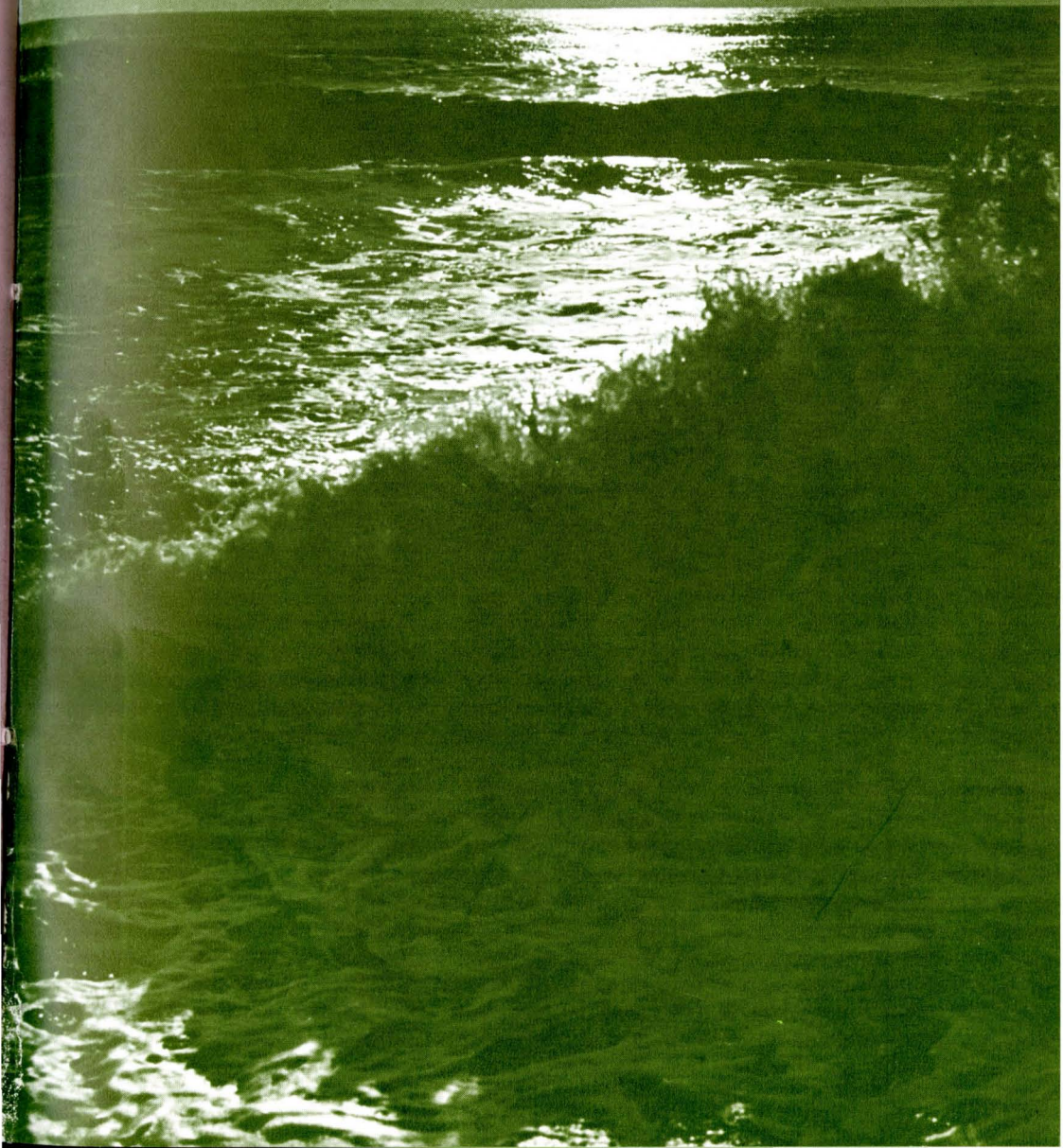




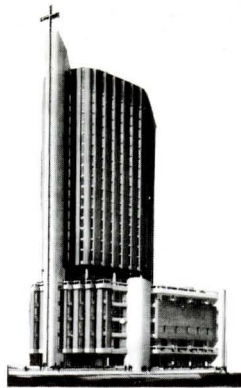
# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

JULY - AUGUST 1977



## 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.

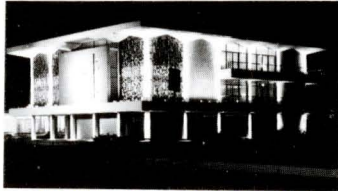
More than 350,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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

90,000 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 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 tax-deductible.

