

# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



APRIL, 1964



## seaman of the month

### ► Robert Mistrion

Typical of the "new breed" American seaman is 3rd assistant engineer Robert Mistrion of Massapequa Park, Long Island, residing at SCI while he prepares for his second assistant's license. Alert, practical and ambitious, Bob knows that getting ahead in the competition means education. He learned that a long time ago growing up on New York's tough streets. He began his career as a seaman in 1956 by attending the New York State Maritime College. It has been smooth sailing since then.

Although he was born in the Bronx, he spent a survival-of-the-fittest adolescence playing stickball and stoopball and scrapping with the rest of the kids in the then Italian-Irish section of New York's Upper East Side. He remembers the best of times — Sundays — visiting grandparents and attending mass at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Roman Catholic Church and his brief career as altar boy.

Surrounded by water but with no ships to sail, Bob entertained no thoughts of a maritime career until he was in a high school audience addressed by the dean of the New York State Maritime College. A "triple threat" opportunity of a career with the merchant marine, the Navy, and in engineering made sense to him. He applied and was accepted at Fort

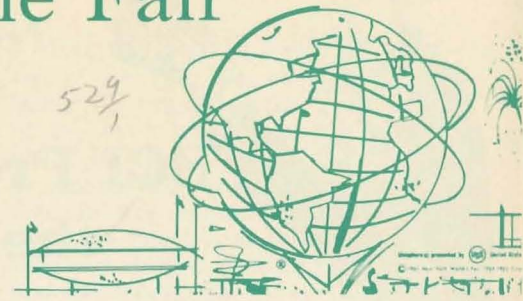
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# Welcome to the Fair

Out-of-town friends of the Seaman's Church Institute who plan to attend the World's Fair are extended a cordial invitation to tour the building during the summer months. If you are a LOOKOUT reader and have supported the Institute through your contributions you have a vested interest in us and a special reason to see what we are providing for merchant seamen. The welcome mat is out.

Those making the trip to Manhattan for the first time will want to take in the many attractions of the island. Some of the most interesting are in SCI's neighborhood. They are reminders that it was the seamen, the sea and its commerce that built the city's initial wealth.

With any tour of SCI you'll want to spend at least half an hour in our Marine Museum, and if your schedule permits, eat in our cafeteria or dining room. From the building, visitors may walk through cobbled streets passing ship chandlers' shops which are remnants of the romantic days of wooden ships. Other attractions within easy walking distance are: (1) Fraunces Tavern, the scene of Washington's farewell to his officers after the Revolution, and its museum; (2) Trinity Church, in whose graveyard are buried Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton along with 18th century New Yorkers; (3) Federal Hall, and its museum, where Washington took the oath of office; (4) the ferry terminal for boats to the Statue of Liberty; (5) American and New York Stock Exchanges which both feature visitors' galleries and tours; (6) Castle Gar-



den in Battery Park, where Jenny Lind made her triumph. There are other interesting spots too.

If you visit the SCI, our staff will assist you with directions to interesting and historic places. If you would like information on a half or full day's walking tour of SCI's neighborhood, send your name and stamped, self-addressed envelope to SCI's Department of Public Relations. We will answer your questions, too.

### TO THE FAIR BY BOAT

Would-be mariners who would rather "sail" to the World's Fair grounds have their choice from sleek and swift hydrofoils to a coal-powered ferryboat that will observe her 50th anniversary this year.

### OPERATION SAIL

Visitors to the Fair in July will witness one of the most spectacular maritime events of this century when existing sail ships from an anticipated 20 nations visit New York, passing by the nose of SCI on their trip around Manhattan Island.

It will be a bonus year for New York visitors and SCI looks forward to adding to the pleasure of tourists. We'll welcome you aboard.

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MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seaman's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

## the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Cover: Painted lithograph "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813" from marine collection of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, in view at SCI from May 17 through June 5.



The Steamship "Orange" launched 1913, will make a run from Battery near SCI to Flushing Bay Marina accommodating 500 passengers.



free admission!!

SCI Proudly Announces  
the Opening of

# FDR Collection: "The Old Navy"

*88 historic prints and paintings*



Fulfilling an obligation to present something of value to the community as well as something to enrich the lives of seamen, the Institute announced this month that it will sponsor the first and only New York exhibition of a collection of rare engravings and paintings from the lifetime collection of the late President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Appropriately called "The Old Navy — 1776-1860," the wide variety of copper engravings and lithographs de-

picts the early Navy's ships and battles from the Revolutionary War to the opening of Japan. They are being circulated through the Smithsonian Institute to selected cities in the United States before a tour abroad and then to permanent exhibition at the FDR Library at Hyde Park, New York.

Highlighting Maritime Week in New York, the exhibit will open to the public on May 17 and continue through June 7. Viewing hours are from 11:30

a.m. until 6 p.m. each day including Saturday and Sunday. The opening is, moreover, a very special event for the Institute, because FDR was elected to the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church in 1908 where he worked hard to force social legislation for the improvement of seamen's working conditions. He became a lay vice-president in 1929 and served in that capacity until his death in 1945.

The idea behind the traveling exhibit had come from the late President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who, like Roosevelt, shared a lifetime of affection for the Navy. It was no secret that Kennedy admired Roosevelt. In an article for LIFE Magazine, August 10, 1962, Kennedy wrote: "I read with special interest a story a year ago discussing FDR's collection of naval art. The article described it as 'the world's largest known collection of American naval prints and paintings.' Roosevelt had bequeathed it to the nation, along with his Hyde Park house and his personal papers. The prints, according to the story, were presently stored in the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park. Inquiring further into the matter, I discovered that, while individual items from the Roosevelt collection had been on display, there had never been an exhibit exclusively devoted to the collection itself. Accordingly, I asked Dr. Wayne Grover, Archivist of the United States, to arrange a showing of the best of Roosevelt's naval prints."

The selections were made and the exhibit was dedicated by the late President Kennedy last June when it went on view at the National Archives in Washington, near the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. It remained there for six months before it was circulated to selected U. S. cities.

"I discover that most people are as unaware as I had been of the fact that Roosevelt spent much more time and money on what he used to call 'The Navy Collection' than he did on his collection of stamps," wrote JFK.

That fact was no secret to Roosevelt's intimates. He was a born collector. He began to collect at the age of 8 — by 9 he was buying leather-bound books at auctions. By the time he entered Harvard he was a familiar face in the second-hand bookshops along the Cornhill of Boston. It is interesting to note that in 1933, just a few weeks before he became President — at the bottom of the worst depression in U. S. history — he found time to visit New York City's fascinating Old Print Shop where he spent more than an hour looking around and chatting with the proprietor.

