

the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



76

MAY 1976

The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church Institute
15 State Street, N.Y.C.

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.

More than 2,300 ships with over

96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark annually, 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, 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.



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

Although 62% 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 LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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a mystery voyage?...on a freighter?

(part II of two parts)

In part one, we joined Mr. and Mrs. Seaman and their ten fellow passengers (plus an assortment of cargo) for a round trip cruise by freighter from New York to South America. When we left them they had just completed a day's outing on the beaches of Puerto Cabello, Venezuela.

Having reached South America, our ports of call were more frequent, and, of course, more stimulating. Wherever we docked, we'd encounter other freighters. Acquaintance with passengers from other ships is easy as there is a certain camaraderie engendered by the freighter ambiance. Immediately, mutual invitations to visit were issued. These were accepted mostly in a spirit of comparison, not laudatory. The attitude, unexpressed, but implicit in each tour seemed to be, "My ship is stronger than *your* ship. We can fight anybody on this dock."

On our return, our own little coterie of shipmates would become quite chauvinistic.

"You know that Norwegian ship may have wood panelling in their lounge, but *we* have a washing machine and a dryer."

"That other ship we visited may have a juke box, but *we* have a refrigerator."

"We have bathtubs!"

"We have a hair dryer!"

"I wouldn't swim in their kind of dinky swimming pool if you gave it to me!"

"Who wants smorgasbord for breakfast anyhow." Thinking how we started our days with ham, bacon, sausages, omelets, hot muffins, crisp scones, fresh pineapple

and papaya, we nodded smugly.

"Our ship!"

Panama is the only place in the world where you can swim in the Atlantic Ocean and in the Pacific Ocean on the same day. And a few of the more intrepid passengers did. Panama also is the only country that has a waterway running from the Atlantic to the Pacific. About this, we did nothing.

Most of us had been up all night personally guiding the ship through the locks. It was a theatrical enterprise with its brilliantly illuminated props, its rising and falling water bearing the huge ship up and up and up in its mechanical bosom.

During two days and two nights in Panama City we were ordinary, stereotyped tourists with shopping and city tours and luncheon at the Hilton. A bracing interlude.

Shopping in the duty-free zone at Cristobal enabled us to bring back all the perfume and liquor and souvenirs without which any tourist would feel deprived. But shopping in some of the ports unaccustomed to tourists was somewhat different.

In Guayaquil, the docks swarm with

by Sylvia Seaman



vendors of ponchos, scarfs, wooden masks and huge bows and arrows and other indescribable articles that look exotic in the native market but arouse something other than enthusiasm at home. The bargaining here is just as spirited as elsewhere but with an added factor. If a poncho (and of excellent quality, too) is offered for four dollars, you may offer three plus four pieces of soap filched from the ship. If you have a few books of matches, you can reduce the price still further.

The steward stood near the gangplank laughing and teasing us about our four or five pieces of criminally stolen soap. The stewardess, for some unfathomable reason, more nearly resembled Queen Victoria in her lack of amusement. For a pair of old shoes and a worn white shirt, you can have the vendor's whole outfit. The members of the crew and the officers who had been there before came well prepared. The Salvation Army in the States is deprived of several bundles of old clothes as each ship heads for Ecuador.

That it is a poor country is manifested by the men and women in canoes and rowboats who rush out, not to sell souvenirs as in the Caribbean, but to pick up debris from the freighters. They collect boards and plywood used to stow cargo; gathered for the building of shacks to live in.

There is no organized tour for a visit to the bridge. The captain extended a blanket invitation to come at any time, indi-

vidually or in groups. Since, by this time, the officers and several members of the crew had emerged as distinct personalities, the visits were extremely cordial and unhurried.

Bill and I spent an entertaining and casual hour learning about radar and other devices of navigation. We became very knowledgeable about echo sounding gear, direction finders and gyro compasses. It was a whole semester's course. Naturally, I don't remember a word of it, but it was very informative, and for a while I had a showy nautical vocabulary.

A visit to the radio room, was like a journey to a huge psychedelic pinball machine with lights flashing, dots and dashes sounding off, various sizes of illuminated dials, and lots of friendly explanations.



The navigator and radio man were so hospitable and unhurried, we suspected they must be bored stiff with their jobs between hurricanes and collisions and fires.

