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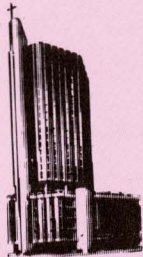
The LOOKOUT



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.

The LOOKOUT

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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 Photo: L to R. Father Whittemore, Director of SCI, Father Keating, U.S. National Director, Apostleship of the Sea, Father Bartlett, Exec. Director of Seamen's Mission, San Pedro, CA, lead processional at Trinity Church ICMA Ecumenical Service.

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 63% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

THE GALLANT LADIES OF NEW YORK HARBOR

by John C. Fine

Part I of III Parts

Looking back, my tracks left a steady trail in the gray-black ooze as I slogged ankle deep in muck across the marshland and then the mud-flats to the listing wooden derelicts, cast up in the shallows, abandoned to time and the crabs. Hulks whose names have long been forgotten, whose place in the history of America and probably chronicled somewhere, lost in maritime archives. The grand old windship forms, bows turned up in the mud, timbers broken and rotting, waiting for an inglorious end by fire or the wrecker's octane. Stately memorials to the days of sail and steam, many of these derelicts represent the last

Best we can tell, an old fishing vessel, left to rot near Coney Island, N.Y.



remnants of American shipbuilding existing in the world.

Hulks of scores of old ships lie abandoned in New York harbor, almost completely forgotten, until the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the State of New Jersey began a project to reclaim the marshland on Liberty Island for the establishment of a State recreational park.

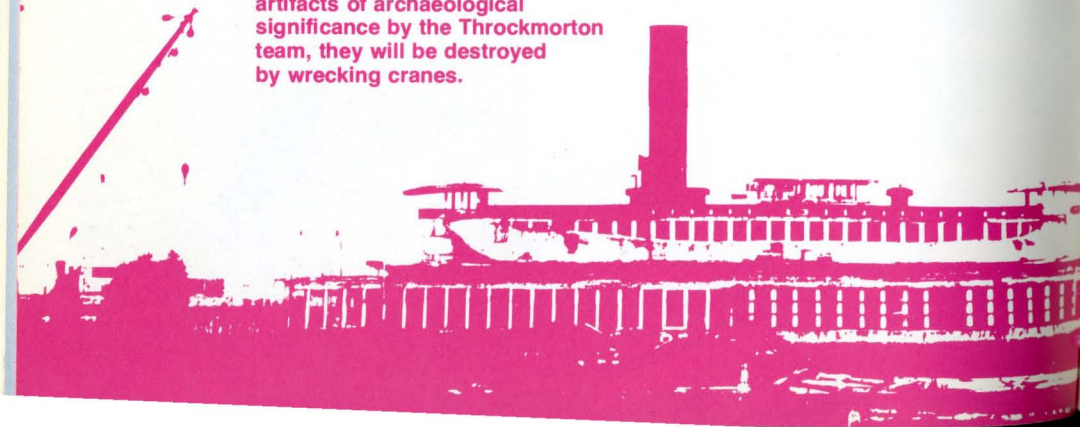
We have a habit in America of destroying landmarks before their architectural, historical or archaeological value can even be assessed. Perhaps it was our 200th birthday, the renewed pride in preserving the few links we have with American maritime history, or perhaps the foresight of a few conscientious men, but whatever it was, there is hope that some of the most important of these old ships can be spared from the crawler's blade, to be heaved and dumped into a nameless landfill or burned somewhere at sea, ending forever the adventurous careers of these gallant ladies of New York Harbor.

Known internationally for his discovery of early Greek shipwrecks in the Mediterranean and a long association with the Department of Archaeology at the University of Pennsylvania, archaeologist Peter Throckmorton was first lured to take on the job of assessing, documenting and then, if possible, have selected ships of historical importance preserved by Dr. Simeon Hook, Chief of the Environmental and Economics Branch of the New York District Army Corps of Engineers. Once hooked on New York, Throckmorton, who for all his adventuresome travels, claims to be a native New Yorker, has dug into his newest adventure with all the zeal and enthusiasm he used to mount many an archaeological expedition off Cyprus and Greece.

