



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY - MARCH 1973

THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

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

More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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

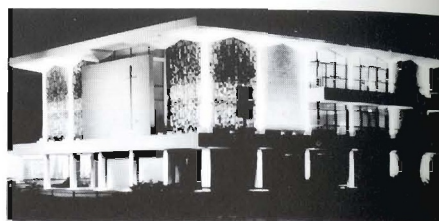
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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

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



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



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

the LOOKOUT

Vol. 64 No. 2 February-March 1973

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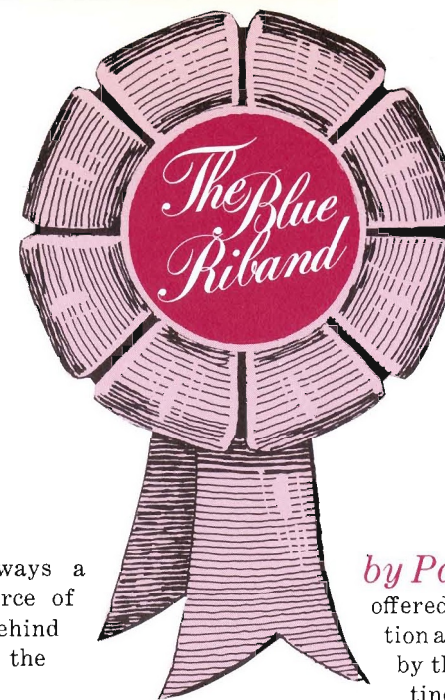
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Published monthly with exception of July-August and February-March when bi-monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to *The Lookout*. Single subscriptions are \$2.00 annually. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

COVER: The *United States*, 51,000-ton superliner, which won the Blue Riband in 1952 with an average speed of 34.51 knots while covering 2,906 nautical miles.



There was always a great driving force of national pride behind the struggle for the Blue Riband.

The 132-year-old race, which was the most formidable trial of sea-skill and power in the world, had no definite course, no independent judges nor timekeepers, and, until 1935, it had no tangible trophy.

This coveted maritime honor has been with the U.S. since the super-liner *United States* wrested it from the *Queen Mary* in 1952 with an average speed eastbound of 35.59 knots, and westbound 34.51 knots. The French liner *Normandie* held the record before the *Queen Mary*.

The first race of steam-powered ships across the Atlantic began on April 4, 1838, when a three-masted top-sail schooner fitted with paddles was hurriedly taken off the Irish Channel run and sent across the Atlantic with a Royal Navy officer, Lieutenant Roberts, at the helm. She heaved herself out of Queenstown with 400 tons of coal and her decks almost awash.

Out in the Atlantic her crew tried to mutiny and the terrified passengers petitioned the captain to heave the fuel overboard.

With a pistol in one hand, the master of the *Sirius* quelled the mutiny and

by Paul Brock

offered an alternative suggestion about lightening the ship: by throwing some of the mutineers overboard. He kept

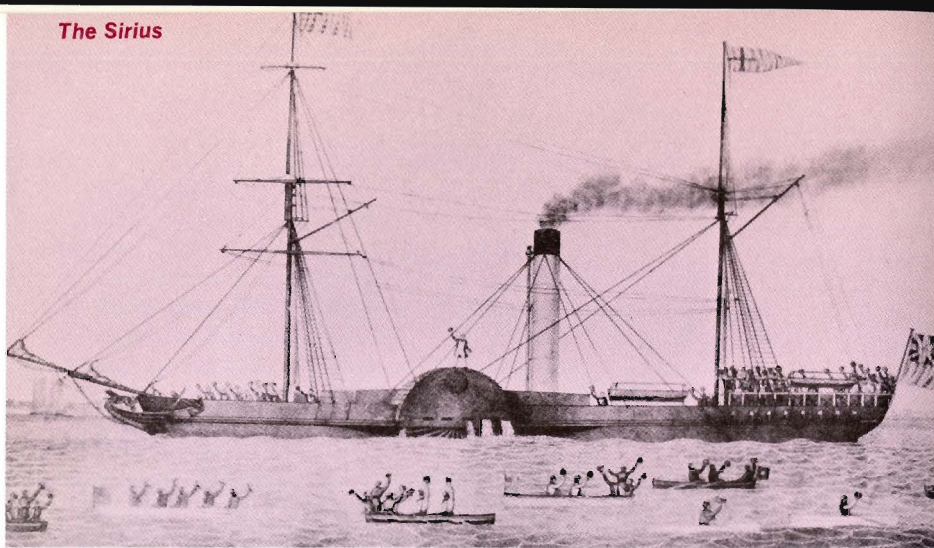
her heading west, and on April 22 he arrived in New York.

As the *Sirius* tied up, there was a smudge of smoke on the horizon. The reason for the hurried trip was hard on Roberts' heels. She was Brunel's famous steamer *Great Western* burning the last of her 650 tons of coal, and technical victor, for she had left Bristol three days behind the *Sirius*.

However, the race was on, and British and American shipping interests began to fight for supremacy on "The Ferry," as the Atlantic crossing was dubbed. First shot was fired in 1851 in Washington, when Senator Bayard threw down the challenge:

"To enter this contest with English supremacy of ocean steam navigation requires all the talent, all the energy, all the faith—of the highest order known—of all our countrymen; to fail will involve a loss not only of vast sums of money necessary to make the effort, but, what is of far more value to every lover of America's reputation, it would ensure national disappointment, more deeply felt from the fact that England has already been vanquished by American sailing ships!"

