



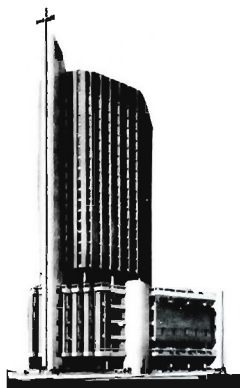
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

APRIL 1978



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 350,000 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

90,000 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 60% 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.

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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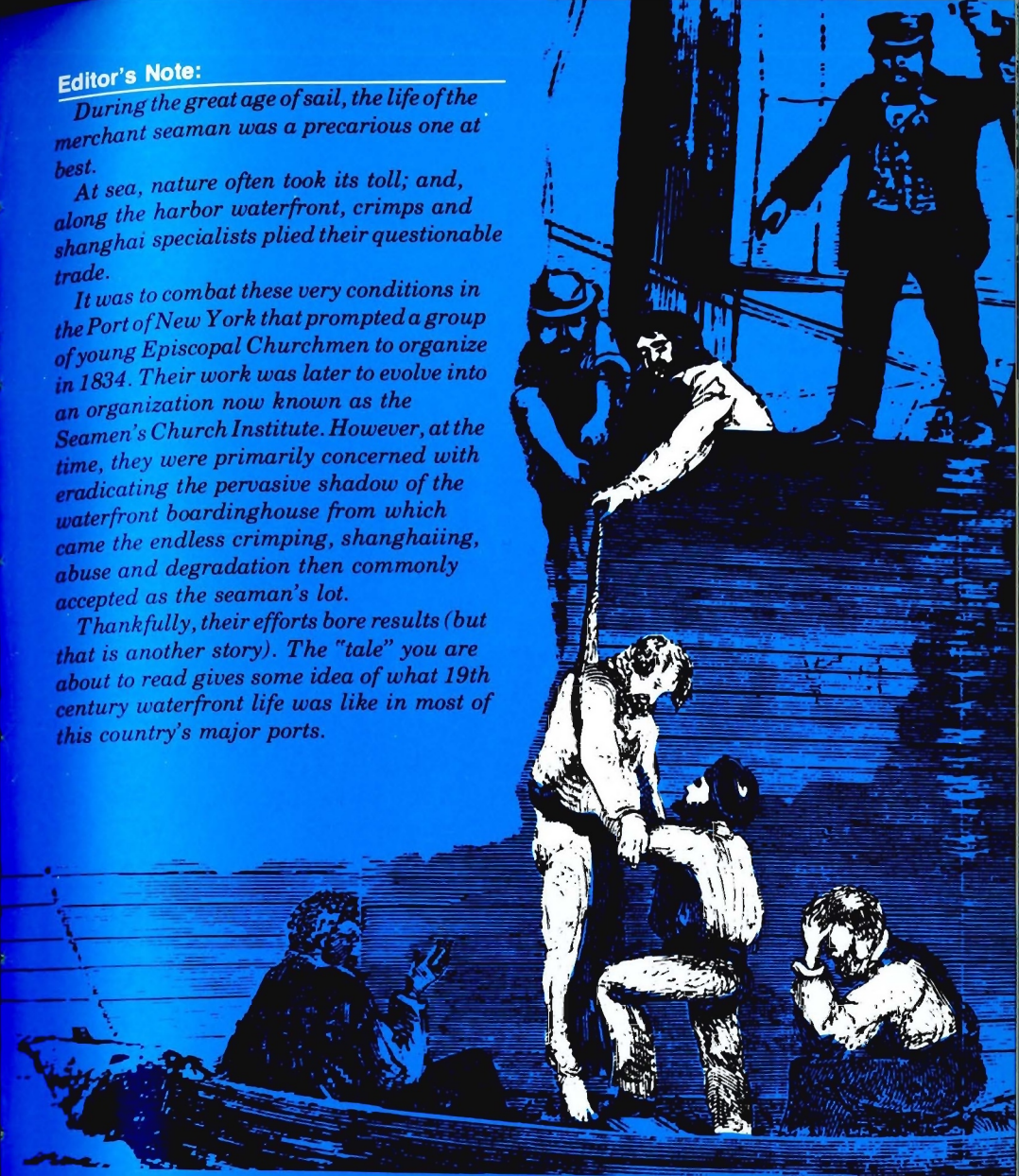
Editor's Note:

During the great age of sail, the life of the merchant seaman was a precarious one at best.

