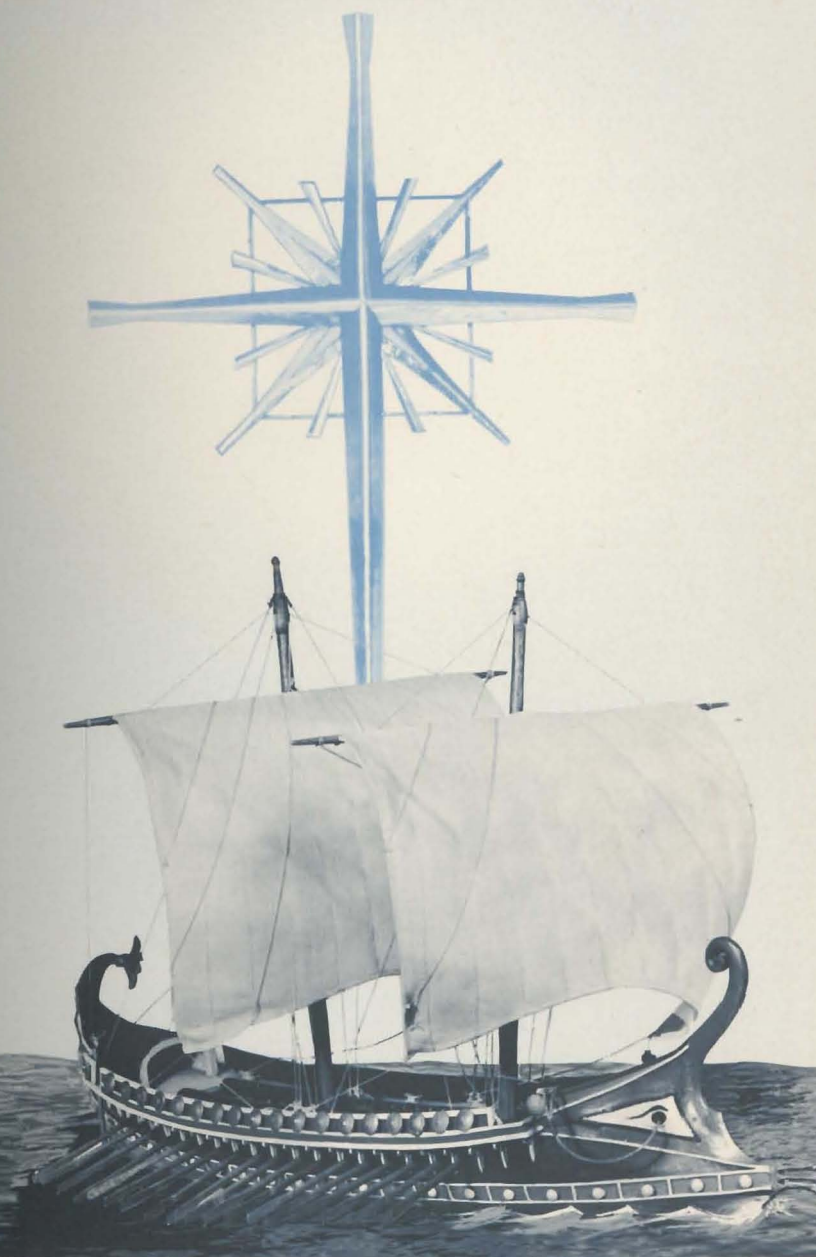




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL 1969



WIDOW'S SON

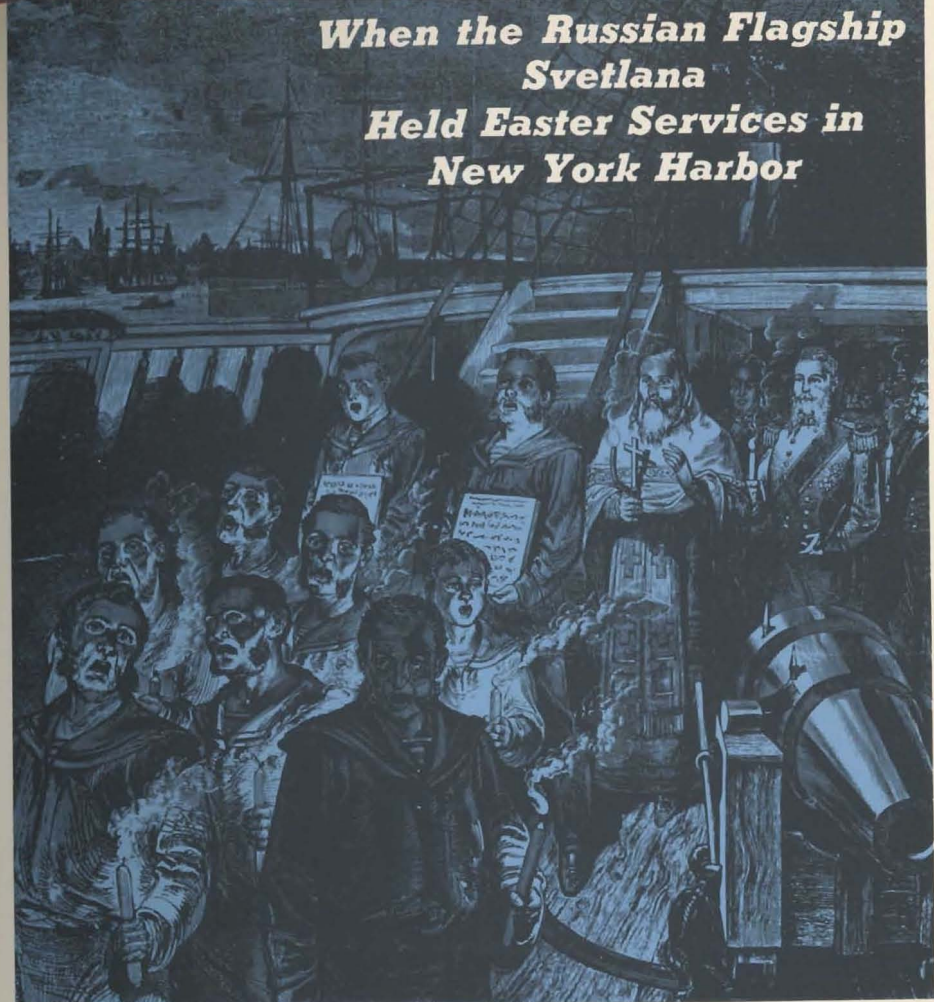
by E. W. Harper

At the 'Widow's Son' inn in Bow, London, a curious custom still prevails. The story goes that many years ago the widow who owned the inn had a sailor son. When he went to sea he promised to return at Easter, so his mother kept a Hot Cross Bun for him. He never came back but each year, in his memory, she added a bun to those already kept.

Today, each Easter, a Hot Cross Bun is added to a collection hanging from the ceiling. In fact, a clause in the lease insists on the old custom being maintained.

The sailor son was lost at sea but the buns symbolize the hope in the hearts of those ashore, when their menfolk sail away.

When the Russian Flagship Svetlana Held Easter Services in New York Harbor



the LOOKOUT

Vol. 60, No. 3

April 1969

Copyright 1969

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Director

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Editor

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

COVER: The cross appearing as part of the design for this month's cover of *The Lookout* is mounted on a wall of the narthex of the SCI chapel. It was formerly suspended in front of the famous seascape painting by Gordon Grant in the sanctuary of the South Street building chapel.

The Rev. Richard Bauer of SCI, chaplain-in-residence at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Stapleton, S. I., designed the Christian symbol which was constructed in Switzerland of brass.

A commercial art illustrator for five years prior to entering the Christian ministry, the chaplain said of the cross design, "The theme of this cross is that of a star, one that guides a mariner through the night and from which he can take his sightings; the cross as a star is to remind us of Christ's example of his self-giving love, also of his Easter resurrection as a guiding point of our lives."

The Roman galley (from the Institute's model ship collection) was typical of the vessels plying the Mediterranean during Christ's time on earth.

