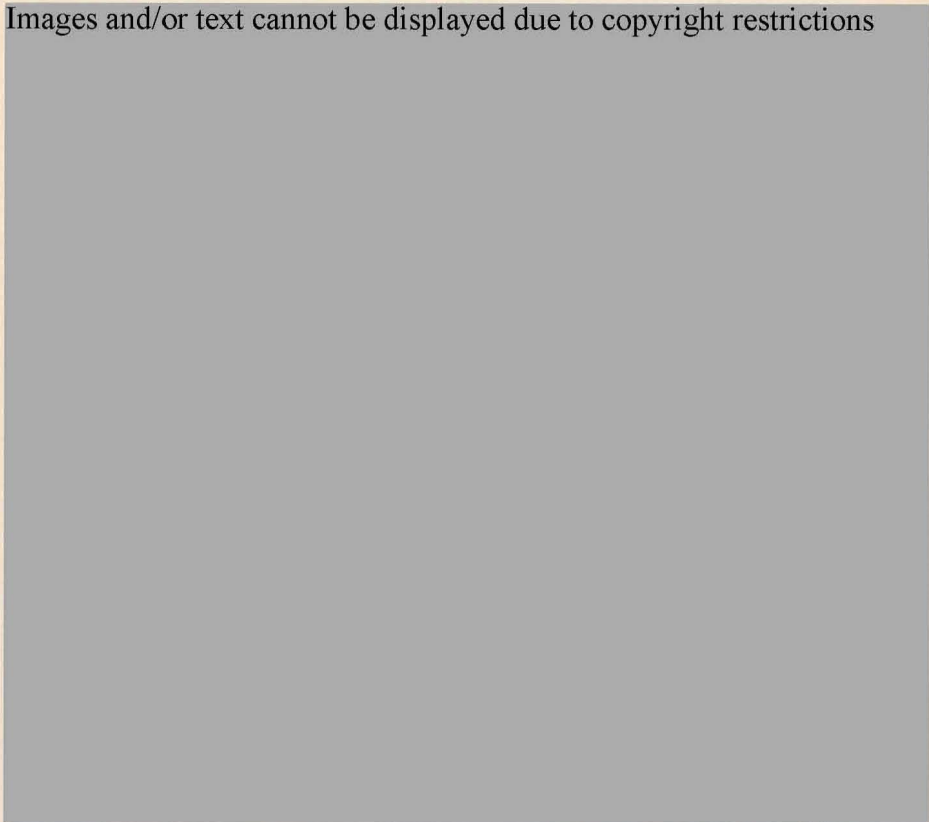


The LOOKOUT

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*Courtesy Compass Points,
Gibbs & Cox*

THE LUMBER SCHOONER

BY CLIFF E. PARKHURST

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Vol. XLIII

MAY

A PRAYER FOR HUMILITY

O God our help for ages past, our hope for years to come,
Guard the sailors on the ships and guide them safely home.
While some in line of duty give their lives in freedom's cause,
May we for them still carry on nor falter, slack nor pause.
Lest we forget their deeds unsung, may we the humbler be,
And serve our country faithfully, like toilers of the sea.

The
LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII, MAY, 1952
*Copyright, 1952, by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York*
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK**
CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President
THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director
HELLEN R. McCOMBS
Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and
over include a year's subscrip-
tion to "THE LOOKOUT."

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

Address all communications to
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK**
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

THIS MONTH'S COVER: The fore 'n aft rig is still in evidence on coastal trade routes. The sketch reproduced on the cover is one of several that are occasionally seen at our local lumber docks unloading its cargo of lath or long pine timbers.

This type rig became prominent during the latter part of the era of the more romantic square rigged ship.

The Lookout

VOL. XLIII

May, 1952

NO. 5

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Cordially invites you to its

FIFTH ANNUAL "OPEN HOUSE"

SUNDAY, MAY 25, FROM 1:00 TO 7:30 P.M.

celebrating

MARITIME DAY

Guided Tours of the Building
from 1:00 to 2:30 P.M.

Top Stars of the Entertainment World
will appear in the Auditorium 2:30 P.M.

Sea Chanties by Male Quartet

Tea-time in the Janet Roper Room
from 3:30 to 5:00 P.M.

Chapel Service at 7:15 P.M.
with the Institute Choir

No Admission Charge

Luncheon and dinner will be served in the Marine Dining Room,
12:30 to 2:00 P.M. and 5:30 to 7:00 P.M. Price \$1.25 per person.

