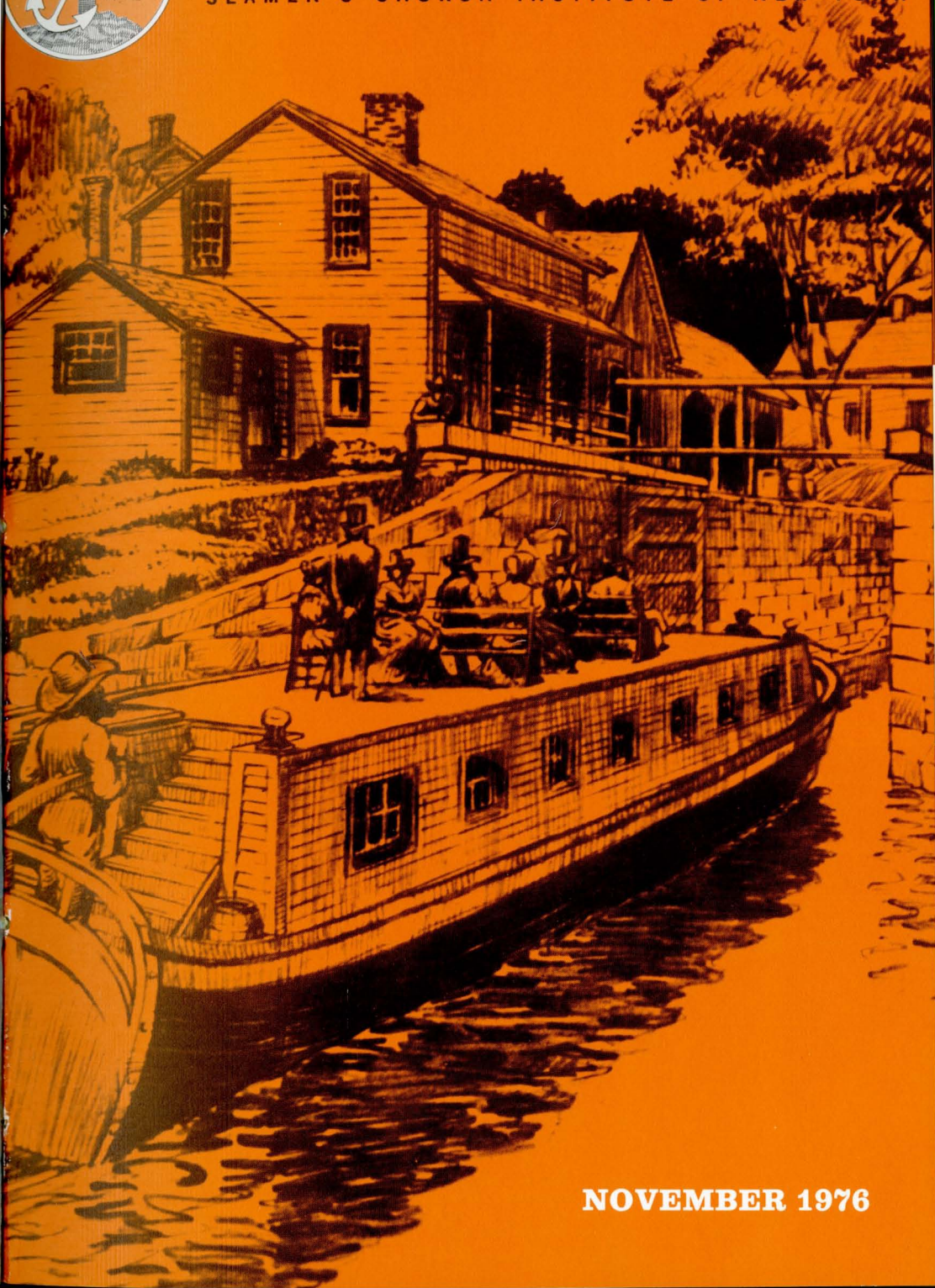




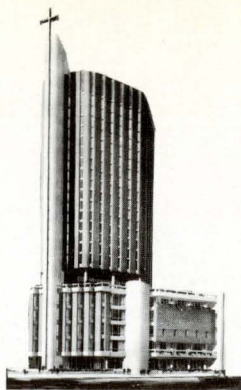
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1976

