that took me to Europe; the third, the "New Amsterdam" that brought me back. The fourth was a chartered cabin-cruiser, the cruise itself an experience roughly equivalent to being thrown off a horse on your first mount. With my fifth and sixth boats I came into my own — *literally* — their being our 31' cabin-cruiser, "Lady Mary," and, later our 28' sailboat. "Serena." From *their* decks — like Henry Higgins with his Eliza — I have not only "grown accustomed to" but fallen in love with boats.

All *kinds* of boats — from dinghies clustered at their dink docks like hungry ducklings around their mothers, to the most majestic and elegant sloops and yawls. Boats, I have discovered, are as various as people, and like the latter, each should be appreciated for itself. Thus I have loved the sight of snub-nosed tugs and portly ferries, of windjammers, whalers, and old warships, of catboats and cabin-cruisers, of lobsterboats —



each with its steadying sail and little squall of gulls.

The *snappiest* boat I ever saw was a little red, white, and blue dory with stars and stripes painted on its oars, glimpsed once in the South River of Marshfield, Massachusetts. The sorriest (also in the South River) was a half sunken scow, all splintered wood and peeling paint and the color of a moldy peach. The most impressive in terms of size and condition was the 100' plus "Jardell," James Ryder's (of Ryder's Rentals) boat, docked at Boothbay (with a Boston Whaler for a tender and a Ryder jeep parked nearby). The most memorable — not *one* — but a handful of superb sailboats encountered here and there over the years for which there are no words. By far the most appealing, however, has been the host of "ordinary" boats you see everyday in any harbor, filled with children, pets, assorted relatives and friends, lovers, and just about everybody else. (Like



The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

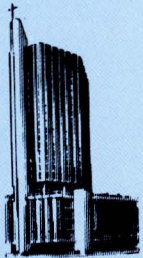
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 63% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church
Institute of
New York and
New Jersey
15 State Street
New York, N.Y.



Mariners'
International Center
(SCI)
Ports Newark/
Elizabeth, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

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Cover Photo: Courtesy of Todd Shipyards Corporation

Sandburg's Hungarian beer drinkers under the trees, of all boatmen they seem to me the happiest.)

As boats have gifted me with a myriad of images, so have they blessed me with some matchless minutes. One of the most fascinating (and rudest) days I ever spent aboard was one spent on a 40' trap boat called the "Helen" when the tunafish were running off Provincetown. The *headiest* was a sail down the length of Penobscot Bay, heeling all the way — to starboard — a long, undulating line of blue-green mountains and hills, to port — a dozen other sailboats, likewise heeling, each etched neatly in a peacock-colored sea. The most serene was a cruise down Maine's Fox and Deer Islands Thorofares on our own "Lady Mary" under perfect powerboat conditions: no sun, no sea, a light breeze, with now and then a huge



fairweather cloud for an umbrella. And for drama, *nothing* has exceeded the frightening (and exciting!) slug we made across Nantucket Sound one sloppy October afternoon with unexpected frontal winds of 50 knots against which we beat for five hours.

Of all the boats I have ever experienced, the most touching, I think, was the "Australia," housed in a state of disrepair in a shed at Mystic, Connecticut (there being at the time a lack of money and skills to repair her). As one extreme will sometimes suggest another, so her vulnerable condition and attitude focused for me a human and very moving truth: that boats — beneath their infinite variety — are but one (and one of the most versatile and inspiring) of the outward expressions of the spirit of Man: and, in particular, his courage, his curiosity and ingenuity, his desire to be challenged — his capacity for delight.

3rd TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE of the INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN MARITIME ASSOCIATION TO MEET AT SCI



Meeting for the first time in the United States, the International Christian Maritime Association (ICMA) will hold its third Triennial Conference at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York/New Jersey, October 9-13, 1978.

INSTITUTE NAME CHANGE ANNOUNCED BY BOARD OF MANAGERS

Reflects Scope
and Importance
of Expanded
Institute Work.



NYC ... Sept. 18 — The Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. announced today that the name of the Institute has been officially changed to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey.

The addition of the words "...and New Jersey" has been made in order to reflect clearly the geographical scope of the Institute's work in the greater Port of New York/New Jersey and because of the increasing demand for Institute services for merchant seamen within the giant containerport at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.

The change in name also indicates the increasing awareness and support of the Institute's work by the New Jersey public — as more individuals, foundations, businesses, civic and church groups become cognizant of the more than 100,000 seafarers of all nations who annually call at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth.

