

JUNE-JULY 1979

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



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.

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: (212) 269-2710

The Right Reverend
Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D., *Honorary President*

John G. Winslow, *President*

The Rev. James R. Whittemore, *Director*

Carlyle Windley, *Editor*

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COVER: Ferry for Tangiers leaving Malaga,
Spain — photo by Dennis Mansell

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.

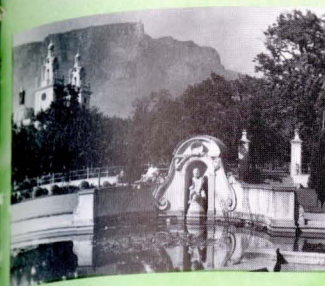
More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the 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.



For most of us, Summertime is vacation time, even if we don't go anywhere. Thus, this edition is a "vacation issue" compiled for leisurely reading whether you are at the shore or at home (as an armchair traveler.)

In it, we will bring you up to date on some of the many activities always taking place here at the Institute and also take you on another freighter trip with the inimitable Sylvia Seaman — this time to South Africa. In addition, we'll introduce you to a most interesting gentleman who flew in for a visit and tell you of the exciting second career for many of our famous lightships.

Wherever you are, take us along; and have a good Summer.



MERCHANT SEAFARERS HONORED ON NATIONAL MARITIME DAY AT ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, N.Y.C.

National Maritime Day is traditionally a day of special significance to the people of New York City. It is on this day that maritime executives and officials from throughout the Greater Port of New York/New Jersey gather to celebrate and proclaim the economic importance of "maritime shipping" to the city, region and nation.

It is also a day when special recognition is given merchant seafarers for their demanding and often hazardous jobs of manning the ships which bring the goods to and from our shores. In tribute to them, the day begins with a special memorial service for seafarers planned by the Seamen's Church Institute.

This year, through the gracious consent of the Reverend Robert Ray Parks, Rector of Trinity Parish, the May 21 Memorial Service was held at Trinity Parish's historic St. Paul's Chapel in lower Manhattan.

One of the oldest and most beautiful churches in the city, it was here, 190 years ago, that General George Washington, accompanied by members of the distinguished Marine Society of the City of New York and other dignitaries, attended a special worship service immediately following his inauguration as President of the United States. Representatives of this same honored society of Master Mariners joined with other distinguished members of the maritime community this year to pay tribute to the seafarer and to commemorate those mariners who lost their lives at sea.

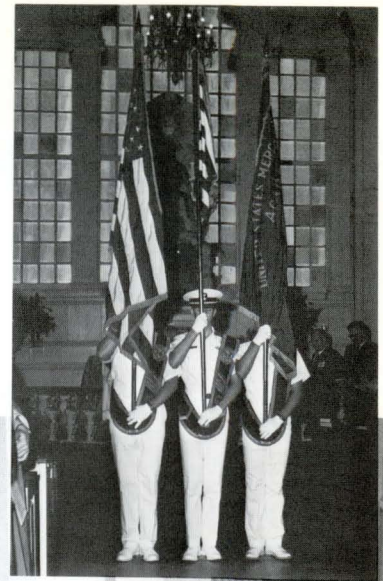


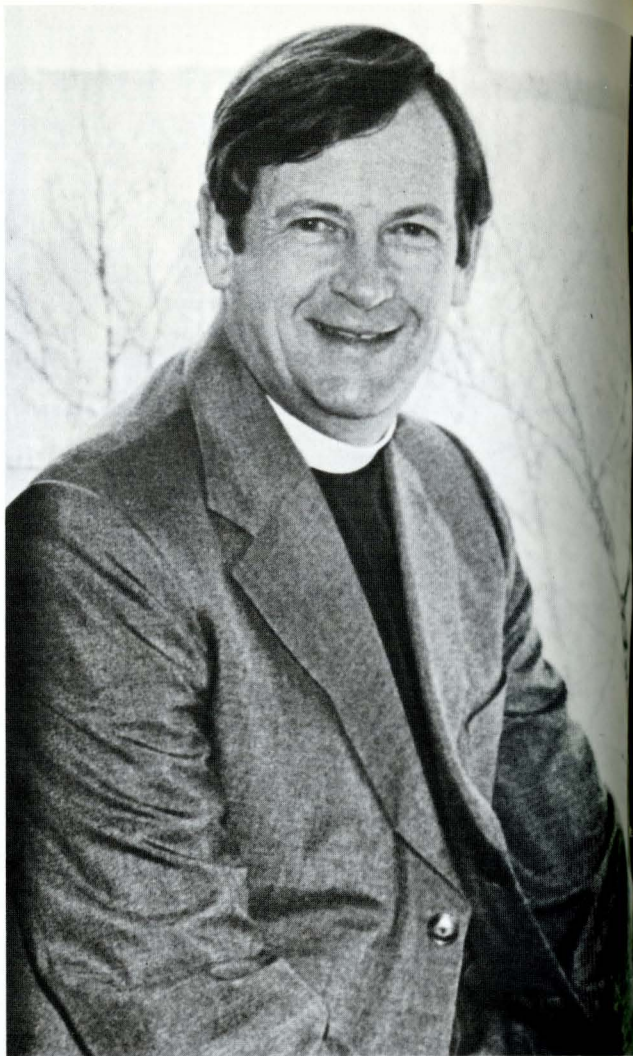
Representatives of the maritime community and clergy pause after presenting a wreath in memory of those merchant seafarers who lost their lives at sea.



