



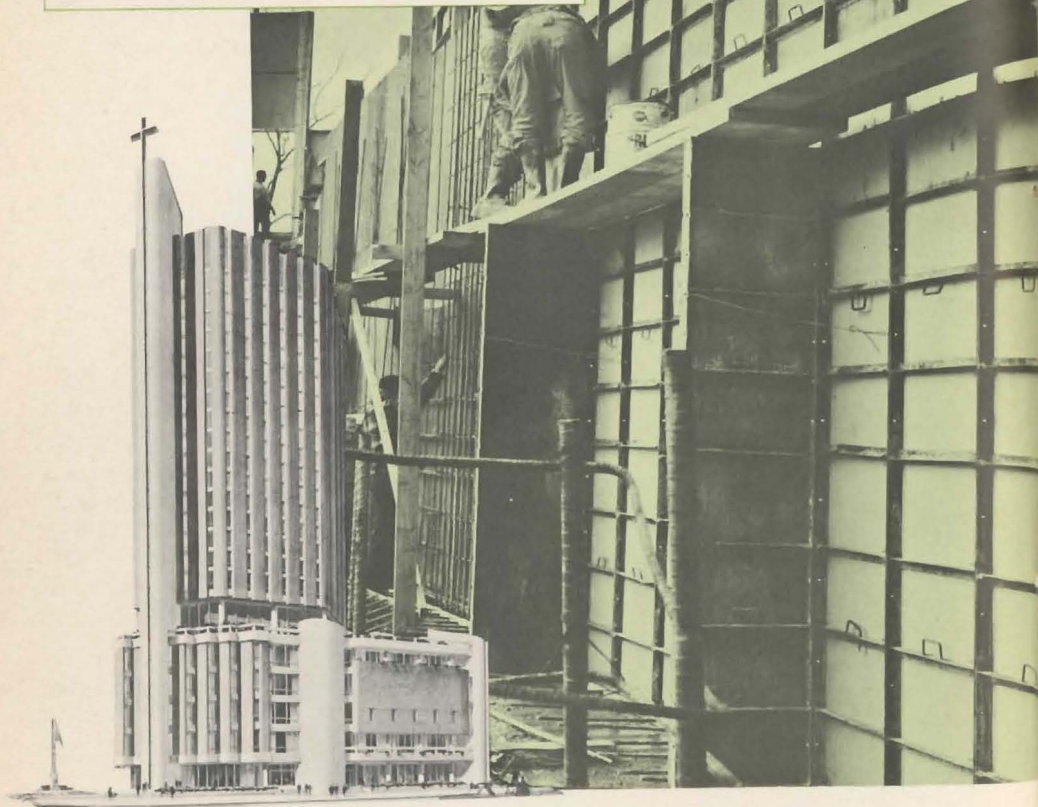
# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1967

Construction of new SCI building at State and Pearl streets in Manhattan proceeds at steady pace. Structural steel work may be in progress by the time this issue of *The Lookout* reaches its subscribers. Workmen here are locking sectional steel forms in place preparatory to a concrete pour for a portion of the foundation.



by P. J. Reale

# SEA GULLS



A few years ago, in Torquay, England, a sea gull was impaled on the lightning rod of a church spire. Firemen tried to reach the unfortunate bird, but even with their longest ladder they failed.

Then from the large crowd that had gathered, stepped Sydney Hobbs, a truck driver. He bravely ventured aloft, 100 feet straight up, and rescued the gull. On return, the trucker was mobbed by the appreciative spectators.

Women embraced him; they smothered hero Hobbs with kisses — and found his face a bloody mass, savagely torn by the beak of the gull.

An ungrateful bird? Some newspapers were of this opinion. The Providence (R. I.) Evening Bulletin, however, begged to differ. The journal applauded the gull. "His logic was perfect," said the paper. "Men build church spires and stick lightning rods on them. Mr. Hobbs was a man; therefore, let him have it!"

The incident points up, of course, the precarious relationship existent between gulldom and humankind. Sailing into the New World, Columbus tossed scraps to the gulls begging off his fantail. The Pilgrims hurled them handouts within sight of Plymouth Rock.

Down through the ages people have catered to the seaside chowhounds. Men have immortalized the bird's beauty in drama, poetry, prose and portraiture. Alas! Neither free meals nor flattery

has instilled in the gull a spirit of mutual friendship and affection.

He feels no indebtedness to man. He keeps his distance. The bird remains indomitable, unsubmissive, as free and independent as he was in the beginning. There are no strings attached.

Given opportunity, the gull displays brazen disrespect for the creatures who install lightning rods on steeples, and he cares little or nothing for men's laws. This the birds demonstrated most dramatically one day in the 1930's. Thousands of gulls openly violated the Volstead Act, the Prohibition Era ban on booze.

Officials responsible for enforcing the legislation confiscated 116 kegs of bootleg corn whisky in Baltimore and dumped them — 1,200 gallons of "hooch" — into the harbor near Fort McHenry, the birthplace of the Star-Spangled Banner.

Well, the gulls got a whiff, let out a gleeful shriek, swooped down en masse and, as the saying goes, "tied one on." Soon the birds were executing nosedives and tailspins in irreverent fashion over the heads of the helpless authorities, and worse yet, over the revered fort. Not since the War of 1812 had anyone dared threaten McHenry!

Gulls, it is clear, owe their allegiance only to their appetites — and they are hungry all the time. It is this very situation that makes them both blessed and blasphemed.

