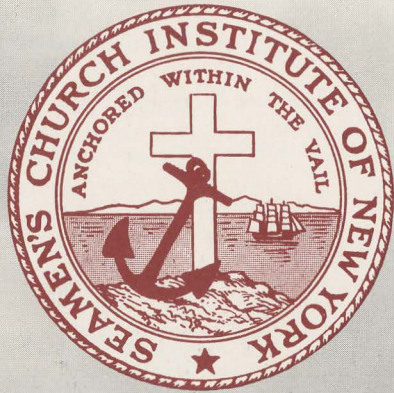
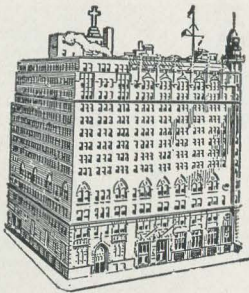


The LOOKOUT

MAY 1958



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE 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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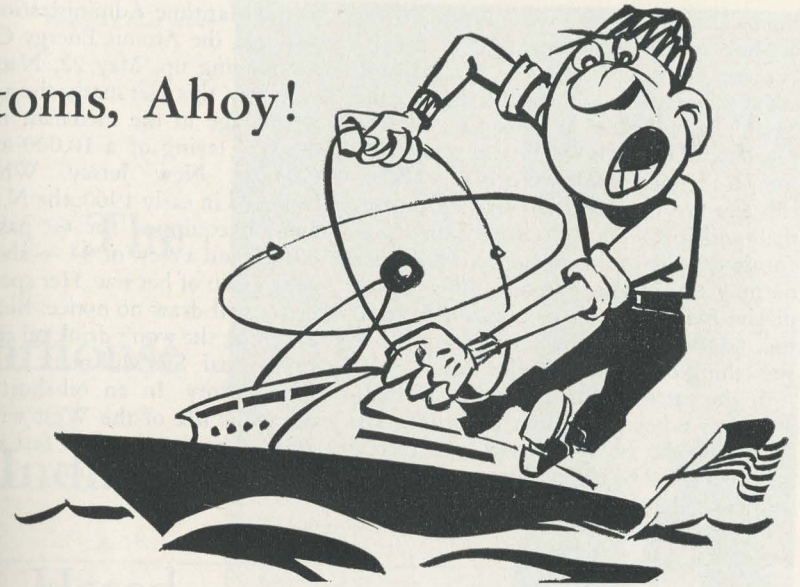
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THE COVER: Deckhands on the American Export Line's *Independence* secure the cargo booms as the liner makes ready to leave port to follow the "Sun Lane" to the Mediterranean.

Atoms, Ahoy!



Drawing
by Fred
Wright

FOR centuries man watched the vapour rise from his soup without conceiving the power of steam. Once he found it, he revolutionized the world. It took some industries longer than others to catch the new swing of things. Few were slower than the American Merchant Marine, whose skippers long continued to whistle for a wind and blow on their soup.

It is somewhat remarkable, therefore, to find this same outfit in the vanguard of the atomic age. True, the reactor of the *N.S. Savannah* can be regarded as just one more way to boil water. It is true also that the American Merchant Marine is getting something of a handout on a silver platter from a government seeking a way to parade peaceful atoms before the world.

However, the important thing is that for the second time this hang-dog American industry is getting "first-grab" at an important new handle. From all indications, American ship operators are reaching out more eagerly for the Government's nuclear gift than they did for the 1819 transatlantic sail and sidewheeler *Savannah* of old Captain Rogers, who was spurned all the way to Russia in his search for a buyer.

This time, as before, the future will rest not with the acceptance of the ship itself,

but with the idea. In cynical phrases the question is this: after the first atomic merchant vessel has sunk into the back pages of the newspaper, will the American ship operators who asked to run her put their treasures where their hearts beat now?

To the average messman or A.B. at the Seamen's Church Institute it doesn't seem to matter very much. They figure to be tossing saucers and ropes either way. One says, "I wish 'em luck, whatever they're trying to do." Another says, "I'll be in Snug Harbor by the time it really makes any difference."

Engineers naturally take a more lively interest, blowing either hot or cold on the atom, usually depending on whether or not they expect to be on the ships another 15 years or so. A few of the really "hot" ones carry letters from their companies asking if they would be interested in taking special training in nuclear propulsion in the event the *N.S. Savannah* should join their fleet. Hot or cold, no engineer fancies that the wrench will soon be obsolete, and all draw some reassurance from the knowledge that "riling up atoms" will be only a small part of the engine room work.

The future, always said to rest with the young, probably does in the case of nuclear

ships. Or, it may be that only the young are hopeful. In any event, four of America's five maritime academies have already taken steps to help their graduates meet the atom halfway. The U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point and the state maritime academies of New York and Massachusetts are now offering science courses that anticipate nuclear propulsion. California expects to do so shortly. Maine has nothing to say about atomic ships, which maybe means less than it would have in the days when that state was regarded as something of a political pilot fish.

