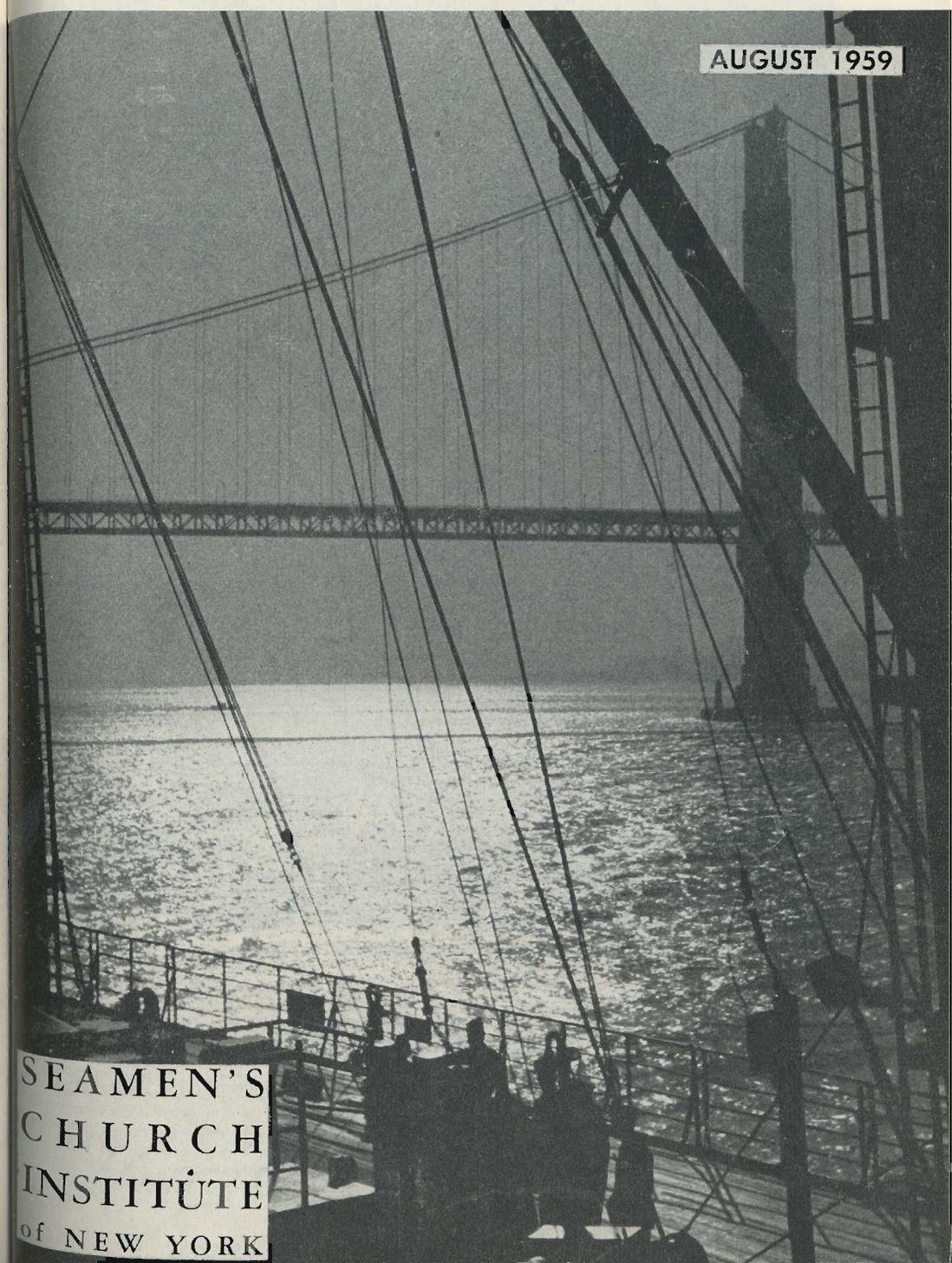


The LOOKOUT

AUGUST 1959



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



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

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

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



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The LOOKOUT

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AUGUST, 1959

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: George van Deurs captured this sparkling view from a ship inbound at the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco.

