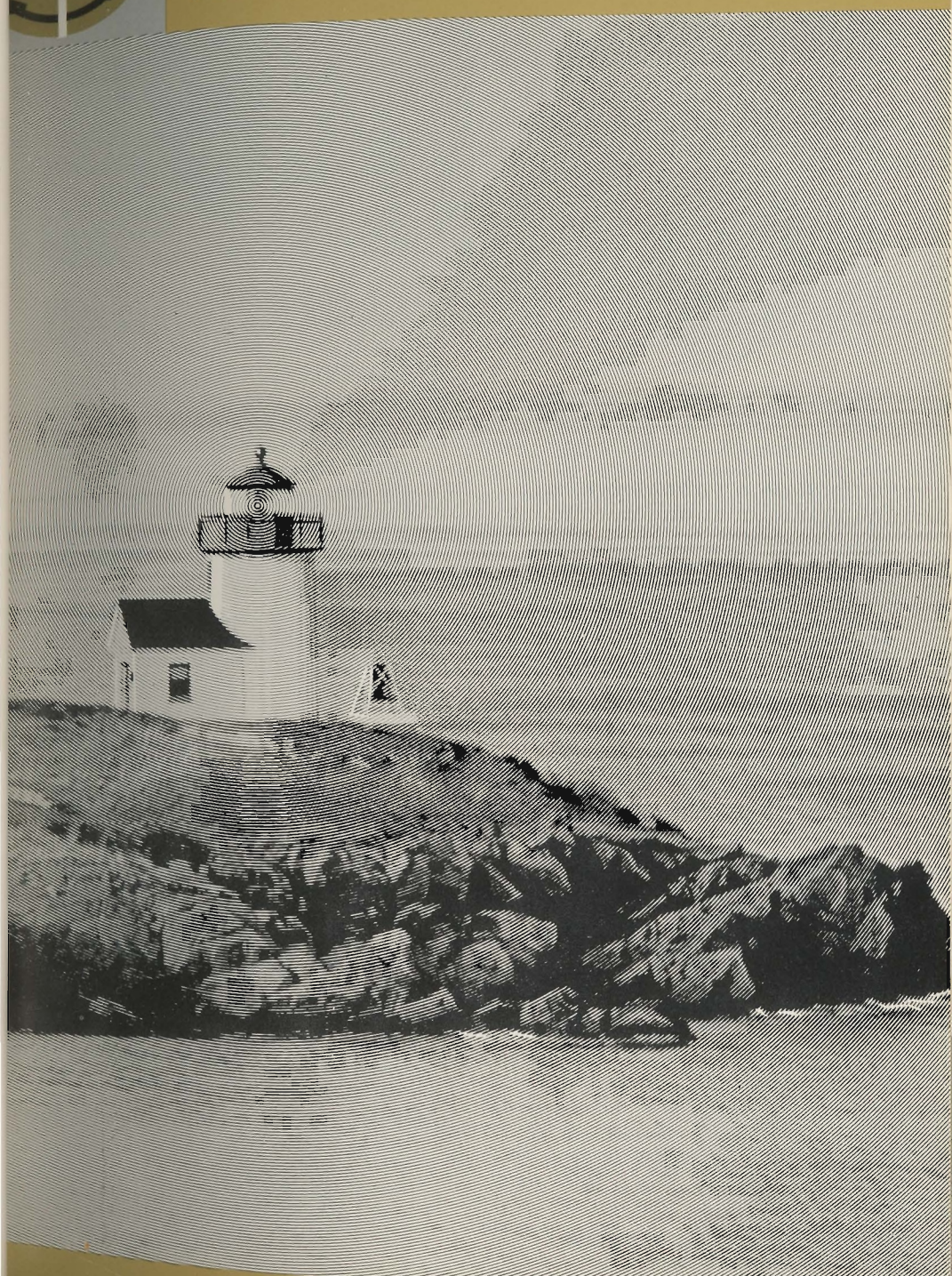


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JUNE 1962



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 Seamen'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

VOL. 53, No. 2

JUNE, 1962,

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

The Right Reverend
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.
Honorary President

Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

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COVER: Camden lighthouse on the small island at the entrance to Camden Harbor, Maine.



seaman of the month

► Dieter Erdmann

Like his father, and his father's father, 21-year-old German seaman Dieter Erdmann answered the call of the sea. Amiable and unusually mature, Dieter remembers being "in the way" when the fishing boats at the Baltic coastal village of Heringsdorf prepared for the two-and-three-month trips to the fishing banks at Greenland or Newfoundland. Dieter knew that he would not see his father for a long period, and vowed "someday, I'll go too."

