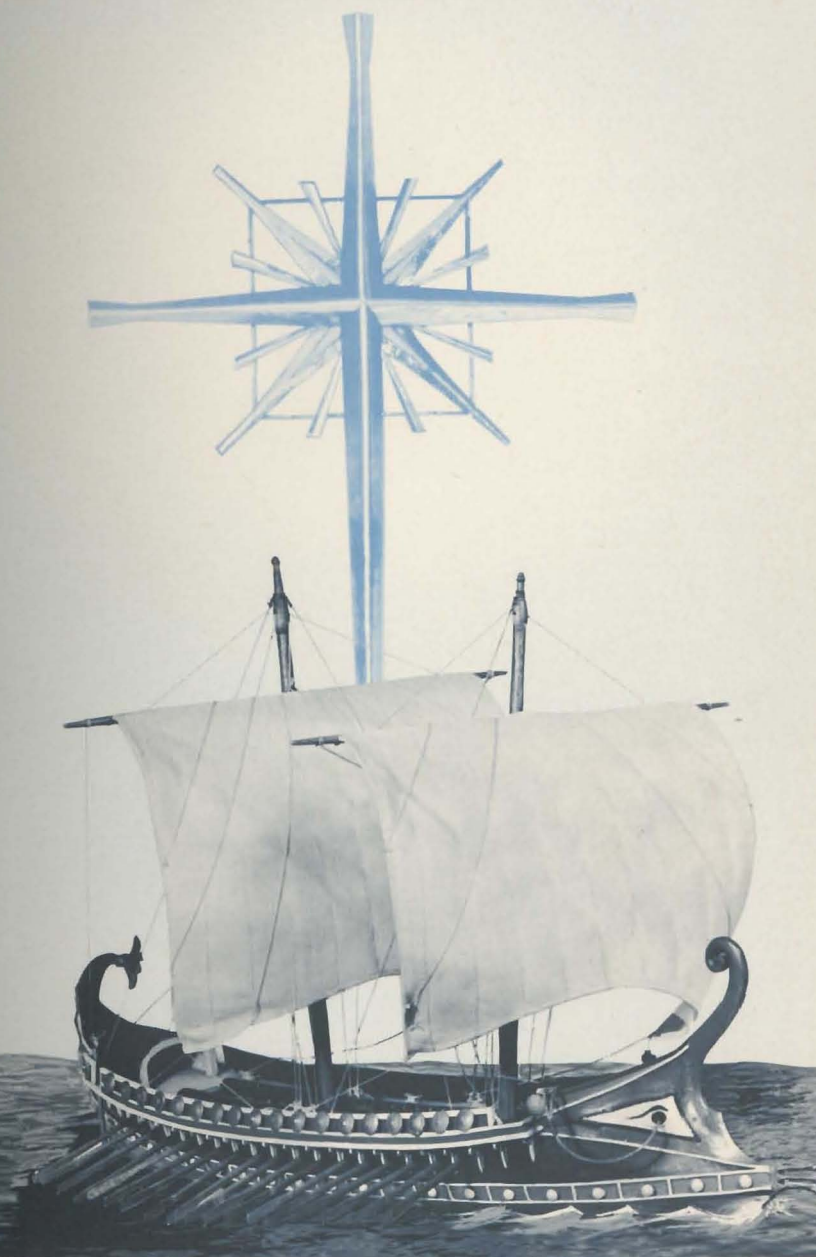




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1969





## WIDOW'S SON

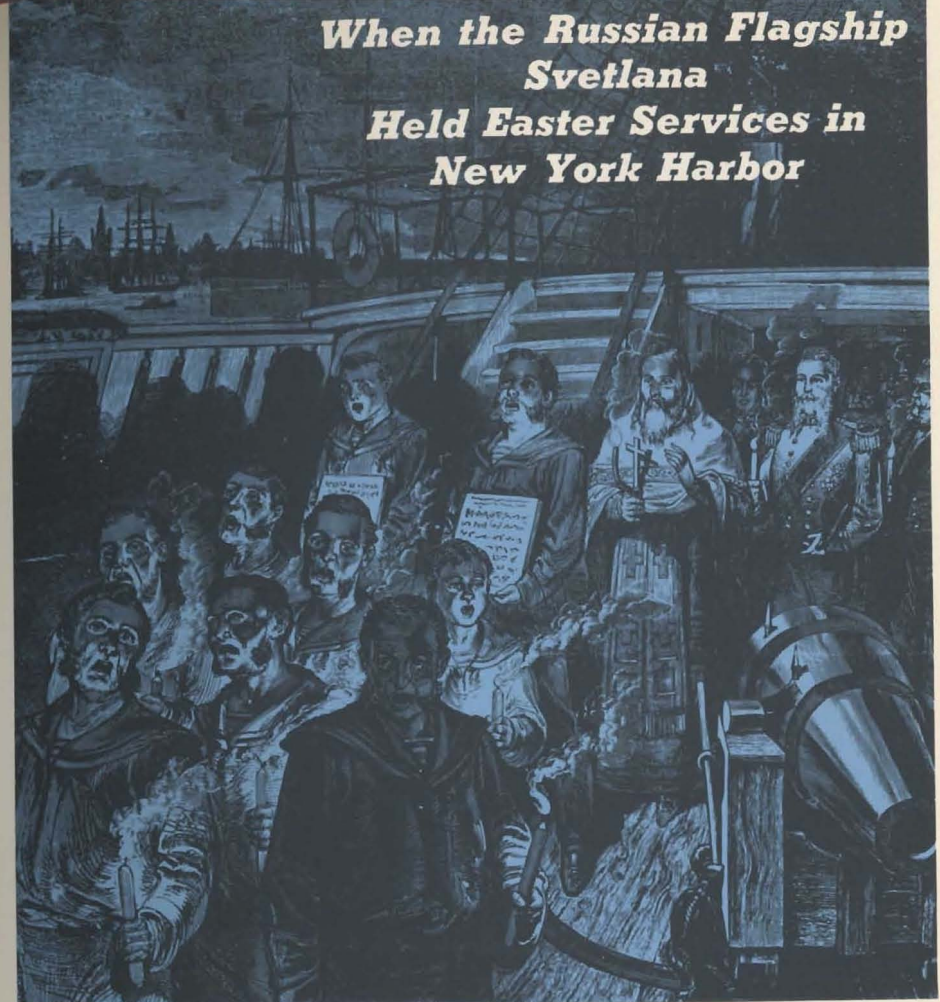
by E. W. Harper

At the 'Widow's Son' inn in Bow, London, a curious custom still prevails. The story goes that many years ago the widow who owned the inn had a sailor son. When he went to sea he promised to return at Easter, so his mother kept a Hot Cross Bun for him. He never came back but each year, in his memory, she added a bun to those already kept.

Today, each Easter, a Hot Cross Bun is added to a collection hanging from the ceiling. In fact, a clause in the lease insists on the old custom being maintained.

The sailor son was lost at sea but the buns symbolize the hope in the hearts of those ashore, when their menfolk sail away.

## When the Russian Flagship Svetlana Held Easter Services in New York Harbor



### the LOOKOUT

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The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.

Director

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Editor

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**COVER:** The cross appearing as part of the design for this month's cover of *The Lookout* is mounted on a wall of the narthex of the SCI chapel. It was formerly suspended in front of the famous seascape painting by Gordon Grant in the sanctuary of the South Street building chapel.

The Rev. Richard Bauer of SCI, chaplain-in-residence at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Stapleton, S. I., designed the Christian symbol which was constructed in Switzerland of brass.

A commercial art illustrator for five years prior to entering the Christian ministry, the chaplain said of the cross design, "The theme of this cross is that of a star, one that guides a mariner through the night and from which he can take his sightings; the cross as a star is to remind us of Christ's example of his self-giving love, also of his Easter resurrection as a guiding point of our lives."

The Roman galley (from the Institute's model ship collection) was typical of the vessels plying the Mediterranean during Christ's time on earth.

Photography by the Editor

The following account appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of May 5, 1877:

"On Monday, April 9, a very impressive, and, to Americans, a very novel Easter Service was performed on the Russian flagship *Svetlana*, now at New York.

"The chapel was erected in the 'battery'—that portion of the gun-deck just forward of the cabin of Admiral Boutakof. Within the sanctuary was the altar, upon which was a picture of Christ in the tomb. This was richly draped with scarlet velvet.

"Behind the altar was a picture of the Almighty sitting upon a throne.