Photography by the Editor

The following account appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of May 5, 1877:

"On Monday, April 9, a very impressive, and, to Americans, a very novel Easter Service was performed on the Russian flagship *Svetlana*, now at New York.

"The chapel was erected in the 'battery'—that portion of the gun-deck just forward of the cabin of Admiral Boutakof. Within the sanctuary was the altar, upon which was a picture of Christ in the tomb. This was richly draped with scarlet velvet.

"Behind the altar was a picture of the Almighty sitting upon a throne.

There was also another table, upon which the materials needed by the priest throughout the service were deposited. Before the picture of God stood a large lighted candle about three feet high; before the pictures of Christ and the Virgin swung candle-holders filled with one large taper in the center and several smaller ones in a circle above it.

"In front of the sanctuary was a richly embossed picture of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of all seafaring men, having its candle-holder, filled with lighted tapers, before it. All the naval officers wore their full uniforms—epaulets, swords and cocked hats,

and the badges of the different Russian and other national orders conferred upon them by their Emperor and the other crowned heads of Europe.

"The civil officers present wore also the full uniform of their various positions, which were very rich and handsome. They also had badges of all their orders. The uniform of the officers was of dark-green, and the collars and cuffs were richly embroidered in gold.

"At the beating of the drum the assembly gathered before the sanctuary, and each person was presented with a lighted taper. The priest, Father Pahone, came forth from the sanctuary and marched forward upon the gun-deck up the ladder to the quarter-deck, across the starboard side, back to one of the rear ladders, and then to the sanctuary again. This procession typified a search for the body of Christ.

