

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER 1979

# The LOOKOUT

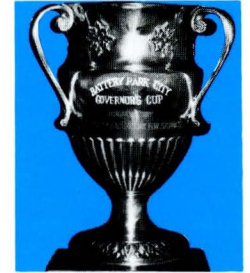


SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



## Seamen's Church Institute helps sponsor ... 6th ANNUAL GOVERNOR'S CUP RACE

*regatta promotes good seamanship, sailing,  
and New York as a great port city.*



Only hours before the day of the race, blinding rains and hurricane force winds made it impossible for even the most intrepid of yachtsmen to bring their craft into the New York Harbor for the 6th Annual Governor's Cup Race.

Fortunately the storm passed and by late morning on September 15th, sunny skies and enthusiastic spectators found the scheduled 128 entries circling like giant gulls in the harbor waters off Battery Park; waiting the first starting gun.

Open to all sailboats 22 feet and over, the race was divided into ten divisions and was handicapped under the Performance Handicap Racing Fleet Rule thus allowing for a wide variety of vessels to compete — from ketch to modern racing machine.

By 12:45 p.m., the full regatta was underway and a N.Y.C. fireboat spraying plumes of water into the Indian summer air plus the colorful presence of the tugboat *Dorothy Moran*, which Moran Towing Corp. once again generously supplied as the press and VIP boat, gave added zest to the race.



Photos by Faye Argentine

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, 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 300,000 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.

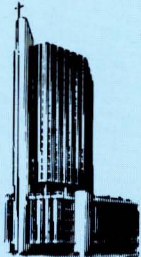
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shiping, 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 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.

## The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church  
Institute of  
New York and  
New Jersey  
15 State Street  
New York, N.Y.



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

## The LOOKOUT

Vol. 70 No. 6 October-November 1979

### SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

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The Rev. James R. Whittemore, *Director*

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US ISSN 0024-6425

Published bi-monthly with exception of May and December when monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada. Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

COVER PHOTO: Governor's Cup Race, 1979 ...  
by Morty Rollnik.

Brisk winds, a good ebb current and an occasional knockdown made for a fast and eventful start but it was not until the 6 p.m. Winners' Reception at the Seamen's Church Institute that racers knew for sure the ten 1st place names that would be inscribed on the coveted giant, silver cup donated by Seamen's Bank for Savings.

Those entries collecting well earned 1st place silver were: Division A: *Leilant*, Lawley 51, Skipper William Franck, Division B: *Lady Zoe*, PRSN Vango, Skipper Louis Taube, Division C: *Rhapsody*, GRMPN 34, Skipper Stephen Breslof, Division D: *Blue Streak*, Kramer 24, Skipper Raymond Morgan, Division E: *Bora*, Pearson 30, Skipper Henry Bracco, Division F: *Brisk Living*, Tartan 30, Skipper James Lipscomb, Division G: *Ewe Boat*, J-24, Skipper Richard Laub, Division H: *Merry Ann*, BRSTL 35.6, Skipper William Cook, Division I: *Moody Blue*, Soverel 36, Skipper Robert Limoggio, Division J: *Thunderhead*, S&S 58, Skipper Paul Hoffman.

**Steven Rice, executive Vice President of the Seamen's Bank for Savings joins two of the ten division winners for an "official" photograph following the awards presentation.**



**Skipper James Lipscomb (with silver bowl) and his hearty crew celebrate their division win.**

Photos by Faye Argentine

Sponsored by the Seamen's Bank for Savings, the Seamen's Church Institute and four area clubs, the Deep Creek, Miramar, Sheepshead Bay Yacht Club and Norton Point Sailing Club in conjunction with the Battery Park City Authority, the Governor's Cup race is annually the largest sail regatta in the New York Harbor. In addition to encouraging seamanship and a major sailing event, the Governor's Cup Race is also an effort to point out the importance of New York City as one of the great port cities of the world and sailing as a significant element in the city's recreational and economic future.

This year's race was under the supervision of Commodore William F. Frank and Jack Rosen, director of the race since its inception in 1973. Assisting them were Andrew Zangle, race committee chairman and Faye Argentine, SCI staff member who volunteered to serve as race co-ordinator.





Donald Marchese (R) representing the Race Committee presents Jack Rosen, a commemorative tray in appreciation for his superlative performance as the race director for the past 6 years.

## SCI CHAPLAIN SERVES SEAFARERS AND OTHERS IN NEED AT U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE HOSPITAL

In 1919, the Seamen's Church Institute, in exchange for payment of \$1 dollar, supplied the first resident Protestant Chaplain to the United States Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island, N. Y.

