

# The LOOKOUT

JUNE 1957



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

VOL. XLVIII No. 6

JUNE, 1957

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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Published Monthly \$1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925 at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

**THE COVER:** A sailor's view of a foreign country is apt to be circumscribed — as in Lindy Hunn's photo of two Turkish seamen getting their first look at the U.S.A. To help foreign sailors make the most of their time in New York, ship visitors from the Seamen's Church Institute visited 6,415 foreign-flag ships last year.

Captain Joseph A. Boyd, left, whose ship *Cape Ann* was the first to arrive at the scene of the *Andrea Doria-Stockholm* collision, accepts the "Tradition of the Sea" award from Rear Admiral H. G. Moran at luncheon ceremonies at the Seamen's Church Institute.



## The Noblest Tradition

“AT 2325 July 25, 1956 in latitude 40° 36' N., longitude 69° 35' W., while this vessel was proceeding from Bremerhaven to New York, the automatic radio alarm went off. In a few minutes the radio operator informed me that two ships had collided at a point 15.5 miles 248° true from our position. Course was immediately altered to bring us to this point.”

These were the opening sentences of Captain Joseph A. Boyd's report of the *Cape Ann's* rescue of 129 *Andrea Doria* survivors. At a luncheon at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on Mariner's Day, May 23rd, Captain Boyd heard his modestly-worded account read aloud by Rear Admiral H. G. Moran, as the *Cape Ann* skipper and his crew received the "Tradition of the Sea" award, sponsored annually by the Transportation and International sections of the New York Board of Trade.

After five hours of capable and efficient service at the disaster scene, the *Cape Ann* was released by the Coast Guard and she proceeded at full speed for New York with 129 survivors, 9 of whom were seriously injured. Arrival was made at Ambrose Light-vessel at 1642 and the *Cape*

*Ann* was saluted by all vessels in the harbor, from liners to tugs.”

Brief though it was, Boyd's report did not overlook Stewards Department's homely but "amazing feat" of serving scrambled eggs to all hands at breakfast and "thereafter keeping up a regular supply of coffee and sandwiches.”

The "Tradition of the Sea" award is given to those who have "acted in the noblest traditions of the American Merchant Marine." As he accepted the commemorative bronze plaque, Captain Boyd expressed thanks on behalf of his officers and men and said that the plaque would be placed aboard the *Cape Ann* where he was sure it would "serve as an inspiration to her crew members in the years to come.”

Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, president of the Seamen's Church Institute, welcomed 45 guests to the award luncheon, held in the Institute's Marine Museum. Mariner's Day, observed locally in cooperation with the New York World Trade Week Committee, is sponsored jointly by the New York Board of Trade, the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, the New York State Maritime College and the Seamen's Church Institute.





## Heroes of the Sea

**L**IKE a huge monster, the storm pawed the stricken ship, grounded on a reef in the Pacific. Avalanche waves swept wildly over the decks. Four lifeboats were ripped like toothpicks from their davits. Second mate Elwood W. Schwerin knew that help must come quickly or all hands aboard the *Hanolei* would perish.

The wind lashed into Schwerin's face as he peered over the port side at the launching attempt of another lifeboat. A line must be taken to shore — 1,000 feet away. His heart sank as a sudden gigantic wave capsized the lifeboat, hurling the sailors into the churning sea. On shore, a life-saving crew tried desperately to make a contact with the stricken ship. Then they vanished, convinced that it was useless.

There was no more time for deliberation. Twice before, the young second mate had pleaded vainly for permission to swim to

shore with a lifeline. Now he determined to take matters into his own hands.

Quickly, Schwerin secured a lifeline around his body and tied to it a quarter-inch line, 2,000 feet long. The ominous waves rolled in great mountains toward the creaking ship. Schwerin's heart beat furiously as the tempo of the storm seemed to crescendo. Through eyes struck by the lashing rain he could see the shore ahead.

