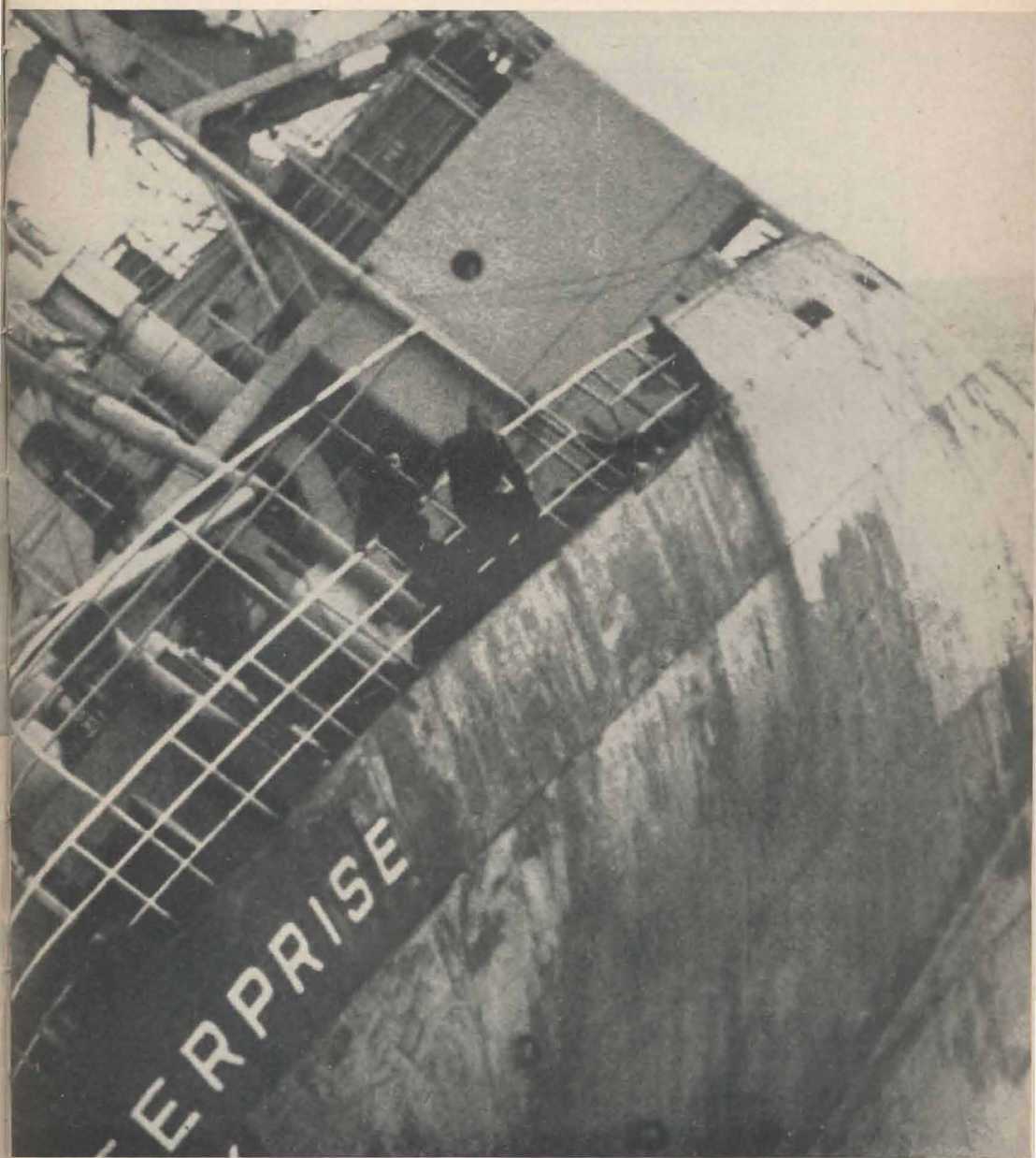


The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII

FEBRUARY, 1952

NO. 2



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

O F N E W Y O R K

Sanctuary

Let us unite in imploring the Supreme Ruler of Nations to spread His holy protection over these United States to turn the machinations of the wicked, to the confirming of our Constitution; to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition and put invasion to flight; to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which His goodness has already conferred; and to verify the anticipations of this government being a safeguard of human rights. Amen.

In 1794 President George Washington composed this prayer that may still be used today.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII, FEBRUARY, 1952

Copyright, 1952, by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
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Secretary and Treasurer

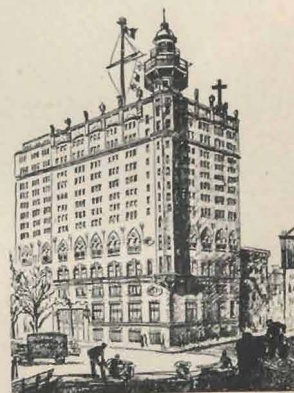
REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director

HELLEN R. McCOMBS
Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and
over include a year's subscrip-
tion to "THE LOOKOUT."