The current SCI Chaplain filling that post is the Reverend William R. Robinson. A winsome, energetic and sincere young priest, Bill is the kind of person who makes you feel better just by being around him. A few hours spent with him at his work leaves no doubt as to his dedication. He is at the "Marine" hospital five afternoons a week visiting patients, offering personal assistance plus pastoral counseling, prayers and communion when requested. He also conducts regular Protestant services in the hospital chapel and works

closely with other members of the staff regarding patient care and support services.

Because the "Marine" hospital now includes many patients from the non-maritime sector, Bill serves these patients as well.

He is fortunate to have as his able assistant, Mrs. John "Marge" Lutinsky who has been a volunteer assistant to the chaplain for 18 years. Her dedication, experience and ability to bring order to what is sometimes a chaotic workload in a crowded but cheerful office lets Bill spend most of his time with the patients and staff.

While broken and crushed limbs, back and eye injuries seem the prevalent industrial hazards of the maritime trade,



Chaplain Robinson visits with two young seafarers, (l. to r.) Steven J. Cabezut and Bruce J. Garcia, who, from the looks of things, will be spending a little time on the beach.

seafarers like the rest of the population are also subject to an endless variety of other maladies — one of which is cancer. Under the direction of staff nurse, Commander Kathleen Weber, a cancer support program for patients and their families was started in 1976. Although met with some resistance in the beginning because of the obvious demands it would make on an already overworked staff, the program under her supervision and with Bill's dedicated effort and moral support has



Chaplain Robinson (center), Commander Weber (lower right), and Mrs. Lutinsky at the start of a busy day.

continued to develop. More and more staff members at all levels are getting involved in the program as are patients and volunteers. The effect has been not only to help the patients and their families deal positively with the many emotional crises and problems surrounding a chronic and life-threatening illness but also to help these patients to live their lives to the fullest extent possible in spite of their condition.

A secondary but even broader benefit is that the interest, involvement and results from this program have heightened the sensitivity of both staff and patients to the kinds of human needs and support that all patients, their families and staff need from each other in order to provide the best care possible in an intense, hospital environment. Perhaps the results of this work is best expressed by the following humorous poem by cancer patient and seaman Andrew Hodges who is involved in the support program and who recently decided to "take up" poetry.



A picnic on the lawn is always a special and happy occasion for patients, volunteers, and staff at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island.

### "I'm Fine"

*There's nothing whatever the matter  
with me,  
I'm just as healthy as I can be.  
I have arthritis in both knees,  
And when I talk I speak with a wheeze.  
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*I think my liver is out of whack,  
And I have a terrible pain in my back.  
My hearing is poor and my eyes are dim,  
Most everything seems to be out of trim.  
The way I stagger is a crime — I'm likely to  
fall most any time.  
But all things considered,  
I'm feeling fine.*

*Arch supports for both feet,  
or I wouldn't be able to walk down the  
street.  
My fingers are ugly, stiff in the joints,  
My fingernails are impossible to keep in  
points.  
Complexion is bad due to dry skin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*My dentures are out, and I'm restless at  
night.  
And in the morning I'm an awful sight.  
Memory failing, head's in a spin — I'm  
practically living on aspirin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*Now the moral is as this tale unfolds  
that for you and me that are growing old,  
It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,  
than to tell everyone of the shape we're in.*

Andrew Hodges

## LOVELY LADY FROM DOWN UNDER SENDS SOX AND LOTS OF NEWS

Dear Mrs. West,

Have headed this letter with my home address as the enclosed socks or sox are sent in a private capacity. They are a very, very small contribution to your great work, but come from me with good wishes and affection.

The photo enclosed may remind you of my last year's visit when you made me so welcome, you may use it as you please, I think it even flatters me!

Enclosed are two copies of our "News Letter" with my contributions as "Honorable News Letter Sec'y." marked.

I am sure you and your helpers are busy with preparations for Christmas parcels dispatch. I wish you all well.

So, to your great city of New York, from the little islands tucked away in the Pacific Ocean comes greetings.

All very good wishes and love from

Mina M. Randall



Mina M. Randall

## ROAMING RANDALL'S RAMBLES —

From "the Auckland Flying Angel Newsletter"

Earlier this year our hardworking Hon. Newsletter Secretary left us to our own devices while she journeyed abroad. Mrs. Randall now writes of her travels.

