



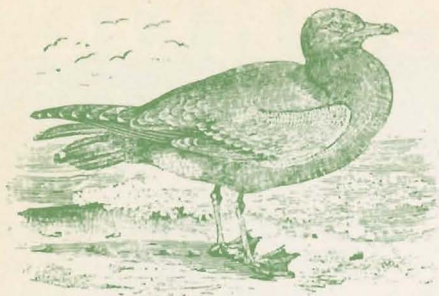
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



THIS ISSUE: ANNUAL REPORT

APRIL 1970



As Seabirds

Leave loving wan or warm
but ask no augury;
as seabirds climbing into storm
dark-dare toward me.

Race beyond words headlong
risking epiphany;
as seabirds soaring into song
so you in me.

Nor cry what sun was best —
if other suns may be;
as seabirds folding to wave-rest
return to me.

—Howard G. Hanson
John F. Blair, Pub.
Future Coin or Climber;
used by permission

Who Crusades With Love

As waters breaking from the ocean floor —
toward the solid shore a lunar spilling
propelled by unseen power from far
beneath the crust of earth, far beyond
the reach of galaxies —
who crusades with love is free,

free as homing birds who leave
their hieroglyphics on its sand,
minute, yet changing all oceans' course.
Lifting slender wings, they rise
to strengthen and to stay
those of the young, the yet unborn.

Secure within their strength from strength,
no longer hurricane-afraid,
they fly, exquisitely timed
to wind and sky
straight into the eye of storm,
fulfilling each his destiny.

Who crusades with love is free!

—Emily Sargent Councilman
Cyclo-Flame
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Because of delays arising out of recent postal uncertainties, this issue of The Lookout may not reach subscribers as promptly as in normal circumstances.

The Editor

the LOOKOUT

Vol. 61 No. 3

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INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.

Director

Harold G. Petersen
Editor

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Cover: Noah, in this old art drawing, receives dove returning to the Ark with an olive leaf.
Birds have consistently been symbolisms down through recorded history.

BIRDS AT SEA

by Ray Rives

Shipwrecked seafarers have rejoiced that a ship always responds to another in distress. Feathered sailors — the birds to you, sir — have no such assurance; yet some are saved by compassionate bird lovers aboard a ship and escape death from thirst and starvation when they take refuge in passageways and on masts of seagoing tugs, tankers, and other vessels they might encounter when disaster overtakes them.

And disaster often occurs to birds, whether they be migratories, stowaways or storm-tossed landlubbers that high winds have carried out to sea.

Birds have been associated with ships since Noah sent first the raven, then the dove, out from the ark to find dry land during the flood, the dove eventually returning to him with an olive leaf.

Ages later, another navigator sailing unknown seas took heart when birds appeared, and went on to discover a new continent.

Today's sailor often finds solace in a visit from the birds. Their habits can be an interesting study to a crew member on a long, lonely watch. When land is near and the birds arrive, it means home at last after a long sea voyage.

Birds have been associated with ships or in pairs — waterfowl, swallows, pigeons, doves, Mother Carey's chickens, and even the rarer macaw when a ship is near the tropics. Most are easily recognized, but there are others that only an ornithologist could name. Some of them shouldn't be over open water at all, but most of these are migrants.



It is the popular belief of some landlubbers that all migratory birds are swift, strong, and tireless and can make their way thousands of miles over land or water without a mishap.

We mariners know this is not true. Crewmen have often seen some of these little adventurers drop exhausted to the deck of a ship while flying across endless miles of open sea to their nesting grounds. The pattern is repeated when they return with their young. During flight many are lost: the old weaken, the young grow weary. At sea this can mean only disaster. They drop to the waves to die; but if a friendly ship is near, they can stop aboard for a short respite, then continue on their way after a few hours rest.

At sea, thirst becomes a problem to a bird in flight even though he finds a haven on one of the numerous ships that dot the waterways.

Our drinking water is manufactured on board ship and piped to different levels. Unless the bird finds one of those pipes dripping from condensation, or is leaking, it has nothing but salt water to drink and suffers the same deadly fate as would man under the same circumstances.

Those of us aboard who are concerned with their welfare do all we can to save as many as possible. Our efforts are puny, however, because we have to stand watch and lack time. Too, a seagoing vessel doesn't have facilities for bird care. Although some birds are fortunate in finding water and a tasty bite tossed to them by a thoughtful cook or mess boy, those saved remain at a minimum.

they will be safe again.

Whenever a ship passes the Tortugas, it can expect a visit from the birds. They flock out for a joy ride, presumably, or a snack from the cook's galley.

One gusty rainswept day while the ship was passing the islands, I discovered the bodies of a pair of birds lying between the pipes on deck.

I picked them up to cast them overboard but paused a moment to study them further. I did not recognize the species. They were the smallest birds I'd ever seen. No larger than the first joint of my thumb, both lay in the palm of one hand.

Their flesh, blue with cold, was exposed through the wet feathers plastered to their skin. It was then I saw



Naturally, aquatic birds fare much better; but they, too, are often victimized by oil slicks that gum wings and feathers, preventing further flight. These are relatively few, however. The ones suffering the greatest losses are birds that come aboard to nest while a ship is in port and those carried to sea against their wills by high winds.

