



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1975

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.

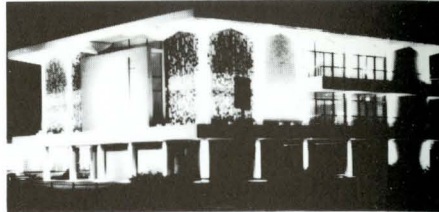
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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 57% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of 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

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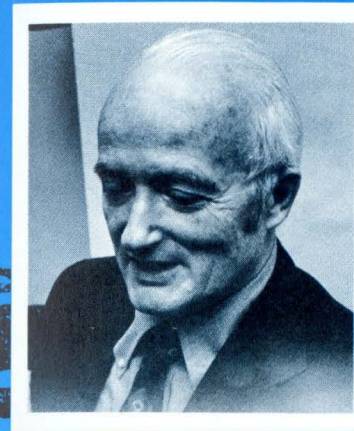
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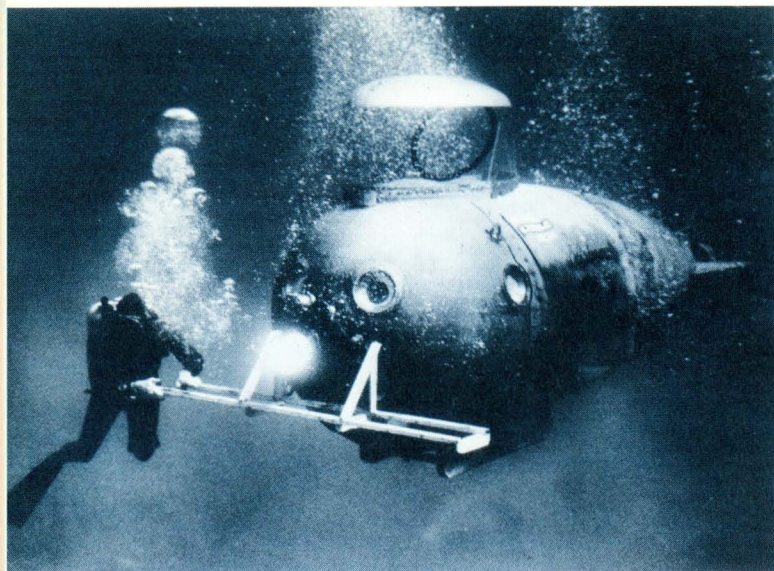
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THE SEA... some thoughts on its future



Earthpeople are increasingly drawn to the Sea for recreation, food and raw materials, but it is really not known if we are creating a horn of plenty for all or an industrial cesspool. One important factor that will determine what we do with the oceans is how we perceive them and the resources they hold. To examine the question of perception and the oceans future, we sought the opinion of our friend, the father of Earth Day, John McConnell. A pragmatic visionary, Mr. McConnell has been encouraging individuals and nations to live for ecology and social justice through an organization called the "Earth Society."





Q. *What are the most important ideas about the ocean that will insure logical and just use of the Sea's resources?*

A. Instead of seeing the oceans as a vast expanse of cold, inexhaustible material that separates man from man and nation from nation, we must have another perceptual revolution that will make us see the oceans as a new continent that all mankind can explore together for the benefit of all. We have to see that each person on Earth has a share in the ocean, that the ocean connects us as well as divides us. If we understood clearly that we each have a personal stake in the future of the ocean, most of us would be more concerned about political decisions being made now about the ocean.

Q. *What stake does each of us really have in the ocean?*

A. Literally life or death. Some scientists say that if one supertanker filled with herbicide split open in mid-ocean, we would seriously decrease the oxygen supply of the whole Earth. On the positive side, if the nations of the world fished without depleting species of commercial habitant such as codfish, or drilled for oil

for the benefit of all, we just might be able to solve the nagging problems of nutrition and poverty in the world.

