

The LOOKOUT

MAY, 1951



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SOUTH STREET IN THE OLD DAYS

From a Color Print by Charles Robert Patterson

(See back cover)

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLII

No. 5

Sanctuary

ALMIGHTY FATHER, with whom is no distance, and no darkness, and no power too strong for Thy ruling: we beseech Thee to bless on all seas the seamen and fishermen and all that go to and fro and occupy their business in great waters; save them from dangers known and unforeseen; deliver them from strong temptation and from easily besetting sins; teach them to mark Thy works and wonders on the deep; fill them with kindness, loyalty and faith, and make every man to do his duty; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Master. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, MAY, 1951

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THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Cordially invites you to its
FOURTH ANNUAL "OPEN HOUSE",
SUNDAY, MAY 20TH FROM 2 TO 6 P.M.

In celebration of
MARITIME DAY

At 3:30 there will be a presentation of
EXCERPTS FROM THE
1951 CRITICS AWARD PLAY
"BILLY BUDD"

based on Herman Melville's novel,
acted by the original Broadway cast
DENNIS KING, Star of "BILLY BUDD"
will be our Guest of Honor

There will also be Guided Tours of the Building
New York Harbor viewed by Radar
Continuous Moving Pictures in the Auditorium
Sea Chanties sung by a Male Quartet

Tea will be served in the Janet Roper Club
from 3 to 5:30 P.M.

Chapel Service at 7:30 P.M.

Music by Institute Quartet

No Admission Charge

For those wishing to stay for the Chapel Service,
Dinner will be served in the Dining Room at 6 P.M. for \$1.25.
Please telephone BOWling Green 9-2710 for Dinner Reservations

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

Ocean Dailies Published by Ships on Bounding Main

By Ray Irwin

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Especially drawn for the Institute by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Going Home

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Drawing by Phil May

The Raincoat That Gave Me Indigestion

By H. W. Corning, Engineer

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the Uncle Elair yarns we have been publishing in THE LOOKOUT died recently in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Staten Island. He was known and well-liked by many of the staff here at the Institute. We shall miss his cheery smile and delightful sense of humor. He sailed for over 30 years on Lykes Brothers ships. He left THE LOOKOUT editor a collection of yarns which we shall publish from time to time.*

ONCE again we were gathered in the cross roads store. The conversation had swung to the high cost of fuel. The storekeeper stoked up the fire and turning to Uncle Elair said: "Say, Uncle Elair, about that chap Swensen who drifted on a life raft into the Sargasso where he built his own island. I suppose he uses sea weed for fuel. He couldn't afford to cut any of his trees."

"He burns neither weed nor his island trees," replied Uncle Elair, "for there's no end of wood floating along his shores with more coming in every day. Your question, however, brings to mind an experience so if you'll tighten your lines and brest in a mite more to your docks, I'll spill it."

He bit off a chew and started. "I did a stretch on the beach after leaving the C-I ship and soon it was the same old story. I still had my room at the Institute, but my wallet was as empty as a politician's promise.

"I decided, however, that this time I would show my buddies and the Seamen's Church Institute Credit Bureau that I could get along without their help.

"Going to my room, I put on my

best suit of clothes, then next I dumped the contents of my suit case and closet in the corner of my room. I tell you it was quite a heap of stuff for I was well outfitted. Gazing at the pile I vowed that I would ask no favors until I had eaten the works; that is, eaten it via the pawn shop.

"Being naturally systematic I decided to keep for future reference a sort of log of the happenings as I ate my way to the bottom. My first entry read like this:

"Jan. 20th, this day I ate one pair of overalls and two tee-shirts." I noticed that this might appear odd if my book fell into other hands, so I scratched out 'ate' and changed it to 'consumed.'

"A couple of other entries read thus:

"Jan. 21st, consumed 3 pair socks—one jack-knife—one pair old shoes—one razor.

"Jan. 22nd, splurged today. Enjoyed a hearty meal of my special raincoat with the checkered lining.

"After making this entry I knew something was wrong. It came at me in waves. Swensen had admired that raincoat—he wanted it—I had promised him if I ever parted with it, he should have it. But it was too late now. I eased my conscience by saying: 'So what, I'll never see him again.'

