



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1965



seaman of the month

Bruce Warren

Newport Beach, California, is notable for its white sand coastline, its evasive abalone and its sun-bronzed teenagers. Youth from the upper-middle-class resort community are encouraged, expected to enjoy the ocean. It was quite natural for this month's seaman, Bruce Warren. A California native, Bruce has spent most of his 28 years in, on, or under water.

In fact, at the age of nine, Bruce showed such promise as a swimmer that he was entered in the 1500-meter, free-style competition sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce. He won. Vitiating that success, however, he recalls, was the fact that he swam the 1500 meters—straight out to sea! His father made the rescue.

Practical nautical experience aboard his father's 36-foot sailboat prepared him for two summers' employment as a deckhand on deep-sea fishing boats which swell California bays during summer. "I raked in \$10 a day as a jr. seaman, but I got up at two ayem to be at work by three," he said somewhat regretfully.

More character building opportunities were provided in his mother's posh Los Angeles eatery on Restaurant Row, the Tail o' the Cock, where he supplied as bus boy, bartender, emergency cook during and after high school.

When the time came for Bruce to fulfill his military obligation he resolved to "join the best-trained service with the best combat record." He undertook the rigorous training in Un-

derwater Demolition in the U. S. Marines, first at Little Creek, Va., later for deep-tank diving at Pearl Harbor. Warren was prepared for the bodily stresses of deep-sea work as a result of his adventures diving for abalone in the deep waters off Catalina Island, California, where his aunt made her home.

The dazzling Waikiki was further challenge to Warren's surfing skills and he once copped third trophy in an all-island contest at Makaha, Oahu. During this Hawaiian interim, Bruce instructed in swimming for all armed service branches.

Now a "frogman", as members of the Underwater Demolition Corps are tagged, Bruce was trained for the potentially dangerous assignments of detonating underwater mines, installing mines and other explosives, and in removing coral or other obstructions preparatory to landing forces invasions. "Every swimming and diving technique I learned as a child came into use during those Marine Corps days," he recalled.

Military service completed, Bruce left the celebrated jumping "frogmen" for the halls of ivy at Boston College in 1960, bridging his academic hiatus. A wife, Joanne, and a daughter, Annemarie, added to a mounting financial crisis and there was no time for vagary at that point. Bruce heeded the advice of an uncle, hardened veteran of nine years in the merchant marine, and took "time out" to go to sea. After two years of college, Bruce shipped out as a wiper, and thought things over. With en-

couragement from his helpmate, he decided to remain in shipping until he had amassed enough money for his daughter's college education with a balance to pay off the debt on the boxy, commodious old New England house with which the Warrens had fallen in love at Milton, Mass.

He gained experience on general cargo ships of Waterman and Sea-Land flags, and prior to his entering SCI's Marine School he shipped on Robin Lines' freighter *Goodfellow*.

"I'll ship for another five or ten years and then look for a marine engineering job shoreside," he envisioned. To qualify for higher pay and prepare for his 3rd engineer's license, Bruce entered SCI's Marine School where he was brought to our attention. "I've investigated schools from Boston to Oakland, and the school here has what I want."

Until the day when he goes shoreside permanently, Bruce is feasting his tourist's appetite on remote parts of the world he missed as a U. S. Marine, and is being paid for it. We asked the third generation American of straight Scotch ancestry about his favorite port o' call, and his response was instantaneous: "Anywhere in Germany . . . anywhere! I've sampled a goodly part of the world's hospitality and in all my contacts with them, the Germans have remained the most hospitable group now that I am a merchant seaman and while I was in the Marines. You know, the cream of their youth go into the merchant navy."

Bruce captures the quaintness of the people in foreign countries through a costume doll collection he started for his daughter. At last tally the lilliputian group totaled 127 and included a valuable pair from Greece which bear a striking resemblance to the Queen and Crown Prince.

Passion for rugged, outdoor sports, developed in California, hasn't waned for the New Englanders. To swimming, surfing, skin diving, water skiing, sailing and handball has been added snow skiing which is a family activity. His wife is taking instruction and little Annemarie, now 6, anticipates tackling the slopes "with daddy."

Though he's often away from home for several months, Bruce stays involved in activities of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Milton, and he made the observation that most of the seamen he has come to know well as friends, have had a profound, though not pietistic, Christian orientation.

It gives LOOKOUT great pleasure to commend to you all-around good citizen Bruce Warren.





GEMUTLICHKEIT AND A TROPHY

Ask the young crewmen from German freighter *Cap Norte* to name their favorite port, and a unison chorus would shout "Port Newark." For it was there, on SCI's sprawling soccer field, that eleven athletic Saxons, organized by A.B. Seaman and team captain Carl Roettger, encountered soccerphiles from eleven other maritime nations to win the coveted 1964 SCI Port Newark Soccer Championship. The victory is especially commendable because the crewmen competed under adverse field conditions—frozen sod frosted with snow or in winter's mud—and because of the fair play exhibited in every game.

Upon learning that the *Cap Norte* would be returning to Port Newark last month for the first time in 1965 after having been strike-bound in Charleston, the Port Newark staff had two days to consummate plans for a trophy presentation ceremony for the victors.

Monday evening, February 22, ultimately arrived and before a capacity audience of seamen from several countries, Port Newark manager Basil Hollas read a summation of the very active 1964 soccer season in which 102 official games were completed by sailors from Sweden, Netherlands, Germany, Britain, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece, Norway, Turkey, Ghana and

Denmark. The *Cap Norte* eleven had been victorious over five top teams, with two of their games ending in draws. To the applause of the hundred-man audience, seaman Carl Roettger and his team stepped to the front of the polished lounge to accept the engraved trophy and the congratulations of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Recording the evening's events in his log, Chaplain Hollas wrote: "Following the presentation, a reception was held to which members of the *Cap Norte* and all other visitors to the Club were invited. Fare included cocktail weiners and shrimps, a zesty punch-bowl, Danish pastries and coffee . . . all consumed to the accompaniment of German sing-along music. For a few hours the Centre took on the festivity and gemutlichkeit of a German tavern as men raised their voices in song when they recognized familiar tunes."



