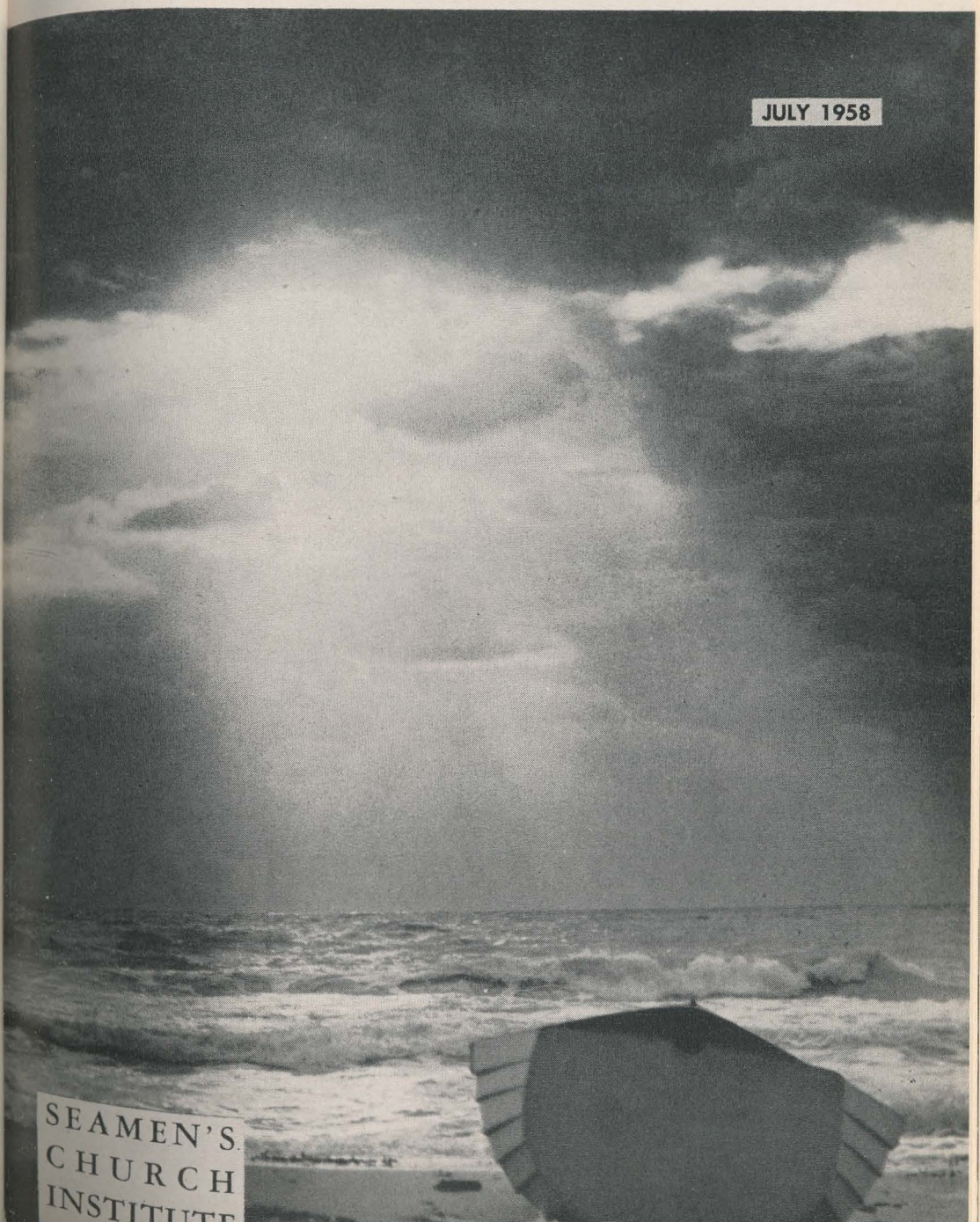


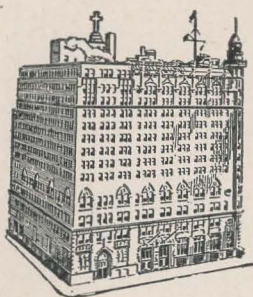
# The LOOKOUT

JULY 1958



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK





**T**HE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



## The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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In September of 1959, Moore-McCormack Lines will occupy this \$7,500,000 terminal now being built by the Department of Marine and Aviation.

## Progress in the Port

**A**LTHOUGH it is still the nation's leading center of world trade, the port of New York is finding that it must step lively these days to hold its number one spot. Other eastern and Gulf ports eager for business, the ports that will burst into activity with the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the unpleasant statistic that shows that New York now handles only 29.4% of the nation's cargo compared with 38% 30 years ago, have forced the planners of the port to take serious counsel. They have come up with some far-reaching projects, the first of which are already taking shape in concrete and steel.