World War II interrupted an idyllic childhood with a series of near-traumatic events for one so young, including the deaths of his father and brother in battle. While post-war Germany was nursing her wounds, Dieter abandoned school at 14, begged for jobs on fishing boats. With hard-knock experience and training, he now qualifies as AB deck hand, and has visited nearly all world ports.

With understandable *weltansicht*, Dieter related the events that have separated him from his mother, sisters and brothers now living in East Germany, whom he has not seen in six years. "My mother saw two of her homes bombed, my father shot to pieces, my brother killed. Now she just tries to keep together what she has."

Continued on page 15

From the log of

a New Zealand chaplain...

What are the duties of a port chaplain? Here, unedited, are humorous, informal comments taken from the Newsletter of "Flying Angel" Missions To Seamen, Auckland, New Zealand, Chaplain J. Lawley Brown.

This month has certainly been a busy one in our port for the big ships. We have been paid visits by the CARONIA, CANBERRA and the ORIANA. It is some years since we received a visit from the CARONIA. She was carrying about 600 passengers on her round-the-world cruise. The Staff Commander told me there was *one* solitary child on board. I had a short chat with the Captain whom I had not met before. He told me that he is a great friend of the Rev. Keith Collins, who was our General Superintendent in London for many years.

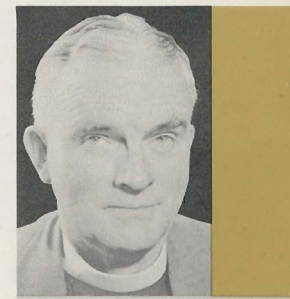
Forty crew members on the RANGITATA had a most enjoyable day at Rotorua on Sunday March 11th. They had perfect weather. This was very fortunate as very few took raincoats. I knew one seaman some years ago who left England without a macintosh. He said he was in a hurry and did not have time to collect it off the hall stand as he left home!!!

Our old friend, George Mann, the ship's printer, and I joined forces in the arrangements for the RANGITATA'S Rotorua excursion. They left the Captain Cook wharf at 7:30 a.m. and spent seven hours in Rotorua. I am told that they saw just about all there was to see and the driver played the role of guide and was absolutely marvelous in his efforts to show the men all he could in the time available. Incidentally two or three of the stewardesses went along with the party. We do our best to make them feel that they are not being left out in any program that we originate from the Mission.

When the RANGITATA left port never to return to Auckland many of us had sad feelings. As I came down

the gangway for the last time I wondered how many times I had been up and down that gangway during her many visits to this port. To add to the feelings of sadness, George Mann, who has been the ship's printer for 27 years told me that he will not be returning to Auckland as he plans to give up the sea. As he will soon be 70 one feels it is about time he contemplated "Swallowing the Anchor."