The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church Institute
15 State Street, N.Y.C.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

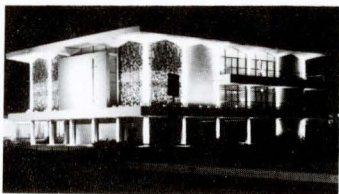
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range

of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 2,300 ships with over

96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark annually, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.

very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 62% of the overall Institute

budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

the LOOKOUT

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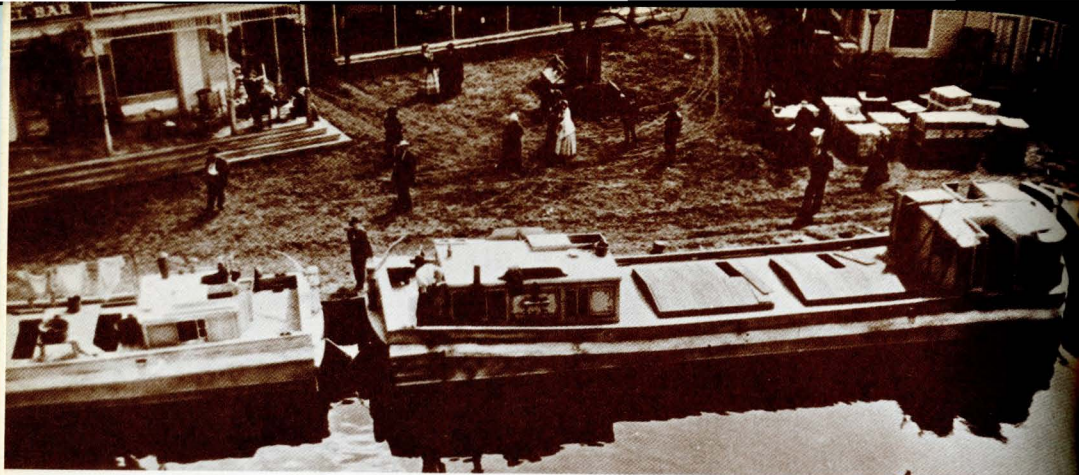
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The EIGHTH WONDER of the WORLD

by Lionel D. Wyld





Part II of two parts

Fights On The Old Canal

There were a number of fights on the Erie Canal in its heyday, for brawls were a common sight. Many of the stories that went up and down the canal and some accounts that made the local newspapers present a picture of canal life that resembles Hollywood versions of frontier Westerners. Boaters versus locktenders, canallers against railroad men, and canaller against rival canaller all were part of the early Canal Era scene. One of the rip-roaringest fights ever occurred one day just after traffic opened in early spring. Seems a group of log rafters coming down from Buffalo arrived at the lock at Macedon. These rafts went through lockage five at a time, tied together; even so, they tied up traffic in both directions. Boaters generally disliked rafters anyway, and this tie-up saw an end to patience. After 130 boats were strung out in a line waiting their turn at the Macedon lock, the canal boaters rebelled. Rafters and canallers (and even the locktenders) got into the brawl. They had plenty of exercise, and it took two days and three nights to clear up the damage and get the boats started through again.

Canal boaters and fighting are a firm part of the folklore of Clinton's Ditch, but not many people realize that one of the

greatest prizefighters was also a canaller. That was Paddy Ryan, the great boxer from Watervliet, New York, who came over from Ireland (a real "Tip" from Tiperrary at the age of eight.) He used to wear green stockings, black trunks ornamented with green shamrocks, with a red-white-and-blue belt thrown in for good measure. Four years after he arrived in New York State, he was working in Watervliet tending locks, and he once saved a little girl from drowning in the canal. He trained for prizefighting under Jimmy Killoran, the veteran athletic director at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy. When the English champion, Joe Goss, came to Troy for an exhibition match and challenged Paddy, he accepted and won the match.

Paddy Ryan fought to national fame, but that fame in the prize ring didn't last too long. Among his records is a great 86-rounder fought in June 1880 in West Virginia. Ryan finally lost to John L. Sullivan in 1882. That fight, which ran a mere nine rounds, had another legendary figure in the audience — Jesse James.

