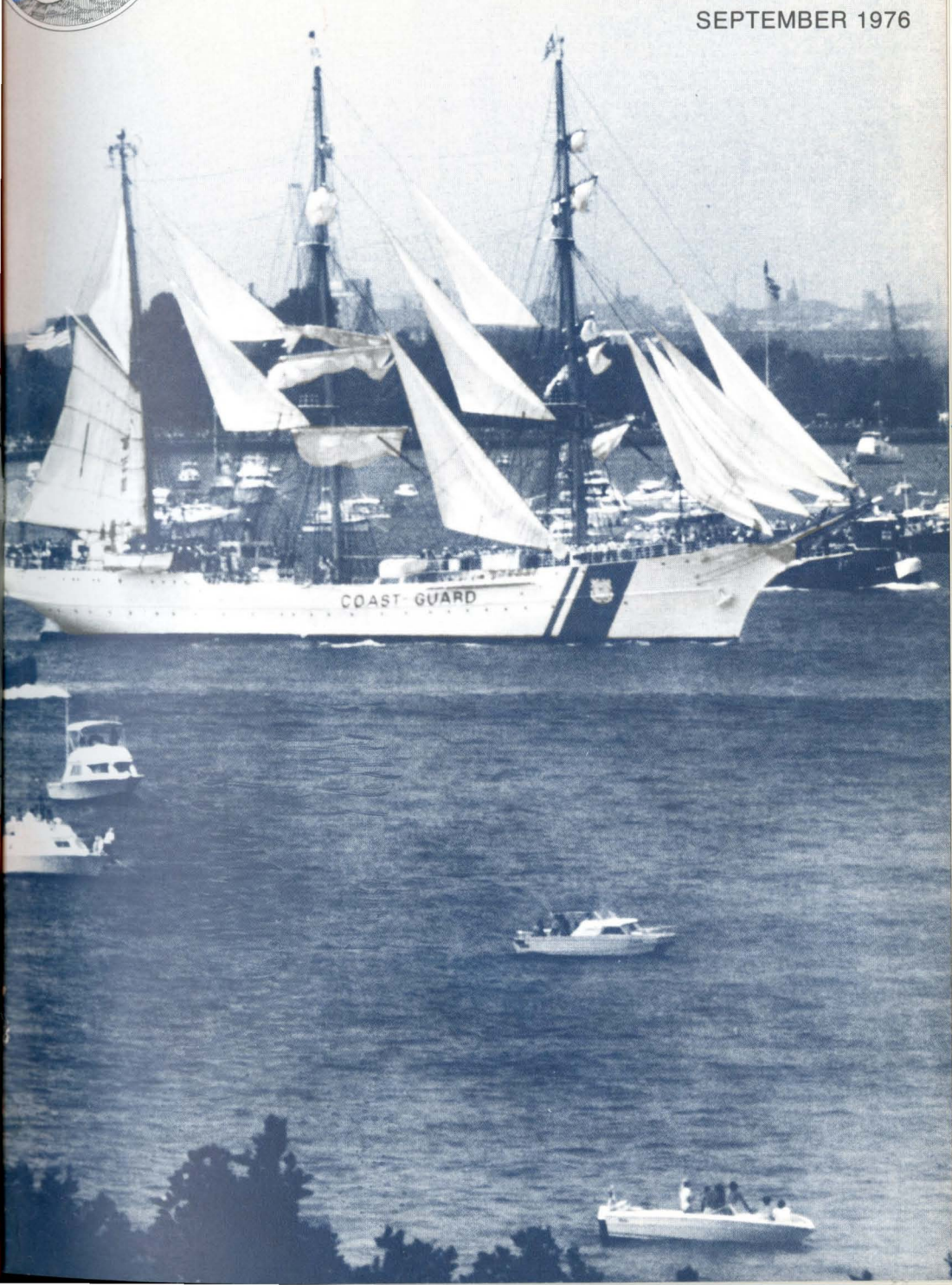




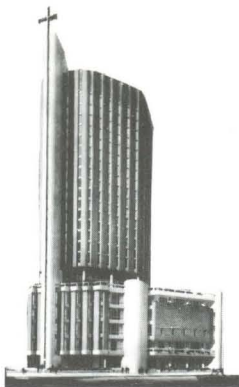
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 1976



The Program of the Institute

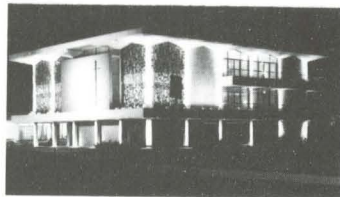


Seamen's Church Institute
15 State Street, N.Y.C.