"It's like the old group from Penn getting together again," Throckmorton said, glowing with excitement, as he pointed to two watermelon barges that he had come to Liberty Island to save from imminent destruction by the wrecking crane working nearby.

"Believe me, there's a lot to do," Throckmorton said, walking back and forth on the shaky dock, which vibrated

Tugs and ferry boats lie in the mud, near shore. Pictorial reminders of another time. If not spared as historic artifacts of archaeological significance by the Throckmorton team, they will be destroyed by wrecking cranes.



from blows the 30-ton crane was making on other barges nearby.

"There are thousands of wrecks around New York Harbor," Throckmorton continued between discussions with Dr. Hook and Ira Abrams, the principal archaeologist Throckmorton brought aboard to help supervise the project.

"It's a bootstraps thing. We have the chance to set it up on the Mediterranean model. What we have to do is get an amateur volunteer project organized," Throckmorton said, almost to himself, poking around some bits of timber, eyes ever alert for something that would indicate it was a piece from an old sailing ship.

"Pine, probably a piece of piling," he continued, turning back to Ira Abrams, who was making his first visit to the project site on Liberty Island. Abrams had just moved to New York to work on the project with Throckmorton.

"It's amazing," Throckmorton reflected. "We started a new organization. Two months ago we had a borrowed desk in the World Trade Center. Now we have an office in the Brooklyn Museum, the possibility for

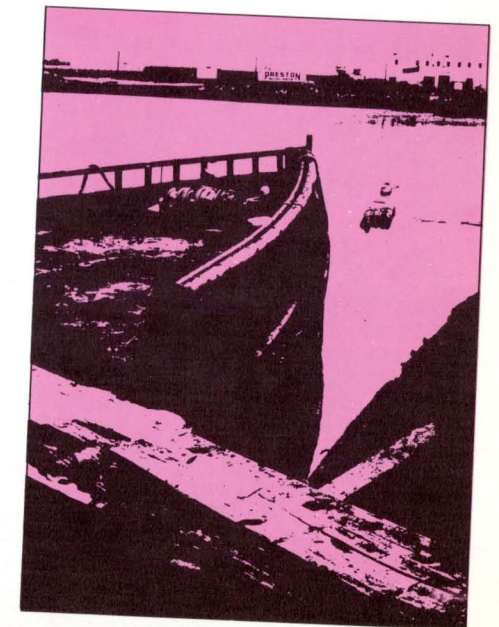
storage of things there — what I should be doing in the next year, Ira and I and others, is learning every wreck in the Harbor."

In between talk with crabbers, fishermen, construction workers, plus getting advice from Joseph J. Williams, the Contract Administrator with the Corps of Engineers, Throckmorton, or "Pete," as everyone calls him, reflected on his spanking new assignment.

"I feel great. Given the opportunity to come back to the States, to be in New York with the chance to build something, it's really great. I'm an archaeologist and I like to work on ships," he said buoyantly.

And ships there were. Scores of them, from tugs to barges; from schooners and lighters to steamers and canal boats of every make, shape and description. Some sunk, others just rotting in the mud, awaiting discovery by this team of eager

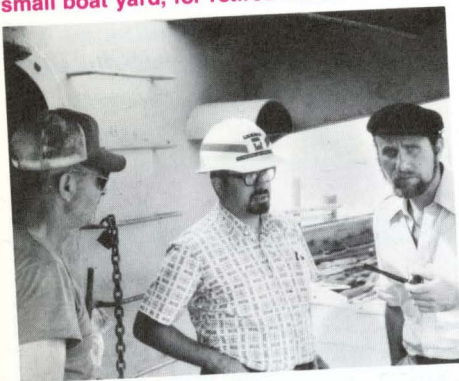
Abandoned ships, lost to memory, derelicts of the age of steam and windpower.





View of the harbor clearing area, shows construction crews demolishing old piers.

