



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



MAY 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.

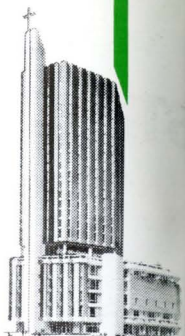
More than 753,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

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.

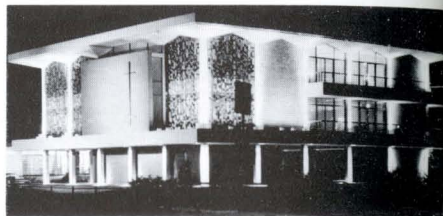
Each year 2,300 ships with 96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark, where time ashore is extremely limited.

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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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: 269-2710

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

John G. Winslow
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan, D.D.

Director

Harold G. Petersen
Editor

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COVER: The seas were inhabited with weird and strange monsters, judging from this ancient sketch.

SEA DEVIL ON THE STARBOARD BOW!

by Dane John

Recently a fisherman fishing off Thursday Island, in the Torres Straits, between Northern Australia and New Guinea, saw a strange "creature" approaching his boat.

Seizing a spear, he flung this at it, but missed. The creature leapt high out of the water and for a few seconds was in full view before it plunged back in the water and made off at great speed.

The fisherman later described it as having a long, flat beak, fins shaped like a flying fish, a barbed tail like a scorpion, and two legs, one on each side of the body. This description fits no marine mammal or fish known to science, unless it was a new species of swordfish and the legs debar this, so what was it? Another of those weird and awesome sea serpents and similar creatures supposed to lurk in the ocean depths?

Sea monsters, devils and serpents have been causing mystery and curiosity almost since the first men set out in primitive boats upon the seas.

Pliny the Elder, a Roman naturalist, in A.D. 79 described ships being attacked by "monsters" off the Libyan coast of North Africa. In one of his writings he refers to a serpent-like creature which emerged from the sea and crawled ashore looking for prey on land.

Down through the centuries many other reports of such sightings were made, the majority of which were based on myth or superstition. The first account which might contain a grain of accuracy is that of Olaus

Magnus, an educated, skilled mariner writing in the mid-16th century of a sea serpent seen on a number of times off the coast of Norway.

He wrote, "They who sail along the shores of Norway relate with concurring evidence an account of a very large serpent of a length upwards of 200 feet and 10 feet in diameter living in rocks and holes near the shore of Bergen; it comes out of its caverns only on summer nights and in fine weather to devour the calves, lambs and hogs, or goes into the sea to eat cuttles, lobsters and all kinds of sea crabs.

"It has a row of hairs of two feet in length hanging from the neck, sharp scales of a dark color and brilliant flaming eyes. It attacks boats and snatches away the men, by raising itself high out of the water and then devours them."

In the 17th century a Bishop Pontopidan described another mysterious inhabitant, the kraken, supposedly living in the same area. This, he claimed, was so big that when it raised its back out of the sea it looked like an island and exuded a smell that attracted fish within range of its jaws.

Similarly, the French naturalist, Denys de Montfort, recorded how a kraken attacked his ship, the *Helene*, on a voyage between St. Helena and Cape Negro. While the ship lay becalmed, the captain, Jean Magnus Dens, ordered three of the crew to paint and scrape the ship's sides to keep the men occupied. While so doing a kraken came to the surface and attacked the men. One of the crew managed to cut himself free of the long, sucker-bearing tentacles of the creature, but died that night in a crazed delirium. The other two men were seized, dragged below the sea and apparently consumed. Today the kraken is thought to exist but in the form of a giant octopus or squid and unlikely to grow to the immense proportions previously claimed.

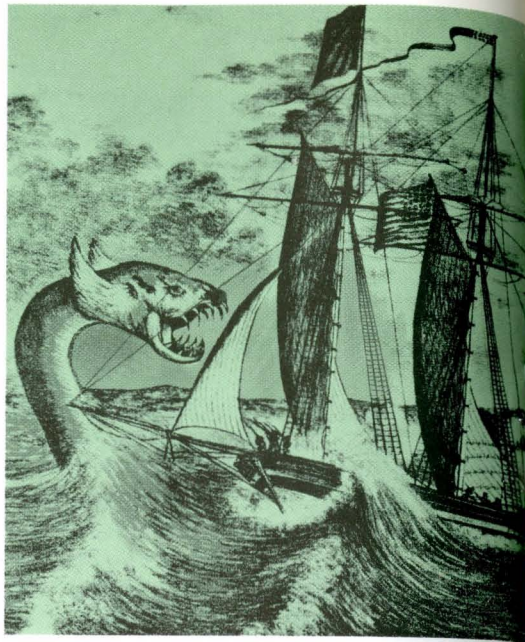
But what of "serpents," "monsters"

and other "sea devils"? In 1852 two whalers, the *Rebecca Sims* and *Monongahela* were in the doldrums of the mid-Pacific when the crew of the latter sighted what was thought to be a sleeping "whale" on the surface. Three boats were lowered over the side, Captain Seabury himself commanding one of them. A harpoon was flung into the "whale" and held firm.

