

The LOOKOUT



MARCH 1954

SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

CAROL JACK ★ ★



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. XLV

MARCH, 1954

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: Her lines coated with ice, the *Carol Jack*, a trawler out of New York, has come to market with a load of fish. See page 2.

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No. 3



A Look Abroad

ON February 18th, members of the Institute's "crew" gathered on the ship's bridge atop the building, and with a bed sheet tacked to a long stick, signaled a *bon voyage* to their skipper, Dr. Raymond S. Hall, who was aboard the S.S. *United States* as she slid past the Battery and into the Narrows on her way to England.

Dr. Hall's trip to England was the first leg of a three-and-one-half-month tour to survey facilities for seamen ashore in the principal port cities. He is being sent by the Institute's Board of Managers to study foreign seamen's agencies, their physical plants, welfare services and recreational advantages. American seamen's clubs in foreign ports will also be visited.

The information gained by this survey, which will cover thirty major ports in twenty countries of Europe, the Middle East and Asia, will be used by the Insti-

tute in planning improvements in its own facilities for serving seafarers.

During his trip Dr. Hall hopes to have enough time in Holland to renew acquaintances among the townspeople of Eindhoven, which he helped liberate from the Germans ten years ago as a member of the 101st Airborne Division. The first paratroop chaplain of the United States Army, Dr. Hall parachuted from the lead plane in the Normandy invasion. After recovering in England from wounds received in the subsequent fighting, he joined a second strike against the mainland, this time going in by glider. He was later captured, but escaped to Russia just before the end of the war.

With his present itinerary calling for several air hops in Europe, the former paratrooper is anticipating his first "cool, calm and collected" look at the continent as seen from above.

FISH FOR SALE

A MILLION
POUNDS A
DAY AT THE
FULTON MARKET



THE gulls are the first to stir in the pre-dawn mists on the waterfront. They spread their wings and glide out over the East River, calling a raucous greeting to the incoming trawlers and sweeping in anxious, hungry circles around them.

The vessels throb slowly upriver, riding low in the water with their heavy cargoes. Fishermen stamp out on deck and flip bits of fish upward, and the gulls dive recklessly to snare them, careening around the masts. The fishermen laugh. It's a fresh, wet morning and their holds are full. The eleven-day haul is over — days of searching, of sudden wind-lashed rains and struggling to save the nets with their precious catch, and slipping, sliding and swearing on the bucking fish-scummed decks.

The trawlers pull in close to the pier at the Fulton Fish Market and a hundred gulls hover watchfully over them.

Refrigerated trucks rumble into the market place beyond, and gray figures rush hither and yon, shouting themselves awake.

The first fishing vessel to unload is

out of New York and her catch has already been contracted for by several wholesalers. She's a converted three-master, with her bowsprit cut away and her topmasts sheared off. Crewmembers open her middle hatch and rig a large basket for unloading. They move with the slow deliberate motion of experience.

The port of New York is no longer heavily frequented by fishermen, but some of the old-timers and a few young men keep the tradition alive. They come mostly from the colony of Argentians in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, descendants of the original settlers from Newfoundland. Only about seventy-five fishing vessels put in at the East River each month, and these include trawlers and draggers, out of New England ports.

The tide bobs the trawler on level with the pier and the fishermen swing a basket of fish up from the hold and over to the pier handlers. The basket is spilled into a large metal scoop held by two men. One hoses over the batch, clearing away clinging bits of ice. The fish are then dumped into a wooden container and covered with a shovelful of fresh chopped

ice, spewed out of an ungainly iron contraction. Another man slams a cover on the box and still another hooks it on a wheeled rack and rattles it down the pier. The checker chants — "all right, keep moving, okay, get on there" — and makes little marks on his clipboard sheets. The gulls harry them ceaselessly and watch in long, white, solemn rows from the roof of the old burned-out pier close by.

Some buyers and the captain of a trawler out of Gloucester dicker at the pier end. There's arm waving, high-pitched shouts and deep grumbling. Abruptly the deal is settled and the pier workers rush forward to aid in the unloading. Beyond the mast tips, Manhattan's skyscrapers are blurred shadows in the smoky haze. The men unloading the Gloucester trawler step smartly; the cargo will be in time for the early morning buying rush.