The ecumenical service conducted by Monsignor Thomas J. McGovern, Port Chaplain, and the Reverend James R. Whittemore, Director of SCI, included the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy's Color Guard and Fanfare Trumpeters under the direction of Commander Kenneth R. Force, USMS, Director of Music. Special choral music was provided by the Karlskoga Youth Choir which was on tour in the United States. Among the distinguished maritime guests participating (or represented) in the

service were: Frank Drozak, Executive Vice President Seafarers International Union; Rear Admiral A.B. Engel, USCG (Ret.), Superintendent, U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point; Thomas W. Gleason, President, International Longshoremen's Association; James P. McAllister, President, James P. McAllister Associates; Vice Admiral R.I. Price, Commander 3rd Coast Guard District; Shannon Wall, President, National Maritime Union.





To say that the gentleman pictured above *is* a flying angel would be a slight exaggeration. To say that he *is not* would also be in error. The fact is that he does travel throughout the world making visitations, he is a bearer of the Good News and he also spends an uncommon amount of time in the air.

His name is the Reverend W.J.D. Down and he is the General Secretary of the Missions to Seamen, Church of England—

CHIEF FLYING ANGEL VISITS SCI



an organization popularly known as the Flying Angel because of its distinctive logo and its century and a half of service to seafarers in the far flung ports of the world. With Flying Angel stations currently in 92 ports, Father Down travels more miles every several years than most people do in a lifetime.

It was on one of his most recent tour of stations that he arranged to spend several days here at the Institute to share with ship visitors in this port his thoughts on how to make ship visiting more effective. In turn, he was eager to learn more about the needs and problems occurring in giant containerports like Pts. Newark/Elizabeth and to be briefed on the efforts in numerous North American ports to build a fully ecumenical ministry to seafarers.

To encourage this ecumenical progress, Father Down was scheduled to visit seamen's centers in San Pedro, Brownsville and Houston, Texas in addition to his visit to the Institute. In each case, he was offering the ship visitors, both chaplaincy and laymen, honorary affiliation with the Missions to Seamen. He was doing so not out of a sense of self

aggrandizement but because it was felt (by all parties), that such an informal linking together of qualified centers throughout the world could be beneficial in providing better world wide service to seafarers.

Symbolically, such a gesture also is important because it bears witness to the general concensus of the International Christian Maritime Association (ICMA) that in the future, seamen's centers throughout the world must become increasingly ecumenical in their work. Not only is this practical in terms of avoiding duplication of effort in any one port but it is felt that the sharing of knowledge, resources and facilities will also broaden and enrich the life of the respective center and staff; and provide for better services to seafarers while at the same time bringing the various denominations closer together through their common mission.

Needless to say, here at the Institute, all our ship visitors are now honorary Flying Angels and we have noticed that they do seem to move with increased lightness and dispatch. As for Father Down, we await with pleasure his next visitation, either by air or ship.

The Mystique of Freighter Travel - to Anywhere *By Sylvia S. Seaman*

Travel too expensive? But not, at about \$30 a day, on a freighter. On the New York to South Africa run, a stark straight line going south eastwards on the map, you rarely see a passing ship. The sea is your private domain, an endless rerun.

The closest we came, one morning, to an intrusion, was a flying fish that had somehow lost his way in loneliness and landed on a lower deck. After the great diversion, we threw him back into the illimitable waves. It was a reminder of the old sailing vessels becalmed in the

Sargasso Sea. The sailors used to lure the flying fish aboard with lanterns. Often, within a few days, as much as a hundred pounds of fish were added to the diet.

On a freighter, you are in close communion with the sea. For hours, contemplating the water, you are the high guru of Transcendental Meditation. On a passenger ship, where you are enmeshed in entertainment, and social organization, the ocean is incidental. A freighter,

however, thrusts you into an intimacy with water, sky, sun and moon, gradually becoming integrated with your responses almost in a mystic, religious sense. You are aware of the sea, its beauty, its incessant movement, its power for betrayal, its ominous impersonality.

