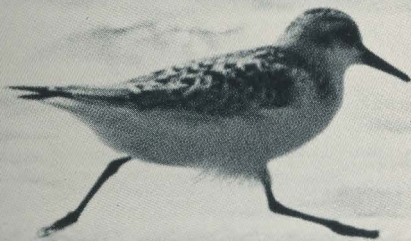




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



OCTOBER 1964



seaman of the month

Eric Bryant

It was the Marine School that brought this month's seaman, Eric Bryant, to our attention. With the recommendation came an additional comment that here was a seaman who was taking advantage of every educational opportunity SCI offers. We learned from Eric himself that he was getting the education he missed when he left high school in 1957 before graduation in Florham Park, New Jersey.

We could easily have missed the wry wit, lively sense of the ridiculous, urbanity and sagacity of this seaman if we had not taken the time to probe beneath the quiet facade. One thing was certain. Eric did not regret his rather profligate youth during which he worked in a clothing store, enlisted in the Navy, was discharged, hitch-hiked through the States, sold vacuum cleaners and worked with a construction company before joining the merchant marine.

Back in 1958 after enlistment in the Navy for boot camp training in the Great Lakes, he was assigned to the U.S.S. *Saratoga* — stationed at Mayport, Florida. It was during this time that a friendship developed with another seaman-dilettante and the two had many lengthy discussions about philosophy, politics, love and life in general. An overwhelming curiosity for the world was kindled. Eric began to regret his interrupted education and he pursued a high school diploma by correspondence. And he began to read insatiably — Huxley, Ayn Rand, Bradbury, Steinbeck and others. He developed an interest in the arts.

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MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

VOL. 55, No. 8 OCTOBER 1964

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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COVER: Photographer Gordon Smith's lens has stopped a migrating sanderling about to be swept along with the incoming wave on the chill sand of Grand Island, New York.

2,000 Santa Clauses

The blessedness of giving—something of the miracle of Christmas itself is reflected on the face of Miss Edith Ker of New York City as she gift-wraps a present that will go to a merchant seaman on Christmas Day. For donating many hours of volunteer work to the Women's Council of the Seamen's Church Institute, Miss Ker was awarded a special citation in 1954.



We love 'em.

Those 200 happy-voiced, ready-to-pitch-in New York and New Jersey women will be dusting off the long, oaken tables in the Christmas room on the 16th of this month. Their arrival marks the beginning of the fast-paced assembly-line processing of the Christmas boxes for seamen. They're hoping to deliver an unprecedented 9,200 boxes this year to merchantmen at sea or in hospitals on December 25.

The Christmas Box program has become so well known among seafarers that men who have never been near South Street identify SCI with a moment of joy on an otherwise lonely day. And in some cases, with the taped Christmas service put aboard many of these same ships by SCI's ship visitors. The seamen respond with letters of gratitude to the more than 2,000 "Sainted Clauses" of the Women's Council.

With the traditional opening on October 16 will be the hanging of the wreaths and the tinsel in the Christmas room. Nothing gets us more in the spirit of the season (no small accomplishment in October!) than the lively conversation among the volunteers,

the bright decorations and stacks of brilliant wrappings and seals, or the smell of steaming coffee urns and trays of sweet rolls—that "gasoline" for the energies and spirits of weary workers.

That the operation never fails to get its boxes in the hands of Institute ship visitors by the first week in December, may be credited to seasoned Christmas room manager "Ginny" Keating, a New Jerseyian who has managed the Christmas Room for the past six years, and a welcome face at any W. C. event.

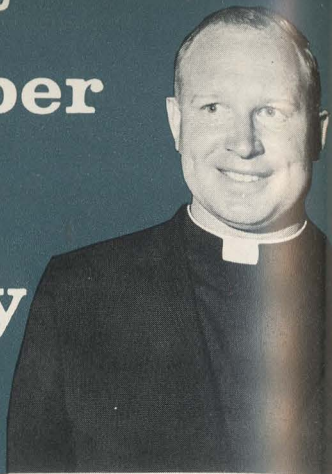
Simultaneous to the opening of the Christmas room is the mantling of the gift bar in the lobby, managed again this year by Rita Echols. W. C. members who attended last year's annual meeting remember that Rita received the "Volunteer of the Year" award for her supervision of the gifts-for-sale counter, which realized a profit of nearly \$1,000 last year for the Women's Council.

What are we wrapping this year? Grace Chapman described some of this year's useful items for seamen. By far the most popular item will be the hand-knit scarf, cap, sweater or

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newest member of the family



One organization for seamen operating in the Port of New York is older than the Seamen's Church Institute. As a matter of historic record, it is the oldest seamen's agency in the U.S. And, like the Institute, was organized to counter the vicious exploitation of mariners in the port. The vigorous, 146-year-old New York Port Society, with headquarters in a four-story building near Times Square, was recently merged with the Seamen's Church Institute. This union represents 276 uninterrupted years of religious and social work for seamen of all nations.