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New York Shipbuilding Corporation

LAUNCHING A NEW ERA: On July 21, 15,000 spectators from all over the world cheered the first atomic-powered merchant vessel as she slid down the ways of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation yards in Camden, N. J. First conceived as a symbol of the United States' desire for peace, the 21,000-ton *N. S. Savannah* was designed as a dramatic demonstration of the peaceful uses of nuclear power. President Eisenhower has announced that her nuclear plant is to be unclassified and therefore available to anyone from any land for inspection. Her 60 passengers, too, will be able to view the ship's reactor at work, either over the closed circuit TV to be installed from the reactor to the vessel's main lounge or through a special area where passengers can stand behind glass to watch the mysterious machinery drive their liner.

N. S. Savannah has been called "the main sign of ships to come," and other nations are showing their belief that atom-driven merchant ships will soon be economically feasible. West Germany expects to complete a nuclear-powered test supertanker by 1964, and Japan, France, Italy and Norway have announced similar plans.

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General Dynamics Corporation

Champagne, the most prized and precious elixir, has become the traditional libation at ship launchings in the United States. The first lady of the land, Mamie Eisenhower, is pictured christening the world's first nuclear-propelled vessel, the *USS Nautilus*, on January 21, 1954. Mrs. Eisenhower was also sponsor of the world's first atomic-powered merchant vessel, *N. S. Savannah*, which she baptized last month.

Bless This Ship

A CROWD of 15,000 spectators watched the first lady of the land, Mamie Eisenhower, smash a champagne bottle over the bow of the *N. S. Savannah* a few seconds before she slid down the ways into the Delaware River. Now, with the crowds gone and the champagne evaporated, the ship must undergo two further years of work and trials before her bow points the outward maiden voyage. By that time her launching ceremony will be forgotten, although the world's first nuclear powered passenger and cargo vessel will still be news. Then why bother about a launching ceremony? Why not just have a party for all concerned when the work is completed?

The reason is older than the existence

of ships of any kind: superstition, the only way early man could explain the phenomena of nature and his own place in the scheme of things. According to the *Encyclopedia of Nautical Knowledge* the definition of "christening" is "To give a vessel a name, as in the ceremony observed when she is started down the ways in launching . . . Failure thus to name or baptize a vessel, according to popular belief, invites disaster . . ."

Anyone who has experienced a really bad storm at sea knows its awe-inspiring power. If we can picture ourselves braving it in a vessel no larger than a modern ship's lifeboat, with no up-to-date navigational aids or safety devices, we can readily understand how fear and superstition

came to rule the lives of early navigators and their crews. To sail so close to the waters with giant sea creatures 'round about must alone have been enough to terrify them. To be spared from these and from the winds and waters, all servants of the gods, a man needed a really strong magic — a magic that started to act as soon as the vessel touched the water and which could be given added strength before any special expedition was begun.

Early seamen were brave, bold fellows, fierce and wild. Their gods were likewise fierce, not easily appeased except by blood, particularly blood of their earthly image, man. For this reason the Norsemen launched their vessels on rollers to which human bodies were attached, over which the ships rolled to the sea bathed scarlet from prow to stern. Men of Tonga slew one of their number to wash the deck of a new ship with blood. In Samoa and Fiji shark gods received human sacrifice.

Human beings gradually gave up killing their fellow men for sacrifice and slaughtered animals instead. According to Apian, the Roman historian, his countrymen erected altars ". . . where their bases might be washed by the waves." He describes how the fleet was drawn up in a semicircle, the crews all silent while priests rowed around it three times praying "that ill luck should not befall the vessels. Then returning to the shore they imolated bulls or calves, the blood of which reddened the sea and the shore." Babylonians slew oxen and the Turks sacrificed sheep, the latter giving the flesh to the poor. Even in recent times both the Chinese and the Tahitians sacrifice a cock to the sea deity.

Since fifteenth century ships carried a lucky talisman of bullock's horns at the end of the bowsprit or a goat's skull tipping the spar, we may suppose that these savage rites carried over to the Christian era as superstitions long after their origin was forgotten.

Gradually, however, launching ceremonies assumed a more gentle aspect. As a libation, the Greeks, and later the Romans, used water; as a blessing they

used wine, part of which was drunk and part tossed to the sea god. This ritual was adopted by the Christians and became the basis of our ship's christening.