There was also another table, upon which the materials needed by the priest throughout the service were deposited. Before the picture of God stood a large lighted candle about three feet high; before the pictures of Christ and the Virgin swung candle-holders filled with one large taper in the center and several smaller ones in a circle above it.

"In front of the sanctuary was a richly embossed picture of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of all seafaring men, having its candle-holder, filled with lighted tapers, before it. All the naval officers wore their full uniforms—epaulets, swords and cocked hats,



and the badges of the different Russian and other national orders conferred upon them by their Emperor and the other crowned heads of Europe.

"The civil officers present wore also the full uniform of their various positions, which were very rich and handsome. They also had badges of all their orders. The uniform of the officers was of dark-green, and the collars and cuffs were richly embroidered in gold.

"At the beating of the drum the assembly gathered before the sanctuary, and each person was presented with a lighted taper. The priest, Father Pahone, came forth from the sanctuary and marched forward upon the gun-deck up the ladder to the quarter-deck, across the starboard side, back to one of the rear ladders, and then to the sanctuary again. This procession typified a search for the body of Christ.

"The ordinary mass of the Russian Church was celebrated, with the exception that on this occasion the priest took the communion with the doors of the sanctuary open, while usually he is inside with the doors closed.

"During the Mass the Liturgy goes on, prayers are said, the Gospel read, the choir chants the confession of faith and the Lord's Prayer. The host is placed upon the altar, and then brought forth by the priest and elevated before the assemblage. The priest frequently bowed and prostrated himself at full length before the pictures, and kissed the picture of Christ.

"At the conclusion of the service the priest held up the cross, and thrice said: 'Christ is risen', the congregation responding each time: 'He is in truth risen'. Then the Admiral advanced, kissed first the cross, and afterwards the priest, three times. The Grand Dukes followed, doing likewise, and then the other officers.

"After the Admiral and Grand Dukes had gone through the ceremony, the officers kissed them as they had before kissed the priest. The kissing was accompanied by hand-shakings and by

the salute, 'Christ is risen!' with the response as given before. The sailors likewise kissed and saluted the Admiral, the Grand Duke Alexis and the executive officer.