Dining Reservations in Advance

Please call BOWling Green 9-2710

To reach the Institute, take the Broadway bus or Seventh Ave. sub-
way to South Ferry, BMT subway to Whitehall Street or Lexington
Ave. subway to Bowling Green. By car, take the East River Drive,
or the West Side Highway to South St. Parking space will be available.

WE HOPE YOU WILL COME AND BRING YOUR FAMILY



Strange scene at Pier 8 across from the Institute one early spring morn.



Derrick crew struggling to secure lines, entertains spectators on South St.

The Capricious Tug

ONE Monday morning the busy throng hurrying along South Street to the Institute stopped in their tracks at Pier 8. A bulldog of the harbor, a sturdy 85 foot tug poked the top of her deck house above the lapping waves, mournfully showing her proud name, *The Marion Meseck*.

No one could say how she went down, or exactly when. The workhorse of the harbor had simply retired quietly during the weekend under circumstances that her owner is still trying to figure out. She floated quietly all day Saturday, and at least part of Sunday until she suddenly took on a 45 degree list, and went under.

For a day and a half the powerful derrick of the salvage barge, *Challenger*, worked to secure lines sufficient to lift her to the surface. When she finally was pulled up she was pumped free of water, but no leaks appeared that may have caused her to sink. Every part of the tug, though now soaked, seemed to have been shipshape. Still no reason at all for her foundering appeared.

Mr. Walter Meseck of the Meseck Towing Lines said:

"It may have been 'man failure,' but of that, too, there is no evidence. And it is impossible to believe that the sturdy vessel just became tired of it all!"



At eventide the "Marion" was secured in the lines of the "Challenger."



Another day and she looks clean and new, raised from her watery grave.

Serious Situation Faces Seafaring Men

MUCH has been said about the high wages seamen receive, but one seldom hears of the hazards and discomforts and slumps in the profession. One recent shipping survey stated that unlicensed personnel on American-flag freighters have apparently attained an average earning level of \$95.90 per week. This is somewhat misleading, for it actually means that these men earn just one half that amount. The actual financial situation facing these men is dramatically shown in the cold fact that during 1951 seamen were employed on an average of 16 days per month — or six and one half months per year. This is TODAY, when shipping is considered to be at a peak.

During the past ninety days, 5,000 seamen have been thrown out of work. This is directly due to the decommissioning of 124 vessels by the National Shipping Authority, as of March 19, 1952. Another 193 ships are now being sent to the Reserve (mothball) Fleet. Altogether, the decommissioning of these ships will affect the employment of approximately 14,000 officers and men in the Merchant Marine.

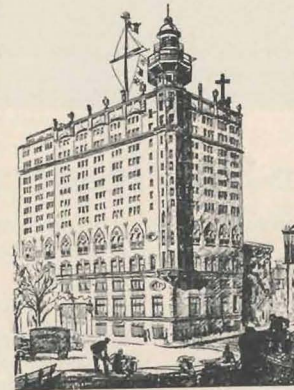
These men need the consideration of the community, for seamen, sailing our vessels, actually represent a vital element in the development and survival of the American way of life.

This can be readily proved when one remembers that subversive groups have made every effort in the past to gain control of seamen's unions. Had they been successful, they would have had a strangle-hold on the Nation . . . one that could seriously cripple the entire economy in peace time, and during war emergencies, virtually de-

liver the Nation to the enemy. These subversive elements have been thrust out of the maritime industry for the most part by the seamen themselves. The Institute, too, has been a great single deterrent to communism along the waterfront.

American seafarers now have decent living conditions on board ships, and their wages are good. However, the idea that seamen "have it easy" is still far from the facts. Voyages are still long and tedious, and the seas violent. During the past winter the Coast Guard reported that there were 7,973 cases of ships in distress in or near American waters, alone. These figures refer to actual danger to entire ships. There are no figures available stating injuries and even deaths sustained by seamen while performing their daily jobs in this hazardous profession.

Seamen, in performing their jobs, must necessarily be confined in the small space of a ship for months at a time. They cannot possibly know the relaxation, the recreation, and the social contacts enjoyed by those who work and live on shore. Though it is normally considered man's right, when the working day is over, to leave the scene of toil, and return to home and family, for the seafarer this is an impossibility. And even when on shore, there is little respite for seamen who are fortunate enough to have year-long employment. . . . After working a full year, the men may receive a mere two week vacation during which they can renew relationships with their families. And those seamen who are not fortunate enough to be working, are unable to enjoy leisure time on shore, for they must be



(Continued on Page 10)



An A-3 Lifeboat "bombed up" under an air-rescue service SB-29 Airborne.

