

The LOOKOUT

MAY 1956



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 so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

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. XLVII, No. 5

MAY, 1956

Copyright 1956 by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

TOM BAAB
Editor

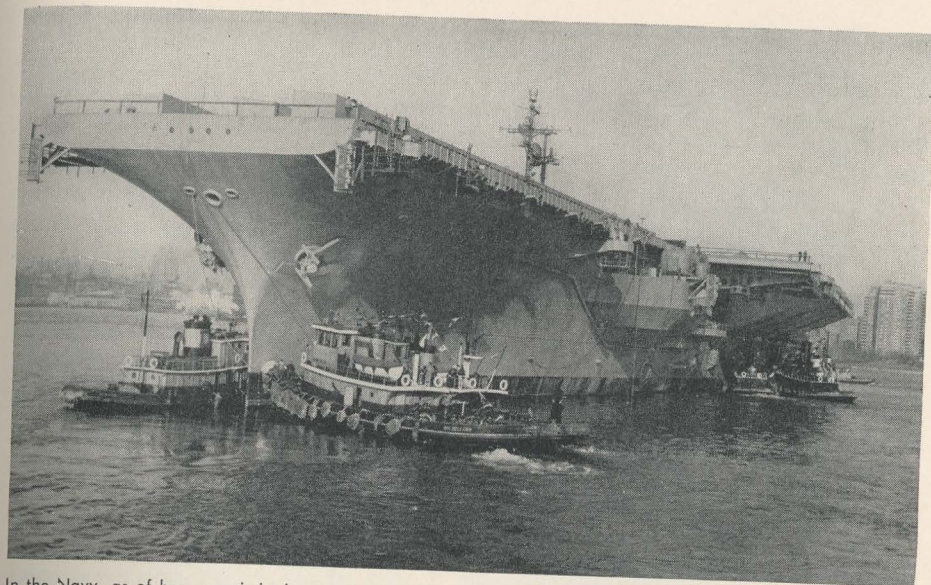
FAYE HAMMEL
Associate Editor

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: Carved in the tooth of a sperm whale is the story of his death. The tooth rests upon another piece of scrimshaw, an ivory-inlaid sewing box such as whalers returning from a long voyage often brought home to their women. In the background is a replica of the whaling ship *Viola*. All are from the collection of Mr. Harrison Huster and are featured in a special scrimshaw exhibit now at the Institute's Marine Museum. See page two.

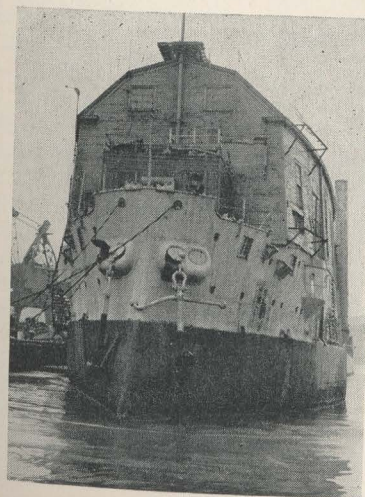


In the Navy, as of her commissioning on April 14, 1956, is the U.S.S. Saratoga, which boasts a flight deck large enough to carry the *United States* and the *America* side-by-side. The attack carrier features the biggest or fastest or the most of just about everything that has ever gone to sea: paint, enough for 30,000 homes; air conditioning, enough for two Empire State Buildings; telephones, 2,000; crew, 3,826.