The completed negotiations were announced by SCI's Board President Franklin E. Vilas, an altruist who is undoubtedly one of the Port's authorities on seamen and their problems.

"We are overjoyed by the addition of the Port Society to the SCI fold," he said. "The consolidation will allow a most efficient operation of our services, especially in our ministry to the active seamen from North River piers of whom so many are foreign."

The Port Society is firmly ensconced in a well-equipped building at 524 West 42nd Street, which has been renovated inside and out since 1962. In a most convenient location near New York's entertainment center, the building includes a small chapel, auditorium and stage, baggage, mail and locker facilities. On the

upper levels are provided conference rooms, a souvenir counter, snack bar, library, game rooms and television area. The spacious roof is specially surfaced for dancing and is used twice weekly during the summer months for social events. From it, seamen are treated to a glamorous, changing panorama of the city's skyline.

Managing the varied services of the Society since 1959 is dynamic young chaplain, Russell Brown. Native to Maine where he attended college and later Boston's School of Theology and Union Seminary, Brown imputes his enthusiasm to the audience he reaches in these words: "There is a greater reward in working with a universal church than there is in a local congregation by far. When a world ministry comes to you there is no opportunity for boredom or vegetation. Every day one faces a new group of 'parishioners' with new problems."

SMALL STAFF FOR BIG JOB

Chaplain Brown, rather a jack of all trades, supervised the installation of new lighting throughout the building and wired it for intercom. He commends his staff for their versatility in the Society's operation. "Each one can function in any job around here, and do it creditably." Brown refers to his full-time staff of four and four part-timers.

For instance there's Cliff Hendl who, in addition to his job as business manager serves as chapel deacon, operates the baggage checking and mail room. During social events he receives visitors. Gil Rodriguez manages the magazine distribution center and serves as shipvisitor. His value in speaking Spanish is reinforced by his fluency in Italian and Portuguese. German shipvisitor Vytautas Strolia speaks a number of languages. It is he who maintains the German-language magazine room for which the Society is well-known. The fourth full-time employee is Ray Pectle, superintendent of the building. Shipvisitors on a part-time status (and their employment fluctuates with shipping activity) are: The Rev. Alfred Janavel, who speaks French and Italian, and The Rev. Stravos Lazarides, who speaks Greek. Mrs. Anne Teviotdale, bookkeeper and Brown's secretary, and Mildred Thompson, who handles the snack bar and gift counter, complete the staff.

LIBRARY WITHOUT CARDS

The SCI's new facility offers several services which are unique. One is a spacious library without "checkout" cards. Seamen are invited to browse through sections labeled *Swedish, Portuguese, Norwegian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, and English*, and to take books from the well-stocked shelves back to their ships permanently. The traffic is heavy on a dance night and the books disappear quickly. Book publishers have been overwhelmingly cooperative, and Brown specifically commends the generosity of *Reader's Digest*.

Another popular service is the storage locker rentals which provide the itinerant seaman with a permanent repository in New York that only he can open. This service will be expanded to accommodate a long waiting list, Chaplain Brown said.

The Society's volunteer dance hostesses, more than 60 young ladies, hold their own meetings as a club. Monies raised from auctions and rummage sales provide needed equipment

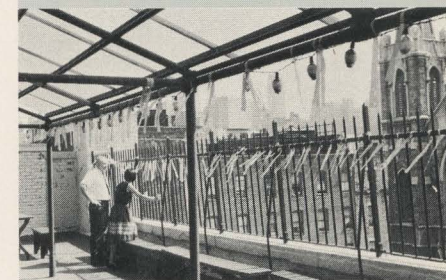
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New scenic mural has been hung in the auditorium, while the rear of the room is being re-designed for convenient serving of beverages and snacks.



Prayer and hymn-singing is held each week in the small chapel reached from the lobby. A portable organ is taken aboard ships for special occasions.



Spacious roof with spectacular night view of city is center of social activities during warm summer months.