But instead of the "whale" trying to escape it turned and attacked the boats, capsizing two of them. Then the "whale" sounded, still held firm by the harpoon line. More lines were warped on to strengthen it as the "whale" continued to sink deeper in the ocean. When it was at 1000 fathoms it stopped.

Captain Seabury's boat picked up the survivors from the other two boats, then rowed back to their ship and made the line fast. The following morning, as there was still no sign of movement from the line, the creature was hauled on board by using the capstan. When it came to the surface the "whale" was dead. What came in sight struck fear and awe into the crew.

The "whale" measured about 110 feet in length, with a circular body over 50 feet in diameter at the thickest point. The head measured 10 feet and was shaped like an alligator, with rows of 3-inch teeth hooked backward in its jaws like a crocodile. The color was

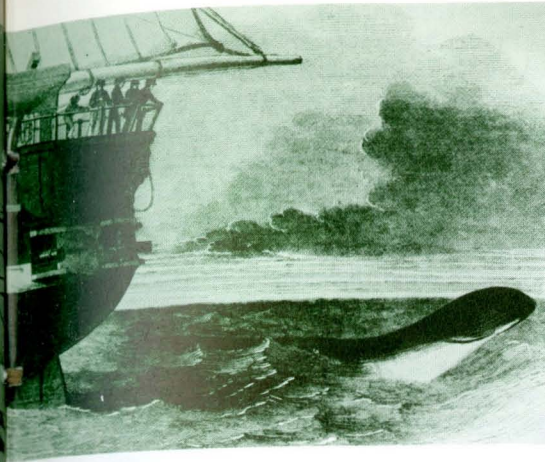


A depiction of the American schooner *Sally* claimed to have been attacked by a sea monster off Long Island in December, 1819.

a muddy brown but there was a white stripe along the length of the back.

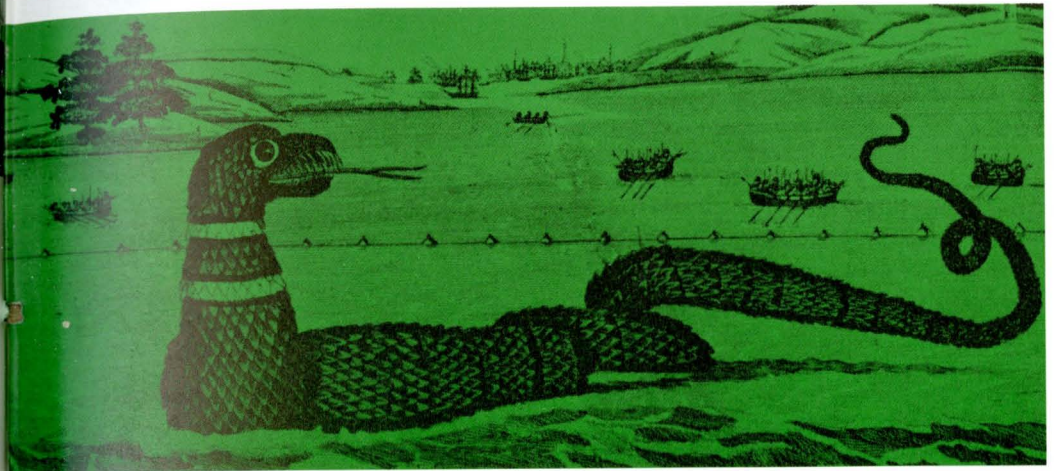
Captain Seabury, in order to keep a record of what he had found, detailed one of the crew who was an artist to make a drawing of the "whale." The crew cut up the creature for the melting pot, but the head was kept and pickled to preserve it. Shortly afterward, the *Monongahela* and the *Rebecca Sims*, which had been standing off all this time, parted and sailed to different destinations.

