

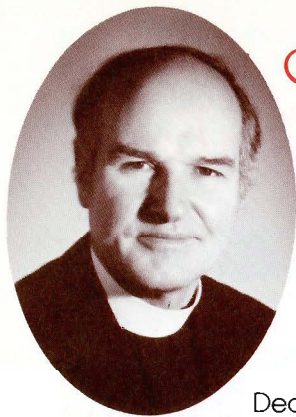


# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

DECEMBER 1977





# A Holiday Message



Dear Friend:

I have just come from our Christmas Room at the Institute where many volunteers are packing Christmas Boxes to be sent to the far corners of the earth to more than 9,000 seafarers of every race and creed.

It is a warm and lovely scene. Each small gift is personally wrapped and placed in a box along with a beautiful knitted sweater, or socks, or watch cap and scarf, representing the labor of more than 3,000 knitters throughout the country. The spirit is contagious — a spirit of caring and of sharing in the name of Christ.

May this same spirit of the love of Christ be with you this Christmas and during the coming year.

With gratitude for all your support, encouragement and prayers.

Sincerely,

*James R. Whittemore*  
JAMES R. WHITTEMORE, Director

## the LOOKOUT

Vol. 68 No. 10

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Director

Carlyle Windley  
Editor

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# SANTA GOES TO SEA...

## With a little help from his friends



While everyone knows that Santa Claus visits countless thousands of homes in one single night, when it comes to visiting ships at sea, he needs a little help.

Fortunately for him, the Institute's corps of Women's Council volunteers meets just his need. They are specialists in Christmas Boxes for Seamen; particularly gifts for seamen who will be at sea on Christmas Day. In fact, by the time you receive this issue, they will have prepared, packed and sent to sea some eight thousand Christmas Boxes for seafarers and they are still busy packing.

Like all of Santa's helpers, they start their work early ... raising money, knitting garments, assembling and wrapping all the various items that go into each box, plus making and/or signing the Christmas cards which accompany each box.

By mid-October, the knitted goods come pouring in. All the ingredients are ready and it's time for packing. From then till Christmas Eve, hundreds of willing hands work every weekday packing thousands of Christmas Boxes for their seafaring friends ... most of whom the volunteers will never meet. Last year over nine thousand Christmas Boxes greeted men and women at sea on Christmas Day. This year approximately the same number will say Merry Christmas to mariners at sea all over the world. All of which just goes to prove that Santa never forgets his seafaring friends ... thanks to the love and hard work of the Institute's volunteer Women's Council.

### Contents of a typical Christmas Box for Seamen.



**P.S.** — We have just been advised that there is a real need for more knitters. So, if you or someone you know is handy with the needles, please contact Mrs. Constance West, SCI, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

She'll tell you all about how you can get involved with next year's Operation Christmas Box ... and put a little love to sea.

## Editor's Note:

This is the eleventh of 16 articles in the series "Oceans: Our Continuing Frontier." In this first of three articles on policy and sea power, William T. Burke focuses on the issues of control of the sea and its resources that are currently being debated by the United Nations Law of the Sea Conference. The author is Professor of Law and Marine Studies at the University of Washington. 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.

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, the distributing agency nor this publication.

## About the Author:

WILLIAM T. BURKE is Professor of Law and Marine Studies at the University of Washington. Previously a professor of law at Ohio State University, his report for the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute on legal problems in ocean development became the basis for an international symposium and was published in 1968 in "Towards a Better Use of the Oceans." He has served on several marine affairs panels of the National Academy of Sciences, as a member of the Executive Board of the Law of the Sea Institute at the University of Rhode Island, and as a member of the advisory committee on the law of the sea to the National Security Council. He is editor of "Ocean Development and International Law Journal," and co-author of "The Public Order of the Oceans."



## OCEANS: OUR CONTINUING FRONTIER Lecture 11.

# LAW OF THE SEA

by  
William T. Burke

Oil, fish, submarines, tankers, pollution, research, nuclear weapons and materials, ocean transport, scientific investigations, whales, archipelagos, boundaries — these and other topics are now agitating the world of international diplomacy as nations debate the creation of new law for the ocean.

Long regarded as the most stable and widely accepted part of international law, and largely codified by U.N. sponsored treaties agreed to in 1958, the law of the sea (LOS, for short) is now in the throes of rapid, perhaps convulsive, change. Unless this change can be

produced billions of dollars worth of petroleum and is expected to yield hundreds of billions more during this century. Other nations followed the U.S. example, and today offshore oil exploration and production occur off scores of nations around the globe.