By 1925, however, he decided to limit his collecting of prints, paintings, books, pamphlets, manuscripts, ship models and sheet music to the history of the Navy, and disposed of all other items at auctions in New York.

What remains better reflects the prudence and frugality of Roosevelt the collector. Two of the prints in the collection have this story to go with them: In the summer of 1933, during his first year in the White House, he received a letter from a Virginian offering to sell him two prints of the naval encounter during the war with Tripoli. Returning the letter, Roosevelt scribbled at the top: "How much?" The owner said \$100 each. Roosevelt shrewdly got both of them for \$150.

"The Battle of Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814."



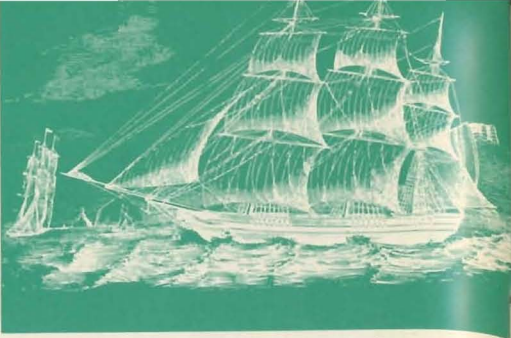
He often bargained by claiming that he was feeling a 'pinch in the pocket-book'. The two prints above by Charles Denoon are now exceedingly rare and worth several thousand dollars each.

Pictures from the collection covered every available inch of the walls in the entrance of his old house at Hyde Park; many stayed with him at the White House, and by 1939 he is said to have remarked: "I have no more wall space," and stopped his major collecting.

From his acquisitions through the years, the prints, paintings, models, books and documents related to American naval history have been selected. And through them one can follow the growth of this country's naval strength until the emergence of the U.S. as a major naval power.

The exhibition is grouped around seven major themes: the Revolutionary War, the quasi-war with France, the War with Tripoli, the War of 1812 and the peacetime navy, the War with Mexico, and the opening of Japan by Commodore Matthew C. Perry. Several items relate to that most colorful figure of the Revolutionary War, John Paul Jones, including a print in bright colors commemorating his victory on the *Bon Homme Richard* over the British ship *Serapis*. That Roosevelt was knowledgeable is obvious from the amazing continuity of his acquisitions.

"Boarding and Taking the American Ship Chesapeake by H.M.S. Shannon, June 1, 1813."



One of the most valuable specimens in the collection, because of its unique quality and historical value, is a sketchbook by William H. Meyers, a Navy gunner, which Roosevelt purchased in 1930. In it, Meyers captured in subtle watercolors the naval actions in the Mexican War fought in Upper and Lower California.

Because of the exhibit's educational value, SCI is making special efforts to encourage visits from school children and also visitors to the New York World's Fair. The generous viewing hours from 11:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. every day including Saturdays and Sundays until June 7 make it easily available to the general public. At nominal cost, SCI is making available the official catalogue of the exhibit, which includes biographical material on the artists and general information about the subjects.

In connection with Maritime Week, the Institute plans a preview showing for several hundred business and industrial leaders on Friday, May 15. FDR's grandson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt III, has accepted our invitation to be featured speaker at the luncheon and preview, and selected cadets from the King's Point Merchant Marine Academy glee club will provide entertainment during the luncheon.

"The Institute will sponsor a number of broad-interest exhibitions in the coming months," promised SCI's director, the Rev. John M. Mulligan. "We have scheduled an exhibition of early customs, and seamen's documents which will go on public view on Columbus Day. We feel sure they will be entertaining and educational to our community of friends outside the Institute."

# Requiem for a Seaman

We'll use the name Francis McCaffey, but whatever was the Irish seaman's name, it is immaterial to a story as told by Port Newark's manager, Chaplain Basil Hollas.

It was early in the evening before the noisy inrush of seamen at the end of the workday.

Preoccupied with some work at his desk, Chaplain Hollas glanced up to see a young, ruddy-complexioned seaman whose obvious melancholy disturbed the Chaplain. When asked what he might do to be helpful, the seaman related a strange story of devotion to a dead friend.

Francis was a typically Irish A.B., sailing from Liverpool on a British freighter. Through circumstances which the seaman didn't explain, his buddy, whose career at sea paralleled his own, had been murdered while the ship was berthed at Houston, Texas.

The captain of the despondent crew, to whom the lad had been a favorite, planned the funeral service and invited an Irish priest from the Houston area to conduct the service.

As a memento to the dead seaman's mother in Ireland, Francis borrowed the ship's tape recorder to make a permanent recording of the priest's eulogy. Francis had known her as well as he knew his own mother.

The service had ended; the priest departed. The ship left Houston and was on its way to New York before Francis had the time or the inclination to replay the tape before sealing it for mailing to Ireland.

When he heard what came from the tape recorder he was in tears. The intonations of the priest were barely audible above the rhythmic blasts of a rock-and-roll song which had not been erased properly from a previous recording.

His effort was wasted and the tape completely unusable. There was nothing to be sent to the boy's mother as proof that he received the last rites of his church. Another crewman suggested that they could retape the service when they arrived in New York. And in pursuit of this idea Francis had come to Father Hollas for help.

"Please, Father, can you suggest a priest with an Irish accent who would be willing to read the eulogy and say the words so that we of the crew who knew him will have something to send to his mother?"

Chaplain Hollas, rarely perplexed by strange requests, admits that this was one of the most disturbing because he never knew whether he had been successful in locating an Irish priest to complete the "taping." He exhausted every resource in the search and finally made telephone contact with one Irishman who offered at least to talk to the seaman.

With noticeable enthusiasm, and as undeterred from his mission as ever, the seaman dutifully rose, warmly thanked the Chaplain, and with the first evidence of a smile, departed from the Station carrying the small, German tape recorder and a fresh spool of recording tape.

You may write your own ending to our story of the seaman in search of a "requiem." He never returned. We would like to think that his search ended successfully.



Port Newark's Manager Basil Hollas

# a cooper named Materson

Beneath the lengthened shadow of SCI works an aged craftsman whose skill became obsolete with the passing of the schooners. Yet he perpetuates the once important art of the cooperage—the building and assembling of wooden casks—while recalling the years at the turn of the century when barrel-making was brisk business in New York.