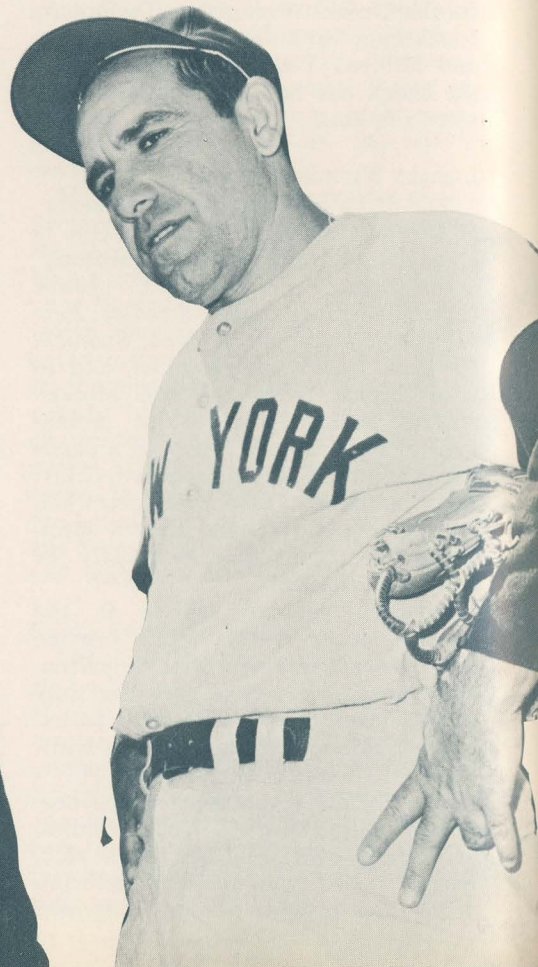


Manager Russell Brown (left) and Gil Rodriguez, supervisor of magazine department, prepare foreign-language periodicals for merchant seamen.

Can You Top This?

Her obituary had been brief. . . . "Mrs. Sarah Maude Doane Shepard, 103 . . . In lieu of flowers, contributions to go to Seamen's Church Institute of New York."

It is generally the policy of the Institute not to discuss the kinds and conditions of its contributors, but on learning of the death of Mrs. Shepard, whose life spanned a century and three years, and whose devotion to the Institute for 44 of those years was unceasing, we make an exception to share with you the profile of this wiry grandmother upon whom so many honors were conferred.



Mrs. Shepard met with catcher Yogi Berra before important game, was called "oldest Dodger fan."

Mrs. Shepard was full of contradictions. A successful homemaker who hated housework. A progressive who held little hope for modern inventions like television. An accomplished pianist whose favorite pastime was watching baseball. A proud "yankee" who fiercely defended her Canadian birthright. Descendant of an uninterrupted line of seafarers who married a railroadman and who knew as much about locomotives as Casey Jones. Such a life-long SCI booster was Sarah Maude Shepard.

Mrs. Shepard was born in 1861 in Barrington, Nova Scotia of hardy stock. Her father was master of a Canadian sailship. Her mother followed the olden custom of accompanying her husband on his sailing voyages to distant points—as far away as Calcutta and South America. The young lady had the vocabulary befitting a mariner's daughter and a knowledge of seamanship that went with it. At the age of 18 when most of her contemporaries were already housewives and mothers, Sarah Doane was graduated from King's College (Halifax) — the first year women were admitted to any university to take the regular examinations. She declined an invitation to attend the graduating exercises because of "all those men", which must have been feminine modesty for she was prepared already, through her father, for competition in a "man's world."

Young Miss Doane planted roots in America by marrying in 1885 a dashing "yank" who swept her away to Florida. When the Shepards moved from Florida to the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn some years later, she established herself in local parish work. Through a guild project Mrs. Shepard was introduced to the work of the Seamen's Church Institute, which was so compelling a part of her life for the next 44 years. She supported the activities of the SCI with contributions of time and money.

At the age of 101 she cheered the New York Yankees against West Point, keeping score with the aid of field glasses. Before the game she

wished Yankee catcher, Yogi Berra, best of luck (see picture) although her granddaughter's husband, Major W. C. Lindahl, was stationed at West Point.

Newspaper clippings tell of her activities in Brooklyn and of her outspoken devotion to the Dodgers before those young men went West. She knew each player, and each knew her. Attending the Dodger games gave her an excuse to leave the cooking (which she loathed) to her daughter, Mrs. Shepard Burchell, with whom she lived following her husband's tragic death on the Long Island Railroad.



On her 100th birthday, she received personal best wishes from President John F. Kennedy, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson (she had been a life-long Democrat) and from Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.

When she died a centenarian three years over last May, the family, according to her wishes, requested that in lieu of flowers, contributions be sent to the Seamen's Church.

Her granddaughter, Miss Joan Burchell, a commercial artist, wrote SCI's Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan: "I take the liberty to say a few words in reference to the reason the Institute was chosen by Mother as a memorial recipient. The background and early life of my grandmother, Mrs. Shepard, was salt—father, grandfather, uncles—all were sea people. In view of this and because she was so active in the Institute, it was thought that this tribute to men of the sea and their kin would be more fitting her life and wishes than any other we could offer."

A source of inspiration to those of us at SCI has been taken away, but the memory of an exemplary, Christian woman will never be erased.



Waldo's Venture

When we concluded the series "Down to the Sea—1890" last year, LOOKOUT received many, many requests to print more adventure stories from the days of sail. You also asked for them on the questionnaires we sent you in 1962. Not only do these stories excite the imagination, readers told us, but they bring to life the privations under which seamen labored, and which gave SGI its genesis.

