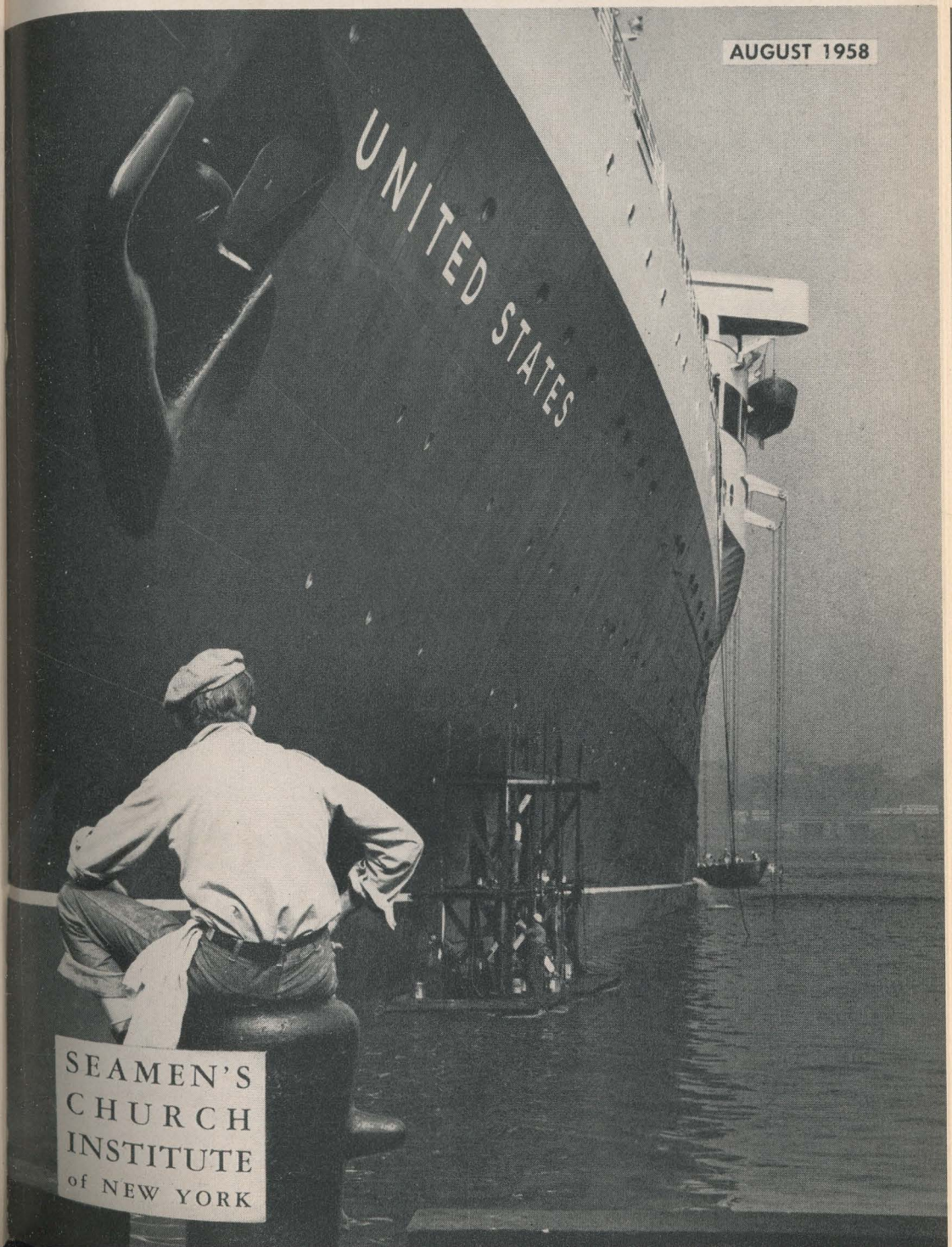
The LOOKOUT


AUGUST 1958
UNITED STATES
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 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. 49, No. 8 AUGUST, 1958

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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FRONT COVER: A workman lazes in the morning sun, watching painters touch up the **United States'** water line while her crew begins lifeboat drill.

Prinz Valdemar—the ship that stopped a real estate boom—looked like this during her final years in Miami's Bayfront Park.

Prinz Valdemar, Florida Boom-Buster

THE history of the giddy real estate boom of the Florida twenties is loaded with strange events, but none is more unusual than the little known fact that the Miami boom was stopped by an ex-Danish, three-masted, steel barkentine.

The one-time stout ship succumbed to the wreckers' hammers several years ago, but the man who watched the destruction of the ex-sailing vessel, ex-floating-hotel-to-be and ex-aquarium undoubtedly failed to realize the startling role the windjammer that had rounded the Horn played in the hectic boom days in Miami.

The disgraceful but memorable end came for the *Prinz Valdemar* on January 10, 1926, as she rested temporarily aground at the entrance to the Miami ship-turning basin. A brisk northeast wind caught the towering, three-masted vessel and rolled her over, blocking the Miami ship channel like a huge cork.

It was 25 days before anything larger than a row boat moved into or out of the bustling, boom-time harbor, and it was 42 days before the ship was afloat again.