The Raging EI-RYE-EE

Every school boy and girl knows of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, and most of us remember his famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," that was so filled with lead shot he couldn't move, let alone jump. But we generally don't connect the great humorist with New York State and the

Erie Canal. He did, however, spend some time in Buffalo, writing sketches for the old *Express*; and, of course, the Mark Twain home in Elmira, down on the State's southern tier, is a major tourist attraction. He once heard the old canal song, "The Raging Canal," and liked it so well he wrote a version of his own. He called his "The Aged Pilot Man," and he said he thought it was one of the noblest poems of the age when he wrote it. In the poem — which is really a folk ballad — he tells of a stormy night aboard a canal boat on the "raging Ei-rye-ee" when the boat is about to be swamped and everyone aboard is sure to drown in a tempestuous gale. In order to save the "ship", the Captain is thrown over the side. This is what Twain's canal boat crew got rid of on that hectic trip up the stormy Erie:

*So overboard a keg of nails
And anvils three we threw
Likewise four bales of gunny sacks
Two hundred pounds of glue
Two sacks of corn
Four ditto wheat
A box of books, a cow
A violin, Lord Byron's works
A rip-saw and a saw.*

The original "Raging Canal" is an American folksong, having many variants and stanzas. In one of them, there is much local color, and, when the tempest-tossed canal boat gets near the Buffalo terminus, the boatmen sight an acquaintance along the shore:

*Says Fred how do you do,
and why you been so long
Says I, for the last fortnight
I've been on the canawl
For it stormed all the time,
and thar was the devil to pay
When we got to Tonawandy Creek,
we thar was cast away.*

Another version talks about the fantastic cook who sailed the canal:

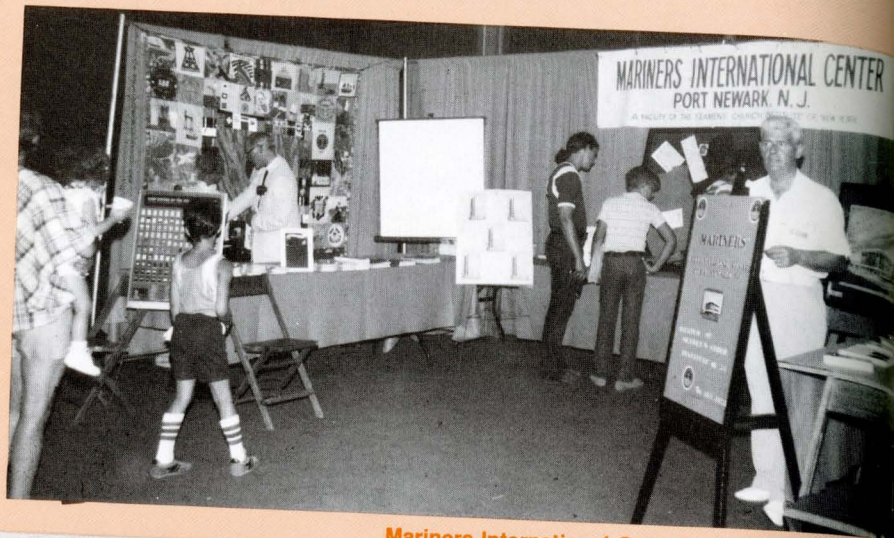
*The cook we had upon the deck
Stood six feet in her socks
Her hand was like an elephant's ear
And her breath'd open the locks.*

Of course, the most well-known Erie Canal song is the one about "I've got a mule, her name is Sal; fifteen years on the Erie Canal." This is only partially in folk tradition, for the version that most people remember and folksingers sing today is generally the one written by Thomas S. Allen, a Tin Pan Alley songwriter. Regardless of the versions, or of the tunes, Erie songs were many and varied. They could be catchy and in the nineteenth century they were on everybody's lips. As Allen put it in one verse of his "Low Bridge, Everybody Down":

*Oh, every hand will play it soon
Darned fool words and darned fool tune
You'll hear it sung everywhere you go
From Mexico to Buffalo,
From Mexico to Buff-a-lo.*

That's the way it was on the Erie!

Freedom Train in Port



Mariners International Center's exhibit.