Acquisition of material like this outside classic fiction is difficult. Not only were seamen of the day often illiterate, but historians found seamen too unsavory for inclusion in almanacs of the time. We have only memories of the seamen themselves to tap.

LOOKOUT posted an appeal for manuscript material in Sailor's Snug Harbor—a beautiful home for retired mariners on Staten Island—and it brought the following story from 70-year-old Waldo Laukshtein.

ON THE BALTIC . . .

To understand my story, it is necessary to know a little about Latvia, the country of my birth.

According to ancient history, Latvia was comparable to America before the white man: inhabited by nomadic tribes with names of birds, beasts, manifestations of nature, etc. And

just as the white man in America came to oppress the Indians, so came the pugnacious, armed German knights to conquer, suppress, and rule the Latvians for 700 years. During those 700 years Latvians could be compared to Negro plantation slaves here in America—they owned no land and were, in effect, slaves to the barons who owned everything. It was only a hundred years ago that a manifesto by Alexander II, Czar of Russia, abolished serfdom and made it possible for Latvians to obtain homes and buy land of their own.

My father believed in education and schooling for his children, so I got four years in elementary school. This was a big thing, and my mother and father, both illiterate, boasted about me with great pride.

Even so, the immediate prospect for me after school and Confirmation was to hire out to some landowner, work from sun-up to sun-down, and then, at age twenty, be inducted into the Czar's army. None of it appealed to me. A young boy's mind is venture-



some; the longing for adventure must be fulfilled. Reading about the sea created a romantic impulse in the mind of a lad—the daring climb of the tall masts in a storm, the handling of a sail, and the promise that all one had to do to banish seasickness was to take a chew of tobacco. Later came realism. But it looked different in the small, rose-colored world of a naive, adolescent boy.

My father, being of a progressive mind and wishing his children well, sanctioned my venture in the wide world by giving me 12 hard-earned Czarist-time Russian rubles for the road. In the early spring of 1912, with clothes tied in a handkerchief and slung over my shoulder on a stick "bindle stiff" style, I set out to reach Auce, the nearest railroad station where I could get a train to Riga, Latvia's capital and chief seaport.

It was 40 kilometers to the railroad station (about 25 miles), but that was nothing to a sixteen-year-old. With the song of adventure in his heart he could run the whole distance.

THE BIG CITY

I reached Riga the evening of the same day in the pelting rain. But such was the excitement of a large city seen for the first time, that sight-seeing could not be postponed for a little thing like rain. I took in the town for a while, indulging in all the firsts—eating fancy sausage, oranges, carbonated drinks, riding the trolleys—all of it totally new. Then, passing some rows of cordwood piled on the waterfront, I heard "Psst! Psst!" and a well-dressed fellow motioned for me to come closer. Well, he had a shining watch in his hand which he exhibited to me in a furtive manner. He spoke of how he worked on English ships and brought in contraband. Contraband! The mysterious word struck me like a bomb. Here I was face to face with Adventure! I had read about contraband in the country school library.

It must have been easy for the confidence man to spot me for one of the greenhorns he no doubt made his living from—homespun clothes, rough cut hair, "bindle stiff" handkerchief full of clothes. It was lucky I had already paid a fee of a couple of rubles to a shipping master who had promised me a job on a ship, and also a good thing that I had seen Riga with a couple of trolley rides. The man with the watch had me mesmerized. I had never previously made any purchases such as jewelry and had never owned a valuable piece of personal property. This one, the sharpie assured me, had "enormous value" at a big profit for myself. So when he asked me how much money I had towards the purchase, I emptied my pockets. He gave me the watch, with reluctance, and the exchange took place.

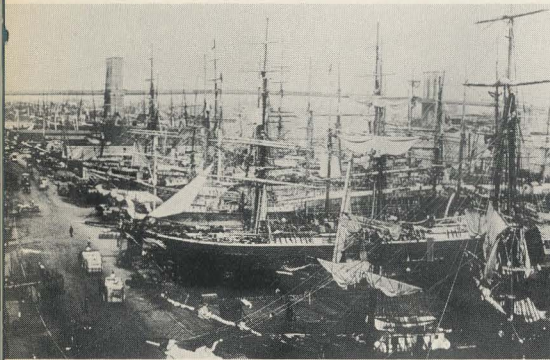
Imagining the police lurking in every shadow, I immediately ran from the place of "contraband" transaction and possible arrest. I ran a good couple of kilometers, zig-zagging through the narrow streets of Riga, around corners, my feet hardly touching the ground. I must have set some kind of Olympic record. When I slowed down, I surreptitiously pulled the watch from my pocket and stole a look at the prize.

