



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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THE PROGRAM OF THE INSTITUTE

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

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

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

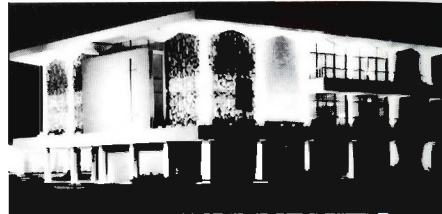
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of huge, sprawling Port Newark pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed and designed, operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted at night) for games between ship teams.

Although 54% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of the special services comes from endowment and contributions. Contributions are tax deductible.



Seamen's Church Institute
State and Pearl Streets
Manhattan



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.

the LOOKOUT

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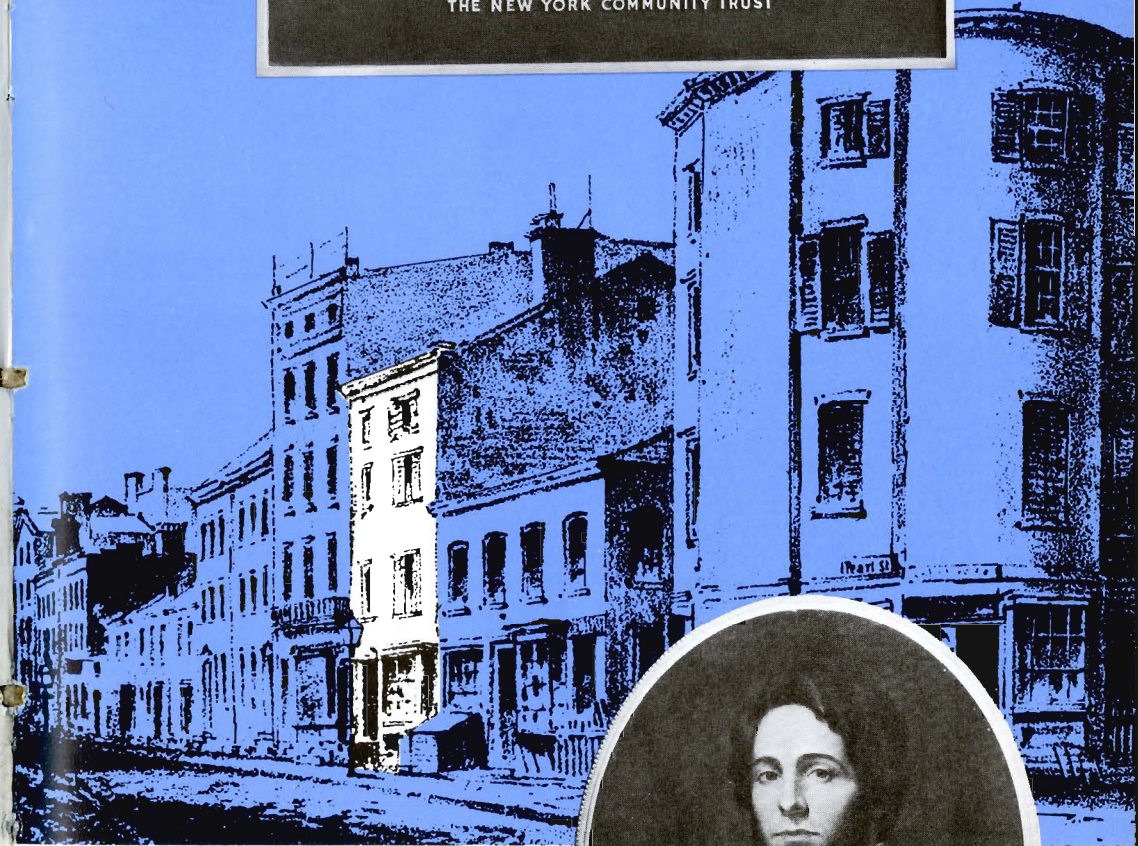
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"HERITAGE OF NEW YORK"

A HOUSE ON THIS SITE WAS THE BIRTHPLACE
OF THE NOVELIST AND POET
HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891)
"MOBY DICK" AMONG HIS NUMEROUS SEA-TALES.
ATTAINED ENDURING RECOGNITION
IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PLAQUE ERECTED 1968 BY
THE NEW YORK COMMUNITY TRUST



