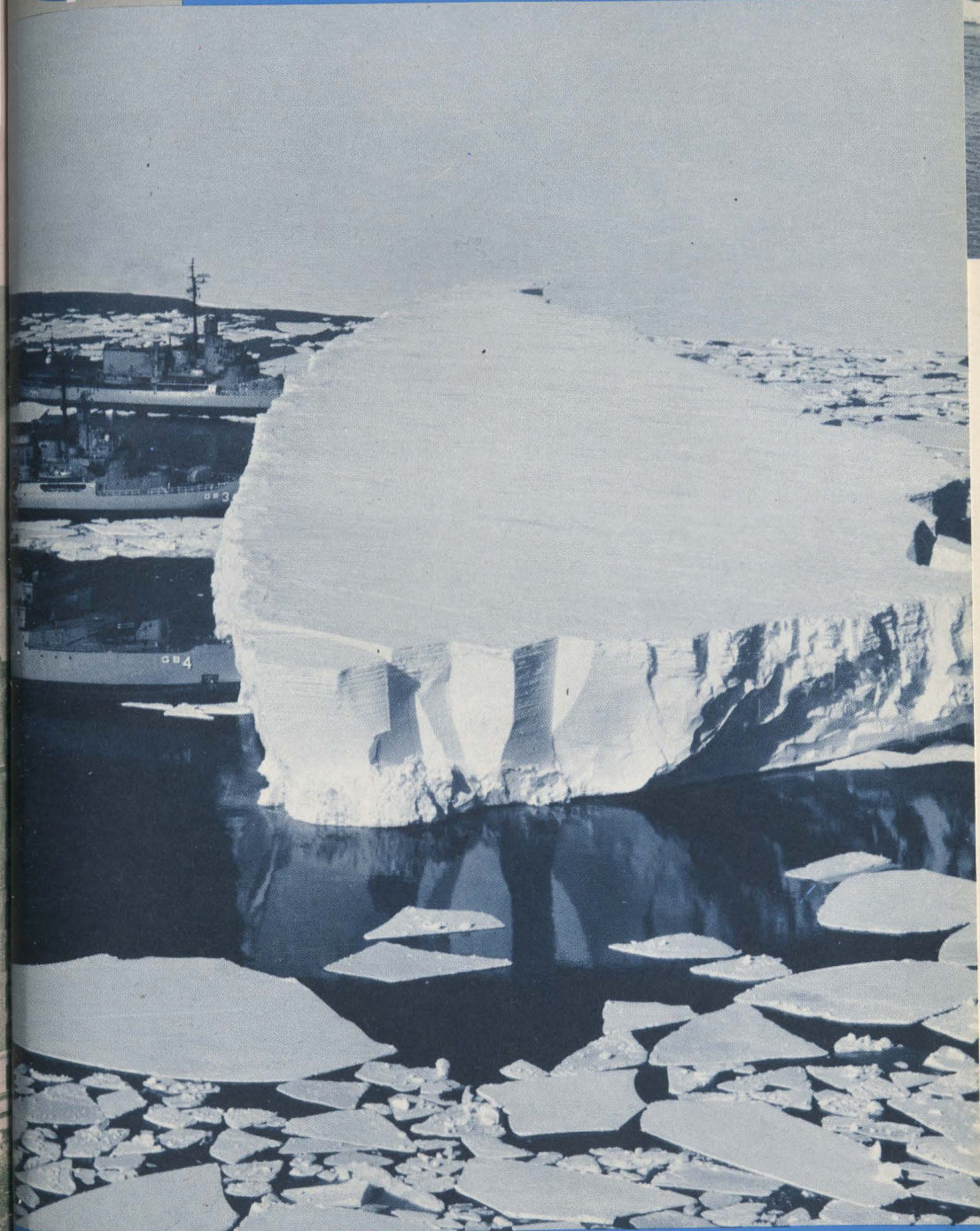




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



DECEMBER 1967



Gordon Grant

## the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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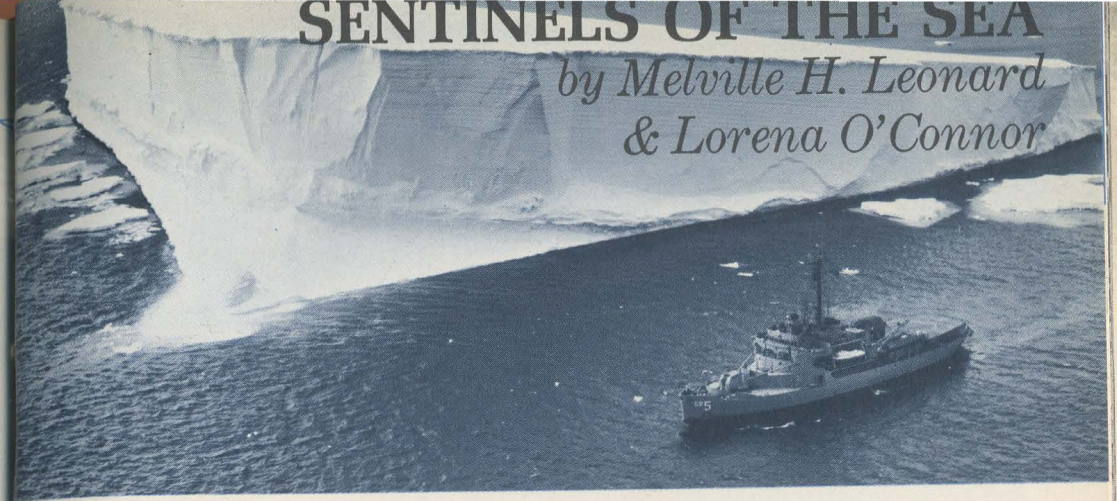
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COVER: Iceberg being pushed out of channel at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica

# SENTINELS OF THE SEA

by Melville H. Leonard  
& Lorena O'Connor



The cargo vessel plowed through the North Atlantic at half speed because the International Ice Patrol reported an iceberg in the vicinity. So none of the crew wanted to sleep. Those not on active duty gathered in little groups of three or four along the rail of the forward deck, keeping well aft of the lookout in the bow so that there would be no suggestion of their distracting his attention.

Inevitably, conversation of the men turned to the *Titanic*.

"Royal Mail steamship of the White Star Line. Biggest ship afloat and on her maiden voyage, too."

"Where was she?", asked one of the younger crewmen.

"I'd guess about two hundred miles east of here. If I remember right, she was about 500 miles off the Grand Banks. Supposed to be unsinkable, she was, but there never was a hull plate that could stand up against an iceberg."

"Did it sink her?"

"Sure did. She filled up with water, then reared up on one end and went down like a capstan bar. Carried over 1,500 passengers and crew with her, too. Many of the passengers were millionaires, but money won't help sometimes."

The tragic loss of life in the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912 prompted the calling of an international conference for safety of life at sea. This convention met in London in 1914 and created the International Ice Patrol. It requested the United States to take over its management, and the job was given to the Coast Guard. For over fifty years, with the exception of the years during World Wars I and II, the Coast Guard has operated the International Ice Patrol and during all that time there has been no major disaster in the patrol area.

Icebergs are pieces of glaciers that break off as the glacier moves seaward. Most of the Atlantic bergs originate on the west coast off Greenland and about 400 of them drift into the shipping lanes every year. They average up to 300 feet above the waterline and perhaps 1,500 feet long and wide. It is significant that of this ice mass, representing about 1½ million tons, only approximately one-tenth shows above the water.

