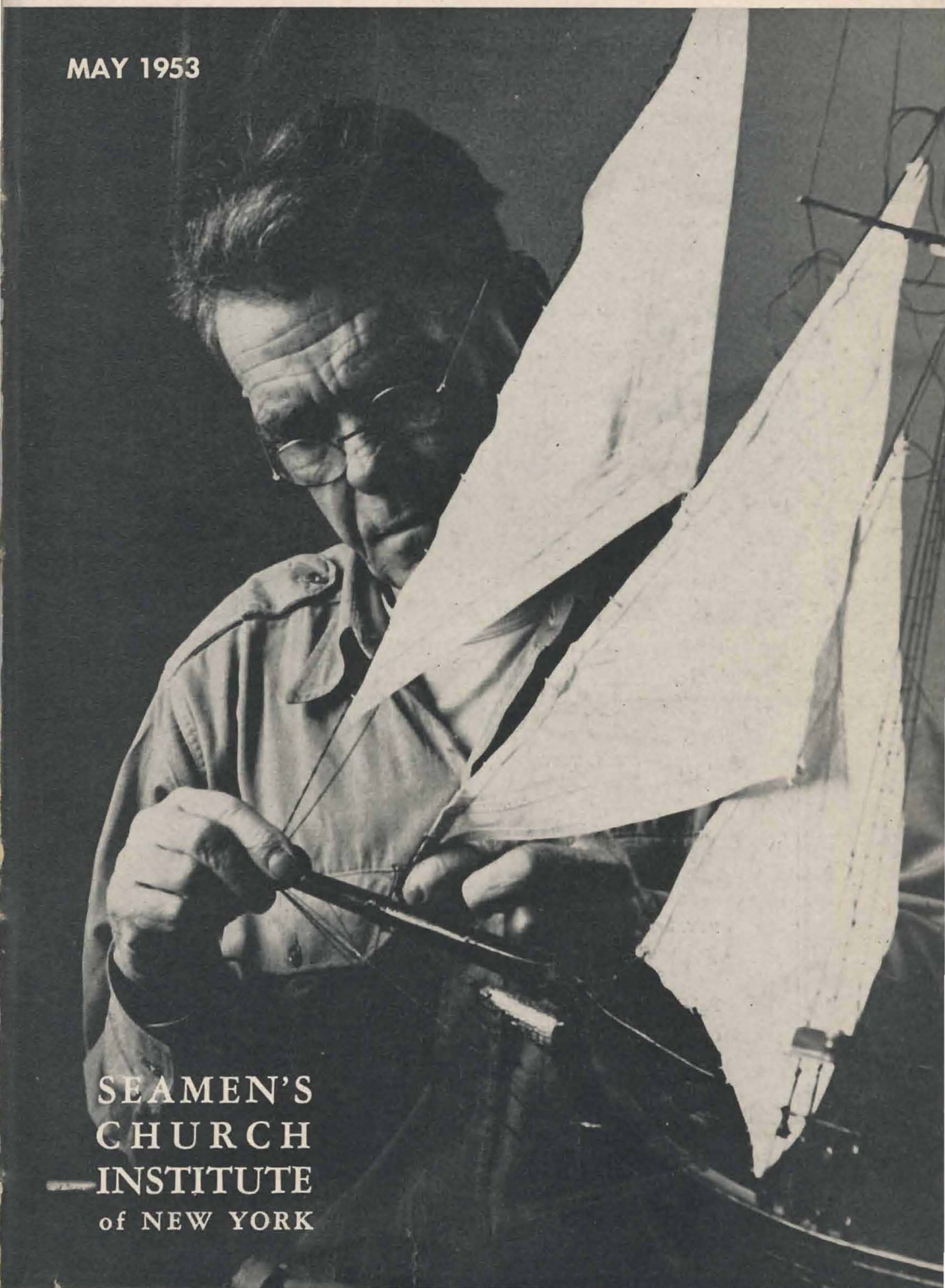
# The LOOKOUT

MAY 1953



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

THE COVER: Chris Svendsen is shown hoisting a new set of jibs on a Hudson River schooner, one of the many ship models to go on exhibition May 24, when the Institute opens its new Marine Museum. As the lines in his face would indicate, Chris is a veteran of many years under sail. See page one.