At sea, nature often took its toll; and, along the harbor waterfront, crimps and shanghai specialists plied their questionable trade.

It was to combat these very conditions in the Port of New York that prompted a group of young Episcopal Churchmen to organize in 1834. Their work was later to evolve into an organization now known as the Seamen's Church Institute. However, at the time, they were primarily concerned with eradicating the pervasive shadow of the waterfront boardinghouse from which came the endless crimping, shanghaiing, abuse and degradation then commonly accepted as the seaman's lot.

Thankfully, their efforts bore results (but that is another story). The "tale" you are about to read gives some idea of what 19th century waterfront life was like in most of this country's major ports.



shanghai days of early San Francisco

by
Leo Rosenhouse

A drugged and/or slugged man being hauled aboard a ship in the San Francisco Bay in the 1850's. Often shanghaied from off the streets these "landlubbers" were put to work as seamen, usually spending a year or more at sea with little or no pay.

Swinging his mounted brass telescope in a wide sweep to cover all of the marine traffic entering the Golden Gate on that particularly crisp and clear day in late October, 1851, the lookout in the tower atop San Francisco's Telegraph Hill made out the name of a clipper ship coming past the outer shoals. He immediately signalled the information down to a relay station by means of mirrors. Within an hour there was a huge and angry crowd at Long Wharf, waiting for the vessel to dock.

It was the *Challenge*, captained by "Bully" Bob Waterman, and there were several indignant San Franciscans whose backs still carried the scars of cane and whip blows, Waterman and his First Mate had inflicted on the hapless who were once members of his crew.

Only the quick formation of a protective brigade of Vigilantes along the dock saved the Captain and his vessel from mayhem and destruction. Such was the feeling of those who lived around San Francisco Bay in the days following the great Gold Rush, when so many grain

and lumber vessels floated idly for lack of a crew, being that most able-bodied men were in the Mother Lode trying to earn their poke of precious yellow metal.

Like a number of other sea captains, Waterman, whose reputation was reasonably good until the Forty-Niners swarmed into San Francisco, had to turn to nefarious means of getting a suitable crew to run his ship; and thus he had become a "shanghai" man, and one of the worst at that!

Although the Orient was thousands of miles across the Pacific, there was close affinity between the City By The Golden Gate and the ports of China and the East Indies. San Francisco was buying grain, baskets, clothing, and hand-made wares of wood, and sending manufactured goods plus produce in exchange.

The barter by sea involved hundreds of sailing ships, and merchant chandlers secretly told their captains to get crews any way they possibly could, but to keep the vessels sailing and on a proper schedule.

Thus it was, that along the extensive

Embarcadero of the city, single men often found themselves suddenly seized boldly right off the street, and frequently in daylight and in the presence of horrified witnesses. Thugs, who earned the title of "crimpers" were being paid from \$50 up per man who could be blackjacked senseless, or fed knockout drops to stop his struggles. Moments later, he would be dumped into a skiff and hurriedly rowed to a waiting vessel in the Bay, where he was hauled aboard; and, at the first sign of consciousness, forced to put his hand to pen and sign a contract of long servitude at sea.

While Captain Waterman enjoyed the protection of the Vigilantes during the 1850's, the law and order men sternly told him to leave Long Wharf and the city forever, else they would let enraged mobs sack and burn his ship and would not interfere with any lynching feelings.

So ... the *Challenge* moved to other ports along the Pacific Coast; and, in the years that followed, the violent art of shanghaiing continued to flourish, not only in San Francisco, but also at the San

Pedro Harbor Los Angeles, and in Seattle, Washington and on the East Coast.

Another hell-ship, (which was really a misnomer that belonged to the floating prison brigs) was the *White Star*, whose crews were mainly supplied by the much-feared crimper known as Shanghai Kelly, a man who actually became wealthy by drugging men in brothels and fandangopalaces along the wharf. Kelly died in 1891, a remarkable feat in itself in that most crimpers had a violent end and usually did not live past the age of 40. Gang wars and victims usually decimated them into eventual non-existence or welcome oblivion.