The Lifeboat is dropped into the water by parachute.



Air-Sea Rescue

SPECTACULAR advancements are now being made in air-sea emergency rescue methods by the use of helicopters, and by the latest air-sea rescue development, the A-3 Airborne Lifeboat.

The Airborne boat is designed to be carried beneath a modified B-29 aircraft, and is dropped by parachute to the surface of the water. Thirty feet in length, with a beam of seven feet, the boat is of all metal construction. It contains a four cylinder engine that carries 100 gallons of gasoline. Compartments hold food, water, clothing, and first aid supplies. It is provisioned with emergency rations that will last 30 days, and carries rope lifelines, and a powerful radio set. Even a sun shade can be drawn over the boat.

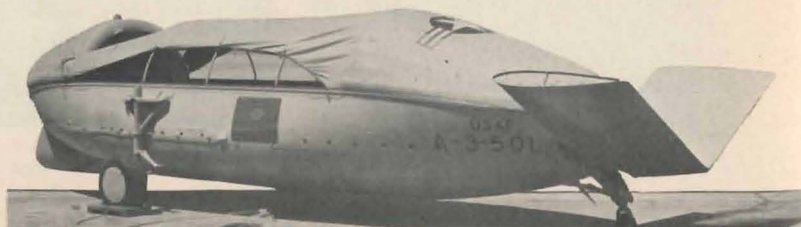
A helicopter, too, has recently passed a vital test of service by saving the life of a critically injured seaman who was on a vessel 100 miles at sea. In less than two and a half hours from receiving a message that a seaman had been badly burned on board the Swedish flag ship, *Vestria*, the Coast Guard helicopter had deposited the patient on the front lawn of a Norfolk hospital.

On reaching the *Vestria*, the helicopter hovered over the stern of the 2,624 ton freighter, and lowered a basket litter on a cable. Shipmates disconnected the basket to free the plane, then placed the injured man in the basket. Then, the pilot brought his plane in as close as the rigging of the ship would permit, and re-lowered the cable. The basket was again secured to the cable and was hoisted into the plane by a winch. The pilot then sped to the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Norfolk, and the patient was removed immediately to the operating room.

The hundred mile flight was the maximum range of the helicopter, and to assist in navigation, a Coast Guard Grumman Amphibian plane preceded the helicopter to the scene, re-affirming the ship's position. Then, a PBM flying boat shepherded the helicopter back to Norfolk.

The dark patch is the entrance ladder which is released by pulling rope on side of boat.

Photo Authenticated News — Courtesy, Columbian Rope Co.



Racing Around A Hurricane

By W. T. Dunlap, Chief Radio Operator

WE WERE new on this route and had scarcely been out of Baltimore two days on the S.S. *Cargamento*, bound for Argentina, when Washington commenced broadcasting warnings of a possibly destructive tropical hurricane, cyclonic in nature, which was developing east of the West Indies. All ships small and large were warned to seek shelter.

This was in 1938 and judging from the location, course and speed of the storm it placed us in a precarious position, so much so that our captain, for a time was uncertain as to whether he should put into some port on our east coast or take the greater risk of beating the hurricane by reaching a more southerly latitude ahead of it.

Advisory notices concerning its progress and path were radioed from NAA every two hours. So, after studying them for one twenty-four hour day the master of our ship decided to keep out to sea going full speed ahead, which we did; winning in the race and passing over the same line of latitude as Nassau, Bahamas, just before the edge of the hurricane hit that island.

It will be remembered this same storm then curved and swept up our eastern seacoast touching at the Virginia Capes and hitting the states of Rhode Island and Massachusetts with terrific death-dealing force, in some cases wiping out entire towns with great loss of life, and running crop and property damages up into the millions of dollars.

Wings of the Trades

During the two days, or nearly so following this escapade we navigated a gentle or calm sea. Then came the "Trade Winds." We had often heard of the Trade Winds, but none of us knew exactly what was meant by the phrase until our aged captain, who was a skipper in the sailing ship days, explained that in going to and from the Americas, mariners in that period steered their course so that they could

catch these winds, which always blew in that area, and could be depended on to help them in their long voyages north or south.

