



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



DECEMBER 1971

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.

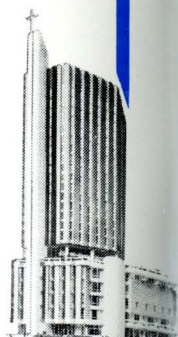
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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.

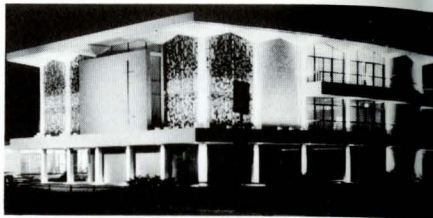
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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.



With Allah and the Tide

by Paul Brock

Wind power alone, with no help from auxiliary engines, still propels one of the biggest and certainly the oldest boat fleets in the world. Voyaging as regularly as the monsoon winds that fill their huge sails, the swift Arab and Indian dhows ply the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

They are still of the same design as those that sailed the same oceans one thousand years ago.

Lateen-rigged with large triangular sails, they have a forward-tilting mast and can carry a larger spread of sail, in proportion to their size, than any other type of sailing vessel. This makes them ideal for a speedy run before the prevailing monsoon. They are not built to tackle head winds.

There are several different types of dhow, and the traditional deep-sea dhow of the Persian Gulf is known as the *baggala*. This type is the loveliest of all. It can be recognized by its elaborately decorated and carved stern, with five windows, and with a carved figurehead at the stempost.

The dhows range from twenty-five tons for coastal traffic, to the big ocean-going craft of two hundred tons or more. With a favorable breeze they can blow along at twelve knots, and they have a wild grace about them that is very attractive to Western eyes.

The most popular dhow of today is known as the *boom*. The famous dhow port of oil-rich Kuwait, at the head of the Persian Gulf, has a large fleet of

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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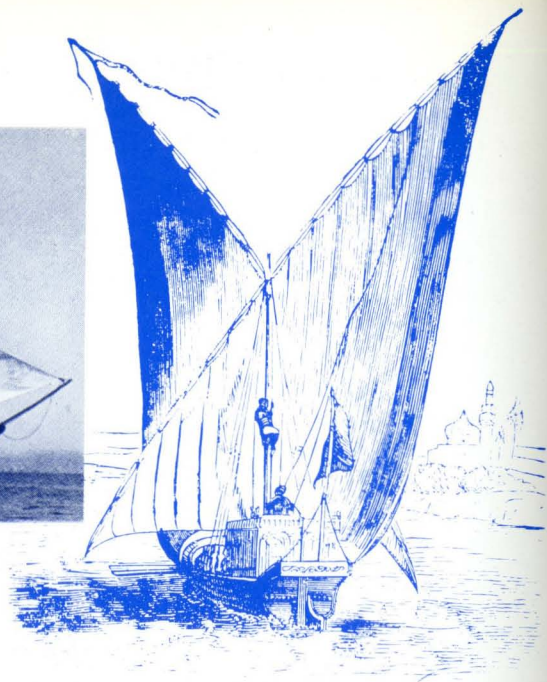
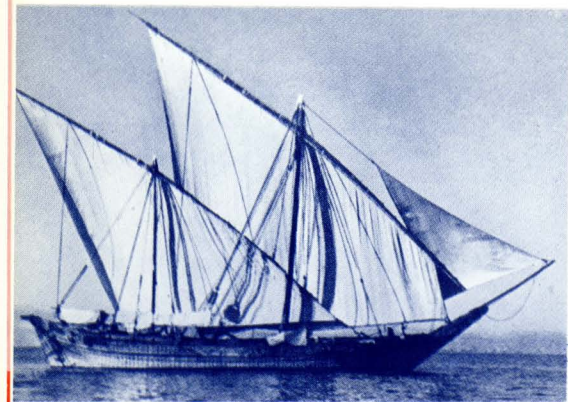
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these. They are double-ended, and their straight stemposts are built out into a planked bowsprit, and are yoke-steered.

The small dhows used for coastal trading are known as the *booti* and the *sambuk*. Sambuks have a low, curved stem and a high, built-up stern.

At one time the port of Lamu on the coast of Kenya was noted for the construction of the famous Ntepe dhows. Not a single nail was used in their construction. They were roped and tied throughout with their coir rope, had neither stem nor sternpost and were exceptionally fast.

In spite of their speed, however, they had one great disadvantage — they needed two crews, one to sail the vessel and one to bail out the water that was shipped!

A peculiarity of dhows is that their size is not reckoned by their owners in tons, but by the number of packages of Basra dates that can be stowed on board. A fifty-tonner can carry about 800 packages.

Biggest dhow ever built was one of 500 tons. Unfortunately it foundered on its first voyage out of Kuwait, and since that day no dhow of that size has

ever been built. The builders were convinced that they had aroused the wrath of Allah by building so large a vessel.

