

DECEMBER 1979

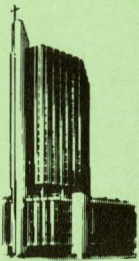
The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



The Program of the Institute



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



Mariners' International Center (SCI)
Ports Newark/
Elizabeth, N.J.

The LOOKOUT

Vol. 70 No. 7

December 1979

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

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US ISSN 0024-6425

Published bi-monthly with exception of May and December when monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. 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.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

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

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 60% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are

MARINERS AT SEA ON CHRISTMAS DAY NOT FORGOTTEN BY FRIENDS ASHORE

Although work on the Institute Christmas-At-Sea program goes on continuously, it is during the last three months of each year that the tempo really picks up. Starting with a Fall luncheon for volunteers and the official opening of the Christmas Room, the workroom is soon a beehive of activity as volunteers of all ages come to help.



Mary B. Rice, SCI Manager of Development, briefs volunteers at the Fall luncheon on progress and plans for the Institute.



Volunteers from Trinity Church, Patterson, New Jersey, help to wrap the thousands of individual packages which go into gift boxes.

Second mate, Jim Lorier schedules his time at sea so that he can be ashore and at the Institute from October through December to help with the heavy work (each carton of gift boxes weighs more than 40 lbs.); and every morning Sylvia Camp, director of volunteers and her assistant, Rae Keer are in early to set out on long tables all the ingredients for wrapping and packing. This year some 16,000 handknitted garments, 10,000 hand-signed Christmas Cards, 150,000 sheets of stationery, 80,000 envelopes and 10,000 each of ballpoint pens, sewing kits,

wallet cards and Christmas greetings in five languages will be largely paid for, prepared, wrapped and packed by individuals and groups of volunteers throughout the nation.

No wonder it takes hundreds of volunteers traveling in by foot, subway, bus, car and train to insure that these thousands of gift boxes for seafarers will be ready to be put aboard ships destined to be at sea on Christmas Day.

The logistics of distribution are handled by the Institute ship visitors who check



Mrs. William Monaghan and other volunteers form an "assembly line" to pack the individual boxes. Jim Lorier (in the background) then cartons the boxes for delivery to vessels in port.

sailing schedules, number of crew, etc. and then deliver the cartons of boxes for stowing aboard ship. In addition, special Christmas packages are made for the patients at the "Marine" Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island and seamen here at 15 State Street on Christmas Day also are not forgotten.

Not only are the gifts gratefully received by thousands of often very lonely seafarers on Christmas Day but as the accompanying pictures show "the gift is also in the giving."



A seaman, who is in on the secret, helps load the anonymous brown cartons aboard ship to await Christmas Day.



26 Girl Scouts plus 1 Brownie from Troop #2409 in Brooklyn, spend a Saturday in the Christmas Room lending their willing hands and good spirits to wrap up the Christmas at Sea packing season at the

A poem for the Love Boat dedication of the Jr. Church Children of the First Baptist Church of Corunna, Michigan who chose Christmas-at-Sea as their Mission project in 1978.

*The Love Boat is leaving, its sails
are unfurled.
It's about to take off for all parts
of the world.
It's loaded and ready, and off
to the Seas,
With all sorts of things for the
Seamen to please.
But it carries much more than in it
is displayed.
More than caps and scarves that our
ladies have made.
It carries the love and concern of
each one,
Who gave of themselves in the work
that was done.
It's loaded with prayers, and we hope
it will be,
A bit of Good Cheer for the "Men of
the Sea."*



P.S. - Our special thanks to the Reverend George Economou, Pastor of the Saint Demetrios Greek Orthodox Church U.S., Jersey City, N.J. who translated into Greek the Institute's holiday greeting to seafarers.