But just as if he had a premonition of disaster and before the ships parted, Captain Seabury handed over some letters about the "whale" to the captain of the *Rebecca Sims*, to deliver to the owners. Strangely, the *Monongahela* never arrived at her New England home port. For some reasons unknown



A monster, it is said, and as sketched from memory by an eye-witness was seen under the stern of the *Daedalus* October 11, 1848.

This huge creature was sighted off Cape Ann near Gloucester, Massachusetts, during the summer of 1817. There were many witnesses in this instance.



she was lost at sea. Years later one of her nameboards was washed ashore on the Aleutian Islands. Seabury and his specimen of a mysterious creature's head were lost forever. Only his letters handed to the captain of the *Rebecca Sims* told of this strange mystery.

In 1935, a "sea beast" was washed ashore on Henry Island, but unfortunately it rotted before discovery. However, its skeleton was identified as that of a supposedly fossil creature, *rhytina stelleri*, a prehistoric lizard that was thought to be extinct.

In 1950, another "whale" was found dead in the sea near Suez. The *Times* of London reported that it was forty feet long, had two 8½-foot-long tusks and a long dog-like snout.

Eighteen years ago a "monster" was

washed up on the beach near the town of Girvan, Ayrshire, Scotland. The body measured over 30 feet in length, had a giraffe-like neck, a camel's head, and a horse-like mane, while the four legs were short and thick and the tail measured 12 feet! It soon began to decompose, so oil was poured over the corpse and it was burned.

But while this was happening, fishermen reported a similar "animal," probably the dead one's mate, swimming about in the sea nearby. Plans were made to capture it but no one could get near it. Experts said it *might* have been a *Plesiosaurus*, a supposedly extinct prehistoric giant reptile.

So, do "sea serpents" and the like exist in the space age? Your guess is as good as anyone's.

They're called the "D twins" around the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Clifton, Staten Island. "D&D" stand for Daley and Datty.

"I am English and he is Polish but we both sound Irish," chuckles the Rev. Francis D. Daley, the official Protestant resident chaplain at the hospital for the past two years and from the chaplaincy staff of Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

His "twin" is the official Catholic chaplain, the Rev. Edward J. Datty.

They work and live on the grounds in an atmosphere filled with institutional rules and regulations. Each offers religious services at a set time. But as people performing God's work in attending to the sick and the afflicted, they are flexible.

Confessions are heard regularly on Saturdays but Father Datty admits he doesn't have any scheduled time.

"I hear in the hallways, in the wards, even in the treatment room. In the offices. Anywhere." Anywhere people stop him and ask, "Father, can I go to Confession?"

The patient and employee population at the hospital is more than 50 per cent Catholic. Father Datty averages about 50 to 60 communions a day, 20 baptisms and marriages each year of the past four he has been at the hospital. He may be called two or three times or more a week after midnight to admin-

ister Extreme Unction.

Father Datty sits in a brightly lighted office. Behind him on the wall hangs a silver and wooden crucifix. On the other side a palm from Palm Sunday sticks out from under a statue of a Japanese madonna. The priest, who grew up outside of Philadelphia, in a little town called Clingdale, was a missionary for 18 years in Yokohama. He received theological training at Graymoor in New Jersey with the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement.

Chaplain Daley has his office down the hall. Here a shaded lamp casts a soft light onto two modern paintings on the walls and on the old sailing ship model on a bookcase. The Episcopal minister, in a dark pin-striped suit with a clerical collar, is an ex-newspaper reporter.

Through the years he has gained a little weight and wears glasses but has a full crop of white hair. His wife does volunteer work at the hospital now that their children, grown up, live elsewhere. A southerner, Chaplain Daley took his undergraduate and seminary work at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee.

He hears Confessions, too, at any time of day or night. He has no rigid schedule.

Both clergymen describe the faith of the seamen, their primary concern.

"You can't sail the Seven Seas and

depend upon the stars above to guide you where you are going," says Chaplain Daley a little dreamily. "Sailors are not religious but are very spiritual. Especially because sailors are loners. They are not used to doing things together."

Father Datty claims that sailors might be "tough as nails" but eventually they are very warm and human and looking for that little nudge to help them return to their faith.

"Then when they come up with a real illness, some come back to the sacraments after 40 or 50 years," Father Datty says. "They are so happy about that." Others more reticent about returning to the faith may try to appease the priest by saying, "Don't worry, father, I will think about it," to which the priest frequently replies, "I don't want to die of old age waiting."

Fear of death and fear of cancer plus worry about one's family are the foremost nonphysical problems facing patients, according to the "D twins."

