SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.
RT. REV. CHARLES K. GILBERT, D.D.
REV. FREDERICK BURGESS *
REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. JOHN HEUSS, D.D.
VERY REV. JAMES A. PIKE, D.D.
REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.
REV. ARTHUR L. KINSOLVING, D.D.
REV. JOHN E. LARGE, D.D.
REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN

Lay Vice-Presidents

GERALD A. BRAMWELL
HARRY FORSYTH
THOMAS ROBERTS
ORME WILSON

Secretary and Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

Assistant Secretary, GORDON FEAREY
Assistant Treasurer, BENJAMIN STRONG, JR.

WILLIAM ARMOUR
EDWARD J. BARBER, JR.
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL
REGINALD R. BELKNAP
GORDON KNOX BELL
GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.
CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.
CHARLES B. BRADLEY
LLOYD H. DALZELL
CLEMENT L. DESPARD
CHARLES E. DUNLAP
CALVIN T. DURGIN
DE COURSEY FALES
F. RICHARDS FORD
ADRIAAN GIPS
ARTHUR Z. GRAY
FRANK GULDEN
CHARLES S. HAIGHT
GERARD HALLOCK
LEONARD D. HENRY
THOMAS L. HIGGINSON
OLIVER ISELIN
ELLIS KNOWLES
LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY
CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.
RICHARD H. MANSFIELD
W. LAWRENCE MCLANE
CHARLES MERZ
CLARENCE F. MICHALIS
GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY
JOHN H. G. PELL
WALTER B. POTTS
FRANKLIN REMINGTON
PAUL RENSHAW
JOHN S. ROGERS
WILLIAM D. RYAN
CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
THOMAS A. SCOTT
HERBERT L. SEWARD
LEONARD SULLIVAN
CARLL TUCKER
ALEXANDER O. VIETOR
FRANKLIN E. VILAS
FRANK W. WARBURTON
EDWARD K. WARREN
DAVID P. H. WATSON
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD
T. ASHLEY SPARKS

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

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

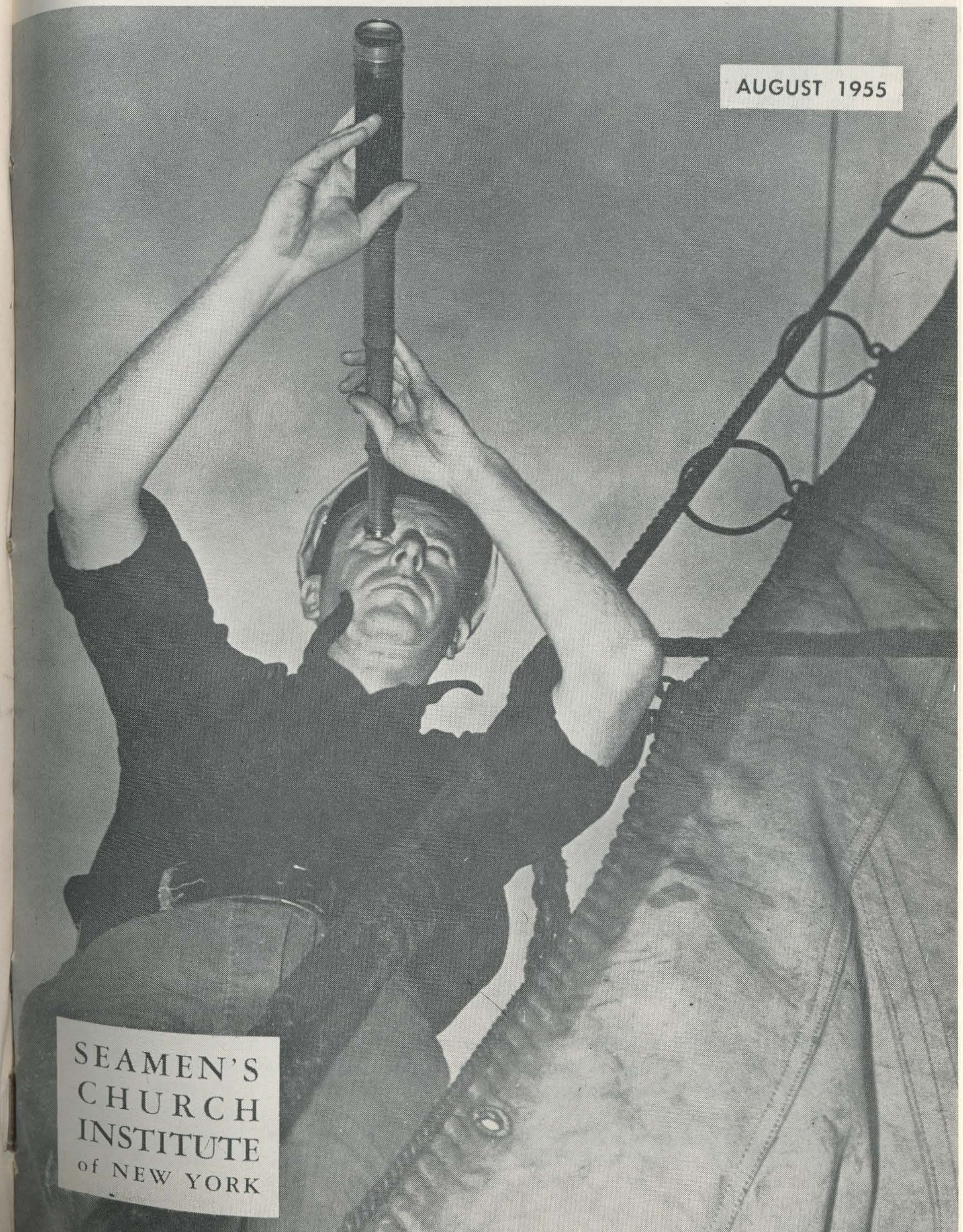
You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