The nesters remain aboard and ride a ship too far out to sea for a return by wing to land. Others are caught up during a storm or hurricane raging along the coast and are blown to sea before the wind releases them. Even if they find safety aboard ship, too many days pass before they reach port where

a slight fluttering; the warmth from my hand had revived them and with care they might survive. Cupping them in both hands to preserve body heat, I carried them to my quarters where the chief joined me; together we improvised a nest on the desk top with old skivvie and returned to our watch.

When I came back to my quarters several hours later, the pair had mysteriously disappeared. Then something zipped by my face. Startled, I looked up to see both birds suspended in the air above my head. The odd-looking little fellows, I realized, were hummingbirds. Dried and happy, they had resumed their color and ability to fly.

(Continued on page 17)

1969

Report of the Director to the Board of Managers

“Those were the days my friend” — or — “the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is Alive and Living at 15 State Street.”

Such might well be the appropriate title for this annual report which tucks the sixties into history. Although the decade has not ended the sixties have and obviously we cannot let them pass without some review and comment. It is difficult to realize, but since I am now well into the tenth year of my term as Director, the sixties have been the greatest years of my professional career and I will always look back on them with something more than affection.

In my humble opinion the sixties will stand in the long history of this venerable agency as a period second to none in its service to seamen. They were vital, imaginative years which upheld the vision, vitality and traditions of those who before us labored so ably for Christ and His Church in this cutting edge of mission and brotherhood. They also represent the major portion of the term of office of our retired President, Franklin E. Vilas, and between these two there is a very definite and direct connection.

Consider a brief catalogue —

Item. During these years the Port Newark Station was conceived, brought into being and established. It has proven to be eminently successful and a tremendous addition to the program and purposes we are charged to pursue.

Item. Looking to future possibilities and needs and after much study and research, the purchase of one of the finest pieces of property in downtown Manhattan was successfully negotiated.

Item. The New York Port Society, a venerable counterpart, was merged into the operations of this agency. The acquisition of its assets and property have greatly strengthened the foundations of our work.

Item. The negotiation of a contract of sale of the building and property at 25 South Street was effected. Again this proved to be most advantageous to the interests of the Institute.

Item. A new headquarters building, one of the most unusual and attractive in the city was erected and completed in 1968 on the 17 State Street property at a total cost of nearly 9 million dollars. Although very young in years, it has already proved the wisdom and

faith of its planners and has set forward the effectiveness of our ministry immeasurably.

Item. In 1969 the net worth of the corporation was almost twice that shown on the books of 1960.

Any one of these items is a singular achievement but taken together they constitute a truly amazing record. Much of the reason for this record is the leadership that Franklin Vilas provided as President of this Board and the record is a worthy tribute to him. Although I have said it many times, I rejoice in the opportunity to say again how very deeply I have appreciated his guidance and cooperation and friendship over these years. I know that as the years go on the record will bear witness to his term of office as one of the most vital and forward-looking in a long history of worthwhile service and achievement.

Many changes have taken place over these years. It is interesting to note that currently there are only 21 persons serving as Managers on this Board who were so serving in 1960. For a self-perpetuating Board of nearly sixty, this is quite phenomenal. But it does indicate that this is not a static, closed-corporation type of operation. It indicates a constant search for new talent, for fresh outlook, which in turn means a healthy vitality.

Two staff members who gave great and long service to our interests entered the larger life — Robert Olsen and Leslie Westerman. Both of these men came to the Institute in the latter years of Dr. Mansfield's regime and their careers spanned a long stretch of history. Many others have gone from us, people difficult to replace. However I think we have been singularly fortunate in the quality of those who have come to work with us. There is a spirit in this organization which seems to infect people and brings out the best that is in them. For this we are indeed grateful. I want to express here my deep appreciation to all my colleagues on both Board and Staff for their cooperation and devotion.

Since however this must needs be an annual report, let us give a little more concentration to the year 1969. It has all in all been a good year. It has been a year in which we have been bruised and blessed. We were bruised by the deaths of two of the finest chaplains ever to serve on this staff, Richard Bauer at the Marine Hospital and Joseph Huntley here at headquarters. Whether expected or not, the deaths of younger men in the prime of their work is always a great shock and difficult to accept. And yet we realize that we were blessed. Blessed by their friendship, by their achievements and by their examples as dedicated servants of their Lord and his sons. The work that they did lives on as they do in the nearer presence of the God and Father of us all.

Chaplain Huntley's chief area of responsibility was, as you know, the Department of Education. These statistics then are rele-

vant. In the Merchant Marine School in 1961 there were 71 enrollments in the Deck Department and 137 in the Engineering Department. In 1969 there were 320 enrollments in the Deck Department and 205 in the Engineering. Tuition fees amounted to \$38,000. And in each case these figures represent a 25% increase over 1968. Participation in the Educational Program outside the School increased from 19,000 in 1968 to 23,000 in 1969. Our school is fast approaching the level of excellence we expect and I am sure that in 1970 we shall have a comparable increase in enrollments and income.

But these figures are, I think, indicative of something even more relevant. In 1969 the new building really came into its own. We got used to it and it got used to us, which really means that we began to use it as a tool to enhance our programs. Newness, novelty, et cetera, have given place to familiarity. Knowing what we have to work with we are more confident in experimenting, less afraid to try new ways. More important than anything of course is the fact that our clients have accepted it and feel more and more that it is theirs and so make greater use of the facilities and opportunities offered. Occupancy is now where it ought to be and we are serving the men whom we ought to serve and serving them in ways that are of real benefit to them. Many program changes have been made and many changes have been made in the services we offer.