The Seamen's Church Institute has been ministering to the needs of these "forgotten" seafarers making port in New Jersey since 1960. In that year, it opened its Mariners' International Center in Pt. Newark in anticipation of the rapid growth of the then fledgling containerport. Since that time, the area has developed into the world's largest containerport and the Institute's presence and work along the port's waterfront has grown commensurately.

In 1977 alone, multi-lingual SCI ship visitors called one or more times on more than 3,058 vessels in the area, more than 20,000 seafarers utilized the Pt. Newark Center during the evenings, and close to a thousand crew members played soccer on the Center's well-lighted field.

As the only center for seamen in this vast containerport, the SCI staff and Center are a welcome and trusted oasis of friendship and service in what is otherwise a desolate and seemingly inhospitable land.



WELCOME

Recent visitors to the Institute were the Women of St. James the Less of Scarsdale, N.Y. (shown above with the Institute Director, Father Whittmore) and the Women of Christ Church, Greenwich, Connecticut, who were photographed while they were visiting our Women's Council here at the Institute.

Members of both groups have been loyal supporters of Institute activities for many years; and we were delighted to have the two groups visit us for an up-dating on our current program and operations.



DR. CHARLES REED WEETH

In the Memorial listings (page 15) of the May, 1978 issue of *the Lookout*, the name Dr. Stanley Reed Weeth was incorrect. The correct name is Dr. Charles Reed Weeth.

We appreciate the error being brought to our attention; and apologize to his wife, family and friends for our inadvertent mistake.



FALL CURRICULUM OF ROOSEVELT INSTITUTE OF MARITIME STUDIES OFFERS THREE NEW COURSES FOR SHOREBASED PERSONNEL

As part of the continuing development of the Institute's evening maritime adult education program, the Roosevelt Institute has added three new courses to its curriculum. They are *Seminar: Ocean Liner Regulations* taught by Wade S. Hooker, Jr., Attorney — Burlingham, Underwood & Lord; *Physical Distribution Management* taught by Harry Menaker, General Distribution Manager — American Home Foods, plus a six-week mini-course in *Intermodal Maintenance Systems* taught by Christopher S. Lee, Manager, Maintenance & Repair — Columbus Line, Inc.

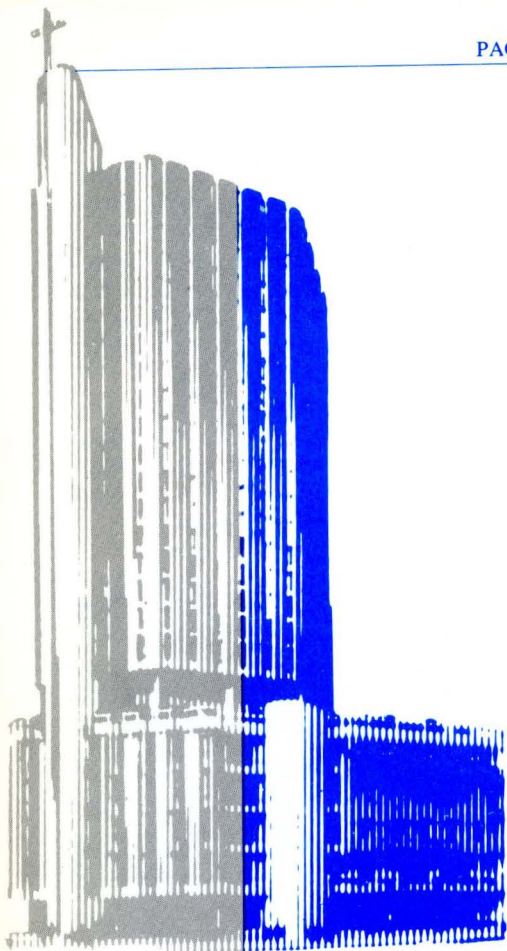
In addition, Martin Panko, Vice President — Windjammer Group, Inc.



Roosevelt Institute faculty members and Fall '77 and Spring '78 recipients of the Six-Course Certificate in Maritime Transportation.

has joined the faculty, teaching *Intermodal/Containerization & Pricing*, and to accommodate the increased demand for the *Modern Ocean Transportation Course*, two sections will be offered. The classes will be taught by John Bringslid, Vice President/Operations — Columbus Lines, Inc.; and Edward W. Norberg, Chairman — Associated Latin American Freight Conferences.