So far there is no known way to destroy an iceberg.

They have been bombarded with naval guns, mined with demolition charges, and bombed with thermite bombs.



**(Left)** The Titanic. The Titanic Lighthouse Tower **(center)** atop the SCI South Street building was dedicated April 15, 1913, as a memorial to the victims of the sea disaster. **(Right)** Icebergs are virtually indestructible. They have been bombarded with naval guns, mined with demolition charges and bombed with thermite bombs. The bombardment merely chips off chunks of ice.

The bombardment chips off chunks of ice which, compared to the whole mass, are insignificant. The mathematics of demolition show that it would take over 1,900 tons of TNT to break up the average berg. And the thermite bombs, which will melt iron, produce only trickles of water.

In fact, to melt the berg would require the *heat generated by nearly 2 1/2 million gallons of gasoline.*

Since destruction of bergs is impossible, there remain the locating of them and the pinpointing their exact position. This information is broadcast to all ships twice daily.

Originally, all icebergs were visually located by Coast Guard cutters, but as the years passed, the Coast Guard changed its technique and today most bergs are found by long range aircraft, constantly patrolling over 33,000 square miles of ocean.

When a plane sights an iceberg, or locates it by radar, the berg's exact location is established by Loran. Then it is bombed with a calcium chloride-rho-

damine B bomb. The calcium chloride pellets melt into the ice an inch deep so that the bright vermilion dye will not wash off. The progress and deterioration of a berg so identifiable can thus be studied.

Recently, the Coast Guard has been experimenting with a "radiometric detector" built to the specifications provided by the Coast Guard electronics engineers. It operates on the principle that all objects give off electromagnetic energy in the microwave region of the frequency spectrum.

Used to supplement the aircraft's radar, it maps the shape of the object and its temperature differential. When perfected, it will be able to locate icebergs in dense fog, where visual sighting is impossible.

Standing guard over 33,000 square miles of ocean, the Ice Patrol, sentinels of the sea, spot icebergs as they appear, keep track of them until they finally disintegrate in the 60° Gulf Stream, thus making the ocean safe for all ships that use it.