The building itself is an art that has been handed down through the centuries. No designs or plans are used. A merchant merely informs a builder of the type and "date capacity" of the vessel he wants, and with simple tools the dhow is built.

Most of them have long flowing names. Favorites are "Allah's Deliverance," "In Praise of Mohammed," "As Allah Wills." Apart from their names, however, most dhows are also known by the name of their "nakhoda" or master.

The nakhoda is absolute dictator on board his vessel. He is usually employed by a merchant but has total control, employing the crew, arranging for freight and passengers, and selling the cargo.

On his seamanship, skill and knowledge depends the safety of the crew and the vessel, for even a compass is still a rarity on board a dhow. Navigation depends entirely on the experience of the nakhoda and the "will of Allah."

Usual dhow cargoes today are dates, oil, copra, hides and wood, but many stories are told of "the good old days," when they carried "black ivory" — slaves from the interior of Africa — or white ivory from the elephants of Ethiopia.

Even today much illicit trade is carried on by the dhows, for the coast of East Africa is very long and there are many lonely stretches where an illegal cargo can be put ashore.

Tens of thousands of tons of cargo are carried annually by the dhow fleet.

When the monsoon changes in April, blowing from west to east, the boats return home, laden with the produce of East Africa.

Huge tusks of ivory from Mombasa and Lamu are loaded, some of them ten feet long. These are carved into curios, boxes and paper knives by Indian craftsmen. Cloves and copra come from Zanzibar's low-lying coasts, sisal and cotton in the raw from all the little ports along the coast, coffee berries from the Kenya uplands.

The coastwise dhow trade is extremely varied, too. Carpets, rugs, and dates from Persia and Arabia form the main cargoes for the southward voyage, while grain, sisal, coffee and fruit are carried up and down the coast. Zanzibar is famous for its fruit, and many dhows are engaged in transporting it to the mainland.

The entire cargo is taken aboard and discharged by hand.

When the dhow is loaded, and the crew is getting things shipshape ready for putting to sea, the work is interrupted at intervals while the men hand-clap to the rhythm of a song, stamping around in a circle for a few minutes. Their labors are then resumed under auspicious auguries for a fair passage.

Passenger traffic by dhow between India and East Africa is considerable. Incredibly, a large dhow will carry as many as 170 passengers on one trip from India, and a crew of 20 or so.

They travel compressed like sardines, and it is not surprising that sickness and smallpox are prevalent. Fares are based on each traveler's ability to pay, and dhow-masters have a very shrewd idea of their prospective passengers' financial status.

There is no catering, since passengers provide their own food for the voyage. This consists chiefly of strong-smelling dried fish, rice, and small sweet cookies.

Dhow mariners are excellent sailors. They can make remarkably accurate landfalls by dead reckoning alone, and their efficient handling of their rakish craft excites any true seaman's admiration.

The perils they face while at sea are very real, and quite a number of dhows perish on the way. Pirates were a distinct menace in former days, as numerous Indian pilgrims to Mecca discovered to their cost. In one year alone over two hundred dhows were wrecked on the deadly coral reefs which guard the shores of East Africa, and many others have been lost without trace.

Every dhow carries a musician. He is usually a star performer in string instruments and native drums and his talent adds greatly to the prestige of the nakhoda. In addition to acting as "chantyman" and goading the crew into extra effort with his vigorous rhythms, he is expected to entertain visiting V.I.P.'s while the dhow is in port.

When a dhow is entering harbor, especially at its home port, the nakhoda vies with his rivals in making an impressive entry. The crew wear their finest turbans, the sail is scrubbed and spotless, masts and rigging are elaborately decorated and the musician works like a demon at his instruments.

Then, with her great sail billowing before the monsoon wind, the dhow displays herself in all her glory, a thing of almost mystic beauty as she glides majestically into port "with Allah and the tide."

The old place sits close to the sea, perching on a strip of land just wide enough for itself and a narrow road; the breakers banging in front, the river lapping at the roadside.

The house may be attached to the earth, but it's pretty far removed from the 20th century. One thing is sure: here time has taken a vacation.

The place in question is the Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge. It's just off U.S. Highway A1A on the southern end of Hutchinson Island, a twelve-mile strip of sand and rock that forms the Florida coastline from Fort Pierce south to Stuart.

What are houses of refuge? Well, a lot of people weren't even sure about them when they were in full swing, almost a hundred years ago. Early in *The Open Boat*, Stephen Crane's classic

story set in Florida of the 1890's, two men, shipwrecked and adrift in a dinghy, argue about them.

The one man maintains that when the keeper of a house of refuge sees people adrift, he rows out and picks them up. The other insists that such a house doesn't even carry a crew but is merely a depot for survival supplies.

Actually, they were both wrong.

Houses of refuge, and there were ten of them built along the Florida coast from Saint Augustine to Biscayne Bay, were unique among the life-saving stations of the age of sail.