The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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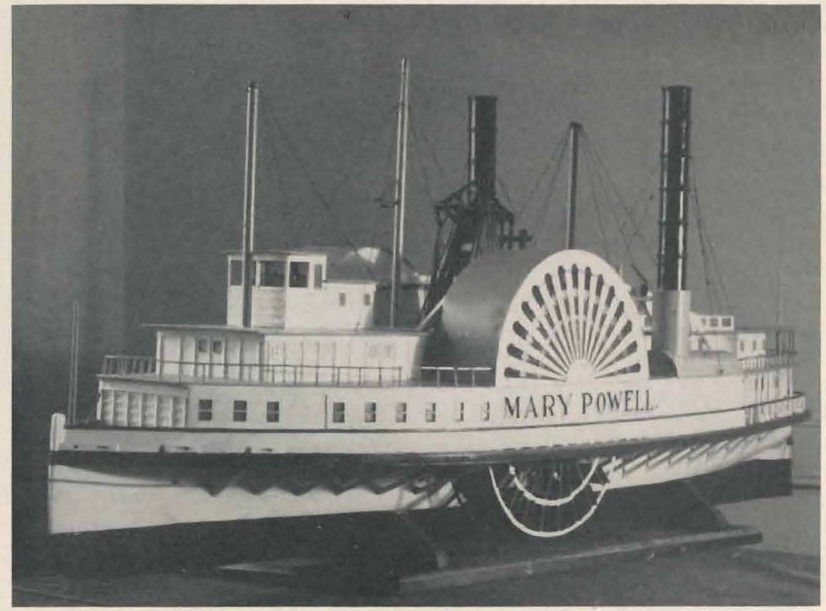



In addition to many sailing ships, the Institute's new Marine Museum also has a fine collection of model steam vessels.

## At the Marine Museum

THE FLEET of ship models that will go on display when the Institute's Marine Museum is opened on May 24 continues to grow in size and diversity. Some very valuable and unusual models have been given by persons who read about the Museum plans in the March LOOKOUT.

One singular model is that of a Lemmer aak, an old Dutch sailing vessel resembling a wooden shoe with a pair of wings on the side. This type of ship is designed for the shallow waters of the Zuider Zee and the wings are actually side boards that may be lowered into the water to take the place of the deep keel customarily found on sailing vessels. The Lemmer aak is the loan of Mrs. Shelling of New York. Also loaned by Mrs. Shelling is an early 18th-century French man-of-war, *Le Conquerant*, which carries some seventy-odd guns, mounting a number of them high in her rigging. Being struck down by falling cannon must not have been the least of battle dangers on *Le Conquerant*.

One of the most perfectly constructed models in the Museum is a large replica of the great American sailing ship, the *Roanoke*. Made by one of the *Roanoke's* crew, the model is faultless in the reproduction of every detail.

There are in the Museum two examples of the use of bizarre materials in model making. One is a four-foot square-rigged model made entirely of bone by


(*Continued on Page* 11)

# Our Last Four-Master

THE sole survivor of America's once vast fleet of four-masted coasting schooners is the *Annie C. Ross*, recently renamed the *Elizabeth Scott Moore* through a change of ownership which has left her unaffected in other respects. Since 1942, the weary, wooden-hulled vessel has been tied at a berth near the Grand Street Bridge in Newtown Creek, Queens, where she listlessly rises and falls with the tide and nods ever so gently to the hurly-burly tugs that rile the foul waters of the narrow stream.

In the dark of night she has been struck several times by barges being hustled in and out of the creek. By the light of day there was only the sun to heal her injuries. High on the right hip her hull is punctured and her martingale dangles down from the bowsprit.

The *Elizabeth Scott Moore* was launched at Bath, Maine in 1917 as the *Annie C. Ross*, and for a quarter-century she worked the coasting trade, hauling lumber, coal, fish scrap and whatever she could get in a time when sail was making a last futile stand. The vessel hoisted twelve sails: four head sails, four gaff-headed sails and four gaff tops'les — these last described by one of her former crew as having resembled "huge mule's ears." The seaman, Edmund Moran, who sailed on her in 1940, writes that "under full sail the gallant fore-and-after displayed the flawless beauty of a terraced cloud" and that "close-hauled, in a spanking breeze, she heeled sharply with a bone in her teeth."

In the years since she was towed into Newtown Creek with her sails unbent and her topmasts removed, the schooner has suffered from neglect and repeated attacks of vandalism. Youthful marauders have thrown most of her belaying pins and loose tackle over the side, and a fire of undetermined origin charred the interior of her once handsome mahogany and teak cabin.

Unclaimed after a group of Cape Verde Islanders abandoned their attempt in 1947 to convert her to a Portuguese packet, the ship passed into the hands of New York State. She has subsequently been acquired at public auction by actor-playwright Scott Moore, who has plans to convert her to a floating television studio.

Her hull, often credited with having one of the prettiest sterns ever built, is still sound, owing to the heavy pollution of industrial wastes in Newtown Creek which kills off all marine life.

The vessel has no claim to fame by virtue of her own accomplishments (unless it would be the time she stole the show from the *Normandie* as the crack French liner was entering New York on her maiden voyage), but she deserves attention as the last of a great line of American sailing vessels. She is the last page of a great chapter in American Merchant Marine history, closing out the era which saw America riding high on the seas through its outstanding national resource — lumber.



In observance of Maritime Day

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

of New York

cordially invites you to its

SIXTH ANNUAL "OPEN HOUSE"

SUNDAY, MAY 24, FROM 10 A.M. TO 7:30 P.M.

Featuring:

The new **Marine Museum** of the Seamen's Church Institute, with an outstanding collection of ship models and sea curios. 10 A.M. - 5 P.M.