That night after I retired I realized we were now enjoying the Trade Winds. The air was warm, not too warm, one would say mild, ozone laden and just right for a sea voyage, and as the breezes blew the ventilators became like so many horns—all of a low pitch, but some higher than others. Still, somehow they had a soothing sound.

Cradle of the Deep

As the ship ran smoothly and rocked her way over the long swells it was like being cradled and rocked on the heaving breast of mother ocean removing one far away beyond sight, hearing and thought of the world and its worries, but—Hark! What was that? Something new to me. After some minutes thought I reasoned it out. It was just Neptune at one of his pranks. A portion of the crest of a curling wave every now and again would hit us broadside just hard enough to seem like some great giant of the seas playfully throwing handfuls of salt sea spray at us as we leisurely quartered over the witching waves of a summer sea.

A few days south of Cape St. Roque we encountered somewhat freakish weather conditions where we could see wraith-like typhoon-shaped clouds reaching from sea to sky, non-whirling and moving phantom-like and ominously landward toward Brazil.

These eerie isolated pillars of rain crossed our path from east to west and usually the visible ocean was dotted by five or more of them at the same time.

I have never seen anything quite like them in any other part of the world, and when it happened that we met up with one of them it was like an inverted waterfilled parachute the

(Continued on Page 10)

Meat from the Sea

PEOPLÉ are flocking to the Marine Dining Room at the Institute, for the word has gotten around that here in the ancient tradition of seafaring people, they can lunch on delectable morsels of whale. For a thousand years, inhabitants of Norwegian fishing towns have been eating whale meat, and in recent times about 15 million pounds a year was consumed. Before the Civil War, New Englanders consumed it in meat balls. Meat starved England imported it shortly after the War, but it met with disaster for it was marketed fresh — and not from the deep-freeze as it should be.

Guests at the Institute, ordering the dish for the first time, usually grin sheepishly, take a deep breath and blurt out to the waitress who knows just what is coming:

"All right — I feel daring today, bring me the whale!"

They expect to find something appearing on a plate that looks like a huge halibut, and tastes like blubber. They are amazed when they find something that looks like fillet mignon, but has no resemblance in cost, — or they receive a fine pan fried replica of a veal cutlet prepared by a proud French chef.

To get a piece of whale for your plate, the modern whaler will use the three R's of modern science: radio, radar, and now, the latest invention, the radin. Radin is a compact, electronic instrument developed by Norwegian engineers, that can tell the accurate distance within a mile between two radio stations as far as three hundred nautical miles apart. By simply pushing a button and recording the time lapse, the radin calculates the distance.

What has this to do with whaling? A great deal. Recently an article appeared in *THE LOOKOUT* on methods of catching the sperm whale, which is used for oil . . . That type of whale really is all blubber and is used only for oil.* The eating whale is a much different animal, and its habitat and

method of catching it is quite different. Instead of working from a huge factory ship, the catcher boats pull out from their land stations along the fjords of Norway, searching for whales about a hundred miles off the coast. When they sight one, it is shot by a harpoon gun. The dead whale is then towed into the land station so that the meat can be cut and deep-frozen while still fresh. Then the radin comes into action: The captain will push a button, the land station radin will figure out the exact distance and location of the boat, and will send out a tug boat to bring in the catch. Meanwhile the catcher will go on whaling.

The radio, of course, was used for some time on these boats. When a whale is caught, the land station is at once notified by radio and the local inhabitants are immediately alerted to be ready to come to work and carve up the whale. It doesn't make any difference whether the whale is brought in during day or night, as almost during the entire whaling season off Norway, which lasts from April 15, to October 15, daylight prevails.

Radar adds another advantage to modern whaling. Last year's whaling season off the coast of Norway was one of the poorest in years. The main reason was fog and bad weather. During fog, the whale boats cannot see whales blow and thus for weeks on end the whalers stood idle in ports, waiting for the fog to lift. Now with the radar that can pierce the fog, the catcher will be led directly to the whale in spite of the fog.

The introduction of radar to the whale industry has an interesting background. Navy men, during the war, were puzzled to see on the radar screen very fast submarines. It wasn't long before they discovered that these mysterious submarines were actually whales. This war-time error was quickly adapted to whaling.

The radar has another advantage. A whale can stay under water as long

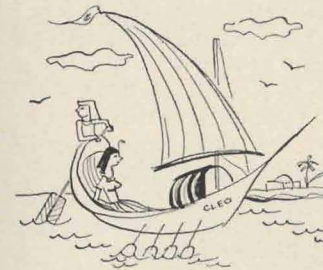
(Continued on Page 12)

BENEFIT TIME IS HERE!!

