

the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

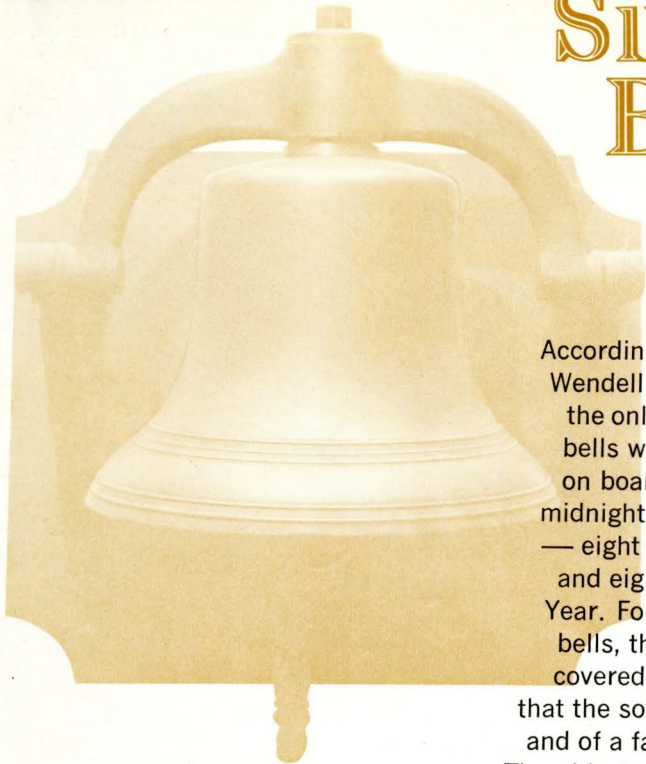


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JANUARY 1970

Sixteen Bells



According to Commander Wendell Phillips Dodge, the only time sixteen bells was ever struck on board ship was at midnight New Year's Eve — eight for the old year and eight for the New Year. For the first eight bells, the clapper was covered with a cloth so that the sound was subdued and of a fading-out nature. The oldest man aboard struck the first eight bells, the muffer was then removed and the youngest aboard lustily struck the second eight bells for the New Year. The old sea custom is seldom practiced today.

JESSIE S. COLE

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Vol. 61 No. 1

January 1970

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Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. 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.



by Alan P. Major

In the days of sailing ships the news most likely to strike fear into the hearts of their crews was that the route of their voyage was going to take them through or close to the dreaded Sargasso Sea.

Because of the age-old legends that this area meant doom to any vessel venturing there, normally level-headed men sometimes refused to sail it.

Taking in the area southeast of Bermuda to the Azores, the Sargasso covers an area over halfway across the Atlantic and about as large as the United States. The swirling currents in the Atlantic move clockwise in a huge circle, leaving the center, the Sargasso Sea, untouched by strong currents or winds.

The movement of these currents causes vast quantities of floating matter to collect in the Sargasso Sea.

Christopher Columbus, exploring the

North Atlantic, first reported on this area in his log and told of the floating seaweed lying so thick on the surface that many ships had been caught and held fast until their crews died and the timbers of the ships rotted.

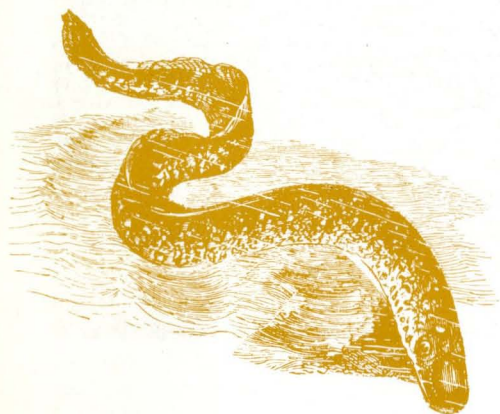
What he probably saw was driftwood among the accumulated weed and matter and jumped to the wrong conclusions. So began the weird tales of this Sea, added to later by each re-telling.

Sir John Hawkins, the English explorer and sea rover, also described the area: "In 1590, lying with the Fleet about the islands of the Azores over a period of about six months, the greater part of the time we were becalmed and the sea became so replenished with several sorts of Jellies and the forms of Serpents, Adders and Snakes, as seemed wonderful; some green, some black, some yellow, some white, and

many of them had life.

"Some there were a yard and a half and some two yards long, which had I not seen, I would hardly have believed; and hereof are witnesses all the Company of the Ships which were then present, so that hardly a man could draw a bucket of water clear of some corruption."

As recent as 1910 the legends of sailing ships trapped in the masses of seaweed persisted, so a Norwegian expedition set out and after detailed investigation disproved the tales once and for all. No evidence was found of ships ever being trapped in it, but there were certainly millions of tons of seaweed,



although it was widely distributed over the whole area and not dense enough to be a danger even to small sailing ships. Since then other research ships have investigated the area.

The water in the Sargasso Sea is warm and heavily saline, continually added to by saline water from the North Atlantic Current, crossing from America to Europe, and the Gulf Stream; its saltiness is not diluted by polar ice or fresh water flowing in as is the case in other oceans.

This makes the Sea unique and unlike anywhere else in the world. It is also rich in curious creatures and marine life that have adapted themselves to spend their lives drifting in the weeds.