Q. *Aren't you being too idealistic to think that each of us could have a share in the ocean's wealth?*

A. There's nothing wrong with a little idealism. After all the founding fathers had a little when they wrote the Constitution. Their ideals seem to have been an improvement over the forms of government that existed in 1776. Of course, ideals mean nothing when they are just dreams. In the case of the oceans, some good men at the United Nations convinced some hard-headed politicians several years ago that they should declare the sea-bed the common heritage of all mankind. From the idea of the common heritage of the sea-bed's bounty, it is only a small practical step to saying that each individual on the Earth has a right to some actual share of the wealth derived from the oceans.

Q. *What ever happened to the idea of the Sea as the Common Heritage of all mankind?*

A. The idea is slowly getting lost in a swamp of parochial interests. The military people want freedom to send their warships anywhere. Some countries want one fish in hand rather than a bushel under international control and Howard Hughes wants first claim on the manganese nodules.

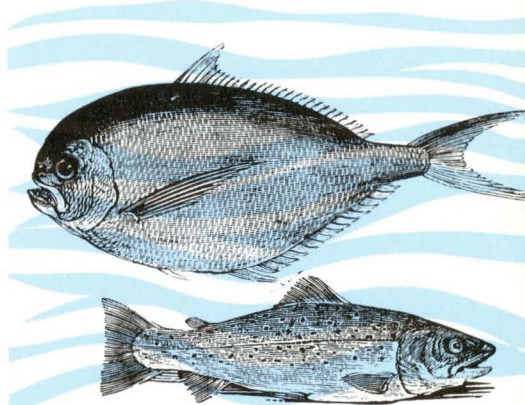
Q. *The Law of the Sea Conference in Venezuela seemed to work under the principle of every man for himself instead of the common heritage idea. What's wrong with that policy?*

A. First, the world is making the same land rush mistakes in the ocean that led to cruel wars and the creation of deserts on the Earth. We should learn from history and do better in 1975 than we did in the past. Secondly, without a strong, independent United Nations Sea Authority, funded by the revenues derived from licensed, environmentally correct exploitation of the ocean, there will be no way to effectively stop pollution of the deep oceans by reckless oil and mineral ventures, no way to conserve commercially valuable fish and no way to protect from harm the small organisms that produce the oxygen we each breathe.

Q. *What is your organization doing to stop the uncontrolled exploitation of the ocean and to promote the common ownership idea?*

A. The Earth Society is beginning to organize a new program called Sea Citizens. In the short run the Sea Citizen program will run ads in leading newspapers to tell people what is happening to their property. Eventually I hope that the Sea Citizen organization will be able to obtain an actual share in the benefits of the ocean for anyone who exercises his right to claim a share. We hope that the program will first be supported by a few governments and corporations and later by an international authority so that finally the Sea, our great common herit-

age, can be protected and harvested with equal cash dividends for all the people of Earth. As this begins to happen, more and more we will work together to manage and enjoy our amazing planet.



In our interest in the sea's future, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in conjunction with the United Nations Association of New York will be sponsoring the first of two all-day briefings on *Aspects and Impacts of the International Law of the Sea*, Tuesday, February 25, 1975, 10 A.M. - 4 P.M. at the United Nations.

This first seminar will review how proposed sea laws will affect future shipping, fishing, and canning operations particularly as they relate to the upcoming International Law of the Harvesting of the Sea.

Officers of the Law of the Sea Secretariat plus United Nations representatives from Peru and Norway will participate in the Seminar.

The briefing is open to the public and should be an excellent up-dating session for both members of the business community and the private sector. Reservations are \$10 per person and may be made by calling UNA-NY headquarters at (212) 687-1252. Admission must necessarily be by reservation only. ■



Young Cadet Is Unexpected Friend of SCI Family

A few weeks ago, a group of cadets from the Great Lakes Maritime Academy of Traverse City, Michigan were here at the Institute attending the MARAD Radar School.

Among the group was cadet Anthony G. Woodruff whom we discovered has a unique family tie with this Institute.

Although Evelith, Minnesota, has been young Woodruff's hometown since childhood, he was born in Roslyn, Long Island and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney Woodruff, were both from the East.