This acquisition has been useful for the United States and numerous other coastal nations. However, the Truman Proclamation set in motion a series of events that seems certain to turn the former law of the sea on its head.

Although many observers devoutly wish for this change, they fear that the

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NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES SERVICE

**U.S. COAST GUARD SEIZES RUSSIAN TRAWLERS IN ALASKAN WATERS.** The U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* ties up alongside the *Lamut*, flagship of the Soviet Bering Sea fishing fleet, after cornering the factory ship during a chase through the ice off St. Matthew Island, Alaska, on January 18, 1972. Another Russian factory ship can be seen in the background. The Russian vessels were fishing within the U.S. 12-mile limit.

brought about by widespread agreement, the prospect is for violence and confusion and diminished return from ocean resources.

The beginnings of this process are traceable to September 1945, when President Truman declared U.S. jurisdiction and control over the adjacent submerged land called the continental shelf.

### UNDERSEA DOMAIN

The Truman Proclamation effectively acquired for the United States an enormous undersea domain that has already

process of change will be disruptive, even chaotic.

Formerly, the ocean beyond a narrow belt called the territorial sea was considered to be mostly outside the control of any single nation. Within the territorial sea the coastal state is sovereign, except that vessels have the right of innocent passage.

But in the vast area beyond (almost twice the size of the entire land mass of the world), nations were free to navigate, fish, overfly, explore, research, conduct

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military operations, and generally do anything compatible with the rights and interests of others.

This understanding about limited national control over the ocean, and effective freedom otherwise, is now crumbling as marine resources gain in value because of increased demand for energy, food, and security from external threats. Within the last decade a modest exclusive fishing zone has been generally recognized beyond the narrow territorial sea.

New technology has so greatly improved our ability to work in the ocean that some aspects of the existing legal system are becoming obsolete.

### RISING NATIONALISM

The overwhelming surge of nationalism accompanying the emergence of approximately 90 new nations over the past two decades is also hastening this process of change.

Just as these pressures began to intensify in the late 1960's, the additional tantalizing prospect of rich mineral resources covering the deep seabed was

emphasized in an epic speech before the United Nations General Assembly by Dr. Arvid Pardo, then the representative of Malta to the United Nations.

Spurred by the Pardo speech, the United Nations in 1968 began again the process of seeking international agreement upon a new law of the sea. After several years of preparation, the U.N. convened the Third Law of the Sea Conference in 1973. (The first two were in 1958 and 1960.) The purpose of the conference was to reconsider the issues dealt with in the 1958 treaties and to negotiate new issues.

This conference is still under way after months of negotiation in 1974 and 1975 and earlier in 1976. It is the largest single international negotiation ever undertaken.

It is also widely considered the most complex in terms of issues it confronts: the allocation of benefits from the sea, including energy, food, minerals, transportation, and knowledge. Former Secretary of State Kissinger declared that "no current international negotiation is more vital for the long-term stability and prosperity of our globe."

### NEW ECONOMIC ORDER

The negotiations involve not only the increasing value and availability of enormous resources, but also a political factor of increasing strength. The developing nations of the world are now demanding a "new economic order" — a redistribution of wealth and resources more favorable to them than provided either by the existing system of law and practice or by changes thus far suggested by the developed world.

In the LOS negotiations, the mineral resources of the deep seabed, regarded since 1970 as the "common heritage of mankind," have become the main focus of the developing world's insistence upon dominant authority over, and preferential benefits from, the ocean.

The developing nations seek these gains through a new international agency, controlled largely by developing states, which would both regulate ocean mining and engage in actual mining of the seabed itself. In contrast, the developed states want a regime that permits reasonable access to all with capacity to mine and does not involve permanent regulations such as production and marketing controls.

So wide are the differences between the developing and developed worlds on this issue that they threaten the success of the conference in reaching overall agreement. If this difference is not resolved in future meetings, the negotiating effort may soon collapse in a welter of unilateral claims to ocean areas and resources.

### COASTAL RIGHTS

The divisive nature of these issues becomes even more apparent when we consider the coastal areas.

Although of political and symbolic importance, the deep seabed is much less important for resources than the relatively shallow sea within a few hundred miles from land. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that virtually every coastal national at the LOS Conference seeks to have at least its economic control extend to 200 miles — much farther than gener-

ally has been recognized in the past.