Much later Venice, then queen of the Adriatic, became the home of a variation in which the ship was wedded to the sea with great pomp. The ceremony was concluded by the Doge or some other dignitary casting a bridal ring into the water. In the magnificence of Tsarist Russia, officials, priests, acolytes and choristers went over the whole vessel chanting, praying, burning incense and candles and sprinkling it liberally with holy water.

The great English shipbuilder, Phineas Pett, describes in some detail the launching of the *Prince Royal*: the ship was "crowded with people," including the entire royal family and a band; all the dignitaries crowded on the poop and a great standing cup of gilt was filled with wine, part of which was consumed; the ship was given her name and the cup was heaved overboard. Had the ancient Britons learned this rite from their Roman masters centuries earlier?

As was the case with most religious ceremonies, females were debarred from any participation in launchings until lady-loving Prince George of England broke the tradition in favor of a friend. To insure the lady's hitting the bow with the bottle as custom by then demanded, it was fastened to the ship by a lashing of ribbons and lanyard. If, perchance, the lady should miss, the bottle would swing back and break against the ship as it began to slide down the ways. It is usual today to have the bottle thus lashed, and it was with delight that we noted that Mrs. Eisenhower wielded a free-swinging bottle over the *Savannah*, scoring a direct hit on her first — and only possible — try.

So evolved the simple ship christening ceremony we use today to launch our new vessels. Whether or not it acts as a safety device is a debatable matter, but it is by now part of the life of the shipyard's and a wonderful excuse for charming sponsors to wear their prettiest hats.

— M. THIRLWELL



Welcome Aboard

Visitors can board full-size sailing replicas of the 100-ton *Susan Constant* (left) and the 40-ton *Godspeed* at their permanent berths in Jamestown Festival Park, six miles from reconstructed Williamsburg, Va. At right is the 20-ton *Discovery*. The ships are anchored about a mile upstream from the site of the original landing of the first English settlers in 1607.

Thomas L. Williams

A BIT of American history, a taste of life aboard a sailing vessel and hours of fun await anyone who will visit one of the many sailing ships lovingly maintained in the United States. For instance, in Jamestown, Virginia, visitors can board and examine an exact replica of the incredibly tiny *Susan Constant*, flagship of the three vessels that brought the first permanent English settlers, including John Smith, to the New World.

In 1620, the *Mayflower*, on which so very many American ancestors are supposed to have crossed the Atlantic, arrived at Plymouth, Mass., actually carrying 102 passengers and a crew of 21. In 1957 *Mayflower II*, a gift of goodwill to the people of the United States from the people of Great Britain, sailed a similar course from England to North America. As exact a reproduction of the original as historical records and modern research can make her, the 92-foot vessel now receives visitors at Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, Mass.

Guides are on hand at the U. S. Navy Yard in Boston to lead tours through the first and most famous ship of the U. S. Navy, the *Constitution*. An act of Congress in 1925 ordered "Old Ironsides" to be berthed permanently in Boston, where she was built. Her sistership, the frigate *Constellation*, the first U. S. Navy ship to engage and defeat the enemy and to capture an enemy warship, is available daily for

public inspection at Pier 1, Pratt Street, Baltimore. With her original structural timbers essentially still in place and her spars and rigging restored, the *Constellation* is preserved as a memorial of the historic days of fighting sail.

A different era is encountered at the Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum in New Bedford, Mass., where visitors can scramble over the decks and rigging of a half-scale model of the whaleship *Lagoda*. A typical Yankee whaleship of the busy 1850's (in 1857 the New Bedford Customs House registered over 400 whaleships), the *Lagoda* is reproduced perfectly down to the smallest detail.

The whaling ship *Charles W. Morgan*, built in New Bedford in 1841 and immortalized in the whaling classic "Whale Hunt," the story of her third voyage, is but one of the ships at Mystic Seaport, a 19th century coastal village recreated by the Marine Historical Association, Inc., at Mystic, Conn. Also anchored here are the former trading schooner *Australia* and the *Joseph Conrad*, built in Denmark in 1882 and sailed around the world as recently as 1934-36, both used in the seaport's youth training program. On June 27, 1959, the Arctic schooner *Bowdoin* joined the permanent exhibits at Mystic. During 29 scientific expeditions covering over 300,000 miles, the *Bowdoin* was "frozen in" three times — completely covered over with

snow, as protection against the cold winds, and entered through igloos built on top of her.