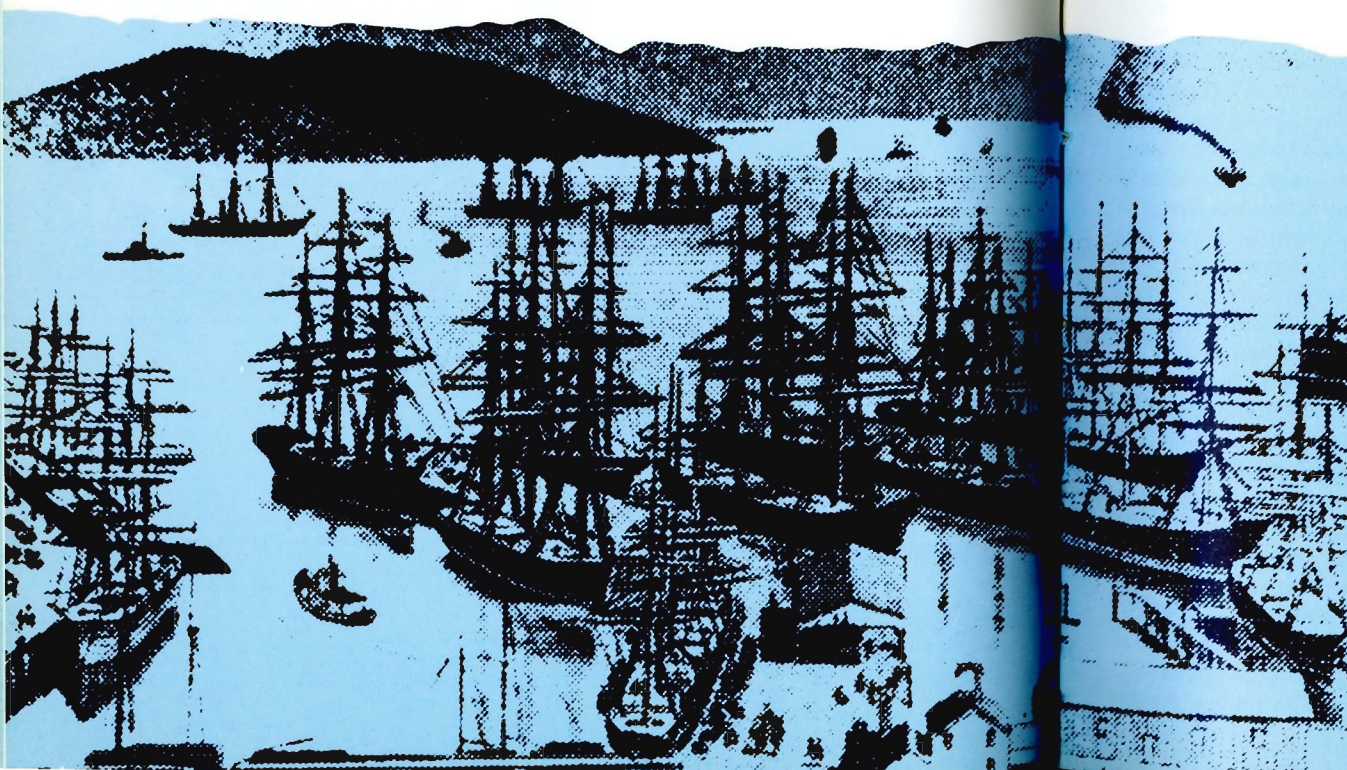
Shanghai Kelly was exactly like Fagan in the Dicken's classic ... *Oliver Twist*. He was brutal, but he loved to pass on his black and deadly skills to subordinates, one of whom was Johnny Devine, who took the name of "Shanghai Chicken."

These crimpers were among America's first organized hoods, and they solicited the madames and bartenders in bordellos and taverns, offering to pay well for leads to patrons ... preferably strong young



"SHANGHAIING IN A NEW YORK WATERFRONT DIVE" 1844. A set designed by Gordon Grant, marine artist, and executed by Eugene and Andrew Dunkel, scenic artists, which was on view in a special exhibition "Shipmates Ashore" at The Museum of the City of New York honoring The Centennial of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The San Francisco Embarcadero in the early 1870's, when there were still many idle ships, floating at anchor for want of crews, many of whom had deserted to go into the Mother Lode for gold.