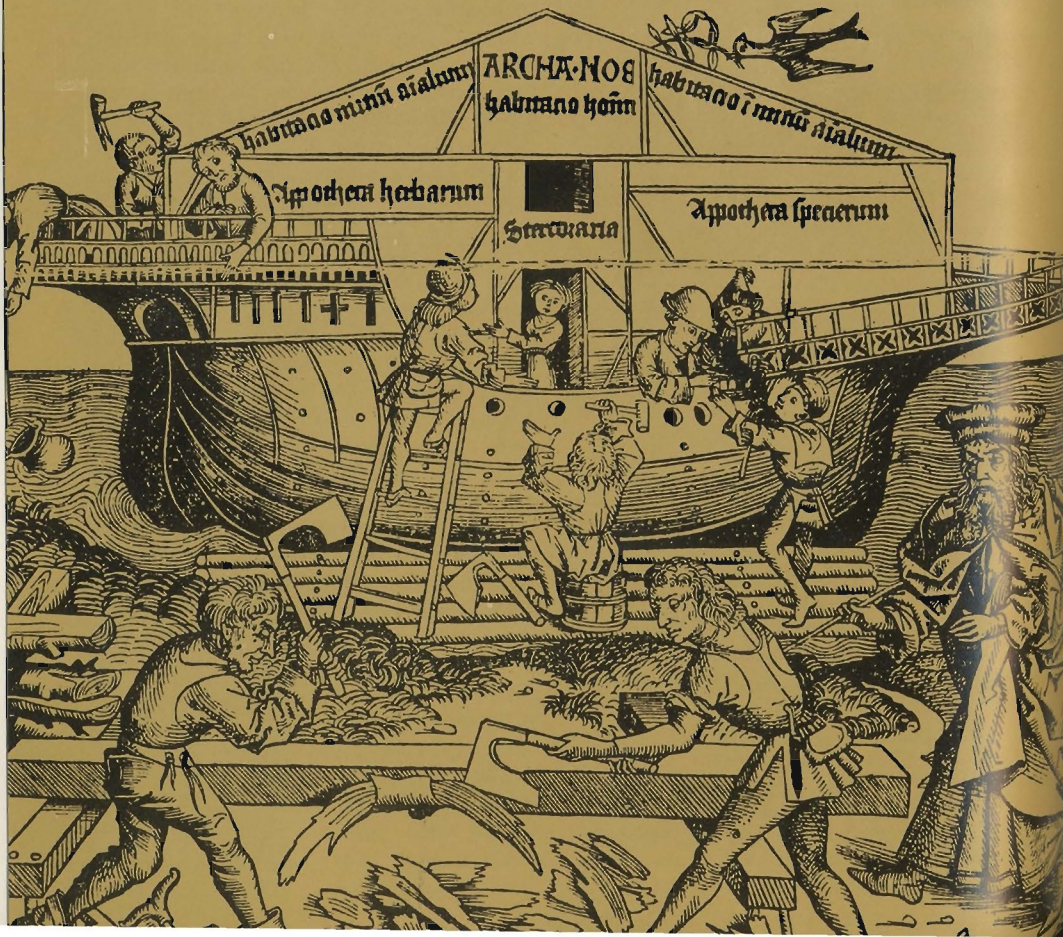
The day the ship left for Wellington an A.B. came across the wharf to shake hands with me. He too, told me that he thinks he will be leaving the sea. I wonder? So many men have decided to go ashore and the salt in their blood has sent them back to sea again and again. On sailing day I had a last long yarn with George Mann sitting in the corner of his printing shop, which has been his home most of the year for 27 years. He plans to settle in England after he has had six months holiday with his sister in South Africa. There is a lot I could write about George. He is a unique personality and a friend of Captains down to "spud peelers." For years he has been a sort of self appointed crews' welfare officer and has been father, god-father and counselor to many thousands of seafarers to whom he has been affectionately known as "Old George." He has always been at hand to listen to and settle the squabbles that must arise from time to time when men are sailing together for such long periods. Whenever he has arrived in port in Auckland there has always been a race as to who would contact each other





Hunting Noah's Ark

by Raymond Schuessler



Few ships excite the imagination or invite more conjecture than the ark of Noah. Here is a fascinating survey of current investigations and expeditions to photograph and recover the hulk that housed the first floating zoological collection.

Noah's ark is the most famous of the world's ships. Explorers have told stories of seeing her remains so often that at times there was little doubt even as to its location. Right now interest is so intense that explorers have organized four expeditions to search for the vessel.

Interestingly enough, the first, headed by Dr. Smith of North Carolina, failed recently to find any ship on snowcapped Mt. Ararat in Armenia. He and his small party of five Americans ran into severe weather around the 16,945-foot peak. The Ark, in that kind of weather, could easily have been covered by snow in some deep crevice. If the Ark is ever found it will be at a time when much of the snow is melted.

During the 1st World War, as historical background, a Russian airman, Vladirmir Roskovitsky, stationed 25 miles northwest of Mt. Ararat, amazed the world with his eyewitness account of the Ark. One unusually hot summer day, he said, he and a companion were ordered to test a repaired fighter plane. After a short warm-up they climbed to 14,000 feet and headed for Mt. Ararat. They circled it several times. As they prepared to return, Roskovitsky took the plane into a long glide down the south side of the mountain. Suddenly they saw the hulk of a huge vessel resting among the crags.

Flying closer they saw an ancient ship about 400 feet long (a Bible footnote says the Ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 45 feet high). It had stubby masts, and the top was rounded, as though the builder had expected waves to wash over it. Down its length was a catwalk. They reported that it was grounded on the shores of a small lake, about three parts submerged.

Of course, when Roskovitsky told his story, he was ridiculed. However, his commanding officer ordered Roskovitsky to fly him over the spot. According to the story, this was done, and the officer saw the hulk and gave the same account.

A report was made and sent to the czar. He immediately ordered explorers out to examine the startling discovery. Soldiers climbed the mountain, found the Ark, and photographed it.

But then the Russian Revolution broke out. The report and the photographs were lost or destroyed. Some say that they were destroyed by Bolsheviks trying to discredit belief in the Bible. Only last year, the Russians tried to get the Turks to forbid any foreigners to search the mountains.

During World War II there was another scrap of evidence from Russia. Major Jasper Maskelyn, the wartime chief of Russian camouflage, reported, "One of my men flew over Mt. Ararat in a reconnaissance aircraft in an attempt to check a story that the Ark had been sighted there by a Russian airman in the 1st World War. He reported that he saw a partly submerged vessel in an ice lake. Arctic climbers investigated the lake, which was partly thawed (again the weather element was favorable) and found the remains of an Ark, very rotted, over 400 feet long, composed of a fossilized wood looking almost like coal."

