

THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 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 753,000 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 and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark 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 and designed, operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted at night) for games between ship teams.

Although 55% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

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WATERSPOUTS, GENII OF THE SEAS

by Arthur Black

The fishermen had just turned their fishing vessel back towards La Jolla near dusk when they spotted one of the most intriguing terrors of the sea being born—a waterspout!

It howled along in its birthpangs at about 15 miles per hour spouting up water in a continuous and even stream right up to the cloud. Suddenly it began to undulate and coil like a cobra, darting its body to one side then the other, changing its shape from pencil to a fat wine bottle, rippling like an electric charge between two clouds, roared in agony while swaying and dancing from sea to cloud — and then completely disappearing as if it had never existed.

The spectacle was so fascinating that the fishermen never realized the danger nor made any attempt to evade it even though the waterspout was

probably less than two miles distant.

In olden days men regarded the waterspout as a form of supernatural sea serpent sent to destroy their ships or warn the populace that bad times might be forthcoming. The ancient Arabs believed that it was sent as a destroying demon and undoubtedly their legend of a Genii in the bottle originated from a waterspout although we never knew a waterspout that did anyone any favors.

Along the Southern California sea-coast a waterspout can crisscross bays and inlets and turn from a tornado into a waterspout within minutes. In one section it swallowed a creek while carving its bed deeper, turned to the shoreline where it ripped off a pier, flung boats about like tops, turned back to land where it toppled railroad cars, sucked up another creek and headed

out to sea again.

Joseph H. Golden of the National Hurricane Center was fortunate enough to be up in a plane one time in September 1967 with a camera when a waterspout arose in their flight path at 2,000 feet. Flying the plane in a tight clockwise circle around the waterspout one of them photographed the spectacular features of its circulation.

Later he wrote: "One of the most interesting aspects of the waterspout's circulation was the rapid rotation in the sea spray picked up by the column as it travelled over the sea surface. Spray particles could be seen carried upward at a great distance outward from the radius of the visible funnel. This indicates that the strongest rising motions occurred not in the visible funnel itself but at some larger radius."

They reported no turbulence whatsoever with the funnel which was about 30 feet in diameter. "We watched another one start as just a small protrusion from the cloud at 800 feet. The cloud itself looked like a normal cumulus cloud although the bottom had a slight greenish tinge. This protrusion started to develop downward until the spout was on the water, but you couldn't really see it. We saw a few boats come within 25 yards of the funnel because they apparently didn't see it, but they were pretty close to destruction. Probably many unexplained boating accidents happened that way."

(We suspect that many low flying planes in the early days of aviation whose mysterious disappearance over water baffled authorities may have been victims of these playful serpents of the sea.)

The damage from one of the waterspouts spawned from this storm was not intense, but two eyewitnesses claimed that they saw a 4500-pound Cadillac lifted several feet off the ground and set down again, showing at least the potential if erratic power of the spout. Bushes and small trees were

also uprooted and flattened in the direction of the wind track.

There is no special time for waterspouts to form — although they are more prevalent from May to October. They can erupt on sunny or cloudy days; in warm and cold weather; during the day or night; in still or stormy weather.

Waterspouts usually travel in families. Where there is one there is bound to be more. In 1888 the steamship *Earnmoor* sighted thirty waterspouts. If the proper cloud formation exists there can be a half dozen spawned although not all may descend to the water.

Many theories have been advanced as to the type of energy transformation necessary to generate a waterspout, and none has won general acceptance.

The lightning strokes and a variety of luminous features in and around waterspout funnels have led scientists to speculate about the relationship between waterspout formation and thunderstorm electrification. This idea explores the possibility that atmosphere electricity accelerates rotary winds to waterspout velocities, or that those high speed rotary winds generate large electrical charges. In other words, it could be generated by electricity.

A few years ago a waterspout picked up a five-ton houseboat along the Southern California coast and impaled it on a mooring post. Yet, they can be so gentle that a plane can fly back and forth through the funnel in order to look straight down into the whirlpool below. Its power may be erratic, but the potential is always there. When a waterspout skipped over Wascana Lake in western Canada it lowered the water level by two feet. A rough estimate placed the water weight sucked up at about half a million tons!

The average waterspout will last 15 minutes although some have continued as long as an hour and some have expired in five minutes.



There is no constant shape to this phenomenon. Some have been reported to have greater width than height such as the *Gordon Castle* reported in 1915: 100 feet wide and only 50 feet high.

As the funnel speeds up it gets thinner and thinner probably because of the physical law called "conservation of angular momentum." This is the same principle that allows a spinning ice skater to go faster by pulling his arms in.