Turn of the century police officers watch along a pier suspecting that a hapless drunk is being taken aboard a vessel which will quickly put to sea as soon as it gets an adequate crew.

men who had headed west to find gold, and were stranded and without family in the very distant city of San Francisco. Getting these kind of prospective sailors aboard a shanghai vessel meant that little complaint would ever develop and that the victims were often forced to serve two years, usually without pay and no shore-leave privileges, throughout their captive life on board ship.

Fast wagons were kept in readiness in San Francisco, at such places as Deadman's Alley and Murder Point, where only foolish strangers might care to wander. A man could be drugged and slugged and aboard a ship and sailing out through the Golden Gate within 30 minutes — so efficient were the crimpers who worked to get a full crew onto a vessel in a single massive effort, and who were nearly always successful.

At the Bella Union and adjacent taverns, seasoned sailors warned novices not to put any drink to their lips unless they poured from the sealed bottle themselves: and they also told many horror stories about the lovely tarts who had cribs back of the taverns or in the adjacent bordellos where a man could be put under with a swig filled with bitter chloral hydrate; and then rolled, robbed, and boarded on a vessel before coming to.

For that matter, the victim sized-up for a shanghai job, usually paid dearly when he entered a notorious tavern. A bottle of

wine started at \$16.00, and a promise of bedding down with a prostitute began at \$25.00. There was, of course, the further loss of a year or two of earnings by enforced servitude on the shanghai vessel, but young, strong men often took the risk.

A few of the smarter and experienced ones would make an ally of a seasoned sailor who would take them to do the rounds at the safer houses of pleasure but, nevertheless, all went armed with either guns or billy clubs, and usually stood-off battling crimpers.

Fighting a man like Shanghai Chicken was always dangerous. By 1859, when Johnny Devine had built up a long list of enemies and rivals among crimpers, he was a walking arsenal in that he always carried a gun, a long billy, a pair of brass knuckles with spiked ridges which could crack and break a man's jaw at the first blow, plus several knives in a hidden leather pouch. He didn't care if he had to gouge out eyes or tear off ears and noses. His orders from shanghai captains were to deliver men who had use of limbs and muscles, and who could be put to work within 48 hours after seizure. If they had a remaining eye or ear, it was enough to perform duties on ship.

One night, while visiting a bordello in a hunt for a victim, Shanghai Chicken encountered a youth of 20, surprising him in the arms of a lady of the night. Trying to grab the victim, Johnny Devine was startled when the youth whipped a large chopping knife from under a pillow and the swing of the blade took off Devine's left hand, and he almost bled to death after he rushed out in retreat.

Weeks later, Shanghai Chicken was back on the streets, wearing a hook in place of the hand, and he was more dangerous than ever, since the rounded and sharpened hook was used to sink into the flesh of a man's shoulder. Thus, Johnny Devine had become so dangerous that other crimpers feared he might turn on them! This news was relayed to the

A dance hall in a San Francisco fandango palace during the late 1800's



kingpin of them all, Shanghai Kelly, who ordered the tables turned. Thus his overly aggressive pupil was to become the victim.

It didn't quite work that way, for Johnny Devine used his claw hook to fight off former associates trying to take him aboard the waiting *White Gull*, a fast schooner bound for China. The caper forced Devine into a period of long hiding and reduced Shanghai Kelly's operations, for he had to have bodyguards to protect himself against his former associates who had declared a gang war.

The individual who nearly did Shanghai Kelly in was a woman! Her name was Chloroform Kate, a buxom lady of 280 pounds who ran a brothel and snorted at chloral hydrate to drug shanghai victims and others ... claiming it was easy to clap a handkerchief soaked in the liquid anesthetic to one's nose and mouth, putting him to sleep within a couple of minutes. Her methods were fast and vicious.

In the few years during which she operated, she took so much business from other crimpers that a secret meeting was called as how best to deal with her. Crimpers feared her bottles of chloroform.

All that can be said is that a few days later, Chloroform Kate asked for a bottle of wine from a brothel larder, and when she took but one swig, she promptly collapsed, dying in minutes! Had it been a respectable woman other than Chloroform Kate, the Vigilantes would have acted, but as with other crimpers, most of San Francisco heaved a sigh of relief when they saw Kate's presence leave the Golden Gate forever.