If the pattern of the Maritime Administration's other propulsion experiments is followed, the *N.S. Savannah's* first crew will be picked by the operators of the ship and trained according to a schedule set up

by the Maritime Administration — and in this case, the Atomic Energy Commission.

Summing up, May 22, National Maritime Day, this year marks the advent of the atomic age in the merchant marine with the keel laying of a 10,000-ton vessel in Camden, New Jersey. When she is launched in early 1960, the *N.S. Savannah* will be equipped for 60 passengers, 25 officers and a crew of 84 — about the same as any ship of her size. Her speed, 20 knots or so, will draw no notice. But she will be different; she won't drink oil and she won't smoke coal. She will mark a turn in maritime history. In an oil-short world, the economic life of the West will be greatly affected by how far, how fast and in whose favor she leads that turn.

— TOM BAAB

TAKES THE CUP: The Seamen's Church Institute's Board of Managers recently honored Mr. Clarence G. Michalis at a luncheon at India House for his 26 years of leadership as president of the Institute. He was cited by Mr. Franklin E. Vilas, who succeeded him as president last January, as "a man uninterested in personal glory and dedicated to devoting a major portion of his energies and skills to improving the lot of every person and every organization with which he comes in contact."

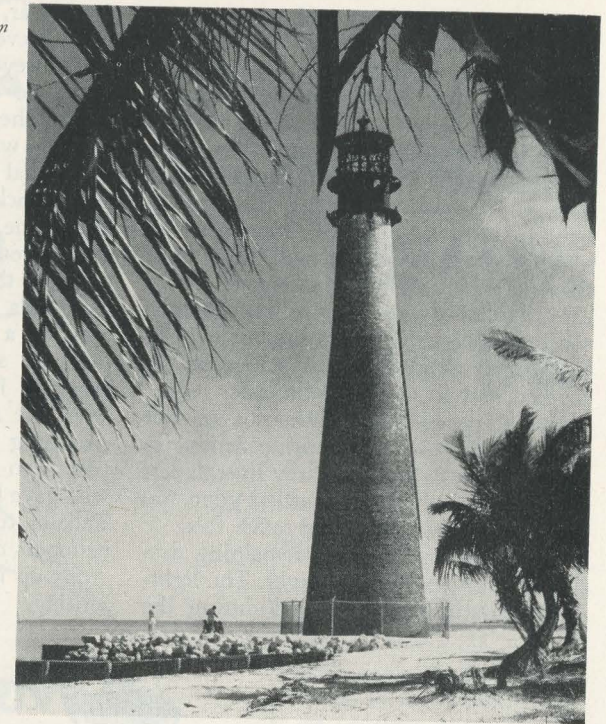
A collector of old English silver, Mr. Michalis was given an 18th century cup mounted on an inscribed base. As Chairman of the Board, Mr. Michalis is continuing his interest in the Institute's work.

Shown below are Board members Thomas Roberts, Charles E. Dunlap, Mr. Michalis, Bishop Horace W. B. Donegan, Franklin E. Vilas and Clifford D. Mallory, Jr.



Photo by Max Hunn

The Lighthouse the Indians Hated



PEACEFULLY stretching itself in the tropical sun, the abandoned Cape Florida lighthouse near Miami, Florida, hardly betrays its violent past. Yet 121 years ago, it was the scene of one of the fiercest raids in the long and bloody Seminole Indian war.

For generations, the Indians along the Florida coast had enjoyed a lucrative wrecking practice. Adept at setting false lights and immensely aided by treacherous reefs, they had lured scores of ships to destruction and then swooped aboard as "salvors." The erection of the Cape Florida light in 1825 had ruined their business.

When the Seminole Indian war broke out with the Dade Massacre on December 28, 1835, the stage was set for the long-awaited attack on the hated lighthouse. By July of 1836, the Indians' plans were no secret; the keeper and his family had already fled for safety. John W. B. Thompson, the assistant keeper, and an aged Negro helper, stayed on to man the light.

The Indians struck on July 23. Thompson and his helper were able to hold them

off for a time, but it was two against many. Finally the Indians set fire to the wooden door at the base of the tower and ignited a large drum of oil.

Almost at once the tower became a roaring inferno; the two men, in panic, fled to the platform around the light, high above. The heat pursued them upwards as smoke and flames engulfed the tower. They were being roasted alive! In desperation, Thompson hurled a barrel of gunpowder into the flames.

It exploded with a tremendous roar, the force of the blast tearing away the wooden steps. The startled Indians, sure they had accomplished their mission, looted the keeper's house and left the island. The old man was dead. But Thompson, although badly wounded, was still alive and conscious.