"Upon the gun-deck, tables had been prepared, with Easter eggs, meat, bread, and an Easter dish made of the curds of milk with raisins. Above and about were drapings of flags.

"The priest blessed this feast by sprinkling it with holy water. The Grand Duke Alexis then ate some of the food, and wished his crew a good feast-day, after which the sailors broke the three days' fast, and began to demolish the feast spread before them.


"The officers then repaired to the Admiral's cabin, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for them. The feasting lasted until a late hour in the morning."



Oldest Russian Orthodox Chapel still standing in the United States and located in Fort Ross State Historic Park on California Highway 1 about 13 miles north of Jenner. It was built in 1812 by the Russian-American Company. Memorial services are held in the chapel each July 4th to commemorate the Russian-Americans who have died in defense of the United States.

# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

WASHINGTON, D. C., APR 15 1920 643465

TREASURY  
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Treasurer of the United States 15-51

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The inclosed checks, No. 643465 to No. \_\_\_\_\_, to be delivered to the payee, settle the pay roll for personal services of officers or employees at your station during the month of March, 19 20, aggregating \$1.00, on account of the UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.

Medical Officer in Charge,  
U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.  
U. S. Marine Hospital, #21  
Stapleton, N. Y.

This stub, to be returned with checks in window envelope, must be completely filled in at station omitting check number. The full post-office address to which checks should be sent must be written plainly in the framed space hereon, typewriting preferred. Whenever practicable the addressee should be designated as "Medical Officer in Charge, U. S. Public Health Service," otherwise title and name of officer will be used.

Fifty years ago this March, the then-director of the Institute, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., was appointed titular chaplain for both the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, and the Marine Hospital for Seamen at Ellis Island, both governmental facilities.

The appointment was made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The "pay" from the government for the work was at the rate of one dollar per year.

This SCI chaplaincy has been main-

tained without interruption since. The present chaplain-in-residence at the Staten Island facility is the Rev. Richard Bauer, an Episcopal minister, who has served at this post for almost four-teen years.

Chaplain Bauer sees about 600 patients a week, spending the most time with the seriously handicapped and the terminal patients. He calls on all Protestants in the hospital but is always prepared to offer solace and help to those of any denomination.





Visitors to the SCI chapel are struck by the exquisite beauty of the unique font and baptistry carved in the form of a ship's capstan surmounted by a shell and bathed in sunlight colored by the adjacent stained glass windows. The white marble piece was presented to the First Floating Church of Our Saviour by St. Mark's in the Bowerie (New York).



Groups of persons from the marine industry have been visiting the Institute at intervals during the late winter — at the invitation of director Dr. John M. Mulligan — to inspect its facilities and resources. A portion of one such group is shown as it looked over the International Club. Others enjoyed the sail ship model exhibit in the auditorium, guided by Dr. Mulligan (left).



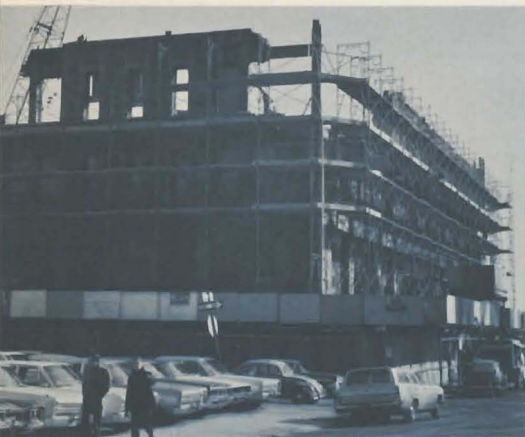
In the afternoon when the Institute's International Club opens up, throngs of seamen line up at the snack bar for, perhaps, a sandwich, coffee, a soft drink . . . and to yarn among themselves.

As the dock strike subsided and ships' crews were recalled to man vessels in New York harbor, seamen checked their baggage into the Institute's baggage room.



Winter has gone and spring is not far behind, so maybe the time has come to pack away the long-johns. Seamen find coin-operated do-it-yourself laundromat in basement of Institute building a useful service.





The old SCI South Street building has now been razed. Photos show progressive stages in its demolition. A gargantuan office building will occupy not only the former site of the Institute but the sites of other smaller buildings once situated in the block. The last photo (looking northeasterly from the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip) shows basement wreckage of old South Street building and workmen clearing remaining debris from the general area.



## THE EARLY DREAM

by Sanford Sternlicht



In the magnificent *Moby Dick*, "meditation and water," said Herman Melville, "are wedded forever." Like Melville, most seamen come to feel there is a certain music in the sea. Sometimes in the evening, to those who love her, it winds its way across the still waters. At sea . . . when the sunset is not merely an annoying reflection on the windshield of a car racing homeward in the after-work traffic, the fierce fireball falling into the far away deep may be accompanied by a flute beyond a low-lying cloud, a drum of thunder from somewhere over the horizon and, perhaps, a great Hallelujah of birds. Then all is peaceful.

Something calls the Ishmaels of the earth, in their youth, down the winding rivers to the very lips of the sea. They seek, as if in some primal dream, a long-closed womb. For there are memories in the sea. The timeless rhythm of the waves lingers with us always.