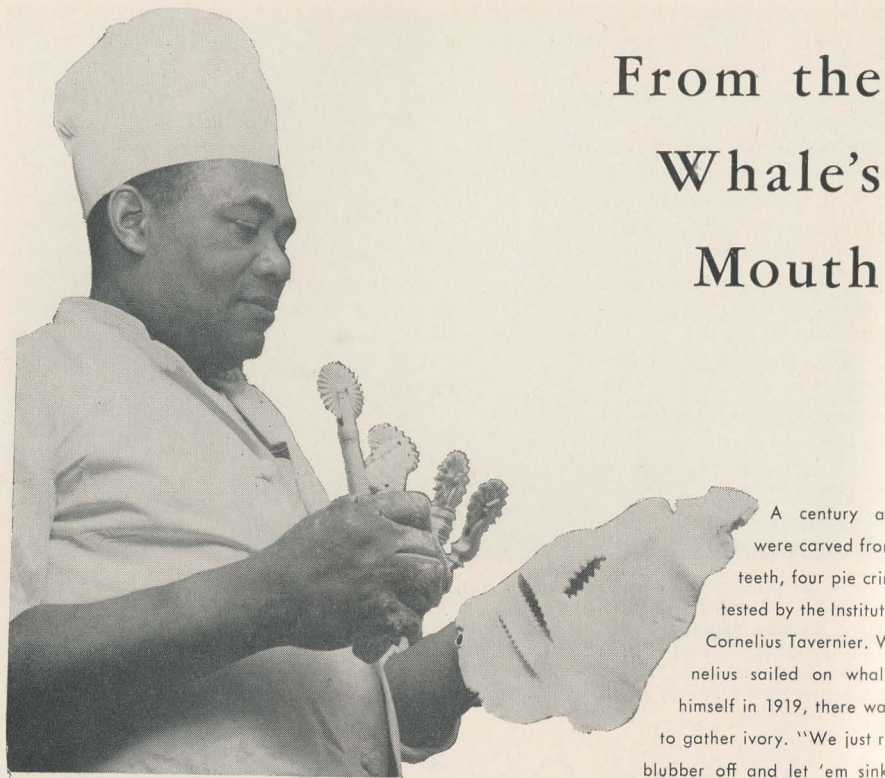
In and Out of the Navy



In the Navy also is this gleaming escalator, one of three aboard the U.S.S. Saratoga for whisking pilots skyward to their planes. "Habitability" is the theme on the new carrier; music and nice colors abound. Beneath the dreamy surroundings is a nightmare of wires and pipes servicing one of man's most complicated machines.



Out of the Navy and on the verge of the scrap-heap is the old battleship *Illinois*, the last of Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet. Although she never fired a shot "in anger," the 55-year-old craft helped assert American naval power before the world. Hideously converted and renamed the *Prairie State*, she has long been anchored in New York as an armory and training school.



From the Whale's Mouth

A century after they were carved from whale's teeth, four pie crimpers are tested by the Institute's baker, Cornelius Tavernier. When Cornelius sailed on whaling ships himself in 1919, there was no time to gather ivory. "We just ripped the blubber off and let 'em sink!"

AN unusual collection of scrimshaw—America's most original contribution to folk art—is now on display at the Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Cribbage boards and canes, sea chests and clothespins, all intricately fashioned from the teeth or bone of the whale, are some of the articles recalling America's great century of whaling.

The Institute's display is the first of a series that will feature the outstanding scrimshaw collection of Mr. Harrison Huster of New York City. A former amateur archaeologist and at one time a staff member of the Museum of Natural History, Mr. Huster started his private scrimshaw collection four years ago when he discovered a 28"-long walrus tusk in an antique shop on Cape Cod. He purchases most of his scrimshaw from antique dealers in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Whale's teeth, once so plentiful in New Bedford Harbor that barrels of them were

sold for a few pennies each, have now reached the status of "collector's items."

Scrimshaw work from the fo'c'sle of the Yankee whaler has gained elegance in the antique shops of New York and New England. This art of decorating or carving by hand numerous small articles from the teeth and bone of the whale was once practiced by thousands of whalers; it grew inevitably out of the conditions of life aboard the whaling vessel. Despite the literary romance of whaling, the sailor himself found life on those three-to-four-year voyages an unending round of monotony, broken up only occasionally by the glory of the chase. Between times, his was the dull ache of boredom. Countless logs of the period, one of which is on display in the Marine Museum collection, report the whaleman's chief complaint: "Nothing to do." One whaler wrote: "We are sailing. We ain't whaling." Another, "Reading old letters to find something new. Nothing to do but

look at each other."