Between meals, all five senses, and the undeveloped sixth one some call intuition, go into a state of disuse. A delicious atrophy. When a certain arrangement of sunlight and white foam causes instant rainbows over the shoulders of cresting waves, it is exclusively yours. The clouds, beautifully laundered and fluffed up, made of Dacron, no doubt, are personal possessions.

No moral degradation is imputed to naps at odd hours. No loss of self-respect is attached to closed eyes on a deck chair at any hour. Sleep, like love, is where you find it.

One woman, recuperating from recent surgery, explained, "A freighter trip is better than a convalescent home."

"Better food."

"Livelier inmates."

There's no social pressure to swim in the pool. The water may be too warm that day, or too cold, or the sun too strong, or not shining, or the wind may be from the

east or from the north or wherever it's blowing from, and nobody, except maybe a husband or wife, would bother to censure.

But the deck chairs around the pool are excellent listening posts, especially when you manage to look comatose or stupid.

Half drunk with unpolluted air, one afternoon, I heard our ubiquitous captain remark, "Her bottom is pretty smooth."

I revived, no longer drowsy. But, like international detente, this pronunciamento implied more than it delivered.

"How'd she get that way?" someone asked. "You use sandblasting?"

"No. Not in Manila. We get a team of girls to dig away at it, by hand. They scrape off the barnacles."

I sank back to counting the waves. Rose-tinted clouds, all puffed up with their own importance, presided over the sunset. When the orange tinted sky, through mistiness, burst into an intoxicating glow, it was time to go below for the cocktail hour. Dressing for dinner consisted of changing a pair of blue slacks for red ones.

By an incident of good fortune, the chief steward was able to purchase a bountiful supply of venison at one of the South African ports. The typical menu took on an air of elegance.



"Delicious."

"Very expensive in the States."

For the second heralded appearance, we dressed for it, as though we were dining at Maxim's in Paris, or Antoine's in New Orleans.

The fourth time venison appeared, prepared with a different sauce, the comments were far from enthusiastic. The menu went back to goulash and veal and the steward had the problem of being overstocked.

Then one evening, everyone was delighted with a new item, a great rarity "Buck Impala," read the menu.

"Marvelous."

"Even more expensive in the States."

"If you can even get it."

"Flavor more delicate than venison."

We had it, with proper intervals, three times. That's how the chief steward solved his problem.

One day, the ship was heaving and sighing, grunting, complaining of labor pains. The younger passengers groaned with queasy stomachs and toppling temperaments.

Some of us, veterans of adventure and chronology, just smiled.

"The older you get," we explained smugly, "the less seasick you get."

"This is something to crow about?"

Water in the swimming pool was sliding back and forth, bouncing over the top, sloshing into the gutters, a rhythmical movement that began to correspond, as you sat in the deck chair, to your own psychological rhythms.

The wind blew with abandon around the rigging and the decks. We warned each other to stay indoors or, if walking, to hang on to the rails. The wind's fury could sweep you against the winches, or wenches or whatever all that complicated gray machinery is called. It was one of those unstable days when you couldn't stop the horizon from tilting.

"If anybody is swept overboard, I hope it's a man, not a woman."

"Why?"

"Because if it's a woman, and someone yells 'Man overboard,' Women's Lib would have to demand a correction, an apology, and a television show before anyone could throw her a life preserver."

Sleep, however, isn't the only active occupation. The Seaman Principle which I have formulated, is based on the hypothesis that Obligations Expand to Fill up Time.

You have brought along dozens of paperbacks which you plan to finish and donate to the ship's library. Also, you have with you a careful selection of educational books to effect a vast improvement of your mind between New York and Capetown. Also, you have the accumulation from weeks back, of book reviews and magazine sections of the *New York Times*.

There's needlepoint, knitting, crocheting, rug hooking, oil painting, water coloring, macrame, all with their individual aspirations.

