

# The LOOKOUT

SEPTEMBER 1957



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK





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

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

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



## The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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**THE COVER:** Sunset at Guadeloupe. A lazy autumn sunset, a placid harbor, and a journey's end. Max Hunn made this picture at Pointe-a-Pitre, French West Indies.



"... I came upon a small metal sea chest half-concealed under a pile of fragments."

### A CRUISE TO TREASURE

## In Quest of the *El Capitan*

**T**HE ONLY Spanish galleons left in the world today are at the bottom of the sea. A tragic fleet of hundreds upon hundreds of ancient oak-ribbed vessels, they lie rotting on the ocean floor, sunk by storms and pirates, many still guarding, among the coral and sea creatures, their bulging cargoes of gold and silver which started for Spain centuries ago.

I was sailing into these romantic waters on my twelfth expedition to seek again for some of this sunken wealth from out of the ghost hulks of the long-lost galleons and caravels.

It did not take long to cover the narrow passage between the Florida coast and that of the Bahama Archipelago, and then through the chain of little cays, stretching from Nicholas Town through the Northwest Providence Channel. As we changed our course out of the main channel of

travel and steered for the little reef-guarded inlet of Gorda Cay to the east, we entered a world of complete solitude — the world where the *El Capitan* had met her fate more than 200 years before.

I did not know what had sunk the *El Capitan* here. The records I had unearthed were curiously vague about the details of the foundering. She had simply struck a reef — that was all that was known until several thousands of dollars in old doubloons and pieces-of-eight were traced back through white fishermen to the natives of this area, and later, directly to the shore of this little cay. Still later, two large bronze guns, now on exhibit in the Government House at Nassau, were salvaged and vaguely identified with the wreck. If I could find that place where the cannon had been raised several years before, I reasoned, I would be within working range of



the wreck herself, for whatever the cause of the foundering, the guns and the hulk would not likely be far apart.

The blazing sun was now beginning to show the first crimson flush of approaching dusk as we moved in cautiously to the little crescent of sandy beach. I had decided to make my headquarters on shore, probably in a deserted shack above the beach, while I traced down the landmarks I sought and established a set of bearings.

I brought the schooner to anchor at the edge of the coral shelf and then went below to assemble my things. Back on deck, I called to a pair of the native crew boys to give me a hand carrying the gear ashore. I was taken aback when they simply drew off, muttering to each other.

"I said to take this stuff onto the beach," I called to them. It was no great job, merely carrying my sleeping roll, some small provisions and gear across about 500 yards of dead coral. True, the stuff underfoot doesn't make pleasant walking, it crumples and breaks away. But the crew boys seemed genuinely troubled and they made no move to obey my orders. Even my head boy, Lani, approached, shaking his head.

He gulped. It was a tribute to his friendly loyalty that he was trying to put the trouble into words. "Plenty dead mens here when night she come," he murmured.

"Nonsense! I thought you were a crew of grown men — not scarey children." My sarcasm had as little effect as my anger. One might as well waste words on a mule gone balky as on a bunch of natives who have sniffed "hants." I tried laughing them out of it; it was no go. Finally I tried bribery. They would not budge, so I decided to remain on the schooner after all, and use it as a base of operations.

For a day or two I found myself oddly nervous, then I settled down and had no further difficulty getting both my crew boys and my own mind on the work before me. Nothing else happened out of the ordinary. It wasn't long before the thousand and one details of preparation for my first descent were completed.

Finally the moment came.

"All clear," said Lani, as he put the heavy helmet over my head. Deftly he



"They were pieces-of-eight . . . brown gold doubloons and 34 bars of gold."

gave it the eighth turn that fastened it and locked it there.

The face plate slammed shut and was locked watertight. The air pump was now clicking evenly, two of the natives working at it. Two others were ready to take the lines.

As I was being dropped, I looked up at the watery ceiling above me. It appeared perfectly solid, much like a slowly waving, pale green canopy, heavily quilted everywhere with huge puckers — the sharp apexes of the waves above showing as smooth, rounded indentations below. A froth of foam and bubbles surged up against the glass of my helmet, giving me a general feeling of coolness. The water was so translucent that I could see distinctly the distant keel of our schooner gently rolling as it drifted with the tide. Slowly the bottom of the craft passed upward, and out of my sight. The last visible link with the upper world was now gone.