## the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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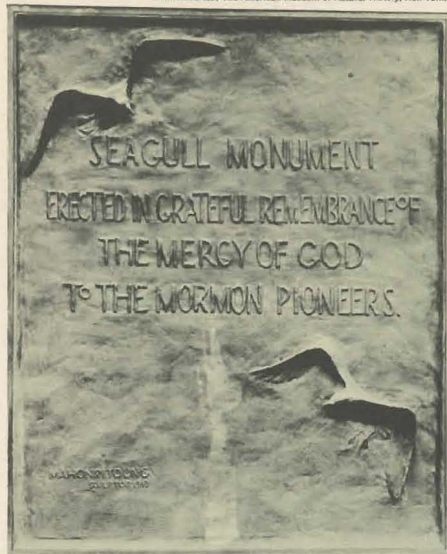
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COVER: Herring Gulls from portfolio by J. J. Audubon's Birds of America. Photo courtesy The American Museum of Natural History, New York.



A panel from monument to gulls in Salt Lake City.

In 1848, when the gulls saved the Mormon pioneers of Utah from starvation by wiping the green fields clean of marauding black hordes of locusts, they were hailed as "white angels"; as miracle-workers. (Today in Salt Lake City stands a tall granite monument in their honor, and they are the State Bird.)

Some years later, in Kern County, California, farmers praised the gulls when a flock of 6,000 of them turned up in time to drive "a plague of mice" from the crops. But the gulls were cursed as scoundrels during the especially hot long summer of 1966 when, unable to find food enough off the Atlantic shore, they drifted inland to some Virginia farms to pick the equivalent of 10,000 baskets, or \$6,000 worth of tomatoes.

At the same time, in another part of the country, a city airport declared gulls demons and a hazard for feeding at dump sites situated in the vicinity of flying aircraft.

The table manners of gulls are poor, and this hasn't inspired harmony with humans. For example, the bird has a

disturbing habit of dropping a clam from varying heights and then diving down to pluck the meat from the smashed shell. One day a fat mollusk, launched by a gull, shattered the window of an insurance company in Mystic, Connecticut, and sailed on to whack a pretty secretary on the head.

Concurrently, a family settled in a nice, newly constructed house in Island Park, N. Y., only to find in a matter of days that they were located in the flight path of sea gulls. The home was reported virtually uninhabitable, with clams raining down on the roof for several hours daily, starting at 5 a.m.

Clams hammering the roads in Avon, N. C., raised havoc with automobile tires. When motorists complained, the State Highway Department painted 66 gulls along one stretch of highway, figuring real gulls would never think of offending their own flesh and blood. The bombardment continued, however, for gulls apparently are not as gullible as some people care to think.



The Black-Headed Gull

As a matter of fact, there used to be an old Massachusetts gent, the captain of a fishing vessel, who regarded gulls as rather intelligent. The man was in the habit of cleaning his fish and flinging the remains, along with small, undesirable fish, to the gulls accompanying him home from a trip.

One bird in particular was no dummy. "I was feeding him," said the captain, "and I hove a scrap that was too big for him to swallow. The gull picked

up that fish and brought it back to be cut up."

The male, rather than the girl gull, seems always to have food in mind. Perhaps this explains why she has to take the initiative in courtship. She makes the advances; she plays the aggressor; she has the job of diverting his thoughts away from clams, fish and so forth.

The lady, sweetly singing "keew keew", struts up to a member of the rugged sex and tosses her head about,



The Black-Backed Gull

maybe a couple of times. Sometimes she grabs hold of his bill, gently, in a show of affection. If the fellow is interested (and a girl's been known to approach several boys within a matter of minutes before getting a response), he takes seaweed and makes nest-building gestures, and she pitches in.

Once an understanding is reached and the birds are "married", they are mates for life. Gulls are strictly monogamous. Together, on the rocky cliffs of the gullery, they raise their gullets, teaching them to swim, fight and scrounge for survival; to become birds capable of rapid flight, 30 to 50 miles an hour, and long-distance navigators, travelers able to cover as many as 700 miles in a day.

Fortunately for everybody concerned, the gull's dining habits, infuriating though they may be, make him one of man's most valuable and necessary co-occupants of earth. His great and in-

disputable worth lies in his willingness to function as a dispose-all, downing just about anything and everything in the line of organic debris.

For this reason are the harbors and seashores clean and presentable. His housekeeping services are so highly regarded, in fact, that he is protected by law; killing or molesting the eggs is an offense punishable by six months in jail and a \$500 fine.

Admittedly, the gull has his faults; he can truly be a headache. The wonder is that he is able to labor for long, hard hours at a lowly task and still maintain his hale and hearty air, his happy look, his mien of great dignity.

Flying high against the blue sky, or sweeping low across the water, he is a creature seemingly without a worry in the world, a beautiful and fascinating sight to see.