The stage had been set for this now all but forgotten episode months earlier when the *Valdemar* arrived at Miami. The 241-foot, steel-hulled, three-masted Danish barkentine was the largest sailing vessel to enter the bustling Miami harbor when she came up the channel on November 8, 1925. Brought to Miami to be converted into a 100-room floating hotel to ease the tremendous housing shortage, the ship was ready to begin this new career when tugmen ran her aground at the entrance to the turning basin. The northeaster did the rest.

What this accident was to mean to Miami's boom was not readily apparent, but within months the damage was felt. Eleven ocean liners had steam up ready to sail from Miami when the "cork" was

plunged into the bottle harbor's mouth.

Within a short time there was assembled on the high seas off Miami Beach a weird assortment of ships, all bound for Miami, and all unable to reach their goal, with cargoes valued at millions of dollars. Fifty assorted schooners and steamers made up the idling fleet, and some went aground on reefs as they tried to edge into the beach for an amphibious cargo landing. Several freighters moved into the open part of the channel and attempted to discharge their cargoes along the causeway linking Miami and Miami Beach. A few even cut holes in their bows to facilitate unloading. But this was a mere trickle of goods into supply-short Miami. Before the cork was removed some 45,000,000 feet of badly needed lumber was floating at anchor at the harbor's mouth, while millions of dollars worth of undeliverable materials, hardware and furniture began forcing many eager developers towards insolvency.

After much political bickering and belated dredging operations, the harbor was reopened. Eventually the *Prinz Valdemar* was refloated, with her masts cut off and her holds pumped dry. Ironically, she was the only ship to ride out the furious 1926 hurricane unscathed in the Miami harbor.

But the damage was done. During the enforced lull which accompanied the dredging operations, many a shipper in the North and many a builder in the South got a better grasp of what was happening in the Miami boom. During the twenty-five days of stagnation, millions of dollars worth of orders were cancelled, fortunes were saved, and the downhill slide from the boom begun.

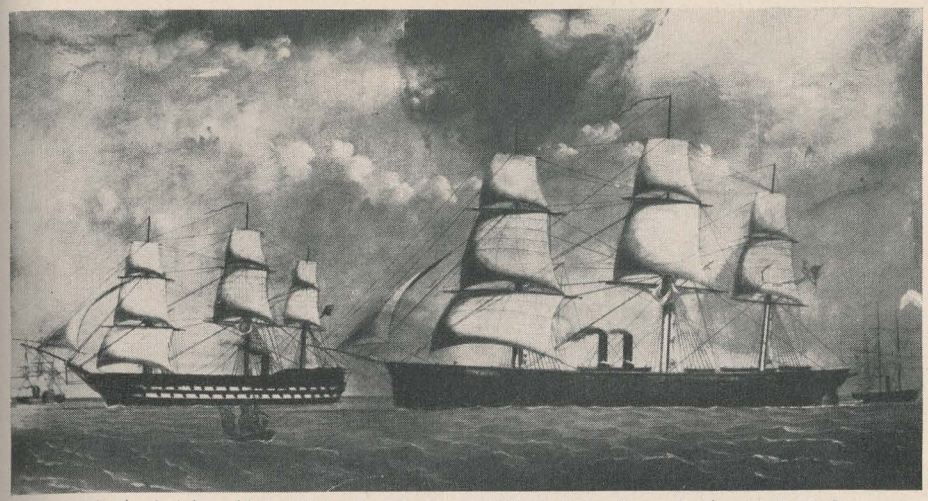
By February, 1926, signs indicating the end of the boom were common, although overlooked. When the tourist season ended in March it was apparent that the boom was really over. Real estate salesmen were holding auctions, not selling lots to frantic prospects. The final blow was the vicious hurricane of September, 1926, which did an estimated $20,000,000 damage to the poorly built, boom-time structures.

The *Prinz* never went to sea again, spending her declining years landlocked in Bayfront Park, Miami, first as an aquarium-restaurant, later as an aquarium and finally as a pseudo-community center until the wreckers moved in.

The 1926 hurricane definitely buried the boom, but the *Prinz Valdemar* gets the lion's share of credit for stopping one of the wildest periods of real estate speculation in American history — the Florida boom of the 1920s.

BY MAX HUNN

DOWN TO THE SEA: Robert Budway, member of the Woodhaven, Queens, Lions Vacation Club, studies ship models in the Marine Museum at the Seamen's Church Institute. Annually thousands of children from day camps, schools, scout troops and clubs in the New York City area visit the Museum.



Print by Josiah, published in London, August 4, 1857, depicting (from left to right) **H. M. S. Leopard;** the **Agamemnon,** the **Niagara** and U. S. steam frigate **Susquehanna.**

The Long Strand

IT was high noon, one century ago, July 29th, that the American naval frigate *Niagara* and the British battleship *Agamemnon* lay stern to stern in the mid-Atlantic. A cable from the *Niagara* had just been floated across the quarter-mile of quiet water between them and spliced to another cable unreeled from the tanks of the *Agamemnon.* The crewmembers lined the afterdecks of the two ships to wave good luck as they began to steam away from each other, one heading east, the other west.