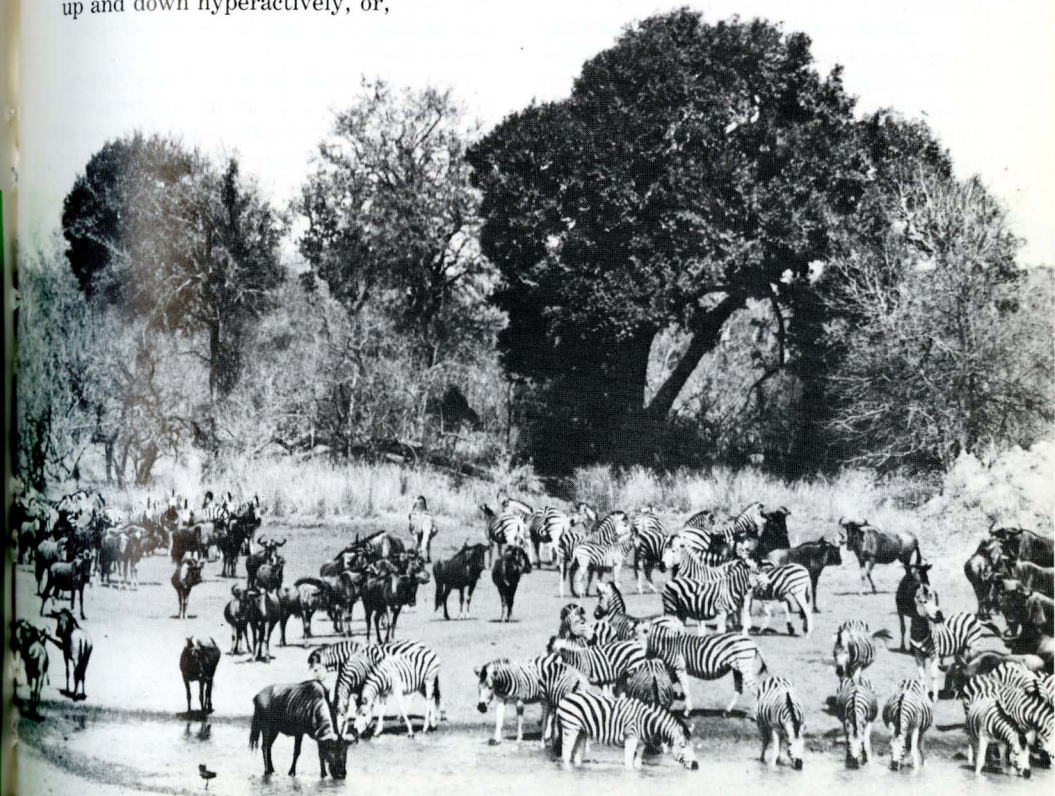
The way these appointed tasks work out is best illustrated by fingernails. At home, you can change the polish on your nails in fifteen minutes if you're in a hurry to get to Saks Fifth Avenue for a sale. On a deck chair, the same process takes from breakfast to lunch. Naturally, there are intervals for watching the waves jumping up and down hyperactively, or,

occasionally, flailing the ship from side to side in high wrath. The ocean never heard of the Pathetic Fallacy. It goes right on expressing itself as it damn well pleases.

You note the pale green water of the swimming pool against the contrasting deep blue of the sea viewed through glistening white smoke stacks. This makes a pleasant conceptual collage good for at least one full hour of profound meditation.

The crew at work is another occupation. Some of the men wear brightly colored bandanas on their heads as though they were, indeed, apprenticed to pirates. They are unflaggingly busy hammering, scraping, painting, swabbing, tightening ropes, loosening ropes, winding things on pulleys, unwinding things, pounding machinery, doing things with bolts and screws and valves, climbing impossible stacks, clanking ghostly chains. Dimly, through a slight rocking lethargy, you are aware of all these figures bobbing around and you hope they know what they're doing.

On a freighter, this apathy can be



processed into a philosophy.

Then there is meaningful conversation: "It's warm."

"It's chilly."

"Maybe rain."

"Seems clear."

"Windy."

"Time for lunch."

The Seaman Principle also operates in reverse, to contract. When there is a time change so that sailing eastward, the day becomes 23 hours long, you manage your three meals and four snacks with just as much vigor as before.

You plow through whole menus of entrees (you can have all three) and desserts, unlimited. Each meal was a gastronomic journey into delectable sin. You could get a nervous breakdown just making decisions.

By the time the *S.S. Blue Lagoon* reached Cape Town, the tonnage of the passengers was indistinguishable from that of the ship.

Freighter travel is neither illegal nor usually immoral, but it *is* definitely fattening.

On any ship, there's always a small group of athletes to spoil your day. At six in the morning, they are taking their first dip in a pool fed by a line thirty cold feet below the ocean's surface. They have a vigorous glass of milk and take bracing strides around the deck. Vocal people, always — these joggers, these trotters, these sprinters.

Night persons who forage around the pantry at midnight for cold veal, salami, and Camembert cheese, are looked upon as degenerates.

There are other ways of having your trip ruined. Some people have always been on better ships and seen better ports especially the ones you've missed.

Some feel superior to jigsaw puzzles, but not to chess.

Needlepoint workers wouldn't be found dead doing knitting.