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

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710



"25 South Street"

During the month of March the Institute will participate in the annual Name-Your-Own-Charity Sale at Lewis & Conger, Ave. of the Americas and 45th St. When you make purchases there during March, please mention the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and we will receive from the store 10% of the total amount you spent for your own needs. Please tell your friends about it.

To Our Readers:

As the new Editor of the Lookout I shall endeavor to follow the high standards of literature and purpose as set forth by my predecessor, Marjorie Dent Candee. It will be my purpose to perpetuate the Christian ideals of the Institute and those who have given so generously of their time and goodness in order to spread good-will among those who follow the sea. Comments and suggestions from our readers will be gratefully received.

Hellen R. McCombs

The Lookout

VOL. XLIII

February, 1952

NO. 2

Skippers Possess Simple Heroism

By Robert C. Ruark

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International News Photo

GALLANT SKIPPER SALUTED BY OLD SEA CAPTAIN
at the Seamen's Church Institute

Traditions of the Sea

TRADITIONS are handed down for so many generations by word of mouth or by practice that they become almost an unwritten body of laws. In sea tradition, seamen perform acts of heroism—deeds so common to the men that they go unnoticed.

A wireless operator, refusing to quit his ship because there is still time to send a last SOS message before she goes under, is in the top tradition. Nor is it beside tradition for an engineer to remain in a flooding engine room manning pumps until it is too late for him to leave. The sea is mighty, and the men who sail her have always performed deeds of bravery before her force with nonchalance . . . They seldom talk about it. Seamen like to spin yarns about ports and experiences. Heroic acts in their lives on shipboard are not often mentioned. To them it seems "only natural."

It is only when attention is especially focused by a valiant captain precariously sticking onto a tiny freighter, buffeted by the Atlantic, that the world starts wondering. Who started all of this tradition? Captains have been going down with their ships since Viking days. We know that upon the death of a Viking captain, his body was lashed to the ship. Then, his Norsemen crew set fire to the ship and pushed it out to sea.

Sir Francis Drake carried on this tradition when defending England against the Spanish Armada. His Captains were ordered to fight on until their ships were sunk.

In our own country, the ex-merchantman, John Paul Jones, stated in his letter of "Qualifications of a Naval Officer," that when a ship has fought honorably and has been defeated, the captain may request his followers to sink with him on the vessel.

In the early American sea tradition, there was Captain William L.

Herndon who stood proudly on deck until the water claimed him. Realizing that his command, the *Central America*, could not be saved, he had removed his cap cover so that full gold braid would show. Then waving away a rescue boat, and in full view of his escaping crew, he went down with the ship.

Seamen at the Seamen's Church Institute are curiously examining a piece of wood taken from the tree which stood alongside the grave of another American Captain who followed the tradition "Don't Give Up the Ship." He was Captain James Lawrence of the U. S. Navy whose first ship strangely coincides with events of today. This was the American Naval Schooner, *Enterprise*.

Captain James Lawrence was a young skipper of thirty-two years when he commanded the famous Frigate *Chesapeake* during the war of 1812. In the naval battle of Boston Harbor, he fought the British *Shannon*, and during the engagement he was shot. "Don't give up the ship," the Captain shouted to his men as he was carried below, mortally wounded. The sailors held out during the bloody battle, following the words of their brave skipper, until the *Chesapeake* was finally captured.

On June 5, 1813, Captain Lawrence died, still on board his ship. He was honored by the British as well as by all America, and his body was returned with reverence to New York. Captain Lawrence was buried in Trinity Church Yard in New York City, where his grave still can be seen in a "brown stone sarcophagus" to the left of the entrance to Trinity Church in New York's busy Wall St. area.

And so the sea moves on in all her proud fury, and the men who follow her traditionally refuse to bow their heads.

H. Mc.

Our American Merchant Marine

AT LEAST nineteen American presidents, beginning with Washington, have repeatedly emphasized the fact that our Merchant Marine is vital to the nation. It guarantees us world prestige and good-will, basic stability, and national security. They have particularly stressed that control of shipping means control of the world's raw materials.

Without merchant shipping we might have failed in our growth as a nation. We may even have failed to gain and to maintain our freedom. International commerce and shipping has long been the basis of our whole national economy and security.

A thirty ton, two-master, *The Virginia*, marked the beginning of America's colorful maritime history. Launched on the Kennebec River, Maine, in 1607, she was the first ship to be built with native materials. Seven years later another ship was launched by the Dutch trader, Adrian Block at the foot of Broad Street. She was the yacht *Onrust*, of sixteen tons. These small vessels were actually "escape ships," for they were used by homesick settlers intent upon returning to Europe, but they were the start of a great industry.

Governor John Winthrop built the first ship for actual commercial use. She was *The Blessing of the Bay*, a sturdy little sloop of sixty tons, launched on the Fourth of July, 1631. The event coincidentally occurred on a day that would, 145 years later, establish the United States as a principal sea-power.