The cable that rattled up from the hold and over the stern of each vessel made music to the ears of those who heard it, for this was the promising start of their third effort to lay a telegraph cable across the great Atlantic. Twice before they had been thwarted by rough seas.

The British battleship, heading for Ireland, hit several stretches of bad weather but managed with steam to hold her course beautifully. During the first day the *Agememnon* paid out 265 nautical miles of cable despite seas that sometimes had her sailors lurching on deck and dancing in the cable tanks to stay clear of the running wire as they checked it for kinks or fouling that might cause it to snap.

Both ships drew their cable from large circular tanks, the cable in one tank already spliced to the next, so that in changing tanks it was only necessary to slacken speed.

The ships weren't large, each about only 300 feet, but neither was the cable, as can be seen from the sample section on exhibit at the Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute. It was 5/8 of an inch in diameter, consisting of seven-strand .028 copper wire covered by three coatings of gutta percha and protected on the outside by woven armor wire swathed in tar pitch and linseed oil. Its manufacture a century ago by hemp rope craftsmen was a marvel in itself.

But the real marvel unwound as the *Agamemnon* sailed east and the *Niagara* west, spinning such stuff as the dreams of Cyrus W. Field were made of. A man of extraordinary vision and persistence. Field had organized British and American companies for the international undertaking, regarded by many on both sides of the ocean as being absurd. In proportion to its length, his cable would be stretched finer than the finest spider web through the unknown valleys of the sea.

On they sailed, the ships and the hope-

ful men, navigating with great precision, watching the cable spring to life, coil after coil plunging eternally beyond reach into the straight wake. The *Niagara,* heading for Newfoundland, had quiet weather, perfect except for fog patches that could not confound the seamanship of her crew, led by Captain William Hudson.

On August 5th the *Agamemnon* reached a point ten miles off Valentia, Ireland, where the end of a cable from shore had been buoyed. The two ends were joined on the deck, and the "main-brace" was spliced moments later, with Master Commander Noddall toasting a good crew that had come through to success in circumstances that gave them many chances to fail.

The *Niagara* at about the same time pulled up to a shore end of cable that had been laid out through the surf 15 miles off Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The final splice was made! The whistles began to blow and the horns began to toot in cities all over the world.

In New York an over-enthusiastic display of fireworks set the roof of City Hall ablaze and in the jubilation the seat of government was nearly sacrificed. Queen Victoria and President Buchannan exchanged lofty congratulatory messages. Cyrus W. Field was acclaimed, and his example swung as a bright carrot to spur the reach of all mankind.

Newspaper accounts of the day do not suggest that much glory seeped into the fo'c's'les of the ships that did the job, but as the sailor boys sat cleaning the tar off their hands, they were able to draw for themselves a measure of satisfaction. For once, they had gone through the deep and left a mark.

Although the first cable was to lose its signal within a month, its filament across an ocean brought the light in which other cables could be fashioned and other voyages understood.

Max Hunn

AMERICA'S BRIGHTEST BEACON: A spidery, steel tower on Florida's east coast houses Uncle Sam's brightest navigational beacon — the 5,500,000 candle-power Hillsboro Inlet light, whose 18-mile beam warns mariners of the perilous reef which has caused havoc to many a ship.

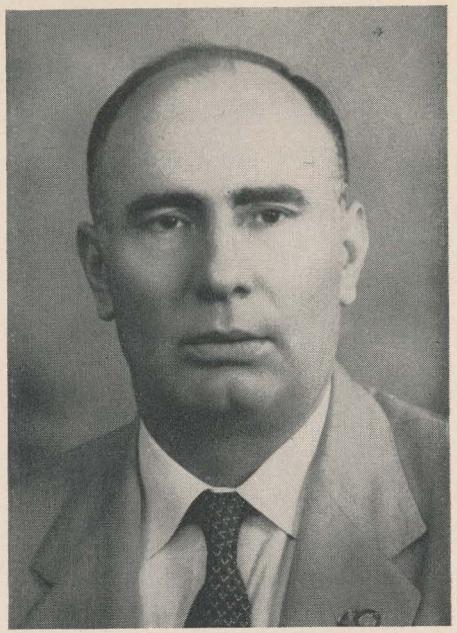
Although the reef is particularly dangerous, the lighthouse is relatively new, dating from 1907. Until 1954 it was the newest manned light station in Florida. It lost this title when the St. John's light went into operation that year.

Locally, it's called "the Big Diamond" from its unusual lens which is a series of triangular glass prisms arranged in a circular fashion. Made in Paris, France, at a cost of $7,250, the lens throws light from three 2500-watt bulbs 18 miles.

It was illuminated by oil from 1907 until 1932, when it was converted to standard AC electricity. In the event of a power failure, a 30-horsepower gasoline generator automatically cuts in to furnish auxiliary power during an emergency. It's been used frequently during hurricanes.

GREEK TO US

ANGYRA Moves To 25 South Street



Kosmas Fournarakis, once a Greek sailor, today a friend of Greek sailors.