Here and there, as I descended, I saw great clusters of sargassum weed, like huge branches of mistletoe hanging from the great imaginary chandeliers. Long streamers drifted past, lovely in their intricate, fantastic forms. The reefs in this locality are among the finest in all the Bahamas, with giant heads of brain coral, and sea fans ranging to ten feet; the fish too are correspondingly larger and the sharks more abundant and fiercer.

I continued to slide down the line, six, eight, ten, twelve fathoms, and finally sixteen fathoms — ninety-six feet. My

canvas boots struck and settled into the soft ooze near a towering coral reef.

Slowly and cautiously I made my way over the seaway toward a deep precipice where I balanced myself on the brink, and looked down — down into blue depths where illumination like moonlight showed waving sea fans, sea plumes and milling fish of every variety. The bottom sloped away rather sharply, so I began to crawl cautiously around the overhanging rocks, searching this way and that for some trace of the ancient, treasure-filled hulk of the *El Capitan*. As I continued to inch along slowly, I was in a sort of daze from the flood of new impressions that crowded in on my senses.

Working to the left along the face of a sort of precipice, I perceived a shadowy mass, resembling a cluster of huge limestone rocks. Atop of them, reaching far upward into the green sea, were the remains of a ship's rotting timbers. *It was the wreck of the El Capitan!*

I approached the relic, hardly daring

to believe my luck was running so strong. I noted that the whole forward part of the relic was held high on its rock support. The ship had broken in two just midship. Both the hulk and the fragments were so covered with weed, shell and coral encrustations that only the general outline could be perceived.

At my signal, explosives were lowered from above, with which to blast the remains from their resting place of centuries. I caught the lines, which had been weighted, and chose a safe place to tamp the charges — one in which my lines wouldn't snag. I soon finished the job and gave the signal to be drawn up to the surface.

Once aboard the schooner, I gave the word to close the switch. The key was thrown, and for a time thereafter nothing happened. The dull silence seemed endless. Then a smothered *b-o-o-o-o-m* was faintly heard. The water billowed violently under the schooner's keel. The craft was flung about, while a huge vortex of

## Taxes May Be Inevitable, But . . .

. . . there are a great many ways to reduce them. Because the government favors private support of education, religious organizations and philanthropies, it will, in effect, share the costs of such gifts with you. The law allows any taxpayer to give up to 30% of his income to charity and take it as a tax deduction. And tax lawyers have refined endless methods to help clients reduce tax payments — with Uncle Sam's blessings. For example:

Temporary trusts can be used advantageously by those with fluctuating incomes who want to lower their tax bracket in good business years.

Or, stockholders who want to diversify long-term holdings but hesitate because of heavy capital-gains taxes can donate the stock to a tax-free trust on condition that it will be sold and reinvested with the income going to the donor for life.

There is no limit to the use of trusts and charitable donations to cut taxes. Your own tax adviser or attorney can advise you best. Think of your contributions to philanthropy this way: *Net Cost After Tax*. Remember that the higher your tax bracket, the more the government shares in your giving.

All contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are tax exempt.



water erupted off the port bow.

Presently the waves subsided. We settled down on an even keel again. Bits of wood came drifting up from the wreck below. A dark brownish shape — once a great manta ray, now a mass of loathsome flesh — bore past us. Fish by the thousands, also killed by the terrific blast, were now floating all around us. Sharks by the score had turned to the blood trail, swarming about our little schooner for more than an hour.

I turned my back on the scene and went down to my cabin. I was more than ready for a spot of rest.

When I came on deck at noon, there was a long, slow swell. The schooner rocked gently on the bright surface ripples now, and the sun blanketed everything with its steady glare. Once more I climbed into my diving dress. The crew boys lowered me as rapidly as possible this time.

The whole stern portion of the relic had been blown into hundreds of fragments and flung about the seaway as if by a careless giant hand. I was amid a conglomeration of relics almost defying description; ancient firearms and weapons, a bit of shell-encrusted metal armor, huge bolts, battered plate dishes, twisted bits of copper, brass and iron, cannon balls, broken gun flints, fragments of the galleon's rails and gun carriages, a pike head of some old Spanish cavalier, a portion of a bilge pump, and an old anchor.

Finally, after considerable search amid this debris, I came upon a small metal sea chest half-concealed under a pile of fragments. It seemed tiny beside that mountain of battered wreckage, but this was what I had come after. In great excitement, I made the fins fast to the line and then turned to see if there might be another.