But there is still some uncertainty about what the coastal state will control in the economic zone.

Disagreement continues over the limits on coastal rights concerning fisheries, the extent of control over vessel-source pollution, recognition of free navigation as a right protected by customary law, and the conduct of scientific research.

If, as expected, the conference agrees on a 12-mile territorial sea, the United States and the Soviet Union especially want to preserve free navigation in narrow straits. They also insist upon unimpeded movement of submarines under, and aircraft over, such passageways.

### DANGER OF UNILATERALISM

These issues have yet to be completely resolved. But already it is clear that no matter what happens in these negotiations, coastal states will acquire more extensive control over marine resources.

If the LOS Conference does not complete negotiations soon, it is widely expected that many coastal states will claim this control unilaterally out to 200 miles. Some nations, including the United States and Iceland, have already taken this action for fisheries resources.

If the negotiations act unilaterally to define and protect their different interests, the result is likely to be intense disagreement, including violence. Moreover, many experts believe that nations acting individually will not maximize the long-term benefits available from the ocean, especially from living resources.

Over the longer term all nations will benefit from explicit agreement on laws regulating their own behavior in ocean space. It is possible that the U.N. LOS negotiations will result in such an agreement, but time is now very short and the prospects for success are growing dimmer.

NEXT ISSUE: Herman Kahn, defense analyst, futurist, and director of the Hudson Institute, discusses the strategic importance of the oceans in "The Sea: Defensive Barrier or Invasion Path?"

# A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

**A**ll the books at the Seamen's Church Institute, one of the most cherished and beautiful, is a gold-tooled leather-bound volume which rests in its own special case in the vestibule of the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour for Seamen.

Between its hand-crafted covers are vellum pages for each day of the year; and carefully engrossed on many of the individual pages are names of people or events — hand-lettered in red and burnished with gold. A brief inscription often follows the name; and, here again, all capital letters are rendered in red. Why red? Therein lies the story of this unique and valued book.

**T**HE late Martha and Stephen Comstock were devoted supporters of the work of the Institute.

In considering ways by which they could further its work, they decided that they would like to provide a special Book of Remembrance for the Seamen's Church Institute.

Their proposal was inspired by the fact that in earlier years, many of the hand-written and illuminated Bibles lettered important saints' names in red. Thus, each saint's day was designated a Red Letter Day, and so honored.

The Comstocks felt everyone had one or more "red letter days" in their lives which they would like to commemorate. The Book of Remembrance would provide such a means and the memory of its donor would also endure.

In consulting with the Institute, it was determined that the annual interest on an invested gift of \$10,000 (at that time - 1952) would make up the difference between the Institute's average daily income and the operating costs of its ministry to seamen for one, twenty-four hour period.

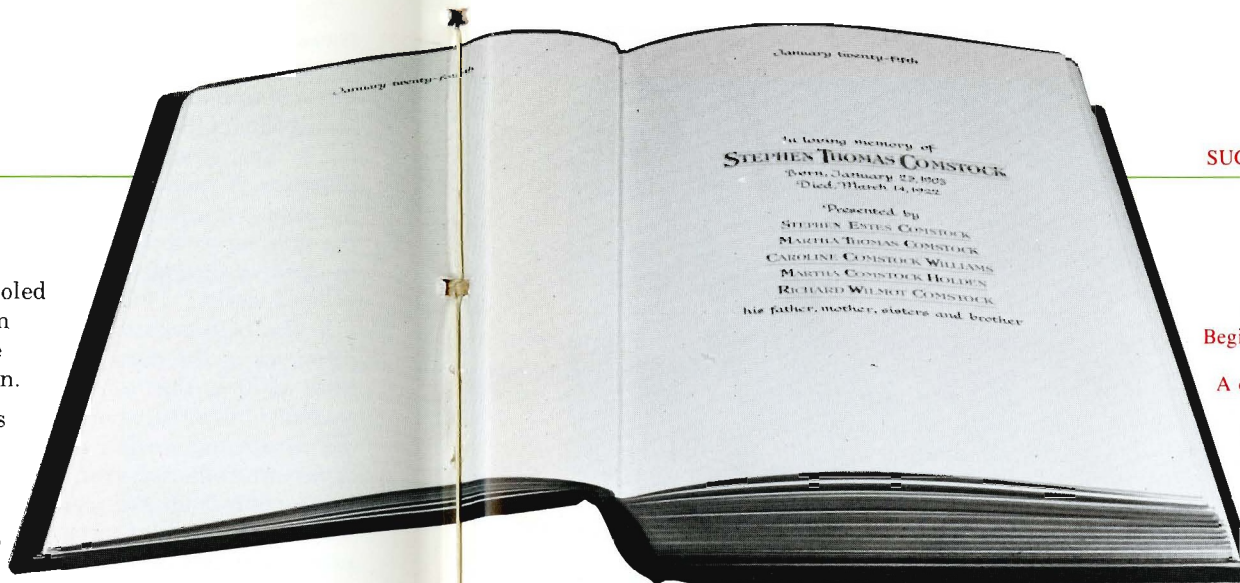
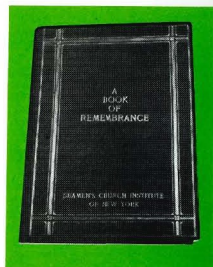
Subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock presented the Institute with a magnificently carved, glass-topped case containing the handsome, maroon "Book of Remembrance." Their gift was accompanied by a Living Endowment check for the various Red Letter Days they had chosen.