For all practical purposes the Institute had been "put to bed" by 3 a.m., and hours until daybreak passed monotonously for the security guard stationed at SCI's front doors. The tranquility was shattered by the jubilant voice and gesticulations of a rapid talking Greek-American seaman who appeared before the guard with a potted plant. "Please put this in the cafeteria for everyone to enjoy."

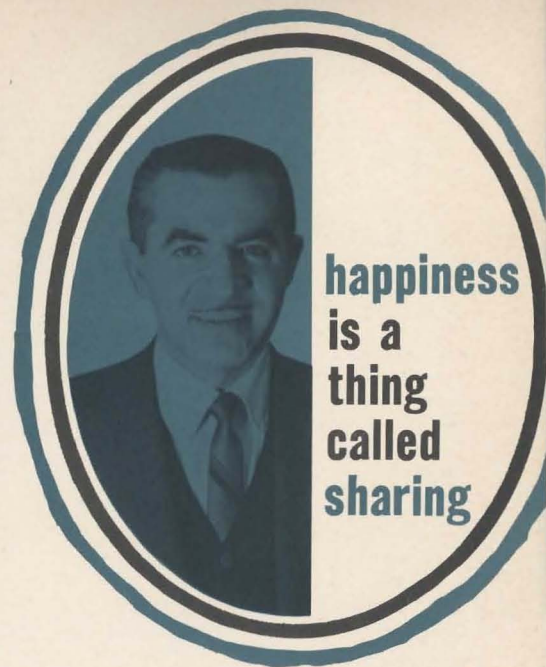
The following day we read the small card attached to the posy which offered an explanation. The gift was a sincere, if unusual, expression of gratitude from Constantine "Gus" Vlachos who just that day passed his Coast Guard examination as chief engineer after preparing in SCI's Marine School.

Two days later he visited Public Relations, explaining that he occasionally helps out in his brother's florist shop in Queens. The plant he donated for the cafeteria had been set aside early on the morning of its presentation "For the Seamen's Church, In Gratitude."

There were other reasons for his jubilancy, we learned. He had just received commendation, along with a \$1,000 check, from American Export Lines in appreciation of his salvage efforts aboard the *S.S. Excelsior*, run aground in 1963 during a cyclone in Pakistan.

Cited along with Constantine were two other officers who "disregarded the personal dangers involved and voluntarily faced extraordinary hazards to protect the vessel and cargo" when 165-mile-an-hour winds snapped the *Excelsior* from her moorings at Chittagong, Pakistan, and sent her careening among other ships in the Karnaphula River. "Like going down a bowling alley, scattering pins," Gus noted—until she came crashing to rest on a sandbar.

When the storm tides subsided, the ship's hull, with gaping hole, was submerged in 20 feet of water, with stern so far above water "you could walk under it with your hat on." Power plant dead. Only a small emergency diesel maintained lights, refrigeration, and sanitation.



First Asst. Eng. Vlachos and two other engineers improvised a diving apparatus from garden hose and gas mask and attempted makeshift repairs. (They soon discarded the mask when the hose tangled in the pipes above the hole.) In free dives, they located the tear and ascertained its dimensions. Futilely, they plugged it with mattresses. They then assembled four large pieces of plywood which were bonded with asphalt-coated canvas and suspended them on a four-foot rod. To bond the "patch" to the ship, they cut a doughnut-shaped piece of jute which, they hoped, would mold itself to the contour of the ship's hull. They added a cork floater and lead line to the patch.

Seaman Vlachos plunged into the water inside the hull while the junior engineer took the plywood patch down outside the ship in snake-infested water and fed the cork and lead line through the hole. The floater popped to the inside surface and Constantine grabbed the leader and attached it to a pulling winch. The patch was drawn tightly over the wound.

"I have had some engineering problems in my years at sea," grinned the brand-new chief engineer, "but that one topped them all!"

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SEA MONSTERS

"I realize that this is a very tardy comment upon the article appearing in the *Lookout* of April 1964, but I have only recently become acquainted with *The Lookout*, even though I have been sailing in U.S. merchant ships for forty-two years, mainly out of New York, and have often enjoyed the amenities of the S.C.I. Recently when going through some back issues my interest was aroused by the article "Mariners Beware" by Ivan T. Sanderson. As there was a request for comment on this article, I am taking this opportunity, though, delayed, to write such."

The subject of sighting strange creatures, phantom ships, and other apparitions of the sea has always interested me. Maritime literature is replete with tales of sea serpents, mermaids, Flying Dutchmen and such legendary creatures and objects of the sea. Even today we frequently find reports of such things being sighted in various parts of the world. As Mr. Sanderson says in his article such sightings are often dealt with facetiously by the press, yet some of these reports come from authoritative sources and are made by mariners of repute as the one quoted in the article. But I do think mariners are apt to rather enlarge on actual facts when they are confronted with the press."

When some of these stories I had read aroused my curiosity I decided to spend some of my time at sea watching for anything unusual in the way of sea life or phantom ships, or any other preternatural phenomena. Being a deck officer standing two four-hour bridge watches every day at sea I was certainly in a good position to carry on such observation.

I roughly estimate that I have spent some 50,000 hours underway just searching the sea surface and sky—some six years, accumulatively, which surely should be expected to result in the sighting of some weird or unexplainable creatures exist.

And, lest someone should think that this kind of occupation while on watch is a dereliction of duty, let me say that eighty per cent of a watch officer's sea time is, and should be, spent on lookout. Despite all modern navigational equipment and aids, the lookout—one of the fundamental "three L's" of the seaman—is still very important for the safe navigation of the ship. Keeping watch for the strange and weird leads one to concentrate on this very necessary function of the watch officer. Also it leads to observation of perfectly natural phenomena and sea life, reports on which are welcomed by the Navy Oceanographic Office.

But with all this searching for legendary sea creatures, phantom ships, and the like, I never sighted any.