## we are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

*A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...*

Seaman Burtis is congratulated by Bishop Donegan while SCI's Chaplain Bauer looks on.



Those who think a seaman is usually an irresponsible roistering oaf should take a good look at today's modern seamen and particularly Jack E. Burtis of Watertown, New York.

The 50-year-old seaman could easily be taken for: a police officer, criminologist, engineer, executive, army officer, Federal Investigator, War Crimes investigator, security officer, police detective, member of British Merchant Marine, member of Norwegian Merchant Navy, marine union representative, entertainment director, a member of U.S. Merchant Marine.

One might think, also, that seaman Burtis could be the kind of fellow who would be a member of the American Legion, Elks, Masons, Scottish Rite and the Shrine.

Or he might — you could speculate — have been once chosen Seaman of the Year by United Seamens Service, or have been given a special award by Former President Truman for meritorious war-time service.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Burtis has been engaged in all these diverse activities, has won the awards mentioned and is a member of all the fraternal groups listed.

In other words, a Solid Citizen.

Mr. Burtis also has been in and out of the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Stapleton, Staten Island, popularly known as the "Marine Hospital".

During these years he became acquainted with and subsequently a friend of Chaplain Richard Bauer of SCI who is a Resident Chaplain at the Hospital. Chaplain Bauer, at Mr. Burtis' request, began giving the seaman instruction to prepare him for confirmation in the Episcopal Church.

So Mr. Burtis was recently confirmed in the Church by the Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of the Diocese of New York, at a service of confirmation in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Chaplain Bauer "presented" Mr. Burtis to Bishop Donegan who is also honorary president of SCI.

"Big Jack," as the seaman is affectionately known throughout the maritime service, is the thirtieth patient Chaplain Bauer has presented for confirmation during his ministry at the Marine Hospital.

The SCI chaplaincy at the federal

hospital dates from 1918. In that year the Secretary of the Treasury appointed the then-director of SCI as chaplain of both the Marine Hospital and the Hospital for Seamen on Ellis Island. The Marine Hospital ministry has since been provided by SCI without interruption.

July 1, 1967

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## MISSING SEAMEN

Sought by Relatives and Friends  
For information and to send information address:  
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PUBLISHED: JANUARY AND JULY 1st  
This Bulletin is NOT published to locate those sought by the LAW

12,947

### SEAMEN LOCATED SINCE JANUARY - 1920

Name	Age	Birthplace	Name	Age	Birthplace	Name	Age	Birthplace
Almeida, John Piedad	86	India	Gold, Louis	72	Riga, Russia	Parent, Robert W.	39	Springfield, Mass.
Baruck, William	43	Texas	Greenspan, Abraham	68	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Perez, Hermes Edwino	30	Maco, Puerto Rico
Armendares, Lasaro	45					Philip Percy	54	Cornwall, England
Arnoldi, Francis Daniel	45					Prael, Willy Francis	33	Belgium
Barras, Felix Paul	64	Hawaii	Haralampous, Tsokas	73	Greece	Quiros, Eliseo Munoz	39	San Jose, Costa Rica
Baruck, William	71	Russia	Hartmann, Arthur F.	58	New York	Reimann, Alfred	70	Dresden-Cochsuezt, Ger.
Baz, Santiago Pazos	71	Spain	Hellberg, Bror Teodor	65	Sweden	Rivera, Secundino	58	Puerto Rico
Beard, John William	73	Washington, D.C.	Hesse, Herman	66	South Carolina	Roberts, Claude A.	58	North Carolina
Berard, Albert J.	38	Rhode Island	Higa, Seiji	50	Hawaii	Rubinstein, Sam	39-40	New York
Berriz, Richard	63	Cuba	Johansen, Henry Bertrand	73	Norway	Russo (or Russe) Adriano	68	Brazil
Bloom, John	39	Aldershot, England	Johnson, Albert A.	43	North Carolina	Rydellus, Roif Oscar	76	Sweden
Breene, James	70	Dublin, Ireland	Jones, Calvert Bertram	73		Sacay, Gregorio Aradasa	52	Philippines
Brodin, Karl Ture	68	Sweden	Kearney, Daniel L.	92	Boston, Mass.	Sacay, Terzo Aradasa	65	Philippines
Burdick, Frank Antonio	22	Manchester, Conn.	Kiang, Leong Chuen	44	Washington	Sandlin, Westfall	44	Washington, D.C.
			Kirkpatrick, George Major	31	Minnesota	Sarmiento, Marcariol	52	Philippines
			Kluszynski, James	31	Minnesota	Schulz, Stuart Otto	69	Hamburg, Germany
Campbell, Frank W.	67	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Lanchester, Davis Lewis, Jr.	46	Boston, Mass.	Silva, Jose	75	Brazil
Campbell, Peter Bradley	23	Vancouver, BC, Canada	Laurence, Jacob	55	South Africa	Simonsen, George	61	Minnesota
Carr, Nathan L.	41	Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.	Lavallee, Romeo Joseph	75	Rhode Island	Simonsen, Willie Evald	36	Denmark
Cendrowski, Peter	41	Philadelphia, Pa.	LaVie, James Francis	71	Boston, Mass.	Simpson, Patrick	75	Denmark
Choon, Chow Ee	58	Singapore	Lempus, John	65	Paria, Estonia	Stanners, Harry	46	Riga, Latvia
Clark, Kenneth	55	Ontario, Canada	Lewis, Charles	40	Texas	Stebbins, Herbert	44	Greenwich, Conn.
Collins, Clarence R. Jr.	63	Port Jarvis, N.Y.	Lindholm, Bertil	68	Sweden	Sterling (Swirling) Benjamin	69	Canada or New York
Columbus, Christopher L., Jr.	48	E. Chicago, Indiana	McCormick, John Walter	43	England	Strazds, Eduard	61	Liepaja, Latvia
Cristea, Zaharie	70	Ireland	McLeod, James	47	Scotland	Sweder, Waldemar	69	Riga, Russia
Cunningham, James	63	Scotland				Tanner, Richard Allen	44	Massachusetts
Curran, George Mc.	63	Everett, Wash.				Thomasen, Thomas	71	Norway
Davies, Erwin Roscoe	63	Colombia				Tingstad, Bjorne	49	Norway
Delgado, Daniel Mejia	71	Boac, Marinduque	Mann, Oscar	58	Vermont			
De los Angeles, Pedro	65	Spain	Mayer, Stephen Karkoska	60	Germany			
Domiguez, Antonio S.	67	Italy	Merrigan, Richard B.	66	Pennsylvania	Van Dusen, Fred H.	32	New York
	72		Monson, Lawrence A.	60	Guatemala	Vassiliev, Alexei (Wass, Alex)	72	Russia
						Vitt, FRANCISCA	45	Finland