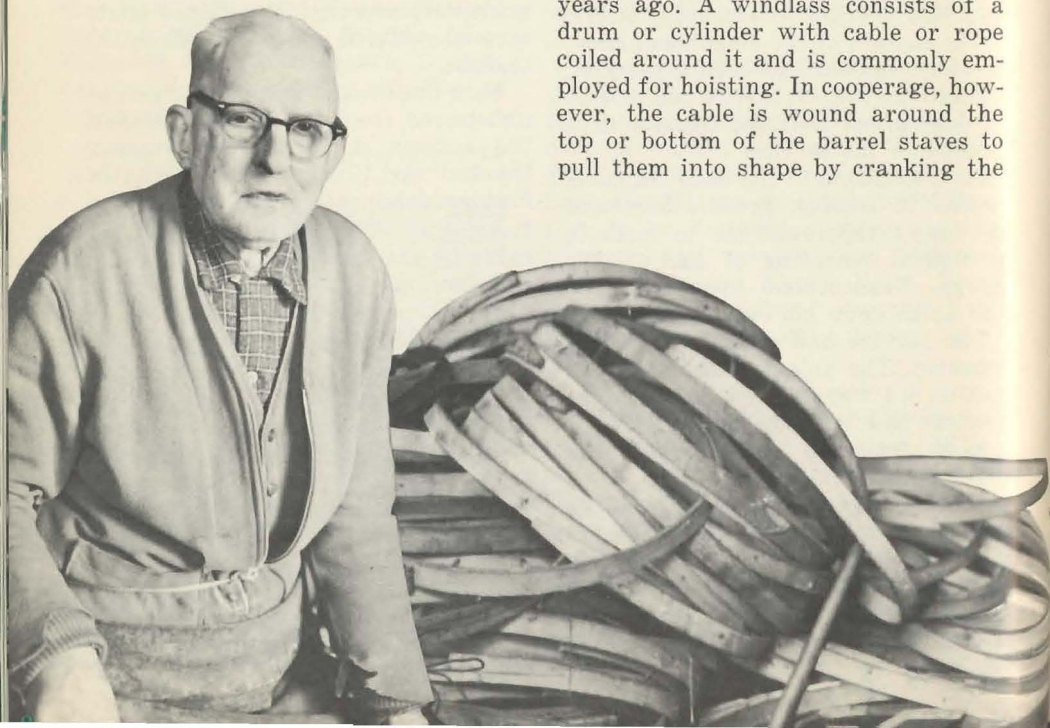
Only a handful of people make wooden barrels by hand nowadays and then only as a hobby, according to Paul Materson, owner of Materson Cooperage. Even now most of his company's barrels come from the West where they are machine-made for packing frozen meat. Materson repairs and reshapes the emptied barrels for sale to local fish packers, picking up extra income by repairing the water-tanks atop old tenement buildings and the oaken vats in whiskey distilleries. He sells the barrels he produces to non-commercial customers, too, including neighborhood loft dwellers who seek out his shop as one of the few

places left in the city to buy old barrels for use as furniture.

Materson apprenticed as barrel-maker to his father in 1896 when he was 12 years old. He can't remember how many years before that his father, at the same location, was constructing wooden containers to be delivered by horsecart just two blocks to the water's edge where the three- and four-masted, brooding ships awaited the products of the cooper's art. Business was so good in those days that Paul, his father and his five brothers were needed to satisfy the demand. He is the only one surviving.

"Fifty years ago we used to ship as many as 2,000 a day, mostly to Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands," he recalls. "When anyone needed barrels, even the telephone operators told them to 'call Paul at Fulton Market'!"

The subsequent preference for metal drums for kerosene and boxes for frozen fish reduced the demand for wooden casks. In shaping the barrels he now repairs, this cooper still uses a windlass his father built ninety years ago. A windlass consists of a drum or cylinder with cable or rope coiled around it and is commonly employed for hoisting. In cooperage, however, the cable is wound around the top or bottom of the barrel staves to pull them into shape by cranking the



Materson's shop (above) is located in area scheduled for demolition next year. He now produces barrel planters and decorative items.

cable to the desired tightness. The hoops are then put on by hand.

The big meat barrels always available in the shop are suitable for terrace use or as stands for kitchen cutting blocks—a modern innovation. He sells them for \$1.25 to \$1.50 each. The smaller barrels to which he applies a dark stain can be used for planters, waste paper baskets or side tables in modern or country interiors. Mr. Materson remembers that barrel games used to be great sport with seamen and children alike; the trick was to keep one's balance while walking on a rolling barrel.

A gray-haired remnant of a once-bustling community of ship suppliers, Mr. Materson narrows his eyes to slits and describes the SCI and the Fulton Street neighborhoods of 60 years ago. "Fulton market used to be nothing but unending sheds, and the fishermen would put their catches under the sheds at night, often sleeping there, too. We depended on the fishermen to increase our business tenfold during the mackerel season. In those days we could produce 2,000 containers a day.

"One of my favorite stops was Paddy's Clam Bar on Coenties Slip

FOR SALE  
OAK PLANTERS  
MON. THRU FRI. 7AM TO 3 PM.  
SATURDAYS 8:00 TO 11AM.  
RE 2-5558

near the Seamen's Church Institute. Paddy sold his Little Necks for 10 cents a dozen, then," he laughed. They're considerably more now, he observed.

Among his memories is the intrigue surrounding the waterfront's famous Hartford Hotel, at Ferry and Pearl Streets, demolished in recent memory, and which had sheltered seamen and their often shady entourages. It was in the Hartford where Materson talked with sailors just returned from ports of call. To a youngster of 12, even Haiti seemed light years away. One of his special childhood benefactors was an ex-seaman with a peg leg by the name of Herb Rogers, whose #9 Fulton stand was an ichthyological wonderland. Even more awesome to the youngster was "Herbie" himself, balanced on his wooden leg and flashing a giant fish knife with the speed of a prestidigitator. He wonders where they've all disappeared as the city demolishes one building after another. Materson's own sagging, colonial-style building, more than 100 years old, is nestled precariously near two other small brick commercial buildings, all of which will be whittled away next year to make way for more parking lots and new construction. The cooperage warehouse, a gem from another time will be bulldozed away next year; then Paul Materson will have left only his memories of the cobbled streets of wooden ships, fun and fortunes of cooperage in his father's business, shadowed and shuttered now by great buildings of international finance and commerce.

But what I wouldn't give for those memories.