"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.

The LOOKOUT



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

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

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

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLVI, No. 8 AUGUST, 1955

Copyright 1955 by the

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

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

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

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

TOM BAAB
Editor

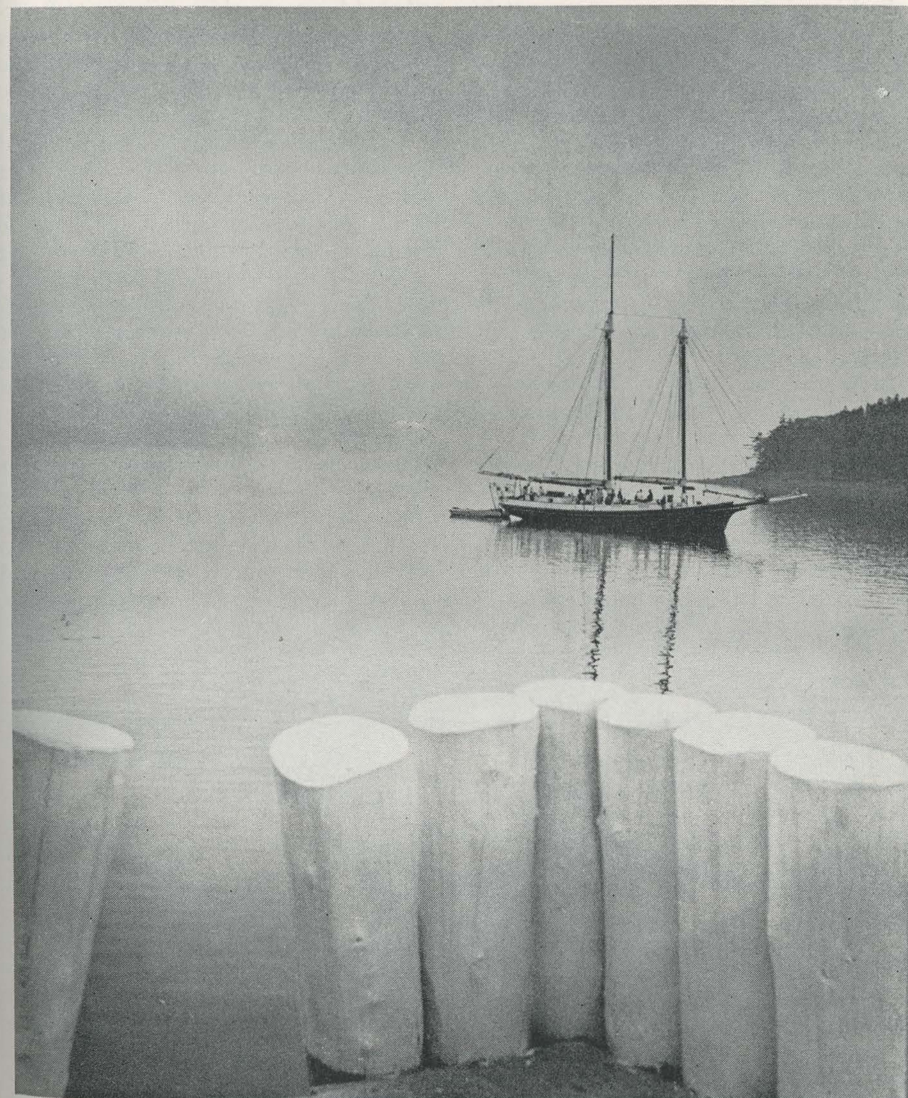
FAYE HAMMEL
Associate Editor

Published Monthly $1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of $5.00 and over include a year's subscription

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

THE COVER: The lookout on our front cover may be spotting ships in Penobscot Bay, or he may simply be looking for bears in the dusky Maine woods. See page one. *Photo by Robert Davis.*



— Photo by Robert Davis

Windjammer Holiday

FOR all practical purposes, the age of the sailing ship is almost a closed chapter in American maritime history. Almost — but not quite, for on the coast of Maine a dozen or so windjammers are proving that an old ship can still turn a buck here and there. The last survivors of America's golden age of sail, they are showing vacationing landlubbers, if only for a brief time, the excitement, the adventure and the beauty of the days of the wooden ships.

Each week this summer approximately 300 or more city folk will embark on these old Yankee schooners, for what the Maine "down-easters" call a "dude cruise." The ships are all old-timers, most of them built around the turn of the century. With one exception, they are two-masted Maine coasters, center boarders that used to ply the Eastern waters with various cargoes as late as 1940. The old schooners are not used for trade in these parts anymore, although in the Caribbean, such ships do sail out of Barbadoes with cargoes of molasses and rum.

