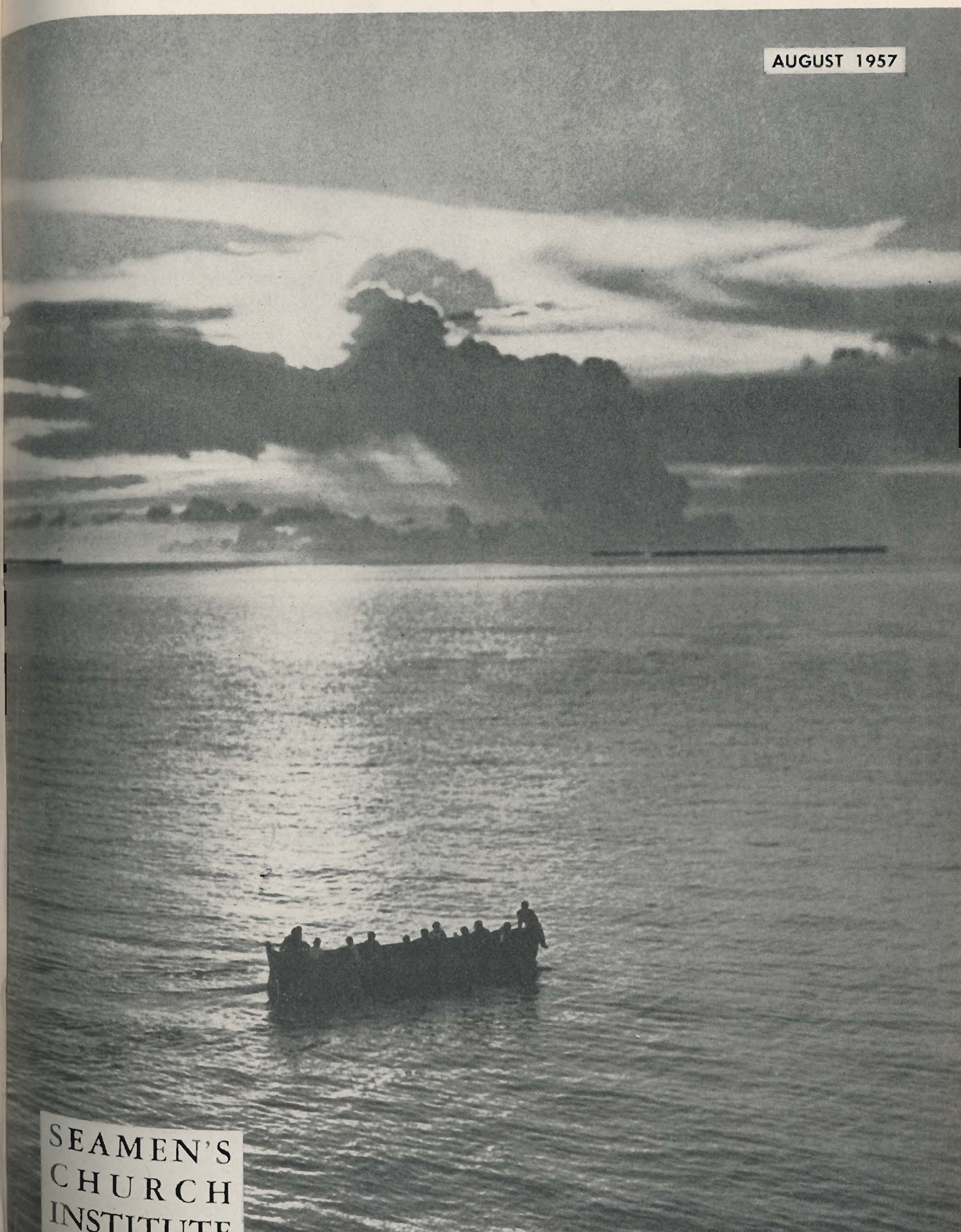
The LOOKOUT



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.

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The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: In the cool of a Florida evening, crewmen from a merchant ship take lifeboat practice, perhaps remembering these words from the seamanship manual by Capt. Felix Riesenberg: "No matter how important a man at sea may consider himself, unless he is fundamentally worthy the sea will some day find him out." Beginning on page one of this issue, Tad Sadowski's "The Kid" describes how and why the shellbacks watch over a new hand. The cover photo is by Max Hunn.

