

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.





Export and Calcutta Streets

Although 57% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.

the LOOKOUT

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by Joseph C. Salak

Editor's Note:

Now that last year's holidays are over and the New Year is under way, we thought this whimsical piece on changing holiday dates might put a chuckle into '75.



With most of our holidays now celebrated on Mondays, and the work-week reduced to provide longer weekends, the prospect of having another month added to our calendar shouldn't be too much of a surprise. There's so much confusion now that it's no wonder a sister forgot her twin brother's birthday.

There was also confusion in the past when many of our holidays had a difficult time of surviving before they were firmly established.

For example; it's almost routine for us to shout "Happy New Year" as we greet the first day of January. Yet the early Christians observed March 25, the Resurrection season, as their New Year. England continued this practice with the rest of Christendom until 1753 when she changed over to the Gregorian calendar on January 1st.

The Hebrews have their ecclesiastical New Year at the spring equinox, and their civil New Year in October. Of course, many people celebrate all year round.

Further complicating this complex situation is the fact that the year is the

measure of time that it takes the earth to revolve about the sun. Thus, to be exact, the New Year should start with the day the earth began to run its course . . . that is if anyone really knew. And because no one does, for sure, every now and then you hear the surprised remark, "Golly, Easter Sunday is early this year."

Surprise or not the date was set back in the year A.D. 325 when the Council of the Christian Churches met in Nicea, Asia Minor. The purpose of the conference was to approve that the commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ should be observed on the first Sunday following the first full moon on or after the vernal equinox, which is the twenty-first day of March.

The reason for setting this date was one of convenience and was selected because the thousands of pilgrims making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to celebrate the Resurrection needed a bright moon to travel by.

And so it is that Easter can occur as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. Between 1973 and the year 2000, unless the calendar system is changed again, Easter will be in the month of March four more times. However, if it weren't for the confusion of the calendar we would be denied the one day, out of 365, dedicated to man's sense of humor — namely April Fool's Day.

Although it's not a legal holiday and even the authenticity of its origin is





doubtful, the French, long before the Gregorian calendar was adopted, had followed the habit of paying formal visits to friends on April 1.

Even after the Gregorian calendar was accepted in 1564 and the custom was shifted to January 1, the mock visits continued on April 1 by most who preferred to forget the new calendar.

Thus, because force of habit prevailed, the wackiest of all holidays is celebrated on April 1 instead of January 1.

Another confusion is Arbor Day. More than thirty states observe it in April or May while some Southern states select a day in fall or winter.

But then we have accepted as fact that when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock they were the first to observe Thanksgiving in the New World.

Each fourth Thursday in November, we celebrate a day which rightfully belongs to a group of hardy Englishmen who landed on December 4, 1619, at what is now Berkeley Plantation on the James River in Virginia. Their ship, *Margaret* out of Bristol, was commanded by Captain John Woodlief who presided over

Thanksgiving services for their safe arrival.

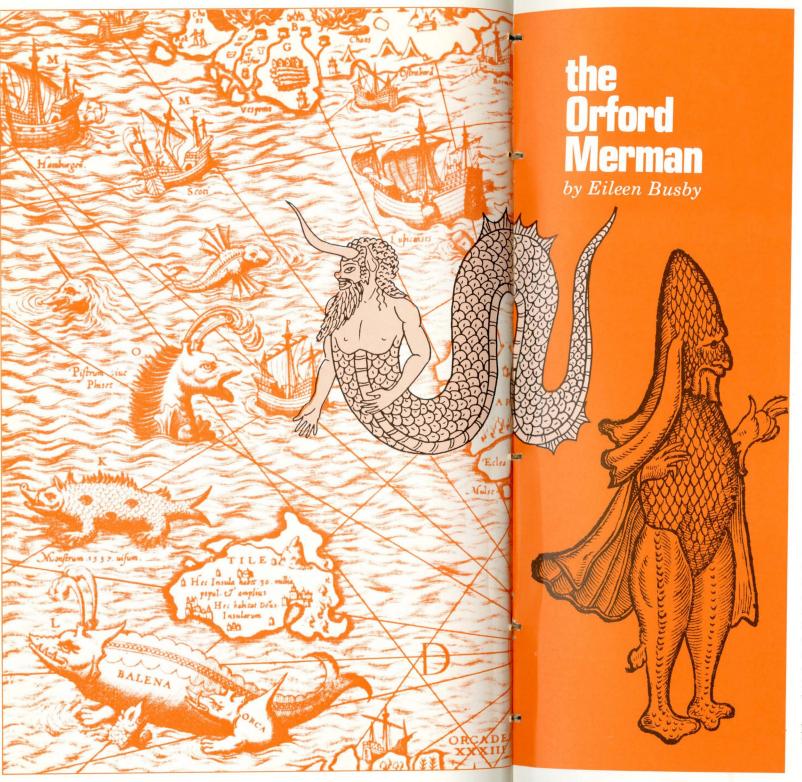
The December 4 date of 356 years ago was according to the old calendar, which after being altered in the eighteenth century would place that first Thanksgiving on approximately November 25.