"It was gratifying to find such an intense and continuing interest in the work of The Missions to Seamen in various places overseas. After taking advantage of the 'Skytrain' for a quick visit to New York and, among other tourist 'musts', taking the ferry over to see the Statue of Liberty, I came quite by accident across the building which houses the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

They are on our Newsletter mailing list so I decided to pop in and say, "Hello." Not only do the premises have all the facilities for seamen — clubrooms, restaurant, accommodations and, of course, a church— but also it has the Mercant Marine School in the many storied building. Eventually I located Mrs. C. West, (then) Director of the Women's Council; and, who with her band of helpers, is responsible for the 'Christmas Parcels to Seamen' which sent 9,254 Christmas boxes to sailors from the Port of New York last year. She is a warm outgoing American and not only gave me a warm welcome but insisted on bringing Mr. Carlyle Windley, the Editor of 'The Lookout', from a conference to meet the visitor from New Zealand! I was shown some of the 15,000 knitted garments needed each year — sweaters, scarves, caps and socks. Unfortunately, my time was limited so reluctantly, I said "Goodbye", to be sped on my way with her "Thanks for coming by and come again some time."

*Editor's Note: Soon we hope — and many thanks for the sox.*

## MENHADEN FISHING WITH A CESSENA 210

by Francis James Duffy

Clive Tyrer is in his 23rd year as a commercial fisherman. He has fished the waters of the East Coast from Maine to Florida, with good and bad years as the catch varied on the trawlers. What makes Clive different from other fisherman, however, is that he never touches a net, takes a turn at the wheel, or even sails on a boat because he's a spotter plane pilot, the Chief Pilot for Seacoast Corporation in the Northeast.



Chief Pilot Clive Tyrer scans the ocean for the telltale signs of the bunker schools.

"It was a boyhood love of flying that led into a career," Clive explained as we traveled together on the six passenger Cessena 210 — a plane that is also used to ferry personnel for Seacoast. He received his pilot's license after graduation from high school, and then after flying in the Navy, started fishing. The company has a fleet of thirty two planes based on the Gulf and Eastcoast which they used in conjunction with their menhaden trawler fleet.

The use of planes to spot the schools of bunker fish started in the early fifties. "The old time Captains were at first resentful of the pilots, most of whom were young and not commercial fishermen," Clive recalled. The spotters guide the boats to the fish schools and then hover overhead in constant radio communication with the boats and trawlers, which traditional menhaden men still call "steamers" although they have all been diesel powered for many years.

Menhaden fisherman have over a one hundred year history and the Captains and Pilots on the trawlers prided themselves on their ability to spot the "whip" of the fish on the water from their 65 foot masts, then launch the seine boats with the nets for the "sets." It didn't take long, however, for the Captains and crews to see the increase in the catch using the spotter planes. Now there is a close relationship between the fisherman in the air and those on the boats, both of whom work on shares. Now all the major companies in the menhaden fisheries, Zappta, Standard and Seacoast, have their own fleet of spotter planes. There are also some aircraft owners that rent their planes and services to the independent owners of trawlers that fish part of the year for bunkers. Sport fisherman in ports such as Montauk Point, Long Island also use planes for spotting tuna and swordfish.

We started the day just after sunrise when we left Islip-MacArthur Airport on

Long Island for the fishing grounds. Clive Tyrer flies from a field near his home in Southold, on Long Island's North Fork. Like any other commercial fisherman, his course of travel is dictated by the weather and where the fish might be running. The day before I joined him, he had covered Cape Cod, Boston Harbor, and the Maine waters looking for the often elusive bunker schools.

Clive normally flies alone, as do other spotter pilots, except the rented planes that carry a spotter from the company they are working for. It's a long day in the air, lasting on an average of eight to ten hours, and covering hundreds of miles scanning the ocean surfaces. "In spite of all the scientific data and studies made about menhaden, the little fish are still as much a mystery as they were when the industry first started in the 1800's," the fisherman explained. The fish appear in one area along the coast and then disappear for days



The purse boats complete a set, while the steamer prepares to pump the menhaden fish aboard.

as the planes search them out, only to appear miles away from the last spot. This condition is another reason that aerial surveillance is so valuable.

Seacoast Products, which still has the name J. Howard Smith on their executive building, has a processing plant at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey across from Sandy Hook, where the trawlers bring their catch. A combination private air strip, hangar, and living quarters for the pilots is located near the factory. From the company field, pilots cover the waters within range of their single engine Cessnas or follow the fleet up and down the coast; laying over at the nearest airport. The flying fisherman work the same season as the trawler crews, generally May to October. They receive a base salary and, like the boat crews, shares of the catch from the boat they direct to the fish.

Flying down the coast of Eastern Long Island, Clive divided his time between maintaining radio contact with the different control towers that covered the air space we were in and communicating with the trawlers, other planes and the base at Fort Monmouth on the special company frequency. While watching the water for any signs of fish, he also answered the questions from his inquisitive passenger. "It can be a very demanding and tiring job at times, especially when the weather is bad and the plane is bouncing around," he said. "There's always the chance of seeing a school of fish, even in the inner harbor waters of New York and Boston." He kept scanning the waters while we talked, but to the untrained eye, all the ocean looked the same.