The Sirius



A kind of 17th century SST syndrome prestige project in nautical terms, evidently.

So it was to be war, a merciless speed war with no quarter asked and none given. It was fought out by Cunard, Inman, National, Guion, Anchor, Allan, White Star, Collins, Hamburg-Amerika, Norddeutscher Lloyd, Societé Anonyme Belge-Americaine and Compagnie Générale-Transatlantique.

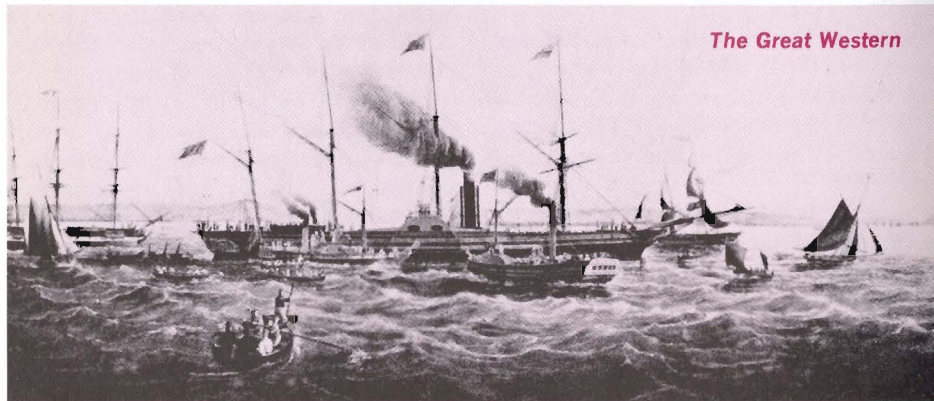
"Make or break" was the order of the day. "Drive the ships and to hell with the passengers!" And a shocking example of this was soon provided when 180 emigrants who had stepped hopefully aboard the *Diamond* bound for New York, reached America 100 days after leaving Britain—with seventeen passengers dead from starvation!

And in 1851, during a black period of seven weeks, in sixteen passenger ships which eventually reached American ports from Europe, no fewer than 334 passengers among a total of 6,418 starved to death on the voyage.

Westbound, in 1842, had gone Charles Dickens, who peopled English literature with a host of characters larger than life. Dickens, accompanied by his wife, recorded his supreme disgust when they were shown to their cabin:

"A ticket bearing the words 'Chas. Dickens Esquire and Lady' was pinned to a flat quilt which covered a preposterously thin straw mattress spread like a surgeon's plaster on an inaccessible shelf which was built into one side of a highly unsanitary box called 'stateroom'."

The Great Western



Eastbound, five years later, came the poet-philosopher Ralph Emerson, who summed up his experiences: "The floor of my room sloped alarmingly . . . until I came to the conclusion that nobody but an idiot would *like* being upset, rolled over and choked with bilge and cooking oil."

War for supremacy on "The Ferry" around this period brought disaster alike to humans and ships. Between the years 1856 and 1873, 35 steamships (29 British) met with an evil fate. Six sailed and were never heard of again. Three were burned out to the waterline, and one went to her doom colliding with an iceberg. It was a great sacrifice to the demon Speed—2,110 lives and 35 ships lost. But the war went on.

In Washington the Senate demanded: "Speed! America must have speed. Extraordinary speed, against which they cannot hope to compete!"

With lavish financial help from the U.S. government, E. K. Collins planned to break the British supremacy, but the cost of cutting a day to a day-and-a-half off the Cunard times for Atlantic crossing was found to cost a million

dollars a year. The four ships which achieved it were the *Baltic*, *Arctic*, *Atlantic*, and *Pacific*.

The whole American nation rejoiced when the *Baltic* covered the New York-Liverpool run at 13.17 knots and the *Pacific* averaged 13.01 knots in the reverse direction.

The Collins ships were fine vessels, and their owner a courageous man. But he had appalling misfortune. The *Arctic* collided in fog in September, 1854, with a French ship. She was then sixty miles from Cape Race. With the firemen stoking the boilers until the sea doused the fires, the ship staggered to within twenty miles of land before she sank.

Less than eighteen months later the *Pacific* left Liverpool closely followed by the first iron paddle steamer on the Atlantic ferry, the Cunard *Persia*. The *Persia* took the riband.

The years slipped past. Wooden ships gave way to iron, then steel. Sails came down a-running, and funnels sprouted. Paddlewheels departed to make way for the modern screw.

(Continued in April LOOKOUT)

Council Volunteer Honored

Mrs. Silas R. Parry of Elmira, New York, a volunteer in charge of the knitting program in that city for the Women's Council of the Institute, was honored November 14 at a reception in Trinity Church of Elmira for outstanding leadership in coordinating the 350 volunteer knitters of the area.

Mrs. Constance West, executive secretary of the Council, presented Mrs. Parry, in behalf of the Institute, a scrimshaw (whale tooth) piece mounted on a plaque. The inscription on the plaque read: "To Florence Parry with love and gratitude. Women's Council of Seamen's Church Institute of New York."