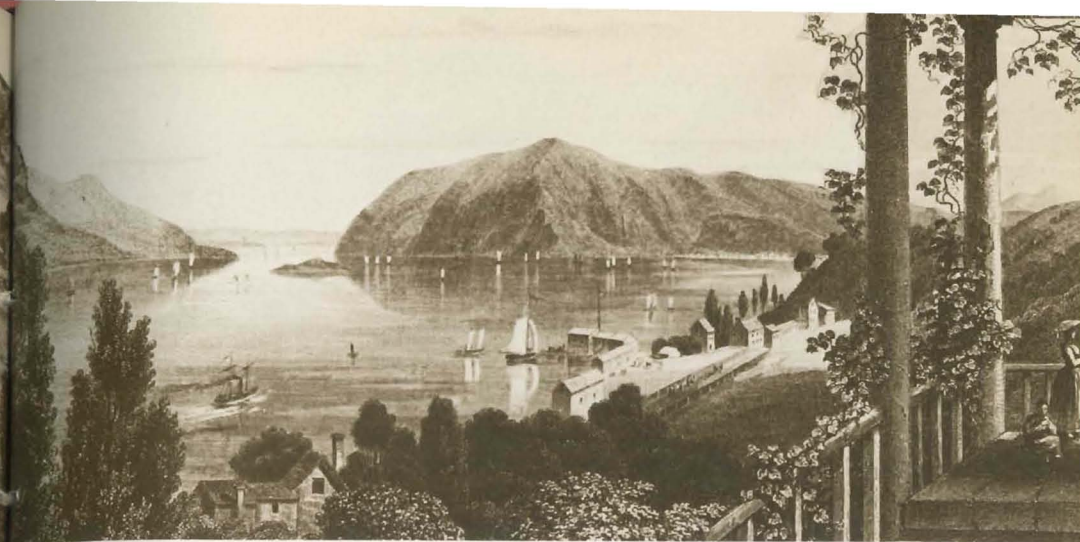
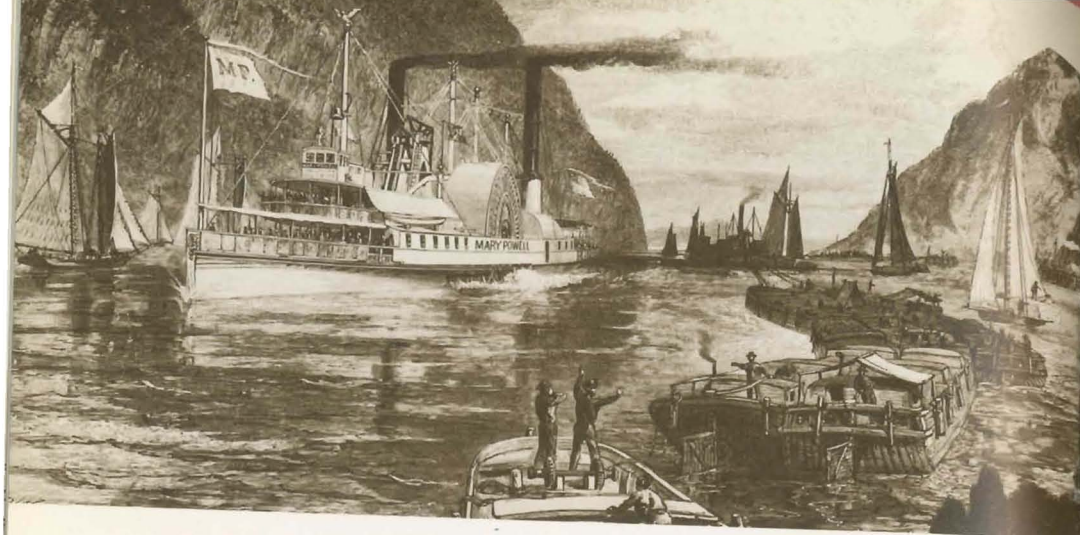
The funnel may run horizontal from one cloud to another. Or it may revolve like an hour glass or thin out to an upside down chianti bottle. Some are long and thin (because of dry air, some say) or short and wide (because of humid air).

The color, too, can vary from almost transparent to a charnel black. The most frightening waterspout of all is a

snaking phosphorescent (from luminous organisms it has inhaled) spout ripping through a black night like a locomotive. Little wonder the ancients believe in sea demons and beat drums and gongs to frighten the apparition away.

Not many seafaring men can say that they have never seen a waterspout. From 1900-1947 British ships reported almost 1,000 waterspouts and during an eleven-year period almost 200 waterspouts were reported near the coasts of the United States, an average of 18 to 20 a year. But this is not to mention all the ones uncounted by authorities that have formed and died to blush unseen.

Although snow, hail and ice can fall from waterspouts some stranger things yet have plummeted earthwards in their wake. (Continued on page 13)



THE HUDSON RIVER NIGHT BOAT

by Alan Major

Just about eighty years ago an account was published in an English Sunday school prize book, Pictorial Wonders & Tales, about life then on the Hudson River.

It is re-published here, exactly in the unknown author's words, but with some portions deleted or shortened because of space limitations.

There she goes!

You occupy some coign of vantage on the bank of the river after the shadows of night have fallen. It is not absolutely dark. The outlines of the hills are dimly visible. The white sails of a passing vessel show in ghostly indistinctness as she slips by.

Away down the river you see the gleam of lights. There are two or three tiers of them and they find their counterpart in the answering water.

The boat draws near with steady beat of paddles; its huge bulk sweeps by and is soon lost to view as the floating village — for such it may well claim to be — passes on its way to one end or other of the magnificent stream.

Each of the principal towns or groups of towns along the Hudson —

Catskill, Poughkeepsie, Roundout, Hudson and the rest — has its line of steamboats. These boats give employment during the season of navigation to a large number of hands. They carry immense quantities of freight and are generally well filled, sometimes crowded, with passengers.

Will the reader take the trip with me up the river on one of these boats and we will return from Albany on one of the floating palaces of the "People's Line."

It has been a sweltering, exhausting day in the city. Reaching the wharf late in the afternoon, you will find the boat pretty well filled with freight. There are great stacks of empty fruit boxes; there is household furniture, supplies for the country merchants; a carriage, perhaps, and a team of horses; bar iron for some factory purpose — a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of goods for the supply of the towns on the river or farther back.

When the boat returns she will be loaded with farm and garden products, fruit — those things the city needs from the country. She takes back to the

country those things that must be supplied from the centers of trade.

The captain of one of these boats is generally not the navigating officer; those functions are left to the pilots. The captain is really a commission merchant, in charge of a floating warehouse, which is constantly receiving and discharging its stock of goods.

Ascending to the saloon you find comfortable accommodations. The state rooms are clean and attractive. You are served with an excellent supper at a moderate price.

Then, as the evening shadows gather, you can sit on the deck and enjoy the cool refreshment of the breeze and watch the beautiful unfolding of the panorama. A night's sleep and you awake in the early morning at your destination.

During all the season of navigation, these boats are the favorite conveyance for large numbers of travellers. But if these boats in the local trade are fine and comfortable what is to be said of the great vessels that constitute the fleet of the "People's Line"? They are simply superb.

Where the ordinary river-boat has a crew of twenty-five or thirty persons, the *St. John* or the *Drew* has seventy or eighty. These veritable "floating palaces" will carry nearly eight hundred passengers.

