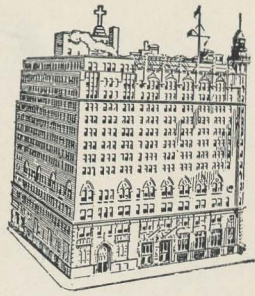


The LOOKOUT

JANUARY 1958



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

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JANUARY, 1958

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: A snow-covered bear, one of the gargoyles on the Institute's roof, oversees a freighter as she noses toward her Brooklyn berth. The filigree of steel in the foreground is the skeleton of old Pier 6, which is being demolished to make way for new docking facilities planned by the Department of Marine and Aviation for the area across from 25 South Street.

At the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island, Women's Council volunteers Mrs. James Talbot and Mrs. Frederick Dillingham deliver a Christmas box to hospitalized seafarer Chris Christiansen. The Institute's Chaplain Richard Bauer, on full-time duty at the hospital, looks on.



In Appreciation

CHRISTMAS 1957 was a brighter day than it would have been for some 4,500 men on the high seas when they discovered that Santa was aboard. With the help of the Women's Council of the Seamen's Church Institute, he left handsomely wrapped Christmas boxes for every crew member on over 80 ships — the culmination of a year's knitting, wrapping, planning and purchasing by the Council's volunteers.

On shore, 1152 seamen confined to hospitals in the New York area received Christmas packages, as did 1064 guests at 25 South Street, who also partook of a festive Christmas dinner. From all parts of the world, letters of thanks have come to the Institute:

"With the thoughtfulness of the Seamen's Church Institute in playing Santa Claus we had a fine day," wrote a crew member of the *S.S. Exford*, from Izmir, Turkey. From the crew of the *S.S. Wellesley Victory*, at sea, came this note: "There are few words to describe how much these gifts have done to make these holidays more enjoyable, for us who are so far from home and loved ones. We can only assure you that this Christmas seemed like the real thing, because you people were so thoughtful."

A patient at Seaview Hospital in Staten Island wrote: "I deeply appreciate the gift box sent me as a Christmas present. I felt much joy at the thought that I'm still remembered there, although I'm no more an active seaman." And from the Master of the *Mormacelm* came this note: "We are very grateful at Christmas — when it is not too easy to be separated from our home — for the kindness we receive from your people in these thoughtful gifts, both to the contributors and to those folks whose patient toil and skill have gone into the making of those fine packages."

A crew member of the *S.S. Excellor*, in Lisbon on Christmas, wrote this letter: "Your Christmas package was a lovely gesture. Away from our families, a good many of us were feeling a little bit dismal, and the packages in bright colored paper that we all received at breakfast made the day a happier one. I thank you and all your contributors for your thoughtfulness."

And from the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, a seaman wrote: "I appreciate the enormous amount of work and time you and your people devoted to make Xmas — and life — more pleasant for all of us who are confined to this hospital."

Figueira's Curse



This piece has been prepared from Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg's exhaustive records on treasure ships, authenticated and substantiated from records acquired from the Cape Town historical archives.

IN Sandwich Harbor, South Africa, like littered bones, lie the shattered hulks of hundreds of wrecked ships. In the lagoon bordering on this little harbor lie chests of glittering gold, shiny silver and other enticing treasure trove; wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus abounds in the sea's treacherous depths.

At the edge of what was once the old slave trader's settlement of Port d'Ilheo, the floor of the bay is covered with hoards of sunken treasure. At the narrow entrance

of the lagoon lie the remains of an ancient pirate craft, its rotting timbers and gaunt hulk from time to time suddenly appearing above the sand dunes and then as quickly disappearing. She is the *Santo Antonio*, once the proud galleon of Pedro Figueira, known among the "Brotherhood of Piracy" as the "Portuguese." Her mysterious story opens on the morning of February 12, 1789 . . .

On that day, the Spanish galleon *San Vicente* was sweeping northward, after a profitable passage, to Cadiz. Her tinted canvas was swelling in the breeze, and her hold was stowed heavily with gold and silver, pearls and rich merchandise valued at \$2,000,000. Upon her decks paced foppish cavaliers, richly clad women, grim-faced dons and sandaled, tonsured friars.

Suddenly, across the horizon a sail appeared. As it came closer and closer, speeding straight toward the *San Vicente*, the captain spoke quickly to his mate, for he knew her to be a pirate craft. He shouted sharp orders to his men and instantly the frightened crew bent to sheets and braces and swung the great yards, and the galleon veered in her course. Although the *San Vicente* was heavily armed, her captain had no intention of battling with pirates.

But it was too late. The *San Vicente* was sluggish and the pirate ship soon gained on her; Figueira's crew — "an unkempt, ragged, hairy, swarthy, evil-eyed lot" — swarmed aboard and made short work of the passengers and those of the crew who did not care to join the pirate band. They transferred the treasure to

their ship, scuttled the *San Vicente* and set sail.