We came over the fleet of green hulled trawlers working close to shore, which is common for menhaden fishing off the Gateway National Park at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. Three other planes of Seacoast were busy buzzing around, and a



The menhaden trawler lowers her two purse boats and puts aboard the seine between them.



A spotter plane flies over the fleet while in the right hand corner of the photo the purse boats complete a set.

visitor flew down from Gloucester to see if they were having any luck. "We could get the best vantage point from 2,000 feet over these waters, Clive explained, "but we're right in the traffic lanes of the commercial flights from near-by Kennedy and Newark Airports." (At this point the new French Concorde passed over us on the way overseas.) He pointed out a small school of bunkers, but to the inexperienced eye it looked no different from the other dark waters.

The radio started to fill with excited chatter as the spotter planes directed trawlers to the schools. We could see the crews in yellow slickers launching the diesel powered seine boats to position the nets, and listened to the Captains directing them to the "sets." As the seine boats completed the circle, the inner part showed a dark hue, indicating the presence of fish. It was early in the season, and some of the Captains still had not gotten the crews working to their satisfaction because the job requires very close team work. When one set ended in the fish escaping over the cork floats, the frustration of the Skipper came clearly over the radio. Even from the air one could experience the thrill of the chase.

Three hours passed quickly over the

fleet and then we "dropped down" on the company field for refueling and a fast cup of coffee. A loud speaker on the apron kept the pilots posted on the action from the fleet on the company radio while they serviced their own planes on the ground. When the trawlers are working close together, one plane can cover the area while another is taking a break, but if they are spread apart, the pilots have to stay right with them. "We really appreciate having the air conditioned sleeping quarters built into the hangar, because after a sunrise to sunset day, no one feels like traveling to a motel," one pilot remarked. It was evident from the smell in the wind that the factory processing the bunkers was not too far away.

We fished again, after a short lunch break, but the bunkers had moved away from the fleet of trawlers. "It always seems the fishing is best at the start of the week, (it was Thursday) and then tapers off," Clive said. When the planes don't find the fish near the trawlers they fly off to scout the area. A trip up and down the Jersey Coast turned up nothing except a large sun fish sleeping on the surface.

Even traveling as a passenger, it was a relief to set back down at Islip-MacArthur Airport at the end of the twelve hour fishing day. A day of fishing from a plane is a day of hard fishing, especially when there's nothing for the frying pan when you get home.

Readers who are interested in the history and work of the Bunker Fleets, which account for half of the fish caught in the U.S., are referred to a definitive work on the subject by National Fisherman's Associate Editor, John Frye: "The Men All Singing: The Story of Menhaden Fishing," The Donning Company, Virginia Beach, Virginia, 1978.

## The Language of the Whales by Helen T. Brown

*Mystic, magnificent, those eerie notes at night where fathoms deep the whales commune in song, their language patterned with a clear insight into melodic phrase where words belong. From bare symphonic chambers come rich sounds. The whales, in congregation, understand, the sequenced interludes, the beat that pounds out yearly variations neatly planned. Are hymns of joy part of their early Spring or psalms transcribed in manner quite their own, or is the matrix of the song they sing a composition far from earthly tone? Their metaphors of music seem oblique, lacking are Milton sonnets of the sea, those nocturnes of the night may be the peak of music of the spheres - a mystery.*

### U.S. Postal Service STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. Title of publication: **THE LOOK-OUT**; **1A.** Publication No. 319120; **2.** Date of filing: October 11, 1979; **3.** Frequency of issue: Bi-monthly with the exception of May and December; **3A.** No. of issues published annually: Seven; **3B.** Annual subscription price: \$5.00; **4.** Location of known office of publication: 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; **5.** Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.  
**6.** Names and complete addresses of Publisher, Editor and Managing Editor: Publisher, Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; Editor, Carlyle Windley, Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; Managing Editor: None.

**7.** Owner: Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

**8.** Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

**9.** For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes have not changed during preceding 12 months.

### 10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months.	Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date.
<b>A. Total no. copies printed (net press run).</b>	4500	4700
<b>B. Paid circulation</b>		
<b>1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales.</b>	NONE	NONE
<b>2. Mail subscriptions</b>	4024	4024
<b>C. Total paid circulation</b>	4024	4024
<b>D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means; samples, complimentary and other free copies.</b>	342	342
<b>E. Total distribution (sum of C and D).</b>	4366	4366
<b>F. Copies not distributed</b>		
<b>1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted for, spoiled after printing.</b>	134	334
<b>2. Returns from news agents.</b>	NONE	NONE
<b>G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A).</b>	4500	4700

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

CARLYLE WINDLEY  
Editor



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