The tall, straight pines of New England soon became the envy of Europe. American forests were England's most valuable possession in the colonies. England, France, Spain and Holland were struggling for supremacy of the seas. The British, in the lead, stamped the King's "Broad-arrow" mark on all pines of more than twenty-four inches in diameter, at a height of three feet from the ground to be saved for masts. An oak ship with white pine masts



Packet Yorkshire

could be built in America for half of what it would cost in England.

Amphibious Farmers

By 1730 sixteen shipyards flourished in the Colonies. America had also become a country of "amphibious farmers." Many who lived inland worked patiently on small-craft in their barns during long winter days when weather halted their work with the soil. Then, when spring thaws came, the little boats were carted to rivers and sailed out to the fishing banks, or were headed for the thriving young city of New York to peddle produce.

Ships became the primary means of trade among the early Colonies and later, between States and Territories, as well as between Europe and America. The livelihood of America depended on them. Horses, cows and farming implements had to be brought over from Europe on small boats. Returning, they carried America's exports — fish, corn, salted meats, cotton, lumber and tobacco.

Great contributions to marine architecture came from America in the early days. One of the most valuable of these was the New England Schooner. The first was built in Gloucester in 1731. In sea-lore, the origin of its name is unique. During the initial launching, a bystander shouted:

"See how she schoons!" as the ship slid into the water.



Early Clipper *Houqua*

"Then, a schooner let 'er be!" responded the builder.

Designed by Capt. Andrew Robinson, she had a special hull carrying two masts rigged fore and aft. This vessel was easier to handle than the traditional square sail. She could be sailed closer to the wind, and required less crew members. The schooner's lines are still recognizable in the hulls of many ships of today.

Bred to the Sea

The colonists were a people "bred to the sea," whose shipping industry was responsible in part for the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Over twenty-three hundred ocean-going vessels belonged to the Colonies by the time the American Revolution broke out. The tonnage of shipping on the Atlantic Seaboard was greater than that of Glasgow, Liverpool and London combined.

By 1770 the Colonists were tired of the British yoke. English merchants had been wondering if they were getting "a lion's share" of Colonial trade profits. Navigation laws had then been passed requiring that goods passing between the Colonies and Europe should go by the way of England. Thereby, "added and extra taxation" was extracted. Some historians believe this, plus other acts of suppression led to the war.

During the Revolution American Merchantmen were commissioned privateers and harried the enemy to desperation. There is no complete history of their activities, and records have been lost. It was said, however, that seventy-thousand New Englanders spent some time of the war as

privateermen! The American Merchant Marine also supplied America's Naval Forces with a group of competent, experienced commanders.

The Golden Age

The greatest era in American shipping history followed the Revolutionary War, lasting from 1790 until 1855. During this time there was only one break in our maritime supremacy. That was a ten year period during the second war with England. During the "Golden Age" American shipping matured and great figures arose. A favorite expression of the day was, "every street in America leads to the sea!"

The first American steamship, *Savannah*, crossed the Atlantic in 1819. In 1843 the first clipper-ship was built in American yards, heralding the final and finest phase of sail. Later the clipper *Sovereign of the Seas* logged 421 nautical miles in only 24 hours... a speed thus far unknown.

By 1850 America's Merchant Marine rivaled the finest in the world. It included over 700 whalers alone. Ship production exceeded one-half million tons annually, and three-quarters of all American exports were carried under the American flag.

The Decline

The decline of the Merchant Marine did not occur until after the War-between-the-States which left most of our ships ravaged. The age of sail was ending. America had built the *packets* and the *clippers*, then the shipping industry stood still. In 1870 President Grant, alarmed over this condition, sent a message to Congress recommending steps to revive "our drooping Merchant Marine." Foreign transatlantic liners were now carrying approximately two-thirds of our combined import-exports.

There were many reasons for the slump in shipping. Though the blame was often placed onto the Civil War, that was only a small part of the cause. At a time when the new steamships were replacing sailing vessels, our iron and steel production

could not compete with foreign markets. Also the Nation had heeded the call of the West, and American capital and energy were directed to the more lucrative fields of business.

American investors could receive eight to twelve percent on capital investments in manufacturing, railroad-ing, mining and land development. Profits on Merchant Marine investments were notably small. After 1865 returns on capital in the shipping industry were about four percent.

The decline continued through the turn of the century. Our shipping dropped from carrying seventy-five percent of our foreign trade to less than nine percent.

Then, during World War I, there was a rush of shipbuilding and over two billion dollars were spent building two thousand merchantmen. Many of these were built of green timber. It was said that these ships had to "carry lumber cargoes in order to keep afloat!" After the war they were allowed to rot.

Another sharp decline in shipping followed the first World War. Again the country did not replace ships as rapidly as they became obsolete. We were the richest and greatest exporting nation, and the second largest in imports, yet our commercial shipping was left to other countries.

With the advent of the Second World War there was again a sudden flourish of ship building. Between the two wars, tonnage had fallen off alarmingly. Now Liberty ships came down the ways at a rapid rate . . . Over two thousand were completed. Victory ships followed. The American

Merchant Marine was able to carry 270 million tons of cargo and billions of gallons of gasoline and oil. Ten million men were carried to war and home again.