"Nevertheless I reworded the entry as follows:

"Jan. 22nd, this day consumed by mistake raincoat promised to Swensen. It gave me indigestion. I'll not tire you with any more of my epi-

curian details except for one experience I had the day I struck bottom.

"I was having breakfast in the cafeteria and was chewing on some hot cakes when one of my ex-shipmates came in. He had had one too many and planned to put the bite on me for another. Shuffling to my table he said, 'Well, well, well, my old ship mate, and what are you eating this morning?'

"His question caught me in sort of an absent-minded moment for I was just making the morning's entry, so I answered, 'I'm eating my second sou'wester.'

"He listed to port, squinted one eye, meanwhile cocked the other at my plate of pancakes and asked: 'Kind of tough going, ain't it?'

"'Yeah, yes indeed,' I agreed, 'it's tough going but I'll make it if this syrup holds out.'

"Well sir, that settled him. He shuffled off muttering something about changing brands and joining the A.A.

"Like I said, with the consuming of my sou'wester I had finished the heap via the pawn shop. However, deciding not to eat my suitcase, I managed to ship out on an old Panamanian ship. She made several coastwise ports, then cleared from Galveston for Trieste.

"On the long voyage of 22 days nothing worthy of mention occurred, just routine stuff and the regular moods of weather. On our return trip, however, we ran into difficulties. The ship was old, but her captain and chief engineer were new, and it could be that they computed her fuel consumption from records when her boilers and engines were new.

"At any rate they should have taken fuel at Gibraltar which they didn't. They figured that with fine weather that they'd have more than enough,

and they would have, too, had we got a break with the weather,—but—

"No siree, it didn't turn out that way. We bucked continuous head winds and seas until south of the Azores they found that they had not enough fuel to make the nearest United States port.

"Word of this situation soon spread around the ship and all hands generally agreed that the logical thing to do would be to turn back to the Azores, or at least head for the closest U. S. port.

"However, we were doing nothing of the sort, we were steaming in the general direction of Cuba and Gulf ports. I tell you men, it didn't make sense.

"Then right soon something else happened which set us hopelessly on our beam ends.

"The captain and chief engineer called on the carpenter and supplying him with an assistant they had him start work on six pairs of snow shoes. Imagine men, headed for the

tropics and 'Chips' building snow shoes. It could mean only one thing, they'd both gone nuts.

"It wasn't only the crew who had the wind taken out of our sails, for the mates and assistant engineers were on edge too.

"They sneaked around and managed to get a look at the captain's and chief's discharges.

"Well sir, that did it. They were both tanker men. I don't mean men who stayed tanked up. I mean men who mostly sailed on oil tankers. It was plain enough now, tankeritis had finally caught up with them.

"Tankeritis, by the way, is a temporary form of insanity which can attack any one who is too long exposed to the fumes of crude oil.



PHIL MAY

"I tell you, men, we were on a spot. Far at sea and a ship short of fuel with a crazy captain and chief engineer and headed for a far-off port. A few of the crew openly spoke of mutiny, others just shrugged and said, 'It ain't my ship.'

"As for myself, I didn't know what to say. I was just swamped and scuttled until three nights later when it happened.

"My roommate woke me up out of a not-too-sound sleep and said:

"Listen."

"I can't hear anything," I answered.

"That's just it," he replied, "there's nothing to hear—this is it—we're out of fuel. The ship is dead, she's stopped."

"I went to the port and looked out. I could see nothing but I could hear a sort of slushing and sound like someone walking through water or on it. Turning to my roommate I whispered, 'Someone is walking on the water out there.'

"He tiptoed to the port and listened. 'Yeah, yeah, you're right, it must be a mermaid, or else Father Neptune. It wouldn't be Davy Jones, he stays under. Gimme that flashlight, I'm going to see this.'

"Well sir, when the rays of the flashlight shot out we knew the answer to everything. Nevertheless for a minute you could have caved in my ribs with a feather for there on his weed patch, snow shoes and all, stood Swensen!

"Soon we were out wearing snow shoes on the weeds, hitching cables onto logs and drift until we had both well decks pretty well filled.

"Our old man offered to pay Swensen for the stuff but he shrugged it off and said, 'Money is of no use to me.' Seems like he had no place on his island to spend it.

"Next the captain said, 'I can spare a couple bottles of Scotch.' At captain's offer of Scotch, Swensen laughed and slapped the old man on the back and said, 'Cap, that's a good one, just like the old saw of carrying coals to Newcastle.'