## Cupid sat in the Roper Room

It was her first visit to SCI's Roper Room lounge for seamen in 1949. Louise Poultner had come at the invitation of a secretary with whom she worked who described the Institute and its need for volunteers to serve as hostesses on Sunday evenings. She liked the seamen immediately, and it was a compliment to her when chief staff hostess, Mrs. Augusta Gulden Cochran, asked Louise to assist her at the tea table from time to time.

Louise became a dependable volunteer and for almost a year, put in many hours just being friendly to seamen. She learned to understand their problems in a world adjusting to normalcy after the Second World War.

And then it happened. The night was uneventful until 9 p.m., when an engaging, dark-haired seaman from New Zealand, Phil Mack, strolled through the room. All eyes turned, including hers.

Cupid was sitting in the Roper Room that night when Louise saw Phil. And

he worked his peculiar charms. Phil was 25 years old, visiting SCI for the second time, and on a stringent budget from his \$56-dollar-a-month job as coal tender on the Shawsaville Line, operating from New Zealand to Avonmouth, England. His ship was transporting passengers, cargo and refrigeration equipment. He had been told by other seamen that at SCI he could enjoy himself for very little money.

Louise, a secretary for the National Aniline Company on Rector Street, expected fun and good company, but not a proposal some weeks later from seaman Phil Mack. Propose he did and little time was lost acquiring a marriage license.

"We were walking along the street one evening in Brooklyn after Phil had been to the home of my parents for dinner. We passed by this lovely old church. We had planned to marry on my mother's anniversary date which was the following day, but we

decided on the spot to get married that night." They entered the church. "Phil didn't know it but I was carrying the marriage license in my purse," she laughed.

That might have been the end of our story except for the fact that Louise was well acquainted with the frustrations of seamen by the time she met Phil. He remembers: "I saw all the other seamen doing better-paying jobs that I knew I could do just as well. I discussed this with Louise and she insisted that I enter the Marine School of the SCI to prepare myself for a better job. She was pulling down a good salary and she figured we could make our way on her income while I was going to school."

So Phil matriculated in SCI's Marine School. Confidently, he returned to sea, applied for and got a better job. He never forgot her concern for

his career since they were married 14 years ago.

And 14 years passed before Louise and Phil again returned to the SCI, but memories persisted. Last month they appeared at SCI to "look the place over and to see what changes had been made." Many changes and a few familiar faces, they observed. During the evening, while the Macks were touring the Roper Room, Louise spied hostess Augusta Cochran whose friendliness and encouragement she remembered for so many years. The trio reminisced about the "good old days" when Louise was an SCI volunteer hostess.

"She was very popular," Mrs. Cochran recalls, "and we used to remark that she'd make some seaman a fine wife. Now, I guess, it's pretty certain she did!"

The Macks have faced problems most married couples face, more complex, of course, because of their forced separations. But Mrs. Mack repeated

a truism—that success in marriage is no more uncommon among seamen than among any other vocational group. "If a seaman is a stable guy before marriage, he's going to remain that way no matter what the temptations after marriage, even though he must be away from his home for long periods."

As if in response to her remark, Phil added: "My successful career as a seaman is due to her encouragement and sacrifice 14 years ago." With that he squeezed her hand.

Contributing to the Mack's happiness is little daughter, Lauren, who was born 11 months ago. She is the greatest joy and novelty in the Mack household on Schenectady Avenue in Brooklyn.

Phil tries to get home more frequently now with a new baby in the family. It is not always possible because of his job as pumpman on tankships. His last voyage on the "Elemir" from New Orleans with grain took him to East Pakistan. From East Pakistan the empty ship went to the Persian Gulf for petroleum, then headed for Japan. He flew from Japan back to New York. How long was he gone? From October to February.

"Shipping today is as professionally satisfying as any kind of work," he emphasized, and continued to express his gratitude to the maritime unions for their contributions in making shipping respectable, and—for those fortunate enough to have steady employment—lucrative.

The book is not yet closed for Phil and Louise Mack. Happily married, prosperous, starting a young family, and both satisfied with his career in the merchant marine, they look forward confidently to the future. Admittedly, they anticipate another visit to Cupid's Roper Room which brought them together. But before another 14 years have passed.



# Mariners, beware!



by Ivan T. Sanderson

**ABOUT OUR AUTHOR:** Son of A. B. Sanderson, who founded Africa's first game preserve, Ivan Sanderson was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1911, was educated at Eton and Cambridge where he was graduated with honors in zoology, geology and botany. After serving with British Naval Intelligence during World War II, he led scientific expeditions to many remote areas of the world and contributed articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *True*, *Reader's Digest*, *American Heritage*, and *Atlantic Monthly* among a few. He is the author of 16 books and at one time had his own radio and TV programs on both NBC and CBS. Readers who wish to comment on his article are invited to send letters to SCI's Department of Public Relations which will forward them to Mr. Sanderson.

It has always been amazing to me that landlubbers not only deign to question the statements of mariners about matters maritime, but adopt the attitude that they have the right to do so. I am afraid I am thinking here primarily of the newspapers, though they are by no means the only offenders. For a besotted cub reporter to accuse a master mariner of insobriety is revolting enough; but for a scientist to question an entry in his log seems, to me at least, to be not only inexcusable but also altogether illogical. As I constantly repeat, and for the record, if a master of a ship, especially a liner carrying thousands of souls, is incapable of distinguishing between a buoy, a floating log, a piece of giant seaweed, a deflated Navy blimp or a large animal, I somehow feel that he should be relieved of his

command. How in the dickens is he going to find the right port even in broad daylight, if this is the limit of his competence? But I can assure you, such an accusation is not just an occasional rarity, but just about standard practice when any seaman, or body of seamen, report sighting or even ramming a large marine animal that is not a whale or other known creature.

Perhaps I should apologize for being so bitter, but, quite apart from having been raised afloat and having spent a considerable part of life in my own bottoms, my mere intelligence is insulted by this attitude. Worse still, I happen to have been trained as a zoologist; and animal-hunting and collecting has been my profession for most of my life — exacting work, pursued along scientific lines, on behalf of zoos and museums. If the master of any vessel I am aboard cannot be trusted to identify objects afloat, especially with the aid of modern binoculars, radar, and other refined instruments, I'm going to give up boating and, I presume, take to the air, despite the dangers, boredom, and other horrors of that means of transport!