He took a deep breath and plunged into the seething sea. He felt the coldness of the water penetrate through his clothes. His long, hard strokes propelled him to the shore, but he knew that the struggle ahead would grow more fierce. The huge breakers sprang at him. But over 60 lives were at stake aboard the ship he had left behind.

His strokes were becoming weaker now, as his strength ebbed. He rested for a long moment and then dived into a breaker. As

he surged ahead he felt the roughness of a reef brush his side. He had just missed crushing his head.

He was 300 feet from the stranded ship when he saw a large piece of drifting timber. Timing his strokes, he swam to it and grasped at the spike projecting from it. Three times he was tossed end over end on the timber, the line wrapping around it each time. Desperately he freed the line from himself in order to free it from the timber. Another mountainous wave swept him 15 feet away. For another quarter-hour he struggled in the churning water and regained the timber.

Darkness had fallen. Exhausted, Schwerin drifted, hardly able to move his arms in swimming strokes. He felt the line and gasped. It had parted. Discouraged by his failure to bring the line to shore and exhausted by his struggle against the sea, he ceased to swim. Men on shore, watching his plight, formed a chain and brought him to safety. Schwerin had been in the raging water for one and one-half hours. During the night, his ship dashed itself to bits against the reef. Twenty-three men lost their lives.

For defying death to save the lives of others, Elwood G. Schwerin was awarded the coveted Silver medal of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. His name was inscribed on the roll of honor at the Commission's headquarters in Pittsburgh. Schwerin fitted Andrew Carnegie's definition of a "hero of civilization" — one who tries to save a life with full knowledge of the danger involved but with no thought of reward. His name was placed besides those of other sailors who, for a few moments,

forgot their regular duties and placed their lives in jeopardy to save the lives of others.

In the more than 50 years since the Hero Fund was established, more than 3,500 persons have been immortalized in bronze, silver or gold medals. Their stories tell of battles with water, poison gas, fire, electricity, wild animals — all waged on behalf of the other fellow. More than 40,000 applications have come in from hopefuls and their friends eager to record their deeds and win medals and money. But standards of eligibility remain strict.

It was Andrew Carnegie's purpose in establishing this grant of five million dollars for the Fund that genuine heroes should be recognized and that these heroes should not be professionals in the field of life-saving. Policemen, life-guards, etc., are not eligible. The heroes chosen come from all walks of life. Many, like Schwerin, have been sailors.

George D. Nelson is another Carnegie hero of the sea. The master of his ship, Haldor Olsen had fallen to the bottom of one of the holds of the vessel. A fuel oil blaze had started in the boiler-room next to the hold and set fire to the ship.

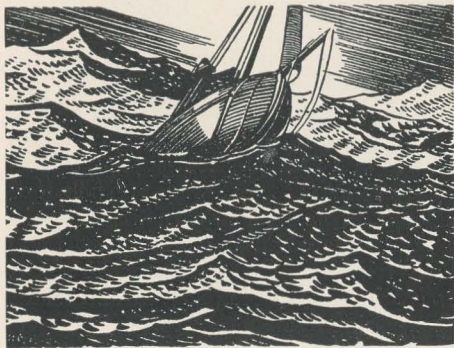
Olsen lay helpless 26 feet below the shelter deck for more than an hour. The lumber stored on the shelter deck was burning and the hold and shelter deck above it were filled with smoke.

Nelson, an assistant marine engineer, heard the moans of the skipper and volunteered to go down into the hold, despite the choking smoke and intense flames. He tied a line around his waist, breathed deeply of the fresh outside air and was lowered by deckhands who stood on the bridge deck.



"... the storm pawed the stricken ship, grounded on a reef in the Pacific. Avalanche waves swept wildly over the decks... On shore, a life-saving crew tried desperately to make contact with the stricken ship. Then they vanished, convinced that it was useless."





Stumbling through the smoke-filled hold, Nelson located the victim. Gasping and coughing, he untied the rope around his waist and placed it on the stricken man. A quick yank on the rope and deckhands were lifting the master to the surface. Another line lowered to Nelson brought him to the shelter deck where he collapsed, overcome by smoke.