The fishing vessels may be out, depending on luck and weather, for an average of seven to fourteen days. They'll bring back 60,000 to 125,000 pounds of fish — usually mackerel, porgy, butterfish, bluefish or shad. There's quite a number of shad in the Hudson, and they are caught in quantities at spawning time on their way upriver. The boats carry about twenty tons of chopped ice to preserve the fish, which are caught by means of huge nets. The mouths of the nets are held open by tremendous wooden "doors," which anchor them on either

side, about 100 feet apart. The trawlers have iron plating on their hulls to protect them from the buffeting of the massive, metal-trimmed doors.

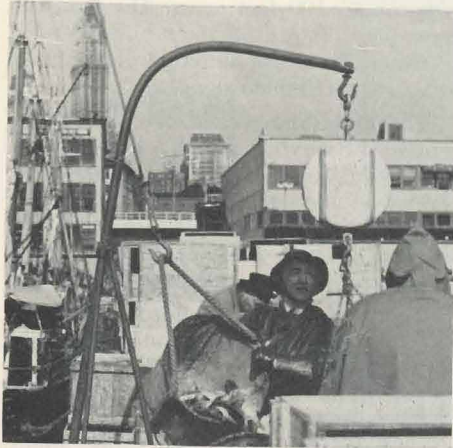
The old sailing vessels solved the problem of preserving fish by keeping the catch in a large well cut in the center of the vessel and secured at the bottom by an iron screen. They netted the fish and dumped them in the well. The sea water swelled up inside and kept the fish alive.

The Fulton Market opens for business with the crash of a loud gong that starts the sellers shouting in an unintelligible gibberish not unlike that of tobacco auctioneers and buyers haggling in a language all too lucid. Long stalls, about thirty-four to each market building, are operated by individual dealers. The stalls consist of bins of fish alternated by weighing scales.

Hundreds of men trundle hand trucks of boxed fish at breakneck speeds through the marketplace. Trucks stand in block-long lines, some loading, some unloading — tracing a mad spiderweb of activity.

A few of the more than one hundred wholesalers represented in the Fulton Market grow their own oysters on undersea acreage off the south shore of Long Island. One firm "sows" about 20,000 acres. The oyster will not mature for four to six years; the older and larger it is, the better. During this time a constant battle must be fought with marauding





The scale gets anxious study as the catch is weighed.

starfish and oyster drills which must be faithfully "weeded" out.

One wholesaler was plagued for quite some time by a human poacher, who eluded the guards and successfully pirated some of the firm's choicest beds. The fellow boldly sold his catch at the open market and nothing could be done about it. One can't, after all, brand an oyster. But the legal counsel of the firm came up with a brilliant solution and their troubles were thereafter over. They hired the man as a guard.

Market people also tell the tale about a man with a small inlet who was merrily victimized by a few clam diggers. The man decided to stock his bit of shallow water with clams and contracted to buy them by the bushel from some local surf clammers. However, they were a lazy lot and stole into the inlet each night and hauled up the clams they had sold that day for re-sale the next. The clams were pretty well shopworn by the time the man discovered he had paid umpteen times for the selfsame weary specimens.

Refrigerated trucks haul about eighty percent of the daily million pounds of fish that are bought and sold at the Fulton Market. Trucks transport shrimp and crabs from the South, and fresh water fish from the Great Lakes region; tank trucks bring live cod from New England. Variety ranges from the lowly porgy to the

rarer delicacies of the deep: octopus, squid, shark fins and goatfish. Some twenty-six countries contribute their fishermen's wares to the overflowing stalls of the East River market — the largest distributing market in the United States. It covers a four-block area, bounded by Fulton, South and Water streets and Peck Slip. About 2,500 men are employed in the hauling, hawking and preparing of fish. Some companies specialize in cutting fillets and some dress seafood for hotels.