By the 1870's, the Vigilantes had given way to elected lawmen, and sailors and shoremen had formed protective groups which became unions; and at last, there was sufficient organization to really put most crimpers to flight.

The red-light district of San Francisco was placed under a night watch, and local justice against shanghai practices was now strong enough to lodge a crimper in

the San Francisco jail or at dreaded Folsom State Prison, above Sacramento, for a couple of years of inaction.

But more than anything else, the shanghai days were brought to an end by the appearance of steam-powered ships.

Their presence by the late 1800's soon banished the proud clipper vessels and their independent captains to oblivion. Even ship's chandlers and other marine businesses ashore realized they had no further desperate need for an assured flow of cargo.

The steamers were reliable and always on schedule, and required small but highly skilled crews of sailors. The Forty-Niners had come down from the Mother Lode, and most were broke, and very willing to take back their old sea jobs if available. This was another factor which swept away the shanghai art.

Apparently, isolated instances of shanghaiing took place in San Francisco, possibly as late as 1910, but victims seized were usually Orientals or non-English speaking visitors who were "dumped off" across the Pacific Ocean. The offending vessel made certain not to return to San Francisco until attention could be diverted from the incident.

Today, shanghaiing is still practiced in some parts of the world, but not in San Francisco, nor at any other bustling American port. The shifty crimpers, the bordello tarts, their madames, and all the rest of the loathsome conclave of characters which plagued honest westerners are part of history, and everyone is glad that their shanghai capers are in the distant past.

TODAY'S SHIPS



S.S. TILLIE LYKES ... U.S. flag SEABEE* Class Barge, container and heavy lift vessel owned and operated by Lykes Brothers Steamship Co., Inc., New Orleans, La., one of three vessels of this class in a fleet of 41 ships. Principal characteristics:

Length overall:	875 feet
Beam molded:	105 feet
Design draft:	39 feet
Deadweight at design draft:	38,390 LT
Service speed:	20 knots
Propulsion:	36,000 SHP
SEABEE barge capacity:	38
SEABEE barge cargo capacity:	37,860 LT
Average size of crew:	38 Members
• Officers —	9
• Crew Members —	29
Maximum container capacity:	1,368 20' Equiv.
Containers in normal cargo mix:	958
Barges in normal cargo mix:	26
TOTAL SEABEE	
Barges in fleet:	249

* SEABEE ... a nickname which refers to barges hovering around the mother ship, much like bees hover around a hive ...

Ships Ashore in New Jersey

From April 1 - 30, Bill Henry, ship visitor at our Mariners International Center in Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., will have an exhibition of his ship photographs at the Washington Savings Bank, 357 Patterson Avenue, Wallington, N.J.

An expert photographer, Bill took most of the photographs while on vacation/s or while shipping as a deck hand aboard the *Concordia Star*.

For the exhibition, each colored print has been reproduced on canvas, and copies are available on order. Among the vessels shown are the passenger ship *Mauretania*, two tugs, the *Martha Moran* and *Timothy McAllister*, the Danish bulk carrier *Torim Kristina*, a Canadian Laker, *Quebecois*, and the Italian vessel, *Mar Tirrero*.

The exhibition may be seen Monday - Friday from 9:00 a.m. till 3:00 p.m.; Thursday evening from 4:30 till 7:00 p.m. and Saturday morning from 10:00 a.m. till 12:30 p.m.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Evenings are usually a time to relax and to get away from the cares of the day ... even if it's just a brief break from "hitting the books" or to unwind from a day spent at the union hall. In any event, our Seamen's International Club is always open and the club manager, Mrs. Gladys Cabrera, is always there with a welcoming smile. Not every night is dance night, but there's usually something going on to wile away a while; Somehow, just having the Club available helps to make you feel at home.

Mrs. Gladys Cabrera introduces seaman Andrew Bogle and visiting Coast Guard to Father Whittemore, SCI director.



Among the groups using our meeting rooms and other "conferencing" facilities here at the Institute during the past month were the YMCA, the United Methodist Board Global Ministry, the Church Club of New York, and AL-ANON. In addition, a Conference on Nutrition sponsored by the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine and the Hunger Task Force of the Executive Council, Province II, of the Episcopal Church convened here.