AUSTRALIA'S CORAL WONDER

by E. R. Yarham

The coral reef is one of the most productive systems known to man, yet one of the least understood. The Great Barrier Reef, running for almost 1,300 miles along Australia's northeast coast, is the world's greatest system of coral reefs, and is acknowledged to be a tremendous untapped source of life-saving food and drugs.

The Great Barrier Reef's incredible variety of marine life is still comparatively unfathomed, and scientists expect that in years to come it will yield many more secrets in the fields of biomedicine and pharmacy. Thirty-five nations are to be represented in the middle of 1973 (June 22-July 22) at an International Symposium on Coral Reefs.

Among the states sending delegates are Britain, Canada, Israel, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, New Zealand, the United States, the USSR, and Western Germany. Between 300 and 400 of the world's leading coral reef scientists will attend, making it the largest gathering of the kind yet held.

The symposium, whose base will be the 10,160-ton cruising liner *Marco Polo*, will consist of five days of field excursions to various islands, reefs and sand cays along the 1,217 miles of

the reef, which covers 79,979 square miles. The scientists will go ashore on a number of islands, and explore reefs from glass-bottomed boats and with the aid of snorkeling and diving equipment.

Some say it is the most beautiful place in the world; others that it is the most evil. In truth, loveliness and horror are nowhere more incongruously mixed than in the Great Barrier Reef. Marine paradise and seas of treachery; shells of lustrous fairness, and poisonous fish that cause days of blinding pain and even death. The contrasts could be indefinitely extended, and the catalogue would need to be long to convey a mental picture of this natural wonder of the world.

Alas nowadays nothing escapes man's dimensions. "Save the Barrier Reef!" is the slogan which has been seen during the past year or two on tens of thousands of cars throughout Australia. The campaign has forced federal and state governments into action.

The Great Barrier Reef is threatened by more than one peril: by drilling for oil (opposition to which has resulted in operations being suspended for the time being); by pesticides from the sugar and tobacco industries which

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are being washed out to sea, polluting it; by professional hunters of shells for selling; and by a starfish known as Crown of Thorns, which eats the tiny coral polyps that build the reef. This starfish is itself attacked by shellfish that traders and tourists have removed wholesale. Pressure of public opinion brought about a regulation of this damaging activity.

The reef begins a little south of the Tropic of Capricorn, whence it continues almost to the delta of the Fly River of New Guinea, whose fresh, muddy waters probably account for its termination, as the polyps prefer clear water with abundant microscopic life. They must also have water with a

temperature that never falls much below 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Great Barrier Reef acts as a gigantic natural breakwater, extending in some places as far as 120 or 150 miles from the coast. The channel, the mightiest of all lagoons, separating the inner face from the mainland, varies between 10 and 70 miles in width, and provides a sea passage of extraordinary beauty studded with islands. It has become known as "Australia's Grand Canal," and it forms a highway for shipping between the ports of the Orient and those of eastern Australia.

On the weather side of the reefs the corals grow in rounded solid masses, on which even the breakers of the Pacific smash in vain. But it is on the sheltered side that they grow and spread in greatest splendor. Every color and shade is seen: blue, green, yellow and brown predominating. There are graceful staghorn coral branches like delicate trees, and some as fragile as the finest porcelain.

The waters around teem with seemingly innumerable species of fish.

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Amongst the coral itself live some of the most fantastic of all: orange and black angel-fish; fire-fish clothed in scarlet and with trailing filaments like flames; cow-fish encased in bone and with two little horns on their heads; flat puffers which blow themselves up into distended globes when taken out of the water.

In the more open waters streak grey sharks with their attendant sucker fish; long, swiftly moving kingfish, which are really mackerel grown up to a length of three feet in length; red and grey snappers; eel-like garfish with sharply pointed snouts; and gigantic rays gliding just below the surface.

Many of the shells are very beautiful: black-lipped pearl shells, cowries—yellow, pink, purple, blue; and “sea ears” iridescent as a pearl, glowing like opal. Living among them are less attractive forms of life, among them giant clams. These monsters lie two fathoms deep on the coral a few yards from shore. They are anywhere up to five feet in length, the largest bivalves

of this or any other age.

If an unwary foot is placed between the gaping shell the victim is caught in a trap from which he can be rescued only if someone comes with a crowbar and drives it deep into the clam to sever the huge muscle that holds the shell together. Divers have been caught and drowned by these creatures.

Worse still is the stonefish, variously known as “devil fish,” “sea devil” and “sea scorpion.” It has been called the most hideous of all living things. Unable to escape from an attacker because of its feeble powers as a swimmer, it relies on a more potent means of defense. Thirteen spines, sharply pointed, and as strong as steel are, at the slightest hint of danger, erected vertically along the back. Each of these has a pair of poison sacs, which discharge venom into the victim.

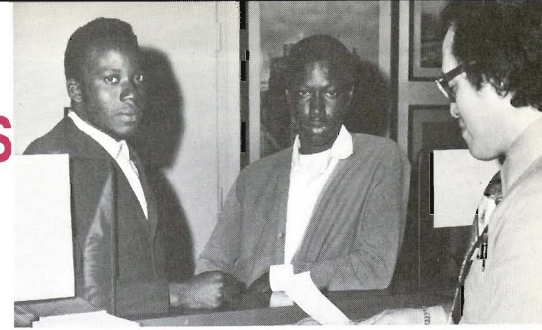
There have been cases of people stepping on these fish in bare feet or sandals and suffering agonies. Lacerating pain and (if not death) three or four months of illness follow.