In Maine, the cargo is passengers — people of all ages who love the sea and who find that a week on a sailing ship is the next best thing to having sailed in the old days — better in fact, because the fun of sailing a big ship is still there, but the discomfort is gone.

The largest of these ships, and one of the prettiest, is a 119-foot-long two-master called *Adventure,* which sails out of Rockland every Monday. Up until two years ago, the *Adventure* was the pride of the famed Boston fishing fleet and an unique ship on two counts. The last of the great line of Gloucester schooners, she represented the ultimate in design of the knockabout type schooner; as the last of the Grand Banks dory fishermen, she signalled the end of an era in fishing technique. Built in 1926 at the cost of $97,000, she garnered for her owners a total of three-and-a-half million dollars worth of fish. But dory fishing was exhausting and dangerous work, and although its better-preserved catches brought a higher price in the market than those of the modern beam trawler, fishermen became more and more reluctant to go over the side in the small dories. By 1943 only five dory trawlers remained in the fleet that had once numbered 400 schooners; ten years later only one, and no fishermen could be found for a crew.

Some seamen have it better than others.

— *Photos by Robert Davis*

The Adventure sails weekly out of Rockland, Maine.

Adventure, the proud queen of the Grand Banks, was sold to Yankee Schooner Cruises in Portland, Maine for use as a dude schooner. Her big diesels were removed, her canvas put back and her holds rebuilt into cabins. Still at the wheel is her original skipper, Captain Leo Hynes, who had made the name *Adventure* a household word in Atlantic fishing families. After years of maneuvering his ship through the treacherous seas from Boston to the Grand Banks, Captain Hynes finds sailing in the peaceful waters of Maine's Penobscot Bay like paddling in the bathtub. But for the dude crews, it is first-class excitement.