An individual page was beautifully engrossed for each of the days selected and inscribed with a special message indicating the event or occasion commemorated.

During their lifetime, the Comstocks visited the Chapel on their special days where the Book of Remembrance lay open to their pages in its place of honor, as shown in the large picture above.

Although the Comstocks have passed away, the memory of their benevolence lives on.

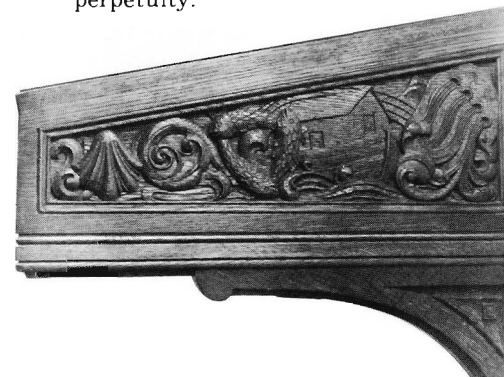
Over the years, others have followed their inspiration in commemorating special days through Living Endowments, or other forms of bequests or trusts.



## SUGGESTED RED LETTER DAYS

- Birthday
- Wedding Day
- Child's Birthday
- Anniversary
- Memorial to a loved one
- Occasion for giving thanks
- Beginning or end of memorable event
- Escape from near tragedy
- A cherished, but undisclosed event

**E**ACH year, on the day of the event cited, the person or persons memorialized are included in the special prayers during the Institute's chapel services, and family members are notified in advance so that they might attend. The Book of Remembrance remains open to that special page for the day, and so it shall be, in perpetuity.



**W**E are pleased that others have found the Comstocks' benevolent project an appropriate and satisfactory way to honor some loved one or cherished event, while at the same time supporting the work of the Institute in its mission to seamen.

Some have done so through an endowed Red Letter Day Memorial plan while others have built-up the ten thousand dollar sum over the years or provided memorials through bequests. All are acceptable forms and should probably be discussed with an attorney from several viewpoints, tax-deductibility being one consideration.

Should you have a Red Letter Day which you would like to commemorate in this unique and beautiful book, do let us know. We will be pleased to furnish you with additional information.

*Just write or call -*

The Rev. James R. Whittemore  
*Institute Director*

Seamen's Church Institute  
15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004  
or telephone (212) 269-2710



**R**ICHARD FEINSON is a young seaman with eight years of sea-time. A graduate of S.U.N.Y. Maritime College, Ft. Schuyler, N.Y., he has his Chief Mate's papers, but usually sails as a second mate. He likes to stand watch, enjoys his life at sea, and like most young seamen, has no illusions about the fact that life aboard a containership is considerably different from the days of the great square-riggers.

Still, as he puts it "There is the sea and being on the bridge or on deck which has its own special qualities ... And, compared to the cooped-up, congested and tense world I see here in New York — it's a good change of pace ... Besides, if I have too much time on the beach — I get lazy and restless for a change. At sea you know that what must be done, *must* be done. You don't question, shall I do it now or later. Later might be too late!"