In New London, Conn., the U. S. Coast Guard training vessel *Eagle* can be visited when she is in port. The square-rigged Yankee bark is expected back from sea on September 6 this year.

After 40-odd years of seafaring, Captain Everett C. Lindsay of Machias, Maine, built his dream ship. With no auxiliary power, electricity or refrigeration, the schooner *Lucy Evelyn* carried cargoes from 1917 to 1948 between the U. S. East Coast the West Indies, England and West Africa. She rests today at Beach Haven, N. J., as a combination marine museum and gift shop.

On the West Coast visitors are welcomed to the oldest iron sailing vessel afloat. Hand constructed in 1863, the former emigrant ship *Star of India* has been made into the Maritime Museum of the City of San Diego.

In San Francisco, Roald Amundson's *Cjoa*, first ship to make the northwest passage through Bering Strait, receives thousands of visitors annually. She was illustrated on the cover of the May 1959 LOOKOUT.

San Francisco's Maritime Museum is the home of the 3-masted square-rigger *Balclutha*, the last deep-water full-rigged ship to fly the American flag. In 1954 she was bought and restored entirely through contributions of time, money and materials



Edward Sievers

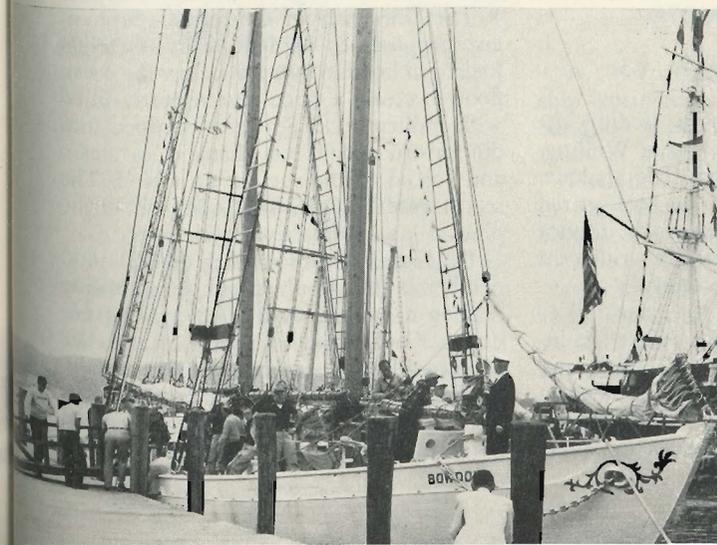
After 90 years of vigorous service, the *Star of India* has retired, like the grand lady she is, to welcome visitors in San Diego Harbor.

from individuals, corporations and unions associated with the maritime world in San Francisco. Originally named for the town (Bal) and river (Clutha or Clyde) where she was built in 1886, she was later known as the *Star of Alaska* and the *Pacific Queen*. In 1955 she was rechristened *Balclutha* by Mrs. Ina Frances Dunn, who was born aboard ship in 1899.

Most of these ships can be visited daily free of charge, although in some cases a nominal fee or contribution is requested to help defray the tremendous upkeep expenses.

Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan stands on the bow of the schooner *Bowdoin* at her berth in Mystic Seaport. During the four years he was marooned in a North Greenland ice field, Admiral MacMillan conceived of a ship designed specifically for Arctic work. Built in 1920-21 and named for the Admiral's college, the *Bowdoin*, only 88 feet long and 21 feet wide, can be jammed into a niche among rocks when ice threatens.

Louis S. Martel



The World of Ships

STOP, THIEF!

Somebody stole five ships from the bottom of the Pacific a half mile off the port of Naha, Okinawa, thereby making the Fukada Salvage Company most unhappy.

Sunk during World War II by the United States Navy, the ships were recently bought for scrap by Fukada, which says it will sue the Okinawan government if the ships are not returned.

LOCH NESS MONSTER

Six people claimed to have sighted the Loch Ness, Scotland, sea monster on July 8. The *N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun* quoted Ron Stewart, 20, as saying: "I saw several humps and a long thin, brown-colored tail in the middle of the loch . . . The wash was about the length of three fishing boats."