Instead of going out and rescuing shipwreck victims, their housekeepers were obligated to give shelter to any survivors who reached shore and, further, to help them across any inland water to the mainland. Beyond that,

the housekeeper's actual responsibility stopped.

The keepers' efforts in cases of major disasters must have been rather minimal because most of these houses of refuge were staffed by only one man and whatever family he might have.

Their real function was just what their name implies — refuge. The keeper usually lived downstairs while the upstairs portion of the house was set aside as a dormitory for stranded seamen.

The Gilbert's Bar Station apparently could handle over two dozen castaways because we can read a U.S. Government inventory of 1878 that lists "fifteen cots and fifteen armchairs."

With the coming of steam, radar and depth-sounding equipment, houses of refuge became anachronisms. They were abandoned and fell apart. One, however, is left — the Gilbert's Bar Station.

The second of the ten built in Florida, it dates from 1875 when it was constructed to federal specifications by one Albert Blaisdale for \$2,900. In its early years it was operated by the U.S. Life Saving Service. It remained a house of refuge staffed by single keepers until 1915 at which time the Life Saving Service and the Revenue Service merged to become the U.S. Coast Guard.

Then Gilbert's Bar became a regular Coast Guard station and was staffed with a regular crew. This situation existed for thirty years until the Coast Guard decommissioned the place in 1945 after it had been used for anti-submarine lookout during World War II.

It languished for a time, unused and knocked about by the elements until the Martin County Historical Society leased it in 1955 and persuaded the county government to come up with the money to run the place as a museum.

And that's what it is now, a maritime museum — a unique one.

Inside the house there's an evocative

collection of maritime artifacts.

Rescue equipment — breeches-buoys and cable cannon — speak of man's ingenuity in plucking people from disaster. Shipwright's tools and working models reveal American nautical craftsmanship. And, most poignant of all, are the old wheels and binnacles whose ships now lie fathoms down on Gilbert's Bar.

Related exhibits include many marine animal skeletons and a remarkable collection of fishing rods and reels covering the years 1700 to 1950.

But maybe more important is the old house's current non-museum function. Hutchinson Island is a breeding place for huge sea turtles and it is in protecting these likeable monsters that the Gilbert's Bar Station once more has become a place of sanctuary — now for sea life.

Conservation officials, aided by University of Florida biologists, use the facilities to do continuing research on turtle zoology. They have even raised some of the creatures on the premises. One giant seems particularly to have thrived. He weighs in at over 400 pounds and snorts soulfully as he surfaces for visitors watching him in his home, an old cistern near the ocean.

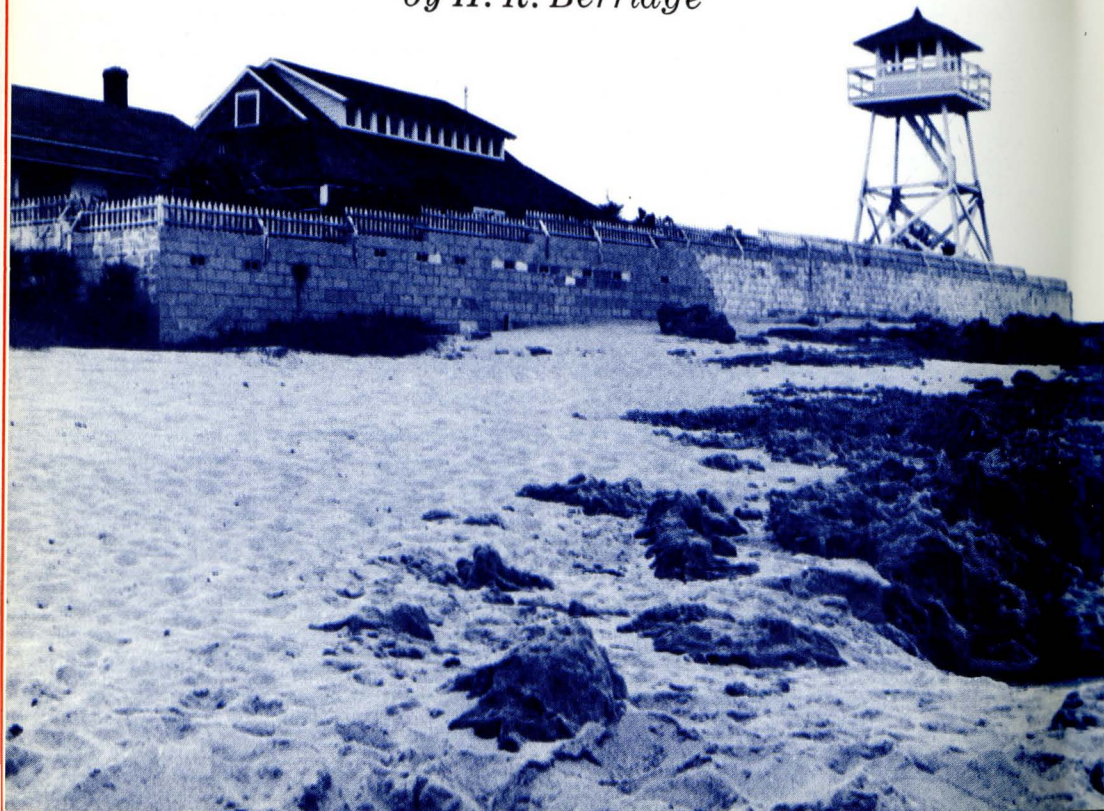
In addition to raising a few turtles, the conservation staff aids in the annual June to August turtle crawl, or egg-laying. The officers protect nests from enemies — animal as well as human — by patrolling the beach much as their forerunners did. The newly hatched turtles are kept in tanks on the grounds and released when they are big enough to make it on their own.