More than thirteen thousand missing seamen have been located since 1920 by a special Bureau maintained by SCI and headed by a chaplain. The SCI service seeks out the missing men at the request of interested friends and relatives.

How does the chaplain go about locating a missing man somewhere on this planet? Like the daisies, a chaplain won't tell. "Let's just say we have the means . . . and the patience," said one. Another clue is that SCI has contacts all over the world.

Some men prefer to remain "lost" —

for reasons best known to themselves. In such cases, if the chaplain locates the man, the chaplain respects the wishes of the seaman and does not divulge his whereabouts. The chaplain does, however, notify the friends or relatives that he has been in touch with the seaman sought.

Many a mother has enlisted SCI's help in locating a son missing somewhere on the seven seas. A few weeks ago, the chaplain connected with the Bureau received the most unusual request in his experience:

*A seaman asked him to locate the seaman's missing mother.*

## Anything May Happen At The Institute



While all the rest of the world thought Nikita Khrushchev of the USSR was spending his time secluded in his dacha near Moscow, startled — and some awed — seamen were astounded to see him appear unannounced in the SCI lobby this late fall and be-

gin shaking hands like politicians the world over.

It turned out, however, that the stocky, grey-haired, be-medaled man was not the famous Russian, but Oscar Jordan of New Rochelle (a New York suburb), a Khrushchev look-alike who impersonates the ex-Premier as a model in connection with newspaper and magazine advertising (vodka, etc.) and who was doing a bit of an act in show biz around Fun City. "The Svetlana thing has helped immensely," he confided.

Born in Latvia — he still has a heavy Slavic accent — he first came to New York as a seaman in 1925 and frequented SCI during his seafaring days. Learning of the plans to vacate the South Street building in the spring, he decided to visit his old haunts once more — and to have some fun spoofing the current SCI dwellers.

## A SEAWOMAN'S STORY

When the new SCI building is complete and ready to receive its first seafarers sometime during the early spring, it will have accommodations for seamstresses as well as seamen — an innovation for the Institute.

Mrs. Minnie O'Connell, one of the SCI Women's Council volunteers, thinks this is a great idea; she was once a seamstress, a stewardess in the United States Lines employ: four years on the *Leviathan* beginning in 1923, followed by eighteen years on the *SS Washington*.

Mrs. O'Connell remembers her years at sea fondly. Originally a Bostonian, now a New Yorker, she was married to the late sea Captain Benjamin Daniel O'Connell, and after his death went to sea herself.

Etched in her mind is the occasion during World War II when, while

aboard the *Washington* and before the formal entry of this country into the war, the vessel was threatened by a submarine in mid-ocean; all the passengers and crew were ordered off the ship and into life-boats by the *Washington's* captain.