ANGYRA, the International Society for the Aid of Greek Seamen, has completed moving its New York headquarters from 674 8th Avenue to the 5th floor of the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street.

In announcing recently that part of a wartime dormitory area at 25 South Street had been converted to provide office and lounge space for the Greek organization, Mr. Franklin E. Vilas, president of the Institute, said, "Interested in serving all seamen, we recognize here an additional opportunity to contribute to the welfare of the many Greek sailors now coming to New York by extending this cooperation to ANGYRA, an agency established in 1952 to meet their special and unique needs."

Commenting on the move, Mr. Kosmas Fournarakis, ANGYRA's president, said, "ANGYRA is gratified by this cooperation and assistance extended by the Seamen's Church Institute. It naturally means that an increased share of our resources can go directly to the accomplishment of our purpose—aiding Greek seamen. It also means that our work with these men will be well supplemented by the many recreational facilities, hotel and special services available to them at the Institute. Twenty-five South Street is also more conveniently located with respect to the shipping facilities most frequently used by our Greek sailors."

ANGYRA extends personal, legal, financial, medical and other aid to Greek seamen, who serve under many flags aboard ships owned by Greek interests. Since it was established in 1952, ANGYRA has provided interpreter service for more than 5,000 seamen. Nearly 7,000 have received its escort before the U. S. Immigration Service and other official agencies. More than 2,000 have received free legal aid and 6,000 Greek seamen beached in New York have found berths through ANGYRA's efforts.

In addition to its activities in New York, ANGYRA has representatives in 12 other American seaports and in seven ports abroad. The organization is supported by dues from seamen and by contributions.

The new facilities on the 5th floor of the Seamen's Church Institute will be formally dedicated in early September at a reception given by ANGYRA for church, shipping, government and seamen's agency representatives and friends of the society.

The World of Ships

SAIL ON!

Work was temporarily halted on a new sail training ship building at Hamburg while authorities, alarmed because of the recent loss of 80 lives with the sinking of the *Pamir,* considered the advisability of continuing sail training. The West German Navy has now announced continuation of the program, with another *Pamir* due for completion later this year.

According to *Nautical Magazine,* the new vessel will be of steel construction, three-masted with about 2000 square yards of sail, and with an auxiliary engine of 750 h.p. There will be quarters for a permanent crew and cadets totalling 250.

The original four-masted *Pamir* was built in Hamburg in 1905 and sailed to Chile for nitrates and later in the grain trade between Australia and England. A German firm saved her from being scrapped in 1939, manning her with an international crew of young cadets and sending her back to sea carrying low-rate bulk cargoes. In December, 1951, when there was a shortage of supply ships in the Korean area, she was offered for duty with the U.S. Navy, but the offer had to be declined for lack of American seamen trained in the ways of a sailing ship. In September, 1957, she was lost to the winds of hurricane Carrie.

HANGERS ON

For the first time in the memory of living men, neither the United States nor the British Navy is maintaining a single battleship in active operation. Conversion from oil to nuclear power, and from rifled guns to planes and missiles has obsoleted the old fighting ships familiar to every schoolboy, and has brought strange new men-of-war to the seas.

But, according to a report in *The New York Times* by Hanson W. Baldwin, the battleship may soon be back at sea with a new function, if present tentative naval plans are endorsed. The supply and maintenance forces of the Navy envisage a converted battleship as a possible model for a combination oiler-ammunition ship.

Four or five auxiliary vessels are necessary to replenish a fighting ship at sea today, an operation presently involving extended delays and consequent hobbling of the fighting force. As proven during Strike Back, the last NATO naval exercise, a converted battleship's high speed, toughness and great carrying capacity enable it to keep up with combat vessels and give some defensive strength during a reprovisioning process.

Another old type, the aircraft carrier, would be utilized as a combination food and general stores ship, in this concept of tomorrow's service force. A converted Essex-type carrier is already under consideration for this rejuvenation.

ALEXANDER'S BAND

After more than 30 years' research, Harold Sterling Gladwin, authority on Mayan, Aztec and Inca history, believes that he has proved that those mysterious civilizations sprang from the men and women of the 800-ship fleet of Alexander the Great, as reported by John Sinclair in *Nautical Magazine.*

For the sole purpose of seeking new worlds to conquer, Alexander had built and outfitted the mightest armada the world had ever known. Two days before the ships were due to sail, Alexander died, and the history of the fleet from that time onward has been only conjecture.

A mass migration of 130,000 to 150,000 people were scheduled to sail, comprising men and women from Greece, Trukey, Egypt, Phoenicia, Babylon and other lands, the finest cross-section of the old world's craftsmen, artisans and artists that Alexander could find. The ships did start out, travelling in groups of ten or twelve. Making long stops to replenish supplies and recruit manpower, they left behind legends of Alexander wherever they went.

Tracing the legends, Gladwin estimates that the voyage lasted 12 to 20 years, on the long route from the Persian Gulf. The end of the saga, he claims, lies among the Indians of Central America, Peru and Mexico in an age-old legend about blond-bearded men and fair-skinned women who came in great ships out of the Pacific Ocean.