I have, however, observed and noted several natural phenomena that could

well be the origin of some report of a fabulous sea monster or phantom ship. So I have come to the conclusion that most of these reports concern what I call "apparitions of the sea." I have seen clouds of many shapes resembling ships or other objects right on the horizon, whales or porpoises or other quite normal life of the deep that could well, under certain circumstances, be mistaken for weird and unnatural creatures. And the influence of alcohol or abnormal mental condition is in no way necessary for such sighting, due to natural conditions or tales of sea serpents and the like.

Besides clouds and normal sea animals and readily explainable objects, atmospheric and light conditions can so twist and inflate objects that they appear to be what they are not. Then there are instances of objects sighted at sea for brief seconds only, not giving time enough for one to properly observe and evaluate. That sudden and momentary sighting may well flash upon the observer's brain in imaginary form, not at all as it really is. Certainly a man wonders after, "What did I see?," but if he has for years observed similar sightings that eventually allowed for careful evaluation he will be well aware of the distortion possible in the first seconds of sighting, due to natural conditions of state of mind.

I fully realize that it is quite possible that there may be many creatures and objects in the sea with which man is not yet acquainted. As Mr. Sanderson points out, the ocean area of the earth is three times as great as the land area and comparatively little of this water area has yet been explored. With all the latest appliances and vessels for exploration developed in recent times we may expect a vast enlarging of our knowledge of the sea, but I doubt very much if anything will be discovered to make those stories of sea serpents, mermaids, phantom ships, and other apparitions of the sea anything but myth. Even the Coelacanths that Mr. Sanderson writes of turned out to be not quite so rare, or significant.

Of course I do not have Mr. Sanderson's knowledge of zoology and the

like, but apparently he seeks the statements of mariners on the topic; though I am inclined to think his article may be facetious, nevertheless I write this as the statement of a mariner who has given serious thought to the subject, besides considerable observation.

I do not agree with Mr. Sanderson's statement that if a master of a ship "is incapable of distinguishing between a buoy, a floating log, a piece of giant seaweed, a deflated Navy blimp, or a large animal . . . he should be relieved of his command." It depends entirely upon the circumstances. I have been many times deceived by objects sighted, even when the opportunity has occurred to examine them for some minutes through binoculars. Many masters have reported and logged unidentified objects sighted. Now, if they had reported such objects as sea serpents or the like perhaps the last part of Mr. Sanderson's statement would be in order. But I have never yet met a shipmaster, or officer, or seaman who has seen a sea serpent or any such mythical creature.

I will cite two cases that come to mind out of dozens of such personal experiences that may serve to illustrate how easy it is to be deluded.

The first occurred during the war years. Our ship, a freighter converted into a troop carrier, was in a combat area, bound for a New Guinea base. One morning one of the naval gun crew lookouts reported an object on the port bow. The armed guard commander on the bridge examined the object carefully through high-power binoculars. After a few minutes he reported: "It's a raft—the type carried by aircraft. Probably a plane ditched around here." Then after some more staring through the binoculars: "There's two men on it. The poor fellows—downed at sea . . ."

"What do you make of it?" asked the Captain of me.

"Can't make it out yet, Captain. Too far off."

The ship's course was altered to bring the supposed raft with two men on it right ahead. As we approached it close enough for making out details

it was found to be a tree trunk with some branches sticking up above the surface as the trunk rolled in the slight swell.

The second incident occurred off the U.S. Atlantic coast a couple of years ago. It was a clear day with a moderate sea running. Suddenly the helmsman, who was free of steering duties with the gyro-pilot in operation, called: "There's something close on the port bow, Mate." Snatching up a pair of binoculars as I ran through the wheelhouse to the port wing I soon located the "something." It was about four feet long, tubular, protruding from the sea at an angle, and had a small structure at the top. It was in view for only a few seconds, then it disappeared in the foaming disturbance off our bows. This brief sighting suggested to me that it was some kind of a drifting buoy, for it looked rigid and metallic. It would be passed abeam, I estimated, not more than 200 feet off. After searching abeam and astern for several more minutes I gave up.

"What was it, Mate?" asked the seaman in the wheelhouse.

"Don't know. I only saw it for a few seconds; then it disappeared."

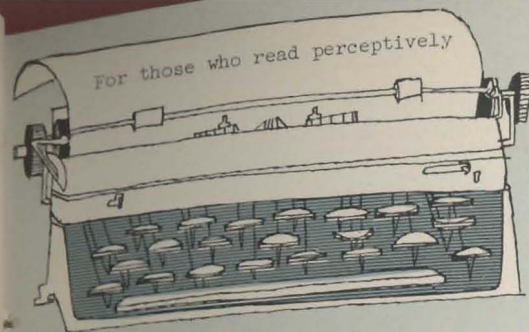
"Looked like a long neck with a head—something like I've seen in pictures of sea serpents," he mused.

It was reported to the Oceanographic Office as an "unidentified object," for it in no way even faintly resembled a sea serpent or any other animate object.

These incidents are cited merely to show how the sightings of unknown objects at sea effect some minds and imaginations.

I certainly recommend that mariners keep an alert lookout and become actively interested in sea phenomena and sea life. The Oceanographic Office, and the scientific bodies they cooperate with, will welcome reports on all such. Full details on the reporting of all the topics they are interested in will be found in a handbook for marine observers obtainable from the Oceanographic Office.

Then there is always the chance of seeing a real sea serpent, mermaid or phantom ship—if such do exist.



PORT NEWARK LOG

Shipping remained well above normal through most of the week, and almost every evening brought a capacity attendance at the Centre. Much use was made of the field for soccer practice and for regular games.

One evening a young lad from the German ship *Ahrensburg* came into the Club and told us that he belonged to a particular branch of the German Evangelical Church at home; he asked if we could put him in touch with a similar church here. A long series of calls to various evangelical churches led us to a German pastor who serves a congregation in Irvington, New Jersey. We were able to take the young man, who spoke only German, to the pastor's home, where he has now become a regular visitor, in addition to addressing the local congregation there.