**Guided tours** of the building, starting on the 4th floor, 10:30 A.M. - 3 P.M.

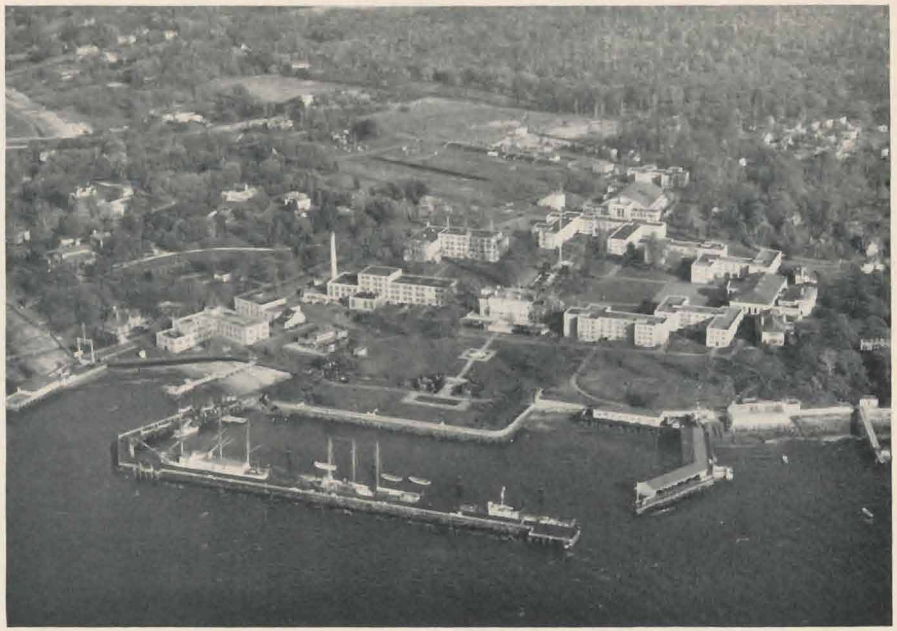
**Sea songs** by the Balladeers, a male chorus, in the auditorium, 3:30 - 4 P.M.

**Tea** in the Janet Roper Clubroom, 4 - 5 P.M.

Luncheon and dinner will be served 11:30 to 2:00 and 5:30 to 7:30 P.M. ($1.25 per person). For your advance reservations please call BOwling Green 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 Kings Pointer

## The place of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy in maritime America.

By Luis E. Bejarano, *Lieut. Comdr., USMS*

GENERALLY Americans realize that the two most recent world wars could not have ended in victory without the world's greatest merchant fleets built in the United States and manned by trained American personnel. Moreover, it has become most convincingly apparent that a dependably efficient merchant marine is just as important to this nation in peacetime as during war. In addition to the dependence for the economic well-being of our country on the effective use of our merchant fleet, the American Merchant Marine is essential to support the comparatively new position of world leadership of the United States and to meet our responsibility in developing a lasting peace.

Shipping is America's oldest industry. Although the development of shipping historically has been motivated by private incentive and enterprise, it is more than a business in the usual sense of the term. It has become for this nation an integral part of national and foreign policy, and consequently it is maintained as a national instrument by its citizens in order to serve properly their needs of commerce and defense.

In their glorious history the American people many times have experienced the unfortunate results of neglecting their merchant marine, but the two recent wars have finally awakened us — as nothing else could. In the first World War we spent more than two billion dollars to build merchant ships and to train men hastily to operate them. In the second World War, more than five times as much was spent.

The awakening actually began between the two wars. In 1935 President Roosevelt emphasized the need for an adequate merchant marine, and Congress responded with the act which has been described as the Magna Charta of the American Merchant Marine. That statute, reaffirmed by each succeeding Congress and amended to make it an emphatic and efficient instrument of American policy, declared it necessary for the national defense and for the development of the nation's foreign and domestic commerce that the United States have a merchant marine—American built and operated—of sufficient strength to provide shipping service at all times on all routes essential to the domestic and foreign commerce of the United States; capable of serving as auxiliary in time of war or national emergency; and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel.

Because the American merchant fleet competes against lower cost foreign ships —lower in building as well as in operating costs—and can charge only what the competition will permit, it has become a part of the national policy to offer financial assistance to selected and approved steamship operators in the form of construction and operating differential subsidies. These subsidies are designed simply to reduce American costs to the level of the foreign costs, and do not guarantee a profit to the American operator. Efficient, hard driving, imaginative, and competitive management are the prerequisites to success in the merchant marine, regardless of whether the ship is operated under subsidy or without subsidy. Unlike the dairy industry, for example, which receives assistance from the government in the form of price support which requires the American public to pay certain minimum prices for butter and milk, American ships must charge freight and passenger rates which are determined largely by the lower cost foreign ships. If the American ships were to charge more, the business would be driven to the foreign-flag vessels.

Of particular significance was the emphasis by Congress on the need for properly trained merchant ship personnel. Since efficient management is essential to survival, it is a logical development that the United States government train personnel to supply the high degree of efficiency required on board modern ships. Following the adoption of the Merchant Marine Act, the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps was created and the United States Merchant Marine Academy was established at Kings Point. The building of the Academy was characterized by President Roosevelt as "a momentous forward step in the nation's planned program of maritime progress." He stressed its importance to American world commerce, in the maintenance both of our wartime lifelines and of our peacetime economy for the future.