Here's Your Carpet
of Make Believe
Its Magic Cruise
You Can Achieve
\$—\$—\$—



Magic carpets are not a practical mode of travelling
in 1952? Who cares? It's Spring again!



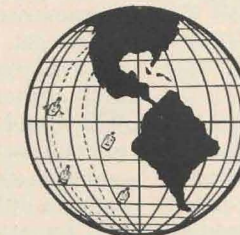
Like beauteous Cleo to sail
in style
For miles along the sprawling
Nile?
\$50.00



Or perchance to Baghdad
of Arabian Nights
Famed for bazaars and
wondrous sights?
\$15.00

You know, of course, that our Spring benefit is intended each year to help raise EXTRA funds to augment our annual budget. This year our needs are greatly increased. Your trip on the magic carpet will make this benefit a financial success, so that our services to active merchant seamen of all ratings, races and creeds may be carried on in full measure.

Or to travel the world
in the cause of
peace



To the end that wars
forever cease?
\$100.00

In the Path of the Sun



Paradox Island

By E. M. Stark

DOWN in the Caribbean where our New World civilization was cradled, there is an island which has been focusing the attention of seagoers for four and a half centuries. It is Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies, an island of contradictions and contrasts — a veritable paradox which never fails to charm seafarers, who are, in reality, perpetual tourists.

Only thirty-three miles in length and six miles across at its widest section, it is a tiny isle; but it occupies a position of importance in world travel and trade out of all proportion to its size. In the light of natural resources it is comparatively poor, yet it enjoys great prosperity. Although it is located practically on the doorstep of Latin America — forty miles from Venezuela—it is as Dutch as the Zuyder Zee. And just by way of being still more contradictory, it looks as if it had been dreamed up as the setting for a gay Lilliputian carnival, yet actually it is dedicated to one of the world's greatest commercial enterprises.

The Spaniards discovered the island in 1499, held it for more than a century but paid little attention to it. Why bother about a barren little island whose chief resources were salt and dyewoods, when the vast mainland held such glamorous treasures as gold, silver, diamonds, and emeralds? They made only a feeble attempt to hold their white elephant, when Holland, early in the 17th century, cast a covetous eye on Curacao, and the Dutch were able to capture it without too much effort.

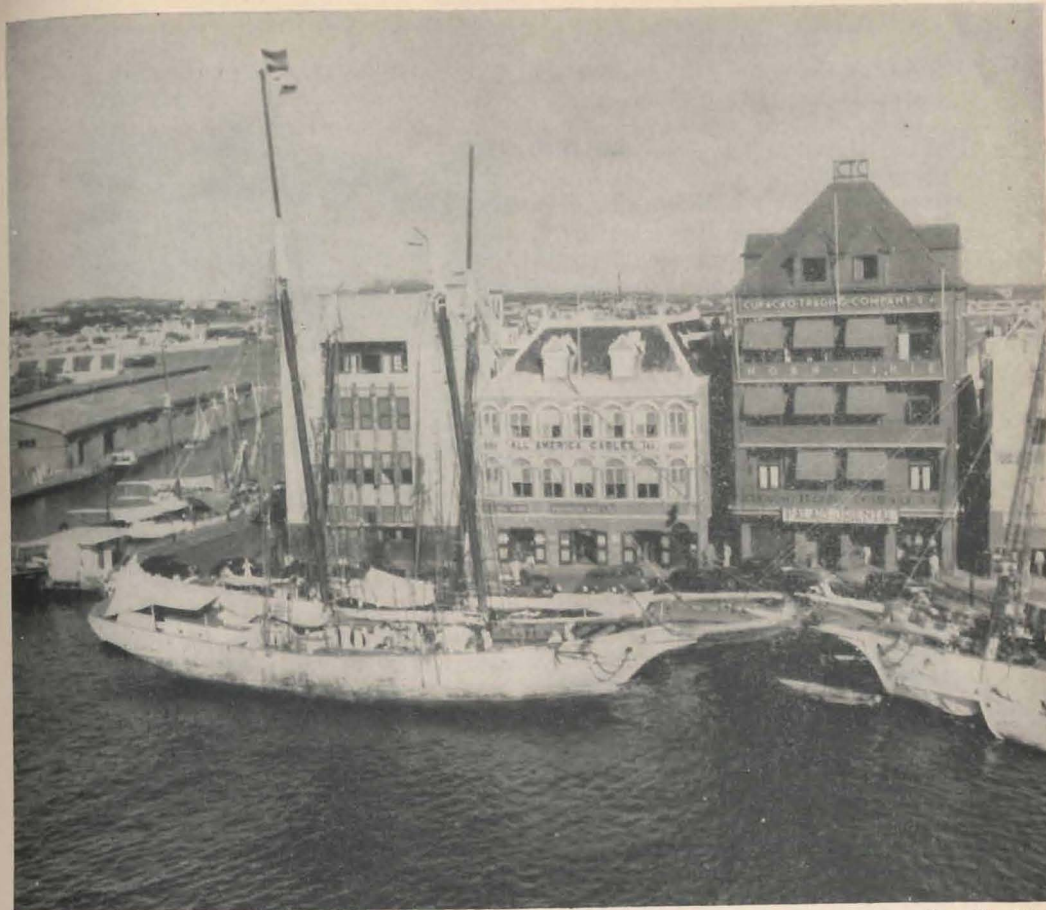
The two features which attracted the notice of Holland were the salt lagoons, new source of a commodity badly needed for their herring industry; and the excellent landlocked har-

