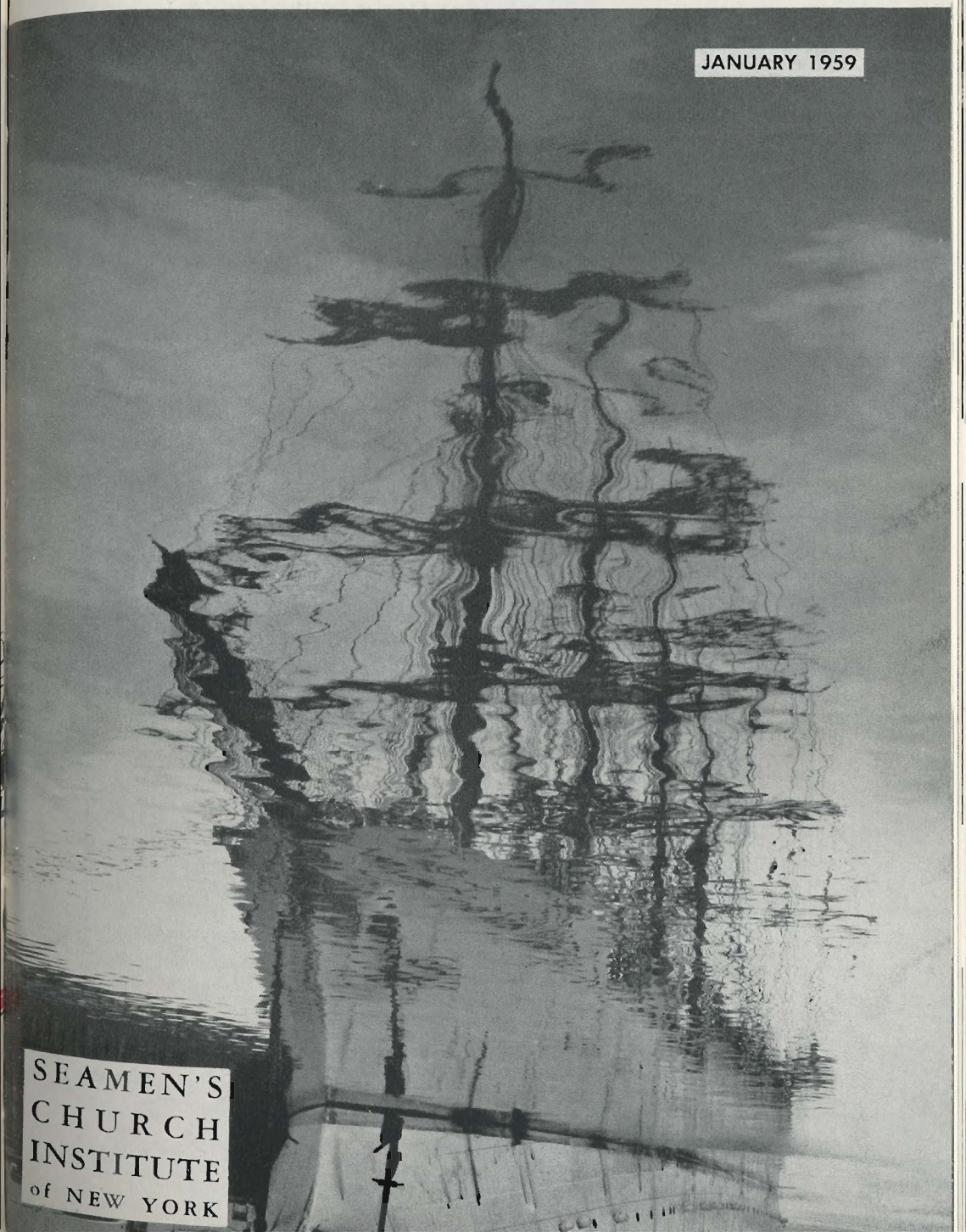


The LOOKOUT

JANUARY 1959



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 25th South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

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JANUARY, 1959

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: Now, don't get excited; just turn it upside down and everything will be okay. The vessel is the Japanese sail training vessel *Nippon Maru*, imaginatively photographed in Honolulu by Robert A. Carlisle.

In the freezing cold of December 26, Staten Island firemen lost their fight to save this wood frame church, which once served seamen at an anchorage at the foot of Pike Street, Manhattan, where the Institute maintained it as the Floating Church of Our Saviour.