The primary function of the Academy is to train American boys to be licensed officers—the equivalent of the commissioned officers of the armed services—for service on the bridges and in the engine-rooms of American merchant ships, both in peace and in war. As President Roosevelt observed when Kings Point was dedicated, "This Academy serves the Merchant Marine as West Point serves the Army, Annapolis the Navy, and the Academy at New London the Coast Guard."

The thesis which the Merchant Marine Academy exemplifies is the indispensability and the paramount importance of quality leadership. No nation builds better ships than the United States. But, in the final analysis, it is the human element in ship operation that counts the heaviest. Even the best ship must be efficiently and skillfully operated. Even the most capable crew needs to be ably led. A ship's performance can rise no higher than the level of the competence of the ship's officers. While a poor ship may be operated safely by a well-disciplined crew, the best ship can easily come to grief with a poor crew.

The young man who is admitted to the Merchant Marine Academy enters not only upon a program of professional training but upon the equivalent of a college course. When he is graduated after four years he is granted the same

(*Continued on Page* 10)

# The World of Ships

## XESTOBIUM RUFOVILLOSUM

X.R., or deathwatch beetle, is currently making mince meat of Lord Nelson's 187-year-old flagship, *Victory*.

The last of Britain's 18th-century "wooden wall" warships, the *Victory's* three-foot oaken planks are infested with the tiny borers, called deathwatch beetles because of the peculiar echoing, tapping sound they produce while at their unholy labors.

This disintegration of her structure, the lumber of 2,000 trees, has been progressing for some time. In 1922, her substructure gave way and she was set in concrete and used since that time as a ceremonial flagship. Every kind of known insecticide has been sprayed without success, and the indomitable British are now turning to radioactive gamma-rays or X-rays to penetrate the wood and destroy the insatiable hordes.

It seems that British ships were often constructed of unseasoned wood, which hastens rotting, and it was not uncommon that promptly upon the firing of a stiff salvo, a man o'war's bottom would fall out.

Unseasoned wood may have added to the *Victory's* problems. What more melancholy fate than this—that a vessel with such a proud history of mastery of the seas should succumb to a beetle!

## VIVE LA FLANDRE!

The *Flandre* flounced into port April 23rd, tooting her whistle and proudly steaming along under her own power.

It's nearly a year now since her hapless maiden voyage, when she limped, after numerous delays, into New York harbor only to have her power system fail, her anchor refuse to be weighed and her whistle refuse to toot. Ignominiously, she was towed to her berth. We would not be so ungallant as to go into the details of her six month overhauling — suffice to say that this time she was a mere twenty minutes off her schedule for the six-day voyage and averaged a brisk 23½ knots.

## CAVANAGH HONORED

Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., Commissioner of Marine and Aviation, was recently named "Waterfront Man of the Year" by Barnacles, an association of executives and officials in maritime activities.

The citation commended the Commissioner for "untiring efforts and inspiring leadership" in port affairs, and noted his work in improving the port's terminal facilities and his "thorough understanding" of its problems.

Commissioner Cavanagh revealed that $150,000,000 had been spent in bettering facilities in the past five years, that 800,000 persons worked in the area on maritime or allied tasks and that shipping interests spend $250,000,000 annually in the city.

## DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND . . .

It's an old maxim of the sea, claims the Nautical Research Journal, that a ship not christened with liquor would be a hoodoo ship. And that a ship that failed to slide down the ways at launching would certainly meet with disaster.

A case in point, say they, is that of the *Jane Palmer*, that was christened with goldenrods and froze to her stocks at her launching. Well, sir, it took two tugs to get her off, and then durned if she didn't get stuck in the channel, and didn't it have to be dredged out special, so she could pass?

One melancholy accident piled on another, till that Christmas Eve, she went and cracked her bottom flat on Fawn Bar, outside Boston, while bucking a nor'easter. Come morning, only her top masts were above water. But the wise old salts had known it would happen all along.

## WOE IS THE WHALE

The lookout's cry of "Thar she blows!" in days of yore meant a scramble to the longboats and a turbulent, bitter battle of wits and strength between men and whale. Not so, today. The hunt for the harried leviathan is carried on by scouting planes, echo whale-finders and submarine radar equipment.

This past season, 250 ships and 12,000 men of six nations pursued the unhappy creature with electric harpoons and nylon ropes, while the whale waged a losing battle, using the same weapons he had in the days of Moby Dick. Some limitations on the number of whales that may be killed have been set in an attempt to halt their annihilation—but unless the whale develops a secret weapon his future looks black indeed.

## OIL SLICKS

Oil discharged by ships close to shore is one of the major contributions to water pollution in the New York area, warned Rear Admiral Olson, Third District Coast Guard Commander, recently.