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



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.

of recreational and educational services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 2,300 ships with over

96,600 men aboard put in at Port Newark annually, 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, designed and 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 62% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

the LOOKOUT

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September 1976

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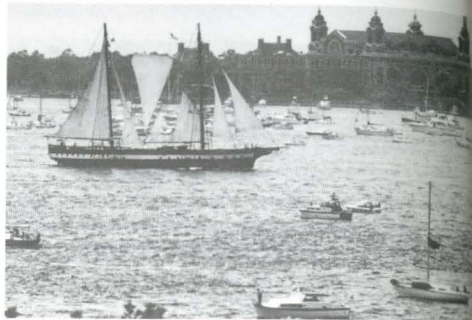
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Cover photo by M. Rollnik. Other tall ship photos by Messrs. M. Rollnik and D. Carver.

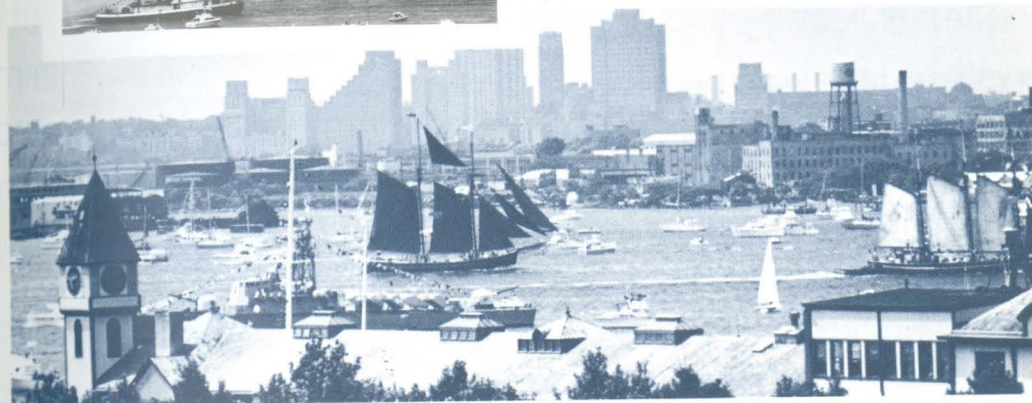
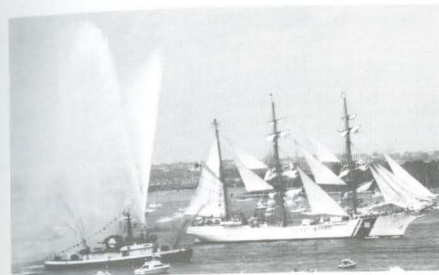
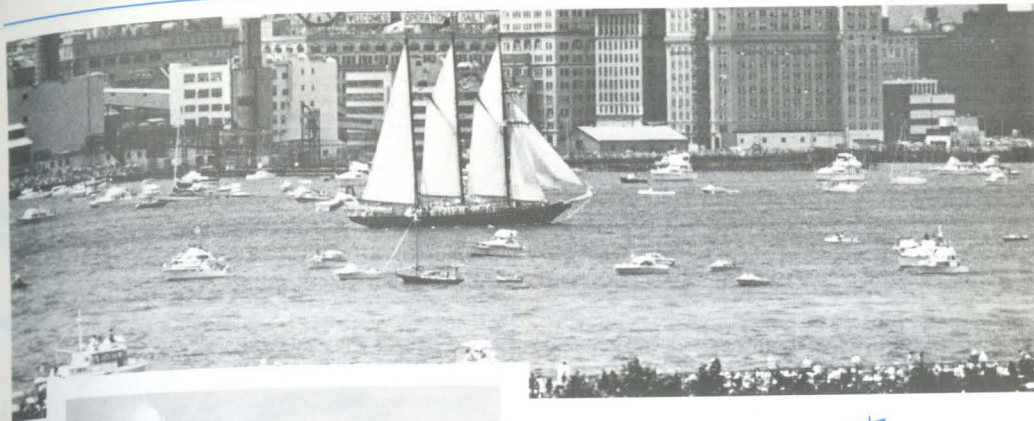


Photo by D. Carver

THE TALL SHIPS ARRIVE



You've seen them
in the newspapers and
on the television
screen



but here's how
they looked from
"our place", as
those stately ladies
sailed into New York
City's Upper
Harbor.