The sub commander — the nationality of the submersible was never clearly established — evidently thought the *Washington* was a British ship. But when satisfied she was an American vessel, he ceased stalking her and the sub disappeared. The *Washington's* crew and passengers then re-boarded the ship.

Mrs. O'Connell cherishes a memento of the affair — a commemorative medallion awarded by the Line to each of the ship's staff for exemplary action in connection with the event.

An active volunteer, the ex-seawoman participates in the packing and assembling of the famous SCI Christmas packages for seamen. She would rather crochet than knit and her finished handiwork is snapped up by shoppers in the SCI Christmas boutique.

She is also an energetic member of the "Night Watch Association," a group composed of business and professional women which meets once a month at SCI. It gives several parties during the year in the game room for seamen.



*"The moving finger writes, and having writ..."*

Visiting Norse seaman and a hostess at SCI Mariners Center in Port Newark survey his handiwork on glass walls of Center. The script reads: Happy Yule.



**TENNIS ANYONE?**  
Guest at SCI International Club dance plays at table tennis in adjoining game room during intermission.



# WORLD'S LONELIEST ISLAND

by Paul Brock



If you were asked to name the world's loneliest island you would probably choose some coral pinpoint in the vast Pacific. And you would be wrong!

For the spot which really qualifies for this dubious honor is a 25-mile narrow piece of land lying across one of the Atlantic's busiest sea lanes. Dozens of ships steam past it daily, and globe-spanning jet-liners regularly wing overhead. Yet, except for radio and the modern houses in which they live, the twenty-one inhabitants might as well be living on another planet.

Their gale-swept, fog-wreathed home is Sable Island, 170 miles east of Halifax, Nova Scotia. It belongs to Canada, and because more than 500 ships have been wrecked on its shifting sandbars during the past four centuries, it has been called "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." It is the loneliest, most barren outpost off the east coast of North America. It is called Sable Island not because sables are found there but because the word "sable" means sand in French.

Veteran mariners claim that some sinister quality is possessed by the sands of Sable Island which confuses the best compass made. Many Nova Scotia fishermen keep a sealed flask of

Sable's yellow sand as a lucky charm. The flask is supposed to ensure that vessels sailing close to Sable will not be wrecked on the island's dangerous shores.

The twenty-one people who live there consist of technicians and their families. They serve one year on the island, operating the latest weather-tracking devices, issuing weather bulletins, warning ships to keep well clear of Sable. No one else is allowed to live there.

Sable's tiny township consists of four frame houses and several quonset-type aluminum huts designed to withstand the terrific abrasive effects of wind-blown sand. There is a generating station, store, boathouse, carpenter and blacksmith's shop, and a hostel for the accommodation of survivors.

Several other disused buildings are scattered around, one of them being an old barn inside which are displayed relics of Sable Island's shipwrecks. There are timbers, masts and spars from wrecked ships, oar thwarts and pieces of planking — grim evidence of the merciless pounding the sea gives ships when they founder on Sable's sandbars.

A generating plant helps provide many of the comforts of city living for the inhabitants. They even have refrigerators, washing machines, ranges and radios. Electricity also powers the two lighthouses which can send their life-saving beams of light a distance of 16 miles.

Fresh water is plentiful. The deep sands soak up and hold rain and moisture as efficiently as blotting paper.

For recreation Sable's inhabitants read a lot. They hold get-togethers inside each other's living quarters at weekends, take part in handicraft classes, and operate a "ham" radio station through which they can contact relatives and friends on the mainland. In summer they swim, sunbathe and go for long walks along the coastline, looking for relics from shipwrecked vessels.

Some cultivate gardens in the sand. Others ride the ponies of Sable — ponies which are perhaps the island's greatest mystery. All told there are about 360 ponies roaming the island. They are short, shaggy, and for the most part wild.

One theory is that they are the descendants of French cavalry mounts which swam ashore from a wrecked ship 175 years ago. The ship was heading for the New World with soldiers and military supplies.

Another theory is that the ponies were sent to Sable Island by Thomas Hancock, uncle of John Hancock, the famed revolutionary patriot. Thomas wanted to help the shipwrecked mar-

iners known to be struggling for existence on the island, and he knew enough about horses to send a breed which has thrived to this day on Sable's rugged climate and environment.

About twenty of the ponies have been tamed and are used for riding and for drawing carts. Hay and oats are imported from the mainland for these, but the wild ponies live on beach grass, wild peas and flowers.

Every day Sable Island's desolate beaches are patrolled. The shifting sands are constantly uncovering relics. Once a bulky packet of Bank of England five-pound notes was found, said to be worth \$5,000. Another time a patrolman picked up a solitary sea boot. When he shook it several gold coins fell out.