The old picture of decline followed immediately after World War II. Shipping was allowed to fall off until American ships were carrying less than thirty-seven per cent of America's ocean-borne foreign trade in the winter of 1951 . . . this compared with more than sixty-six per cent in 1946.

History Can Repeat

It has taken several wars to force us to realize fully the necessity for a substantial and permanent merchant fleet. Six times in our history the Merchant Marine has been allowed to deteriorate. Now, with Merchant Marine subsidies, and awareness by the Government and the American people, modern ships are coming down the ways. The new C-4's, mariners, and super-tankers are being built.

Today a long-range program is in order. It should be designed to keep our Merchant Marine strong enough to guarantee service for American business and for American travelers in time of peace. It should maintain that strategic nucleus which could be expanded quickly in time of war. Only American ships can be counted on to be ever-ready to do our job.

As George Washington wisely admonished the nation, we must not neglect the Merchant Marine. It is a prime instrument for promoting economic prosperity and national defense. It is an essential branch of our history!

HELLEN MCCOMBS



American transatlantic mail steamer *Atlantic*. Jenny Lind came to America on this steamship in 11 days and 2 hours from Liverpool.

The Enigma of the Jigsaw

SEAMEN have always been known to be equal to a challenge, and the reconstruction of a jig-saw puzzle is one that many meet with all seriousness. Daily the tables in the game-room at the Institute are visited by from thirty to fifty men intently working jig-saw puzzles. There are men who will arrive when the game-room opens at nine A.M. These same men can be seen fitting the final little pieces into a square when the room closes at eleven.

In this game there are no kibitzers. Seamen will watch the multitude of pieces being slowly fitted together, but none will point a finger at a missing piece, or speak out. That is an unwritten rule. It is never broken!

Jig-saw enthusiasts are of no definite nationality or age group. The one thing these seamen hold in common is that they are all "two-fisted" men who go hunting for problems. It is their mode of relaxation.

The fun is not derived from the picture created when the puzzle is completed. It is the challenge of fitting the tiny pieces together. And jig-saw fans try to enhance the problem for themselves. Some men toss two or three different puzzles together. Others work the pieces upside down. Old-timers at the game usually refuse to look at the picture on the top of the

box. Puzzle-bitten Bill Douglas, Bos'n, says about his hobby:

"Do you think I'd make these things easier for myself? I've done jig-saw ever since I've gone to sea.

Opposing opinions are held on types that are the simplest to work. In a poll, the majority of puzzlers believe the pastels are the easiest to piece together. The tiny shapes can be more readily recognized by color shadings.

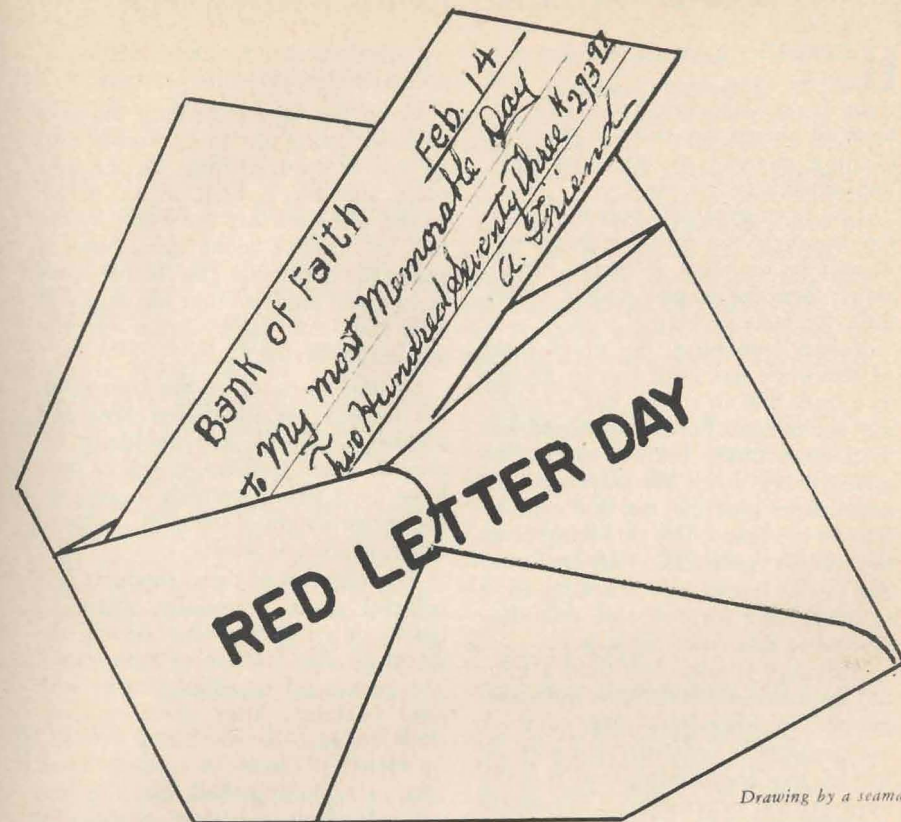
Many feel that the most difficult puzzles are solved from a vantage point directly above. Joe McCrystal, Superintendent of the Recreation Room, remembers when this peculiarity nearly ended in disaster. A man had leapt onto a table and was furiously working his puzzle. It was being completed with such speed that others dropped their own and stood by watching. . . . There was no doubt that this man had discovered a secret.