On the other hand, even that jolly old character, Santa Claus, stooped with age and authority has not escaped entirely untouched by changes that seem to be the preoccupation of our restless world. Today when Dad, hard-pressed with unpaid bills, snaps, "Who do you think I am, Santa Claus?" his wife says, "Yes," and the children cry out, "No."



But then life is full of complications. Even when we're born there's a string attached. Or, as the educator Charles Richard said, "Don't be fooled by the calendar. There are only as many days in the year as you make use of. One man gets only a week's value out of a year while another gets a full year's value out of a week."





We've all heard tales of mermaids and mermen, and maybe even speculated on the possibilities of there being such a thing today — men are intrigued by the thought of a beautiful mermaid, halffish, half-woman, beckoning from the sea. There is a story of a merman, called the Orford merman, because Orford, England is the place where he is reported to have been caught. The story is chronicled in the *Chronicon Anglicnum*, written in 1207, and it involves Orford Castle:

"In the time of King Henry II, when Bartholomew de Glanville was custodian of the Castle, it happened that the fishermen, fishing in the sea, caught in their nets a wild man, whom in their wonder they brought to the Castellan. He was naked and was like a man in all his members. He was covered with hair and had a long and shaggy beard. The Knight kept him in custody many days and nights, lest he should return to the sea. He eagerly ate whatever was brought to him, whether raw or cooked, but the raw he pressed between his hands until all the juice was expelled. Whether he would or could not, he would not talk, although oft-times hung up by his feet and harshly tortured. Brought into the church, he showed no signs of reverence or belief either by genuflexion or bending of the head when he saw the sacred elements. He sought his bed at sunset and always remained there until sunrise.

"It happened that once they brought him to the harbour and suffered him to go into the sea, strongly guarding him with three lines of nets; but he dived under the nets out into the deep sea, and came up again and again as if in derision of the spectators on the shore. After thus playing about for a long while, when they had almost given up hope of his return, he came back of his own free will. But later on, being negligently guarded, he secretly fled to the sea and was never afterwards seen."

The account of the Orford Merman is part of the Dept. of Environment Official Guidebook for visitors to Orford Castle.

kaleidoscope

Because the Lookout goes to press six to eight weeks prior to publication, it is often difficult to keep you up-to-date on some of the current activities here at the Institute. However, here are some pictures of recent events which we thought you might enjoy.





Above: A concert of "Sea Songs and Serenades" was the hit of the day when Bruce and Elaine Fifer sang at SCI this October. The family fare included light 'n' lively tunes of the sea as well as classical pieces. Next to the tuneful notes in the air, the applause was the sweetest sound around.

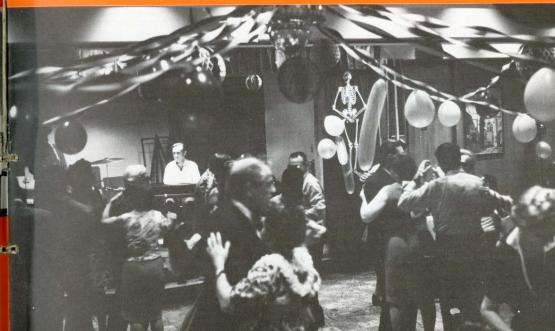
Below: Skeletons clanked out of creaking closet doors and joined seamen and hostesses for the annual Halloween Dance at the International Club. Traditional treats included cider and donuts, topped off with a limbo dance contest. Although not a regular Halloween custom, the contest gave an added fillip to the festivities.