From (l. to r.), John Russo, Simeon Hook and Ira Abrams, discussing the impact the project will have on John's small boat yard, for retired folks.



archaeologists and the young volunteers they hope to recruit through sponsoring organizations such as the South Street Seaport Museum and the National Maritime Historical Society in Brooklyn. Planning for the Liberty Island State Park began several years ago. The Army Corps of Engineers only became involved when the State of New Jersey took advantage of a cost sharing program operated by the Federal government. Work was begun under a grant that provides 2/3rds of the funds with the State putting up the rest, for projects aimed at removing the sources of debris in New York Harbor. Approximately \$1 million has been allocated to clean up the first zone outlined by the Liberty State Park Project. Under legislation, the Corps of Engineers has jurisdiction over everything from the high water mark on. The State, in this case New Jersey, will take care of everything up to the high water. This leaves the Corps to deal with derelict vessels, piers, underwater obstructions, and submerged shipwrecks.

(to be continued)

THIRD TRIENNIAL ICMA CONFERENCE A RESOUNDING SUCCESS

From South Africa to Lake Charles, Louisiana from Hong Kong to Montreal, one hundred and fifty-four delegates representing volunteer seamen's agencies throughout the world came to New York and to the Institute to participate in the Third Triennial Conference of the International Christian Maritime Association (ICMA) this past October 9-13.

Denominations represented were as varied as the seventeen nations from which the delegates hailed but the common bond of Christian brotherhood coupled with the common concern for the world's merchant seafarers gave purpose, meaning and impetus to the five-day conference — the largest of its kind and ICMA's first meeting in the United States.

The theme of the conference was "Christ in the Maritime World" and, beginning with a provocative keynote address by Dr. George Webber, President of New York Theological Seminary, the daily plenary sessions and workshops were filled with position papers, personal observations and discussions from 8:30 every morning until late each evening.

Guest speakers also added perspective to the proceedings. U.S. Coast Guard Captain James M. Fournier, Captain of the Port of Chicago, spoke on "Men and Ships of the Antarctic," Dr. Robert Sorensen, sociologist and management expert, posed the question, "Can Seafaring Catch Up With Social Change" and U.S. Federal Maritime Commissioner Richard Daschbach set aside his "official hat" to talk about the importance of personal Christian witness in today's world.

1. The Rev. Hans Uittenbosch reading a telegram of greeting from the President of the United States at the opening session of the Conference. The President of the International Council of Seamen's Agencies (I-COSA) in North America, the Rev. Uittenbosch is also Port Chaplain of Mariners' House in Montreal, Canada. 2. The Rev. Lynn Smith reviews the week's conferencing schedule and procedures during the first session of the Triennial Conference. Father Smith, the vice-president of ICOSA and director of Mariners' House, Boston, was operational chairman of the Conference for ICOSA. 3. Father James R. (Jim) Whittemore, director of SCI (right) and the Rev. Uittenbosch conduct the first of the daily ecumenical services held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour for seamen.



In addition, the Most Reverend Rene H. Gracida, Episcopal Promoter, Apostleship of the Sea in the U.S., and Bishop of Pensacola-Tallahassee, noted in a special presentation, that the churches of different Christian convictions were indeed growing closer through their common ministry to seafarers. The President of the United States, Governor Carey of New York, and Governor Byrne of New Jersey each sent their greetings to the delegates and Mayor Koch of New York sent his words of welcome via Anthony Gliedman, NYC Commissioner of Ports and Terminals.

The American Legion Robert L. Hague Post for Merchant Marine Industries hosted a luncheon for the delegates on Governors Island; the Norwegian

4. Among the many people who gave talks or participated in special dialogues during the week were the Rev. George Webber, President of New York Theological Seminary, who spoke on "Evangelization and Pastoral Care" .. followed by .. 5. the Rev. Oddvar Michaelson, Foreign Secretary of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission who spoke on its "Relationship to Persons in the Maritime World," 6. and Captain James M. Fournier (USOG) who spoke and showed slides concerning "Men and Ships of the Antarctic." 7. Monsignor Denis McGuinness, of the Apostleship of the Sea and a member of the ICMA standing committee chaired numerous sessions. 8. The Rev. William J.D. (Bill) Down of London, and General Secretary of The Missions to Seamen, was also among those presenting their views on the "Evangelization and Pastoral Care of the Seafarer as a Person." 9. and the Most Rev. Rene H. Gracida, Bishop of Pensacola-Tallahassee, Florida and the U.S. Episcopal Promoter of the Apostleship of the Sea, spoke on a number of points including Christian unity as fostered by a common ministry to seafarers. 10. Delegates enjoyed a trip to Governors Island for a special lunch hosted by the venerable Robert L. Hague Post of the American Legion where they were welcomed by Vice-Admiral Robert I. Price, Commander, Atlantic Area, III Coast Guard District.