When I climbed the ladder and reached the deck, the hands were already working excitedly on the little chest. With small chisels they were jimmying the ancient pin bolt lock, now an almost shapeless bit of iron.

Across the wet deck spewed hundreds of metal disks. Some were round while others were octagonal in their shape, solid slugs with rough edges cut from some

large piece of metal, without any fine instrument. They were pieces-of-eight! A few discolored brown gold doubloons were among the find, and 34 bars of gold. Under the scratch of a knife they gleamed golden. The crew boys gave a great cheer. Falling to their knees on the deck, they quickly gathered up the loose coins.

Our haul amounted to a little more than \$100,000.00; the bulk of the find was disposed of for its "content" value in exchange — the usual method of handling a recovery of this nature. I kept quite a number of the pieces of value for museum relics. Even after deducting our expenses for the expedition we had a nice little prize between us — excellent for our first venture on this cruise to treasure.

I was sure of one thing. I had enough funds from this lucky bit of salvage to carry out a part of the long cruise that was shaping up in my mind. I meant to take the full swing down the Florida Strait and through the Spanish Main waters, having a look once more at Kingston's west bay, and Trinidad too. And after I got there — well, I've never been in one of the islands more than a day or two before picking up some trail I wanted to follow.

Besides, I had a sailing chart always waiting for me, leading the way to the sunken treasure ships scattered from one end of the Caribbean to the other . . .

— LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

"'All clear,' said Lani, as he put the heavy helmet over my head."



*Rave notices are in on our fall theatre benefit.*

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

## WEST SIDE STORY

Monday evening, October 21, 1957  
Winter Garden, 50th St. & Broadway

*"It has excitement, timeliness, sock choreography, and a fine offbeat score . . . an unusual plot."*

*It also has book by Arthur Laurents, music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, direction and choreography by Jerome Robbins and a cast of "shining new talent."*

Tickets will be assigned in order of requests. For reservations write to:

Mr. Clifford D. Mallory, Jr.  
Chairman, Benefit Committee  
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

## UN MOMENTO:

Institute switchboard operators Lillian Murphy and Rose Garone found that a little Spanish went a long way as they helped this crew of Spanish merchant seamen get through to friends and relatives in New York last month. The sailors knew just about as little English, but their grateful smiles needed no translation.





# The World of Ships

## INTERNATIONAL MIDWEST

The Midwest may be a long way from the ocean, but the movement of merchant ships in world trade is crucial to that area. In Wisconsin, for example, a third of the state's total employment is affected directly or indirectly by world trade, according to a bulletin published by the Committee of American Steamship Lines.

More than 313,000 Wisconsin employees, with an income of \$1.5 billion, work in industries that depend on U. S. merchant ships to carry a large portion of their products overseas, the bulletin states. And 130,000 persons in Wisconsin dairy farms are also engaged in foreign trade.

It was pointed out that in Racine, one of the state's leading industrial communities, approximately 1,000 of the city's 14,000 industrial workers owe their jobs to foreign trade and ocean shipping.

## TOOT LIGHTS

A revolutionary signal system that may do a great deal to prevent collisions between ships at night has been proposed by the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service. Each of the fleet's 227 vessels would be equipped with amber lights that would flash in a 360-degree arc every time the ship's whistle is sounded.

The proposal was made to the Coast Guard, which is responsible for supervising the rules of the road in navigation, by Vice-Admiral John M. Will, commander of MSTS. The synchronized signal system, said Admiral Will, "would be a positive correction" when atmospheric or other conditions interfere with the whistle sound. It would also eliminate the habit of partial reliance on visual sighting of steam emitted from whistles, a practice that is becoming hazardous with the adoption of electric whistles.

Captain Hewlitt R. Bishop, Atlantic Coast director of the Maritime Administration, who made the original light-sound system suggestion at a meeting last March of the marine section of the National Safety Council, stated that at least two major accidents in New York harbor last winter were partially caused by sound signals not being heard, although the nights were clear.

If the system is installed and proves acceptable, it may be the forerunner of similar signal systems on all American merchant ships. A few ore ships on the Great Lakes already have an adaption of the idea.

## SUCCESS

A long and arduous campaign on the part of New York steamship and port interests has finally borne fruit in the new round-the-clock quarantine inspection law recently signed by President Eisenhower.