"Looking almost like coal" checks with another story dated some 2000 years ago. Berossus of Babylon wrote that his people climbed Mt. Ararat to obtain bituminous-coated timber from an Ark.

Another writer of that period, Josephus, the Jewish historian, wrote about 100 A.D. that the Ark was then known to be still more or less intact on Ararat.

Through the years the tale was forgotten except by the Armenian villagers on the plateau near the mountain. They always believed and believe to this day that the Ark lies submerged, sometimes only half submerged, mocking but real, in an icy ravine.

The most sensational clue was unearthed in 1883. An earthquake dislodged huge chunks of ice from the summit of Mt. Ararat. Great havoc resulted. Turkish authorities sent expeditions to the mountains to check on possible avalanches. The party came back breathless: They had found the wooden prow of an ancient ship protruding from a glacier!

When the villagers heard the news they merely shrugged their shoulders. They had known about the ship for generations, but no one went near it for fear of evil spirits.

Explorers sent to the spot found the vessel in a fair state of preservation though partly broken. They entered three rooms. The rest of the ship was imbedded in ice and inaccessible to the party of searchers.

Early Biblical woodcut and etching courtesy New York Public Library collection; aerial photograph of Mt. Ararat loaned from personal collection of Mr. Akil Serdaroglu, Assistant Director, Turkish Information Office, New York.

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The stories continued. In 1893, Dr. Nouri, then Archdeacon of Jerusalem and Babylon, exploring along the source of the Euphrates, reached Mt. Ararat. He claimed that he and his party saw, touched, and explored the remains of the Ark.

"The bow and stern," he writes, "were clearly visible, while the center was buried in snow. The wood appears to have been very thick, with nails a foot long protruding from the dark-reddish beams."

The archdeacon, a world lecturer able to converse in 12 languages, was a close friend of Theodore Roosevelt—not a person likely to fabricate a story of such world-wide importance.

So credible were the stories at this time that a group of Belgian financiers tried to get an expedition together to find the Ark, cut it up, bring it to America, and reerect it at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. They hoped to encase each piece of timber in plaster of paris, since without some preservative the wood undoubtedly would crumble to powder. The Turkish authorities, however, would not grant

Continued on page 15

Prospectus '62...a new look

Little more than a year ago the Institute submitted to a penetrating appraisal of its service as a Christian mission to the merchant seaman, to determine whether it was enough to minister to a man's spiritual and physical needs with little concern for "whatever else he needs."

"The men we serve have minds, they have interests, they have spirits. We cannot overlook these and say they are no concern of ours," wrote S.C.I. Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan, in his 1961 report to the Board of Managers. Following his decision to eliminate the traditional isolationism of the merchant seaman from the community and community activities, and to introduce him to many new levels of social and cultural experience, an ambitious program of experimental activities was instituted here. After several months of consultation with Dr. Roscoe Foust, Director of Social Services, Director Mulligan set up a new Department of Education and in July 1961 The Rev. Joseph D. Huntley was invited to direct the expansion.

While an excellent marine navigation and engineering school had been functioning at SCI for many years, a library of over 7,000 books and magazines was used by thousands of seamen each year, and endless boxes of books and magazines were given to visiting ships . . . a new series of cultural and social activities, organized under the inclusive, if vague, title of "educational activities" was launched.

The response of the merchant seamen to the first year of programs in adult education has been extremely gratifying, and for the first four months of 1962, 1530 active seamen joined 150 members of the local community in pursuing a course of personal improvement.

Reaching the many seamen who live here or visit here, as well as the many hundreds of business people in the area who frequent our restaurant and cafeteria, activities have ranged from operatic productions to a course in investing, which has become popular with seamen. Books on this subject are constantly being replaced in the library—not stolen, just worn out.

The first night for opera had the director of the opera as well as the director of the department rather apprehensive. How seamen would react to this "highbrow" medium was an unknown quantity. They responded with enthusiasm, bravos and prolonged applause. As a result, five more productions were scheduled.

Lectures on subjects of current importance, religious discussions, travelogues, book reviews, language instruction, recorded classical music and drawing and painting are among the other activities presented nightly.

Instructors, entertainers or lecturers never "talked down" but always assumed that they were talking to a cross section of today's citizenry—which is exactly what today's seamen represent.

These men are interested in their chosen field—the sea, and all that it implies—but they are also interested in the world around them. The give and take with the community has been especially valuable.