Our nautical knowledge grew daily. We learned that departure time, in the ports, must be posted on the blackboard eight hours in advance. This enabled you to plan your sightseeing. From the blackboard, if you were energetic enough to go and read it, you could also learn what day of the week it was.

A group of us made a tour of the boiler room. The men covered the bewilderment on their faces with an expression of deep understanding. All three floors of massive, throbbing machinery were painstakingly outlined, analyzed; dissected by the first mate. (The explanations, I believe, were in English.) Now, without at-

tending maritime school for three years, I know just how to run the ship. It was a surprise to discover that the initials S.S. before the name of the ship are still operative. Robert Fulton is right in there still inventing the steamship.

All the water used on the ship, about 30,000 tons a day, is distilled right in the boiler room. Starboard is right and port is left. But you have to know in which direction the ship is going. And if you forget the nautical terms, it doesn't matter because the crew, without pomposity, refer to the decks as left and right, anyhow.

A huge pole with all sorts of cable attachments for hauling up freight is called a boom. When they lower the boom it's for the purpose of dropping the cargo into the hold. No temperamental exhibit is involved.

All the passengers, with empathetic stress and strain, got a locomotive off the ship at Balboa. A *lightweight* locomotive weighs 56 tons. Now where else could you pick up a bit of information like that?



When we, at the rail, finally hauled our General Motors generator on to the wharf, every muscle straining, our viscera curling in turmoil, there was a collective sigh of relief so huge it raised the ship above the waterline. Our ship was the only one on that shipping line that had booms strong enough for 120 tons. Our personal pride swelled our waists. Or was it the abundant meals with choices of three entrees and the privilege, occasionally used, of ordering all three?

From Panama to Callao, Peru, we looked forward to four days of glorious lethargy. No locomotives to haul, no containers to maneuver with cranes and booms, no pilots to take on, no ropes to unwind from the capstans, no tugboats to supervise. Just a happy period of sedation. Another delectable delay was rumored. Something about a possible strike of stevedores. Hurray!

One of the passengers, a young boy of

16, travelling home with his mother, a U.N. delegate, entertained us evenings with his guitar. When one of the older officers took over the guitar, playing old-time favorites from Rodgers and Hart through Cole Porter, and back to Romberg and Lehar, we mingled voices in nostalgia. Each of us showed his chronological or musical age by the timing of drop-out.



At the usual party for equator-crossing ceremonies, we expressed our surprise at the weather. "This is the coldest equator I ever saw," shivered the passengers in their double sweaters.

The captain explained that the same latitude elsewhere, across Brazil, for instance, would be swelteringly hot. We were being refrigerated by a nasty thing called the Humbolt Current. Only Ecuador could boast about its subversive qualities, as it drifts off, anti-socially somewhere in the Pacific. As we approached Lima, we felt enlivened, our bloodstream quickened and we looked into our capacious closets for metropolitan clothes. The city is perennially warm and pulsating with urban and historical attractions. In two days and two nights we were able to cast off our yoke of inactivity, to shop, to dine in celebrated restaurants, to amass more unneeded ponchos and other expensive bargains.

Our ship, after this frantic spree, was a haven of indolence. Again there was a deck chair surrounded by time and space, a chance to sort out and explore one's feelings; or to contemplate and ponder the vast intricacies of the universe.

Having been on other cruises, on luxury passenger ships, I began to wonder how there had been *time* for dancing, horseracing, swimming, organized entertainment and six meals a day.

The only thing on this ship that put us on our mettle, was the cargo. At Balboa, we loaded forty tons of frozen shrimp.

Now, I'll have a personal relationship to every shrimp cocktail I'll ever eat.

Because of a pilot strike at the Panama Canal, we were anchored, with hundreds of other ships from all over the world, for five days. While we rocked, futilely, with no launch to release us to land, we had no Johnny Mathis or Rodney Dangerfield to entertain us. But several passengers donned dungarees and checked shirts and went fishing from the lower deck. The fresh fish, although nameless and unidentified, was delicious broiled in aluminum foil and served on tables on the upper deck for dining variation.



In the daytime, the vast array of ships outside the Pacific entrance to the canal looked like a conquering armada proudly sailing into port from a distant shore. With our binoculars we could discern their far-flung origins.