Just a few hours later, the *Santo Antonio* ran directly into the arms of two Spanish men-of-war which had come sweeping down from the northwest, evidently to meet and convoy the *San Vicente* to Cadiz. They opened fire, sending broadside after broadside into the pirate craft, and she quickly went down to the bottom, carrying with her her captured treasure and every soul aboard. And thus did the *Santo Antonio* go to her final anchorage in the narrow entrance to the little settlement of Port d'Ilheo in Sandwich Harbor.

In 1923, 134 years later, a native Hottentot called Gulab Lal told his master of a strange dream. The master, a Transvaal diamond prospector, listened skeptically to the Hottentot's weird vision.

Gulab Lal had dreamed of a mighty figure, clad in a long velvet robe, tricornered hat, buckled knee breeches and a peruke, who had come and stood beside him in his sleep, leaning a brown hand upon the thatch pole of his kraal house. His face was heavily lined, his eyes were hard, almost merciless, and his mouth grim. Slowly the figure shook his head as if he were signalling to someone; he lifted his sword so that the soft lace fell back from his wrist, and it was stained a bright crimson — blood! And in that position the figure held the sword aloft for a moment before the Hottentot's startled eyes.

Then Gulab Lal saw a huge galleon, water tumbling over her bow, seething along the decks and into the scuppers, the moonlight on the sea's surface weaving strange serpentine patterns, shadowy and . . .

Suddenly, from out of the surf appeared a strange company of straggling, ill-clad, swagging, swashbuckling men in boots and trousers to their knees. From out of their hoarse throats they spat volley after volley of loud oaths, cursings and damnations. Gulab Lal had opened his mouth to cry out, but no sound came. He tried desperately to lift himself, to awake, to get up and run from this weird vision — but he could not. Sleep held him there as motionless as the grass mat upon which he lay.

And slowly and silently that unnatural villainous band came toward him, nearer and nearer; he could see the moonlight upon their faces, their fierce dark eyes, and the gleam upon the cutlass blades that swung at their sides. There was no crunch of deck planks beneath their booted feet, no creak of damp leather boots, no clatter of their naked blades — everything about them was creepy, pulsating, silent. They moved like shadows. And with them came the stench of ooze and mire, the noisome scent of the African seas' depths, the putrid graveyard of South Africa's waters.

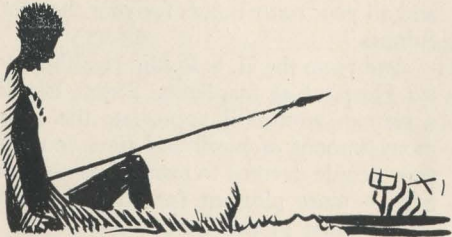
Now the violent spirits came closer. They silently gathered around their leader, and through the moonlight shining through the opening to the hut, Gulab Lal could feel their eyes, cruel and rapacious, beating down upon him. For what seemed like hours, they stood there before him, motionless, silent. Then the tall figure slowly drew his cutlass from its loop and ran his thumb along its razor-like edge. He glanced down at the Hottentot again, and his thin lips moved as he spoke. He turned, lips still moving, and pointed out over the sea to some sand dunes, where the opening of the lagoon formed the entrance to the harbor. With a flourish of his glittering cutlass he pointed straight at Gulab Lal, and while no sound came from his voiceless lips, it seemed to Gulab Lal that he could read the words they formed:

"Beware, sirrah! Ye treasure wreck lieth there, wedged fast atwixt the rocks and sand, hidden to ye chain plates in ye dunes. Beware, sirrah! Ye curse has fallinge upon ye galleon — I warn ye fair, beware!"

Then the tall figure lifted his blade before the Hottentot's eyes, holding it in silent salute, then suddenly ran it through its loop and turned upon his heel. Silently his villainous specters followed him out of the hut and across the sands, then swiftly into the shining waters, until they closed upon their heads, and they were lost to sight — vanished!

Gulab Lal awoke and stumbled to his feet, his legs cramped and numb. For awhile he felt that he had actually seen the apparition with his waking eyes. But

"Beware, sirrah! Ye curse has fallinge upon ye galleon — I warn ye fair, beware!"



when his master heard the dream, he laughed loudly at the Hottentot. And Gulab Lal, glancing down at the ground, avoided his master's eyes and questioning gaze. He was silent, for there was nothing to say; it was but a Hottentot's dream, a vision.

Seven weeks passed. One day Gulab Lal came running to his master, this time with the news that he had found a "great ship" in the sand dunes of the lagoon.

"Sahib! Sahib! I find ship — big ship!" shouted Gulab Lal.

"Nonsense, Gulab Lal! You've had another dream."

"No, Sahib," he said in a low, excited voice. "Does the master forget what Gulab Lal saw that night?"

"Yes, I fancy you did see something, Gulab Lal, but it was a dream you had," said the master.

"Sahib," Gulab Lal said gravely, "it is a strange tale which was told the master that night, but the sahib does not know what happened to us in these waters many years ago and which has been handed down to us through the years." A deep silence fell as his voice died away. It endured for a few brief moments, and then the Hottentot slowly said, "What is told is told, sahib."

The old prospector's lips set hard together. If Gulab Lal was right, there might be a treasure in that old hulk, even more valuable than the diamonds he had spent so many years searching for in the back country.