Future plans include a revitalized theatre program with several major dramatic productions each year, a small but well-equipped gymnasium with supervised physical education, an expanded offering of classes and more opera and symphony.

Before 1963 the department hopes to inaugurate a correspondence program of study for men who are at sea.

THAT EVENTFUL YEAR...1930

the first in a historical series

FDR had been elected governor of New York for the second time. President Hoover initiated the Naval Conference. A disastrous stock market crash not two months before ended the post-war prosperity with 25 million Americans affected, beginning the Great American Depression.

In 1930 breadlines and soup kitchens were painfully familiar to more than 1,000 unemployed seamen. Travel on passenger liners collapsed and shipping disintegrated. Hundreds of sick and destitute sailors stranded in the Port of New York found haven at the Seamen's Church Institute. Convalescent sailors discharged from U.S. military hospitals, unable to find work because of weakened physical condition, gravitated to 25 South Street. Emergency funds were solicited to provide clothing, food and lodgings for these unfortunates.

It was a critical year for SCI Director Dr. Archibald Mansfield, who was chosen to play the great role in the tragic waterfront drama of 1930. Faced with a staggering \$1 million debt, Dr. Mansfield hoped that he could accomplish liquidation before his 35th

anniversary at the end of the year. An ambitious Annex Building Fund program had to be delayed. Edmund L. Baylies, chairman of the new building committee regretfully wrote: "We are pondering the situation in light of the sudden collapse of security prices, but we go into the new year with confidence, high hope and determination to rid the Institute of this millstone—the Building Fund debt."

Other catastrophic events in U.S. history added to the grim picture. Unemployment increased. At the Institute all emergency measures were put into operation. Already crowded dormitory accommodations were increased to house 1600 homeless men nightly. Regular appeals were made to "properly house and adequately feed a man for 65 cents a day." Some contributions came in, but not nearly enough.

During intermission at a theatre benefit performance, appropriately entitled "The Good Companions," Mr. Charles Haight, SCI board member and chairman of an emergency committee of seamen's welfare agencies, remarked: "Gentlemen, indeed today was a red letter day, for Mr. Roosevelt



CAN I GET A BED HERE?
Rows of unemployed seamen waited for free rooms and free meals during 1930 when the SCI provided emergency accommodations for 1600 men nightly.

received two \$500 checks and one \$1,000 check and our total receipts and pledges now amount to close to \$10,000." (Contributions totaled \$25,000 by the end of November.)

The beloved Florence Nightingale of SCI, "house mother" Mrs. Janet Roper, was "side by side with her boys" locating the missing, counselling the distressed, writing for the illiterate, in her personal program to rehabilitate the whole man.

Late in the year in a radio appeal on Thanksgiving Day, President Hoover appealed to the American people to demonstrate their ideals, to remove the fear of the forthcoming Winter from the hearts of the suffering and distressed, with a reminder: "We are our brother's keeper." Responding again, the Institute provided full-course Thanksgiving dinners for 1,614 men, at 10 cents a man, followed by an evening of "talkies" in the new auditorium, and a good night's sleep with full stomachs.

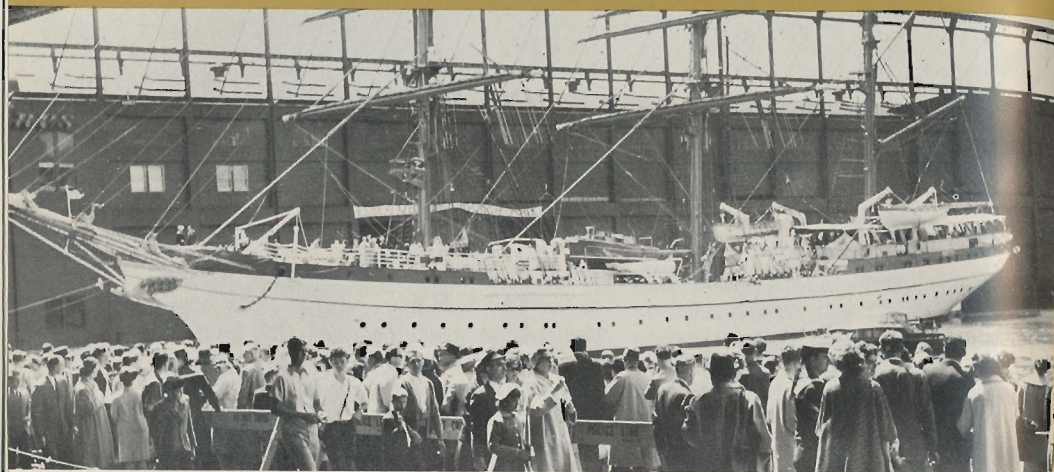
All was not discouraging in 1930. The newly-completed auditorium was in use nightly entertaining thousands

of men at smokers and forum discussions. A half-hour local New York radio broadcast featured the friendly conversations of Janet Roper, or sea chanties sung by a choir of Institute residents. We noted with pride the work of 96-year-old Maria Schoonover Mulford of Pleasantville, New York, who began sending her hand-knitted scarfs "for the boys," when failing eyesight forced her to take up knitting in 1905. The Chapel of Our Savior was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York, and lest we neglect to mention it, the girl at the soda fountain fell in love with a Dutch seaman—she sailed for Holland to become his bride.