Hopefully, the turtles come back, prodded by their own mysterious time schedule of reproduction, and crawl ashore to find their kind of refuge on the sands and craggy rocks of Hutchinson Island.

Human visitors, desiring a temporary refuge from the 20th century, might well do the same.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE SEA

by H. R. Berridge



PROVIDENTIAL FOREBODINGS

by Robert W. Pelton

Seventy-three years ago, according to my grandmother's diary, my grandfather had an unusual experience on his ship, the *Ratticker*.

My father, still living at ninety, vividly recalls this drastic situation, and verifies the fact that it actually did happen. It was back in 1898 when Captain Robert W. Pelton was saved from death by a presentiment of danger.

Sailing down the coast was one of the common amusements of the city of Long Beach, California. My grandfather took great pleasure in these water-parties, and he seldom let many weeks pass without enjoying one.

On July 3rd, 1898, he agreed to take a party of seven on a short cruise to Catalina Island. Dinner and musical instruments had been sent on board the vessel, and every preparation was made for a pleasant excursion.

When the time arrived to sail for Catalina Island, an aunt of my grandfather's, who was both deaf and dumb, began what might be described as a wail, placed herself at the door, blocked the way with her arms, and gave signs to mean that he was not to leave, but to stay home instead.

Of course my grandfather only laughed at her entreaties — but when she fell at his feet and showed her fear and grief, he finally agreed to yield to her wishes and decided not to take the trip after all.

The excursion was to be postponed for a short time.

Grandfather went down to the docks and told his guests that the trip was off temporarily because of what had taken place at home with his aunt. Everyone thought it was hilarious and insisted on going anyway, especially

since they had all paid a fare and refused a refund. One man in particular became very demanding, a George B. from the midwest.

After much discussion and pressures from a number of the passengers, grandfather finally decided to set sail against his better judgment. Scarcely had the vessel proceeded half the distance, before those on board had the greatest reason to repent that they had not followed grandfather's advice. Everything seemed to happen at once.

The vessel went to pieces, and one man, George B. lost his life in the water. Of course everyone was terrified, but no one was to blame except themselves for this horrifying experience. Six were able to swim and thereby saved themselves until another ship came by and picked them up.

There was no mechanical or logical explanation to the accident at sea. The good ship *Ratticker* simply broke up in hundreds of pieces. There was no explosion, no sign of a storm, no lightning, and not even a ripple in the water at the time of this remarkable situation.

The ship just disintegrated by itself. And the only person lost, George B., was the one who insisted the loudest that the cruise not be cancelled.

My grandmother called it the work of the devil, and until the day she died, believed sincerely that the "warning angel" as she called it, found he could work on no one better than the aunt who was deaf and dumb. He therefore selected her as the surrogate for his warning to Captain Pelton.

This riddle has yet to be solved and probably never will be. Possibly it is not meant to be.

"Our Goodly Best"

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us all in th' strubble and splutter
Our daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, our keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for all that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of a song,
An' a tale, and a book to help us along,
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove how grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise and free,
Our goodly best for ourself, and others,
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

This ancient prayer was found on the wall of an old inn in Lancashire, England.

Most of us as the year wanes find ourselves in a mood of quiet reflection contemplating the immediate past or anticipating the future with its brighter hopes. For almost seven score years the Institute has buoyantly anticipated the future in behalf of the seafarers it serves.

Much of our buoyancy is generated by the magnificent support we have received from those who join us in believing that ours is a vital part of the Church's mission; that together we provide greatly needed services.

We are particularly indebted to those of our number who by Will and Deed have continued in perpetuity the annual contribution they made during their lifetime.

During the year past we have received a number of bequests, some of them quite substantial, all of them extremely helpful.

As we now look forward to our 138th year of service to seamen we pledge, with your assistance, to do "our goodly best."