He set out that night for the place pointed out by Gulab Lal. There, standing out of an enormous sand dune in the more shallow waters of the lagoon, the once-ornate hard-carved stern of the old pirate craft, the *Santo Antonio*, showed up grotesquely in the lantern light.

The prospector hurried to the nearby village, got some natives and put them to work shoveling to dig out the wrecked hulk. The work was progressing at a feverish pace when suddenly there came a landslide of the great sand dune under which half of the hulk was buried. They kept on shoveling and digging long into the early hours of the morning.

Overhead a dark cloud appeared in the early dawn, but not a rain cloud, for rain does not fall in this particular seasonless region. It was a dust cloud, followed by a terrific storm of dust and fine sand driven through the heated air at a rate of some 50 miles an hour. The natives, gasping for breath, fell flat on their faces. When the storm finally passed, dust and sand ceased their stinging onslaught — and the wreck of the galleon hulk had vanished! Every trace of the ancient pirate ship had disappeared and its resting place obliterated.

The seas had won again — this time with the aid of Africa's scorching dust storms.

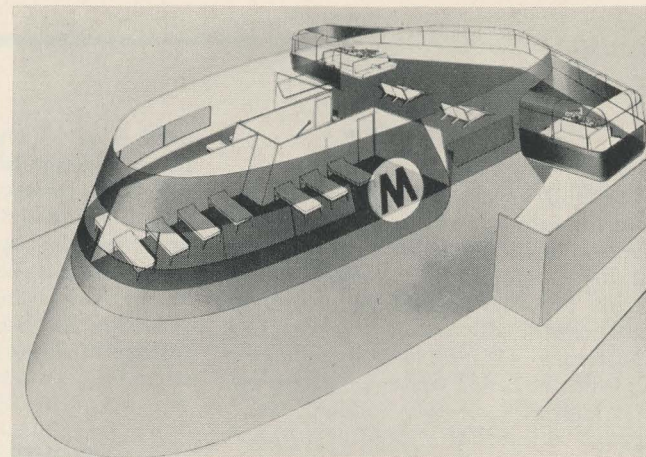
The hulk of the *Santo Antonio* still rests there, somewhere — buried deep under many tons of fine sand; in an area upon whose illimitable sands no bird or beast has ever been born, where no flower has ever blossomed. A treasure lost, and another unsolved mystery!

— LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

"... wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus abounds in the sea's treacherous depths."



The *Brasil* features a solarium in its false stack for sunbathing in the nude. Approaching port, the sunbathers yield and the area is converted to an observation deck.



Stacked for Fame

WHEN smoke comes up the kingposts and people brown themselves in the smokestack, some sort of millenium must be at hand. Prototype for this new way of life at sea is Moore-McCormack's forthcoming cruise ship *Brasil*, first of a pair being built by the line.

Currently being fitted out for her July maiden voyage, the *Brasil* was launched in mid-December at Pascagoula, Mississippi to inherit a royal place in the Good Neighbor Fleet inaugurated by her namesake 19 years ago. Even before she casts off for Rio, the sleek new \$25,000,000 heiress will be equipped to make her own reputation. Sporting a flaring falsie for a stack, the *Brasil* will exhale smoke through

her stern kingposts — these being slightly swollen for the job. The false stack, meanwhile, has been freed for more exciting work, providing what the designers called "an appendage to the sports deck." More specifically, it will be a place for sunbathing in the nude.

Says a Moore-Mac spokesman, "One has to keep up with the times. On our 31-day cruise to South America, opportunities to get a good healthy tan are unsurpassed. So why not let the sun worshippers have a secluded area where they can enjoy the full benefit of the sun?" So as not to get ahead of the times, the company has partitioned the stack. Men on one side, women on the other.

The *Brasil*, here shown at her launching, is part of a Moore-McCormack Lines construction program approaching half a billion dollars during the next few years. The new *Brasil* will carry 553 passengers at 23 knots, covering the 12,000-mile round trip between New York and Buenos Aires in 31 days. In the days when smoke came out of smokestacks, it used to take 38.



The Work of Ships

CUTTING THE ICE

The hull of the world's first atomic-powered icebreaker was launched last month in the Soviet Union. Tass reported that the hull of the icebreaker *Lenin* is now off the ways; her superstructure and atomic reactor still remain to be attached.

More than 435 feet long and about 90 feet wide, the *Lenin*, when completed, will be as high as a six-story building. She is expected to travel at a speed of 18 knots in clear water and will be able, the designers say, to navigate easily through ice more than six feet thick. The atomic reactor will supply the powerful engines with an estimated total of 44,000 horsepower.

The designers say the *Lenin* will have "an absolutely reliable" system of protection against radiation.

RICE TO THE REAPER

According to *Polaris*, student quarterly at the U. S. Maritime Academy at Kings Point, the famous square-rigger *Emory Rice* will soon fall under wreckers' torches.