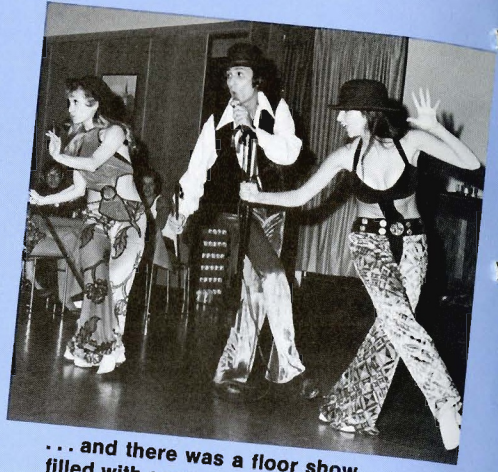
The present site of the Seamen's Church Institute as it appeared in 1858. Melville was born at 6 Pearl Street (indicated). Today the plaque (at top) is affixed to the Pearl Street side of the Institute building indicating the former site of his birthplace.

HERMAN MELVILLE -
August 1819-September 1891

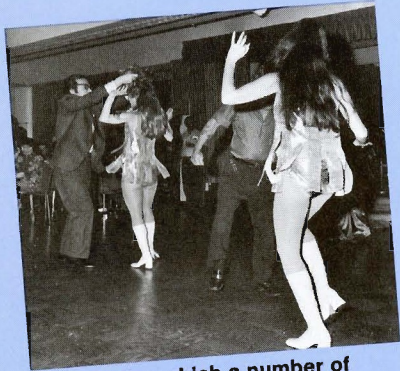
INSTITUTE CELEBRATES TRIPLE BIRTHDAY



There was dancing to the varied and always melodious sounds of the Allen Berk Trio ...



... and there was a floor show filled with snappy tunes and steps ...



... during which a number of seamen were more than willing to join in.



Then Dr. Mulligan introduced the one and only Hazel Harris, (left) star of the snack bar and Augusta Gulden - who was the first hostess of our International Club when it started 15 years ago.



Then there was a birthday buffet ...



... with something for everyone ...

Here at SCI, May 22, 1973 was a very special day. First, it was National Maritime Day—an event worth celebrating in itself. It was also the 5th Anniversary of our being located here at 15 State Street. Most particularly, it was the 15th Anniversary of the founding of the SCI International Seamen's Club.

So we thought it appropriate to have a party. And what a party it was—A Three in One Anniversary Special.

Engineered by our club manager, Aldo Coppi and hosted by our Director, Dr. John Mulligan, it evolved into a celebration that kept more than 300 seamen, guests and staff dancing, laughing and singing a rollicking "Happy Birthday" which will certainly insure the good fortunes of the International Club for the next fifteen years.



They in turn asked all the volunteer hostesses who had been participating in our program for 15 years to ...



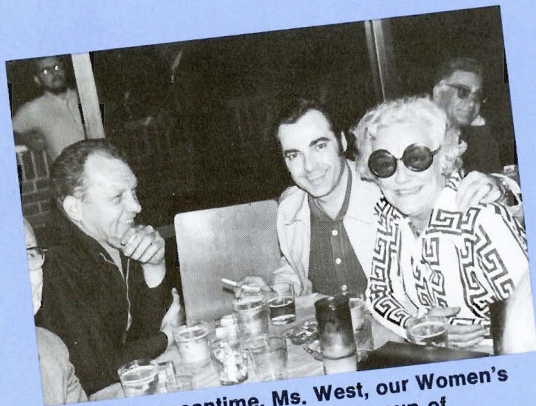
... blow out the candles on an enormous birthday cake after everyone had sung a robust round of Happy Birthday.