The answer to the mind-shattering monotony was scrimshaw work. Fashioning such items as fancy pie crimpers, busks, ditty boxes, sewing cabinets and swifts for winding yarn—all of which can be seen in the Marine Museum display—provided the perfect outlet for the whaler's sentimentality, loneliness and pride. Most of the articles were made with a wife or sweetheart in mind. New England women, when their men came home from the sea, expected at the very least a pie crimper or perhaps a fancy corset busk inscribed with some such sentiment as:

*"This bone once in a sperm whale's jaw
did rest*

Now 'tis intended for a woman's brest.

This, my love, I do intend,

For you to wear, and not to lend."

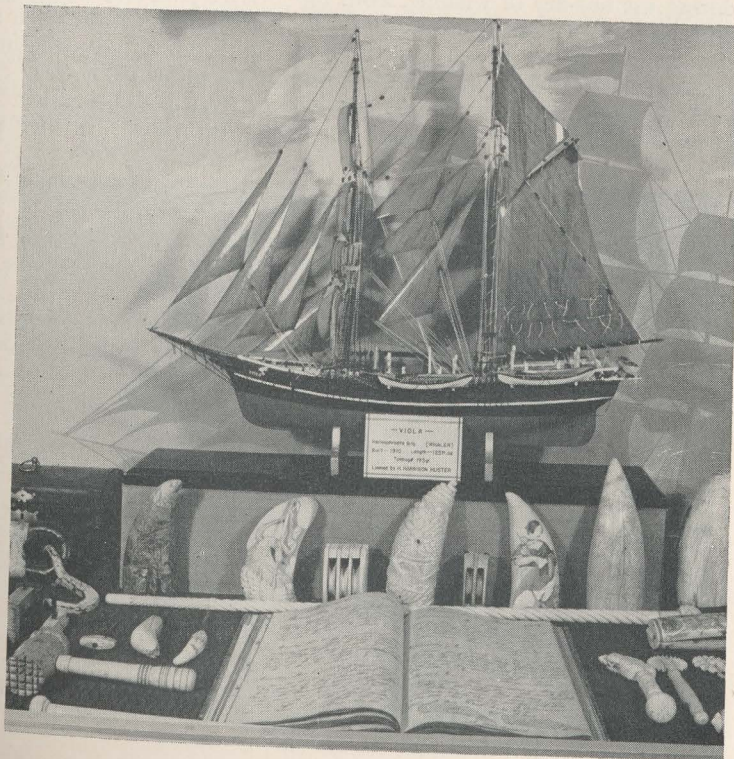
Besides being appropriately sentimental, scrimshawed trinkets were also surrounded with a genuine aura of danger and triumph. Here was part of the body of the great whale itself; for those back home,

what could be a better souvenir? Most important of all, scrimshaw carving gave the whaleman a sense of accomplishment when there was no other source for it.

Consider, for example, the craftsmanship which went into the engraving of one whale's tooth. Taken from the mouth of the beast, it was hardly an object of beauty. It was smooth only at the tip; below, where it had been covered by the gums of the whale, it was roughly ribbed. The scrimshawer first used a course file to scrape off the ribs, then a finer file to work it down until the bands of color began to appear and disappear in the ivory. Next, he smoothed it down with sandpaper or sharkskin, and finally with pumice or ashes from the tryworks. The final smoothing had to be done with the palm of the hand, which alone could bring out the warmth and richness of the ivory. When all this had been done, he began his engraving.

Whether the sailor made an original drawing or pasted a picture on the whale's tooth, pricked out the pattern and joined

A model of the whaling brig *Viola* forms a background for Mr. Harrison Huster's scrimshaw collection at the Marine Museum. In the foreground is a log carried by one Daniel S. Tinkham, a whaler of the 1850's, on three successive voyages. Tinkham's drawings and comments on life aboard ship, as well as frequent bursts of poetry adorn the log. An example: "The night is very pleasant, And I am very lonesome. I wish I had some brandy, For I think it's very holsome."



the points afterwards, he had to scratch in the design with the most meticulous control. The ivory surface, one of ever-varying curvatures, required a different degree of pressure for every direction of line and every segment of line. One slip, and the entire engraving might have to be filed out and that side of the tooth re-smoothed. Only then could the sailor work his India ink (carried aboard ship in stick form) or "gunk and gurry" into the striations and begin the final palming.