One curious fish, the fierce Sargassum Fish, *Pterophyrne*, has through centuries of living in the area, developed a body shaped like fronds of seaweed with the same brown colors and patterns — with white dots as if made by marine worms. All this enables the fish to hide among the weed in disguise to catch its victims.

Flying fish have seemingly "learned" to make nests among the weed strands (in which their eggs are laid) these eggs being colored and shaped to resemble the air-bladders in the weed, thus escaping detection.

The European eel lives in rivers, streams and lakes in North European countries for up to twenty years. It then leaves these habitats to journey across the Atlantic to the Sargasso Sea near the West Indies to mate, spawn and die.

The offspring then make the thousands of miles return journey back to the rivers and lakes in Europe where their parents lived!

A North American eel of a similar species follows approximately the same life pattern.

There is even a strange Sargasso Sea Slug, really a snail without a shell, with a spotted, soft brown body edged with flaps and folds of skin, so that it resembles the moving fronds of seaweed as it glides over them.

The most abundant seaweed is the yellowish Gulf-weed or *Sargassum* from which the Sea got its name. There are also several species of brown algae. It is believed that the weeds floating in the Sargasso are added to by the same weed torn away from coastal reefs and rocks on the coast of Florida and the West Indies, during storms and hurricanes.

These float into the Gulf Stream and in six months or so reach the edge of the Sargasso, taking several more years to reach the inside area of this Sea.

(Continued on page 19)

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront



Before demolition began on the former South Street SCI building a few years ago, all its furnishings and equipment which could not be utilized in the new State Street structure were given to churches and social agencies within the general New York City area.

Among the equipment which could not be re-installed at State Street was the pipe organ built originally in the Chapel of Our Saviour at South Street in 1927; more than this, the instrument was in poor repair.

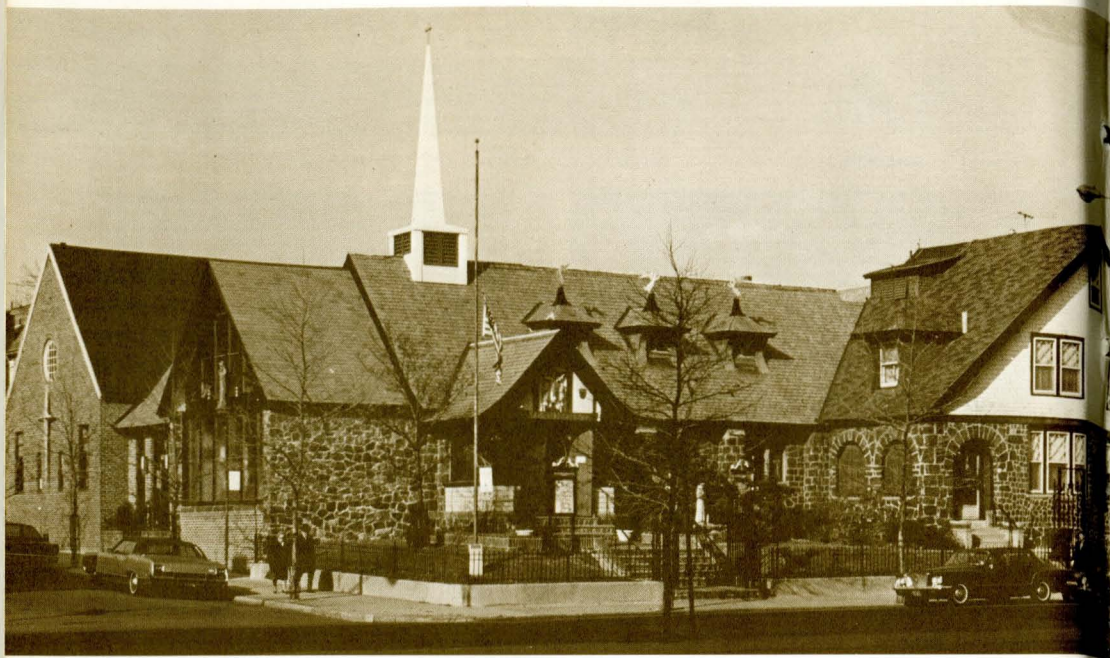
The organ, including its complicated system of pipes and mechanical devices, was given to the Immaculate Conception Church on East 14th Street in Manhattan, a church of the Catholic archdiocese of New York.

On December 8th, 1969, in conjunc-

tion with the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the organ (recently installed and repaired) was blessed by Archbishop John J. Maguire, vicar general of the archdiocese.

At a pre-dedicatory organ and string instrument recital, the Institute was represented by Dr. Roscoe T. Foust. Chaplain William Haynsworth represented the Institute at the organ dedication the following day. Monsignor Leonard J. Hunt is pastor of the church.

The now-Catholic church was formerly Grace Chapel and Hospital of Grace Church in Manhattan, the historic Episcopal church located at 802 Broadway. The chapel enclave was constructed in 1894 by Grace Church and sold in 1943 to the Catholic archdiocese.



St. John's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn.

St. John's Episcopal Church near old Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn was among the churches which received various church furnishings and altar appointments from SCI's old South Street chapel.

(St. John's sustained a disastrous fire in 1966 which destroyed much of the interior of the chancel and sanctuary as well as various church appointments.)

Among the SCI gifts were: an altar rail, pews, lectern, crucifix and candelabra plus miscellaneous oak panelling and other carved oaken materials.