At the Department of Marine and Aviation, Commissioner Vincent A. G. O'Connor's \$200,000,000 program for a five-year redevelopment of the New York City waterfront is just going into high gear. In April, workmen began to demolish five outmoded piers on the North River to make way for construction of the \$18,723,000 Holland-America Line terminal which,

when it opens at Houston Street in the summer of 1960, will be one of the largest and most modern passenger and freight terminals in the world. The new Pier 40 will have facilities for four major freight and passenger ships at a time, a lower cargo deck area alone of approximately 15 acres, an over-the-water motor-truck court and a rooftop parking area. A passenger could, conceivably, drive his car from Texas to New York, Mr. O'Connor said, take the ship to Europe and come back, perhaps months later, to find his car waiting for him when he returned.

The rentals of the piers that the Department of Marine and Aviation leases to the steamship companies are high, because construction costs are high. However, these "multi-facility" piers are engineered so efficiently and promise so much in savings — in terms of speedy cargo handling, easy trucking and quick turnarounds — that companies are willing to pay quite a bit more than their present expenses at

**THE COVER:** The lifeboat in this photo by Max Hunn symbolizes the vigilance that is ever demanded by the sea.



their old piers, some of which they now own outright. The city itself, through the Department of Marine and Aviation, is the owner of 160 of the city's 350 piers. The Port Authority, other governmental groups and private interests own the rest. Some of the city's present piers were bought from private owners; others were built by the city beginning in the 1870's. Incidentally, they were always built at the end of a city street. An old municipal ordinance held that the prolongation of a city street under water was the rightful property of the city.

Another of the Department's projects that is already becoming a reality is the \$7,500,000 steamship terminal for Moore-McCormack Lines at the foot of 23rd Street, Gowanus Creek, Brooklyn. Big enough to berth four Mooremac freighters at once, the pier will be ready in September of 1959. Moore-McCormack, which was being encouraged to relocate, was delighted to find pier space in Brooklyn. Emmet J. McCormack, who has lived in Brooklyn all of his 78 years was quoted as saying, "We sorely needed a good Brooklyn site. We wish to keep our work on the Brooklyn waterfront and to keep the 700 terminal workers in Brooklyn, who served our other piers with us, busy."

Also going forward in Brooklyn is a \$10,600,000 terminal for the largest of the Japanese companies, Mitsui Lines. Ready next summer, the U-shaped terminal, able to berth four vessels simultaneously, will be built on Gowanus Bay from 36th to 39th Streets. Other Brooklyn projects are a new \$875,000 cargo shed for the Luckenbach Steamship Company at 37th Street, a \$3,600,000 redevelopment of the 35th Street pier for the Farrell Lines, a \$300,000 office and warehouse building for Farrell, the rehabilitation and modernization of the 29th Street pier for the Isbrandtsen Company and the building of a \$910,000 cargo shed for Isbrandtsen.

Back in Manhattan, the first of the projects of Commissioner O'Connor's five-year plan has already gone into operation with the opening in May of a railroad and carfloat terminal for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the foot of West 23rd Street. The \$2,000,000 quay-type Pier 63 will eventually incorporate a railroad forwarder freight terminal, a 130-car public roof-top parking area and a two-story office section rising from the roof.

A few days before the opening ceremonies, Commissioner O'Connor announced the signing of a 20-year lease by the Gulf Oil Corporation for the construction of a



In the summer of 1960, the \$18,723,000 terminal being built for Holland America Line will look like this.

Marina, a seaplane and helicopter base and a waterfront parking garage at the foot of East 23rd St., in Manhattan. The new facility, which will cost about \$1,000,000, will concentrate seaplane, helicopter and small boat and parking operations in a small, compact area of the city's valuable waterfront.

Meanwhile, the Port of New York Authority, which operates four marine terminals accounting for about 20% of the

port's usable deep-water general cargo berths, is moving ahead with some plans of its own.

In April, the Authority announced a \$275,000,000 master plan for the completion of Port Newark and the development of the adjacent Elizabeth Port Authority piers. Eleven new vessel berths will be provided at Port Newark and 115 additional acres will be developed along the north side of the Elizabeth Channel. The Elizabeth ports will be developed along Newark Bay, with facilities for 24 vessel berths to be supported by 40 acres of open transit storage area. Dredging of the new 9,000-foot-long Elizabeth Channel, extending from the Federal Channel to Newark Bay, will get underway this year.