Bridge versus gin rummy.

Agatha Christie as opposed to Theodore White.

Concerning the political shades of distrust, we quickly found that the less passionate the analysis the better.

Scrabble addicts have an air of

intellectual snobbery.

Backgammon players don't talk to anybody.

Thank God and the psychiatrists for inventing the pecking order. Everybody is superior to somebody.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the athletes, the early pool swimmers, the joggers, say "good night."

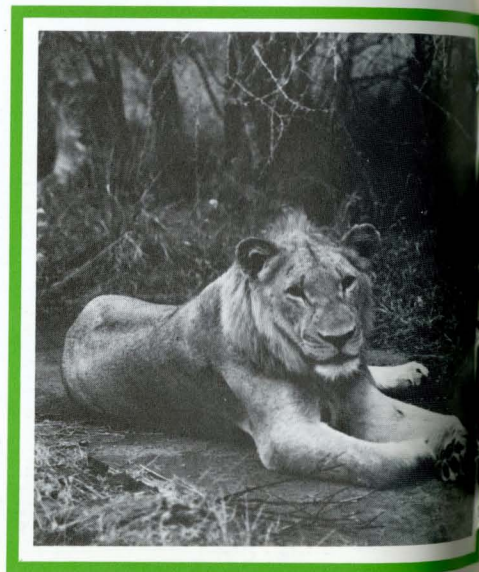
At ten o'clock, the chess players, the card players, the scrabblers, begin to get sleepy.

For those who have the circadian rhythm to enjoy it, Life Begins at Eleven. These are the talkers, the controversialists, the arguers, the monologists, the listeners, the discussers, the late night eaters.

They forage in the passenger pantry for cold cuts, cheeses, fruit, jams, peanut butter. Someone makes a pot of coffee, toast, brings out cans of fruit juices, soda. And the voices and laughter permeate the lounge until a socially acceptable bedtime.

So integrated with the voyage does the cargo become that you absorb, into your routine, the attributes of each crate and container.

In Luderitz, in South West Africa, we took on ninety-seven tons of frozen lobster claws. During the loading, none of the ten pound packages happened to fall out of the huge cartons, so we didn't have a



lobster dinner. But just carrying the stuff made our ship very elegant.

On one pier, cranes were unloading, swinging thousands of tons of rolls of paper. It was appalling to contemplate the billions of words that would be printed on them.

In Laureco Marques, hundreds of tons of cashew nuts caused, just by empathy, considerable itching among those allergic to it.

Columbus sensed he was approaching land when he saw birds. Modern man is more scientific: he is alerted when television is restored.

When carrying castor beans, the crew must be particularly careful about avoiding spillage in harbors because they are poisonous and geese die. The important thing to avoid, when dumping debris, is disposing of menus. These give the date and the name of the ship, making it easy to trace culprits. Inexorable Rule of the Sea: never discard menus near shore.

On the return journey, we didn't have enough freight to stabilize the ship. So we took on 450 tons of Indian Ocean water as ballast. In New York harbor, this was dumped, a sort of cross-breeding of water pollution. Oceanic miscegenation. We were home!

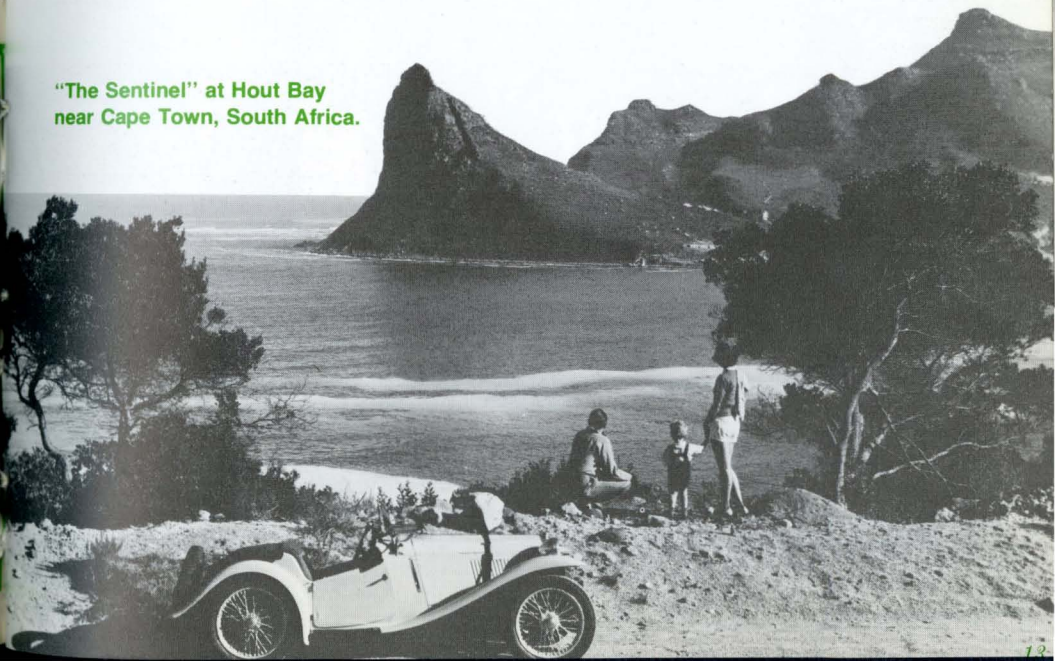
The captain's wife may travel free. But because more than twelve passengers on any ship, by law, requires the presence of a doctor and a nurse, she may have to be listed as a librarian. The *S.S. Blue Lagoon* indeed has two shelves of books, unindexed.