Other Roosevelt Institute courses and instructors include: *Container Control & Terminal Operations* — John Funke, Vice President — Hansen & Tideman, Inc., General Manager — Seaspeed



Services; *Chartering: Principles/Practices* — Richard D. Herlihy, Vice President — Edward Miller Associates, Inc.; *Computer Concepts for the Transportation Industry* — Kenneth M. Snyder, President — Transportation Systems, Ltd.; *Modern U.S. Domestic Transportation* — Harry Menaker; *Ocean Shipments of Hazardous Materials/Dangerous Goods* — Ronald F. Bohn, Manager, Hazardous Materials — U.S. Navigation, Inc.; *Pricing Techniques for Intermodal Transportation* — Geoffrey Rogers, Director, Atlantic Coast District — Federal Maritime Commission; and *U.S. Government Regulations*, Edward Norberg.

S.U.N.Y. Maritime College courses this semester are *Maritime Law* taught by Capt. John C. Hart; *Ship Stability* taught by Robert B. Zubaly; and a new course, *Tanker Management and Operation* taught by Frank E. Ragonese — all of S.U.N.Y. Maritime College.

The Roosevelt Institute, now in its fifth year, features a comprehensive series of evening maritime courses designed especially for shippers, carriers, forwarders, consignees and their agents — with particular emphasis on the intermodal and multimodal aspects of the industry. Each course is taught by an outstanding industry professional and is suitable as either a training vehicle for line employees or an in-depth review and up-dating program for management personnel.

To date more than 500 students representing over 140 companies and agencies have completed individual transportation courses. In addition, 56 students have received the Institute's Six-Course Certificate in Maritime Transportation (which takes approximately 2 years to complete). Since its inception, the Roosevelt Institute Program has continued to receive increasing industry support as the first, most systematically developed and practical, continuing education program for adults employed in the field of Maritime Transportation.

Although the Fall Semester is now underway with capacity enrollment, catalogs describing the full program and requests for future mailings can be fulfilled by calling Pamela Sheard, registrar, at (212) 239-2710 during business hours or by writing the Roosevelt Institute, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

Editor's Note:

Bill Mote is an active seaman who uses the Institute as home base while in port here in New York. He has taken courses at both our Merchant Marine School and Roosevelt Institute. It was during his student days at the latter, that we discovered he was a rather good writer.

Later we persuaded him to keep us advised on what off duty crew members do while at sea, interesting events that occur, interesting people aboard, etc. One might say that he is our roving reporter of the high seas — with an emphasis on the human interest side of the seaman's life. We think you will enjoy the following lively tale (tail?).

RECIPE FOR SHARK STEAK

by Wm. P. Mote

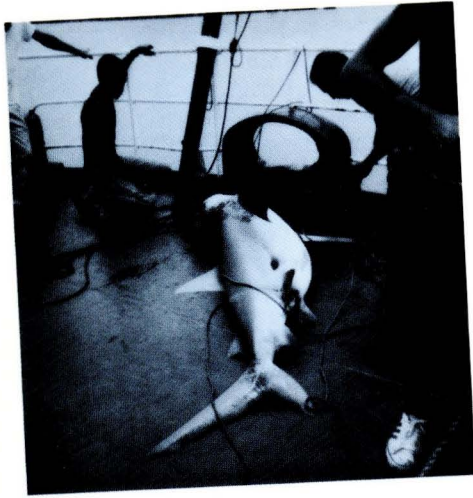


First — catch a shark. This sounds simple enough, but if you have read *Jaws* or *Jaws 2*, you know it's not all that easy. While at anchorage in Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, four crew members of *S/S Mount Washington* decided to go shark fishing. The team consisted of: Kenny Killion, Jacke Robinson, Robbie White and Albert Jaster. Their equipment was simple and effective — a hook made from a storeroom meat hook, filed sharp, a leader of strong wire, a length of heaving line and a float made from a plastic bucket. Bait was a large piece of veal donated by the cooks who were hopeful that fresh fish could be added to the evening meal.

The bait went out in the morning and, as the day went by, one or the other of the fishermen would check for a catch. Then, just after lunch, the float went under and the line went taut. It took all four to get the shark out of the water but they had to round up help to get it aboard. With most of the forty plus crew assisting, offering suggestions or just staring in wonder, the line was taken to a steam powered winch and the shark was brought over the stern.