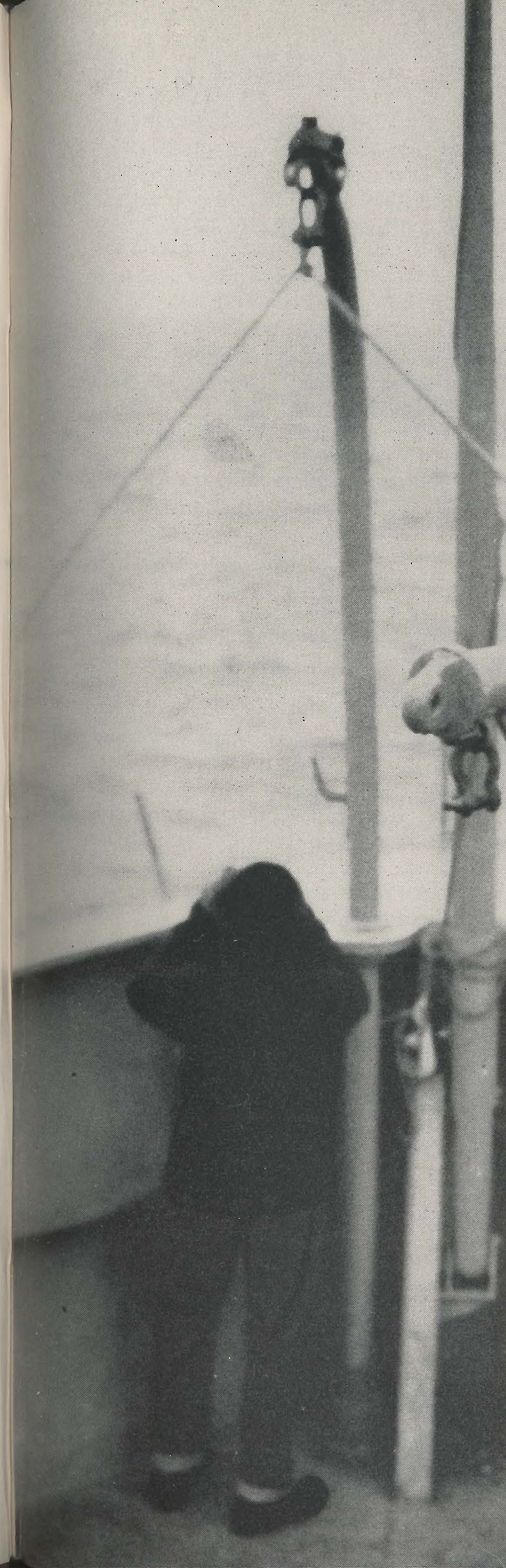

Photo by Sadowski

"To a young first-tripper, going to sea can be a lonely, difficult way to earn a living. . . ."

The Kid

LEGEND claims that dirty weather will plague seamen who neglect to leave money ashore with their sweethearts. Shifting ship to another berth my first morning aboard the *Robinson,* I was convinced that the gang not only owed money, but had borrowed and defaulted sizeable amounts. Chilling winds, sleet and rain lashed New York's fog-bound harbor. The ship wasn't fully crewed, and only three of us — a seasoned able seaman, myself and a young'un on the unshaven side of 20 — were aft on the fantail to let go the mooring lines. "Two men and a boy" managed to pull in the five stiff hawsers and fake them out on deck. Handicapped by the weather, we also had to spell and watch The Kid, shoving him out of the bights of fast-running lines, keeping his eager hands away from the capstan hauling and winding the hawsers.

Underway, we took a break, ducking into shelter. The Kid stood at a distance, timid and bewildered.

"First trip, huh, Kid?" the AB asked.

"Yeah," he faltered. "I didn't think it'd be this complicated."

We smiled and the AB said, "You'll catch on. It just takes a little time."

Encouraged, The Kid joined us and asked about the work. His education began with that first question. Many more questions would have to be answered and assimilated before he sprouted salt on his wings. And as long as he kept inquiring, someone would be glad to pass on knowledge.

The *Robinson* was a Victory ship carrying military supplies anywhere in the world the ship was routed by the Department of Defense. Built for work, not show and comfort, a freighter like her uses nearly every foot of deck space for the loading and discharging of cargo. Block and tackle, cleats, padeyes, ballast blocks

and rigging are placed where they will be most useful to the ship — and their nautical advantages can be the downfall of a sailor who, stumbling to the bow to relieve the lookout, or dodging angry waters pouring over the ship's side or . . .

The Coast Guard files are filled with accident reports on merchant seamen.

The Kid had a happy ship for learning the ropes. Owned by the Navy and civilian-manned, the *USNS Lt. J. E. Robinson* had, several years in succession, been cited as a Smart Ship, an honor given to very few ships in the Military Sea Transportation fleet and the U.S. Navy. To obtain this award, a vessel must pass a thorough inspection from bow to stern, from the bridge to the double bottoms, by a team of hawk-eyed inspectors who evaluate the knowledge and practice of seamanship by the ship's upkeep and appearance. Hanging beside the Smart Ship plaque in the saloon mess was another citation commending the *Robinson* for the prevention of accidents at sea. The *Robinson* was a clean ship and a safe ship.