Poets from Homer to John Masefield have made the sea the panoramic background for their commentary on human life and in it each ship is a little world making a guided journey across a universal sea.

I came to the sea as a young ensign with a sensitivity for impressions and a desire to write.

The first aspect of life at sea that seems different from life ashore is the immediacy and significance of natural

phenomena. The winds, the clouds, the storms, dawn and dusk, and:

### SUNRISE AT SEA

The first light creeps across the blanket deep,  
A glowing candle held by a shaking hand.  
It steals into the chamber of night  
And dusts the stars beneath the distant land.  
Then bolder, parts the curtain of the clouds  
And bids the sea birds sing their melody;  
For now the royal eye of Morning peeps  
With caution from the covers of the sea.  
(Copyright 1960—The Christian Science Monitor)

Then the ancient routines, the diurnal recurrences, begin to make their impression. The watches come and go and come again, adding structure and purpose to life on the mysterious void. I wrote my impressions of the seven watches as their ever repetitious events caused a rhythmic response within me. They seemed to shadow a man's life. Whereas the midwatch was a short passage from one grave to another, without light, almost without hope of ending, the morning watch was like the awakening of a child or a jolly song from sailing days:

### MORNING WATCH

I never minded heavin' out  
To stand the Mornin' Watch.  
Although the sky's too tarred about  
To see my boat-pipes notch.  
For when the trick is four bells old  
And God's been good last night,  
Old Jimmy Legs can have my gold  
If there's a grander sight  
Than precious light bob'd out the sea  
Splishin' red-lead clouds.  
The world seems pogy sweet to me  
Between the silver shrouds.  
From deep within the brimmin' pot  
The golden song is drawn.  
It comes up drippin' fire, white hot!  
Oh God! To see the dawn!  
I never minded heavin' out  
To walk the dew-washed deck,  
And have that gold-haired strumpet pout  
Warm kisses on my neck.  
(Copyright 1960—Skipper Magazine.)

The sun is the most omnipresent image at sea. During long stretches of foul weather the seaman longs for its return to its watch in the sky. When, in the tropics, the burning disk follows the ship day after day, making the sea a steaming caldron, the seaman, like the Ancient Mariner, begins to feel that the sun has taken on an aspect of



religious intensity. It becomes a castigator and an avenger.

#### AFTERNOON WATCH

Above the maintop, stares the golden eye  
Of Heaven, fierce and hot. The thrice-  
parched sky  
Is void of cloud or bird. No movement mars  
The warm, quiescent sea. The naked spars  
And masts begin to cast their crosses on  
The holystoned, white deck that waits to don  
Diurnal shadows, black and cool. Below,  
The carpenter, his mates and landsmen know  
The bell will strike an end to this day's care.  
Sweet mercy sails upon the evening air.  
(Copyright 1960—Writer Magazine.)

In the cool evening, when the day's  
toil is over and only the watch works,  
sanity seems to return to the ship. The  
routine goes on, but it, too, has slowed  
in the blessed breeze. Often the navi-  
gator has the:

#### SECOND DOG WATCH

It's time for evening stars, the East is black.  
Across the poles the Western sky is crowned  
With flame where sank the ancient fireship.  
From in the chains I scan the world around.  
The azure hem of sea and sky is clear.  
It won't be hard to shoot my stars tonight.  
The sextant, cool within my hands, will pluck  
And hawk to earth chance, distant eyes of light.  
And then, as men have done for centuries,  
I'll mark a chart and say that this I know:  
My heaving world of steam and steel is here.  
The old, unmoving stars have told me so.  
(Copyright 1960—Writer Magazine.)

One day, while serving as a boat  
wave commander taking three LCU's  
loaded with marines to a landing beach  
in Crete, I saw an incident that gave  
me a new insight into the ways of Man.  
The beach gradient was too steep for  
LCU's. The water beyond the ramps  
was neck high, but the marines jumped  
in anyway and thrashed their way to  
the beach.

One private panicked half-way to the  
shore. He dropped his rifle and worked  
his way back to the boat. A sergeant  
of World War II and Korean vintage  
leaned over the side and berated the  
man who went back to dive again and  
again in the water and mud until, mi-  
raculously, he found the piece. A simple  
incident, probably one that has oc-  
curred many times, but months later,  
with Wordsworthian recollection, I

thought of it again and in my state-  
room wrote:

#### BLUE BEACH AT SUDA BAY

My landing craft had grounded fast, about  
A hundred feet out from the sandy shore  
Of Crete. The embarked troops with one  
fierce roar  
Plunged in the boiling surf to join the rout.  
A young marine was caught in a whirling tide;  
The water swirled up to his fear-gashed head.  
Some troopers tried to haul him back. Instead  
He let his rifle sink and thrashed to our  
starboard side.  
But then a gunny sergeant, stern of jaw,  
Leaped to the rail and shouted at the man,  
Who hesitated once and then began  
To swim, obeying the ancient martial law.  
I saw him drop beneath the oil-streaked green  
And thought we'd soon be fishing for a soul,  
Until a rifle raised bespoke his goal.  
Half-drowned, mud-caked, he charged to the  
wild war scene  
That flamed above the beach; full knowing then:  
Honor had worth beside the life he prized,  
And there are many ways to be baptized  
Into Achilles' corps of valiant men.