A serious danger to bathers, to fish and waterfowl, this practice has necessitated the condemnation of large areas, thus depriving the populous New York area of much needed recreational opportunities, and forcing an additional load onto the already congested and inadequate beaches. It's a blow to the New York fishing industry as well, rendering the few surviving shellfish unfit for human consumption. The industry, and the fish, must search farther afield for their sustenance.

## THE RIGHT PITCH

Equipped to get just the right pitch on her work is the tug *Dalzellera*, new addition to the fleet of the Dalzell Towing Company. The new tug is the first American vessel to be driven by the de Schelde controllable-pitch propeller.

During recent trial runs in New York Harbor the *Dalzellera* demonstrated an impressive maneuverability, gained through the fact that the drive shaft receives an uninterrupted flow of power from the engine as the four tandem-mounted blades change pitch to reverse the propeller's thrust.

## ON THE ALERT?

Since 1950, over 1500 ships entering the port of New York have been searched in a security check carried out by the Coast Guard and Customs officers, with the aid of Geiger counters and construction blueprints. The search has been for atomic weapons, explosives, pencil bombs and bacteriological-type weapons.

However, Rear Admiral Raymond J. Mauerman, Coast Guard chief of operations, recently told a Senate Commerce subcommittee that American ports are not secure against sabotage and other threats to the national safety. Admiral Mauerman made the point that the job of safeguarding shipping centers against security hazards was too big for any one agency and that while the Coast Guard had full authority, under the Magnuson Act of 1950, to enforce port security, it lacked the manpower to do so.

According to Coast Guard information, the port captain in charge of the Coast Guard security program in New York on 1942 estimated that 16,900 men would be required to do the job properly. Then, 3,000 men were assigned to this project. Today, 400 Coast Guardsmen are attempting these same duties.

# The Diver

SEAMEN with interesting stories are among the things the LOOKOUT is on the lookout for, so Lucky was a welcome caller. He had seen an article about seamen who paint.

"Man," he said, dropping into a chair, "I wanna talk to somebody who knows about art. I got some buddies been devilin' hell outa me over a picture I did."

"What kind of a picture?"

"The Brooklyn Bridge." He leaned forward and seemed to wrestle for words. "Only it's not a regular kind of a picture. It's kind of like when something reminds you of something, but they maybe don't look the same. But you think of it anyway."

"An abstraction?"

"Yeah. Not the way a thing looks, but how it makes you think . . . ya know?"

He was a tall fellow, dark and about thirty. In a sweatshirt and tight dungarees he looked—well, not thin, but compressed. He didn't know why he was called "Lucky" by his friends—unless it was because he had been a navy frogman and had lived to become a deep-sea diver.

"That's where I first got the idea I wanted to paint something—down at the bottom of the sea. You really got to paint it. I mean you can't tell about it or write it down, because there's nothin' you can compare it to. It's like a different world. It's terrific; nobody else can see it, so you think you ought to paint it. But you don't paint it like it really is because you like some parts better than others."

Lucky had painted the Brooklyn Bridge the way he saw it, figuring there was no other way. But apparently his friends didn't agree that he ought to be seeing it the way he was. We decided that I would have to see the painting before the matter could be discussed further. I was vastly more interested in talking about his diving than his painting and he apparently was, too. He settled back and snaked out a cigarette.

"See, I'm from Maine. Right on the coast, a little town, a fishing town. When I was a kid I swam all day in the ocean. Then when I was in the navy they gave this swimming test to everybody. It was in a pool, and you were supposed to swim under water. Man, I could do that almost three minutes because I did it so much. I was in the medics when they gave this test and afterwards they called me into an auditorium with a bunch of others and told us we had been picked for underwater demolition. We were sort of volunteers. That is, if you didn't want to do it you could get up and leave and the man would check your name off at the door. Only seven backed down out of 250.

"It was hard work, the training we got—real mean. I always liked to swim, but man, they drove you till you didn't think your arms and legs belonged to you anymore. They got like propellers sort of. It took some of the fun away.

"Then after I come outa the navy I went giggin' fish—tuna, sword, barracuda, blue pike. That was out in Frisco, in the Filmore district."

"Well, hold on a minute," I interrupted, "let's go back to the frogmen. When was this — right at the end of the war?"

He shook his head and inhaled deeply. "At the beginning. It was the first batch they trained."

We went over his navy record a little more slowly and found that he had been in the invasions of Guam, Saipan, New Guinea and the Carolines.

"We had a good outfit. I mean everybody looked out for the other man. Nobody was ever left behind by the PT boats unless somebody could say for sure that the man wouldn't be back. I never saw men act like that anywhere else. The best friends I ever had were in the frogmen outfit. You got to know a man inside out."

Lucky had reenlisted in 1945 and in '46 he was with the Byrd expedition to the Antarctic, testing new equipment. In the navy he had also learned to handle deep-sea work.

After his discharge from the navy in 1950, he gigged fish for a time near San Francisco and then went back to Maine.