I will give but one precise, reportorial example of what I am talking about, and then try to get down to some practical observations. Some years ago, I was instructed by one of the great news services for whom I undertook special reportage, to go aboard a Grace Line vessel that had docked that day in New York from its regularly scheduled run from the west coast of South America. I was told that the master of said vessel had — with, as witnesses, his second officer, the helmsman and his relief,

his chief engineer, and one of the passengers — observed something that he, the master, had seen fit to both enter in his log and report by radio to the U. S. Coast Guard. The incident occurred off the Carolinas coast in broad daylight and was as follows:

Under clear sky, vessel on course, winds light, and calm sea, a crew member forward sang out to the officer on the bridge that there was an object straight ahead. It was large enough to cause damage, especially if as solid as a capsized derelict, so that immediate action was initiated. This entailed a call to all available on duty and for a change of course. However, it was too late to avoid a head-on collision that, while happily doing no damage to the ship, sent such a shudder through her from stem to stern that it brought others on deck at the treble. Whatever had been hit was caught athwart the prow for a few moments and then broke free and drifted by to starboard only a few feet from the hull. As it did so, it came almost directly under the gaze of all on the bridge, and others on deck below.

This object was a very large animal from which blood in enormous amounts was pouring into the wash. About thirty feet of its spindle-shaped, glistening body was above water, and this tapered at one end into a narrow but not too long neck on which was an enormous tapering triangular head stated by all witnesses to have been at least three feet across above the eyes. The creature passed astern and was sucked into the wake where it thrashed about amid blood-red foam, until it finally sank. The ship was stopped but nothing further was seen.

When this incident was duly — and, I might add, properly — reported to the Coast Guard, it was released to the press and was on the newsstands in New York before the ship docked. It made headlines. But *what* headlines.

I have the clippings still, but I will not name or quote them or further identify the vessel, because all those involved have suffered enough insults, ridicule, and calumny long ago. The matter is now historic, and of interest only to odd characters like myself who make “monster-hunting” our profession. Nonetheless, I will put it on record that said headlines not only ridiculed the whole report both directly and by inference, but actually accused the master of the ship, and his officers, of drunkenness while on duty; and the other witnesses of just plain lying, for it was snidely hinted, “publicity purposes.” The whole thing was treated as a huge joke, and column after column appeared on the age-old subject of

Ivan Sanderson appears on Gary Moore show with pet crocodile.



**Fig. 1**  
An object of this nature has many times been reported as rising out of the sea, once to an estimated height of over twenty feet, and then to weave about with a serpentine motion, as if inspecting the observers.

Mr. Sanderson's sketches, based on testimony of eye-witnesses, showing what sea creatures have looked like. "The humps are the commonest sight by a long sight, and have been observed by thousands of people, sometimes for hours."

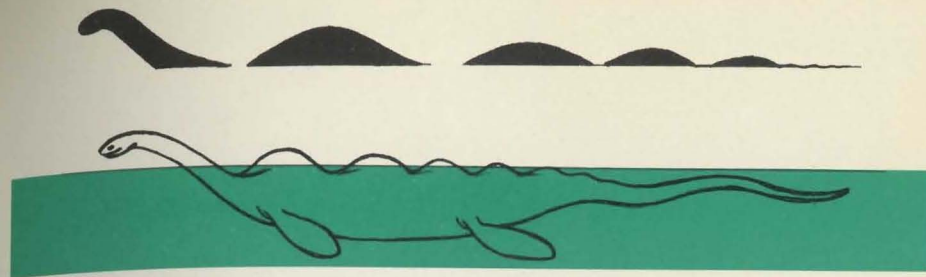
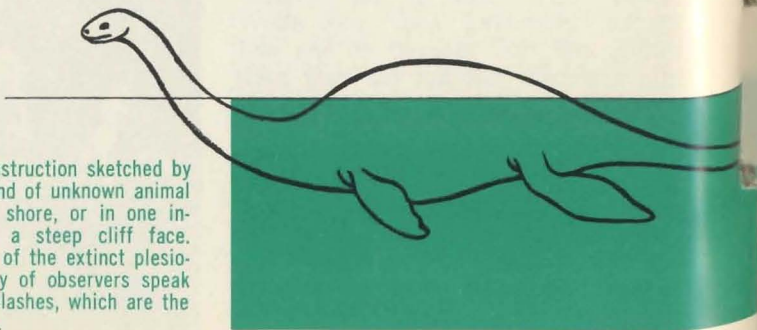
"seamen's tales," "old wives' tales," "sea serpents," and even such unrelated matters as the poor old *Marie Celeste* and the disappearing island of Funafuti in the Pacific — and almost to the word, inaccurate and misleading. But worse still, the papers even got statements from scientists which stated flatly that we (they) know every animal living in the seas and oceans; that there are no "sea serpents" (true enough, apart from the Sea-Snakes, family *Hydrophidae*); that persons not trained as zoologists never *can* identify what they see properly; and that all mariners are (they implied) known to be bums and drunken sots. The whole spread was revolting in the extreme — to intelligence, as well as common decency and common sense.

So I went aboard the ship with a stenographer. And what did I find? First, the master happened to be not only a teetotaler but, in the opinion of one of his officers with whom I had a drink later ashore, rather a bloody nuisance about it! There was no liquor aboard and nobody had been taking a clandestine "nip" the morning of the incident. Second, I interviewed four of the five eye-witnesses,

both together and separately and afterwards compared their statements. They jibed to the last detail despite the fact that any four people observing anything usually vary considerably in their statements. All four were professional seamen in its proper sense — the master, his senior engineer, his second officer, and the relief helmsman. The ship had rammed a very large animal of unknown and unidentified type off the eastern North American coast; period!

This case is not unique; it has been repeated hundreds of times since ancient record. The reaction has always been the same, *ashore*, and unfortunately it continues this way despite an ever-increasing number of reports emanating from trained marine biologists, such as that of Dr. Lionel A. Walford, Director of the Fish and Wildlife Center of the U. S. Department of the Interior, at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. This scientist, last summer, reported the sighting of a forty-foot-long, jelly-like ribbon, obviously animate, undulating along not far off the Jersey shore. It was observed by members of his research crew. He begged the reporters *not* to mention the epithet "Sea Serpent"; *but they did!*

**Fig. 3**  
This is the commonest reconstruction sketched by those who have seen this kind of unknown animal close up in clear water, on shore, or in one instance trying to climb up a steep cliff face. Although reminiscent of one of the extinct plesiosaurian reptiles, the majority of observers speak of fur, a mane, and even eyelashes, which are the characteristics of a mammal.