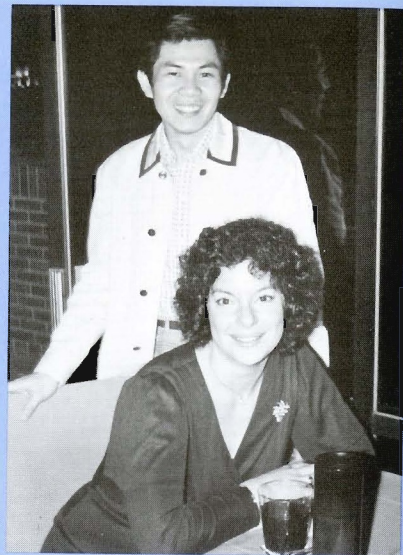
... and obviously enjoyed by all.



Topped off by Birthday Cake, of course.



In the meantime, Ms. West, our Women's Council director, delighted a group of seamen with her usual charm and flashing smile . . .



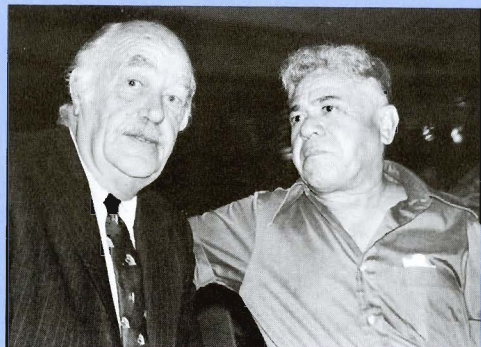
. . . Edie Corn Snack Bar Hostess, had a chance to take a break.



Mrs. Ida Cathers, of our Special Services staff, finally had a chance to dance with her husband, Harold. (That's Guilbert Rodriguez, one of our ship visitors on the far left.)



Hazel had an opportunity to say a few words . . .



. . . and Dr. Mulligan had a word of comfort for our friend . . . "who ate the whole thing."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



Al Sorensen (l) SCI business manager, Dr. Mulligan and Chaplain Cragon, SCI director of Special Services, preview macramé show before the official opening.

SCI Opens Macramé Show May 22

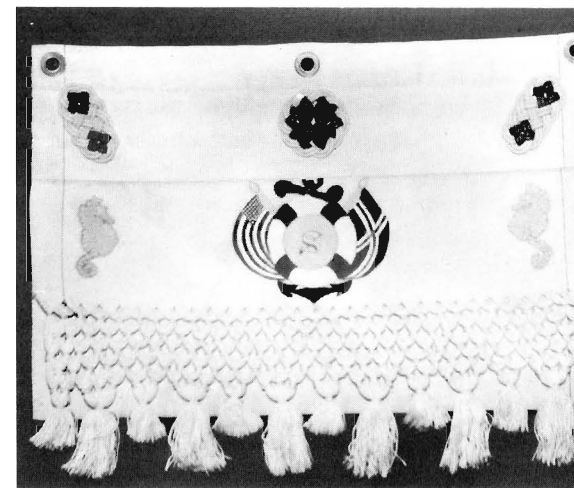
In honor of National Maritime Day, the Institute was pleased to open a major show of Fancy Knotwork and Macramé by Cris Svendsen.

Seaman Svendsen who died in February 1973 (while the show was in preparation) was considered to be one of the few remaining experts in fancy knot tying and traditional macramé.

Today his work is in numerous private collections worldwide and has been exhibited in craft shows throughout the nation.

The show featured more than 150 pieces ranging from small "turban" knots to intricately knotted picture frames and macraméd awnings more than eight feet in length.

Press and public response to the show was enthusiastic with more than 2000 people viewing the show during the first two weeks.





Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman—Joint Chiefs of Staff, speaking at the dedication of the Admiral George Dewey Memorial in Battery Park.

The new memorial is located near the park's sea wall where Admiral Dewey made his triumphant return to New York in 1899 following his naval victories during the Spanish-American War.

Dr. Mulligan, our director, was among the honored guests attending the dedication.

Members of the Women's Council hard at work during their annual Spring Plant Sale here at the Institute. Thanks to their efforts and customer response many downtown workers have added a touch of greenery to their offices and also to the council's coffer.



Bands played and flags unfurled as ceremonies honoring National Maritime Day were held in Battery Park. The May 22 program was one event scheduled during World Trade Week, and our director, Dr. Mulligan, who is also Protestant Chaplain for the Port of New York, participated in the ceremony.