The laws and arts practised by the ancient peoples of these countries are in many respects identical with those practised in the Levant.

NO SMOKING, LADY!

On both sides of the Atlantic the warnings are out: all ships, even the loftiest grand dames of the sea, must confine their smoking to out-of-port. On July 13, Dr. Leonard Greenburg, N. Y. City Commissioner of Air Pollution Control, announced that any waterfront violations would henceforth result in an immediate summons carrying, upon conviction, fines of $25 to $100 or jail for up to 3 months. For many years the agency's policy has been to issue warnings for first offences; court summonses were issued only for subsequent infringements. The number of violations have been increasing, however, and stricter measures were felt in order.

During the same week, in London, Mr. A. Blenkinson introduced discussion of the same problem to the House of Commons in order to seek further information and to gain publicity on the matter. The present regulations, which cover vessels ranging from ocean-going liners to tugs on the Thames, are considered only a start.

All of which called to mind a dispatch about the *NS Savannah,* the world's first nuclear-powered merchant ship, scheduled for completion in early 1960. She is proudly described as sleek and—you guessed it! — smokeless.

CORAL COCKTAILS

Despite a question of the ideal ratios for mixing "coral cocktails," they bear no relation to the much-argued martini. They are a saline solution scientifically administered to nine live coral specimens in the American Museum of Natural History.

Flown here from the Bimini Islands in the Bahamas, the coral is kept in four tanks with water heated to a temperature in the low eighties, and ultraviolet rays administered at night to replace sunlight.

Every day or so little bits of clam (hors d'oeuvres?) are dropped to the coral, which releases minute tentacles as the clam approaches. Spears inside the tentacles harpoon the food and it is ingested.

Hand-picked by Dr. Donald P. Squires, assistant curator of fossils and vertebrates, the coral come from a sandy bottom in shallow water having a fairly wide variation in salinity and temperature.

Although tropical coral has been kept alive for six months by artificial methods in the tropics, this has never been done north of Miami until now. Described as a "pilot project," the experiment is expected to broaden knowledge of coral.

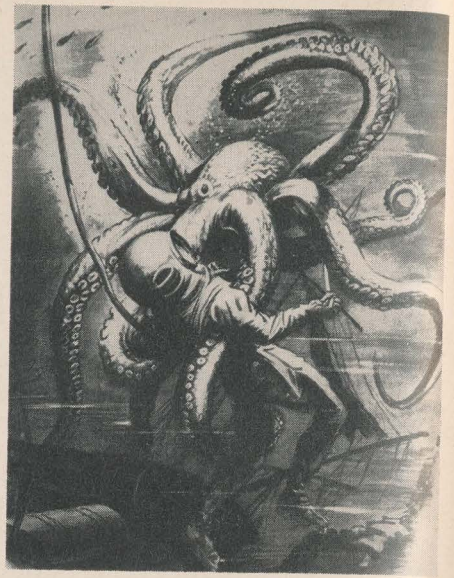
WONDER WEED

The lowly seaweed may soon be coming into its own as a bonafide treasure of the sea. It may also help revitalize the economy of the State of Maine. According to an announcement from Mr. Paul S. Laughlin of a firm called Seacrop, Inc., "selected, ripened and blended seaweeds" are being made into an organic liquid plant food.

"The processing and development of seaweeds for plants and animal foods as well as for a variety of other products of industry, holds a tremendous potential for an entirely new field of endeavor in the State of Maine," said Mr. Laughlin.

Seacrop plans to farm and process the weeds in Maine.

Battling the Octopus for Treasure



WHEN George Harding, an ex-diver, asked me to join him on a treasure salvage expedition, I leaped at the opportunity. Harding's offer was enough to challenge any man, especially an old diver and treasure salvor like me. He wanted to go after the hulk of the *Columbia,* once a liner of the American Panama Company. Salvage companies had already been at her, but there was still over $100,000 worth of silver bullion lying inside her shell, rotting in the shallow waters off lower California.

Our salvage ship was the *Carlota,* a hundred-ton schooner originally built for one of the Central American fruit traders. Besides Harding and myself, we had a crew of eight Guatemalan natives. One of these, a 200-pound giant called Juan, had been a skin diver before with one of the salvage companies that had worked the *Colombia.*

We cast anchor at nightfall three days later, dodged out through Galveston Bay and stood out to sea headed for the Panama Canal. For the next 26 days we had an exceptionally quiet voyage. When we passed through the locks of the Canal and entered the Pacific it was asleep; but after another day a wind sprang upon us with a roar. The waters were astir from Acapulco to Point Lazaro, and we staggered onwards until we reached the stillness of a lagoon beyond where the wrecked hulk of the *Columbia* lay. The set of the treacherous current was strong, but the schooner crept strongly across the water and suddenly Juan gave a shout. The kedge-anchor splashed over into the depths and the *Carlota* hove-to, slowly circling by the head. There, close under our boom in but eight fathoms of water, appearing like a solid shadow, lay the weird hulk of the *Columbia.* She had only a slight list to starboard, so that her funnel rose up like some barnacle-covered monument.

