

York or east and north to Boston. They would ask young George when the current changed so they could get safely through the shifting sands. He kept records and in 1875, published the first tide book.

Eldridge includes things like current charts of New York Harbor, Long Island Sound, Buzzards Bay, and other bodies of water not available elsewhere. These show the direction of tidal currents for every hour of the tide cycle along with the printed tide tables.

Jenny Kuliesis, the sixth generation of the Eldridge family to publish the book, says she was raised with it as a part of her everyday life and that it was "...treated as a member of the family. Many boaters refer to it as the 'sailor's bible' and our readers let us know they wouldn't leave land without it."

"At the end of the day if your GPS is on the fritz, or your smartphone gets dunked in the drink, you will still be able to navigate safely home with *Eldridge* in hand."

Ann Hoffner

Notable New Titles

Chanties: An American Dream

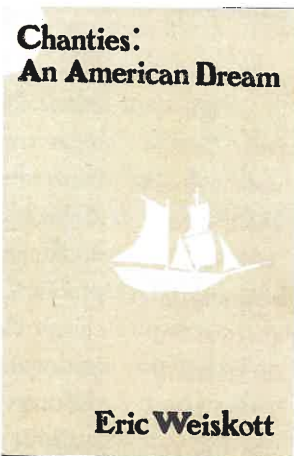
by Eric Weiskott
Bottlecap Press \$10

I'll admit it's a stretch for me to review a book of poetry for *Ocean Navigator*. I am usually found writing the celestial navigation problems appearing at the back of the magazine. But when this small book (technically this type of book is called a chapbook, derived from the word chapman, the name given to itinerant dealers, who sold such books) of poems appeared in the mail, I wanted to share it with my fellow mariners.

Chanties: An American Dream is a collection that I would recommend for an afternoon lie-down at home in front of a wood stove or in a snug berth aboard a well-found ship in safe anchor.

This chapbook — only five inches by

seven and a half inches — has between its covers 21 poems composed by Eric Weiskott, a 36-year-old professor at Boston College whose specialty is poetry and poetic meter. Dr. Weiskott teaches courses in Chaucer, Medieval English, and George R.R. Martin's book series *Game of Thrones*. He also grew up in a small maritime community on eastern Long Island and is well versed in songs of the sea and the maritime imprint on our lives through literature. An odd combination that: Chaucer and Whitman, the Poets Corner at Westminster and Melville, Queequeg and the shipyard down the block. His academic credentials don't get in the way of his clear observational style. His poems are written in free verse, yet the simplicity of the form belies the depth of the observations and the sly humor, for instance, in the poem "Landfall."



Landfall

*In the dream you type
and type until the other
coast materializes.*

*Out the porthole, fog
and foghorn have reached
a truce. What was
once deleted can never
be deleted again. Stroke,
stroke, stroke.*

*Gaze at the horizon
if the nineteenth century
makes you dizzy.*

*Turn to crimson for the
end of the day. Grab a pail
and get to*

*work on abstract
expressionism. Are you
always this insufferable?*

*In dreams you don't
have to answer that.* ■

David Berson