Opinion is divided on whether good or bad luck follows upon seeing the monster. Good luck, Mr. Stewart!

PAUA PEARLS

Full-scale experiments in seeding the paua for pearls are underway in Wellington Harbor, New Zealand. The abalone-like shellfish, which has long been prized for the opal-like coloring of its interior shells, produces a strikingly iridescent pearl when seeding is successful.

About 30 per cent of the paua fail to recover from the operation required to introduce the "seed" into the shellfish, and the rest need careful feeding for about a week, but the results are of very high quality when pearls are produced.

Japanese experts have succeeded in "seeding" a similar shellfish, but the Japanese government strictly regulates the teaching of the process to non-Japanese. It is planned that a joint Japanese-New Zealand company will be formed for the project.

WAYS AND MEANS

For sixteen years Rodney Wesley Garrett has wanted to be a marine missionary in the South Seas.

Three and a half years ago his search for a suitable vessel brought him from his home in Australia to Vancouver, where he sold life insurance to support his wife and four children. As a salesman he was so successful that last January he was able to purchase the 44-foot, steel-hulled yawl *Southern Cross II*. He is scheduled to sail this month, with his family, for the Fiji Islands.

DRINKS ALL AROUND

When Dr. George C. Kennedy raps for a drink, he is not given to half measures.

The University of California geophysicist proposes to explode a five-metagon hydrogen bomb 6,000 feet below the ocean floor to create a huge cavern partly filled with molten rock. Seawater pumped into the cavern would be changed to steam and forced to the surface in a pipe. The steam would condense and come out of the pipe as non-radioactive fresh water.

Dr. Kennedy reckons that a \$1,000,000 one-bomb shot would produce ten billion gallons of water, or 10,000 gallons per dollar. One thousand gallons per dollar is best achieved by other processes to date.

Maybe the plan will look better as the world gets thirstier, but for the moment it is reassuring to note that a tamer process

will be used at the Department of Interior's atomic-powered salt water conversion plant, scheduled to be built in California.

The United States' first million-gallon-a-day plant to convert sea water slated for Freeport, Texas, will be operated by a conventional power system.

DE-ICING SPREADS

Several northern ports, including Thule, Greenland, and St. John, N. B., have found successful de-icing systems. Usually the method involves a plastic hose laid on the sea bottom to release air bubbles, forcing warm water to rise and melt surface ice.

Senator Alexander Wiley is now urging an Army study for de-icing the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes to keep them open all year. Mr. Wiley admitted that cracking the ice barrier in that area would be a long-range project, but he predicted tremendous economic advantages from making those waters available during the four winter months.

A number of other Senators, including Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating of New York, joined Senator Wiley in introducing the measure.

HER EMBARRASSING MOMENT

If the *Argo beam* had a figurehead, it would probably still be blushing. The 9315-ton British motorship, sailing from Gibraltar in June, arrived off the Hook of Holland and proceeded up the ship canal to the Rotterdam docks. She departed immediately, however. Her cargo was destined for Kiel, Germany.

LIONS CLUBBED

That charming character of zoos and aquariums, the sea lion, is not so popular with the fishing industry in British Columbia.

Sea lions, which can weigh as much as 1,500 pounds, are prodigious eaters of fish, particularly halibut and salmon. As many as 10,000 of these predatory animals have been seen at one time at just one of their many rookeries along the British Columbia coast.

Besides depleting the stock of fish, sea lions have endangered fishing vessels. The captain of a halibut boat recently told how his vessel was attacked by 40 sea lions who refused to be driven off by rifle fire. For each fish he took aboard, he estimated that sea lions took four from his gear. Another fisherman reported that his crew were so threatened by 60 sea lions that he was forced to move to other grounds.

Nearly 3,000 sea lions were shot at the beginning of the summer in the Canadian Department of Fisheries program to try to control their numbers in this area. Sea lion meat was brought to Vancouver for sale as mink feed.

ATOM-SHIP BARGE

A 129-foot barge to be used in nuclear-ship maintenance, refueling and waste handling is being built at the Todd Shipyards in Houston, Texas.

Designed by the Electric Boat Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, it will have a compartmented hull and will include facilities for processing radioactive wastes to prepare them for disposal. A hold for possible future storage of expended nuclear fuel elements will also be installed.