The Fulton Market was established about 127 years ago, when it was leased by the city to "supply the common people with the necessities of life at a reasonable price." At the present time it is in its peak season of the year — Lent.

By early evening there are eight fishing boats at the Fulton pier, some still in the process of unloading. There's the *Clipper* and the *Maris Stella* out of New Bedford and Gloucester and the *Gertrude Gloubart*, one of the oldest trawlers operating. A few vessels have strung their nets from the masts to dry, and the crews lounge about on the decks or hustle back from impromptu shopping sprees with odd-shaped packages. Generally, the men will have only a two or three day layover before the next trip.

The smaller vessel on the other side of the pier is a scallop-trawler. She carries a double "net" of linked iron rings and rope-netting with heavy rakes at either end for dragging the sea bottom.

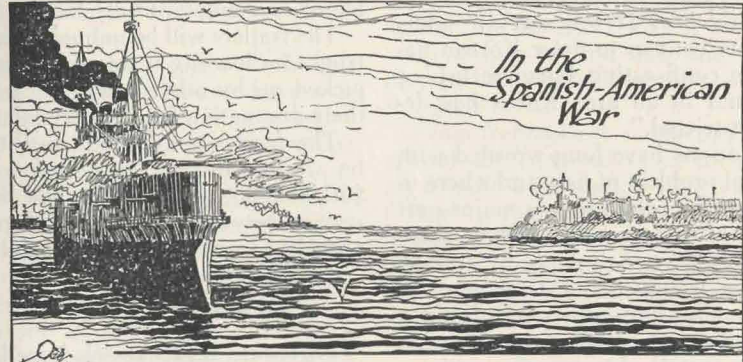
As the long day at the market nears its end, the cobblestones run with water from the hosing down of the stalls. Fires char heaps of wooden boxes, and ragged vagrants cook fish stews in coffee cans over the flames.

Gradually the roar quiets to a rumble and soon only the squawks of the tireless gulls echo over the empty streets. Only a few of the trawlers remain and the crews have bedded down for the night.

A gull skims the water and arches upward to the top of a ship's mast. He alights, and tucking one foot under him, surveys the hushed waters of his domain.

— MAE STOKE

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...war found our peacetime merchant fleet too small. Join the American Legion and other patriotic groups in demanding a strong merchant marine today — it is our fourth arm of defense. For a speaker or free movies or literature write the American Merchant Marine Institute, 11 Broadway, New York

Information Courtesy
American Merchant Marine Institute
New York

BOLD FISHERMEN

The first ships to be armed by Japan since World War II will carry 3" guns and 40-mm cannon to deter Korean patrols from confiscating Japanese fishing boats found in an area Korea has declared "restricted."

Both nations have long wrestled with the mutual problem of fish, and where to catch them. Seafood forms a major part of the diet of Koreans and Japanese alike. Korea "solved" her problem by staking out fishing waters that extend at some points 60 miles beyond her coastline for the exclusive use of her fishermen and by seizing vessels of trespassing nations. Japan is "solving" her problem by providing her fishermen with protective convoys.

Confucius say: when a gunboat is standard fishing equipment, the catch is likely to exceed all expectations.

CRADLE OF THE DEEP

A French Navy Bathyscape has set a new depth record off the coast of Dakar, Africa, by diving 2½ miles beneath the surface of the Atlantic Ocean.

Two men accomplished the feat in a 35-ton diving bell capable of navigating underwater with electric motors and not physically attached to the mother ship. Heavy, magnetic weights drag the bathyscape downward and are released when the desired depth is reached.

These same French Navy divers set two previous depth records last year in the Mediterranean when they reached depths of 5,082 and 6,888 feet.

SEA-GOING TRUCKS

Truck-trailers may take to the sea to avoid paying high, state-imposed road taxes. Special ferries are being designed to transport trailers along the Atlantic

Coast, probably between New York and North Carolina. Each ferry will be capable of carrying 240 fully loaded trailers.

The trailers will be unhooked from the trucks for loading at shipping points, and picked up by other trucks on arrival at their destination for delivery inland.