Above: Lovely and talented Berenice Lipspn-Gruzen gave an elegant and memorable recital here this past November for seamen and the public.

Right: Young and talented French artist William Marazzi (right) exhibited paintings and drawings at SCI during October. His unique and vigorous style provided ample food for thought and conversation for those who viewed his abstractions.



Mature and talented Spanish painter Lorenzo Capafons (2nd from right) held his first American exhibit of paintings at the Institute this November. A native of Spain, Capafons, now in his forties is a self-taught artist whose simple expressionistic paintings of the people and landscapes of the Spanish coastal towns have already earned him a reputation as one of his county's outstanding genre painters.



The soccer grounds at our **Mariners International** Center in Port Newark continued to field a busy season for seamen who didn't let a little nip of winter in the air stop a good match.



Eighty-four years young, retired seaman Henry Schulman celebrated his birthday with fellow seaman at a surprise party November 8 in the International Club. A regular visitor to SCI, Henry lunches daily with friends here and always pays an afternoon visit to the Club.



For our nature-loving seamen, Battery Park is always a pleasure to visit as little fellows like our friend here friskily prepared for a frosty season in Lower Manhattan.

State University of New York MARITIME COLLEC

Founded December 1874



Currently celebrating its centennial year, the State University of New York Maritime College had its modest beginning 100 years ago aboard the sloop of war U.S.S. ST. MARY'S stationed in the East River of New York City.

Now located at historic Fort Schuyler, Bronx, New York, the school is the leading state college for training U.S. Merchant Marine officers.

Under the able command of its president, Admiral Sheldon Kinney, the college offers a sound undergraduate curriculum leading to a bachelor's degree in Science or Engineering plus a unique new Master in Transportation graduate program.

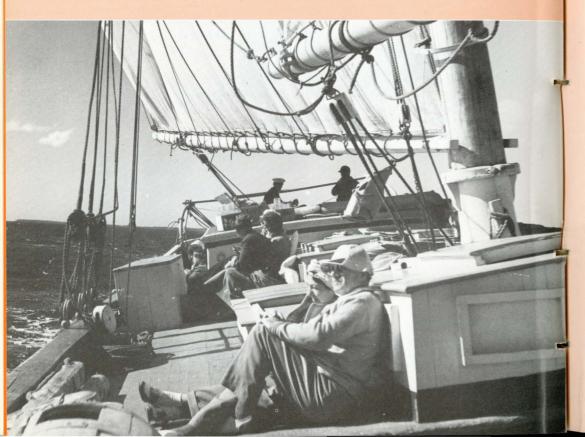
Recently, in keeping with the demands of the times, the school was the first maritime college to confer a degree to a woman. This, in itself, is indicative of how the College welcomes changes even as it has been instrumental in creating them.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York extends its best wishes to the SUNY Maritime College and bids it smooth sailing in the century ahead.





by Sidney Moritz





Don't Forget the Camera When You Put to Sea

I must go down to the sea again, To the lonely sea and the sky.

And I'll take my camera along with me, And I'll tell you the reasons why.

Many years ago as a young U.S. Shipping Board merchant sailor aboard a freighter bound for Cuba, I saw a magnificent sight. We were passing a huge windjammer under full sail. My fellow crew members were as thrilled as I was to view such a beautiful rarity. If only I had had a camera with me, how priceless would have been a photograph of that vessel.

I loved being at sea and my shipmates assured me that henceforth the sea would be calling me back. I gained insights into the life of the seafarer and I enjoyed the rush of the wind and the sound of the waves. But I always had to be on duty when I wanted so much to relax. I therefore resolved that any further travel aboard ship would be as a passenger; although I was delighted to receive my discharge shortly after the signing of the Armistice, my crewmates had been right. With the passage of time, and with the good fortune of entering the business

world, I did get back "to the lonely sea and the sky". Now I was a passenger, vacation bound to fascinating ports of call. I had become wedded to a camera. Never again would I step aboard any vessel without it.