"The ordinary mass of the Russian Church was celebrated, with the exception that on this occasion the priest took the communion with the doors of the sanctuary open, while usually he is inside with the doors closed.

"During the Mass the Liturgy goes on, prayers are said, the Gospel read, the choir chants the confession of faith and the Lord's Prayer. The host is placed upon the altar, and then brought forth by the priest and elevated before the assemblage. The priest frequently bowed and prostrated himself at full length before the pictures, and kissed the picture of Christ.

"At the conclusion of the service the priest held up the cross, and thrice said: 'Christ is risen', the congregation responding each time: 'He is in truth risen'. Then the Admiral advanced, kissed first the cross, and afterwards the priest, three times. The Grand Dukes followed, doing likewise, and then the other officers.

"After the Admiral and Grand Dukes had gone through the ceremony, the officers kissed them as they had before kissed the priest. The kissing was accompanied by hand-shakings and by

the salute, 'Christ is risen!' with the response as given before. The sailors likewise kissed and saluted the Admiral, the Grand Duke Alexis and the executive officer.

"Upon the gun-deck, tables had been prepared, with Easter eggs, meat, bread, and an Easter dish made of the curds of milk with raisins. Above and about were drapings of flags.

"The priest blessed this feast by sprinkling it with holy water. The Grand Duke Alexis then ate some of the food, and wished his crew a good feast-day, after which the sailors broke the three days' fast, and began to demolish the feast spread before them.


"The officers then repaired to the Admiral's cabin, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for them. The feasting lasted until a late hour in the morning."



Oldest Russian Orthodox Chapel still standing in the United States and located in Fort Ross State Historic Park on California Highway 1 about 13 miles north of Jenner. It was built in 1812 by the Russian-American Company. Memorial services are held in the chapel each July 4th to commemorate the Russian-Americans who have died in defense of the United States.

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

WASHINGTON, D. C., APR 15 1920 643465

TREASURY
 PAY TO THE ORDER OF ARCHIBALD K MANSFIELD \$ 1*

Treasurer of the United States 15-51

ONE* DOLLARS

DISBURSING CLERK 10005

775

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE DISBURSING CLERK. Washington, D. C.

The inclosed checks, No. 643465 to No. _____, to be delivered to the payee, settle the pay roll for personal services of officers or employees at your station during the month of March, 19 20, aggregating \$1.00, on account of the UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.

Medical Officer in Charge,
U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.
U. S. Marine Hospital, #21
Stapleton, N. Y.

This stub, to be returned with checks in window envelope, must be completely filled in at station omitting check number. The full post-office address to which checks should be sent must be written plainly in the framed space hereon, typewriting preferred. Whenever practicable the addressee should be designated as "Medical Officer in Charge, U. S. Public Health Service," otherwise title and name of officer will be used.

Fifty years ago this March, the then-director of the Institute, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., was appointed titular chaplain for both the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, and the Marine Hospital for Seamen at Ellis Island, both governmental facilities.

The appointment was made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The "pay" from the government for the work was at the rate of one dollar per year.

This SCI chaplaincy has been main-

tained without interruption since. The present chaplain-in-residence at the Staten Island facility is the Rev. Richard Bauer, an Episcopal minister, who has served at this post for almost four-teen years.

Chaplain Bauer sees about 600 patients a week, spending the most time with the seriously handicapped and the terminal patients. He calls on all Protestants in the hospital but is always prepared to offer solace and help to those of any denomination.



Visitors to the SCI chapel are struck by the exquisite beauty of the unique font and baptistry carved in the form of a ship's capstan surmounted by a shell and bathed in sunlight colored by the adjacent stained glass windows. The white marble piece was presented to the First Floating Church of Our Saviour by St. Mark's in the Bowerie (New York).



Groups of persons from the marine industry have been visiting the Institute at intervals during the late winter — at the invitation of director Dr. John M. Mulligan — to inspect its facilities and resources. A portion of one such group is shown as it looked over the International Club. Others enjoyed the sail ship model exhibit in the auditorium, guided by Dr. Mulligan (left).

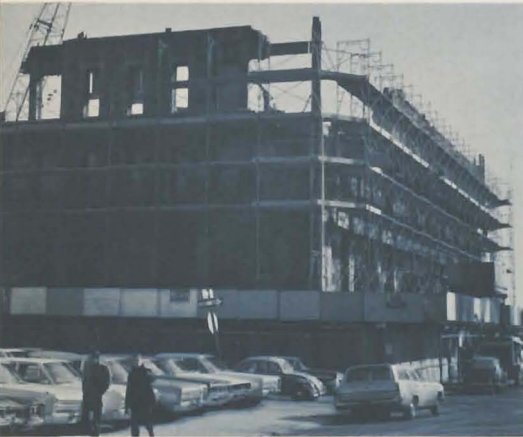


In the afternoon when the Institute's International Club opens up, throngs of seamen line up at the snack bar for, perhaps, a sandwich, coffee, a soft drink . . . and to yarn among themselves.