Rescue came the next day, from a party of men from the *USS Motto* who heard the explosion twelve miles away at sea. They had hardly expected to find anyone alive.

The rescue operation however, was al-

most impossible. They could not construct an 80-foot ladder to reach the trapped keeper. They tried to fly a line-carrying kite to him, but failed. Finally, they fired twine from their muskets made fast to a ramrod. The ramrod lodged within reach of Thompson. Summoning up his final strength, the wounded keeper managed to haul up the twine and then a rope to which a tail block had been fastened. He secured this to an iron stanchion so that two men could be hoisted up to help him. Thompson was lowered to the ground and taken to the Key West Hospital, where he recovered and lived to tell the tale.

The Cape Florida lighthouse was not rebuilt until 1846, for hostile Seminoles lurked for years in the nearby Everglades. In 1855, with the Indians at last gone, the tower height was increased to 95 feet.

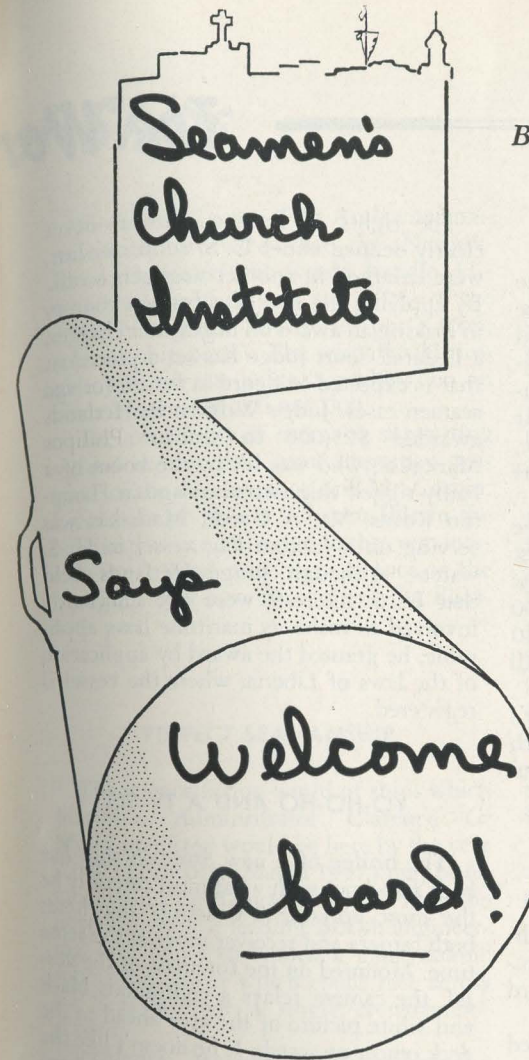
Other wars guided the remaining destiny of the Cape Florida Light. The lighting apparatus was destroyed during the

Civil War, and the light was dark until 1867. Eleven years later it gave way to the new Fowey Rocks lighthouse, further south and more out to sea. For a brief period during the Spanish American War, the old light was used again, as a lookout post and signal station against a possible surprise attack by the Spanish fleet. At the end of the war, the light once more went into retirement.

Today the historic old light is visited by thousands of tourists every year and still remains a landmark for fishermen and pleasure sailors homeward bound into Biscayne Bay. The light, once 800 feet from the sea, was rescued from the encroaching waters of the Atlantic a few years ago by a group of private citizens who gave her a new \$250,000 foundation. Talk of turning the light into a state or national monument, which periodically crops up in the news, is still talk, at this writing.

— MAX HUNN

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Bring your family and friends —

it's **OPEN HOUSE**
SUNDAY,
MAY 18th.

To reach the Institute —

Take the Broadway bus or Seventh Avenue subway to South Ferry, the BMT subway to Whitehall Street, or the Lexington Avenue subway to Bowling Green and walk east on South Street. By car take the East River Drive or the West Side Highway to 25 South Street. Parking space will be available.

You'll enjoy:

- Guided tours, starting every few minutes from 1:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M., featuring the new International Seamen's Room.
- An auditorium program at 3 P.M. with a showing of the film, "American Shipping in Today's World."
- The Institute's Marine Museum, with the largest display of ship models in the country, open all afternoon.
- Refreshments.
- Chapel service at 5 P.M.

The World of Ships

ATLANTIC FOR ATLANTIC

America's newest passenger liner, the *Atlantic*, will make her maiden voyage from New York on May 22, National Maritime Day. Arnold Bernstein, president of American Banner Lines, has announced that she will be on a regular schedule from this port to Zeebrugge, Belgium and Amsterdam, making the crossing in seven days.

A converted Mariner-class freighter, the 18,000-ton steamship is America's first liner designed specifically for the tourist class trade. All accommodations for 800 tourist class passengers (as well as for 40 first class) are air-conditioned, as are all public areas.