### the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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# Twenty Seven Flags

by  
The Rev. George R. Dawson  
Chaplain/Manager  
Mariners International Center

Colorful flags of twenty-seven nations trim the main hall of SCI's Mariners International Center, Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., thanks to the enterprising work of Bill Henry, a ship visitor on the staff of the Institute's New Jersey branch. This eye-catching array greets each seaman who ascends the steps to the great hall.

Wanting to make each man welcome in a special way, Bill undertook a systematic campaign to induce shipmasters calling in Port Newark/Elizabeth to donate flags to the Center. His twenty-seven flags represent the most frequently visiting nationalities in the port.

The great hall is an open, two-story room with a balcony around three sides. The flags hang from the balcony. The hall accommodates a slop chest ("store" to landsmen), postal facilities, a station for currency exchange and American Express money orders, a television alcove, overseas and local telephones, two lounges, a library, a pool table, ping-pong tables, a piano, and a movie area. Off the

main hall are the Mariners Chapel and several offices. The spacious main floor of the hall is also used for dances and special receptions, etc.

As a ship visitor, Bill Henry brings a sensitivity to men's needs aboard each vessel. Fond of ships from his youth, and having sailed aboard the *Concordia Star* as a crewman, he understands their problems. He encounters everything from a need for a new set of false teeth to requests for church services aboard ship. Bill asks each captain if any ship's personnel are hospitalized, so our chaplains can visit them. "Imagine how it would be," he says, "if you were in a strange land, with a strange language, stuck in a hospital, while your ship sailed without you."

Five days a week, Bill climbs gangways with books and magazines for his seagoing friends. Thousands of these books and magazines have been donated by churches and individuals all over New Jersey. From October to Christmas, he can be found putting the Women's Coun-

Ship visitor Bill Henry calls on vessel in port to "check in" and deliver magazines.



cil's Christmas boxes aboard ships that will be at sea on Christmas Day. Then, before leaving, he'll be sure to fix a time for the men to be picked up at their ship to come to the Center in one of the Institute's minibusses.

Three days a week, Bill covers his territory ... from the containerships at Sealand Terminal in Port Elizabeth through all the tanker ports, south, to Perth Amboy. Fast turnaround times make many of the seamen on these ships unable to come ashore at all. Bill finds a warm welcome. The remaining two days in the week, he helps the staff visit ships in the Port Newark/Elizabeth complex.

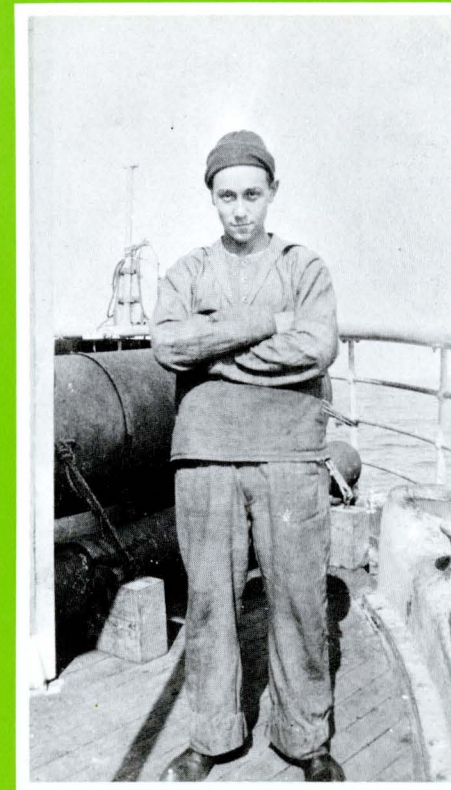
Bill's talents as a photographer have also come to the aid of the Institute. His beautiful shots of every conceivable kind of vessel in Port Newark and all activities at the Center give us a first rate slide show on *Shipping and Service* which is available for presentation in churches, service clubs, an other interested groups.

