



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



FEBRUARY-MARCH 1971

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.

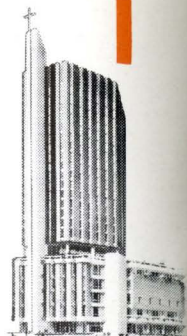
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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.

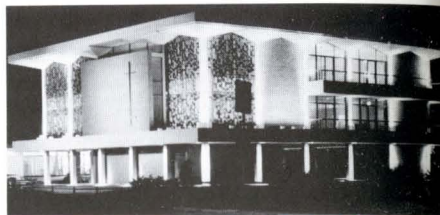
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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 55% 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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COVER: The building of a ship

Cemeteries of the Sea Queens

by Paul Brock

Old ships, like old soldiers, never die. As fast as men with oxy-acetylene burners set to work dismantling their mighty bodies the steel is put to new uses. Ships, indeed, are the "immortals of civilization," even though they are no match for the incredibly sharp

"carving knives" used to break them up.

Until you see it being done, it seems impossible that one man and a puny-looking oxy-acetylene burner can slice through objects like a 20-inch propeller shaft or a 16-inch gun in a matter of minutes. Or cut up a battleship's steel quarter deck into precisely meas-

ured lengths convenient for melting in the furnace.

But at ship-breaking yards in the U.S. and other maritime countries such feats are regarded as pure routine. The yards are the cemeteries of the sea queens, the very last ports of call where the proudest vessels afloat are taken apart and stripped down to the last nut and bolt.

Dismantling a battleship or aircraft carrier is no problem to our shipbreaking specialists. The ship is secured in one of the many berths, alongside which the cranes, winches and derricks can operate. First the guns are taken off, the metal cut through with burners. Then the fighting top or director tower, followed by the decks.

As each piece of armor or steel plate is cut out the cranes swing it on to the quayside where burners split it into pieces small enough to be put into the "charging box" of a furnace.

After being cut, the "scrap" is loaded into vehicles, weighed, and sent to the steelworks where it is melted in the furnaces and re-rolled. It is put through two or three different processes, depending on the state of the metal—whether it is rusted or painted, for instance. After processing it is used in the manufacture of a thousand articles ranging from heavy engineering equipment to razor blades.

"Why can't they recondition her?" is the question most people ask when they see an apparently ocean-worthy ship with years of service left in her being torn to pieces in the ship-breaker's yard. The sad truth is that it is impossible to "recondition" a ship. In only twenty years a ship's engine designs are out-of-date and running costs for outmoded engines far exceed the new. Decks go rotten, equipment and fittings become obsolete. The ship becomes incapable of competing with her rivals.

Expensive as they are, it is cheaper in the long run to buy a new vessel.

One of the simplest yet most effective devices used in the ship-breaking yards is called "The Tup"—a chrome-steel super-hard block with a hook attached, and weighing three tons. A crane hoists the block to a height of 20 or 30 feet, then drops it on to heavy castings, which have to be broken up.

This takes place inside a "tapping pit", the base of which is formed by three thicknesses of 10-inch armor-plate about six feet square. Such a formidable foundation is necessary to prevent the "tup" and the castings from disappearing in the general direction of Australia. The pit is surrounded by steel sheeting as a protection against flying fragments.

Every ship that is broken up yields several hundred miles of electric cable and wire. This is usually copper cable, sheathed with lead — two metals in great demand. The "Lead Pot" reclaims them.

This pot consists of a fire on an open grating through which molten lead can drop and collect in cauldrons underneath. The wire is thrown on to the fire, the rubber is burnt off and the molten lead collected underneath, leaving the copper wire.

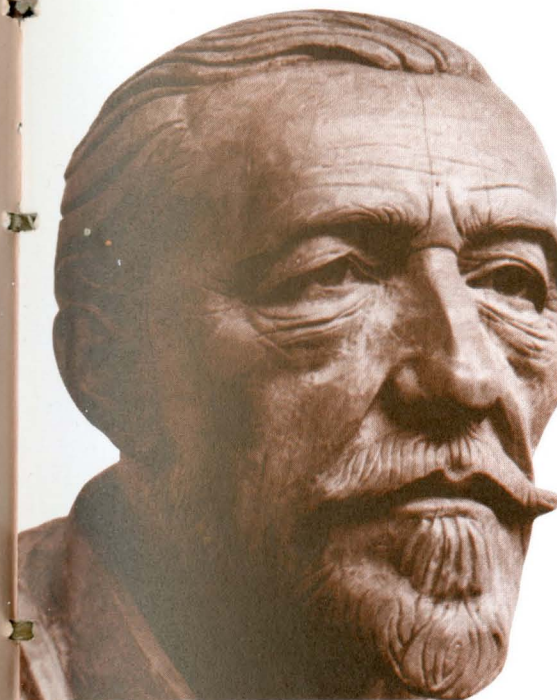
In one ship-breaking yard recently an old blackboard was found by the workers on the mess deck of a famous British Royal Navy cruiser. It bore this message:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
When Lord Nelson commissioned his ships, he said
'Give me men of the Nore to man them.'
He chose rightly. For in this ship men of the Nore have served. Take care how you break her up."

The "Nore" is actually a sandbank in the Thames Estuary and is generally regarded as marking the mouth of this river. Men of the Nore, consequently, refer to sailors from in and around the Estuary, on both the Essex and the Kent coasts.