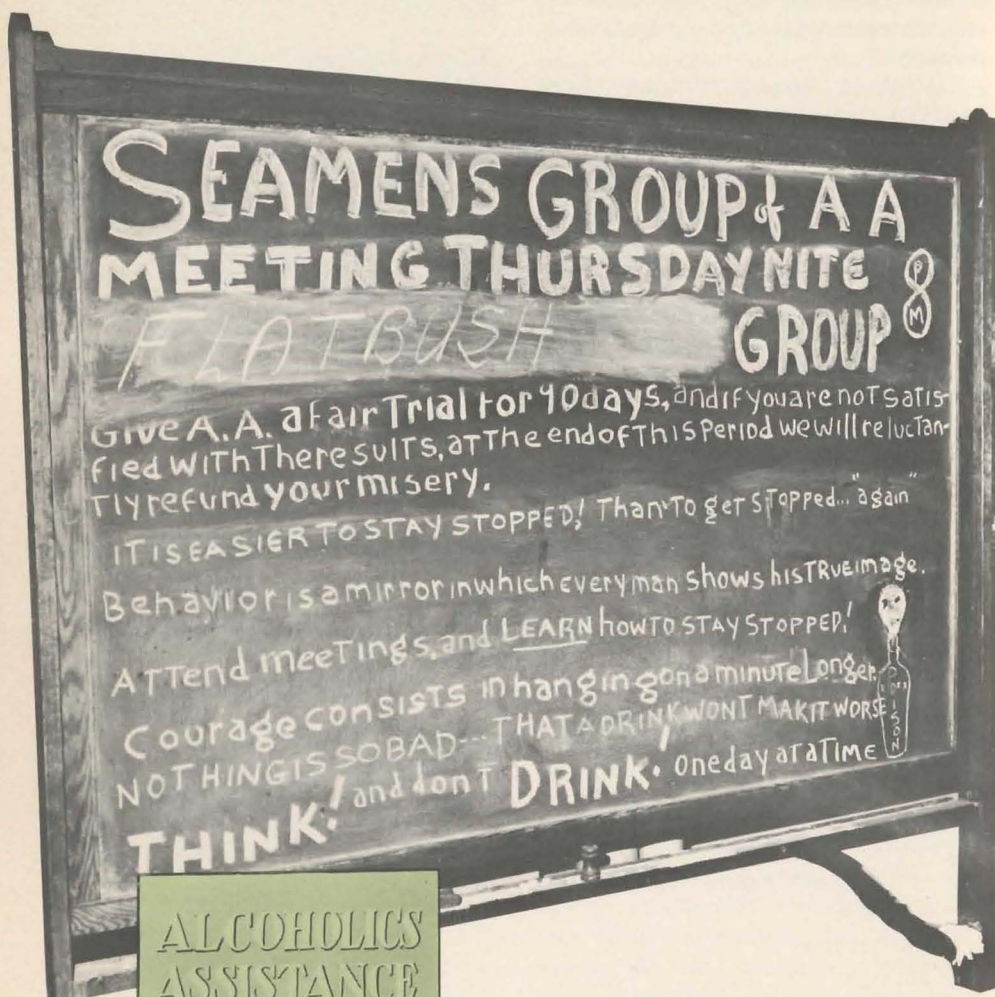
The Glaucous Gull

Who can keep from loving such a bird? Certainly not the seafaring man. A noisy delegation of gulls is always on hand to meet the inbound ship. And the screeching of the birds, while only gibberish to the landlubber, is language every ocean voyager understands.

Loosely translated, it means "Welcome Home."

# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...



ALCOHOLICS  
ASSISTANCE  
BUREAU



MEETINGS  
8:00 PM

Twenty-five years ago this May the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau was established in SCI to help seamen addicted to alcohol release themselves from its tyranny.

The Bureau has continued its work without interruption and is believed to be the only such service maintained

for seamen within the New York harbor seafaring community. Non-seamen with a drinking problem may avail themselves of the Bureau and some do.

Chaplain Frank Daley, in charge of the special SCI project for the past seven years, points out that during his experience he has known of many instances where seamen — unemployable because of chronic alcoholism — were rehabilitated because of Bureau guidance and are now back at sea. Some now hold masters' tickets.

"I hear from these fellows every now and then," he commented. "And some make special trips to SCI to thank us."

The chaplain has some pretty firm ideas on how to go about besting the addiction. And he should know. For he is a recovered alcoholic.

"The first step," he says, "is for a person to admit drinking has gained the upper hand and that he needs help."

Loneliness, Chaplain Daley believes, is the basis for most compulsive drinking. He also points out that all levels of society are afflicted by alcoholism; that a sophisticated drinker may be better able to conceal his chronic addiction but that a seaman seldom tries to hide his imbibing, giving rise to the scornful epithet, a "drunken sailor."

The chaplain conducts meetings for the alcoholics two evenings a week, each meeting lasting about an hour. "However," he says, "I'm available to any member of the group at any time of day or night."

Chief purpose of the twice-weekly meeting is to give participants an opportunity to discuss their mutual problem — a procedure which has proven its worth.

"The group discussion helps a person recognize he is not the only person with the problem and that it can be overcome by following certain actions," the clergyman said.

It would seem, he thinks, that the need for the AAB will continue for a long time to come.



A celebration seemed called for when it was found that the soccer team of the *M/S Washington* (French Line) had won SCI's soccer trophy award (silver cup) as a result of the nine-month tournament conducted by the shipvisitors of SCI.

So the team and French consular officials appeared at the Institute's International Club one evening to receive the winner's trophy from the Rev. John M. Mulligan, SCI director. Shown with the director (from left) are: Capt. Jean Huyard, the Washington's master and team manager; Serge Le Goff, French vice consul.

About eighty ships of all nations participated in the tournament play-off of around forty-four games; SCI has sponsored and conducted the soccer tournaments in the Port of New York area for the past nine years.

Similar but separate tournaments are conducted by the shipvisitors attached to the SCI Mariners Center of the Port of Newark. Ninety-two soccer matches were held in Newark this past year for crews of merchant ships. The Newark tournament series is in its fifth year.



International Seamen's Club of SCI serves as a major link between SCI and seamen of all nations.

Its twice-weekly dances not only give the seamen a welcome respite from the cramped, artificial living at sea; these SCI social events help keep him in touch with the land . . . from whence he derives.

The International Club serves a further purpose in that it is often the liaison to the varied special and personal services available to him by SCI per-

sonnel trained in the particular skills for the particular needs of a seaman.

A most important element in the continuing success of the Club is its hostesses, selected not only for good personality traits, but coached on how best to be a good hostess.