The new legislation enables vessels calling at the Port of New York and other United States ports to clear quarantine inspection at any hour of the day or night, any day of the week. In the past, 40% of the ships entering New York harbor from foreign ports were delayed overnight, at the cost of millions of dollars each year to the steamship companies. Under the new system, the companies will pick up the overtime tab.

## FLAG FIGHT

Spokesmen for the Eisenhower Administration and for the major American steamship lines are vigorously opposing a bill put forth by Senator Warren G. Magnuson which would prevent ship owners receiving United States Government sub-

sidies or other financial aid from selling or transferring any ships to foreign flags.

At hearings held last month before the Senate Commerce Committee, the spokesmen claimed the bill would require the use of obsolete ships on American-flag lines and prevent the normal disposal of private property.

Senator Magnuson, in turn, accused some of the shipping interests of "using a blackjack" on Government agencies, claiming that unless they can use a foreign flag they will not build any ships. Magnuson said that his bill had the support of maritime labor, while "some shippers are for it and some against it."

Hoyt S. Haddock, executive secretary of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. maritime committee, told the group that the transfer of so many ships to foreign flags in order to escape U. S. tax and wage rates and safety standards constituted "the greatest single danger to the American merchant marine." If necessary, he said, "it would be better to scrap our ships than to transfer them to the runaway flags."

## YOUNGSTERS

Two of the world's newest countries are going to set up a new shipping line. The partners are Ghana, the youngest nation in Africa, and Israel, a young nation in the Middle East.

The new company, which will probably be controlled by the Ghanans and managed by the Israelis, will be called the Black Star Line. It is expected to offer regular cargo service from the port of Takoradi, in Ghana, to ports in Britain. Service to Rotterdam and Hamburg may eventually be added.

The line will begin operations with one used ship, which will probably be less than 10,000 tons. At the start of operations, Israeli officers and men, with some Ghanan sailors, will operate the ship.

## ANCHORS TO MATCH

Deep-water sailors have always been concerned about the trim appearance of their ships, but it has taken the pleasure boatman to worry about whether the anchor matches!

Having a brown boat and a black anchor may come to be considered in poor taste, now that someone has dreamed up an anchor in various colors, so the skipper can match his anchor to his craft. Available in almost all shades, the new anchor, called the Protecto, is of a traditional Navy type. A tough plastic coating protects the color and, according to the manufacturers, the Miller Lock and Safe Company, it will not wear off, rust, be damaged by exposure to salt water or interfere with the ability of the anchor to grip the bottom.

## SHARKS

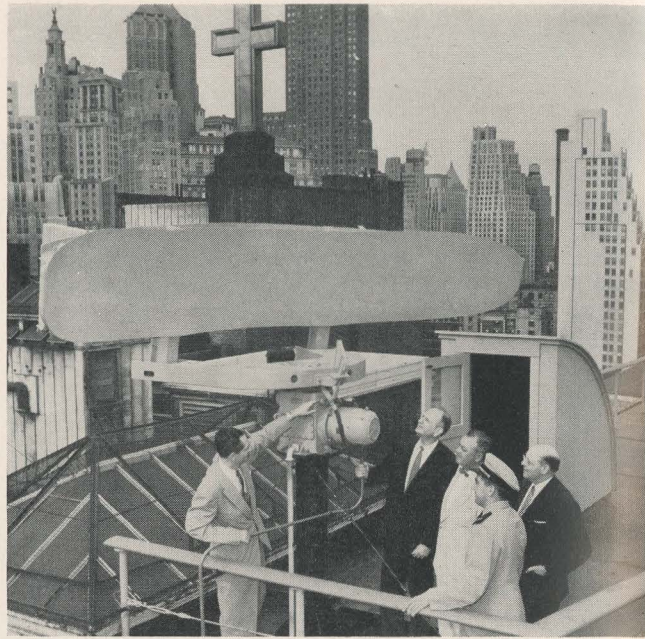
A young New Yorker visited the watery grave of the *Andrea Doria* last month and says he doesn't plan to go back too soon—there are too many sharks.

Peter Gimbel, 29, of the department-store family, and another skin diver, Ramsey Parks of Hermosa Beach, California, had two encounters with sharks on their dives down to the sunken luxury liner lying 60 miles off Nantucket Light. Gimbel made three photographic expeditions to the *Doria* last year, but never succeeded in getting beyond the bridge and promenade deck regions. This year he had planned to go further, into the cabins and salons, taking pictures of the *Andrea Doria* lying in Davy Jones' locker. But the sharks and fish interfered. Said Gimbel, the vessel is "pretty well covered with marine growth and schools of fish, most of the jack family, swim in and out of the portholes." The name *Andrea Doria* is still visible on the bow-plates, he reported.