As the dock strike subsided and ships' crews were recalled to man vessels in New York harbor, seamen checked their baggage into the Institute's baggage room.



Winter has gone and spring is not far behind, so maybe the time has come to pack away the long-johns. Seamen find coin-operated do-it-yourself laundromat in basement of Institute building a useful service.



The old SCI South Street building has now been razed. Photos show progressive stages in its demolition. A gargantuan office building will occupy not only the former site of the Institute but the sites of other smaller buildings once situated in the block. The last photo (looking northeasterly from the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip) shows basement wreckage of old South Street building and workmen clearing remaining debris from the general area.



THE EARLY DREAM

by Sanford Sternlicht



In the magnificent *Moby Dick*, "meditation and water," said Herman Melville, "are wedded forever." Like Melville, most seamen come to feel there is a certain music in the sea. Sometimes in the evening, to those who love her, it winds its way across the still waters. At sea . . . when the sunset is not merely an annoying reflection on the windshield of a car racing homeward in the after-work traffic, the fierce fireball falling into the far away deep may be accompanied by a flute beyond a low-lying cloud, a drum of thunder from somewhere over the horizon and, perhaps, a great Hallelujah of birds. Then all is peaceful.

Something calls the Ishmaels of the earth, in their youth, down the winding rivers to the very lips of the sea. They seek, as if in some primal dream, a long-closed womb. For there are memories in the sea. The timeless rhythm of the waves lingers with us always.

Poets from Homer to John Masefield have made the sea the panoramic background for their commentary on human life and in it each ship is a little world making a guided journey across a universal sea.

I came to the sea as a young ensign with a sensitivity for impressions and a desire to write.

The first aspect of life at sea that seems different from life ashore is the immediacy and significance of natural

phenomena. The winds, the clouds, the storms, dawn and dusk, and:

SUNRISE AT SEA

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(Copyright 1960—The Christian Science Monitor)

Then the ancient routines, the diurnal recurrences, begin to make their impression. The watches come and go and come again, adding structure and purpose to life on the mysterious void. I wrote my impressions of the seven watches as their ever repetitious events caused a rhythmic response within me. They seemed to shadow a man's life. Whereas the midwatch was a short passage from one grave to another, without light, almost without hope of ending, the morning watch was like the awakening of a child or a jolly song from sailing days:

MORNING WATCH

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(Copyright 1960—Skipper Magazine.)

The sun is the most omnipresent image at sea. During long stretches of foul weather the seaman longs for its return to its watch in the sky. When, in the tropics, the burning disk follows the ship day after day, making the sea a steaming caldron, the seaman, like the Ancient Mariner, begins to feel that the sun has taken on an aspect of

religious intensity. It becomes a castigator and an avenger.

AFTERNOON WATCH

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(Copyright 1960—Writer Magazine.)

In the cool evening, when the day's toil is over and only the watch works, sanity seems to return to the ship. The routine goes on, but it, too, has slowed in the blessed breeze. Often the navigator has the:

SECOND DOG WATCH

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(Copyright 1960—Writer Magazine.)

One day, while serving as a boat wave commander taking three LCU's loaded with marines to a landing beach in Crete, I saw an incident that gave me a new insight into the ways of Man. The beach gradient was too steep for LCU's. The water beyond the ramps was neck high, but the marines jumped in anyway and thrashed their way to the beach.

One private panicked half-way to the shore. He dropped his rifle and worked his way back to the boat. A sergeant of World War II and Korean vintage leaned over the side and berated the man who went back to dive again and again in the water and mud until, miraculously, he found the piece. A simple incident, probably one that has occurred many times, but months later, with Wordsworthian recollection, I

thought of it again and in my stateroom wrote:

BLUE BEACH AT SUDA BAY

My landing craft had grounded fast, about
A hundred feet out from the sandy shore
Of Crete. The embarked troops with one
fierce roar
Plunged in the boiling surf to join the rout.
A young marine was caught in a whirling tide;
The water swirled up to his fear-gashed head.
Some troopers tried to haul him back. Instead
He let his rifle sink and thrashed to our
starboard side.
But then a gunny sergeant, stern of jaw,
Leaped to the rail and shouted at the man,
Who hesitated once and then began
To swim, obeying the ancient martial law.
I saw him drop beneath the oil-streaked green
And thought we'd soon be fishing for a soul,
Until a rifle raised bespoke his goal.
Half-drowned, mud-caked, he charged to the
wild war scene
That flamed above the beach; full knowing then:
Honor had worth beside the life he prized,
And there are many ways to be baptized
Into Achilles' corps of valiant men.