Our station wagon, the *Greenbrier*, logged approximately 300 miles in the port area collecting and returning men to their ships.

BASIL HOLLAS, MGR.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB LOG

Mon: The enrollment has been largely American today, and it has been a pleasure to welcome so many old and new Club members. I gave a tour of the Club to two Marine School students who have been too busy studying to visit us earlier. They stayed for refreshments. Before they left, one promised to attend the dance tomorrow and the other asked permission to bring his wife to the Club on Friday.

We had a reunion of old shipmates who have not seen each other for 13 years. One of them had just signed in for the first time, and he could not have had a warmer welcome.

Tues: An evening of tremendous ex-

citement—in my experience the greatest number of ships represented in the Club. Our foreign seamen came from 20 maritime countries aboard 43 foreign vessels. Two buses were commissioned to transport the 86 men from Port Newark, and the number of seamen from local points was exceedingly high. The Polish ship *Upshur* added a new name to our roster.

England and Germany were the two countries best represented, with honors rather well divided between Italy and France for 3rd place. Other new visitors were from the Greek ships *Titaros* and *Kostis Georgalis*, the Pakistani ship *Abaim*, and Israeli *Lemone Kore*. We were curious about the name of Israel's new ship, and learned it is a refrigerator vessel whose name means "Cold Lemon."

The Pakistani visitors were visiting America for the first time. They were charming and most courteous, and made a point of thanking us for the invitation to the Club and the privilege of using the facilities of the Institute. We were entertained by a Philippine seaman from the *President Garcia* who gave one of the most professional performances by a seaman we have ever enjoyed in the Club. His songs deserved the ovation they received. An Indian seaman from the *Hong Kong Exporter* was responsible for another surprise when he offered an oriental fan to a young lady in a dance contest. The fan was won by our recent bride, Maria Moran.

The Club was at its very best. It was a memorable evening.

Thurs: Another festive evening with 53 foreign seamen representing 28 ships. Welcoming men from a ship new to the Club is always an exciting experience, and tonight we had five newcomers—the *Punta Mesco* from Italy, *Rog* from Yugoslavia, *Ask* from Norway, *Rythm* from Greece and *Negba* from Israel.

The strike has been a challenge tonight with another opportunity to entertain an attendance far above average. Luckily the number of hostesses in attendance was excellent, and the dance spontaneous and gay.

TINA MEEK

TATTOO

... A Dying Art

The recent outlawing of tattoo parlors in New York City may well mean the end of an adornment as ancient as the first cave drawing. It seems that a man's tattoos, like his eye patch and sabre scar, just aren't respectable any more.

Officially, the decision of the New York Appellate Court was directed towards the unsanitary practices of the tattooists. It was proved that unclean needles abetted the spread of diseases, notably hepatitis. The real significance of the ruling lay, however, in the comments of the court on the art itself. The tattoo, it concluded in a four-page report, is a "barbaric survival."

Obviously, a word for the defense is needed. After all, this promulgation of the legal establishment amounts to an indictment of some twenty million American men and women, including a large number of professional seamen.

First of all, just what is a tattoo? The word comes from the Tahitian "tatu," meaning "mark." Ordinarily, it is administered with an electric tattooer, which consists of six to eight needles. Buzzing like a dentist's drill, it jabs the flesh three thousand times a minute, depositing colored ink one sixty-fourth of an inch into the skin. It feels somewhat like the sting of a mosquito bite. The average tattoo costs

three to five dollars and may be acquired from some 250 tattooists who still operate in this country, or from thousands of others around the world. For a simple design the process takes only minutes to complete.

Of course it's a "barbaric survival"—but no more so than dyeing the hair, ear-piercing, depilation, or face-lifting. The primitive origins of our modern "beauty" methods are well described under the heading "mutilations" in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As a cosmetic adornment the tattoo has, quite simply, gone out of style. We must remember that just a few years ago the tattoo was as fashionable as, for instance, the wig is today. During the Edwardian era Winston Churchill's mother—Lady Randolph Churchill—and a large number of her aristocratic friends of the drawing room wore "dainty" designs. England's Edward VII and George V both boasted numerous elaborate tattoos. At one time nearly every crown head of Europe, including Kaiser Wilhelm II and Czar Nicholas II was tattooed. There were even several experts with the needle and ink who were known as "royal tattooists."

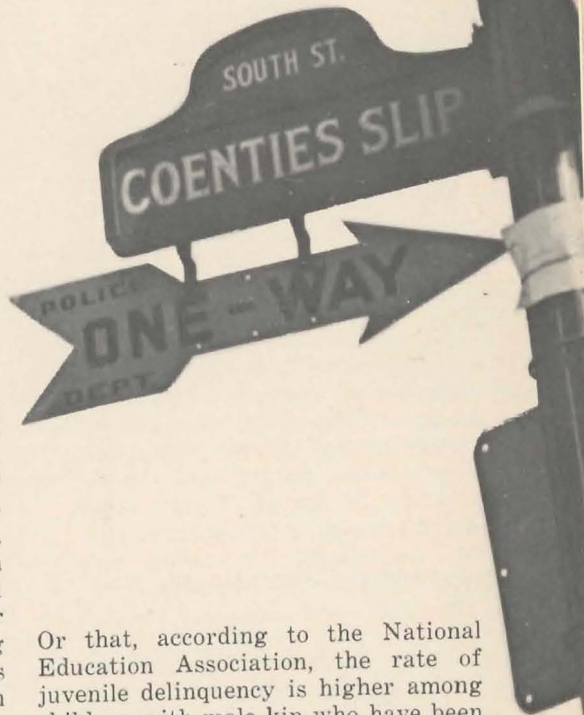
Not only has the tattoo passed out of fashion, it has now been associated by psychologists and sociologists with the "morbid or abnormal personality." Considerable surveys reveal, for example, that at the Public Health Hospital in Lexington, Ky., a high percentage of drug addicts are tattooed.

Or that, according to the National Education Association, the rate of juvenile delinquency is higher among children with male kin who have been tattooed.