Seamen's Church of Brooklyn also entertained the delegates (the local Norwegian Church was celebrating its 100th anniversary) and a boat tour of the Greater Port of New York/New Jersey plus a visit to SCI's Mariners' International Center at Pt. Newark, rounded out the week's itinerary.

Among the conclusions reported out at the closing session of the ICMA Conference were ...

- that the safety, protection and quality of life among seafarers remain of paramount importance to the membership ...
- that ICMA calls on all maritime governments to ratify those regulations already proposed by appropriate bodies regarding the general welfare and safety of mariners and ...
- that the member associations of ICMA must each give full support to the

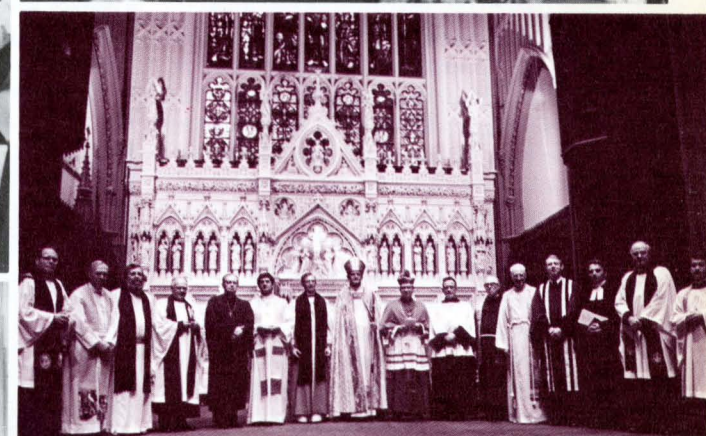


Christian seafarer including the production of such materials that may lead to deeper, personal commitment.

The delegates also expressed particular concern about the exploitation of seafarers, especially those on flag of convenience vessels, and felt it was their duty to speak out.

Highlighting the closing day of the conference was an ecumenical service held at historic Trinity Episcopal Church in Lower Manhattan. There bishops, prelates and association officers participated in an ecumenical service which symbolically expressed the bonds of faith, fellowship and concern for seafarers shared by all who attended this most productive and important conference.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey would like to express its appreciation to all those who gave of their time and resources to help make the delegates feel welcome and "at home." Such dedication and generosity, helped to make the conference a memorable success. Thank you.



Left to right: The Rev. Peter E. Camp, Rev. James P. Keating, Rev. Arthur R. Bartlett, Rev. Prebendary Thomas J. Kerfoot, Rev. Lynn C. Smith, Most Rev. Rene H. Gracida, Rev. Evans, Right Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Most Rev. Austin Vaughn, Rev. David Hennessy, Rev. Adhemar DePauw, Rev. Lief Aargaard, Rev. Hans Uittenbosch, Rev. Heinz Neumann, Rev. James R. Whittemore, Rev. William Robinson.

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

Of all the books at the Seamen's Church Institute, one of the most beautiful and cherished is a gold-tooled leather-bound volume which rests in its own special case in the vestibule of the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour for Seamen.

Between its handcrafted covers are vellum pages for each day of the year; and beautifully engrossed on many of the individual pages are names of people or events hand-lettered in red and burnished with gold. A brief description often follows the name; and, here too, all capital letters are rendered in red. It is these red letters which indicate the significance and story behind this handsome and valued book.

THE late Martha and Stephen Comstock were devoted supporters of the Institute. They also wanted others to contribute significantly to the Institute's work with seafarers. To encourage this, they offered to provide a unique Book of Remembrance for the Seamen's Church Institute.