Chaplain Daley tries to dispel these fears so that the patient will respond better to treatment. Almost everybody who comes to the hospital for surgery, he has observed, fears cancer will be discovered. Fear of crippling is also common among men who have always been active.

Both "twins" try to make the patient feel less alone. Chaplain Daley contends that the core of being a hospital chap-

lain is to maintain a person-to-person relationship with a patient.

"Needless to say," he explains, "the doctors and nurses can't do that. They are too busy. I don't think it is intentional but I think that is the way it works out."

Chaplain Daley adjusts his glasses and lights another cigarette.

"A guy in the hospital is isolated from everything that is stable to him in this world," he says. "And so many come from afar and have no family and friends to turn to and naturally turn to the chaplain to take care of things like that."

The hospital has no official Jewish representative living on the grounds. However, Rabbi Benjamin B. Wykansky of Temple Emanu-El, Port Richmond, has made hospital rounds for the past 20 years.

The 60-year-old rabbi, who was trained in his native England, is the voluntary and honorary Jewish chaplain on Staten Island. Every Thursday morning he visits the Clifton hospital and frequently leaves a booklet of prayers with patients. The booklet contains selected prayers for the morning, afternoon and evening.

A line of the evening prayer reads: "Praised be His name, Whose glorious Kingdom is for ever and ever."

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*They Treat
The Whole
Person*
by Elaine Hess

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Chaplain Benjamin B. Wykansky

The Right Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Bishop Coadjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, was the Celebrant at the traditional Maundy Thursday service of Holy Communion held in the Institute chapel.

He was introduced and assisted by the Rev. Dr. John M. Mulligan (left), Institute director. The occasion marked the first official visit to SCI by Bishop Moore who will become Bishop of the Diocese when the Right Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan retires.



Double double toil and trouble

Receptionists of SCI's Seamen's International Club always try to be helpful when seamen approach them for various forms of assistance, information or guidance. But sometimes a problem is insoluble.

One night recently a Greek seaman asked the receptionist for assistance in contacting his brother in Boston by telephone. Guess what — the brother, it turned out, had an unlisted phone number unknown to the seaman; and teams of wild horses cannot tear an unlisted number from the corporate bosom of Ma Bell.

On another night the receptionist at

the Club noticed a troubled-looking woman standing nearby and engaged her in conversation; it developed that the woman, her two small boys and seaman husband had just arrived in the city via automobile from the west coast earthquake disaster area; the seaman hoped to find work on a ship here.

But their money had run out; none of the family had eaten all that day; they were without lodgings for the night. Very quickly, though, their situation changed. The family was fed, given a room, and a day or so later the group was able to depart, grateful indeed for the kindness of the Institute.

Have you ever held in your hand a sparrow, or, perhaps, a canary? If you have you must have been impressed with how weightless and frail the little birds appear to be. Yet there is an ocean bird of about the same size that flies thousands of miles over the seas seemingly quite at ease in violent storms that toss big ships about.

Seamen in these ships know that they are more likely to see these tiny birds, fluttering close to the roaring waves, in stormy weather, and should they be seen when a moderate wind blows under fair skies, then the men are fairly certain that a gale is coming.

MIDGET OCEAN ROAMERS



by George R. Berens

"The stormy petrels seem far too fluffy to live in such a merciless environment as the Roaring Forties, yet even in the roughest weather they are to be seen skittering low across the water," wrote Robin Knox-Johnson, the English merchant marine officer who sailed his small *Suhali* non-stop around the world in 1967.

Stormy petrels are one of over seventy-known species of petrels that spend almost all their lives over the oceans. They never come on land except during their breeding season, seldom even approaching the coast at other times. Old windjammer seamen gave them the name, Mother Carey's Chickens.

Some claim that this name is derived from "mater cara," the Divine Mother, or Virgin Mary. But I have heard an-

other version from old shellbacks which seems to me to be more likely to be true, for those hard-living men of the days of sail were not very spiritual, and probably many of them had never heard of the Virgin Mary. Or if they had in their childhood, they had forgotten during their ocean wanderings.

This version concerns a Liverpool woman, known to thousands of seamen who had shipped out of that famous English port as "Mother Carey." She was the widow of an English windjammer captain. He had sailed his ship from Liverpool into oblivion—disappeared at sea with all hands.

His wife had made two voyages with him in the early days of their marriage, and she knew at firsthand of the pitfalls which sailors encountered in port. She knew of the boardinghouses where most of them lived when ashore. Many of these, especially in Liverpool, were dens of iniquity that catered to the baser desires of the men of the sea, and robbed them of their money while doing it.