There can be no doubt that a certain—if not significant—percentage of tattooed individuals belong to the "morbid or abnormal" category. Tattooing, a fairly painful and indelible process, has an obvious appeal to the masochist and the rebel. The point is, however, that this unfavorable association has given rise to a general prejudice against the tattoo—clearly reflected in the comments of the New York courts.

In all the criticism of tattooing and

One of Manhattan's largest tattoo "parlors" survived until the 40's on South Street just adjacent to the Institute. It is legend now that SCI's Mother Roper used all her persuasive skills to keep her "boys" away from the place.



A seaman in the 1880's was subject to ridicule until he had suffered through a visit to the dye and needle man, and the profession flourished in every port of the world.



in the various surveys to determine what kind of person gets tattooed, little consideration has been given to the tattoo as a custom or as an emblem of a group. Certain cults, we know, often adopt some kind of tattoo as an eternal symbol of the member's initiation. We can also cite the example of the Nazis who used the tattoo to brand prisoners in their notorious concentration camps. And what of the seaman? He of course need not be tattooed, but the tar nearly always, at one time or another, acquires the unmistakable hallmark of his trade.

The naval profession undoubtedly accounts for the majority of tattooed men in the United States. As is usual with the customs of seamen, the practice arose from both tradition and superstition.

Most likely the tattoo was inherited by Americans from their cousins of the British navy who had long ago discovered the art in the Far East. From generation to generation, the young apprentice emulated the old salt and, through time, the tattoo came to be as much a part of the sailor's uniform as his bell-bottom trousers. Incidentally, any tattooist will tell you that a seaman's first choice of design will probably be an anchor, the proud symbol of his profession. The inscription "mother" and the design of the Statue of Liberty above the waves also enjoy great popularity.

Not surprisingly, sea-going men have held many superstitions concerning the tattoo, and thus have counted it almost as a necessary adornment. Salts of the old navy believed that an enormous crucifix tattooed on a sailor's back would prevent him from ever being flogged. It is still a common superstition among sailors that a pig or rooster on the left instep is an infallible charm against drowning.

The seaman's fancy for the tattoo probably is responsible for its universality. Though it is now known in almost every culture, its art was certainly first introduced into many countries on the arms and chests of visiting sailors.

As far as historians can determine, tattooing by puncture of the skin was invented for adornment by the Egypt-

ians during the fourth millennium B.C. Subsequently, it was adopted by peoples around the world for their own purposes—religious, magical, and artistic. The practice spread east through Arabia and Persia to China. We know that by the sixth century B.C. it was highly developed in Japan and considered a divine gift. By this time also the cultures of the southern Asian countries and South Pacific islands had learned the art. It was the Polynesians, sailing two thousand miles across the ocean, who first introduced the tattoo into the Americas. Later tattooing came to be important to the Mayans, Incans, Azec, and numerous North American Indian tribes in their religious rituals.

As the art of the tattoo moved east, it also became known in the north where it flourished among many tribes—Celts, Gauls, Danes, Norsemen, and Saxons. A Church edict against tattooing in the eighth century A.D. eventually brought an end to the practice, and it was not revived in Europe until the seventeenth century when the ban was lifted. Since then, the tattoo has enjoyed unflinching popularity.

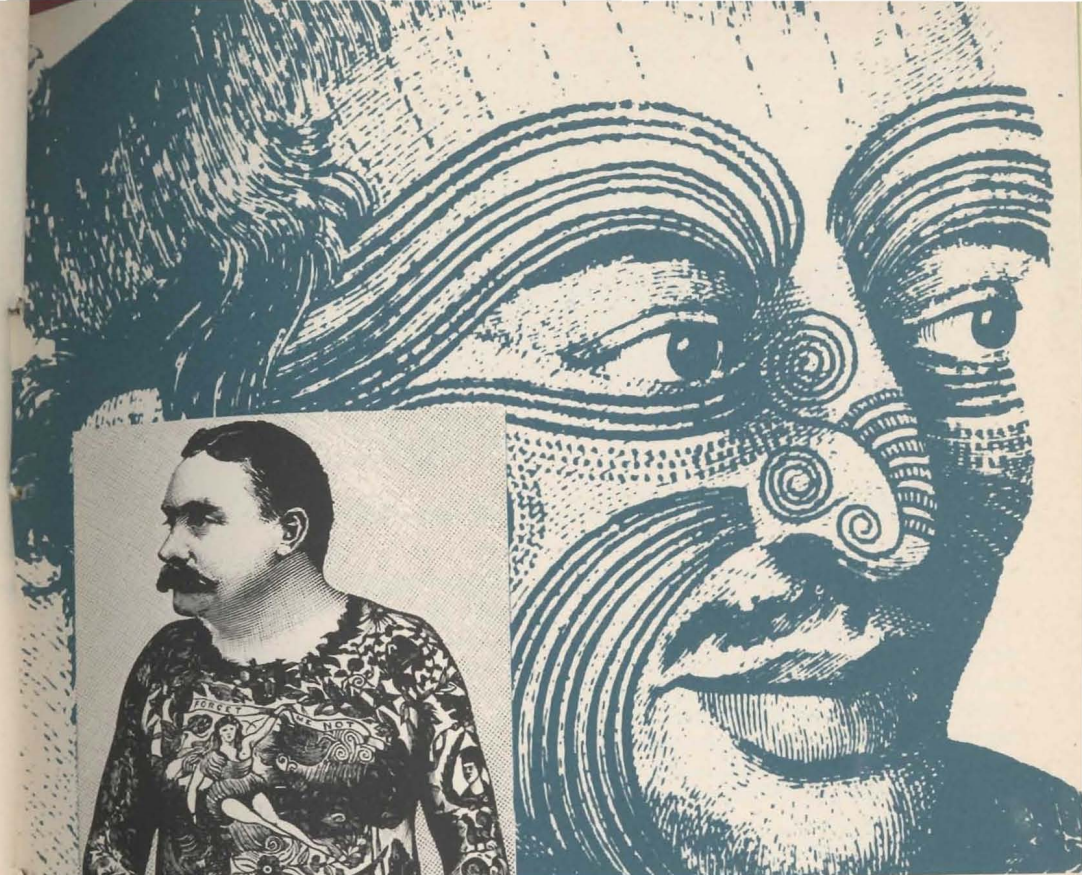
Any discussion of the tattoo would be incomplete without a footnote on aesthetics. There is, to put it mildly, no accounting for tastes. In George Burchett's fascinating book, *Memoirs of a Tattooist*, this famous English expert recalls some of the most unusual designs he executed—almost always drawn up by the client.