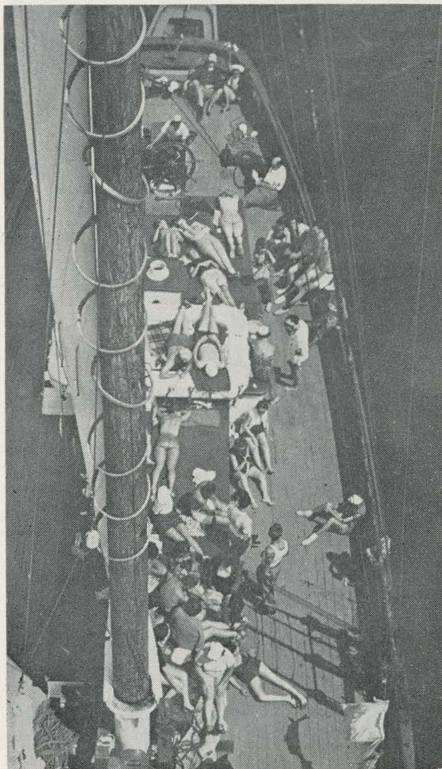
What does one do on a windjammer cruise? A typical day starts at about seven-thirty. Landlubbers can't sleep down below too long, because breakfast has to be served and the dishes cleared away before the day's sailing can start. With the help of the donkey engine, three crew members and a few passenger assistants hoist the anchor and raise the big sails in about ten minutes. The first business of the day is to chart a course. Where the ship goes depends on the weather and the way the wind blows, The *Adventure* cruises to various spots in Maine's island-studded Penobscot and Bluehill bays, averaging about 30 miles per day. Once the ship is under way, the 46 passengers disperse to their various activities. Some take a trick at the wheel, learning to keep their eyes on sails and compass, and watching that the frothy backwash doesn't show they're too much of a novice at the fine art of handling a Yankee schooner under full sail. Most of the passengers spend the day talking, reading or just plain loafing in the sun, watching the marine parade — the lobster boats, the other windjammers, the small sailboats — or the ever-changing seascape of Maine's magnificent coast line. This is the country of pointed fir, of spruce

and pine, where one can spend hour after hour simply listening to the steady lapping of the water against the ship's bow, the creaking of the masts, and the rush of wind in the sails.

Each day about 5 P.M. the ship drops anchor in one of the small Maine harbors, and out come the fishing rods and bathing suits. While some dream of mackerel (although they usually catch sand sharks), others climb down the rope ladder over the side for a dip in Maine's icy waters. After chow, perhaps lobster or seafood, chicken or chowder, which appears miraculously from an ancient stove fired with wood, the yawl boat transports the passengers to the local town. Depending on where the ship anchors, one may hear a dock-side hi-fi concert, swing his partner at a downeast square, visit the home of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or wander through picturesque summer colonies. Then back to the ship, peacefully swinging at anchor under the stars, to sing sea chanties or listen to Captain Newt tell tall tales of shipwrecks and sailors or recite, without too much urging, his own pirate poetry.

This is not the scene of an unsuccessful mutiny, but the deck of the "dude schooner" Adventure as seen from aloft on a sunny day.

— Photo by Robert Davis

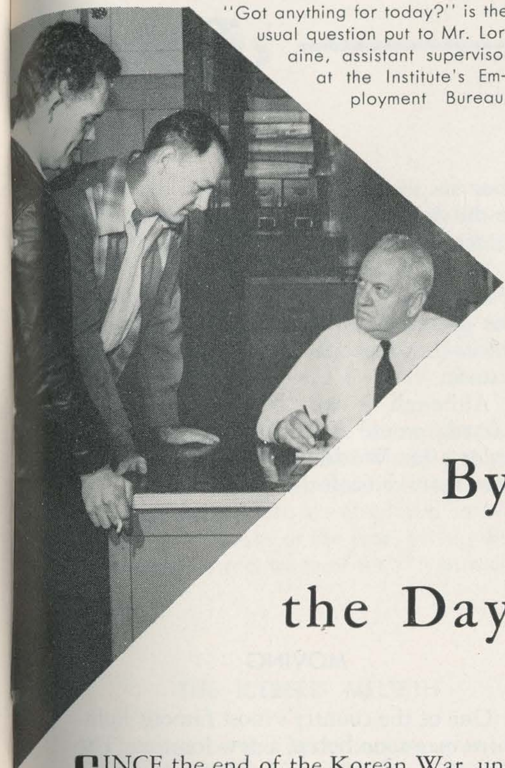


The crew of the *Adventure* are a group of full-time and part-time sailors whose great love is this old ship. Captain Newt, known more officially as Captain Dayton O. Newton, teaches music during the winter at New Jersey's Admiral Farragut Academy. For the past 16 summers, he's skippered a boat for the Yankee Schooner Cruises — first the *Lillian,* then the *Maggie* and now the *Adventure.* Newt got interested in the windjammers after his own ship, the *Pirate,* in which he had planned to sail around the world, was lost in the hurricane of 1938. Newt's been around boats ever since he worked during school vacations as a deckhand on the Hudson River Day Line and the Lake George steamers. During the war he served as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, with five ships under his command.