At night, each ship was fully ablaze with lights as far as the eye could see, in any direction. It was a brilliant, breathtaking sight, the ocean luminously dotted, a sight that may not have occurred at any previous time; and after the pilots' dispute is settled, may never happen again. It was such a magnificent spectacle that no one seemed in a hurry to end it. Three meals a day continued undiminished and untarnished. Even if the captain hadn't palliated us with a cocktail party and barbecued steak on deck, we rejoiced in the delay.

In the distance, Balboa and Panama City were bursting with light, an overpowering effulgence lighting up a sky frantic with stars. Each ship with its strange, eerie lights was a minor encapsulated entity with its passengers, crews, and facilities for living. We saw each other but couldn't communicate. Our own little microcosm was pulled in tighter and tighter by the drawstring of isolation. A hundred painted ships upon a tainted ocean (pollution).

One night a small pleasure boat skimmed along like a gold thread in the dark water. Guitars and singing filled the vibrant night.

During all this swaying and rocking we developed a banana anxiety. When would our green bananas in the hold start to ripen, to spoil, to be unfit for sale? Every single one of those millions of bananas became our personal, proprietary concern.

"At what point," we asked the captain, "do we abandon the wait and sail for San Francisco?"

"We'd have to dump them at a loss," he explained, "so we wait one more day."

Finally, after five days, the news came through. The strike was settled, we'd have a pilot at two P.M. All personal matters, family, children, jobs, national affairs became subordinate. Our bananas were saved!

We didn't resent our status; it was way below that of the shrimp and the bananas. Nobody bothered to figure out at what point we'd ripen, rot, and could be dumped.

"We're about as important around here as a bunch of vice-presidents."

We took on the pilot, unwound some ropes, attached lines from two tugboats, blew a devastating whistle, and were off into the fascinating mechanism of canal locks. The Captain and crew may have helped a bit, but we weren't aware of it. Everything was done with our visceral reaction.

Regardless of your habitual attitude towards work as a redeeming agent or pleasure as its just reward, you find yourself affirming leisure as a birthright, really a new and modern concept. No shuffleboard or ping pong if you are disinclined, no card game or shortwave radio unless you really yearn for it. Never have I done less with more enjoyment. Call it meditation if you wish, or a philosophical interlude. Call it anything, but leave the hours to their own haphazard development.

We ended the trip with a cornucopia of fact and mystery, fantasy and myth, but especially a mystique of memories.

the other side of the coin



Traveller's Prayer

After reading "The Ten Commandments for Going Ashore" in our February-March issue, Mr. L. Townsend Toussaint sent us the following "Traveller's Prayer." A friend gave it to him several years ago just before Mr. Toussaint was leaving for an extended South Seas — Far East cruise. At the risk of seeming sacrilegious we print it, just because it's so amusing and depicts the other side of the traveller's coin so well.

"Heavenly Father, look down on us, your humble, obedient tourist servants, who are doomed to travel this earth, taking photographs, mailing postcards, buying souvenirs and walking around in drip-dry underwear.

"We beseech you to see that our plane is not hijacked, our luggage is not lost and our overweight baggage goes unnoticed.

"Protect us from surly and unscrupulous taxi drivers, avaricious porters and unlicensed English-speaking guides.

"Give us this day divine guidance in the selection of our hotels, that we may find our reservations honored, our rooms made up, and hot water running from the faucets (if that is at all possible).

"We pray that the telephones work, and that the operators speak our tongue, and that there is no mail waiting from our children which would force us to cancel the rest of the trip.

"Lead us to good, inexpensive restaurants where the food is superb, the waiters friendly, and the wine included in the price of the meal.

"Give us wisdom to tip correctly in currencies we do not understand. Forgive us for undertipping out of ignorance and overtipping out of fear. Make the natives love us for what we are and not for what we can contribute to their worldly goods.

"Grant us the strength to visit the museums, the cathedrals, the palaces and the castles listed as 'musts' in the guidebooks. And if perchance we skip an historic monument to take a nap after lunch, have mercy on us, for our flesh is weak."

This part of the prayer is for husbands:

"Oh Lord, keep our wives from shopping sprees and protect them from 'bargains' they don't need or can't afford. Lead them not into temptation for they know not what they do."