Hostesses periodically are guests of SCI for an evening supper with some of the staff (as the pictures here show) for the purpose of discussing how to improve the Club program.



### CLEAR TITLE

The Associated Press carried the following story on its wires in early February:

"The Board of Estimate (New York City) has reached back into legal documents drawn up before the Declaration of Independence to give the Seamen's Church Institute in Lower Manhattan a clear title to its land.

"The board was asked to release the Seamen's Church Institute from covenants issued in the early seven-teen-seventies to Mary Ten Eyck, Elizabeth Delancey, Henry Cuyler and three members of the Van Cortlandt family.

"These persons had been granted land that the institute now occupies. At that time, the land was under water and the city exacted a cove-

nant from each that if it was later reclaimed from the river they would pay any paving costs.

"A search of the title and covenants, made by several city departments at the request of the institute, disclosed that the land had indeed been raised out of the river.

"But it was also discovered that paving had been undertaken by the city in 1896 and 1897 on the South Street and Front Street sides of the institute's property at 23-25 South Street. What is more, the city had never been properly reimbursed.

"So yesterday, in return for a payment of \$1,283.76 plus \$50 for a title search, the Seamen's Church Institute was freed of all past covenants on its land."



The annual meeting of SCI's Women's Council was held in the main auditorium of the Institute. The Council reviewed its achievements for 1966 and mapped new goals for 1967. A high point of the one-day meeting was a briefing on the features of the new State Street building by a member of the staff of Eggers & Higgins, architectural firm for the project.



Mrs. Robert A. West, chairman of the Women's Council Advisory Board.



Mrs. W. D. Weston receives Volunteer of the Year citation from Mrs. Grace Chapman, Women's Council secretary.

Thirty-first Birthday Luncheon of the Women's Propeller Club of the United States, Port of New York, was held at the Institute. Admiring the birthday cake are: (from left) Dr. Francis X. Carlin, Principal of the Food and Maritime Trades High School; Mrs. Edward P. Taström, president of the Women's Propeller Club, Port of New York; Captain James Maley, advisor to the school. The luncheon saw the presentation of a check to the Institute by the club for the 1967 Christmas Boxes for Merchant Seamen project.



by Peter Hesp

It sounded like a dull task of administration, nothing more.

The Charity Commissioners of England and Wales had given notice of the establishment of a scheme for the regulation of an ancient charity at Minehead, a little harbour-town on the Exmoor coast of Somerset, England.

A dull task, perhaps, but behind it there lies as fascinating a yarn as anyone could wish for.

The story begins well over three-hundred years ago, when Minehead — now an attractive holiday resort — was little more than a huddle of cottages under a hill. Herring-boats were drawn up on the shingle and brown lines of nets were drying in the sunshine.

In a comfortable house, standing a little higher than the rest, a woman looked out across the bay. Whenever she saw the topmasts of some hulldown trader coming up over the skyline she would pray that this might be her husband's ship.

Meanwhile, her husband, Robert Quirke, a well-known merchant and mariner, was facing the worst storm at sea he had ever known. His three-masted barque, howling back from the Mediterranean, was suddenly dismasted by a violent gale.

With master and crew powerless to do a thing to help themselves, the ship ran before the storm. A dreadful day was followed by a more terrible night. Great seas constantly swept the decks until it seemed that all must surely be lost.

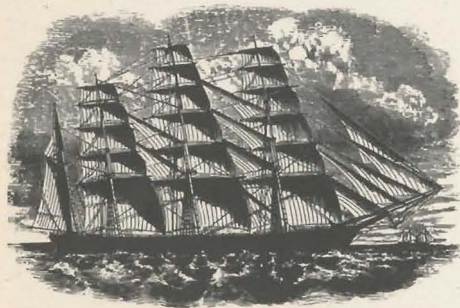
Then Robert Quirke gathered together his crew and made a solemn vow that if God would deliver them from the storm he would dedicate the ship and its cargo to Christian service.

He would sell it to succor the poor and needy of his home town.

The time came when, from the top-



## THE VOW THAT LIVES



For three centuries an old seafarer's curse has protected this row of almshouses in a little English harbour-town. At the far-end of the roof can be seen the 300-year-old ship's bell hanging in a little turret.

most windows of her house in Minehead, the watching wife saw and could scarcely recognize the battered ship. Jury-rigged and listing, the leaking vessel sailed home at last, up the broad roadstead of the Bristol Channel and into the lee of Exmoor's heather-clad uplands—with every soul on board safe and well.

Who would have blamed the old merchant adventurer if he had thanked God like a pious man and forgotten all about his terror-stricken vow?

But Robert Quirke was made of better stuff than that. True to his word, he sold the ship and her valuable cargo.

Today, in a quiet corner of Minehead, you can still see the row of almshouses he built for the poor and needy. The cheerful old people who live there will gladly take the visitor indoors and point out the actual timbers which were taken from the ship when she was broken up.

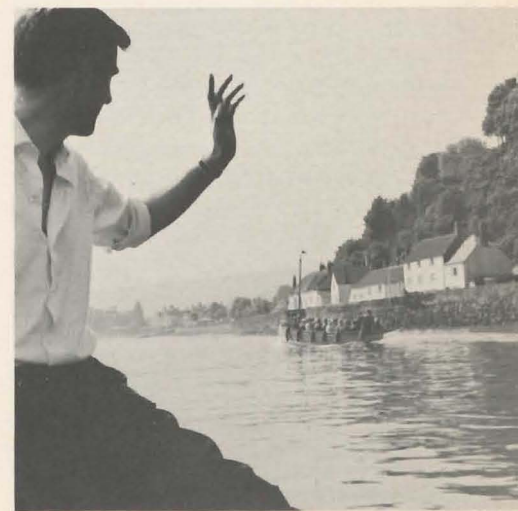
The ship's bell still hangs in a little turret on the roof. Until half a century

Trading days are gone and the only vessels to be seen on the peaceful waters of Minehead Bay are the pleasure-boats with their cargoes of holidaymakers.

ago, it served the old town as a fire bell.