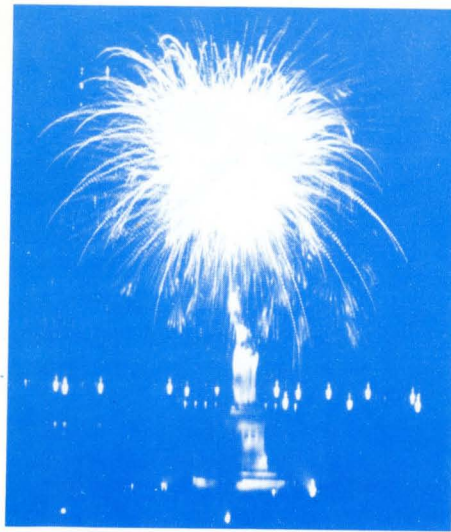


Photo by M. Rollink



Photo by D. Carver

Such a sight;
the highlight of a
4th of July never
to be forgotten.

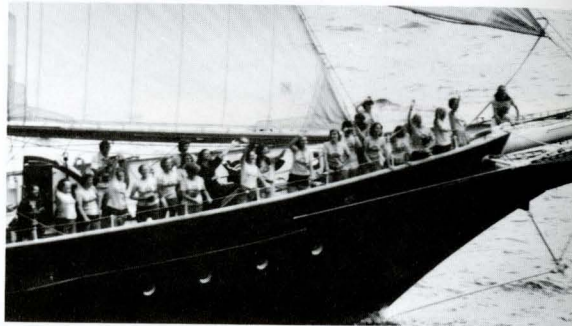


Photo by D. Carver

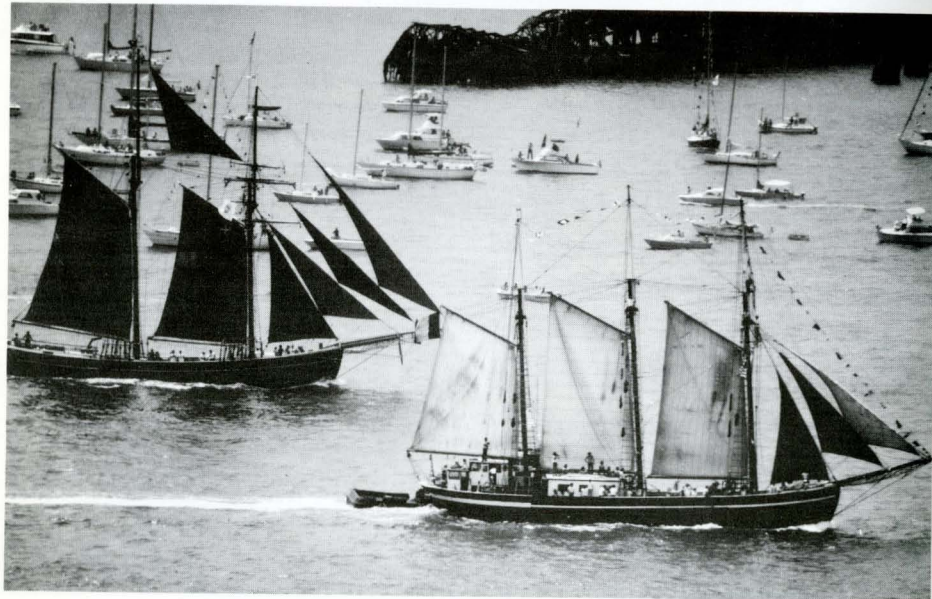


Photo by D. Carver



Sponsored by the Norwegian Government Seamen's Service in co-operation with the Seamen's Church Institute and the Seamen's House Y.M.C.A., the 1976 Sports Week for Seamen was again a resounding annual success.

Twenty-three ships from fourteen different countries fielded 602 competitors as follows:

Track and field	284
Soccer	229
Volleyball	26
Baseball	63

The sports week was open to seamen and seawomen of all ages, competition was keen; and upon the completion of the events, an awards luncheon was held at our Mariners International Center.



Mariners International Center (SCI)
Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.



Once again the camaraderie of the seas transcended the bounds of nationalism; and good fellowship and good sportsmanship was the name of the game on the playing fields at Port Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.



Eugene Flahive, an NMU member for 30 years, shows off the complex rigging and miniature brass fittings of his latest patient, a Spanish model of a frigate badly injured by vandals.