* * *

CONRAD LIBRARY EXPANDS



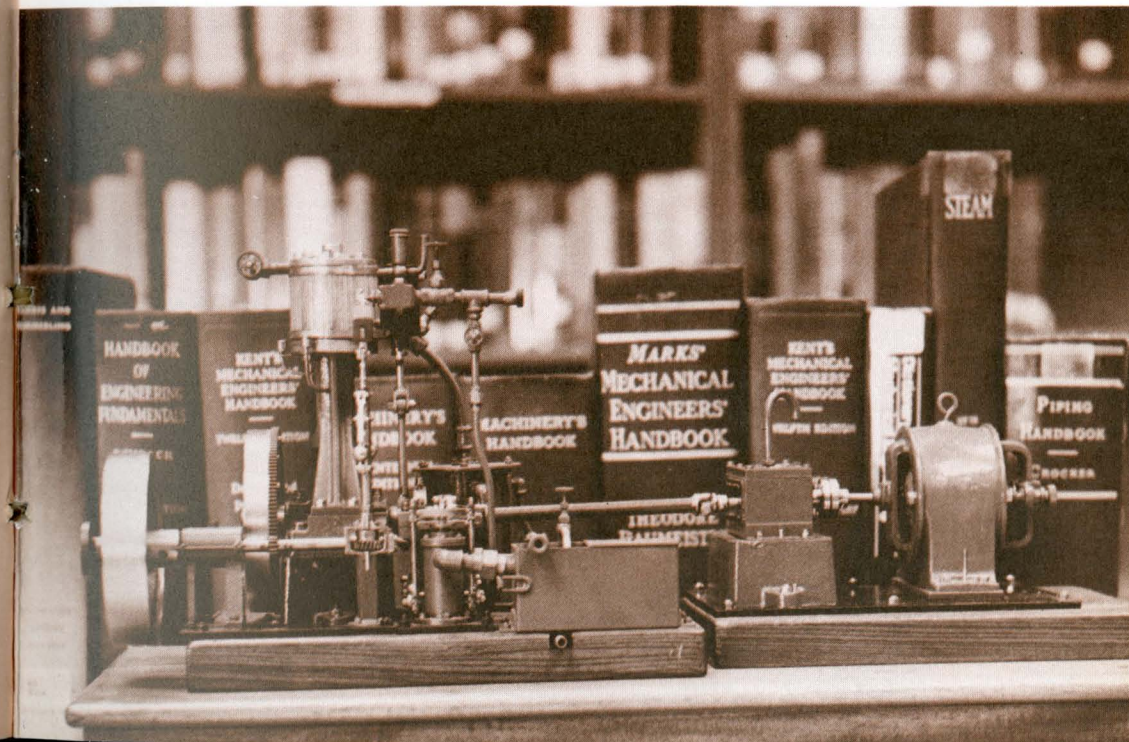
The Joseph Conrad Memorial Library of SCI has recently been enlarged and improved by the installation of additional bookstacks so that it now has a capacity of 15,000 volumes in contrast to its former 8,000-volume capacity.

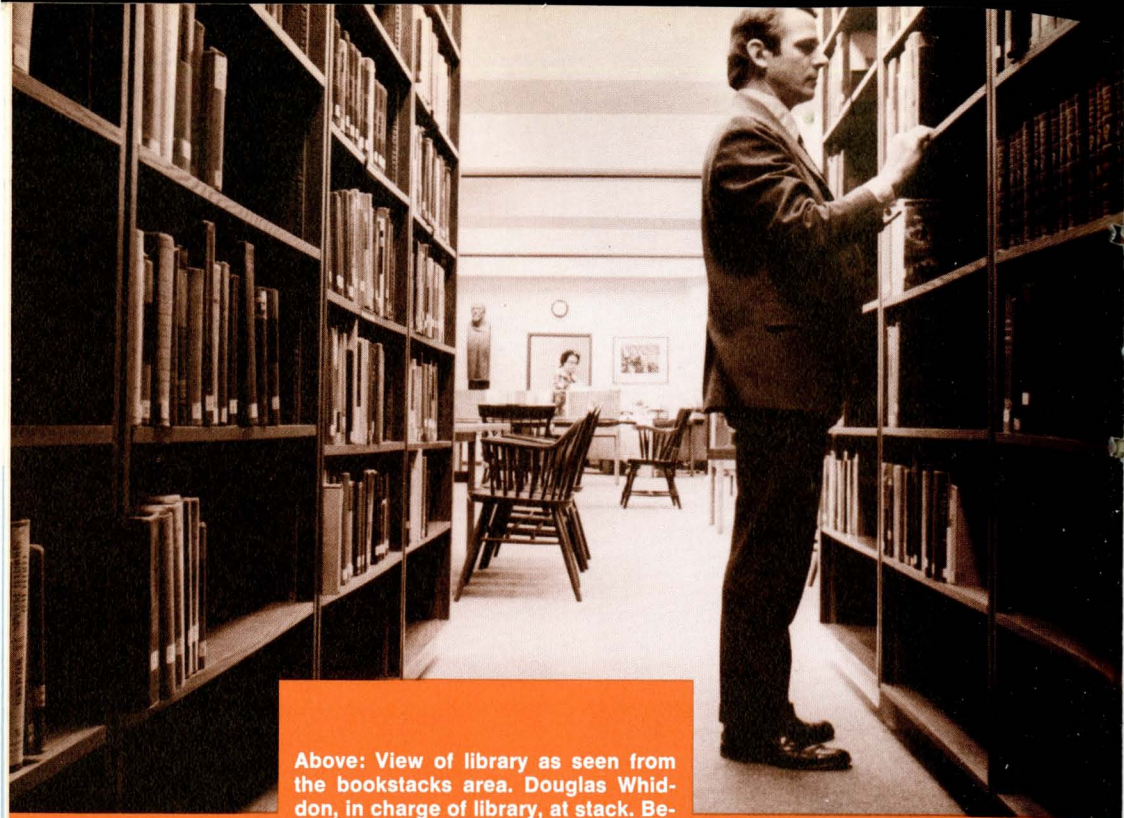
The growing need for more space according to the Rev. Dr. John M. Mulligan, SCI director, and Douglas Whiddon, librarian, has been the result of increased usage of the library by seamen studying for licenses, by maritime college students, and by the lower Manhattan community.