We are always pleased when community organizations and church groups can be accommodated here, and we welcome inquiries from these and similar organizations.

Questions regarding meeting facilities and availabilities may be made to: Mr. Allen T. Sorensen, SCI, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. telephone (212) 269-2710.



Ship to Shore ...

According to the latest figures, more than 9,254 SCI Christmas Boxes for seamen were placed aboard some 270 vessels representing over 40 different nations. Among the seamen receiving boxes were those from the following countries: United States, Belgium, China, Netherlands, South Africa, Spain, Italy, Panama, India, Egypt, Indonesia, Germany, Peru, Greece, Japan, Poland, Guatemala, Liberia, Brazil, Norway, Puerto Rico, Denmark, Pakistan, Ecuador, Philippines, Taiwan, Iran, Great Britain, Korea, France and Turkey.

Editor's Note:

This is the fourteenth of sixteen articles in the series "Oceans: Our Continuing Frontier." J.H. Parry, Gardiner Professor of Oceanic History and Affairs at Harvard University, here discusses the hardships of a life at sea and the impact of technology on the life of the sailor. 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.

OCEANS: OUR CONTINUING FRONTIER

Lecture 14.

SHIPS and the SAILOR

About the author:

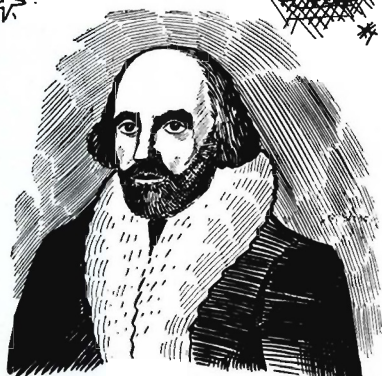
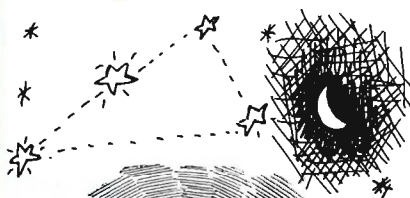
J.H. PARRY, an authority on Spanish and Portuguese explorations in the New World, is Gardiner Professor of Oceanic History and Affairs at Harvard, a position he has held since he came to the United States in 1965.



by
J.H. Parry

Born in England, he served in the Royal Navy and taught at Cambridge University and at University College of the West Indies before serving as principal of University College in Ibadan, Nigeria, and Swansea, Wales. He was also vice chancellor of the University of Wales. His many books include "The Spanish Theory of Empire," "The Age of Reconnaissance," "The Spanish Seaborne Empire," "Trade and Dominion," and "The Discovery of the Sea."

"Did you know ..."



NAVIGATING WAS SHAKESPEARE'S PET HOBBY !!! HE WAS CONSIDERED ALMOST AS GOOD A **NAVIGATOR** IN HIS TIME. AS HE WAS A POET AND DRAMATIST



SHIP-BUILDING WAS CONSIDERED SUCH A NOBLE ART IN FRANCE DURING THE 10TH CENTURY THAT ONLY MEMBERS OF THE **ARISTOCRACY** AND THEIR CIRCLE OF FRIENDS WERE PERMITTED TO BUILD SHIPS..... IN ENGLAND, AROUND THE 3RD AND 4TH CENTURIES, **SHIP-BUILDING** WAS HELD IN SUCH HIGH ESTEEM, THAT **TITLES OF NOBILITY** WERE CONFERRED ON ALL **SHIP-WORKERS** !!!!

WATER transport is by far the oldest method of moving men and goods about.

Most primitive societies, long before they learned to domesticate beasts of burden or to construct vehicles for use on land, discovered means of crossing water. And the character of the ships has largely determined the nature of the lives of sailors ever since.

Their ancient craft varied widely depending on water conditions and available material. However, almost all fall into one of three broad groups: rafts, made of logs or bundles of other buoyant materials lashed together; hollowed out logs; and basket-like frames of pliant boughs, covered with skins. All effective boats and ships derive from one or another of these basic types, or from crosses between them.