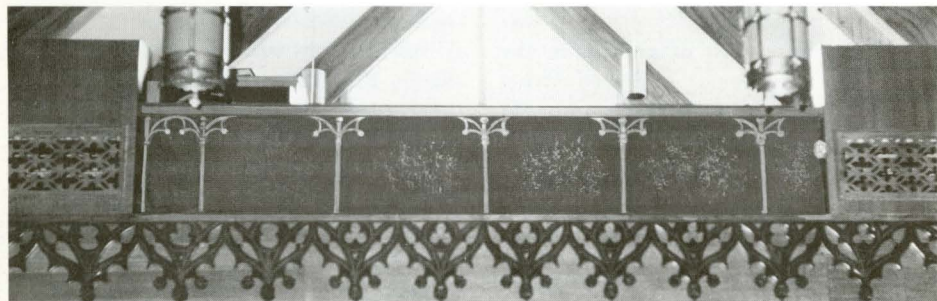
Two famous Civil War generals were

connected with old St. John's. General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, while a major in the U. S. Army and stationed at nearby Fort Hamilton, was baptized in the church April 29, 1848.

General Robert Edward Lee served as vestryman of the church from 1842 to 1844 while a captain in the U. S. Army. Both men subsequently, as is well known, became military leaders for the Confederacy.

Commemorative plaques in the church vestibule delineate the generals' affiliation with St. John's.

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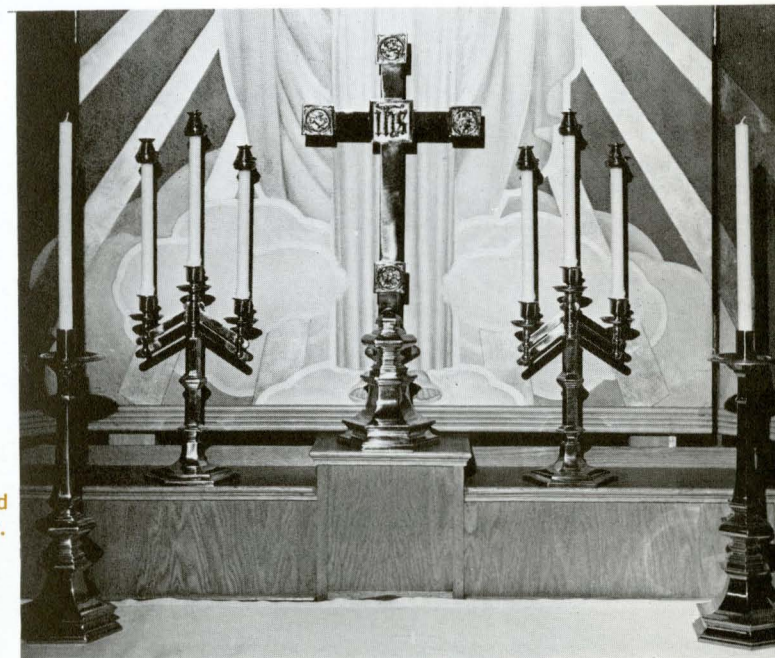


Former brass and oak altar rail from SCI now forms rail for St. John's choir loft.



Ornate lectern from old SCI chapel.

Baptismal font in foreground (used in baptizing General Jackson) is near SCI pews.



Crucifix and candelabra.

Special dances with bands and entertainment from deluxe passenger ships in the New York port enlivened the holidays for seamen staying at the Institute during this period.

One such event featured the band from the *S S Michelangelo* together with an illusionist-magician and his female assistant (Moretti and Heidi), entertainers from the *S S Rotterdam*,

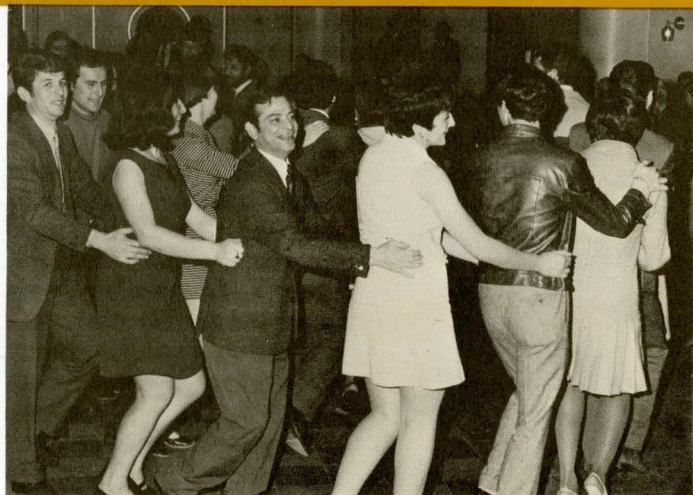
who enthralled a large SCI seamen audience in the International Seamen's Club with their baffling feats.

Two talent scouts — one representing the Ed Sullivan Show — attended the dance in order to view the Moretti and Heidi team. The act, as a result, was booked for a future Sullivan TV show.

* * *



Impromptu conga lines formed at the dance from time to time. In this instance a seaman (dark jacket, light trousers, back to camera) tried vainly to break into the line but was frustrated. Then — O bliss! — he finally made it into the charmed circle and began beaming like a beacon.