Mr. Whiddon pointed out that although the Conrad Library will never

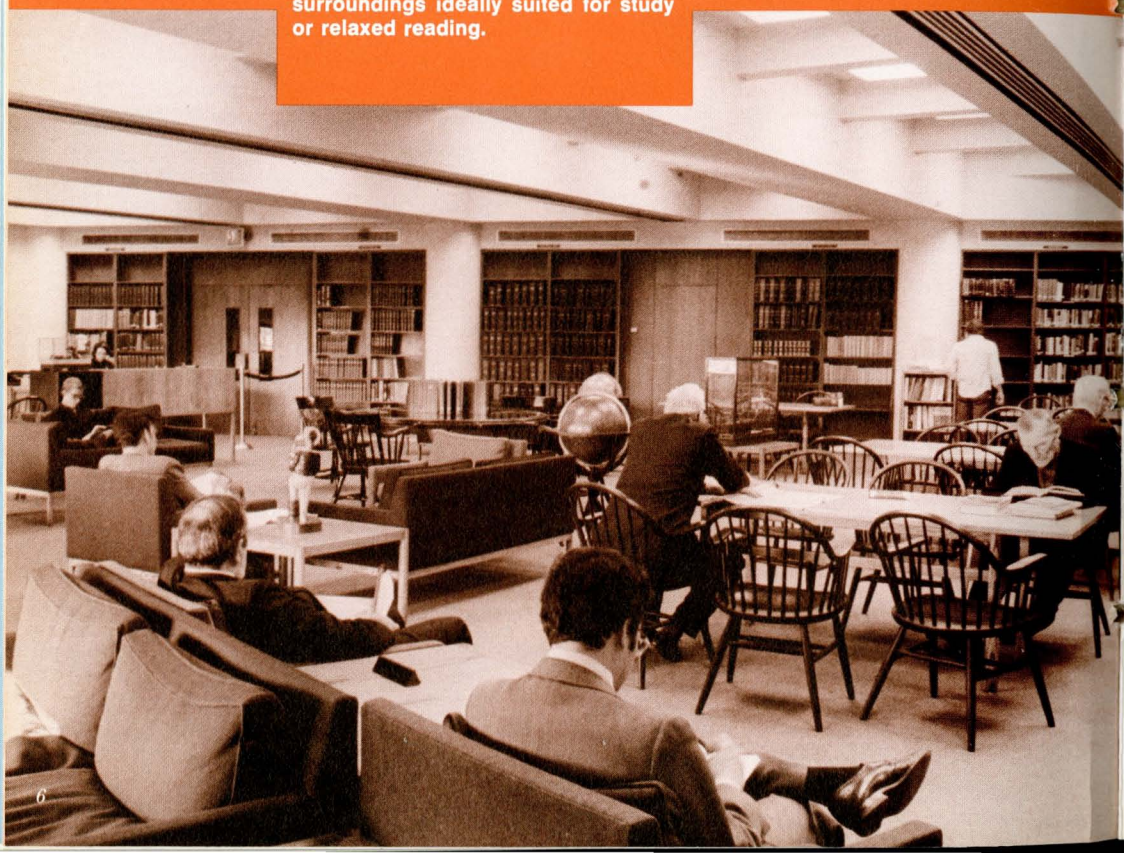
Wood carving of head of Joseph Conrad from bust shaped in the form of a ship's figurehead. Sculpted by an English woman artist, it is mounted on a wall.

Miniature engine in library built by Conrad Milster, former student of the Merchant Marine School, now Chief Engineer of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York.





Above: View of library as seen from the bookstacks area. Douglas Whiddon, in charge of library, at stack. Below: Active and retired seamen find surroundings ideally suited for study or relaxed reading.



become a "university" library, a collection of 15,000 volumes is more appropriate to the educational needs of the seamen in a technological society.

"To be a seaman today requires far more technical knowledge and ability to run the new ships, which increasingly are automated, than was required thirty years ago," he said. "Being a library specialized in maritime subjects, it is our job to provide the texts and periodicals to enable seamen to stay abreast of the latest technology of the shipping industry."

Although the Institute always had "reading rooms" in its various "stations" and lodging houses around Manhattan and Brooklyn — even from its very early organization in the 1800's — it was not until the first part of the 1900's that a bona fide library began to take form.

In 1925 an impressive committee from the SCI Board of Managers and of leading publishers and authors was formed to raise sufficient money to create and endow such a library; the money was raised but the construction was held in abeyance for some years.