Master Olsen, although lifted from the hold by Nelson's heroic efforts, died five hours later from severe burns. For attempting to save Olsen's life, George D. Nelson was honored by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. He won the famous Bronze medal and \$500.

Docking operations almost brought sudden death to deckhand Raymond J. Miller one spring day in Duluth, Minnesota, Miller was trying to swing on a rope to the dock when he fell into water 21 feet deep.

His ship was six to eight feet from the dock and inching steadily toward it. Miller would have been crushed to death between ship and dock had it not been for seaman Melvin Allen. Standing by for deck operations, Allen saw Miller drop into the icy water. Fully dressed, he jumped from the top deck of the ship 24 feet into the water. Instantly he rose to the surface and swam to the dazed deckhand.

The ship was gaining on the struggling men. As Allen approached the drowning Miller, Miller grabbed his arm. Allen broke the hold, and gripping Miller tightly, swam about twelve feet along the ship's side to a rope which was lowered from the deck.

His hands numbed from the icy water, Allen was barely able to place the loop end of the rope around Miller. Another rope

was dropped for Allen and both sailors were drawn upward, Allen guiding the almost unconscious deck-mate. The ship had now moved to within three feet of the dock. Only the courage and alertness of Melvin Allen had saved the life of Ray Miller.

For his gallant action, Allen received the Commission's bronze medal and \$1,000. He was a genuine hero.

Every scene of these rescues was re-enacted as closely as possible by an investigating committee of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. The small company of sailors who have won the coveted Carnegie Hero Award are an honor and an inspiration to all men of the merchant marine.

— HENRY F. UNGER

### Pilgrims Ahoy!

When Alan Villiers was in New York last winter before he took command of the *Mayflower II*, he reported that literally thousands of people had written to him requesting passage on the voyage. Only a small crew got to go—but the Seamen's Church Institute of New York decided to give hopeful passengers a chance by sponsoring an imaginary voyage of the *Mayflower* as its annual spring benefit. Contributors were invited to sail as any rating they chose—at a price. Stowaways numbered the largest group among the voyagers, but all berths, from cabin boy to skipper, were represented. All passengers received a "Certificate of Discharge," and those who could claim to be *Mayflower* descendants and had signed aboard as skippers received a handsome *Mayflower II* commemorative medallion cast in bronze.

While the ship is berthed in New York, there's still a chance to "sign on." For those who claim *Mayflower* ancestry and contribute \$100, a limited number of medallions are still available. Write to Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., Chairman, *Mayflower* Committee, 25 South Street, New York 4.

## Rub a Dub Dub



Mamma, you think you got washday blues! Look what Juan Rodriguez and Juan Rodriguez, Jr. find greeting them Monday mornings at the laundry of the Seamen's Church Institute.

THE other day a man walked into the laundry of the Seamen's Church Institute and announced that he had just come all the way from the Bronx—an hour on the subway—to have four pairs of khaki pants washed and starched. "I know it's a long ride," he said, "but my nephew—he's a seaman—insisted I come down here. He says it's the only place in town that will starch a pair of pants."

Flattered as they were that their fame, already established in ship fo'c'sles throughout the world, had spread to the far reaches of the Bronx, the laundry staff couldn't swear that they were the only laundry in New York that would starch a pair of pants. But they do boast of some definitely unique services. Catering to a seagoing population that may be here today and tomorrow on a ship for six months, they give a sailor's laundry extra speedy service and allow a man to pick it up during the night, if he's shipping out. They will hold any laundry package for six months, for a year or longer if the sailor requests it. And if a man asks, his laundry will be sent to him anywhere in the world. Besides this, they have a special washing machine for soiled work clothes and greasy dungarees, which most laundries won't let inside their spotless white machines.