Glass model of *Acanthodesmia corona* (Crown of Thorns)

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Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

BAHAMIAN LIGHTKEEPERS GO FISHING AND END UP AT THE SCI



Lightkeepers Brian Rolle (left) and Edmund Walkes are registered in at the Institute by Exposito Cruz.

Brian Rolle, 24, and Edmund Walkes, 19, maintenance keepers for the British organization, Her Majesty's Imperial Lighthouse Service, didn't plan it that way, but for seven days during the past mid-December they found themselves guests of the Institute.

The two men are ordinarily stationed in a lonely lighthouse in the Bahamas. Just the two of them. For long periods of time. Their chief responsibilities are to keep the light functioning and the reflectors polished.

One day, to relieve the tedium, they went fishing nearby the light in a small dory. A strong wind came up suddenly and they were blown inexorably miles out to sea in the craft—despite their attempts to return to land.

Luckily, the Greek ship *Shoebos* bound for New York spotted them in the gathering darkness off Acklins Island. A commercial vessel must, naturally, maintain a strict schedule, so

after taking the two castaways aboard, it continued on course to New York, dropping off Rolle and Walkes at the Erie Basin Terminal in Brooklyn.

An SCI car then brought them to the Institute where SCI's Chaplain William Haynsworth took over their case, contacting the British Consulate in behalf of the men so their transportation back to the Bahamas could be arranged.

Inasmuch as the men arrived wearing only tropical clothing, the chaplain saw to it they were provided warm clothing as well as a room, meals and pocket money.

As the men were departing after expressing their gratitude for the Institute hospitality, one of them remarked it would be a bitterly-cold day in the Bahamas before they would again go fishing.—HGP



Magazines Go Aboard

Tied bundles of periodicals leave the Institute in a steady stream, placed aboard vessels in the Port of New York by SCI's shipvisitors — compliments of the Institute. Here Chaplain Miller Cragon and Reynold Cheron, worker in the magazine assembly room, check on the stacked bundles. Books—both hardback and paperback—are also given gratis to ships by the Institute.

The majestic eagle has long been used by many nations as a symbol of courage, dignity and power. In the early years of our own republic, and especially after its adoption as the "national bird," the eagle in all its glory was used for decoration in every possible form.

Weather vanes, furniture, hooked rugs, doorway ornaments...all proudly flaunted some version of the popular eagle. But it was during the 1800's, when the United States became a maritime power, that the "eagle spread its wings and made its way seaward."

As a figurehead on a clipper ship or whaler, the "king of birds" was certainly a striking representation of all the qualities which it was hoped the ship would demonstrate in its adventurous lifetime.

"Seagoing eagles" used as figureheads on clippers, whalers and other vessels are representative of their time, and have a special place in maritime history. They are symbolic of the pride and spirit of the nation at the time of her great maritime achievements.

On the day of its launching, October

4, 1853, the clipper, *Great Republic* was described as follows:

"Her long black hull had no ornament except a beautifully-carved eagle's head where the sweep of her raking stem and the sharp lines of her bow intersected, and across her handsome stern the American eagle with extended wings, under which her name and port of hail were carved."

The eagle's head is so striking that it is in a class by itself. It is over five feet long by two feet, six inches high.

The handsome eagle figurehead of the U.S.S. *Lancaster* is a "Bellamy eagle." John Bellamy created birds which were truly unique. His eagles can be readily identified by knowledgeable seekers, and a Bellamy eagle is a valuable discovery. He was especially famous for small spread eagles, carved from pine. The alive, spirited look, the concave wing spread, the detail of the

feathers, the curved menacing beak... these are all signs that point to a Bellamy eagle.

John Bellamy was born at Kittery Point, Maine. He studied art in Boston and New York, and worked as apprentice to Laban S. Beecher, one of the really famous shipcarvers of the day.

He quickly became famous, and during his stay at Portsmouth Navy Yard, he began to concentrate on eagles, the prevailing motif of the time. He carved figureheads, stern boards, and also ornaments for public buildings and churches... eagles in all attitudes, and all sizes. The *Lancaster* eagle is probably the best example of his ship work.

On whaleships the eagle, a bird of prey, seemed to be a natural choice as a figurehead. Perhaps the owners thought the eagle would bring "greasy luck to the whaler." And this seemed to be true in the case of the *Morgan*.

The vessel was built at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1841. Its whaling voyages were always successful. The

Charles S. Morgan rounded Cape Horn many times, and went whaling to the Arctic and Indian Oceans.

The whaleship *March* carried a little eagle not unlike a billet head. The *March* was built as a schooner, converted into a hermaphrodite brig, and in 1846 set out on an Atlantic whaling voyage. After two more whaling voyages she was sold in 1850 and returned to merchant service.

Among the many eagles used on vessels of the era, some had the whole bird with outstretched wings... others had only the head. Donald McKay's *Bald Eagle* was one of those using the full bird, and Webb's *Challenge* another. The *Hurricane* used the head only.

With the passing of sail, ships' figureheads on merchant vessels passed also, and with them the proud "seagoing eagles."

Every now and then one sees, perhaps on the stern of a luxurious yacht in harbor, a beautifully carved golden eagle. It is a pleasant sight always... a reminder of the days when "seagoing eagles" added their special verve and dash to the maritime story.

by Abbie M. Murphy

Seagoing Eagles



Eagle figurehead of the *Great Republic*, the famous clipper.