The *Rice* began her career in 1876 as the *U.S.S. Ranger*, a man-of-war assigned to survey duty off the west coast of Mexico. Many charts used by mariners in these waters today still bear the inscription, "Surveyed aboard the *U.S.S. Ranger*." From 1909 to 1942, with time out for naval duty in World War I, she served the state of Massachusetts as the schoolship T.V. (Training Vessel) *Nantucket*. Known to thousands of cadets as the *Nancy*, she ran under sail most of the time, using her engines only when absolutely necessary.

In 1942, she was rerigged as a bark and renamed the *Bay State*, but soon after that became considered unfit for service. Kings Point rescued her and had her completely

overhauled for service as a training vessel for its cadet-midshipmen. Now known as the *T.V. Emory Rice*, she sailed Long Island Sound in 1942 and 1943 before being crippled by a severe hurricane. In 1946 she was designated as a Museum Ship at Kings Point, but in the last few years she has been closed to the public for lack of funds for proper maintenance.

RIGHTS TO THE SEA

The landlocked nations of the world are banding together to claim official rights to the high seas. At the United Nations, a group of coastless lands have announced that they will attend an international conference on the law of the sea to ask that any international legislation give them the right to operate ships flying their own flag and to use the nearest port facilities.

The conference, which opens in Geneva on February 24, will take up such matters as use of the seas, fishing rights, rights to continental shelves and the "right of innocent passage," which presumably grants to all maritime nations the right to approach the territorial waters of another nation and use its port facilities.

The landlocked nations in the group are Afghanistan, Austria, Bolivia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Laos, Luxembourg, Nepal and Paraguay.

BUCKEYE TRADE

Even though Ohio is 600 railroad miles away from the sea, three out of four workers in her industries are dependent on ships and world trade.

A survey recently completed by the Committee of American Steamship Lines claims that over 1,000,000 factory workers in Ohio owe their paychecks to foreign trade and American ships. Last year,

steel and metal exports brought Ohio \$315,000,000; machinery exports, \$265,000,000; autos and aircraft \$220,000,000; rubber products \$90,000,000; and furniture, paints, paper, medicines, chemicals, soap and other items more than \$110,000,000.

The Ohio share in foreign trade will be even greater when the St. Lawrence Seaway is opened in 1961, the Committee expects, although its Chairman, James A. Farrell, Jr., president of Farrell Lines, warned against Great Lakes areas expecting "too much too soon." He felt the major impact on these ports would come from the export and import of bulk cargoes such as ores and grain, rather than from general cargo shipments.

The fourteen members of the Committee of American Steamship Lines operate a total fleet of more than 300 merchant ships.

NO REFUSE

For those who come to New York by ship, the Statue of Liberty is the first sight of America. And thousands of immigrants who have inspected the statue closely have read these lines of welcome from the sonnet by Emma Lazarus: "Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore, Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the Golden Door."

The new terminal building at New York's Idlewild Airport quotes the sonnet, but omits the words "wretched refuse." If the "wretched refuse" are just as welcome as in the days when immigrants arrived in steerage, the Port of New York Authority, operator of the airport, apparently feels that the price of an airline ticket will separate the "wretched refuse" from the "tempest tost." Then again, what about them there "huddled masses?"

STILL SAILING

Who said that the age of sail was over?

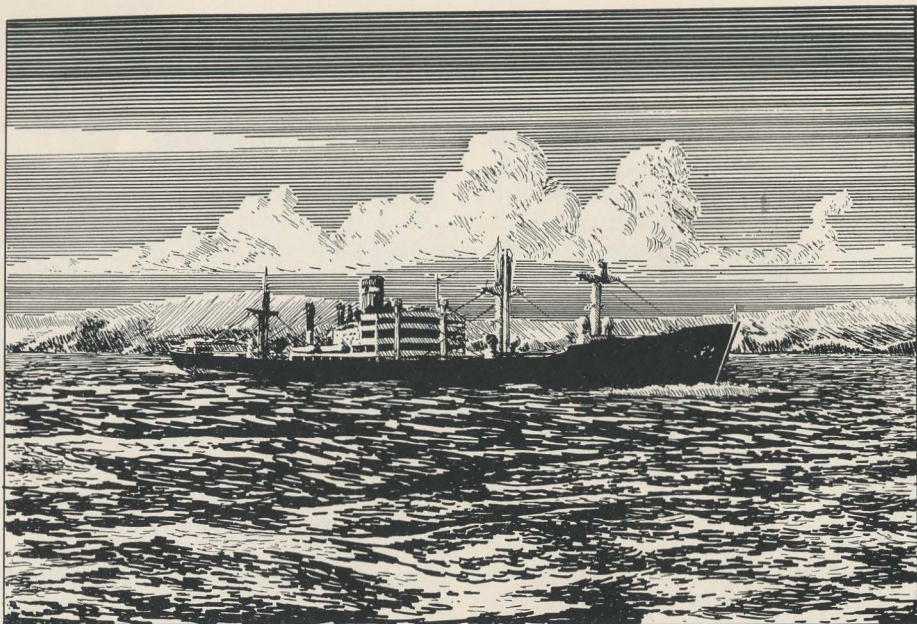
In a recent issue of *Log Chips*, that nautical periodical lists the recent comings and goings of some 30 sailing vessels. Most of them — 19 to be exact — are school training ships, representing 12 different countries. From this listing, it would seem that the Scandinavians, Russians and Poles persevere most in this romantic but rigorous method of training future sailors.