Events in 1930 forced the real guts of a man . . . there was no time for handshaking or promise. Many great profiles were silhouetted against the times, among the most distinguished, that of Dr. Mansfield. In an editorial commemorating his 35th year of improving the harbor neighborhood, and pretty well setting the scene at the end of 1930, the New York Times said: "South Street at night is now as quiet as the financial district."

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

*A look-in on the world's largest
shore home for merchant seamen...
our visitors, our projects,
our plans, our hopes.*



The West German Naval training bark, **Gorch Fock**, was tied up for a week while on a goodwill mission to New York. She was the first German naval ship to come to New York since 1936. The Gorch Fock with 45 midshipmen and 135 student petty officers, most of whom were SCI visitors, left Kiel, Germany, on March 20 for her official visit.

Dedicated groups of Women's Council volunteers begin their annual work this month hand-addressing 11,000 Christmas Box fund appeal letters. Enthusiasm is high in anticipation of special recognition which will be lavished by the Council on the seaman who unwraps its 150,000th package this Christmas. The honored seaman will be congratulated by his captain as he opens the package, greeted on board ship by SCI and city dignitaries as he docks in New York harbor, and, hopefully amid television and newspaper cameras, will be invited to the Institute as a very special guest for further ceremonies and a *grand tour* of the city.

The 150,000th package will be concealed among the 8500 boxes distributed this year, the largest number in the history of the 39-year-old volunteer organization, and 500 more than were put aboard ships to be on the high seas at Christmas time last year.

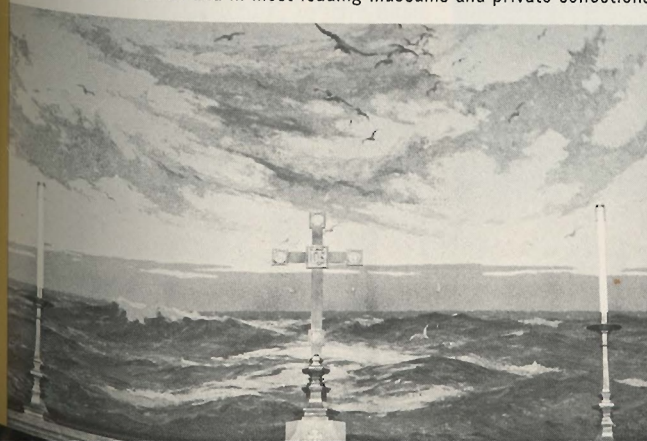


Mrs. Ed Sullivan, wife of TV personality (3rd from right) pauses with SCI Director John M. Mulligan, and Women's Council Secretary, Mrs. Grace Chapman (extreme right) during 37th annual meeting of the Service League volunteers for public health hospitals in the New York port area. With her are officers: (l. to r.) Mrs. William H. Schubart, Miss Gretchen Green, and Mrs. Mortimer Bleiman. Luncheon was served at the Institute for 40 women, who toured the building.

This replica of famous 1787 sail ship **Bounty**, was crafted in Nova Scotia in 1960 for Metro Goldwyn Mayer's filming at Tahiti of a new version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Launched August 27, 1960 with crew of 26, ship reached Tahiti from Panama Canal in 20 days (with auxiliary diesel engines) as compared to 11 months for Captain William Bligh's original ship.



DEATH OF A TITAN—Institute friend, painter of seas and harbors, old sailing ships and men who sailed them, Gordon Hope Grant, 86, died this month at his home in Manhattan. One of his most famous seascapes (above) hangs over the altar in the Chapel of Our Savior at SCI, and his comment on completion was: "There are no ships on the horizon because I want no seamen arguing about position or size of riggings." He was an authority on authenticity. His paintings hang in the White House and in most leading museums and private collections.



SCI marine museum was a special attraction during the recent visit of 14 crippled children from New York's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. After a tour and color-sound movie, the group were served refreshments in the International Club. A visiting seaman, visibly moved by watching the children, reimbursed the Institute for refreshment costs.