History in Flames

Among the events eclipsed by the December newspaper strike in New York was the burning of All Saints Episcopal Church in Mariners Harbor, Staten Island. This 89-year-old structure was formerly the Institute's second Floating Church of Our Saviour, which was presented to the Arch-



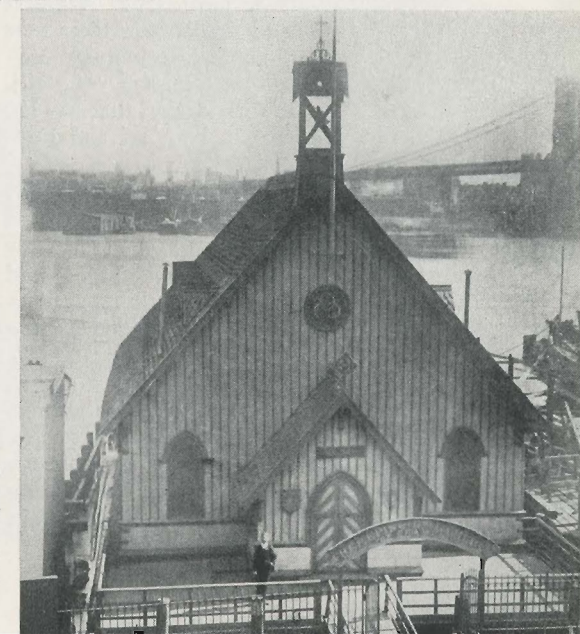
On January 6, 1911, the Floating Church of Our Saviour was towed to Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, where it went ashore in 1914 to become All Saints Episcopal Church.

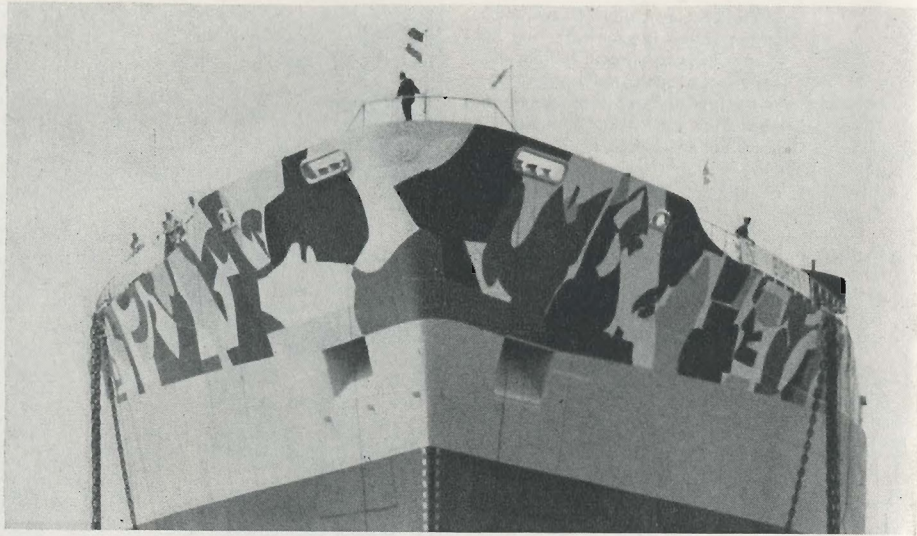
deaconry of Richmond in 1910, after there was "no longer a congregation for it" at the East River anchorage where it had served since 1870.

The church was "completely ruined," according to the Rev. Edward J. Berey, priest-in-charge. Only a buckled shell remains. The fire's cause is not known.

The Institute's first Floating Church of Our Saviour was moored at the foot of Pike Street, East River in 1844. Two years later the Floating Church of the Holy Comforter was built and anchored at the foot of Dey Street in the North River. These churches each served for 22 years; the one that burned served 40.

Shown here as it appeared at the foot of Pike Street from 1870 until 1910 is the Floating Church of Our Saviour, destroyed by fire last month. This was the last of three floating churches to be used by the Institute since 1844.





About 15 feet deep and extending 80 feet on either side of the prow, the border-like mural on the *Borgny* depicts a mountain and fjord, with a big butterfly above a yellow beach. Besides traditional Viking bright yellows and reds, the artist worked in green, white, teal and two shades of blue.

On the Nose

SOME ships bow in more sensationally than others, but it will be some time before a vessel presents a more startling face than the 39,000-ton oil tanker *Borgny*. Fred. Olsen & Co., long-time patron of Norwegian artists, gave Jacob Weidermann a free hand to decorate their new ship. Using colors and techniques anywhere from two to a thousand years old, he created an abstract design that has become controversial in both art and shipping circles.

Each of the eight colors used in Mr. Weidermann's coloristic impression of a Norwegian landscape is bounded by welded seams and, further, coded and numbered on a chart to guide repainting. The colors alternate in a decided rhythm and have been described as giving the impression of a bas-relief.

In 1936 the company revived the practice of mounting figureheads on its vessels, but where the figurehead would ordinarily go, the *Borgny* has a bow port concealing a Suez Canal searchlight, used for night time navigation in the canal.

On the motor ship *Buffalo* is a figure straight out of America's Wild West: Buffalo Bill Cody. The figure was sculpted by Ornullf Bast.