American Banner Lines is the country's first steamship company to enter North Atlantic passenger service in more than 25 years.

PRECEDENTS

Two recent legal decisions have strengthened the rights of seamen to recover damages from their employees for shipboard injuries.

A Supreme Court decision has enlarged the scope of the Jones Act of 1920 (which permitted seamen to sue for injuries resulting from the negligence of their employers) so that now shipowners can be held absolutely liable for injuries resulting from the violation of any statute or regulation, whether or not it concerns the accident in question. The case arose from the death of Arthur Milan, a seaman on a tug of the American Dredging Company. Milan died in a fire that started when a kerosene lamp three feet above the water ignited vapors from oil on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. The company had violated U. S. Coast Guard regulations requiring that the lamp be placed at least eight feet above the water, for visibility.

The rights of foreign seamen, never clearly defined under U. S. admiralty law, were enlarged in another negligence case. By applying the law of a foreign country in making an award on negligence charges, a Federal Court judge has set a precedent that is expected to figure in future foreign seamen cases. Judge William B. Herlands awarded \$25,000 to seaman Philipos Markakas, who was hit by the boom of a badly rigged ship two years ago in Hampton Roads, Va. A Greek, Markakas was serving on a foreign flag vessel in U. S. waters. Although Judge Herlands held that U. S. interests were not sufficiently involved to make its maritime laws applicable, he granted the award by application of the laws of Liberia, where the vessel is registered.

YO-HO-HO AND A TV SET

The bridge of a new Swedish ship has been fitted out with what must certainly be the most portable TV set-up anywhere; both camera and receiver move at the same time. Mounted on the foremast of the vessel, the camera relays a continuous black and white picture of the area ahead to the deck officer on watch. If he doesn't like the picture, all he has to do is switch the channel — ship channel, that is.

OVER THERE

The Port of New York Authority is making a giant push to prevent a threatened loss of business to competing east coast ports. It has just announced plans for a multi-million dollar port area in New Jersey. \$232,000,000 is scheduled to be spent within the next 15 to 20 years to develop the Elizabeth Port Authority Marine Terminal and to complete and expand Port Newark.

Horace K. Corbin, Port Authority commissioner, predicted that the Newark-Elizabeth waterfront would handle 11,000,000 tons of cargo a year, 40% of the entire New York-New Jersey port's total, with 63 ship berths. The ports would provide jobs for 18,000,000 workers, on an annual payroll of \$90,000,000.

The availability of extensive supporting upland area is the "most important feature" of the development, said Mr. Corbin, because "such area is indispensable in the handling of general cargo in the container-ship age." Work will begin at once on the dredging of a new channel for the Elizabeth port.

PERFECT SEAMANSHIP

The science-fiction world of ships which Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse predicted would be here by the year 2,000 (LOOKOUT, March 1957) may be no more than a push-button away. Within the next five years, a leading British engineering firm hopes to launch a giant atomic submarine tanker which could race across the seas without a single crewmember aboard.

Frederick Mitchell, chairman of the Mitchell Engineering Company, says he has perfected plans for an 80,000 to 100,000-ton sub that could be steered and navigated from a remote control tower ashore. Faster and more powerful than any vessel now afloat, she would travel at speeds of from 40 to 50 knots. Loading and unloading would be done under water. The ship would look like an airplane fuselage with a propeller in front and a small cabin on top.

Mr. Mitchell says that tests of miniature models have been successfully completed. Now he's waiting for "an oil company or somebody . . . to move in with their capital."

CHEAPER BY THE BAGFUL

Oil, which used to go to sea in barrels and then graduated to tanks, may soon be making the trek in bags. The Reichhold Chemical Company of White Plains, New York, claims that they have perfected floating tubular plastic bags which will reduce the shipping costs of the materials they carry by 60 to 80%.

The bags will look like giant sausages floating in the water. One hundred feet long and each capable of carrying 20,000 gallons of fuel oil or chemicals, they are lined up like railroad cars and towed by tugs or other ships. When they arrive at their destination, the contents can be pumped out and the empty bags folded up and shipped back inexpensively, or simply discarded. When they are filled with liquid chemicals that solidify during the voyage, the sausages can be cut apart and peeled from the contents.