A scene from a new musical version of Snow White recently presented here for seamen and members of the community.

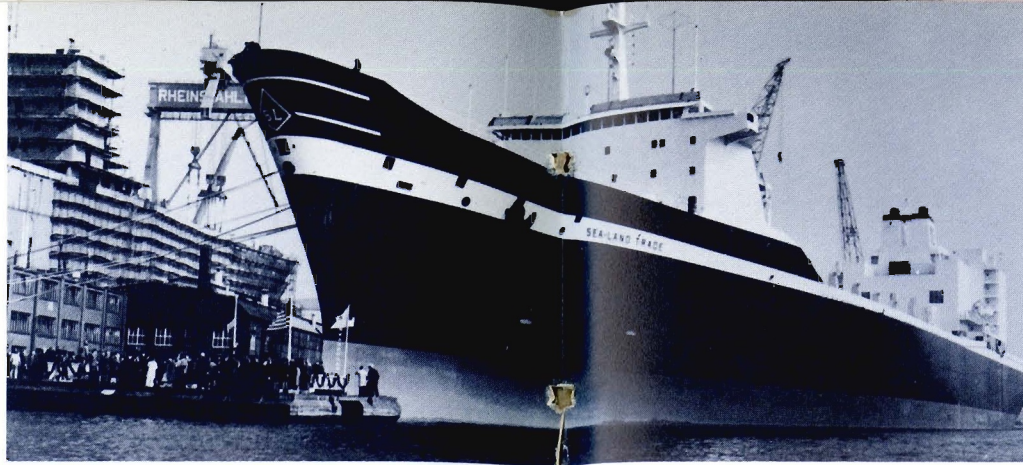


SS SEA-LAND COMMERCE

Recently a trio of real beauties made their maiden voyages to New York.

First to arrive was the SS Sea-Land Commerce, the newest SL 7 container-ship to join Sea-Land's North Atlantic fleet.

Measuring 946 feet in length she carries 1096 (35 ft. & 40 ft.) containers and is capable of speeds of up to 33 knots. She and her five sister SL 7's all fly the U.S. flag and are manned by American officers and crews.



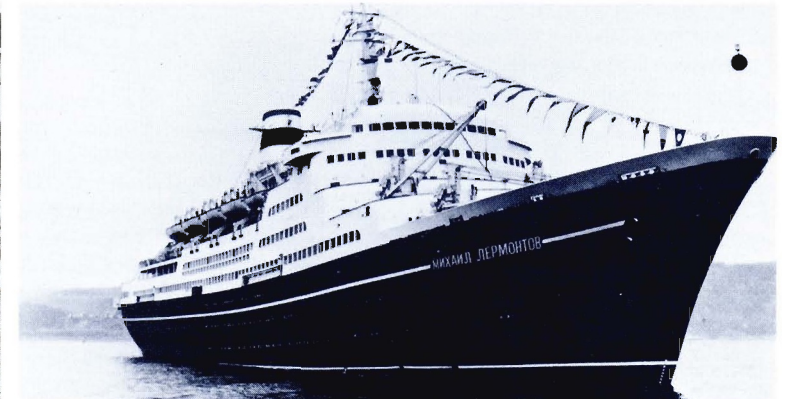
CUNARD AMBASSADOR

On June 1, the beautiful new Cunard Ambassador arrived for a weekly schedule of cruises to Bermuda for six months effective June 2.

Known as the "little sister" of the QE 2, this 14,000 ton, 700 passenger air-conditioned vessel has all the amenities and plush accommodations sought in a cruise ship—including the unusual 200 capacity Sky Lounge. Situated above the bridge on the highest deck this room offers a panoramic view through its large picture windows.

The Cunard Ambassador is 484 feet long; 71 feet wide and has a service speed of 20.5 knots.

New Faces in Town



MS MIKHAIL LERMONTOV

The arrival of the Mikhail Lermontov on June 11 marked an historic day in today's passenger ship service to the U.S. She is the first Soviet passenger liner to put into an American port since 1948.

The Mikhail is scheduled for three Atlantic crossings this summer (June, July, August) and is an attempt to offer moderately priced passenger ship accommodations as an alternative to normal U.S. to Russia air fares.