Captain Leo Hynes, sailing master of the *Adventure,* steers windjammers around Penobscot Bay in the summer, but commands his own modern trawler, the *Sherry M. Scott,* out of Boston in the winter. Wizard of the galley is merchant seaman Jim Erico, who has been shipping for ten years. In the winter, Erico ships on tankers out of East Coast ports. He is no stranger to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Two young college boys and a high-school history teacher complete the crew as deckhands.

Although life on the *Adventure* is hardly as rugged as life on the old-time sailing ships used to be, it's far from luxurious. But although everyone gripes about the small cabins and the lack of hot baths, none of the passengers really seems to care. Far away from the noise and clang of the city, with good friends and a good ship, they experience some of the camaraderie for shipmates and the love of a ship that the old-time sailors knew so well.

— FAYE HAMMEL



"Got anything for today?" is the usual question put to Mr. Loraine, assistant supervisor at the Institute's Employment Bureau.

By the Day

SINCE the end of the Korean War, unemployment has become an ever-increasing problem for American merchant seamen. After the war ended and our foreign aid to Europe slacked off in 1952, hundreds of ships were idled and their crews were laid off. The situation was subsequently worsened by the Government-sanctioned transfer of many ships to foreign flags, with wage scales inadequate to meet living costs in this country. During January of this year, for example, the U. S. merchant fleet lost a ship nearly every other day. With these ships went the jobs of 500 seamen.

The Maritime Administration's program "charted to carry us toward a more stabilized maritime industry" with "more, not less American seagoing jobs," has in reality seen many men quit the waterfront and go home in search of less uncertain livelihoods. But many others are finding that — as Thomas Wolfe pointed out — you can't go home again. Things are let go of that after 10 or 15 years cannot be found again. In following the sea, the sailor has already sacrificed much that is important to the rest of us, and it is therefore doubly bitter for him to lose his identity as a sailor.

So he hangs on by taking odd jobs while he waits for his shipping card to "season" at the union hall, where the man who has been ashore the longest gets priority. With berths scarce, the wait stretches on for months and months — in some instances, long after the earnings of the previous voyage are gone.

In the lobby outside the Institute's Employment Bureau, there are 20 or 30 beached seamen each morning sweating out a chance to earn what it takes daily to keep themselves "in business." John Ziegler, supervisor of the Bureau, estimates that there are about 40 inquiries each day from seamen who want work. They will wash dishes, move furniture, load trucks, carry coal, run errands and jump for any other job that comes their way. Many labored to stockpile coffee in lower Manhattan warehouses just before the "shortage" which shot the price above a dollar a pound. This summer, some have gotten jobs at resorts as cooks, busboys and gardeners. A few others have been lucky enough to man excursion boats. "Recently," says Mr. Ziegler, "the odd-job market has been pretty good. Some days, every man gets a job." A spurt of shipping activity in the past few weeks has also relieved the pressure of unemployment.

In its early days, the Institute's Employment Bureau played an important role in overcoming the crimping and shanghaiing practices of the boarding houses that supplied crews to ship masters at so much per head. Violent methods were used to prevent the break-up of this racket, but in the end the Institute won. Later on, after the organization of their labor unions, seamen set up their own hiring halls, which today contract to supply crews for most ships, so the Institute's Employment Bureau concentrates on finding work for men who are temporarily ashore — which under present conditions is no small or unimportant task. So far this year, more than 2,500 jobs have been supplied.

The World of Ships

UNDERWATER

Below the waters of the Italian Riviera, on the bottom of the tiny cove of San Fruttuoso, lies the world's first "submarine" statue, an 8-foot, 20-ton figure of Christ, symbol of divine protection to the seafaring inhabitants of the Ligurian coast. In spite of the depth at which the statue lies, it is plainly visible from the surface because of the crystal clearness of the cove's waters.

The tiny fishing village of San Fruttuoso is known to many tourists who, during the summer season, are rowed out from neighboring Portofino to view this beautiful, wild corner of the Italian Riviera. Vistors are also shown the remains of a tenth-century Abbey and the 600-year-old tombs of the Doria family, the same family from which stemmed Genoese Admiral Andrea Doria, namesake of the Italian Line ship.

DANGER ADRIFT

Ten years after the close of World War II, floating mines, which most people thought were cleared up long ago, are still a source of danger to shipping, according to the American Cargo War Risk Reinsurance Exchange.