"Then he explained: 'A couple of weeks back I helped repair a dismasted rum-running schooner. Also I supplied her with fruit and she paid off with Scotch!'

"However," said Swensen, "there's one thing I really need. Rainy season is approaching and I'll give four cases of Scotch for a rain coat if you've got one like my old shipmate Elair has."

"I'm sorry," replied the old man. "There's none in the slops nor on board." Then turning to me he said, "How about yours?"

"Well sir, the old man's suggestion caught me like the return blast of a hurricane center. I could feel myself going onto my beam ends.

"I stammered, 'I'm awful sorry, sir, coat is gone—I ate it. I forgot 'twas promised to Swensen—I tried to get it back. I couldn't, it upset my stomach—I'm sorry.'

"Well sir, the looks I got would have scuttled you. The captain was the first to speak. He shouted, 'You mean to stand there and tell us you ate a rain coat?'

"Yes sir, I did," I answered. "I ate via the pawn shop." Well sir, run me under, that did it, all hands roared, Swensen the loudest of all. Then slapping his knee he said, 'Cap, I refuse to take a single thing. I haven't laughed so much since the time one of my sea cows bit the whale and he tried to dive in the weed patch.'

"Well sir, on leaving the island the engineers reserved their scanty fuel supply. They disconnected the burners, took off several burner doors and burned wood all the way to Galveston. It sure smelled good. Many times at night I dreamed I was back in the woods by the old camp fire. That's all, folks, except that I'll swamp someone if there's any questions this time."



Pirate Gold for You!



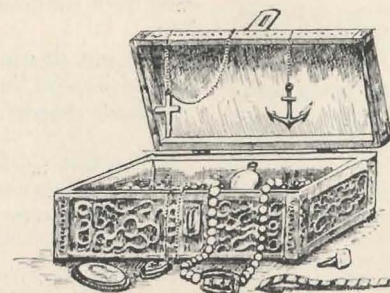
Come shoulder a spade and heave
the lead,
We're going to search the ocean's
bed
For silver and pearls and diamond
rings,
The sunken hoards of pirate
kings...

HAVE you ever yearned to sail to the seas where Pirate Gold lies buried? Have you ever longed to open up a Pirate Chest filled with jewels and glittering coins? This year the Seamen's Church Institute has arranged for you to chart your own course and pick your own treasure from the riches sunk centuries ago in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

All you need to recover some of this precious loot is your imagination, our Pirate Map, and a gift to the Seamen's Church Institute.

Your gift—the price for staking an imaginary claim on the map—will be used for a good purpose: to continue the work of the Seamen's Church Institute. It will be your share in providing a place for active merchant seamen to come when they are ashore—a wholesome home, a place of healthy relaxation away from the dangers of the waterfront, a school for seafarers who want to advance themselves, clinics for the ill, religious council for the perplexed, friendship for the lonely.

A Pirate Map was recently mailed to you marked with the spots where actual treasure lies forty-thousand leagues under the sea. If you have not already staked your imaginary claim to recover Pirate Gold won't you join now in the fun of our Treasure Hunt Benefit with the same wonderful spirit you showed last year in our Message-In-A-Bottle benefit.



Drawing by Rene Cruz

Portrait of A Seaman

By Forrest Anderson, A Seaman

HERE is your seaman, who must alternately burn and freeze, starve and carouse; wait long for a ship, then plunge on far and fast in one.

If he be young: all the ports, the unspeakable pleasures, the multitudinous loves, surprising situations, salty hardships, the amazing contradictions of life, and the dull repetitions—all these await him. . . . And sometimes puzzling questions that can't be settled quietly, intelligently, but only with the fists.

For him, to begin to read in that geography of the imagination: Rouen, Kobe, Tampa, Port-of-Spain.

Such is Romance, tested.

Better than any such experience was it to feel the swing and strength of his own body as he moved about his tasks on board.

Superior to any port ever reached were the dreams shining in his own eyes.

But sometimes—just sometimes . . .

Best remembered were the laughs and the kind words in some tough spot.

What did it all prove unless it were a testing of himself: **THIS MUCH AT LEAST I KNOW I AM** (and to be able to claim this much).