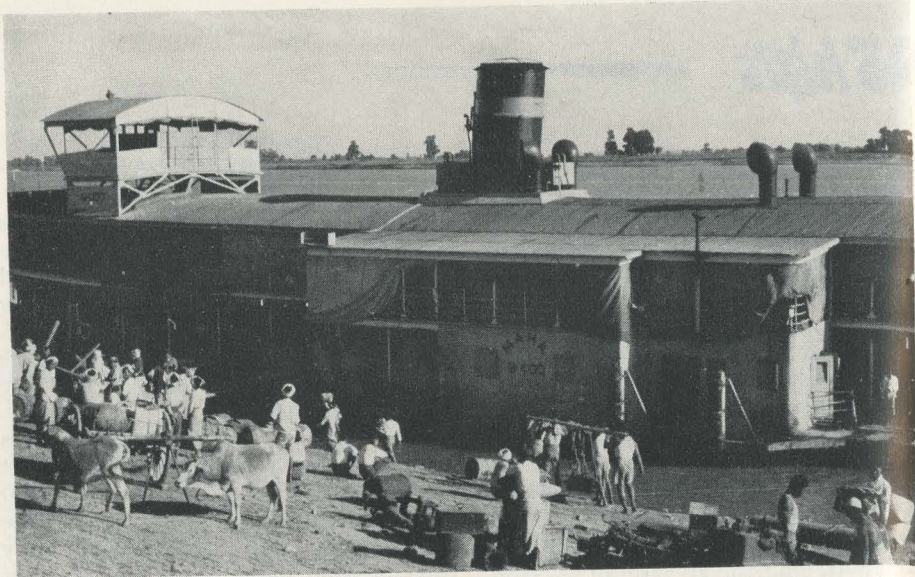
Interior and exterior sealed air compartments will keep the bags floating and protect them from collisions.

SAVANNAH STAMP

To mark the first voyage of the NS (nuclear ship) *Savannab* in 1960, Senator John Marshall Butler has asked the Post Office Department to issue a commemorative stamp.

"The inaugural voyage of the NS *Savannab* will be one of the most significant dates in maritime history . . . a milestone in America's efforts to utilize the atom for peaceful purposes," said Senator Butler.

The keel for the *Savannab*, the world's first atomic passenger ship, will be laid on National Maritime Day, May 22, at Camden, New Jersey. Mrs. Richard Nixon is the ship's sponsor.



Stevedores, dockworkers and assorted onlookers help make the *Maha* ready for her nine-day voyage from Mandalay to Rangoon.

On the Road from Mandalay

By Gordon H. Messegee

THE road from Mandalay is 597 winding river miles of the most gorgeous sunsets and the most tortuous navigation, of peaceful pagodas rising into the sky, of long stretches held by rebel groups where suspense is in the air and the ransom price on foreigners and Burmese leaders is high, of oriental bazaars and little thatch villages, of changing faces and moods. On one end of the road is big, rubble-strewn, overcrowded Rangoon, still showing the scars of war. And on the other is Kipling's

Mandalay, smaller, quieter, cleaner and far more colorful.

My wife and I were making a study of the Burmese Merchant Marine under a grant from the Ford Foundation. We would start by sailing downstream along the Irrawaddy River, that snake-like artery which is the very heart of Burma. Our voyage began at Mandalay — one of the best known names and least known places in the world. The flat river port itself is not particularly beautiful, but its varied peoples, brought there by centuries of wars and migrations, give it color. As we walked toward the waterfront, Shans, Chins, Kachins, Karens and Burmese mingled in the crowded streets of the bazaar district. We saw fur hats and heavy padded coats and faces of every type and complexion, Chinese in full, old-fashioned Mandarin dress, turbaned Indians and Sikhs, Burmese women in green, yellow and red skirt-type "loungies" and men in more conservative purple tartan patterns. Small horses

These impressions of life on a Burmese river steamer were written by ex-merchant marine Captain Gordon Messegee, whose name is familiar to LOOKOUT readers. Messegee and his wife, Joan, have recently returned from Burma where they made a study of the Burmese Merchant Marine under a Ford Foundation grant.

dashed by, pulling miniature stage coaches painted in purple and gold stripes. Shops were filled with shining silver and leather work, tapestries and rainbow-colored Shan purses. And it is the man who carries the purse in Burma.

At the docks, Mr. Beechy of the Inland Waterway Transport Freight Office showed us the pride of the inland fleet, the *Mindon*, a beautiful side-wheeler, immaculate in shining brown and white. "This is the one on which Bulganin and Khrushchev traveled," he boasted proudly. We went aboard and found everything spacious, spotless and luxurious — a far cry from most Burmese river steamers. "This boat is so beautiful now," our host explained, "that we don't use it for passengers or cargo anymore. It would get dirty. We keep the full crew on and use it for special guests." And so we learned that in Burma almost as much time and money is spent on celebrations as on serious business — a custom not as foolish as it seems, for I honestly believe that deep at heart there are more happy people in Burma than in most places I have seen.

But we weren't sailing on the luxurious *Mindon*. Ours was the more prosaic *Maha*, a 240-foot-long, double-deck side-wheeler, powered by a simple up-and-down-engine that could push her at 15 knots. The more fortunate deck passengers lived on the upper deck between four "first class" cabins and four "second class" cabins. The others shared space with horses and goats, carabaos and Brahmin bulls, on the deck below and on two barges, lashed to either side of the steamer.