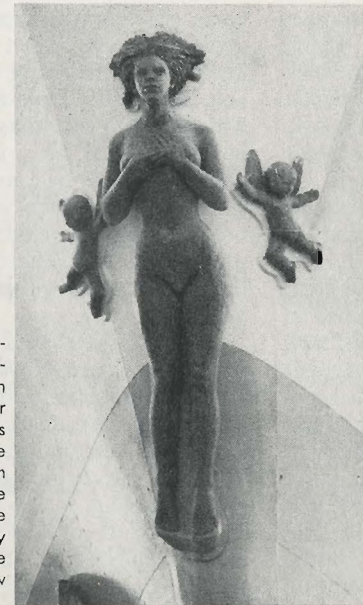
Sigurd Norm sculpted this figure of an Indian chief smoking a peace pipe. On the *Bonanza's* bow, the symbol of peace travels from continent to continent in the North Pacific.

The line has had fifty figureheads cast in the past 22 years, thus giving Norwegian sculptors a ready-made opportunity for world-wide exhibition. Half-ton bronze figureheads are planned for future ships. No loan exhibitions are contemplated at this time.



The motor ship *Baalbek* is led by a long-haired maiden, who, like her ship, is on her way to market.

Adorning the bow of the *Balkis*, this intense young woman raises her arms eternally in the Indian maiden's gesture of greeting.



Fred. Olsen & Co. usually selects a figurehead associated with its ship's name or route. When this is not possible, the role goes to the buxom maidens of yore. The shy lady shown at the right is guarded by two cherubs as she faces life on the prow of the *Burred*.



Calif., Dept. of Fish & Game

Sixty feet under water in Redondo Bay, Calif., lies what is probably the world's queerest aquarium — six streetcars, shown being lowered by a salvage vessel.

Tunaville Trolleys

NOBODY'S gone off his trolley; it's the trolley that's off instead — off the coast of southern California. Six scrapped streetcars have gone fishing in Pacific coastal waters, helping to form an artificial reef that will attract marine life to previously barren underwater areas.

It has long been known that fish tend to congregate around the sites of old sunken vessels or around underwater rocks, kelp beds, pilings, etc. Having decided to experiment with artificial reefs to see if they would have the same effect in attracting marine life to stretches of bare, sandy-bottomed coast, the California Department of Fish and Game began a pilot program last spring. Intended primarily to obtain biological data, the project is expected at the same time to provide additional sport for the thousands of anglers in the greater Los Angeles area, thus easing the pressure the tremendous metropolitan population has been putting on the few natural inland and coastal fish-

ing waters.

Once the reef is established, a food chain is set up, beginning with small organisms which attract worms and mollusks, then small fish, medium-sized fish and, eventually, large fish and fishermen. The first such reef consists of junked auto bodies donated by a metal salvage firm and transported by a fishing resort owner. The second is made up of large gunite "rocks" which were once used on a Hollywood movie set. The old streetcars form the third. Others will be added from time to time.

Each site is selected after consultation with Coast Guard, Naval and other authorities to avoid interfering with navigation, and each reef is marked with a buoy so that researchers and sportsmen can locate it easily. Diver-biologists have already noted a significant increase in the numbers and kinds of fish near the reefs, and from all appearances to date, the project is achieving the hoped for results.

THE SEAQUAKE

Oh, how was I so fortunate?
You mean about my wife?
Hm'm, thoughts go back to the *S.S. Debke*
When I led the checkered life
As one of the crew when things seemed new
In the years some time ago
Ere I ceased to roam on seaborne home
And bought this bungalow.

One night when bound San Juan to Spain
Our boilers burst at sea;
One fearful rip tore the rising ship
Far asunder into three;
Then were bodies blown as leaves are sown
By grim Autumn's gusts to grave
Where each one sought or fiercely fought
Their own life for to save.

Among the mass was one fair maid:
She cried to Ted McKeown,
But I, too, was near and called "Don't fear!"
We both seized her going down,
And I think 'twas he who first did see
A stray upturned battered boat,
Which although nigh gone we landed on
And luckily kept afloat.

On angry seas, three days, three nights,
Had neither bite nor sup;
We felt so weak we scarce could speak
When a liner picked us up.
As she felt the worst the lass was nursed
And every want supplied
And soon with care and ocean air
We were all three revived.

She was of famed Castilian line,
Her home near Badajoz;
Though we sought no gain, she would
maintain
That no longer life was hers.
Said: "I think to you my all is due
I now own beneath the sun
And what you did save is yours to have,"
But would not say which one.

That night friend Ted and I talked long;
To this we did agree
That excepting none she was the one
We so long had wished to see.
But, said he: "No fears; for through long
years
We the best of pals have been,
And you are the man, you take her, Stan,
We'll have no quarrel between."

Said I, "We both helped save her life;
She thinks she owes us twain,
And if you won't wed, then I won't, Ted,
So we'll send her back to Spain.
We as brothers were and brothers are
And e'en now won't fight a claim,
And it is not meet that we should beat
Each other in a game."