Seamen's Church Institute 'Doc' cures old or injured ship models

Editors' Note: *We wish to thank Mr. Samuel Thompson, N.M.U. Director of Publications and Public Relations for permission to reprint the following article and photo from the July 1976 issue of the NMU-Pilot the official organ of the National Maritime Union of America, AFL-CIO.*

Some of the regulars at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York call Eugene Flahive "Doc", and in many ways he is a physician. The difference between the NMU book member and a Johns Hopkins graduate is that Flahive's patients are ships' models that are suffering from age or vandalism.

Flahive has worked his cures on ships' models as much as 200 years old. He has doctored models made of bone, soft Georgia pine and mahogany. He hand-turns their fittings from brass. And if their sails have rotted from age, he works in his miniature sail loft using the sheerest muslin and finest silk thread.

"The only goal for a ship's model repairman is to make the model better than it was when new," says Flahive, who is 47 and has been going to sea since 1945. "For example, the original modelmaker may have made some working fittings in one piece, but on the models I repair, the fittings really can do their work, although they are often hardly big enough to see."

Flahive contributes his work to the Seamen's Church Institute where he lives whenever he is ashore. That is lucky for the Institute and for the thousands of people who visit its model displays annually, for a single model can take up two years of his time.

His current project, a model of a three-masted frigate made in Spain, nine

feet long from stern to the root of its bowsprit and almost nine feet high, was begun months ago and he was "rushing like crazy" to get it finished for July 4.

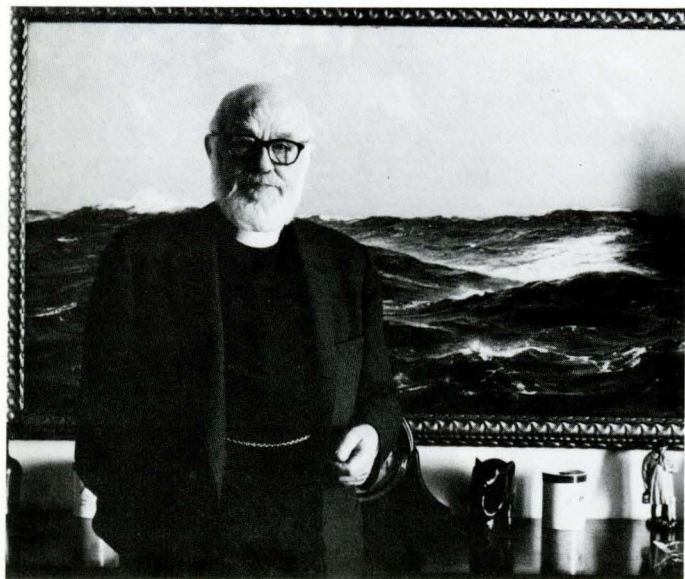
"Of course, this patient is an unusual case," Flahive explains. "Not unique, I'm sorry to say, but unusual. Someone jumped the guard rope and slashed all its ratlines, damaged the masts and stole the anchors. Age had already ruined the main deckhouse and some other deck structures."

Ships' models are a lot less sturdy than they appear. Flahive says they suffer from a variety of diseases even when kept in tightly sealed glass cases. He points to a Flying Cloud model in a case and says, "See? A lot of dry rust! Only cure for that is to put a little dish of water in the case and replace it regularly."

Are model ships worthy of such time-consuming care? Flahive hears that question quite often. His answer is in two parts — yes, because they are beautiful reminders of maritime history, and yes, because they are so valuable. The frigate model on which he is now working is worth much more than \$20,000. Some other models are literally priceless.

Flahive, who was born in Chicago and has sailed out of Frisco and New York, has been making models since he was 10 years old. Although he has a well-equipped shop at the Institute, his common work tools are a razor blade, needle-nose pliers and an artist's fine brush. It turns out he is lucky to need so few tools basically, because, when you ask him how he spends his spare time aboard the containerships he prefers, he answers quite simply, "Making ship models, of course."

Dr. John M. Mulligan, Institute Director, Sets Retirement Date. Board Names Successor.



As most of our readers know, Dr. John M. Mulligan, our director, announced last December that he will be retiring in the early months of 1977.

He gave his decision well in advance of his retirement-date so that the Institute's Board of Managers would have ample time to select his successor; and so that he and his successor could effect a smooth transition of command.