And so the sea and the Navy have marked me as they have marked others who work or play with the pen. I cannot be as I was before I knew them, nor would I want to be so. These poems are but a few pieces from the sea-chest of my memory. Many more have come from there, and others are still being discovered in the deep recesses, between camphored clothes, tarnished shoulder-boards, and an old steaming hat.

When I left the sea, I knew that someday I would feel like:

ISHMAEL

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(Copyright 1961, Wisconsin Poetry Magazine.)

A news reporter once asked Captain Kurt Carlsen (that courageous mariner who stayed with his sinking ship *Flying Enterprise* in a valiant attempt to save her in 1951) if he was a religious man. Carlsen answered, "I'm not exactly a heathen."

His reply probably reflects the attitude of most men of the sea, for these men "see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." They cannot have gazed upon the monstrous, foam-laced seas rearing high over their ship, or quietly observed the star-spangled dome of the heavens covering a peaceful sea shimmering in the clear light of the moon, without realizing their domain is ruled by an all-powerful Deity.

But most of them are not regular church-goers. They are not ostentatious about their religious beliefs, and as often as their shore-side contemporaries, fail to keep the Commandments. For all this they do have a well-founded faith engendered by their knowledge of "His wonders in the deep."

Alan Villiers, one of the most noted mariners of today, who owned and commanded the full-rigged ship *Joseph Conrad* now preserved at Mystic Seaport, wrote in his account of the world-circling voyage of that vessel, "And I really ought most heartily to thank God; and indeed I do. I don't think much of myself as a sailor: looking back over all this it scarcely seems believable. Full-rigger round the world!

. . . But I know that whatever credit there may be belongs to God — to God and the ship."

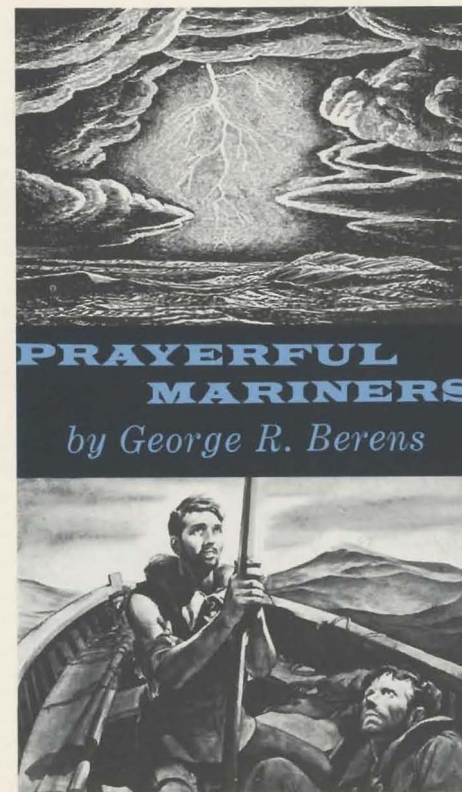
He thus expressed the humility and belief common to most seafarers, though perhaps few of them ever declare themselves. Often they do, though, resort to prayer especially when in peril on the sea.

Captain Ridgeway who, with his companion Chay Blyth, performed the incredible feat of rowing across the Atlantic in a 20-foot dory in 1966

said, in his account of the 92-day voyage, "Today, July 29th, would appear to be the nadir . . . the waves are like mountains now and bigger than we have ever seen . . . the tops sliced off by the howling wind. We can hear their express-train approach louder than ever — Each of us began to pray silently. Early in the voyage I refused to pray because I thought it was an unworthy thing to do. Having never prayed in the good times, I was damned if I was going to pray in the bad times."

No doubt this stout-hearted English Army captain, now turned mariner, had been duly impressed with the awful might of the sea that he had challenged in that frail craft. He turned to the Power that controls the sea's moods to strengthen him in his recognized feebleness.

The survivors of the *Stephen Hopkins*, gallant Liberty ship that sank, and was sunk by, a German raider in the South Atlantic in 1942, made



1968

Report of the Director
to the
Board of Managers

The annual report of the Director for the year 1968 must be throughout a doxology — a deep thanksgiving to Almighty God for His guidance and benefits. The year had its beginnings in faith and ended in faith sustained. It began with an undertaking in process and ended with decision vindicated. We have been preserved in body and soul, our labors have prospered with good success, we have been brought to the haven where we would be. Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Not only do we thank Almighty God but all his human instruments who have given so much of their time and talents to bring the year to such glorious fruition. The officers and members of this Board, the Building Committee, the Committee on Trust Funds, our contributors and benefactors. And our particular praise and gratitude must go to every member of the Staff. Few will realize the dedication and concern and cooperation that they have given. But when you recall the size of the old building and the scope of our operation and program and when it is now a matter of record that the transfer from the old building to the new was made without any interruption of any essential service, you will appreciate the measure of that dedication. I hardly expect to have again in my lifetime the rare privilege of sharing an experience where so many gave so unstintingly of their best.