The lofty saloon, with its double tiers of state-rooms, is elegant and luxurious. The rooms are finely fitted and furnished. The table is served on the European plan and you can order a simple or a luxurious meal. In short, there is everything to make travel attractive and delightful.

It is near the hour of departure. The crowd thickens in the broad gangway. The captain with his gold lace is nearly as resplendent as an admiral of the navy. Indeed, it is no small responsibility to have charge of so many lives and so much property. All easy enough if everything goes well; but in case of accident, how much depending on his coolness and self-command!

It is a very animated scene as the last connecting train from the West arrives at the dock. Friends are exchanging adieus; acquaintances find that they are to have each other's com-

(Continued on page 13)

BLOCK ISLAND LIFE-SAVING STATION



Built in 1874, the Block Island Life-Saving Station is one of the last survivors of the many stations that extended from Maine to Hatteras. Constructed on the shores of Old Harbor on Block Island, it was in use for sixteen years. Before the turn of the century it was auctioned off, moved several hundred feet and used for some years as a stable and blacksmith shop.

In 1967 it was purchased by the Block Island Club and moved another two miles overland to Great Salt Pond, where it was destined to become a clubhouse. In July of 1968, the station came by barge to Mystic Seaport in exchange for a reproduction and is now in process of reconstruction and restoration.

The history of the building is one of the most complete of any at the museum. Nicholas Ball, a Block Islander and U.S. Congressman, was instru-

mental in having it built in 1874 and became its first keeper.

Later he was assistant superintendent of the Third Life-Saving District. His great-granddaughter, Mrs. Weldon Dodge, librarian on Block Island, has made meticulous records of the station available to The Marine Historical Association (Mystic Seaport).

The Life-Saving Service was a hazardous one, because in most cases ships went aground and broke up in storms and high seas, often in the darkness of winter blizzards. The record of achievement of these men and an understanding of the equipment and methods they used are vanishing, but we now have the means and the information necessary to preserve a story of heroism and service that was carried on in the best traditions of our maritime heritage.



New MARAD Radar Center Opened in Institute



The new Maritime Administration's Eastern Region Training Center's Radar Recertification Facility located at the Institute was launched in early February, marked by a ribbon-cutting ceremony, an address by Robert J. Blackwell, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Maritime Affairs, and the attendance of many maritime officials.

The main speaker was introduced by Captain Thomas A. King of MARAD.

Mr. Blackwell said the location of the radar school in the Institute was

an "ideal location" for it.

He emphasized that with the advent of the huge, 20-to-30 knot container-ships and barge-carriers, each representing an investment of up to \$30 million, it is vital that the ship's personnel be highly trained and skilled in the operation of radar, loran, gyrocompass and the other electronic navigational and safety devices.

Demonstrations of the new equipment and quarters were made and the policies of MARAD with respect to the radar courses were explained.

Two Elected to Board of Managers

E. Virgil Conway, president and trustee of The Seamen's Bank for Savings, and Albert Kennerly, senior partner of the firm of Hamby, Kennerly, Slomanson & Smith, architects, have recently been elected to the Board of Managers of the Institute.

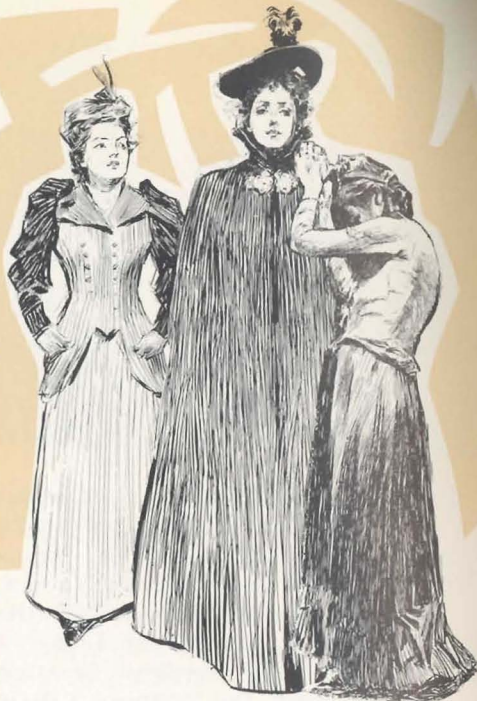
Mr. Conway is on the boards of many financial institutions and is a member of the American Bar Association. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa while attending Colgate University and is a graduate of Yale University Law School. He serves on several boards of the Congregational Church and on a

special committee of the United Church of Christ.

Mr. Kennerly not only is active in professional architectural organizations, and a registered architect in most states, but is well-known for his deep-sea sailing ability and for his music interests; he played with the Juilliard and Columbia Symphony orchestras and has been a patron of the Metropolitan Opera for thirty years.

He is a graduate of the Columbia School of Architecture and has been a lecturer on architecture at Pratt Institute.

THE PAL



This story is referred to in the Director's Report contained in this issue of *The Lookout*. The circumstances as related in *The Pal* did occur. The story was first printed in *The Lookout* of July, 1911, and is republished now because the work of the Institute is today — as it was in 1911 — organized in the spirit of "The Church of Tomorrow."

A person conspicuous for nothing but the absence of cosmetics and earrings walked along Fortieth street on the lower side of the new Library building and mentally collided with a woman who was conspicuous for several things and pre-eminently for bewilderingly blue eyes.

After the age of five, dazzling blue is negligible as a color for eyes.

The inconspicuous person came out of the Library, where she had been studying the conventions of Art and Life, and the pair of blue eyes came out of Bryant Park, where their owner had been reclining upon a bench.

There were indications upon her face and clothes that she might have fallen off the bench.

She wore a blue serge suit imperfectly adhering at its points of cleavage and she walked with that manifestation of erectness which is its own betrayal.

Said Blue-Eyes to Brown-Eyes: "Please give me five cents to buy a cup of coffee."

Said Brown-Eyes to Blue-Eyes in a gust of scorn: "It's not coffee you would buy with it," and they passed on.