Our 500 deck passengers stretched their mats on deck and settled down, the skipper shouted in Bengali to the sailors to "let go," and, as we started down the road from Mandalay, ancient pagodas rising out from the dark river bank stood out against the soft pink sky and slowly passed us, just as they had done, I imagined, when Marco Polo came down the same river with Kublai Kahn in 1287. Then, a little undramatically, the *Maha* moved a little downstream to a safe place and anchored for the night.

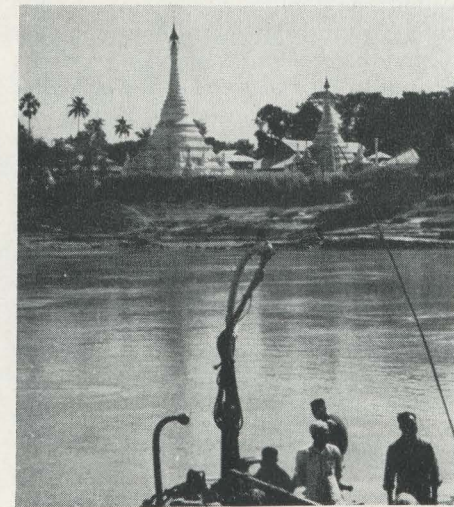
Life on a Burmese steamer is a world

of color, action, noise and yet miraculously one of cleanliness, neatness and agreeability. Whole families were transplanted with most of their belongings — sleeping mats, mosquito nets, Buddhas or animal gods in glass cases, blankets and clothes — to a five by eight piece of hard deck for nine days. They had to cook, eat, sleep, take care of children and whatever else people do, all in this one spot, except for an occasional stroll. Yet in all that time we didn't hear an argument, the children didn't misbehave, and everyone kept clean and neat.

They were packed so close together that we had to be very careful not to step on anyone as we threaded our way down to the lower deck to the planks which connected our steamer to one of the barges. Crossing onto the barge, we met 12 Buddhist priests with shaved heads and bright orange robes. Everywhere we saw people smoking, women as well as men. A few carried ashtrays which looked like metal bedroom pots. There must have been 200 people smoking at one time and countless small stoves and cooking fires. At night there were at least 50 coal lamps scattered around for reading. All this on a wooden ship with no fire hoses, only a few fire extinguishers and no life preservers! To

Photos by the author.

Pagodas, scads of them, greet the traveler on the Irrawaddy River.



me, an officer trained in U. S. Coast Guard precautions, it was unbelievable. To the Burmese it was natural. They didn't worry about fire and fire didn't happen. The record of fires on Irrawaddy craft is astonishingly low. They sail with God and God treats them well.

On the bow of each barge, Chittagonian sailors in bright longies and heavy sweaters rhythmically stuck long black and white bamboo poles into the water and in a slow, musical voice yelled up to the bridge, "Marka do barb!" or "Marka ek barb!" — "Mark two fathom!" or "Mark one fathom!" Navigation on the Irrawaddy is tricky at best and in this dry season it was treacherous. The river changes its course constantly, the alluvial sand bottom shifts, banks crumble and fill the channel, and navigation aids are extremely poor. The master of any large steamer must be a man of great skill.

One gets his fill of pagodas on the Irrawaddy. There are literally thousands, ranging from the solid, grey disused pagodas of the ancient kings of Pagan to the shiny, gold leaf, Rangoon Peace Pagoda, built by the present Burmese government as a symbol to world peace. Here and there along the river bank are huge monasteries with white stairs rising hundreds of feet to their door. There was a mile of caves, visible only from the river. In each one sat or lay a huge Buddha.

Ports on the Irrawaddy are any spot on the river bank where a steamer can moor. Ahead of us we saw the company's flag up, so we knew there was sufficient cargo for us to make our first stop. As we came alongside the river bank, sailors stood by with heaving lines, and just as I expected them to throw the lines ashore, they pulled off their upper garments, dove into the cold, muddy water and swam the lines to shore. Then they hauled the mooring lines up, made them fast to trees, and we were secure.

On shore, the crowd that had gathered to greet us had no need of gangways. The more agile climbed aboard wherever they could. A wild boarding party, carrying fruit, vegetables, chickens and other wares on their heads, yelling as loud as they



Completely refurbished at great cost for the voyage of Bulganin and Khrushchev, the *Mindon*, pride of the Burmese fleet, sports pink bathtubs.

could, rushed about, losing themselves in the confusion of our three hulls. We learned then that at every port our vessel would become a bazaar of hundreds of milling people, joking, talking, bargaining over prices. A few minutes later our gangway — three springing, unconnected two-by-fourteen-inch teak planks — was stretched from the inshore barge over ten feet of dirty, rushing river to the shore.