SUCCESSOR NAMED

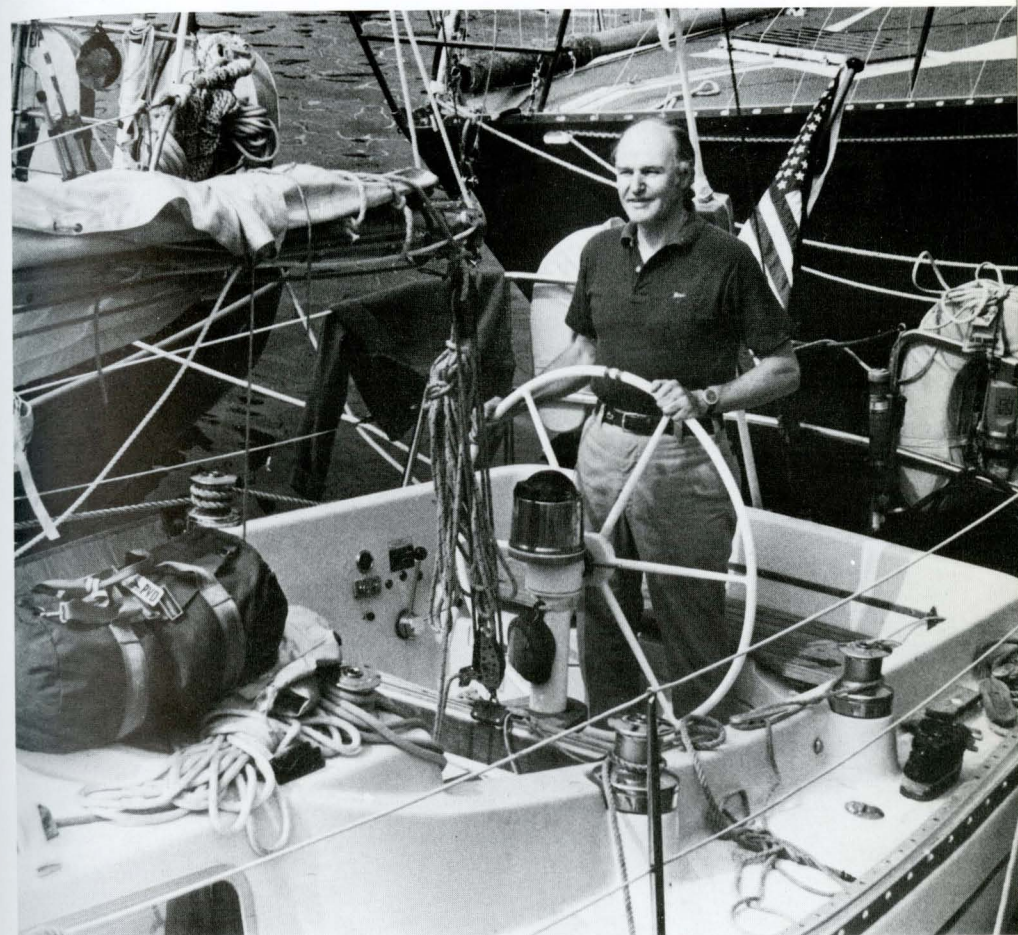
This past June, Mr. John Winslow, president of the Institute's Board of Managers, announced that the Reverend James Robinson Whittemore, Rector of Trinity Church, Princeton, New Jersey will succeed Dr. Mulligan as Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y., upon Dr. Mulligan's retirement.

In making this announcement, Mr. Winslow noted that the Board of Managers "was especially pleased that the Board's careful search for a new director has successfully resulted in the acceptance of such a prominent churchman and acknowledged leader." He also stressed that upon retirement, Dr. Mulligan will continue to serve as a clerical vice-president on the Board of Managers and that he has also agreed to be available for consultation and advice on Institute matters.

A native of Detroit, Michigan, Reverend Whittemore is fifty-one years of age, the son of the late Right Reverend Lewis Bliss Whittemore, and Helen Marie (Crawford) Whittemore, and is the father of two children.

He was ordained in 1951, is a graduate of Yale University; the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and was a Harvard University Merrill Fellow in 1965.

Prior to accepting the call as Rector of Trinity Church in Princeton, N.J. in 1967, he was the Rector of Christ Church, Hamilton-Wenham, Mass. His earlier ministries



included churches in Grosse Pointe, Sault Ste. Marie, and the Rural Deanship of Mackanac Deanery.

He is a canon of Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, N.J. and has been a clerical vice-president of the Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. Board of Managers since 1970.

He has served on numerous institutional boards including the Pingree School and Beverly Hospital, Beverly Mass. He is also an avid sailor, and only recently competed in this year's Bermuda Cup race, sailing his 34-foot Norlin, *the Goodly Frère*.