The 700 passenger, 21,000 ton vessel is a one-class ship and has 298 first class cabins with rates ranging as low as \$409.

Full cruise ship accommodations are available including pool, sauna, bars, three restaurants, etc. and Russian cuisine and entertainment are featured. Interested readers may contact March Shipping at 19 Rector Street, Suite 3304 N. Y. C. for sailing schedules, fares, etc.



NEW FOUND MONEY

With the high cost of things nowadays, it isn't often that one unexpectedly discovers in his pocket or on the street "found money."

Still it does happen and there is always that flush of child-like elation over one's sudden good fortune; usually accompanied with rather self-indulgent thoughts and desires.

Recently one of our friends turned up a few dollars this way, and he told us that were he a youngster he would have considered it a fortune to be used immediately for the purchase of glue,

materials, etc. for model airplanes and what have you.

However, he decided that even though he couldn't find the original owner of the money, the "found money" really didn't belong to him; and therefore he would not enjoy spending it on himself.

Subsequently, he decided it should be used for good works and he sent it to us together with a note saying that he hoped it could help our work in some small way—noting that "... perhaps a lonesome seaman needs something or a long distance phone call—anything necessary."

We were touched by his wanting to do something for others with his "new found" dollars and that in his act of giving he found his real satisfaction from his good fortune.

February 1973

Dear Dr. Mulligan:

I have recently returned from a delightful trip on American Export's "Export Aide", and as I was on board over the Christmas holidays I had the opportunity of seeing the lovely gifts which the women of the Seamen's Church Institute make and send to the men who must be at sea over Christmas. I hope you know how much the work is appreciated from the Captain on through the crew.

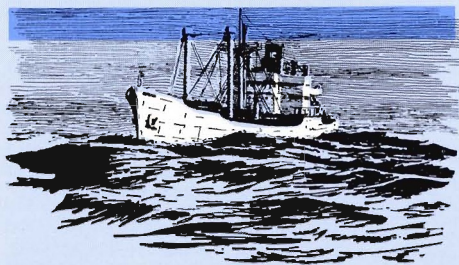
Of course I know of all the other wonderful things you do, but I was particularly pleased to have the opportunity of seeing the joy your thoughtful Christmas boxes brought to the men. Believe me, in that cold and rough weather the knitted articles were put to excellent use.

So, though I am far from the sea, I have great respect and affection for the men of our Merchant Marine, and I would like to add my gratitude to theirs.

Very sincerely,
Pauline Schlick
St. Paul, Minnesota

LADY SEES SCI AT WORK AT SEA

In case the Summer's heat gets you down, we thought the following letter from Mrs. Paul F. Schlick might put you in the Christmas spirit and cool your brow while warming your heart.



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Machias, Maine-

Scene of Revolutionary War's First Naval Battle

"One if by land and two if by sea" is the now famous signal that led Paul Revere to deliver his dawn warning that the British were, indeed, coming. But the inhabitants of Machias, Maine in early June 1775 had no such warning to prepare them for what is reputedly the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War.

On June 12, 1775, forty American rebels out-maneuvered and captured the *Margaretta*, a British schooner armed with four three-pounders and fourteen swivel guns. The colonists on board a merchant sloop attacked the British with only a few muskets, axes and pitchforks — not a considerable amount of protection.

But, still this first naval battle at Machias, Maine was some encouragement to the Continental Congress to form a navy to oppose the British at sea.

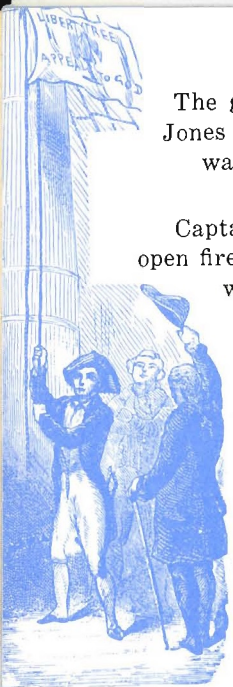
In 1775 Machias, Maine was a small, somewhat isolated settlement populated with approximately 80 families. Ma-

chias received supplies and news through trade vessels from Nova Scotia and Boston. One lumber merchant, Ichabod Jones, maintained a home in Boston and traded between there and Machias via his two schooners, the *Unity* and the *Polly*.