The blue suit jerked along spasmodically toward Fifth Avenue.

Now, Brown-Eyes was a lady and she became convicted of sin.

Said she to herself: "It is detestable to tell another lady flatly and frankly that she is drunk."

So Brown-Eyes turned herself about and sped back towards Fifth Avenue, gaining upon Blue-Eyes by so much time as the latter spent propping herself at intervals against the Library coping.

Now Brown-Eyes invited Blue-Eyes to go with her and get that cup of coffee.

And this is what happened:

A Pal of the blue-eyed lady arrived breathless and stopped short before the two who faced each other. "Wot yer doing here, Mame?" She demanded an account of what was going on without further ceremony. "I leaves yer on a

bench to go off and get a job, I does and I comes back and can't find yer. Now I've got a job scrubbing floors and it begins at one o'clock tonight and I wants to get back to the home and get a sleep first, so I do. Come on home."

Slowly and dramatically Mame waved her pal off the earth with a gesture of royal importance. "This lady is taking me out for a drink of coffee." The little Pal with decayed stubs of front teeth and disfiguring spectacles looked at her with admiration and slowly shook her head, smiling. "You've seen better days, you have; you're educated, that's wot. Lord! Mame, gi' me your handkerchief. You must of fell down."

"She can have my handkerchief," said Brown-Eyes, helpless under the vigorous initiative of the voluble Pal.

With no embarrassment whatever the little Pal snatched the clean white handkerchief, and wetting a corner of it in her mouth began polishing Mame's face with a vigor which spoke well for the floors at one o'clock that night.

"This lady," began Brown-Eyes, "has accepted an invitation to go with me and get a cup of coffee. We should be glad of your company."

"Me!" said the astonished Pal. "I don't know as I want any coffee — but I'll come cos I've got to get Mame home so's I can get some sleep. See!"

Mame slowly rallied from the onslaughts of the pocket handkerchief. "I'll go and get some coffee with you; but I'll take your arm, if you please." "Certainly," said Brown-Eyes, without quailing.

And that was the way it happened that you might have seen three ladies — if you had been there — walking arm-in-arm across the lower side of Bryant Park one day in the middle of June.

The lady on the inside wore the marks of eminent respectability and was seeing very good days indeed; the lady in the middle had seen "better

days," and in consequence was being propped up on either side to keep her out of the ditch; the lady on the outside had no concern about any kind of days except days' work, and if worst came to worst — nights' work. Her only ambition was to keep "off the Island," and her one desire — a "sleep" before one A.M.

At intervals the lady in the middle broke up the happy party by standing lady No. One against the park railing and lurching off for a better perspective with the tender suggestion that she'd "like to look her over, she would, she'd like to size her up, she would."

It was a modest restaurant which Brown-Eyes selected for her afternoon tea and there was but one other table occupied, fortunately; but it was an agonizing meal with Blue-Eyes holding her hostess's hand across the sordid table-cloth, and the Pal tactlessly pattering on with personalities which hurt the sensibilities of Mame, and threatened disaster at every turn.

"Has she a home?" said Brown-Eyes. In imagination she saw herself unable to extricate her hand from Mame's grimy affection for hours on end; and she had visions of being put into the street and of walking arm-in-arm again with a fascinating ragged lady of drunken habits, and so she essayed the futility of coercing the situation.

"Sure!" said the Pal with a continuance of that pride in Mame's "better days," which evidently fed her own imagination. "Sure thing, she's got an awful nice husband wot's come to the home three times a'ready to git her."

"You needn't talk about me," said Mame in a throaty voice with one of those unexpected gleams of clear-mindedness which come to the drunkard.

There was a look of hurt pride in the blue eyes which went to the lady-soul of Brown Eyes, who remembered again that courtesy belongs to the fallen, and to the streets as well as to the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon for discussing your affairs," said she, "but you see I am concerned about leaving you."

"All right," said Blue-Eyes, nodding slowly with a malicious glee. "Now you give an account of yourself. You've made me give an account of myself, give an account of *yourself*."

"You ain't no call to talk like that, Mame," burst in the kind-hearted Pal. "I say she's a real nice lady, she is. I don't ask her to give no account of herself. I'm much obliged for this here cup o' coffee, for I'd a had beer if 'twas-n't for this, I would."

"What's the Home?" said Brown-Eyes very low to the Pal after they had reduced Mame to a temporary interest in her soup.

"O'Keefe's," began the Pal with manifest gratification, "'N I'll just tell you the truth about that too."

"What you telling her about that for?" the sensitive voice of Mame commenced anew.

"Aw G'wan, Mame, eat your soup. I got to tell her the truth, ain't I? I says to her I'll tell her the truth, an' I will too."

"Do you suppose," said Brown-Eyes in sudden despair at her own ineptitudes, "that you could see her safely home, if I should pay the bill and leave you?" "Sure," affirmed the efficient scrubber. "Wot do you think I'm waiting around down here fer instead o' going back to sleep? I ain't going off to leave her."

"Just let me see that book under your arm," Mame began, "I'll bet I've read more books than you have. O! I could tell you a few things. Just let me see that book once." There was hunger in her voice, a quiet voice never once raised, and hunger in the blue eyes which were not in the least bleared, and there was the agony of self-desecration in the oval face.

The aristocracy of books is compelling, and the hands that reached for this one had been in the ditch. That which Brown-Eyes could not withhold

in food or drink, or etiquette, or comradeship, she must needs withhold in the greater graciousness of mental co-partnership in books. So she put the book behind her back and went away knowing that the brotherhood of man had not yet been reached.

Now the book was called *The Church of To-Morrow*, and in it was this sentence: "The way of progress must be kept open and made easy for the feet of the weakest and most obscure child of our common Father. The spirit of democracy is the spirit of independence which fills the lowliest breast with the consciousness of personal capacity and dignity."