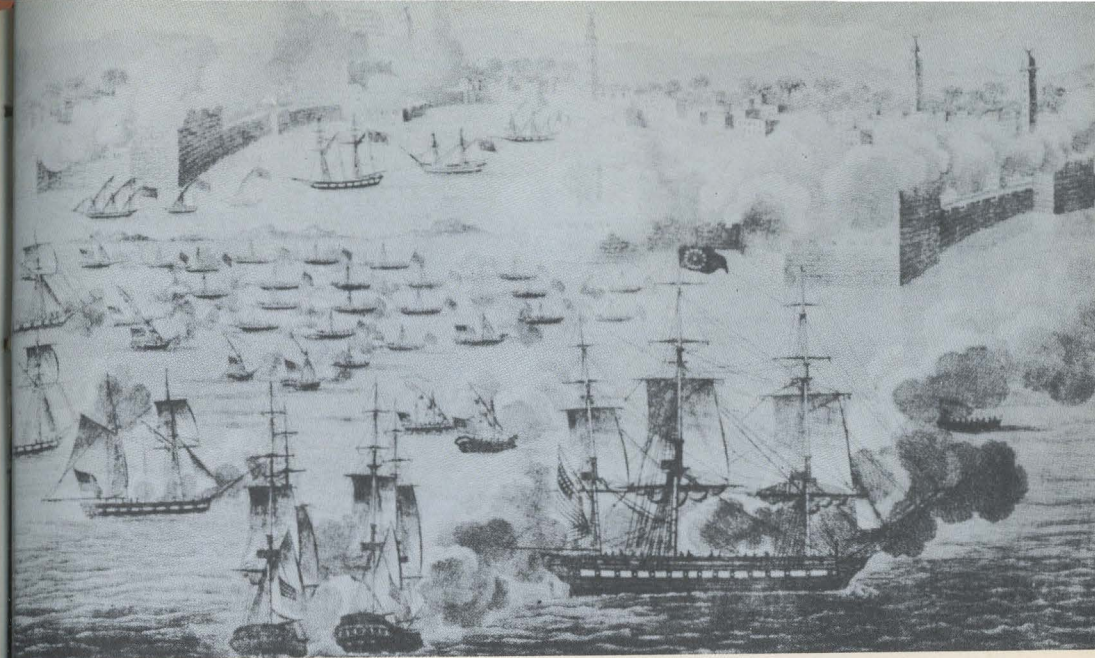
Rusty muskets have been yielded by the moving sand, together with bayonets, swords, broken crockery and human bones.

Geologists report that Sable Island is the summit of one of those huge banks of sand, pebbles and fragments of shell and coral which form a line extending under the waters of the Atlantic parallel to the coast of North America from Newfoundland to Cape Cod. The whole of the sandy surface has been washed and blown up by the sea and wind, and some predict that it may be washed and blown down again as the treacherous mass moves gradually further and further out into deeper water.

*(Continued on page 14)*



Departing technicians on the island bid farewell to a newly arrived group beginning one-year stint of duty.



## The Dreaded Barbary Pirates

by M. R. Bull

Between the 16th and the 19th century, the terrible Barbary Corsairs attacked shipping in the Mediterranean as well as the Atlantic. Many American ships were also captured by these excellent but ruthless Arab sailors.

They also landed on Europe's coasts, looting and carrying off men, women and children into slavery. Though European nations sometimes sent fleets against them, the pirates defeated or evaded them.

The Corsairs came from Libya, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, the region then called Barbary. But though most were Moslem Arabs, numerous Europeans were among them. These renegades had generally been captured themselves. Forgetting their language and Christian religion, they became Moslems. Reckless European noblemen also joined them.

In 1585, Murad Reis actually attacked the Canary Islands with a fleet of brigantines from the Moroccan port,

Sallee. He sacked the capital and carried off the Governor's family and 300 people. Then he hoisted a flag of truce and let the Governor come on board to ransom the prisoners.

In 1627, a German renegade with three ships even attacked Denmark and Iceland, capturing several hundred people. A few years later a Flemish renegade attacked the coasts of England and Ireland, taking many slaves to Algiers. Between 1628 and 1634, pirates captured 80 French ships and 1331 crew.

Once captured, a Christian's life was hard. The men were either sold to private buyers, or were kept by the ruler. At night they were locked in 'bagnios' (prisons), but during the long, hot days they constructed ships, made clay bricks or lime, built earth and stone city ramparts, palaces or other buildings. Hundreds rowed the pirates' boats.

If they tried to escape they were



Part of the ancient fortress opposite Sallee (Morocco) and the Bou Regreg river into which the Sallee pirates sailed their brigantines to unload their loot and captives. Until they were sold, the prisoners were thrown into the dungeons of the fortress (left center).

tortured and killed. Many were beaten to death or hung on great hooks from the walls to warn others. Few escaped successfully, and only those with rich families were ransomed.