Rotunda of
U.S. Custom House



At the foot of Broadway (just a block away from the Institute) stands the U.S. Custom House, one of this country's finest Beaux Arts buildings. Built as a monument to commerce, it was completed in 1907; and its grandeur both in overall design and detail readily affirmed that New York City was America's foremost port.

However, over the years, the city's soot, grime and pigeons coupled with the escalating cost of maintaining such a palace to commerce, took its toll. The once pristine building gradually became a giant dirty-grey hulk and the lights were dimmed in its great interior spaces. In fact, most of the lights in its great halls were turned out.

In 1973, the U.S. Customs Service moved to the World Trade Center. At that time The New York Landmarks Conservancy, working with the Custom House Institute, a committee composed of Lower Manhattan business leaders, began working towards the building's conversion to new uses.

Through their efforts and that of the General Services Administration this landmark building already boasts a newly cleaned exterior and its great halls have been brought back to their former magnificence.

Once again its statuary, ornamentation, and decorative nautical motifs can be seen. Its marble interior spaces are filled with light; and the famous Reginald Marsh maritime murals in the domed rotunda have been cleaned and relighted for all to see.

The building shines forth like a rare, rediscovered gem, a joy to the eye and to the spirit. It is open from 11 A.M. - 6 P.M. Wednesday - Sunday until September 19, 1976 and visiting this great building is an opportunity not to be missed.

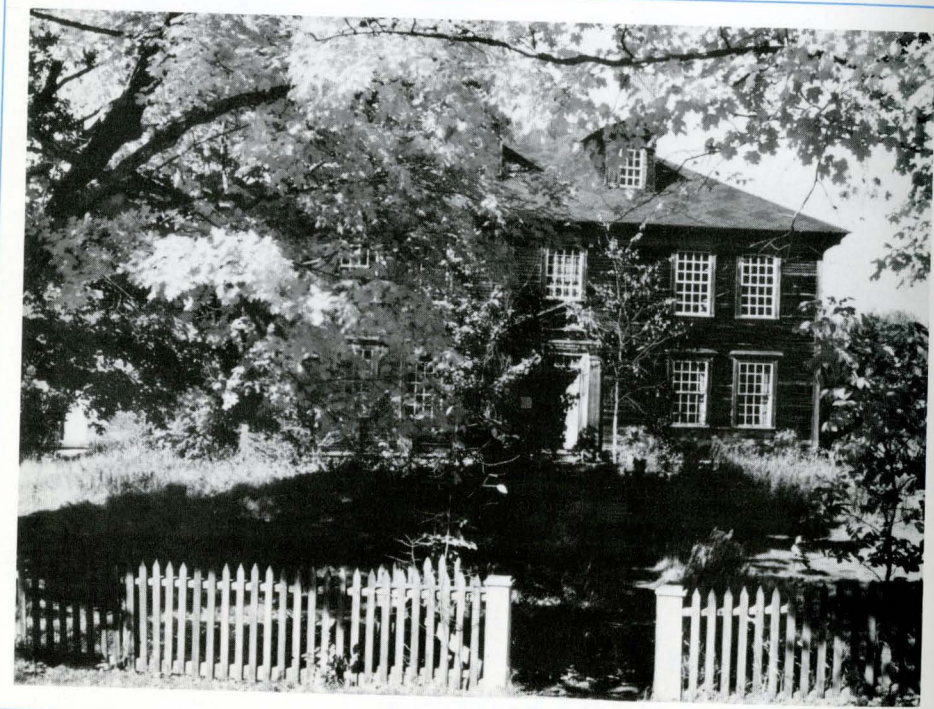


U.S. Custom House Again Open to the Public

photo by Nathaniel Lieberman



**THE HOUSE OF OCEAN BORN MARY
OR
THE BABY WHO WON A PIRATE'S HEART**



by Yvonne Beaudry

It sits atop a lonely hill in Henniker, N.H., a striking centuries-old dwelling with a rich heritage. Not only did Lafayette, Daniel Webster and President Franklin Pierce visit there; tales of ghosts, murder and buried treasure have surrounded the house since the death of its first mistress, Ocean Born Mary.

The story begins in 1720, when a group of Scotch-Irish emigrants sailed from Londonderry, Ireland to join settlers in Londonderry, N.H.. Their passage was uneventful until they neared the Massachusetts coast. Then a strange craft slowly approached their ship, and soon, her decks were swarming with pirates who bound, robbed and threatened to kill all the passengers.

Suddenly, amidst the fracas, a baby's cry was heard from below. The pirate leader, a burly, dark fellow called Captain Pedro, turned about and hastened down the companionway. Inside a dimly lit cabin, he perceived young Mrs. James Wilson in a berth clutching her newborn baby.