We respectfully ask you to consider the continuation of your present support by means of a bequest in your Will. May the New Year be happy and prosperous for us all.

—J.M.M.

On the third floor of the Institute is a large cheery room. Cupboards line half the wall area. The place has a salty atmosphere; several ship models and sea artifacts are displayed here and there.

For most of the year the room is the headquarters of the Women's Council, the women's volunteer arm of SCI.

But when the month of October comes around, something magical occurs; the room is transmuted suddenly into the "Christmas Room" and is so identified by a special sign on the door.

From then on and into December the Council volunteers come in constantly from the metropolitan areas to work in the preparation of the over 9,000 Christmas packages provided by the Institute and distributed by SCI personnel aboard vessels — eventually to be given out on Christmas Day to the seamen, most always while the ship is at sea or in a foreign port.

The Lookout camera roamed at intervals in the Christmas Room to film the volunteers and staff at work. Dr. John M. Mulligan, the Institute director, dropped by at intervals to observe the progress.

(The background on this project was described in the November Lookout.)

This year, as this was written, plans were being set up for several seamen's organizations in other cities to help distribute the SCI gift packages; 2,000 were to be distributed in the name of the Institute by the Houston International Seamen's Center, Houston; 500 by Mariner's House of Montreal, Montreal, Canada; 600 by Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia (no connection with SCI of New York); 500 by Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society, Norfolk, Va.; and 300 to the U.S. Coast Guard at Governors Island for distribution to two CG vessels which will be at sea during Christmas. SCI will make its customary ship distribution in the Port of New York and the Jersey ports.

Christmas Room





DESOLATE CHRISTMAS by George R. Berens

The men gathered about a small fire on the beach of remote Henderson Island some 2500 miles from the South American coast, in mid-Pacific. There were twenty of them, and they were from the whaleship *Essex*.

The fire, made from driftwood, was intended for cooking, but they had very little to cook, only five small birds, the spoil of a whole day's foraging by seven men.

The *Essex*, a 238-ton whaler from Nantucket, had been sunk by a sperm whale on November 20, 1820. She had been then drifting at a spot almost on the equator in the Pacific nearly a thousand miles from the nearest land.

At the time the whale struck, the ship's three whaleboats were away chasing a pod of whales that had been sighted. Only a few of the crew were aboard when a huge sperm whale impacted the ship head-on with a terrific force, swam off, and then returned to strike again, leaving the *Essex* badly holed and filling.

Seeing that something was wrong, their ship canted over at an alarming angle, the men in the whaleboats gave up their chase and returned to the ship. They found her in sorry circumstances, with the list steadily increasing as the sea rushed into her wooden hull.

The masts were cut away in an effort to right the ship, but this did little good, and the crew was forced to abandon her after salvaging what food and water and navigational aids they could get at in the sinking whaler. Before the boats got away from the area they saw the vessel heel over sharply and sink.

The three boats, under the command

of Captain Pollard, Chief Mate Owen Chace, and Second Mate Matthew Joy, all Nantucketers, made their way to Henderson Island after a month of sailing, a long month of suffering for the men, with a very limited amount of food and water available.

Day after day under a burning tropical sun they had suffered the agony of thirst. With water all around them — deadly water, however, that, gulped, could only increase their thirst and lead to madness — they were rationed to tiny quantities that only momentarily relieved their craving.

Small quantities of hardtack were their very limited sustenance which, combined with the rigors of their existence, brought on ever-increasing weakness and lassitude. As Owen Chace wrote later of their boat journey, "Patience and long suffering was the constant language of our lips."

Then, on December 20, they sighted the speck of an island. "This was a day of great happiness and joy," he wrote of that, for they expected here to find ample food and water to rebuild their wasted bodies, to recuperate them, and provide them with provisions for further voyaging to some civilized coast.

But Henderson Island proved to be very disappointing. Little could be found in way of food. A few nesting seabirds, crabs and fish they were able to capture, a few eggs from the nests, and an ample supply of peppergrass, which, though enjoyable and beneficial as a fresh vegetable, could hardly be considered sufficiently nourishing.

Very little fresh water could be found, only a tiny spring among the rocks skirting the island, giving a

meager supply when uncovered at low tide.

So they came to Christmas Eve, a dispirited band. By then most of them were convinced that this desolate island could not supply them with enough food and water to allow them to live there, or even to satisfactorily increase the provisioning of the boats for the long trip to the mainland.

Discussing the paucity of food and water available on this spot of land, and the rigors of taking to the boats again with the hopes of being picked up by a ship, or of making the South American coast, they finally decided that the best chance of survival was to leave the island.

Christmas Day was spent preparing the boats for resumption of their voyage, and stowing in them whatever was available of food and water. On the 26th they set sail again, having decided to head for Easter Island, which was inhabited.