As sharks go, this was a little one; not even worth short subject status on the screen. However, when a very angry and very toothy though small "tiger of the seas" lands in the midst of a lot of people — we were not weighing nor measuring — we were running! Later, unofficial data was: length about 8 feet and weight over three hundred pounds. The species probably, Tiger.

They had their catch, very much alive and thrashing about on the deck. Killion moved in and with a length of pipe, gave it a stunning blow on the head. Someone cut the tail in order to bleed it, the only sure way to kill them. After that it was safe to go close for a good look. During the butchering several of us saw our first shark liver — a commercially valuable item. The value is in the oil; not in the



meat of the liver. As it was a female, we checked for pups but found roe, about the size of marbles. The teeth were there in seven layers and our only human casualties were cut fingers of those that tried to pry some out of the jaws. Killion cut out the cartilage back bone. He decided to carry on the old sailors' tradition of the shark back-bone walking stick. After it dries, and fuses, he will sand it smooth. Quite a unique souvenir of the voyage.

But, now back to the recipe. The cooks cut steaks from the back and tail, broiled them and served them in lemon/butter sauce. Sauted onions and green peppers were on the side and fresh ground black pepper sprinkled over the meat completed the dish. The taste was similar to swordfish, as was the texture, and the color was a creamy white. There was no strong fishy taste and there was plenty to feed all those wanting to try it.

After dinner, out went the hook again, this time baited with left over shark. I doubt that any of us would like a steady diet of this, but it was a good change and an interesting experience.

Wm. P.M.
Cristobal, PCZ
20 June 1978

The sea has withheld its mysteries from the throes of land locked people, while sailors have tried to maintain an eternal liason with this lady of nature. Until recently, women have been excluded from this love affair with the sea. But, as a female crew member on the wooden topgallant schooner "Captain Scott," I experienced the seamen's world of blue satiny waters. With fourteen other women and 29 men we left Buckie, Scotland and began our voyage through the North Sea, Atlantic and Mediterranean. The professional seamen, a British Captain, First Mate, and Engineer, a Norwegian Second Mate

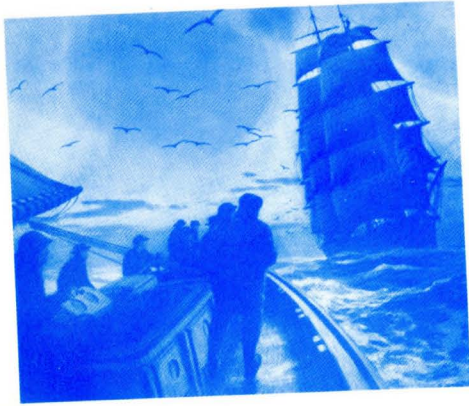
and a Swedish Bosun were our instructors and guides during our sail training experiences.

As the tide's roar grew louder on our scheduled day of departure all movable items on deck and below were secured before leaving the heathered hills and cliffs of northern Scotland. Dressed in bright yellow foul-weather gear and black deck boots, we lined the fore and aft decks of the 177 foot schooner waiting for the tide to signal us on our way. The Captain then ordered us to stow the mooring lines that had held our ship secure to her home port of Buckie. As we heaved on the thick hemp lines we moved

SEA IMPRESSIONS



by Joy Bucella



toward the breakwaters of Moray Firth. Passing through the protective cove of port, the salt dampened air glazed our woolen hats and unprotected hands and faces. The small white caps of the swelling waves elevated the shapely black hull of our home. The ship embraced us as the Captain, standing on the enclosed charthouse, boomed orders through the biting winter air. With burning red hands fighting the shocking

cold air we heaved on the halyards to raise the fore, main, and mizzen sails while the bosun struggled to maintain control of the helm. Even though the sea did her best to upset us, the wind, billowing our white gaff sails, helped us maintain our balance and propelled us toward the North Sea.

With sails set, lines stowed, and sea watches in progress, I had the next few hours of twilight and evening to become acquainted with my new companion, the sea. I had previously explored the galley, the library, the banyard, the wardroom, and the sleeping compartments and now remained on deck watching the curious waters in turn explore the wooden decks. When night approached, the phosphorescence of the sea marked our path in the sapphire waters, Orion's belt glittered above us, and the heartbeat of the sea engulfed us.