Continued on page 10

Well, jewelry is one thing, but food is another. The next day I had no more money to buy food; my rubles—practically a month's wages for a lad like me—were all in the possession of the confidence man. Passing by the open air lombard or "flea market" in the harbor area, I stopped at one of the pawnshop stands which exhibited jewelry to have my watch evaluated. To my dismay the man advised me of the bitter reality — the value of the article was 30 kopecks and if I wanted to sell it he would give me ten kopecks.

That was only lesson number one.

The rest of the day I hung around the water's edge watching the ships being loaded and unloaded. The coalers, discharging bituminous coal by basket and wheelbarrow, were black from coal dust. They worked fast and



were paid piece rate. When a ship was unloaded and the money whacked up among the members of the gang, they would send for refreshments and have a grand picnic. A gallon bottle of alcohol diluted with water, to which they added some cherry balsam for flavor, smoked fish, and bread were staples. These stevedores actually lived on the waterfront, unwashed, waiting for the next ship to come in. I had no place to go myself, so I passed the night on the waterfront too.

MY FIRST SHIP.

The next day I went to see the shipping master, and presto, he had a job for me—as cook on a two-masted coastal schooner with a crew of five. The *Anna*, a hundred tonner, was a

firewood carrier on the coastal run.

Of course I had never cooked before, but it was a simple matter since the menu was the same from day to day: fried bacon with herring and potatoes. The evening meal was mostly soup, cooked with chunks of salt beef out of a barrel. Sometimes we had "lapskaps"—the remains of beef and potatoes mashed together like hash. The only trouble I encountered was when we headed out to sea for the first time. I was burdened with duties, and in the excitement I didn't catch on and cooked the coffee with slightly salty water dipped from the estuary of the river Daugava instead of the barrels of fresh water supplied for the trip.

We would go along the coastal area, drop anchor, and wait for large rowboats to bring our cargo, firewood, for the city. Once we anchored off shore during a three-day blow, waiting for the storm to subside so the boats could navigate with the cargo. I was seasick, like to die, utterly helpless, but the captain didn't believe me. May his soul rest in peace, wherever he is. He kicked me around while I was lying on the deck spitting up green foam. I was too sick to stand. But that was the way of it then.

CHEWING TOBACCO

Soon the summer shipping was over and the two-masted *Anna* laid up for the winter in a sheltered cove on the Daugava. Hunger forced me to look for a new ship, bigger, of course, to span the ocean and earn for myself the name of "Yank." I'd had my first encounter with seasickness, and found the chew of tobacco remedy recommended by seafarers worse than the sickness. I was prone to seasickness and terrified of it, but the romantic lure of the sea was stronger. I set my sights on real ships and far away seas. In a few days I was again placed by the shipping master.

It was aboard the Finnish barque *Rhea*. She was wooden, 36 years old, and leaky, but a real ship never-the-less with cross spars that gave me a thrill to climb—I was afraid at first, but never let on. I remember that first voyage out and the encounter with the awful storms of the Bay of Biscay.

For those who read perceptively

notes from
the daily log

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
4	5	6	7	1 8	2 9	3 10

Monday: "... We had twelve guests from the French ship *Fort Niagara*. The game room was alive with their activity. I took care of their mail and wrote step by step directions to the World's Fair for three of the men who were leaving early for a tour. They were a happy lot and made the most of their evening—they have only a few precious hours before sailing in the morning.

Tuesday: "The Pakistanian seamen from Port Newark represented the largest number of men from a single ship this evening. Holland was well-represented by the *Sanda, Rotterdam* and *Westerdam*, Germany by the *Tubingen* and *Erlangen*.

We depended on the men from local piers for a dancing front, and with each new arrival the pace grew. The special feature tonight was a young tap dancer named Bonnie Le More who was giving her first performance in the International Club. She invited participation and was received very well.

Naturally we always give particular attention to men whose custom does not include social dancing. I spent considerable time with the Pakistanians, and learned that one of the men was called a 'prist,' and in their faith is comparable to a 'lay preacher.' One Pakistanian was brave enough to chance the dance floor; it takes a great deal when a man has never danced with a woman before. These people are of superb grace, but the departure from social custom is difficult for them....

Thursday: "France had the lead in attendance with men from the *Washington* this evening. Holland was next in line with Dutch, Portuguese and Spanish representatives from the *Rotterdam* and *Westerdam*.

In the French quarter, we welcomed a nineteen-year-old boy who did an unforgettable Spanish dance for us several months ago. He considered it his first public performance, and he wrote Chaplain Huntley thanking him for the privilege. He brought the Chaplain's answer to his letter with him, and we regretted that the Chaplain, who is on vacation, was not here to greet him. The boy left a note with me for the Chaplain.

