

THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper

St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y.

1

Tuesday, September 1, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

THE DAILY LEVEL is a free newspaper, distributed daily from September 1-14 to passengers of the Staten Island ferry. It comprises interviews with (retired) mariners and articles on maritime subjects or related topics. The publication is part of *Communicating Vessels*, a site specific project created by the Rotterdam artist Arnold Schalks and the New York artist Ron Rocco. This project, grounded in maritime subjects, technology and historical circumstance, explores Snug Harbor Cultural Center's past as a home for retired seamen. Sailors' Snug Harbor, as it was previously named, was built on Staten Island's Kill van Kull in 1833. It functioned as a refuge for aged mariners until 1976, when it was relocated to Sea Level, North Carolina, where it continues to operate. Rocco and Schalks visited Sea Level this July to interview residents of Sailors' Snug Harbor about living in the Nelson Bay area. Their contributions are published under the daily column 'THE HOBBYROOM LOG'.

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Vessels website featuring VRML and RealAudio streams, digital postcards and Maptech Navigation Software, which locates vessels' coordinates and positions them on nautical charts.

With *Communicating Vessels*, Schalks and Rocco attempt to integrate and enlarge visitors' awareness of the way things are connected in time and space. The visitor, in a sense, becomes another connective element, or vessel, between notions of what is past and what is present.

THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

THE LAST OF A SPECIES

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

.....oh hell, of course I knew Sailors' Snug Harbor at Staten Island, I used to catch the launch right across the street from it, to go to Bayonne, you know...no, I never went to the facility, nor had the curiosity to just walk across the street to look at it....I met some of the inmates in a bar that I happened to be in...they wandered around and the seamen 'd get them drunk, I mean, it was....oh yeah, everybody knew about Snug Harborthere was always the standard joke, you know...'you can always go to Snug Harbor'....nobody had the intention to go, really...I didn't know the history of it until I came here....I made no effort to find out....they never ever really gave it a lot of publicity, I mean....it's there....it's available....but now it's getting so difficult to get somebody in here, that the unions are running ads in their

papers....well, the source is drying out....we're the last of a species, really....I mean, the maritime industry is most radically changed...it was about time, it had not changed much since Moses in a basket, for God's sake...I mean, all the old traditions that carried on for years and years and years....you can look at these ships here...they all have a mast, but they're actually displaced.... there's no use for them, but they still put them on ships....now, you see a ship, and it's a utilitarian* deal....it looks like hell...it's just a floating box with a doghouse set up on top of it...it looks like a seagoing version of the African Queen, for God's sake.... they don't build a ship for esthetics now...the lines of it, the way they look like....well, you could recognize a Dutch ship all over the world by the stern....it was always distinct, it had a sturdy look...just a little line that you could tell...

(Horace Twiford)

*utilitarian = designed to be useful for a purpose rather than attractive

ARE YOU FED UP

with
CORRUPT POLITICIANS

DO YOU BELIEVE
in the moral bankruptcy of
RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS

DO YOU WANT

to change
THE SITUATION

(check tomorrows'
Daily Level!!!!)

SNUG HARBOR

Fear not my shipmate if ye are lost
 Set sail by faith at any cost
 And if the seas be foul and deep
 In these my words your courage keep
 Your shipmate I am, and always will be
 No matter what the hell lies ahead for me
 So set ye a course that is true and straight
 And follow yon star to my open gate
 Then drop your anchor on our friendly shore
 And you will find that ours, is an open door
 For within our halls you will always know
 That you are welcome here
 When there is no place, left to go.

Bosun Pepe Fernando († Sea Level, July 1998)

FIRST WATER

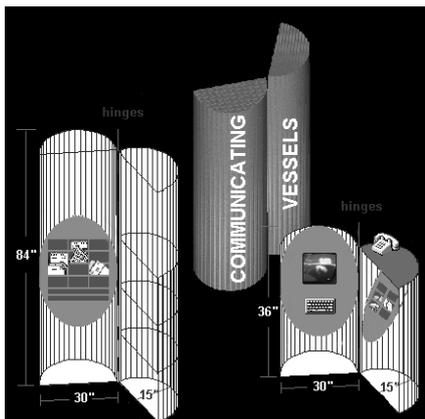
Liquids

Liquids are bodies which do not have a definite shape and do not resist deformation. If a stretch or shear, even a small one, is exerted upon them, they alter their shape in response. In particular, they will respond to the force of gravity and alter their shape in such a way as to reduce their potential energy to a minimum. In response to gravity, such bodies will move downward and flatten out as much as possible; in doing so, they will take the shape of any vessel in which they might be.

The principle of the communicating vessels

This principle can be used to explain the observed fact that if a container of liquid contains two or more openings, to which are connected tubes of various shapes into which the liquid can rise, and if enough liquid is present in the container so that the level will rise in those tubes, the liquid will rise to the same height in each (fig. 1).

(from: 'Understanding Physics' by I. Asimov, (pages 115-121))



The *Communicating Vessels* newsstand.

GLOSSARY

VESSEL:

- a hollow receptacle for fluid
- a large ship
- a person regarded as the recipient or exponent of a quality



5'9"
above SEA LEVEL



Horace Twiford

WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

DAILY
 from September 1 - 14
 from 8 AM - 5 PM
 in the waiting area of the
St. George Terminal
 of the Staten Island Ferry
 Arnold Schalks & Ron Rocco

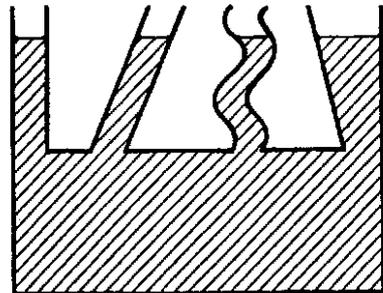


fig.1: Water finds its level.



NEWHOUSE CENTER

FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

Snug Harbor Cultural Center
 1000 Richmond Terrace,
 Staten Island, NY 10301
 (718) - 448 2500

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THE DAILY LEVEL

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free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 2 Wednesday, September 2, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

SAFE AT SEA LEVEL

Sea Level, N.C., July 31, 1998

....we were almost to Curaçao, and going through Windward Passage already....headed between Cuba and Hispaniola, and we were heading for Curaçao....there were submarines in the area, and we knew it....we were light....we had levelled the empty tanks off with salt waterjust opened up the valves and let the ship go down to sea level, so that if she was at, and got hit, she would not sink....just let the tanks fill up and just let her sail like that....the tanks weren't full, I imagine they were three-quarters full....we had been carrying cargo and there was gas in the tanks....if we got hit when they were empty, there was more oxygen than there would be in a full tanker, so a fire would happen much more readily....she had as much ballast as she could take the engine-room and the bow would keep her afloat

....you can't do that normally if the seas are heavy, or when you expect bad weather, but she was in the Caribbean, and the Caribbean was very calm at that time....that's why we did it....now, if they would have hit her in the engine room, or hit her in the bow or something, she would have sunk, but they hit her in the number four tank, which is the tank right forward of the bridge.... as long as she didn't get hit in the engine room or bow, she was alright....the torpedo exploded, but the ship didn't explode....it just put a big hole in the side....it wasn't that big a hole, because we used mattresses to stuff it up and block it up...we didn't even need to patch her, because she was already at sea level....that's what happened....

(Harrison Maycroft)

5'8"

above SEA LEVEL



Harrison Maycroft

THE DAILY MEAL

MENUS FOR THE RESIDENTS OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

SAILORS SNUG HARBOR
SEA LEVEL, N.C.
9.2.1998

- LUNCH** (Low Fat-Low Salt)
- Cream of Broccoli - Cream of Mushroom
 - Prime Rib
 - Vegetable Lasagna - Healthy Choice Vegetable Lasagna
 - Chick Filet on a Bun
 - Baked Potato w/ Sour Cream
 - French Fries
 - Seasoned Brussels Sprouts - Steamed Brussels Sprouts
 - Seasoned Vegetable Normandy - Steamed Vegetable Normandy
 - Relish Platter
 - Assorted Dinner Rolls
 - Peach Cobbler
 - Plain Cake
 - Sliced Peaches
 - Assorted Ice cream
- SUPPER** (Low Fat-Low Salt)
- Cream of Broccoli - Cream of Mushroom
 - Stuffed Peppers
 - Kielbasa w/ Sauerkraut - Healthy Choice Three Bean Chili
 - Liverwurst Sandwich w/ Onions
 - Steamed Rice
 - Parsley Boiled Patatoes
 - Cream Style Corn - Steamed Whole Kernel Corn
 - Seasoned Spinach
 - Cheese Cake - Steamed Spinach
 - Plain Cake - Diet Cheesecake
 - Assorted Ice Cream

Salad Bar, Fruits, Cottage Cheese and Yogurts are available daily for healthy choices

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR
STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.
9.2.1913

- BREAKFAST**
- Cereal & Milk
 - New York Baked Beans
 - Boston Brown Bread
 - Coffee
- DINNER**
- Bean Soup
 - Boiled Smo. Shoulders
 - Boiled Potatoes
 - Cabbage boiled with Shoulders
 - Sago. Pudding
 - Coffee
- SUPPER**
- Milk Toast
 - Sugared Doughnuts
 - Fresh Tomatoes
 - Tea

Plenty of bread & butter served with each meal



ARE YOU FED UP
with
CORRUPT POLITICIANS

DO YOU BELIEVE
in the moral bankruptcy of
RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS

DO YOU WANT
to change
THE SITUATION

HERE'S
HOW:

sent a legal size s.a.s.e. to

THE PURVEYOR
 P.O. box 2058
 Beaufort
 N.C. 28516 - 2085

Waterline Tours

On the first two weekends of September, Rotterdam artist Arnold Schalks will conduct an exclusive shuttle bus tour of approx. 60 minutes from the St. George ferry terminal to the site of the former dock of Sailors' Snug Harbor on Richmond Terrace. Passengers will experience reminders of the past, enjoy maritime improvisations and achieve a better horizontal awareness.