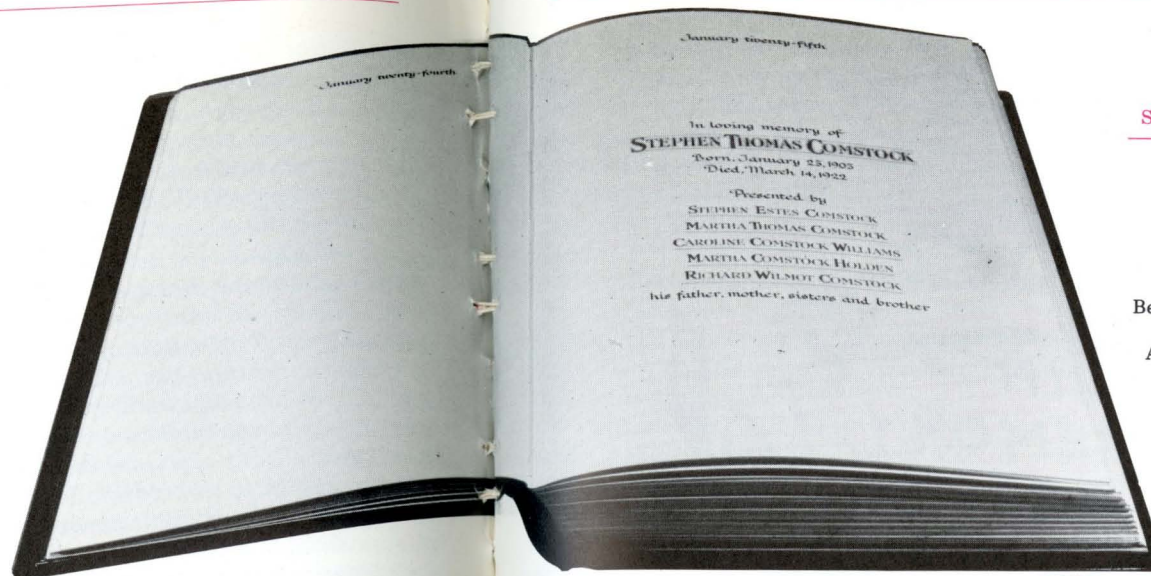
Their proposal was inspired by the tradition of earlier times when many of the handwritten, illuminated Bibles lettered saints' names in red. Thus, each saint's day was designated a Red Letter Day and was so honored.

The Comstocks were sure that many people had one or more "red letter days" in their lives which they would like to commemorate. The Book of Remembrance would provide the means for this and the memory of its donor would also endure.

In consulting with the Institute, it was decided that an appropriate Red Letter Day gift would be the amount of capital needed to yield in annual interest, the difference between the Institute's average daily earned income and its actual operating costs for one twenty-four hour period. (Today this is \$35,000 based on an anticipated average interest of 5½ per cent annually.)

Subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock presented the Institute with the handsome, maroon "Book of Remembrance" together with its own beautiful glasstopped, carved oak case. Their gift was accompanied by a Living Endowment check for the various Red Letter Days they had chosen. An individual page was carefully engrossed for each of the days selected indicating the person or event commemorated.

During their lifetimes, the Comstocks visited the Chapel on the special days where the Book of Remembrance lay in its place of honor opened to their pages; and, although the Comstocks have



SUGGESTED RED LETTER DAYS

Birthday
 Wedding Day
 Child's Birthday
 Anniversary
 Memorial to a loved one
 Occasion for giving thanks
 Beginning or end of memorable event
 Escape from near tragedy
 A cherished, but undisclosed event

passed away, the memory of their benevolence lives on.

Over the years, others have followed Mr. and Mrs. Comstock's inspiration in commemorating their own special days through living endowments or other forms of memorial bequests or trusts. Each year, on the day of the event cited, the person or persons commemorated are included in the prayers during the Institute's chapel services and family members receive advance notice of the services so that they might attend. The Book of Remembrance remains open to that special page, and so it shall be, in perpetuity.



THE Institute is pleased that others have found the Comstocks' benevolent project an appropriate and gratifying way to honor some loved one or cherished event while at the same time supporting the work of the Institute in its ministry to seamen.

Some have done so through an Endowed Red Letter Day Memorial Plan, others have built up the memorial sum over the years or provided for Red Letter Days via bequests or deferred giving. All are acceptable and probably should be discussed with an attorney from several viewpoints, tax-deductibility being one. In addition, the Institute's attorney will be pleased to confer with your legal advisor upon request.