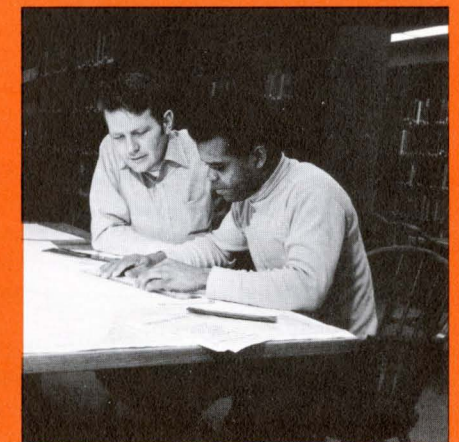
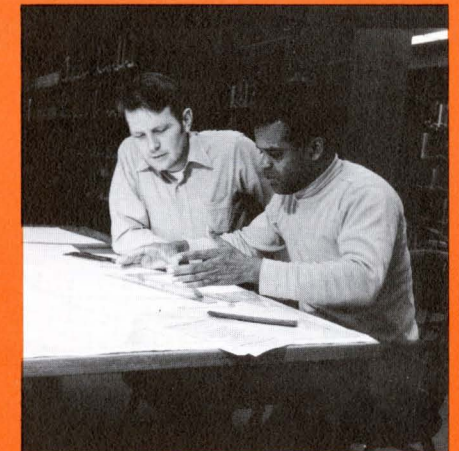
In 1934, the library was formally opened in the South Street building, the chief speaker being Christopher Morley, the author, and the library named in honor of Joseph Conrad.

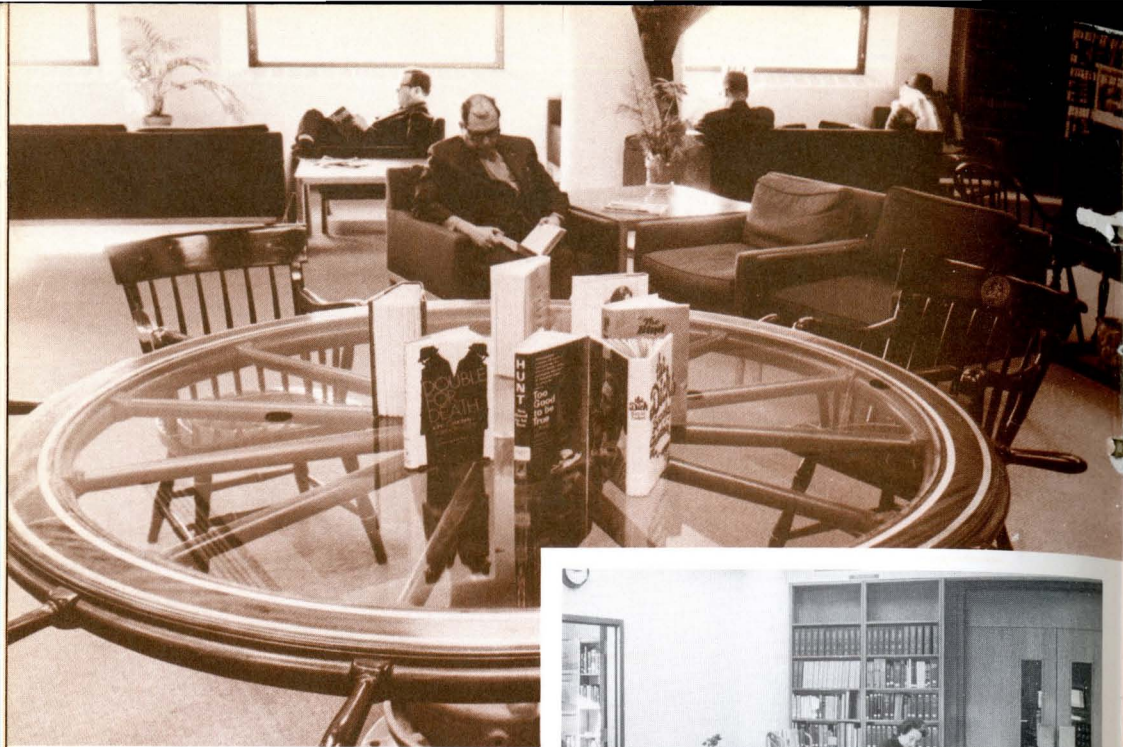
Although the inauguration of this new service at the Institute was hailed by the general public, the library was attacked by radical organizations of the time. The time was in the trough of the Great Depression.

The waterfront Unemployed Council, in its publication, *Dog House News*, described the library as a "... monument to a great enemy of the working class (*Conrad*) and ... like the rest of the Dog House (*the Institute*) ... a part of the mechanism of serfdom for the worker," and urged its readers to "get busy and keep some working class literature in the place to counteract capitalistic hokum."

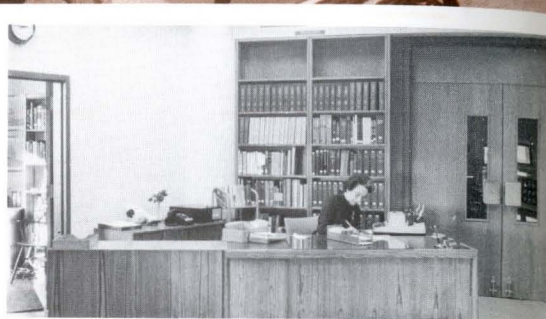
The Conrad Library is a library

Students in the SCI Merchant School utilize the library to study lesson assignments — frequently working out the problems together, as is this pair. (This is an unretouched contact print.)