A MIGHTY INSTRUMENT LIVES AGAIN



The sorority of grand old theatre organs with booming voices and almost Mandrake sound effects, is a very exclusive group, for down through the years mortality has been high. Intermission time in the great motion picture houses has been replaced by the popcorn and refreshment commercial, where at a time not too long ago, intermission was heralded by the blasts of the mighty trumpets as grandmother and grandfather settled back to swoon.

But of the remaining members, one of the most eccentric and colorful matriarchs resides at the Seamen's Institute. Her golden voice has probably communicated with more foreign seamen than any hostess, for she speaks the international tongue of music. Who has counted all the trembling Irish seamen-tenors who have performed before her windy chambers?

Her throat went dry a few years back, and she resigned herself to gathering dust, but she remembers belting out "Lili Marlene," "the Lorelei," and "God Save the Queen" on more occasions than one.

Through recent interest and encouragement from the Department of Special Services, the fine, versatile instrument, installed 33 years ago for the dedication of the auditorium as a gift of Mr. Charles F. Pope, has received her due tonsillectomy and her salvaged fog horns, bird whistles, claxons and other novelty devices will thrill visitors to pre-movie concerts, as they once did.

A rather florid description of the instrument, written at dedication time, 1929, said: "It is fitted with all the newest attachments to help add the illusion of reality to moving pictures. It can give a most convincing imitation of rolling thunder, or pattering rain, and of birds singing in all the joyousness of spring. But if something more austere is desired you can have the sound of sleigh bells, the honk of the automobile horn or the hoarse steamboat whistle. And again there is the roll of the kettle drum, or the bass drum or cymbals and the harp."

A remarkably efficient instrument, the theatre organ with 7 ranks of families of pipes, can create the volume of a much larger instrument. With all "stops pulled" she creates the illusion

of a 25-piece Alexander's Ragtime Band. And to be certain, in response to signals from her two keyboards, the following instruments are activated electronically: bass drum, cymbal, crash cymbal, snare drum roll and a red-nosed tuba player. For a foreign theme, she offers cow bells (Switzerland), Kunura (ancient Chinese instrument), an Irish harp, and a Congo xylophone. But waterfront sounds are her specialty, including a throaty baritone foghorn, steam boat, approaching thunder, chirping birds, and when the occasion arises, she conjures up castanets, tambourine, triangle and claxon horn.

Designed by the Hall Organ Company, now merged with The Wurlitzer Co., the installation includes a family of pipes called "vox humana" for they mimic the human voice. This group of pipes is now too costly for installation on most new organs.

Plans are being completed for the rightful re-dedication which is certainly her due reward. Once again she will sing out with irreproachable authority.



THE END OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY. By Masanori Ito with Roger Pineau. Illustrated. Index. 240 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company Inc. \$4.50

In the book, a first-class Japanese military commentator has told the full story of World War II in the Pacific from the enemy point of view. He covers the early history of the Japanese Navy, discusses its development between the two world wars, and explains the interservice strife between Army and Navy leaders in Japan, a factor of great importance in understanding the course of World War II. All of the important naval actions of the Pacific War are appraised.

SUNKEN TREASURE. By Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivoire. Illustrated. Index. 276 pp. New York: Hill and Wang. \$5.95

Few objects have inspired more romantic inventions than treasure in sunken ships, and few subjects have needed it so little. In this admirably detailed and well-documented book, de Latil and Rivoire have told an enthralling and complex piece of history extremely well, with the exciting accounts of three centuries of shipwreck and treasure hunting. This book will fascinate anyone who has ever dreamed of "going down to the sea in ships."

THE FLOATING REVOLUTION. By Warren Rogers, Jr. Illustrated. Index. 213 pp. New York, Toronto, London: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. \$4.95

At half past one, on the morning of Sunday, January 22, 1961, the Por-

tuguese luxury liner "Santa Maria" throbbed through the calm waters of the Caribbean. Among the 612 passengers aboard was a small group of secretly armed Portuguese rebels, poised ready to launch one of the most fantastic and extravagant hijacking operations in the annals of the high seas. From his vantage point as a leading "New York Herald Tribune" reporter, author Warren Rogers, Jr., tells the whole story of the political realities and ideals that led to the "Santa Maria's" seizure, and the following twelve days of drama and pathos that were to electrify the entire world.

ATLANTIC HIGHWAY. By Warren Armstrong. Illustrated. Index. 258 pp. New York: John Day Company. \$4.75.