But rarely can captains persuade their wives to avail themselves of this great literary opportunity. They spurn what we, months in advance, reserve and pay for, considering ourselves fortunate to have chosen an aggressive travel agent.

But freighter travel is a dying mode of transportation. It has always been one of reverence for cargo, bare tolerance for passengers. The new ships are being built without accommodations. People are expendable. We are no longer an endangered species; we are almost extinct.

So within a week after landing, we who have a cultivated resilience for unmet schedules and a tolerance for typewritten itineraries that are often exercises in fantasy, will be on the telephone pleading with our agent to get us on a new waiting list — going anywhere. We form a small, dedicated band of voyagers cherishing a delicious anachronism.

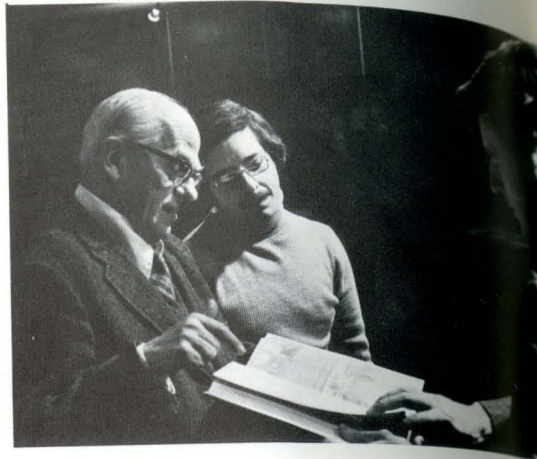
"The Sentinel" at Hout Bay near Cape Town, South Africa.



KALEIDOSCOPE

Noted marine historian, Frank O. Braynard (left) presents a copy of his latest volume # IV on the *Leviathan* — *the World's Greatest Ship* to Bob Wolk, SCI Librarian (center) and Frank Huntington, Deputy Director of the Institute.

Best known as the creator and general manager of Operation Sail — 1976, Mr. Braynard is also the author of 13 books and a well-known illustrator. His lifetime passion for the *Leviathan* is demonstrated in this 15 year writing project. Heralded in reviews around the world, the work is already a classic. With a limited issue of only 2000 copies per volume, each volume and the series, itself, will undoubtedly become a rare book. Inquiries regarding the availability of the present (and past) volume/s may be sent to Mr. Braynard



at 98 DuBois Avenue, Sea Cliff, N.Y. 11579.

Or for a preview of this volume, just stop by our Conrad Library on the fourth floor.



Spring time is traditionally Diploma time at SCI's Roosevelt Institute of Maritime Transportation. Our evening school for shorebased maritime personnel, this year the Roosevelt Institute faculty and students gathered to congratulate 24 students on completing their 6 course certificates during the past year. (Each student took approximately 2 years of evening classes, to do so.) Unique to this year's graduation, was the awarding of six course certificates to husband and wife Henry and Louise Villa, both freight forwarders at Aquarius Shipping.



Spring was also occasion for a special luncheon recognizing the many volunteers who regularly work in a number of capacities here at the Institute.

Ten volunteers received recognition awards for their hundreds of hours of individual service. Volunteer director, Rani Antoniadis is shown above congratulating Miss Leila Lewis for her notable efforts.

Sponsored by the Volunteer Associates of SCI from St. Bartholomew's Church, N.Y.C., AN EVENING IN PORT proved a great success in bringing old friends to the institute for a visit and introducing new friends to its work. A semi-formal affair, the entire evening, from cocktails through dinner and dancing, was planned by Laura Palmer, a member of St. Bartholomew's Church Club and volunteer chairman for the event.