After Captain Carey was lost she opened a boardinghouse for seamen, one that provided them with good rooms and meals. And she worked assiduously to protect the men from the man-traps of the waterfront. She was so kind and considerate of their welfare that it is no wonder that those hard-bitten old shellbacks, and youthful apprentices gave her the appellation "Mother." (One is reminded of Mother Roper, famed in New York for her similar work in the Seamen's Church Institute.)

No wonder, either, that sailors, with their trend for superstition, claimed that the tiny stormy petrels that fluttered in the wake of their gale-driven ships were Mother Carey's Chickens that she had sent to watch over her "boys" at sea. Perhaps, though, it wasn't superstition, but sentiment, and the expression of affection and thankfulness to the woman who had done so much for them.

The little stormy petrel, only seven inches long, often will follow a ship for days. Usually they flitter only inches above the sea, and often have their legs dangling, feet skimming the water. Because it often looks like they were walking on top of the waves is said to be the reason they are named petrels, or "little Peters," after Saint Peter, who, the Bible tells us, walked on the water.

They feed on some of the tiny creatures that inhabit the ocean surface, collectively known as "plankton." Scraps thrown overboard from ships will always attract them, and they particularly relish fatty morsels.

They travel thousands of miles in their wanderings; they are always seen from ships as on the wing, and sailors often wonder when and how they rest;

it is very seldom they are seen to settle on the surface of the sea.

The rocky shores of desolate coasts, or remote islands are their favorite breeding grounds. Nests are made in holes in cliffs or rocks. During the day they are seldom seen, remaining in the cavities; but at night they fly out over the sea in search of food.

The seamen venerate the midget ocean roamers who often follow their ships, and who remain unconcerned in the wildest of the ocean's tantrums. Sometimes seamen used to chantey, as they raised the anchor leaving port:

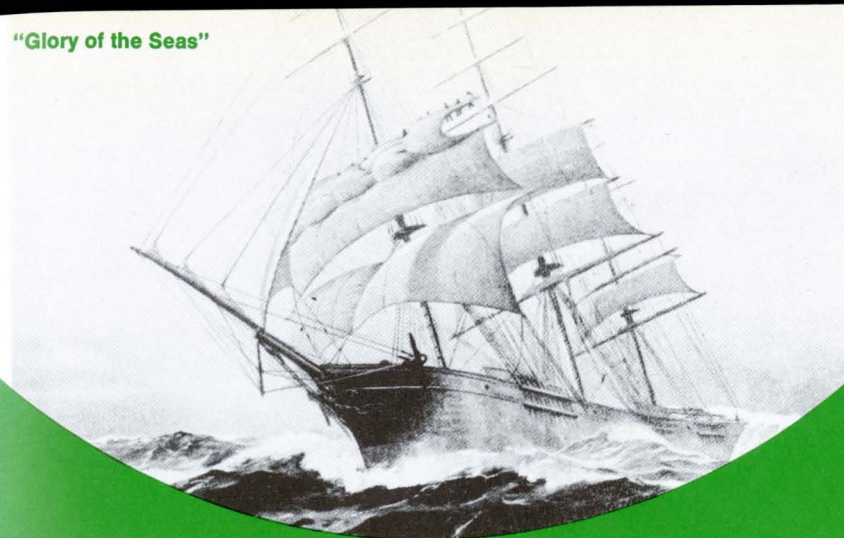
*And we're off to Mother Carey,
Walk her down to Mother Carey;
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey,
Where she feeds her chicks at sea.*



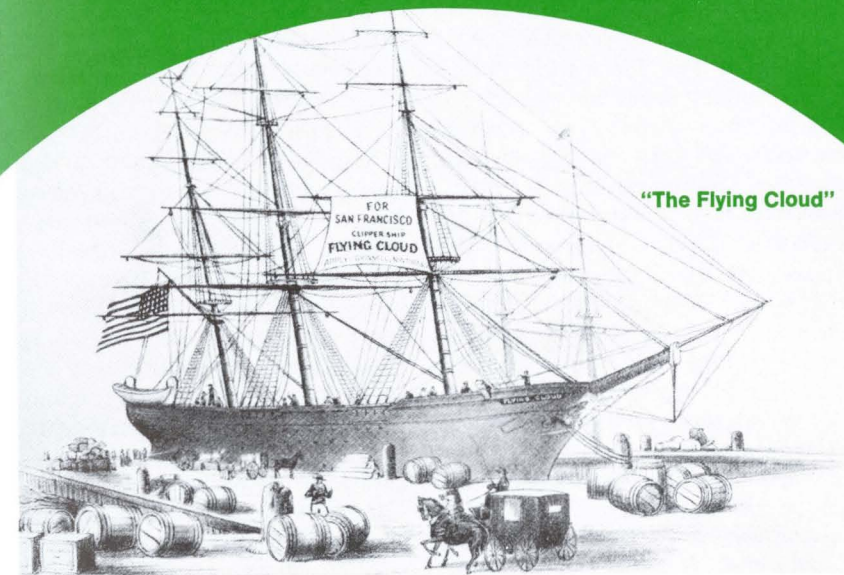
One of the more popular recreation areas in the Institute, perhaps, is a large room adjacent to the Seamen's International Club. Here, typically, men gather to play billiards, to view television or to chat.