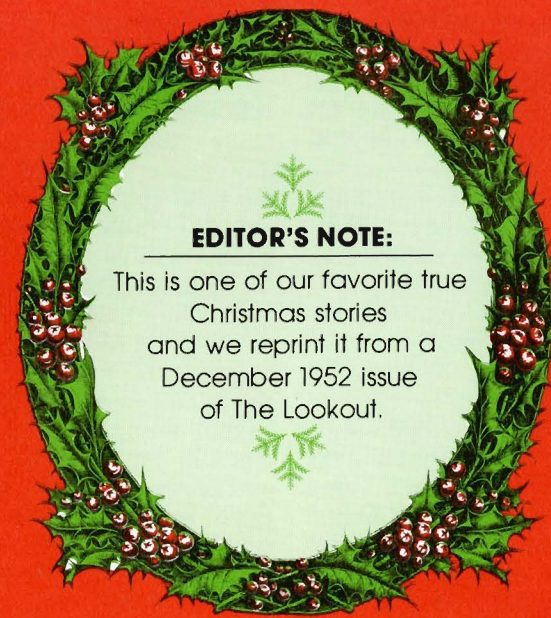
When asked if he didn't think that the seamen's life in the days of sail was not a truer test of one's mettle and skill, he acknowledged that the art of sail and the challenge to brawn were unique to the merchant windships.

"However," he added, "seamen will always face huge amounts of stress occurring over very short periods of time, whether you're hit by a freak wave or are just relaying the Harbor Pilot's orders coming into a heavy traffic port like

Yokohama or the Houston Channel ... You stay cool and do your job, but you do sweat a little; particularly if you're aboard a large containership or tanker. Asked what he meant by "large," he cited the Farrell Lines' "Austral Endurance" (a ship which he has sailed on twice) which has a 21,000 horsepower capacity and measures roughly 650 feet in length.

Being single, Dick acknowledges that he doesn't mind being at sea on holidays as much as do married seamen with families. Questioned if he had ever received an SCI Christmas Box, he laughed and said, "Twice. I've been lucky; and as a result I'm outfitted from stem to stern — cap, scarf and vest." He noted that the boxes do add a surprise holiday element to the day, and that even the hard-core gripes are touched by the fact that some unseen friends care enough to remember those at sea.

Like most seamen who have been on the beach awhile, he's anxious to put to sea as soon as the strike is over. If he can get a good run, he might even be at sea on Christmas Day. If so, he assures us that among his gear will be his "special SCI" watchcap, scarf and sweater. He thinks that they might come in handy at this time of year.



**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

This is one of our favorite true Christmas stories and we reprint it from a December 1952 issue of *The Lookout*.

# Hark! The Herald Angels Saved Us!

by  
Orriz R. Contreras  
Stewards' Department





**NOT** a Christmas goes by that I don't remember the most unforgettable Yule of them all. It occurred aboard our C-2 cargo ship, the S.S. *Nathan Eliot*, as we were crossing the Atlantic one bleak December. Six days out of Sandy Hook we were enveloped by that nemesis of the sea — fog. The gray mist swirled around us in soft, white shrouds isolating us from the rest of the world. The only sound one could hear was the ship's intermittent whistle of warning.

But it was Christmas eve! This was no time to worry about the fog outside of the usual precautionary measures. There was food to prepare; a piping hot feast of fowl and baked ham with all the trimmings. The officers' mess was ably trimmed and decorated by our two messmen. Candles, wreaths, holly, and table settings of red and green gave it a festive air. The chief steward was prowling through the storeroom peering into mysterious boxes for his best beverages and the cooks were the happiest of all. Ah-h-h, the aroma was something to talk about. It wasn't just a spic-and-span galley. It was Mom's kitchen, the ranch chuck wagon, and Pierre's French Cuisine all rolled into one. Down in the engine room, the first-assistant engineer was humming a carol as he worked on his daily log. The wipers, were revelling, for tonight theirs was the lightest of work. And there was little sleep tonight in the seamen's quarters. A tired squeeze box and an equally tired guitar were exploring the melodies of the Yule carefully, but delightfully.



As for myself, I was out on deck for a breather after struggling to decorate the coffee urn with several strings of lights. We had overlooked a tree; how or why I shall never know, but I suspect a pre-Christmas outing ashore had something to do with it. Thus, the coffee urn had to do double duty. However, it made an admirable tree, with the lights reflecting brilliantly in its highly polished surface.