Internally of course the greatest change of the year has been the negotiation of a union contract on behalf of our Service Division and Food Service and Engineering Dept. employees. This was a long arduous process and the thanks of the Board as well as my own are due to Ralph Smith, our Counsel, and Allen Sorensen, our Business Manager. They worked long and hard and at times under very difficult circumstances, but I am positive that the contract they successfully negotiated is to the benefit of these employees and of real benefit to the Corporation.

I cannot review each separate department of our work and do not mean to overlook any. However, I must cite the unusual work of the Women's Council and their thousands of volunteers. This year 9,000 Christmas boxes were produced which were placed aboard 34 American flag vessels and 93 foreign flag vessels. One needs only to read one or two of the appreciative letters we receive to realize what a vital program this is. Over three tons of wool were shipped during the year to volunteer knitters the country over. In 1960, 7,000 boxes were packed, so here again we have a notable increase not only in boxes packed but in wool shipped, garments received, and double the number of volunteer knitters.

In 1969 also the Women's Council expanded the gift counter in the lobby to a full-time operation. This not only did a gross sales business of \$14,000, but has proven to be an agreeable attraction to our Cafeteria and Restaurant patrons.

A brief glance at the Treasurer's report will indicate what an extraordinary job Miss Terwilliger and her staff do in enticing the hungry hordes to share our board. With the completion of more and more office buildings around us we may very well find ourselves pressed for space before many more months have passed.

The Lookout continues to receive our strict attention. It is extremely valuable to us in keeping our supporters and contributors informed of our aims and our progress. Any help that anyone can give us to increase its circulation will always be very welcome.

We are also very grateful to many former contributors who during the year have remembered us by will and deed. Were it not for generous legacies we could not possibly have effected the achievements of the sixties.

The one outstanding event of 1969 was of course the first International Consultation on Services to Seafarers in Rotterdam during August. This truly was a landmark occasion and already its influence and benefits are being felt. As it continues to function, the quality of the work of all agencies around the world will improve and so will the welfare of seamen.

Now we move into the seventies. We look forward to them eagerly. There will be many challenges and changes. We start by welcoming John Winslow to the President's chair and assure him of our loyalty and affection. He will be a first class skipper. I can close this report in no more appropriate way than by quoting from a statement of the Board of Managers as we entered the sixties. In that statement you said in part, "We wish to declare here and now that the spiritual, mental and physical needs of seamen will continue to be, as they have been for 126 years, the particular project of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The Seamen be Served: to this end, with God's help, we have over the years developed a single-mindedness of purpose — The Institute has been blessed by being needed; its dedication to seamen shall never change. —At our present location or elsewhere in New York, the Seamen's Church Institute will continue to serve all seamen who enter our harbor and to extend to them 'Good Luck in the Name of the Lord'."

Gentlemen, I propose we adopt these sentiments as our declaration for the seventies.

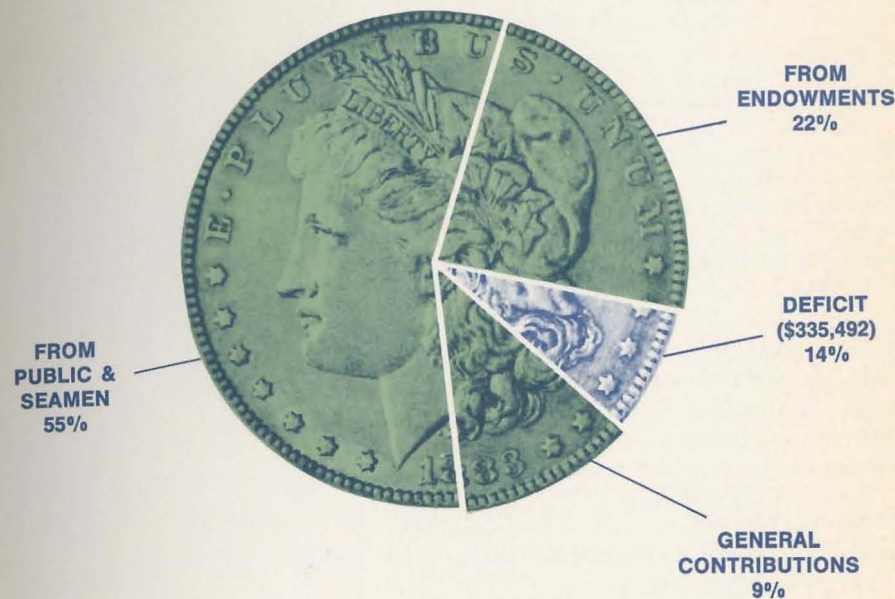
Respectfully submitted,

John M. Mulligan
Director

January 22, 1970

SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1969

OPERATING BUDGET \$2,433,874



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

Library
Game Room
Alcoholics Assistance
Ship Visitation
Religious Activities
Missing Seamen Bureau

Partially Subsidized

Baggage Room
Credit Bureau
Adult Education
The Lookout
International Seamen's Club
Mariners Int. Center,
Port Newark
Women's Council