BOUNTY FOUND

The last resting place of the vessel *Bounty*, scene of a famous mutiny some 169 years ago, has been precisely located by a skindiver, Luis Marden, who reports finding the grave of the ship in 30 feet of water in Bounty Bay off Pitcairn Island. He and two natives also found dozens of sheathing nails, some hull fittings, an oarlock and fragments of copper sheathing, all heavily covered with lime, scattered around the bottom of the bay.

The mutiny on the *Bounty* took place on April 28, 1789, on a voyage between England and the Pacific, as a revolt against the tyrannous behavior of Captain William Bligh. Forced into an open boat with scant provisions, Bligh and 18 of his followers nevertheless managed to sail some 4,000 miles to Timor. Bligh then returned to England and lived to see some of the mutineers, who had returned to Tahiti, "hanged from the highest yardarm" in the British navy.

Fletcher Christian, the leader of the revolt, was able to migrate from Tahiti with part of the crew and the *Bounty* to Pitcairn Island. He ordered the ship scuttled to conceal the refugees' place of exile. The colony, set up by nine of the mutineers and the Polynesian women they had brought with them from Tahiti, was not discovered until 1808, when a British ship visited their South Pacific island.



Seamen Abroad

A BOOK reviewed in our "Bookwatch" column this month presents a convincing argument that the world should be oriented by "ocean spheres" rather than by the arbitrary hemispheres traditionally used.

Certainly, if the nations around the perimeter of an ocean have more in common than those grouped together by a geometric slicing of the globe, it follows that the sailor has helped form the amalgam. He has carried more tears and laughter from land to land than any other agent. What he has to say of himself as a shirt-sleeve ambassador is for that reason of passing interest, at least.

Sponsoring an essay competition on that theme, the Seamen's Church Institute got a sampling of thoughtful answers. One of them is published on pages 10 and 11 of this LOOKOUT. Other essays will be printed in future issues. Here is a digest of what some 50-odd sailors had to say collectively.

To start off, there was virtual unanimity on the point that it was not presumptuous of a seaman to think of himself as an am-

bassador, inasmuch as an amateur in this field could hardly do worse than the professionals. And furthermore, they felt the state of affairs was such that the world could ill afford ingratitude for even the humblest effort.

The alchemy of winning friends abroad has resisted analysis and sure system as far back as the records go, so it is a mark of sophistication and experience that the essayists pushed their pens with some lack of confidence, except on certain points. These were:

1. *If you are an American, don't brag about it, and don't make a spectacle of your money.*

2. *Try to use the other man's language; even a few words will go a long way in making friendships.*

3. *Show some knowledge of local history and customs (many sailors lamented that indoctrination talks aboard ship, the kind given by the military, were not available to them before going ashore).*

4. *When you are visiting a country, remember that you are the*

foreigner.

5. *As a sailor, try to meet people somewhere other than at the dock-side tavern; in many ports, seamen's centers can help you do it.*

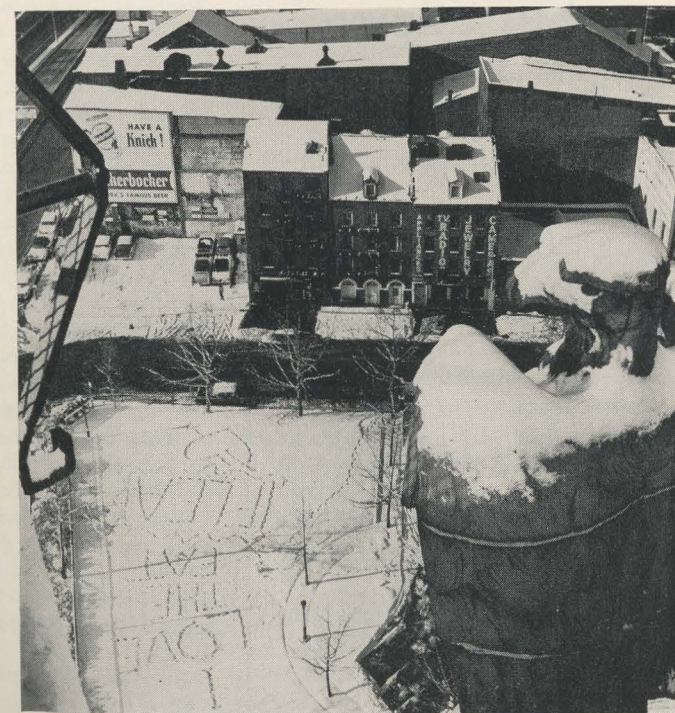
6. *Be courteous.*

Significantly, the best essay was descriptive rather than analytical. It approached the ambassadorial arts in utterly human terms, to show that the real basis for friendship abroad consists not in deportment but in an honest exchange of feelings, through which the most vibrant harmonies of kinship are called forth. This essay invokes sailors to go ashore not wearing the mask of a would-be friend, but with a naked eye, with a hungry and a ready heart. This courts the peace that passes all understanding, and it probably also describes honestly the behavior of our best ambassadors, professional or amateur.