With such simple devices — still used in some areas — hunters and gatherers could cross rivers and range more widely. Fishing peoples could leave the shore to fish or to dive for mollusks. Goods for barter could be carried over short distances by laborious paddling or poling in sheltered waters.

HARNESSING THE WIND

For more ambitious travel, primitive man needed an independent propellant — the wind — and sails to use it. The earliest basic sail was probably a simple square or rectangle. From it evolved, over many centuries, the balance-lug, characteristic of the China seas, and the lateen of the northern Indian Ocean. Fore-and-aft sails were technically more sophisticated. A vital supplement to square rig, they are European in origin and relatively modern.

Sails freed their users from dependence on human muscle. They could carry more goods, and travel farther and faster, with smaller crews. The use of sails also encouraged adaptations of the hull.

In the course of centuries, the dugout became a planked hull in which the basic log, no longer hollowed, survived as a solid keel. Rafts, by a different but analogous process, also developed into

planked hulls, usually flat-bottomed, without keels, with the transverse braces surviving in the form of bulkheads. The types converged. Vessels developed from dugout origins differ from vessels in the raft tradition, as European clinker boats differ from Chinese junks, but their purpose and their effectiveness are similar.

SAILOR'S SCRIMSHAW. Leading a life of enforced celibacy, the nineteenth century sailor often spent idle hours decorating whale teeth and whalebone as gifts for the women on shore.

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SKY COMPASSES

Protected by planking, later by decks, the sailor could venture into the open sea, provided he could find his way. He could steer by the sky, by associating the bearing of particular destinations, as some primitive navigators still do.

Sky "compasses," however, are imprecise, and stars are not always visible. Crude magnetic compasses came into use at sea by the 12th century A.D. in the Mediterranean, perhaps a century earlier in China. With a compass, the sailor could ordinarily navigate — except for storms — at all times of the year, but he still used the sky to find his position.

By the late 15th century, expert navigators in all the major maritime societies could measure latitude, though they had to wait three centuries more for longitude. Between those dates, the range of maritime travel steadily expanded. Already by the middle of the 16th century, European navigators had established the crucial facts that all the great seas of the world are connected and that, except in the areas of circumpolar ice, all seas are navigable.

THE UNWILLING CELIBATE

Distant voyaging set the sailor apart from his fellow man. He was cut off from home life, a celibacy for which he traditionally made-up when ashore. He was closely integrated in the male society in which he worked. Ships were crowded.

In the 16th century, ships often carried a man to every two or three tons, for manhandling coarse and clumsy gear, and for defense.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, technical improvements and the decline of piracy allowed a steady reduction of crews, so that — in merchant ships, at least — crowding became less severe. But even so, sailors had to develop special conventions of behavior in order to preserve amenity and self-respect in crowded conditions. They had also to accept a discipline of work, often brutal and always more demanding than would have been tolerated ashore. A ship is a tighter community, both literally and metaphori-

cally, than a village.

Sailors until recently ran greater risks than their contemporaries ashore, not only of accident, but of disease. Wooden ships are difficult to keep dry and impossible to keep warm in winter. The scrupulous cleanliness associated with a well-run ship is relatively modern.

The distempers most characteristic of life at sea were rheumatoid complaints: typhus — the dreaded "Gaol fever" — carried by rats and lice; dysentery, caused by contaminated food; malaria and yellow fever, conveyed by mosquitos in tropical harbors; above all, scurvy.

Scurvy is caused by lack of vitamin C. Men fed on fresh food do not suffer from it. Until recent times the staples of ships' diet were hard biscuit and salted beef or pork, with perhaps a short-lived ration of cheese and fresh onions. After a few weeks of such diet the symptoms appeared: rotting gums, swollen joints, general lassitude. The diet was probably no worse than that of peasants in the winter months, and scurvy was not unknown ashore. Sailors, however, had the same diet all the year while at sea.

The value of citrus fruits as antiscorbutics was known at least by the early 17th century, and a few enlightened commanders carried them, though never in sufficient quantity. It was not until the late 18th century that Captain Cook demonstrated the possibility of keeping a ship's company healthy by careful dieting, for years on end. Ways were then found of concentrating citrus juice without destroying its efficacy, so that enough could be carried for daily use. In the British Navy, general issue began in 1795. Within five years scurvy had disappeared from the fleet.