"The work went on, weather or no, and the Kid was expected to pull his weight." *Photo by Sadowski*

To a young first-tripper, going to sea can be a lonely, difficult way to earn a living, and the deck gang sensed their new ordinary seaman would require help. We looked at him, seeing ourselves back to a time when we first filled a man's job, our first time away from home, and inwardly we smiled a wry, wise smile, resolving to guide him around a few sharp corners we had encountered.

Crossing the pond is seldom a smooth ride, and on this voyage at the height of the winter storm season, the *Robinson* had to fight her way through the North Atlantic's fury. The work went on, weather or no, and The Kid was expected to pull his weight. He made the mistakes all first-trippers do, and a few he could claim sole patent to, but there was always someone nearby to point out his errors. Usually, before work started, an older hand explained the job, showing him the easiest, safest methods.

Always the emphasis was on safety. Again and again he was cautioned, "One hand for the ship, one hand for yourself." There are more dangerous trades than seafaring, but only for a brief pause of time. At sea, all hands live within the reach of danger 24 hours a day. The ship has wind, water and weather to contend with, and yesterday was miles to the wake and a different Nature's brew prevailed. The metal and machinery aboard ship are as fickle as the men who tend them.

The Coast Guard files are filled with casualty reports on ships now berthed in Fiddler's Green.

Daily, The Kid gained new knowledge. During coffee-time and off-watch we showed him how the everyday tasks fitted into the larger pattern of seamanship. At night, on lookout, his mate asked elementary questions on seamanship, adding new ones the next night. On his own, The Kid saw the ship's training officer and borrowed manuals for study. Pride burst in him the first time he took a trick at the wheel. He marked off his calendar to the day he would have sea time enough to take his first examination and passing this, add Lifeboatman to his ordinary seaman's endorsement. Aloud, he wondered about the necessary qualifications to sit for a license. The Kid had gained confidence.

Homeward bound we relaxed. We felt our protege would become a sailor. One trip doesn't produce sea legs, but his willingness to ask questions, to study, to do the job over was the right apprenticeship. Out of the corner of our eyes we still watched to see he endangered none of the gang, for only experience can make a safe worker, and even shellbacks with years of horizon chasing have to be on guard against the sea, the ship and themselves.

Photo by Sadowski

"He marked off his calendar to the day he would have sea time enough to take his first examination, and passing this, add Lifeboatman to his ordinary seaman's endorsement."

Because smart seamanship is a continuing, advancing process. The Kid's long, slow climb up the ship's ladder from the fo'c's'le to the bridge would have to be cautious, sane steps. A snugger berth topside would give him greater knowledge of the interdependence he shared with his shipmates. If he learned his lessons well, The Kid would one day have another ship to sail as a first-tripper. On that voyage the crew would call him the Old Man, and as Master he would be responsible for millions of dollars worth of ship, cargo and, most important, the well-being of men sailing with him on the waters that cover this globe.

— TAD SADOWSKI

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The Funeral of T-Bone McBride

T-BONE McBRIDE was born skinny; he lived skinny, and when he came to die a few weeks ago, after 70 years of salt air and three years of TB, there wasn't much left. He turned his wrinkled face to the chaplain at his bedside and said, "I guess we better take care of the last bit. I want my funeral at the Doghouse. Have me cremated. Throw my ashes into the sea."

Chaplain Laundrie of the Protestant Episcopal Mission Society had known T-Bone for three shriveling years at Seaview Hospital, long enough to know that the man who was dying was a thin man, but not a small man. A brother in Long Beach, California who wrote to authorize the cremation verified the stories the chaplain had heard about McBride.

T-Bone had grown up along the docks of San Francisco Bay, among the sailing ships and tramp steamers. The sealing, salmon and whaling fleets tied up within a mile of his house along the Oakland estuary, and by the time he was ten, T-Bone — called Alfred by his mother and "Skinny" by everyone else, including his six brothers — had almost a bosun's knowledge of these ships and their men. By fifteen, he had been to the North Pacific and to the Arctic.

During the days of the Klondike gold rush, when he was still a kid, T-Bone jumped ship in Alaska along with half of his shipmates to head for the diggings. He came back a year later, having gained some frost-bitten toes and the friendship of another adventurer, Jack London. The friendship lasted until London died in 1916.

Before he was twenty, T-Bone had spun much of the world under his thin legs as a mess boy on steamers. His brother Crescent recalls, "Al always arranged to get back to his home port at least once a year, and the day he arrived with his seabag over his shoulder was always a happy day. He always brought something back for his mom and his kid brothers."