Down the avenue by the Hudson tunnels a polite gentleman whose "other days" had written their record upon his face implored her to show him the way to Jerry McAuley's Mission. His solicitations took the conversational turn of an elaborate explanation about himself, a postal card and a much-needed dollar; but she turned away convinced that she was not a success at "filling the lowliest breast with a consciousness of dignity and capacity."

"Will the Church of To-Morrow help Brown-Eyes and her kind to know what to do for Blue-Eyes and the Crook who wants to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission?" thought she.

Much reading and narrow experiences have sown a crop of incapacity which the church of To-Day is surely reaping. It is after all such as the Pal, who counted not her time dear unto herself nor arraigned Fate because of the "sleep" she was bound to miss before one A.M. that night, who are keeping the "way of progress open" and not those who make phrases and escape the consequences.

It is written of certain ones that they "gave alms of that which was within them" and that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

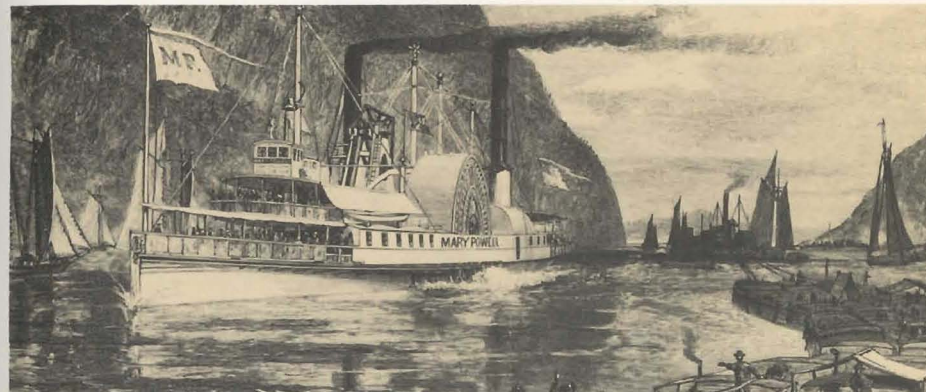
Of such also is The Pal.

E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History collected over a 25-year period covering a history of over 2,000 years, detailed examples of fish, frogs and other sea life cascading from the skies. One man in London in 1939 tells how during a shower, as he ran for shelter he was amazed to see thousands of tiny frogs falling on the walk. From India a report exists telling of a parade ground covered with fish the size of sardines after a cloudburst.

And in 1881 in Worcester, England, a shower of periwinkles fell which hundreds of people collected.

Such cases are not implausible if one considers the powerful lifting force of a waterspout which sucks millions of tons of water skyward during its rampage.

In any case the waterspout has been one of the sea's most interesting phenomena, a Genii of the oceans which will continue to excite and harass us as long as we sail the seas.



pany on the trip down.

How the scene would astonish the old Dutchmen who navigated Hudson's River in their day in their small sloops. But the lines have been cast off, the great wheels have begun to revolve and the trip has begun.

Some of the passengers go down to the dining room. Some sit out on the deck, forward or aft, to enjoy the beauty of the summer night. Some prefer the luxury of the saloon, with its gorgeous appointments and brilliant lights.

Let us go to the forward hurricane deck and see for a little how the boat is handled. It is no small matter to take such a huge structure safely through the intricacies of the navigation of the upper Hudson.

There are four men at the rims of

the great wheel in the pilothouse and it takes their utmost activity to guide the vessel. A lookout on the deck keeps a careful watch forward and reports his observations at the pilothouse.

All the night through, pilot and wheelmen are carefully watching the course and skillfully guiding the vessel as the powerful engine drives her on her way. When we awake in the morning the floating town is nearly at the city.

A little later, literally a whole villageful of people have landed and are dispersed through the great metropolis. What a triumph of man's ingenuity it is when such great companies are daily carried to and fro, not only in safety, but in absolute luxury and at such small cost.

1971

Report of the Director
to the
Board of Managers

The Annual Report

It is always a constant source of amazement to me how little time there is between the presentation of annual reports — the calendar says twelve months and can prove it. My own time sense says that it is much less. But that I think is completely positive because it means that we are so actively engaged in extremely worthwhile and productive efforts that time never hangs heavy.

I am again most happy to repeat and reaffirm the statements that have introduced every one of my annual reports to you — namely my deep gratitude and appreciation to the Board of Managers and the entire staff of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for their unflagging efforts and unfailing cooperation which make this operation the happy and vital enterprise that it so evidently is. We have our share of problems, of crises, of shocks, but I am impressed how up and down the line they are met and overcome by consultation, by reason, by magnificent teamwork on the part of all concerned. This comes about through the wise and astute guidance of our President, John Winslow, and the enthusiastic participation of the Board. Add to this the dedication and loyalty of every department head and staff member of this Institute and you can readily see why I know that I have the most rewarding and satisfying job of any clergyman in the Church today.

1971 has been an interesting year. As with almost every one of the last 25 years, it has been tinged with gloom. Because of rate wars, labor disputes and in some cases management ineptitude, shipping continues to decline. Employment opportunities for American seamen shrink. Taft-Hartley is with us again. At times it is disheartening to realize how little real progress has been made in so many areas of maritime industrial relationships since it was first invoked in 1948. One sometimes wonders if those involved in the industry of this port are not afflicted with the "death wish." And yet there are still between 750 to 800,000 seamen a year visiting this port. That number alone is more than enough to keep us busy trying to minister to whatever needs they may have. We reach as many as we can but we know we should be reaching more. How to extend our services, how to make them more effective is our constant study. Obviously we can't do the job alone but we must always try to do more than our share. Everything we do must be kept completely up-to-date and subject to change. We can never be completely sure that today's program is tomorrow's answer.

It is our duty also to make whatever influence we have felt so that others will be led to accept their responsibility on behalf of seamen.

We frequently point out that the majority of seamen coming into this port are of foreign nationality, are here for a very short time and have little money to spend. Our services to them are set up with these things in mind. But there is another side to the coin.