Now, then, he is all at once your old seaman, staggering on somehow, asking alms, maybe, in foggy nightstreets; trying to front the many resistances put up by mere living; indifference to him ashore, tolerance of him afloat. **AND WHICH WILL NOW BE HIS LAST PORT?** The next? Or the-next-after-that?

The grand memories, the festering hopes, gather long now in him and break out soon in midnight sobs, overheard by none.

Little comforts mean so much to him: a room, a bed, a clean blue shirt to put on, a cup of coffee first thing on a rainy morning.

Nations have won their victories by him, but nations soon turn to other concerns.

Yet no masterpiece was ever conceived to equal what he carries in his head: a yellow sunset (like a tapestry—with minarets) over Bombay; the bite and sting of a March blow on The Western Ocean (how rosy cheeks were then); New Orleans in gray Wintertime; how the Acropolis looked from Piraeus (it must have looked almost the same to the returning fleets, two thousand years ago); Fuji's green ice over a peach-blossom mist; Mombassa's dark tangle;

Hong Kong's clash of perfumed colors; Manhattan's towers swinging up over Long Island; the way the dolphins played under the bows coming through Gibraltar . . .

Seeing Corvo loom up unexpectedly—chug of diesel in The January Straits; snag-tooth of some frothbound Rock unnamed in Far Pacific; water all of rosepetals from an Inside Passage dawn (near Zamboanga) . . .

"Seven bells, old boy. Time to get on watch."

Then those other memories of dark wrecks under bright starshells. Too late did we get there. That clear voice calling for help, and one we never could find. Of our own convoy-escort's depthbombs knocking on the keel (like that: rap, rap-rap, rap . . .); our own liferaft set afire and drifting away, lurid curve and track of incendiaries, the pom-poms chattering, then shake of ship—**BUT WE GOT THE — SUBMARINE BEFORE IT GOT US.**

Well, yes . . . this is a catalog. A list. A compendium.

But do many know much better?

And it's not quite yet sorted out.

So much more always came up so fast!

(Up from the waterfront drift those mournful hoots, those defiant blasts—just as they did in his defiant youth.)

Then She, who, silent and smiling, awaited him in that deep garden in Havana. Vines trailing all about.

So, we knew how to laugh and swear and growl; we knew how to tease, or threaten; we knew how to meet Life and we meant it all.

To stroke or strike and come to grips with circumstance—much the same to us. **WE'LL WIN OUR WAY THROUGH YET.**

There will always be ships and seamen while there are dreams and men to dream them.

There will always be those to go on the Track of the great Unknown.

So much already . . . so much more to come.

And so very much now does the world need these proofs and promises (O but the ships and their crews!) of what in itself it needs to dare to see, also.

Editor's Note: Mr. Anderson is the author of three published books of poetry; the latest, just out, is "Circumnavigation."

Ship News

HEAVY DUTY

There was a storm of protest recently from England to Norway that might almost be termed a blizzard.

The reason for it was that England imported 60 tons of snow from Norway to be used in a ski-jumping contest. The snow was painstakingly collected on the mountains of Norway by Norwegian skiers, packed in insulated crates and shipped free as a goodwill gift since the proceeds of the contest were for charity. British authorities then started the avalanche of protest by declaring the snow liable to a 20 to 30 pound import duty.

Comment ranged from amusement to indignation. An Evening News cartoon pictured British customs men ready to pounce on returning travelers. The caption read, "Ready, men? Watch out for French air in the bicycle tires, Swiss mud on the ski boots, Italian sunburn, Continental elan." The London Times hoped that there was a sliding scale of customs rates according to the weather, "for what traveler could be compelled to declare his snow when the ground about him is all white."

When interviewed by THE FORWARDER, a U. S. Customs House official said, "Those boys in England are rough. No, there is no duty on snow imported into the United States. We have no domestic snow industry interested in protection."

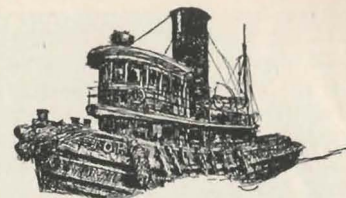
Reprinted from The Forwarder

ROMANTIC STOWAWAY

The Institute was recently host for three days to a young stowaway who was trying to get back to an Indian lass he had bought in Karachi, India, for \$165 while stationed there as a G.I. in 1945. He was arraigned in a Brooklyn Court for hiding on the S.S. *Steel Inventor*, in dry dock for repairs, but when the judge heard his story he released him.