Heidi stands unperturbed while the magician, shooting live ammunition from a rifle, shoots down small inflated rubber balloons from around her body and ornaments suspended from strings around her head.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB		
ACTIVITIES MONTH OF DECEMBER		
3 WEDNES	ITALY	THE MINSTRELS SS MICHELANGELO GERMANY MORETTI AND HEIDI
5 FRIDAY	HAWAII	THE KEYNOTES
9 TUES	USA	BILL SHINER
11 THURS		
17 WEDNES	FRANCE	LE SEPTET DE PARIS
19 FRIDAY	HOLLAND	THE CONTINENTALS SS NW AMSTERDAM VARIETE ACTS
23 TUES		CHRISTMAS PARTY SY MANDELL
31 WEDNES		NEWYEARS EVE PARTY EMILE S COMBO



The magician plunges a knife through his wrist — or so it seems — his face registering the pain.



SCI staff turned out to watch the dance and the magician. From left: Dr. Roscoe T. Foust, Chaplain Henry H. Crisler, Mrs. Mulligan, wife of director Dr. John M. Mulligan (extreme right) and Peter Van Wygerden.





Carlyle Windley, SCI painting instructor, feels mariners paint for as many reasons as there are waves on the ocean; as complex as that.

"Seamen", says Windley, "are quite different in some respects from landsmen and their approach to painting reflects these differences.

"They have travelled extensively throughout the world and observed many cultures, many situations. They have had the time to think deeply; this tends to make them analytical and, I would say, heightens their sense of intuition.

"A seaman seems to learn the fundamentals of painting more quickly than the landsman; I just don't know why. Maybe because he has learned to follow instructions aboard ship and these disciplines carry over to land-side activities."

The Lookout camera visited an SCI painting class one evening and recorded student painter George Scott and instructor Windley.

Seaman Scott, with thinning white hair, is an oiler when aboard ship, and from Los Angeles. A seaman since the early 1940s.

Since two hours is not sufficient to block out a painting preliminary to applying the pigments, many canvasses of the seamen are stored with SCI until the mariner comes to port again and can resume where he left off.

When it comes time for a student painter to re-board his ship, Windley gives him a sketchpad so that the man can sketch scenes whenever he may see them.

"The basis of good painting is good draftsmanship, and sketching helps to teach draftsmanship," the instructor commented.

Painting classes have always been popular at the Institute. They still are. No one seems to know just when instruction in painting was opened to seamen staying at the SCI, but it has been going on for a long time, at any rate.

The classes — held twice weekly in the evenings — are also open to the public.

Seamen give the conventional answers, usually, when asked why they paint: "It takes me away from my problems." "It refreshes me." "I just like to paint, that's all."



Carlyle Windley, SCI painting instructor, gives a seaman some invaluable criticism.

Exhibits of new electronic navigational gear are held in the SCI building from time to time. The latest in radar and gyroscopes was shown here, this event attended by navigators, captains and mates.





"PELORUS JACK"

by Dane John



Seamen welcome any kind of navigational aid to assist them safely through dangerous waters. One of the most unusual was "Pelorus Jack".

In 1871, the schooner *Brindle* sailing from Boston to Sydney, Australia, with a cargo of tools, machinery and shoes, was slowly negotiating the treacherous waters of New Zealand's French Pass, a corridor through the D'Urville islands, from Pelorus Sound to Tasman Bay.

A heavy gale was blowing, whipping the sea into a swirling fury, and even on a good day the area was a hazard due to currents and vicious rocks that lay below the surface. Ships used the route to save time, as it was a short cut, although for many it was their last voyage.

Some of the *Brindle's* crew offered up a silent prayer for their safety and it seemed as if it was answered when the captain saw a large dolphin in front of the schooner's bows. A magnificent specimen, measuring some fifteen feet in length, it leapt and dived as if asking the ship to follow it; it was apparently using the deeper water and so the *Brindle* followed it through the hazards of the French Pass. When the schooner

reached calmer water the dolphin gave a flip of its tail, as if making a parting gesture, and disappeared from view. On arriving in port the event was reported but disbelieved by most landlubbers.

Yet many other captains later reported seeing the dolphin near Pelorus Sound and it became apparent that "Pelorus Jack", as it came to be nicknamed, was deliberately meeting ships to accompany, if not actually guide, them through the rocky narrows.

"Jack" became world-famous and ships' crews of all nationalities kept careful watch for the first sighting of the dolphin as a sailing mark, even at night. As soon as safety was reached, "Jack" would usually flip his tail, sometimes against the ship's bow, and depart.

People even went on the risky voyage, at the beginning of this century, from Wellington to Nelson, on the Union Company's steamers *Pateena* and *Arahura*, to be able to say they had seen "Pelorus Jack". They were never disappointed.

In 1903 a drunken passenger aboard the steamer *Penguin* fired a pistol over the side at "Jack". On hearing the gun-

shots, members of the crew seized the man and only the intervention of the ship's officers and the fact that the man was put under arrest saved him from being given a beating by the angry crew. A seaman looked over the side and reported seeing the blood on the water, but "Jack" could not be seen.

For several weeks nothing was known or heard about "him", although many ships anxiously kept watch for "him". Then one day the lookout in the crow's nest of a merchantman shouted the joyful news, "Dolphin ahoy!" "Jack" seemed as fit as ever, but "he" had learned a lesson.