So at New York her fare we paid
To her uncle's home in Spain.
Then friend Ted and I bade her goodbye
And straight signed for sea again,
Where on waters vast betimes we'd write
As, pen pals her heart to cheer,
Whence came billetdoux by ones and twos
She sent us for a year.

* * *

Thus, we, as mates and far from port
One weird night at the wheel
Stars seemed to shake and the ship to quake,
Then we pitched end up aft-keel.
I quickly felt for the cork life belt
As a great gulf yawned before
And where seas high boiled like mountains
oiled
She sank to rise no more.

Well, I alone was left to tell
This mystery of the sea,
Which made me glad and, yet made me sad
Though the wreck had set me free:
True, I lost dear Ted, but her I wed
In the church at Badajoz.
So a game of chance was our romance
And look now, here she is.

— W. T. Dunlap

The World of Ships

TUMBLE ACTION

Some experiences make wonderful telling for years to come — but you hope they never happen to you. One such, as recently reported by "Marine Digest," happened to a seaman working on the deck of the Japanese ship *Georgia Maru*. Heavily loaded and riding deep in the water at the mouth of the Columbia River, the vessel took a heavy swell. The swell washed the mariner overboard and then neatly deposited him, unharmed, back on the ship some 50 feet forward. How must he feel now when he watches some of those automatic washing machines in action?

MARINE LAW

One of the projects before the 86th Congress when it convenes this month is the consolidation of all the maritime laws of the U.S. in to a single statute. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, said that research, studies and hearings conducted over the past few years have revealed that such consolidation is sorely needed.

Senator Magnuson said that an attempt would also be made to remove ambiguities or conflicts in language, so that the law would be clear.

ANY OLD WAY

On most ships an order for "full speed ahead" would raise eyebrows, to say the least. In the new 40,000-ton Orient Line flagship *Oriana*, however, that order will cause no confusion. To facilitate docking and maneuvering in harbors and other confined waters, the liner, now under construction in England, is being given a

cross-wise propulsion system. Propeller assemblies mounted in circular casings athwartships are being installed, two each at bow and stern, all to be remotely controlled from the bridge.

A HOUSE UNITED

The National Maritime Union and the Seafarers International Union, representing 80,000 unlicensed American seamen, signed a truce this month and agreed to drop all current charges filed against each other in the courts and before the NLRB, ending their 20-year-long conflict. Any future disputes will go before a joint committee shortly to be established.

The truce is expected to unite American seamen in their opposition to the transfer of American shipping to foreign "flags of convenience."

RADAR REQUIREMENTS

The recent demand for radar training for ships' officers has borne fruit in the United States. As of January 1, 1959, applicants for a deck officer's license, for a raise in grade or for increase in scope of license for service on ocean, coastwise or Great Lakes vessels of 300 gross tons or over are required to qualify as radar observers. The new radar part of the regular professional examinations includes fundamentals of radar, operation and use of radar, interpretation and analysis of radar information, and plotting. Even if an applicant passes every other part of the examination but fails in radar, he shall be considered as having failed the examination. He may, however, be re-examined in radar within the following six months and, if he passes, he will then be granted a license. Holders of certificates of success-

ful completion of a course in radar at any U. S. Coast Guard approved Government school will be exempt from the radar part of the examination.

MID-OCEAN MERCY

The staff surgeon of American President Lines' *President Cleveland*, Dr. Francis Galbraith, crossed 500 feet of stormy sea in a lifeboat to give aid to four crewmen injured aboard the Liberian tanker *World Glory* in the backlash of Typhoon Marie.

The tanker encountered Marie on November 4, about 700 miles west of Midway Island. Five seamen, working on the fore-deck, had been hurt, one of them fatally, when a giant wave smashed into them and carried away a ventilator. Although the \$11,000,000 tanker has a well equipped hospital ward, she did not have a physician on board, so a radio call went out for help.

The *President Cleveland*, steaming from Honolulu to Yokohama, sped 100 miles off course in response to the radio plea, and on November 5, about 370 miles west-north-west of Midway, the two ships met.

For five hours the liner circled the *World Glory*, waiting for a break in the rough sea to enable the doctor to make the crossing. Once aboard the violently pitching *World Glory*, Dr. Galbraith set broken bones and dressed the wounds of the four stricken mariners. The *Cleveland* meanwhile continued to circle slowly around the tanker until the doctor was picked up from the lifeboat after a perilous return trip in a heavy swell.

The tanker, bound for Yokohama from Los Angeles, stopped at Midway to put the injured men ashore. Transoceanic Marine, Inc., New York agent for Stavros S. Niarchos, owner of the tanker, reports that two of the seamen have already returned to Greece. The other two are recuperating in a Honolulu hospital, where they were flown by the U. S. Navy.

NYLON PROPELLER

An impregnated nylon propeller, lower in cost than comparable metal propellers and said to be more efficient, is being manufactured by the Servi Corporation of Constantine, Michigan. These light, tough propellers won't corrode, chip or bend; they eliminate bushing slippage; and the manufacturer claims the special design relieves drag and eliminates the effects of cavitation.