"WE NEED TO WORK TOGETHER"

Paul Chapman, SCID Director of Port Ministry

For several weeks rumors had circulated through the corridors and cafeteria of the Seamen's Church Institute that Pope John Paul II would make a major address at Battery Park located across from the Institute. Would he drive down State Street just outside our balcony? Is there any chance that he could visit our building? How do we find out? Who's in charge of the arrangements?

And then it was confirmed that on October 3, at 10:30 a.m., the papal procession would indeed pass our building after a ticker tape parade down Broadway. A large sign of greeting was prepared "Seafarers of the World Welcome Pope John Paul II." The Director announced that the cafeteria and restaurant would be closed in the morning so that all our staff could watch the passing parade of police, church dignitaries and the Pope; and participate in the Battery Park festivities if they wished.



How it rained that day of October 3! Behind the endless lines of black rain-coated police, the pilgrims and well wishers huddled under all shapes and colors of umbrellas. Yet, spirits were not dampened. "Pope buttons," Vatican flags, bumper stickers and all sorts of novelties where in evidence everywhere. And from every vantage point in the Seamen's Church Institute, people waited expectantly. Several T.V. channels and other members of the press had set up their equipment on our roof for filming the speech in the park. Telescopic lenses, wide



Driving rain does not dampen spirits of thousands awaiting papal procession along State Street.



Pope John Paul II greets his friends at the Seamen's Church Institute.



Photo by John Ellis

Photo taken from the Institute's 2nd floor balcony as his Holiness conveys his blessing. Accompanying him is Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of New York.

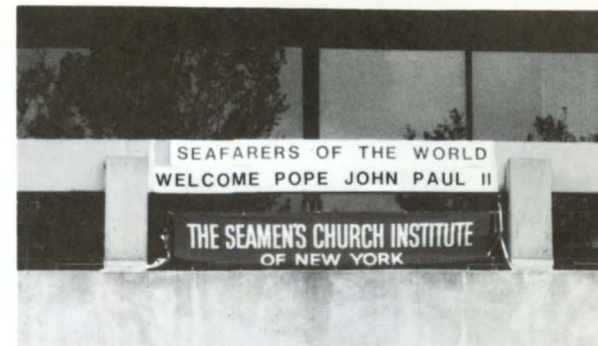
angle lenses, instant cameras, Brownie cameras were everywhere.

And then the procession itself — brigades of motorcycle police, plain clothes police, sergeants and lieutenants, it seemed that all the police of N.Y. C. motored by; followed by several press trucks.

Then suddenly John Paul II himself — so visible in his white clothing and bright red hat against the black of the limousine. His Eminence Cardinal Cooke held the umbrella, as the Pope's strong friendly gestures swept over the crowd. The pace of the procession was leisurely despite the weather. Acknowledging our sign of greeting, Pope John Paul II waved to the people who were leaning over the cafeteria balcony railing and made the sign of a blessing.

A kind of quiet exhilaration filled us all. Some stood silently after he had passed; others quickly moved to the large T.V. that was available for viewing the speech which was to follow. Some employees walked to the park to participate in the ceremony where SCI Director James R. Whittmore was among the honored guests.

Close up of Institute sign greeting the Pope.



His Holiness speaking to the thousands assembled in Battery Park (Photo taken from the roof of the Institute).



Pope John Paul II and Cardinal Cooke leaving Battery Park following his stirring address.

* * *

Later in the week, I had the privilege of representing SCI at a White House reception for Pope John Paul II. Thousands of people — church folk and politicians — had been invited in what was called the most popular reception the White House had ever known — the first papal visit to Washington — a symbol of a major shift in the American political attitude toward the Papacy. Carter was doing what Kennedy in his time could not possibly have done.

There were so many signs and gestures of good will. For example, when the wind kept blowing the Pope's cape into his face, President Carter put his hand on the Pope's back to hold it in place. And when the talks were over, and people called out for a personal blessing — Carter and the Pope conferred; then the Pope returned to the podium and smilingly said, "With the permission of the President of the U.S. the Pope now gives a blessing."