Carving, either from the tooth or from the jawbone of the sperm whale, or from baleen, the dark brown, flexible bone found in the mouth of the "whalebone" whale, was also intricate and time-consuming. Canes, yardsticks, boxes, paper-cutters, penholders, butter knives, as well as useful articles for the ship like blocks and pulleys, all emerged from the scrimshawer's knife. Thousands of pie crimpers were fashioned, either because the sailor spent a lot of time thinking about his wife's pies, or because he wanted to enter his work into the annual New Bedford crimper contests held during the hey-day of whaling. Both captains and crew members competed for the slop-chest of prizes, which sometimes totaled as much as \$500. Captains often won.

At any rate, accounts in the old logs show that most whalers enjoyed scrim-

shawing immensely; so much so, that on some ships stern captains forbade it as a trivial pursuit damaging to discipline. However, there were some men who could never see the fun in it. One grouchy sailor wrote in his journal: "Nothing in sight and no signs of every beeing any spirm whales around here the old man and the mate devote their time a Scrimshorning that is all they think of."

The scrimshaw of the Yankee whaler reflects a body of folklore, art and cultural material that is truly indigenous to 19th century America. Carved on the whale's tooth are the sentimental remembrances of an era: the dainty Godey ladies, proud Lincolns and haughty Napoleons, touching little dramas like "The Sailor's Return" and mournful pictures of willows overhanging tombstones. Other sailors might turn to tatooing, but for the whaler, scrimshaw was the most important means of artistic expression. Proof that the spirit of scrimshawing resembles that of tatooing, however, may be seen in the engraving of one old whale's tooth. Pictured on one side is a stylish lady with hoop skirts and a genteel smile. On the other side is a South Sea girl in a sarong, awaiting her sailor at the foot of a palm tree. And pointedly engraved is the caption: "To our wives and sweethearts. May they never meet."



In the days before parrot fever had the Customs boys heated up, such birds were commonplace in the baggage of men returning from the South Seas. Men on the whalers often had the time and material to fashion cages for theirs.

The block held by Curator W. E. Greyble suggests the size of the whales it was used to hoist.

The sea chest is typical of those made by men aboard whalers.

In honor of Maritime Day . . .

SUNDAY, MAY 20

is

OPEN HOUSE

at the

Seamen's Church Institute

You are invited to join us in the following program:

- Dinner served from 12 to 1:30
- Guided Tours through the building, from 1:30 to 2:30
- Marine Museum open until 6:00
- Marine films and a talk on "Famous American Ships" by Mr. Frank Braynard in the Auditorium, 3:00 to 4:00
- Tea, from 4:00 to 5:00 in the Dining Room
- Chapel Service at 5:00
- Supper served at 6:00

Advance reservations for dinner and supper can be made at \$1.50 each by phoning BO 9-2710

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

BRING YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS

The Work of Ships

REFRESHMENT

The opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway is going to be a boon to trade and commerce, but predictions are that it will have a devastating effect on one of the most ubiquitous denizens of the deep — the barnacle. Some months ago, British scientists invented an ultrasonic vibration device that would drive barnacles away from the hull of a ship, and now it appears that they are in for more trouble. Sailing through the fresh water of the Great Lakes will kill saltwater crustaceans, among which is the barnacle, that become so attached to ships on their ocean voyages. Ships' bottoms will be more free of those growths that reduce a ship's speed and make extra demands on its power so that it must be laid up for periodic scrapings.

INSPECTIONS

Annual inspections of the hulls and boilers of American cargo vessels will soon be a thing of the past, if the American Merchant Marine Institute, the Pacific American Steamship Company and the Coast Guard have their way. The three groups are urging Congress to repeal an outmoded statute passed in 1871, which makes the annual inspections by the Coast Guard mandatory.