TRAILER EXCHANGE

Containerized shipping gets a heave ahead from the Interstate Commerce Commission's recent approval of a system for interchanging truck trailers. Scheduled to go into operation in the Spring of this year, the plan will let truckers exchange trailers in much the same way railroads lend each other freight cars.

Tom Taggard

Funeral services were held January 5 in the Chapel of Our Saviour at 25 South Street for the Rev. Edward Thomas Taggard, 50, director of club and special activities at the Institute. He died of a heart ailment on the first day of 1959.

Before coming to the Institute in 1956, Tom Taggard had been rector for nine years of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston, Illinois. Previously he had been rector of Christ Church, Pelham Manor, and curate of the Chapel of the Intercession, Broadway & 155th Street in New York.

As a result of his good work and his kind nature, Tom had many friends in far places who were not able to join with the many present at the solemn high requiem mass offered by the Rev. Alfred Chambers of the Church of the Resurrection. They will be sorry to come back to 25 South Street and find him gone.

This sketch shows the type of skin-diving tub used over 200 years ago. Treasures those hunters couldn't get are waiting even today for some persevering and lucky salvor.



There's Gold in Them There Waves

IN THE coastal waters of the Atlantic, waters whose bottoms are for the most part as yet unexplored, lie ships containing riches calculated in hundreds of millions of dollars. These treasure troves have long offered a powerful temptation to the adventurous, and the rapid development of diving equipment in the past few years has made this golden hoard seem even more accessible. Strengthening the lure is the fact that some of these treasure-filled wrecks are practically on our very doorsteps. For instance:

The treasure of the New York and Cuba Mail liner *Merida*, valued at more than \$1,000,000 in gold bullion and other cargo, has lain 55 miles east of Cape Charles since May 12, 1911. The *Merida* set sail from Mexico for New York when revolutionaries under Francisco Madero sent President Diaz fleeing from his palace. When she was rammed by the steamer *Admiral Farragut* of the United Fruit Line, *Merida* carried her treasures 32 fathoms deep. But part of her cargo is protected by an amazingly effective double curse, for she was carrying Emperor Maximilian's jewels. Many of these stones had been looted from the Sacred Temple of Rama

in Burma and from an Aztec temple in the jungles of the Yucatan. The high priests of both these holy places, according to ancient legend, had invoked the anger of their gods against anyone who laid hands on their treasure.

Perhaps the priests' curses had nothing to do with the tragic death of the Emperor or with the insanity of Charlotte, his Empress. It could just have been the luck of the sea that the *Merida* was rammed and sunk before she could get safely to port. But the fact remains that salvagers, on each of two determined attempts, had a hectic time of it and received no reward whatsoever for their efforts. For many months during two summers the crews of salvage vessels tossed in the heavy seas that roll off the Virginia Capes. These men were little impressed by the old superstitions that, in the minds of many people familiar with the lore of Maximilian's ill-gotten treasure, doomed their enterprise from the start. They were realists, concerned only with the rich profits that they anticipated would be theirs when the ship's safe was finally located and hauled up from the rusted, barnacled hull.

They did find the long-sought strong

box and brought it to the surface — open and empty!

What happened to the benighted jewels of Maximilian is a mystery still to be solved. Perhaps the safe was rifled before the ship sank. Possibly the "real" *Merida* is the one located by the Bowdoin Expedition about 20 miles from the charted area of the *Merida's* sinking. Maybe the long-dead priests of the Burmese and Aztecs are still on the job guarding their treasure. Regardless of all this, the official ship's records show this treasure to have been placed on board the steamer when she left Mexico and they were, no doubt, there when she sank.

Nearby, off the Delaware Capes in the waters of Cape Henlopen, lies the wreck of the British privateer *De Braak* in only 15 fathoms of water. On May 25, 1798, the *De Braak* filled and went down to the bottom of the sea like so much lead, taking along her captain and her crew of 28 men — one of the very sudden tragedies that darkened so many days in the romantic age of sail.

The privateer had been assigned to service in the waters of the Caribbean, where Spanish prizes might make rich loot for the British. She had set out in pursuit of the Spanish *St. Francis Xavier*, laden with gold and silver bars valued at approximately \$15,000,000. She captured her prize and transferred the cargo to her own hold. En route to Halifax, Nova Scotia, she met her fatal anchorage a mile off Old Kiln Roads, where she foundered.

Many attempts have been made to recover this vast fortune, including, in 1877, an expedition partly financed by Ulysses S. Grant, using the salvage ship *William P. Orr*. In 1893, Capt. Jeff Townsend of Somers Point, N. J., worked on the wreck with his steamer. He brought up only an iron chain thought to be one of the lines left by a 1799 salvage attempt by the British. On July 28, 1932, an expedition headed by A. C. Roberts of New York left Baltimore in the tug *Columbine* for five days struggle with the hulk, but they, too, failed to raise the bullion.