Intelligent as dolphins are, "he" had learned the identity of the *Penguin* and never again accompanied that ship on her voyages through Pelorus Sound.

Because of this, many seamen and passengers refused to sail aboard her and with good reason. It seemed as if that one stupid passenger's deed had given the ship a jinx. On February 12, 1909, the steamer *Penguin* was shipwrecked in Cook Strait and seventy-five passengers drowned.

News of the shooting attempt on this famous marine creature had also reached the New Zealand Government

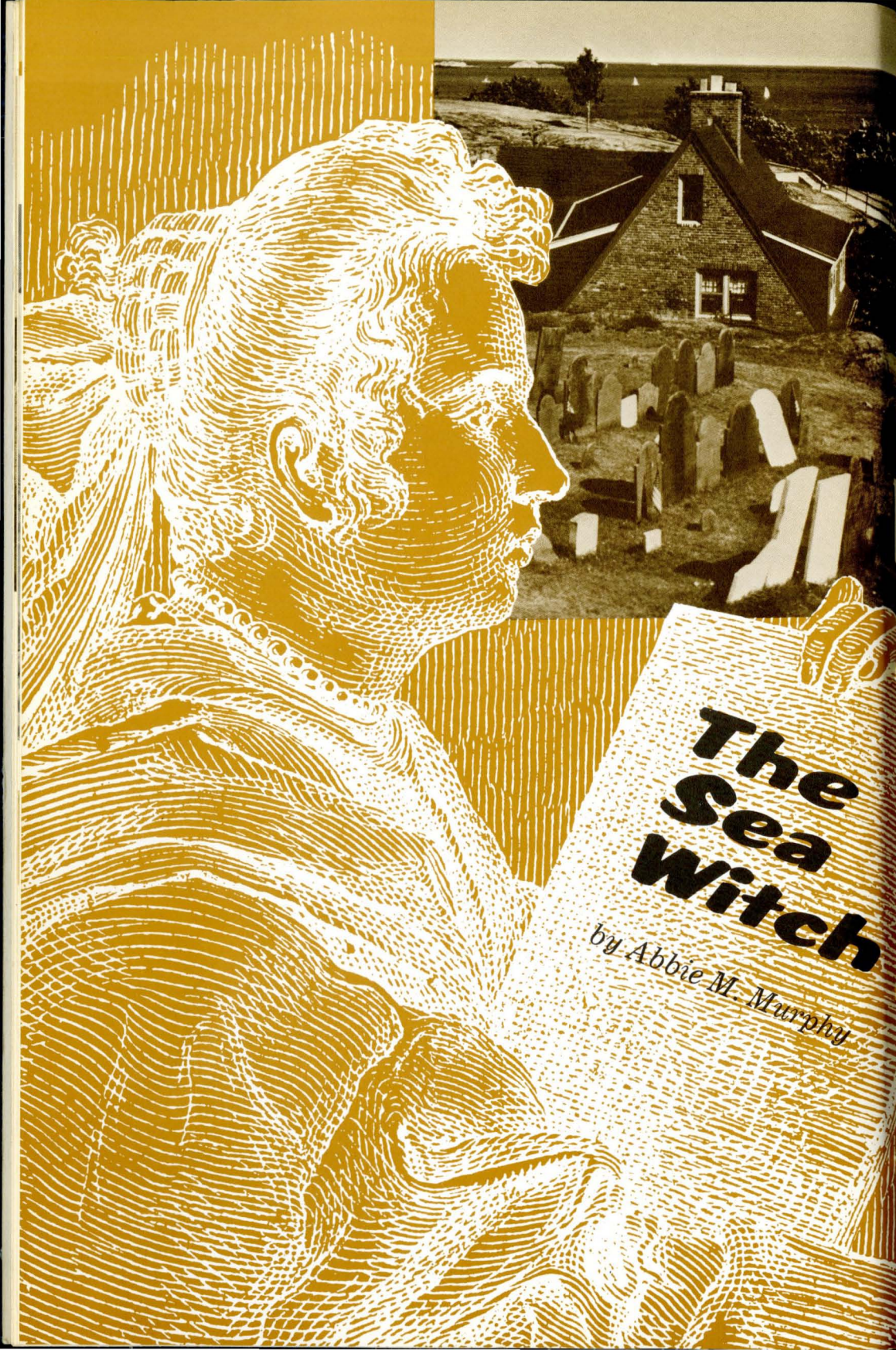
and it issued a special Order-in-Council in Wellington proclaiming that the "fish or mammal of the species known as a Risso's dolphin" (and naming the area where "Jack" was regularly to be seen) was protected by law. Any infringement of this order meant a fine of £100, and the hatred heaped upon anyone who dared to harm "Jack".

For *forty-one years* "Pelorus Jack" was a firm favorite with seamen and passengers alike. Then in April, 1912, "Jack" was seen for the last time and after that disappeared without trace, apparently leaving the area, dying or being killed by some natural hazard.

No one yet has been able to explain if instinct told "Jack" his help was needed in those dangerous waters. Or was "he", as one passenger claimed, really one of God's chosen guides?

But "Jack" was not allowed to be forgotten. Shipping companies, mariners and thousands of passengers who had good reason to be grateful for "Jack's" help paid for a handsome engraved statue commemorating "his" life and amazing exploits.

Even today this stands on Wellington beach, looking out towards the sea "Jack" knew so well.