Evening finds Bill Henry driving one of our fifteen-passenger minibusses made possible by a grant from the Florence and

John Schumann Foundation of Montclair, N.J. Once on the piers he gives a "nautical salute," three long blasts of the minibus horn, at each pre-appointed ship. This brings an eager response from seamen, often running down the gangway, ready for an evening at Mariners International Center.

Driving done, Bill helps seamen with overseas phone calls from special booths built by the Chaplain/Manager and the Assistant Manager, Mr. Basile Tzanakis. The line of seafarers in front of Bill's phone desk is often ten deep. The reunions of these men with their families and friends by phone, make many evenings especially rewarding for Bill.

Then, it's back to the minibus as each ship is announced for departure. When Bill gets his last seaman safely back aboard, his smile discloses the knowledge that the concern and assistance the Center staff, plus the twenty-seven flags in the great hall, have helped make each man feel that the Mariners International Center is truly his "home away from home."



The author as a young gob in dungarees.

## I had to go down to the sea.

by Sidney Moritz

When I was about 12 years old, I became interested in two books, *War What For* and *The Horror of It*. They condemned war powerfully and impressed me deeply. I became a staunch pacifist, determined never to support war. Then with the outbreak of World War I, and the subsequent entry of the U.S. into that conflict, I was faced with a problem. How was I to remain steadfast to my deep convictions of non-violence and yet serve my country.

I decided to enter the U.S. Merchant Marine. The training ship *U.S.S. Meade*, formerly the beautiful liner, *City of Berlin*, was moored in the East Boston U.S. Merchant Marine Training Station. This vessel had the distinction of being the first liner with interior electric lighting installed in 1879. I was assigned to this

old timer as an apprentice seaman in the steward's department.

Shore leave was limited. A pass was required not only for shore leave, but also for admission to the yard adjacent to the dock where the *Meade* was moored. We boys in the steward's department had to carry the garbage from the galley in huge pails to the garbage dump in the yard. We called this operation "taking Rosie for a walk." It was an excellent technique for skipping ship for a brief respite. The fully-loaded pail was heavy. Two boys would take it out. Invariably one of the boys would not return to the ship too promptly.

Our shipmates came from all walks of life. One night as I left my bunk for the john in pajamas, a shipmate stopped, looked at me in surprise and asked, "Say,

what's that you've got on?"

At the end of six weeks, I was assigned to the *S.S. Mexico* of the Ward Line. She was a passenger/cargo, coal-burning vessel of 9,000 tons, plying between New York, Mexican and Cuban ports. We were a motley crew — Britishers, Irishmen, Cubans, Spaniards and Americans.

I slept in the ship's "glory hole" equipped with 25 bunks. I had always wanted to go to sea. Now as a dishwasher in the steward's department, my dream was being fulfilled. I enjoyed watching the "lonely sea and the sky" and the porpoises dashing in and out of the water at the bow of the ship.

Shortly after I had appeared for the first time in the steward's department, I met a fellow crew member, a friendly Englishman. He called me into the pantry, and led me to a huge refrigerator door. He called to my attention a huge supply of oranges. "Sidney," he said, "this is where the oranges are kept. Whenever you feel like having one, just help yourself if no one is around. I always keep a supply for myself in my locker. But on the last trip, one of those bloody inspectors stole all my oranges."