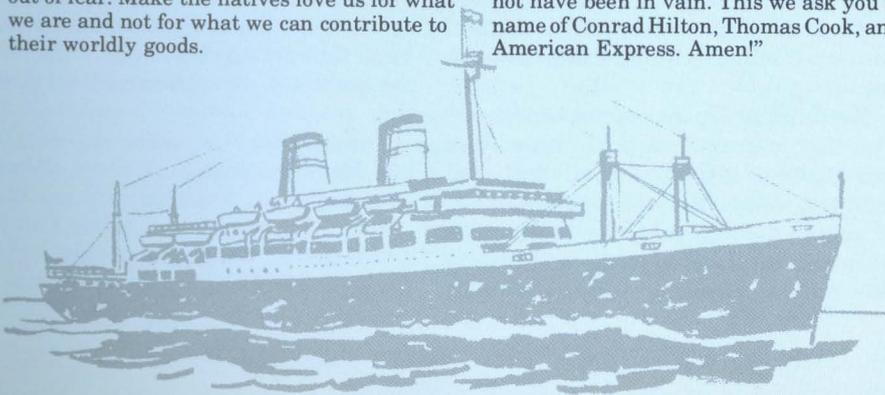
This part of the prayer is for wives:

"Almighty Father, keep our husbands from looking at foreign women and comparing them to us.

"Save them from making fools of themselves in cafes and night clubs. Above all, please do not forgive them their trespasses for they know exactly what they do."

Together:

"And when our voyage is over, and we return to our loved ones, grant us the favor of finding someone who will look at our home movies and listen to our stories, so our lives as tourists will not have been in vain. This we ask you in the name of Conrad Hilton, Thomas Cook, and the American Express. Amen!"



Some thoughts on Memorial Day and heros ... both known and unsung



Once again on May 30, this nation will pause to honor those men and women of the armed forces who died in the defense of this country. Over the brief 200 years of our history, few families have gone untouched by the personal tragedies of war; some to the point of great sacrifice. Therefore, we hope that particularly in this Bicentennial year, each of us will take time to give thoughtful recognition to those servicemen (especially those of our own families) who gave their lives for us.

We think it also appropriate on Memorial Day to give thought to those other unsung heros of this great country — the men and women who through their lives of simple dignity, integrity and service have also contributed to the real fiber of this nation. These are the individuals

whose lives and good works are usually known only to their family, friends and perhaps community; but, without whose deeds, would be the nation's loss.

Here at the Institute, we feel doubly blessed for we daily see these very men and women just described. We witness the pride in occupation shown by those we serve, the merchant seamen, and we also see the pride of service as expressed by our contributors and volunteers. We *know* that unsung heros exist today as in the past and we welcome their association.

That is why some years ago, we started our Memorial Program. Here we were able to provide a means to honor those

men and women whose lives bore merit in the eyes of their family, friends and associates.

Sometimes an individual memorial gift is made "in lieu of flowers" by a friend or family member. At other times memorial contributions are received as a result of the family's designating the Institute as the charity of its choice.

In either case, a personal letter acknowledging the gift and its donor is sent to the family of the deceased by the director, and the donor also receives an acknowledgement from the Institute.

The name of the person honored is then entered in our Memorial Book which is maintained in our library as part of the Institute's permanent archives. In addition, the names of persons so honored during a given year is published in the

Institute's Annual report.

The memorial gifts themselves, are retained in the Institute's Endowment Fund whose earnings contribute toward meeting the Institute's cost of services to seamen.

Thus it is that the names of many estimable men and women can be honored. Through such a memorial program their good works can continue; and they, too, will have a fitting memorial day...because someone cared.

Memorial Gifts or inquiries regarding gifts may be sent to Dr. John M. Mulligan, Director, SCI, 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004. All gifts are tax-deductible and all inquiries will receive prompt attention.

Friends of SCI sponsor highly successful Mini-Landbridging Seminar

"Mini-landbridging: Its Pros; Cons and Effect on the Economy" was the controversial and timely topic of a highly successful one day seminar held at the Institute this past March 24.

Sponsored by the Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. the seminar drew more than 150 people from throughout the United States and featured a distinguished group of panelists including:

L.J. Dean

Manager, Intermodal Development —
Penn Central Transportation Co.