**Fig. 2**  
(Above) The commonest appearance is of a series of humps, diminishing in size in one direction. From two to as many as fifty have been counted. More rarely, the same kind of head and neck as shown in Fig. 1 rises from, and dips in and out of the surface. □ □ The humps are thought by some to be hydrostatic organs that can be inflated with air at the animal's will. Many observers have stated that they change in number while you watch, and quite rapidly. There is little real evidence for the presence of even one pair of flippers in this type, which would seem not to be the same as that shown in Fig. 3.

The point is this: and it is about time somebody had the guts to disseminate it. Nearly three quarters of the surface of our earth is covered with salt water; most of it the deep oceans, which run, on an average, over two miles deep. This is a positively vast *volume* of mere space. Second, the dot on an "i" in the word Pacific in the average school atlas, turns out to be about 70 miles in diameter in the actual width it covers. Third, our shipping lanes leave about 90% of the ocean's surface unused and untraversed today. Fourth, despite massive sonar and radar soundings conducted during the IGY and by other permanent oceanographic organizations, and the few descents of bathyspheres and bathyscaphs, we actually know practically nothing of even the bottom of this great volume of water. In sum, we just don't know what is in it.

If you start cataloguing the "things" that are to be found in, say, the North Atlantic — from grains of silt to Blue Whales and atomic submarines — you will find you have several lifetimes of labor ahead of you. Who, therefore, and especially some newsman or scientist in a laboratory, is to say what may or not be in that ocean? The very notion is absurd, preposterous, and in-

sulting to the mere intelligence of anyone, let alone that of mariners. In fact, since the dredging up of a number of fishes (known as *Coelacanth*s) in recent years, nobody should dare to pontificate on this subject. Said fish were previously supposed to have been totally extinct for 70,000,000 years!

Undoubtedly, there are numerous different kinds of large animals living in our seas and oceans that have not as yet been caught and examined with a view to identification. And who is most likely to see these and describe them and report upon them? Who, but mariners.

Will said persons therefore please come forward and state flatly exactly what they have seen — and be blown to the ridicule their statements will surely provoke? And don't let them think that there are valid arguments that can deny their statements. *There aren't*. Of that I can assure you; and I will gladly refute one and all, if the self-appointed "experts" on this matter will just state them. That goes, also, for those who *do* have firsthand experience and zoological training.

They may have two legs to stand on but, when it comes to matters maritime, they haven't got a flipper between them.



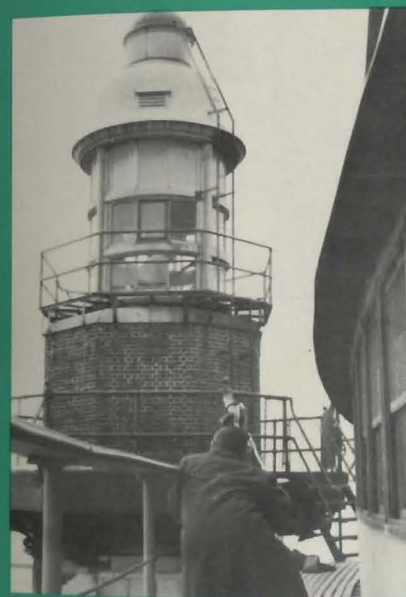
**We are  
a kaleidoscope  
of the waterfront**

*A look-in on the world's largest  
shore home for merchant seamen...*

**SEAMEN ONLY** — Two new buildings were added to New York's skyline this month and both are exclusively for seamen. Designed by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright, the new \$6.4 million, six-story building will serve as national headquarters and New York offices of the National Maritime Union at 7th Ave. and 12th St. It features pre-cast concrete panels which give the effect of portholes. Within are hiring halls from which 1,000 seamen are dispatched each week. (R.) Formerly located near SCI on Water Street, the Seamen's Center operated by the Lutheran Church moved into its 12-story hostelry at 15th and Irving Place last month. It provides rooms for 100 seafarers and includes a non-denominational chapel. SCI extends congratulations to Seamen's Center as a fellow witness for Christ among merchant seamen.



**Soccer Seconds** — Port Newark Manager Basil Hollas, right, presents SCI's runner-up Soccer Championship Trophy for 1963 to members of the team from Italian ship **Gimmi Fassio**, Luca Chiozza (L.) and Emilio Ratto. The 1963 champions were crewmen from British freighter **Sussex**, but this vessel will not return to Port Newark for several months. Award will be made to the Commander of the **Cumberland**, a sister ship, when she calls at P. N. in May en route to England.



**ON THE TUBE** — SCI as a tourist attraction was the subject of Channel 13's "Metropolitan Wonderland" program on April 2 and 4. To film the show, television's program director Stan Levy (pictured) fought high winds on SCI's roof to record the falling Time Ball on the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse. A New York mother and her two small children were posed in places of interest, including the Marine Museum. Viewers were shown other places of interest in the Battery area including Fraunces Tavern and the Wall Street Heliport.



**SEA OF HATS** — You'll need to look closely to find the single male in this photo taken at the March meeting of the Women's Propeller Club of the United States Port of New York, in the Janet Roper Room. The Rev. John M. Mulligan (center window, bottom) was guest of assembled wives of shipping elite and other women involved in the maritime industry. The director even stayed on to watch a parade of models wearing the latest in millinery. Said he: 'Twas like a preview of Spring.





**VISITING BISHOP** — According to SCI custom, seamen and staff shared a service of Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday of Holy Week in the Chapel of Our Saviour. The Rt. Rev. Charles F. Boynton, extreme right, Senior Suffragan Bishop of New York, was celebrant. He was assisted by (R. to L.) Director Mulligan, Dr. Foust, Chaplains Daley, Bauer, Hollas, Haynsworth, Savoy and Huntley.

**NEW FACE** — Workmen applied spackle to the 300th hotel room last month preparatory to painting. SCI's rotating maintenance plan calls for redecorating 650 rooms periodically. The 115 rooms on the 9th floor were completely modernized in 1959. The maintenance project which includes re-surfacing of walls, painting of furniture and floors, requires 1,000 gallons of paint per year. Many appreciative seamen have commented on this upkeep program.



**ON THE AIR** — Director John M. Mulligan will discuss the Institute on the nationwide Mutual radio network program "Viewpoint" on May 16, during Maritime Week. The interview with program moderator, The Rev. Dana Kennedy of Christ and Holy Trinity Church, Westport, Conn., will be broadcast locally over station WOR on May 17, over station WMMM, Westport, on May 24, and over the Armed Forces Radio Network this fall. Popular program, now in its 7th year, is syndicated through 525 radio stations.