On the shelves under it were a few presents surreptitiously placed there by various members of the crew. I knew that the tie-clasps, rings, carved napkin holders, and other craftwork represented many hours of hard but pleasurable work. The gay colored wrappings appeared out of nowhere. The galley crew saw to it that chains of popcorn and iced-trimmed cookies were in abundance. Yes, indeed, we might be short on the luxury end of the holiday, but we were happy.

I certainly wish I could end this little narrative right here by telling you that the captain and the chief engineer were holding their "championship" cribbage finals, or that the officers were rounding out another series of gin rummy and poker; or that the crew found time to catch up on odds and ends. But I can't. For at that moment I heard it. Then it was heard up on the bridge. Like an invisible wireless it summoned most of the crew outside.



It was the whistle of another ship somewhere off to our starboard. Again and again we heard it and our own whistle answered. Then it ceased. After a long five minutes we heard nothing more and we were worried, for fog is treacherous with sound. It appeared that we were once again alone out there with not a sound to be heard except that of our ship knifing through the water. In one swift moment our fears were realized. We knew that the ship had to be out there somewhere. Something had happened to that ship!

By now the radio operator was sweating out signal after signal. The skipper, no longer a genial host, appeared on the bridge in his greatcoat. He paced endlessly and his brow wrinkled into a thousand little worries.

"Keep that whistle open, Mr. Briggs. Have all lookouts report to their stations. Cease all activities at once until further notice. I want all hands to stand by."

Short, terse words that meant "Good-bye, Christmas." Each engineer stood by the panel board and speaking tube await-

ing orders. The deck gang hied themselves to all lookouts fore and aft and in the crow's nest. The cooks readied hot coffee and sandwiches for the long vigil. We knew we had to spot that ship before it was too late.

Sparks kept in continual conference with the Old Man. The ship's position was perilously close to ours. Engine difficulties had affected her whistle — we had to find that ship first.

The purser stepped out of his Santa Claus costume and began checking his medical equipment. The only thing to bring Christmas back to us was a little musical powder box that the second mate had bought for his wife. Over and over again it kept repeating "Silent Night ... Holy Night ... Silent Night ... Holy Night" until, from sheer exhaustion it was stilled. From time to time the captain would glance up at the fog half-hoping the Star of Bethlehem would come to our rescue. At that moment, a strange thing occurred.

Up in the crow's-nest, Neils Swenson placed a hand to his ear and looked to the starboard. At that pre-Christmas outing ashore I mentioned earlier, the Swede took, and administered (for the record), a terrific wallop from a Norwegian. It concerned an argument we would do well to leave alone. Needless to say, however, we carried Swede with loving tenderness back to the ship. So at this moment Neils couldn't be sure of what he heard. Why report it to the bridge?



At the bow, Gerry cocked his head to one side with a look of utter disbelief on his face. Call the bridge? And be logged for such nonsense? Instead he kept looking and straining to see past the fog just off the starboard bow. Gerry had been sailing for over twelve years, torpedoed thrice in the last war, too. Perhaps he could attribute this to a headache because what he thought he heard — well, could you blame him for being doubtful?

But other members of the crew were hearing it now. I was beginning to think they were all a little bit off until I heard it, too. The bridge was alive with excite-

ment. Flares were sent up with more frequency and Sparks was busier than ever. Our captain was wiring frantic instructions that he was standing by to give assistance but above all a collision must be averted. Positions must be in constant check at all times. We couldn't see their flares and, until now, we didn't hear them.

Off the starboard beam as clear as a bell now we heard a group of voices singing, "Hark! The Herald Angels sing! Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mercy mild ..." The voices were closer now and we were beginning to see their flares. Symbolically enough, they were red and green.

It was a good, great world again. Even the stars were making desperate attempts to penetrate the gloomy fog. We dispatched our engineers over; and, in the meantime, extended a Yule invitation to the stranded ship's crew via some of our delicacies sent over by lifeboat.

In the officers' salon the two captains sat together and a special group from the ship visited us to sing carols. But of all they sang the most beautiful one was:

"Hark! The Herald Angels sing! Glory to the new-born King!"





## Christmas and New Year Bells

by ALFRED TENNYSON



The time draws near the birth of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.


Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
*Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.*

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again:

But they the troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.



Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y.

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New York N.Y. 10004

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To All Our Friends  
From All of Us at SCI

*May the Joy,  
Hope and Peace  
of Christmas  
Always be with you.*

Merry Christmas  
and the  
Happiest of New Years