Robert Quirke would have been pleased to think that his almshouses are now protected by all the ponderous legal machinery of Her Majesty's Charity Commissioners. Lacking such administration in the 17th century, he had to resort to other means.

That is why, if you visit Minehead, you will find a quaintly-engraved plate fixed to the almshouse wall. It bears a picture of his ship, beneath which are these words: "Cursed be that man that shall convert it to any other use than to the use of the poor. God's providence is my inheritance."



# THEY STILL HUNT FOR SUNKEN TREASURE

by Raymond Schuessler

Since olden days when piracy on the high seas was of deep concern to God-fearing sailing men, stories about sunken treasure ships have been handed down from generation to generation.

Now and then expeditions set forth to search for treasure based on old maps and crusty documents, and to the utter amazement of unbelievers, come up with millions of dollars in doubloons and raw gold and silver, as they did last year.

Today, treasure hunters with scientific equipment, court orders and historical grants grub among reefs and caves along the Florida and Caribbean coast in search of treasure sunk and buried when the Old World pillaged the New some 300 years ago, and find just enough to keep the legends alive.

Blackbeard, Henry Morgan, Pizarro, Billy Bowlegs and Captain Kidd left legacies here that still drive sane men to elbow hungry sharks out of the way among the treacherous reefs.

Treasure hunting is not as useless or fantastic as many abortive expeditions suggest, although a great many hoaxes and phoney maps do exist.

The Spaniards are known to have shipped eight billion dollars or more in treasure through the straits of Florida. Pirate ships blew many of these galleons to the depths, and tropical storms drove others on the reefs.

If the most conservative estimate is taken from the logs of ships known lost with known amounts of bullion and coin aboard, there is still \$165,000,000 beneath the sea in this area. Of this, the U.S. Treasury Department reports that only \$15,000,000 has been recovered.

Perhaps more treasure has been recovered than we suspect, since treasure seekers don't talk about their discov-

eries because of thieves, foreign government claims and taxes. But we do know of many discoveries beneath the seas.

A few years ago, Arthur McKee of Homestead, Florida, was making underwater movies northeast of the Florida Keys, when he spotted the remains of an old Spanish galleon about 50 feet down. Rummaging through the wreck, he found three bars of silver worth \$2,000. This galleon was thought to be one of 14 treasure-laden ships wrecked in 1715 off Key Largo.

Professor John F. Storr, whose hobby is underwater photography, claims he located the *San Pedro*, commissioned by King Philip IV to search for the lost Plate Fleet. (The Plate Fleet was a 17-ship Spanish Armada carrying a treasure of \$20,000,000.)

The *San Pedro* sank in 1719, and from its location, Professor Storr believes that he soon will be able to chart

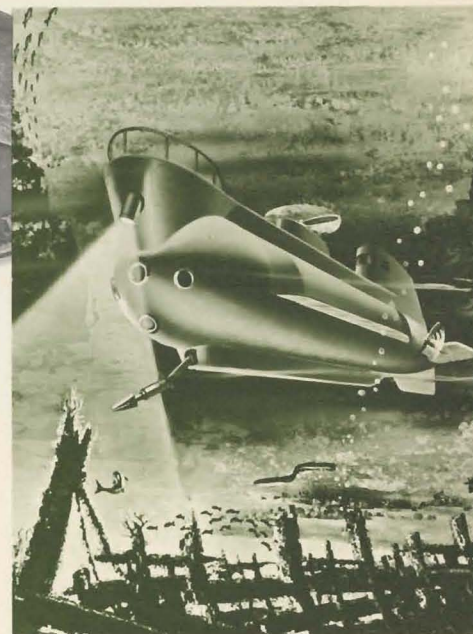
Sketch showing early 17th Century method of diving, using wooden diving tubs to hold the air for short periods.



and locate the Spanish treasure fleet itself.

The *San Pedro* had a treasure of its own which Professor Storr proved by bringing up silver ingots worth \$20,000 and an old coin worth \$700 and historically priceless.

The rest of *San Pedro's* treasure is lodged in a deep cleft in the rock which at present seems inaccessible. But the professor is going back, not only to extricate the remainder of the *San Pedro* treasure, but to hunt for the skeletons



of the 17 treasure laden galleons to which the *San Pedro* is the key.

If you should happen to visit the Cocos Islands off the coast of Costa Rica, you'll find some of its six square miles completely plowed and uprooted as prospectors search for Captain Thompson's cache, which was truly buried there.

Before his death in 1844, Thompson confided the secret to a man named Keating of Newfoundland, who found and used so much of the treasure as he needed and could carry inconspicuously on three visits.

One of the greatest finds in history and one of the first to whet men's souls, occurred in 1687 when William Phips, a salty sea captain from Maine, recov-



whales with \$35,000,000 of gold, the ransom money paid to Cortez by the Aztecs to free Montezuma.

On Amelia Island, off the coast of Florida, at least \$175,000,000 has been recovered from a treasure believed buried by Blackbeard and other pirates. When the *Don Carlos III* sank off South Cuba in 1812, it carried some \$2,000,000 in gold and silver, of which only \$35,000 has ever been recovered. Native divers still bring up a few coins, but the bulk of the treasure still lies there.

The chances are better now, with modern equipment, that the remaining riches will be found.