Tour dates:

- Saturday, September 5
- Sunday, September 6
- Saturday, September 12
- Sunday, September 13

Departure from the ferry terminal is scheduled at 5 PM.
 Fare: \$ 5. p.p.

Consult the Communicating Vessels newsstand for further information.
 Book a tour now, the number of seats is limited.

Tele-info or reservations:
 (718) 815 0198 or (718) 448 2500.

MATTRESS CONVERSION TABLE

TYPE	U.S.	Europe
twin Size	38' x 75'	= 95cm x 190cm
double or full Size	54' x 75'	= 135cm x 190cm
Queen Size	60' x 80'	= 150cm x 200cm
Eastern King Size	76' x 80'	= 195cm x 200cm
California King Size	72' x 84'	= 185cm x 215cm

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free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 3 Thursday, September 3, 1998

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Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

(E)QUALITY

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

.....I was extremely lucky....I mean, this place here* is unique....I come here and I figure, well, I want to do two more things in my life....I came here when I got to bad health and older, and I piss all my money away...I never tried to save any, so I don't have to worry about it....I got all this loot here and don't know what else to do with it...we're all treated the same....whether you were a best boy or Captain, it don't make a difference....you know.... some of these fellows have been up in the industry, like Port Captain or Captain of passenger ships, anything that just substitutes a wife and changed everything.... but they come here and they want to be: Captain!, or... and then the governor had to tell them, it don't mean anything, everybody is the same....

(Horace Twiford)

*here = Sailors' Snug Harbor at Sea Level, North Carolina. The Sailors' Snug Harbor admits merchant seamen and women who no longer are able to pursue their sea going career and who meet a basic requirement of at least ten years of deep sea service, after which admission is based solely on need.

NOTES

FROM

THE PILOT HOUSE

St. George Ferry Terminal,
Staten Island, August 17, 1998.



Captain Eddie Squire in the Pilot House of the 'John F. Kennedy'.

...in fact we navigate by eye...on a regular trip, once we cleared the slips, it's like a river track...we know the courses there, we see the aids to navigation, it's a regular run... sometimes you just let her ride the current...here's our chart up here in the pilothouse...and then we have our radar, of course, and our radio, the eyes and ears of the vessel, and we have our compass...you'll see

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the buoys, the aids to navigation... we'll see them on radar, they're steel...and at night you can see their lights, their sequence and that...it's different at night, especially in the summertimes...we have all these sail boats...they sail in the dark...we got some real yachtsmen, they think they're brave...the guy has an outboard engine on his sail boat... he's tacking under sail in front of us...I like the sailboat and I say, 'look at this guy'...and I watch him when he's coming over...he has his outboard engine on, so he's under power also ...he shuts the engine off, lifts the outboard, now changing the rules of the road situation...I said, 'What?, Arghhhh!!!!'...I needed to make a fast move...and now we got a new toy in the harbor, which is really getting to be a concern...those jet ski's they have...they've been challenging a boat that had problems with them...they're crazy...they are all young kids and they want to come up and tap the side of the boat...one guy fell over and...he didn't get hurt or anything, thank God, but then the guy gave us the business, you know, the old finger after he got up...then the cops

and the Coast Guard were waiting for him...they locked him up...this generation is very daring... the Coast Guard now has special cameras all over the harbor here, so they can see the vessels and everything...see who's coming and who's going ... they tell me they have cameras that can zoom in on the pilot house, so I said, 'gotta keep your clothes on, honey'...anyway, they have a highly sophisticated system...the radar sets we use on these boats are almost about five years old now...over the years we had this old fashioned system of navy ship plotting on oceangoing vessels...you know, the old radars see the targets and you had a plotting sheet, and you had to work out distance, time, bearings, course lines, use geometry...now, you don't have that anymore, this is all sophisticated electronics...I've done some navigating with the sextant ...you had the right books, the right stars, you knew the hemisphere you were in...nowadays they don't break out the sextant, because they got G.P.S. *...young fellows just push a button and say, 'Okay, we're here'... but they forget what makes G.P.S. run and what makes the ship run and if that engine room dies, and you're playing with that stuff and you don't have any of the basics, you're in trouble...I will tell you a little story...I have a lot of history on the Titanic, I found many discoveries, I started reading, and I learned so much, first about the ship itself, about the construction and about the historical background, and the interesting thing was the navigation...when they hit that iceberg, they gave a distress call and they gave a Latitude and a Longitude...they hadn't really taken a fix for twelve hours and she's going to twenty-one and a half knots and they lay down a dead reckoning course** and say 'Okay, this is our position'...so they tell the radio operator, this is our Latitude and Longitude...but when the ship hit the iceberg, she was still drifting, nobody stopped the engines, they never

really reversed ... and she just drifts ... so, everybody's realizing they only have an hour and a half to live...but that position they gave on the chart, and this is in nineteen-twelve...they never thought of the 'set and drift' when they put that position on the chart...you had the Labrador Currents, you had these ice fields coming down there...so they're drifting and drifting...the ship that turned around, 'the Carpathia', and rescued them, kept locking onto that position...he ran fifty-eight miles at seventeen knots inside the ice, very slow...they went around the icefield, they didn't see any wreck...then, when they came out a third time, which was after the Titanic was gone...then they would see the four, five life boats altogether...but, it was that navigational thing, a thing we always get into here...it's a 'set and drift' ...the currents will always move you, even at sea...you have current tables, which they had in those days too...but at that time, nobody thought of it...it's quite a story, and we just stumbled into this through historical reading....today, with what we've learned, we've come so far, and those kind of errors can always happen...you know, man gets so overconfident, especially in this business...

(Captain Eddie Squire on board of the 'J.F.K.')

* G.P.S. = Geo Positioning System

** dead reckoning = laying the course line down on the plotting sheet, and measuring along this line the distance the craft should have advanced since the last fix

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free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 4 Friday, September 4, 1998

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Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

FIRST FICTION

Sea Level, N.C., July 28, 1998

...really, I have never been in any danger or rough seas....just plain luck, I guess....I was....my first third mate job was with John O'Pray, who was twenty-six years old and here I'm thirty-five...and... he'd been a cadet and he worked his way up the American South African Line....he was born in the tenement, raised on the fire escape....and....I think he was raised by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because he said.... 'MISTER OTTINGER! WHERE DID YOU LEARN YOUR NAVIGATION?'.... he turned me into jelly.... and I tried and tried....and...oh, he would give me hell...so, we're coming back from East Africa and rounding Cape Agulhas, which is the lowest part of South Africa....and the Agulhas-bank is on forty fathom of water and extends out sixty or seventy miles....so I put in the log: ah... "Vessel nearly steady and....

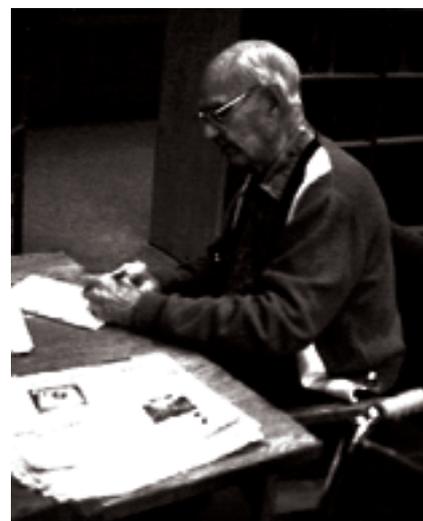
calm sea and a low... long low easy south-westerly swell" 'MISTER OTTINGER! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS THE ROUGHEST PLACE IN THE WORLD?'....it measures seas of sixty feet...that was the biggest sea they ever had... was sixty feet....I said...'but Captain, it ain't rough now'...and he said...'put something in the log to give us something to fall back on, in case we have any weather damage from the cargo'....so, that's how I learned to write fiction....

(Jay Ottinger)

Oldest living Junior Third Mate Jay Ottinger (93) is a resident of Sailors' Snug Harbor since 1982. He sailed on his first ship in 1919 and on his last in 1980. In 1994 he published his first book: "The Steam Yacht Delpine and Other Stories". He's now working on his second book. "I cannot type, but I just write it. The damn stories almost write themselves", he says.

5'10"

above SEA LEVEL



Jay Ottinger at work.

WATERSURFACE DISTURBANCE LEVEL CONVERSION TABLE

Level	effects observed at sea	waveheight	
		- feet -	- meters -
Level 0	glassy	0	0
Level 1	calm	0-1	.3
Level 2	rippled	1-2	.3-.6
Level 3	choppy	2-4	.6-1.2
Level 4	choppier	4-8	1.2-2.4
Level 5	rough	8-13	2.4-4
Level 6	very rough	13-20	4-6
Level 7	high	20-30	6-9
Level 8	very high	30-45	9-14
Level 9	ultra high	45'+	14+

H₂O MESSENGER SERVICE

Are you discontent with the regular message distribution by land or by air?

Are you looking for more adventurous, dynamical flows of information?

Is the intent to communicate more relevant than its purposiveness?

Do you sympathize with Thales'* famous statement: 'panta rei'***?