Prior to moving to Minnesota, Mrs. Woodruff was a regular visitor to the Institute where she was an active member of our volunteer Women's Council.

She, in turn, had been introduced to SCI as a young girl by her father,

poet/novelist Christopher Morley.

Mr. Morley was a staunch supporter of the Institute and also a friend and admirer of Joseph Conrad. So when the Institute's Joseph Conrad Library was dedicated in 1934, it was only natural that he was asked to give the opening address.

In talking with Mr. Morley's grandson, Anthony, he indicated that one of his two brothers showed a strong talent as a writer, but that he (Anthony) carried the family's salt water in his veins. He looks forward to an adventurous life at sea, and hopes to have in the not-too-distant future a vessel of his own so that he might truly set his own course.

For our part, it was a pleasure meeting him and we wish him fair winds in the years ahead wherever he sails.



Editor's Note:

We wish to thank Commander R.H. Gregory, USN for bringing the following article to our attention and The Baltimore Sun for allowing us to reprint this piece.

Captain Billy, Brazil Traders And Ague

Capt. Billy Booze was one of old Baltimore's fascinating characters. That fact came to light when the office antiquary, who collects all sorts of Marylandia (among other things), turned in the following which he had copied some years ago from the *Baltimore American* of October 28, 1903:

"Capt. Billy Booze, mayor of Gaff Topsail Corner, and one of Baltimore's unique characters, will celebrate his 86th birthday today.

"The captain has lived at 207 Smith's Wharf for about 25 years. He is an authority on the weather and many captains consult him before going on a voyage. He has the movements of the Brazil traders always on the tip of his tongue, and can tell to the day how many days any of the ships are at sea. When he learns the morning shipping news, gets



the weather forecast and his chew of tobacco, he is happy for the day.

"Captain Booze takes a cold bath every Wednesday in a cold room, even if there is a blizzard on hand, and though he has to break ice. He begins retiring daily at 4 P.M., is asleep about 6 P.M. and is up with the dawn.

"He was born on Hoopers Island and went to sea 69 years ago when he was 16 years old. He was successively cabin boy, cook, seaman, quartermaster and captain. He was a master of Chesapeake Bay vessels for 17 years, one (the James Franklin) having been sold to slave traders. The captain stepped ashore in 1856 and for many years was a night watchman on ships. He always carried out his orders to the letter, and when he was once told to allow no one aboard a certain ship, he refused to let the captain return to her.

"The daily routine of Captain Booze's life is probably without a parallel in Baltimore for oddity and exactness. For years he has never gone farther than four squares from Gay and Pratt street, and has spent all his time in either the sail loft of Francis P. Murphy, 205 Smith's Wharf, where he lives, in the ship chandlery store of George Wilkins, 205 Smith's Wharf, or the nautical instrument shop of Michele V. O'Neal, 502 East Pratt street.

"He is up with the sun to open the sailmaker's loft. When the clock strikes 8 he takes a morning constitutional to Bowley's Wharf, two blocks west on Pratt street. After a biscuit and a cup of coffee at a Pratt street lunchroom he hies himself to the O'Neal nautical shop where William E. Condon performs his daily morning duty of reading the marine news and weather probabilities to the old man. At exactly 11:30 every morning Captain Booze walks a square to Gay and Lombard to see the progress on the new Custom House. At precisely 3 P.M. he walks as far as the *American* office to read the news in big type on the bulletin board. At the stroke of 4 he begins to prepare for the night's sleep. The only other place visited by Booze is a Marsh Market baker woman from whom he has bought biscuits for 27 years, and a Marsh Market grocer who sells cheese. He eats biscuits and cheese for breakfast and supper

daily. His dinner has been custard pie and biscuits for 12 weeks. He eats a banana daily for supper.

"Captain Booze was a giant in strength in his younger days. During the Civil War, when six men were sent out to bring in firewood, he alone, in the presence of a regiment of men, shouldered a tree 60 feet long and 8 or 10 inches thick at the butt and carried it a quarter of a mile. He has strapped himself above a weighing scale and shoved down until the scales showed a pressure of 1,200 pounds. Booze says he never had but one fight and then he cleaned 15 men out of a house and smashed 43 window glasses and frames.