Then, another man muttered in wonder and went back to his own half completed piece. Jumping onto the table he tried the new vantage point.

"That is where the disaster came in," Joe says. "When the second man poised himself on the table, it shuddered and creaked, nearly crashing. You see, when the man who started the table idea stood up, I noticed he was a midget. The second fellow must have weighed over two hundred pounds!"



A kibitzer watches intently as a seaman works a puzzle.



Feb.: 3-12-14-22. Mar.: 17-30. April: 1. May: 1-31. June: Your own wedding day. July: 4-10. Aug.: 13. Sept.: 3-10. Oct.: 4-23-30. Nov.: 22-29. Dec.: 25.

Especially appropriate — The greatest day in your life!

YOUR Red Letter Day can go down in history as one full day in the year when you are a partner in the Institute. One of those days mentioned above, or any other day when you wish to remember your own loved ones — an anniversary, or a special event that remains in your heart — can be yours.

Your partnership can be real by sending \$273.97 — the difference each day between what our seafarers can pay for rooms, medical attention, and the various important facilities at the Institute, and the actual cost of maintenance.

Your dividend on such an investment will be the satisfaction you'll feel in helping. You will find the detailed report relating all activities at the Institute on your Red Letter Day gratifying. You will see actual letters from the multitude of grateful seafarers and their families — those who have benefited by the good work in which you have participated. Social events, and the whole educational, social welfare, and religious program will be made possible by your kindness.

We will gladly reserve "Your Day." Let us encircle the date you wish to commemorate on our Red Letter Day calendar for 1952.

Your Red Letter Day is tax exempt.

When a Ship "Comes Alive"

OVERRIPE bananas, crushed ice, fifteen tons of hot grease, and water from Alexander Hamilton's well have all played key parts in the most exciting moment at the shipyard — the launching of a ship.

This is an event not only exhilarating to workers witnessing the fruits of months of labor. It marks the instant when the largest mobile object built by man becomes "alive."

Before launching, the great mass of steelwork has been known merely as a hull. But no sooner has a swinging champagne bottle christened her than she proudly bears a name. She glides nobly down the ways and becomes one with the sea that will be forever her home. The launching gives the ship a personality of her own. She begins her career, churning away to fame and fortune and relentless service to man who made her.

Although it takes less than a minute for a ship to slide down the ways, months, or sometimes years of work are required to construct and prepare her for this engineering feat. It is the most critical experience in her entire lifetime. Stresses and strains on the hull are determined previously by engineers on the basis of mathematics, but this is the first time they are brought into play. There is also anx-

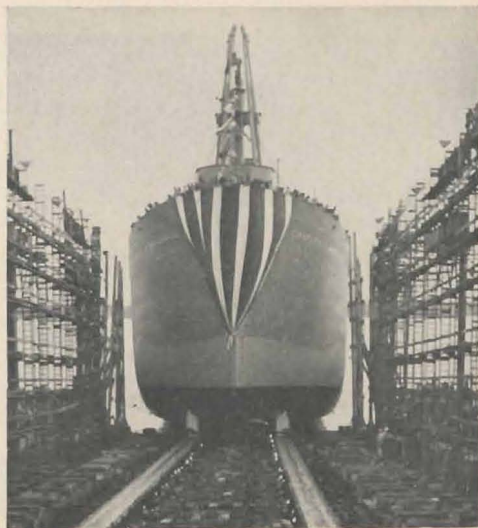
ety over whether the launching mechanism itself will work properly.

From the very beginning the task of constructing the ship proceeds with an eye to the launching. In the first place, the ship is built on an incline so she will slide into the water by the pull of gravity alone when she is ready for outfitting. The incline is set at a sloped angle so that the ship will slide but not cause strain on the launching device.

On the morning of the launching, the timbers on which her keel and bottom are built, are gradually removed. These timbers of yellow pine have been strong enough to support the entire weight of the ship . . . thousands of tons of steel.

The removal of these supports is a colorful sight, especially when 12 hefty shipyard workers smack the shorings with a "twelve man ram." The ram is a long oaken timber with steel backing. After three or four short swings, the men shout "Now!" or "Hit it!" There is a sharp crack like an exploding shell, and the ram catapults the heavy shoring 10 or 20 feet through the air.

Then the ship comes to rest on her cradle. This comprises fore and aft poppets, sliding ways, and blocks.



The sliding ways run the full length of the ship.

The two *groundways* (runways) are covered with grease so that the launching cradle will slide down with ease. Since these are 500 or 600 feet long, a large amount of grease is needed. Fifteen tons of grease were used to launch the liner *Independence*. In hot weather it is necessary to apply crushed ice to the grease, to prevent it from melting away.