The ferries and loading facilities will be built at an estimated cost of \$50,000,000. An experimental ferrying service between Albany and Jersey has already proved highly successful.

RESCUES, RESCUES

Forty-one MSTS vessels have been involved in sea-rescue operations during their routine voyages in the past year. These have included forty-five medical mercy missions, fifteen ship rescues and five searches for downed aircraft and men lost at sea.

One of the outstanding rescues was accomplished by the cargo ship *Blue Jacket* in the Atlantic last December. She maneuvered in heavy seas for a total of fifteen hours to bring all of the thirty-six surviving crew members of the Swedish *Oklahoma* to safety. The Institute's Central Council also had a hand in the rescue, since knitted garments from their Christmas gifts to the *Blue Jacket* crew were used to warm the *Oklahoma's* survivors.

COOL WATER

Water shortages throughout the western United States have taxed the ingenuity of farmers and engineers alike in their efforts to beg, borrow or steal life-giving moisture for dangerously dry farmlands.

Arizona has called in cloud physicists who will conduct a study to determine just how well a program of artificial stimulation of clouds would work. To facilitate the program, a new Institute of

Atmospheric Physics will be established at Tucson. Radar will play an important part in this study by revealing cloud-behaviour.

Oklahoma plans to dig a ditch 450 miles long from its well-watered areas to its drier central and western sections.

Illinois has turned to the mysterious art of water-witching for help in its current drought. A water-witcher uses a forked branch of a tree to locate underground water streams. Roy McMillan has had notable success in locating quite a number of wells for his neighbors in the Pleasant Plains district. McMillan said his method consists of walking around a farm with the bit of tree limb until it was suddenly "pulled down." This indicates, he says, that water would be found beneath that spot. McMillan favors peach tree limbs.

DISCIPLINE

Nature and the Niagara Falls are to be severely disciplined for their carefree ways by Canadian and American engineers. Horseshoe Falls, according to the experts, has been eroding at too fast a pace and stern corrective measures include special control gates in the Niagara River above the Falls which will not only regulate the flow of water, but distribute it more evenly. Excavations and fills are planned along the flanks of the Falls at Goat Island and the Canadian shore. These will also help distribute the falls more evenly and maintain at all times an unbroken crest. Landscaping and fencing are listed as further practical and scenic improvements.

It is not expected, however, that frivolous Dame Nature will take this lesson to heart at all. She will go right on growing crooked trees and allowing waterfalls to tumble down, unevenly distributed.

RATE \times TIME = ?

Exactly how wide is the Atlantic? According to the Air Force, it will take a solar eclipse to find out, and handily, they just happen to have one coming up this June 30th.

From Nebraska to northern Pakistan, special observers will clock the speed of an 80-mile-wide shadow that is expected to race across the face of the earth at about 3,000 miles an hour during the eclipse. Two points on opposite sides of the Atlantic have already been determined as the primary observation posts and the length of time the shadow takes to navigate from one to the other will determine once and for all how wide the Atlantic really is — at least, at this particular point. Unless someone blinks at the crucial moment and misses the shadow, in which case we'll all have to wait for the next eclipse in 2151.

RED HERRING

The Russians have ordered ten fish factories from German shipbuilding yards in Kiel, and have requested the yards to obtain the necessary licenses for fifteen more.

Each ship will gross about 3,000 tons and be capable of turning out thirty tons of fish — canned or frozen — daily. Special machinery for the filleting of salmon and cod will be installed, an indication that Russia intends to operate the vessels along her Asiatic coast and in the Arctic. The ships will not only process their own catch, but serve as a "plant" for other fishing vessels in the vicinity. By-products, like cod liver oil and fish humus, will also be produced.

The first ten will cost more than \$18,000,000. Russian crews are expected to undergo intensive training in Germany in the operation of the ships.



The former *Annie C. Ross*, now anchored at Bristol Basin, East River.