All these obliging services have won the Institute's laundry a great following among the seafaring kind. Many sailors

save up their clothes to be washed, carry them halfway around the world in a sea-bag and make 25 South Street one of their first stops when they come ashore. Of course, there are washing machines aboard ship, but what sailor enjoys washing clothes? And who ever saw one with a traveling iron? There are shore laundries in most ports, too, but many men simply prefer to wait until they come to New York to get their laundry done. One sailor claims that the cellophane bags in which the SCI laundry packs his "Ship Shape Shirts" serve as the ideal insect repellent for the tropics. And then there's the ex-seaman who struck it rich in Florida, but who sends his laundry all the way to 25 South Street every week. Like the college kids who send their laundry home to mother, he just feels it gets done better that way.

The laundry staff, nine men and three women, handle an average of about 800 garments per day. In addition, they do the Institute's hotel laundry, for the sleeping rooms, cafeteria, clinics, etc., which comes to about 2800 pieces a day.

It's hard work. But most of the seamen customers don't take the unusual service for granted. The staff still remembers the letter they got from one sailor who was so impressed by the laundry's service that he addressed the envelope to the "Seamen's Shirts Institute."



# The World of Ships

## GRADUATES

Almost 300 young men will embark on sea-going and related careers when school lets out this summer in the New York area. At the John Brown Vocational High School, half of the 60-odd graduates already have seamen's papers, and 65% of the class will go to work on ships. Eight members of the class will go on for further studies at various maritime academies.

Nineteen graduates of the State University Maritime College at Fort Schuyler will also go to work on ships, 40 will join the Navy as ensigns and eight will head for jobs in shoreside maritime industry. At the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, where graduation is in August, 151 of 154 graduates will also be commissioned as ensigns in the Navy.

## THEIR SIN

If enemy subs would have obligingly perfumed themselves with odor of herring, the Swedish navy might have been able to carry out what was certainly one of the fishiest plans of World War II. According to the *Seafarer's Log*, a Stockholm newspaper reports that the Swedish navy has now cleared up the mystery of the sub-chasing seals.

The original plan was to get the seals to carry explosives and hunt down enemy submarines. Young seals were captured and sent to a naval base for extensive training, which consisted mainly of diving down after subs tied with bunches of fresh herring. So far so good. Then came the difficulty of attaching explosive charges to the slick, slippery skins of the seals. Specialists from the Royal Institute of Animal Medicine overcame this problem by attaching plastic carriers to the seals' bodies, and

they didn't even seem to mind that. What they did mind, though, was that nobody could get the herrings to stay around the ships voluntarily. The seals, disgusted, refused to have anything to do with the non-tasty submarines.

That ended that. "The seals cooperated, but we couldn't handle the fish," a navy spokesman said. "And you needn't get flip about it."

## PRECISELY

The science of navigation should get a boost ahead from a new seagoing electronic chronometer which is ten times more accurate than the conventional one in use aboard ship today. Just announced by the Times Facsimile Corporation, the new device is accurate to one second in twelve days. At sea, an error of one second may result in an error of one mile in estimated position.

The chronometer is powered by an electronic unit that contains a tuning-fork oscillator. The output of the oscillator is amplified to drive a motor that actuates the time indicator. Weighing 25 pounds, the chronometer occupies less than one-half cubic foot of space.

## LABOR PROTESTS

The United Nations may one day take official action against shipowners who put their vessels under foreign flags to evade the high tax and wage scales in their own countries, if various world labor groups have their way.

According to the *Seafarer's Log*, publication of the Seafarer's International Union,

the legal committee of the General Assembly has proposed that a UN conference be held in Rome next March to draft a Law of the Sea concerning ship's nationalities. This would state that "there must exist a genuine link between the state (in which the ship is registered) and the ship."

The proposal is receiving support both from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions and the International Transportworker's Federation. Stating that almost one-tenth of the world's tonnage "is now under flags with which neither owners nor crews have links, the ICFTU called the foreign-flag switching "a deplorable practice which has expanded rapidly, and gravely affects the social rights and interests of the crewmembers."