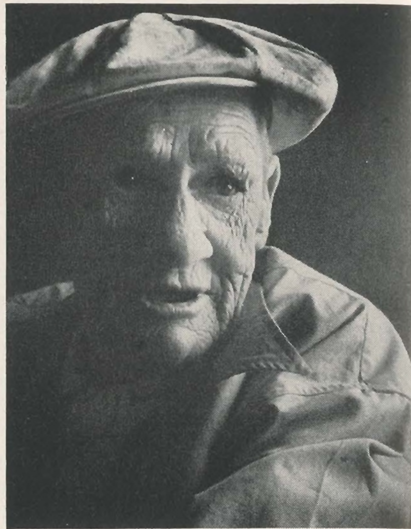


Photo by Clem Kalisher

The late T-Bone McBride.

In 1906, he happened to be in port when earthquake and fire ravished San Francisco. Drawn by the novelty of finding such excitement at home, he opened an eating place with his brother Jim six days later right in the ruins. But when the rubble was cleared away, it was all very ordinary, so T-Bone went down to the sea again.

In 1915, a letter came from the State Department saying that Alfred W. McBride had been interned in Sweden. His ship had been captured and sunk by the Germans, who in the chivalrous manner of World War I, had landed the crew in a neutral country. Chivalry notwithstanding, T-Bone came storming back within a month and tried to enlist in the U.S. Army. Told that he was too skinny to cut the mustard, T-Bone hopped a ship to Canada and joined the war for two years as a medic with Canada's Princess Pat Regiment.

With Germany cut down, T-Bone returned home to the West Coast, sailing now as a cook and baker, which helped confirm his nickname. He was first called T-Bone while serving as a second cook on the revenue cutter *Bear* in 1901. It was his custom whenever asked what was for breakfast or any other meal to answer unhesitatingly, "T-bone steak."

In the Twenties, he left the West Coast for good. He worked the Gulf and Eastern ports, meanwhile joining the union movement with a vengeance. Like Jack London, whose social theories he had imbibed, T-Bone was a rank individualist, yet was drawn by the sweet hope of establishing a more cooperative society. His black eyes snapped angrily when he denied that unionism and communism were the same. In the lobby at 25 South Street, he chided the Seamen's Church Institute for its attempt at neutrality on the union issue, for not being quicker to see the wheat among the chaff of communist agitators infiltrating the waterfront. It was during this time that T-Bone, like other old-timers, adopted the nickname "Doghouse," used with a grin in referring to the Institute, the anchor point for most sailors in New York. Communists making a well defined effort to win the waterfront first used the term in their mimeographed "Doghouse News," which daily attacked the Institute as a tool of "capitalist oppression."

In 1937, the war in Spain promised more excitement, so T-Bone went in on the side of the Loyalists with the International Brigade. When his cause collapsed in Madrid, T-Bone returned to help his own country in the big war against fascism that was shaping up. By Pearl Harbor time, he had satisfied the FBI that despite his service in the Canadian army and in Spain, he was still an American citizen, so as the first bombs fell, he was back in the merchant marine with his hundred pounds of fight.

In 1943, a "tin fish" knocked his ship out of a convoy, and the thinly padded 60-year-old T-Bone was fractured from end to end — ankle, hip and skull. Two months later he was back in business, writing home that his ankle still bothered him some.

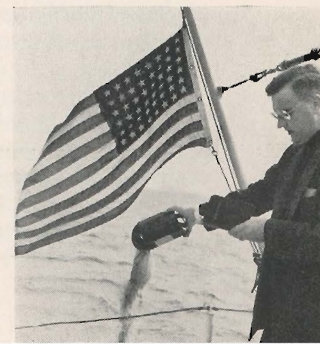
Before the war was done, T-Bone had seen service in both oceans. One of his last Atlantic voyages was on a ship bringing G.I.s home. Among them, according to a letter written to his brother Crescent, he met an Episcopal paratroop chaplain by the name of Hall. "In the few days we were on board ship together," wrote T-Bone, "he taught Christianity to me." This man was later to be known to T-Bone as Dr. Raymond S. Hall, director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Even during his last three years as an invalid, T-Bone was not strictly out of commission. On one of her visits to Seaview Hospital, Mrs. Gladys Kadish of the Personal Service Bureau found him with his fists clenched. It seems that in order to curb his gregariousness, which spread too much excitement in the wards, T-Bone had been demobilized; they had taken his wheelchair.