Nominally Self-supporting

Hotel
Food Services

YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1969

Gross income from departments \$1,349,739

Operating Expenses

Salaries and Wages	\$ 868,314
Employee Benefits	96,759
Food & Merchandise	289,833
Electric current, fuel, telephone service	151,525
Supplies	91,579
Insurance	26,610
Publicity and printed matter, including "Lookout"	38,404
Miscellaneous	20,586
Women's Council — wool and gifts	26,379
Investment Counsel, legal and accounting fees..	28,475
Repairs and Maintenance	12,917
Real Estate taxes	8,722
Interest	308,574
	<u>1,968,677</u>

Religious and Personal Service Departments

Salaries, expenses and relief 205,974

Mariners International Center, Port Newark

Salaries, expenses 128,148

Merchant Marine School & Seamen's

Advanced Education

Salaries, expenses 131,075 2,433,874

Excess of expenditures over income from
operated departments

(1,084,135)

Less Dividends, interest and other income
from Endowments

525,480

Credit Bureau recoveries 11,357 536,837

Deficit from Institute operations (547,298)

Contributions for general and specific purposes

Ways and Means Department and special items. 143,019

Pier Collections 27,000

Women's Council 40,473

Diocese of New York 838 211,330

Deficit from Operations (335,968)

Depreciation — 15 State Street, Bldg.,
Furniture, & Equipment

(188,000)

Depreciation — Port Newark Bldg.,
Furniture, & Equipment

(20,575)

Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1969 \$(544,543)

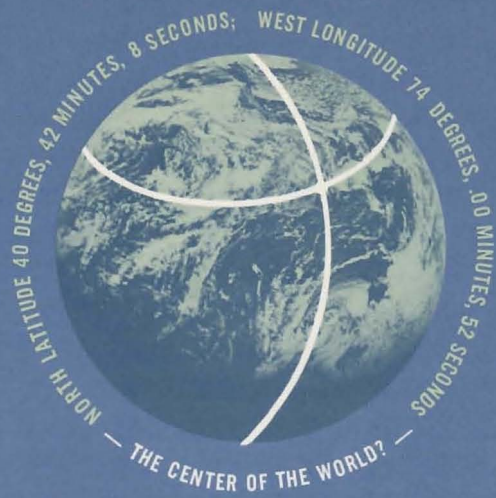
() Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1969 reflects that a detailed audited financial statement will be available at the Institute for inspection upon its completion.

Respectfully,
Henry C. B. Lindh, *Treasurer*

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN
1969

AT 15 STATE STREET	3,585	American and foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
	14,031	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
	37	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
	185	Services were held in the Chapel.
	54	Missing seamen were located.
	98,915	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
	23,043	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education groups and classes.
	525	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School; 322 students were graduated.
	41,030	Readers used the Conrad Library.
	166,091	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships.
11,597	Pieces of luggage handled.	
710,206	Restaurant meals served.	
10,630	Information Desk Contacts.	
1,222	People attended programs in the Auditorium.	
9,575	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.	
194,000	Pieces of mail processed through SCI Post Office	
AT PORT NEWARK	6,200	Seamen used playing field; 158 official soccer matches were played.
	2,612	American and foreign ships were visited, including American and foreign tankers.
	42	Religious services were provided in the Center.
	49,000	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark.
	1,657	Men were taken to dances at Seamen's Church Institute, New York.
27,953	Letters were mailed for seamen.	



The tumultuous decade of the Sixties has witnessed, among other epochal events, the means whereby for the first time Man could view his planet from the vantage point of the moon.

For most everyone who looked at the incredible earth-in-space picture — as seen on television or as a “still” picture — the impact on the senses was indescribable. The moment of truth, verily.

Here for the first time could be seen the world in microcosm! Seamen, wherever they may have been viewing the shimmering earth-orb on the television screen at the enthralling moment during the astronaut moon exploration, probably never consciously associated the Institute as being the center of their seafaring world.

Yet, for thousands of mariners the world over, the Institute, located at the tip of Manhattan (North latitude 40 degrees, 42 minutes, 8 seconds; West longitude 74 degrees, .00 minutes, 52 seconds) is the

center of their world while they are in the Port of New York and Port Newark.

And in some respects the Institute never leaves them — when they depart for remote corners of the high seas.

This bond has been enduring during the almost thirteen decades of the Institute's service to seafarers and will, predictably, continue so into the decade of the Seventies.

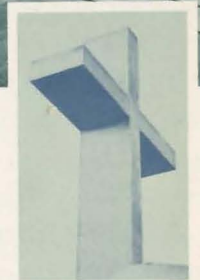
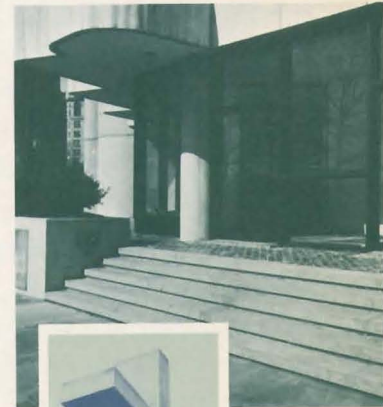
A look-back at SCI's accomplishments of the Sixties suggests that these years were years of unusual and significant movement and growth — growth, particularly, in the sense of refinements of service and facilities to the seafarer.