In Canada, the Canadian Labor Congress has called upon the Canadian government to support the proposal now before the United Nations.

## KAPOK KAPUT

Kapok life jackets, widely used on ships today, ought to be on the way out — according to a statement made by the South African Society of Master Mariners. Recent tests made by the society showed that kapok-filled life jackets sank quickly when immersed in salt water polluted with oil, reports London's *Journal of Commerce*.

As an alternative to kapok, the Mariners suggest that life jackets should be filled with a fine plastic foam. In a memorandum sent to authorities in nearly 50 nations, they report that cork and inflatable rubber jackets survived the tests. They also recommend that rubber life jackets and dinghies be constructed of a type of rubber impervious to the effects of mineral oil.

## ALL CLEAR

This item from the Allentown, Pa. *Call* qualifies as shipping news, and with apologies to Mr. Eden, we reprint it here:

"Anthony Eden underwent his fourth operation to remove an obstruction in a bile duct. The canal is being opened to an ever-increasing volume of shipping."

## THE WAITING GAME

Foreign shipping lines will soon zoom past the American merchant fleet unless that industry takes its share of responsibility for the development of commercial-type atomic merchant ships, a shipping industry spokesman warned last month.

Ralph Casey, president of the American Merchant Marine Institute, addressing the annual meeting of the Boston Marine Society, also criticized the industry's slowness in replacing cargo ships and improving cargo handling gear for the American fleet.

Although there is a boom in shipbuilding, it is almost entirely — 97% — a tanker boom. Not one strictly dry-cargo freighter has been built by a private ship line since the war, Casey commented. "We have done absolutely nothing," he said, "about replacing our tramp fleet. And very little has been done in connection with the coastal and intercoastal trades. Unless we are resigned to the conclusion that our merchant marine of the late 60's will have no ships in these trades, it's about time we got busy."

On the subject of trailerships, Mr. Casey commented: "I personally am amazed at the continuing failure of the industry to realize more fully the potential of this type of operation. There is such a thing as waiting to see how the game is coming out when we ought to be playing. And there is such a thing as leaning too heavily on Washington."





## Open House

A CROWD of over 500 people came and saw 25 South Street for themselves as the Seamen's Church Institute held its annual Open House on May 19, three days before National Maritime Day. Guests were greeted at the door by hostesses from the Women's Council, conducted on guided tours of the building and treated to a preview showing of the new marine film, "Naked Sea." Seamen and visitors drank tea and punch at the Janet Roper Room afterwards. Services at the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour closed the day's activities.

Visitors got a good chance to see the Institute's program of service to seamen in

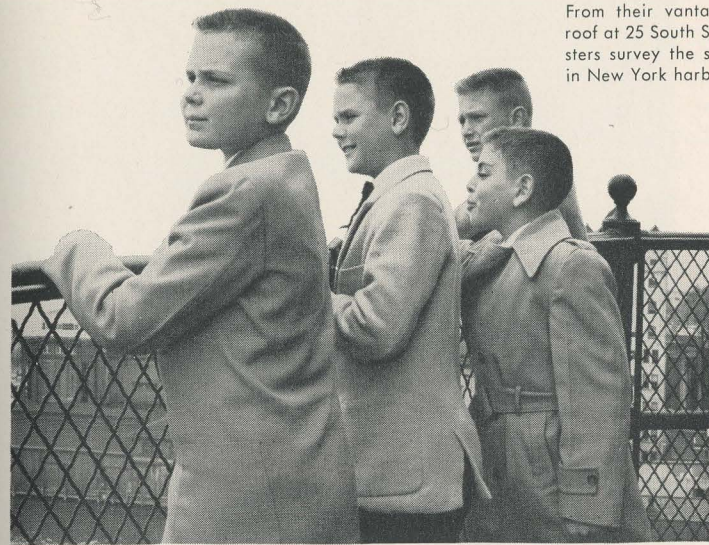


action as they viewed every part of this shoreside community, from post office and clubrooms to library and game room. High spots of the tour were the roof, where guests ogled the spectacular view of New York harbor, and the Marine Museum, which now houses the largest display of ship models in the country. The Museum's collection of foreign ship models, numbering 60 gifts from chiefs of state, attracted special attention.