The Alex Donner Orchestra easily proved why it is the "hottest" new social orchestra in town; and the truffles, wine, art books, etc. filling the Ultimate Ditty Bag easily made it one of the best prizes of the year. Many thanks to all the patrons, donors and volunteer associates who helped make an Evening in Port such a memorable one.

Volunteer Associates of SCI
Present
AN EVENING IN PORT



April 20th, 1979
Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. & N.J.
15 State St., New York City

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness could not overwhelm it."

LIGHTSHIPS LIVE ON AS "ENVIRO-LAB" CLASSROOMS TO LEARN FROM THE SEA ...

by Charles V. Mathis

When storm warnings were flown along the coast and ships made for port, the lightships used to secure gear and settle down to ride it out.

These lonesome ships never moved from station except when hurricanes dragged them off post or the need for overhaul sent them to drydock.

To passing liners off the North Atlantic

coast, they looked like sparrowed walnut shells, cockily bobbing in the offshore swell.

Coast Guardsmen used to spend one month aboard, one ashore.

Every four weeks, a tender went out of the harbor to bring mail and supplies and to take men off for shore leave.

Except in emergencies, men read,

played cards and grew beards.

Lightship duty was wearisome and monotonous. In stormy weather, it was backbreaking. Four regular signals had to be maintained at all times, regardless of weather or casualties.

Gale winds might sing a song of impending disaster, but the lightship's flicker of hope beamed in the darkness for the vessels tossing on a madman's sea.

In spite of the winds and the waves, those lightships usually kept their correct positions because of secure anchorage.

Furthermore, not even the blinding storms and thick fogs could conceal its position for a radio beacon also sent out signals continuously.

However, one by one, the lightships have sailed ashore. Modern transplants, like automated navigator-aid "super buoys" have replaced them as silent guardians in man's continuing struggle against the sea. At the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, a steel tower structure has taken the place of a lightship.

Some thought the lightships would simply end up in mothballs, forever in retirement. However, some are taking on new life as some of the most innovative classrooms of the sea and waterways.

Cape May's famous old Five Fathom Lightship has found a snug harbor and permanent resting place at the Commercial Township Municipal Dock at the foot of High Street, in Mauricetown, New Jersey. It now serves as classrooms and quarters for the Marine Trade School of Cumberland County Vocation School.

These proud old lightships are taking on new missions.

After 40 years of distinguished service off the eastern sea-board, the lightship "Chesapeake" has found a new home in Southwest Washington, D.C., where she is alive and as active as ever.

The ship is manned by area Sea Scouts and operated by the National Park Service as an environmental exhibit and "Enviro-lab" classrooms.

Her bright red hull and beacon lantern — a welcome sight to ship captains and fishermen for so many years — now serves to warn of the danger of pollution. The ship with marine exhibits is open to the public. Facilities are available for use by students in the study of Potomac River ecology. In

fact, the lightship "Chesapeake" has become a platform for ecology, education, recreation and history.

Before starting her new career, the lightship was rejuvenated in the Baltimore shipyards and the Washington Navy Yard. Her face-lifting complete, she moved in the fall of 1972 to her permanent mooring facilities off East Potomac Park in the Washington Channel.

Designed for maximum seaworthiness while riding at anchor under high sea and wind conditions, the vessel is 130-foot-long, displaces 630 tons and has a 350 horsepower, diesel-electric engine capable of maintaining a maximum speed of 9 knots.

Her high bow, rounded stern and high freeboard are distinctive characteristics in ships of her class.

Another unique feature of the ship is the "mushroom" anchor in the bow close to the waterline.

The National Park Service has added several aquariums which depict the complex eco-system of typical marine and estuarine life. Included are fish, turtles and eels. In addition, there is a well-stocked environmental laboratory equipped with microscopes and necessary instrumentation for marine life studies.

The lightship becomes a floating sea and waterway lab in the program called "STEP," (Students Toward Environmental Participation). Thousands of high school students get a unique first-hand chance to examine in depth a selected environmental study area (ESA). By systematically monitoring waterways areas in and around the Potomac River Basin, these students gain an insight into the different factors that interact and are interdependent in their ESA. Environmental studies currently include marine biology, wetland and marshland community relationships and water quality analysis.

In addition, the lightship is a most innovative sea-study classroom for elementary school students. They come aboard each weekday to examine, first hand, problems confronting their environment and to discuss possible solutions. Visiting as a class, the students move through a series of stations including a water analysis and a water cycle exhibit.

An exciting new use has been found for the lightship "Chesapeake" as an "Enviro-Lab" classroom for sea and waterway studies in Washington, D.C.