In Brooklyn, the Authority is undertaking a seven-year, \$85,000,000 development of two miles of Brooklyn waterfront. The first of 10 new piers to rise in the area was completed in June and is now ready for operation by the Maersk Line.

The area will offer, says the Port Authority, "the most efficient general cargo marine facilities available anywhere in the world." In the 45-acre upland area, obsolete Civil-War era warehouses will come down to provide an area capable of accommodating 3,000 trucks a day for the handling of pier cargo traffic.



Part of the Brooklyn waterfront as it will appear at the completion of the Port Authority's seven-year, \$85,000,000 redevelopment project. Pier 11 is already being operated by the Maersk Line. Piers 1, 2, 3, and 10 will all be ready for use before the end of 1959.

The terminal being built for the Mitsui Steamship Company at 39th Street, Brooklyn, will cost \$10,600,000.





# At Our House



As a Ship Visitor at the Seamen's Church Institute and its man Friday on matters Scandinavian, Captain Jorgen Bjorge is apt to find drama at his doorstep fairly often. When the Swedish freighter *Nebraska* and the oil barge *Empress Bay* collided in New York's East River on June 24th, turning the gray waters of early morning into a flaming holocaust, the Institute — and Captain Bjorge — were right on the job.

Most of the crew of the *Nebraska* were asleep in their quarters that summer morning when the freighter, sailing peacefully under the Manhattan Bridge, headed into catastrophe. A burst of flame erupted as she struck the tiny oil barge. As the intense heat began to crack and break the portholes, the crew fled to the one tiny spot on deck that the tongues of flames had not yet reached. From there most of them jumped to the fireboat *William J. Gaynor*, which had nosed directly alongside the flaming vessel. Some vaulted to the top of the fireboat's pilot house; others slid to safety along the hose stems of the *Gaynor*.

One of those who jumped on to the fireboat was Ethel a stewardess, one of the three women crew members. Her husband, the second engineer, had also jumped, but into the flaming sea.

At Columbus Hospital, Ethel was treated for minor injuries. But there was no one there who could understand Swedish. No one could tell her if her husband was dead or alive.

Meanwhile, Captain Bjorge had been sent to the various hospitals where survivors were being brought in. As the Institute's representative, it was his job to talk with the crewmembers, to help them in

any way possible and to give them emergency kits of useful articles. At Columbus Hospital he found Ethel and heard her out. It was the first time since that terrible morning that she had been able to communicate with someone and get a promise of help.

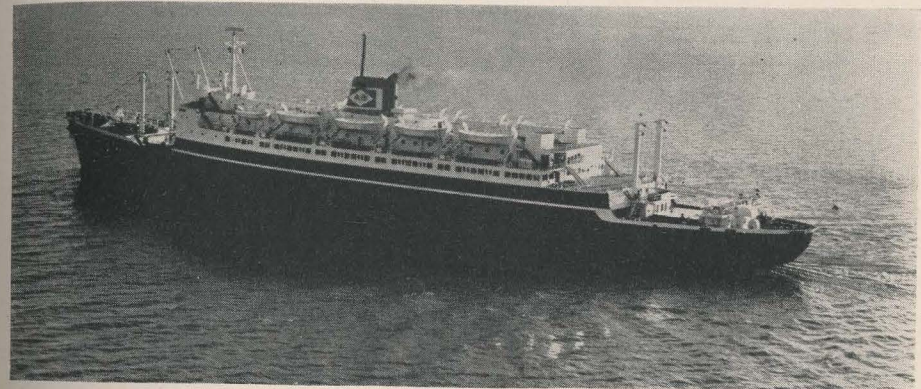
Then began the search for Ethel's husband. At first it seemed hopeless; he was at none of the hospitals the newspapers reported survivors had been taken to. Careful sleuthing led Bjorge to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he finally found the second engineer, overjoyed to learn that his wife was still alive, but too weak to hold the telephone to call her. Captain Bjorge placed the call, held the phone, and gracefully turned away as the man and his wife were reunited. A few minutes later he was on the phone with a cable to the couple's three children in Sweden, telling them that all was well.

The day's business was not yet over. Back at 25 South Street, Bjorge found three Swedish crew members who had been released from Gouverneur Hospital and sent to the Institute in pajamas, robes and slippers. They had lost all of their belongings in the crash. The first order of business was to get them some clothes from the Institute's slop chest, some food, a loan of

money. Then Captain Bjorge interpreted for the boys as they phoned the ship's agents, as they received visitors — reporters, detectives, radio and TV people, agents, and many others.