Although he was generous to a fault, T-Bone had a certain starch in his manner. His kindness was stiffened with irony, his generosity with quips. Seamen tend to stay away from funerals in proportion to their fear of crying, and when eight bells was sounded for T-Bone, his pals at the Institute respected his aversion to bald sentiment in the best way they could. As they heard the slow call of eight, many thought their thoughts and commended him to God without entering the Chapel of Our Saviour, where Chaplain Laundrie, assisted by the Institute's Chaplain St. John, conducted the service. Among the Institute staff members present was his good friend, Mrs. Kadish.

Beside the casket was an anchor-shaped wreath from his only surviving brothers, Marion and Crescent, who had not seen T-Bone since 1923. And from a hospital wardmate, there was a spray of red roses with the inscription, "Home is the sailor, home from the sea."

Yet T-Bone did not really seek to be home from the sea or apart from the world, but asked to have his ashes returned to the deep, where the ocean could symbolize for all time the restless energy with which he had covered the globe.



From a Coast Guard vessel standing off Ambrose lightship, the Institute's Chaplain St. John fulfills the last wish of T-Bone McBride, "Throw my ashes into the sea."

The World of Ships

DOG EAT DOG

An attempt to tap the riches of the sea by extracting protein from sea plants is being made by British biologists, according to a report by the *New York Times.*

This new project, which consists of growing microscopic sea plants in the laboratories, is a development of the idea of fertilizing small isolated areas of sea water with chemical additives. These experiments, which have also been carried on at the Woods Hole Marine Station in Massachusetts, produced such a tremendous growth of the phytoplankton plants that the crop was able to be extracted in bulk, dried and processed as a source of protein in powder form.

But—you really can't win. It was also discovered that the minute animals of the sea, the zooplankton, which feed on phytoplankton, also increased at practically the same rate and reduced the size of the potential crop.

U. S. TANKER FLEET SINKS

Unless the present downward trend is checked, the United States will forfeit her position of leadership in the world's tanker fleet by 1961, according to an analysis just made public by the statistical research division of the Sun Oil Company.

Although still the leading flag of registry, the United States represented only 18.9 per cent of the world's tank ship carrying capacity at the close of 1956. A year ago, the figure was 20.8 per cent; at the close of World War II, it was 59.8 per cent.

Closest contenders for the number one spot are the United Kingdom, with 16.1 per cent of the world's carrying capacity at the end of 1956, Norway with 15.0 per cent, Liberia with 14.1 and Panama, 7.6.

A reversal of the current trend seems unlikely, the report stated. As of December 31, 1956, the United States had only 37 tankers of 1,254,000 deadweight tons on the ways or on order, while the United Kingdom had 169 ships of 4,246,800 tons, Japan had 147 vessels of 5,286,700 tons, and Sweden had 129 ships of 3,391,800 tons.

SUEZ QUIZ

At the request of the Suez Canal Users Association, the American Merchant Marine Institute is making a survey to determine the efficiency of the present operation of Suez by the Egyptian government.

The Institute is circulating a questionnaire among the principal American steamship companies whose ships transit Suez. Besides requesting the ship's name, owner, date of transit through the canal, draft and direction of voyage, the questionnaire asks for information on such topics as efficient convoy through the canal, any forms of discrimination, unusual difficulties due to canal authority, opinion on the competence of Suez pilots, etc.

In a letter accompanying the questionnaire, Mr. Casey commented: "It is clearly in the interest of American ship-owners that Suez Canal operations be maintained at a high level of efficiency."

TURNING POINT

The nuclear age for merchant shipping in the United States will begin in 1960, when a sleek, modernistic passenger ship begins to sail the oceans. She will be the nation's first atomic-powered merchant ship, and she is expected to steam 350,000 miles, or for three-and-a-half years, on one charge of nuclear fuel.

Plans for the ship were announced late in July to a symposium on the Government's program to develop a nuclear-powered merchant fleet, attended by scores of shipping officials and Government nuclear and maritime experts. The $42,500,000 ship, whose keel will be laid next spring, will serve as a floating laboratory to demonstrate the feasibility of atomic power for commercial ships. According to Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse, she will lead "three lives; first there will be tests and trials in American waters. We then contemplate overseas voyages which will introduce the ship throughout the world. Finally we hope to see the ship in regular commercial service."

SEAWAY SUBSIDY

In a move to protect the Port of New York from "under-cutting" by the St. Lawrence Seaway, a group of civic and trade associations in New York and New Jersey are banding together to oppose threatened subsidy of the waterway, scheduled to open to deep-water shipping in 1959.

Although the law now requires that the Seaway be operated on a self-sustaining basis, the New York-New Jersey Committee for a Self Supporting Seaway believes that future users of the Seaway are trying to establish the principle of non-compensatory tolls. Unless these tolls are high enough to make the Seaway pay its own way, says the New York group, New York will lose a considerable amount of its commerce to the new water route.