Most of the guests left with a promise to themselves to come back and stay longer when they had more time.



**Above:** Girl Scouts on the Institute's Roof head for a closer look at the Titanic Lighthouse Tower. **Left:** The Marine Museum's exhibition of scrimshaw merited some serious scrutiny.



From their vantage point on the roof at 25 South Street, four youngsters survey the shipping situation in New York harbor.

In the main floor lobby at 25 South Street, a staff member shows this group of Girl Scout Mariners a mural of the Normandy Invasion, a tribute to the merchant seamen of World War II, which won a \$5,000 prize for former Navy Lieutenant Commander Edmond J. Fitzgerald. Three other murals, the work of members of the Artists and Writers Club, were on view to guests in the Cafeteria.





Shrimp, lobster and exotic ware from the far corners of the earth — all on Fulton Street.



## Burlap Bags and Balinese Princesses

ONCE upon a time, about 25 years ago to be exact, a sailor happened to be wandering around the New York waterfront with a beautiful Persian rug tucked under his arm. At the moment he needed cash more than he needed the Persian rug — a souvenir of his last voyage — and by good fortune he happened to show the rug to a man named Louis Cohen. Louis and his father had been running a bag and burlap business in the Fulton Fish Market since 1916 (burlap covers the fish barrels, in case you're wondering), but Louis was more interested in strange and exotic objects than he was in fish. He fell in love with the rug and bought it. The word got around to other sailors that Louis Cohen was a ready buyer, and they told still other sailors and pretty soon they all started dropping in on Louis to sell him things — some authentic, some copied, some native,

some manufactured — priceless originals and overpriced phonies. After a while Louis had collected so many of these that he started sorting out the treasure from the trash and reselling to passers-by. About ten years ago he moved the bags and burlap upstairs and went into the *objects d'art* business in earnest.

The result is that today the Eagle Bag and Burlap Company at 12 Fulton Street is a mish-mash of exotica and not-so-exotica, where smoky incense evocative of the mysteries of the East mingles with the fishy odors of Fulton Market. In the window of the ancient wooden shop (vintage 1850), African masks, stern-looking statues of Indonesian gods, delicately carved figurines of Balinese princesses, brass trays from England and jade cabinets from China jostle each other for standing room. Inside, in a shop as big as a walk-in closet,

there is more of the same fanciful jumble — on the walls, on makeshift shelves, in boxes under the shelves, in ancient cabinets. Prices are reasonable, about one-half of the uptown tab. You can buy a drum from Zululand for \$4.00, a chess set carved from Chinese ivory from \$25 to \$125, an African warrior's shield for \$12.00, a ceremonial mask from Bali for \$9.00, a hand-tooled table-top from India for \$20.00 or a laughing, Chinese god who is honor-bound to bring you good luck for a little over \$1.00. Cohen sells full-sized Persian rugs — when he has them — for an average of about \$200. And, oh yes, you can also buy some burlap.

Cohen is a man serenely happy at his work. He makes no effort to get customers; one tells another, and they flock to his shop from every part of New York and the country. He loves to tell the curious that his building once housed a New York volunteer fire department, and with hardly any persuasion, he will take you to the second floor where you can see the old-fashioned hatch, with ropes down which the firemen slid. A marble tablet records for posterity the deeds of one Andrew G. Schenk, who "imperilled" himself for the sake of his comrades in fighting a fire. The date is April 25, 1854.