Two weeks after leaving Henderson Island they were overtaken by a storm. By then many of them were in a pitiable state of starvation and debility. Second Mate Joy had died. No ship had been sighted, and many had given up all hope of reaching land when they had been driven by the wind and current well south of Easter Island.

So now their only hope seemed in reaching the mainland some fifteen hundred miles to the east. The storm caused the boats to become separated that had stayed together so long. Thereafter each proceeded alone, the men in each boat not knowing the fate of their shipmates in the other boats.

Before long their bodies were cov-

ered with boils and sores. Scurvy and confinement and the elements were beating them down. Chace said, "... our imaginations became as diseased as our bodies." By the early part of February food supplies had been nearly exhausted, and when one of the men in the Mate's boat died his flesh was eaten by the others.

The same horrible expediency had to be used in the Captain's boat. He reported, "Two men died; we had no other alternative but to live upon their remains."

Sustained by the flesh of their shipmates, and the rain squalls encountered, seven of the *Essex's* crew survived in the boats. Owen Chace's boat met the British brig *Indian* north of Juan Fernandez Island on Feb. 18th.

Captain Pollard and his single other survivor were rescued by the American whaler *Dauphin*, also of Nantucket, February 23, when they were within a hundred miles of the coast of Chile. The third boat was never heard from again.

Owen Chace went to sea for another twenty years after he arrived back in Nantucket, June 11, 1821. He lived in the famous whaling port until his death in 1869, and through the years he was often known to recount the trying times he experienced after the *Essex* was stove by a whale. He always said that Christmas Day on Henderson Island was the most desolate one he had ever known.

The story of the loss of the whaler *Essex*, one of three whaling ships authentically recorded as sunk by whales, was used by Herman Melville as the basic plot for his classic of whaling, "Moby Dick."

CHINESE CARDINAL GUEST AT INSTITUTE



Left to right: SCI Chaplain Crisler; the Rev. Dr. Dan M. Potter, executive director, Council of Churches of New York; Dr. James H. Sheldon, member of the Council of Churches board of directors; Mrs. Sheldon; Cardinal Yu-Pin; the Rev. Paul Chan, Director of Sino-American Amity; Mrs. West; the Rev. Raymond de Jaeger, for 40 years a priest in China.

"Maybe God has arranged this thing to give us more consistency of purpose, to fight without compromise for peace and for justice," said Paul Cardinal Yu-Pin of Taiwan, during an informal dinner at the Seamen's Church Institute, Thursday, October 28.

The Cardinal was speaking about the unexpected action of the United Nations General Assembly in expelling the delegation of the Republic of China (Taiwan) and seating the delegation of the Peoples Republic (Peking).

A few days before his visit to the Institute the Cardinal had been President Richard M. Nixon's guest at the White House, for a Sunday morning breakfast.

A native of China's far North, Yu-Pin is a big man both spiritually and physically. Six-feet-and-two inches tall,

he has risen from the life of his small native village to the highest rank — except that of Pope — which the Catholic Church can offer.

An ardent foe of Communism, which he regards as the great enemy of the Chinese people, Cardinal Yu-Pin said on the 60th Anniversary of the Chinese Republic, "I am not worried too much for the Republic of China; but I am worried for the future of that great organization, the United Nations; so I ask you to pray for the future of the United Nations, and for the future of mankind."

The Institute was represented by Chaplain Henry Crisler and Mrs. Constance West, director of the Women's Council, and by Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon also on the staff of the Women's Council, in charge of the SCI Gift Shop.

Installation and extensive testing of new equipment in the greatly expanded MARAD radar school at SCI is proceeding preparatory to activation of the equipment in early 1972.

Equipment bay at left holds a computer (being checked by Charles R. Schanholtzer, radar instructor). Captain Steve Syre (right) is also a radar instructor.



Dutch Treat

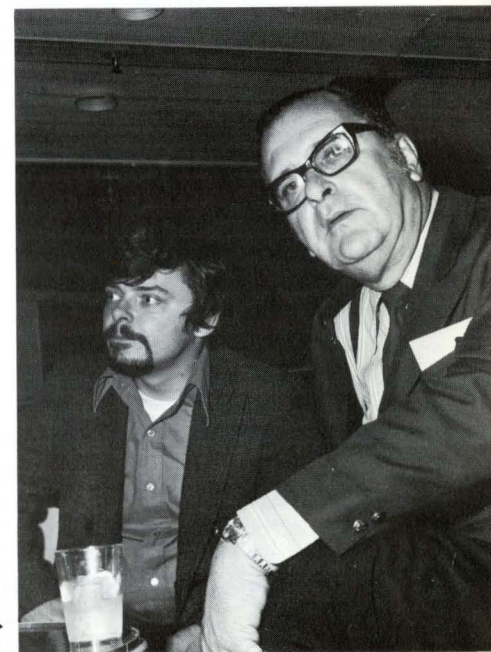
Ordinarily the free, twice-weekly evening dances for seamen are held in SCI's International Seamen's Club.