Among tales of lost treasure in sunken ships, none is more ironical than that of

the American liner *Central America*. This steamer, burdened with gold dust and nuggets amounting to \$2,400,000, now lies deeply buried under tons of sand off Cape Hatteras, where she has rested since September 12, 1857.

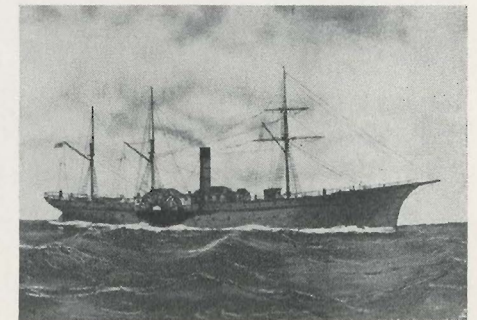
On the way from Havana to New York, carrying the first shipment of treasure from the mines of California during the gold rush, she encountered a hurricane at its height and foundered. Carpet bags and pouches filled with the hard-earned golden metal were strewn about the decks and bunks of the ship by panicked passengers and crew eager to be rid of the suddenly oppressive weight — and it's just lying there on the floor of the Atlantic.

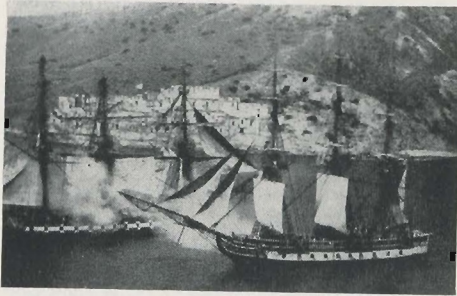
In New York's East River, within 200 yards of Randall's Island, lie the rotting timbers of the British frigate *Lexington*, still holding intact the silver and gold bars and the Mexican coin looted from Vera Cruz in the eighteenth century. Today she is, no doubt, covered with a 30-foot blanket of sand and silt, waiting to be found.

Close by lies the *Hussar*, another British man-o'-war, sunk in 1780 with a fortune which tradition claims to be between \$2,000,000 and \$4,000,000 in gold.

During the Revolutionary War, the King's frigate *Hussar* left England with a cargo of English coin — long overdue payment for her complaining army. The gold had been packed in boxes and stored in the hold of the ship by trusted men of the British Navy. Kegs of gunpowder had been hidden in the ballast, where a fuse could be readily attached to blow her up if she were captured. Only two officers

The *Central America*, as painted in watercolor by M. Costagliola.





Frigates very much like the miniatures depicted here are under the silt of New York harbor.

aboard knew about the treasure and the explosives. She arrived in New York harbor on September 13, and passing through the dangerous rapids of Hell Gate, struck a rock near the end of Randall's Island and immediately foundered.

Although Sir Charles M. Pole, British Baronet in command of the *Hussar*, stated when she sank, "I am not aware that there was any treasure on board," the British Government has sent two expeditions over here to try to salvage the ship.

Today the remains of the *Hussar* still lie buried in the East River within 300 yards of 135th and 136th Streets, amid 100 or more other wrecks in this very small area. It is both tempting and frustrating to realize that besides the *Hussar*, wrecks that occurred within New York harbor and adjacent waters between 1790 and 1834 are said, authentically, to have in their holds a treasure of unperishable nature worth over \$30,000,000!

On the evening of January 24, 1909, the British White Star Line's *Republic*, bound from New York for Italy, groping her way through a dense fog for eleven miles south of the Nantucket South Shoals lightship, was suddenly struck amidships by the Italian steamer *Florida*. The crippled liner began to settle rapidly, and seeing no hope of saving the vessel or her immense cargo of gold bullion, Captain Sealby, her master, gave the order to abandon ship. At 8:10 p.m. she sank in 38 fathoms of water.

The giant liner was carrying \$3,000,000 in American gold eagles, which are still held fast in the deep. To date, the only

attempt made to salvage this vast fortune, in 1919, was unsuccessful because of the vessel's depth.

Not too far away from the *Republic*, somewhere in the beach near Southhampton, Long Island, a smaller but equally documented treasure has lain buried since the early nineteenth century. One Charles Gibbs signed on the brig *Vineyard*, sailing from New Orleans to Philadelphia with a large cargo of molasses and cotton, together with \$54,000 in silver specie. After several days out, Gibbs learned of the silver on board and, taking into his confidence two seamen to help him, embarked on a brief career of piracy. They struck the master and the mate on the head with the handle of a ship's pump, threw them overboard, took over the ship, and located the silver tied in small sacks in three barrels in the hold. Nearing Long Island, Gibbs decided to fire the brig and take the money in the sacks to bury it on shore until he could return for it without danger.