The joyful mood on a beautiful Fall day saw lots of people stretching their necks to see who else was there. There were many greetings and exchanges across religious and political barriers.



As the ecumenical officer of the S.C.I., I was especially happy to be able to talk about our cooperative work both with Archbishop Iakovas of the Greek Orthodox Church and with Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of N.Y. It was Cardinal Cooke who echoed our sentiments exactly. "It is such an important port, we need to work together."

It was good to hear those words; and to hope that the small steps thus taken by the Seamen's Church Institute towards ecumenical cooperation could lead to great strides in ecumenical unity. ■



Plum Duff

an obscure but delicious Nautical Holiday Dessert.

Adding variety to the traditional holiday dinner is always a challenge to the concerned cook, so by popular demand we reprint our 1973 Plum Duff story.

It seems that our director of food services was trying to solve this annual menu dilemma, when one of the old timers chanced into the cafeteria with the question "Why isn't Plum Duff served?"

Why? Why not. Seamen had devoured it by the barrels at the turn of the century and it was probably as well known as salt pork and hard-tack during the 1800's.

But where would one find the recipe. Although plum duff was known to be a dessert, it evidently had fallen out of favor with the advent of refrigeration for the merchant ship's galley.

First, all the cookbooks in the SCI

library were checked to no avail. Then the wealth of archaic cookbooks in the New York Public Library plus dictionaries of nautical terms were examined, but yielded no definitive results.

By accident, one of the Institute's employees (Mrs. Gladys MacDonald Kadish — now retired) heard that we were looking for a recipe for plum duff and came to the rescue. Her father had been a sea captain and she said that she "... remembered plum duff well because her father talked about it and that her mother made it for Christmas when he was at home. It was a standby; and plum duff was often the family choice for dessert after the big Christmas turkey or goose dinner." She was able to resurrect the recipe from the family cook book and the riddle was solved.

As to why the dessert is called plum "duff" no one is really sure. The word "duff" is of obscure origin. One story goes that an Irish cook found a dough-pudding recipe and whipped it up for his crew. Asked what he called it, he replied: "Duff — here it is in the book." "But that's dough," a seaman objected. "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, and t-o-u-g-h spells tuff, why doesn't d-o-u-g-h spell duff?" was the cook's silencer.

Seamen's slang gave plum duff still another name, according to a GLOSSARY OF SEA TERMS by Gershom Bradford —

"railroad duff," when the raisins are so few and far between that sailors say they find only one at each station!

Whether its called Irish "dough(f)" or railroad duff, this spicy pudding from the days of sail will be a welcome and delicious addition to the holiday table of the adventurous cook.

In case raisins are in short supply at your local grocer, we are also including a plum duff recipe sent to us by Miss Anne Frances Hodgkins. In that it uses prunes (dried plums) it might well be the definitive recipe. In either case, you'll have a real treat for the holidays.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD'S PLUM DUFF

- 1 lb. flour
- ½ cup suet, chopped fine
- ½ lb. brown sugar
- ¼ lb. large seeded raisins
- ¼ lb. currants

- 2 teaspoons mixed spices
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- Enough milk to mix

Add all dry ingredients, spices and baking soda to flour. Add milk to flour gradually and mix to a dropping consistency. Tie in cloth wrung out of hot water and allow room for expansion. Boil for 3 to 4 hours or in pressure cooker 35 minutes. Serve with hard sauce or rum sauce.

MISS HODGKIN'S PLUM DUFF (DARK)

Beat well

- 2 eggs

Blend in

- 1 cup of brown sugar
- ½ cup of shortening, melted
- 2 cups well-drained, cut-up pitted cooked prunes

Sift together and stir in

- 1 cup Gold Medal flour (sifted)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda

Pour into well-greased 1 qt. mold. Steam. Serve hot with cream sauce.

CREAM SAUCE

Beat 1 egg until foamy. Blend in ½ cup melted butter, 1-½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 1 cup of whipping cream, whipped stiff. Cool.