bor which would make the island an ideal base for the expansion of the Dutch West India Company's trade with South America. Even these assets were not enough to keep the Dutch from becoming discouraged over their acquisition, for at first it was far from remunerative.

Then, there was sent as governor to Curacao a man of great vision quick to realize the possibilities of the island as a market, and he started it on the way to prosperity. Later he moved north to New Amsterdam, now called New York, from which point he governed the northern colony of New Netherlands and continued to direct the affairs of Curacao, and her sister islands, Aruba and Bonaire. That man whose history was so closely connected with ours, was Peter Stuyvesant, also known as the "Man of Iron Will."

During the ensuing years Curacao was transformed by the Dutch into one of the most prosperous properties of the Caribbean. Trading ships and cargo vessels from all parts of the globe called there to be outfitted, to leave cargo for trans-shipment and to take on supplies. Then, early in the present century, Lady Fortune in a different guise visited Curacao and Aruba—they were selected as the sites for great refineries to handle the oil from the vast newly discovered deposits in the Lake Maracaibo region of Venezuela.

Today one of the world's largest refineries rises from the shores of the Schottegat, the inner basin of Curacao's harbor and about 8,500 ships drop anchor there each year. Its port, Willemstad, is the seat of government of the Territory of Curacao, now composed of six islands. At first glimpse, there is little to suggest the commercial importance of Willemstad. The



Grace Line Photo

Hawking produce from decks in the schooner market

tiny bright-hued buildings, the dwarf trees and cactus fences, the bridges, windmills, canal-like streets, and the fancy costumes and musical jargon of the dark-skinned vendors in the market suggest figures in a dream.

Entering the port by ship, the hills known as the "Three Brothers" appear. Then two abandoned forts, "Riff" and "Amsterdam," swing into view to guard the entrance. Huge silvery oil tanks wink in the sun, greeting spectators.

When the ship reaches the canal-like St. Anna, it cruises like a taxi along one of the main streets. Shopkeepers wave and call greetings from the shore. The harbor-master, from his crow's-nest location on one of the old forts, signals to the pontoon

bridge, "Queen Emma" that a ship is approaching. The bridge runs up a black flag, sounds a warning, then swings aside to open a way to the inner harbor, ignoring crosstown traffic.

Schooners, wearing their lofty sails like tiaras, sweep majestically into the harbor. Tankers and ocean liners ride at anchor, and little launches put-put around running errands for them all. Longshoremen scuttle in and out of the holds of freighters — unloading foodstuffs and household supplies for the "Curacaoenaars." Quaysides are piled with merchandise; and vans and trucks stream down to the water front to load. At the refinery wharves, tankers discharge their "black gold," and in the distance plumes of smoke rise from the stacks of refineries.

(Continued from Page 3)

on call at the union hall in order not to miss a possible call for work.

Obviously these men are deprived of the normal social advantages. It is because of these complications in the lives of seamen, that the Institute exists. It is significant that other maritime nations have recognized the need to assume some responsibility for the "human problems" of seamen. The governments of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have seen fit to directly subsidize homes for seafarers. In America it has always been the belief that responsibility for a "home away from home" for seamen should be in the hands of the Church and the individual community. It has been realized that only through religious social welfare agencies seamen can receive anywhere near a semblance of the family, church and community life of which they are deprived.