The two outstanding examples of Institute movement during this time were the construction and completion of the new SCI building at State Street, Manhattan, in the spring of 1968; and Mariners International Center, Port Newark, N. J., in the late fall of 1965.

The State Street structure, meticulously planned to meet the needs of today's and tomorrow's seafaring, replaced the venerable South Street building which had become inadequate for present-day seamen.

The new, modestly-priced accommodations offer a restful haven from the confines of a ship. They are superbly located overlooking the New York bay, with a sylvan greenery of Battery Park as a supplemental view.

The Port Newark-Port Elizabeth enclave is structured almost exclusively for containerization. Containerization means extremely fast “turn-arounds” for these kinds of ships and leaving relatively little time in port for the crewmen who, in the case of these vessels, sleep aboard their ships. Therefore, the Port Newark



SCI center here is not set up as a hotel operation but, instead, programmed essentially as a day-time and evening recreation area with a soccer field complete with lighting for evening contests between ship crews.

The Mariners International Center at Port Newark was designed and projected for the specific requirements of seamen serving aboard the highly mechanized container ships which predominate in this Jersey port.

The emphasis at this installation is the relaxed atmosphere of a land-side social club with the usual features of such a club—games, snack bar, televisions, slop chest, movies, etc. A chaplain and staff are available for personal counselling and special help. A very attractive chapel is located within the main building.

The proposition that SCI is the center — or “world” — for seamen in the New York port area becomes evident when a few of the Institute service figures are totalled over the past ten-year period. They are impressive.

SCI rooms available to seamen in that decade could house the population of Philadelphia; the 240,000 seamen entertained at social events in SCI facilities could replace the population of Tucson, Arizona; the SCI restaurant meals served would provide a square meal for every person living in all the New York City boroughs.

If the inhabitants of Fairfield, Connecticut, were to count themselves their count would represent the number of ships called on by the SCI ship service men — 43,034.

Personal service interviews numbered 98,000. Over a million books and magazines were distributed. Over 3,211 men were enrolled in the Merchant Marine



School. Close to a million letters, parcels, etc., were processed through the postal facility at the Manhattan building.

Over 111,180 of the famous SCI Christmas boxes were distributed to seamen in the decade. If all the people in Cincinnati were to walk through the Institute Conrad Library, they would represent the number of readers who have used this library.

There are other indices of service: 181,000 pieces of luggage; 1,000 missing seamen located; 194,000 people attending auditorium programs; 38,000 seamen participating in inter-ship soccer matches.

An SCI innovation of the past decade was the housing of wives and children in the Institute on occasions when the seamen returns to port for the relatively brief ship turn-around time. This obviates the long, time-consuming trips home by the seamen.

Disraeli, one of England's more noted statesmen, at one time evidently had a poor sea experience, for he is quoted as saying:

“I never saw the use of the sea. Many a sad heart it has caused, and many a sick stomach has it occasioned. The boldest sailor climbs on board with a heavy soul, and leaps on land with a light spirit.”

If Disraeli were to live again, his jaundiced appraisal of the sea and seafaring — one might speculate — would be modified if but he were to observe how a seamen, refreshed from a sojourn at SCI, then boards his ship with a “light spirit.”

The SCI looks back on the Sixties with gratitude. We look forward to the Seventies with eager anticipation and “a light spirit.” The men of the sea will be served.





Crewmen receive replacement clothing for personal gear lost during the foundering. Dr. John M. Mulligan, Institute director (extreme right). Peter Van Wygerden, Institute ship-visitor, (third from left).

hands across the sea to Portugal

The SCI, in its long history of service to seamen, has often reached considerable distances in and around the New York area to assist ship-wrecked mariners. Its out-reach in succoring distressed mariners has extended even to the far-flung ports of the world. Such an instance occurred relatively recently.

On January 14, the fishing schooner *Tina Maria Doncie* of Honduran registry, foundered approximately 210 nautical miles WSW of Bermuda while en-route from New Bedford, Mass. to Cape Verde island for repair.

The vessel was crewed by four Portuguese fishermen plus the captain; the crew had been recruited in Lisbon and flown to Massachusetts with the understanding that it was to be flown back to Portugal after delivery of the schooner to Cape Verde.

When the schooner foundered, the crew, captain and two passengers were taken off the stricken ship by the *Presi-*

dent Jackson and brought to Hoboken, N. J. — where the captain vanished. They had no money at this point.

The crew was, on January 16, brought to the Institute where it was given rooms and money for food and replacement clothing for personal gear lost during the foundering.

One of the owners of the schooner promptly declared himself bankrupt and the crewmen remained unpaid even while their dependents in Portugal were deprived of their support. The crewmen became tense and apprehensive as they waited in SCI.

The Institute staff now went vigorously to work to learn the identity of all the owners; to find the captain; to investigate repatriation procedures and hold conferences with the Portuguese Consulate.

It was evident to SCI that fate had cruelly victimized the seamen; they were in no way responsible for their

predicament and helpless to extricate themselves from their situation by their own efforts alone. Added to this was the strain of the mental anguish which tore at both the men and their families in Portugal.

It was found that if the men were repatriated by the Portuguese Consulate and flown to Lisbon at Portuguese government expense, each crewman would be required to repay his air-fare (\$210) to his government before he would be allowed to leave his country again — the act of deep-sea fishing interpreted as leaving the national boundaries.