"My mother wanted me to get a job on the fishin' boats once I was home, but I wanted to get into deep sea work again. There's just nothin' like that. I don't know what it is. They let you down, down, down; halfway is the depth of darkness. It's real black, but it's the dark before the dawn because when you get below it, it's like bein' born again in a new day and a new world. There's all new things you never saw before."

Lucky took his deep sea tests at Bridgeport, Connecticut in 1951 and worked one season as a sponge bed spotter off Cuba. Then he began salvage work, raising ships that had been sunk during the war. Salvage divers fall into two main classes—spotters and aggressive divers. As a spotter, it was Lucky's job to locate the wreck and check water temperatures, tides, the contour of the ocean bed and the presence of sea life.

"A little fish swims past and looks at you. You never saw him before and he never saw you. Then maybe a bright shower of jelly beans, only each one alive, a little fish. It makes you wanna say 'hello' from the world above sometimes. These things that you see down deep can't live near the surface, just the same as a diver would be crushed in an instant without his suit when he's down where they are."

Lucky stood up apologetically. "Man, it's almost two. I been givin' you an awful ear-beatin'. When I get started on divin', somebody's just gotta stop me, 'cause I can talk till the cows come home. Besides, I gotta take a physical this afternoon for another work call I got — a salvaging job."

"You haven't got a photograph of yourself in diving gear, have you?" I asked.

"Sure, up in Maine. Why?"

"I wonder if you'd consider letting us put some of these things into an article about you?"

"Anytime," he grinned. "I like to talk about myself, and if anybody wants to help me, that's fine. So I'll have my album sent down and you can take your pick—right? And when I bring you that painting of the Brooklyn Bridge, I'll tell you about the manta ray and the time we were raising a Jap tanker off Buenos Aires. Remind me to tell you about the octopus, too. Man, there's an animal that's got everything he needs. When God made the octopus, there wasn't anything left out. He's even jet propelled. He's always one up on anything."

After Lucky left the office I didn't see him for several days and had about concluded that he was on his way to New Guinea when I happened to bump into him in the lobby. I asked him if he'd written home yet to have his album sent down; I wanted to have the picture before he shipped out.

"No, I haven't," he said, "But we got plenty time on that."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this." He thumped the left side of his chest with his fist. "They told me my heart couldn't take it anymore. They wouldn't pass me for diving." He looked up with a wry smile. "I see it surprises you, too. Well, that's all she wrote, mister—that's all. All I got now is what I can remember. And sometimes I can't tell whether I'm thinking about something I remember or something I dreamed about. Did I tell you about the fish you couldn't see? You could see what he had for supper, but you could barely make out the fish himself. Did I tell you about that one?"

TOM BAAB

(*Continued from Page* 5)
bachelor of science degree which is awarded to cadets at West Point and midshipmen at Annapolis. But his four years experience will be different in important respects from that of the typical college student.

The Cadet-Midshipman (so-called because he is preparing both for the Merchant Marine and for the Naval Reserve) spends one of his four years at sea. This is a year of laboratory work under actual working conditions. The Cadet-Midshipman's entire four-year program of study is laid out for him. He prepares for a definite career: if in a deck position, he takes one specified curriculum, if for an engineroom position, he takes another.

The Cadet-Midshipman finds that the educational standards are high—almost to the point of severity. To enter the Academy, he must take competitive scholastic tests. To be eligible for consideration for appointment he must stand well up among those taking the tests. To be finally accepted for appointment he must convince the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps that he is officer material of unquestioned quality. Candidates for appointment are accepted in order of demonstrated ability and promise.

To stay in the Academy the Cadet-Midshipman has to work persistently, faithfully, and well. The Academy year is eleven months long compared to the usual eight-and-a-half month college year. The Cadet-Midshipman, in fact, spends the equivalent of five years at his studies as against the college man's four. The results of the Cadet-Midshipman's work must have unmistakable quality.

Finally, while the Cadet-Midshipman's educational program is predominantly professional, preparing for a closely defined vocation, it contains a substantial element of general and cultural education. It is part of the Academy's mission "to educate the whole man so that he will be fitted not only for his profession but to enrich any sphere in which he may move and to become a leader in the democratic way of life."

The Academy intends that every ship's officer who has passed through the training it provides shall "be intellectually capable of acting as an unofficial ambassador-at-large." The matter has been effectively expressed by an officer of a prominent American shipping line: "He should feel that his opportunities and contacts entail diplomatic responsibility."

Kings Point graduates not only find ready employment on American Merchant ships, but make good progress in their profession. The most recent analysis of the Kings Point graduates with merchant marine licenses shows 343 with the Master license and 356 with the Chief Engineer license.

The United States Merchant Marine today consists of about 1300 privately owned vessels of over 1000 gross tons operating liner services to all parts of the free world. In times of peace, our merchant fleet guarantees to the American shipper a regular and efficient transportation service at rates which prevent establishment of monopolies by foreign shipowners. In wartime, the military supply lines are dependent upon merchant shipping, as proved emphatically during the global effort of World War II. The personnel of the merchant marine, covering the trade routes of the world in their normal employment, furnish a nucleus of trained seamen invaluable to the navy—a fact borne out by the large number of merchant seamen who were ordered to active duty by the navy during the last war and during the present military action in Korea.