Unique circular table in center of library is the gift of Mrs. Harold C. Lenfest of Doylestown, Penna., widow of Mr. Lenfest who died in October 1967, and formerly president of United Tanker Corporation, New York. The table is formed from the wheel of a steam and sail vessel named the "America," the wheel covered with a heavy plate glass inset, the wheel itself mounted on a ship's capstan.



plies which are offered other crews called on while on their tours of the ships in the Port of New York. The Visitors also deliver magazines to the ships.

The Institute Mariners Center in Port Newark, furnished with books forwarded from the library, maintains a small collection of books for the seamen's use while visiting the Center and a supply of books for distribution to seamen requesting books prior to shipping out.

Donated books destined for the ships are stamped "This is a Gift of the Conrad Library." Each package is comprised of twelve books, and depending what is on hand, contains recreational, educational and religious works.

The Institute is frequently told that its library is the best of its type for its size. The SCI hopes not only to retain this reputation but to improve and expand its collection to meet the needs of seamen in the shipping industry.

mainly for the use of all active seamen and legitimately retired merchant seamen. It is also open to persons engaged in special research and reference work, and, of course, to all those attending the Merchant Marine School, the Adult Education courses conducted by the Institute, and the State University of New York Maritime College Graduate Program.

Although emphasis is placed on the sea, the library, according to Mr. Whidson, will always contain a certain amount of non-nautical material for the leisure time reading needs of seamen.

The Ship Visitors of SCI deliver the packages of books to the ships' crews which request them and also carry along with them additional book sup-

LETTERS from the SEA

Each year following the distribution of the famous SCI Christmas boxes to seamen, a great number of thank-you notes and letters are received from the men by the Women's Council which conducts this annual project.

On the following page are some of the letters—just as they were received, with no editing. A portion of them are written by foreign mariners who have but a fragmented knowledge of English, obviously.

One First Assistant Engineer, and evidently a whiz with the typewriter, devised an unusual thank-you—as is plain to see—on a typed page reproduced here.

Ed.



UNITED PHILIPPINE LINES, INC.
 UPL BUILDING
 P. O. BOX 457
 MANILA, PHILIPPINES

CARE ADDRESS
 "UPLINERS"
 MANILA
 WTEL 4-88-01
 4-88-02
 4-88-03
 4-88-04
 4-88-05

M/S "PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT OSMEÑA"

San Francisco, Calif.
 27 December 1970

THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL
 SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear, dear friends of mine,

Love is the theme of Christmas and love is what the world craves for. Love. Everywhere one looks one sees the word LOVE.

But I have yet to get as much love as I did from your gift package. There was love in every stitch, love in every knit and more love in every little item. Every little item was wrapped with care I am sure the effort was sincere.

You have made our Christmas glorious and I wish to assure you all that your gift packages and all its contents rate bigger than any other wrapped with ribbons and laces and bows. Your gifts are appreciated from the heart. To you then, dear friends, to each and all of you and on behalf of my colleagues

THANK YOU

With sincerest best wishes for a prosperous New Year,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSE S. VILLA-REAL
 1st Asst. Engineer

ESSO BOSTON

At Sea

I wear the hat and scarf on my lookout watch at night. It is very warm and comfortable. My sincere thanks to all of you.

M/S PHILIPPINES

Hongkong

The distribution of the gift packages you kindly gave us provided genuine warmth to the otherwise lonely and pretended merriment of the Christmas Eve we had aboard in mid-Pacific a few days ago. We thank you ever so much and may God bless you all.

SS ATLANTIC CONVEYOR

Liverpool, England

What a lovely surprise! I was very, very touched by the present and have put several of the articles to good use already.

When I think of all the time involved, I really feel quite humble, but more important than the time has been the thought behind it.

Ladies, I am very grateful to you, each and every one of you and thank you all most sincerely for a very-well-thought-of-present.

M/V ATLANTIC MERCHANT

MONROVIA

Panama Canal

It was very touching as their contents show the love and care of unknown friends for the unknown seamen.

M/V POTTINGHAM

Auckland, New Zealand

Thank you for the lovely surprise gift package . . . I am no stranger to your shores. My first visits to NY were a long time ago during World War II and I then appreciated the American hospitality when the clouds of terror was sweeping upon Britain. The kindness shown to us boys from overseas was as if a tonic to us all. May those days never return to both our countries and we continue to enjoy Peace.

SS ESSO JAMESTOWN

Baton Rouge, La.

This is an inadequate but sincere expression of my surprise at receiving and appreciation for the gift package. Your gift was especially welcome on Christmas morning because it was the only one I received since greetings from my family have not caught up with the ship. May God bless you. . . .

M/V DEIDO

Nigeria, West Africa

My heart was overwhelmed with joy when our ship's purser handed to me such beautiful gifts in that Christmas morning. Thank you, good friends, I am grateful for the presents. . . . Our ship is coming back to NY in early February, and I will surely pop in to see you, friends.

ATLANTIC CONVEYOR

Antwerp

The gloves and socks were beautifully knitted. It took me back, as my grandmother used to knit such socks when she was alive, and my stock was running low, as she has been dead a number of years now.