During 1954, the Exchange reported, 12 ships ran afoul of the explosives, raising to 429 the number of vessels that have been sunk or damaged by contact with the mines since 1945.

The accidents occurred at such widely scattered points as Bangkok, Thailand and Ostend, Belgium, and floating mines have been sighted in the Atlantic, Pacific and Caribbean. The United States Hydrographic Office last year reported five mines, four suspected mines and four torpedoes in the Atlantic and 19 mines, 22 suspected mines and one depth charge in the Pacific.

In March, the British Coast Guard found it necessary to warn the *United States* and the *Queen Elizabeth* to be on guard for mines torn loose from an old minefield in a storm.

Although it was believed that mine hazards would be disposed of in short order after World War II, the work has been more difficult than expected.

MOVING

One of the country's most famous lightships may soon bob at a new location. The Coast Guard is considering moving the Nantucket Shoals Lightship, an important navigational aid for transatlantic shipping, to a new anchorage some eight miles southwest of its present position.

Tricky ocean currents in the old spot have given the ship a rough time maintaining her position during bad weather, when the currents cause her to ride in the trough of the seas.

PAYOFF REVIEW

The American merchant seaman earns approximately $3,575 per year, N.M.U. chief Joseph Curran told the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee last month.

In a special report to the legislators on marine problems, Curran pointed out that in comparison to the pay of shoreside industrial workers the merchant seaman's salary is not very high. If an anthracite coal miner, a bituminous coal miner, a building construction worker and a special trade contractor were to work the monthly hours of an American seaman, he said, they would earn, respectively, $692.54, $692.54, $720.47, and $751.18; the seaman earns $446.20.

The crucial difference, he explained, is that seamen work fewer months per year than other laboring men. His estimates showed that seamen are employed an average of 7.9 months of the year, giving them an average direct wage of $3,575 annually.

THE ICEBERG MELTETH

It must be the heat, because even icebergs are wilting faster than usual this year. Just back from his first command of the International Ice Patrol, Coast Guard Captain Kenneth S. Davis has reported that icebergs caused little trouble in the regular shipping lanes between the United States and Europe this year.

Calling this a "light ice year," Captain Davis said that there were far fewer icebergs last winter than in the past. Two crops of ice were disposed of by June 1. The patrol, which leaves Boston in February, usually stays out until August in a heavy iceberg season; this year it came home on July 15.

Founded in 1912 after the *Titanic* disaster, the International Ice Patrol keeps shipping routes well protected from bergs that may chance to wander southward. Its work is supported by contributions from all maritime countries.

During the last six years, planes have been used to spot the bergs and report their position; should the bergs move southward, surface craft take over.

ACTIVITY

During the first six months of 1955, the American Merchant Marine enjoyed its highest rate of vessel employment since the Korean War, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

The AMMI's semi-annual research report, released last month, points out that inactive privately-owned U.S. flag cargo and passenger ships totalled only 17 vessels on July 1. Primarily responsible for the improved conditions in vessel activity, says the report, is the enactment of permanent 50-50 legislation for vessels carrying foreign-aid cargoes.

However, the report shows that the U.S. passenger fleet numbers only one-third of the 1939 total. It has only one-half the gross tonnage of the prewar fleet. Not one vessel is on order or under construction for the American passenger fleet, while foreign competitors are building more than 50 of this type.

FRENCH REDRESSING

If the French National Assembly were to have its way, the "foreign flag" ships of Honduras, Panama and Liberia would be barred from the world's ports. It recently passed a resolution calling on the French government to organize an international conference which would consider a ban on these ships.

Henri-Eugene Reeb, of France's Merchant Marine Committee, complained that these vessels set up unfair competition. Owners need not pay the same charges for social security, give guarantees of employment or obey the same safety regulations as the regular maritime nations, he stated.

For popularity, American music seems to have an edge on the Dutch tunes.

Going Dutch

AMERICAN TV and Dutch popular music, Milwaukee beer and Haarlem chocolate, good Dutch conversation and animated American chatter — these are some of the things that stand out in one's mind after a typical evening in the Dutch Room at the Seamen's Church Institute.

At the Dutch Room, known officially as the Club for Netherlands Seamen, every day—and every evening—is open house. The Club was started during the war for the benefit of the many Dutch sailors whose ships came to New York. Sponsored by the various Dutch steamship companies and by the Netherlands government, it still continues today, flourishing as a patch of Holland amid the spires of Manhattan.