The barge is to be delivered at Camden, N. J., in time to be used in testing the *N. S. Savannah*.

And then a sound, a sound alien above the river noises. A loudspeaker. Music. The pulses quicken; blood tingles the scalp. It always happens this way, especially when the music is the American national anthem. After the anthem, a voice:

"Welcome, welcome to Hamburg. We hope you will like our city. Have fun."

The greeting station is behind now, and the harbor is just ahead. The tugboats move alongside, their lines fly aboard; then, seemingly, their whistles scream in protest at the big ship's ponderous weight; and the big ship bellows a contemptuous, hoarse reply. Like the arrogant queen she is, the big ship slides haughtily alongside the dock. The lines go ashore. The sailors struggle with the manilla hausers; they sweat, and they curse. Finally, the queen is in position, and the first mate yells:

"Okay, boys, make her fast where she is!"

"Make her fast where she is, sir!"

Shave time. Shower time. And dress-up time. Chow time. Chow time? There's no time for such an insignificant function. Hamburg is waiting . . . just across the harbor. Why, sure!

Frieda, too, is waiting.

Lovely, eye-filling Frieda. Frieda with the big blue eyes the golden hair and red cheeks. Frieda with a body sleek and trim. She'd be at the ferry landing. She would always be there. Waiting. This time she'd have to be told. This time it was going to be different. Much different. This time it's going to be the zoo, the museum, and the Planten Bloom. A little culture. Why, sure! A little culture wouldn't hurt any sailor. And it would be easy on the wallet, to boot. But Frieda won't mind. It might even be a treat for her. Sure! Besides, how many people really know their own city? Have ever seen it?

The ferry pulls alongside, gently nudging the pier. The feel of solid earth is always good. Even the smell of the air is different, and the sight of so many people is nearly intoxicating. And the sight of Frieda, standing there, smiling . . .

The touch of her arm, a soft, round arm, is light and, somehow, a bit possessive. The small cafe on the landing is

just ahead. A nice, friendly little place. The same table for two by the window. And Frieda in the same chair. A ritual, this.

"Waiter, two beers, please."

"*Prosit*, Frieda of the blue eyes and the golden hair." Two pairs of eyes caress intimately. A clinking of glasses "*Prosit!*"

The waiter smiles and takes away the empty glasses to be refilled.

Frieda and Hamburg. Somehow, they are one and the same. Somehow . . . Sure, like Helen and Boston. Alice and New York. Inger and Rotterdam. But Frieda has a brighter glow than the others, the one most remembered, the one most desired. Or is it Hamburg?

The little cafe on the landing is behind now. Two more little cafes, cafes filled with memories of other days and of other ships. A good meal on top of all the beer. And the hotel. The assignation. Assignation: an ugly sounding word. But with Frieda it isn't ugly, not really. No, it's more like being married secretly. And, even if it were a secret marriage, can a sailor ever *really* be married?

Evening is settling now and the myriad glittering lights of the *Reeperbahn* beckon. The *Reeperbahn*: The cross-roads of the North Sea; the Times Square of Hamburg *sans* the theaters and the fast moving people going . . . where? Here they move slowly, as though the *Reeperbahn* were the last stop on earth — the tourists from the north and the south; the seamen from all over the world. They're here to live fast for a few hours, to love, to laugh . . . and to forget.

Bars and night clubs, and a sprinkling of stores, stretch from one end to the other. Clubs that boast of beautiful girls; a bar of mirrors; one featuring ladies who wrestle in the mud; and still another with a miniature circus, complete with Shetland ponies, a couple of camels, and a four-legged, sad-eyed, thirsty jackass that will steal all the beer it can get from exposed glasses.

And then there's Maxie's Place.

No one has ever seen Maxie. No one seems to know whether Maxie is a man or a woman. Not that it matters. There's a

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German Tourist Information Office

Die Reeperbahn bei Nacht.

Maxie's Place in every seaport. A small dimly-lit cafe with a pin-top size dance floor. A place where a sailor can sit with his woman and listen to soft music. The smoke-filled atmosphere is subdued, and all around is the soft whisper of voices. The tinkling of glasses raised in amorous salute. Life is being lived for the moment. Past moments are forgotten; future moments are to be lived when they arrive. And the hours slip by rapidly unnoticed.