Fifteen miles off Southampton Light the brig was set ablaze and the crew forced into two lifeboats, the loot stowed between the thwarts. One boat capsized, spilling the men and losing the treasure, but Gibbs made the shore and buried his part of the money. Before he could return for it he was captured by police authorities and subsequently hanged. No one else knew the exact spot where he had buried the coin, and it still nestles in the beach. The treasure lost from the other boat is in all probability buried deep in the sands of the Sound.

Sunken treasure ships, now reposing in Davy Jones' silent care, continue from age to age to dazzle adventurers and to bait modern salvors and treasure hunters who, in their dreams, ever hear the call of John Silver: "Stand by to go about! Pieces of eight! Yo ho! Pieces of eight!" Large capital is, however, still required to place these immense fortunes within reach, despite batteries of pneumatic drills, diving bells, coffer dams, compressors and pile drivers. But if you've heard the call, and if you have unlimited patience, come and get 'em. They're waiting for you.

— LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

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Tampa News Bureau

YO-HO-HO! HERE THE PIRATES

COME: The only ship ever built solely for piracy will be sailing into Tampa at high noon on February 9, manned by Ye Mystic Krewe of Gasparilla, a group of Tampa businessmen who arm to the teeth and turn pirate for a week every year. Named after a well-known Gulf pirate, the *Jose Gasparilla* is an all steel replica of an 18th century bark-rigged buccaneer ship, 165 feet long, with three 100-foot masts. Her arrival marks the beginning of the pirate festival held throughout the city annually since 1904. After parades and dances, fairs and carnivals, the pageant will culminate on the night of February 14, when the pirates will relinquish the city, sailing away under a canopy of fireworks. The ship will thereafter be anchored on the city's waterfront until time to take over Tampa again — in 1960.

FULL SPEED NOWHERE:

Here's a ship powerful enough to light up a city of 100,000 but unable to push herself across a duck pond. That's the YFP-10, capable of generating 3,000 kilowatts per hour on a 24-hour basis, yet still you might say she has no drive — which is exactly the case.

Leased from the Navy Bureau of Yards and Docks, she is shown here moored in Port Everglades, thumping out juice for the Florida Power and Light Company to peddle in Fort Lauderdale.

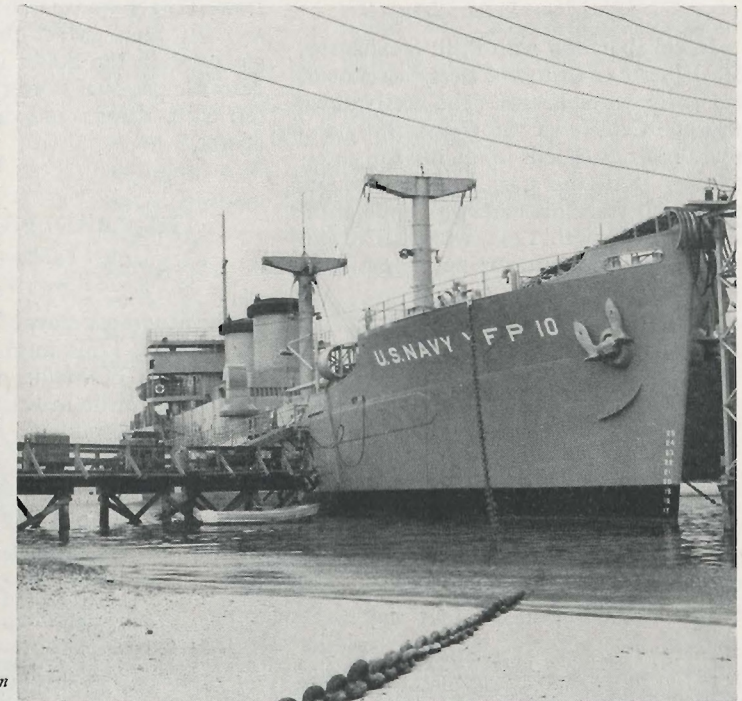


Photo by Max Humm



THE FLEET THAT HAD TO DIE

Richard Hough

Viking Press, \$3.95, *illustrated*

A straightforward, yet entertaining account of the disastrous meeting of the Russian Baltic squadron with the highly trained Japanese fleet in 1905. Mr. Hough loses none of the tragi-comedy of the 18,000 mile journey from the Baltic around Africa to the Straits of Tsu-Shima, nor does he fail to convey the nightmare of the battle in which the ridiculous Russian fleet was annihilated.

SAIL HO!

Sir James Bisset

Criterion Books, \$5.00, *illustrated*

In collaboration with P. R. Stephensen, Sir James has written a lively account of his early years at sea. The well-known wartime Captain of the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* tells in infinite and entertaining detail the stories of his voyages under sail from his hard-won apprenticeship in 1898 until 1904, when his adventures in steam began.