Chaplain George Dawson prepares to give the invocation at the opening ceremonies.

Besides being the world's largest containerport, Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J. was also the site of the Bicentennial Freedom Train when it came to this area. The Rev. George R. Dawson, Chaplain and Manager of the Institute's Mariners International Center in Port Newark/Elizabeth was asked to participate in the welcoming ceremonies. He and his staff also prepared and manned an exhibit explaining the Center's work with seamen which was enthusiastically received by the queues of people passing through the exhibit area on the way to the Freedom Train.

During the three days the train was "in port," an estimated one hundred thousand people came to call and, according to the Center staff, it seemed nearly all of them stopped by their booth.

Behind the Scene ...



Not everyone realizes that "behind" every well-run library is a knowledgeable librarian and competent staff. In the case of the Institute's Joseph Conrad Maritime Library, its content, orderly appearance, and friendly, efficient service is due in large part to librarian Robert (Bob) Wolk and his two assistants, Bonnie Golightly and Ruth Towne.

Prior to coming to SCI a year ago, Miss Golightly had run her own bookstore. She is also the author of some 29 fiction and non-fiction books and has ghostwritten a score of others.

Although retired, Mrs. Towne is still considered one of New York's most creative secondary school educators. She has served as supervisor or principal of some of the area's most esteemed public and private schools and has also been a consultant and writer for the grade school and college division of the New York Times.

Mr. Wolk has recently succeeded Douglas Whiddon as librarian. Mr. Whiddon was finally lured back by the sweet smell of magnolia to his home state of Georgia. Having been at the Institute for thirteen years, naturally he is greatly missed, but fortunately he has left his job in capable hands.



Although a young man, Bob Wolk already has B.A. and M.A. degrees in American History as well as a Master's in Library Science. He has worked as a professional index editor and as a high school librarian. He is also an active member in the American Library and American Historical Associations, and rumor has it that he is a very good guitarist. We would speculate that there are few organizations who have a "musical librarian" on staff.

With such a troika of talent and resources, no wonder the Conrad Library is a favorite spot for so many seamen. We think it's really because the library staff cares as much for the seamen it serves as it does for its books ... and that's an awful lot.

Editor's Note:

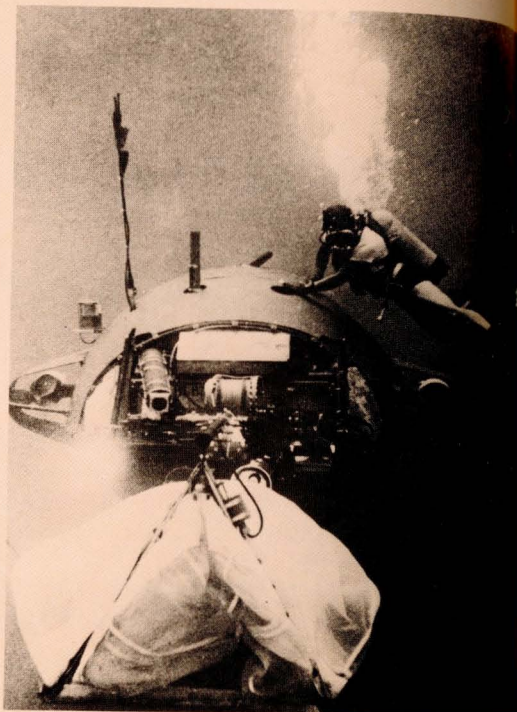
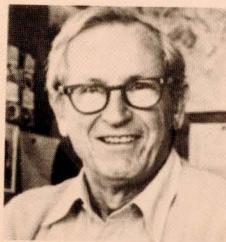
This is the first of 16 articles in the series "Oceans: Our Continuing Frontier." In this opening article, Professor H. William Menard discusses why the oceans have been important to the American nation in the past and why they may be regarded as a continuing frontier for all nations now and in the future. These articles, which explore the whole range of human involvement with the sea, were written for COURSES BY NEWSPAPER, a program developed by University Extension, University of California, San Diego, and funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Through special permission we are offering this course to our readers in monthly installments. Copies of the accompanying reader and study guide may be ordered by completing and mailing the form printed at the end of this month's article.