"He has always been a hearty eater and once, having been frozen in down the bay and lived a long time on salted meals, he came to Baltimore and at one sitting ate four dozen fried oysters, a half bushel of roasted oysters, nine soused pigs feet and nine glasses of Tom and Jerry.

"When Lincoln was assassinated Booze was a lookout on the old Norfolk steamer *Georgiana*. He has not been treated by a physician for 40 years when, he says, a doctor treated him for the ague, nearly killing him but never touching the ague. He has no religion as he says there are so many different churches and denominations that he cannot tell which one is right so he just reads from St. John only every Sunday." ■

a penny saved ...

In order to save on administrative expense and mailing costs, we are asking our general contributors to accept their canceled check as receipt for contributions made to the Institute. Cash donations will still be accepted.

We like to save whenever we can in order to stretch our dollars received from you as much as possible.

We hope you will understand and thank you in advance for your cooperation.



TALL SHIPS

The cover of this month's Lookout (Above), is of the well-known painting "Operation Sail" by marine artist Kipp Solwedel.

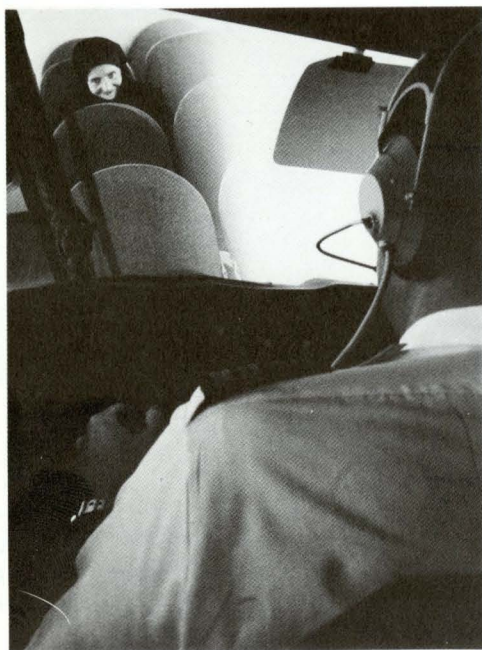
It depicts sailing ships from Canada, Japan, Denmark, Portugal, Norway and Germany entering the New York Harbor in the early morning mist. The outward bound *USS Randolph* is shown passing the Statue of Liberty as the vessel heads for the open sea.

We were pleased to learn that this painting is now available as a fine quality, four-color print and that it and information on other prints by Mr. Solwedel can be obtained by writing Ship Lore, 80 Montgomery Avenue, Ocean-side, L.I., N.Y. 11572.



MITCHELL KAUFMAN

"YIA SOU, GREECE!"



DEC. 12 to JAN. 5 (1st floor gallery)
Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y.
15 State St., N.Y.C. (Opposite Battery Park)
Gallery Hours:
Mon. thru Fri. 11 to 3:30, Sat. & Sun. 11 to 6
Opening Reception Thurs. Dec. 12, 5 to 8 pm
Co-sponsored by LOWER MANHATTAN CULTURAL COUNCIL

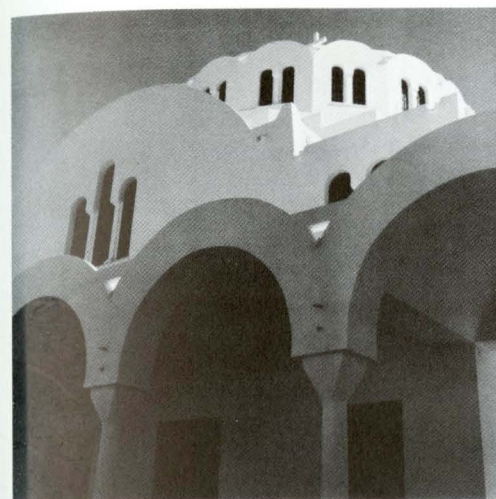
JAN. 14 to JAN. 31
Brooklyn Union Gas
195 Montague St., Bklyn.
Gallery Hours: Mon. thru Fri. 9 to 5
Co-sponsored by BACA

FEB 15 to MAR 15
S.I. Council on the Arts, Inc.