The huge eagle figurehead of the *Lancaster* created by John Bellamy is a magnificent bird with a wing-spread of 11 feet. It was carved in sections and assembled later for mounting on the ship.

Restored stern of whaler *Charles S. Morgan*, showing mounted eagle.



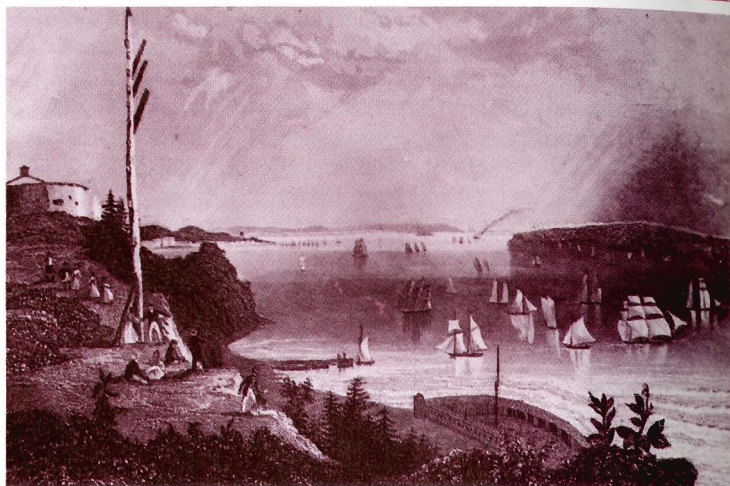
An impressive view of New York can be seen from the historic ramparts of old Fort Thompkins, Staten Island. The Fort stands on a hilltop overlooking the mouth of New York harbor, at one of the most strategic locations in the world.

Below Fort Thompkins is the Narrows and the entrance to New York Bay. To the north of the Fort is the inner harbor and Manhattan Island and to the south is Sandy Hook and the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, if you stand at Fort Thompkins you can see the approach of a vessel from the Atlantic and turn

by Arthur S. Lefkowitz

signal hill

Message signals were sent from this point on the hill to Manhattan Island seen in the far distance.



around and signal its approach to Manhattan.

The Dutch were the first to colonize New York and they quickly recognized the unique qualities of this site overlooking the Narrows. The Dutch fortified the hill and established a lookout post to watch the Atlantic. A white flag was raised from the hilltop to let New Amsterdam know that a vessel was bearing toward the city.

It was probably from this lookout post that a startled Dutch sentry first sighted the English fleet that had come to capture New Amsterdam. The Dutch were defenseless against the formidable English force and they surrendered their colony. That was in 1664.

After the Dutch surrender, the English continued to use the hilltop as a lookout and kept a small fort on the site.

The next specific reference to the hilltop signals was during the American Revolution. In the summer of 1776, during the ill-fated American defense of New York, General George Washington included in his expense account, "The boatman to row us out to Staten Island to inspect the signal station."

After New York was recaptured by the British, they continued to use the hilltop to watch for ships from the Atlantic. A British map drawn during the Revolution shows a "signal station and fort" on the hill and refers to the site as "Signal Hill."

With the end of the American Revolution, the lookout on Signal Hill continued. By 1815, several New York shipowners had "signal poles" on the site. These were tall poles with two horizontal arms. Ropes were suspended from the arms. Empty tar barrels, one white and the other black, were hoisted from the poles and served as a signal visible with a telescope from the city.

We know these signal poles were important to the shipowners of the city because the marine newspapers of the day often included references to them. For example, a journal in 1816 announced, "E. Morewood's private signal is flying at the Narrows suppose for the ship *Elizabeth* from Malaga and Gibraltar."

Another such announcement in 1821 stated, "The lightning yesterday struck John Graham's pole and hurt it some." At this period the hill was being called "Tar Barrel Hill."

America was emerging as a trading nation and by the 1820's New York was the busiest port in America. The signal station at the Narrows had to develop a better system of relaying information to keep pace with the flow of traffic into the harbor. So in 1821, several of New York's shipowners put into operation the semaphore telegraph

invented by Samuel C. Reid, the harbor-master of the city.

Reid's semaphore could spell out a whole message with various movements of its arms. The semaphore was visible from the Battery with a telescope and a boy stood at the Battery with a telescope to translate the semaphore messages. Reid's telegraph went into service on June 23rd, 1821 with the messages, "No vessels were sighted, light winds from the eastward and foggy at sea." The last message sent that day was symbolically, "We have done." The hill was being called "The Flagstaff."

Reid's semaphore was a great success and in 1827 the system was extended to include a signal station at Navesink Highlands at Sandy Hook. From the Navesink Station to the Narrows then across to the Battery on Manhattan and for the convenience of the shipowners and merchants, relayed up to a station on Wall Street. Carrier pigeons were added to fly from an incoming ship to the station on Sandy Hook, and vessels were marked so they could be identified by the signal stations.

The semaphore not only gave New York its first information of incoming vessels, but many times it would relay news being brought by an incoming vessel about foreign wars, revolutions and other world events.

But the semaphore was doomed by progress. In 1843, the Morse electric telegraph went into service between Manhattan and Coney Island. With the first message over the Morse telegraph, the need for the visual semaphore at the Narrows ended.