LAST MINUTE SHOPPING?

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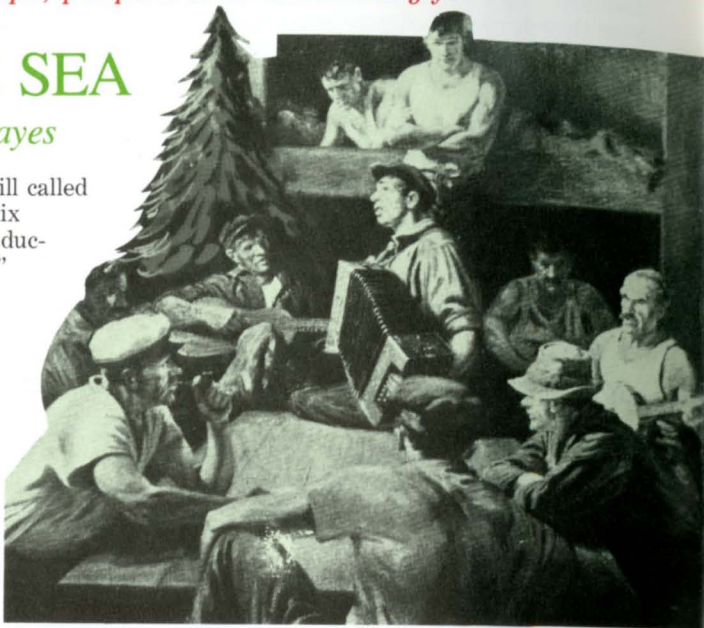
What better time of year than Christmas to reflect upon another of God's great gifts to us – the Sea. ... To contemplate the numerous ways it affects all our lives ... and then to consider what we must do to help the sea reclaim its purity; and, perhaps, purpose with which the gift was made.

ON THE SEA

by Mary Jane Hayes

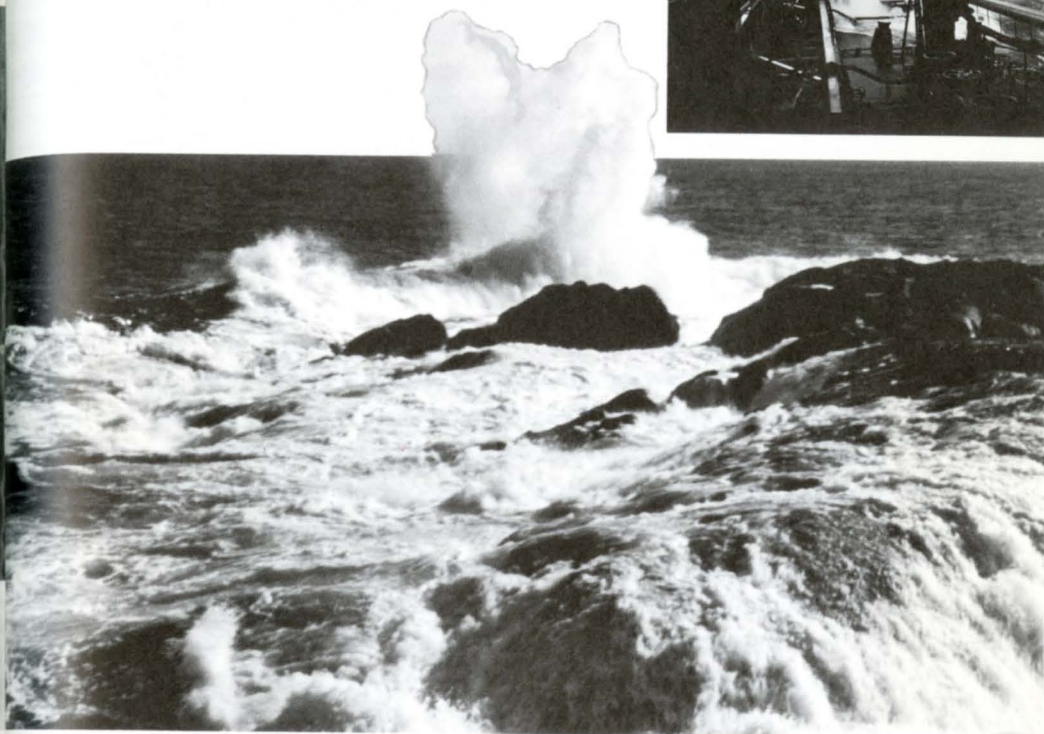
"Dat ole davel, sea," O'Neill called it in one of his plays. To Felix Riesenberg the sea was a seducer, a "careless, lying fellow," whose proper symbol was a sultan. Swinburne, on the other hand, thought of the sea as feminine, as "the great sweet mother." So did Shakespeare, who wrote of "bauble boats" sailing on her "patient breast." Likened by others to mountains, pastures, prairies — to Potters Fields — the sea has also been dismissed as a "melancholy waste." The poet Homer described the sea as "wine-dark;" other writers have portrayed it in every shade of grey, of green, of blue. Branded as "indifferent" by many, among them Joseph Conrad, who wrote that he had "known the sea too long to believe in its respect for decency," the sea has likewise been deemed ageless and eternal. "Who can say of a particular sea,," mused Thomas Hardy, "that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour."