With every day that passes I am more and more convinced that we are blessed with a magnificent building. I receive everywhere I go, as I know you do, compliments on it and genuine appreciation for it. The community is in fact grateful to us that such a worthy structure has been added to the prestige of the city and the port. It has added to an extensive reservoir of good will and for this we are grateful. We have also brought something to the community in the way we are sharing our marine artifacts by giving access to them in the public areas of the building.

It would be a very normal temptation for us to relax and enjoy this general atmosphere of satisfaction and adulation. But I think we must remind ourselves, abrupt as the thought may seem, that it will not last forever. It was a hard decision to let go of our old building — it stood for so much. Today it no longer exists. And that

the Father bless her.”

The Captain: “Bless our ship.”

The crew: “May Jesus Christ bless her.”

The Captain: “Bless our ship.”

The crew: “May the Holy Spirit bless her.”

The Captain: “What do ye fear, seeing that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit is with you?”


The crew: “We fear nothing.”

Surely this is a dignified and inspiring way to initiate a ship of war upon her career.

Admiral Dan Gallery, when captain of the *U.S.S. Guadalcanal* and commander of the Task Group that captured the German submarine U-505, and sank several others in 1944, declared, “. . . it is rather shabby theology to wait till you were looking down the enemy’s barrels before asking God’s help. We decided to ask for it every day as a matter of ship’s routine. . . There are no atheists in combat zones in wartime, so our general prayer was accepted by everybody in the spirit in which it was made: “We will do the best we can, please God help us.”

As to this, I have never met an atheist among seafarers in war or peace. Most of them, like Captain Carlsen, do not flaunt their spiritual beliefs, but at heart have faith in the Power that rules the sea and the winds—and themselves. For they must gather during the long night watches at sea “from the starry fields of night a harvest of divinest thought.”

About the author: Mr. Berens, a long-time contributor to The Lookout, is a retired seaman living in Merrimac, Massachusetts. He had an extensive sea experience before deciding to swallow the anchor.



prayer a regular duty in their 31-day lifeboat voyage. Five men died in that lifeboat, and Rodger Piercy, one of the survivors, tells that as their bodies were consigned to the deep all hands recited the Lord’s Prayer aloud, then spent the next five minutes in personal silent prayer. When they were short of fresh water and all suffering much from thirst, he says, “We prayed for rain.” Eighteen hours later, “. . . the rain came in sheets.” Then, on the 31st day, “We could see a beautiful sandy coastline. What a happy crew! Thanks be to God.”

The men in the boat, the fifteen of them who lived, were mainly young and new to the life of the sea. They had learned already, though, that there is only One who can help them when they are beset in great waters.

One of the most poignant ceremonies for the commissioning of ships is that used in the British Navy, known as “The Ancient Bidding”: After being in use for centuries it was abandoned for a while but revived during the Second World War.

The ship’s crew is mustered on, or in the vicinity of, the quarterdeck faced by the Captain, who addresses them thus: “I call on you to pray for God’s blessing on this ship. Bless our ship.”

The entire crew then say: “May God

day will some day come for 15 State Street. Wiser will we be if we think of it more in the terms of T. S. Eliot — "In its end is its beginning and in its beginning is its end—".

Its beginning and its end is in its sole purpose to house and serve efficiently the purpose and ministry of this corporation, which is to bear witness to the Gospel of Christ and His Church among men who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters. We cannot be dominated by bricks and mortar, no matter what the form or comeliness. But again we can thank God that it is proving itself to be a building which is an efficient adjunct to all aspects of our program.

One main purpose we had in erecting the building was to enable us to make more incisive our ministry, our program and our witness. Now we must ask, "Is this in fact happening?" To this I think I can now in all honesty give an unqualified affirmative. We are now ministering as prescribed by our charter solely to active seamen of every race, creed or nationality in the Port of New York. This makes a tremendous difference in our own attitudes and heightens our concentration. We are much less cluttered and encumbered.

When we stick to our last we are able to do so much more for the people whose needs are the primary object of our ministry. This one fact alone has enabled us to abandon basically unnecessary services and to reduce the size of the staff. In turn these savings can be turned back into programs for improvement and expansion. We begin to be free to meet contemporary conditions and attack modern problems. In spite of the great amount of time and attention which construction and completion have demanded of all of us, we have as a staff been able to study and evaluate in depth what the thrust and form of our spiritual ministry to active seamen should be today.