The men left the Institute the next day, but Captain Bjorge was to see them soon again. A few days later, as the Institute's Ship Visitor to foreign vessels in the har-

bor, Bjorge paid a call at the *Nebraska*, now tied up at an East River pier awaiting repairs. This time his mission was a happier one — to invite the crew to come down to the Institute's new International Seamen's Club for a bit of relaxation. They promised they would — knowing there were good friends ashore at 25 South Street.



**NEW IN NEW YORK:** The American Merchant Marine gained two new passenger ships last month as the S.S. *Atlantic*, above and the S.S. *Santa Rosa* arrived in New York, receiving the traditional gala welcomes of the port. The first American luxury tourist ship in the European trade, the 18,000-ton *Atlantic* bears on her stack an insigne not seen in New York for over 20 years. It is the same one her owner, Arnold Bernstein, used as the standard for the American Banner Lines before a Nazi court confiscated his ships in 1937. Grace Line's *Santa Rosa* is the first vessel to be completed under the maritime industry's \$2 billion fleet replacement program. The 15,000-ton, \$25,000,000 luxury liner entered Caribbean cruise service at the end of June.





# The World of Ships

## SALTY MEDICINE

The French, who have long known the joys of the grape, are now imbibing sea water — for medicinal purposes, that is. According to a recent issue of *The Israel Seaman*, sea water is now being prescribed in France for some diseases of liver and bone, for scab and certain types of eczema.

Reporting on the findings of a recent scientific conference, the magazine stated that sea water was a true plasma with antibiotic properties which have not yet been fully investigated. It holds great promise for medicine, the report said.

## MYSTERY SHIP

An unknown ship may have been the innocent cause of the sinking of the *Andrea Doria* two summers ago. The "third ship" theory has been proposed by John Carroll Carrothers, a former marine engineer, in an article in the current issue of U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings.

Carrothers, who made a study of the complete transcript of the Coast Guard inquiry, said that out of the mass of confusing testimony, two things were clear. The watch officer of the *Stockholm* testified that the radar and visual sightings were left-to-left—that is, the ships were approaching each other left-side to left-side before the crash. But the watch officer on the *Doria* swore just the opposite—that his radar and visual signals were right-to-right. "Barring perjury," wrote Mr. Carrothers, "there is only one possible conclusion—the original lights sighted by the *Stockholm* were not those of the *Andrea Doria*."

Carrothers suggests that an unknown third ship, bound west, was on a parallel course with the *Doria*. The *Stockholm*, bound east, might have been between the *Doria* and the mystery ship. She could have

picked up radar and visual sightings of the third vessel and turned sharply to the right, ramming the *Andrea Doria*.

Both Swedish American and Italian Lines declined comment on Mr. Carrother's theory.

## BACKWARD, HO!

While some naval architects are pondering the problems of nuclear ship propulsion, underwater tankers and hydrofoil boats that "fly" over the surface of the sea, some German maritime interests have a charming plan for turning back the nautical clock. They are working on a modern version of the venerable windjammer.

However, there will be nothing old-fashioned about this sailing ship; according to the *Seafarer's Log*, this wind-powered cargo ship would be fully "automated." The 14,000-ton ship would have mechanized sails on five tripod masts. They would rotate on turntables on the deck and could be raised, accordion-like, from the center of the mast, without anyone's having to go aloft.

The ship has been designed with economy in mind, both in construction and manning. With no need for an engine room or fuel tanks, construction costs would be low and cargo space large. A crew of 25 men could sail the ship, compared with the 36 that would be needed for a motor vessel of similar capacity.

## FERRY FEVER

A lady who ought to know says you don't have to go all the way across the ocean to enjoy the heady effects of a sea voyage. Exhilaration — and forgetfulness — can set in after a mere 20 minutes or so. An expert on that subject, Miss Mary

A. Morris, has just retired as head of the Lost and Found Office of New York's Staten Island ferries.

Miss Morris, who has handled about 200 lost articles every month for the past 14 years, reports that the salty breezes of New York's Upper Bay are most likely to make people forget wallets, brief cases and umbrellas. Car owners often leave their autos on the lower deck, go above for a sniff of sea air and get off at the dock — on foot. Miss Morris also reports that dental plates are often lost, although she offers no reasons why people should drop their teeth on the ferry.

## TWO FOR U. S.

Congress has voted approval of a bill authorizing the Federal Maritime Board to build two superliners costing more than \$200,000,000. They will be sold to the United States Lines and American President Lines, with the Government assuming 55% of the cost in subsidies — the highest subsidy allowance yet given in the maritime field.