Let the currents deliver your messages.

Local - Long Distance - Worldwide.

FREE DELIVERY

For more information, consult your Communicating Vessels newsstand

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REFERENCE

* Thales of Miletus (c.624-c.545 BC) = Greek philosopher, mathematician and astronomer. He was one of the Seven Sages listed by Plato and was held by Aristotle to be the founder of physical science. He also credited with founding geometry. He proposed that water was the primary substance from which all things were derived, and represented the earth as floating on an underlying ocean.

** 'panta rei' = everything flows

SCIENCE FICTION

Understanding natural things involves describing them. The more accurate the description, the better the understanding. An accurate description is quantitative: a scientific measurement consists of a number and a unit. Every measurement is, in the final analysis, an approximation...

(from: *PHYSICS, fundamentals and frontiers*)

TIDES

Tides are the periodic rise and fall of the sea surface, occurring once or twice a day. Tides may be regarded as ocean waves of very long wavelength, whose motions are driven by the gravitational attraction of Sun and Moon and by the Earth's rotation. Because the tides are waves of very long wavelength their motions are strongly affected by their interaction with the sea floor. In the deep ocean the tidal range rarely exceeds 1 ft 8 in. In shallow coast waters, however, the tidal range increases, just as surf grows when it approaches a beach. This effect is reinforced in bays and estuaries whose natural period of oscillation is close to the tidal period

F(R)ICTION

The bending of light when it passes from one medium into another is called *refraction*. If you look at an object in the water, it will seem to be higher up than it actually is because of this refraction. It will also seem closer to you. When you look straight down into water, it will seem to be about 3 ft. deep when it is actually 4 ft. deep. When you look into water at an angle, the water seems even more shallow.



NEWHOUSE CENTER

FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
Snug Harbor Cultural Center
1000 Richmond Terrace,
Staten Island, NY 10301
(718) - 448 2500

THE INTERNET

levels of information
on the world's largest communicating vessel.

LEVEL COMPRISES

Usenet	-	newsgroups	
e-mail	-	electronic messages	
BBS	-	Bulletin Board Services	
TCP	-	Transfer Control Protocol	=
			<i>http:</i> - graphic webpages
			<i>ftp:</i> - downloading files
			<i>gopher:</i> - search tools
			<i>telnet:</i> - individual dialogue

THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 5 Saturday, September 5, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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Vessels website featuring VRML and RealAudio streams, digital postcards and Maptech Navigation Software, which locates vessels' coordinates and positions them on nautical charts.

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

THE PARROT STORY

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

...I was captain on this big super-tanker...I had been chief mate of her and then the captain got off and I relieved him.... and, we were running for the Persian Gulf to Japan...now, the ship is so big, that she can't go into an American shipyard...we paid our crews off in Japan and took our annual inspection in Japan, because there was not an American shipyard in nineteen sixty-two that could take this ship into port, and do the work on it...they did it in Japan...everytime we came into Japan, most of the crew wanted to get off...around the Persian Gulf... there's no shore leaf in the Persian Gulf...one night in Sapporo, Japan and one night in Yokohama.....the guy that had to stand watch got sick, he wanted to see the doctor... so, they get ashore and the guys that got ashore, never came backI paid off a chief officer, and the chief officers kept getting off

the ship in Yokohama...one of the main reasons they got off is, that this ship drew fifty foot of water loadedand they put her in a dock at Ras Tanura, Arabia, that only had forty-two foot of water alongside at high tide...so, we would load the ship to forty foot, then we had to get the last ten foot of cargo in...in order to get it in, we had to load it forty-thousand barrels an hour, and top off the tanks to come right up to the deck, and almost get a full load...there's very few chief officers that can handle cargo that fast...they come out the United States, and they are used to loading at twenty-thousand barrels an hour, and top it off about six-thousand...so the ship was a monstrosity to load...so, we come in to Ras Tanura, Arabia, load the forty feet, wait till the tide starts coming in and you can bring it up, and all the mates are quit... we got a mate in our union that has sleeping sickness ...in fact, he sued the Masters, Mates and Pilots for not shipping him out when he got a fit for duties from Marine Hospital...you know, they had a Marine fit-for-duty slip, and the Marine Hospital would keep him a couple of weeks, and then want his bed, and say...'hey, we can do nothing for this guy'... they threw him out... but he'd fall asleep standing up, he'd fall asleep sitting at the table, eating...so, he comes aboard as my chief officer....now, I got to have a chief officer to sail from Yokohama, and I can't get another one, so I take the guy....I know his problem but I take him....he's a good administrator, he could tell the bosun what work to do and maintaining the ship and everything like that, he was a good man....a jewish boy named Bernie....anyway, Bernie come a-

board and he's sort of an eccentric ...he wants to sleep on the floor, put tatamis* in his room and all that, he's just a character ...anyway, he buys a parrot in Yokohama, he goes aboard with a parrot on his shoulder... ..we get down the Persian Gulf and the second mate missed the ship, so the two third mates are standing, six on and six off, because I can't put Bernie out on watch, he'd fall asleep on the bridge, he falls asleep at the dinner table...the poor guy has got a problem...so, we get out to load cargo...Bernie's got one of the third mates down here on watch with him, and he's down there, sitting on a valve with the parrot on his shoulder ..like thisand I say, all those mates are tired, they been standing six at six, and they're looking in that tank, getting all gassed up, and Bernie got up there, looking in the tank, and he'd probably fall asleep and fall in the ullage cap...so I better get down and help him, which I been doing every trip, helping the mates get the cargo in, which they resent very much...'what's the Captain doing down here?'...besides that, I'm supposed to go ashore and clear the ship at Riyadh...if I'm loading cargo, I can't do that, and they won't let anyone represent the captain, only the captain go ashore, so...it was a problem...I get down there with them loading the ship, and here's the chief officer sitting on a valve...he's got a sailor at this valve here and a sailor at this valve here...when the tank is full, they close the valve and open this one up on another tank...he's got them all in position...sitting there with the parrot on his shoulder....well, the ship had beams that were three foot below the deck... when the oil hit that beam, that was a sign to start turning the valves off, because it takes twenty-two turns on one of them valves... to turn the valves down, it was kind of hard, hauling oil and everything, and the man really has to pull hard to turn the valves down, so it's a slow process to open up, the other one is a slow process, so you start to get about three feet to

work with...when the oil hits the beam, the air has got nowhere to go... because it's locked in by the beams, but there's little holes where the beams fasten to the deck ... about every few feet there's a little hole, like limber holes, little U-shaped holes on top of these beams ...when the oil hit these beams, that air had to rush through these holes, to come up to the ullage cap... apparently that made a noise that disturbed the parrot...I was standing there, ready to tell them to shut the oil off, shut the valve down, and the parrot started squalling....now, every tank we went to:....right on cue, when the oil hit that beam, the parrot would squall...the next trip I say 'to heck with it...if Bernie has a spill, he has a spill, let him and the parrot do it'....and the next trip the parrot squalled on cue every time, we filled every tank right up...so, we sailed and we're sailing on time, and we get the ship loaded, I'm going ashore and clearing the ship and everything's fine...we get the full cargo... sometimes, if we didn't load fast enough, we sailed short and then'cause we had to leave the dock immediately at high tide...we made three perfect trips with old Bernie and his parrot...I called a friend of mine over on one of the trips, and I said, 'watch the section down on deck'...he says, 'I don't believe in this crap'...he says, 'I have seen everything, but I never seen anything like that'...I say, 'well, that's how we do it', and he laughed...he says, 'where are you going?'...I say, 'she's going to get a partial load of grain in Portland, Oregon, I guess, or Vancouver, Washington and then go back on the Japanese route'....I say, 'I'm paying off and going up New York, to straighten up my accounts and go to India, and marry to an Indian girl'... he says, 'well, I see you maybe in New York, I'm heading for the States too'....we get into New York and the owner of the ship says, 'hey, you got a three-thousand dollar bonus for those last three trips, turnaround and everythingfine job, Captain!...how

about lunch?'...I say, 'fine!'...so he takes me down to where all the Greek shipowners seem to meet... it's down there in the Wall Street areaand then he asked me, 'how did you get the ship turned around so fast?', and I said, 'you don't want to know', and then George says, 'yeah, cause now she's got a new captain'....I say, 'it can't be done, George'....he says, 'what do you mean?'...I say, 'the chief mate is gone'...'well,' he says, 'we've got another chief mate' and I say, 'but he don't have a parrot!'....

(Harrison Maycroft)

*tatami = a mat made from woven rushes, used as a traditional floor-covering in Japan.



RECTIFICATION

The location of the **Communicating Vessels** website, as printed the first three issues of the Daily Level, was incorrect. The correct URL is: http://www.fine-art.com/ron_rocco/snug/welcome.htm



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FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 6 Sunday, September 6, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

DOUBLE SCREW

Sea Level, N.C., July 28, 1998

...on the New York side of the Staten Island Ferry, this lady was going to commit suicide, she's down on the Battery....and this young sailor met her and he talked her out of it...he said, 'God, you're too young for that, and too beautiful to do that...I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow, and I'll stow you in the ship and you could start a new life there'...this was just many, many years ago....so, he took her aboard the ship and stowed her in a lifeboat....and every night he would bring her a....sandwich and something to drink, and they would make mad love all night... well, after about three weeks of this, the captain was making an inspection and he found the young girl in the lifeboat ...and he asked her 'what are you doing here?' and she told him the story...'a sailor just stowed me away here and he's going to eh.... he brings me a sandwich and some-

thing to drink every night and we make love all night, he screws me all night long'...he looks...he says, 'young lady, he sure was screwing you, 'cause this is the Staten Island Ferry'.....