At the Opening

BARBARA LEVEN



SPONSORED BY:
The City of New York
PARKS, RECREATION & CULTURAL AFFAIRS ADMINISTRATION
Abraham D. Beame, Mayor
Edwin L. Weisl, Jr., Administrator, PRCA
Irving Goldman, Commissioner of Cultural Affairs
Patrick B. McGinnis, Deputy Commissioner, DCA
Stephanie Sills, Director of Programs, DCA
PARKS INFORMATION 472-1003



Photographers Mitchell Kaufman and Barbara Leven Kaufman prepare for a shot — this time in front of the camera instead of behind it.

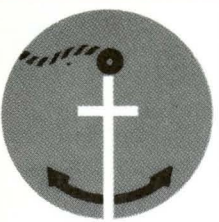
"YIA SOU, GREECE" OPENS AT INSTITUTE

To the sounds of the bouzouki plus a buffet including stuffed grape leaves, feta, and other Greek delicacies, "Yia Sou, Greece", an exhibition of photographs by Barbara Leven and Mitchell Kaufman opened December 12 here at the Institute.

Hundreds attended the opening reception including officials of the Greek Consulate as well as several dozen Greek merchant seamen who were staying in the building; and thousands of downtown Manhattanites and visitors to SCI viewed the show in the weeks that followed.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the photographers was the number of Greek seamen who made repeated visits to the gallery to re-see the show and who often signed the guest register with glowing remarks about the work.

The exhibit was sponsored by the City of New York, Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration and co-sponsored by the Institute and the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council.



MARINERS INTERNATIONAL CENTER

118 EXPORT STREET, PORT NEWARK, N.J. 07114 • (201) 589-5828

The Rev. George R. Dawson
Chaplain/Manager

From Port Newark

SCT's Mariners International Center at Port Newark/Elizabeth, New Jersey was bustling with activity during the month of December '74. More than 1460 seamen visited the Center, staff members visited 134 ships during the month and over 2000 cards and letters were mailed by staff personnel for seamen. (There is no post office drop in the area, so mail is taken into Newark, N.J. for posting.)

A highlight of the holiday season was the confirmation of First Mate John Buddles aboard his ship, the English vessel *Hampton Lion*. Seaman Buddles was presented by Center Chaplain George Dawson and was confirmed by The Right Reverend George E. Rath, D.D., Bishop of Newark. The service was attended by ship's officers and friends and was the first confirmation held at Port Newark. It was also the first confirmation of a seaman aboard ship for Bishop Rath, making it a particularly unique and joyful occasion for all concerned.

Seaman Buddles (center), Bishop Rath (immediate left), Chaplain Dawson and ship's officers following confirmation service.



The Seamen's Church Institute of New York gratefully acknowledges bequests and memorials in its support left during 1974 in memory of the following persons:

MEMORIALS — 1974

Alda	Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson
Walter Bochert	Heinrich Friedrich Ludwig Jordan
Elder Boyd	Lee Kinsolving
Elsie Brush	Martha Legate
Martha Coleman	Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Linder
Jane H. Currie	Edgar F. Luckenbach, Jr.
Earle J. Davis	William Ludlow
Augusta M. de Peyster	"Mac" MacDonald
Alf C. Ebbesen	Capt. Charles E. MacLean
Eugene Edwards	Frank McCall
Dr. Kendall Emerson	Edward Smith
Luciano N. Fernandes	Capt. Mervyn Stone
John B. Gambling	Samuel Stretch
Capt. Cornelius Garnier	Lucy E. Thompson &
Joseph L. Granquist	Harold E. Thompson BM 1/U.S.N.
Gilbert C. Halsted, Jr.	Mrs. Henry A. Walton
Louise G. Herr	John D. Wheeler
James C. Higgins	Stanley Wilson
Rev. Joseph D. Huntley	Lambert S. Wolverson
Mr. and Mrs. Anton Johnson	Margaret D. Woolston-Smith

BEQUESTS

Fanny Bradshaw
Hilda Hoffmeier
Ella B. Patterson
Juliet Rosenberg

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

And Just Up The Street...