In its place they are suggesting biennial inspections and unscheduled spot-checking. Two-year inspections are completely practical and efficient, Alvin Shapiro, vice president of the AMMI testified, because of the tremendous technological advances in the design of ships made since 1871. Furthermore, he stated, if the Coast Guard were freed from these need-

less routine activities, they could spend more of their time on non-scheduled inspections. "It is proof of the sincerity of purpose of the maritime industry," said Mr. Shapiro, "that it urges that the most effective inspection service be maintained. It is a matter of common knowledge that non-periodic examinations and inspections keep those groups subject to them on their toes constantly."

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Lifeboat drills have never rated very high as a source of entertainment for passengers aboard ocean liners. However, on a recent crossing of the American Export Liner *Constitution*, things were quite different. Passengers literally flocked to the drill, and over 250 of them vied for seats in a lifeboat designed for 150, while the other lifeboats waited, forlorn and empty. The reason: assigned to the sought-after boat was Miss Grace Kelly, enroute to her Monaco wedding to a well known Prince. Miss Kelly, wearing an orange life jacket, was the biggest pull in the direction of passenger safety the ship has had in years.

TANKER POWER

Tankers are not only getting bigger than ever, but they may soon be powered by atomic engines. Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse announced recently that two major oil companies are interested in sharing with the Government, on a fifty-fifty basis, the construction of a nuclear tanker.

Meanwhile, work got under way this month on the largest tanker ever to be built in this country. The new giant will join the fleet of Stavros S. Niarchos, the Greek shipping magnate, and unlike her immediate predecessor, *World Glory*, which was put under foreign registry, will fly the American flag.

The tanker, to be named at her launching eight months from now, will measure 737 feet with a deadweight lift of 76,000 tons, making her the heaviest commercial ship built in the United States, 50% larger than any tanker now documented in this country. She is the first unit in a vast fleet replacement program that will cost the Greek shipowner \$100,000,000 and give him the largest private fleet in the world, over 65 vessels.

HEART TO HEART

A British freighter opened a new era in ocean shipping last month when it sailed from Manchester, England to the Great Lakes ports of Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. It is the first of five new ships that will connect the British industrial Midlands with the American Middle West.

Each of these ships is small enough, 2,000 to 3,000 tons, to maneuver the seven canals and sixty-four locks along the St. Lawrence River. They herald the coming of larger vessels once the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed and can carry ships of deep draft and heavy tonnage.

British shippers estimate that this routing will save them 15% of the normal costs incurred by shipping goods to United States East Coast ports and then having them transhipped to the Middle West by railroad.

INTERNATIONAL SET

So far this year, American housewives have been more international than anyone else, according to the latest statistics from the United States Passport Office. During the months of January, February and March, the figures show, 43,875 of the ladies put aside pots, pans and PTA meetings for foreign travel or study. Secretaries and teachers, the time-honored tourists, numbered only 9194 and 4582, respectively. Florists and draftsmen made the poorest showing of all; only 76 florists and 2 draftsmen made application for passports.

Ship travel is still preferred to air travel by most tourists, the statistics show, with 5,000 more passengers choosing sea transport. The largest single group of applicants were headed for tours of Western Europe, with Germany the single most popular country. The largest age group was in the 60 to 76-year-old category.

ROCK AND ROLL

Modern youngsters will get a chance to live aboard two old-time sailing ships this summer when the Marine Historical Association's eighth annual youth training program opens in June at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut.

The boys and girls, mostly Sea Scouts and Girl Scout Mariners, will live aboard the square-rigged training ship *Conrad* and the schooner *Australia* for periods ranging from a few days to a week. Both ships are permanently moored at Mystic.

The youngsters will learn the rudiments of seamanship and sailing. Mystic maintains a fleet of nine-foot boats donated by several Atlantic Coast yacht clubs.



Partly obscured in this photo by a horse-drawn lumber wagon, the Coenties Slip Clam Bar (arrow), served a bustling neighborhood in the days of World War I.

Clammed Up

A Landmark Yields to Progress

A REMNANT of the days when wind-jammers arched their bowsprits over South Street, the Clam and Oyster Bar at Coenties Slip, the Seamen's Church Institute's oldest neighbor on the waterfront, has finally given way under the heavy hand of progress. Early last month it was razed by New York City's Department of Parks.