It is easy to maintain traditional forms and patterns for their own sake and for our own comfort but unless they meet a man on his own level they are empty. Therefore we must venture. We are trying to put in the way of a man that which speaks to his condition whether it be by means of counselling or discussion groups or films or books or whatever. Our educational program is progressing and improving and becoming more and more effective. One testimony to this I feel is the fact that the U.S. Maritime Administration, the Maritime College of the State University of New York and some other segments of the industry are joining and seeking to join us in cooperative educational programs for the improved education of seamen.

The quality of our own school has improved, the quality of our students has improved and we shall make every effort to see that this improvement carries on. This is a vital service to seamen now and to the future of the industry.

The Center at Port Newark continues to demonstrate its effectiveness in serving the needs of more and more men coming into that expanding portion of the Port. It is becoming apparent to us that with increased loading and unloading efficiency and resultant shorter turn-arounds we should provide an even greater variety of recreational facilities. While soccer is universally popular there are many

men and women who cannot participate with the vigor required. We are having very exploratory discussions with the Port Authority to see if there are any possibilities of expansion that would enable us to have surfaced tennis courts, basketball courts, general exercise areas, etc. Our inquiries have been favorably received and they have assured us that they will work with us subject of course to their own limitations.

One of the great joys and strengths of the year has been the strong support of our contributors and volunteers. This is true of any year but particularly have we appreciated it in this year of transition. Our annual contributions increased this year to a level we have not known for some time. This is most heartening, for again it has meant that despite extraordinary expense demanded by building construction, we have not had to cut back on program expense. Annual giving is the life blood of all of our programs.

We would also be remiss if we did not thank the thousands of volunteers here and across the country who do so much to forward the program of the Women's Council. The Christmas Box program is one of the most effective arms of our ministry. To make the point I take the liberty of quoting but one of hundreds of letters of gratitude received just after Christmas. The letter, addressed to me, is dated Dec. 25, 1968, typed aboard the *S.S. Overseas Edgar* which on that afternoon had arrived in a German port.

"Dear Dr. Mulligan: I write on behalf of the crew and officers from Germany expressing our thanks for your and the Institute's thoughtfulness in sending aboard the Christmas presents for everyone on board. Now, after having given them out at Christmas dinner on board, and seeing the appreciation of the men far from home receiving them, I had to write to say there was such a reception of gratitude and wonder at the thought that someone cared enough to organize such a distribution of gifts for our forgotten legion.

"I'm sure the feeling for the gifts sent by your organization was, if anything, more deeply appreciated than those from home. Those gifts from home were more or less expected, whereas your gifts were almost completely a surprise. There can hardly be a greater gift than that totally unexpected.

"In the some twenty-five years I have been riding these rust-buckets I need not try to hide from you the fact that one becomes somewhat soured on life and humanity in general. But after giving out your presents and seeing the response, I must say there is at least some hope for humanity after all. I guess that's what keeps men like you going; that faint hope that all is not lost even in the darkest hours, and that somehow, some way, humanity will survive. For that weak ray of hope I want to thank you and your organization, not for the few dollars in goods received, but for the fact that someone cared."

(signed) H. E. McC.
Chief Steward

I think that letter says everything that could be said and I would thank all our volunteers and staff for the love and concern and the work which made it possible for that letter to come to us.

We are not without problems in the year ahead. By the end of the year our relations with a large number of our employees may well be governed by the terms of a union contract. It is too early to comment on what the effect of this will be if it comes to pass. I think we have learned and I hope well, that "new occasions teach new duties."

And now in conclusion, let me turn our thoughts for a moment to ourselves as managers — members of this Board of Managers and beyond that as managers who are shaping the courses and events of our time.

Michael Novak of Stanford University writes, "The chief problems in our society have once again become theological. For a time it seemed that theological problems were no longer real. Men galloped ahead in the pursuit of knowledge and technical mastery. But suddenly the technical power of the human race has become immense. The leading problems for biological scientists, geneticists, psychologists, engineers, chemists, and others is not so much 'can we do X?' for it seems obvious that given time and resources, we can do undreamed of things. The vexing problem has increasingly become 'Of course we can do X; but should we?'"

This is a religious question in the deepest sense. But the persons grappling with it and who must answer it are not religious in the usual sense. They are what Novak calls "the secular saints", men searching for the symbols of community and integrity of the everyday world as if life depended on it — for it does.

You and I as managers are called to get the human enterprise on the track, to join the secular saints who, in Novak's words, "work within whatever corner of the system is given to them in order to wrest from it the closest approximation they can to the values they most deeply cherish. Let as many as can work together in that night of the soul shaping a movement of those who hope to diminish the number of stunted lives."

With those words in mind I commend to you a prayer in which I hope we can all join:

Lord, make me not as porridge — hard to stir, but rather as corn flakes — ready to serve.