I'll never forget the day I was operating the huge electric dishwasher in the galley with a young Cuban shipmate. The



Aboard the *S.S. Mexico*

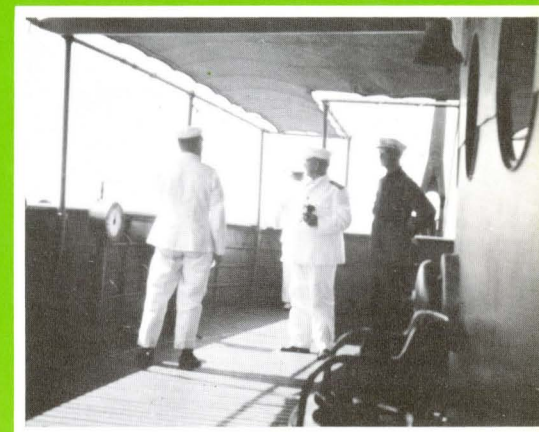
motor began to spark. To my horror, he took a bucket of water, and was about to throw it on the sparking motor. I stopped him just in time. He was dumbfounded because I had interfered with his attempt to put out the sparks.

Not all the men in my department believed in gracious living. I was now a waiter. The passengers were about to enter the dining room. I had my eyes on one of the waiters as he took up a knife, moistened the blade with his tongue, wiped it dry, and replaced it on the table. Another nearby waiter had also been watching. He landed on this fellow, reproaching him vigorously for this uncouth act. A barrage of profanity poured forth from the guilty party. Most emphatically he declared, "I do what I like. I can clean it on my ... if I want."

I well remember the last day of my first trip aboard the *Mexico* as we were arriving in New York. At meal times I had been stationed at the entrance to the passenger's dining room, holding a small glass filled with tooth picks. These I offered the passengers as they were leaving

the dining room. It was after breakfast. A gentleman came out. I extended my hand, holding in it the glass filled with tooth picks. He handed me a coin, the first tip I had ever received.

Jimmy Morgan, an aged seaman, was the "captain's man" — his valet. Jim took a liking to me when I boarded the *Mexico* and did what he could to look after me. He warned me of the dangers I might encounter on shore leave in Havana at night time. Jim said I should steer clear of Havana's red light district. One day while at sea, homeward bound for New York, he approached me with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. I have always had a



Ships' officers *S.S. Mexico*

great dislike for the taste of that drink. He handed me the bottle. I turned down his offer as tactfully as I could. My refusal outraged him. I assured him that it was not based on moral grounds, but only because I could not stand its taste, but he never forgave me.

The messroom was also the crew's lounge. Here were expounded views on life, and on other topics. One of the men had his own idea of what is needed. Most important, he said, is the elimination of poverty and social injustice. His theory was based on the premise that the social good of all should be society's objective. He was challenged, and accused of preaching socialism. In his unschooled way, he explained his philosophy; and he ended by saying, "If that's socialism, and maybe it is, that's the way it should be." As for myself ...

At first I *had* to go down to the sea. Now I wish I could heed its call to me. But since my wish just *now* can't come true.

My happy memories will just have to do.



Young Sidney in Havana



# NATIONAL MARITIME DAY

## 1977



National Maritime Day is always a day of real importance in the Greater Port of New York - New Jersey.

It is a day filled with speeches, color guards and marching bands. It is also a day of quieter, more reflective moments ... such as the day's opening ecumenical service held at the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour for Seamen. Here the Most Reverend James P. Mahoney, D.D., V.G. — Auxiliary Bishop of New York and the Reverend James R. Whittemore — SCI Director officiated at a memorial service during which representatives of government, labor and management presented a wreath in memory of the merchant seamen who died or lost their lives during the past year.

Participating in this tribute were

(above photo - left to right) Admiral John M. Will, USN, President (Retired), American Export Lines; Vice Admiral William F. Rea, III, U.S. Coast Guard — Commander, Atlantic Area; Mr. Mel Barisic, Secretary-Treasurer National Maritime Union of America; Bishop Mahoney; Father Whittemore; Mr. George McCartney, New York Headquarters Representative — Seafarers International Union; Mr. James P. McAllister, Chairman of the Board — McAllister Brothers, Inc. and the Reverend Miller M. Cragon, Jr. — SCI Director of Special Services for Seamen.

The following is a brief reflection on Maritime Day '77 as prepared by the Reverend Miller M. Cragon, Jr., for the day's service.

\*\*\*

"We gather in this seafarers' chapel on this Maritime Day to honor those men and women of the sea who have died during the past year and to dedicate a wreath of flowers in their memory. Many of them had retired and were taken in the fullness of their years, but too many died while on duty at sea and as a result of accidents or terrible disasters brought on by man and nature.