The United States Line ship will replace the aging *America* and will be comparable to the *S.S. United States*. It will be a luxury vessel able to carry about 2,000 passengers on the New York-Europe shuttle every week. Cost of the vessel will be over \$110,000,000 with U.S. Lines paying \$47,000,000. American President Lines will pay \$34,000,000 for a superliner for the Pacific trade which will cost about \$76,000,000 to build.

The bill was promoted on the grounds that the new ships would restore American prestige in the luxury liner trade, meet increasing competition from foreign lines and provide for the speedy movement of thousands of troops in case of war. High speeds are being planned for the new ships.

## SPUTNIK AT SEA?

Although no one knows for sure what became of Russia's Sputnik II, two ship officers of the Hain liner *Trewellard* swear it plunged into the deep blue sea.

According to London's *Journal of Commerce*, Captain J. Williams and Third Officer Kenneth Davidson reported in Capetown in May that they had seen the satellite plunge into the ocean when the ship was about 500 miles off Trinidad.

Mr. Davidson, who was on watch, said: "It was like a great fiery ball. It was bearing 345 deg. and traveling north, with a maximum latitude of 35 deg. above the horizon. There was a long trail of sparks behind it and these looked as big as meteors." He called Captain Williams, who added, "It was the most spectacular sight and I have no doubt it was Sputnik II."

## William E. Bunce

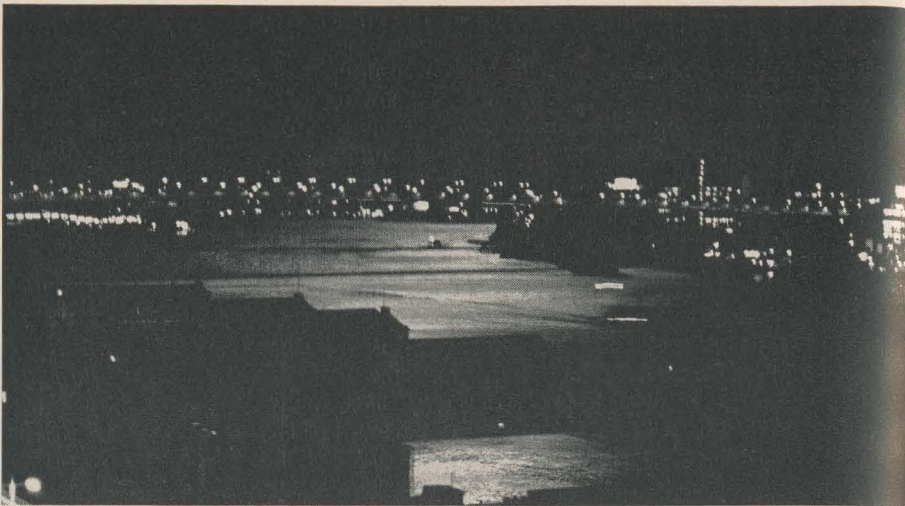
William E. Bunce, senior employee at the Seamen's Church Institute, died June 18 after an illness of several months. He was 70 years old.

Just four months ago he had observed his 45th anniversary as manager of the Seamen's Funds Bureau at the Institute. When he came to work for the Institute in 1913, the present 13-story building had just been opened and the Seamen's Funds Bureau evolved shortly thereafter from sailor's requests for the safe-keeping of valuables.

During the ensuing years, Mr. Bunce had an unrivaled opportunity to learn how merchant seamen saved and spent their money. Seafarer friends at the Institute remember him as a financial counselor whose advice was "always sound though sometimes hard to follow."

Mr. Bunce is survived by two married daughters and five grandchildren.





## While A Seaport Sleeps

THE souls who work while a seaport sleeps see many things. The night's alive, in that foggy, semi-conscious time between midnight and dawn.

A port asleep: it's like a mother with a young baby . . . she drowns, but with one ear cocked, alert for a sign or cry.

The last stayers, the leftovers from the evening's revelry, roam the streets. They're never in bunches; found in two's and three's, they search the sidestreets for excitement . . . not important what. Just one more thrill, and then to bed!

And there are the drunks. The sots in the doorways. But they stay on forever, numb to the angles, the humps and the corners their bodies are molded in. So we won't count them.

But there is life, during that first stage, even, when the city calls it quits. If nothing else, the rats. Scampering up and down the lines of moored ships, running boldly, looting garbage cans and alleyways.

And where there's rats there's cats. The cats of a seaport live on fish. So they're big ones. And strong. And as they race across the street just in front of your legs you'd swear the devil himself had just gone by.

But mostly they lurk in doorways.

Dogs are not found pursuing their traditional chase. They go to bed when people should. Or can be locked in a cellar to howl.

And there are smells. Always in a seaport there are smells. Naturally, of fish. And clams. And lobsters. Leather tanning and tar drying in nets hung up on the wharf.