"Glory of the Seas"



A "captain courageous"



by Betty Rivera

"My father paid \$31, when I was a Boston lad of seventeen so that I could ship out on the square rigger *Alice A. Leigh*, sailing from Liverpool, and get my sea legs," Captain Horatio Low McKay of Chathamport, Cape Cod told me as he handed me a copy of the indenture made out in 1898 when he was

apprenticed to Master Joseph Joyce.

The Captain grinned as he further remarked, "Joyce hoped I wouldn't last to collect the \$31 which were to be used as my wages for four years, and cagily arranged for me to receive \$3 for the first year; \$4 for the second; \$5 for the third; and \$19 for the fourth. Joyce

hoped that with this arrangement he would collect the greater part for himself."

"I almost didn't make it," the Captain said. "For I can recall one black, or 'dirty' night as we sailors used to say, wishing I were back in Boston sitting beside the kitchen stove. I remember that, as I stood on the deck of the *Alice Leigh*, the whole world seemed to be caught up in the dark fury of a nor'easter. The sea was a mountain and the wind tore at the sails like a tiger.

"In the midst of brushing stinging rain from my eyes and trying to see what was going on, I was ordered to climb the rigging on the hazardous windward side. Before I started, an old sailor, who well knew my inexperience, insisted that I take the safer leeward side. I was so intent upon what I was doing as I climbed that it was not until I was back on deck for a while that I began to wonder about my old friend. He was nowhere to be found, and had fallen unnoticed into the heaving sea as the *Alice* beat her way through it."

There was a certain solemnity in the Captain's voice as he recalled the friendship of the old mariner who had so truly "laid down his life for his friend," and he commented further, "There certainly was a deep sense of friendship and loyalty among the sailors of the old days. After such losses at sea, the crew would auction off the victim's clothing to provide a bit of help for the widow and her family. At times, the great hearts of these sailors led them to offer as much as a needed month's wages for the victim's shoes."

Perhaps this gesture of friendship helped the Captain to stay on and make him determined to become, in family tradition, a good mariner.

When the Captain was an apprentice, family tradition was of particular significance to him, for the McKay name has long been a prominent one in marine history. His cousin, Donald McKay, during America's Golden Age of

Sailing, built America's finest clipper ships (including the *Flying Cloud*) which stormed around the world setting speed records and carrying cargoes of everything from tea to molasses.

The Captain's father and uncle were successive commodores of the Cunard Line. His father, Commodore Alexander McKay, was so well known in the British Isles that the Captain's gracious wife, Jane, mentioned as we talked, "When I was a child in Liverpool, the name of Alexander McKay was a household word."

The Captain has many tales of the sea to tell; of being second-mate on the *Pleiades* at Port Arthur in 1904 when it was bombed by 17 Japanese vessels; of being Captain of the *Esparata* when he and his crew towed in the \$1,000,000 crippled freighter, *Mar Rojo*, which they found drifting in fog 96 miles south of Nantucket.

He takes particular delight in saying in his clipped, brisk way, "Those old seamen knew a thing or two. Every time we crossed the equator in one of the square-riggers, they would catch a shark, take out its liver and hang portions of it in bottles from the bowsprit to season. When the odor became unbearable, they would remove the bottles, slather the liver on their aching joints, and lie in the sun. And this was long before modern medical men began using shark's liver for the treatment of arthritis."

After years of sailing, the Captain entered shore business. The sea-oriented "touches" in his office are the Captain's personal treasures. In one room, there is a painting of the sailing vessel, "Glory of the Seas" hung above a table with a copy of a new marine history also entitled "Glory of the Seas."

It is opened to this inscription by the Captain: "In 1903, I was second-mate of the "Glory of the Seas" under Captain Freeman. I was always proud of the fact that I sailed on the last ship built by Donald McKay. . ."