American seamen are sensitive to two handicaps needing to be overcome by in-

dividual efforts before a good ambassador can fill their shirtsleeves. Like John Foster Dulles, they are obstructed by the size of the American pocketbook, but they seem to think that seamen have a better chance to put riches behind them and still be nice guys abroad. Over and over, they said in their essays, "You can't buy friendship." They also feel a need to sidestep the lingering stereotype of the sailor as an "amiable ne'er-do-well, not to be taken seriously."

Rallying their main assets, seamen found them to be a basic generosity, their opportunity as "the world's greatest migrants" to visit the same country many times, the lack of commercial or political motives in their expressions of friendship abroad, their lifelong experience in establishing themselves through conversations with strangers, and their indoctrination in the code of the sea — which demands brotherhood even at the risk of life.



FLEAOPHILE:

In Jeannette Park, across from the Institute, the moving foot writes and having writ moves on, leaving behind this mystery in the snow — "Who is the fat flea?"

"The Sea is your life's vocation . . . you have a secret pride in being a man of the sea."



The Sailor as a Shirtsleeve Ambassador

For this essay on "The Sailor as a Shirtsleeve Ambassador," Third Mate George Leidiger took top prize and \$100 in the annual writing contest sponsored by the Institute through its Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine. Second place went to A.B. Tad Sadowski and third to Wilbur L. Motta. Their essays will be published in forthcoming issues of THE LOOKOUT.

Judges for the 1957 contest were John K. Hutchens, H. James McCurrach and John Mason Brown.

"YOU'VE seen the world!" your friends back home exclaim. "Gee, you're lucky to visit all those exciting places." And you look at them rather skeptically. "Places," you think to yourself; "American Bar, Swiss Bar, Shanghai Lil's, Gracie's Woodyard and a host of others."

You mull these thoughts over in your mind as you dress to go ashore. Years have come and gone. Time moves so fast — and each time it's the same routine. You know how you'll wind up. The landlubber after a "dastardly day" at the office puts on his hat 'n coat, stops off for a cocktail and trundles home to his woman. Are you envious? No! The Sea is your life's vocation. You don't admit it, but you have a secret pride in being a man of the sea. An individual! Much of the landlubber's environment which he takes for granted you sorely miss. You attempt to do in a few brief hours what he enjoys in three weeks. The end result is a poor one. Something suddenly tells you to look for the real things in life. Try a new tack!

You step off the gangway filled with aggressive energy. Passersby don't stare at you with contempt, but with secret admiration, for beneath the raiment there's the bearing and behavior of a man. Ah! It's good to be ashore!

By grabbing a cab, you've successfully broken through the barrier of clip-joints,

pimps and peddlers. The cabby drops you off at the post office. The company agent has already tipped you off to some nice places in town, but since the day is yet long, you decide to do a bit of reconnaissance on your own.

You were fortunate in finding a tourist information bureau. The little gal behind the counter, who spoke seven languages was more than obliging; in fact, you could have invited her out to dinner. She told you of the bazaar, the folk-festival and the Turkish fort on the mountain. You decide on a hike to the fort.

The afternoon sun is penetrating and you peel off your jacket. The lining of the sleeve is torn and you remind yourself to have it mended.

Halfway up the hill and in the outskirts of town you come upon an inn with tables under shade trees, where you enjoy a cool drink. The fat innkeeper is more than attentive and makes certain you enjoy his services. His children, barefooted and streaked with dust, stare at you wide-eyed. It's a pleasure to give the little ones each a stick of gum. One little girl even makes a curtsy as a way of "Thank You." The owner is much pleased to tell you he has relations in New York and gives you their address. He is anxious to tell you all about his place and his country. You've been a good listener and a sincere speaker. Upon leaving, you sense he's been honored by your patronage.

Now you find yourself following a footpath through a field of barley. Many pedestrians burdened with all sorts of commodities are going to and coming from the nearby villages. A man is reaping the ripe barley with a sickle. You inquire and gesticulate if this is the right way to the old fort. He mops his brow and nods. You give him a cigarette and light it. While he smokes, you try your hand with the sickle. He notes how clumsy you are and you both have a good laugh! When you bid him "Farewell" he touches your sleeve and makes an utterance. Looking directly at him once more — you sense a friend.

Further on you meet a shepherd in a pasture. His long staff is handsomely

carved. His grey beard and crinkly eyes make a classic picture. He speaks a few words of English. He's happy to find such an outlandish character in his domain and offers you one of his mild cigarettes. As you leave, you hand him a whole pack of yours and give him a warm handshake. He looks after you misty-eyed. You sense that he, too, belongs.