## The New Look

Atop the Institute, Sperry Co.'s Lou Lopez explains the operation of its new 12-foot scanner to Mr. Walter Fish, Eastern District Manager of the Sperry Gyroscope Co., Rev. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Institute, Captain Albert Morasso of the Institute, and Midshipman John Bradley of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, a student at the Sperry School.



**T**HE MORE than 500 students a year who come to the Seamen's Church Institute to study marine radar at its Sperry Radar School now have the advantage of working with some of the most modern equipment available. Just installed at the school is a new Sperry Mark 3 high-resolution radar, designed "to most closely approximate what a good look-out at the masthead can see in clear weather." The new equipment will make for improved definition on the radar scope, a boon to students learning radar's fundamentals.

About ten of these students each week complete the intensive five-day course given free of charge by the Sperry Gyroscope Company to any qualified seaman who wishes to take it. "The demand for radar training is so great that we sometimes have to turn students away on Monday mornings," according to C. P. Shanholtzer, principal of the school. The students are merchant seamen, many of them radio officers, as well as Navy, Coast Guard and MSTs personnel. The school's certificate, presented at the end of the course to those who pass their examinations, is recognized by the Navy, Coast Guard and

Military Sea Transportation Service.

Students also come from two or three dozen foreign countries each year to take this important training. The language problem sometimes becomes formidable, according to Mr. Shanholtzer, especially when the men are from Turkey or Thailand or Greece. But they usually come in pairs, and at least one of them has some knowledge of English. "We try to make the exams as non-verbal as possible," he says. Similar facilities for studying marine radar are scarce overseas, except in England, where competence in radar has just been made an official requirement for a deck officer's license. In this country, students study radar at merchant marine academies, but for active seamen, there are only three schools available — one in New Orleans, one in San Francisco and one at 25 South Street.

The Seamen's Church Institute got its unique place at the center of the radar scope because of its height, its commanding view of the harbor and its long-time association with seamen. There has been a four-foot radar scanner on the Titanic Lighthouse Tower ever since the Sperry

School was opened here in 1947, but getting the new 12-foot scanner to the Institute's roof was a tough job. Too big to be hauled to the top of the building by normal channels, the scanner had to be dragged up underneath an elevator, then boosted through windows taken out of the top floor. Its installation took more than a week.

Although the Sperry School has no official connection with the Merchant Marine School on the Institute's top floor, many a man working to advance his rating will add a week's time to his studies and gain competence in the use of radar.

Such competence on the part of deck officers is now recognized as crucial to the welfare of a ship. Ever since that foggy July night a year ago when the *Andrea Doria* and the *Stockholm*, both equipped with radar, ripped into each other, a good number of people have asked, "Why didn't radar prevent the crash?" The answer is that radar is a navigational aid only, just as a sextant or a compass is, and a navigational aid is only as efficient as the men who use it. It takes a good deal of skill to interpret the ghost-like pips on the radar scope properly, and many men entrusted with that responsibility have no formal radar training whatsoever. In the hearings of the *Doria* collision, the tragic story came out. The ship's second officer, who had been on the radar before the collision, admitted that he had had no formal training in radar, that he had picked up his knowledge of it serving on another ship and that he had not bothered to plot the course of the *Stockholm* when its pip appeared on the radar scope. The reason? He hadn't thought it was necessary.

Howard Whiteman, a reporter who investigated the *Andrea Doria* story for the Reader's Digest, reports in a recent issue of that magazine that the second mate's lack of judgment was hardly an exceptional case. He calls it "an open secret on the waterfront" that many who stand radar watch lack the necessary know-how to do so. When a shipping company installs radar, a sales representative comes aboard and gives the officers a few general instructions on how it works. The officers

pick up what they can, read a few booklets of instruction, and that's about it. Without some formal training — like that given by Sperry — the officer is pretty much on his own as far as radar is concerned.