This was William Bradley's second attempt to reach Karachi as a stowaway. Fatima, now sixteen years old, is still waiting for him. He will marry her and settle down to the life of a Mohammedan. He has been studying the language for six years.

The Isthmian Lines, owners of the *Steel Inventor*, arranged for him to get bona fide seamen's papers so he could work his way across aboard that ship, and a few days later Bradley sailed away to the land of Allah.



Drawing by Tom Musser

HARBOR RADAR URGED TO CUT SHIP DELAYS

Harbor radar systems can save large sums by avoiding ship delays in periods of low visibility, Rear Admiral Roy W. M. Graham, U.S.N. (ret.), said recently. He spoke at a meeting of the Institute of Navigation, giving his views on what the port of New York would require in the way of such a system.

To patrol the harbor area from Ambrose Lightship to Governor's Island, New York probably will require a radar of the type in prospect for the port of Le Havre, France, he said. This will have an especially designed forty-one-foot antenna and four sixteen-inch-diameter radar indicators engineered to cover the area in considerable detail.

A "harbor radar" is designed to give guidance to incoming or outgoing ships under various conditions of low visibility. It is distinguished from radar sets that might be carried on the ships themselves. The objective of such radars is to patrol all traffic and other objects in the area, and to relay that information to the ships by radio.

They have been in "successful operation" in Liverpool and in Long Beach, Calif., the admiral said. Another is in prospect for Le Havre, and Baltimore, Los Angeles and San Francisco have experimental installations.

Reprinted from the New York Times

WHAT HAPPENED

The big question along the Jersey shore is "Who put the knot in the *Barnegat's* anchor chain?" Coast Guardsmen were called upon recently to unbend a perfect overhand knot that appeared in the lightship *Barnegat's* anchor chain when it was hauled in so that the vessel could be brought back after it had been driven off station. The buoy tender *Sassafras* was sent out and untied the knot but no one has yet figured out how it got into the chain, particularly since it was at least a hundred feet away from the anchor.

Marine Progress, Inc., March 1951

Hungnam Story

The *Meredith Victory* Spreads Herself

IN the past months THE LOOKOUT has brought you the news of the Merchant Marine and the part it has played in these critical days of our history. Little by little the stories dribble in of the heroic feats of merchant ships and seamen under fire, bringing supplies and men to the shore of battle, and tragically evacuating them when necessary.

The most dramatic story of recent months comes from the *Meredith Victory*, a Moore-McCormack freighter built to carry sixty-two people including crew and passengers. Yet, under the deafening screech of shells at Hungnam she evacuated 14,410 native Korean refugees and transported them to Pusan, a nightmarish voyage that lasted three days. This figure does not include the dozens of children who clung to their parents or lay strapped to their mother's backs. According to Chief Engineer John P. Drady, they were very evident.

"There I stood," he said, "with babies all around me, and something doing every minute. Five women gave birth in the first twenty-four hours aboard."

Captain Raymond Rosse, of a Navy transport, had a different view of the *Meredith Victory* as she entered Pusan. He said: "When we first saw that Victory ship we couldn't figure

out what in the world it had on deck. From a distance it was simply a dark solid mass. As the ship came nearer we could see it was human beings. They were packed so close you wondered how they could breathe. And there wasn't a sound from them. They just stood there, silently waiting. Even the babies and children were strangely quiet. Unless you saw it, you couldn't believe it."

This human cargo was the largest number of people ever carried aboard a freighter of any size, and it may be the largest load ever taken by any ship. The *Queen Mary* (81,235 gross tons) reportedly averaged 10-12 thousand troops during World War II. In peacetime the *Queen Mary* carries 2,000 passengers. The *Meredith Victory* is listed at 7,607 tons and carries 12 passengers.

According to Captain L. P. LaRue, the crew loaded the 14,410 Koreans by using booms and makeshift elevators, and when the ship was loaded, she shoved off. The picture on this page shows some of them after they had been loaded into a hold.