There is nothing more appealing to me than to photograph the sea, the ships that sail the seas, and the men who man them. One need not have an intricate, expensive camera to do that. Special skills are not required to take good photographs. What is essential is an ability to see picture possibilities where others fail to discover them. One must have an interest in people in general, in ships in particular; and in their crews. The photographer must not be timid in seeking the cooperation of the officers and crew aboard the vessel on which he is traveling. A study should be made of the activities of the passengers and of the crew with the view of planning to take pictures that are of interest to the cameraman.



This is not a discussion of the technical aspects of sea photography. Careful attention to the instructions for the use of the camera, and for the use of the film is sufficient. Shipboard interiors can often be photographed in available light with high speed film.

Have the camera tell a story. As the ship sets sail, the anchor is being raised. As the cruise liner leaves, the tugs move the ship into midstream. Passengers

wave farewell to their friends ashore, thus the camera captures the drama of a big ship's departure.

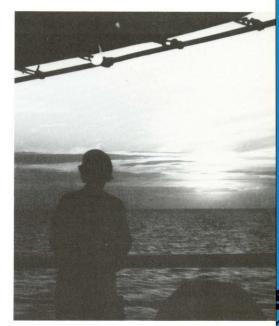
Every effort should be made to take candid shots rather than to pose the subjects. Spontaneity is a desirable attribute of an excellent picture. The photographer must respect a person's right to privacy. It is a good idea to explain why you wish to take a photo, and how you will do it. Let the subject look through the viewfinder, and see what the photographer has in mind. Request the subject to continue whatever he has been doing. He must be completely unaware of the photographer's presence. A print of the picture should be sent to that person in appreciation for his cooperation.

The photograph of a seascape should best include some portion of the ship, as through a porthole or framed by the rigging. This adds interest and depth to the scene. Heavy clouds add to the beauty of any sea scene. A *sky filter* is recom-

mended for black and white photography when the sky is included in the scene. Distant views are not to be photographed unless there are beautiful clouds or a special mood can be captured. Ordinarily, the camera should be placed as close to the subject as possible.

Photographs should not be taken against the sun unless special effects are wanted. Mid-day photography in bright sun should be avoided to eliminate dark shadows below the eyes. More pleasing results are often secured in a light shade.

Study the accompanying photographs for ideas as to subject matter, and camera treatment. If you love the sea, take your camera along as you go down to it. Some time after your return, your photos can "spin a merry yarn" to your landlubber fellow rovers.

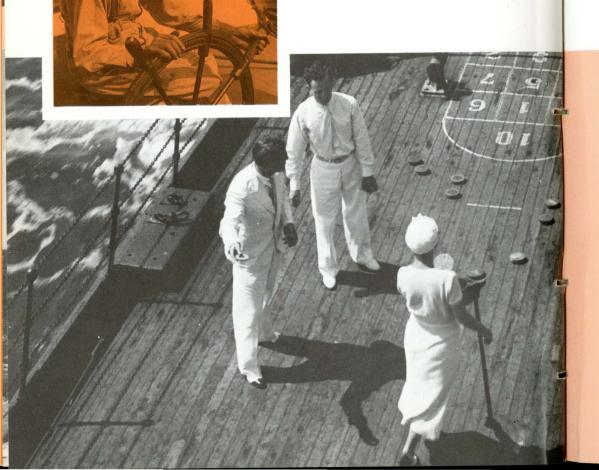




During the month of November SCI's Mariners International Center ship visitors made calls to 141 ships. In addition, staff personnel worked diligently to place thousands of Christmas Boxes on board ships scheduled to be at sea on Christmas Day.

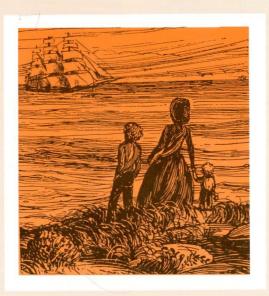
Chaplain/Manager George Dawson conducted a group of schoolboys on a tour of the *Canterbury Star* and the Mariners International Center; and ship visitors took Japanese seafarers on a sightseeing trip around New York City.

The Center itself was a bustle of activity with movies, field and track events plus soccer and volley ball games.



Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y. 15 State Street New York, N. Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested



SHORE ANCHOR

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

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

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

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