At the Sperry School itself, a large sign hangs above the blackboard: "Observe Rules of the Road. Radar is a Navigation Aid Only." According to Lou Lopez, who is in charge of Sperry schools in New York, collisions would be impossible if the Rules of the Road were always obeyed. These require that in fog ships slow down to a speed which would enable them to stop within one-half the distance of visibility. In practice, it may work out somewhat differently. According to the Reader's Digest article mentioned above, captains race through fog, despite the obvious danger, in order to meet tight docking schedules. If they arrive even a few hours late, the steamship company loses thousands of dollars in charges to long-shoremen and tugs. A captain who is late too often doesn't keep his command for very long.

But that's another story. The people at the Sperry School try to see that the men it trains use their radar equipment in the wisest possible way, being neither "hypnotized" or lulled into a false sense of security by it, nor overlooking its very real advantages as a navigational tool.

Principal C. P. Shanholtzer explains the technical side of radar to students at the Sperry Radar School.







Special insignia on her smokestacks help identify a ship. Back in the 30's, it was easy to spot the Dollar Line's *President Hoover*.

## What's Her Name?

As the ship nosed her way into the fog-bound harbor, the young sailor on watch peered anxiously ahead for a sight of land. It had been his first trip; in a few minutes he would feel solid ground under his feet again and be recognized ashore as a real seaman. He could scarcely make out the harbor ahead, but what looked like a small Coast Guard boat was approaching and out of the silent fog a voice suddenly boomed: "What's your name?" Nobody else was in sight; they must mean him. "Jimmy Paine," he shouted back. "Not you, stupid," came the disgusted retort. "Your ship."

The young seaman is an old-timer now, and he knows what "What's your name?" means at sea. The identification of a merchant vessel is an important matter. In wartime, it can mean the difference between safety and disaster. In peacetime, the identification of a vessel as she comes into port is the first step before any of the

myriad routine details of customs, docking, quarantine, cargo loading and discharging, etc., get under way. At night, or in fog, ship identification must be done by voice or, more routinely, by radio signals or Morse code. When the sun shines, there are several easier ways of determining the answer to the age-old marine question, "What ship?"

Most obvious of all is the ship's name. United States flag ships are required by the U. S. Customs Service to spell out their names on the stern and on each bow of the ship, and not in small print, either. According to the regulations, "the names shall be painted or gilded, or consist of cut or carved cast roman letters in light color on a dark ground, or in a dark color on a light ground, secured in place, and to be distinctly visible." Four inches is the minimum letter height specified, but most name plates are larger than that. On the bow of the superliner *United States*,

letters about two-and-one-half feet high spell out her name.

The ship's name must again be repeated, this time in letters at least six inches high, on nameboards placed on either side of the pilothouse. This particular regulation applies only to United States ships; the others are more or less the same in most of the major maritime countries. All countries, for example, insist that many small items aboard ship — like life preservers, life buoys, lifeboats and oars — be marked with the name of the ship. In a search for wreckage or survivors of a sunken vessel, one of these items would be a valuable find.

The name of a ship's home port is another important means of identification. Regulations require that the name be placed on the stern, under the ship's name. Technically, the home port is the place where the ship is registered, the place where she was built or where one or more of her owners reside. But today, when so many American-built ships sport home ports in Liberia, Honduras or Panama, it's not unusual for either the ship or her crew never to have seen her home port.

A ship also identifies herself by a number, just as an automobile does. The closest ship analogy to a license plate, the official call number, is marked prominently on the forward side of her main cargo hatch.

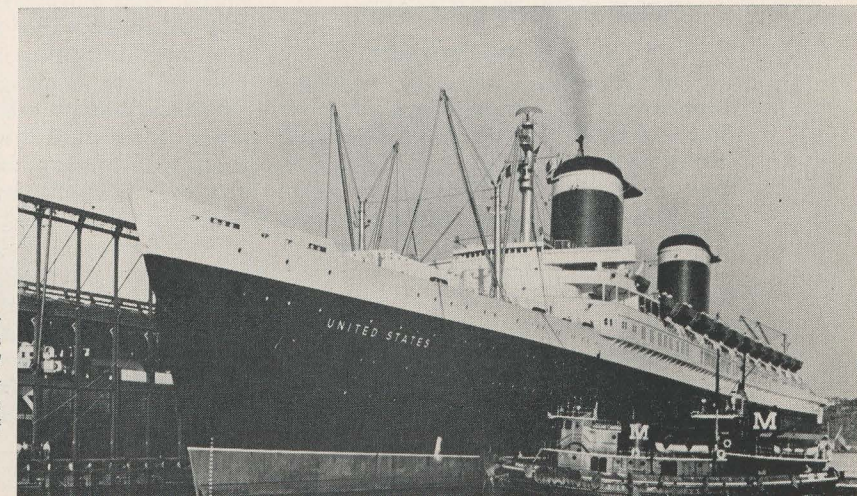
Again, a ship may identify herself by raising her signal letters, in the form of

a four-flag hoist, on entering or leaving port. At the time of her registry, every ship gets four official call letters, used for both signaling and radio call. The first letter or first two letters will also indicate the nationality of a ship. Call letters beginning with either a "K" or a "W" signify a United States flag ship.