I just missed Christmas at home, leaving my wife and family, so morale was not too high. Also, the spirit of Christmas seemed to be very much dampened here at home due to rocketing prices and constant commercial advertising on TV — everyone seemed to be using Christmas to make money and seemed to be killing it for a lot of people. It was a wonderful lift to receive your presents. It was good to know that the Christmas spirit is still alive, and that you ladies had gone to so much trouble to give to strangers, away from home.

M/V DERBYSHIRE

Capetown

I never thought there will be a gift for me on this Christmas Day because this is the first time in my life (34 years) I ever had a gift. And it makes me much more happy for, that gift comes from the friends who I never seen.

The things contained in the gift box were really very, very important and daily useful for the sailors like me.

M/V SAE TONG

I get your gift in Baltimore that went out and come my room alone. I open door and saw and unseal something. That's Christmas gift. I am glad it in fact but I am worry to reward in Christmas gift, because I don't give you anything and merely do eulogy. There is a blue string cap of many thing in box. Sometimes my head put on it I think somebody that lose some hour to make it. I give you only my gratitude.

FPO San Francisco

I am so touched by such great God loving people like yourselves. Being here is so depressing because the love I once felt by my family and friends are gone now and it hurts to be forgotten. For days I was depressed because what is Christmas without love? God bless you people and it feels so good to be alive again. P.S. I love your cap and scarf.

ESSO BALTIMORE

All your presents were labeled with the seaman's name on the package and put at his place at the dinner meal. I wish you could have heard the comments from them. There is still a little bit of the child and childhood memories left in us, and it came out today — no doubt all of us thinking back to our innocent days as children when we were at peace with the world, and how we long for it now.

E.M.

The Merida's Millions



Emperor Maximilian

With the current enthusiasm for salvaging any of the contents of wrecks in various parts of the world, it is probably only a question of time before someone revives interest in a treasure that is said to lie on the United States' doorstep.

On May 12th, 1911, the steamer *Merida*, en route to New York from Vera Cruz, was in a position fifty miles off Cape Charles, on the Virginia coast. During thick fog she was rammed by an American ship, the *Admiral Farragut*, and the *Merida* sank rapidly into a depth of 190 feet of water.

Just another unfortunate accident at sea, but this one had something rather special about one of the ships.

The *Merida* was supposedly carrying some of the State treasures of Mexico, the Crown Jewels of Emperor Maximilian, the Empress Charlotte's collection of precious stones, rubies, pearls, and various highly valuable jewelry; also silver bars, the property of the late Emperor, worth several hundred thousand dollars.

Also on board were a number of Mexican political refugees, fleeing from tyranny and imprisonment in their own land, who had brought as much of their own fortunes of jewelry, gold, silver, money, etc. as they could carry. There was an estimated combined total of 20 to 25 million dollars' worth of valuables aboard the *Merida*.

But why the royal treasures were there dates back to a day in 1867, June 14, when the Emperor, brother of Franz Josef of Austria, had been cap-

tured by rebels, with two of his chief officers, and at a military court sentenced to death. On June 19th he was executed by a firing squad. Later his body was taken by Austrian frigate, the *Novara*, to Trieste and then to Vienna, for burial in the Imperial vault.

Following this the Empress (a Belgian princess) and family, who had fled to Europe, attempted to retrieve his private fortune, personal and State possessions, but it was not until 1911 that the Mexican Government gave permission for these to be returned.

And so on that day in May, 1911, they went to the bottom of the Atlantic with almost everything else aboard the *Merida*.

The possibility of so much of value contained in the wreck eventually interested treasure seekers and salvage hunters. A New York company made an attempt in 1924.

In 1933 Captain Harry Bowdon, with the salvage ship *Salvor*, tried to recover some of the treasure using a reinforced diving bell.

Others followed. In 1934 and 1936 other divers tackled the wreck, but gained nothing. In 1938 an Italian salvage and diving company arrived on the scene. Despite their efforts they were no more fortunate than the others before them.

So the "Merida's Millions", as they have become known, still await the man or men who will have the luck to find the treasures and bring them back again to the light of day — if the goodies really are there to be discovered.

by John Brittain

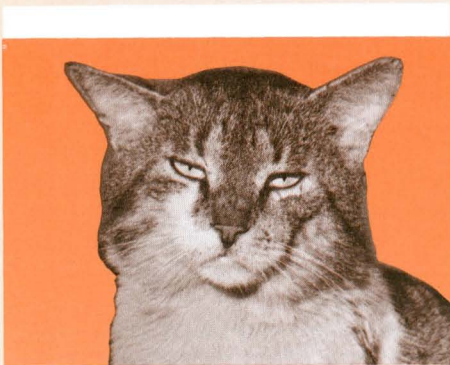
We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

Seafaring is hazardous and when tragedies occur in the Port of New York or the high seas the Institute stands ready to give whatever aid and comfort it can.

In January the sea-going tug, *Neptunia*, a British vessel, was tied up at a Hoboken wharf preparatory to taking a tow to Spain when, without warning, flames enveloped the boat. All crewmen but one were able to escape; he was a seventeen-year-old seaman, suffocated by the smoke.

In a state of shock, (yet another crewman, a fifteen-year-old, had been lost at sea while the *Neptunia* was enroute to the U.S.) the remaining crewmen were given overnight accommodations at the Institute and the next morning a special memorial service was held in the chapel for the dead youths.