We would call them all by name, but not all their names are known to us. Those who knew them and loved them grieve for them personally. We can only remember them in this general way and as a group.

The bonds that link one man to another on a ship are those of mutual responsibility and personal concern. Seafaring is a corporate enterprise and each man must be his brother's keeper, whether he is at sea or ashore.

And so today, though we commemorate the deceased, we pledge ourselves to the living. We honor the past, but we also assume responsibility for the future. We recall those who have died and will sail no more, but we determine to work continually for the well being of those who continue in this occupation. The man, the ship and the sea are the constants of our industry and the maritime way of life; and we take the occasion of this Maritime Day to renew our dedication to the principle of safety and competence for the vessels and for those who serve aboard them."



## Friends of SCI



### Annual Membership Program Launched

Mr. Allen E. Schumacher, Friends of SCI 1977 Membership Chairman

Since its informal beginning two years ago, the Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute has become an increasingly important advocate and source of support for the Institute.

Under the distinguished leadership of its general chairman, Mr. James A. Farrell, Jr., Chairman — Farrell Lines, Inc., the Friends membership already includes many of the leading firms and executives in the maritime industry and immediately related fields.

In an effort to fully cover the industry and gain additional Institute support in 1977, Mr. Farrell obtained the support of Mr. Allen E. Schumacher, Chairman — American Hull Insurance Syndicate, as this year's membership chairman.

Mr. Schumacher, in turn, has organized a task force of prominent executives to effect the Spring '77 Membership Program.

Mr. John T. Gilbride, Chairman — Todd Shipyards Corporation, has accepted the Chairmanship of the Maritime Support Services Division, and Mr. Jesse C. Jessen, Import-Export Manager — E.I.

duPont de Nemours & Co., heads the Shippers and Associations Division.

Mr. Niels W. Johnsen, Chairman — Central Gulf Lines has accepted the Chairmanship of the Operating Division, and Mr. Kenneth H. Volk, Partner — Burlingham, Underwood and Lord chairs the Finance and Legal Division.

In April, the four Division Chairmen met with more than 20 other executives who have accepted membership committee positions to review membership proceedings; and mailings from all divisions are now in progress.

Under the able direction of Mr. Schumacher, their concerted efforts as evidenced by initial returns to the mailings are most encouraging, and new memberships arrive daily.

The Institute is also pleased that a number of seamen are members, and that others have elected to support our in-house fund raising efforts.

LATEST REPORT: As of press time, it is reported that 110 new memberships have been received; and phone reports indicate that there are more to come.

### Editor's Note:

This is the seventh of 16 articles in the series "Oceans: Our Continuing Frontier." Here, Willard Bascom, oceanographer, archaeologist, and director of the Southern California Coastal Water Research Project, examines some popular sea legends in the light of modern science. These articles, which explore the whole range of human involvement with the sea, were written for COURSES BY NEWSPAPER, a program developed by University Extension, University of California, San Diego, and funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Through special permission, we are offering this course to our readers in monthly installments.

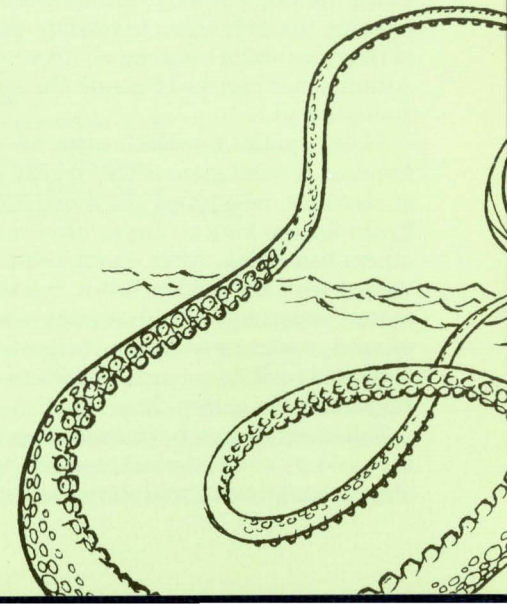
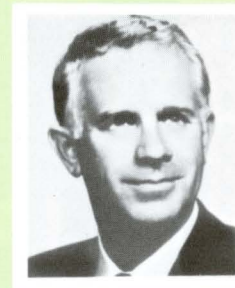
The views expressed in this series are those of the authors only and do not necessarily reflect those of the University of California, the National Endowment for the Humanities or this publication.