And so the sea and the Navy have  
marked me as they have marked others  
who work or play with the pen. I can-  
not be as I was before I knew them, nor  
would I want to be so. These poems are  
but a few pieces from the sea-chest of  
my memory. Many more have come  
from there, and others are still being  
discovered in the deep recesses, be-  
tween camphored clothes, tarnished  
shoulder-boards, and an old steaming  
hat.

When I left the sea, I knew that  
someday I would feel like:

#### ISHMAEL

My Mistress-Sea is leagues and years away.  
The inner-ear no longer strains to hear  
Sea-chanties that the winsome wind would play  
On hempen strings across the running gear.  
The sight of blackened sky that once did strike  
The gong of fear, and up against the rains  
Would bid me climb with blade and marlin-spike  
To hack the shredded foretops and the mains,  
Now merely sends me scurrying indoors  
To crouch beside the fire, to wait and think  
Of sun-washed days in which I knew all shores,  
and lustily, from passion's cup did drink.  
In seeking out the sea-beast in his lair,  
I've known the foam-flecked wildness of the kill.  
And I have tried what few brave men would dare,  
To thwart the White-Whale's brutal, god-like will.  
But now the only time I ever hear  
The Sea is when my storm-tossed pillows comb  
The surf-sounds from the night, and tell my ear  
That God's great ocean calls my body home.  
(Copyright 1961, Wisconsin Poetry Magazine.)

A news reporter once asked Captain  
Kurt Carlsen (that courageous mari-  
ner who stayed with his sinking ship  
*Flying Enterprise* in a valiant attempt  
to save her in 1951) if he was a reli-  
gious man. Carlsen answered, "I'm not  
exactly a heathen."

His reply probably reflects the at-  
titude of most men of the sea, for these  
men "see the works of the Lord and His  
wonders in the deep." They cannot have  
gazed upon the monstrous, foam-laced  
seas rearing high over their ship, or  
quietly observed  
the star-spangled  
dome of the heav-  
ens covering a  
peaceful sea shim-  
mering in the clear  
light of the moon,  
without realizing  
their domain is  
ruled by an all-  
powerful Deity.

But most of them  
are not regular  
church-goers. They  
are not ostentati-  
ous about their reli-  
gious beliefs, and  
as often as their  
shore-side contem-  
poraries, fail to  
keep the Command-  
ments. For all this  
they do have a well-  
founded faith en-  
gendered by their  
knowledge of "His  
wonders in the  
deep."

Alan Villiers, one of the most noted  
mariners of today, who owned and  
commanded the full-rigged ship *Joseph  
Conrad* now preserved at Mystic Sea-  
port, wrote in his account of the world-  
circling voyage of that vessel, "And I  
really ought most heartily to thank  
God; and indeed I do. I don't think  
much of myself as a sailor: looking  
back over all this it scarcely seems  
believable. Full-rigger round the world!

. . . But I know that whatever credit  
there may be belongs to God — to God  
and the ship."

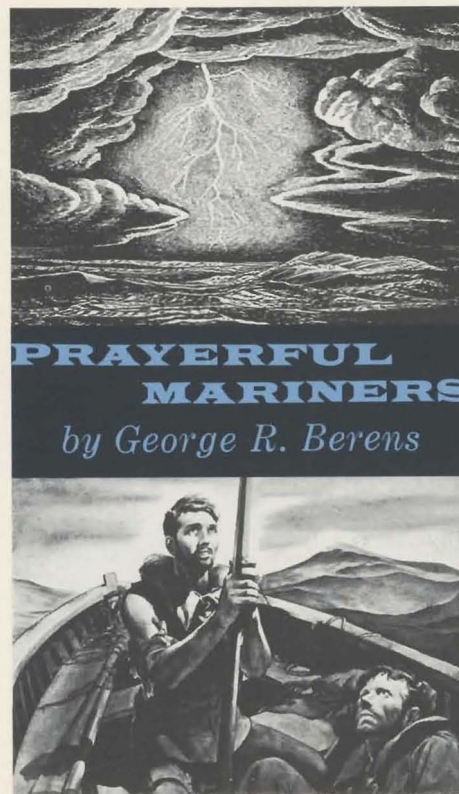
He thus expressed the humility and  
belief common to most seafarers,  
though perhaps few of them ever de-  
clare themselves. Often they do, though,  
resort to prayer especially when in  
peril on the sea.

Captain Ridgeway who, with his  
companion Chay Blyth, performed the  
incredible feat of rowing across the  
Atlantic in a 20-foot dory in 1966

said, in his account  
of the 92-day voy-  
age, "Today, July  
29th, would appear  
to be the nadir . . .  
the waves are like  
mountains now and  
bigger than we  
have ever seen . . .  
the tops sliced off  
by the howling  
wind. We can hear  
their express-train  
approach louder  
than ever — Each  
of us began to pray  
silently. Early in  
the voyage I re-  
fused to pray be-  
cause I thought it  
was an unworthy  
thing to do. Having  
never prayed in the  
good times, I was  
damned if I was go-  
ing to pray in the  
bad times."