Without Christian seafarers communities under the auspices of church welfare agencies, there would be a marked lowering in the moral quality of men who choose the sea as a profession. Seamen, for the most part, are technicians—each man with a specific and important job on board ship. They must not become discouraged from following the sea by a disinterested community.

At the Seamen's Church Institute, located in the large, unfriendly metropolis of New York, these maritime workers are able to have the facilities of a home, with spiritual guidance and friendship. In addition to this, financial aid is obtainable when it is necessary. This, too, will be vitally important during 1952, for these men are completely at the mercy of the fluctuation in shipping conditions. Because of the specialized nature of their work, they are unable to quickly find employment in other fields when shipping is slow. Also, employers are hesitant in hiring seafaring men for jobs on shore, for they feel that a seaman would only remain in the job temporarily until shipping conditions pick up.

H. R. McCOMBS



(Continued from Page 5)

size of a circus tent being dumped on us. The tropical ghostly cloudburst ended just about as quickly as that, and just as though it had come our way expressly to immerse us.

Starting in at Rio de Janeiro and continuing to keep us company until we reached the Rio De La Plata was a flock of large birds of the condor family. Their soaring style of flight is similar to that of the goonie, but they are four times larger than that bird. However, the object of their flight was the same. It could be seen that it was for the purpose of catching fish that might have become confused after being churned too near the surface in the wake of our vessel.

Reportedly, this bird has never been known to follow a ship on the West Coast of South America nor along any other seacoast, and strange to say, when we reached the Rio De La Plata they promptly stopped keeping company with us just as though they had known the boundary lines of the two countries, Uruguay and Argentina. But, it is likely they stopped because the fishing prospects had become poorer, or because the good soaring breezes ended.

Since then I have taken many sea voyages, but none of them were so much like a dream as was this one, and none have lingered so long as a sunny picture in my memory.



These two volumes contain almost every document in existence relating to Melville, chronologically arranged from birth to death. There are letters from one relative to another, copies of birth certificates, clippings from the newspapers of the period, many, many excerpts from contemporary reviews of Melville's books (most of the reviewers disliked Moby Dick), tax statements, lists of books acquired by Melville accompanied by quotations of passages he checked or underlined and innumerable other flotsam items marking his passage through life. The first volume has a section devoted to brief biographies of Melville's family or associates and the second volume contains several pages of reproductions of paintings, daguerrotypes, and photographs of the writer and his family at various periods.

Mr. Leyda compiled this unique collection so that any reader thus furnished with the unadorned facts of Melville's life would be able to draw his own conclusions as to what manner of man the writer really was. This is no ordinary biography, for on these pages the biographer never intrudes any evaluations or interpretations. The records are set down and must speak for themselves. Unfortunately, for such a purpose, as Mr. Leyda confesses in his preface, almost all of Melville's personal letters were burned by his family. Thus, in this Log, the real man is actually shown to us in an extremely third-hand manner through proper, tedious and domestic letters from one member of his family to an-

The Melville Log

A Documentary Life of Herman Melville

By Jay Leyda

Reviewed by Arona McHugh

other, i.e. "Herman looks very well"; or "Herman thanks you for the neck-cloth," etc.; or in occasional, routine journals kept by him which have, in any case, been published elsewhere.

The Log, of course, does provide interesting if trivial sidelights for those who specialize in collecting curious facts. One finds, for example, that Melville's younger brother Thomas, a retired clipper ship captain, became governor of Sailors' Snug Harbor in 1874, that Melville helped to select prints of the Battle of the Nile to decorate some of the rooms there (to give the old salts something to stare at in place of the absent horizon) and that the writer and his family participated in many pleasant family gatherings at the Harbor. It is also amusing to note that a transcribed copy of the crew list of the *St. Lawrence*, the merchant ship aboard which Melville made his first trip to sea in 1839, can still be found in the Treasury Department archives and similarly that an abstract from the Log of the Navy man-of-war *United States* on which Melville sailed in 1843 is in the Navy Department archives.

Anyone interested in what one of the greatest writers about the sea actually felt about life on a whaler, on a merchant ship, on a Navy man-of-war, or ashore on the Marquesas and Hawaiian Islands, should turn to Moby Dick, Redburn, White-Jacket, Typee and Omoo, rather than the Log, for these scholarly volumes are more suitable for those who wish to study and to write about Melville.