He wrote a will on one man's back. Another requested zebra stripes to cover him from head to toe—500,000,000 needle pricks on one body. An American paid him a fortune to have Rubens' "Judgment of Paris" copied on his chest. One client was a gourmand whom he decorated with plates of roast duck, mixed vegetables, mussels, whelks, a jam roll, and two pints of beer.

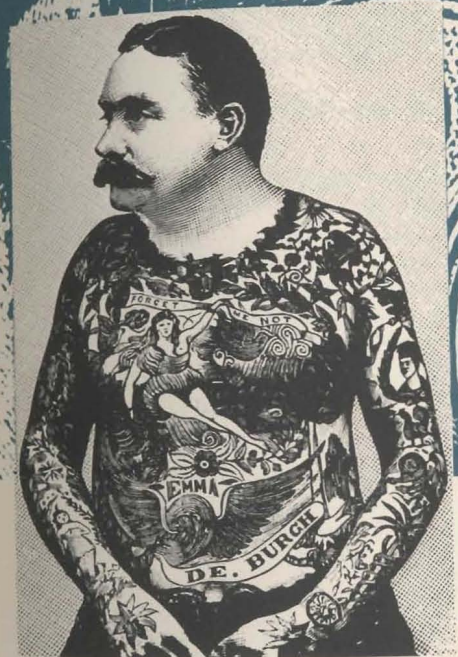
His favorite work of all, Burchett reminisces, was a portrait of the Prince of Wales—on the bald head!

The question may well be asked, is a great art dying out?

by Orlan Fox



Tattooing was already highly sophisticated among Polynesians by the time Captain Cook reached the South Pacific.



Jack Dracula, who displays a bizarre arrangement of designs in side-shows and flea museums, advertises himself as "The Marked Man" which nobody will deny.



THAT EVENTFUL YEAR...1922



A gift that year from Allison V. Armour, a one-ton Model T pickup truck was gratefully acknowledged by the Institute and became a familiar vehicle on the streets of New York.



The weekly lantern slide programs and community sings presented by SCI for seamen and their families in neighboring Jeannette Park drew crowds approaching 2,000. The Memorial Band Shell was erected in 1922.



Operation of the shore-to-ship medical service from a wireless on the roof of the building was assumed that year by the Radio Corporation of America. SCI's facilities included the latest Edison equipment.

the eighth in a historical series

With Prohibition in its second year, the American public was drowning its worries about Mussolini, widespread unemployment and post-war depression in tumblers of milk and grape juice. The popcorn crowd was plunking down quarters to escape with Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Pickford and Valentino in the latest epics from Hollywoodland. Were you around in 1922? SCI was and LOOKOUT of that year, quoting one of the Institute's regular seamen residents, said that times were so hard that the boys were becoming close even about words. In proof, the seaman repeated a conversation overheard in the lobby:

First seaman: ". . . 'lo."

Second seaman: "Lo."

First seaman: "Ship?"

Second seaman: "Nop."

First seaman: "Jeet?"

Second seaman: "Nop."

First seaman: "C'mon."

While the spectre of post-war depression mocked the future, seamen nevertheless took advantage of prolonged unemployment to advance their ratings in the Merchant Marine School (already 8 years old) and it was recorded that 120 students were graduated and successfully passed their Coast Guard examinations. The Institute's services, confined to the first building (before the Annex) were providing destitute seamen with the barest necessities. More than 291

thousand were lodgers that year when rooms went for 50 cents and dorm beds were a quarter. Many seamen who could not scrape up "two bits" were housed without question. The restaurant served 407,663 hot meals for seamen who could or could not pay, and for one thin dime, a seaman could sustain himself for the day on an Institute breakfast—hot cereal, scrambled eggs, bread, butter and coffee. It was the year when seamen who did find employment carried home \$40 a month. Some carried their own straw mattresses.

Though nothing happened to ameliorate the unemployment tragedy, an event in midyear boosted the morale of the down-and-outers; SCI initiated a campaign to construct the World War I Memorial Band Shell across the street in Jeannette Park. Its cornerstone was inscribed to "the officers and men of the merchant marine who, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things . . . they made victory possible and were great without glory."

Concerts in the newly-completed band shell provided seamen temporary relief from the monotony of hunger and unemployment. There was time also for reading books distributed by free lending libraries. Among the most popular with our seamen were Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Conan Doyle's The Refugees, and H. G. Wells' *A Modern Utopia*.

That same year, to relieve SCI of a necessary but expensive program to merchantmen, Radio Corporation of America assumed operation of the free medical-radio information services to ships without doctors, a project which the Institute had begun in cooperation with the U. S. Public Health Service.

It was a year, too, remembered for some exceptional seamen, one of whom became acquainted with SCI's Janet Lord Roper, our first female "social worker." The young boy displayed a remarkable talent for carving, using as his mediums anything cheap—turnips and beeswax candles. Through the Institute's efforts he was enrolled in the Chrystie Street Settlement House and received a scholarship for full-time art study.

During that year the Social Service Department, forerunner of Special Services, was organized to minister to the physical and social needs of seamen through funds shared from the Legal Aid Society, city and federal authorities. An Institute chaplain, working with several young drug addicts, had some very modern advice for 1922 on prognostics: "When the treatment (for the habit) is completed, the patient should be met by a friend . . . and should be given work, preferably in the country. Left

alone, with nothing to do and nowhere to go, he will follow his old habits."