Formal naval commendation for their work came to all of the Moore-McCormack ships and to other operators, too. Vice-Admiral C. T. Joy, U.S.N., of the Far East Command, sent this message to Captain LaRue:

My most sincere congratulations on a job well done. Your performance throughout the Korean campaign has always been notable. In the successful redeployment of ground forces from Northeast Korea your initiative and your enthusiastic and prompt response to all demands indicate that your organization is at its best when the chips are down. The merchant mariners who performed for you did so silently but their accomplishment speaks loudly. I find it comforting to work with such teammates.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Institute's Contest for Seamen artists will be judged the early part of June by noted artists Charles Robert Patterson, Gordon Grant, William Draper, John Noble, Arthur L. Guptill, and Clifford E. Parkhurst. Paintings will hang for the month of June in the Janet Roper Gallery.*

The ship's officer of today has two main things in common with his sailing ship era counterparts—a deep respect for the sea and an avid technical interest in the engineering and navigational science necessary to the operation and maintenance of his vessel.

But, where the clipper ship master or mate lived not only on but for the sea, the interests of today's officer are as wide and varied as those of any landlocked worker or executive.

This is the opinion of the United States Lines, as drawn from the biographical sketches of more than 100 of its sea-going officers and key personnel.

Sent Out Questionnaires

Recently the company sought to complete its files on personnel afloat and sent mimeographed questionnaires to the liners *America* and *Washington* and to forty-six freighters sailing to Europe and to Australia and the Far East.

Particular stress was placed on the hobbies of the seamen and the summarized results show a keen interest in seamanship, astronomy, navigation, the well-being of a vessel and the vagaries of the seas.

Like his predecessor in sail, the modern officer likes to capture the beauty of a Pacific sunset or the hurricane-lashed sea on canvas, and to model the fine lines of a ship in wood, ebony or some other workable material.

He still retains the traditional interest of the sailor in small boats, fishing, reading, gardening and collecting stamps, antiques and oddities from little-known areas of the world.

Branches Out Interests

But, perhaps because the seaman of today has more leisure time ashore, due to the high speed of modern ships, and also has had more educational opportunity than his forebears, his interests have branched out into many fields.

The study of higher mathematics, beyond the needs of navigation, is common among today's officers, as is a more than passing interest in the arts and literature, the theatre, opera and the ballet, in music and the collection of phonographic recordings of musical masterpieces.

Many Hobbies Lure Ship Officers



Photo by Dr. I. Schmidt

Former contest judges, left to right: Edmund Fitzgerald, Gordon Grant, Bertram Goodman

All modern sports are included in the hobbies of the modern seaman, and at least three United States Lines officers have confessed to an heretical interest in aviation—two are pilots—and in railroading.

Other hobbies of the modern officer include hydroponics and the raising of herbs for medical uses, "ham" radio operation, ceramics, raising bees, racing automobiles, photography, fox-hunting, real estate manipulation, draftsmanship and collecting folk songs.

Some officers have switched from boat modelling to the building of model planes and one officer, a chief steward, has invented an air speed instrument that has been accepted and used by the United States Army and Navy and by Britain. Another officer has applied for a patent on a navigational instrument.

Fishing proved to be the most interesting hobby among the officers, claiming twenty-four enthusiasts.

Twenty-two chose photography and a similar number reading.

Perhaps closest in spirit to his brothers in sail was one officer, who chose: "A schooner of beer on a hot day."

Reprinted from the *New York Times*

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Photo by John P. Drady, Chief Engr.,
Courtesy Moore-McCormack



Book Reviews

TALL SHIPS TO CATHAY

By Helen Augur

Doubleday & Co., \$3.00

This is the story of the great American clipper ship era and of the Low family of Salem and Brooklyn who sailed in the China trade. Exciting, historically accurate, this book starts in 1829 when beautiful Harriet Low arrived at Macao on board the square-rigger *Sumatra* with the captain, her uncle, William Low and his wife Abigail. Daring and high-spirited, Harriet was the first American woman to set foot on Chinese soil. She was soon followed by her brother, Abbot, who joined with the Boston firm of Russell & Co. to break the British monopoly in the Chinese trade. Charles Low became the most famous ship captain of the family and sailed the fine clippers that linked the Low enterprises with New York and Canton. He skippered the famous *N. B. Palmer* after he had made his name in the *Houqua* by saving her in a typhoon. The family's business—nurtured by their own daring and acumen, and men such as *Houqua*, the shrewdest of all the Chinese merchant princes, boomed until the steamship gradually superseded the clipper.