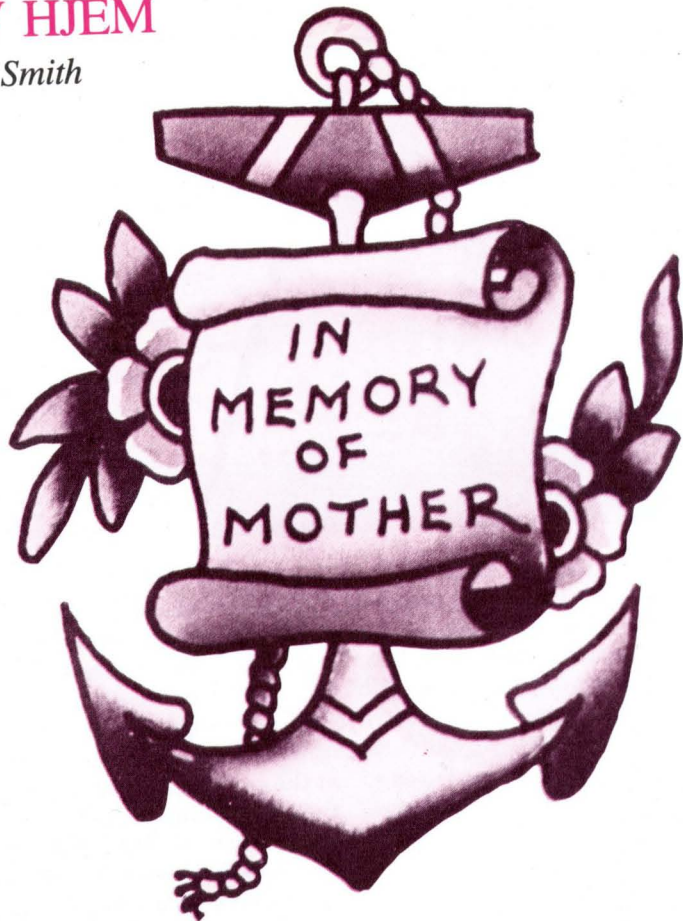
Should you like additional information on our Book of Remembrance program, do let us know. We think you will find it a most rewarding way to commemorate the special days and persons you would like remembered. Please write or telephone:

The Rev. James R. Whittemore, Director
 Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.
 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

Telephone: (212) 269-2710 ■

SKRIV HJEM

by Guy G. Smith



Looking over some old notes, I came across a scrap of paper with the scribbled words, "SKRIV HJEM."

The two simple but heartfelt words take me back to the days when I first went to sea, and saw them tacked on the wall of a seaman's mission in San Francisco. They were Norwegian, because so many seafarers hailed from that or another Scandinavian country. "Skriv Hjem." Or in English, "write home."

At the time, the reminder struck me as

truly a note of nostalgia, and a compass point to change one's thoughts and course towards home and mother.

Like many a lad, I early had an ambition to range the fenceless meadows of the Seven Seas — signing on in Portland, Maine in the dead of winter as an ordinary seaman.

This wasn't really called "before the mast" then. Sailing ships and bucko mates had given way to steamships and seamen's unions. Although at the time, one of the salmon packers was still running a couple of square-riggers between San Francisco and their canneries in Alaska.

I had come into San Francisco in a steam schooner carrying lumber from Gray's Harbor, Washington. This was on New Year's Day, 1922, in cold weather and a biting wind that chased us in through the Golden Gate. So I was of a mind to get the next ship for a warmer clime.

Meanwhile, I spent some of my time at the seamen's mission. A good place for reading and listening to seagoing yarns. There, too, I might get a line on a ship looking for a crew.

Berths were scarce at the time. So I was staying at a low-price hotel just off the Embarcadero. One day, I had just returned to my room late in the afternoon when two new-found acquaintances burst in.

"If you want to ship out," one of them exclaimed, "get down to the Shipping Board right away. There's a ship ready to sail. But, she can't leave until she gets another messboy."

"There wasn't anyone at the hiring hall for the job," the other explained. "Maybe you can get it if you hurry."