SEEK OUT AND DESTROY

James D. Horan

Crown Publishers, Inc., \$3.95

This engaging and well researched historical novel exploits the most fascinating maritime might-have-been of the Civil War. The author has combined the log of the notorious Confederate raider *Shenandoah* with the potential of the 294, a super warship which might well have changed the course of the war, had she sailed from Lairds in England, where she actually was built for the Confederacy.

The historical facts are that the Union threatened war, England backed down and Captain James Bulloch, Confederate agent there, finally sold the powerful iron warship to the British Navy.

To be sure, the Rebels still lose the Civil War in "Seek Out and Destroy," despite the fact that the super warship, called the *Lee*, has been launched by the author. Fiction averts a collision with history because the vessel was just a year too late to turn the tide, despite the fantastic toll she takes in Union shipping.

Working with the handicap of this pre-ordained conclusion, author Horan manages a good yarn that builds its suspense around the interplay of the human strengths and weaknesses of the ship's crew. To good advantage he uses the *Lee* as a crucible in which the complex struggle between the States is reduced to the dramatic personal stories of those who are carried to danger and death on the tides of war.

THE CRADLE OF SHIPS

Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$6.00, *illustrated*

The panoramic story of one of the oldest shipbuilding firms in America, the Bath Iron Works of Maine, is told from sail to guided missile in this exciting account of Yankee ingenuity.

ALONE AT SEA

Hannes Lindemann

Random House, \$3.50

The author describes two remarkable transatlantic trips he made alone in a kayak-like craft, concluding that it is not a good idea to drink sea water.

I Walk On Sand

I walk on sand
and leave a trail
of footprints, hard and deep.
The wash of waves
hastily fills my steps
in cascades.
Water and sand return,
not quite the same.
The tide, the ocean, and the earth
are changed.

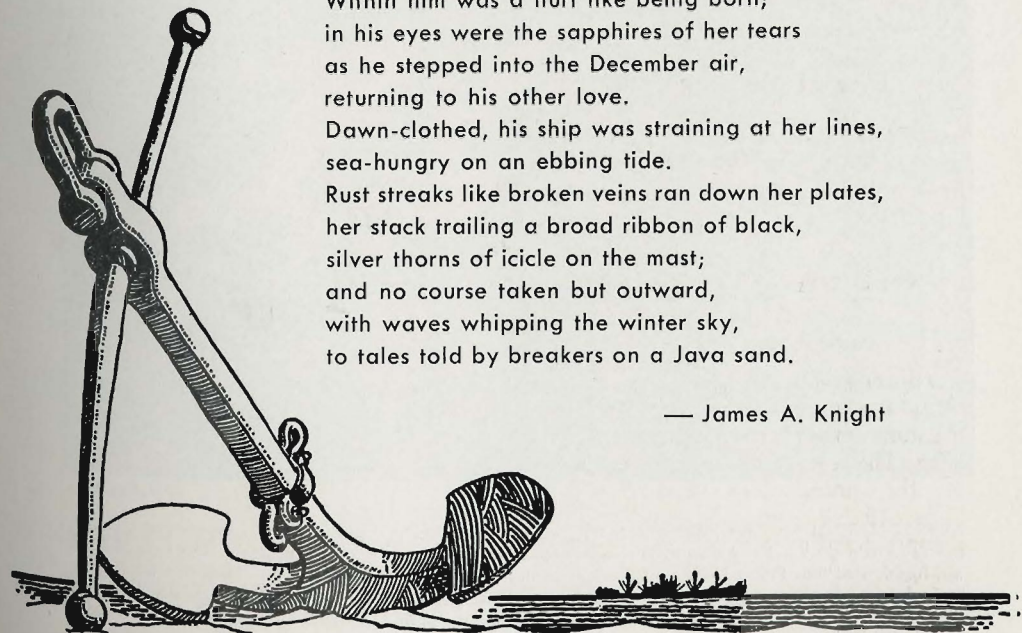
— A. Kirby Congdon

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The Seaman

Within him was a hurt like being born;
in his eyes were the sapphires of her tears
as he stepped into the December air,
returning to his other love.
Dawn-clothed, his ship was straining at her lines,
sea-hungry on an ebbing tide.
Rust streaks like broken veins ran down her plates,
her stack trailing a broad ribbon of black,
silver thorns of icicle on the mast;
and no course taken but outward,
with waves whipping the winter sky,
to tales told by breakers on a Java sand.

— James A. Knight



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Italian Line

AVE LEONARDO! Amid the deafening toots and whistles of every ship and boat in the port of Genoa, the *Leonardo da Vinci* slid down the ways of the Ansaldo Shipyards on December 7. The new 32,000-ton flagship of the Italian Line, built to replace the ill-fated *Andrea Doria*, was christened by Donna Carla Gronchi, wife of President Gronchi. Five hundred workers are readying the luxury liner for her first sea trials, due in 16 months. She will have a maximum capacity of 1300 passengers, be air-conditioned throughout and have three swimming pools and two wading pools. She is expected to make her maiden voyage, on the Genoa-New York run, sometime in 1960.