"*Prosit!* Frieda with the golden hair and red cheeks."

"*Prosit*, mein lieber," comes the soft reply.

* * *

Unheralded and unwanted, daylight has managed to sneak through the cracks of the window curtains, sending its streaks of warning across the dimly lit room. The moment of escape has passed. It's time to go. The haughty, hoarse-voiced queen is waiting.

The trip by taxi to the ferry landing is made quickly, too quickly. Frieda is smiling and trying hard to keep the tears from flooding those big blue eyes; but she doesn't quite succeed. A last, hurried

embrace; the feel of a damp cheek, the faint odor of a familiar perfume, a parting wave, and then the mad dash down the ramp to the ferry. Outwardly, the harbor breeze is refreshing; but, inwardly, a sinking feeling akin to despair persists. And in the recesses of the mind a vague thought stirs . . . something about culture . . .

Damn all women, anyway! Why do they have to cry? Why do those tears make a sailor feel that he's leaving something that he shouldn't be leaving? Why do these goodbyes make a man feel like . . . like what? Hamburg, you're so inveighling, so beautiful and so cruel.

Or is it the woman?

* * *

Down to the sea in a big ship. Down the Elbe, away from Hamburg, the ship's wake trailing reluctantly behind. And ahead lies the long pull, the pull without a woman, without soft lights, without the feel of something that cannot be defined. Ahead await the waters and skies of the North Sea, the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean.

And behind, always waiting, is Hamburg.
— JOSEPH M. MORRIS



Book Watch

The French Navy in World War II (U.S. Naval Institute, \$6.00, *illustrated*) by Rear Admiral Paul Auphan and historian Jacques Mordal is the latest in the Naval Institute's series portraying World War II naval history as seen by prominent officers who fought in the war. Eminently qualified to record the story of the French Navy — Admiral Auphan was Chief of Naval Operations at Vichy and Jacques Mordal was on his staff — the authors have written a fascinating now-it-can-be-told book.

Warren F. Kuehl has edited the writings of James H. Williams in *Blow the Man Down! A Yankee Seaman's Adventures Under Sail* (Dutton, \$4.50, *illustrated*), to produce a vivid portrayal of life and conditions under sail. Although a man of limited education, Williams wrote with uncommon clarity, drama and a captivating sense of humor. The seaman's manuscripts have been arranged in chronological order by Mr. Kuehl, forming an autobiographical narrative of Williams' many adventures during the last decades of sail.

As the sport of skin diving has gained popularity throughout the country, so books by, about and for skin divers are appearing more often. Marion Clayton Link tells of the Link family's undersea activities among old wrecks in the Caribbean in *Sea Diver* (Rinehart, \$4.50, *illustrated*). Skin diving at first only for sport, the Links and their two sons were lured by the sunken treasures along the Spanish plunder-routes. Mrs. Link describes in detail the outfitting of their ship, their exploration of wrecks, and their many salvage projects, including what they believe to be the great anchor from Columbus' *Santa Maria*.

A chronicle of scientific adventuring underwater is offered by Hans Hass in *We Come from the Sea* (Doubleday,

\$6.50, *illustrated*). Dr. Hass recounts his experiences on a full-scale Red Sea reconnaissance, an aqualung-and-camera survey of the Great Barrier Reef and during recent expeditions to the Caribbean and the Galapagos Islands. The volume includes the first photographic record of the activities of the sperm whale, the habits of the giant clam and many other marine creatures, combining a study of marine life with an exciting tale of exploration.

Dangerous Marine Animals (Cornell Maritime Press, \$4.00, *illustrated*) by Bruce W. Halstead, M.D. is a valuable handbook for everyone who works or plays in or on the seas. The result of over fourteen years medical research on dangerous marine organisms, including work undertaken for the United States armed forces, this book contains the most complete and accurate listing to date of marine animals that bite, sting or poison.

A clearly written and well illustrated guide to charcoal and oils, *Painting and Drawing in Charcoal and Oil* (Reinhold, \$10.00, *illustrated*) by Edmond J. Fitzgerald has two chapters of special interest to LOOKOUT readers. One is Chapter 5, in which Fitzgerald, a man who really knows the sea, looks at it with the artist's analytical eye.