The committee hopes to enlist the support of other ports which will be affected by competition from the St. Lawrence Seaway and make its influence nationwide. It emphasized that it does not oppose the Seaway, but merely opposes efforts to subsidize it. "Should we fail," said James W. Danahy, head of the committee, "the taxpayer will be the fall guy and Midwestern business and foreign shipping lines will be the principal beneficiaries."

THAT 'OLE DEBIL SUN

A ship that was reported to have sunk and burned off the South African coast arrived safely at East London harbor last month, the victim of nothing more blazing than a sunset.

The 13,000-ton British liner *City of Exeter* was reported by scores of eyewitnesses in the coastal resort town of Margaret to have been seen offshore, ablaze from stem to stern. Rescue parties of ships and planes were alerted, but found no wreckage.

It was explained later that the optical illusion of a ship in flames had been produced by the gold-pink rays of the sunset, magnified by haze. Watchers on shore were sure the ship had sunk when the liner vanished into the haze.

PASSENGER'S PARADISE

In most cases, three's a crowd, but on a recent crossing of the *Ile de France,* it was hardly a quorum. The 45,000-ton luxury liner, which can accommodate 1300 passengers, arrived in New York one day last month with only three.

The three, two women and one man, were the only ones who had applied for passage when the *Ile* was hurriedly rushed back into service after being held up in Le Havre by a strike of French marine engineers.

On board, they had the run of the ship, were invited to dinner at the captain's table every night, and lived mostly in first-class accommodations, making exploratory trips to the vast, empty spaces of cabin and tourist class. One of the passengers, Mrs. Ramon Pascual of the Bronx remarked; "I never dreamed in my wildest dream that I'd have a 45,000-ton yacht with 800 crewmen from the captain down waiting to cater to my wishes."

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The North River Steamboat, 1807, a financial success.

Mr. Fulton's Ingenious Steamboat

JUST 150 years ago this month, a small group of curious and cynical New Yorkers gathered at a wharf on the North River to witness what later generations would note as one of the great events of maritime history. However, there was little indication on that day of August 17, 1807, that anything world-shaking was about to take place. There was a new boat about to make a trial run, to be sure, but there were no city officials or glad-handers about, no bottles of champagne smashed, speeches made or harbor craft shouting welcome in the manner of such rituals today. Only one New York newspaper had seen fit to write up the event that was about to take place. *The American Citizen* for August 17, 1807 reported: "Mr. Fulton's ingenious steamboat, invented with a view to the navigation of the Mississippi from New Orleans upward, sails today from North River, near State's Prison to Albany. The velocity of the steamboat is calculated at 4 miles an hour. It is said it will make a progress of 2 against the current of the Mississippi, and if so, it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the commerce of the western states."

That the crowd came to scoff and stayed to cheer at Mr. Fulton's "ingenious steamboat" is, of course, known to every schoolchild who has read about the *Clermont's* trip up the Hudson, hissing, sputtering, and belching forth great clouds of smoke and sparks which made some farm-folk of the Hudson valley think the day of judgement was at hand. And those same schoolbooks, with their marvelous capacity for over-simplification, have given us the name of Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat, with the implication that before the voyage of the *Clermont* there were no steamboats, and that afterwards, the steamboat, like Venus rising full-blown out of the water, was here to stay. While this bit of popular history is popular, it is not quite historical. Fulton's boat, which was not even called the *Clermont*, but the *North River Steamboat*, was not the most mechanically perfect vessel built up to that time; it was much slower than a boat built by one John Fitch 17 years before, and not one of its component parts was original with Fulton. How then, has Robert Fulton come down in the American legend as the inventor of the steamboat?

To answer that question fully, we have to take the steamboat story pretty far back. The idea of a mechanical boat was certainly not new with Fulton; since the earliest days of navigation mariners must have dreamed of an automatic vessel that would free them from the caprices of wind and tide. But to the early sailors, such a device, being contrary to the laws of God and man, must surely be magic, something associated with the realms of darkness. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, becalmed and dying of thirst, sees with horror "a ship that comes onward without wind and tide;" it is the vessel belonging to Death and his mate. In sea lore, countless ghost ships are seen sailing in the face of tempest and tide.

The early developments that were one day to make an automatic boat possible were shrouded in magic, too. The canny priests of ancient Alexandria used a very primitive type of steam engine, rigged up under the altar where burnt offerings were made, to open temple doors which the "angry" gods had kept shut. This awe-inspiring device contained all the elements of the earliest practical steam engines which, however, had to wait 1600 years to be built.