His hard heart melting at the sight, Don Pedro approached the frightened mother and asked if the infant was a boy or a girl.

"A girl," quaked Mrs. Wilson.

Whereupon the pirate gallantly proposed: "Madam, name the child Mary,

after my mother, and I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed."

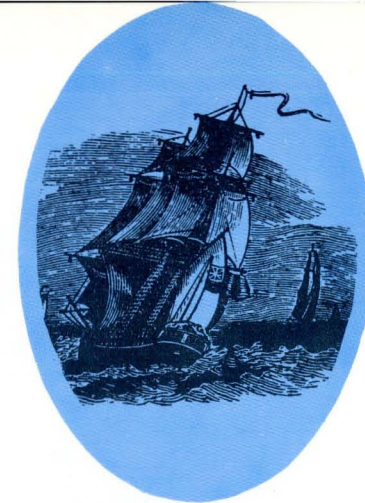
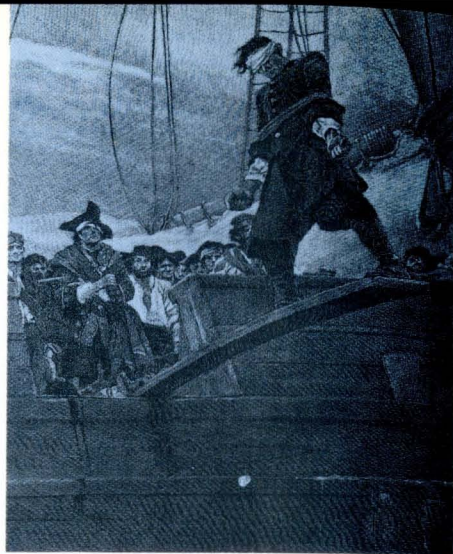
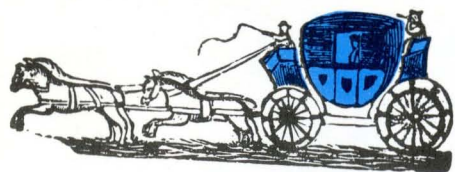
His offer accepted, Don Pedro commanded his men to free the captives and go back with him to the pirate vessel without any booty. But the emigrant ship was scarcely under way when the pirate captain returned, spreading a new alarm among the passengers.

This time, however, Pedro went straight to the cabin below, for he was carrying gifts for Baby Mary and her mother. The most beautiful, a bolt of Chinese brocaded satin — light green with a pink floral pattern — he presented to Mrs. Wilson with these words: "For Mary's wedding gown."

A few days later, the ship dropped anchor in Boston, where Mary's father died soon after the landing. His widow, with Baby Mary, went on to Londonderry to live with friends, and eventually she married James Clark, great-great-grandparent of Horace Greeley.

The child Mary, henceforth known as Ocean Born Mary because of the circumstances of her birth, grew up to be a tall, green-eyed, red-haired beauty whose birthday, July 28, was celebrated each year by the settlers as a day of deliverance from piracy.

When, at the age of 22, she married Thomas Wallace, newly arrived in



America, she wore a gown made of the pirate's satin. (Today pieces of the gown are on display in The Daughters of the American Revolution Museum in Washington, D.C., The Tucker Free Library in Henniker and at the Hillsborough, N.H. town library.)

All this time, the pirate captain had never lost track of Mary. When she became a widow with four young sons and a daughter to rear, he purchased 6000 acres of land in Henniker and, with the help of his ship's carpenters and Negro slaves, built a great mansion on a hilltop. Characteristically, the stairs were constructed with high hand-railings like those on the bridge of a ship; the floor in the back rooms was slanted in the manner of a sloping deck.

Once the house was completed, the pirate asked Mary to live there with him as his housekeeper, giving her a chance to bring up her children in comfort. She agreed to take over the old rogue's menage, and he lavished jewels and other gifts on her, including a coach-and-four.

His most precious possession, however, he kept a secret — a huge wooden chest that he had buried on the premises. This secret proved fatal to him. One day, Ocean Born Mary rode back from town and discovered the pirate dead in the orchard, with a sailor's cutlass stuck in his back.