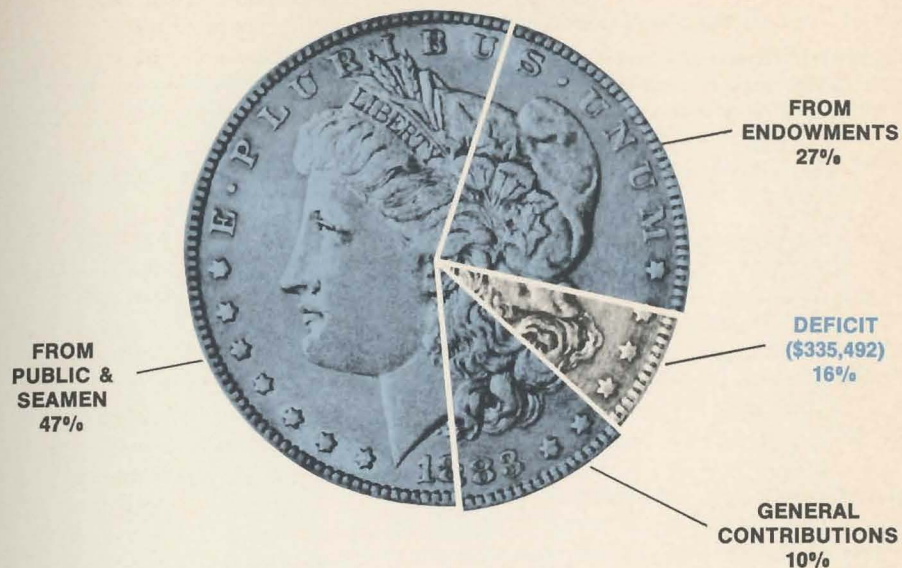
Respectfully submitted

John M. Mulligan
Director

January 23, 1969

SOURCES OF INCOME DURING 1968

OPERATING BUDGET \$2,051,288



OPERATIONS FOR SEAMEN

Totally Subsidized

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

Partially Subsidized

Baggage Room
Credit Bureau
Adult Education
Lookout
International Seamen's Club
Mariners Int. Center,
Port Newark
Women's Council

Nominally Self-supporting

Hotel
Food Services

YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1968

Gross income from departments		\$ 957,260	
Operating Expenses			
Salaries and Wages	\$ 833,516		
Employee Benefits	89,890		
Food & Merchandise	182,693		
Electric current, fuel, telephone service	119,200		
Supplies	81,838		
Insurance	26,726		
Publicity and printed matter, including "Lookout"	34,527		
Miscellaneous	10,313		
Women's Council — wool and gifts	24,700		
Investment Counsel, legal and accounting fees ..	21,189		
Repairs and Maintenance	9,169		
Real Estate taxes	14,892		
Interest	154,039		
	<u>\$1,602,692</u>		
Religious and Personal Service Departments			
Salaries, expenses and relief	192,713		
Mariner's International Center, Port Newark			
Salaries, expenses	129,803		
Merchant Marine School & Seamen's Advanced Education			
Salaries, expenses	126,080	2,051,288	
Excess of expenditures over income from operated departments			(1,094,028)
Less Dividends, interest and other income from Endowments	536,010		
Credit Bureau recoveries	7,919	543,929	
Deficit from Institute operations			(550,099)
Contributions for general and specific purposes			
Ways and Means Department and special items ..	146,741		
Pier Collections	35,000		
Women's Council	31,716		
Diocese of New York	1,150	214,607	
Deficit for Year Ended December 31, 1968			<u><u>\$(335,492)</u></u>

() Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1968 is derived from the detailed financial statements of the Institute which have been audited and certified to by Laventhol, Krekstein, Horwath & Horwath, independent public accountants. A copy of the detailed statements is available at the Institute for inspection.

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

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN
1968

AT 15 STATE STREET (May through December) &
25 SOUTH STREET (January through April)

2,295	American and foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
17,418	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
38	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
290	Services were held in the Chapel.
50	Missing seamen were located.
167,904	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
17,364	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education groups and classes.
417	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School; 322 students were graduated.
33,391	Readers used the Conrad Library.
190,256	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships.
7,819	Pieces of luggage handled.
583,718	Restaurant meals served.
1,400	Personal service interviews
19,696	Information Desk Contacts.
2,523	People attended programs in the Auditorium.
9,219	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.

AT PORT NEWARK

9,000	Seamen took advantage of soccer matches and informal games; 194 official soccer matches were played.
2,783	American and foreign ships were visited, including American and foreign tanker ships.
50	Religious services were provided in the Center.
36,372	Seamen were in some way served through the staff at Port Newark.
1,479	Men were taken to dances at Seamen's Church Institute, New York.
26,882	Letters were mailed for seamen.

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

15 State Street

New York, N. Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE
AT NEW YORK, N. Y.



Second Floating Church for Seamen established by the Institute in 1870. It was anchored at the foot of Pike Street, East River, Manhattan. Consecrated in 1871, the last service in the church was held in 1910.