No doubt this  
stout-hearted English Army captain,  
now turned mariner, had been duly im-  
pressed with the awful might of the sea  
that he had challenged in that frail  
craft. He turned to the Power that con-  
trols the sea's moods to strengthen him  
in his recognized feebleness.

The survivors of the *Stephen Hop-  
kins*, gallant Liberty ship that sank,  
and was sunk by, a German raider in  
the South Atlantic in 1942, made





1968

Report of the Director  
to the  
Board of Managers

The annual report of the Director for the year 1968 must be throughout a doxology — a deep thanksgiving to Almighty God for His guidance and benefits. The year had its beginnings in faith and ended in faith sustained. It began with an undertaking in process and ended with decision vindicated. We have been preserved in body and soul, our labors have prospered with good success, we have been brought to the haven where we would be. Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Not only do we thank Almighty God but all his human instruments who have given so much of their time and talents to bring the year to such glorious fruition. The officers and members of this Board, the Building Committee, the Committee on Trust Funds, our contributors and benefactors. And our particular praise and gratitude must go to every member of the Staff. Few will realize the dedication and concern and cooperation that they have given. But when you recall the size of the old building and the scope of our operation and program and when it is now a matter of record that the transfer from the old building to the new was made without any interruption of any essential service, you will appreciate the measure of that dedication. I hardly expect to have again in my lifetime the rare privilege of sharing an experience where so many gave so unstintingly of their best.

With every day that passes I am more and more convinced that we are blessed with a magnificent building. I receive everywhere I go, as I know you do, compliments on it and genuine appreciation for it. The community is in fact grateful to us that such a worthy structure has been added to the prestige of the city and the port. It has added to an extensive reservoir of good will and for this we are grateful. We have also brought something to the community in the way we are sharing our marine artifacts by giving access to them in the public areas of the building.

It would be a very normal temptation for us to relax and enjoy this general atmosphere of satisfaction and adulation. But I think we must remind ourselves, abrupt as the thought may seem, that it will not last forever. It was a hard decision to let go of our old building — it stood for so much. Today it no longer exists. And that

the Father bless her.”

The Captain: “Bless our ship.”

The crew: “May Jesus Christ bless her.”

The Captain: “Bless our ship.”

The crew: “May the Holy Spirit bless her.”

The Captain: “What do ye fear, seeing that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit is with you?”


The crew: “We fear nothing.”

Surely this is a dignified and inspiring way to initiate a ship of war upon her career.

Admiral Dan Gallery, when captain of the *U.S.S. Guadalcanal* and commander of the Task Group that captured the German submarine U-505, and sank several others in 1944, declared, “. . . it is rather shabby theology to wait till you were looking down the enemy's barrels before asking God's help. We decided to ask for it every day as a matter of ship's routine. . . There are no atheists in combat zones in wartime, so our general prayer was accepted by everybody in the spirit in which it was made: “We will do the best we can, please God help us.”

As to this, I have never met an atheist among seafarers in war or peace. Most of them, like Captain Carlsen, do not flaunt their spiritual beliefs, but at heart have faith in the Power that rules the sea and the winds—and themselves. For they must gather during the long night watches at sea “from the starry fields of night a harvest of divinest thought.”

*About the author: Mr. Berens, a long-time contributor to The Lookout, is a retired seaman living in Merrimac, Massachusetts. He had an extensive sea experience before deciding to swallow the anchor.*



prayer a regular duty in their 31-day lifeboat voyage. Five men died in that lifeboat, and Rodger Piercy, one of the survivors, tells that as their bodies were consigned to the deep all hands recited the Lord's Prayer aloud, then spent the next five minutes in personal silent prayer. When they were short of fresh water and all suffering much from thirst, he says, “We prayed for rain.” Eighteen hours later, “. . . the rain came in sheets.” Then, on the 31st day, “We could see a beautiful sandy coastline. What a happy crew! Thanks be to God.”

The men in the boat, the fifteen of them who lived, were mainly young and new to the life of the sea. They had learned already, though, that there is only One who can help them when they are beset in great waters.

One of the most poignant ceremonies for the commissioning of ships is that used in the British Navy, known as “The Ancient Bidding”: After being in use for centuries it was abandoned for a while but revived during the Second World War.

The ship's crew is mustered on, or in the vicinity of, the quarterdeck faced by the Captain, who addresses them thus: “I call on you to pray for God's blessing on this ship. Bless our ship.”

The entire crew then say: “May God



day will some day come for 15 State Street. Wiser will we be if we think of it more in the terms of T. S. Eliot — "In its end is its beginning and in its beginning is its end—".

Its beginning and its end is in its sole purpose to house and serve efficiently the purpose and ministry of this corporation, which is to bear witness to the Gospel of Christ and His Church among men who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters. We cannot be dominated by bricks and mortar, no matter what the form or comeliness. But again we can thank God that it is proving itself to be a building which is an efficient adjunct to all aspects of our program.

One main purpose we had in erecting the building was to enable us to make more incisive our ministry, our program and our witness. Now we must ask, "Is this in fact happening?" To this I think I can now in all honesty give an unqualified affirmative. We are now ministering as prescribed by our charter solely to active seamen of every race, creed or nationality in the Port of New York. This makes a tremendous difference in our own attitudes and heightens our concentration. We are much less cluttered and encumbered.