Another recent exhibit of special interest to sea lovers was "Sail", a massive environmental sculpture located at 88 Pine Street — the handsome new Orient Overseas Associates building designed by I.M. Pei and Partners.

The sculpture was created by artist Anne Healy and utilized 26 sails: spinakers, genoas, jibs and mainsails fastened with turnbuckles from the ceiling and at varying heights from the floor. A special piece of electronic music composed by Jim Burton was commissioned

for the show and the total effect was one of a mysterious, elusive fleet racing in an ocean of space.

The work was produced by Creative Time Project and co-sponsored by Orient Overseas Associates. The exhibit was part of an ongoing effort to encourage realtors and businesses to have major artists actually create and display works of art at locations (in public areas in office buildings) that are part of the daily working environment for thousands of New Yorkers.

*Editor's Note: It is our pleasure to present the following three poems by able seaman and talented poet
Lawrence Miner*

From My Room ... At 15 State Street

There was a pause this afternoon
The wind, like on a leash
Quite suddenly brought short, sat down
Still facing to the East.

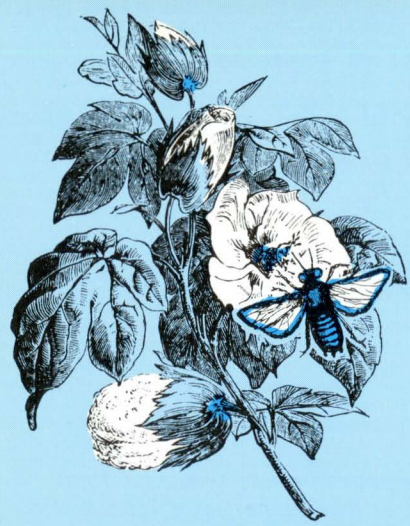
I thought that some great thing afar
Had brought the beast to heel,
Presaging earthquake or a war
In tidings he could feel.

'Twas then I noticed, when it gleamed,
A feather from the skies —
(A small occasion, then I dreamed,
To merit such surprise).

One little flake, but now aloft
Where swirling eddies flow,
I peer down at the holy, soft
Benevolence of snow.

Lawrence Miner





Some little imp of laziness
Is filling me with glee
So that I laugh in my distress,
Albeit helplessly.

'Tis rather like a feather stroke
Across unguarded soles,
Or like the sly and tickling probe
Where ribs are ribbing goals.

Too old to feel impending doom,
I look with curious eye
On busy bees within the bloom
and mildly wonder, "Why?"

From four and fifty frantic years
I look down at the past
And marvel at my lack of tears
For friends who could not last.

For all the hosts of mighty men
Of statue, sinew, brain,
The giants of the sword and pen
Who shall not come again.

And think how wonderful it is
Merely to be alive —
Exulting in my outcast role
As truant from the hive.

Lawrence Miner

Deck Song

*Beat me a stave and my music will flow
Like the echoing wave where the Caribbes blow,
For I'm off again, out again – devil a care,
Life is the living on bonnie salt air!*

*Up with the schooner on table and sea!
Down with the ale and the sadness in me!
False is my mistress – I'm falsar than she,
Ask her and task her – the jade will agree!*

*Out on the waves where the porpoises play,
Out in the realm of the slow dying day,
Out in the Being that cannot decay –
God is a primitive painted with spray.*

*Out again, out again – hark to the blast!
Batten the tarps 'neath the gyrating mast;
Dog all the doors – are the lifeboats made fast?
Hold her "hard right" till that next one is past!*