And here is where bananas entered into a launching. When grease was scarce in World War II, workers at a Bethlehem Steel yard daubed the groundways with spoiled bananas . . . and chuckled as they launched the vessel as smoothly as ever.

A strong device holds the cradle and heavy ship in place until launching time is at hand. The most modern method is to use a trigger launching

mechanism. A steel tongue, jutting up from the groundway holds the sliding ways until a trigger is released.

The launching operation is controlled from a platform erected at the stem of the ship. When all is ready, an official on the platform telephones an order, a switch is thrown, and the giant vessel starts backing down the ways. At this instant the sponsor — usually a lady chosen by the ship owners — swings the champagne bottle. If she's nervous and misses on the first try, there's still time for another swing.

While foaming champagne has been the traditional launching fluid for over a half century, there are exceptions. A group of New Englanders once brought a bottle of well water from Alexander Hamilton's home to do the trick.

The Irish Pennant

By Robert "Smoky" Stack, Chief Officer, Farrell Lines

GRADY pushed his way across the foredeck, the hard northeaster screaming and biting across the catwalk. It was the winter of 1942 and he could discern the shapes of the tanks and trucks lashed to the deck, and the shape of the foremast rising before him. It was a black night, and a cold one, and the heaviness of his gear and the life jacket he wore made the going doubly slow. The ominous shape of the foremast did nothing to quicken his progress.

He told himself he was not afraid — that he would climb the mast to the crow's nest just as though he had climbed it a hundred times before — or even one time before. But its presence was a challenge before him. He hugged the railing of the catwalk and worked his way painfully forward, trying to think of the importance of being a sailor — trying to remember that he was even then a sailor.

The fear of subs had been great enough before they had sailed, but now that they were upon the heavy seas, the fear of failing as a sailor was more predominant. He wanted to do

as a sailor should. He wanted to do a sailor's job easily and naturally, and yet the strangeness and newness of everything sapped his confidence. The thought of climbing the mast was bad enough, but the thought that he would not do it properly, that he would not be seaman-like, was greater.

Once he was up on the mast he would have to manipulate the tricky door and push himself in, squeezing past Blacky who was up on watch. The thought of Blacky, who was to him the perfect example of a good sailor, brought a little confidence, and he made his way more resolutely. Blacky, who always acted the part of the cynical hardbitten article, had actually treated Grady as a kid brother since he had joined this, his first ship, as seaman only four days before.

From the first, Blacky had shown him the ropes and had quieted his early fears. Even securing the gear, lowering the heavy cargo boom in the bitter cold, Blacky had been there close to Grady showing him how to rend the wire topping lift around the cleats. And before they sailed, when

the fear of the submarines outside had begun to develop in him, Blacky, with quiet assurance, had given him courage and manliness. Now the thought of Blacky aloft there in the cold morning air waiting to be relieved gave him the strength to approach the mast with a swagger and control he could not possibly have otherwise.

The mast was over him now, towering into the black pre-dawn sky, and he slipped off the catwalk and worked his way around the winches to the mast cable. He removed his heavy mittens, remembering the warning about going aloft with gloves, and gripped the sides of the steel ladder, pulling himself slowly to the top. His life-jacket felt tight and restricting around him. The cold steel of the ladder burnt into his fingers. He felt that awful fear that he had imagined so many times before, and he wanted to go back down when he was only half-way there. And then he heard a voice.

"Let's move, droopy," came Blacky's harsh voice. "It ain't what I'd call warm up here, you know!"

Looking up he was surprised that he could see so well now that he had become accustomed to the dark. He could see the bulky figure of his friend leaning out the crow's nest door, hanging nonchalantly over the mast, and taunting him. He forgot completely about going down and resolved more than ever to make it.

It was just as he began to make his way aloft again that he noticed the piece of rope-yarn tied to the ladder rung. This was what sailors called an "Irish Pennant" — a piece of yarn or lashing that has been formerly used to secure some article of cargo, but has been left hanging in place long after the job is done, and the item it held has been removed, or stowed away. Traditionally it is "unseaman-like" to not cut away the lashing after its use is no longer evident. Always it has annoyed any good sailor to find "Irish Pennants" on board the ship. Blacky had told him about that, too, and had told him that whenever one was noticed, he should cut it down.

He reached for the knife hooked to

his life-jacket, but with only one hand he could not free and open it. He would have to hook his other arm around the rung and use both hands. The thought of doing that on the ladder in the strong, cold wind frightened him, and he told himself he would do it when he came down at daybreak. He took hold of the ladder again and continued up the mast. Blacky had the door open for him and he sneaked his way past him to the inside of the crow's nest. Blacky told him there was no danger in sight, and started down the mast.

Grady called after him about the rope-yarn and told him he would get it in the morning.

"What's wrong with getting it now?" the other one grumbled.

"Well, it's dark, you know," Grady excused.

"Dark, me eye," he retorted. "You can feel, can't you?"