Today, nothing reminds the casual visitor to Fort Thompkins of the story of the signal stations that stood there to serve as the eyes of the city for 200 years. Only the names of the hill are sometimes used to remind us of the dramas that must have taken place there: Signal Hill, The Lookout, Flagstaff and Tar Barrel Hill.

**Seamen's Church Institute of New York
—Christmas Day, 1972**

The package I found in my room today from the Women's Council contained the only Christmas presents I've gotten this year. Thanks for the work that went into the woolies and for the fun of unwrapping the little items. (The new playing cards are just in time to replace last year's now dog-eared, coffee-stained old ones.)

I hope you all had a merry holiday and will have a good new year.

Savannah

I received one of your packages yesterday and to see what work is done by you for seamen touches my heart.

I am sitting here on an old ship away from home and my family (which I love), but I have so very much to be thankful for. The very main thing is that Jesus Christ was born, died and rose again for my sins.

Now I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

**Atlantic Causeway
England**

I am an engineer apprentice on the good ship Atlantic Causeway which left New York around December 18. It being my first Christmas away from home and myself being by far the youngest on the ship, your Christmas box helped to make it an enjoyable Christmas for me. I know that everyone else on the ship really appreciated what time and effort went into the boxes.

My royal blue pullover fits great, incidentally.

I enclose a donation toward your worthwhile cause. Trusting that you, too, had a good Christmas.

**Harkness
Genoa, Italy**

This year the majority of our crew spent the Christmas holidays in Genoa, Italy. Genoa is one of the nicer ports in Italy, but it is not home.

We were surprised on Christmas Eve when the officers brought us each a brightly-colored box, obviously a product of time and care.

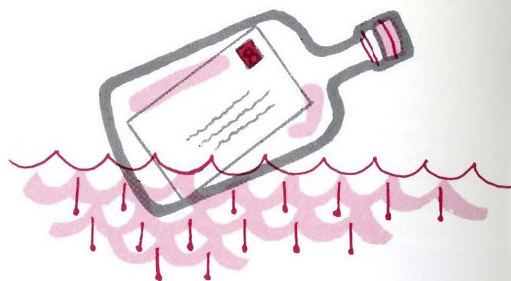
You ladies and your spirit of giving have put a bright spot in our Christmas on board Harkness. Thank you very much. God bless you.

P.S. The knitted things are great for this weather.

**Harkness
Genoa, Italy**

I know that I can call you my friends after receiving that wonderful package from you. When I received it on Christmas Eve I was really feeling blue and it did much to cheer me up. This is the fifth Christmas I have spent away from my wife and children in the last ten years, and each one seems worse than the last. So, little thoughtful things like you all have done can make all the difference in the world to us. Keep up the good work. Thank you.

Letters from Seamen



**S/S American Lynx
Oakland, California**

Just a line from one of the ships to say thank you for the Christmas packages which you went to so much trouble to prepare.

They were most welcome by everyone and deeply appreciated. A nice gesture such as this coming at a time when thoughts are of home and family is truly in the spirit of Christ and Christmas.

I sincerely wish you and yours much happiness in the coming years.

**Belmar
Vancouver, Washington**

I'm one of the 10,000 seamen to receive your lovely and carefully-packed Christmas parcels. I'm a woman sailing as a stewardess on the Norwegian ship "Belmar," and together with the whole crew I enjoyed getting a gift from you. Everyone was very pleased about how useful your gifts were. The captain said a few words about the givers, and sent you a thanks in his speech.

**Etha
Mediterranean Sea**

Many thanks for my present. I was just a little surprised to find such a lot of really necessary things in it. And I was astonished: you must have known my size because that jersey fits me very well. Thank you very much again.

We all received presents from you, and we all thank you. I think some of the other crew members will write, too.

The 10,000 Women's Council Christmas gift packets distributed to seamen whose ships were at sea or in foreign ports during the past Christmas, resulted in many thank-you letters to the Institute. Some of them are printed here. (The November, 1972 Lookout describes this annual SCI project more completely.)

**S/S African Crescent
Enroute to U.S.A.**

Just a small note of deep appreciation to provide a Merry Christmas for the men aboard the ships on the high seas.

The officers and crew were extremely pleased and surprised with the contents of each package. The comment most often made was that each item within the package was a most useful one and in keeping for a man at sea, away from home.

Again we offer our thanks, and forward to all concerned, our best wishes for good health, happiness and prosperity, during all the wonderful years in the future.

**M/V Caribbean Enterprise
Miami, Florida**

This is just a few lines to express my gratitude on receiving your fine Christmas gift. I feel sure that I speak for all seamen when I say how wonderful it is to be remembered even when many miles from home.

**Staten Island
New York**

I am sick in the Marine Hospital of Staten Island, so I've asked someone to write this letter for me to thank the ladies of the Women's Council of the Seamen's Church Institute who were very nice in visiting us and bringing us bags full of gifts so beautifully wrapped. They were so useful. God bless you.

**Harkness
Genoa, Italy**

I would like to thank you for the beautiful green sweater and "goodies" that you so very thoughtfully sent us for Christmas!

It helped to make this Christmas away from my loved ones a little brighter and joyful.

I thank you for your kindness.

**Fernside
Houston**

We want to thank you all for your very nice gifts given to us on the Christmas Eve in New York. We were really surprised over such nice gifts, which are already in use.