This was the only gangway for the steamer and its two barges. There were no booms to handle cargo, so everything — stevedores with huge loads on their heads, Brahmin bulls, horses, vendors and passengers eager to stretch for a few minutes — passed along these bouncing boards. There were no hand lines, ropes or safety measures. The stevedores, paid by piece work, ran all the time. They started off from the steep river bank, their loads balanced on their heads, and aimed at the gangway yelling, "Wayoh!" "Wayoh!" On the return trip they reversed the process, running even faster. Everything but the carabaos got out of their way. There wasn't really room to pass and yet we had only one casualty in over 24 ports when a Brahmin bull fell into the swirling water.

The gangway scene taught us another difference between East and West. When the Burmese do a thing they go out and do it and bring organization in only when it is vitally necessary. We start from the

other end, organizing a plan beforehand. With us organization is conspicuous; with the Burmese it is hardly visible.

We made four ports the first day, going ashore each time, through the cattle and stevedores and people sleeping or eating on the sand. We attracted hardly any attention although we were the only Europeans. We never strayed too far from the ship for fear of being left behind. When cargo operations are over the vessel leaves, and that is all.

And so it went, until nine days and 24 ports after leaving Mandalay we left the Irrawaddy and entered the Rangoon River. It had been a colorful and tiring trip. To a deep-sea man like myself it had been frustrating to go and stop and go and stop. It seemed that the land never really left us — always it was close at hand, or close under our keel, or mixed in the thick mud in the water around us. I learned that a river steamer is truly a prisoner of the land.

But it had been an interesting trip. There had been stretches of desert like Arizona,

hills like California, damp, banana-growing savannah like Central America. There had been the river life — native boats being pulled along the steep bank by straining men hauling on a line, the huge teak rafts coming down stream, the people who washed themselves and their clothes in the brown water and then took more of it home. There had been little country towns — some reminiscent of the American West of the 1800's, with false-front buildings, horses and old-fashioned general stores — towns where the people seemed to have escaped the corruption of big cities, war and politics, and where the faces you met were quiet and friendly and full of smiles. There had been the exciting feeling of a strange land seasoned with just a touch of danger. And always there had been the inevitable pagodas.

We rounded a bend in the river and saw the tall, golden Rangoon Shwadagon Pagoda and the deep-sea ships at anchor. We had come to the end of our trip on the road from Mandalay.

In each port, the villagers swarmed aboard the *Maha* to sell their wares — beautifully carved teak deck chairs, gaudily painted toys and dolls, or colorful linens. The woman on the left has tablecloths for sale.





Book Watch

The Pacific maritime scene comes in for some special attention this month, with four new books about that area. The first, **Ancient Voyagers in the Pacific**, Andrew Sharp, Penguin Books, 85c, is a semi-scholarly refutation of the currently popular view that the distant Pacific islands were deliberately colonized. Sharpe, basing his thesis on the opinions of Captain Cook and other early Pacific explorers, accounts for the settlements by accidental voyages. The vessels and navigation of the Indian and Pacific peoples were not good enough to take them to distant islands, says the author, but "were not good enough not to."

Some more recent riddles of the Pacific are explored in **Robert de la Croix's Mysteries of the Pacific**, John Day, \$3.50. For all the recent advances in transportation and communication, mapping and navigation, the South Seas still remains a formidable area of vast ocean and minute islands, a place in which men, ships, and the best-laid plans can be swallowed up whole. In slick and skillful style, de la Croix examines 11 real enigmas of the South Pacific, beginning with the disappearance of La Perouse, who tried to explore the area for Louis XVI, and ending with the story of Amelia Earheart, who was lost in these waters 21 years ago.

The largest and most important harbor on the Pacific coast, San Francisco Bay, is given a superb treatment by John Haskell Kemble in **San Francisco Bay: A Pictorial Maritime History**, Cornell Maritime Press, \$10.00. The ships and men, ports and towns, boats and commerce that

have made this area great come alive in over 350 photographs, lithographs and drawings, many of them contemporary illustrations. The pictures and captions tell the story of the Bay from its discovery in 1769 by the Spaniard Gaspar de Portola, through the flamboyant Gold Rush period, to its position today as one of the major ports of the world.

Moving closer to our Pacific shore, **Shipwrecks of the Pacific Coast**, John A. Bibbs, Jr., Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore., \$3.95, gives a factual but thoroughly exciting account of all the major marine disasters that have occurred along the Washington, Oregon and California coasts in the last 450 years. The author is the former keeper of Oregon's Tillamook Rock Light and an authority on Pacific coast maritime lore and history.

Coming cross country to the East Coast, we have an absorbing piece of Americana in a new edition of **Roger Williams McAdam's Salts of the Sound**, Stephen Daye Press, \$5.00. This well-known history of New England steamboating and the skippers who became legendary figures on Long Island Sound has been revised and enlarged with new material and with over 70 new illustrations.