And the cops. Not many, of course, at this hour. The New York cops and the French gendarmes and the German politzei . . . but there's always cops. Sweating in the summer heat, shivering when the winds get cold, walking along they swing their clubs, keeping watch over their flocks by night . . . and also the ships and the cargo stored on the piers ready to load in the morning. They see all of this. And more.

There are big ships here: liners with floodlights turned on their big painted sides, and paid watchmen to see things. And there are little boats, bumping together their wooden bodies. Groaning and creaking, straining at their lines, screeching like banshees when the tide rubs two of them together. The lines slap against their

masts, and the cargo booms rattle in their sliders.

You hear an ancient truck come to a stop down a little side street. And another. And then a horse, clopping along pulling a wagonload of something. You walk around to investigate.

It's the vegetable market, coming to life. The crates of bananas, and lettuce. The endives and artichokes and apples. The fruit of the world! For tomorrow morning's housewife to pinch over, and mark with her thumb.

You walk along toward a little red neon glow that says "Cafe." You jump, as a shortwave radio blares out at you in the mist. "Car 32, car 32, Front and Commercial Streets, man breaking into warehouse." It's coming from the second floor and you look up at the windows. But it's not a police station, it's a newspaper office.

Those guys are always up! The Fourth Estate. Punching away at their ancient typewriters, leaning over the teletype machines, cutting . . . pasting, turning out their copy for the world to read when the sun gets high. And tomorrow night it will be wrapped around some tomatoes in one of those cans the rats play in.

But you walk on, because you still want that coffee. You go inside the cafe, tell the blond you want a cup of coffee, and you sit down to wait. Fat or skinny, at this hour of morning they're always blondes.

It's lousy coffee. But it hits the spot so you don't say anything. You look up on the wall, and right next to the sign that says "No Credit" you see one that says "Frog Legs Our Specialty." You wonder exactly how many people ever ordered their frog legs. Maybe in days gone by. But certainly not lately. They probably don't even have them.

You pay, drop a tip, and walk out. Nobody says anything to you.

You turn to your right and head back toward the wharves. You hear the chunk chunk of a fishing boat starting up. A one-lunger, getting out to the beds before the others. Then you jump with a start as a man you hadn't noticed before, the second boat away, bangs a bucket down

against the rail. He's getting stowed to go out, too. He's got his lunch in a paper bag, and you wonder what he's having. Two sandwiches, some potato salad, a banana, and a hard-boiled egg. And a thermos of coffee.

In Boulogne he'll have heavy wooden shoes and in Marseilles, sandals. He'll have a yard-long stick of bread, a round box of cheese, and a bottle of red wine, all in a cloth bag slung over his shoulder. But he's the same guy. A solitary fisherman who pits his luck against the tide, and the waves, and the rainy squalls, to set his net or drag his trawl.

He may get fish and he may not. But he goes out just the same. No money on the shore. Don't let him kid you, though. He may not admit it but he likes his life. It's what he chose and it's rough. But he wouldn't trade it for the world.

He opens the door on the engine-housing, leans over, and fiddles with the engine. On the second try, it starts, and he silently lifts his mooring lines and heads her nose out into the open harbor. You follow him with your eyes as he heads out toward the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater. And then you notice the horizon. It's light! You can see all around, now.

An amateur fisherman, tackle box in hand, sits down on a piling several hundred yards away and begins to put his pole together. Behind him, in the street, a motorcycle roars by, passing you behind. Three men, lunchboxes in hand, walk along a little reluctantly and disappear around the corner of a warehouse. The city's waking up!

You turn and walk up the cobbled street and you buy a paper from the old woman at the stand. You walk briskly now, toward the railroad station. You feel in your pocket for your ticket and glance at the clock in a little cafe as you pass. Good. Not too much time, but enough.

You enter the station, wait a couple of minutes on the quai, and board your train. There are lots of empty seats, and you slump down, take a look out the dirty, rain-speckening window, and you sleep.

— LOREN G. BUCHANAN



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Smithsonian Institution photo

The *Ortega* — the ship that made one of the strangest voyages of World War II.

## Through Nelson Strait

AT THE tip of South America, among the wildest and most dangerous of the Chilean islands, lies an uncharted waterway nearly 100 miles long — Nelson Strait. Until one day in September of 1914, no large vessel would have dared to traverse its unknown perils — especially one drawing 26 feet like the British passenger liner *Ortega*. Yet this 480-foot, 8,075-ton express liner of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company did just that, in one of the strangest voyages of World War I.