And if a Portuguese fisherman ever had to seek a shoreside laborer's job, well — it would take him a very long time to repay a debt of \$210 in Portugal, knowledgeable SCI staffmen knew.

The SCI persons handling the case considered all aspects of the dilemma; then, guided by the same principles of

humanitarianism on which the Institute was founded, made the decision to pay the men's air-fares to Lisbon so they could return to their homes on January 30.

The total expense to the Institute in behalf of the seamen was \$1,364, this approximately the sum normally allocated for the entire year of 1970 for special contingencies of this kind.

The Institute has slight hope of recovering this amount from the schooner's owners though it will seek to do so. (*Readers of The Lookout who might like to contribute money to restore the 1970 emergency fund for seamen may send such contributions to the Institute in care of the Ways and Means department.*)

The Institute has received messages of fervent thanks from the men, grateful for an organization which went "all out" to help them.

—by Harold G. Petersen

A contribution to the Institute of five dollars or more includes a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Wouldn't some of your friends enjoy reading it?

BIRDS AT SEA (Continued from page 4)

How such a pair of miniatures made it to the ship through such bad weather, I could only guess. Although I had heard of their endurance, I was amazed to find these delicate creatures making a casual visit to my ship during such stormy weather. In so doing, they had almost lost their lives.

The weather, fortunately, was clearing and the ship was now closer to the Tortugas than when I first discovered the birds, but it was pulling away fast.

To catch my captives again without injury was impossible; so I opened a port-hole and shoed and shushed. The birds panicked.

For several minutes I stood motionless while they flitted forward and backward. During one of these maneuvers, one bird zipped through the open port hole. The other soon followed. I watched them as they zoomed toward land. In a moment they were lost to sight, two shipwrecked seafarers returning home.

THREE SEA DEVILS

by John Britton



Piracy would seem an infamous calling for women, but there have been numerous female pirates in the history of seafaring, particularly in the China Seas and Caribbean, some of them more cutthroat and vicious than any male pirate.

One of these was Mary Blythe who supposedly buried part of her treasure at Plumb Point on the North Carolina coast. At fifteen she joined up with Blackbeard, too well-known to need description. How this came about is not known for certain but she was probably a passenger aboard a ship bound for colonial settlements in America or the West Indies. Despite having been an educated, rich man's daughter, she did not flinch when Blackbeard picked her from the ranks of captured women to be one of his mistresses.

Blackbeard taught her how to use a cutlass and pistol and in a short space of time she showed a remarkable aptitude for a life of crime on the ocean waves. Soon she had her own ship and ventured to attack and plunder wealthy merchantmen.

One of her tricks to bait the trap was

to stand in the bow until she knew she had been observed by the innocent vessel's crew, then begin to disrobe.

When the merchantmen sailed closer — too close — the pirate crew leapt out from their hiding places, boarded the other vessel and plundered.

This partnership with Blackbeard was successful until she fell in love with a Spanish seaman captured during the looting of a Spanish merchant ship. She asked him to join her crew, which he did, but Blackbeard found out and was furious.

Mary Blythe and her Spaniard fled with as much treasure as they could gather together in a hurry; she then "retired" from her "career". Both are believed to have gone to Peru and were never heard of again.

But she and Blackbeard are said to have left a hoard of gold and jewels worth millions, possibly, at Plumb Point.

Another female pirate was Mary Read, who began her career dressed as a footboy and served in the British Army as a cadet. She married a Flemish soldier she fell in love with but

when he died she returned to wearing male clothes and went to sea.

After a brief, honest, nautical career she joined in with some pirates, a venture in which she was so successful that she was given command of her own ship where she showed no mercy for the ships she captured, or their crews.

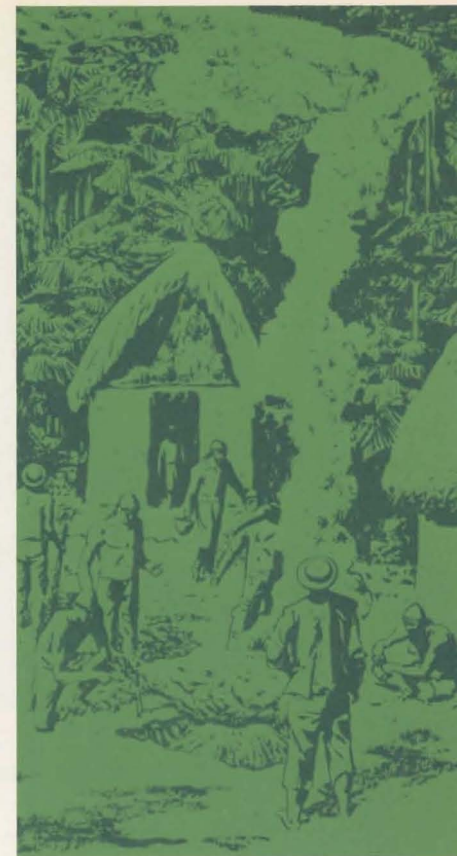
Amazingly, she kept her sex secret until she met and joined up with John "Calico Jack" Rackham, a swash-buckling braggart. Together they roved the seas. This ended, however, when Mary fell in love with a carpenter who had been pressed into private service.