(Horace Twiford)

NOTES

FROM THE PILOT HOUSE

*St. George Ferry Terminal,
Staten Island, August 17, 1998.*

Captain Eddie Squire on board of the 'J.F.K.': ...years ago, some of them just kept on loading the boats, people had to push, everybody would get on...now they have a system there, they say: 'We have a full load', they close the doors and they're very good...you can see as the boat is loaded, the deckhands are watching...they say, 'Okay, it's filling on the saloon deck', they check the bridge deck, they let me know when I got a full boat...you know, this business is a science, it's an art...the 'Barberi' and the 'Newhouse' can be really loaded up to six-thousand passengers...only three or four times in their life they had the full load of passengers on board...we had a snowstorm one year when I just started here, I was deckhand...it was winter nineteen eighty-three... the storm was really, really bad, and the 'Newhouse' was brand new, and I tell you, it was some sight...I already held my license, and I was waiting for my turn in the wheelhouse...I was deckhand and they had me up on the bridge deck, and the captain said, 'Well Eddie, you're gonna get a real taste of rough harbor water!...You see that water washing on the bow?'...that boat

was packed, the biggest load of people I've ever really seen...there was nothing dangerous either, but you could feel how packed she was, so they let me handle the boat, and said, 'get the feel of it when she's carrying that many people'...oh, but it's all very safe ... the captains, mates, deckhands and engineers here have varied backgrounds... many sailed on the big ships, some come from ocean going vessels and a lot of guys from the tugs...and I myself, I kept many photo albums and memories of the great passenger ships and freighters of the world, like those of the Grace Line and the U.S. Lines, which I sailed on...right now, the Staten Island Ferry has seven boats and thirteen captains... we have day crews, night crews, and midnight crews, it's a massive operation....it's safe, reliable and efficient...everything on these boats has a purpose...the slips, the aprons* and the bridges, everything is designed for purpose, everything is meant for these long hard runs and continual use....like the sides of these boats ... they're called rub rails, they're always rubbing against the wood of the slip...the timbers come from South America...they are meant to soften the landing while we're dealing with the currents ...but the boats are getting older, someday they'll need to be replaced...I think they've got something new going... the design would be identical to the Kennedy Class ...these are two-ninety-seven feet long...they are built purposely for these slips, they were the biggest we could get, that was it...so, the new boats we're working on, would be similar design, same type of pilot houses, but they will probably have variable pitch propellers, in other words: while the shaft is continually turning, the blades, just like helicopter blades, can be adjusted, so you don't have to stop to reverse...the 'Barberi' and the 'Newhouse' have cycloidal propulsion turntables with vertical blades on each end...I don't know if they want to put thrusters on them

....and...the rudder pins will be gone you know, the pins on the end of the cardeck? ... when we leave, that pin has to lock the forward rudder in the direction we're going and the off-shore pin lifted up for the working rudder...sometimes when we come in here and the currents are very strong, we use the rudders to maneuver when we go into the tie up slip...we lift both pins and free both rudders, so they can almost be used as thrusters...that's what we call a 'two pin job'...on the new boats they will have something to replace the traditional rudderlock pins...but whatever happens, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, rain or shine, the Staten Island Ferries will ply the Bay...

*apron = loading ramp

6'4"
above SEA LEVEL



Jack Otte

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The pin of the forward rudder on the J.F.K.

THE OUTGOING AND INCOMING TIDE TABLE

timeschedule Staten Island Ferry
sat./sunday

AM	from S.I.	from Mhn.
12 :	00	30
1 :	00	30
2 :	00	30
3 :	00	30
4 :	00	30
5 :	00	30
6 :	00	30
7 :	00	30
8 :	00	30
9 :	00	30
10 :	00	30
11 :	00130	30

PM		
12 :	00130	00130
1 :	00130	00130
2 :	00130	00130
3 :	00130	00130
4 :	00130	00130
5 :	00130	00130
6 :	00130	00130
7 :	00	00130
8 :	00	30
9 :	00	30
10 :	00	30
11 :	00	30

THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 7 Monday, September 7, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

MOTHER RACHEL I

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

....during the war, Rachel was about twenty-three, twenty-four years old... he came aboard the ship as steward....no one called him Mother Rachel in them days... everyone knew he was gay, he made no bones about it, but it did not bother anyone in the crew... you know: 'you had a good time tonight Rachel, when you went ashore?'... 'oh, I met the nicest Navy boy'.... but anyway, Rachel was a good steward, so he was accepted, there's a lot of gays going to seaI don't know when he got that name, that was about twenty, thirty years later, I guess....so he was steward on the ship and we had a purser that was supposed to be a pharmacist mate, and so, one morning, I'm coming up from breakfast and here comes the steward with a hot water bottle and I say, 'steward, what are you doing with a hot water

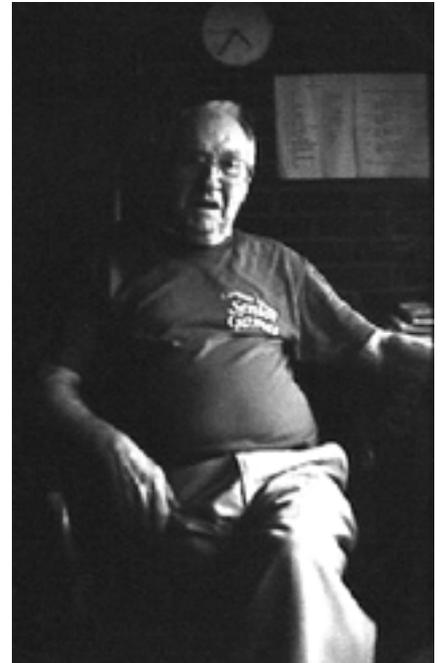
bottle, that's the purser's job'...he says 'that's the trouble, our little purser is sick' he says 'and I'm looking after him'....he says ' I feel just like Florence Nightingale' ...and I say 'carry on, Flossy!'....

(Harrison Maycroft)



5'5"

above SEA LEVEL



Thomas Phillipi



NEWHOUSE CENTER

FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

Snug Harbor Cultural Center
1000 Richmond Terrace,
Staten Island, NY 10301
(718) - 448 2500

THE COMMUNICATING		VESSELS TABLE OF
GOOD and		BAD
GOOD (corporal)	GOOD (spiritual)	BAD
1 • feed the hungry	convert the sinner	pride
2 • give drink to the thirsty	instruct the ignorant	covetousness
3 • harbor the stranger	counsel the doubtful	lust
4 • clothe the naked	comfort the sorrowing	anger
5 • tend the sick	bear wrongs patiently	gluttony
6 • minister to prisoners	forgive injuries	envy
7 • bury the dead	pray for the living and the dead	sloth

KNOW THE ROPES

Mass, friction and gravity are phenomena that affect our daily life. Pulley systems make it possible to do work more conveniently. However, the system itself is not a source of energy. Rather work is fed into it, and the system may change the work in one of three ways:

- it changes the direction of the force, so that it is more convenient to apply;
- it changes the magnitude of the force in order to decrease speed or distance;
- it changes the magnitude of the force, so that a small input force can be used to overcome a large output force.

Life is so much easier for those who know which wire to pull, for those who know the ropes.

PART I

INDEX OF HOISTING GEAR ON SAILING VESSELS

Mnemonic: **mftjrsrssstmftrftrssstfjojijwslskmtm tumtmsfsmfttmbssbjcg.**
 There's a rope for the mainsail, a rope for the foresail, a rope for the topsail, a rope for the jib, a rope for the spanker, a rope for the ringsail, a rope for the skysail, a rope for the spritsail, a rope for the staysail, a rope for the topgallant, a rope for the mizzen, a rope for the fore topsail, a rope for the fore staysail, a rope for the fore trysail, a rope for the fore royal, a rope for the studdingsail, a rope for the storm trysail, a rope for the flying jib, a rope for the outer jib, a rope for the inner jib, a rope for the working sails, a rope for the light sails, a rope for the kites, a rope for the mizzen topsail, a rope for the main topsail, a rope for the upper main topsail, a rope for the main staysail, a rope for the fore skysail, a rope for the mizzen topgallant, a rope for the fore topgallant, a rope for the trysail, a rope for the mizzenroyal, a rope for the balloon sail, a rope for the spinnaker, a rope for the balloon jib, a rope for the crossjack and a rope for the Genoa.

PART II

INDEX OF NON-MARITIME HOISTING GEAR

Category # 1
 Non-maritime hoisting gear of the first grade.
 Mnemonic: **kcaaitmfsbsfstfcugudgubil**
 These are ropes on the 'stock' level: there is a rope labelled 'kinship', one labelled 'consanguinity', one labelled 'affiliation', one labelled 'antecedents', one labelled 'inheritance', one labelled 'tribe', one labelled 'mother', one labelled 'father', one labelled 'spouse', one labelled 'brother', one labelled 'son', one labelled 'first, second, third' or 'fourth cousin', a rope labelled 'uncle, great uncle' or 'distant great-uncle', a rope labelled 'brother-in-law', etc...
Category # 2
 Non-maritime hoisting gear of the second grade.
 Mnemonic: **fsimdbcersgdaevcmfb**
 These are ropes on the 'trade' level: there's a rope labelled 'price', one labelled 'savings', one labelled 'investments', one labelled 'monopoly', one labelled 'deal', one labelled

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'boycot', one labelled 'cash', one labelled 'exchange rate', one labelled 'scarcity', one labelled 'guilder', one labelled 'dollar', one labelled 'American Express', one labelled 'Visa', one labelled 'Chase Manhattan', one labelled 'Fleet Bank', etc....