But on an SCI dance night in late October the Dutch luxury liner, Rotterdam, then berthed at her Manhattan pier, was the expansive host for the seamen and the Institute hostesses; there were other guests as well.

The affair was held in one of the liner's elegant night-clubs, the dance music provided by the ship's orchestra. There was additional entertainment by some top-rung magicians from the Rotterdam's cruise entertainers; the ship's chefs served a supper buffet replete with typical Dutch food delicacies. A night to remember.



Aldo Coppi (left) in charge of SCI's shipvisitors, a hostess and Frank Abbema, a former manager of the Institute's Club and now on the Rotterdam's cuisine staff.



John Shea (left) and Raymond Kenny, SCI shipvisitors, at the dance.

A Salute to Our Neighbors

Ninth of a series of brief articles on some of the organizations and institutions established in Lower Manhattan very early in its history, all of them nearby to Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL

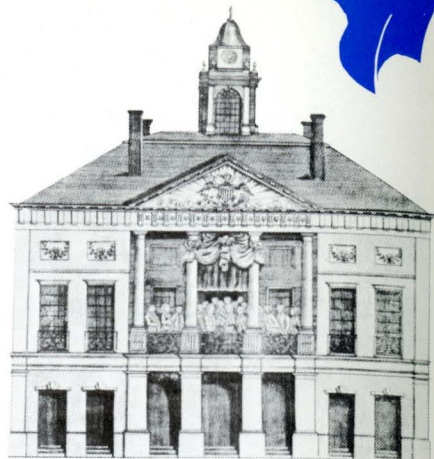
For 165 years, the buildings associated with this site have witnessed some of the most momentous events in American history.

City Hall was the first public building to occupy this site. It was built in 1703 to accommodate the city and provincial governmental institutions. Here in 1735 John Peter Zenger, editor of the *New York Weekly Journal*, was tried for "seditious libels" against the royal government. His acquittal was one of the first legal victories in the struggle for freedom of the press in the Colonies.

The Stamp Act Congress which met here on October 7, 1765, continued the tradition of New York as one of the centers of opposition to what was considered British tyranny. This Congress was the first inter-colonial protest against a governmental act.

During the Revolution, New York was a Tory stronghold, occupied by British troops with headquarters in City Hall. After the war, the government under the Articles of Confederation met here. The most outstanding accomplishment of that government was the passage of the Northwest Ordinance, ratified on March 1, 1781.

Renovation of the building (soon to be renamed Federal Hall), the Capitol



of the United States under the Constitution, was begun in September 1788 under the supervision of Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant, the future planner of Washington, D.C. On March 4, 1789, the Congress met here for the first time.

The first action of this Congress was to count the electoral votes for President. George Washington was unanimously elected, and John Adams was elected Vice-President by a majority. On April 30, 1789, Washington was inaugurated at Federal Hall. The solemnity of the occasion was accented by the simplicity of the ceremony and the plainness of Washington's costume as he swore to uphold the Constitution and to execute faithfully the duties of the office. American government under its first President officially began.

The task of the first Congress was to make workable the principles outlined in the Constitution. The next few months saw the enactment of the executive departments.

The Judiciary Act of September 24, 1789, established the Supreme Court and a system of lower courts; it also gave the Attorney General official Cabinet status.

The Supreme Court, with John Jay as Chief Justice, held its first two ses-



Washington at Federal Hall

sions in the Old Royal Exchange building at the foot of Broad Street, but adjourned quickly because of the lack of business. Here at Federal Hall the Bill of Rights was adopted by the Congress on September 25, 1789 and the Bill sent out to the States for ratification.

On August 31, 1790, the Government moved to Philadelphia where it was to remain for 10 years while Washington, D.C., was being built. Federal Hall was used alternately for State and city offices during the next two decades. In 1812, the crumbling building was sold for salvage.

The present building, completed in 1842 on the site of the old Federal Hall, served as a U.S. Customs House during a period of rapidly expanding economic activity in which New York was the leading commercial center.

In 1862 the building became a branch of the U.S. Independent Treasury System, established during the administration of President Martin Van Buren. This system was essentially a compromise between the advocates of a National Bank and those favoring State banks as repositories of Federal revenue.

Of the six subtreasuries, New York's was the most important, handling 70 percent of the Government money.

Because this building had become identified with the financial establishment, Federal troops were posted here during the commercial and financial panic of 1857 to protect the then-Customs House from mobs. Troops were again called in during the Civil War draft riots.

Traditionally a popular public and political meeting-place, the steps of the existing structure were the scene of the dedication by President Grover Cleveland of the statue of George Washington in 1883. During World War I, screen stars like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Charlie Chaplin sold war bonds at the sub-treasury.