Within the Club, one almost forgets that this is New York. Delft pottery, an old spinning wheel, Dutch books and records and prints of the Dutch painters on the wall make one half-expect to catch sight of a canal in the distance or come upon a garden filled with tulips. But the illusion is only momentary, for there's too much American jazz coming over the phonograph, too much noise, too many high-heeled young American women around to make one forget that this too, is New York, albeit a rather special part of it. For many Dutch merchant seamen, it's practically the only part of New York where they can really spend some time.

"America is not cheap for us," Herman Sikkins, a 22-year-old electrician on the freighter *M. V. Tarakon* remarked. "Yes, we like to see the big sights in New York, but we cannot always afford to."

Seaman Sikkins and his shipmate Jac Jonker explained that Dutch seamen make very little money, as the American dollar goes. Jonker, who's been going to sea for ten years, earns only the equivalent of 85 American dollars per month. When he started going to sea at the age of 13, he made considerably less — about $17.00 per month.

Sikkins has been sailing for only six months, and doesn't know yet if he wants to make a career of it. He's tempted, though, because if he serves in the merchant marine for six years and reaches the age of 27, he'll be exempt from military service. "Most of the boys who started shipping in the past few years quit when they're 27," he said. "So in the Dutch fleet you find young men and older men — but hardly any middle-aged ones." Dubbed "Edison" by his shipmates, Sikkins studied to be an electrician at an *Ambactsschool* in Holland which is comparable to our vocational schools.

Vincent Ratcliff (center) is an American seaman who especially likes to be around Dutch talk and Dutch people.

His fellow Netherlands seamen who work on passenger liners also come down to the Dutch Room, in droves. When the big *Nieuw Amsterdam* or the *Maasdam* or the *Ryndam* sail into town, it's standing — or dancing — room only. During the war, women crewmembers from the big liners visited the Club too, but the only women there today are young hostesses imported from the YWCA on Manhattan's 12th Street.

Host and hostess during the evenings are Mr. and Mrs. William Visser. In the course of duty they may be called upon to act as interpreters in a conversation between a Dutch boy who speaks no English and an American girl who speaks no Dutch, take a hand in a game of ping-pong or Chinese checkers, preside over the kitchen or take a turn on the dance floor. To tell the crewmen about the Club, Mr. Visser also pays visits to the Dutch ships which arrive in New York. Sometimes called "Vader" and "Moeder" by the Dutch seamen, as one would call them in a Dutch hostel, the Vissers take an enormous delight in their work. Along with daytime host Mr. John Van Kampen, who like the Vissers came to America from Holland during the war, they dispense typical Dutch warmth and hospitality to all comers.

The favorite "adopted son" of the Club is an American seaman who ships on American tankers, but whose heart belongs to Holland. Vincent Ratcliff was in the 9th American Army which liberated

The very "un-Dutch" game, Chinese checkers, is a favorite in the Netherlands Room.

Holland in 1944. Stationed in the old Roman town of Maastricht, he promptly fell in love with the city and with the Dutch people. Since he has been out of the Army, Ratcliff has gone back to Holland five times. He prefers Holland to the States because "Holland is clean and people are much happier there." When he's not on a ship, Ratcliff comes to the one place in the States where he can get closest to Holland — the Dutch Room.

Although the normal course of events at the Dutch Room is quiet, the Club has had more than its share of memorable moments. During the war, many a Dutch seaman was married there. Back in 1943, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands paid a royal call; her daughter, Princess Juliana, the present queen, has visited on several occasions. Visiting seamen or visiting firemen — they're all welcome at the Dutch Room.

Dutch seamen enjoy the company of American girls who assist as hostesses at the Netherlands Room.

The *Seawolf*, launched July 21.

Atoms for Submarines

THE U.S. Navy has had other submarines named *Seawolf*, but the one launched July 21 is different; this one is of the atomic-powered variety, like the *Nautilus* commissioned just six months ago. The *Seawolf* is a bigger cigar than the *Nautilus* and its reactor engine is cooled by liquid sodium instead of pressurized water, but in other respects the story is the same.

Here is another submarine that can go twice as fast as most of our merchant ships. The keelplate for a third was quietly laid the same day the *Seawolf* was launched. In all, eight are planned; the Navy has the money in the bank and things are really "heigh-ho, heigh-ho" up at General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division where the A-sub market seems to be cornered.