Consider this. If all that 800,000 seamen spend in this port is \$10 apiece, that amounts to \$8,000,000. That is a conservative figure, but even if it is only that much, it is still funnelled into the economy of the port and it is not to be lightly regarded. In turn, the voluntary seamen's agencies in the port collectively spend at least \$5,000,000 to provide services to seamen here. That means payroll, taxes, jobs and income to both city and state. Yet there is not one borough or municipality within the port that even seems to be aware of these facts. The harbors of the nation are the windows of the world. As far as seamen are concerned our municipalities seem to want to keep the shades down.

I am not an economist but the figures previously mentioned would indicate that at least \$25,000,000 a year is generated in the G.N.P. by what seamen spend and what is spent in their behalf in this port. Yet the municipalities within the port, notably Bayonne, Newark and Jersey City, provide almost no transportation within the dock areas and particularly at hours when it would be useful to seamen. And this is only one example.

So in general seamen find the Port of New York inhospitable. This impresses masters as well as crews and whenever there is a choice, a ship will opt for the more hospitable port. Just because of its attitude New York loses a great deal of shipping it might otherwise gain. This is not over-simplification.

A ship comes here and is immobilized because of liens against it. The crew who are usually owed considerable sums in back wages do not get paid. Their national consuls do as little as they can because they do not have the funds to meet the minimum requirements. There is no constituted public agency to act in behalf of the men. Fortunately we are able to lead them to proper legal support, extend them credit, sometimes house, clothe and feed them, and see to their repatriation. Had we not intervened in a recent case one crew would have been deported by Immigration. This would have meant that they could never return again to an American port. Through no fault of their own they would have then had their opportunity of livelihood severely diminished. By the efforts of our staff, this was overcome and the crew was repatriated without restriction. But, somewhere in this city, government should provide some office or person to intervene on behalf of seamen caught in these situations.

Eventually the liens are satisfied by the auctioning of the ship by the City Marshall's office. The seamen's wages are the first claim to be satisfied. But the debt is long overdue, there is no interest accrued and the seaman has not had the use of his money for a long time. Perhaps there should be some adjunct of the City Marshall's office that could at least advance a portion of the wages

due against the sale of the ship.

During the past year we issued credit in the amount of \$33,104 to 743 men. Of this 465 men repaid \$20,773. This does not by any means indicate that we are minus \$13,000. There are no time limits on our credit loans. We had one instance this year of a man who repaid a loan which had been outstanding for 21 years. Five thousand of the \$13,000 just mentioned represent air fare and other expenses involved in repatriating two crews toward the end of the year. This money will come back to us when the suits against the ships are adjudicated.

Two milestones of considerable importance were passed during 1971. Hard as it may be to realize, Port Newark had its tenth birthday. What this installation has meant to the Port and to this Institute can hardly be estimated. For a number of years it has been very ably administered by Chaplain Hollas. During the years with the development of containerization, Port Newark and Elizabethport have expanded to the point where they handle the major share of dry cargo coming into the Port. This Board acted very wisely when they ventured a "leg up" on the future and "staked a claim" on Port Newark.

Now another development is coming into being on the Jersey shore. Some three hundred acres between Bayonne and Jersey City is being redeveloped as another container area. It is known as Port Jersey and seventy-three acres have been contracted for by a company representing Fabre Line, Dart Container Line, Columbus Line and a consortium of five Japanese Lines. This area is less than five miles from our Port Newark Station and we have already begun initial discussions with the principals involved as to how we may best serve seamen coming into this new area and what they in turn may be willing to do to support the services we stand ready to render. We may have to extend our bus service, we may have to add a Japanese-speaking person to our staff. But whatever is demanded we will do our imaginative best to meet the need.

The other milestone passed this year was the tremendous achievement of the Women's Council in packing and distributing 10,069 Christmas boxes. This magic 10,000 figure has been approached before but now it has been passed. It is not easy to paint the picture that shows what this means — the hour total of knitting — three tons of wool — the enthusiasm of hundreds of volunteers in the packing room, the infinite pains and care in packing individual articles. How can we express it? The achievement is a great tribute to Mrs. West and her team. But this is not all. At the time we were about to begin to put boxes on ships in the Port of New York that would be at sea on Christmas Day, the Port of New York was shut down by the longshoremen's strike. How do you distribute 10,000 boxes with no ships moving? It happened that other ports around the country were not shut down. At this point the International Council of Seamen's Agencies came of age. We called some of our fellow agencies in other ports and our Christmas boxes went to Houston, Norfolk, Philadelphia and Montreal, where they were

put on ships that would be at sea on Christmas Day. These agencies were delighted to act on our behalf. Fortunately the Port of New York went back to work before Christmas, so we were able to service ships here, and all our boxes were distributed. Obviously this was important. But more important was the fact that agencies around the country were able to join forces in a joint effort — to get a very important job done. Our thanks go to all who helped us and we look forward to many more cooperative ventures in the future.

Yet this is still not the end. There is a great deal of talk today about the fact that government must take over in more and more areas where for one reason or another private philanthropy can no longer meet the complexity of social problems. The Christian Church and its agencies cannot agree with this attitude. Quite true — many times we must point out a problem, make the initial attack on it, point the way to its solution and because of its enormity pass it on to the social politic arms of our society to sustain or solve. But we must remain ever conscious of a basic point. Government agencies can never take the place of private philanthropic agencies, whether Church-sponsored or secular. In our society, with its bases and heritage, private philanthropy is a keystone. But private philanthropy will only endure as long as there are private philanthropic agencies for people to contribute their own funds to. But if funds are not contributed, the private agencies cannot endure. To make but one point, if government took over our operation, who among us thinks that any government agency would put the equivalent of our Christmas boxes on ships at sea on Christmas Day? Private philanthropy can only exist as long as private citizens contribute funds to private agencies which can only exist as long as they are funded by the contributions of private citizens.