My feelings for the sea grew and changed during the next 7 months. I loved the sea for her control of our lives during gales and storms, and her softness and caressing touches during bright sunny days. As we headed toward the Bay of Biscay, the air grew colder, the seas became rougher and the cracking and groaning of the ship filled any lapses of activity that existed. Hour after hour enormous breakers pushed against the starboard side raising the hull to the waves' peaks. As abruptly as the waves rose, they vanished, making us slide uncontrollably with the sea's eclectic movements.

My body grew angry at these continual harsh movements. I tried to rebel against the sea's authority; I did not want to succumb to her power, but in this world I was like a butterfly in a hurricane. Eventually I learned to play my allotted role as a sailor and became subject to her whims. I began to understand the sea's ability to change. This must have been what enraptured sailors for centuries.

When we reached the French seacoast, the red and white flashing lights pierced the darkness, sending greetings and warnings. Days and nights had passed while the sea maintained her hostile moods, but the Captain would not allow us to openly give in to her. He ordered us on deck at various times of the day and night to set sails, tack the ship, lower the jibs, furl sails, and climb the rigging just to keep us active. For if the sea succeeded in seducing us, we would become plagued by mental and physical discomforts.

As we arrived at the midpoint of the Bay of Biscay, the weather began to calm. The energetic waters smoothed into glass reflecting surfaces and the sun again filled our days with warmth and gentle breaths of air. This docile mood was also welcomed by the fauna of the waters. The white sprays and the sleek grey backs of

porpoises surfaced through the azure waters surrounding us. As they played, like undulations of sunlight, I wondered if it were true that their frequent leaping was a sign of rising winds and clearing skies. We altered our course and sailed into the Atlantic.

After sailing for numerous days, entering a foreign port was exhilarating. Did sailors through the centuries also feel this way when they arrived at a new port? How did they feel when they left? Was it similar to leaving a lover? No matter what love one may have had for a certain port, the sea would soon beckon those who had been under her spell. With a desire unable to suppress, each sailor physically or mentally returned to the sea.

After leaving several ports, our concept of time changed. Twenty-four hour watches kept the ship a hub of activity. Hours passed, bells echoed changing watches, and only the sea and her moods captured our undivided attentions. Time moved quickly as we sailed along North Africa and back to the Atlantic. The days of winter grew warmer and the sea's waters sparkled with the life of spring.

As weeks changed into months, life on the sea revealed itself to be a natural union between man and nature. I experienced not only my own moods and emotions, but I also learned to accept those of the sea. I became enthralled with the magic of nature, unable to completely break her spell. The sea had truly left her first, but everlasting, impressions.

Joy Bucella



As the Commander, Third Coast Guard District/Commander, Atlantic Area, Vice-Admiral William F. Rea, III was a valued colleague and friend to all within the Greater Port of New York and New Jersey maritime community. Not only was he a knowledgeable man, dedicated to his work; but he also readily participated in the many civic maritime activities of the industry. Naturally, Admiral Rea won the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

That is why the Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute particularly wanted to honor him at the time of his retirement with a luncheon here at the Institute.

Hosted by Allen E. Schumacher, Chairman, American Hull Insurance Syndicate and Friends membership chairman, the event was marked with the convivial geniality typical of the gentleman it honored.



Vice Admiral William F. Rea III speaking at a luncheon given by Friends of SCI in his honor.

Another loyal friend of the Institute who recently retired was James A. Mills, director of the Institute's Merchant Marine School for the past eleven years.

An unassuming man, Jim's knowledge coupled with his seemingly limitless patience earned him the respect of literally thousands of seamen he taught or advised over the years.

At his retirement luncheon his friends came in droves to honor him for a job well done.



SCI Deputy Director Francis C. "Frank" Huntington presents binnacle lamp to James A. Mills at Jim's Retirement Luncheon.

ADMIRAL MAHAN AND THE INSTITUTE

Editor's Note:

Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, noted Naval officer, historian and one of the world's foremost naval strategists was a member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1867 to 1913.

A dedicated advocate of the work of the Institute, the following is the major portion of a talk he gave to a group of Episcopal laymen on April 10, 1897. It is particularly interesting not only because of his sensitive perception of the plight of the seaman and those who come to his aid, but because his comments are as applicable today as they were more than 80 years ago.

There is no condition of life that should appeal more strongly to the sympathy of the fortunate than that of the homeless; not merely, nor even chiefly, of those who are without home in the sense of lacking physical shelter or comfort, but of the more numerous class, who have the things necessary to the body, but are separated from the family ties and affections which protect innocence and hallow life.