The views expressed in this series are those of the authors only and do not necessarily reflect those of the University of California, the National Endowment for the Humanities, or of this publication.

About the author

H. WILLIAM MENARD joined the faculty of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography as a Professor of Geology in 1956 after serving as a naval officer in World War II and as an oceanographer with the Navy Electronics Laboratory in San Diego. He has participated in a score of deep sea oceanographic expeditions and has made more than a thousand scientific dives with an aqualung. He served on the White House science staff in 1965-66 and is a consultant to Congress, various federal agencies, learned societies and industry. A member of both the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he was the first to discover many of the fracture zones in the floor of the Pacific Ocean. He is the author of more than 100 scientific papers and of "Marine Geology of the Pacific," "Anatomy of an Expedition," "Science: Growth and Change," and "Geology, Resources and Society."



EXPLORING THE OCEAN DEPTHS. Diver checks a net for collecting specimens that are attached to Westinghouse Deepstar 4000, a deep diving submarine research vessel.

ONCE the whole world was a frontier, challenging man. Now the land is explored, occupied, and bursting with people. Only the sea remains as Byron described it, "dark — heaving — boundless — endless and sublime." It is to this frontier that people turn increasingly in the hope that it will offer the riches of the frontiers that are gone — or because it seems the last hope.

In America the hope surges high. This is only fitting, for no great nation has been more intimately linked to the sea throughout its history. Nor none so negligent of that link when other frontiers beckoned. Across the seas our ancestors came, willy nilly, in an unmatched migration. Only the Polynesians went farther seeking homes, and the sea conquered them.

The founding Americans clung to the sea at first, and most of us are still clustered there in the great cities that began as ports. More and more the sea interests the city dwellers for sports, surfing, and diving, but it was not always so.

In those ports we once built a merchant fleet that culminated in the clipper ships — the queens of the seas, when the '49ers

sailed to California. By 1890 when the American Admiral Mahan wrote his great theoretical analysis, "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," the fleet was gone. We built it again during the World Wars, watched it rust, and again it is gone.

IN PURSUIT OF LEVIATHAN

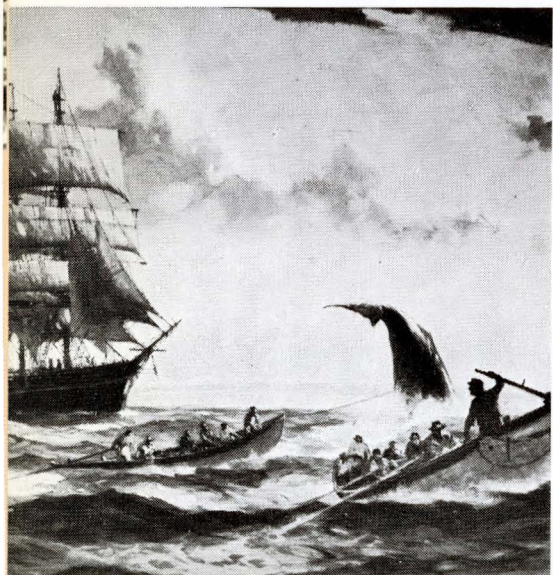
From the tiny ports of New England issued the men who did not fear to battle in his own element, the largest animal that ever lived. From pole to pole and through the tropic clime they pursued leviathan for his oil until one day a new frontier opened and cheaper oil was found on the land. All that remained was a tradition, a few men telling sea stories and a few women staring moist-eyed at the sea. Those and an epic masterpiece, Melville's "Moby Dick."

lecture 1. OCEANS:
our continuing frontier
by H. William Menard

That was a century ago. Now the oil fields of the land grow as elusive as the great white whale. A new breed of American has turned to the sea seeking oil from the continental shelf. Monstrous and marvelous towers rise from the waves, and the accents of Texas are heard from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. These too will pass — a field yields oil for only a few decades.

A sperm whale calf, newborn by the polar ice, will outlive the oil fields — if we let it. The living resources of the sea will help to feed us forever if we only can control human ignorance and greed. Fisheries in their present form, however, will not help much more than they do now. What can be hoped of hunting? We would not be what we are, nor in our present predicament, if we had not invented farming 10,000 years ago. The world needs to farm the sea and herd the fish.