THE END OF SAIL

The industrial revolution eventually replaced wood by steel and, more gradually, sail by steam.

For a time, steel hulls and wire rigging enabled sail to hold its own. The last commercial sailing ships were often as fast as clippers, but stronger, safer, much bigger, and more economical. They were

faster than most steamers, needed no bunkers, could remain longer at sea. Their weakness was in manning. They carried big crews of skilled men inured to hard conditions.

Steamers needed fewer men and offered them more comfort: cabins, enclosed working space, latterly air-conditioned accommodations, and refrigerated food as good as, or better than, they would get ashore. As oil replaced coal, the comforts and advantages increased.

The biggest sailing ship ever built, the *Preussen of Hamburg* (8,000 tons deadweight), had a crew of 47. A modern tanker of 50 times that tonnage needs 20 or 30 men, of relatively limited skill, most of whom need never get wet. Seamen and shipowners alike gradually abandoned sailing ships. The few surviv-

ors are manned by nostalgic amateurs or by naval cadets.

Sea life can still be harsh and dangerous. Few men lead harder lives than trawlermen.

In most ships, however, dangers arise mainly from human carelessness or rare mechanical failure, and the main hardships are long absences, quick turn-arounds, and boredom. Working conditions approximate those ashore.

The sailor is no longer a man set apart.

Yet the discipline, the social conventions, the language, even the superstitions of the sea persist, symbols of an ancient and exacting calling. A ship is not a factory or an office (though it may contain both).

Sea life has not wholly lost its special fascination, and there seems to be no lack of men, and women, willing to embrace it.

South Street, New York City - 1887.

Photo courtesy ... New-York Historical Society

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PIRATES

If you think pirates are a thing of the past, then talk to a seaman who has recently been to the port of Lagos, Nigeria.

According to Harold Spille, a young American seaman, what you may have read in the newspapers is absolutely true. He should know ... he's been there. While aboard the *SS African Dawn* in the overcrowded Lagos port one night in late 1977, "They came up on the port quarter, first using grappling hooks, and then coming up the ropes."

Fortunately, the seaman on watch was able to frighten away the four masked raiders. After that, the captain kept his ship's engines running every night, and the crew stood special watch during the 32 days that the vessel waited for docking space as well as during the 22 days while discharging cargo.

Ship plundering has been a common occurrence in the harbor of Lagos in the past year, and pirates attacked and looted more than a dozen vessels during the last three months of 1977 alone.

In mid-November, the Danish freighter *Lindinger Ivory* was attacked. The Captain was killed and thrown overboard, and 14 of his crew were wounded. The Spanish ship *Joselin* was also raided in late November and in December a Soviet ship was boarded by pirates. The

Soviets were armed, and reportedly killed all seven marauders, later notifying local authorities of bodies in the water before leaving port without discharging cargo.

The Danish Seamen's Union has refused to let its members sign on for cargo ships bound for Lagos; West Germany has asked Nigeria for guaranteed safe passage, and the International Transport Workers Federation is determining on what is its most effective and decisive course of action.

According to seaman Spille, the pirates are discriminating looters, "They know everything about your cargo, including where it's stowed." And while he was in Lagos, "... the Nigerian Navy was never seen at night."

By now the Nigerian government seems to be taking the charges seriously, condemning the piracy as an "act of terrorism against Nigeria."

Several fishing villages implicated in the smuggling trade have been raided, and as of late January, Nigerian officials contend that its Navy maintains 24-hour coastal patrols.

However, seaman Spille is not anxious to make another run to Lagos in the immediate future. We expect he's not alone.

Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y.
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REMEMBERED WINDS

*"All winds blow out to sea," the poet wrote.
The fetid winds from summer's torpid tongue
on field, on grove, and soon the frigid lung
of winter pours its icy breath on coat
and cap whose wearer seeks an antidote
in birch log burning on the hearth, or rung
from broken ladder-dreams, recalled, and sprung
by songs that linger yet in heart and throat.
The winds of April - doormen dressed in green
for spring - they too must go their seaward routes
along with autumn's leaf-confettied haze.
Remembered winds - no longer felt nor seen
except by leaves that mark their whereabouts -
still have a way of martialling our days.*

Wilma Burton