Category # 3
 Non-maritime hoisting gear of the third grade.

Mnemonic: **drsdrraracplp**
 These are ropes on the 'discourse' level: there's a rope labelled 'rhetoric', one labelled 'soliloquy', one labelled 'dialogue', one labelled 'dialectic', one labelled 'rap', one labelled 'appeal', one labelled 'reconsideration', one labelled 'argumentation', one labelled 'firearms license', one labelled 'conviction', one labelled 'persuasion', one labelled 'lobby', one labelled 'powwow', one labelled 'IBM', one labelled 'speculation', one labelled 'principle', one labelled 'encyclical', one labelled 'one size fit all', etc....

Category # 4
 Non-maritime hoisting gear of the fourth grade.

Mnemonic: **hrgfffeaw**
 These are ropes on the 'chance' level: there's a rope labelled 'hazard', one labelled 'random', one labelled 'gender', a rope labelled 'fate # 1', a rope labelled 'fate # 2', a rope labelled 'fortune', one labelled 'every-one's a winner!', etc...

Category # 5
 Non-maritime hoisting gear of the fifth grade.

Mnemonic: **r**
 This is a rope labelled 'rope'.

PLEASE NOTE
 This index is not complete. Reference to hoisting gear, containing terms that are vulgar, obscene, offensive, or suggest illegal activity, has not been included.

For further information please consult the **Communicating Vessels** newsstand in the waiting area of the St. George terminal of the Staten Island Ferry.

Communicating Vessels Editions

THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 8 Tuesday, September 8, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

MOTHER RACHEL II (THE ESCARGOT STORY)

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

....I had a steward who claimed he was a gourmet cook...so, he's gonna fix escargots for appetizers for dinner on Sunday... Mother Rachel, that's what we called the steward, he was gay, but....well, he's dead now...anyway, Mother Rachel goes down and buys these live escargots, brings them back and puts them in a big dish pan or something, puts them on the counter in the galley, next to the refrigerator, puts a towel over them, and they're all alive...and this cook we had from Boston was a Cape Verdean Portuguese, I guess had never seen escargots.... he comes back, thinks they're some kind of shellfish, so he puts them in the refrigerator...those damn escargots all come out in the refrigerator, looking for a place to get warm, seethey all come out of their shells,

they're all over the refrigerator ... well, the second cook comes back all hung over in the morning, he's also a Cape Verdean Portuguese and he opens up that refrigerator, lets out a scream, he's running down the catwalk, we never saw him again ...it took three days to scrape all the escargots out of the refrigerator...

(Harrison Maycroft)

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**Saturday, September 12
Sunday, September 13**

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Fare: \$ 5. p.p.

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OFF SHORE DRINKS I

"Wharf Rat"

- .75 oz. Puerto Rico Rum
- .5 oz. Apricot Brandy
- 6 oz. Orange Juice
- 3.75 oz. Sour Mix
- .5 oz. Grenadine

blend & pour over ice
in 22 oz. sniffer
garnish with lime wheels
and 8" straw

SEVEN LEVELS OF INTOXICATION

(table # 1: Alcohol.)

1. garrulousness
2. self-glorification
3. hyper-sentiment
4. belligerence
5. short-temper
6. torpidity
7. unconciousness

6'6"
above SEA LEVEL



Patrick Ausband
Executive Director
of Sailors' Snug Harbor

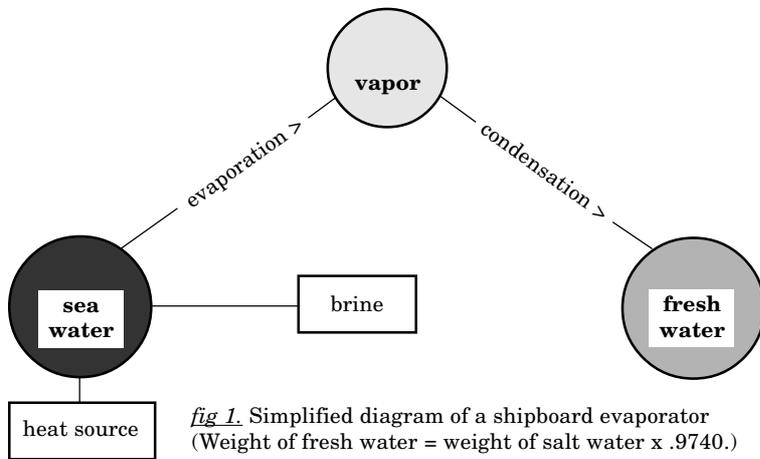


fig 1. Simplified diagram of a shipboard evaporator
(Weight of fresh water = weight of salt water x .9740.)

SHORE DRINKS II

"Fuzzy Navel"

- .5 oz. Peach Schnaps
- .5 oz. Orange Juice

HYDRODYNAMIC CONVERSION TABLE			
volume	U.S.		metric
1 dash	~ 6 drops	~	6 drops
3 teaspoons	~ 0.5 fluid oz.	~	1.5 cl.
1 pony	~ 1 fluid oz.	~	3 cl.
1 jigger	~ 1.5 fluid oz.	~	4.5 cl.
1 large jigger	~ 2 fluid oz.	~	6 cl.
1 standard whisky glass	~ 2 fluid oz.	~	6 cl.
1 pint	~ 16 fluid oz.	~	48 cl.
1 fifth	~ 25.6 fluid oz.	~	76.8 cl.
1 quart	~ 32 fluid oz.	~	96 cl.

 **NEWHOUSE CENTER**

FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
Snug Harbor Cultural Center
1000 Richmond Terrace,
Staten Island, NY 10301
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Did you miss any Daily Level numbers because of the holidays? Ask for missing copies at the Communicating Vessels newsstand! We're at your service in the Staten Island Ferry terminal as well as on the world wide web.

Check out our website!

THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 9 Wednesday, September 9, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

MOTHER RACHEL III

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

...I remember the steward came in the saloon one day at lunchtime on a Sunday, you know, he says, 'gentlemen, how's the turkey?', and he had a towel wrapped round his head like a turban ... so, the chief engineer, he says, 'my God, steward, what's the towel around your head for?'.... 'oh, you'll find out chief!' and off he goes...he was called Mother Rachel then ... he's about six foot two and an ex-prizefighter, he's a real brawler when he wants to be, a tough son of a gun.... that night he comes in... 'gentlemen, how are the steaks?'chief says, 'my God, look at his hair, it's BLOND!'.... Rachel says, 'chief' he says, 'I took a survey and I found out, gentlemen prefer blondes,' and off he goes...

(Harrison Maycroft)

STAIN REMOVAL

Grease and oil

Greasy stains on washable materials, especially steak gravy stains may, or may not, be removed by hand or machine laundering. You will save yourself trouble if you pretreat them first by rubbing in a detergent. Or rub liquid detergent into stains that appear after washing and then rinse them with hot water. Often, however, a grease solvent (cleaning fluid) will be needed. This will remove the spot equally well after the article has been laundered. If a yellow stain remains after the solvent has been used on old or heat-set stains, use a sodium perborate or chlorine bleach, or hydrogen peroxide. Let the material dry and sponge it repeatedly if necessary. Sponge nonwashable materials repeatedly with cleaning fluid, allowing them to dry between applications, or use an absorbent.

5'9"

above SEA LEVEL



Barbere Brant
Bum Boat worker

THE DAILY MEAL

MENUS FOR THE RESIDENTS OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

SAILORS SNUG HARBOR SEA LEVEL, N.C.

9.9.1998

LUNCH (Low Fat-Low Salt)

Ham & Patato Chowder	-	Patato Chowder
Prime Rib		
Devilleed Crab Casserole	-	Roasted Lemon Herbed
Egg Salad Cold Plate		Chicken Breast
Baked Patato w/ Sour Cream		
Garden Blend White Rice		
Seasoned Broccoli	-	Steamed Broccoli
Seasoned Capri Mixed	-	Steamed Capri Mixed
Warm Light Rolls		
Assorted Dinner Rolls		
Apple Crisp		
Plain Cake		
Sugar Free Ice Cream		
Assorted Ice cream		

SUPPER (Low Fat-Low Salt)

Ham & Patato Chowder	-	Patato Chowder
Baked Flounder	-	Baked Flounder
Baked Ham		
Open Faced Roast Beef		
Sandwich		
French Fries		
Cubed Patatoes		
Seasoned Navy Beans	-	Navy Beans
Sauteed Mushrooms	-	Sauteed Mushrooms
Cole Slaw		
Assorted Bread		
Molasses Cookies		
Plain Cake		
Melon Compote		
Assorted Ice Cream		

Salad Bar, Fruits, Cottage Cheese and Yogurts are available daily for healthy choices

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

9.9.1913

BREAKFAST

Cereal & Milk
Stewed Tripe
Boiled Potatoes
Coffee

DINNER

Green Pea Soup
Scalloped Potatoes
Baked Potatoes
Lima Beans
Rice Pudding
Coffee

SUPPER

Hot Frankfurters
Potato Salad
Parkerhouse Rolls
Fresh Tomatoes
Tea

Plenty of bread & butter served with each meal



THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

[...] Every morning at seven o'clock a bell calls all the inmates down to breakfast, which consists of a quart of excellent coffee for each and an abundant supply of home-made bread and butter. Dinner is on the table at twelve, and supper at half past five or six P.M., according to the season. At nine in the evening all the lights must be put out, except the lamps in the halls and the hospital, and the inmates are expected to retire for rest. Except when *tabooed* or on the sick list, every inmate is at liberty to leave the institution and visit friends in the city or elsewhere. All he is required to do is to report to the governor before leaving and upon his return. The gates are open for visitors every day during the week from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, except

on Sundays, when no visitors are received. The inmates were at their dinner in the large and attractive dining-hall when we entered it. The largest dining-room contains twelve long tables, each of which can accomodate thirty-two diners. In another dining-room opposite there are four tables, each capable of accomodating the same number. The spoons and forks were of the best white metal, each bearing the stamp "Sailors' Snug Harbor". The table linen was perfectly white and clean, and altogether the appearance of the dining-hall was more like that of a good substantial hotel than of a charitable institution. [...]