One of Broadway's stellar attractions that year was the opening of Eugene O'Neill's play about seamen—*The Hairy Ape*—which LOOKOUT recommended to all who had an interest in mariners. It is now generally assumed that O'Neill had been an SCI resident about this time. His biographers have alluded to SCI.

Seamen remember 1922 as the year of the International Seamen's Union strike. The labor movement among disorganized seafarers was soon defeated by retaliation from the U. S. Shipping Board and the American Shipowners Association. Although the Institute adopted a neutrality policy, it could not help sympathizing with those seamen who were ultimately blacklisted because of their determined efforts to end their exploitation.

LOOKOUT, while noting that Sunday chapel services were well attended, reported that the reverence on one particular Holy Day was interrupted by the "sour" notes on the organ. Investigation uncovered a wee kitten which had secreted herself in the organ's wind chamber. When the pipes began to toot, kitty reacted by howling loudly, out-of-tune. Mother Janet Roper, with help from two seamen, released the Sunday visitor on the Street of Ships.

This annual report comes to you in condensed form for good reason. You have already read current accounts of our progress in the pages of the LOOK-OUT during the year. There is no need to rehearse statistics. We would however remember here that we are chartered as an agency of the Church of Christ. Therefore we continually stand under a judgment not of our own devising and work under standards above and beyond those which would be appropriate for a secular agency, even one engaged in the same area of activity as we.

Our first word must be one of appreciation and gratitude to the members of the Board for their labor, interest, and understanding in dealing with the program and problems of this agency. Board members give freely of their time, counselling and consulting with us in the day-to-day situations we face and in the longer-range planning which makes hopes effective and assures a vital future for a desperately needed ministry.

Our second word is one of appreciation also to every member of this staff, a group of people who do their work with such devotion and who take such honest pride in trying to measure up to the aims of this agency and its mission. Their loyalty and enthusiasm is an immeasurable asset.



131st 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.

Port Society Station
524 West 42nd Street
New York City

Some time ago we adopted the policy of putting qualified chaplains in charge of strategic areas of our work. Our chaplaincy staff continues to increase in strength and adequacy. The quality and depth of our service becomes more and more effective. This is not measured in statistics but in the nature of the relationships the chaplains have with today's seamen and in the attitude of seamen toward them.

Our Adult Education program involves more and more people from the community and continues to have an impact on the problem it was instituted to help solve, namely the proper image of the seaman and the attempt to gain him proper recognition from his shoreside brethren.

Far-reaching steps were undertaken during the year to strengthen the merchant marine school. A number of visits and consultations with principals from the Maritime Administration, Department of Labor and labor union representatives we hope will result not only in needed support but in coordinated curriculum material for present courses and in the development of course material and standards for new ratings which will be demanded for efficiently manned automated ships.

We look forward to the completion during this year of our Port Newark expansion. When it is fully in operation we will extend our efforts to secure adequate support from our Jersey neighbors. Meanwhile, the station continues to play an extremely important part in our program and is more and more appreciated by our guests.

The year has been one of good employment for seamen, particularly on the West Coast. We are aware of this because it caused a decline in our occupancy rate. But I would point out that this year 3,400 seamen registered in the Institute for the first time and of these almost 50% returned to book rooms for a second visit. At this rate I see no real danger of our going out of business in the near future.

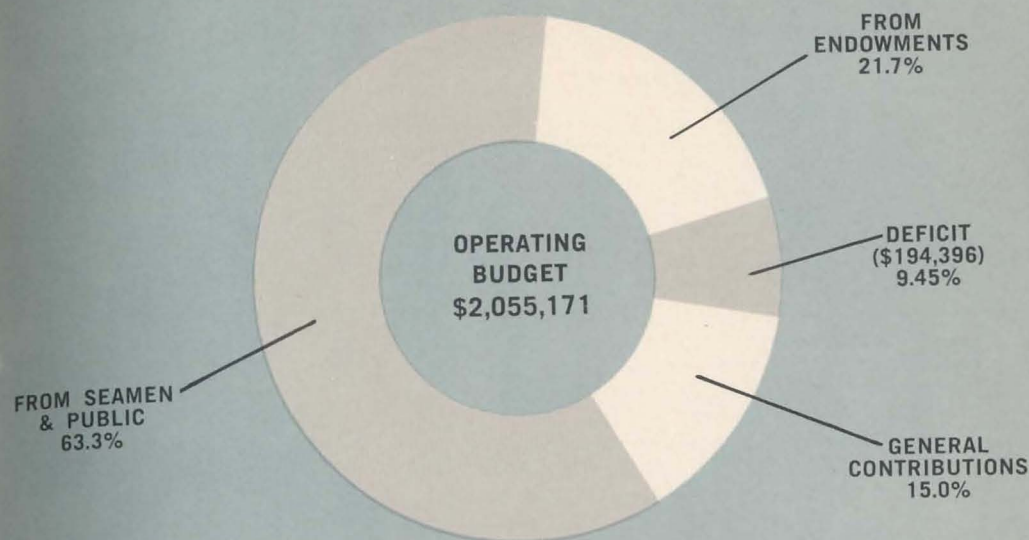
To all of you I express our sincere gratitude for your help and interest during 1964. We pledge to do everything in our power to make the coming year fit to be recorded with those now past.