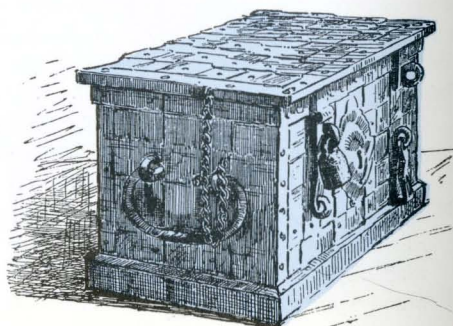
Following his previous instructions,

she buried Don Pedro under the great stone slab (8 feet long and 30 inches wide) in front of the kitchen fireplace — one of the largest in New Hampshire.

Mary continued to live in the house with her children and saw her sons grow up to be six-foot-eight fighters in the American Revolution. Robert, the second eldest, became involved in politics and helped draw up the Granite State's Constitution.

Blessed with a large family, Mary Wallace died in 1814 at the age of 94. On her grave, shaded by a clump of cedars in the old Henniker cemetery, an American flag flutters beside her gray slate tombstone. (How many women, one wonders, rate our national flag on their graves?)

These are the main events in Ocean Born Mary's life. Some are recorded, others are not. How true are the unrecorded happenings and the spooky tales that have mushroomed since her death is anyone's guess.



There are the reports, for example, of strange lights appearing in an upstairs window at midnight; of dinner candles mysteriously blown out; of Mary's ghost trying to point out Pedro's buried treasure or acting out the episode of his death.

The latter activity supposedly occurs at dusk in late October. A coach-and-four arriving from town rolls across the yard, site of the old post road, and pulls up at the front entrance. The tall bent figure of Mary steps out and hastens into the house. Soon after, groans are heard coming from the orchard.

These tales, says the present homeowner, Robert E. Greeg, a land investor, are ridiculous. Since restoring the house, which he bought for \$75,000 two and a half years ago, neither he, his wife nor their four children have ever seen a spectre on the premises.

"The swinging hammers must have scared ghosts away," he chuckles. "We only found small spooks like mice and squirrels and a raccoon. That's not surprising in a house that was long abandoned."

A previous owner, Louis Roy, whom I met at the time he lived in the house and charged admission to sightseers, also claimed he never "sighted" any kind of apparition, nor had his late mother, Flora. However, he had been assured by mediums and other "sensitives" that the place was really haunted.

The psychics, it would seem, got their best results in the "Eagle Room" — the elegant parlor with a handpainted mural of an American eagle with 16 stars and stripes. It was in this room that Ocean Born Mary died.

Dowsers had a field day whenever they visited the old property. One detected silver 12 feet down in the orchard. Another trod the kitchen hearthstone with a slit apple bough in which he inserted first a dime, then a penny, then a gold ring, and finally a bone. (The dime bent, as did each of the other objects.)

"There is bone not far down," he told Roy. "Underneath there is silver, under that copper, and furthest down, gold."

But Roy never dared to raise the stone and dig up Captain Pedro's skeleton and bloody treasure, rumored to be worth seven or eight million dollars.

"I'm afraid I might be cursed," said Roy. "The old man doesn't want his grave disturbed."

It could be that Roy had another, unspoken fear. A fear that the profitable (for him) legends of pirate bones, buried treasure and wandering ghosts might be destroyed. For he knew of a second, different version of the Ocean Born Mary story that also had been handed down. To wit: it was Mary's son Robert, and not Pedro, who "built the house which in his day was far and away the grandest mansion in all the country around."

Colonial Cookery



A S part of the Bicentennial year we are printing a number of Colonial recipes in the remaining '76 issues.

The recipes have been researched and tested by the "historical" cook, Betty Groff, and we hope that they will be a source of both good dining and conversation at your table.



Early American Buttermilk Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground mace	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar	2 cups fresh buttermilk
3 large eggs	2 teaspoons vanilla extract
3 tablespoons flour	ground nutmeg

Cream butter, mace, and sugar together until fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add the next 3 ingredients. Mix well. Stir in buttermilk and vanilla extract. Turn into a 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Place in pan of hot water. Bake in a preheated slow oven (325 degrees F.) 1 hour and 10 minutes or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean.



THE ARAN ISLES

Kay Wissinger

These jagged rocks washed by the
foamy spray
Of the wild Atlantic, face the sunset
skies
Where hidden down the deep horizon
lies
The golden promise of another day.
The stormy ocean's wind-lashed
waters flay
The fishing boats: the wheeling
seagulls' cries
Shrill over towering waves that
dip and rise,
And spectral fog holds many a dawn
at bay.

Islands of mist and legend that were
born
Back in the genesis of earthly time,
Sharing with you the triumph of
each morn
Your people care not that the siren
tide
Hints of a distant land, a fairer
clime:
Your stony soil, your sea, their
pain and pride.

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