The sailor-carpenter was involved in a quarrel which resulted in a challenge to a duel, but Mary, fearing for her lover's life, herself picked a quarrel with the challenger before the duel could take place and killed him with a pistol.

She was captured, still with her pirate gang, and sentenced to death, but died in gaol before the sentence could be carried out.

The third infamous female pirate was Anne Bonney, the illegitimate daughter of a lawyer who had been forced to leave Ireland with his wife and Anne (by another woman) in order to escape the scandal. Anne, at an early age, seemed to prefer the company of rough sailors and pirates and married a sailor who eventually deserted her.

Left to fend for herself, she joined with "Calico Jack" Rackham and Mary Read. They stole a sloop and with other pirates continued their career of adventure and plundering. So vicious was



Anne Bonney that even "Calico Jack" dared not defy her and laughed as she cut captured seamen's throats and had them tossed overboard.

But their luck ran out. One day when most of the crew were drunk, including "Calico Jack", the ship was captured in a short battle with a British man-of-war near Jamaica. The crew was taken to Port Royal, Jamaica, tried and sentenced to death on November 28th, 1720.

"Calico Jack" was hanged, but by pleading pregnancy, the women escaped hanging. Mary Read died in prison. What happened to Anne Bonney is not known.

At one time, it would seem, some female mariners of the species were far more deadly than the males.



TROUBLED WATERS

by *Glynn Mapes*, Staff Reporter of *The Wall Street Journal*

Not long ago oceanographers aboard the research vessel *Chain* were collecting surface samples from a lonely expanse of the Atlantic south of Bermuda known as the Sargasso Sea. They had planned to study marine life inhabiting the great quantities of drifting seaweed found in the area.

Instead, the scientists made a disturbing discovery. Their nets quickly became fouled with oil and tar — thick sticky globs up to three inches in diameter. Day after day along a 630-mile stretch they cleaned the nets with solvent only to see them gum up again a few hours later. Finally, they abandoned the project in disgust because they were picking up three times as much oil as seaweed.

It wasn't an isolated incident. "Just in the past few years we're finding we can't sail anywhere in the Atlantic —

even a thousand miles from land — without finding oil," says Howard Sanders, senior scientist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, which operates the *Chain*.

As the vessel's unhappy voyage suggests, world-wide oil pollution — even diluted by the ocean's vastness — is nearing crisis proportions. Beachgoers in such widely scattered spots as the New Jersey shore, Bermuda, the Riviera and the Red Sea complain of gooey black lumps of jellied oil that frequently wash up on shore. Floating oil spills — almost always of unknown origin — each year kill many thousands of seabirds in North Atlantic and Mediterranean waters, according to surveys by conservationists. Indeed, scientists believe the growing quantity of oil dumped into the sea is threatening marine life of all sorts — and perhaps

man as well. The oil industry itself is exhibiting mounting concern.

Where's all the oil coming from?

Ships that routinely discharge oil wastes at sea are the biggest offenders, pollution control experts agree. Tankers, for example, wash out their cargo tanks with salt water after each load. Not infrequently, the washings—along with a heavy residue of oil — are dumped into the ocean. Moreover, passenger liners and freighters often fill their empty fuel tanks with water for ballasting purposes. This highly contaminated mixture is always pumped overboard before the ships enter port to refuel. And vessels of all types normally discharge oily bilge sludges over the side.

Other major sources of unwanted oil include spills from manufacturing plants, refineries and oil terminals. In Boston Harbor alone, a spill of several tons of oil can be expected every three weeks, according to officials of the Massachusetts Division of Natural Resources. Seepage from offshore drilling rigs and spills from wrecks of oil barges and tankers also add to pollution levels.

In recent years, a few widely publicized disasters — like the grounding of the supertanker *Torrey Canyon* off Britain and the blowout of a well in the Santa Barbara Channel—have focused public attention on oil spills. Yet, damaging as these occasional catastrophes can be, they're only one part of a far larger problem, the experts say.

"It's the day-to-day stuff that's killing us — the chronic oil pollution that nobody reads about in the headlines," says Lieutenant Commander Paul Sova, a Coast Guard law enforcement officer in New York. Adds a biologist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service: "A great deal of oil is washing ashore all along our coasts. What's its cumulative effect on our environment? That's what we ought to start worrying about."

Statistics on oil pollution are scarce.

The Coast Guard lists 714 major oil spills in U. S. coastal waters last year, up from 371 in 1966. No one counts spills on a world-wide basis.

Things are expected to get worse. On one hand, world-wide offshore petroleum production is expanding at a rate of 10% a year — and presumably the inevitable minor spills and seepages will grow correspondingly. So far, major blowouts have been rare. But a Presidential panel set up after the Santa Barbara disaster recently warned that by 1980 the U. S. can expect a major pollution incident from offshore wells every year.

Ocean shipments of oil are also climbing rapidly. Capacity of the world's tanker fleet has doubled since 1960 and is continuing to grow. Many of the new vessels are supertankers. These behemoths, with capacities of 100,000 tons or more, will be hauling half of all marine shipments of oil by 1975, it's estimated. (The biggest supertanker afloat today carries 312,000 tons; by comparison, the *Torrey Canyon's* capacity was 117,000 tons.)