JOHN M. MULLIGAN
Director

Port Society Station



SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1964



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

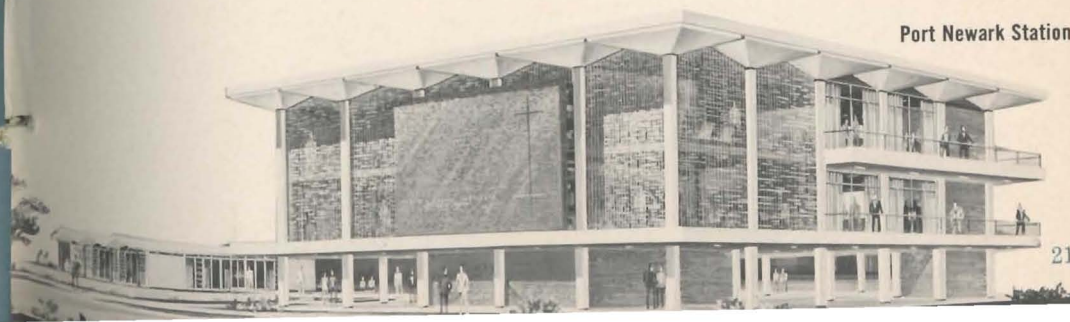
Employment Bureau
Library
Game Room
Alcoholics Assistance
Foreign shipvisitors
Religious activities
Missing Seamen's Bureau

Partially Subsidized

Baggage Room
Credit Bureau
Museum
Adult Education
LOOKOUT
Bank
International Seamen's Club
American shipvisitors
Port Newark
First Aid Station
Women's Council

Nominally Self-supporting

Hotel
Food Services
Tailor
Newsstand
Barber



Condensed statement of operating income and expenses
for the year ended December 31, 1964

Gross Income from departments		\$1,177,244	
Operating expenses			
Salaries & Wages	\$1,055,326		
Food & Merchandise	263,224		
Employee Benefits	102,797		
Supplies	67,192		
Electric Current & Fuel Oil	64,916		
Miscellaneous	45,918		
Publicity and Printed Matter, including Lookout	35,213		
Insurance	30,682		
Merchant Marine School and Education.....	28,267		
Women's Council, Wool and Gifts	23,674		
Repairs, Renewals and Equipment	17,658		
Investment Counsel, Legal and Accounting Fees	14,059		
	<u>\$1,748,926</u>		
Religious and Personal Service Department			
Salaries, relief and expenses	\$ 306,245		
		<u>\$2,055,171</u>	
Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments			\$(877,927)
Less dividends, interest and other income from endowments	\$ 386,127		
Credit Bureau recoveries	18,227		
	<u>404,354</u>		
Deficit from Institute operations			\$(473,573)
Contributions for general and specific purposes			
Ways and Means department	\$ 145,430		
Pier collections and special items	105,516		
Women's Council	25,826		
Benefit—"Old Navy"	1,205		
Diocese of New York	1,200		
	<u>\$ 279,177</u>		
Deficiency of Income			\$(194,396)

() Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1964 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,
WALTER POTTS, *Treasurer*

DURING 1964

At 25 SOUTH STREET

1,092	American ships were visited and welcomed.
1,981	Foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
21,815	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
25	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
419	Services were held in the Chapel.
74	Missing seamen were located.
278,860	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
24,000	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education projects and programs.
357	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School. 202 students were graduated.
25,187	Visitors passed through the Marine Museum.
55,951	Readers used the Conrad Library.
149,112	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships (including Port Newark).
34,862	Pieces of luggage handled.
776,991	Restaurant meals served.
25,944	Calls at laundry, barber and tailor shops.
32,081	Banking transactions.
19,173	Personal Service Interviews.
41,128	People attended 151 programs in the auditorium.
9,237	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.
4,182	Seamen found temporary jobs through the Employment Bureau.

At PORT NEWARK

3,984	Seamen took advantage of official soccer matches and informal games.
284	American ships were visited.
1,925	Foreign ships were visited.
508	American and foreign tanker ships were visited.
14	Religious services were provided on ships for crews.
16,123	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark. Countless personal services, such as counseling, letters, telephone assistance, money transfer and exchange were taken care of for seamen.

PORT SOCIETY STATION
(Since May 1964)

1,140	American and foreign ships were visited.
22	Services were held in the Chapel.
5,702	Seamen participated in parties and shows.
787	Seamen attended motion pictures.

"THE SQUARE"

by Dick Whittinghill

"Square" — another of the good old words has gone the way of love and modesty and patriotism,

Something to be snickered over or outright laughed at!

It used to be that there was no higher compliment you could pay a man than to call him a square shooter;

The young man's promise of a square deal once was as binding as an oath on the Bible.

But today a square is a guy who volunteers when he doesn't have to —

He's a guy who gets his kicks from trying to do a job better than anyone else;

He's a boob who gets so lost in his work he has to be reminded to go home.

A square is a guy who doesn't want to stop at the bar and get all juiced up because he prefers to go to his own home, his own dinner table, his own bed.

He hasn't learned to cut corners or goof off.

This nut we call a square gets all choked up when he hears children singing "My country 'tis of thee"

He even believes in God — and says so — in public!

Some of the old squares were Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, George Washington, Ben Franklin. Some of the new squares are Glenn, Grissom, Shepard, Carpenter, Cooper, Schirra.

John Glenn says he gets a funny feeling down inside when he sees the flag go by; says he's proud that he belonged to the Boy Scouts — the YMCA.

How square can you get?

A square's a guy who lives within his means, — whether the Joneses do or not, and thinks his Uncle Sam should, too.

He doesn't want to buy now and pay later.

A square is likely to save some of his own money for a rainy day, rather than count on using yours.

A square gets his books out of the library instead of the drug store;

He tells his son it's more important to play fair than win. Imagine!

A square is a guy who reads scripture when nobody's watching and prays when nobody's listening,

A guy who thinks Christmas trees should be green, Christmas gifts should be hand picked.

He wants to see America first in everything.

He believes in honoring mother and father and do unto others, and that kind of stuff.

He thinks he knows more than his teenager knows about car freedom and curfew.

So all you gooley birds answering this description please stand up!

You misfits in this brave, new age, you dismally disorganized, improperly apologetic ghosts of the past

Stand up — stand up and be counted!

You squares who turn the wheels and dig the fields and move mountains and put rivets in our dreams

You squares who dignify the human race

You squares who hold the thankless world in place.

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004

BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Franklin E. Vilas

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COVER: An Alfred Hitchcock, London peasoup fog swirled off the East River last month literally obscuring Manhattan's towers. The ethereal effect of SCI's lighthouse vignettted through the fog motivated your editor to costume seaman Paul Stephens in slicker and raincap in an attempt to capture the beauty of the fog. You see the result.