A two-wheeled cart comes along where your footpath crosses a wider one. The little burro pulls the cart at a trotter's gait. You hail the driver to stop and ask for a ride. He's happy to have you, and his two children are giggling all the time. You tell him this is the first time you've ever ridden in a cart and that there are no such things back home. The road is getting rough and full of ruts, so you take the youngest child in your lap. He's already at your chewing gum. There's a small house on the hillside with a red-tiled roof. There the driver stops. The view of the harbor is magnificent. A woman in the backyard is milking a goat. You are invited into the home. As you set foot on the threshold, a young form that had been busy over a stove disappears quickly in a back room. In a few minutes she emerges in a freshly washed peasant dress and white apron — blushing! Something happens deep down inside.

In the meantime, the little fellow who's been riding on your lap in the cart is bringing you all his toys — one by one. A bottle is brought out of the cellar and you enjoy a home-made wine. All insist you stay for dinner. While the women-folk set the table, Papa plays the concertina. It is growing dark, but never mind. You'll reach the fort some other time.

Before you depart, that lithe form in the freshly washed dress and clean apron takes your jacket and with a few swift stitches has mended the torn lining. You long to reach out and hold her close. Her eyes meet yours as she hands you the jacket and once more she blushes — as though she read your mind! You depart with a choked-up feeling 'mid promises to return. *They* belong!

— GEORGE LEIDIGER



Book Watch

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND

H. M. Tomlinson

Random House, New York, \$3.50

Followers of H. M. Tomlinson's sea yarns will find two of them — a voyage in the Arctic and a voyage in African waters — woven into his first novel in a decade. According to Mr. Tomlinson, its subject is "first and last things, appearance and reality;" more specifically, it is the story of an English family and how it faces the ordeal of the blitz of Britain.

THE ATLANTIC: A HISTORY OF AN OCEAN

Leonard Outhwaite

Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, \$6.50

Mr. Outhwaite has attempted a prodigious task in this book; to bring his extensive knowledge of history, geography and oceanography to bear on his somewhat novel thesis that the Atlantic Ocean is the unifying link in the history of western civilization. The usual division of the world into an Eastern Hemisphere and a Western Hemisphere, he says, is arbitrary. A "Water Hemisphere" and a "Land Hemisphere" would more accurately reflect things as they are. And the Atlantic, almost entirely surrounded by the land of six continents, is geographically and culturally the center of the world, the real "Mediterranean Ocean."

Using this as his over-all thesis, the author brings together a vast assortment of material having to do with the Atlantic Ocean: its natural structure and behavior; the adventures of explorers on its waters and how they changed history; its wind and currents and how they influenced ex-

plorers; the work of Matthew Fontaine Maury; a history of ships; Atlantic warfare, past and present; flying the Atlantic; and then some. A lot of this material is interesting, although hardly any of it is new. The author's thesis is tantalizing, but it would seem that a wider study of history, not ignoring other cohesive elements, like long-range economic or political or philosophic trends would make it more convincing.

BY SEA AND BY STEALTH

Burke Wilkinson

Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, \$3.50

Some of the most daring naval exploits of World War II were surprise attacks — those performed by sea and by stealth. The author has written a loosely-connected account of these sneak attacks which were used, often brilliantly, by the Italians, the Germans, the British and the Japanese throughout the war. The United States, unfortunately, was almost entirely on the receiving end.

Recounted here are the amazing stories of Gunther Prien, the cocky Nazi U-boat commander who pulled off the incredible feat of torpedoing the battleship *Royal Oak* in the supposedly impregnable waters of Scapa Flow; of Luigi De La Penne, who singlehandedly blew up two British battleships in Alexandria harbor; and of many lesser-known but equally daring sneak attacks made in midget submarines and explosive boats, by limpet-carrying swimmers and two-man torpedoes. The author also investigates the relatively unknown field of harbor defense and examines hazards still applicable to warfare today in the matter of surprise attack.