Until 1840, the Atlantic was ruled by sail, and almost no one believed that steamships could make the long ocean passage. But a Nova Scotian named Samuel Cunard believed it. Aided by a mail subsidy from the British government, he sent his "S.S. Britannia" across the ocean in 1840 on a triumphant trip that sounded doom to sailing vessels. And he brings the story up to the present, when changes in transatlantic transportation as great as any of those of the past are in the wind: 90,000-ton "Floating hotels," 120,000-ton vessels to carry 8,000 passengers, nuclear underwater liners, hydrofoils to make the Bermuda run in one and a quarter hours, and 2,000-mile-per-hour jet planes.

An Index of Ships giving basic information about every vessel from 1838 to the present is a valuable feature of this book, available in no other publication.

Continued from page 3
FROM THE LOG OF
A NEW ZEALAND CHAPLAIN

first, he or I, to arrange soccer, cricket or excursions for the ship.

I can well imagine many crew members patting him on the back and saying with affection and gratitude, "Good old George" as he leaves the ship in London for the last time. I wonder what his thoughts will be as he stands on the wharf and takes a last look at the good old ship. I suspect there will be a tear in George's eye, and if ships could weep I feel there would be a tear in the ship's eye too. Before I conclude my evaluation of George's good qualities I should add that if there was any task, large or small, that could be done for the Mission, George was at the head of the line to offer his services.

Continued from page 5

HUNTING NOAH'S ARK

permission to take the Ark, if found, out of the country, and the scheme was abandoned.

Then came the recent rumors. During the 2nd World War two Australian airmen showed in the bar of an English inn aerial photographs they said they had taken of Noah's Ark in a cleft of Mount Ararat. If the story is true, it certainly is odd that no more interest was aroused at the time. The Australian airmen vanished, taking their pictures with them.

The first expedition by Dr. Smith has failed. But others are now being planned. Egerton Sykes will lead a British expedition; another may soon set off from Holland; yet another from the U.S.

If their search is intent enough, and planned for a time when the sun is hottest upon the snows of Ararat, they may conceivably come back with the greatest archeological discovery of our age.

Continued from page 2
SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

A frequent SCI visitor, Dieter arrived on charter ship ARTLENBURG carrying bananas from Central America to New York. He departs aboard the German freighter HASSELBURG, destination Hamburg, where he calls "home" the Evangelical Seemannsheim.

Conversational profile of our Seaman of the Month: Favorite hobby: fishing "for what we call 'hecht' fish"; Favorite country: Japan—"It is so clean, and the people are friendly"; Favorite American port: New Orleans—"It's much like Europe and very warm;" About New York: "New York is fine, but people are always in a hurry and don't want to make friends. They're not that way at the Institute. Sometimes when I come to New York, I never leave the building. I met a hostess at the dance last night (with a smile and pause) but she already had a boy friend."

Dieter Erdmann is a credit to his vocation, and we salute him as Seaman of the Month.

SONGS OF THE SEA—The United States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L.I., N.Y., has recorded a new album of "Songs of the Sea," just released by the Riverside LP High Fidelity recording company. The record features 15 authentic old sea ballads, and may be had at \$3.98 mono and \$4.98 stereo by writing to the Kings Point academy. It is well worth having in any record collection.

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Rt. Rev. Jonathan G. Sherman, S.T.D., 1948

Rt. Rev. Charles F. Boynton, S.T.D., 1950

Rt. Rev. Leland F. Stark, D.D., 1954

RT. REV. DONALD MACADIE, D.D., 1958

Rt. Rev. J. Stuart Wetmore, D.D., 1960

DIRECTOR

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, 1960

Charles E. Dunlap, 1915

John Jay Schieffelin, 1923

George Gray Zabriskie, 1925

De Coursey Fales, 1932

John S. Rogers, 1932

Hugh E. Paine, Jr., 1933

Charles E. Saltzman, 1933

Richard H. Mansfield, 1934

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Charles Merz, 1943

Edward K. Warren, 1947

Herbert L. Seward, 1947

Benjamin Strong, Jr., 1948

Lloyd H. Dalzell, 1950

Arthur Zabriskie Gray, 1950

F. Richards Ford, 1951

Thomas L. Higginson, 1951

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William D. Ryan, 1952

Leonard D. Henry, 1954

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Benjamin H. Trask, 1957

Clifford M. Carver, 1957

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H. Thomas Cavanaugh, 1959

William M. Rees, 1959

John G. Winslow, 1959

Richard H. Dana, 1959

Charles B. Delafield, 1959

David R. Grace, 1959

Chandler Hovey, Jr., 1959

John A. Morris, 1959

Edmund F. Wagner, 1960

James Randall Creel, 1960

Charles G. Thompson, 1961

John P. Humes, 1961

Franklin Cole, 1962

Clifford Wise, 1962