Which is the source from which we derive a considerable portion of our support. And I am pleased to note that despite all sources of attrition we were able to hold our own in the number of annual contributors this past year. But we now have to bend every effort to increase that number. Obviously the best way is for one friend to interest another friend. In the next year we have many plans to bring this about. But you will be interested to know that this past year we had some 327 compatible and appropriate groups using our facilities for luncheons, dinners or small gatherings. This has introduced a considerable number of people to our facility and out of it have come a number of new supporters. In a wide variety of ways we are continually attempting to involve wider sections of the downtown community in our activities, both to their benefit and ours.

I have no intention in this report of trying to cover each aspect of our operations. You have had reports from various department heads at our Board meetings and you have had the chance to read the "story" throughout the year in "The Lookout."

Sixty years ago however there was a story published in "The Lookout" which will be re-published in this year's

annual report number. In that story reference was made to a publication called "The Church of To-Morrow" and this statement was quoted from it: "The spirit of democracy is the spirit of independence which fills the lowliest breast with the consciousness of personal capacity and dignity." I beg you to hear those words. They are not old fashioned or from a bygone era. They are still today the basis for everything that we try to do. Every part of our program, no matter what it is, seeks to establish, enhance and support in every man who comes across this threshold the enlargement, the consciousness of his personal capacity and dignity. As far as we are concerned, "The Church of To-Morrow" of 1911, is "The Church of Today" and still will be for us the "Church of To-Morrow." For one hundred thirty seven years every effort this Institute has made has been to identify and enlarge the consciousness of personal capacity and dignity of every seaman we touch or try to touch in this Port. Or, if you would rather hear the message in other terms, let me give you the following lines from the pen of Will Allen Dromgoole:

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

An old man going a long highway
 Came at the evening cold and gray
 To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
 The sullen stream had no fears for him.
 But he turned when safe on the other side
 And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
 "You are wasting your time with building here.
 You never again will pass this way —
 Your journey will end with the closing day.
 You have crossed the chasm deep and wide;
 Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
 "Good friend, in the way that I've come," he said,
 "There followeth after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way.
 This stream that has been as naught to me,
 To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
 Good friend, I'm building the bridge for him."

Respectfully submitted,

John M. Mulligan
 Director

January 26, 1972

Gross Income from Departments		\$1,542,701
Operating Expenses		
Salaries and Wages	\$1,024,823	
Employee Benefits	131,939	
Food & Merchandise	328,863	
Electric current, fuel, telephone service	196,415	
Supplies	94,540	
Insurance	33,122	
Publicity and printed matter, including "Lookout"	30,150	
Miscellaneous	15,641	
Women's Council — wool and gifts	31,480	
Investment Counsel, legal and accounting fees ...	25,565	
Repairs and Maintenance	38,000	
Real Estate taxes	53,927	
Interest	211,193	
	<u>2,215,658</u>	
Religious and Personal Service Departments		
Salaries, expenses and relief	294,217	
Mariner's International Center, Port Newark		
Salaries, expenses	102,256	
Merchant Marine School & Seamen's Advanced Education		
Salaries, expenses	146,186	2,758,317
Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments		(1,215,616)
Less Dividends, interest and other income from Endowments	495,817	
Credit Bureau recoveries	23,089	518,906
Deficit from Institute operations		(696,710)
Contributions for general and specific purposes		
Ways and Means Department and special items ..	130,284	
Pier Collections	35,000	
Women's Council	26,420	
Diocese of New York	1,000	192,704
Deficit from Operations		(504,006)
Depreciation—15 State Street, Bldg., Furniture & Equipment		(188,000)
Depreciation—Port Newark Bldg., Furniture & Equipment		(20,575)
Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1971		<u>(712,581)</u>

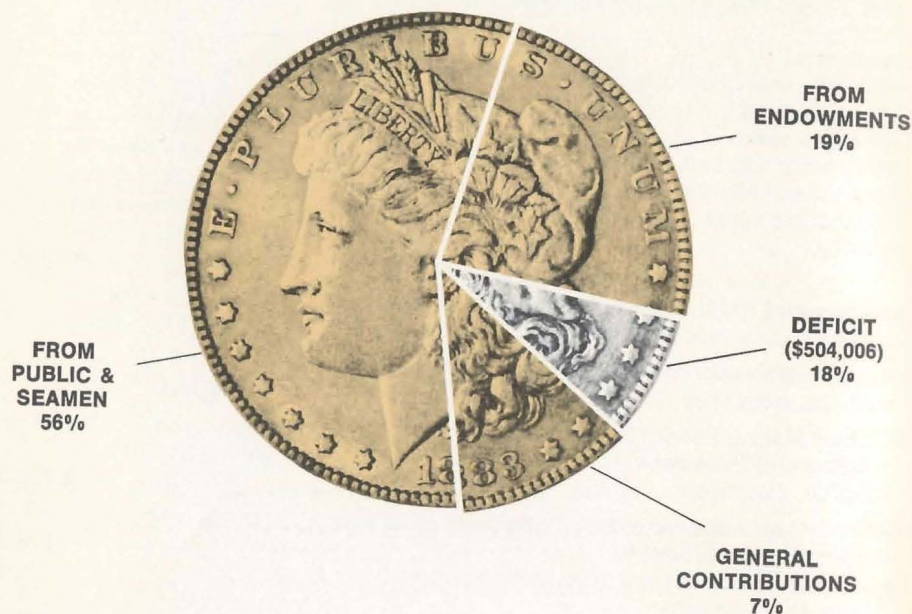
() Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expense for the year 1971 derived from the books and records is set forth above. Audited financial statements will be available at the Institute for inspection upon completion.