What's more, the imminent tapping of the vast North Slope oil fields in Alaska is adding greatly to pollution fears, especially among conservationists. Tankers will likely be hauling oil through treacherous icebound waters. Even small spills during transport or drilling operations would be especially damaging to the fragile Arctic environment, since oil tends to persist far longer in cold waters than in warm.

Talk of growing oil pollution is most unsettling to Kenneth Battles, co-owner of the Sea Crest Hotel, a resort in Falmouth, Mass., on Cape Cod. He has already had his fill of the stuff.

Sticky black globs of oil washed up on the Sea Crest's beach three separate times in August alone, Mr. Battles says. Disgruntled guests had to clean their feet with kerosene — and some cut their visits short. "We're sure the oil came from ships heading into Bos-

ton, but there's no way we can prove it," he says.

Topping off Falmouth's summer, a barge ran aground on a nearby shoal in mid-September, spewing diesel oil over the town's shoreline. The spill took a month to clean up (the Sea Crest used bulldozers to remove oil from its beach), and for several days Falmouth smelled like a refinery, Mr. Battles says. "The cape should be a refuge for the pollution problems of the city," he adds angrily, "Why drive all the way from New York to find the same damn thing here?"

The Falmouth spill also caused extensive mortality in some 24 species of fish and killed large numbers of crabs, lobsters and scallops, according to scientists who surveyed the scene.

But more disturbing were the subtle effects on the creatures that survived the spill. Weeks later divers from the Woods Hole laboratory found fish and crabs whose natural instincts were strangely altered. Flounder that ap-

peared outwardly healthy allowed themselves to be handled by the swimmers; ordinarily they would have scooted away. Normally skittish fiddler crabs also seemed to have lost their escape reaction; most boldly held their ground as the divers approached.

Max Blumer, a noted organic chemist at Woods Hole, observes that many marine animals produce minute quantities of chemicals that perform functions essential to maintaining the cycle of life. These chemicals act as attractants during the mating process. They also aid predators in locating their prey and, conversely, give warning to potential victims that they're being stalked by predators. Oil — whether from a single big spill or a build-up of repeated small doses — may well upset these vital, chemically triggered processes, Mr. Blumer theorizes, and thus could have a disastrous effect on the survival of many species, including those that are commercially important.

(Continued in May Issue of Lookout)

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The *Laurita*, world's newest and largest roll-on-roll-off automobile transporter, makes its maiden voyage past the Institute up the harbor preceded by a fire-boat. The ship can carry 3,200 Fiat 850 type cars, also some heavy deck cargo, including containers. The *Laurita* is owned by the Uglund Management Company (Norway). It will berth regularly at Port Newark.



HORNED WHALE LURKS IN THE ARCTIC



Far to the north, in icy waters, a unicorned sea monster might be seen jousting as did the knights of old. Lifting his massive body out of the water to touch his magnificent tusk with the lance of another knight, this ancient Pegasus of the sea, the narwhale, is a rare and thrilling sight.

The narwhale, or *Monodon linnaeus*, is not exactly a sea monster. It is a whale, but an unusual and fascinating one. Looking basically like many other species, the narwhale attains a length of about 20 feet when full grown. But this inhabitant of the Arctic seas is distinguished from all other whales by the 8-10 foot spiral tusk that grows from the snout of the male.

Now rarely seen except in small schools, the mammal once roamed northern waters in herds of thousands. Although the narwhale is known to live in all but the most northern seas of the Arctic ocean, it thrives in greatest numbers on both sides of Greenland and the Canadian Archipelago where it is seen rarely by men except the Eskimos.

Eskimos hunt them for their meat, blubber, and jelly. In the past, however, the male was also hunted by Europeans for its beautiful and unusual tusk. The "unicorn's horn," actually an extension of one of two teeth in the male narwhale (the female also has two

large teeth but they remain concealed), was highly prized in the Middle Ages.

The tusk's unusual twisting design, caused by the resistance of the growing tusk to the screwlike motion of the animal's tail flukes in swimming, was used for elaborate and expensive staffs and bishops' crosiers. The tusks were also thought to be endowed with magical and medicinal properties, and were sometimes ground into powder as an antidote for poison.

Men of the Middle Ages were not sure of the origin of the horn they often found. Some believed it to be a fishtooth of sorts, others thought it to be the horn of an unknown land animal. Still others related it to the Biblical unicorn. It was probably the mystery of the narwhale that helped contribute to the legend of the magical unicorn.

Because of man's lust for the unusual horn, the whale was vigorously pursued and its numbers greatly reduced. And because of the remote areas in which the animal lives, scientists can only estimate the number of survivors.

Recently, scientists at the New York Aquarium got a close look at a live male narwhale when one of the young mammals whose mother had been killed by Eskimos was captured and sent to the aquarium. He was the first narwhale to have been kept in captivity in New York.

Address Correction Requested

Exile

The sea still sings
a song, bitter as seaweed
and harsh as sand burn,
the dew-mist rising
in a dream of sea-spray
from the desert floor
to break against the heat
of mountain cliff.
Dry as a steer skull,
brittle as grasshopper skeleton,
the cactus rattles
in a wind of thirst.
Yucca flames white-hot.
There is no driftwood;
there is no seashell;
and the only tide
to rise and fall again
by the moon's rhythm
is in the blood.

— *Elizabeth Searle Lamb*