Elementary school students aboard a Navy liberty boat, "Wood Duck," part of the lightship "Chesapeake" fleet for marine and waterway studies around Washington, D.C.

Some of the activities have youngsters testing sedimentary layers, marking nautical charts, taking measurements of the currents, collecting marine specimens, recording water temperature and salinity, monitoring the tides, taking depth soundings, and making astronomical calculations.

Students and teachers also discuss the ecological problems associated with power plants, sewage-treatment facilities, oil spills, and dump sites.

Small craft are also available for college and graduate students involved in environmental studies or marine biology. Through co-operative programs with area universities, students earn academic credit by acting as field advisors for the high school waterway study program. Students currently involved in these studies include American, Maryland, and Georgetown Universities; Federal City College and Washington Technical Institute.

The craft used to augment the program includes a Navy liberty boat, the "Wood



High school students aboard the tugboat, "Chick-a-dee" for "School Without Walls" waterway, wetland, marshland and marine studies from the lightship, "Chesapeake" based at Washington, D.C.

Duck" and a tug named "Chick-a-dee."

The lightship also houses the unique "School Without Walls." Classes are conducted in chemistry, biology and video tape communication. These students spend one day in class and labs. Then they work with the on-going elementary and high school programs for other days to get a wide variety of field work.

Together, the boats and "Enviro-lab" classes have generated unbounded enthusiasm among students, teachers, parents and school administrators. One teacher said: "My kids get so excited — it's their favorite field work. Even if they have boats of their own, this is so different from anything they've ever been exposed to. It's a real eye-opener."

Not the least of the charms of the lightship is the fact that the Sea Explorers (under the Explorer program of the Boy Scouts of America) are responsible for the careful restoring of the lightship. They continue to carry the responsibility for its operation and maintenance.

The ship offers the Explorers many

opportunities to master the nautical and technical skills necessary to maintain a seagoing vessel. They get a wide range of learning experiences including welding, navigation, electronics, and interpretive work in the National Park Service.

When the ship is open to the general public, she is an interesting part of American history as these Explorers carry out their duty assignments interpreting the lives and jobs of the original crew — keeping her a living historical monument.

For citizens' groups concerned about pollution problems and environmental quality, the lightship sponsors information meetings. It also offers a variety of technical assistance and educational field trips to the various groups.

The "Chesapeake" was always important in marking harbor approaches and important shipping channels for mariners. But there's plenty of life and value in the lightship yet as a beacon for environmental awareness.

GOING ON VACATION? DON'T INVITE A THIEF!

According to the 1st Precinct of the N.Y.C. Police Department the following safety tips are recommended to lessen your chances of becoming the victim of a crime.

PROTECT YOUR HOME OR APARTMENT ...

1. Secure all perimeter doors with dead bolt locks. Lock cylinders should be those which are highly pick resistant.
2. Utilize automatic timing devices to light certain rooms after dark for the duration of your vacation.
3. Affix sash locks (key operated plungers) to all accessible windows.
4. Stop deliveries (milk, newspapers, etc.) while you are away.
5. Secure valuables left at home in a safe deposit box.
6. Have a relative or trustworthy neighbor check your home daily. Request them to remove unexpected deliveries (circulars, etc.)

PROTECT YOURSELF WHILE AWAY ...

1. Never leave luggage unattended. It is like leaving the keys to your car in the ignition.

2. Don't display large amounts of cash unnecessarily.
3. Use cash substitutes for major expenses (credit cards or checks).
4. Use the hotel vault for valuables: hotel rooms are a burglars paradise.
5. If confronted by a thief wielding a weapon, give him what he wants: observe and remember as much as possible and notify the local police immediately.
6. Don't make bargain purchases from anyone on the street.
7. Don't be an easy target. This is the most important factor to remember.

UPON YOUR RETURN ...

1. Check the exterior of your home. If you find an open door or one which has been tampered with, do not enter. Leave and notify the police.
2. Have the police respond to your location, not directly to your home.

Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.
15 State Street
New York, N.Y. 10004

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Encounter at the Pier
by Kay Wissinger

*We met at the pier one day
I was watching the ships come in,
And he was doing the same, I guessed,
And he gave me a friendly grin.*

*"Do you work at the pier?" I asked
"In the shipyards", he answered me;
I smiled, "Do you think where ships will go
When they set out to sea?"*

*Do you ever long to watch
The tide race a distant strand
When you use the hammer and set the planks
With your steady workman's hand?"*

*"I put food on the table," he laughed,
"And my children like to eat"
"But" persisted I, "do you want to feel
The deck sway beneath your feet?"*

*Remote now, he looked at me,
(I thought of the North Star's gleam)
"My job is to build a ship" he said
And I left him there - with his dream.*