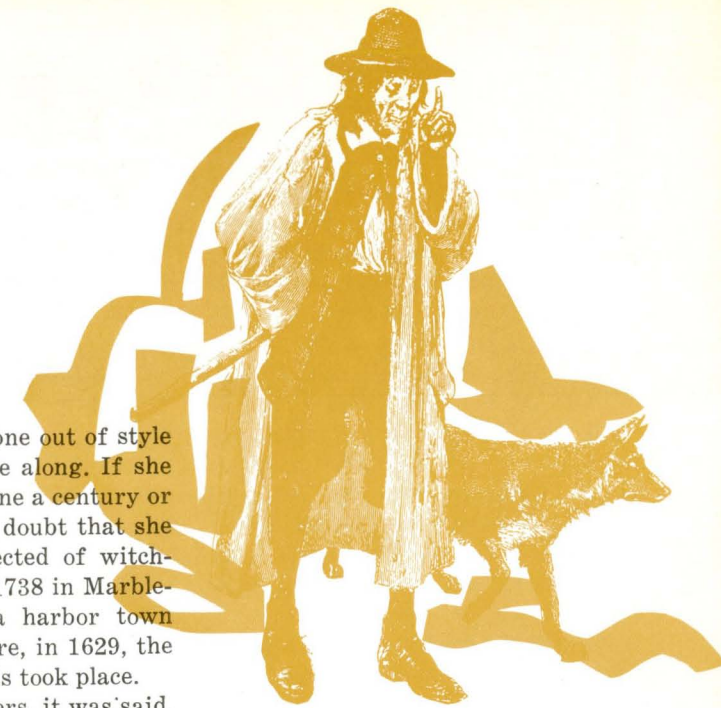


Witches had really gone out of style when Moll Pitcher came along. If she had appeared on the scene a century or so earlier, there's little doubt that she would have been suspected of witchcraft. She was born in 1738 in Marblehead, Massachusetts, a harbor town adjacent to Salem, where, in 1629, the historic witchcraft trials took place.

She had strange powers, it was said, that never failed. In the middle 1700s she was known as "the Sea Witch", having set herself up in business as a fortune teller. She could foretell exactly the fortunes of any ship on any proposed voyage, before the vessel even left harbor.

Marblehead was a thriving provincial fishery from its very beginnings, so Moll Pitcher's whole background was "of the sea." Even the house where she was born, still standing on Orne Street, and known as "the Old Brig", was built from the timbers of a wrecked brigantine. Her father, John Dimond, was master of a fishing vessel, and according to legend, Moll inherited her occult powers from him.

"Old Dimond" is still mentioned in Marblehead from time to time. He was known as a wizard, with unusual power. When a terrible storm beat upon the rocks of Marblehead, and the winds lashed up a surf in the harbor, "Old Dimond" would rush out from the Old Brig and climb the hill just outside his house. At the top lies the "burying ground", overlooking the harbor. There he would stride up and down among



the gravestones . . . many of them those of sea captains . . . waving his arms to direct ships at sea, just as though he were on the deck of one of them.

Many a storm-tossed schooner, limping into harbor days afterward, would tell the awed townspeople of hearing Captain Dimond's orders many miles away. His advice, it seems, was always good. He has become one of the legendary ghosts of Marblehead. Everyone knows what is meant when a 'Header asks, "Did you hear Old Dimond last night on Burying Hill?"

In bad storms, or at a time of threatened peril to the town, they say, Old Dimond still "beats about" among the graves. He is sometimes seen as well as heard, say the townsmen.

Dimond's daughter, Moll, read tea-cups and palms, predicting the outcome of love affairs as well as other ventures. Her fame arose principally from her ability to foretell the success of ships' voyages. When she married a shoemaker named Pitcher, she moved to nearby Lynn, Mass. To this house came not only sailors and cabin boys, but ship

owners and captains. From "every port within eyesight" mariners came.

The middle and late 1700s were the perfect time for the reign of the Sea Witch. Salem and Marblehead ships traded constantly with the West Indies; and Newport, Rhode Island; New London, New Haven and Connecticut were also deeply involved. Each of another dozen coastal towns had its own maritime specialty; Portland, Maine, for instance, exported lumber. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, built ships, exported lumber and sold pine masts to Britain. Gloucestermen and Marbleheaders fished the Grand Banks. Every seaport had its handsome Georgian style houses, built by successful merchants.

Whatever the source of Moll's ability, the results, it is said, were astounding.

In 1796, for example, when the schooner *Rajah* unloaded its huge cargo of pepper at Derby Wharf, Salem, the town was agog. This was the first cargo of pepper to be imported into this country in bulk, and it sold at seven hundred per cent profit! The merchants of Salem were naturally even more excited than their fellow townsmen. Seven hundred per cent profit for Jonathan Peele, the owner! The pepper was of excellent quality, that was obvious. But where had the merchant's captain, Jonathan Carnes, found it?

They inquired openly and secretly of anyone who might know. But it remained a mystery for years. It was whispered, however, that there was one person besides the owner, captain and crew who knew the source.

A seaman from one of the merchant's other vessels, it was said, had visited Moll Pitcher in a search for information on a previous voyage. Moll would tell him nothing. "Send your captain . . . send your captain", she kept repeating. Captain Carnes hurried to Moll. No one knows exactly what she told him.