James J. Dickman

President, New York Shipping
Association

Harvey Flitter

Vice President, Pricing — Seatrain
Lines, Inc. (Container Division)

W.B. Jackson

Manager, Export Transportation
Division — Transportation and
Distribution Department —
E.I. Dupont de Nemours

A.W. Jacocks

Director of Transportation —
Virginia Port Authority

James R. Kelly

Director, Ameri-port Delaware River
Port Authority

E.F. McCormick

Assistant Vice President,
Lykes Brothers Steamship Co., Inc.

Anthony Scotto

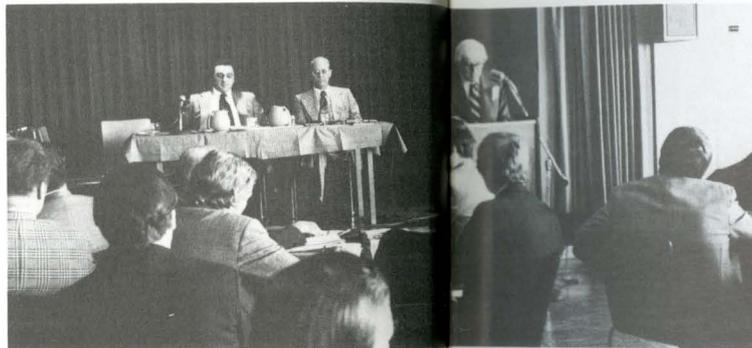
International Vice President,
International Longshoremen's
Association

Melvin E. Town

Assistant Manager, Norfolk and
Western Railway Company

Warren Wytzka

Manager, Liner Services —
International Distribution
Department — Union Carbide
Corporation.



The panel was ably moderated by **George F. Avery**, Director of International Central Service — Stauffer Chemical Company and was re-capped and summarized at the end of the day by David Howard, Editor of American Shipper magazine.

The noon reception and luncheon featured brief remarks by **George H. Hearn**, former Vice-Chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission and now Administrator for the Maritime Administration of the Sultanate of Oman; **Geoffrey Rogers**, Director - Atlantic Region — Federal Maritime Administration; **Dr. John M. Mulligan**, SCI Director; and **Richard F. Pollard**, Senior Vice President - Chase Manhattan Bank and a member of SCI's Board of Managers and Chairman of the Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute.



**George F. Avery of Stauffer Chemical Co. (atlectern)
moderates afternoon session.**

**Geoffrey Rogers, Director,
Atlantic Region —
Federal Maritime Commission
makes brief remarks to
seminar participants and other
luncheon guests.**



The Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. is an organization of outstanding business executives in the maritime industry and related fields who not only support the Institute but who, throughout the year, hold meetings and seminars of particular interest to those engaged in the area of international transportation and trade.

**James R. Kelly, Director,
Ameri-port —
Delaware River Port Authority
speaks at morning session of
the mini-landbridging seminar.**

MINT QUALITY NYC MARITIME PHOTOS AVAILABLE

We have recently been advised by Miss Janet Lehr of 45 East 85th Street, N.Y.C. that a collection of mint condition, late 19th century New York City maritime photographs are available through her.

The collection of almost 300 pieces covers the period 1858-1900 and includes docks, ships and the building of the Brooklyn Bridge.

We are pleased to inform our readers of this material as a collection of this quality rarely becomes available. Inquiries regarding the photographs may be made by calling Miss Lehr at (212) 288-6234. We would note that it is important for future resource to keep the collection intact.



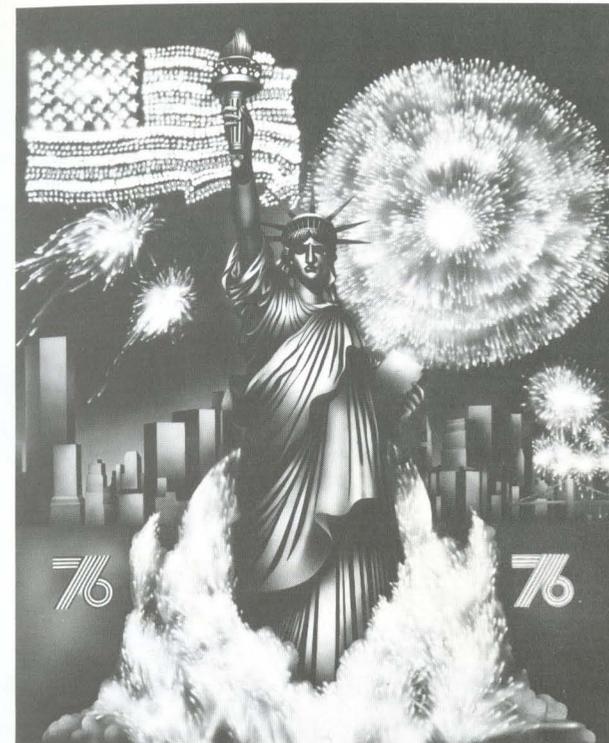
Fiddles and fifes ... and awards were all part of the recent Mayor's Conference on July 4th in Old New York. The news-filled briefing and festive luncheon were held at historic Fraunces Tavern in Lower Manhattan to designate the forthcoming festival as New York City's official July 4th event.