## OCEANS: OUR CONTINUING FRONTIER Lecture 7.

# SCIENCE AND ANCIENT SEA STORIES by Willard Bascom

### About the Author:

WILLARD BASCOM, director of the Southern California Coastal Water Research Project in El Segundo, which is studying the effects of waste disposal in the ocean. A mining engineer, he was associated with the University of California, Berkeley, studying waves and beaches, and with Scripps Institution of Oceanography, participating in several Pacific expeditions. He joined the staff of the National Advisory Committee, eventually becoming director of the Mohole project to drill through the earth's crust. His account of that project appears in "Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." Other books include "Deep Water," "Ancient Ships," "Great Sea Poetry" and "Waves and Beaches." He also successfully prospected for diamonds under the sea and recovered Spanish treasure from the old galleon.





Man has been paddling, rowing, and sailing small ships on lonely seas for at least 6,000 years.

The sailors of the ancient world were probably quite a lot like those who served before the mast in recent times. They liked girls, wine, and running before the wind. They worried about sudden storms, pirates, and landing on unfriendly shores.

Once ashore, with girls and wine well in hand, they told sea stories. Long before Rome was built, common sailors talked of crossing the wide ocean beyond the gates of Hercules and of the great civilization of Atlantis that perished beneath the sea in a single night.

They spoke nonchalantly of the hundred-handed giant of the Aegean and of Hercules, who killed the nine-headed hydra for the king of Tiryns after many others had failed. After Jason's ship returned with the golden fleece, his shipmates must have told stories about winged women, wandering rocks at sea that would collide to crush a ship between them, and the golden fleece itself.

Tall tales? Ah yes, but modern nautical archaeology and historical research have shown that all those wild stories are true!

### LOST ATLANTIS

The legend of Atlantis, an ancient island with a very advanced civilization that was wiped out by a great natural disaster, was told to the Greek Solon by Egyptian priests in 590 B.C. It was recorded more than 200 years later by Plato, his descendant. In that time the name, size location, and date of "Atlantis" became badly garbled.

### JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Jason was a Greek adventurer who sailed the *Argo* north into the Black Sea around 1200 B.C. in search of gold. Somehow he had heard about the placer gold mines in the rivers at the eastern end of the Black Sea.

In a placer, small particles of free gold

From the Egyptian point of view, however, the description of Atlantis that survives fits the Minoan empire very well. In those days Crete and the Aegean Islands were rich and well-governed. Their cities were the only ones in the ancient world without walls, because their land was defended by the world's first navy.

Life was very good for the Minoans until 1470 B.C., when a great volcano on the island of Thera exploded violently, leaving a huge, water-filled crater where the heart of the kingdom had been. The explosion produced a tidal wave that raced outward in all directions, destroying ships and inundating lands around the sea.

With its leaders gone, the navy in wreckage, and the croplands covered by volcanic ash, the Minoan empire was soon overrun by barbarians.

The Egyptians believed, with some logic, that a great empire had disappeared beneath the sea in a single night. Only in recent years have scientists been able to confirm this famous legend and properly locate Atlantis at Thera.

To understand other legends, we must appreciate the way the ancients thought. Before we are too hard on the old Greek storytellers, we should consider what a civilization of 2,000 years from now will think about such words as "skyscrapers" and "whirlybirds."

The first raider-trader ships were open boats with a single mast and square sail something like the Viking ships of 2,500 years later. When there was no wind (or a battle was about to ensue), they were rowed by 50 men and so became known as hundred-handed giants.



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are mixed with the sand and gravel of the river bed. The gold is usually extracted by shoveling the material into a sluice or trough with running water and a rough-textured bottom. In ancient times a sheep's fleece was used.