Book Reviews

VAGABONDING UNDER SAIL

By W. I. B. Crealock

Hastings House, New York, 1951 — \$5.00

The three rather gifted young men who meandered for two and a half years from Falmouth, England, to Spain, along the West African coast, through the Caribbean and up through the inside route from Savannah to New York, had a jolly, busy time afloat and ashore. They sailed when the weather promised to be fair and often worked for months in a port of call to earn money enough to continue on. They even made an incidental stop in jail in Miami. The book is full of good-humored, keen observations of their voyage and we learn a lot about that most difficult of arts, the art of living.

W. L. M.

SLANT OF THE WILD WIND

By Garland Roark

Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City
1952 — \$3.00

A lively sea romance of the western Pacific, of stolen chests and bartered sheets of gold. There are wild pursuits at sea and fights with the tribe on The Isle of Gold. Noble Captain Gordon Reid's infatuation with a wild half-breed girl is told, complicated by his true love for Martha Van Oren, his employer's daughter. Perhaps the tale is a bit far-fetched in spots, but it is good sea-going entertainment.

W. L. M.

MEAT FROM THE SEA

(Continued from Page 6)

as two hours before it comes up to breathe. Without radar, a catcher can pass a submerged whale without ever learning of its presence. With radar the catcher can follow the whale till it emerges to breathe and he is a dead whale before you can say "thar she blows."

Only the whales caught off the Norwegian Coast offer choice meat. These are the Fin whales, the Sei whales and the Minke whales. The Minke whale is the leanest, and finest for the table. These whales caught off Norway feed on planktons, the microscopic animal and vegetable organisms that are carried in the sea for the surface currents. Incidentally, because these whales

THE SMALL BOAT SKIPPER

By Eugene V. Connet, 3rd

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York
1952 — \$3.50

It is indeed pleasant to beat about the cozy little harbors of Long Island Sound in a small boat like the *White Swan*. Here is a small boat lover's book by one who understands small vessels very well.

The East River is shown in its true light—one of the meanest bits of cruising water along the Atlantic Coast. While sailing it, the mains'l should be trimmed even a little flatter than the jib. For those who sail around New York, this book is informative and will provide good entertainment.

MAIN FLEET TO SINGAPORE

By Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N.

The Macmillan Company, New York
1952 — \$3.75

The sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* and the British naval collapse in 1941 marked the end of an epoch in naval history. It was the passing of British naval supremacy in the Pacific, first to Japan and then to the United States. This book is an extensive and analytical report of the Singapore disaster, as well as of several other major actions in the Pacific. Here is, indeed, important naval history.

W. L. M.

have a small throat opening and have no teeth, they can neither chew nor swallow anything bigger than shrimps. The planktons they eat are fed by the minerals washed down from the Norwegian mountains and glaciers into the ice-cold waters of the fjords.

The whale meat should also be welcomed by people who are on a reducing diet. It contains only about one per cent fat as compared with ten per cent in beef. Consequently, the caloric content of whale meat is low. At the same time, it contains about fifty per cent more proteins than beef. It also offers the Roman Catholics a change in their fasting diet. The Pope has approved the eating of whale meat on Fridays, for although the whale is a mammal, it lives in the sea.

*Lookout, March 1952

H. Mc.

Scheduled Institute Activities

CONTESTS FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

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ARTISTS AND WRITERS AND CAMERA CLUB

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\$240.00 in CASH PRIZES

MARINE POETRY
CLOSES JUNE 1

MARINE THEMES: SEAS, SHIPBOARD LIFE, A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY, SHIPS, ETC.

DRAWINGS
CLOSES JUNE 1

SUBJECTS: MARINE SCENES, SHIPS, SEAMEN AT WORK ON SHIPBOARD OR PORTS OF CALL.

PAINTINGS — Oils
CLOSES SEPT. 1

SUBJECTS: GENERAL SUBJECT MATTER, MARINE, PORTRAITS.

PAINTINGS—Watercolor, Gauche, Pastels
CLOSES SEPT. 1

SUBJECTS: GENERAL SUBJECT MATTER.

WRITING
CLOSES OCT. 1

TOPIC: WHY I GO TO SEA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
CLOSES NOV. 1

SUBJECTS: SHIPS, THE SEA, MEN AT WORK ON SHIPBOARD, PORTRAITS OF SEAMEN.

MAIL OR BRING ENTRIES TO:

Secretary, ARTISTS AND WRITERS CLUB



LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute Of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"Of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."