To be homeless, in the last named sense, is the inevitable condition and the sore temptation of the seaman in every port; save, possibly, in some one port, where a relative or a friend may visit. In this one fact is summed up the trials and the dangers, which most distinctly separate him from other members of society. Of the latter, even those who, arriving strangers, do not form family ties in the city of their adoption, nevertheless gradually gather round them, as time passes, affections or friendships; which, in part at least, take the place of the family fireside and influence existence happily. The shortness of the seaman's stay and the uncertainty of his return to the same spot, preclude the possibility of a like issue to him. He arrives a wanderer, flits for a few days through the streets, and then, again a wanderer, he departs.

It is upon this distinctly friendless condition, which needs but a moment's reflection to be realized by any one, that the appeal of this Society,* and of the others of kindred aim in the City and Port of New York, must rest. Men who are not touched by this will be touched by nothing. These societies aim to afford a home as well for the body as for the soul; and as well for the soul as for the body. If they cannot provide the wanderer with father and mother, brother and sisters, they strive at least to supply a friend or

*The Institute was then known as the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York.

friends, who at some well known spot, and surrounded with some degree of modest comfort and convenience, stand ready to welcome, to assist, and — far beyond this material help, though that too is extended — to show unpretentious sympathy and to promote comradeship among those who go out and in. Clubs and associations are imperfect substitutes for home; but, though imperfect, they can in part supply its place, by bringing man in contact with man under genial surroundings. Under such conditions the power of external evil is minimized. The individual has not to seek debauching in mere weariness and aimlessness of monotony. He has, indeed, still to resist the evil within, as well; but reasonable employment of mind and decent companionship remove in great measure the crowd of temptations that spring from mere disoccupation.



The Second Floating Church of Our Saviour for Seamen 1870 - 1910 ... moored at the foot of Pike Street, East River, NYC

Such centers of influence this Society — with others — has established in New York and has long sustained; and, alongside of the home, unobtrusive but open, refraining from solicitation but stretching out its arms to those who will come, stands the Church, ready to minister to spiritual wants as well. But, great commercial city though this is and freehanded as are its citizens, the very wandering of the wayfarer, which constitutes his privations, remove him also from men's thoughts. Money is not given in amount adequate to the continuance of the simple work, on the lines so far, though with difficulty, maintained. Let those, therefore, of our household of faith put it to themselves on these grounds, when in the happiness of their own homes; that there are those ever coming and going in this city, ministers to its wealth who are homeless; that members of their own communion are making organized effort for the benefit of such; and that the work languishes for want of means.

A.T. Mahan



Over the years, it has been the concern and generosity of many dedicated friends which has helped to insure that the work of the Institute will go forward.

We ask you to remember this Institute in your will, so that it may properly continue to carry on its work for seamen of all nations. Rarely, will a gift benefit so many.

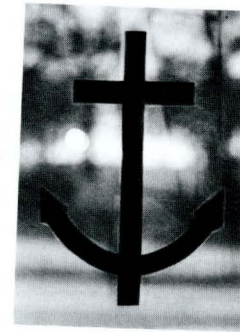
While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to *Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey*, a corporation of the State of New York located at 15 State Street, New York City, New York, the sum of _____ dollars."

Note that the words "of New York and New Jersey" 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."

In addition, the Institute has a number of other modes for philanthropic giving, all of which have unique donor advantages. Complete information is available on request and all inquiries should be directed to The Rev. James R. Whittemore, Director, SCI, 15 State Street, New York, New York 10004.

telephone: (212) 269-2710



Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.

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about our cover photo:

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The *Faustina*, a 495-foot, 6,502 ton, see-going barge built to carry phosphate rock. Designed to be pushed from a notch

in her stern, she will also be equipped for towing in event of heavy weather.

Built by the Seattle Division of Todd Shipyards Corporation — the largest independent shipbuilding and repairing company in the United States, the *Faustina* can carry a 25,000 ton load of phosphate rock, is nearly two football fields long, and as high as a five-story apartment house. Eighty-five feet wide and 48 feet from keel to deck, her hull is large enough to hold two U.S. Navy destroyer escorts side-by-side. Equipped with the latest in self-unloading machinery, she has the ability to unload phosphate rock at the rate of 3,000 tons per hour.

The *Faustina* is the first of two identical barges built for the Tulsa-based Williams Companies, one of the world's largest independent fertilizer manufacturers. The barge required 400 people working 10 months to construct and cost twelve million dollars.