We were happy to have back with us the young Pakistanian seaman with whom I had a brief dance last Tuesday. He arrived with six other representatives of the *Anisbakah*, all of whom were officers. He sat alone at a table next to them. We spoke frequently during the evening, but when I suggested he dance, he declined politely and suggested I dance with one of his officers. This struck me as the ultimate in courtesy. There was no doubt his sole interest was seeing his officers enjoy themselves, and he in no way resented not being able to join them.

Two charming Greek girls came in for a short while, having been recommended by a Greek seaman. Fortunately one of our Greek hostesses was here to make them welcome. It was unusual not to have a Greek seaman in the Club, and I did my best to assure the girls how much they would contribute to our parties....

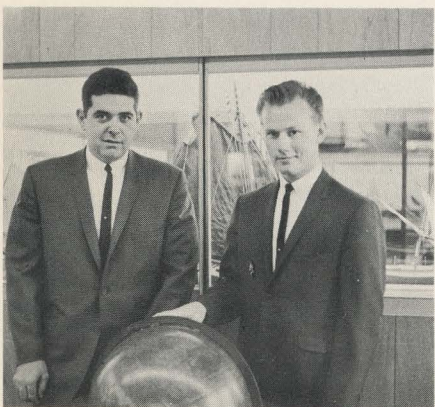
Monday: "... This evening the Club was alive with activity. Eleven Frenchmen from the *Winnipeg* arrived needing stamps and postcards, and stayed for games and refreshments. Later four Belgian boys from the *Geodears* arrived with similar requests plus a request for currency exchange. Among our other visitors were two Colombian boys from the *Cuidad de Persida* who made themselves at home and played ping-pong most of the evening...."

VISITORS

The Chief Steward's Daughter

Studley Parry sailed for Blue Funnel Lines out of England in the 20's, frequently came to parties at SCI's Roper Lounge when he was in New York. On one trip he met a ravishing volunteer hostess, Miss Ivy Evans of Staten Island, who father was chief steward on Cunard's "Mauretania." She and four sisters regularly served as hostesses while two brothers were at sea. She had been born four miles from Studley's home in Liverpool, but it took SCI to bring them together.

They were married (he borrowed \$2 for the license) and the young groom went to work for a marine cargo appraiser. To this union J. Roger Parry was born. After 20 years of New York the Parrys moved to Los Angeles where both father and son (a recent high school graduate) work for a marine surveying company. Last month Roger (left) and friend returned to the Marine Museum for a look-see. Comments: "I remember as a child that we'd be driving up the expressway passing the Institute, and Mom would jokingly say to Dad, 'There's where I met you, and I guess I'll dump you right back there again.' The folks will be coming to the World's Fair when the weather gets cooler, and naturally SCI will be a highlight of their visit." ▼



Yokohama to Wales

Enroute to Newport, Wales after eight years as director of the British Mission to Seamen in Yokohama, Father Eric Casson paid a call on the Institute last month to learn more of its operations. Chaplain Casson and his wife, Doris, have operated the Yokohama facility since its opening in 1956. After leaving New York he becomes regional secretary of BMTS of New Wales with headquarters in Newport. Chaplain Casson was an active merchant seaman for 16 years before he entered seminary, was ordained in 1954 in Liverpool. We arranged a tour of Episcopal centers because of his limited time in New York. Below (right) he scans a copy of LOOKOUT with Institute Chaplain, James Savoy. ▼



VISITORS

Friends to Problem Drinkers

SCI was host to the Ninth Annual Dinner of the Institutional Committee of Alcoholics Anonymous recently.

Two hundred-fifty members, representing all New York institutions which have A.A. programs, enjoyed a typical Institute dinner in the auditorium.

Tom Southall of the SCI staff was master of ceremonies, introducing Chaplain Frank Daley, director of SCI's branch of the national organization, who gave the invocation.

The featured speakers at the meeting were Mrs. Lillian Fish, superintendent of Westfield State Farm in New York State, a correctional institution for women, and Dr. Robert F. Wagner, assistant director of Central Islip State Hospital, one of the pioneering institutions for rehabilitating alcoholics.

During the evening, Chaplain Daley received a plaque for the seamen's A.A. club room, which was designed and executed by "Red" R., a seaman who is an active Institute A.A. member.

OPERATION SAIL

Beatle-like Imports

The most obviously remarkable thing about this contingent of British seamen was its clean-cut youth and the several among them with near-Beatle haircuts. The lively nine pictured were a majority of 13 boys accepted (from 135 applicants) for the transatlantic voyage on the modern yawl "Tawau," Britain's entry during Operation Sail. They made the most of their stay at SCI, sampling food, chapel, museum and hospitality. The "Tawau," owned privately by Viscount Boyd of Merton, carried a complement of five officers, 13 seamen-trainees. ▼



SOYEZ LES BIENVENUS!