First we had to chart carefully and ascertain the set of the currents. Then, by means of a warp, we slung our schooner squarely over the site of the hulk. All this took some time and it was noon before we were properly ready for actual operations.

Juan was to go down first. He pulled off his dirty trousers, looped a long-bladed, keen-edged knife to his wrist by a little plaited cord, settled a line about his armpits in case of accident, and quickly swung the guide-rope with its great stone weight, plumb over the schooner's side.

He stood there a brief moment, peering down into the water, and then he dove. We looked down through the clear water and saw him alight before the open door of the steamer's after-cabin, peering inside and steadying himself on the slimy foothold of weeds on the deck. The next moment he had passed through, and from our sight.

The life-line passed slowly through our fingers; then it stopped. Suddenly we felt it alive again in our hands, and as we gazed beneath us, we saw Juan spring backwards out of the cabin. He was stabbing and slashing madly at something we could not make out. Then we saw arms with great saucer-like suckers, like giant leeches, dart out and lay hold of him. He severed these with his knife, but their distal ends still clung to him as he leaped frantically toward the surface.

By this time we were hauling desperately and Juan came to the surface with a rush. Down below something big was moving, for wicked bubblings broke about Juan as we hurled him aboard the schooner. We laid him on the hot planks of the deck, forced the salt water out of him and poured a heavy shot of brandy down his throat. Then we poured fresh water on the suckers of the detached tentacles of the octopus — the only thing that makes them release themselves, even after death.

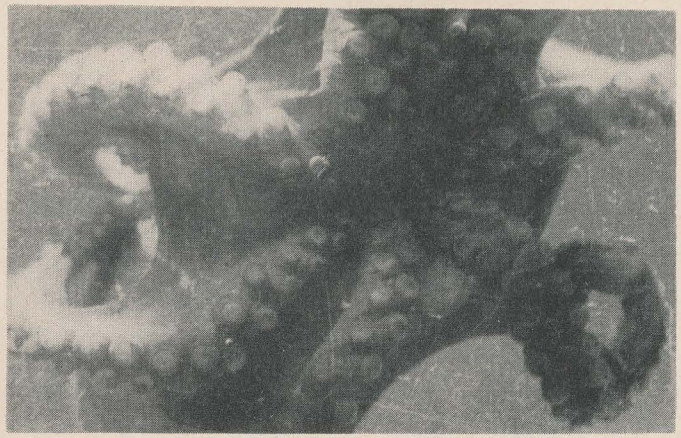
After a time Harding called me. "Juan's come around a bit," he said, "but he's had a bad time. He says there are a dozen more of those things down in that cabin — it's a real octopus den. He was carving the tentacles off a lot of small ones before the old boss-one chased him to the entrance. He won't be going down there again and there isn't one of the other boys who will — after that. I can't blame them; I wouldn't go down myself." Harding paused for a moment. "Call me a fool if you like, Lieutenant, for I'll lose plenty of money on this job. But I've got a wife and a boy. I can't take chances."

"George, I don't know but that I'm more of a fool than you seem to think yourself," I answered.

"What do you mean, Lieutenant?", asked Harding in surprise.

"Just this, George," I said. "I'm going down into that cabin to have a look for myself. Now you bring up the diving dress from below deck and get it ship-shape while I have a little talk with Juan. And instead of giving me any more objections, just get me the German war bayonet hanging over your bunk. Have it sharpened to a razor-edge. I mean business."

Next I went to the fo'c'sle and found Juan lying on his back in his bunk. He was still so stunned that it took me nearly half an hour to get his story out of him. Finally I learned that he had spotted the strong box, which must have held the treasure, lying against the wall of the cabin, with a length of chain about it. He was just about to slip his line over the chest when strange shadows became very much alive. Scores of angry eyes flashed about him and something moved quickly, but



Close-up of giant octopus, showing suction cups which line each of the 8 tentacles. Once having taken hold, these cups cannot be forced to release, even after having been severed from the monster's body, except by immersion in fresh water.

there was no light to see what it might be.

Then suddenly huge, horribly nauseating tentacles laid hold of his arms and wrapped about his waist. He severed one of them that had held his left arm, and quickly transferring his knife to the left hand, slashed through the one which was grasping tight to the right. Then he hacked and slashed away at those which had fastened to his body, all the time slowly backing toward the opening entrance of the cabin. He knew nothing more until he came to on the schooner's deck, after his rescue from out of that death trap.

Leaving Juan to rest, I went back on deck where I found Harding fumbling with the diving dress. "You're not really going down, are you?" he said. "You have no idea what you're up against. I saw that big fellow — why his tentacles must have been 12 feet long and I'd swear his eyes were seven inches across."

"You might have kept that information to yourself a bit longer, George," I answered. "I mean to get that treasure if there's any there. I need the money, George. And bad!"

It was about four in the afternoon when the diving dress was at last in shape for my use. I will admit that I took a long, slow look about me before they screwed me in. Then, as I felt a sudden fear settling on me, I just shook hands with George, and they screwed the helmet on tight. I was now ready.