*At one time there were twenty-five thousand slaves in Algiers alone.*

After the 18th century when American vessels sailed the seas in increasing number, they too were attacked, and many an American sailor passed the rest of his life in slavery in North Africa.

As for women, most of them were put in harems, but the most beautiful were kept by the local ruler. Young children were adopted and converted to Islam.

Yet the Corsairs' fleets were not large. Generally, a squadron had only about ten ships. In the 16th century the Algerian Corsairs had only 36 galleys and galliots. The Moroccans had brigantines, chiefly.

Though these ships had sails, they depended on oars for mobility. The galleys were narrow and about 150 feet long, with 27 long oars to a side. Each was manned by 4 to 6 men, generally slaves, who were chained to their benches except for short rests, and only given bread to eat. Galliots only had a couple of men to an oar while the even smaller brigantines had one man to an

oar. These crews had to fight as well as row.

Later the Corsairs built large galleons which depended on sails for mobility and so could go further and stay at sea longer. The pirates' chief ports were Tripoli (Libya), Algiers, Tunis and Sallee.

Despite the harm done to their commerce, the ships they lost and the crews captured, the Corsairs were more or less tolerated by the other nations. Instead of collaborating to destroy them, Christian nations concluded treaties with them, paying tribute so their vessels would be left alone.

Once an Italian squadron forced a Tunisian General of the Galleys and his ships to shelter in an Albanian port. To defend themselves better, most of the Corsairs landed. Thereupon the Italians boarded their ships and after a fierce struggle captured them and sailed them away, leaving the pirates stranded on shore.

But because Italy wasn't at war with them, the Italians later compensated the Corsairs.

Even America paid tribute for a time. In 1799 she concluded a treaty, paying the Corsairs fifty thousand dollars, 28 cannon as well as ball, powder, cordage and other equipment. But this didn't satisfy the pirates for long. The

A typical alley in Tunis, Medina, which has not changed for several centuries. Many a poor Christian slave must have despaired of escaping from such a maze of narrow streets.



Bey of Tunis actually wrote the President: "It will be impossible to keep peace longer unless the President sends without delay ten thousand stand of arms and forty cannon of different calibre . . ."

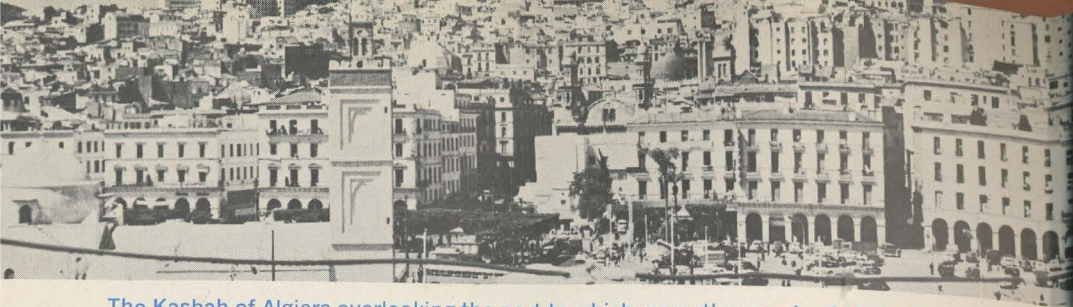
In 1801, Yusuf of Tripoli declared war on America. Exasperated, the U.S. Government at last took action. In 1803 three ships under Commodore Preble blockaded Tripoli, but bad weather drove the *Philadelphia* ashore, where she was attacked and captured by the Moslems. Captain Bainbridge and his crew were imprisoned.

The following year the fearless Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, commanding the ketch *Intrepid*, sailed right into the harbor and set fire to the *Philadelphia*, which the pirates had repaired and were going to sail themselves.

Then Commodore Preble attacked Tripoli with a frigate, three brigs, three schooners, six gun-boats and two



Until the beginning of this century, every town in North Africa was surrounded by these massive ramparts constructed of earth and stones. And many of these huge walls were constructed by Christian prisoners, many of whom were sailors.



The Kasbah of Algiers overlooking the port to which many thousands of Christian captives were brought, and from whose narrow alleys few escaped.

bomb vessels. Though the town wasn't captured, the Libyan Corsairs were forced to conclude a peace treaty, and all American slaves were freed.

In 1815, another American squadron sailed to Algiers, and a treaty was soon concluded with the Bey without a shot being fired. This success was followed by that of an English fleet which sailed

to Tunis and then Tripoli, making the rulers promise to abolish the slavery of Christians.