# 1963 ANNUAL REPORT

**To the Friends of the Seamen's Church Institute:**

In this era characterized by rapid change it is necessary for us to reexamine the basic objectives under which we have operated for 130 years. While sea and harbor conditions differ from those that existed at the time of our establishment, the objectives which motivated the founders of our institution are as valid today as they were when they were first set down.

The seaman who spends long periods away from home, church and community ties, requires on arrival in a great port much more than the simple comforts of a middle-priced hotel. No institution save ours, operating as a mission of our Lord, can have the motivation to fill in the gap in social experience which has widened from the day the seaman sailed away from port.

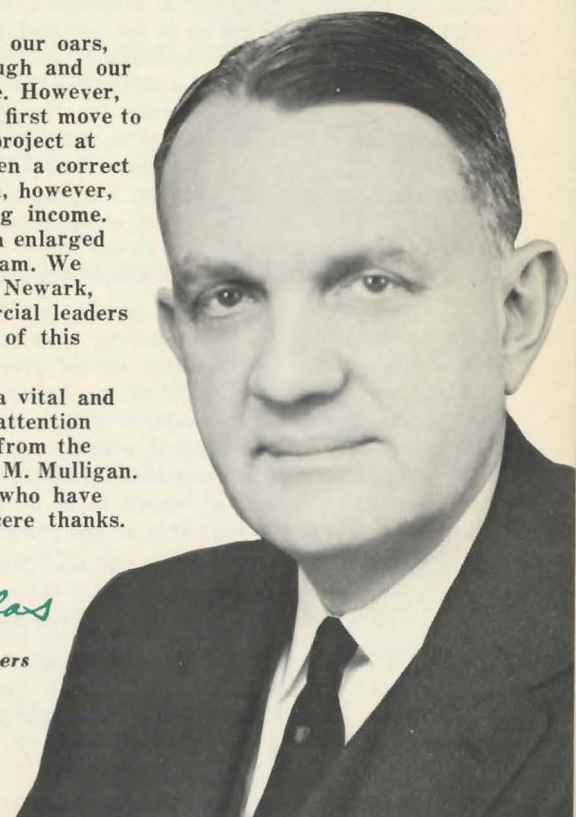
Conditions at sea have changed in 100 years; pay schedules are higher, crimps no longer haunt the dock area; foreign seamen soon will be as frequent visitors to 25 South Street as men sailing under the American flag. Basically, however, the seaman stepping ashore from a long separation from the land is a man who has missed the patterns of life which mold the rest of us. Our objective must be to fill in these patterns in a manner acceptable to all seamen, while exemplifying the teaching of Jesus Christ.

In the existing program at 25 South Street, we are accomplishing these objectives in various ways. Recognition of the validity of our program has spread not only throughout the Port of New York but is repeated in the far corners of the world where the word now is "Go to Seamen's Institute when you land in New York."

Had we been satisfied to rest on our oars, this objective might have been enough and our problems would have been less acute. However, as you know, we have found that our first move to decentralize by establishing a pilot project at Port Newark has proved to have been a correct step. Operating Port Newark Station, however, adds to expense with little offsetting income. We are about to invest \$500,000 in an enlarged structure there to house a full program. We must, therefore, enlist the people of Newark, together with industrial and commercial leaders in New Jersey, to help carry some of this financial load.

Our present situation, in which a vital and successful program is capturing the attention of all who hear of it, results largely from the energy and devotion of The Rev. John M. Mulligan. To him, his staff and to all of you who have supported us so generously, my sincere thanks.

*Franklin E. Vilas*  
 President, Board of Managers



## excerpts from THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

This, my third annual report to the Board of Managers, comes at a moment which also marks the completion of one hundred and thirty years of dedicated service by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, ministering in the name of Christ and his Church and under the directives set forth in its charter to the needs of seamen passing in and out of the Port of New York.

At the heart and center of all our activity and concern must remain predominant the figure of the man we are called upon to serve and in whose interest we are compelled to carry on this ministry. In the 44th Chapter of Isaiah we find these words, "I have formed thee, thou art my servant O Israel. Thou shalt not be forgotten of me." I submit, gentlemen, that these latter words are the heart and core of our ministry to seamen.

"Thou shalt not be forgotten of me." If in modern terms there is a group name that can be applied to seamen, I suggest that name is "The Forgettables." Well do we know that every day we come up against two types of people—those who feel that the seaman can afford to be forgotten and those who feel that there is no need for him to be remembered. Our own are completely affluent—those who come from foreign shores do not require our attention. You and I know well how untrue this is. But this lays upon us a particular responsibility.

The whole problem of the seaman's isolation from the normal community continues to receive our concerted attention. This is of course a problem of many facets. To begin to deal with it we initiated a major program of adult education in the attempt to bring the community into closer relationship with the seaman and the seaman into closer relationship to the community. If participation of persons is any criterion we must say that the statistics for the year indicate that this is a sound program and is making good headway in the solution of the problem. The opening of the Lecture Gallery has proved a great asset to the program. It has made possible the hanging of a number of exhibits. The teaching machine pilot project has moved along exceptionally well and we look forward to the time when we can report to the Board a really significant contribution that this will make on the technical life of the seaman.

One more point should be brought out here. It is my belief that any agency which is itself part of a community and draws support from that community should render to the community, should give back to the community out of its services, something of benefit to the community. This I feel we are doing by allowing and encouraging members of the community to participate in our educational, recreational and cultural program and in opening the Museum to them. In these ways we help to make the immediate area a more congenial and attractive place to work. It also is of benefit to us because it greatly strengthens our case when we go to various segments of the community asking for support.