Two good men stood by my pump to let the air down to me, and soon the pump began to pant in my ears. With a heavy knife strapped about my waist and the sharpened German bayonet in my right hand, I quickly went over the side of the salvage schooner. I felt beneath me the thick weeds of the *Columbia's* wreck.

Off I went, making my way along the long sweep of the bulwarks to the cabin, a school of small fish scurrying before me like a flight of birds. A small octopus shot in front of me. My heart seemed to swell up, and the blood was boiling in my ears as I crept closer and closer to the entrance. Soon, in the murky light, I saw the strong-box which Juan had described, just inside the opening. All around me lay solid shadow.

My plan was to creep forward, with as little stir as possible, and quietly get my line settled about the box before the lurking creatures might realize my presence. If they spotted me, I hoped to take care of them with the old bayonet.

I had a line with a running knot all ready, and with the help of a long bamboo pole which had been weighted and passed down to me, I settled it gently over the strong-box. Then I worked the line down the side of the box and pulled it taut. I put my feet against the lintel for leverage, but the woodwork was slimy and my foot slipped — and I slithered inside the cabin's entrance! Quickly I scrambled up to my feet again. Then my flesh began to creep, for a huge, dim shape crowded out the light.

Fierce eyes burned in circles about me and repulsive, slimy tentacles shot out and just missed their grasping hold as I jumped back in an agony of fear. For a brief moment, one hideous tentacle laid hold of my bare hand and I felt the sting of the powerful suckers. Desperately I began to stab at everything within reach with the bayonet. I jabbed it full in the face of one creature and saw it fall apart. Then I got a glimpse of the monster. The discs on its tentacles were as large as saucers and the eyes were sinister, terrible to look upon in that awful murk.

I gasped for breath. A million little sparks burst in front of my eyes. I knew at once that my air-line was fouled somewhere. I was a goner for sure this time! I knew no more . . .

When I regained consciousness I was lying on my back on the schooner's deck, with the good blue sky above me and the warm sunlight still about, yet it was late now. Opening my eyes and looking about I suddenly realized where I was and thought of the treasure. I jerked out at Harding: "Have you got it, George?"

"Lie still and rest," was his answer. He was white to the ears. "That was a close call you had, old chap."

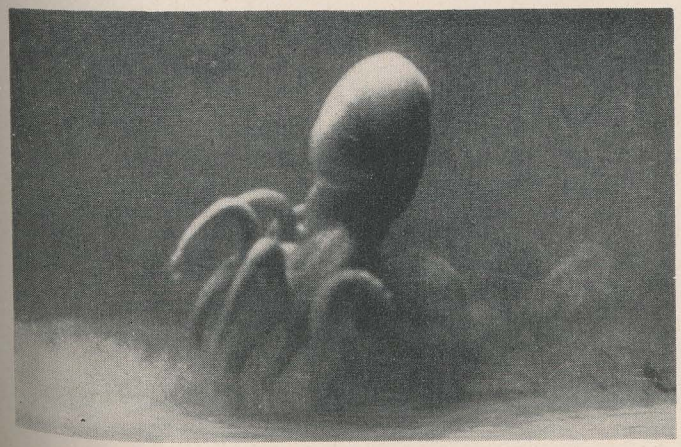
"Forget about me," I told him. "I'm all right and the treasure is what I care about now. Start raising the sling and the strong-box will come with it. There's no strength in that rotting cabin roof — it'll come through like a cork out of a bottle."

Harding wouldn't listen at first, but after a time he gave the order to the crew to pull on the line. In a few minutes the box was lying on deck on a pack of spare canvas. Harding turned to me. "I guess we'll clear out now, Lieutenant," he said. Then he added, "You can tell us all about it after we get under way.

Soon the *Carlota* was drawing across the water toward the gaps in the surf that marked the channel. Juan had to handle her tenderly, for the Pacific leaped at us with volleys of foam and thunder; the schooner's bows bent down to the catheads, drew up again and again, ducked; then she sprang like a fawn out into the open sea — northward bound.

When we opened the strong box we found there not the $100,000 which we had supposed it to hold, but only $5,481 in silver coins and some few gold pieces. Another trip — and who knows what strange battles — lie ahead before someone recovers the treasure which records show still remaining in the rotting hulk of the *Colombia.* Juan and I know for ourselves that that treasure is guarded by giant dragons, every bit as formidable as those of myth and legend.

— LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG



View of a giant octopus winning a battle with a barely visible shark. Although the common octopus rarely spans over 7 feet, the genus common to the U. S. west coast, where our story takes place, has been known to attain a diameter of 28 feet.

Book Watch

Among the books currently on our desk are five accounts of naval warfare during World War II. **Theodore Taylor's Fire on the Beaches** (W. W. Norton & Co., $3.95) is a detailed account of the war between the American Merchant Marine and the U-Boat in the crucial year 1942. **War Fish** by **George Grider as told to Lydel Sims** (Little, Brown & Co., $4.00), a thrilling first-hand story, describes action of U.S. Navy submarines in the Pacific. Captain Grider, veteran of five submarines and nine patrols, tells the story from the time of the frenzied preparations following December 7, 1941, to the retiring of World War II-type submarines in favor of more technologically advanced underwater craft.