E. Virgil Conway, Chairman of the July 4th In Old New York Committee presented awards to representatives of three specific groups which have given particular support to this year's festival.

Pictured left to right, they are Mr. John Heyman, Director of the New York Foundation; The Reverend John M. Mulligan, D.D., Director of SCI; Mr. E. Virgil Conway; and Mr. Edward Finklestein, President of Macy's.

The Institute was cited for being a founding member and active participant in the July 4th In Old New York Festival and, this year, for providing office space and general services support to the festival director, The Reverend Richard R. Kirk and his staff.

Mr. Conway is Chairman and President of the Seamen's Bank for Savings and also a member of SCI's Board of Managers.



About our cover ...

Our cover this month features the exciting and dynamic art selected for this year's July 4th In Old New York poster.

Rich in deep luminous blues, silver whites and red, the poster is printed offset litho in full color on 80# stock, and measures 37" high by 24" wide including the bottom caption which reads July 4th In Old New York.

Modestly priced, the poster is a most appropriate souvenir of our nation's 200th Anniversary and is also an excellent decoration for office, home or vacation house. In addition, it will be a collector's item by 1977.

Inquiries regarding poster orders may be made by calling the July 4th Committee at (212) 269-2710 or by writing the Committee at 15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

Colonial Cookery



As part of the Bicentennial year we will be printing a number of Colonial recipes in each of the remaining '76 issues.

The recipes have been researched and tested by the "historical" cook, Betty Groff, and we hope that they will be a source of both good dining and conversation at your table.

Let's start with a recipe that's good for you and for the lawn!



Dandelion Wilted Salad

"Do you remember going with Mother to dig dandelion plants? Dandelion salad is one of the most delicate green salads ever brought to mind. Only use the dandelion stalk until the blooms appear, - after that, the greens are a bit more bitter."

Greens* for 6 to 8 people	3 tablespoons granulated sugar
½ lb. bacon	2 eggs, slightly beaten
4 hard-boiled eggs	⅓ cup cider vinegar
2 tablespoons corn starch	2 cups milk
1½ teaspoons salt	4 tablespoons bacon drippings

**any salad green is suitable*

Wash and tear the greens as you would for any garden salad. Fry bacon until crisp. Remove bacon and drain on paper towels, saving the bacon fat for the dressing.

Boil the 4 eggs for 15 minutes and place under cold running water so that by the time the dressing is finished, the eggs will be cool and ready to peel.

To make the dressing, mix together the dry ingredients, add slightly beaten eggs and vinegar and blend well.

Stir in milk and bacon drippings.

Bring to a boil, stirring constantly with wooden spoon or whip. Boil one minute. Remove from heat and fold in half of the bacon (which has been broken into bits) and cool slightly. Pour hot dressing over salad and garnish with sliced, hard-boiled eggs and remaining bacon.

Serves 6 to 8.



And here's a year round favorite.

Indian Slapjacks

One quart of milk, one pint of indian meal, four eggs, four spoons of flour, a little salt, beat together, bake on griddle, fry in a dry pan, or bake in a pan which has been rubbed with suet, lard or butter.