Youth and Old Age

THE *Annie C. Ross*, the last of our four-masted lumber schooners, no longer languishes in the foul backwaters of Newtown Creek. She's been towed to Bristol Basin, East River, where the eager boys and girls of the Catholic Sea Cadets have lovingly cleared the tangled wreckage of years from her deck and holds. Commodore Richard Lukeman, Chief of Operations of the organization, hopes she'll be ready to sail as a training ship in the summer of 1955, bearing a new name — *Star of the Sea*.

The Cadets have had offers of help from many quarters in their efforts to make her seaworthy once more, but the professionals and workmen have not yet taken her over. The teen-agers who comprise the "ship's company" work intently at the serious business of hauling old timbers from her holds, and tearing out the badly charred paneling of her cabin. On Saturdays, other younger units of the Cadets scramble on board for a look at their ship. Some grab the slack ends of

rope and huff and puff with the big boys and some help with the painting of the bulwarks, either with an extra brush or well-considered, expert advice. Despite the clanking and the shrieks and the rush of little people forward and aft, the rudiments of military courtesy are rigidly observed, although a young cadet is apt to tap his captain on the shoulder to attract his attention before executing a rakish nautical salute.

Inevitably, there are the hungry ones, and the worn old galley with the iron stove that cooked countless meals for sturdy sailormen now plays host to the storied appetites of growing boys. Some of the younger ones are allowed to fry their own hot dogs, and sobered by this responsibility stare at the wienies with an unwavering intensity that suggests they half expect them to explode. A budding young artist has thoughtfully brightened the drabness of the charred cabin by painting a glittering, grinning sun in the center of the ceiling. All in all, the

battered old schooner has never been so enthusiastically adored or so tenderly handled since its launching at Bath, Maine back in 1917.

The plans for overhauling the vessel are lengthy and ambitious. Her sticks are sound, except for the mainmast, which has a bad crack near the hounds. Her topmasts are off and will not be replaced. Easton rigging will convert her to a barkentine rig, square in the foremast and fore and aft on the rest. Preventers have already been placed on the masts. The whole job will take three men two full weeks to accomplish. The sails have been inherited from the *Atlantic*, which was finally sold for the lead in her construction.

Tween decks will be installed in the lumber schooner's long unobstructed hold. Modernized galleys, sleeping quarters and classrooms will be added. Some of her decking is rotted and will have to be torn up, but her hull is sound except for the scarred stern, where tugs churning up and down Newtown creek struck her with their barge tows.

The ship has no auxiliary engine, although her donkey engine, for the sails and anchors, is in perfect working order.

The old vessel has had a fairly bizarre history in the last decade or so. Back in 1947 a Captain John Rosario was fitting her out for the West African trade. He named Dakar, Gambia and Freetown and possibly Brazil and the Cape Verde Islands as her probable ports of call, but the *Annie Ross* never budged from the fetid waters of the creek. She had her topmasts and long boat then; vandals and time had not yet gotten to her to rip and tear and burn the unguarded hulk.

The top picture is a view aft as the deck of the *Annie Ross* as she appeared while at Anchor in Newtown Creek where she suffered heavily from vandalism.

The bottom picture shows the progress which has been made by energetic youngsters who have set about putting her back in sailing trim.

Plans by a subsequent owner to convert her into a television studio never materialized.

The Catholic Sea Cadets, who now have full title to the vessel, are confident in their ability to make a sailing ship out of her. The Cadets are a non-sectarian group sponsored by the Catholic Church and advised by Father Celsus of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Manhattan. There are about 2,000 boy and girl cadets in 42 units in New York City. Their counselors are enthusiastic volunteers, with and without nautical background. Most are also contributing their time and skills in the effort to refit the *Annie Ross*.

The old sailors recall that she was once beautiful in sail. One seaman described her as "displaying the flawless beauty of a terraced cloud." Perhaps she'll merit that praise again, as the barkentine *Star of the Sea*.



Just for Luck

A MRS. KELLY phoned the other day to ask if any of the seamen at the Institute wanted to buy a veil.

"A veil, madam?"

"You know, for good luck — so they won't drown."

"A veil, madam?"

Mrs. Kelly explained that she meant a caul, the membrane which had covered the face of her baby when it was born three months ago.