Some of the new devices are an observation chamber, designed by an Australian engineer to recover two and a half million pounds of gold from the *Niagara*, which hit a German mine and lay in Waitemata Harbor, New Zealand. This device can work in 1,000 feet of water if necessary.

Another machine is the Hydracopter. It has a hydraulic boom with a clamshell jaw, which can scoop up about five tons of material from the bottom and place it on mats for a surface vessel to pick up. It is electrically propelled, has five observation ports, which allow views in every direction, and carries a crew of four to a depth of 1,000 feet.

We also have a floating drydock with a 460-foot well and enormous grapples that can be lowered as much as 3,000 feet to take hold of a sunken hull and lift it into the well, where pontoons can float it to port. A California firm has devised a submarine tractor tank which has five huge cranes for salvage work on the ocean floor.

There is also a toggle-jointed submarine robot whose long arms literally take the ship apart in rummaging for treasure. There are huge siphons, too, which suck up the ocean floor. With all this equipment it is not impossible that every sou lost beneath the sea will one day be recovered.

ered the riches of a Spanish treasure fleet which sank in 1642 off the Coast of the Dominican Republic. Phips was backed by a group of businessmen who had faith in his scheme. But luck played a great part.

A diver in a longboat sent from Phip's ships spotted a strange coral plant and went down after it. In a second he returned, shouting the news of a sunken galleon with pieces of eight lying bare in the sand. In six weeks they brought up over a million dollars exclusively of jewels. Phips became the toast of England, was knighted and made Governor of Massachusetts.

Many ships containing treasure have been lost along the Florida coast. Near the mouth of Tampa Bay an American frigate sank off Gasparilla Island in 1829 with \$10,000,000 aboard.

Gasparilla sank his ship near Boca Grande with \$11,000,000 aboard. And near Pensacola, it is thought Billy Bowlegs buried some \$76,000,000 on the islands facing Choctawhatchee Bay.

Just off Key West, in 1520, the Spanish Galleon, *Santa Rosa* went down in the 100 feet of water loaded to the gun-



## *Ships* and the *Seaman* by James P. Baughman

James P. Baughman is assistant professor of business history in the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. He addressed the Board of Managers of the Institute, at the annual meeting of the Board, on the complexities of world maritime commerce as they relate to the seaman. Some of Professor Baughman's observations are excerpted under the title of "Ships and the Seaman." We regret space does not permit reproduction of the full talk.

The Editor

World seaborne trade increased 84 per cent between 1950 and 1959 and the trend has been upward since. In 1964-1965, it increased 8½ per cent over the previous year. New York's seaborne trade alone increased 11 per cent during 1964-1965 over the previous year.

Thus one sees a continued demand for sea carriage, especially in the bulk trades.

At present, world demand for tonnage in the aggregate is increasing slightly faster than supply (but of course, there is an oversupply of *some* kinds of vessels). There is a distinct trend toward *larger* ships, with more effective capacity, which call more often because of increased speed and faster turnaround. There is a definite trend toward somewhat smaller crews per ship because of automation.

What about American seamen, first? What are some of the human realities of their occupation? This is a very tough question about which one can usually get more heat than light.





There are roughly 50,000 seagoing berths in the American merchant marine and many more seamen than berths. The result, under pressure from both unions and operators, has been *part-time employment*. The average time "under articles" for unlicensed men is 181 days per year with an additional 30 days paid vacation. For officers, the comparable figures are 195 and 35.

This leaves a man a possibility of 135 to 150 or more days a year on the beach. He is compensated by high wages at sea — about double that of the 40-hour week wage level in manufacturing for his 56 to 60 hour week on board ship. He can also get a shoreside job, if possible, or he can draw state unemployment compensation if no jobs materialize during his shore time.

At first glance this all seems dandy. But in human terms there are plenty of "ifs." Many have problems even so tiding over on the beach. Furthermore, while there is still a demand for new seamen with new skills, it is exceeded by the outflow at the present time. In economic terms this is, perhaps, as it should be, but in individual, human terms it can often be tragic.

Consider: Over the next five years about 5,800 persons will leave the American merchant marine per year through death, retirement, and voluntary separations; about 1,900 per year will leave involuntarily. Now if all went according to economic theory they should be easily absorbed in other lines.

But we all know that full employment, labor-force mobility, and the "great society" are goals, not realities.

There will always be problems of geographical and educational barriers to easy reemployment—especially at middle age.

And this is precisely the age of the American merchant marine. The average age of officers is now 47 and of unlicensed personnel 44. These are tough age groups for which to expect shifting of careers. Stewards and engineroom personnel will have it easier than the deck force if reemployment is desired or forced and, of course, older men will have it hardest of all.

Now what about foreign seamen? Despite automation there should be more and more in American ports. They will stay shorter periods but will return oftener. Their wages and purchasing power will remain quite low by American cost-of-living standards for a considerable time.

Because of automation, the quality of foreign seamen is rising. The expertise necessary to operate modern propulsion plants and automated maneuvering and cargo-handling gear requires technical know-how of an increasing standard.

The quality is already quite high. Seafaring is a high-status occupation in most European and Asian countries; and for many who do not pursue the sea for a lifetime, a youth at sea is still quite common. Many Europeans and Asians who later enter the professions or sciences may still go to sea as young men.

In my own acquaintance I know a Norwegian research chemist, a Dutch surgeon, a Swedish economist, and a Japanese historian whose first impres-

sions of America were gained as merchant seamen.

In summary, then, there is still a rising volume of seaborne trade. There will be more and bigger ships which will stay in our ports shorter periods but will probably call oftener. There will be shipboard automation, yes, but the demand for qualified seamen will not disappear. And there will still be the cycles of boom and distress.