(from: *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*, January 1873.)

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FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 10 Thursday, September 10, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

MOTHER RACHEL IV

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

...I never forget Mother Rachel was wearing a pair of army pants one time, and someone said, 'Rachel, were you in the army?'...he says, 'I tried not to be, but they took me during the war'... he said, 'I told that sergeant, when he asked me to urinate in a bottle', I said, 'all the way from here, sergeant?', and the sergeant said, 'GET OVER HERE!'... Rachel said, 'I tried to stay out'....he says, 'I walked in that room, and there's all those guys with no clothes on, and I say, 'my, sergeant, smorgasbord!*', so they took me in the army ... someone says, 'so, where did you serve in the army Mother Rachel?'...he says, 'New Britain Island in the South Seas'... 'that must have been awful duty there, Rachel'...he says, 'oh, it wasn't too bad, there was five-thousand soldiers and only five of us girls'...

(Harrison Maycroft)

*smorgasbord = open sandwiches served with delicacies as hors-d'oeuvres or a buffet



NEWHOUSE CENTER

FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

Snug Harbor Cultural Center
1000 Richmond Terrace,
Staten Island, NY 10301
(718) - 448 2500

5'8 1/2"

above SEA LEVEL



Rose Tankard
Director Social Services
Sailors' Snug Harbor

NUMBER OF RESIDENTS SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR through the years

1833 - 37 persons
1876 - 600 persons
1880 - 800 persons
1898 - 950 persons
1945 - 375 persons
1976 - 22 persons
1998 - 82 persons

EUREKA!

One day, while sitting in his bathtub, Archimedes* noticed, that his body felt lighter than it would have been, had there been no water in the bathtub. Archimedes understood that he weighed less in the water, because some of the water was pushing upward on his body. This upward pushing force is called *buoyant* force. Archimedes wanted to know how strong the buoyant force was. He found that the strength of the buoyant force on his body was equal to the weight of the water that spilled over the sides of the tub. This water spilled because his body took up space in the tub, that had been taken up by water before he got into the tub. When an object takes up space in a liquid in this manner, we say that the object *displaces* the liquid. Archimedes' Principle is, that an object in a liquid is buoyed up by a force that is equal to the weight of the displaced liquid. The legend tells that, after he made this discovery, Archimedes ran through the streets of Syracuse, shouting: "Eureka!" (I have found it!).

Archimedes (c.287-212 BC) = Greek mathematician and inventor



A resident of Sailors' Snug Harbor checking Archimedes' Principle.

THE WATER DISPLACEMENT OF AN INTENTION

When sailors neared port and were full of plans to quit the sea, here's the song they sang:

I thought I heard the skipper say
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
 Tomorrow you will get your pay,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

The work was hard, the voyage was long,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
 The seas were high, the gales were strong,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

The food was bad, the wages low,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
 But now ashore again we'll go,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

The sails are furled, our work is done,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
 And now on shore we'll have our fun
 It's time for us to leave her.

ARE YOU FED UP
with
CORRUPT POLITICIANS
and
morally bankrupt
RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS

DO YOU WANT
to change
THE SITUATION

HERE'S
HOW:

sent a legal size s.a.s.e. to

THE PURVEYOR
 P.O. box 2058
 Beaufort
 N.C. 28516 - 2085

Waterline Tours

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St. George terminal
 Staten Island Ferry
 New York

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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper

St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y.

11

Friday, September 11, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

MOTHER RACHEL V

Sea Level, N.C., July 27, 1998

....I never saw him for about ten or fifteen years, and then he came aboard this big supertanker, and everyone said, 'oh, we got Mother Rachel for a steward'...I did see him once before that, in Galveston ...I was nightmate on a ship, I was just a relief officer for the night, and the captain came back on the ship, he says,....'has anyone come aboard?' ...it was on a Saturday...I say, 'why?' ...he says, 'we ordered a new crew'and I say 'well, there's this guy came aboard, says he's a steward'... at that time I didn't know they call him Mother Rachel either...and Rachel came aboard, dressed with a pair of slacks, and he says, 'no cooks aboard?', and I say, 'no'... he says, 'who are you? are you the nightmate?', and I say, 'yeah', and he says, 'oh, I know you'...and I

say, 'yeah, you were with me long time ago, during the war', and he says, 'oh yeah, well, I guess I better cook dinner'.... so, here comes Rachel back a little while later, and he's wearing a pair of purple shorts and a Mexican sombrero and a Hawaiian shirt... and the captain comes back and he says, 'did anyone come aboard?', and I say, 'no'...he says, 'well, we're gonna sail later on tonight, I'll make up your wages until about ten o'clock...we're supposed to leave at ten, I'll pay you off'....he says, 'we didn't get any cooks?'...I said, 'no, but the steward is in there, cooking dinner'...and it was about four thirty or quarter to five and there was a ship in the shipyard...it was in Galveston.... and it had been there for a long time, it had lost a screw, called 'the Midway Hills'...the Midway Hills had been in the shipyard for about three months, and she starts to back out of the dock...if you back out of the dock, you're supposed to give a full long blast on the whistle, and this guy, I guess, was so happy to leave the dock, he really gave a full long blast....he must have blew that whistle for about two minutes, you know.... and the captain is standing on the poop deck*, he says, 'oh, the Midway Hills is leaving'...and then Mother Rachel stepped out of the galley with his Mexican sombrero and these purple shorts, saying, 'Ah-WHOOOH-HOOOOOH!!!!'he says, 'that's the only thing in Galveston that could outblow me'....

(Harrison Maycroft)

*poop deck = the aftermost and highest deck

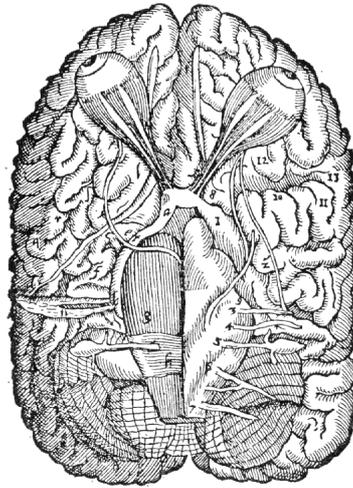
MAKING WAVES

There are many ways of transmitting forms of energy. One of the most important of these is by wave motion. Energy can be carried on many kinds of waves: water waves, sound waves and electromagnetic waves. Sound is a form of energy that is produced by a vibrating object. Not only vibrating solids produce sound. In a whistle, a column of air vibrates; this vibrating air is the source of the sound. You can hear the vibrations, because the air conducts the vibrations to your ear. Air serves as a medium, but gases are not the only mediums that will conduct sound. Liquids are even better mediums. The next time you go swimming, find two stones. Put your head under the water and bang the stones together. You will be surprised at how loud a sound the stones make. Ask a friend to stand in the water about 150 feet from you. Let him/her bang the stones together in the air. Listen to the sound it makes. Then, after you have ducked your head beneath the surface, have your friend bang the stones together in the water. The underwater bang will be much louder, proving that sound travels through water more rapidly and with less energy loss than through the air.

FATHOMING

Depth is determined by measuring the round-trip time for a pulse of ultrasonic energy to travel from the boat to the bottom of the water and be reflected back to the point of origin. The frequency of the audio pulses generally lies between 50,000 and 200,000 cycles per second, too high to be heard by human ears. The major components of a depth sounder are a source of energy (transmitter), a means of sending out the pulses and picking up the echoes (transducer), a receiver to amplify the weak echoes, and a visual presentation of the information. The visual presentation of information on the depth of the water is

accomplished by an indicator, a recorder, or a video display.



'EYE, EYE, CAPTAIN!'

While we know that light travels very quickly, we must remember, that what we see, is what our mind tells us we are looking at. The light impulses received by the retina in the eyes are changed into nerve impulses and are transmitted to the brain by the optic nerves. These impulses travel very quickly, taking a very small portion of a second to go from the eye to the brain. However, during that very small time interval, the eyes may have shifted to another scene. While the new impulses are picked up by the retina, the old ones are still travelling to the brain. Thus our brain tells us we are seeing something different from what our eyes are actually looking at.



Another category of data transmitter.

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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 12 Saturday, September 12, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

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With *Communicating Vessels*, Schalks and Rocco attempt to integrate and enlarge visitors' awareness of the way things are connected in time and space. The visitor, in a sense, becomes another connective element, or vessel, between notions of what is past and what is present.

THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

THE HORIZON IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE LIMIT OF OUR SIGHT

Sea Level, N.C., July 29, 1998

...when I was just a boy, we used to go out on Cape Cod, and we went to a place called Monomoy Point...it was an eleven mile stretch of sand and outside was the channel around Cape Cod.....from where we had our camp, I went across to the Coast Guard station over the other side of this big point of land...when a ship is, say, twelve or fourteen miles off, and she's not a tremendously high ship, then the curvature of the earth will take the hull and only show the masts, that's what happens and that's what hull-down means...I used to use it often:.....'I see a ship hull-down over there, Captain'....during my work at Mystic Seaport, sailing the training schooner "Brilliant", I used to amaze the kids...sometimes

I'd see a vessel in the distance, and she had a certain rig, you know, different than somebody else...and I'd say 'oh, there goes the 'Shenandoah'...'the WHAT?'...'You see that schooner over there?'...'WHERE?'...they wouldn't even see the ship, and I'd say, 'well, just wait a little while and you see it come'and we would be coming up on this vessel, and she'd have a certain rig...she might be a top-sail schooner, or she might have had a sail that got torn recently and they'd patched it, and there would be a big white patch on the gray of the old canvas anyway: 'hull down', that's what popped into my head as a title for my poem, and then I wrote it:

HULL-DOWN

Hull-down, the small boy watched them pass
Gray topsails etched against the sky
And dreamed that someday he might stand
Upon a tall ship sailing by.

Upon a ship with billowed sails,
Bound off to some far distant land,
Beyond the place where sails turned gray,
To eyes that viewed them from the strand.

He little knew, in years ahead,
Such wooden decks his feet would tread;
Such sails he'd learn to reef and stow
In tropic heat and winter snow.

And yet, the day of sail was done;
He'd see them vanish one by one.
Some died in unused creeks and bays
And some in far more violent ways.

The rocks and reefs and winter gales
Have cleared the sea of tall gray sails,
And boys today can never see
Those ships, hull down, that called to me.

(Francis E. "Biff" Bowker)

5'8" above SEA LEVEL



REFLECTING A LIFE UNDER SAIL

Captain Francis E. "Biff" Bowker (81) is a resident of Sailors' Snug Harbor since 1997. He made his first trip in 1934, on the Nova Scotia three-masted schooner "Peaceland". In 1935, he sailed aboard the five-masted schooner "Edna Hoyt". He has documented his career diligently: on the walls of his room, there are 18 framed photographs of ships he sailed on during his life. He has written three books about his experiences at sea. For 25 years, he passed along his experiences while working as Captain of the training schooner "Brilliant" at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut. Captain Bowker has published an index of all the U.S. East Coast three-masted schooners carrying cargo (approximately 2,300 names, including re-names). He is also working for the North Carolina Maritime Museum in Beaufort N.C., where he tells visitors about the display of the four-masted schooner "Anna R. Heidritter". She was wrecked on the North Carolina shore, March 2, 1942, while trying to avoid German submarines. Cap-

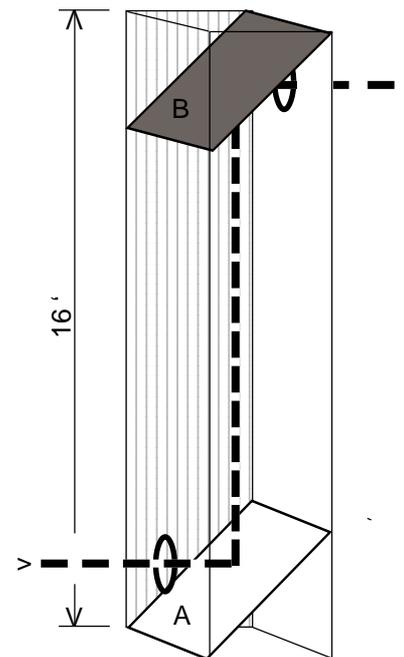
Francis Bowker in his room.

tain Bowker was sailing as a bosun aboard another four-master, the "Herbert L. Rawding", which was a few days behind the "Heidritter". Luckily, a thick fog allowed her to pass a surfaced sub unseen and unheard at night off Cape Hatteras. Two years before, he was shipwrecked aboard a four-master off Cuba.

VIRTUAL VESSEL

The image you see in a plane mirror is called a *virtual image*, that is, one which cannot be caught on a screen. A virtual image appears to be in a place where it is really not (behind the mirror). If you look at an object - yourself for example - in a plane mirror, the image is the same size as the object. The image, however, always appears to be smaller than the object. That is because the image is so far away. For example: if you are 20 ft. in front of a mirror, the image appears to be 20 ft. behind the mirror. Thus, the image is 40 ft. away from your eyes. Water surfaces act as good reflectors.

P E R I S C O P E



A and B are mirrors.

A *periscope* is a device for looking around corners or over walls or other obstructions. With a periscope you can see without being seen.



 NEWHOUSE CENTER

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1000 Richmond Terrace,
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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 13 Sunday, September 13, 1998

SETTING THE LEVEL

Staten Island, September 1, 1998

THE DAILY LEVEL is a free newspaper, distributed daily from September 1-14 to passengers of the Staten Island ferry. It comprises interviews with (retired) mariners and articles on maritime subjects or related topics. The publication is part of *Communicating Vessels*, a site specific project created by the Rotterdam artist Arnold Schalks and the New York artist Ron Rocco. This project, grounded in maritime subjects, technology and historical circumstance, explores Snug Harbor Cultural Center's past as a home for retired seamen. Sailors' Snug Harbor, as it was previously named, was built on Staten Island's Kill van Kull in 1833. It functioned as a refuge for aged mariners until 1976, when it was relocated to Sea Level, North Carolina, where it continues to operate. Rocco and Schalks visited Sea Level this July to interview residents of Sailors' Snug Harbor about living in the Nelson Bay area. Their contributions are published under the daily column 'THE HOBBYROOM LOG'.

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THE HOBBYROOM LOG

- mouthpiece for the last of a species -

FREAK OF NAVIGATION

Sea Level, N.C., July 28, 1998

Jay Ottinger reads 'Freak of Navigation'...(O:) "The night was warm and inviting, and the stars shone in all their tropical brilliance. Captain John D.S. Phillips was in a dark corner of the bridge, quietly pulling on a cigar with all the contentment that comes to a sailor when he knows that the voyage is half completed. His ship, the passenger steamer *SS Warrimoo*, was quietly knifing her way through the waters of the mid-Pacific on her way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix and brought Captain Phillips the results. The *Warrimoo's* position was spotted at about Latitude 0 -30' North and Longitude 179 -30 West. The date was December 30, 1899. First Mate Dalydon broke in, "Captain, do you

know what this means? We're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date-line." Captain Phillips knew exactly what it meant, and he was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigation freak of a lifetime. In an ordinary crossing of the date line it is confusing enough for the passengers because they lose a day, but the possibilities he had before him were sure to confound them for the rest of their lives. The Captain immediately called four more navigators to the bridge to check and double check the ship's position every few minutes. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he carefully adjusted engine speed so that he would strike it at just the right moment. The calm weather, the clear night and the eager cooperation of his entire crew worked successfully in his favor. At precisely midnight, local time, the *Warrimoo* lay exactly on the Equator at exactly the point where it crosses the International Date Line! The consequences of this bizarre position were many. The forward part of the ship was in the southern hemisphere and in the middle of summer. The stern was in the northern hemisphere and in the middle of winter. The date in the after part of the ship was December 30, 1899. Forward, it was January 1, 1900. The ship was therefore not only in two different days, two different months, two different seasons, and two different years, but in two centuries, all at the same time! Moreover, the passengers were cheated out of a New Year's Eve celebration, and one entire day.

December 31, 1899, disappeared from their lives for all time. There were compensations, however, for the people aboard the *Warrimoo* were undoubtedly the first to greet the new century. And Captain Phillips, speaking of the event many years later, said: "I never heard of it happening before, and I guess it won't happen again until the year 2000!".....(Maycroft:) I don't know how the hell he's gonna prove he knew that he was exactly at that time....(O:) oh, there you go, you gotta piss on the parade!...(M:) yeah, but with the instruments they had in those days....(Twiford:) oh, you're getting technical now!...(M:) in nineteen-hundred....(O:) oh, you goddamn Kings Pointers* don't know how to find a point of navigation....(M:) I never was in Kings Point in my life!...(O:) you had to press a couple of buttons to find out where the hell you were....(M:) no I didn't, I was the fastest man they had to put three star sights on the chart (O:) yeah, like: uhhh, we're somewhere around here....(M:) well, that's what the old guy claimed he was, but I say....(T:) Harry, you want to put a hole in a good story?... (M:) I'm not napping the story, I say it's a good story, I hope the old guy was right...(T:) well, nobody's gonna believe that damn parrot story if you...(M:) no, but you know, how many guys know within fivehundred feet where the hell they are, when they're navigating?... (O:) well, now wait a minute....(T:) you always know where you have been, I've done that many times, get a bearing on a lighthouse and...of course, I mean, you put it on a Mercator chart (M:) yeah, well, I say though, but if you're half a second off on your timing, you're half a mile off, you know, you gotta (T:) if you see old sailing logbooks...these whaling ships would be out for years and years and they would give their Latitude and Longitude in seconds (M:) there's a guy with a ship, certainly in those days, that wasn't over fourhundred

foot long, and he's gonna claim that he was on this time and this time ...with a fourhundred foot ship in four different zones...now, by God, he's got to be a pretty good navigator ... anyway, let's say, that was his assumed position....the Equator is just a line, like a pencil line....just an idea....

(Jay Ottinger, Harrison Maycroft & Horace Twiford)

*Kings Point = U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Nassau, Co.



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Today is the last Waterline Tour of this millenium Don't miss it!