The U.S. Naval Institute continues its program for publishing first-hand accounts from the enemy side with **The Hunters and the Hunted** ($3.50), **Admiral Aldo Cocchia's** description of the Italian naval forces' activities. Admiral Cocchia opens his story in 1940 at the Italian submarine base at Bordeaux, France, and includes many dramatic, tragic and often comical incidents throughout the narrative.

Winning the War With Ships (Robert M. McBride Co., $4.75) was the job assigned by President Roosevelt to **Admiral Emory S. Land.** In this book he tells of his own experiences: his youth in Wyoming; the crowded years at Annapolis; his services in World War I; and finally his starring role, handling of the vast shipbuilding program for the Navy and Merchant Marine in World War II.

War adventure is interwoven with intensely personal history in **William King's The Stick and the Stars** (W. W. Norton & Co., $3.50). A submarine commander in the Royal Navy during the six years of World War II, Commander King relates, against the background of his personal tensions and conflicts, the high drama of the tragic Norwegian campaign; North Sea patrols; and the struggle for the Far East with inferior equipment and outdated submarines.

Looking ahead to the avoidance of future conflicts, **George Fielding Eliot's Victory Without War** (U.S. Naval Institute, $2.00) proposes that the United States could deter a surprise atomic attack by arming herself with enough unidentifiable moving nuclear bases. He suggests a complete program for establishing such bases, arguing that fear of overwhelming retaliation from almost indestructible mobile bases would unquestionably prevent attack.

The submarine appears again, this time in fiction, in **The Vanishing Steamer** by **Felix Riesenberg, Jr.** (Westminster Press, $2.95). A 17-year-old U.S. Naval Academy cadet joins a counter-espionage group investigating the mysterious blasting of a U.S. submarine off the coast of Florida.

On the **S. S. Silverspray** by **John Langdon** (Macmillan, $3.95) we join a merchantman Manila-bound from San Francisco, whose smooth sailing is disrupted by the obsessive intolerance of her skipper.

The N. Y. waterfront is once again spotlighted in **Benjamin Appel's The Raw Edge** (Random House, $3.95).

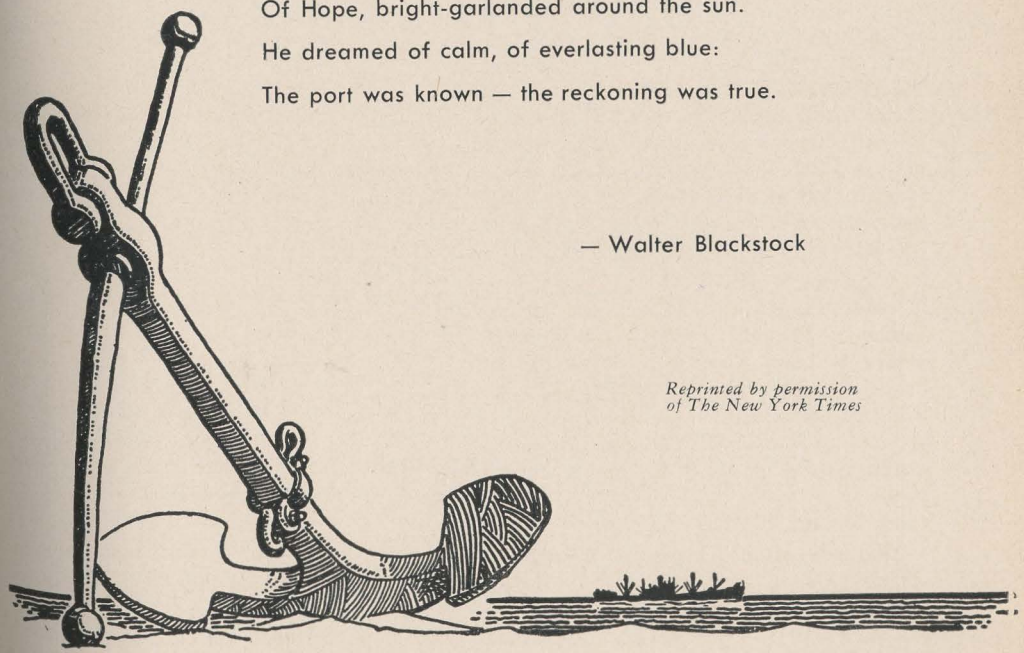
All About Boats by **James Hutchinson** (Popular Mechanics Press) is a comprehensive guide to pleasure craft, and includes three Popular Mechanics boat plans with complete building instructions.

Old Voyager

His landlocked dreams were rainbow-tides
that ran:
Of Clippers cutting ebony and spume —
Through silver shatterings, a caravan
Of fractured waves. Always he saw the bloom
Of hyacinth-weather turning ships to sea.
He saw Orion and Arcturus burn
For mariners who steered Napoli;
He watched their transports leave,
and then return.

He lived for one last voyaging — but one —
When he would sail beyond the Pleiades —
Past Sirius — to find eternities
Of Hope, bright-garlanded around the sun.
He dreamed of calm, of everlasting blue:
The port was known — the reckoning was true.

— Walter Blackstock



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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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