The failure of wind and water-propelled pumps to keep ever-deepening iron-mining shafts free of water necessitated the invention in 17th-century Europe of a fountain engine, a type of steam pump which could do only one thing — raise liquids. A host of inventors set to work on other steam devices and in the 18th century two great milestones were reached. In 1705, John Newcomen patented the first engine capable of transforming the properties of steam directly into mechanical motion and in 1776, James Watts synthesized all the developments made before him and added an important one of his own. His brilliant stroke of installing a separate condenser to replace the inefficient jet spray cooling system of the earlier steam engines permitted the cylinder to remain hot while the condenser could be kept relatively cool, and thus created an engine that was powerful enough to drive boats. At that date, Robert Fulton had not even been born.

The era of steamboat invention was at hand. In France, in England and in the United States men worked on various fantastic and not-so-fantastic schemes. In America, James Rumsey of Virginia experimented unsuccessfully on a boat driven by a stream of water forced through the stern by a steam pump. More successful was the moody, brilliant Connecticut yankee, John Fitch, who, with no knowledge of Watts' steam engine, developed both a steam engine and a steamboat. In the summer of 1790 his boat steamed on schedule between Burlington, N. J., Trenton and Philadelphia, traveling 2,000 to 3,000 miles at the rate of about eight miles an hour. Yet bad luck hounded the man; a year later his steamboat lay rotting in a cove on the Delaware and he, a misunderstood and maligned genius, died soon after by his own hand. Two years later, Rhode Islanders gaped at a steamboat propelled by side paddles, moving back and forth like a duck's feet, the brain-child of one Elijah Ormsbee. And two years after that, Samuel Morey managed to go from Hartford to New York City in a stern-wheeler at the rate of five miles an hour.

Robert Fulton, at this time, was not particularly interested in steamboats. He had been living in Europe, made friends with liberal thinkers like Robert Owen and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and become obsessed with a vision — world peace. He also thought he had discovered the means of achieving it — the destruction of all navies by his invention, the submarine. Fulton offered a prototype of today's subs to both Napoleon and his arch rival, Pitt of England, but neither accepted it. Undaunted, Fulton looked for a way to make

In addition to the *Clermont*, Fulton developed steam ferries that did business on the Hudson and East rivers.

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some money quickly so that he could spend more time perfecting his submarine and working on a canal scheme he also had in mind. He decided to tinker with the steamboat.

With the backing of his wealthy patron Robert Livingston, Fulton ordered a steam engine and boiler from England and set to work in 1806 to build *The North River Steamboat* at an East River shipyard. Long and narrow — 150 feet by thirteen feet — with a freeboard of less than four feet, she carried two sails fore and aft of her smokestack. None of the parts of the boat were original with Fulton, but although he has been criticized for borrowing ideas from other inventors, in this lay his unique gift. Fulton was interested in results, not originality. Another steamboat inventor with still one more original flash of genius was precisely what was not needed; what was necessary was someone who could synthesize the already-existing knowledge about steamboat navigation and produce a boat that would work every time. In contrast to John Fitch, who had worked on a hit-or-miss basis and who produced a successful boat once but probably never could have done it again, Fulton paid close attention to measurement and proportions, learned from his errors, and was able to perfect the design of his steamboats as he continued to build them.

Three steamboat designs by John Fitch, top to bottom: a skiff, his Indian war canoe, his successful 1790 craft.

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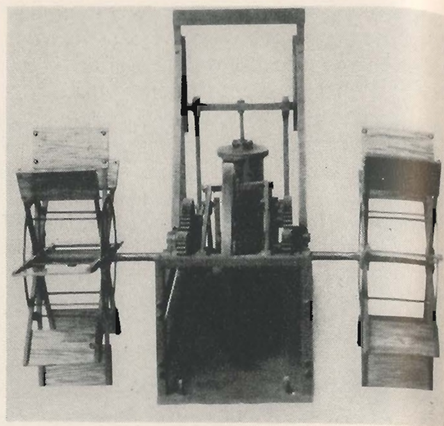
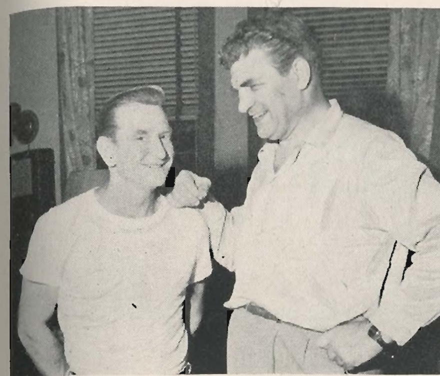


The driving mechanism of Fulton's first successful steamboat is shown by this model in the Smithsonian Institution.