Generations of sailors have eaten tens of thousands of clams and oysters and consumed untold gallons of clam juice and chowder at the stand since the original "open air" version was set up in 1849. Bob Peach, the original owner of the stand, turned it over to his assistant, Patrick J. O'Connor in 1917, who kept it going until his death three years ago. Paddy became known as the "Coenties Slip Clam Man" and the "South Street Troubador." With equal aplomb, he could shuck a batch of

oysters, prepare a clam chowder, or make up an impromptu song for his customers. "Down at Old Battery Park" and "Give Me A Home on Staten Island" were two of his favorites.

Old-time sailors at the Institute remember Paddy well and recall with longing the oyster fries (seven or eight oysters, two pieces of toast, a pickle and cole slaw, all for 20¢), the clams on the half-shell at a penny a piece, and the five-cent clam broth that they ate at Paddy's stand 20 years ago. Paddy was a long-time friend of the Seamen's Church Institute, and it was the Institute's modernization in the 20's that convinced him that he should put a roof and walls on his shanty. In 1929, he told a Lookout reporter, "When the Seamen's Institute got its big new modern annex with fancy bedrooms for seamen, I knew



Paddy used this stand in the decade prior to 1935.

I couldn't expect seagoing men to eat their clams out in the open air any more."

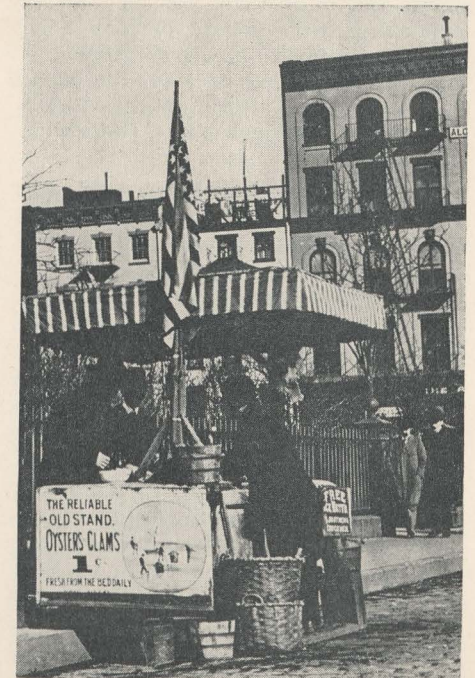
"You got to keep up with progress," said Paddy, and sat down and wrote a song about it, which went on to say that "All along the beach things ain't what they used to be." In further conversation with the Lookout reporter, Paddy amplified that statement. He noted that sailors were talking about such things as philosophy and psychology. "The other day," he said, "a young fellow came in here who tried to explain that Einstein theory to me over a dozen clams." But culture hadn't overshadowed the seaman's native talents, Paddy felt. "I would like to say that even with all this progress, that seamen are just as smart as they ever was. Why, only last week a fellow in here ate four dozen clams without stopping! That was a good record, but it isn't as good as the fellow who ate 200 of them in that contest we held here a few years back, but I would like to say that it is good clam eating considering it was done impromptu with no preparation."

Paddy liked best to talk about the "good old days" on the waterfront, when South Street was bathed in a pungent perfume of dried codfish (sailors called it hogshhead of kittles), molasses and rum. The street was

so narrow that bowsprits of the clipper ships in the East River reached the windows of the shacks across the streets. Teams of mules paced the river banks, pulling canal boats: Those were the days when Jenny Lind sang at the old Castle Garden, when people took the Governor's Island ferry for a penny, and all along the street were stands which sold coffee, baked beans, Washington pies, coconuts and rice puddings for a penny each.

Paddy's shack outlived them all, and in 1935, the Park Department gave him a handsome new stand, a solid, brick structure, with chromium fittings and an electric ice box. On the opening day, Paddy sold more than 2,000 clams and 2,500 oysters to his clientele, which now included clerks from Wall Street as well as merchant sailors. But as waterfront merchants moved uptown and new piers were built further up the Hudson, business went down. Now, three years after Paddy's death, the Park Department has torn down the old Oyster and Clam Bar.

Here is the original Clam and Oyster Bar, as it looked in 1896.