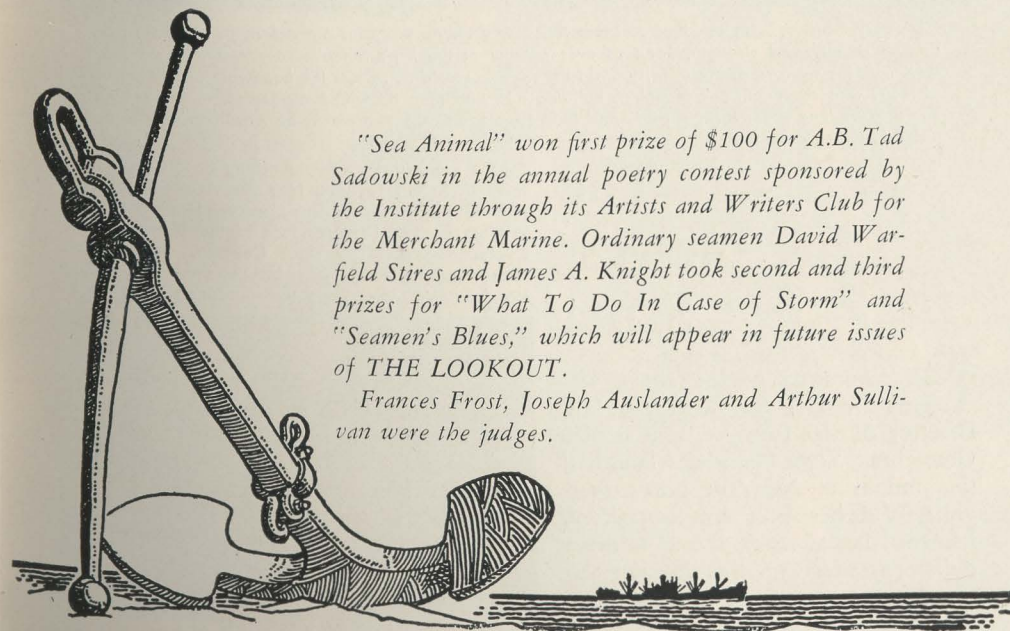
SEA ANIMAL

The ship's bow
that furrows the sea,
divides me.

That bow which runs me through
parts you —
runs through us both
and delivers the sailor.

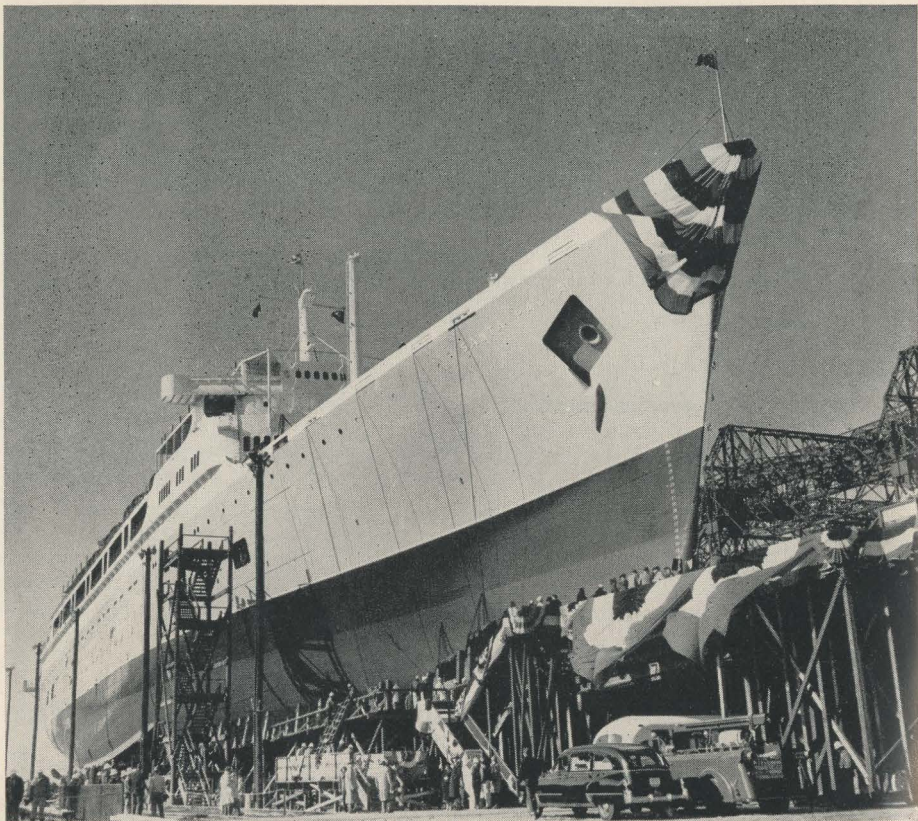
And you,
my one-faced shipmate . . .
have you, too, clutched that bow
and wondered as your sea was split —
how gentle God will be
when He separates the sailor from the sea?

— Tad Sadowski



"Sea Animal" won first prize of \$100 for A.B. Tad Sadowski in the annual poetry contest sponsored by the Institute through its Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine. Ordinary seamen David Warfield Stires and James A. Knight took second and third prizes for "What To Do In Case of Storm" and "Seamen's Blues," which will appear in future issues of *THE LOOKOUT*.

Frances Frost, Joseph Auslander and Arthur Sullivan were the judges.



"Almighty God . . . we ask thee to bless this new ship. As she joins our American merchant fleet, adding dignity and strength, keep us ever mindful of the importance of our American merchant marine to the welfare of our country and to the whole world . . . Bless the handwork and headwork of those who shared in her planning, building and outfitting. Be with the passengers and crew of this ship as they enter foreign ports and help them to realize that we as an American people are judged by their actions . . ."

The Newest Santa

THE invocation quoted above was given by Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Director of the Institute, as the new Grace liner *Santa Paula* was launched this month at Newport News, Virginia. With her sister ship *Santa Rosa*, launched last summer, the 25-million-dollar passenger vessel will enter service during the year between New York, the Caribbean and South America.

Among the guests at the launching of the *Santa Paula* were (from left to right) Maritime Administrator Clarence G. Morse; Grace Line president Lewis A. Lapham; William E. Blewett, president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company; Mrs. Richard Nixon, sponsor of the ship; Mrs. Lapham and Dr. Raymond S. Hall, who gave the invocation.