Afterwards, the crew and SCI's Chaplain Henry H. Crisler sat down together to perform the difficult task of preparing the sad message of the last youth's death for transmittal to his parents in England.



The friendly grey-and-white male cat, "Hobo", (May, 1970 *Lookout*) sometimes pal of the seamen and staff of the Institute ever since he showed

up at the State Street building in 1969, now has a permanent home with an SCI staffer, Mrs. Rae Keer of Staten Island.

Hobo, who somehow "made out" — who knows how — in the Battery Park area, coming to the Institute now and then for food and shelter, returned to the Institute building one day a while back, obviously injured internally, obviously in pain and needing medical attention.

When this became generally known, a group of persons including SCI staff, seamen, SCI volunteers and others, contributed the cost of corrective surgery on Hobo, his hospitalization and general rehabilitation — all this coordinated by Mary Mangelsdorf of the SCI Administrative department.

After Hobo's return from the animal hospital plus a period of convalescence in a warm corner of the Institute's housekeeping department in the basement, it was decided that gentle Hobo should not be returned to the hazards of his previous gypsy existence in the Park or subjected to the brutal kicks of animal sadists on the street.

Learning that Hobo was available for "adoption", several kindhearted persons came forward with offers to take him into their homes, among them Mrs. Keer (of the Women's Council) and her daughter, Ellen.

The last reports were that Hobo was losing his rolling gait acquired from traversing the tossing decks of the Institute and becoming a conventional house cat, a devoted companion to "Sweetie", another Keer Kat.

And in his new habitat Hobo has lost his trampish name — the Ho-portion, at least — and is now known as "Bo."

THE COLORS OF THE SEA



Why Does Sea Foam?

Foam is made up of air bubbles separated from each other by a film of liquid. Bubbles coming together in fresh water coalesce, but bubbles coming together in salt water bounce off each other.

Most bubbles in the ocean are caused by wind waves, but they may also be produced by rain and even snow. The bubbles that form along the seashore are very small, mostly less than $\frac{1}{2}$ millimeter in diameter.

When bubbles rise to the surface, they burst and release salt spray into the air, a fact well known to any wearer of glasses who has been on shipboard or at the seashore. Each bursting bubble causes a jet of several drops to rise to heights up to 1,000 times the bubble diameter. It is believed that most of the airborne salt nuclei come from bursting bubbles.

by Raymond Lamont Brown

To the human eye, the most obvious patterning of surface water is indicated by color. The deep blue water of the open sea is the color of emptiness and barrenness, while the green water of coastal areas is the color of life.

The sea is blue because the sunlight is reflected back to the eyes from the water molecules, or from very minute particles suspended in the sea. As the light rays penetrate deep water, all the red rays and most of the yellow rays of the spectrum are absorbed, so when the light returns to the eye it is chiefly the cool blue rays which are seen.

Where the sea is rich in plankton, it loses that glassy transparency which permits this deep penetration of the light rays.

The yellow, brown and green hues of coastal waters are derived from the minute algae and other microorganisms so abundant there. Seasonal abundance of certain forms containing reddish or brown pigments may cause the 'red water' known from Biblical times. So common is this in some enclosed waters that they owe their names to it — the Vermilion Sea and the Red Sea being the most common examples.

The colors of the sea are only indirect signs of the presence, or absence, of conditions needed to support surface life. Other zones invisible to the eye, are the ones that largely determine where marine creatures live. The sea is by no means a uniform solution of water; parts of it are more salty than others and parts are warmer or cooler. The Pacific, being the deepest of the oceans, is usually observed as dark blue.

In the main the sailors of ancient times looked upon blue sea as lucky, and green as unlucky. Any hue reminiscent of plankton reminded them of the ill-fated ships marooned in the much feared Sargasso Sea.

A Salute to Our Neighbors

With this issue of The Lookout begins the first of a series of brief articles on some of the organizations and institutions established in Lower Manhattan very early in its history, all of them nearby to Seamen's Church Institute of New York. We begin the series with one of the oldest such institutions, world-famed Trinity Church.

Trinity Church

Trinity Church, still located on its original site, was established in 1697 by Royal Charter of King William III of England. With its six chapels, it is among the largest parishes of the Episcopal Church. Its history is interwoven with that of New York, the state and the nation.

The original Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam lived below the stockade now called "Wall Street." When the English occupied the city in 1664, chaplains of the Church of England held services in the old Dutch church within their Fort. Later, because of the population growth, a permanent church was built outside the north wall by "the broad way." This site was almost identical with the present building, although the entrance overlooked the Hudson River.

The Church of England congregation expanded and two chapels were added. St. George's Chapel, an independent parish today, was erected in 1752. St. Paul's chapel at Broadway and Fulton Street was added in 1766. During this time two schools were started, now known as Trinity School and Columbia University.

In 1776 General George Washington worshipped in Trinity Church. Fourteen years later, 1790, the second church building was finished.

When the British evacuated New York in 1783, Trinity Church, which had been a Colonial parish of the Church of England, passed without incident to its new status as a parish in the newly-formed Episcopal Church.

The second Trinity Church building was demolished 50 years after it opened when heavy snows weakened the columns and the work of repairs revealed unexpected structural defects. The third and present edifice, designed by Richard Upjohn in English Perpendicular style, was dedicated in 1846.