The Open Sea and Other Poems by William Meredith, Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50, is a small book of luminous poems. Only a few of the poems are about the sea, but all are worth knowing.

TURTLE BAY*

Since the Days of Sail

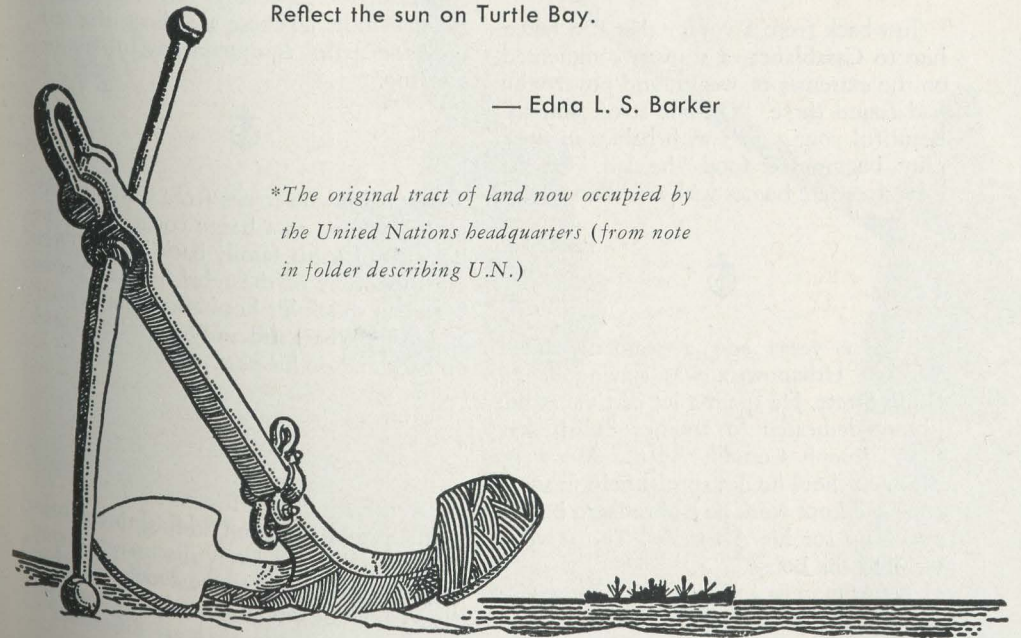
So this was Turtle Bay, the farm
Beside the river fringed with reed,
And here the wild fowl came to feed
Unmindful of the world's alarm.

From here the country boy looked out
With young hands idle on the plow,
To watch each ship with figured prow,
Before he turned his horse about.

A hundred years have rolled away —
The gulls, the white fog wet and thin
Recede to let the nations in —
Acres of towering glass, today,
Reflect the sun on Turtle Bay.

— Edna L. S. Barker

**The original tract of land now occupied by the United Nations headquarters (from note in folder describing U.N.)*



At Our House

One side-effect of the recent Venezuelan revolution that no one could have foreseen was its salutary influence on the pocket-books of visiting seamen. Adam reported that on his last trip there he had had the cheapest shore leave in all his years of sailing. Since just about everything was closed, all he could manage to spend was 20 cents; a dime for a soda and a dime for a coke.



Sailors, long connoisseurs of feminine good looks, don't like the new sack dresses any more than other men do. A heated discussion in the Janet Roper Club the other night found most of the men decrying the new look. "Who wants to see a woman look like she was wearing a seabag?" said one.



Just back from a voyage that had taken him to Casablanca, a seaman commented on the extremes of wealth and poverty he had found there. "On one street you see beautiful young girls with babies in their arms, begging for food," he said. "On the next street are homes with Cadillacs in the garages."



Twelve years ago a seaman named Waclaw Urbanowicz was staying at 25 South Street. He spent a lot of time at the library dedicated to another Polish seafarer, Joseph Conrad. At the Merchant Marine School he got special help in some rope and knot work he had to learn before going up for his AB ticket. The services were on the house.

A few months ago Waclaw Urbanowicz wrote to the Institute from Poland. He had not forgotten the "great kindness, hos-



pitality and friendliness of the American people I met." Enclosed was a check, a gift to the Institute, for kindness remembered.



John, who has been on a Japanese ship, reports that they're not too comfortable for Americans — especially tall Americans. Because most Japanese are short, the railings and galley equipment are all junior-size, too.



Manuelo, who comes from Cuba, works in New York as a barge cook so he can help care for his family back home. They are supporters of the rebel leader Castro. Manuelo shook his head about his mother and five brothers and said he felt he should go back and do his part.



Overheard in the Institute's lobby: an Irish Catholic and two Hindu seamen from Pakistan having a lively discussion about religion. They came to the conclusion that their God was the same; only the ways of their respective religions were different.