When we stick to our last we are able to do so much more for the people whose needs are the primary object of our ministry. This one fact alone has enabled us to abandon basically unnecessary services and to reduce the size of the staff. In turn these savings can be turned back into programs for improvement and expansion. We begin to be free to meet contemporary conditions and attack modern problems. In spite of the great amount of time and attention which construction and completion have demanded of all of us, we have as a staff been able to study and evaluate in depth what the thrust and form of our spiritual ministry to active seamen should be today.

It is easy to maintain traditional forms and patterns for their own sake and for our own comfort but unless they meet a man on his own level they are empty. Therefore we must venture. We are trying to put in the way of a man that which speaks to his condition whether it be by means of counselling or discussion groups or films or books or whatever. Our educational program is progressing and improving and becoming more and more effective. One testimony to this I feel is the fact that the U.S. Maritime Administration, the Maritime College of the State University of New York and some other segments of the industry are joining and seeking to join us in cooperative educational programs for the improved education of seamen.

The quality of our own school has improved, the quality of our students has improved and we shall make every effort to see that this improvement carries on. This is a vital service to seamen now and to the future of the industry.

The Center at Port Newark continues to demonstrate its effectiveness in serving the needs of more and more men coming into that expanding portion of the Port. It is becoming apparent to us that with increased loading and unloading efficiency and resultant shorter turn-arounds we should provide an even greater variety of recreational facilities. While soccer is universally popular there are many

men and women who cannot participate with the vigor required. We are having very exploratory discussions with the Port Authority to see if there are any possibilities of expansion that would enable us to have surfaced tennis courts, basketball courts, general exercise areas, etc. Our inquiries have been favorably received and they have assured us that they will work with us subject of course to their own limitations.

One of the great joys and strengths of the year has been the strong support of our contributors and volunteers. This is true of any year but particularly have we appreciated it in this year of transition. Our annual contributions increased this year to a level we have not known for some time. This is most heartening, for again it has meant that despite extraordinary expense demanded by building construction, we have not had to cut back on program expense. Annual giving is the life blood of all of our programs.

We would also be remiss if we did not thank the thousands of volunteers here and across the country who do so much to forward the program of the Women's Council. The Christmas Box program is one of the most effective arms of our ministry. To make the point I take the liberty of quoting but one of hundreds of letters of gratitude received just after Christmas. The letter, addressed to me, is dated Dec. 25, 1968, typed aboard the *S.S. Overseas Edgar* which on that afternoon had arrived in a German port.

*"Dear Dr. Mulligan: I write on behalf of the crew and officers from Germany expressing our thanks for your and the Institute's thoughtfulness in sending aboard the Christmas presents for everyone on board. Now, after having given them out at Christmas dinner on board, and seeing the appreciation of the men far from home receiving them, I had to write to say there was such a reception of gratitude and wonder at the thought that someone cared enough to organize such a distribution of gifts for our forgotten legion.*

*"I'm sure the feeling for the gifts sent by your organization was, if anything, more deeply appreciated than those from home. Those gifts from home were more or less expected, whereas your gifts were almost completely a surprise. There can hardly be a greater gift than that totally unexpected.*

*"In the some twenty-five years I have been riding these rust-buckets I need not try to hide from you the fact that one becomes somewhat soured on life and humanity in general. But after giving out your presents and seeing the response, I must say there is at least some hope for humanity after all. I guess that's what keeps men like you going; that faint hope that all is not lost even in the darkest hours, and that somehow, some way, humanity will survive. For that weak ray of hope I want to thank you and your organization, not for the few dollars in goods received, but for the fact that someone cared."*

(signed) H. E. McC.  
Chief Steward



I think that letter says everything that could be said and I would thank all our volunteers and staff for the love and concern and the work which made it possible for that letter to come to us.

We are not without problems in the year ahead. By the end of the year our relations with a large number of our employees may well be governed by the terms of a union contract. It is too early to comment on what the effect of this will be if it comes to pass. I think we have learned and I hope well, that "new occasions teach new duties."

And now in conclusion, let me turn our thoughts for a moment to ourselves as managers — members of this Board of Managers and beyond that as managers who are shaping the courses and events of our time.

Michael Novak of Stanford University writes, "The chief problems in our society have once again become theological. For a time it seemed that theological problems were no longer real. Men galloped ahead in the pursuit of knowledge and technical mastery. But suddenly the technical power of the human race has become immense. The leading problems for biological scientists, geneticists, psychologists, engineers, chemists, and others is not so much 'can we do X?' for it seems obvious that given time and resources, we can do undreamed of things. The vexing problem has increasingly become 'Of course we can do X; but should we?'"

This is a religious question in the deepest sense. But the persons grappling with it and who must answer it are not religious in the usual sense. They are what Novak calls "the secular saints", men searching for the symbols of community and integrity of the everyday world as if life depended on it — for it does.

You and I as managers are called to get the human enterprise on the track, to join the secular saints who, in Novak's words, "work within whatever corner of the system is given to them in order to wrest from it the closest approximation they can to the values they most deeply cherish. Let as many as can work together in that night of the soul shaping a movement of those who hope to diminish the number of stunted lives."

With those words in mind I commend to you a prayer in which I hope we can all join:

Lord, make me not as porridge — hard to stir, but rather as corn flakes — ready to serve.