*Wheel-house and bridge, reeling under the wave,
Shudder and groan like a ghost from the grave,
Yet through the insensate fury are drave,
Drunkingly resolute, stubbornly brave.*

*Storm that recedes ere a man at his most,
Hasten to Neptune, to Poseidon post!
Whither thou, Davie? 'Twas idle thy ghost.
Calm is the sea like a genial host.*

*Stifle 'mid smoke in your cities so fine,
Sharecrop your ills in your backwoods of pine –
Stave out your soul on the farm, in the mine,
Keep 'em and welcome! It's me for the brine.*

*For I'm weary of crowds, and the lands are not free,
And my heart's in the shark that just knifed through the sea,
And my soul's in a sunset like yester'een shown
O'er the stars sailing out on their oceans alone.*

Lawrence Miner

Songs of a Drop-Out

IS OUR FACE RED!

In the January '75 issue of the *Lookout* we published on our back cover a poem entitled *Shore Anchor*. It was such a fine poem we went to special pains to choose an appropriate illustration, layout, etc. *But*, we omitted the name of the poet L.A. DAVIDSON. Thirty lashes for us and our humble apologies genuinely proffered.

The poem is as follows ...

SHORE ANCHOR

I will to bed, and so to sleep.
The dawning comes the sooner.

The winter morning scarce is light,
so dark the day that follows after,
a very grayness from the ocean
that bore you boldly far from me
and kept you gone for days past count.

The candle gutters round its wick;
the fireplace has only embers.
Still I keep wood and wax at hand
to feed the fire, brighten flame,
when first I hear you knocking.

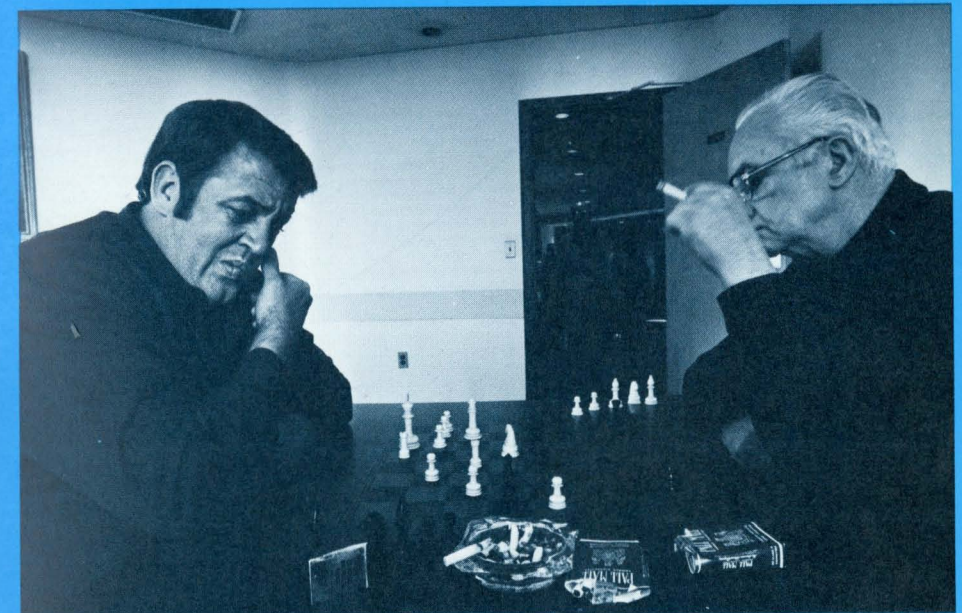
Good winds and tides, willed by my prayers,
must sail you safe, must bear you home.

L.A. Davidson

Once a year, usually around Christmas, the SCI staff likes to "chip in" and give themselves a party. There's always a bit of Dixieland on the program and when that happens "The Saints always come marching in" ... and go on, and on and ...

Then there are the quieter moments when in the evening some of the seamen just like to get together in their lounge to read, relax and talk things over ... past, present and future.

That may not seem like much but it certainly makes it feel like home.



Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

**15 State Street
New York, N. Y. 10004**

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