Cohen treasures every item in his hodge-podge inventory, and knows exactly where everything is, a fairly remarkable feat considering how crowded the shop is and that he never knows from day to day just what

he will have in stock. Various collectors who now scour the off-beat markets of the world in search of unusual items for him constantly send him new things. They, and the auction sales at the Customs House, have largely replaced sailors as his source of supply. Cohen's main contact with sailors nowadays is through the Employment Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute, who sometimes send over a man temporarily on the beach when Cohen needs special help. And then there are seamen who are customers. After all, why carry a Balinese princess around the world in your seabag, when you can buy one right on Fulton Street?

— FAYE HAMMEL



Above: Louis Cohen shows a customer an ebony carving from Nigeria. Right: Some of Cohen's favorite treasures are these carved ivory statues from China—three goddesses and a Fu-dog.



# Book Watch



AS 12 nations of the world join forces to unlock the secrets of the Antarctic during International Geophysical Year, two new books shed some light on the world's last continent. **Operation Deepfreeze**, Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00, is the story behind the news headlines of the Navy's Operations Deepfreeze I and II, written with on-the-spot authenticity by the man who commanded them. Admiral Lord Mountevans, a seasoned veteran of British polar expeditions, writes an interesting historical account of the various challenges made to the Antarctic from the time of Captain Cook to the present in **The Antarctic Challenged**, John de Graff, \$4.50.

Adventure of another sort, this time in warmer climes and of a more blood-curdling variety, is the subject of two recently published books: **Pirates, Rascals of the Spanish Main**, A.B.C. Whipple, Doubleday, \$4.50, and **The Age of Piracy**, Robert Carse, Rinehart \$4.50. The first is a swashbuckling treatment of the desperadoes of the sea who infested the Spanish Main and the North American coast for almost 200 years. The second is a more scholarly, comprehensive account of pirates throughout history. Both are illustrated with remarkably good drawings.

Three new novels will also be of special interest to marine readers. **Stowaway**, Charles Munoz, Random House, \$3.50 is a particularly well-written tale of what happens to the crew of a tramp steamer as the presence of a stowaway strangely and subtly changes each of their lives. The author is himself a former merchant seaman.

**Gale Force**, Elleston Trevor, Macmillan, \$3.50 is a tautly-written drama of the last hours of a merchant vessel floundering in a fierce gale; her mortal agony is a background to the personal agony of the captain, convinced that his wife, who hates his ship, has won a victory over it — and him.

Followers of naval history will enjoy **Sailor Named Jones**, Harvey Haislip, Doubleday, \$3.95, a drama of John Paul Jones and the marvelous battle on the *Bonhomme Richard*.

The latest addition to the mounting literature on World War II at sea comes from England. Captain Donald Macintyre, R.N., who emerged from his wartime exploits as the most successful U-boat hunter in the Royal Navy writes his own story in **U-Boat Killer**, Norton, \$3.75.

A seldom-celebrated branch of seafaring receives just and overdue praise in **Rescue Tug**, Ewart Brookes, E. P. Dutton, \$3.50. Highlighting the gallant but unavailing struggle of the salvage tug *Turmoil* to save Kurt Carlsen's *Flying Enterprise*, the author gives a good picture of the courage, tenacity and skill that go into even the routine tasks of a deep-sea tug.

**Hunters of the Story Sea**, Harold McCracken, Doubleday, \$4.50, tells the exciting story of the Russian promyshleniki, men who braved the world's wildest seas to hunt the world's most valuable animal — the sea otter. The story of their hundred-year rule on our Northwest Coast is a fascinating and little-known chapter of American history.

## SEA SHELL

How like a vacant elfin hall  
The haunted hollow of a shell.  
Pink-petaled paths lead in a whorl,  
Retreating in an aisle of pearl.  
The dumb inhabitant is gone  
Beyond all watery seasons.  
And here, bleaching in the sun,  
Its house of lime lessens.  
Only the sea,  
Gathering greenness in a swell,  
Seems locked in immortality,  
And the sea's voice, a deathless wind,  
Calls within the shell,  
Lest memory drop it from the mind —  
A tenant for the snail.

William Vincent Sieller

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