Blacky slipped easily down the mast and when he reached the "Irish Pennant," he hooked his arm around the ladder and started to take the knife from his life-jacket. To Grady it suddenly became very important that the rope yarn was left for him to cut away. He stood leaning out of the crow's nest as Blacky had done, now oblivious of his precarious perch.

"Aw, leave it alone, Blacky, I'll get it in the morning," he heard himself saying. "It isn't that important. I'd have done it myself if I thought you were going to get excited about it."

The other looked up through the darkness, seeming to sense the urgency of the boy. Then he closed his knife and hooked it back to his life-jacket. He looked up with his wry "trying-to-be-cynical" grin.

"Sure, kid, you were right, it is too dark." Then he continued his easy way to the deck.

In the crow's nest Grady Shannon returned to his job of scanning the horizon, and in the East he saw the first sign of morning.

"Grady, my boy," he said to himself, "before that sun is very high you're going to be a real honest-to-goodness sailor."

The Port of New York

By William F. Giesen

General Manager, Maritime Association of the Port of New York

THE rise of New York City from a small seaport town to a world metropolis has been phenomenal. The history of European ports goes back through the centuries, while the Port of New York only came into being around 1620.

The natural formation of the port is unique from a geographical standpoint, which from the outset has been advantageous in its development. Bays, rivers, inlets and islands, all God-given gifts which have been the nucleus of the success of the Port of New York. Through years of planning and installations, every conceivable convenience is available and most facilities are now mechanical which, together with skilled labor in the port, as proved during World War II, can "move mountains."

Long Shoreline

The shoreline of the Port of New York is 770 miles long. Within the port there are approximately 1,900 piers and bulkheads. Over three hundred of these piers are capable of berthing one or more oceangoing liners. In 1949, ships arriving in this port numbered 10,989. In 1950, a total of 11,649 ships arrived. Approximately 60 per cent of these vessels were American-flag, and 40 per cent foreign-flag.

In 1949, 19,817,000 tons of imports, and 8,085,000 tons of exports, a total of 27,902,000 tons of cargo, was handled in the Port of New York, aggregating a total value of \$13,439,600,000.

Forty-one and six-tenths per cent of the national gross of specialized cargo, which consists of the ordinary consumer commodities of the world, flowed through the Port of New York in 1949 in the export trade. Thirty-two and one-tenth per cent of the same quality cargo was handled in the import trade.

No port in the world compares with New York in the frequency of sailings, availability of steamer space, and the number of world ports to which sailings are regularly maintained. Total sailings from the Port of New York in 1949 were 11,077 and in 1950, 11,617.

War-time Role

The Port of New York played an outstanding role in the winning of World War II, being the focal point of the nation for the loading and dispatching of ships. Over 1,500 convoys made up of more than 40,000 ships carrying troops, military equipment and supplies to the battlefronts and bases cleared through this port. New York is today the major distributing point for the vast relief shipments to the needy.

These statistics will give some conception of the importance of the Port of New York to our national economy, and also the responsible role that must be undertaken once again by this port as a war-time potential in the present emergency.

The Maritime Association of the Port of New York, since its organization in 1873, has taken a keen interest in the welfare and promotion of the Port of New York, and the maritime interests in this great metropolis. The Maritime Exchange Floor, might well be termed the "cross-roads" of the shipping industry.

The membership of the Association, approximately 1,400, embraces the following industries: steamship lines (coastwise, intercoastal and foreign), marine suppliers, oil and coal companies, chartering brokers, canal and harbor transportation, ship builders and repairers, dry-docks, railroads, freight forwarders, warehouses and terminals, marine underwriters, admiralty attorneys, motor carriers, stevedores, airlines, and all other allied interests.

Reprinted from The Journal of Commerce



Courtesy, Propeller Club News
American Export liner Independence, one of many transatlantic liners which enter the Port of New York.

Book Reviews

SHIPS OF THE ISLAND SEA

By Gordon R. Newell

Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore., 1951, \$3.50

Strange yarns from new places! The *Wilson G. Hunt*, built for the Coney Island trade from New York City sailed gaily (?) 'round Cape Horn and some time later through the Golden Gate to sail the Sacramento River and make a million dollars for her owners in one year! How we would like the complete story of that sail around the Horn!

The *Old Anderson* fare from Olympia to Victoria was \$20 in 1859. The same trip cost fifty cents a few years later with meals thrown in on the side—but that was during the rate war. The IWW waterfront battles are told. There is a running account of many of the boats that made up the Puget Sound "Mosquito Fleet" from the middle of the 19th century to the building of the great concrete floating bridge to span Lake Washington, and the gradual disappearance of the fleet from the Sound. One wishes that some of these accounts had been made much more complete and detailed. At least Gordon R. Newell has opened the way to others to tell the story more completely if it can be done. The book gives an interesting historical account from the shipping angle of the development of the far North-west.