But Captain Carnes, it was learned,

at once conferred with Mr. Peele, in whose vessels he sailed. It was then that the building of the *Rajah* was begun. She sailed as soon as possible with a cargo of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and salmon, "bound for the East Indies." Only long, long afterward, when other merchants "cashed in" on the pepper trade, was it common knowledge that the northwestern coast of Sumatra was the source of that beautiful pepper which brought such high profits to Mr. Peele.

Only then did the gossip start that it was Moll Pitcher who had given Captain Carnes "the word." She had pinpointed the coast of Sumatra, "they" said, as the spot where pepper grew wild, and could be had for the taking. All New England wondered. But they didn't wonder in Marblehead. They didn't wonder in Salem. They didn't wonder in Lynn. Everyone guessed that Moll Pitcher was really the one who started Salem's lucrative pepper trade.

Moll died in 1813, after fifty years of "maritime fortune-telling." It was said that she was an intelligent and observant woman, and those characteristics, rather than black magic, enabled her to make such accurate predictions. There is no legend telling of Moll Pitcher's ghost giving warnings or advice in Marblehead or elsewhere. Perhaps she felt that fifty years of that were enough.

But she is still famous as "the Sea Witch", and perhaps her spirit is content with such remembrance.

* * *



"The Old Brig"

The first pale light of dawn was beginning to spread in an almost cloudless sky arched over the gently heaving seas of the Indian Ocean.

S.S. Agwimonte, bound from Bombay toward Capetown, was making 14 knots through the Mozambique Channel in early May, 1942. In wartime gray, she was an ordinary merchantman, the only unique feature about her being a complete lack of armament.

There was a critical shortage of guns when we left New York on our first wartime voyage to the Persian Gulf. Consequently, the watch was at the peak of alertness, for our only protection was to see the enemy first and hope that we could avoid him.

As the light increased so that the horizon would soon be clearly distinguishable, I got my sextant from the chartroom, ready to take star sights. Back on the bridge-wing I suddenly spotted a small dark protrusion on the skyline to starboard. Might be the tip of a cloud on the horizon — but you have to be sure. I put my sextant on the wheelhouse desk and focussed binoculars on the speck.

As it became clearer with the magnification of the lenses, my heart action quickened, for the form of a submarine materialized.

Yes, it was!

I could plainly make out the distinctive shape on the surface — the conning tower, the foredeck almost awash, the gun there and even some figures clustered about it. A U-boat headed directly toward us. Turn away, quick!

"Hard left," I called to the helmsman.

As the ship began to swing, I mentally calculated a course that would put us astern to the U-boat. She was swinging fast now.

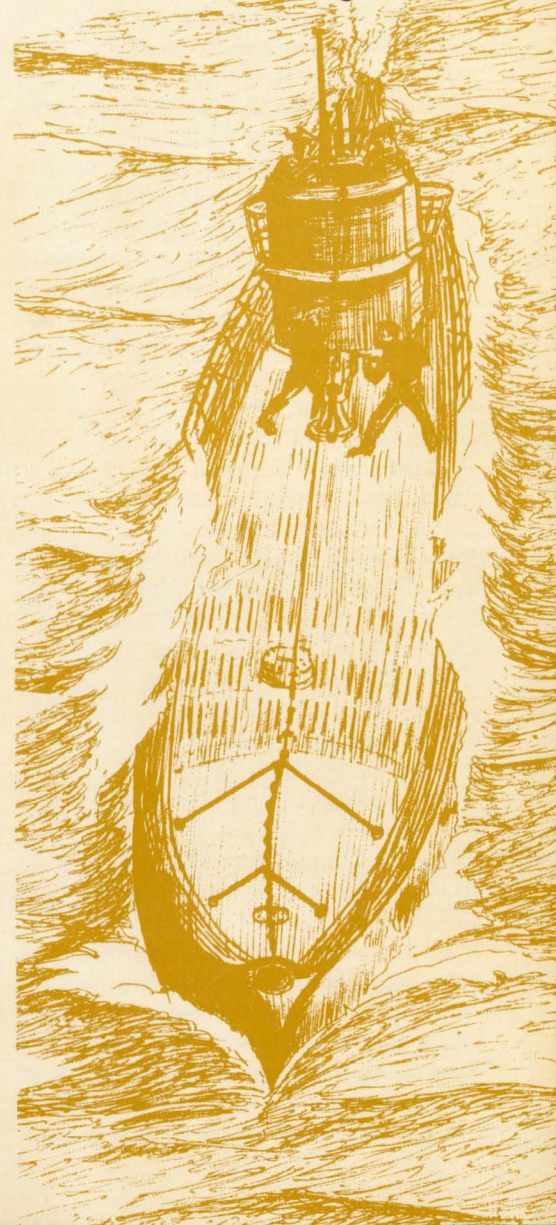
"Ease the helm. Steady her up on one-twenty."

"One-twenty, sir."

I raised the binoculars again and searched, but this time could not find

by George R. Berens

WAS
it
ESP
?



the U-boat. Must have dived. Time to notify the Captain.

Over the wheelhouse phone I reported: "Captain — sighted a submarine 50 degrees on the starboard bow. I changed course ninety degrees. Now on course one-two-zero."

"Okay. I'll be right up."

Out on the wing again I searched astern but could see nothing unusual. In a few minutes the Captain was there beside me, his binoculars levelled.