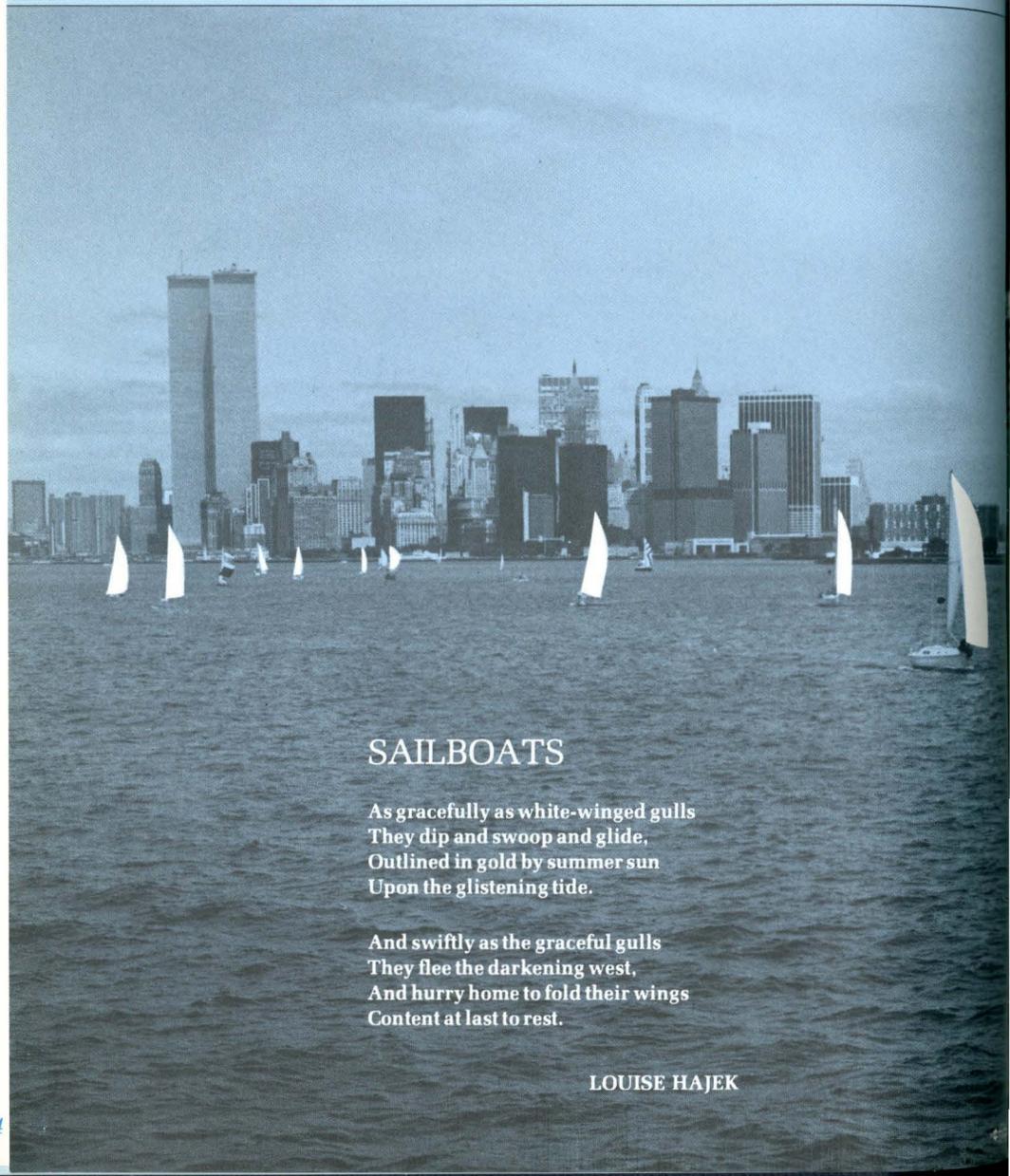
1 Egg, well beaten
1 Cup Milk
½ Cup Yellow Cornmeal
½ Cup Flour
½ Teaspoon Salt
Shortening

Combine the egg and milk; stir into combined cornmeal, flour, and salt. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls onto a hot, greased griddle. Cook until the edges are done. Turn. Cook on the other side. Makes eighteen 4-inch Slapjacks.

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

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID
AT NEW YORK, N. Y.



SAILBOATS

As gracefully as white-winged gulls
They dip and swoop and glide,
Outlined in gold by summer sun
Upon the glistening tide.

And swiftly as the graceful gulls
They flee the darkening west,
And hurry home to fold their wings
Content at last to rest.

LOUISE HAJEK