These are the easy-to-spot identifications. Experienced marine observers are often able to tag a ship by the special coloring or insignia on her funnels, various markings on her hull and superstructure distinctive to her shipping company, or by her company flag. One old-timer at the Seamen's Church Institute, an expert at such matters, can sometimes spot a ship by the color of the band lying between her hull and water line, or simply by the way she rides in the water.

In wartime, the identification picture is a bit different. Combat ships will, of course, do everything possible to hide their identities. But non-combatants know that their best safety is in publicity. A huge flag painted amidships on both sides of the vessel, the name of the ship and the shipping company and floodlights at night leave little chance that a non-combatant will be attacked unwittingly.

At night, or in fog, these identification devices must give way to radio signals, Morse code, or even an occasional "What's your name?"



There's no problem identifying this ship. The *United States* spells out her name in letters two-and-one-half feet high.





# Book Watch

## SHIPS OF STEAM

Lamont Buchanan

McGraw Hill, New York, \$5.95

With over 200 striking illustrations and an informative and lucid text, this handsome work tells the story of steamboats from the 1780's to the present day.

Beginning with sketches of John Fitch's rude models of steamboats, the pictures tell the story of man's triumphs and disasters on the sea in ships of steam. Here is Fulton's *North River Steamboat*, the *Savannah* and a page from her log book, the people of New York cheering the ending of the race between the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, the last picture of the *Titanic* taken before her death by icebergs, the *Normandie* flaming at her New York pier, the *Morro Castle* holocaust, and so on. Those building a serious library of marine history will want to own this book.

## WINDOWS IN THE SEA

Ralph Nading Hill

Rinehart & Co., New York, \$3.50

Just 20 years ago, two men got the novel idea of starting an oceanarium — an aquarium in which fish are not segregated but live roughly as they do in the middle of the ocean. It took ten years, a million dollars and the solving of formidable scientific problems to make Marineland, near St. Augustine, Florida, what it is today — a true fragment of the sea on land. The story behind Marineland is expertly and delightfully told in this book.

The book gives the intriguing history of the Marine Studios, which involved such tricky problems as developing a hypo-

dermic harpoon with which to bring sharks into captivity. It is replete with information on the collecting, feeding and maintaining of ocean specimens. Perhaps best of all, it brings to life with 70 amazing photographs that fascinating world of sea creatures which have caught the fancy of the 700,000 visitors who annually come to look at these windows in the sea. If you can't join them, this book is the next-best thing.

## 20,000 MILES SOUTH

Helen and Frank Schreider

Doubleday & Co., New York, \$3.95

Helen and Frank Schreider are a young couple who just don't believe in doing things the easy way. When they decided to go to South America a few years ago, they thought they'd drive down — that is, drive from the Arctic Circle to the world's southernmost town, Ushuaia in Tierra del Fuego. They did just that, with the help of an amphibious jeep called *La Tortugua*, a contraption neither car nor boat but a little of both. Looking somewhat like a "Victorian bathtub with wheels," *La Tortugua* carried them through the steaming jungles of Mexico, rode the monstrous surf of the Pacific, navigated the reef-ribbed Caribbean and climbed with them 16,000 feet into the Peruvian Andes. Their book is a delightful account of this hectic and wonderful trip, written with a feeling for the thrill of discovery, the pull of adventure and the romance of far away places. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

## RETURN

The distant sea with encircling arms  
reaches up the beach to find  
abandoned on the summer sands  
my broken shell.

I hold the fragile heart's shape  
as a monument to our lives.

The shining sea withdraws my hollow home  
and with the power of gentle hands  
the poundings of the beating waves,  
like heart's blood in my ears,  
fill my world and turn  
my stone walls to sand.

A. Kirby Congdon