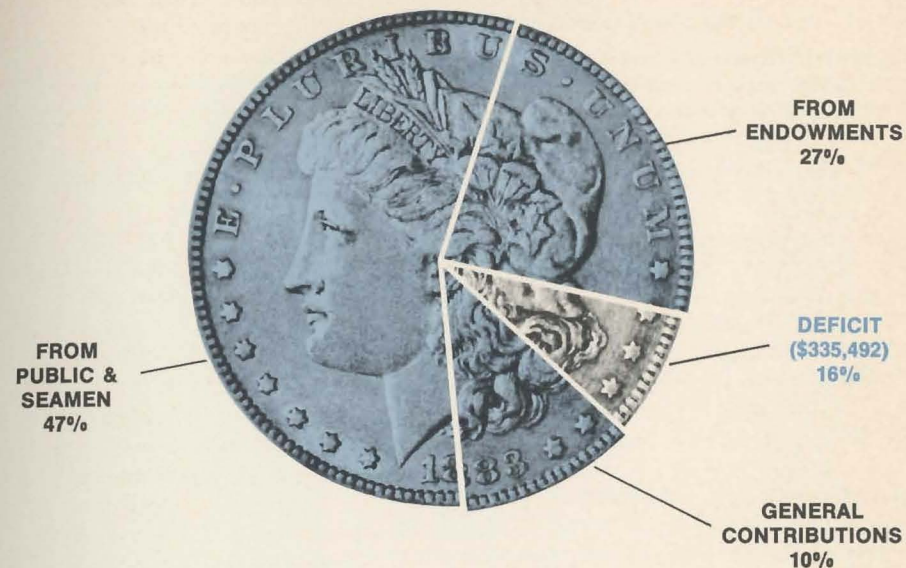
Respectfully submitted

*John M. Mulligan*  
Director

January 23, 1969

## SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1968

OPERATING BUDGET \$2,051,288



## OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

### Totally Subsidized

Library  
Game Room  
Alcoholics Assistance  
American Shipvisitors  
Foreign Shipvisitors  
Religious Activities  
Missing Seamen Bureau

### Partially Subsidized

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

### Nominally Self-supporting

Hotel  
Food Services



YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1968

Gross income from departments .....		\$ 957,260	
<b>Operating Expenses</b>			
Salaries and Wages .....	\$ 833,516		
Employee Benefits .....	89,890		
Food & Merchandise .....	182,693		
Electric current, fuel, telephone service .....	119,200		
Supplies .....	81,838		
Insurance .....	26,726		
Publicity and printed matter, including "Lookout" .....	34,527		
Miscellaneous .....	10,313		
Women's Council — wool and gifts .....	24,700		
Investment Counsel, legal and accounting fees ..	21,189		
Repairs and Maintenance .....	9,169		
Real Estate taxes .....	14,892		
Interest .....	154,039		
	<u>\$1,602,692</u>		
<b>Religious and Personal Service Departments</b>			
Salaries, expenses and relief .....	192,713		
<b>Mariner's International Center, Port Newark</b>			
Salaries, expenses .....	129,803		
<b>Merchant Marine School &amp; Seamen's Advanced Education</b>			
Salaries, expenses .....	126,080	2,051,288	
<b>Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments .....</b>			(1,094,028)
Less Dividends, interest and other income from Endowments .....	536,010		
Credit Bureau recoveries .....	7,919	543,929	
<b>Deficit from Institute operations .....</b>			(550,099)
<b>Contributions for general and specific purposes</b>			
Ways and Means Department and special items ..	146,741		
Pier Collections .....	35,000		
Women's Council .....	31,716		
Diocese of New York .....	1,150	214,607	
<b>Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1968 .....</b>			<u><u>\$ (335,492)</u></u>

( ) Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1968 is derived from the detailed financial statements of the Institute which have been audited and certified to by Laventhol, Krekstein, Horwath & Horwath, independent public accountants. A copy of the detailed statements is available at the Institute for inspection.

Respectfully,  
HENRY C. B. LINDH, *Treasurer*

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN  
1968

AT 15 STATE STREET (May through December) &  
25 SOUTH STREET (January through April)

2,295	American and foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
17,418	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
38	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
290	Services were held in the Chapel.
50	Missing seamen were located.
167,904	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
17,364	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education groups and classes.
417	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School; 322 students were graduated.
33,391	Readers used the Conrad Library.
190,256	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships.
7,819	Pieces of luggage handled.
583,718	Restaurant meals served.
1,400	Personal service interviews
19,696	Information Desk Contacts.
2,523	People attended programs in the Auditorium.
9,219	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.

AT PORT NEWARK

9,000	Seamen took advantage of soccer matches and informal games; 194 official soccer matches were played.
2,783	American and foreign ships were visited, including American and foreign tanker ships.
50	Religious services were provided in the Center.
36,372	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark.
1,479	Men were taken to dances at Seamen's Church Institute, New York.
26,882	Letters were mailed for seamen.



**Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.**

**15 State Street**

**New York, N. Y. 10004**

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE  
AT NEW YORK, N. Y.



Second Floating Church for Seamen established by the Institute in 1870. It was anchored at the foot of Pike Street, East River, Manhattan. Consecrated in 1871, the last service in the church was held in 1910.