The sea has attracted as well as repulsed. "There is nothing so desperately monotonous," growled James Russell Lowell. An English writer held that the sea was at its best at London, near midnight, when one was seated in an easy chair before a glowing fire. Columbus, by contrast, enjoyed "long stretches of pure delight such as only a seaman may know,"



according to S.E. Morrison, his biographer, and himself an impassioned man of the salt. Who can measure the pleasure experienced by the myriads of landlocked folk who flock to the water every summer, or explain the force that has drawn them there? So subtle is the relation between the tides of the ocean and the life of man, it is said that along the east coast of England it was believed that most deaths occurred at ebb tide. The sea has inspired Coleridge, Kipling, Melville; it has figured in the canvases of Winslow Homer, in Debussy's "La Mer."

For me, the sea is an element with which I experience a vital relationship. There are times when I hate it. The sea can be tedious, uncomfortable, frightening. I have loathed its sometimes abominable motion, and blanched before its ruthlessness. I have come off it with an eye famished for variety. The sea has chilled



me to my marrow, and helped to all but roast my flesh. It has drugged me to stupefaction. The ocean thus endured has also been relished. Some mornings — some passages — are literally divine, and on them one can comprehend the origin of the adjective "heavenly." The sea has nourished patience in me, courage, self-control. It has introduced me to topographies so exotic I have felt like Sinbad. I have beat on the sea, I have reached, I have run; I have known the glory of a keel's "plowing air." The sea has limbered my body and restored my soul.

Of all my feelings for the sea, the one that runs the deepest is concern. Concern

that we not despoil its beauty with our debris or pollute its purity with our wastes. Cousteau and Heyerdahl encountered such damage in mid-ocean; I have seen it for myself in Boston Harbor. Gazing there, last summer, at waters fouled to the color of axle grease, I was shamed and sorrowed and made acutely aware that the sea — "the rough, rude sea" — the vast and furious ocean "wherein the whale swims minnow-small" — is, at bottom, like the earth and like the air, at our mercy.

At the very least, let us acquit ourselves with an enlightened self-interest.

A Christmas Message

*You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea
itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the
heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive
yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more
than so, because men are in it who are every one sole
heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and
delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in
sceptres, you never enjoy the world.*

*Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the
stars are your jewels; till you are intimately acquainted
with that shady nothing out of which the world was
made: till you love men so as to desire their happiness,
with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you
delight in God for being good to all: you never
enjoy the world.*

- Thomas Traherene, 1637-1674



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