Chapter 8, "Building the Mural," centers around the author's experience in executing the Institute's 40'x10' mural of the merchant marine landing troops and supplies at Omaha Beach on D-day of the Normandy invasion. Because of handicaps imposed by the columns in the Institute's lobby, the color reproduction of the mural is about the poorest of the 16 carried in the book. The mural won the \$5,000 First Award of the National Society of Mural Painters.

The author, incidentally, has for many years helped to judge seamen's paintings in the Institute's art contests.

Death of a Seaman

Through the bedroom window,
Upon the floor, on the wall
A shadow bends to and fro
To the wind in the trees in the Fall.

And in the air the crackled smell
Of burning leaves, lingering;
Catching the cry-call, the swell
Of the gull southward bound on wing.

Leaves upon the ground brown
And golden chasing the whirl
In the wind, the down-down
Following the down whirl.

And so lay he in the quiet,
In the nakedness of his room
Hearing above the purr of the night
The roar of the sea in its endless tomb.

— HERMAN SHAPIRO

Second Prize, 1959 Poetry Contest

Winter, North Atlantic

The wind,
cold as the breath of Death,
until she foams with madness,
tortures the sea
green and black,
white-headed and insane.

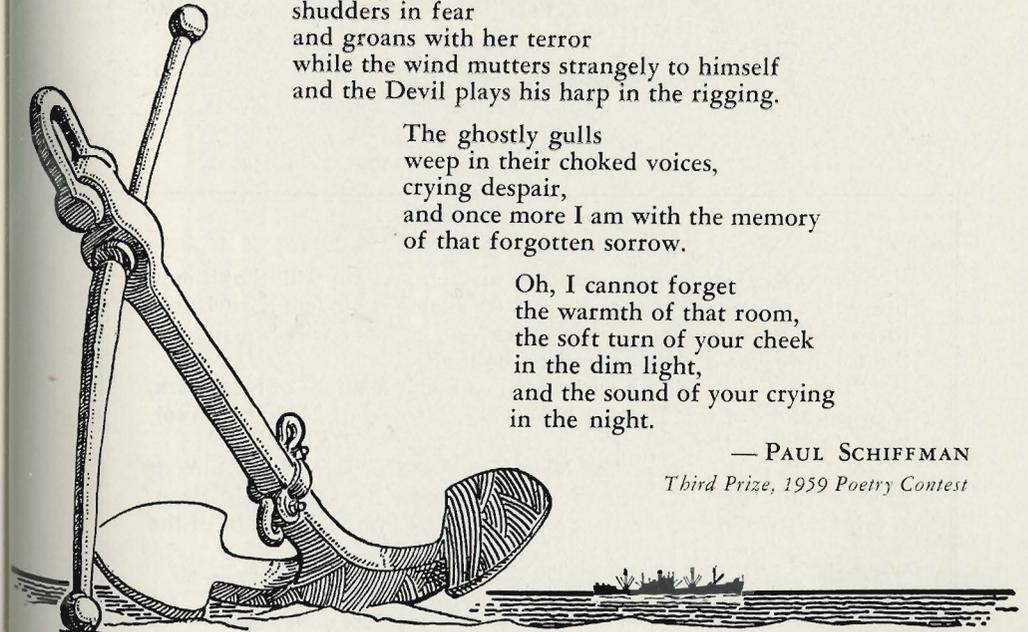
The ship
shudders in fear
and groans with her terror
while the wind mutters strangely to himself
and the Devil plays his harp in the rigging.

The ghostly gulls
weep in their choked voices,
crying despair,
and once more I am with the memory
of that forgotten sorrow.

Oh, I cannot forget
the warmth of that room,
the soft turn of your cheek
in the dim light,
and the sound of your crying
in the night.

— PAUL SCHIFFMAN

Third Prize, 1959 Poetry Contest



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CHARLES E. DUNLAP
DE COURSEY FALES
F. RICHARDS FORD
DAVID R. GRACE
ARTHUR Z. GRAY
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GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
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JOHN H. G. PELL
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PAUL RENSRAW
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WILLIAM D. RYAN
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HERBERT L. SEWARD
BENJAMIN H. TRASK
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JOHN G. WINSLOW
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

Honorary Member of the Institute

JOHN MASEFIELD

DIRECTOR

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.

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 suggest 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.