Mrs. Katherine Stolzenhaller of the Institute's Personal Service Department helps hundreds of seamen each year with their complicated immigration problems.

Citizens from the Fo'c'sle

MRS. KATHERINE STOLZENTHALER, who handles immigration and naturalization problems for men at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, recently received an urgent telephone call. The voice was that of Anton, a young Yugoslav seaman. The message: "Alice and I just got married in City Hall. What do we do now?"

Anton had first sought help a few days before. Although he had been shipping on American-flag vessels for a number of years, he was about to be deported to Yugoslavia for illegal entry into the country. And he had just become engaged to an American girl. Mrs. Stolzenhaller's first bit of advice was given then: get married. The second installment was given to the newlyweds over the telephone: she urged Alice to file a petition with the Immigration Service which under the citizen-spouse law would legally admit Anton to the States. She did; Anton went to Cuba for a short waiting period and within ten days was legally admitted to the United States and reunited with his wife. There have been no further questions.

In her job as troubleshooter to merchant

seamen who get tangled in the rigamarole of immigration and naturalization rules and regulations, Mrs. Stolzenhaller works with hundreds of men like Anton each year. Referred to her office in the Personal Service Bureau of the Institute by the Immigration Service or by a shipmate, most of them are young men who want to become American citizens. They visit this country on shore leaves, like it, and want to settle here permanently. Others need assistance in bringing foreign wives and children into the country. Still another group tangles with the special regulations of the Immigration Service which govern seamen. All of them need help.

A foreign seaman who wishes to become naturalized must present proof that he has entered the country legally and that he has lived here for five years or shipped aboard American vessels for five years. For a man whose only desk and filing cabinet is his seabag, such proof is often difficult to establish. Mrs. Stolzenhaller lends a hand by writing to the man's previous employers, landlords, etc., until she gathers enough evidence to prove that he is a person of good moral character. When it becomes

especially difficult to find records, she hunts back into the files of the Seamen's Church Institute and seamen's agencies in other ports. Putting a man's credentials in good shape is usually a month long process, involving 15 or 20 letters.

One of Mrs. Stolzenhaller's most difficult cases also proved to be the most tragic. Mr. Jones, an ex-seaman of 69, had lived in the United States since 1916, but just never got around to becoming a citizen. Since he had lived here so long, he figured it just didn't matter. It did matter, however, to Immigration officials, who warned him a few months ago that he must either establish citizenship or be deported to his native Finland.

Jones came to the Personal Service Bureau for help, and Mrs. Stolzenhaller set to work on the case. At first it seemed hopeless; he could not remember where any of his records were. A suggestion that he check through his old sea chest which he had stored for some 30 years in the Institute's Baggage Room turned up his World War I draft card. From there on, records began to fall into place. But Jones still lacked one thing; the necessary \$25.00 to complete the application form. Then he remembered that in his shipping days he had made small deposits at the Institute's Seamen's Funds Bureau; they totalled \$25.00. All was put in order, and Jones was notified that he would become an American citizen in April, 1956. But he was 69 and death caught him one month short of his goal.

Most of the Immigration cases that come to the Personal Service Bureau have a happier ending, like the case of Joanna. A young German bride of an American seaman, Joanna came to see Mrs. Stolzenhaller a few days before Christmas. She had met her husband, an American soldier, at the close of the war in 1945. In 1954 he came back to Germany and married her on board the MSTs ship on which he was serving. She was now in the United States on a six-month's Visitor's Visa, which was due to expire on December 24th. She was alone; her husband, away at sea, was not due back until the 26th. Mrs. Stolzenhaller helped her fill in

a last-minute petition to change her status to that of a permanent resident. One hitch remained: the problem of character witnesses. Joanna had only one friend in the United States and two were necessary to serve as witnesses. Mrs. Stolzenhaller asked her if she had become a member of a church in the United States. When she replied that she had, Mrs. Stolzenhaller immediately contacted the pastor, who agreed to serve as a witness and help her in any way possible to acquire permanent residence here. She left the office with her papers in order and a good chance of being reunited with her husband and remaining permanently in this country. "Please pray for me," she said, as she left. "I am going to have a baby and I would love him to be born in America."