Trinity Church is not only an historic monument located in the heart of the financial district, but also it is an active church ministering on Sunday, and to business people who look to it as their weekday church. There are four daily services on weekdays, including two celebrations of the Holy Communion.

Throughout the year there is active noonday ministry, focused to the arts and to issues, which takes place both in and around the church and at the church Coffee House, "74 Below" located at 74 Trinity Place. A number of other groups use the facilities of Trinity Church: Alcoholics Anonymous, the Downtown Glee Club, the Council of N. Y. Law Associates, the Christian Business Men, the St. George Associations and others.

The construction of the first Trinity Church was begun before the Royal Charter was granted and in order to help the work and expense of the building along, Governor Benjamin Fletcher granted to the church "Managers" a patent for wrecks and drift whales.

This allowed the Wardens and Managers "to seize upon and secure all Weiffs Wrecks and Drift Whales and whatsoever else Derives from the high sea and is then last below high water mark and not having a lawful Owner within bounds and limits of his Majesties Province of New York."

They were also empowered "to tow ashore and then cut up the said whales

and try into Oyle and secure the Whalebone," applying the proceeds "toward the building of the Church and to no other use whatsoever until the same be perfectly finished."

There were whales in the vicinity of New York at that time, even in the Hudson River, off Coney Island, in the East River, at Sandy Hook and elsewhere.

The famous Captain William Kidd had something to do with the building of the first church structure; and his home (he married a widow) wasn't very far from the old SCI South Street building. The seaman, who owned a sloop named "Adventure Galley," is mentioned in the July 20, 1696 minutes of the church Managers as having loaned for the purpose of church construction, "Runner & Tackle for the hoisting of stones as long as he stays here and Resolved that Capt. Clarke doe take care to gett the same."

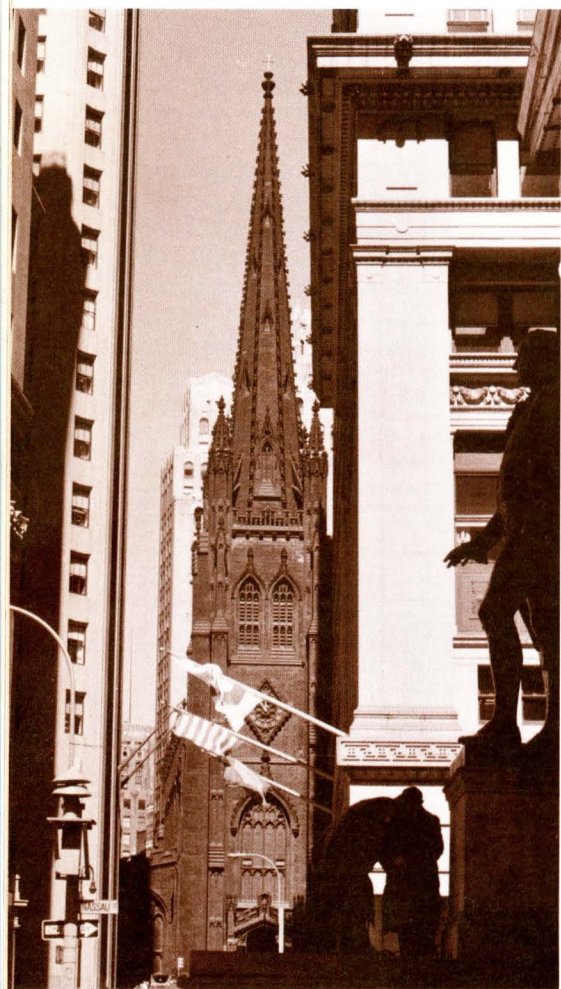
Kidd was not a vestryman as sometimes thought. In the 1696 list of pewholders he was assigned Pew No. 16.

The doughty seaman unfortunately became involved in a privateering syndicate formed in London; the syndicate became enmeshed in political entanglements and Kidd ended up as the fall-guy and hanged in England as a pirate following a period of imprisonment.

Trinity Churchyard, surrounding Trinity Church, is many years older than Trinity's history, and was a burying place set apart by early Dutch settlers before Trinity's first little church was erected.

In this hallowed area are buried the great and near-great, the famous and not-so-famous; ordinary people who made up early New York.

There are seamen here, too. One nautical epitaph reads: "In memory of Capt. Isaac Berryman, who departed this life the 11th of March, 1808, in the 35th year of his age. Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves/ Have tossed him to and fro/ But by the sacred will of God/ He's anchored here below."



THE GULL

He swoops to earth and, like some feudal lord,
He proudly struts the strand; his eye a sword
Cutting the beach to ribbons, slashing o'er
The waves that stumble blindly to the shore.
He deigns to stoop and capture carelessly
Some lowly creature too awe-struck to flee;
Then turns his haughty glance away to sea—
His world too vast to note the likes of me.

—Suzanne Easton Dennis

WRITTEN ON THE WIND

Sometimes on my visits to The Place
I reconstruct Old Harbor
For my mind's pleasure.
I see the docks, the warehouses,
The forests of masts and
The underbrush of rigging and canvas;
My ancestors, my blood;
The young on the deck;
The fully grown aloft;
The mature ones on the bridge.

Memories are most wondrous things,
The solitude and quiet brings
The past to hinge upon the present,
Moon memories when it is a crescent
Or like a gold plate in the sky.

—Nonee Nolan