This is a fascinating story of clipper ships and the gallant men who sailed them.

M. D. C.

DOWN RIVER

By Richard Anderson

Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore., 1950, \$2.50

Everywhere in this novel about the salmon fishermen there is the ring of autobiography and of authentic experience. Henry Tompkins who threw up his job at the bank to get into fishing; Hack, the half-wit who became Clara Tompkins' too intimate visitor; lonely, young Dolly; adolescent Chet; Barney the almost leader of men; huge Tiny, defender of the fishermen's union; philosopher Doc, the lawyer; have obviously been real if composite experiences in the writer's life. And the struggle of the salmon fishermen to win a living from the mystical, mighty river that to Hank and Doc seemed itself a living thing are part of the story of man's attempts to work with or against nature for his own ends. The story is based on Richard Anderson's two years experience on the Columbia as a commercial fisherman. It is a sensitive, unsentimental, understanding, objective presentation of the life of the people among whom he worked.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE SEA AND ITS MYSTERIES

By John S. Coleman

W. W. Norton & Company, New York, \$3.75

Is there really a "Gulf" Stream? Why is the water in the tropics so clear? Do you know about mountain ranges under the sea, or what makes the tides go in and out? Or about flying squid or how really to enjoy the sea-going part of a sea voyage? John S. Coleman has something to say about all of these and of many other things relating to the sea, and what he has to say supersedes a good deal of the theory and accepted fact held by students of less than a generation ago. While *THE SEA AND ITS MYSTERIES* is an introduction to the more technical study of oceanography the writer's chatty, lucid style makes the book extremely interesting and informing reading for amateurs in sea lore as well as for those whose business takes them down to the sea. The List of Reading Matter at the end is attractive.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

PACIFIC GRAVEYARD

By James A. Gibbs, Jr.

Binfords & Mort, Portland, Ore., 1950, \$3.00

Pacific Graveyard is an account of the perils of Western coastwise navigation and of those many ships that from earliest times have been crushed on the storm-swept sandbars at the mouth of the Columbia River and scattered along its shores or swallowed by the shifting sands. The book begins with an account of the early attempts of ships as far back as 1570 to find the stream hidden behind Cape Disappointment and the barrier sand bars. Seventy-five Oriental junks are known to have been found adrift or ashore on the American side up to 1875, some of them presumably carried across the Pacific by the Japan current. Whether survivors of some of these landed and later intermarried with the coastwise Indians is a matter of speculation. The main part of this thin volume consists of accounts of nearly 200 ships wrecked in the maw of the great River. It is new, interesting sea stuff, especially for Eastern readers.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

Sans Everything

The "Rising Sun" on her maiden run
Stood out for the open sea,
Painted and proud from strake to shroud,
A noble ship was she.

With weather fair the bright sun's glare
Disguised adversity;
She struck a mine without a sign
Of dread catastrophe.

'Twas quickly done—ten thousand ton
Plunged into Neptune's Tomb,
With curse and prayer was buried there
In subterranean gloom.

But to the last the crew worked fast
And all hands got away,
The master's boat was soon afloat
Prepared for come what may.

In stowage for 'w'd the grub was stored
In cans of varied kinds,
And every meal with hermetic seal
Was the Pride of the House of Heinz.

They stroked the oars for distant shores,
And rigged a rag of sail;
With spirits high, 'neath azure sky,
They felt they could not fail.

But when at last to break the fast
They rationed out the stock,
Each man knew in that stricken crew,
A sudden ghastly shock.

For all men saw the awful flaw
By strange telepathy;
Each man stared as his eyes were bared
To grim reality.

* * *

On a quiet beach in a lonely reach
Where the lifeboat washed aground,
Their bones bleached white against the night,
The vanquished crew was found.

Now all small craft and every raft
In the U.S. merchant marines,
The Coast Guard's rule, must carry a tool
To open a can of beans.

CHARLES E. GRANT



"Survivors" An oil painting by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood

A Hero Passes the Institute

South Street — 1951



The streets clear.



The crowd gathers.



Tense with excitement.



He's coming!



He's almost here . . .



MacArthur waves.



The General flashes by.



Mrs. MacArthur next . . .



It's all over.