The most advanced and productive farms in the world are in America. One very important reason for this preeminence is the advancement of agricultural research that occurred in the Land Grant Colleges. Taking note of this, the nation is beginning to support the Sea Grant Colleges and foster the development of the resources of the sea.



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Courtesy of the Phoenix Gazette

I say "beginning" although the program is several years old, because the application of science and industry to marine food production is surely in its infancy. Here and there in the world we crop oysters and shrimp and other high cost foods. Likewise we are learning to cultivate lobster and abalone. Even on a large scale these developments will not feed very many people, but they may encourage greater advances. The plants and animals of our farms are not those we acquired from the wild state millennia ago. They were specially bred to grow rapidly, resist disease, and yield food.

The plants and animals of the sea remain to be bred for our purposes. Why pursue the tuna? Why should he not forage for himself and return to our cooking pots like the salmon? To change the tuna we must change our viewpoint.

CHANGING VIEWPOINTS

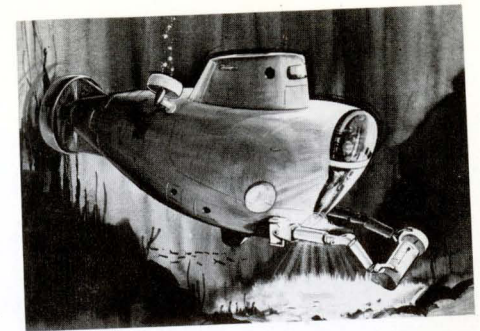
Not long ago all our views of the sea were derived from the land, but attitudes and viewpoints are changing. The horrors of the deep have become the shy creatures of Jacques Cousteau's movies. What was a global myth of a flood has become a measured, dated global rise in sea level. We had chanteys about the whale — now we have recorded the eerie moving song of the whale himself. Can we, with such a song echoing in memory, still hunt leviathan? We had paintings of the sea — now we have painters under

the sea, who feel as well as see what they are painting.

The most profound changes in our views have to do with our basic understanding of the world around us. Working on and in the heaving sea, scientists have come to a new perception of the solid land they left behind.

The floor of the abyss is splitting apart; the land moves; whole continents drift from pole to equator; and the history of the world is not what it seemed. This revolutionary viewpoint, as startling as the idea once was that the earth moves around the sun, is opening new frontiers of the mind that will help us to understand the physical frontiers of the sea.

The sea is a continuing frontier because it has been too strong to be subdued. The balance is changing. We have not fished the oceans clean but we proba-



bly could. We have not poisoned them but we could. Few scientists believe that we have significantly altered the vast open ocean, but near the cities we have. Even a sea as large as the Mediterranean may already be in danger because it is enclosed — and many of its burgeoning industrial cities dump sewage as they did in ancient, emptier times.

Even the open sea is defenseless against the pollution of some new materials created by man. No organisms nor natural reactions affect them, and they will become ever more objectionable for ages to come. Finally we face the ultimate pollution of nuclear wastes, not necessarily those from power plants which might possibly be containable. A twenty-minute exchange of nuclear rockets could poison the sea.

The frontier of the sea has much to offer. Properly developed it can provide challenges for future generations of pioneers. People who have the spirit and will to farm, herd, and mine the sea. People who teach, study, paint, and write about the sea while they are on and in it.

There will be a price to pay and, as times change, some of the moist eyes gazing at the sea may belong to men. However, we shall never learn to conquer the new frontier unless we first control ourselves. Nothing could be worse for mankind — or the sea — than a lawless technological race. "Endless," wrote Byron, but the uncontrolled resources are not. "Boundless," but the emerging law of the sea could bind it. "Sublime," let us unite to keep it so.

EXPLORE THE OCEANS OUR COMMON HERITAGE, OUR LAST FRONTIER

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Gold Turkey

by Joseph C. Salak



HAPPY THANKSGIVING, America, a day first observed by the Pilgrims in 1621 for a bountiful harvest. Native foods — fruits, and vegetables, wild turkeys, pumpkins and such constituted the fare and have since become the traditional fare for the day.