In the Spring of 1775, Jones became apprehensive about hostilities in Lexington and Concord and wanted to move his household possessions and supplies to Machias. Admiral Samuel Graves, of the British fleet and Commander of the Boston Port granted his permission with the stipulation that Jones return to Boston with lumber for the British troop barracks. To reinforce the "terms" Admiral Graves ordered his nephew, Captain James Moore, to escort Jones' two vessels with the armed schooner, *Margaretta*.

At this same time back in Machias, citizens elated over news from Lexington and Concord erected a Liberty Pole as a visible token of support for their fellow countrymen in the other colonies.

by Anthony Thurlow



The greeting, therefore, that Jones and his "escort" received was one of open defiance to the British Crown.

Captain Moore threatened to open fire on the town if the pole was not removed. But romantic legend supports the idea that the presence of Captain Moore's fiancée in the town made him cancel the order, and leave the town—and pole—intact.

The rebels of Machias, were now taking another step in their open defiance. Jeremiah O'Brien, Ichabod Jones' brother-in-law, and Benjamin

Foster, a veteran of the French and Indian Wars were meeting in Burnham's Tavern to lay plans to surround and capture the *Margaretta's* officers on Sunday, June 11, while the latter were attending church services. However, this plan failed when the preacher's servant, not knowing of the plot, saw the armed colonists marching toward the church and sounded an alarm.

Alerted by the servant's cry, the British scrambled out the open church windows and ran back to their ship. Slowly they made their way through the shallow downstream waters with the colonists firing at them. One shot hit the *Margaretta's* main boom and forced her to lay anchor overnight in Holmes Bay.

Taking advantage of the *Margaretta's* incapacity, O'Brien's forty followers seized the sloop *Unity* while Foster and some others took a schooner, the *Falmouth Packet*. The *Packet* immediately ran aground on a sand bar, but O'Brien's ill-equipped but enthusiastic crew caught up to the *Margaretta* off Round Island where the *Unity's* bowsprit pierced the mainsail of the British ship.

For some unknown reason Captain Moore didn't use his superior firepower on the American rebels. He tossed several grenades into the American ranks, but to no avail. Colonists brandishing pitchforks and axes charged on board the *Margaretta* after each man had used his meager powder supply. The unorthodox battle techniques coupled with O'Brien's makeshift plank-barricades on the *Unity* so confounded the British that the battle was over within an hour.

Casualties numbered seven rebels and ten British either dead or wounded, including Captain Moore who died of a musket ball wound in his chest.

The Massachusetts Provincial Congress was elated over the news of the colonial victory as were the townspeople. But fearing British reciprocity for their victory the colonists rechristened the *Unity*, the *Machias Liberty*, outfitted her with artillery from the *Margaretta*, and sent her off under Jeremiah O'Brien's command to once again harass the British. The *Margaretta* herself was renamed the *Machias Cruiser* with John O'Brien as her commander.

The actual effect of this particular battle cannot be measured, but considering the odds against the colonists—few weapons and little chance for aid—this skirmish rightly deserves the appellation "Lexington of the Sea." The rebels of Machias showed the same spirit, determination and courage inherent in the early American tradition that climaxed on July 4, 1776 — Independence Day.