The Shipping Board hiring hall was only a few blocks away.

"Where's the ship bound for," I asked.

"We didn't find out," was the reply.

"Probably Australia. It's an Australian ship — *the Boobyalla*."

"Boobyalla!" Surely an aborigine word. Australia! The Hebrides of boyhood dreams. The land Down Under. Best of all, ships bound for Australia usually had cargo for way ports in the South Seas — Papeete ... Pago Pago ... Suva.

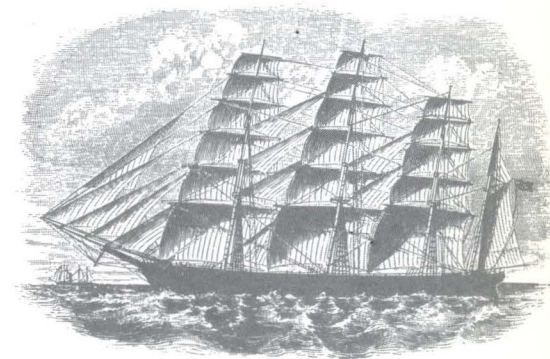
Books on the South Seas had been

among my favorite reading, and also a lure to draw me "down to the sea in ships." Visions came to mind of Herman Melville's *Typee* and the "beauteous nymph Fayaway." Of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*: "Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." The Bible: "If I take the wings of morning —"

I hastily packed my seabag and rushed forth to see about the messboy's job. The agent at the Shipping Board didn't know the ship's destination. He had only taken a hurry-up call for an officers' messboy. The ship was ready to sail and delay was costly.

I quickly accepted the job and the congratulations of my friends, who had come along. Then I sat down and wrote a quick postal card home. I always carried some because I knew how mothers worried about their offspring away from home.

(Continued on page 14)



"Am taking a messboy job," I wrote. "Sailing right away. Don't know where the ship is going. Think Australia. Will write when I can." I dropped the card into a mailbox along the Embarcadero.

Aboard the *Boobyalla*, the gangplank was practically hauled out from under me when I stepped on deck. Lines were cast off and the ship backed into the stream. Just as I reported to the Steward, the ship's bells sounded Two Bells — five o'clock and suppertime. I hustled into a white jacket and went to work.

Quick surprise! *The Boobyalla* was bound for Portland and Puget Sound! As I later learned, *Boobyalla* had been built for the Australian government in World War I but had remained in the United States. She was chartered to carry newsprint from paper mills in the Northwest to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. We picked up our cargo at Portland, Tacoma and Port Angeles.

Thus, I was not sailing toward the romantic South Seas or "beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars" (to use the words ascribed to Ulysses by Tennyson). No, I was sailing right back to where I had just come from. That was one reason why Jack Tar of old seldom got home. He had to go where the ships went.

Coleridge put it succinctly, as poets do, in *The Three Graces*:

"A Mother is a Mother Still,
The Holiest Thing Alive."

Anyone who can't visit Mother at regular intervals, should be sure to *SKRIV HJEM*. And, of course, a Grandmother doesn't cease to be still a Mother after her offspring have elevated her to the senior status.

Ma Bell would say, "Telephone." ■

OLD SALT

One day is indistinguishable from another...

parts of an assembly line, so he sweetens his boredom by reminiscing.

Desperate for listeners, he sits in bars where he offers round after round of drinks but there are not many takers.

Even old buddies can no longer feign interest as he cackles wickedly minus false teeth, recalling life at sea, shore leaves, laughing with Fraus in German biergartens.

In his wallet he carries a few yellow-brown snapshots of himself and asks strangers if they recognize "that handsome officer."

The young laugh tolerantly and say, "That old man is cracked," but we his peers as our attention wanders, ask ourselves "Must old age be like this?"

Beatrice H. Comas
(Mrs. George P.)

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A PAEON FOR THANKSGIVING

I would not be a passive thing:
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of tree in Pilgrim stock,
unmoved by cripple-storm
of someone's needs. Make mine
a heart that willows
pain and rainbows joy,
where tears
are not unknown
but freely flow
to prism
someone's darkling clouds.

Let me sing,
full-knowing, "But
for God —
there go I..."

Wilma Burton