More than ever before there will be men visiting our ports without local ties, men forming images of the United States and its hospitality and, inevitably, men needing comfort or assistance in a foreign land. Whether American or foreign, these will also be men caught up in a very rapid economic and technological revolution which is beyond their ability to control. Many will be buffeted in the process and they demand our attention and compassion.

Remember "Yank" in Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*. Remember the despair of a man who glories in his job but is progressively rejected by his shipmates, the lady passengers, politics, the unions, and the church—even the police won't arrest him! Yet in his despair he cries out the need of all men—landlubbers and seamen:

"Dis ting's in your inside, but it ain't your belly. Feedin' you face . . . dat don't touch it. It's way down—at de bottom. Yuh can't grab it, and yuh can't stop it. It moves, and everything moves. It stops and de whole world stops. . . . Steel was me, and I owned the world. Now I ain't steel, and de world owns me."

# 133rd ANNUAL REPORT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Seamen's Church Institute: 25 South Street, New York City • Port Newark Station: Calcutta & Export, Port Newark, N. J.

*Time, Life and Fortune* are three very prominent and well known periodicals in the present day world of reporting and communication. They have wide circulation and considerable editorial impact and influence upon the people of the nation.

It is true that the basic components of any annual report such as this are also time, life and fortune. We report on plans effected and events consummated in the immediate time past, we reflect on what they added to or detracted from the quality and life of our ongoing program and we speculate on what they will mean to our fortune as we move into the future.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is many things as architects and others who have come to know our work and mission will agree. And all will also agree that there is one thing the Institute is not, and that is static. So deeply are we involved in the continuing present and constantly pushing that present beyond the near edge of the future, that the past gets little of our attention. We are forever getting on with the job. It is therefore worthwhile to pause periodically and take stock.

People who come to know this place for one reason or another constantly say to me—"We've never seen anything like it anywhere else. The staff is so dedicated, so imaginative, so efficient. You do such a good job." While others may not be aware of it there is good reason for this. We are a church agency, not so much of the institutional church even though there is a formal relationship, but much more do we feel ourselves an agency of the Church of the Living God engaged with each other in the name of Christ in a ministry which was His before it was ours, to and for our brethren as fellow imperfect human beings and all of us His children. This is where the difference comes and it makes the difference in quality, in spirit and in real joy for this is what gives life. It also, I hope, keeps us humble.

Despite the fact that the Vietnam situation continues, it has been an exceedingly busy year. Last January we opened and dedicated the

expanded Port Newark Station and the year has more than ratified the judgments we made in bringing it into being. Between three and four thousand men per month have in one way or another made use of the facilities. Almost every Sunday Chaplain Hollas has had a group of men with him at the altar. He has besides held services on a number of vessels. During the year we were able to start dances on a weekly basis with hostesses coming from Elizabeth and Newark. The purchase of the larger bus was well worthwhile because the further reaches of the port can now be serviced and the area of ship visiting has been extended. Chaplain Hollas is to be highly commended for his direction of the center and its program. He is bringing a knowledge of the work to a widening group throughout the area and support for it is gradually increasing. The future looks brighter and brighter.

One of the very encouraging things we have seen during the past year is the developing progress of the Merchant Marine School. An advisory committee for the school composed of representatives of the Coast Guard, the Maritime Administration, the Merchant Marine academies and other maritime interests was formed early in the year. This committee met several times and has been extremely helpful. The School faculty has been increased, both in Deck and Engineering. Many suggestions have been made, bettering the curriculum. The School has become more widely known and the number of students has grown. Through the cooperation of the Maritime Administration and the Sperry Piedmont Corporation, we now are able to offer a course in Gyrocompass operation. Equipment worth \$4,000 and a grant of \$15,000 from the Maritime Administration insure the course for this year and, if successful, there is every reason to believe that the grant will be renewed. We are extremely grateful to Captain King and the Maritime Administration for their confidence and support. It is our intention to make our school the best in the business in every way for it is our firm belief that it must be one of the strongest elements of our service to seamen in the future.

Another strategic area of growth during the year is the increase in depth of our counseling services. Chaplain Haynsworth, in charge of the Credit Bureau, is now also able to offer men vocational and psychological testing as well as other services. We continue to put chaplains in charge of our most strategic program areas and this continues to result in stronger departments. And since we adopted the practice of having all department heads be responsible for the presentation and administration of their budgets, our internal administration has become much more solid and realistic.

So much then for time and life. Let us turn now to fortune. The one dominating factor of this year has been the development of plans and progress for the new building. The design has taken shape and become reality. Decisions on size and accommodations have been made.

Contracts have been let, the site has been cleared and construction has begun. The Building Committee is making remarkable progress. Internally we have said for some time that we would attempt in every way to shape our cloth here to fit the pattern of the new building so that we would be able to carry on our operation there with no interruption. This has occupied a great deal of our time this year. We have already made a number of changes within departments and a number of changes in procedure. We are already engaged in the vast task of house cleaning and cataloging to discover what we need and what we should take to the new building and what should be left behind and how we may dispose of it to the best advantage.

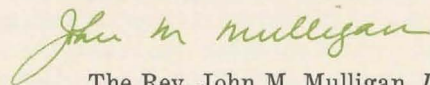
We are more than grateful for the very generous support and encouragement our many loyal friends have given us over these many years.

Your contributions, financial and otherwise, have not only sustained our program but have enabled us to keep abreast of the needs of the modern seaman and in some areas to pioneer and anticipate in advance situations which otherwise would become extremely burdensome problems if left to time alone.