Referring to the A-sub program, Lewis S. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, said at the launching of the *Seawolf*, ". . . we have no other prudent alternative." Now that Congress, in its rush for adjournment, has scuttled the proposed plan for a *practical* atomic merchant ship, it appears that Mr. Strauss is correct. Evidently the American Merchant Marine lacks a counterpart to the Navy's Admiral Rickover, who was busy garnering atoms for submarines long before anyone was plumping atoms for peace.

While there is optimism in the maritime industry about the ability of the atom to restore the American fleet to a competitive position again, the reactor engines being installed in the Navy's atomic submarines are considered impractical for commercial use. It would seem somehow logical to assume that a "prudent alternative" to our present concern with atomic submarines would be the development of practical atomic merchant ships. These would have economic value, propaganda value, military value and they might even give the Navy some money-saving tips on how to work with the atom.

— TOM BAAB

CAPTAIN COOK AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC

The Voyage of the "Endeavour" 1768-71
John Gwyther
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $3.50

In 1773 the English reading public had a rare treat. Captain James Cook, the master mariner, had just returned from his voyage around the world, and in *Hawkesworth's Voyages,* ". . . partly narrated by the great navigator himself . . . describing his discoveries and adventures in Tierra del Fuego, Tahiti, New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land and Australia," they were able to read a first-hand account of one of the great sea voyages of all time. Less than two hundred years later, a young Britisher, John Gwyther, has made himself an expert on Captain Cook and has written a highly readable modern account of the trip in *Captain Cook and the South Pacific.*

Gwyther's book is not a biography of Cook, but rather, as he puts it, " a true yarn of the sea, a story of a voyage that can only be complete when it is humanized by the life they lived aboard, their food, loves, hates and pleasures, and their reaction to scenes and dangers as they met them, a story of unflinching courage."

As an officer in the British Navy, young Cook was given a difficult assignment: transporting certain scientists to Tahiti to observe a rare transit of Venus. A more important mission, however, was revealed to him only by a sealed and secret document, opened far at sea. Cook had been ordered to proceed southward, into the uncharted void of the South Pacific to discover an imaginary continent supposedly as large as the whole world. The unknown southern land had been labelled "Terra Australis Nondum Cognita." Such an assignment, in that day, was comparable to asking a Royal Air Force man today to proceed at once on an expedition to the moon. How Cook carried out the mission, how he set the English flag on the vast continent of Australia and the rich lands of New Zealand is the story of this book. Excerpts from Cook's own journals and those of some of his party give illuminating observations on the behavior of the native islanders whose island paradise the white man has successfully managed to destroy.

Good reading for arm chair adventurers as well as scholars. *Illustrated with photographs of old prints and paintings.*

THE GREAT STORY OF WHALES
Georges Blond
Hanover House, Garden City, $3.95

Whales — how they live and die and how they are hunted and caught by man — are the subject of this engrossing book. The author, a popular French novelist-journalist, does a three-fold job in adding to the literature on this ever-fascinating subject. The first section of the book deals with the whales themselves, dramatizing their growth and development, their family relationships, their search for food, and their own fierce and terrible battles. Whale-hunting in the classic manner of the 19th century is described by a dramatization of the actual diary of one Nelson Haley, a young harpooner who sailed from New Bedford aboard the *Charles Morgan* in 1849. For comparison, the author also portrays a modern Norwegian whaler, a floating factory, where electric harpoons and radar make hunting whale a lot easier than it used to be.

IN THE DEEP, DEEP SEA

In translucent tapestries
Show me what you will,
As a faithful voyager
On your eternal seas.
For my gaze unfold
Those images as floating
Mirrors of my life:
The grey and the gold.
In the restless deep
Let pass those faces known
And loved, hated too,
As half worlds of sleep.
The dreamed only deeds
And old hopes stillborn
To move a tide of regret
In the vagrant weeds.
I see it there; inscribed
Among the shadow fish,
The driftwood, the alien
Wind-wasted flowers;
In manuscripts of light
Or submerged in waves,
Flung windward -erased
Yet haunting the sight.
Pictures gilt with proud
Fingers of the sun
Or etched with stars
And moon-soft glaze.
Reveal my destiny
In your secret depths
Or shining enchantments
That will never be.
Waters the ages have seen,
In your strong, deep soul
Show this kindred heart
That which might have been.

Antony de Courcy