Today, Rotterdam artist Arnold Schalks will conduct the last exclusive shuttle bus tour of appr. 60 minutes from the St. George ferry terminal to the site of the former dock of Sailors' Snug Harbor on Richmond Terrace. Passengers will experience reminders of the past, enjoy maritime improvisations and achieve a better horizontal awareness.

Departure from the ferry terminal: 5 PM.

Fare: \$ 5. p.p.

Consult the Communicating Vessels newsstand for further information.

Book a tour now, the number of seats is limited.

Tele-info or reservations:
(718) 815 0198
or (718) 448 2500.



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THE DAILY LEVEL

= COMMUNICATION FOR COMMUTERS =

free newspaper St. George Ferry Terminal, Staten Island, N.Y. # 14 Monday, September 14, 1998

A CHANGE OF COURSE

(Transcription of the speech by Governor Ausband to the residents of Sailors' Snug Harbor. Monday, August 10, 1998, Sea Level, N.C.)

...let me say a couple of things right up front...first of all, we've not been sold...I've heard in the last two or three weeks that we've been sold to a Japanese conglomerate...not true...I've heard that we've been sold to a Jewish group...not true...I heard last week we were sold to Disneyworld, that's my favorite one...it's not true either...we have not been sold at all...I want to make a few comments this morning, and I'm gonna work kind of off of a script...what I'm gonna tell you is a little complicated...there are a number of factors and nuances and reasons why we're trying to do what we're doing...you, of all people, are entitled and need to know...after I finished these comments, I'll answer any question that you'll have to the best of my ability.....forty years ago, there were nearly five-hundred residents at Sailors' Snug Harbor...thirty years ago, there were four-hundred...even when the move was made in nineteen seventy-six, there were over a hundred and ten...today we have a census of eighty-two mariners, even though our eligible population for admissions is the highest it has been in the history of our existence...there are more seamen eligible for admission today, than in any times since we were chartered in eighteen-oh-six...so, twenty-thousand fivehundred seamen are eligible for admission...you are factor one of eighty two, you reside here...I don't think that our desirability as a retirement facility has diminished...in fact, I think we offer more amenities today, than in any time of the past, or services on site, transportation...I don't think it's our location, as we have very few mariners who come, stay a short period of time, and then leave...in fact, I hear most of you say, you really enjoy the tranquil and rather safe environment that

we have...crime is not a concern, we have a good local homegrown staff, and I think our location has in fact been one of our blessings...after a number of years of study and thought and observation, I believe that the foremost reason that we're caring for a fraction of one percent of the mariners who are eligible for assistance, is because of changes in the way our maritime industry and our maritime industry retirees are living...approximately two thirds of all retired seamen today are married...of the remaining one third, a high percentage have been married, have children, nieces, nephews, other family connections...for obvious reasons, retired seamen have no more inclination to move away from their loved ones than any other segment of the population ...since the Second World War, the maritime industry seamen have sailed in a different fashion...many of them had the opportunity to purchase homes...they become integrated into, so to speak, the main stream of society...they've joined civic clubs, churches, they have property, friends and neighbours...well, these ties, these connections, they certainly are a connection to the community...when we opened in eighteen-thirty three, the Sailors' Snug Harbor was the sole means of assistance for seamen to get help...the seamen needed a place to live, didn't have money enough to eat on, needed medical help...there was only one place to go, and that was Sailors' Snug Harbor...today there are retirement communities, retirement homes and nursing homes in every county of the United States...there are senior citizen retirement facilities, there are community assistance programs available...there are even electronic devices that one can wear around his or her neck or wrist: push a button and you got help...there's medicare...so, the demand for seamen to come to one central location ceases to exist...when Captain Randall drew his will, absolutely no one could have envisioned the changes that have occurred in the ensuing two-hundred years....there

are many retired seamen living in the conditions that I've just described ...married people, people with other family connections, people with civic ties, or people living and enjoying their participating in other means of assistance, who have marginal incomes...some frankly have inadequate incomes to enjoy a comfortable retirement...I don't think anyone here would argue that these people would live a better life if they came to Snug harbor...the Trustees did not want to ask these people to abandon their families and to leave everything that they worked for, just like any other retiree...they thought that that was not what Randall envisionedin October nineteen ninety-two, I announced a pilot project to provide outreach assistance to seamen in need...this would be financial help for seamen who are eligible for admission but who, for compelling reasons, could not move to the Sailors' Snug Harbor...the pilot project was a huge success...the people who participated in it, recorded that they were going from a situation where many of them had not enough money to pay the light bill, not enough money to pay the rent, couldn't afford prescription drugs, to the point where they'd have two or three-hundred dollars left over in their pockets at the end of the month....they could continue residing where they wanted to live...the Trustees, obviously pleased at the results of the program, have petitioned the Court in the State of New York for permission to make that program part of what we do to take care of retired seamen...after a period of a little better than a year from the time that that petition was filed, the Court approved the petition...now, this decision opens the door for the Trustees to further improve the community outreach alternatives programme...simply put, if an eligible seaman files an application for assistance, it will be reviewed...often a social worker will review the home situation, a recommendation is formulated to the Trustees, who will approve or disapprove a stipend...the stipends are

paid directly to service providers, or vendors of services...in other words, we write checks each month to landlords, insurance companies, utility companies ...we've even had one situation where we established a charge account on which we paid monthly to a grocery store...so, there can be quite a number of ways to go that sole desire...the intent is to see to it, that a seaman who doesn't have enough money to live comfortably, can live comfortably...this decision means that over the next years, over the next hundred and sixty-five years, many more thousand seamen can be helped...it's not inconceivable that with this approach we can have several hundred seamen at one time receiving benefits...and I hope, because of your relationship to the Harbor, and your relationship and thoughts about Captain Randall, that you share my excitement about this opportunity to provide help...for I know, beyond a shadow of doubt, the reason you're here this morning at nine o'clock on a Monday, is to find out what this means to me....as retired seamen continue to learn about the outreach program, the applications for admission will continue to decline...we'll have fewer applications with each passing year, that's been happening for quite some time...however, the cost of providing care at the Harbor is not insignificant as you might imagine...the Trustees do not want and will not cut back on services....so another method of maintaining the level of service had to be found...the Trustees simply didn't want to be faced with the prospect of saying, 'It's too expensive to care for thirty or forty seamen', and not be able to carry on the work...because, in the absence of some alternative, that's assuredly what will happen....as a result, the trustees are seeking another individual, cooperation, person, a not-for-profit group, with whom they can work to purchase the facility, who will provide the care at the same level, same situation that it is now, but will use their resources to fill our forty empty beds...by filling our nearly one third empty beds the additional revenue can help offset the cost of providing care for the diminishing number of mariners we have here...we can not, by law, admit non seamen to this facility, we can't care for anybody, except retired merchant seamen....so, that's not an option we have available to us...I believe

that high quality retirement services like this are in demand and in fact will probably be more in demand in the future...it's not inconceivable that expansion could take place here...I think that, instead of becoming a smaller facility, the opposite will occur...we'll see more going on here, we'll see more people living here...we'll see more activities and more amenities provided here...the new owner, as I said, could be a cooperation, an individual or a not-for-profit group...however, it will be somebody who is wealthy enough to be able to afford the operation, and somebody experienced enough at this level of operation to know what they're doing...anybody who seeks to purchase the facility will be required to furnish references, the state licenses your organizations...in the states where they operate will be confidentially enquired of, and visits will be made to the facilities they operate ...because the Trustees are very concerned that the level of care remains the same, a contract will be drawn between the two parties...the contract will basically state that the level of staffing will not change, the level of activities will not change, the transportation will remain in place, that mariners will always have priority for admission and the happy hour won't go away...now, most contracts are quite contestable, any contract is contestable ...but gentlemen and ladies, the Trust will be paying the bills for you to remain here, that means that each month the cost of your remaining here won't change, you will not be priced out of the market...you will stay here as long as you choose to stay here...and the Trust will write the check to subsidize the rest of the costs, and when you write a check that amounts to that kind of money, you have a great deal of leverage over what goes on...so, I'm pretty comfortable with the fact that the level of care will not change...goes without saying, but I'll say it anyhow, any seaman who wants to make an application for the outreach program to reside anywhere else is free to do so...I just wrote a vision statement for the Trustees that spreads out over the next fifteen to twenty years...I did it with intervals...three years, five years, eight, twelve and fifteen years...and oh, I said in there, as long as we can find a way to maintain this operation...as long as we got enough paying customers to be here, that there'll be seamen here for many, many

years...twenty years from now, there may not be twenty-five seamen here...but I believe there'll continue to be seamen here...in short, we've not been sold...we're looking for an opportunity to do business with somebody else, and make that happen...the reason however is to make sure you can stay here, and that the hundred or so employees that we have working here, can keep their jobs...I will never sell you out...our new mission will be to subsidize care in the same fashion...there will be subsidizing care for you, and it could be here, it could be in Fort Lauderdale, in Boston, in Seattle, anywhere...but the commitment to you has not changed...I understand your anxiety, I really do, because I've been wrestling with this for a long time, a lot of years, believing that the day would come when we were gonna have to alter course...because what we had can not continue indefinitely...I'm sorry it can't...it's been a wonderful trip...but if we keep doing what we're doing today, not only are you going to be homeless, but Sailors' Snug Harbor's going to be out of business, 'cause we'll have no way to take care of seamen....

(Patrick Ausband,
Governor of Sailors Snug Harbor)



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**THIS IS THE
LAST DAILY LEVEL**

We hope you enjoyed reading it.