Respectfully,
 Henry C. B. Lindh, Treasurer

SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1971

OPERATING BUDGET \$2,758,317



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

Library
Game Room
Alcoholics Assistance
Ship Visitation
Religious Activities
Missing Seamen Bureau

Partially Subsidized

Baggage Room
Credit Bureau
Adult Education
The Lookout
International Seamen's Club
Mariners Int. Center,
Port Newark
Women's Council

Nominally Self-Supporting

Hotel
Food Services

SUMMARY OF SERVICES IN 1971

AT 15 STATE STREET	1,722	American and foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
	11,242	Seamen, representing 28 foreign nations, were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
	176	Services were held in the Chapel.
	28	Missing seamen were located.
	98,915	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
	3,173	Seamen and members of the community attended SCI School of Continuing Education (open groups - 2,900; tuition classes - 273)
	576	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School (Deck-239; Engine-126; Radar-211)
	42,849	Readers used the Conrad Library.
	146,526	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships.
	8,728	Pieces of luggage handled.
	683,315	Restaurant meals served.
	5,967	Information Desk contacts.
	1,170	People attended Sunday night films.
	4,212	People attended special events, exhibits, etc.
	19,094	Visits to the Physical Education facilities.
	10,069	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships. (8,071-N. Y.; Port Newark-1,998)
AT PORT NEWARK	4,000	Seamen used playing field; 108 official soccer matches were played.
	1,979	American and foreign ships were visited, including American and foreign tanker ships.
	16	Religious services were provided in the Center.
	50,000	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark.
	1,873	Men were taken to dances at Seamen's Church Institute, New York.
	32,827	Letters were mailed for seamen.

A Salute to Our Neighbors

Twelfth of a series of brief articles on some of the organizations and institutions established in Lower Manhattan very early in its history, all of them nearby to Seamen's Church Institute of New York.



With no inkling that the building would ever be other than his elegant private home, merchant Stephen DeLancey in 1719 had this structure built on property given him by his father-in-law, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, New York's third mayor.

The lot itself was once covered by the waters of New York Harbor, and Broad Street was a canal. Before DeLancey built, he had to get riparian rights along it. The canal was not at a right angle to the property, and the Broad Street building wall — also not at a right angle to the rest of the building — follows the line of that old waterway.

By the 1730's DeLancey had another homesite on Broadway, built a fine home where number 111 adjoins Trinity Churchyard, and began using this

prior home for offices and storage.

Subsequent use of the room was not well recorded until after Samuel Fraunces bought the premises on January 15, 1762. He was a man of two cities with interests in both New York and Philadelphia and who appeared in New York at age 33 with a catering business over at Bowling Green.

In April, 1763, he announced the opening of the Queen's Head Tavern, after Queen Charlotte, young wife of England's George III. Fraunces's hospitality attracted the patronage of his day's leaders and made this establishment the place for grand gatherings and gala entertainments.

Anti-British hostility started to flare up in 1770, and the "Queen's Head" ironically became the headquarters for British opposition, and as a

favorite meeting place it held increasingly more Revolutionary War councils.

Lead being a valued commodity for war materiel, the Long Room's window sash weights, along with those from the building's other windows, in July 1776, became part of the 100 tons gathered for use at Forts Montgomery and Clinton.

At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783 a great public dinner was given by the first governor, George Clinton, to honor General George Washington on the departure of British troops from New York (the city was a Tory stronghold during the hostilities). The dinner was held there.

That December 4, Washington again was in this building, this time to bid his officers farewell in a very solemn ceremony in this room. It is this event for which the premises have become best known, and each year hundreds of visitors retrace his footsteps here. The Long Room is preserved and maintained in the 1783 appearance that Washington knew.

Various writers estimate that some forty-four of our greatest military leaders were present, including Generals Green, Knox, Wayne, Steuben, McDougall, Schuyler, Lincoln, Gates, Putnam, Lee, Stark, Kosciusko, Moultrie, Hamilton and Colonels Humphreys and Cooke, Governor Clinton, Majors Fish and Burbeck, Charles Carroll, Lieutenant Burnett, and Colonel Tallmadge whose original diary, now owned by the Sons of the Revolution, contains the following very interesting account:

"Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and I hope may never be called upon to witness again. It was indeed too affecting to be of long continuance — for tears of deep sensibility filled every eye — and the heart seemed so full that it was ready to burst from its wonted abode.

"Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the interesting scene. The simple thought that we were then about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war, and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable.

"But the time of separation had come, and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room and passing through a corps of light infantry, who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently on to Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting.

"We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States.

"As soon as he was seated, the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream, our great and beloved General waved his hat, and bid us a silent adieu."

In post-Revolution years the old building continued to acquire historical credits, and from 1785 to 1788 the Long Room was one of the early homes of the State Department, then the Department of Foreign Affairs. (The War Department's first home was a smaller room upstairs on the third floor.)

The premises had rooming house and various other uses until 1904, when the building was purchased by its present owners, Sons of the Revolution. The history-oriented organization's efforts in restoring the landmark's olden appearance and collecting the artifacts on display have produced the museum building you see today.

Colonial Fraunces Tavern Museum's second floor Long Room recaptures the olden appearance of New York's foremost 1776-era meeting place where Gen. George Washington took



IN MEMORIAM

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York gratefully acknowledges bequests and memorials in its support left during 1971 in memory of the following persons:

Bequests

Dorothy L. Betts
Addie E. Bourne
Elizabeth L. Bruchhauser
Camelia I. H. Cerf
Sarah Foster Copeland
Alma S. Clark
Eleanor F. Crocker
Percy W. Darbyshire
Everita Edes
Mae V. Hawkes
Annette Howe
Max O. Jordan
Ethel J. Leighton
Helen M. MacDonald
Frances C. Olmstead
Alice V. Sainsbury
Marion F. Tieman
I. Matilda Wallace

Memorials

B. W. Arnold III
Captain Eugene E. Atkinson
Mortimer Bleiman
Captain Harold E. Blunt
James N. Carter
Earle J. Davis
Rear Adm. Edward R. Durgin
Emil Durholt
Jessie B. Fletcher
Captain Cornelius Garnier
Gretchen Green
Edward Guscynski
Peter D. G. Hamilton
Edward Johnson
Sam Kaufer
Chaplain H. H. Lippincott
Donald Ian MacMinn
Robert F. Newton, 2nd Officer
C. J. W. Ottolander
Adele C. Rogers
William Rich, Sr.
Thomas F. Smith
Harold P. Spaulding
John D. Wheeler

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