LOOKOUT readers will remember the account of 118 exchange students

from Marseilles, France, who were brought to New York by the Lion's Club in the summer of 1962. SCI provided emergency accommodations to 95 of the men, most of them sons of merchant seamen. Friendships established then brought a couple of the group back to SCI last month for a tour and visit to the Marine Museum. Enjoying a tour with SCI's hostess, Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon (right) were Jean-luc Roux, Annie-José Blanc, and Yves Montaland, all of Cannes.

"Personne n'oubliera jamais la gentillesse et la générosité que vous nous avez démontrées et nous vivons dans l'espérance de revenir à votre Institut bien des fois," said Monsieur Yves. ▼



PUBLICITY

Telling the story

Thousands of lunch-hour browsers and World's Fair visitors saw an interesting exhibit of exotic model ships and SCI historic material through the courtesy of Ninth Federal Savings Bank of New York recently. The Institute exhibit caught the attention of sidewalk traffickers for one month in the bank's Times Square windows before it was moved to the branch across from the United Nations. Display manager, Mrs. Clement Cook, reported that the exhibit was the most popular within her memory, as determined by random mid-day count.

(See picture on next page)



Age of Sails

SCI's Marine Museum loaned several of its most valuable and exquisitely made ship models to IBM's Gallery of Arts and Sciences for a special display called "Sail, Sea and Sailor" from July 6 until August 1. Held in conjunction with IBM's other Operation Sail promotions, the well-organized show of models, figureheads, oil paintings and vintage photographs, attracted several thousand curious. ▼

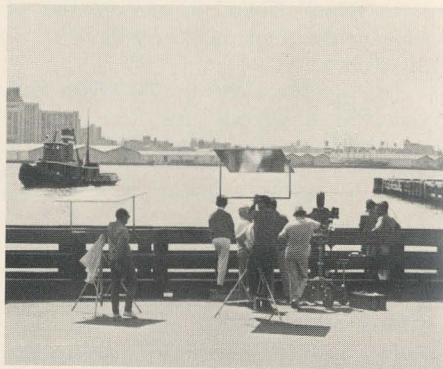


MUCH ADO

Long Hot Sunburn

Wait long enough and you're likely to see just about everything from SCI's windows, especially those which overlook piers and heliport. Last month employees rubbernecked to see filming of new television series "Mr. Broadway" co-starring actress Nina

Foch, actor Craig Stevens. Principals and crew (squint and you'll see them all) took a lunch break from the burning sun, escaped in SCI's air-conditioned dining room. Appraisal: "It's a charming place." ▼



Split-Second Timing

While President LBJ waited patiently in his air-conditioned Cadillac (see arrow) Lady Bird was mid-Manhattan shopping, delayed the party's departure from New York by a half hour. The President had been in the city to address a legal convention. A small army of plainclothesmen invaded SCI (which enjoys spectacular vantage point) to cover the President's arrival by helicopter. We took a chance, snapped this from window of Public Relations while plainclothesman registered his disapproval. ▼



SEAMAN OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 2

After a Navy discharge, and several transient jobs, he returned to Jersey near the family home in a job selling vacuum cleaners at night. "I didn't sell too many vacuums," he remembers dryly, "and I wasn't happy trying to write that novel during the day, either."

Meanwhile his Navy buddy joined the merchant marine, and wrote letters which stirred the spirits of our voyager. Discouraged about his job and his writing and with the encouragement of his buddy, Eric signed as ordinary seaman aboard Mobile's tankship *Power* out of New Haven. In a short time he advanced to an A.B. because of his Navy training. He has since worked other Mobile ships including the *Fuel* and the *Meridian*.

Between ships Eric studies for the Third Mate's license exam in SCI's Marine School; he hopes to overcome his poor math foundation with a Teaching Machine course. Now a resident, he avails himself of the SCI psychological and aptitude testing program in a sincere desire to direct himself on the best course in life.

Eric Bryant will not be content until he is "the best" either as a seaman or as an author. We congratulate him on his perseverance, and wish him well in whatever eventual life course he pursues.

2,000 SANTA CLAUSES

Continued from page 3

socks made by a volunteer since last Christmas. For the first time the boxes will contain pocket dictionaries to help that seaman with what Mrs. Chapman called "more frequent letters home." Other items will be protective cases for seamen's discharge papers, heavy-duty laundry bags, and the handy good-grooming kit. As in previous years, each box will contain hard candy, a sewing kit, writing paper, envelopes and a pen, and hand-written greeting cards from Mr. Mulligan and a member of the W. C. Each item is attractively wrapped for packing in its carton which is again wrapped.

For those of you who have knitted or contributed to the project, and whose thoughts are with the volunteers this year, LOOKOUT, as in the past, will print many letters of gratitude from the seamen in the Christmas 1964 issue, and in January.