And it means very much to us that we understand that people we don't know think of us and care for us. We therefore wish that God will bless you in your work and wish you a Happy New Year and all good in the future.

Our best wishes.

**Ocean Progress
New York**

Your very kind action in sending Christmas presents to the crew of this ship is very much appreciated and please accept my heartfelt thanks.

We are sailing this evening for Hong Kong and Japan so, at the present I have not time, but on our next call in New York about the middle of January I shall endeavor to call upon you and thank you personally.

**State of Mysore
Charleston**

All the officers, crew members and I acknowledge with grateful thanks the many gifts of love and friendship which we seamen received through your esteemed Institute and for your warm holiday greetings which we sincerely reciprocate.

Your thoughtful and kind gesture with so much goodwill has deeply touched us. We laud your efforts for the promotion of peace and fellowship among all nations to which we in common are wedded to.

We all know that we have friends at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York and Newark and are proud of their good work.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and all the happiness in the year and years to come. In the pursuit of our noble cause, you have all our prayers.

Thanking you once again.

**Atlantic Crown
Port Elizabeth, N. J.**

On behalf of the entire crew of the S/S Atlantic Crown I wish to express my sincere thanks for the very nice Christmas presents we received from you this year. It is highly appreciated by everybody, knowing that it takes long-time organization and hard work on your part to achieve this yearly goal.

Thanking you again for all your efforts and wishing you a prosperous and peaceful 1973.



The Institute's First Chaplain

In 1841, a young Boston clergyman stepped aboard a small sailing packet in Boston harbor, bound for New York where he planned to attend a General Convention of the Episcopal Church.

The vessel, and several others, were driven by contrary winds into a place called "Tarpaulin Cove," twelve miles from Gay Head, east end of Martha's Vineyard.

The events which transpired on that sailing ship greatly influenced the career of the young clergyman and directly concern the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The clergyman was the Rev. Benjamin Cutler Parker, who in 1843 took charge of the East River Station and was made chaplain of the Institute's First Floating Church, in which capacity he served until his death in 1859.

Chaplain Parker was the son of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Parker, D.D., the second Bishop of Massachusetts. At the age of nineteen he began his theological studies under Dr. T. S. Gardner, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and in 1818 he entered Harvard College.

In 1822 he was graduated and in 1826 was ordained. He officiated in Christ Church, Gardiner, Maine; Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass.; St. James Church, Woodstock, Vermont and St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.

In 1842 he was appointed Seamen's Chaplain in the Port of New York by the "Young Men's Auxiliary Education and Missionary Society of New York," which was the Institute's name at that time.

The circumstances which first drew his attention to seamen have been published by himself. "We reached Tarpaulin Cove," he wrote in his diary, "about thirty hours after leaving Boston, but here we have been detained



The Rev. Benjamin Cutler Parker

ever since by intensely thick fogs and head winds.

"We are in the midst of nearly fifty sail of vessels bound to the South. Yesterday (Sunday) was one of the most interesting days I ever spent. Finding we must be detained here, I obtained permission to hold a religious meeting on shore in the kitchen of a public house into which opened two larger rooms.

"I had agreed on Saturday evening with the captain of a vessel near us to send his boat round among the vessels early next morning, and inform the officers and crews that there would be religious service on shore at ten A.M. On the following morning there was almost a gale of wind, nevertheless

these hardy fellows were true to their word. At eight o'clock I saw them on the top of mountain waves, floating like seagulls, going to the windward of the vessel, and passing the word about our meeting.

"At the time appointed we went on shore, and were soon followed by a great number of boats. The rooms were filled; 150 persons were present; such a congregation has seldom met together. I preached twice, and appointed another meeting for the evening. It seemed as if the good Providence of God had detained us for the very purpose of holding this meeting.

"The poor sailors wept like children; and at the close of the service the poor fellows lingered, unwilling to separate from us. We continued there, notwithstanding the darkness and fog were so thick that I was more than once apprehensive we might not soon find our vessels. On board, I found some of our own crew affected.

"We had reading of the Scriptures

every night in the cabin, with explanations by me and prayers, which sometimes lasted an hour and a half. I feel thankful for the opportunity I have been permitted to enjoy here."

It was this occurrence which directed Mr. Parker's mind to this neglected field and while in New York he conferred with a few of the clergy and laymen, and the enterprise was commenced.

In this mission he served upwards of sixteen years, both in preaching the Gospel on the Sabbath and in promoting the welfare of seamen by advice and assistance.

He personally put into the hands of seamen 70,000 bound volumes of religious publications. About one thousand persons attended his funeral service on Sunday, January 30, 1859. Mr. Parker's missionary zeal and providential introduction to this work prepared him to associate as a beloved friend and counsellor with seamen of all ranks and ratings.

Reprinted from *Lookout* of July, 1934



Votive Ship Models

A "votive object" is one which has been dedicated or consecrated to a particular purpose, given in consequence, prior to or because of the fulfillment of a vow.

After the successful conclusion of a dangerous voyage, or sometimes through escaping a disaster or tragic event, seafarers gave their own church a model of a ship they had carved, to be hung in the chapel, or close to the altar, dedicated to those who gained a living upon the sea.

Occasionally the model was offered to the church in the hope that the endeavor the sefarer was to embark on would be crowned with good fortune and he would return safely.