(Continued from April issue)

THEY SAILED INTO OBLIVION

by Paul Brock

There was no radio transmitter aboard when the *S.S. Waratah*, a majestic liner of 16,000 tons, vanished at sea. Hers was one of the most baffling demises of a big ship in modern times. With a crew of 119 plus 92 passengers she dissolved into nothingness as completely as if she had never existed except in the imagination.

The *Waratah* left Durban, South Africa, on July 26, 1909, bound for London. She was a brand new vessel, classed A-1 at Lloyd's and this was her second voyage. After leaving Durban she was seen by the *Clan MacIntyre* on the evening of July 27. The *Clan MacIntyre* had no radio either. The two ships signaled each other with Aldis lamps and the *Waratah* passed on, quickly overtaking the *Clan MacIntyre* and leaving her behind.

The smaller ship ran into a bad head sea later that day, and the next morning a gale of hurricane force hit her. The same gale could have hit the *Waratah* but she was so big and new that it seemed fantastic that bad weather could do anything more than slow her down a little.

Yet the *Clan MacIntyre* arrived at Cape Town first. The bigger ship had

announced in Durban that she would call there. Now she was overdue.

Shipping offices were besieged by relatives of the passengers and crew. Search ships were sent out, but they found nothing.

Nor, in this case, did the usual flotsam and jetsam of a foundered ship give some faint clue to the mystery. Floating wreckage was found, but it was never identified as having belonged to the *Waratah*. It was wreckage which might be expected to be found after any bad storm.

One search ship from the Blue Anchor Line steamed 15,000 miles in three months, looking for the *Waratah*, but she too returned without seeing any trace of her.

Both before and after the strange case of the *Waratah* over a score of comparatively large vessels disappeared without a trace. The Royal Mail Packet *President* sailed from New York to Liverpool on March 11, 1841 with 121 people on board.

By March 31, the *President* had not arrived in Liverpool and was pronounced overdue. On April 7 the ship was described as "probably lost" and the full passenger list and crew list published. It was taken for granted that sooner or later some wreckage would be washed ashore or found at sea, or that a survivor would be picked up.

But this did not happen. Like the *Waratah*, the *President* and all who sailed in her disappeared without trace.

The Allan Line steamer *Huronian* also vanished without trace sometime during February, 1902. She left Glasgow, Scotland, for St. John's, Newfoundland, on February 11, commanded by Captain John Brodie. Somewhere between those two ports the sea swallowed her up with all her crew.

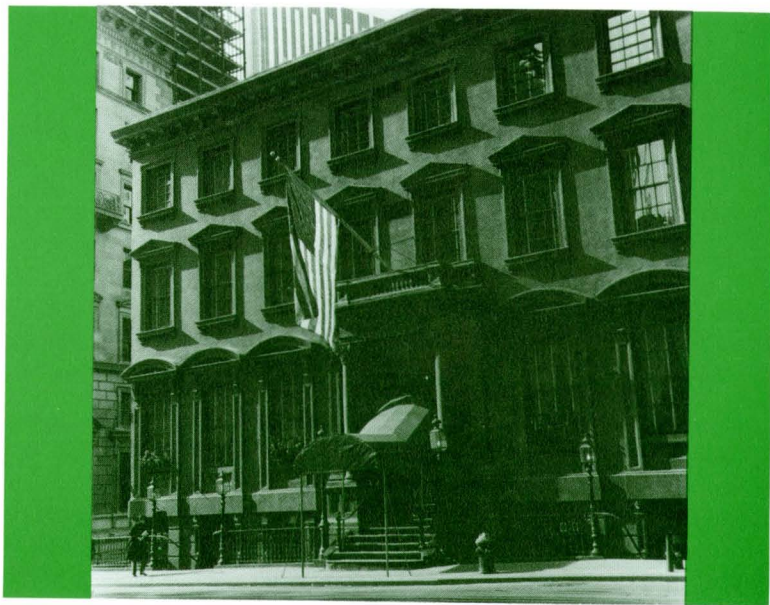
The *Huronian* was a new ship of 4,500 tons, and perfectly sound when she sailed.

The sea often keeps its secrets. END

A Salute to Our Neighbors

*Third 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.*

India House



India House at 1 Hanover Square is one of the finest buildings of the Anglo-Italianate Style in New York City. Built for the Hanover Bank between 1851 and 1854, this building has played an important role in the commercial life of New York, having served as the New York Cotton Exchange between 1870 and 1886 and having later become the offices of W. R. Grace & Co. Today India House is a clubhouse containing a fine maritime museum, and it also stands as a surviving example of the commercial life of mid-Nineteenth-Century New York.