The water carries the sand away, but



Line illustrations from: Mythical Beasts Coloring Book by F. Johnson ... Dover Publications, Inc.

the much heavier gold sinks into the rough fleece and stays there. When you remove the fleece, you've got the gold!

Winged women were a little harder to explain, until archaeologists discovered that the winged sphinx originated in the Hittite empire along the south shore of the Black Sea. Probably the sailors told of these strange statues when they returned home.

What about the wandering rocks of the myth? After Jason got enough of the fleece and skipped with the king in hot pursuit, he could not return the way he had come. So he sailed north and into the dead-end Sea of Azov, which contained

large, dirty icebergs from the Don River.

The Greeks, who had never before seen large chunks of ice, were understandably terrified that their light boat would be smashed between these "wandering rocks." In fact, their boat was so light they were able to drag it overland, across the base of the Crimean peninsula and continue on home.

#### HERCULES AND THE HYDRA

In 1965, I became involved in a United Nations project to examine fresh water springs beneath the sea off Lebanon that might be tapped to get water for the nearby coastal dwellers. Although ample

rain falls on the high interior hills, it sinks into the ground and flows down through layers of limestone until it emerges under the sea. When Alexander the Great's ships were besieging Tyre, the sailors could bail up drinking water from the "boils" of these springs.

These springs reminded me of Hercules and the Hydra. According to legend, when one head of the Hydra was cut off, two others would appear. Hercules killed each of the eight small heads with fire and then placed a great rock over the central head to finally conquer the monster.

The Hydra, perhaps, was a group of nine springs on shore that constantly washed away a coastal road.

When the men the King sent to fix it threw stones in a mouth, the water would spurt out on each side (two heads for one). But clever Hercules used fire to slake lime and make cement, with which he systematically plugged each opening until all the spring flowed out one central "head." Then he used one huge slab of stone to bridge that flow and make the king's road usable!

#### ANCIENT LINKS TO AMERICA

Like the ancient Greeks, we have our own legends. For example, Columbus was not the first European to cross the Atlantic nor the first to think the world was round. However, he deserves credit for opening a new continent for European expansion.

We do not know who the first outsiders were to reach America or when they came, but there is considerable evidence that the Atlantic was often crossed in ancient times.

For example, thousands of small clay heads have been found in Central America, so carefully sculptured there is no doubt they represent specific people. Of those dated before the Christian era, many are decidedly Semitic (Phoenician?), Oriental (Japanese?) or Negroid, with detailed tribal scars (West African?). Few resemble native Indians.



In Brazil a commemorative stone was found in 1872 that seems to record the wreck of a Canaanite ship there in the reign of Hiram III (553-533 B.C.). A Roman statue head was found by archaeologists "in situ" in a Mexican pyramid, and Jewish coins of the second century A.D. have been found in Kentucky and Tennessee (in 1823, 1932, and 1952).

When the first Europeans reached the west coast of the U.S. they found Japanese, whose fishing boats had drifted across the Pacific, living with the Indians.

In recent years enough adventurers have crossed the Atlantic in rubber boats, outrigger canoes, rowboats, and even six-foot sailboats to prove that nearly any kind of boat can make it. Clearly a great many did.

**NEXT ISSUE:** Don E. Kash, Professor of Political Science and Director of the Science and Public Policy Program at the University of Oklahoma, analyzes the prospects for exploiting the "Mineral Resources of the Ocean."



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## FLOOD TIDE, EBB TIDE

Up on the sand when the tide is high,  
My son and I in the sunshine lie,  
Watching the water-fowl dive in the spray  
Or shiny seals chasing each other in play  
Big waves will rush up to catch us, and then  
Run back for a new start and try it again.  
Sometimes a fairy's white arm beckons me ...  
(Son says it's the spray, but I know what I see!)

Out on the rocks when the tide is low,  
My brothers and I in the sunshine go  
Watching the queer little crabs that dwell  
Half in, half out of a queer little shell;  
Or hunting for stars that fall from the sky  
Into the sea on the rocks where they lie;  
Or flowers that close if you give them a poke  
(Some say they're all fish, but of course  
that's a joke!)

- Nonee Nolan