* * *

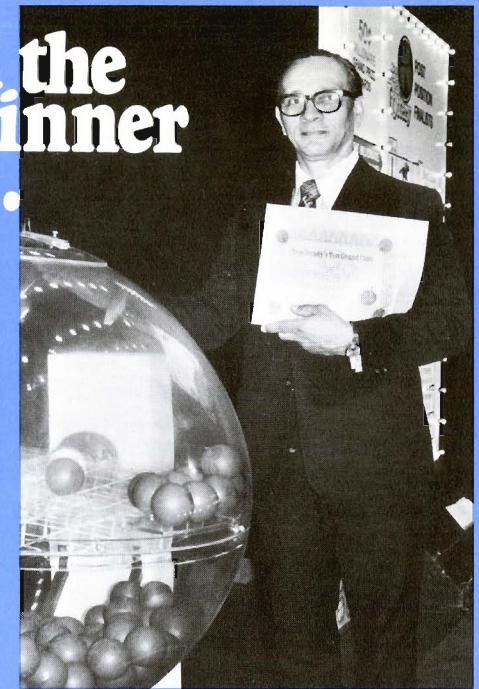
Readers interested in obtaining four-color post card reproductions of the painting illustrating this article may do so by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope with remittance (small card @ 10¢ or large card @ 25¢ each) to Ms. John Atwood, Regent, Hannah Weston Chapter, D.A.R. Machias, Maine 04654.

And the lucky winner is...

This man has *not* just won a free trip to the moon. He *has* just won \$10,000 in the New Jersey Lottery. He's Michel Prosperi, Manager of housekeeping operations here at the Institute. The picture was taken at the lottery's grand-winners drawing.

We know that it couldn't have happened to a nicer person; and in addition, he's the first real lottery winner we've ever known.

We did hear that he remarked that "... he didn't do so well; he thought maybe he was going to win fifty thousand or a million." Oh well, better luck next time, Michel.



New Museum on LIBERTY ISLAND

AT SCI

Anyone visiting New York City this summer should be sure to make a special trip to the new American Museum of Immigration.

Housed in the base of the Statue of Liberty, it is a superbly mounted, three-dimensional exhibition of panels, photographs, artifacts and models which tells the story of "all" the people who came to our shores.

The story is a fascinating one—sometimes sad, occasionally shocking, but more often gentle and kind. Not only does the museum visitor gain a better appreciation of the faith and fortitude of the immigrants who came to this country, but he also develops a deeper appreciation of how the "melting pot" of many nationalities has added immeasurably to the real strength of this nation.

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Photo-Courtesy of National Park Service

For those readers who might encounter that curious creature the Horseshoe Crab this Summer, the following article will be of special interest. He's really a most amazing fellow.

Curious trails lead up the beaches from low-tide levels . . . brownish horny mounds lie immobile against the high-tide rocks. From Maine to Florida, these are two common sights on summer shores, especially along the Long Island Sound beaches, the Delaware River mouth and the stretches of the Carolina Coast.

Whose tracks are they and what are those burnished-brown objects? The answer—Horseshoe Crabs, alias *Limulus Polyphemus*—living fossils of the ocean which are not really crabs but spiders.

The Atlantic Horseshoe Crab also has brothers along the shores of Malaysia, China, South Japan, India, Bengal and Penang, all living in water no deeper than ten fathoms. There they spend most of their time ploughing through mud or sand on the sea bottom in search of worms, clams and other such delicacies. When they are not

hunting for food, they dig down and partially bury themselves. There they sit, immobile and well-protected. Only at night does *Limulus* venture forth to swim: or, more exactly, it's a case of hopping and swimming along.

Limulus' lurching midnight gait can be better understood when one looks at it. Seen from above, the horseshoe crab has a tough semi-circular shield, steeply sloping at the sides and rounded at the front. This shield is hollow underneath, with flattened edges (which act partly as ploughs but mostly as flanges buried in the sand to stop waves from rolling the crab over). Behind this semi-circle is a tightly-fitting broad

hexagonal shield with a spiked edge. The whole 'fortress' ends in a long, unjointed spine—its balancing mechanism.

When it is turned over, *Limulus*' "limbs" lie in the hollow. First, the three-jointed fangs, which indicate to many zoologists that this crab belongs to the spider family. (Spiders have similar piercing poison fangs—which are harmless in *Limulus*' case). But horseshoe crabs breathe in water through gill-books, something cousin spider can't do . . . Anyway, next comes a pair of spiderlike limbs, followed by five pairs of jointed walking legs, looking like crabs' legs. On them are *Limulus*' "teeth" for shredding food which is then passed into the mouth.