After the Independent Treasury System was abolished in 1920, several governmental organizations used the building. On May 26, 1939, through the efforts of patriotic and civic groups, the building was designated a national historic site. On August 11, 1955, it was established as a memorial and is now officially designated as the Federal Hall National Memorial.

Some time in 1972 it will be opened to the public as a museum where a motion picture, displays, and audio-visual exhibits will depict the part it played in the history of our Nation.



(Continued from November Lookout)

Sometimes the route selected must suit the cargo and involves more than meteorology—like the time a freighter picked up a deck load of giraffes at Mombasa, Kenya.

A zoologist was consulted to determine what weather restrictions would ensure safe arrival of these high-rise animals. The course took the ship well off the beaten path, but the combination of smooth seas and warm weather kept the deck passengers healthy and happy.

The ship's captain also reported that giraffes have built-in plumb bobs: As the ship listed in the ocean swells, the long-handled animals all swayed together in Rockette precision, keeping their necks perpendicular to the horizon irrespective of the ship's attitude.

A smooth crossing is vital for some inanimate deck loads, too — like millions of dollars worth of diesel locomotives, luxury yachts from Oslo, or long lengths of oil pipes.

Insurance underwriters are particularly sensitive to claims which result from a rough passage and take into account the use of Weather Routing in calculating their premium.

In return, an unusual deck cargo receives special attention from Weather Routing. Load distribution, draft, something called metacentric height, planned cruising speed, and other con-

siderations are all stirred into the pot before the preferred route is selected.

A chart is prepared for every voyage showing the recommended course and anticipated weather conditions. As long as the weather conforms to expectations, the master is not contacted on the theory that no news is good news.

"Big Brother," however, follows the ship's progress by picking its position off the teletypewriter each day and plotting it on the voyage chart.

WRI occasionally advises a captain to disregard what looks like an approaching storm, letting him know that it actually is only a minor disturbance. But if a major change arises, upsetting its predictions, WRI develops a revised course and transmits it to the ship.

In the case of passenger ships, the stakes go higher — lives instead of dollars.

During a recent hurricane season, WRI had as one of its clients an inbound cruise ship a day out of Miami with 300 passengers. The Miami hurricane watch reported that a tropical storm in the Caribbean had become a hurricane and would probably head for the south Florida coast.

The skipper's first thought was for the safety of his passengers, although he was mindful that a three or four-day delay would inconvenience them as well as 300 other passengers waiting to

board the ship. As a company man he was also aware of the expensive problem in logistics a delay would cause, so he passed the buck to WRI.

After checking and rechecking the situation, WRI concluded that the hurricane would not threaten the ship if it kept on course and berthed in Miami the next morning. Happily for all concerned, WRI was right. The cruise operations continued without interruption, and the hurricane went to Texas.

Since WRI's information is global, so is its service. Halfway around the world, an ungainly seagoing drill rig waits in Penang (Malaysia) Harbor for WRI clearance. The tug captain needs assurance of four continuous days of calm seas before he can risk towing the rig to the new oil fields off Indonesia.

A movie director in Hollywood awaits a WRI promise of two days of sunshine before flying his cast and crew to location in Jamaica.

An ecological group seeking aerial propaganda photos hires WRI to pinpoint the day when the smog over the city will be at its worst.

Weather Routing's success has already attracted some competition. One rival has sprung up on the West Coast and another in Europe, but Mr. Kaciak says he isn't concerned:

"There's room for competition. After all, the demand has been building up for 75 years — ever since Mark Twain noted that we always complain about the weather but never do anything about it."

(end)

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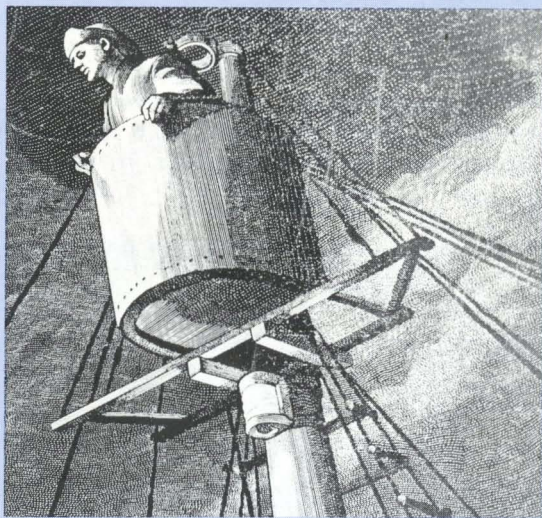
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

HAROLD G. PETERSEN
Editor

Address Correction Requested



HORIZONS

by Dorothy Trebilcock

Tall masts are
Misty penciled
Illusions.
Wisps of consciousness
Fading, appearing
Night to day,
Day to night.

Dreams are the sails
Wind-blown toward Reality —
Off-shore intangibles
Not always seen, nor yet unseen

But as much a verity
As the call of the
Helmsman
That startles
The night.