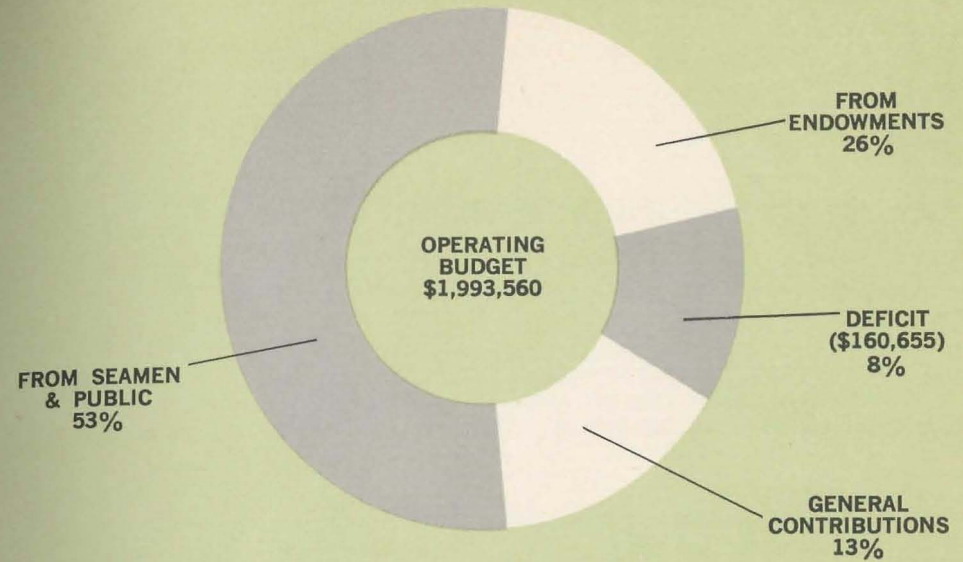
As we move into 1967 we know that it will indeed be a "once in a lifetime" year.

Therefore I not only bespeak your continuing support but also earnestly plead your assistance in expanding the number of our friends and supporters. You and I know that our cause is worthy. Will you do what you can to persuade "the person next door" that it merits his support too?

Gratefully and sincerely



The Rev. John M. Mulligan, *Director*



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

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

Partially Subsidized

- Baggage Room
- Credit Bureau
- Museum
- Adult Education
- Lookout
- Bank
- International Seamen's Club
- Mariners Int. Center, Port Newark
- First Aid Station
- Women's Council
- American Shipvisitors

Nominally Self-supporting

- Hotel
- Food Services
- Tailor
- Newsstand
- Barber



YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1966

Gross Income from departments .....\$1,062,731

Operating Expenses

Salaries and Wages .....	\$ 902,188
Food & Merchandise .....	221,675
Employee Benefits .....	98,161
Electric current, fuel, telephone service .....	74,610
Supplies .....	54,329
Insurance .....	31,577
Publicity and printed matter, including "Lookout" .....	27,092
Miscellaneous .....	26,148
Women's Council — wool and gifts .....	26,001
Investment Counsel, legal and accounting fees..	17,396
Repairs, renewals and equipment .....	3,840
	<u>\$1,483,017</u>

Religious and Personal Service Departments

Salaries, expenses and relief ..... 278,768

Mariner's International Center, Port Newark

Salaries, expenses ..... 119,847

Merchant Marine School & Seamen's

Advanced Education

Salaries, expenses ..... 111,928      1,993,560

Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments ..... (930,829)

Less dividends, interest and other income from  
endowments ..... 505,191

Credit Bureau recoveries ..... 14,084      519,275

Deficit from Institute operations ..... (411,554)

Contributions for general and specific purposes

Ways and Means Department and special items. 164,891

Pier Collections ..... 56,000

Women's Council ..... 29,018

Diocese of New York ..... 990      250,899

Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1966 ..... \$(160,655)

( ) Denotes red figures

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN  
1966

At 25 SOUTH STREET

694	American ships were visited and welcomed.
2,660	Foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
26,864	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
29	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
370	Services were held in the Chapel.
77	Missing seamen were located.
278,860	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
19,544	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education projects and programs.
349	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School; 212 students were graduated.
42,118	Visitors passed through the Marine Museum.
35,321	Readers used the Conrad Library.
187,011	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships (including Port Newark).
12,075	Pieces of luggage handled.
688,640	Restaurant meals served.
16,668	Calls at laundry, barber and tailor shops.
18,681	Banking transactions.
12,691	Personal service interviews.
5,120	People attended 53 programs in the auditorium.
9,518	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.
3,348	Seamen found temporary jobs through the Employment Bureau.

At PORT NEWARK

4,500	Seamen took advantage of official soccer matches and informal games.
367	American ships were visited.
2,147	Foreign ships were visited.
320	American and foreign tanker ships were visited.
27	Religious services were provided for crews on ships and in the Center.
20,006	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark. Countless personal services, such as counseling, letters, money exchange, etc. were handled.

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1966 is derived from the detailed financial statements of the Institute which have been audited and certified to by Horwath and Horwath, independent public accountants. A copy of the detailed statements is available at the Institute for inspection.

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

### Unfailing Clock of Men

O sea resounding with many voices,  
Echoing strands from blind Homer's vision  
Soaring beyond births of empires and kings!  
Timeless clock, measuring daily ports of call  
With tides rippling softly as gentle silk  
Or lurching as a monster drunk with slumber  
On ghosts of shipwrecks besetting his dreams.  
Cradle and spawner of legions of fishes.  
Circling in whorls, propelled by currents  
Hurrying life from sea to ocean.  
Plankton factory to harvesting whale;  
Harbinger for hungry scurriers through life.

—Tom Taft