W. L. M.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE HALO OF THE WORLD

By Forrest Anderson

The William-Frederick Press, New York, 1951

The *Circumnavigation*, printed without capital letters, is a poetic, philosophico-spiritual adventure voyage to some isle in place and time. Man's self interest has been surrendered for a "COMPLETE SOCIAL SYNTHESIS." The voyagers pass the isle of narcissism, of sensual pleasures, of love possessives, of the egotistics, of the romantices, of the religices, the hypercritices, the literatices, sophisticices, the *islas rojas* "where uncertain men turn into certain monsters." They set their course finally for the land where "the Black Star with the Holy Sun is one." The poem is an adventure also for lovers of free verse. Written by an active merchant seaman, the language has warmth and freshness and life, and a phrase succession in which no cliché dare show its mouldy head.

W. L. M.

PROUD NEW FLAGS

By F. Van Wyck Mason

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. & New York
1951 — \$3.00

From the time of Lieutenant Samuel Seymour's visit to his brother and his charming, ambitious wife, through his determination to cast in his lot with the Confederates, there is adventure. Through his trip on the raider *Sumter* and his harrowing, romantic experience in a Cuban prison, to his final escape from the burning and sacking of New Orleans, Mr. Mason has told the kind of story that keeps the reader under his spell chapter after chapter. As in his earlier stories of the American Revolution the writer has created a vivid historical background for his story of the Civil War period. Such people as Sam Seymour, the Cuban courtesan, Coralita, marine engineer Brunton, Kitty Pargree, Leon Duchesne, and lovely Louise Cottier are fictional characters. The story of the scuttling of the *Merrimac* in Norfolk harbor; of the raider *Sumter*; of the naval construction in New Orleans, with its embryo armor-clad ships and rams; of Southern society and life in general are based on the same kind of careful, scholarly research that marks his earlier books. And over all this he has cast the glamor of a most interesting tale of war, love, work, adventure.

W. L. M.

THE MUTINOUS WIND

A Sorcerer's Tale

By Elizabeth Reynard

Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.75

This is a story based on an ancient Cape Cod legend, and the author, descendant of clipper ship captains and whaling skippers, is eminently qualified to write it. The witch of Eastham, Maria Hallett, is young and beautiful but she has sold her soul to the devil for a ship so that Bellamy, her lover, might go in search of sunken treasure. Here is folk-lore told by a gifted writer, a tale full of pirates and violence, and black magic, told with the characteristic salty tang of old Cape Cod.

M. D. C.

SEAMEN'S RIBBON URGED

New legislation has been introduced in the United States Senate providing service ribbons for merchant seamen who have sailed in combat zones since the Korean outbreak.

Marine Poetry

OBSERVATION FROM A CROW'S NEST

If, from some masthead, we could scan
The surface of the soul of man
Would it appear so ill at ease,
So troubled by each vagrant breeze,
So agitated inwardly
As does this restless, writhing sea?

MILES D. MACMAHON
Radio Officer



WHY A SHIP IS CALLED "SHE"

We always call a ship a "she"
And not without a reason,
For she displays a well shaped knee
Regardless of the season.

She scorns the man whose heart is faint
And doesn't show him pity,
And like a girl she needs the paint
To keep her looking pretty.

For love she'll brave the ocean vast
Be she a gig or cruiser,
But if you fail to tie her fast
You're almost sure to lose her.

Be firm with her and she'll behave
When skies are dark above you,
And let her take a water wave
Praise her, and she'll love you.

That's why a ship must have a Mate
She needs a good provider,
A good strong arm to keep her straight
To comfort and to guide her!

Danish legendary poem from *THE LOG of The Circumnavigators Club*.

CAPTAIN CARLSEN

As water tempers steel to make it strong
The ocean tempers those who love its song...

Such men stand by their ship and won't retreat

E'en when it sinks beneath their very feet

To-day the world pays homage to this breed
That lives and dies, according to a creed
Of courage, that commands the world's acclaim...

Add Captain Carlsen to this Hall of Fame!

—NICK KENNY
N. Y. Daily Mirror

HOVE TO

By Forrest Anderson

then there came on another bad blow, again we had to cut down our speed until we were barely crawling along — with just enough headway to keep bow on to the crashing seas.

to get any sleep at all, we wedged ourselves into our bunks, we ate off the deck what the cook could prepare, for days and nights it went on like this with all the world gone awry, we thought we'd never see the sun again.

somewhere and along about this time, we passed what had been low islands — shoals crouched now as if virgins torn in fear before the wild bulls of the sea. a cracked ship had been cast up there, her two masts like crazy crosses leaning over for the last sea-agony they lived.

through a shattered portlight, one of us saw a dead deckboy drift on by, his face he said seemed smiling — was almost happy in that look of enchantment in some ecstasy . . . in that salty fluid always handy for a green embalming.

one morning it was calm again . . . pathetic, nearly: somewhat like an evil that has spent its force, is gone, we took stock of the damage which had been done, patched ourselves up, went doggedly on.

slowly a soft rain began to fall, one would have said a silent weeping after a great anger, no one ever knew who the drowned man was.

From the Eighth Annual Marine Poetry Contest



SCENE IN NEW YORK HARBOR — JANUARY, 1884

Courtesy of Ship's Bulletin

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.