Not all the people who come to see Mrs. Stolzenhaller want to become naturalized citizens; some want to stay in this country when it is illegal for them to do so. Before a foreign seaman can come ashore in an American port, he must receive from Immigration a permit which allows him to stay here for 29 days. Should his ship go back before that time, he is expected to go with it. Often a man who has missed his ship will appeal to the Personal Service Bureau for help—on the 28th day. In such cases, the usual policy is to send the man to the Immigration authorities with a special request that his time limit be extended for a few days, until he has had a chance to make the rounds of shipping agencies and secure a new berth.

The Institute's work in Immigration and Naturalization has been going on since the turn of the century and its Personal Service Bureau is a recognized authority on the subject as it pertains to merchant seamen.

"More and more seamen want to live in the United States," says Mrs. Stolzenhaller. Some are coming in from Spain and Portugal and South America, but most of them are from Scandinavia. We hope to see the Immigration rules of our country broadened in the future. Meanwhile, we give all the aid we can to those men who want to live in the United States."

Book Watch



A TREASURY OF MISSISSIPPI RIVER FOLKLORE

B. A. Botkin, Editor

Crown Publishers, New York, \$5.00

In the mythology that has grown up around it, the Mississippi River is half-god, half-devil. Sometimes, the king of all rivers is serene in its might and majesty, full of wisdom and omnipotence. At other times, it is an impish trickster-hero, rearranging lives and property, and not infrequently leaving destruction in its wake. Both aspects of its behavior are well covered in this newest book by the country's foremost folklore editor, B. A. Botkin. The lover of American folklore will find it a veritable bonanza of Mississippi stories, ballads and tales.

Mr. Botkin has been gathering material for this book since 1929. An indefatigable researcher, he has pored through old manuscripts, pamphlets, almanacs, diaries and periodicals; he has chosen selections from famous yarn-spinners, humourists, folklorists and authors; and he has obtained countless items first-hand from people he has met in the course of his making recordings of songs and stories. The result is a storehouse full—500 to be exact—of Mississippi River tales reflecting the diversity which is the keynote of the river country. Legends, history and literature, the subjects range from Davy Crockett and Mike Fink to old Creole days and "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" from Abraham Lincoln to pirates, outlaws and gambling sharks; from "The True Story of Evangeline" to how jazz began on the riverboats and how the "St. Louis Blues" came to be written. As a recollection of a way of life that has been all but sub-

merged by the new mechanical gods of river transportation, this book is an important contribution to American folk history. It is a book to be dipped into at leisure and savored for a long time.

SEA FIGHTS AND SHIPWRECKS

Hanson W. Baldwin

Hanover House, Garden City, New York, \$3.95

The drama of shipwreck and battle and disaster at sea is engrossingly told and carefully documented in this new book by the military editor of the New York Times. It covers a century and a half of nautical history, spanning the period from the age of sail to the age of the atom, singling out representative episodes in man's never-ending struggle to master the sea.

Followers of modern maritime events will be especially interested in the presentation of the great naval battle of World War II, the Battle of Leyte Gulf. In this chapter, the two United States Admirals who commanded fleets in the battle, Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid and Admiral William "Bull" Halsey, express sharply critical opinions of each other's performances.

Some of the most famous sea disasters of history are recounted here: the sinking of the *Titanic*, the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, and of course, the enigma of the *Mary Celeste*. Others, mutinies, mysteries and disasters, less well-known, but equally absorbing, round out the book.

North Atlantic

There's a loneliness down where the bell-buoy swings
On its mooring rope in a world apart,
And the gray swells roll, and the white fog clings
To the dampened walls of the feeling heart,
And nothing is either bad or good
But only obscured and misunderstood.
But the wind will freshen, the tide resume,
And the mists unveil from the curdling sea,
And the sun shall banish recurring gloom
And the bell-buoy toll more cheerfully.
The voice of the ocean shall once more roar
Its tiresome dirge at the patient shore.

Leonard Bronner Jr.

Reprinted by permission of *The New York Times*