Kings Point has furnished and will continue to furnish a high degree of technically skilled, loyal officer personnel to assure operating efficiency and, thus, preservation of the taxpayer's money invested in American ships. To be worth his salt at sea today, a ship's officer must have the professional competence which can best be acquired under the Academy program of merchant officer education.



(*Continued from Page* 1)
French prisoners of war on Devil's Island during the Napoleonic wars. It is a marvel of craftsmanship, born of a surplus of spare time and spareribs of beef. Perhaps even more durable than this bone model is the foot-long model of a yacht, carved entirely from Italian marble, including its rippling flag.

The transition from sail to steam is represented in such models as the *Vencedora*, a Spanish barque and steam vessel, and the immensely long and slim *Great Eastern*, which carried six masts and five smokestacks. It was the *Great Eastern* that laid the transatlantic telegraph cable in 1866 after others had failed.

A number of the models in the Institute collection are loans by the Marine Museum of the City of New York. Among these is a huge model of the Cunard Line's *Majestic*, on view in the main lobby, and a model of the German steamship *Bremen*, which once won the Blue Riband of the Atlantic by beating the *Mauretania's* record.

Extensive repair work was necessary in many cases to rejuvenate models for public showing. This work has been done by Mr. Dick Greyble, Museum Curator, with the help of Seaman Chris Svendsen. Chris Svendsen, by virtue of his many years under sail, has been invaluable in restoring the rigging of many sailing vessels. He can safely rush in where many would not dare to tread because of his intimate knowledge of every detail of sail rigging. He blandly cuts away an intricate maze of lines with a fingernail clipper — not bothering to note how or where each had been fastened because he is confident of his ability to start from scratch and do the job exactly as it ought to be done.

The Museum also offers a very good showing of paintings and lithographs of historical marine scenes and events. Among the best of these is a series on the Battle of Trafalgar, done in graphic detail. There is also a substantial collection of curios derived from the items seamen have brought to the Institute in the past century.

LOOKOUT readers who have items of significant marine interest which they would like to loan or give to the new Museum may contact Mr. Dick Greyble at the Institute, BO 9-2710.

The Museum will have its formal opening on Sunday, May 24th.

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## PHIL MAY

Veteran LOOKOUT readers will regret to learn of the death of Phil May, whose illustrations have enlivened the pages of this magazine many times since he first came into contact with the Institute during the war years, when he sailed as a purser.

Successful as a newspaper artist and illustrator, his witty "pen pressions" of the farflung ports of the world he visited were a Phil May trade mark.

His latest book, "Paint a Picture With Phil May," was published recently.

# Book Briefs

## THE USE OF RADAR AT SEA

### Institute of Navigation

**D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., $6.50**

This book is edited by Captain F. J. Wylie, R.N. (ret.) and written by thirteen specialists in the field. The text is written in simple, non-technical language and can be easily understood by those who do not have any electronic training or experience. While primarily intended for those seafarers who are going to use radar at sea, it will also be found helpful preparation for those who intend to study the more technical aspects of marine radar.

Its seventeen chapters include such topics as: Radar Principles, Equipment, Operation, Navigation and Simple Maintenance.

A chapter entitled, "Components and Circuits in the Equipment" should prove of great interest to radio operators and others desiring further information, for here they will find simple, yet excellent, descriptions of the components and circuitry associated with marine radar.

LOUIS J. LOPEZ
*Sperry Radar School*

## U-BOAT 977

### By Heinz Schaeffer

**W. W. Norton, $3.50**

The battle record of a German submarine written from Argentina by its unregenerate Nazi commander, *U-Boat 977* offers a dramatic insight into the potent underwater arm of Hitler's Third Reich. The spirit and accomplishments of Schaeffer and his crew were heroic, indeed, but the author's simple and candid account of them does not have the power to separate them from the political insanity which sent such men under the sea.

Closing his story with a burst of sentiment and nostalgia, Schaeffer avows "a faith unshaken in the German people;" he does not specify what it is about the Germans that inspires his faith, but it would appear nothing but an unabashed tribute to its militarism.

When he says, "there is nothing the defeated appreciate more than that their victors should have a decent respect for them," Schaeffer boldly invites us to leap over the net like good sports and shake hands. The difficulty is, that in not having divested himself of the glorious bunk of German militarism, he also invites us to clasp the hand of a monster.

But it's an interesting book.

T. H. B.

## YANKEE SHIPS

### An Informal History of the Merchant Marine

### By Reese Wolfe

**Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., $3.75**

Swift, exciting, forcefully opinionated, this book embraces not only the story of *Yankee Ships*, but of the men who sailed them and the men who built them. The undercurrents of our maritime history, the follies and the triumphs, are re-created not without the substantial substructure of the lives and conditions of the men who *are* the merchant marine. The historical picture is filled out with numerous asides and anecdotes that provide amusing or sad little insights into periods of history.