"I thought that one of the seamen there might want to buy it. They say you won't drown if you carry one." She hastened to add that she had not the slightest idea what such a veil might be worth. However, she had no use for it herself, and if they brought a price — well, she could use the money, what with all the expenses of a new baby.

The infant itself squalled mightily in the background. Mrs. Kelly couldn't talk any longer, but she left her number, in case some seaman wanted to buy her baby's veil.

While cauls are seldom put up for sale these days, investigation shows that Mrs. Kelly's offer actually follows quite a respectable tradition. In former times they were frequently advertised for sale in the newspapers, and among the seafaring English fetched as much as twenty and thirty guineas for their touted ability to preserve their owner from drowning. However, toward the end of the last century supply overtook a shrinking demand and the market for dried cauls slumped to a low of around thirty shillings, when it no longer paid to advertise.

Dickens fans may remember that

David Copperfield was born with a caul "which," he complained, "was advertised for sale in the newspapers at the low price of fifteen guineas." This, of course, would have been in the early part of the 19th century.

The superstition attached to cauls goes back at least as far as the time of the Romans, when being born with a veil was considered like being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. Several Fathers of the early Church inveighed against the belief. Existing among many nations, the superstition is referred to in French, German and Yiddish proverbs. The French expression "être né coiffé," used to characterize a person having persistent good luck, is well known and is referred to in *Gil Blas*.

In folklore the possessor of a caul obtains from it, in addition to protection from drowning, several other magical and medicinal virtues. He can see ghosts and talk to them; even if he is deaf he can hear what they say. Amniomancy, probably brought into Europe from the East, refers to the practice of divining health by means of dried cauls carried as amulets. In general, a good crisp caul reflects the buoyant health of the owner, while a limp one indicates illness. Louisiana Negroes believe that the owner dies when a caul is torn. Another Negro belief, adopted from the English, is that the person born with a caul can tell fortunes.

The efficacy of the caul in preventing drowning seems to stem from its ability to resist demons, particularly storm demons which so often cause shipwreck and drowning at sea. Presumably, a caul's powers would be suspect in the calm waters of one's bathtub. The English poet Thomas Hood further discredits cauls in his poem, "The Sea Spell," in which a veiled mariner is lost to the open sea: "Heaven never heard his cry, nor did the ocean heed his caul."

Inquiry among seamen at the Institute reveals that the A.B.'s life-boat ticket has completely supplanted cauls as a safety factor on voyages. In fact, many have never heard of such a thing. Those who

have, do not necessarily associate it with protection from drowning. One man, whose grandmother had been born with a veil, said that his family always thought that fire would never touch their house.

Another seaman disparaged the superstition. "My sister was born with one and she's never had very good luck," he said. "Oh, I wouldn't say her marriage was a complete flop, but you really couldn't call that good luck either." Perhaps the caul's loss of control in this case can be explained by the fact that it was always kept on top of the piano in a bottle of alcohol. Cauls are generally preserved by drying so they can be carried about as handily as a small plastic bowl cover.

An engineer shook his head when asked about veils. "The only good luck piece I ever had was a chorus girl's garter. The Germans took it away from me when I was a prisoner of war, but I got it back later. Saw a Russian with it after they captured the prison. He got it from

the German that took it off me. Man, I knew that garter by heart, I carried it so long — across the country eight times and around the world twice. Got it in Kansas City when I was a kid."