The first person to apply practical engineering techniques to the steamboat, he was also its first successful businessman. Other steamboat inventors died in poverty; Fulton not only broke even on his boats, he made a profit. His organizational abilities enabled him to lift the steamboat out of the "freak" realm and make it a dependable means of transportation.

After Fulton there were no more wild experiments with steamboats. There was a fairly straight line of orderly developments of more advanced methods of steam propulsion, from Shreve's boats that navigated the Mississippi far better than Fulton's could, to the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic, the *Savannah,* to the nuclear-fueled, steam-propelled ships on the drawing boards today. Fitch, Rumsey and men like them may have been the great pioneers of the steamboat, but Robert Fulton was its great organizer, synthesizer and promoter. In an age where results count for more than genius, Robert Fulton has won his name and fame.



At the Institute, Milton Brownell, fireman-watertender, exchanges boxing memories with Lou Nova, of heavyweight fame. While serving in the Army at Scofield Barracks, Hawaii, Brownell boxed in the "smokers" as a welterweight.

In the Evening

Last month, when Alice and Sydney Dauer's "Musical Merrymakers" came to the Janet Roper Club to present one of their frequent programs of entertainment to seamen at the Institute, they brought with them ex-boxer turned comedian Lou Nova. Dubbed as "The Gentleman of Wit," Nova polished off "Casey at the Bat" and humorously reviewed several incidents of his life as a boxer.

Fiddler Dauer and pianist Blake, of Blake and Blake, rip through a duet during a recent show for seamen in the Janet Roper Clubroom.

Lou Nova, Casey and seamen.

Alan Villiers, who, as everybody knows by now, is a pretty good sailor, again proves himself to be just as competent a writer in his new book, **Wild Ocean, McGraw Hill, $5.00.** Subtitled "The North Atlantic and The Men Who Sailed It," this is not just another re-hash of the North Atlantic story, but a Villier's-eye view of the whole historical saga of that wildest and most dramatic of oceans. Since Villiers has sailed the Atlantic probably as much as any man living, in all sorts of vessels, from a full-rigged ship in which he followed the path of Columbus to the *Queen Elizabeth,* from a fishing dory to an aircraft carrier, he is well able to salt this history of the Atlantic with tales of his own adventures on the same waters. There is nothing very new in this book, but it is a remarkably skillful blending of history, geography, adventure and sea story that does full justice to its challenging subject.

Turning to the warmer waters of the Pacific and James Michener's and A. Grove Day's **Rascals in Paradise, Random House, $4.75,** we find another fascinating set of adventurers. These men, unlike the heroes of the North Atlantic — Columbus, the Pilgrims, the Jamestown settlers — were not interested in finding new worlds for their fellow men; they were out for power and profit for themselves. This gallery of rascals and rogues includes some of the greatest scoundrels in history, all of whom set upon the fabled islands of the Pacific in their quest for glory. Ranging from 1595 to 1953, the book tells the fascinating stories of such people as Coxinga, the Chinese-Japanese pirate who became a god, Captain Bligh, a murderous lady explorer, a psycopathic Nantucket whaleman, a slave-driving buccaneer, and many others of that ilk.

Followers of naval history will be interested in three recently-published books. The first is Samuel Eliot Morison's **The Invasion of France and Germany 1944-45, Little Brown, $6.50.** This is Volume XI of Admiral Morison's exhaustive and scholarly series, "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II."

Another type of naval history, this time not of any particular phase of naval exploits, but of the whole U.S. Navy itself, is the book Fletcher Pratt completed just a few days before his death, **The Compact History of the U.S. Navy, Hawthorn Book, $4.95.** Probably the best single-volume work on such a vast subject, it is a highly readable outline of the Navy's history, from the days of the privateers and their sailors without uniforms to the days of the A-subs and their crews of highly-skilled technicians. The book is illustrated with excellent drawings by the late Louis Priscilla.

Ghost Ship of the Confederacy, Edward Boykin, Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95, also recounts an important aspect of American naval history — the time when it was also swept from the seas by Captain Raphael Semmes and his ship *Alabama.* The most brilliant naval mind of the Confederacy, Semmes set a record for commerce destruction never since equalled by surface raider, aerial squadron or U-boat ace: 69 Yankee ships captured, burned or sunk — a feat that not only threatened to drive the Union flag from the seas but almost precipitated a third war between the United States and Britain.

EVERY NEW DAWN

At night and every night,
Life-worn and weary and sore,
I feel like a grounded seaman
Hugging a prodigal shore,
A prosy old seaman, tired
Of water and watery lore,
Content to have done with plowing
The ocean forevermore . . .
But every new dawn evokes
A thousand imperative grails;
And every new day brings wind
To fill my crumpled-up sails;
And tide enough to set free
My foundered heart to the gales.

Silvia Margolis

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