While the tax records of New York City do not go back to this date, other

records showing transfers of the real estate involved, without describing the buildings thereon, indicate that the present home of India House was built by one Richard Carman in a general reconstruction which followed the big fire in 1835.

The Carman family figured frequently in the records of Long Island. They were prominent, influential people in early New York history. Their names appeared in the City Directories between 1835 and 1837 — the only Richard was Richard A. Carman of 42 Broadway. It is probable that the family built the structure for stores and rented them, as no family named Car-

man then lived in Hanover Square, according to the City Directories.

It was certainly standing exactly as we now see it in 1851, as the Hanover Bank which occupied the property at that time has a picture of the edifice which shows that it has remained almost unchanged since that date.

The Hanover Bank acquired the property in 1851 and occupied half of it for banking purposes. The other part was used by the firm of Robert L. Maitland & Company, tobacco importers.

Hanover Square was named in honor of King George of Hanover, and The Hanover Bank, when it was first organized, planned to call itself the Hanover Square Bank, but later changed its name to The Hanover Bank.

After The Hanover Bank moved out, the property came into possession of Robert L. Maitland. He was a solid, conservative figure in New York's affairs of two generations ago. The property was subsequently used by the New York Cotton Exchange, 1870 to 1885, and later by W. R. Grace & Co.

India House, as an organization, came into being in 1914, when a group of businessmen headed by James A. Farrell and Willard Straight, decided to found a meeting place in the interests of foreign trade. The building at 1 Hanover Square was then vacant, W. R. Grace & Co. having recently left the site to move into larger quarters elsewhere on Hanover Square.

India House rented the building from George Ehret, the then owner, extensive alterations were made and the rooms were fitted out in the spirit of the early American overseas trade. Mr. Straight donated the Chinese art objects, Mr. James A. Farrell, the president, gave, then and later, rare ship models, engravings and pictures.

The American Asiatic Institute gave a collection of pictures of Asiatic countries and of leaders of American commerce, and Mrs. Straight donated a collection of thirty-five ship models and

subsequently a large collection of paintings, prints, maritime relics and other decorations which had been loaned to the Club when organized and had given it much of its unique atmosphere. These and other gifts from members and friends have given the club a very fine collection of pictures, models and other articles connected with sailing vessels and seafaring life.

Hanover Square was, originally, nearly at the water's edge, with a slip running out into the river. In Dutch Colonial days it was in sight of the home of Governor Kieff and we learn that in 1648, this official, wearied of entertaining business guests at his home built the city's first hotel, later on used as the Stadt Huys or City Hall.

In the early Revolutionary days, Hanover Square was the smart shopping center of the town.

It is very probable that the building now standing at 1 Hanover Square is really the first structure that was built on this property as a whole. There were small houses there during the Dutch and Colonial period, but whatever stood on this spot was, undoubtedly, burned in the great fire of 1835, when a conflagration originating at Hanover and Pearl Street and destroying six hundred buildings, occasioned a loss of \$15,000,000 in the heart of what was then New York's business district.

The fire was supposed to have started from the explosion of a gas pipe and a Mr. Watson, visiting from Philadelphia, wrote to his home town—"This disaster certainly is a warning against foreign invention and embellishment." From his Philadelphia point of view, New York was certainly too advanced and dangerously venturesome. He spoke strongly against buildings which had reached the great height of four or five stories, "producing nothing but ugly deformity in the perspective, without no adequate counterbalancing advantage."



NO THRENODY

Phoenicians leapt upon a wave
making one world of east and west
carving lettered history;
Minos' labyrinthine cave
of mind, its hybrid harried beast
still launch this driven world, this sky.

Pythagoras (Egyptian wise)
reclaimed their lost Atlantis' lore
and unearthed numbers' harmony,
as Moses in his wilderness
(Egyptian hierophant) who bore
old sailors' stars through an old sea.

Oh Jew and Cretan, Celt and Frank
(your tribes still increase year by year),
God-crafters and you rocket-smiths,
look backward from the fear you sank
deep in your guts when you'd uprear
new enterprise masking old deaths.

This world's their boat still, we the oars
taxing that crude, envitaled heart
to beat beyond all oceans' grave,
shooting old map-runes toward new stars,
straining past beast, mind, gods. Upstart,
true man, it's you I love, the brave!

—Howard G. Hanson