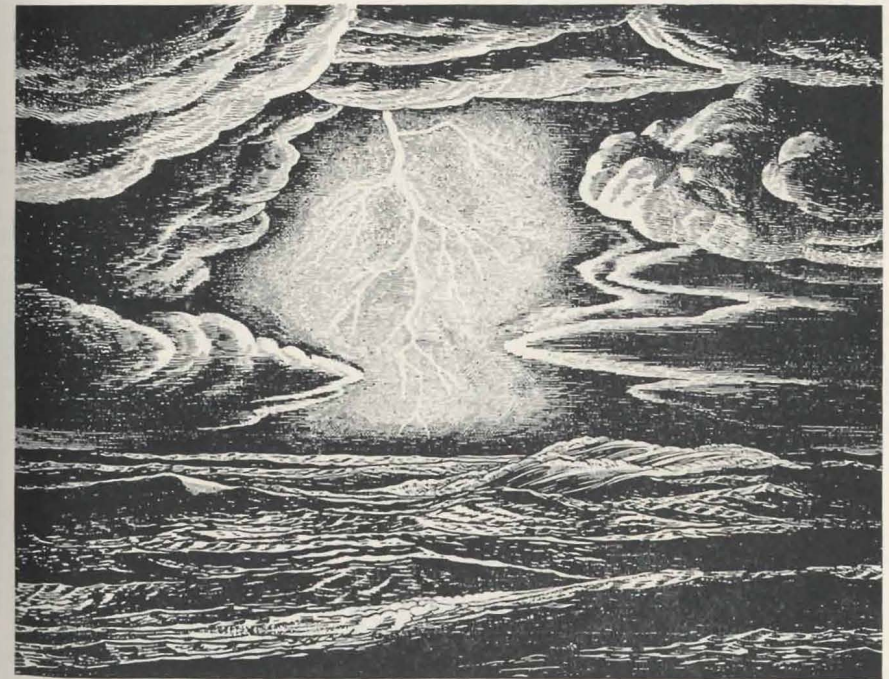
This same engineer also spoke admiringly of another guy he knew in the Seabees who had carried a half-pint bottle of Calvert's gin for five years. "But when the Germans took that away from him, it was just goodbye!"

An aging A.B. said that he preferred to place his trust in medallions that he happened to find. He explained that he always carried the one most recently come by, his thinking being that, as with flashlight batteries, the fresher the better.

To sum up, seamen at the Institute who carry amulets have already formed their own strong, if arbitrary, personal preferences, and no one seems at all interested in acquiring the veil from Mrs. Kelly's baby.

— TOM BAAB

Drawing by Rockwell Kent



For such demons, a caul.

Book Briefs



AWAY ALL BOATS

By Kenneth Dodson

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$3.95

Again we have the story of the Pacific invasions of the second World War. But this time it is more sensitively told, more aptly written. Strangely, we are on the landing boats as they make for the scorched and smoking islands, and we are among the natives on the land, watching them arrive. This is perhaps one of the best written books about the sea, with the ship, *U.S.S. Belinda*, the men on it and the sea itself characterized.

THE TIRPITZ

By David Woodward

W. W. Norton & Co., New York, \$3.50

The *Tirpitz* was a German battleship and figured prominently in the bitter battle for mastery of the North Atlantic in 1942-44. She was the biggest warship in the western hemisphere and the author has traced out her history of savage engagements from official British, Norwegian and German documents, and from first hand accounts of both Allied and German seamen. This is the factual story of a ship from her first strike to her final death struggle with the RAF. It is not fictionalized.

Some dramatic photographs illustrate the text.

MASTER IN SAIL

By Captain James S. Learmont

Percival Marshall & Co. Ltd., England — 12s-6d

Captain James S. Learmont, the author of *Master In Sail*, is by his own claim the last man alive today who shipped out of the Port of London as mate and master on sailing ships.

Captain Learmont relates his experiences under sail, with an easy humor and an interest-

ing, highly readable style. He is a man of dignity and deep pride in his profession and his book commands respect as the chronicle not only of one man's life, but of an era. The story is not wildly romantic, but it captures the essence of life under sail as few others have.

Learmont was an expert navigator and a number of ships established record passages under his captaincy. A novice seaman could learn much from the details of the captain's many voyages. The book is well organized and includes an index and a glossary of sea terms invaluable to the initiate and important from the viewpoint of history, since much of the terminology of the sailing ship is fast becoming a dead and unknown language.

The Captain ends his story with this quote from an old sea chanty:

"What does it matter if you're old and bent
When you look back on a life well spent?"

The time passed in reading this book would be well spent.

DOCTOR AT SEA

By Richard Gordon

Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, \$3.00

Doctor At Sea is a rough and tumble novel about a young medical school graduate who puts in his first internship aboard a battered old freighter, *Lotus*.