The horseshoe crab's strange gait really comes from the powerful thrusting motion of its sixth pair of legs, its longest and strongest. *Limulus* (often adorned with arched slipper shells or sea-anemones as passengers on its back) is raised and lunched forward by these legs, similar to ski-poles as they have spreading flaps above a spike to prevent the legs from sinking too far into soft ground. The tailspike then helps to push *Limulus* forward. But life gets complicated: *Limulus* can only eat when walking, since its "teeth" for grinding its food are on its legs. Repose and repast together aren't its lot!

Early summer is the time to see the horseshoe crabs along the Atlantic beaches, for May, June and July are the breeding season. At nightfall, the crabs come up into very shallow water,

THE LIVING FOSSIL OF THE ATLANTIC...

the females often carrying the smaller males on their backs. On their journey, a strangely fascinating sight on a moonlit night, the couples stop for a few moments, then move on again. At each halting place, about 2" down in the sand or mud, lies a nest of 150-300 eggs. As the female finishes laying her eggs, the male fertilizes them. Then the female covers them. Here again, these crabs differ from spiders—true spiders are internally fertilized.

The spineless larvae emerging from the leathery-coated eggs resemble trilobite fossils, apparently close prehistoric relatives of *Limulus*. These trilobite larvae are very active, burrowing in the sand and swimming freely, using their back limbs. When they first moult, the spine appears and the body becomes more closely fused. Having moulted five to six times in the first year, infant *Limulus* can grow up to a size of two feet although a more usual size is 9"-10". Horseshoe crabs can apparently grow to the ripe old age of eight years.

Clumsy, curious looking, *Limulus* leads its tranquil life mostly submerged in sand or mud. Maybe not having to compete with more active, aggressive sea creatures has been a major factor in its survival—although man preys upon it as a source of chickenfood or fertilizer.

Yet it is a reminder that we, homo sapiens, have only been around a few million years, whilst it has survived some 400 million years virtually unchanged from the time when only fishes had begun to people our earth. Its family tree is traced via two super-

families, so close to *Limulus* that only experts can differentiate amongst the fossils found in Europe and the Middle East.

But how does *Limulus*, a poor swimmer and a slow walker, find himself in the Atlantic, separated from his Asiatic brothers by thousands of miles of deep ocean? It is known that once, the warm Sea of Tethys (whose remnants are the Mediterranean, Black and Caspian Seas) lay over Central Europe, extending from the North Sea towards India. Thus *Limulus* found itself in Asia and

Europe. But in the Atlantic . . .? One theory is that this warm sea inhabitant got caught up in the slow drift of the North American Continent away from Africa and Europe to which it was probably joined millions of years ago. And with the continent went its faithful shore-hugger, the Horseshoe crab, a peaceable living fossil.

SPIDER

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or CRAB

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Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Figureheads at Mystic

You are a line of resolute, impassioned women.
Perhaps women grand as you have never existed
But they were right, your artisans, to carve you so,
Full-bodied, great of soul.

You speak to us of heroism,
Of lives lived boldly, fully.
Yet well you knew —
You whose eyes have still wide oceans in them —
That it was not the whale or storm at sea
That most tried souls —
But the eternal ordinary.

Mary Jane Hayes



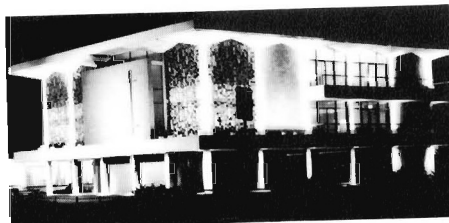
from the Log

RUSSIAN OFFICERS VISIT PORT NEWARK MARINER'S CENTER

One of the more notable recent visits to SCI's Port Newark Mariners International Center was a group of Iraqi crewmen and Russian officers from the "Sinbad" — an Iraqi flagship built in Russia.

Initial Russian response to an SCI ship visit was reserved, but those Russian officers who visited the center patronized the snack bar and shop and accepted bundles of German language magazines.

Both the Iraqis and Russians were especially pleased to find that the Center had staff members who spoke their native language.



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Export and Calcutta Streets
Port Newark, N.J.



Address Correction Requested

"The New Colossus"

by Emma Lazarus

*(Inscribed in 1903 on a tablet in the
pedestal of the Statue of Liberty)*

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