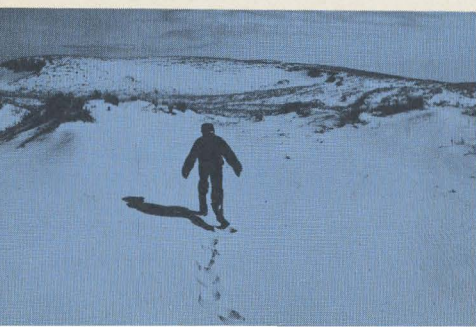
Later, with a Dutch squadron, the fleets sailed to Algiers and shelled the town, forcing the Bey to free all slaves — 1642 of them — and promise in future to exchange prisoners instead of enslaving them.

World's Loneliest Island (Continued from page 10)

Unless energetic measures are taken to prevent it, the wind-driven sand buries everything on Sable Island, man-made or otherwise. One 90-foot sand dune has completely buried the full-rigged American clipper ship *Nicosia* from her keel to the tip of her masts. Some recent wrecks have completely disappeared overnight, engulfed by the shifting sands. Others, after being entombed for a hundred years, have suddenly appeared again.

Many of the wrecks sucked down into the sands carried treasure on board and it is estimated that several million dollars' worth of buried wealth lies beneath the island's surface. Brigs, barques, schooners, galleons and steamers all bearing rich cargo have been buried in this hungry graveyard of the oceans. The men keeping a lookout on the island never relax their vigilance — for there is always room for more in Sable's sandy tomb.

(Below left) The sands of Sable Island. Mariners claim they possess some sinister quality that has lured some 500 ships to their doom in the past. (Below right) Not all Sable Island's ponies are wild. Some have been trained for patrol work. They have an instinctive sense of direction — very necessary in Sable's savage storms.



# YOU AND YOURS

by the Rev. John M. Mulligan

*"The Minister is ordered, from time to time, to advise the People, whilst they are in health, to make Wills arranging for the disposition of their temporal goods, and when of ability, to leave Bequests for religious and charitable uses."*

This "rubric" or instruction appears on page 320 of the *Book of Common Prayer*. It has been there for several centuries but many loyal church people have never been aware of it.

Many of the Clergy follow its instruction to them and of late years have seized upon the Sunday next before Advent as a logical occasion. The Collect for the Day begins, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

Of course, the Collect is not speaking of testamentary instruments but the humor does provide a light approach to what many people consider a dark and heavy subject.

It is amazing how many otherwise

sensible and sound people die without having left any kind of Will. This is bad stewardship and even worse house-keeping. It is also wasteful because those who would benefit as heirs are automatically deprived of a sizeable portion of the estate.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York has only been able to carry on its important ministry for 134 years because concerned and thoughtful people have left us bequests in their Wills. Our ability to meet the demands of the future will be largely determined by the amount of testamentary support current friends and contributors provide.

A modest bequest continues in perpetuity the annual contribution given during one's lifetime. Once a bequest is written into a Will the individual knows that while he "can't take it with him" he can take with him the knowledge and comfort that the support he gave during his lifetime is forever assured.

The following simple table indicates how this may be done—

If your annual contribution is:	It is perpetuated by a Bequest of:	If your annual contribution is:	It is perpetuated by a Bequest of:
\$500 .....	\$12,500	\$50 .....	\$1,250
250 .....	6,250	25 .....	625
100 .....	2,500	10 .....	250
		5 .....	125

A simple bequest form for your use is suggested:

I give, devise and bequeath to SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, a New York corporation located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of

..... Dollars.

Note that the words, "Of New York" are a part of our title and should be used. If land or specific personal property is given, a brief description thereof should be inserted in place of the words, "the sum of ..... Dollars".

A calendar year is drawing to a close. A new one is about to begin. This then is a very good time to tidy up one's affairs and set the house in order.



Return Requested



A world within a world, giver of life and taker of life, limitless water stretching on and on as if forever. At times warm and caressing, encouraging you to give yourself to its gentle hold, to go with it, swim on and on. Other times come when it is cruel and relentless, sweeping away all that blocks its path, leaving behind destruction, debris and death. The beaches are littered by its delicate shells, some covered with the lustre of mother-of-pearl: the very sands are made by the constant grinding of rock on rock. At the bottom of the ocean is another world peopled by plants and fish; crabs to eat up the corpses created by the raging waves

and little fish are eaten by larger ones: nature takes its way, uncontrolled by human hand.

As the waves wash over the beaches, the stones look beautiful, encouraging you to gather their beauty to hold forever; but also as they are dried by the wind the color goes and you are left holding a grey pebble. The sea: we fear it; we love it; we live with it; it is the beginning and the end and so we hold our breath with pleasure as we watch the sunset over the water, repair the breaches in the sea wall and in a winter storm, offer up a silent prayer for the fishermen out in their small boats.

Dinah Garratt-Adams