"Thou shalt not be forgotten of me." May God give us the dedication and the stamina never to forget, recalling also that in his memory God declares, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

*John M. Mulligan*

## Condensed statement of operating income and expenses for the year ended December 31, 1963

Gross Income from departments .....		\$1,187,612
<b>Operating expenses</b>		
Salaries & wages .....	\$1,019,163	
Food & Merchandise .....	299,303	
Employee Benefits .....	98,660	
Supplies .....	75,255	
Electric Current & Fuel Oil .....	65,186	
Repairs, Renewals and Equipment .....	27,614	
Insurance .....	28,429	
Publicity and printed matter, including		
Lookout .....	39,438	
Women's Council, Wool and Gifts .....	21,799	
Investment Counsel, Legal and Accounting		
Fees .....	16,667	
Miscellaneous .....	56,396	
	<u>\$1,747,910</u>	
<b>Religious and Personal Service Department</b>		
Salaries, relief and expenses .....	\$ 315,508	
		<u>\$ 2,063,418</u>
<b>Excess of expenditure over income from operated departments</b> .....		\$( 875,806)
Less dividends, interest, and other income		
from General endowments .....	\$ 359,495	
Credit Bureau (including recoveries) .....	37,459	
Special Service Department .....	6,562	
	<u>\$ 403,516</u>	
<b>Deficit from Institute operations</b> .....		\$( 472,290)
<b>Contributions for general and specific purposes</b>		
Ways and Means Department .....	\$ 114,909	
Pier collection and special items .....	111,674	
Women's Council .....	25,232	
Benefit Performance .....	4,889	
Diocese of New York .....	1,050	
	<u>\$ 257,754</u>	
<b>Deficiency of Income</b> .....		\$( 214,536)

( ) Denotes red figures

The Condensed Statement of Operating Income and Expenses for the year 1963 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 1963

### At 25 SOUTH STREET

1,176	American ships were visited and welcomed.
2,341	Foreign ships were visited and welcomed.
24,190	Seamen of all nations were entertained in the International Seamen's Club.
24	Foreign nations were represented in the International Seamen's Club.
439	Services were held in the Chapel.
75	Missing seamen were located.
278,860	Rooms available for occupancy by merchant seamen for the year.
19,000	Seamen and members of the community took advantage of group adult education projects and programs.
275	Students were enrolled in the Merchant Marine School. 159 students were graduated.
21,500	Visitors passed through the Marine Museum.
59,092	Readers used the Conrad Library.
101,928	Books and magazines were distributed aboard ships (including Port Newark).
34,304	Pieces of luggage handled.
822,323	Restaurant meals served.
27,799	Calls at laundry, barber and tailor shops.
29,091	Banking transactions.
19,536	Personal Service Interviews.
59,172	People attended 172 programs in the auditorium.
9,004	Christmas gift boxes placed aboard ships.
5,211	Seamen found temporary jobs through the Employment Bureau.

### At PORT NEWARK

3,200	Seamen took advantage of official soccer matches and informal games.
324	American ships were visited.
1,710	Foreign ships were visited.
386	American and foreign tanker ships were visited.
16	Religious services were provided on ships for crews.
3,482	Seamen were transported to the International Seamen's Club at the Institute.
15,072	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.

THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL OF THE SCI  
invites you to a  
BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

PROCEEDS  
to go toward equipping  
the chapel of the new  
Port Newark building.

# MY FAIR LADY

starring

MARGOT MOSER

MICHAEL EVANS

Saturday Evening — 6 P.M. — June 6, 1964

PAPER MILL PLAYHOUSE

MILLBURN, NEW JERSEY

For details, write "Benefit," Women's Council,  
Seamen's Church Station, New York, N. Y. 10004



### SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 2

Schuyler. Only after he appeared at his grandfather's house in his cadet's uniform did he learn that Grandpa had been a seaman for 35 years!

After graduation from the academy he shipped out immediately, even before receiving his commission from the Coast Guard, on the American Export Lines' *Excalibur*, then went into the Navy as an officer in the Communications Department aboard the U.S.S. *Boxer*. The Navy liked Bob Mistron, and offered him post-graduate schooling in naval engineering, but Bob decided to hold to his original "master plan" which reserved two years for the merchant marine.

This circumspect seaman's current hopes include a faculty position at the N.Y. Maritime College. He has applied for an assistant instructorship there enabling him to do graduate work in nuclear engineering. If he can't get the job as a civilian, he'll see if the Navy can offer a similar one.

Bob Mistron looks to a world bright and full of promise.

### WELCOME TO THE FAIR

Continued from page 3

The following trips are scheduled from various points in the area to the World's Fair Marina from which point a special bus will take passengers to the fair:

Company	Number of Trips Daily	Roundtrip Rates
Circle Line (W. 40th St.)	(2) Tues. thru Sun. 5/16-9/13	\$2.75
Amer. Hydrofoil Lines, Inc. (Wall St., 25th St. & E. River, Hunts Pt. Ave., Bronx)	(1 every 5 min), Fairwater Excursions (Edgewater, N.J.) Starting 4/22 (Hunts Pt.)	\$6.00 \$4.00
North American Hydrofoil (Wall St.)	(1) starting 4/22; (22) as of June 22	\$7.50
Ferryboat Orange (Battery)	(1) Starting 4/22 (2); (3-4) on week-ends starting mid-May	\$3.50 \$3.00
Wills Boat Line (Steamer Potomac from Hoboken & Battery)	(2) starting date uncertain	\$3.00
Goodtime I (Battery)	(5 or 6) starting mid-June	\$1.25 (more)
Classon Point-Flushing Ferry Service	4/22, flexible demand schedule	\$2.00

## SOUTH STREET

*by Burke Boyce*

Come and see warehouses,  
Come and see docks,  
Come and see drays  
In superior flocks.  
Come and see Alleys,  
Slips, and old Lanes —  
Or East River lighters  
With angular cranes.  
The small end of Broad Street  
The broad end of Wall,  
The market at Fulton  
Where fishing-boats call.  
Front views of merchantmen,  
Rear views of banks —  
Strange views of skyscrapers  
Lined in new ranks.  
Sea-going 'shoremen,  
Landlubber sharks —  
Ships in captivity,  
Taxis on larks.  
Come and investigate,  
Snoop up and down;  
Come and see South Street  
The edge of Down-Town!

## THE SEA

*by Barry Cornwall*

The sea, the seal the open sea —  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds,  
          it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.  
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea;  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter — what matter?  
I shall ride and sleep.



## LAST DAY AT SEA

*by Norman M. Davis*

Curls of blue tipped with white —  
          bright sprays are breaking  
Where the bow foams and drives,  
          too quick for slowing.  
Sparks of day mixed with night —  
          these we are waking,  
Ship and sea touching fast,  
          steam-boilers blowing.  
Dawn is quick over blue, bright  
          lines of seeing  
Edge the dark line of sea,  
          past where we're flying.  
Shades of day change their hue,  
          now night is fleeing,  
Giving this world to day;  
          now night is dying.  
Day is quick, evening soon brings its surrender:  
Night begins her approach, slow, gently falling.  
Vestiges of the day grow dusky-tender.  
Far away, I see land — haze-wrapped and calling.

**Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.**

**25 South Street**

**New York, N. Y. 10004**

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