The custom is a very ancient one, dating back to pagan times. On the Mediterranean islands of Crete and Cyprus, archeologists working among the ruins of ancient cities have discovered votive models. Examples have been found on the site of Carthage on the North African coast.

From the 15th century it was a common sight to see the churches in or close to the ports of England and Europe, especially in Holland, with their interior beams adorned with hundreds of these model ships.

The majority of the models are often crudely made by the sefarer and only intended as a representation of the ship. There was no plan and it was not meant they should be finely detailed.

Others, however, were beautifully created and complete in every way. A famous example is the "Catalan Ship," a three-foot-long model which originally hung in the sanctuary of Saint Simon de Mataro in Spain. After many years in the sanctuary, coated with layers of incense and candle smoke, it changed hands, how or why is unknown. Today it is preserved in the



Prinz Hendrik Maritime Museum in Rotterdam, Holland.

As a result of the religious Reformation hundreds of these votive models were destroyed or disappeared, some coming into private hands and so were lost. Since then those that did survive have often been stolen from churches and consequently vanished into private hands, too.

In England they were considered "idolatrous objects" during the regime of Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans in the 17th century, and most were removed from English churches and burnt.

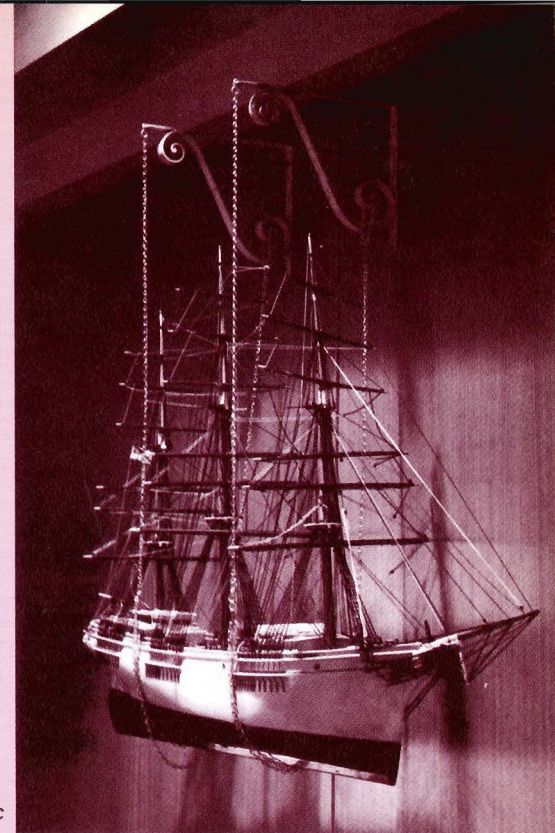
But a few survive. In the new church, rebuilt in 1931, at the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in Norfolk, several of those saved are on exhibition. The Shrine, with the Image of Our Lady, contains a votive ship model and in

more recent years a model of a clipper ship has been placed in the nave.

It is also quite possible that many of the old ship models donated privately to maritime museums, their origins unknown through time, began as votive objects in some far-off church centuries ago.

The votive ship model suspended in the nave of the chapel of the Institute is of a sail ship, the *Atlantic*. It was the gift of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York in 1962. The model builder is unknown.

There were many ships named *Atlantic*. The SCI model is of a ship built by J. Williams of New York, of 736 tons. Originally intended for the New York-New Orleans run, she was transferred to trans-Atlantic packet service from 1848-1858. When in New York this *Atlantic* docked near the first Floating Church of Our Saviour, fore-runner of the present SCI chapel.



Atlantic

DEPOSIT AND EXCHANGE

Following footsteps on the beach,
tracing tracks with a practiced eye,
noting others have been before
as far as the sand fades into sky,

I keep an eye on the ebbing tide,
conscious of gifts left by the sea,
knowing before the day is spent,
rising water will wash shore free,

depositing still another lot
of whatever the restless waters find,
taking a bit of the shore away,
leaving some of its store behind.

L. A. Davidson

IT SEEMS STRANGE TO ME

To picture in my thoughts,
steeple and bells and lizards
on riverbanks all moving
in sounds of fog

On endless paths,
Unknown to each other,
Forgotten in the antiquity
of silence.

Dorothy Mitchell Bechhold

PEARL OF QUIET

Sea and sky
Firmly joined upon
A dim horizon edge are
The giant oyster shell in which curls
Quiet's pearl.

Margaret L. Law

Address Correction Requested

IN MEMORIAM

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York gratefully acknowledges bequests and memorials in its support left during 1972 in memory of the following persons:

Bequests

Lillian D. Cox
Mary Dunsmore
Elise Underhill Eaton
Mary Elizabeth Friedrichs
Bernardine Grondahl
Edwina L. Hayman
Margaret R. Isbell
Martha P. Munger
Katherine Frances Noyes
Myra Valentine
Arthur E. Wechsler
Harriet C. Weed
Edith D. Wright
Katherine Yardley

Memorials

Gertrude Barlow
Capt. Michael F. Barry
Capt. Walter A. Bird
Capt. Harold E. Blunt
Gladys Burton
Leslie Carter
Jeanette Danley
Earle J. Davis
Ruth Dillon
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Eloise Walton Petersen
Bruno Schaumburg
George Sculley
Margaret Sprague
Harold E. Thompson
Kenneth C. Vipond
John C. Wilkinson
Stanley Wilson
John Wallace Young, Jr.

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