Writing like a man with a cause, Reese Wolfe substitutes refreshing candor for the blowing of bugles and the beating of drums. Recommended to one and all. M. S.

## PASSENGER LINERS OF THE WESTERN OCEAN

### By Comdr. (S) C. R. Vernon Gibbs, *R.N. (Ret.)*

**Staples Press, $6.00**

A detailed, invaluable record of the North Atlantic passenger ships from the time of the first packets to the Blue Riband liner, *United States*, this work includes short histories of each ship—its launching, its life and its death.

Crisply written, it omits no vital statistics, but they are painlessly administered. The author, sometimes critical, sometimes outraged, always blunt, fashions a vital, highly readable history out of over 800 short tales. 57 photographs augment the text. M. S.

## MODERN SHIPS

### Elements of Their Design, Construction and Operation

### By John H. La Dage, *Lt. Comdr. USMS*

**Cornell Maritime Press, $6.50**

*Modern Ships*, a reference text, presents to ships' officers, cadets and students of marine transportation, shipping personnel, students of naval architecture and anyone interested in the efficient operation of ships, information from the general fields of naval architecture and ship construction those theories and practices which apply to everyday ship operation and maintenance. This information is presented in a style readily understandable by all engaged in or interested in ship operation.

The text is illustrated with 99 photographs and 117 drawings and schematic diagrams.



## A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CLIPPER

A thousand tons of clipper ship a-driving through the trades,
Within her holds a thousand tons of silk for Yankee maids,
And tea in case, and spice in cask. Her stunsails gleam like snow,
And from her deck the chorus roars of "Blow, my bullies, blow!"

She's made the China voyage again in nine and ninety days.
The porpoises make way for her, and where the sperm whale plays
And Bedford whalers turn to stare at seeing her sweep by,
They take her for a flying cloud that's fallen from the sky.

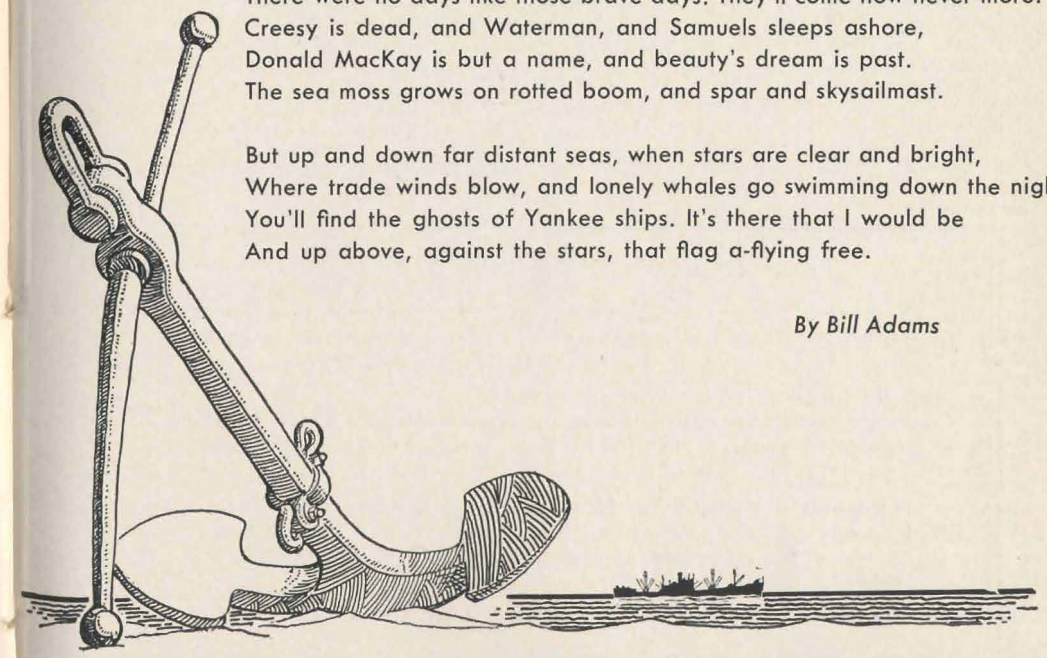
The Limejuice captains swear at her, to see her drifting past,
And pile the clouds of canvas high on every Clyde built mast.
She steals the trade from London town. The London merchants rave
To think of driving Yankee ships that rule the rolling wave.

Old *Ocean Chief* and *Flying Cloud*, and pitching *Hurricane*,
The *Stag Hound*, and the *Challenger*, and *Chariot of Fame*,
Are down in Davy's locker now. Out there by Anjer way
Are seen no dandy Yankee ships a-slipping past today.

There were no days like those brave days. They'll come now never more.
Creesy is dead, and Waterman, and Samuels sleeps ashore,
Donald MacKay is but a name, and beauty's dream is past.
The sea moss grows on rotted boom, and spar and skysailmast.

But up and down far distant seas, when stars are clear and bright,
Where trade winds blow, and lonely whales go swimming down the night,
You'll find the ghosts of Yankee ships. It's there that I would be
And up above, against the stars, that flag a-flying free.

*By Bill Adams*



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"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."

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