Driven to the upper end of the Strait in order to escape the German cruiser *Dresden*, the *Ortega* was in an unlucky predicament. If she went back to the open sea, the German ship would surely destroy her. Yet if she tried to get through Nelson Strait on an unknown path, a submerged rock might just as easily spell disaster.

The *Ortega* was homeward bound to Liverpool from Chile. On Saturday, September 14, 1914, her third officer sighted

a freighter steering in a northeasterly direction towards the ship. He could just make out a warship using the freighter for a decoy. The radio officer, who knew German, detected the two ships in communication with each other. The cruiser had three funnels, two masts and a gaff on the main and fighting tops strange to the British Navy. Undoubtedly, she was the *Dresden*; there had been rumours that she was here, sleuthing about Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan for victims.

At once, Captain Kimmer had the *Ortega's* course changed and headed for neutral waters. The *Dresden* opened fire; the *Ortega* speeded herself up to 18 knots from her usual 14 and sailed ahead. Yet two miles off Cape George, one mile inside the safety zone, the passenger ship was attacked again by the *Dresden*. And then she disappeared behind a headland and sailed right into the uncharted Nelson Strait into which the *Dresden* did not dare to follow.

Captain Kimmer brought the *Ortega* to anchor in the Strait, with the snow-capped peaks of the Andes rising right up from the water's edge. Think of it! Silent, calm, dark water; but what jagged points might be waiting underneath? And the *Ortega* drawing 26 feet — the height of a house! Yet to go out to sea the way she had come meant capture and being sunk. Could the

### In the Wake

... where tales of ships and men are recalled by Captain Ralph E. Copley, Historian of the Marine Museum at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

crew take soundings and find a channel for her in these treacherous dark waters? They must!

A lifeboat was readied, and with four crewmembers the third officer left the *Ortega*. He made the first sounding; the result was signaled back to the bridge and the big liner followed timorously in the course of the tiny lifeboat. But before she could move any distance up the Strait, darkness fell, as black as the waters. Few of the men on board slept that night; they waited for the sound of an armed boat which the *Dresden* might send into these neutral waters to raid and capture the *Ortega*.

But no boat came and on the next morning, the *Ortega* continued her perilous voyage, literally creeping along foot by foot. An eye-witness reported:

"The passage through those wild fjords impressed itself on the minds of those who experienced it. The scenery was superb. It was truly a magnificent sight to see the sun rise majestically behind the mountains of snow with the black water of the Strait as their base. For sheer mountains rose precipitously on either side of us, mountains of rock and snow. It was fairyland. Frozen waterfalls here and there and then a little rock peeping above the water, the danger we must avoid. Not a vestige of human life was seen. It was the awfulest form of desolate grandeur. So it continued as the crew worked willingly, doggedly, patiently, hour by hour

to find a course for the big *Ortega* to safely steam over.

"Thus she reached Isthmus Bay which brought her into a charted but yet almost as dangerous a waterway. Never had she come to anchor in such wonderful surroundings as when she lay in Isthmus Bay. For all the world she appeared to be on an inland lake surrounded by mountains of snow which rose from the water's edge. Beautiful glaciers here and there, a blue sky overhead, the waters of the Bay a sheet of glass, and eagles soaring overhead. Truly it is those who go down to the sea in ships who see the wonders of the world."

It took the *Ortega* two days — two slow, tortuous, nerve-racking days — to cover the 100 miles to Isthmus Bay. So rarely had ships gotten to that desolate spot before that the name of each one to do so had been painted on boards and nailed to trees ashore. And so a board went up for the *Ortega*, too, to record the perilous journey that had outsmarted the German cruiser *Dresden*.

She reached Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan and sailed from there 'round the Horn and home just three and a half days after she had been driven into her escape channel in Nelson Strait. Among her passengers were 300 French reservists, most of whom would soon lose their lives on the battlefields of France.

It was one of the pluckiest deeds of World War I.

TEA CASE BLUES: Peppy American folk tunes slugged out in slow rhythm by five British sailors recently delighted guests at the Institute's new International Seamen's Club. The makeshift band from the British freighter *Durham* consisted of three guitars, a washboard and a bass fashioned, appropriately — from a tea case.

The boys said American folk music was very popular in England.







## Book Watch

### THE MARITIME STORY

A study in Labor-Management Relations

Joseph P. Goldberg

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, \$6.50

All serious students of the maritime industry are indebted to Dr. Joseph P. Goldberg for this dispassionate and scholarly report on the merchant marine labor story since the turn of the century. In detailed fashion he analyzes the growth of the unions and the ship operator associations, the parts they played in two world wars, the role of the federal government in aiding and regulating shipping, and the progressive growth of the merchant sailor, from an outcast of society earning \$25.00 or less a month to his place today as a full-fledged member of the American working community.