NEWEST MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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for the building and especially the dance areas. The new furniture in the auditorium was provided through the recent generosity of the young ladies of one of the most "exclusive" clubs for hostesses.

AVERAGE AGE IS TWENTY

If one visits a dance night he is impressed by the extreme youth of the 150 to 300 visitors, 90% of whom are foreign. Chaplain Brown estimates the average age at 20 for most of them, "but we have seen them in here when we wondered if they were 10 years old," he chuckles.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

It is interesting to trace the development of the Port Society from 1818 when a group of prominent business men joined together in obtaining a charter from the Legislature in Albany "to establish the Society for Promoting the Gospel Among Seamen in the Port of New York" (the old official name). By 1820 the non-sectarian Protestant society opened its first Mariner's Church on Roosevelt Street—the first church in the world especially designed to serve seamen. Like the early Seamen's Church Institute, the Port Society moved frequently to centers of shipping activity. In 1855 the Society occupied quarters near the South Street waterfront but with the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, the gradual movement of shipping activity, and the advent of steam-powered vessels, the emphasis of the Society's work shifted to the west side of Manhattan.

The Institute is proud to welcome the New York Port Society as another link in the strengthened chain of our ministry to seamen in the Port.

OCEANSIDE MORNING

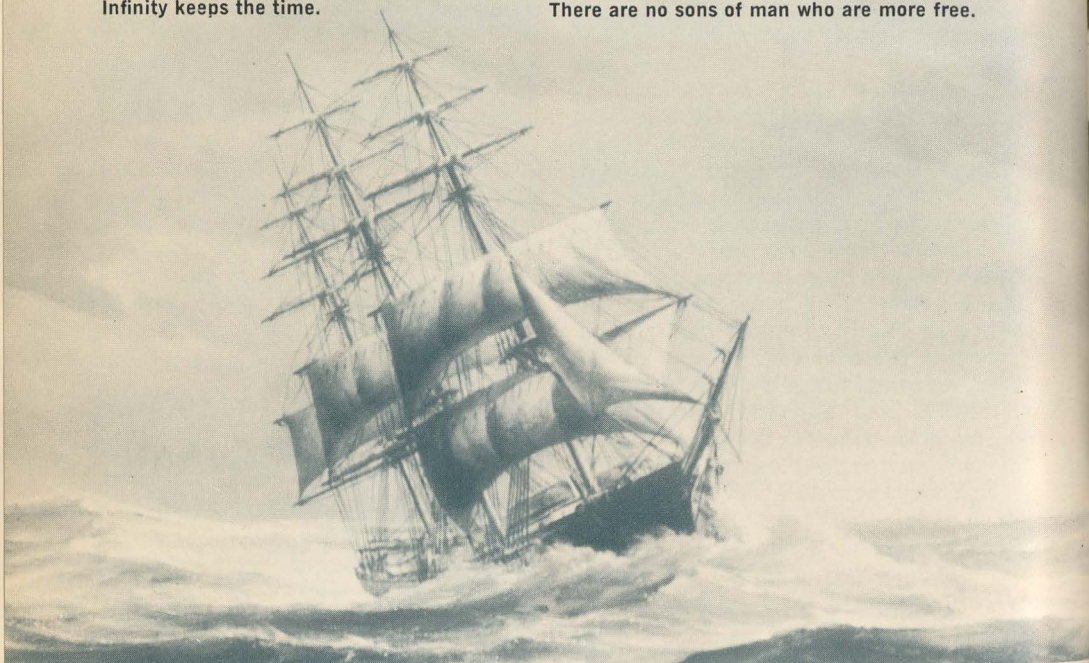
by Nina M. Sedlak

Gulls sweep low in the salt wind
 Near a seiner, draped nets dripping;
 Lolling lazily at anchor.
 A spider crab skitters sideways
 Through black sand to find secure hiding
 Beneath cool rocks, sea mired.
 The tapered lighthouse stands aloof,
 Battered sentinel of night-homing,
 Alone—buttressed by stone.
 Dawn softly sweeps the gray-strewn sky,
 Tide-turning sings along the shore,
 Infinity keeps the time.

FIRST DOG WATCH

by ex-seaman Sanford Sternlicht (from *Gull's Way*)

Bare headed, faces bright with beads of sweat,
 Two thick-armed, apron-girded cooks with wet
 Hands holding implements, watch the white sun
 Descending slowly. The sweepers have begun
 Their work. Up on the fo'c'sle near the staff,
 Some men have gathered in the breeze to laugh
 And sing before the evening meal. The soft
 Strains of an old guitar wend on aloft
 For all on board to hear. It tells the sky
 That there are those who live but to defy
 The conjured wind, the ever-waiting sea.
 There are no sons of man who are more free.



Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

**25 South Street
 New York, N. Y. 10004**

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