Much of the ribald humor of the story is contrived by confronting the young doctor — who speaks and acts like a young lady fresh out of finishing school — with the rather more earthy personalities and adventures of his shipmates.

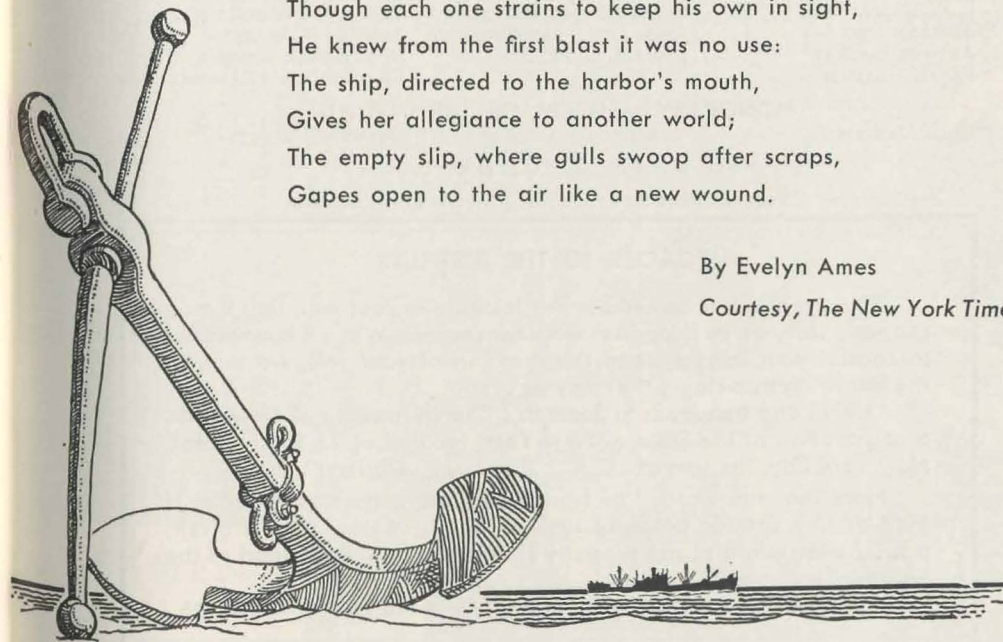
The story is almost completely lacking in authenticity and can be correctly termed a figment of the author's imagination. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gordon notes: "The *Lotus* and her crew are as fictitious as the *Flying Dutchman* and her insubstantial company." I believe him. The book is inoffensive, though, and not without a few laughs.

SAILING TIME

You need no watch to tell her sailing time
When tugs tread water, pant around her bow
And every aperture along the pier
Fills up with faces. (Down on the waterfront
Where the crowd grows, gardenias are half price.)
Hawser by hawser they start to let her go
And each taut rope which bound her to the shore
Slackens, droops in a deep curve, and falls.
High on her deck the winches groan and turn —
Foot by foot winding all her lines aboard
Till there is no connection, only last words
Called through cupped hands, caught piecemeal, then ground out
In the propellers' first Niagara churn,
The whistle's deep and breast-bone-shivering blast.
Then as with gathering sternway she draws out,
Cleanly as any cut of surgeon's steel
The separation's made — husband from wife,
Parent from child, friend from aching friend,
Each dwindling figure parted from its love.
Though each one strains to keep his own in sight,
He knew from the first blast it was no use:
The ship, directed to the harbor's mouth,
Gives her allegiance to another world;
The empty slip, where gulls swoop after scraps,
Gapes open to the air like a new wound.

By Evelyn Ames

Courtesy, *The New York Times*



The Central Council of Associations will hold its Annual Luncheon and Card Party on Monday, April 26, 1954. The Party proceeds will buy wool for the 10,000 knitted garments included each year in the Central Council's Christmas gifts to seamen. Subscriptions are \$3.00 per person, all inclusive. Contact the Central Council of Associations, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South St., New York 4, N. Y.

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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."

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