There are three dominant themes in Dr. Goldberg's analysis of the maritime story. First is the continuing struggle in the maritime labor movement against a diversity fostered by barriers of race, nationality, geography and type of work, and towards unity and nationwide bargaining. Second is the intervention of the federal government in licensing, regulation, subsidies and collective bargaining. In no industry outside railroads has so wide a range of governmental policies had a larger impact on the problems of collective bargaining.

The third major theme of Dr. Goldberg's work is the enormous strides the merchant seaman has taken, emerging in a few decades out of the deplorable working conditions and injustices that were his accustomed lot to a position of integrity and a standard of living that compares favorably to that of his counterpart ashore.

Yet, as the author points out, the American merchant seaman is still insecure. There are enough jobs to go around only in wartime. With the American flag fleet declining, the disadvantages of American shipowners in meeting renewed foreign competition are increased by the higher level of American labor costs. And the American seaman, after decades of struggle for a decent standard of living, may find himself, by an irony of economics, out of a job.

The author is a specialist in labor-management relations who is now with the Bureau of Labor Statistics. He has been active in the field of maritime labor for many years.

### DIG FOR PIRATE TREASURE

Robert I. Nesmith

Devin-Adair, New York, \$6.00

Anyone who dreams of hunting treasure — either armchair style or the real thing, will find this book the next best thing to a shovel, a diving helmet, or a treasure map signed in blood. Robert Nesmith is a consultant to treasure hunters throughout the world, and one of the foremost authorities on the subjects of buccaneers, pirates, sunken galleons and the value of early Spanish coins and bullion. His book is a distillation of his vast knowledge on things piratical. Included are chapters on the great pirates of history, treasure hunts of the past and present and how to appraise any pieces of eight you may come upon.

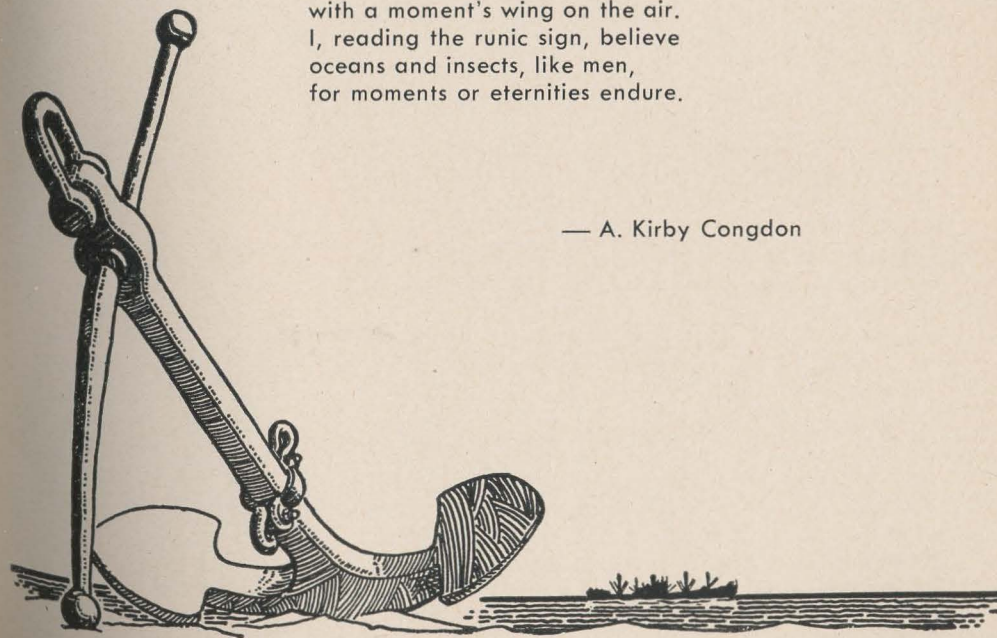
### Naumachia

When I went down to the white water's edge  
and witnessed the veins of each rock bleed  
and saw the measure of the horizoned sea  
sending its harrowing waves in,  
I felt as a general at evening must feel  
watching men wage battles in wars  
he knows they cannot win  
but waiting for their defeat,  
learns as stones stand passive on shore  
silence, darkness, the promise of peace  
are brave.  
Their strength can last  
longer than waves.

### Butterfly

Against the eager surf  
pounding the monuments of stone,  
unperturbed, a butterfly in pantomime  
carves a yellow arabesque  
— a hieroglyphic script engraved  
with a moment's wing on the air.  
I, reading the runic sign, believe  
oceans and insects, like men,  
for moments or eternities endure.

— A. Kirby Congdon





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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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