The wild turkey, on a diet of nuts, green stuff and fruit, was not as plump, savory or tender as is the domesticated bird which whets our appetites today. Rumor had it that at the first Thanksgiving dinner, as one scrawny bird was being stuffed, an observing child remarked, "I bet that's the most food he's had in weeks."

Yet, the track record of this not-very-pretty, long-legged creature has been so impressive it even influenced politics.

Late in 1975 when the price of turkey had increased 24 percent in five years, an agitated candidate was so moved he orated, "I'll say this for my opponent ... he's honest. He cannot be bought. Even at this week's high price for turkeys."

And, a youngster in his school paper wrote, "The first Thanksgiving was to celebrate federally guaranteed loans to the Plymouth Colony."

Actually, the history and survival of the turkey, even when tailormade as a centerpiece for the familysized celebration, is not all stuff 'n nonsense.

Judging by fossil evidence, turkeys go back about 10 million years and turkey designs have been found on pottery of 950 A.D.

The trail of the festive fowl, as reported by the Spaniards, begins in Mexico where Cortez first found it strutting around when he invaded that country in 1519. The Aztec's called the bird "guaholoti."

When the Conquistadores first saw the bird with its chest puffed out and tail feathers spread out in a fan, they thought it was a breed of peacock and named it "pavo." Later it was promoted to "pavo real" or "royal peacock."

After the explorer Cortez took some of the "royal peacocks" to Spain in 1525, it

became an instant gastronomic sensation. The Jewish merchants in Spain called the New World's contribution to European poultry menus "tukki," after the Tamil word "toka," meaning trailing skirt.

The bird was bred and, as an ambassador of good will, sent to other countries. As its popularity spread, the French renamed it "dindon," meaning "from India," because the East was where all their exotic dishes originated.

In Germany, the succulent roast was given the name "Kalekutisch hum" upon which it passed into the Scandinavian language as "Kalkon."

Much later, the English, thoroughly confused by the many names given the delectable bird, after a mouth-watering pro and con session, placed the fowl's origin as halfway East, which came to Turkey, and so it was called "turkey."

Some American naturalists say it's simply a classic case of onomatopoeia, coming from the bird's call of alarm

which sounds like "turc, turc!"

Another historian says the word obviously spread to the colonists from the American Indians' name for the bird "fir-kee" which the Pilgrims perpetuated by misinterpretation calling it "turkey."

The turkey has also been called a gobbler, which makes no sense at all — we are the gobblers, after all; the turkeys are the gobblers!

Gobbler or not, the bird must have had an indestructible something built-in to survive these many name changes and still remain the *specialité de la maison* on Thanksgiving Day.

Small wonder that when the first meal Apollo II astronauts, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin served themselves on the moon in July, 1969, they smacked their lips and said, "That was out of this world."

The feast they had enjoyed was roast turkey.

** American Slang for plain, bare, straight talk.



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I certify that the above statements made by me are correct and complete.

CARLYLE WINDLEY
Editor

Colonial Cookery

As part of the Bicentennial year we are printing a number of Colonial recipes in the remaining '76 issues. The recipes have been researched and tested by the "historical" cook, Betty Groff, and we hope that they will be a source of both good dining and conversation at your table.

Cranberry Pie

Put to many good uses by Colonial Era Americans, the native cranberry was probably its most delicious in this pie for a Thanksgiving Feast.

1 lb. cranberries	½ cup cold water
¾ cup raisins	3 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. grated orange rind	¼ cup flour
2 cups sugar	pie crust
¼ tsp. salt	

Plump up raisins by pouring hot water over them, and course grind the cranberries. Combine salt, sugar and flour. Mix dry ingredients with cranberries, raisins, orange rind and water. Pour into nine inch pie pan lined with ⅛ inch thick bottom crust, cover with dough of similar thickness. Bake for 15 minutes at pre-heated 450 degree oven, then lower to 375 degrees and bake for 30 minutes. Serve it cold. Pie can also be made deep-dish style.

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Launch out into the deep

(Luke 5:4)

Launch out into the deep
and scorn to hug the shore,
confront the churning waves
despite their deafening roar.

The shallow waters bear
stagnation's dingy pledge,
security embalmed
on action's outmost edge.

Launch out into the deep
and, strong against the urge
of mounting waves, accept
the challenge of its surge.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