"Where is it?"

"Don't see anything now, sir. I picked up a submarine on the surface. It must have dived."

We continued to scan the arc of the sea on each side of our frothing wake. The dawn light was increasing fast.

"There's a tanker over there."

I saw the Captain had his glasses pointing over our starboard quarter and shifted my line of sight. Yes, there was a ship there, just her masts and superstructure showing above the horizon.

"Could that be your submarine, Berens?"

From the Captain's tone I sensed that he was skeptical of my report. But it had been so plain — the conning tower poised above men on deck near the gun, the curved bow with the foam washing down the whaleback shape. Could I have been mistaken? No time to ponder now; the horizon showed in a sharp line and the stars were fading.

"Time to get some sights, sir."

"Yes, go to it."

While I took my observations, the Captain continued to search the sea. When I had finished he said:

"Put her back on course. I see nothing but the tanker heading north."

For some time I was busy working out the sights and plotting our position. But my mind was distracted by the recent events. Had I seen a submarine? If so, what was it doing on the surface? Probably saw that we were unarmed and closing in to shell us. Closing in —

from how far? Probably five miles off. Could I really see the details I thought I had seen that far in the first lightening of dawn, even with powerful glasses?

The Captain's unconcerned manner, and his words indicated that he doubted that I had actually seen what I had reported. Perhaps I had seen that tanker afar, and had imagined the rest. For the remainder of the watch my mind pondered this, and by the time the Third Mate appeared to relieve me I was myself doubtful if that submarine was real or an apparition born of wartime stress. The lookout had not reported it, but he was on the forecandlehead, thirty feet below the bridge.

The Captain had just finished breakfast when I went into the saloon to get mine.

"Come to my room when you're finished," he said.

"Now, just what did you see, Mr. Beren?" he asked, when I reported to him.

I explained in detail.

"Sure it couldn't have been that other ship?"

"I don't think so, sir. I distinctly made out a surfaced submarine — or my imagination is sure working overtime," I answered lamely.

"Well," said the Captain, "either way you did the right thing. I'd rather have you mates take avoiding action for something you thought you saw, than not to do so when there really was something there. No harm done. Now, get me our position at the time so I can enter the details in my log."

I went up to the chartroom to get the required position. On the chart table lay a copy of a radio message. I glanced at it.

S S S S S S (That was the wartime call for reporting a submarine attack.)
TORPEDOED 17-10 South 42-30 East.

Quickly I marked this position on the plotting sheet. It was very close to *Agwimonte's* position at the time I had

altered course away from that visionary — or was it real? — U-boat. The tanker we had seen — could it have been her that was torpedoed?

Into the radio room I went with the S S S message, but Sparks could not identify the sender, having no record of the secret wartime calls assigned to allied vessels.

When I took the required position to the Captain, I showed him the radio message, explaining how the torpedoed ship was practically in the same spot where I had seen — or thought I had seen — the submarine.

"Hmm. Looks like there might be something in your sighting after all," he remarked, reluctantly, I thought.

At times, on the way to Cape Town, I pondered on this incident. The picture of the surfaced U-boat speeding toward us was still clear in my mind; yet, at times, it seemed more like a phantom. Whether it had been real or a vision, it was evident that there had been a U-boat in the vicinity at that time. That

U-boat had torpedoed a ship, probably the tanker we had seen.

To this day I am not sure if I actually did see that enemy submarine, but I am convinced that turning off course when we did probably saved us from the fate of the other ship. For, in Cape Town, the Captain was able to verify the sinking of a British tanker very close to our position at the time.

Recently I have been reading about Extrasensory Perception—ESP—that psychic phenomenon of being aware of things beyond the range of sensory organs. There are many authentic reports of such experiences, so many that the U.S. Air Force has assigned scientists to investigate the occurrence.

In recent years parapsychologists have started searching for the answer — is ESP fact or fallacy? Was my experience that saved *Agwimonte* in the Mozambique Channel over twenty-eight years ago ESP?

Or did I really see the U-boat?

* * *

THE DREADED SARGASSO (Continued from page 4.)

But it is also thought that the vast mass of weed in it propagates itself by breaking into fragments, each portion developing into a new plant to continue the process.

Once in the Sargasso, weed virtually lives forever. A. E. Parr of the American Museum has stated that individual plants may live for decades, others for centuries, according to their species. The only time the weed dies is if it sinks into colder water miles below the surface of the Sargasso, or drifts away from the area into outward-going currents that take it into cold Atlantic and Arctic waters.

Curiously, this area of endlessly drifting weed which has served no useful purpose for centuries, may at last soon be put to valuable usefulness.



Plans are being considered to send factory ships to the area to harvest and process the seaweed, which is now in world demand; extracts from it have been used for many industrial, commercial and medicinal purposes.

* * *

*"What a man does for himself dies with him.
What he does for others lives on forever."*

IN MEMORIAM

Georgia W. Bellinger

Clare R. Benedict

Morris H. Benjamin

Elovine T. B. Carpender

Percy W. Darbyshire

Alice S. Dexter

Zilph Hayes Palmer

Margaret P. Power

Frank H. Pinckney

Selma Pulaski

Arthur M. Reese

Catherine Ridley

Gertrude F. Taggart

Nellie E. Wells

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York gratefully acknowledges bequests in its support left during 1969 by the persons listed above.