



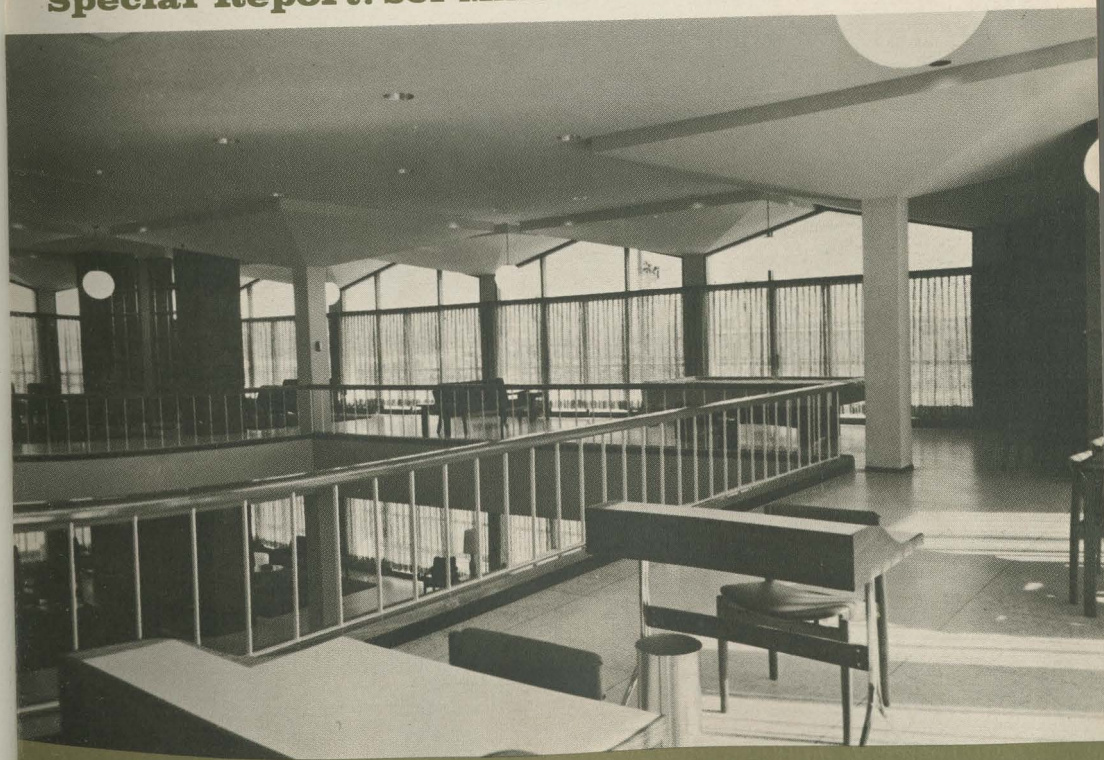
the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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Special Report: SCI MARINERS CENTER, NEWARK



JANUARY 1966

MATERIALIZATION OF A DREAM

The newspapers describe SCI's Mariners International Center (Newark) as excitingly modern, "one of the most impressive buildings in the United States designed exclusively for seamen's activities." To visiting seamen who have been using the Center for almost one month, it is obvious that thoughtful planning went into the design of the 3-story facility and its companion food center. For most of the 600,000 American and foreign seamen entering the Port of New York yearly, it is "better than home ever was", to borrow the expression of one seaman.

Resembling a cluster of tree-like forms, the building's exterior rises from pile roots provided with great difficulty in the unstable soil and high ground water-level of the Port. To displace the hostile summer and winter weather of the waterfront, the building has been equipped with year-round "climatizing" control. Inside, the great expanses of glass give the feeling of lightness and warmth, as do finishes of terrazzo, teakwood and textured plaster. Danish modern furniture, used throughout, incorporates a variety of color schemes and textures.

The original one-story building which opened in 1961 has been converted to a food center. That building, in its first year of operation, served 16,000 seamen from 60 countries in quarters designed to accommodate comfortably 75 seamen a day. This consistent overcrowding motivated the Board of Managers to construct the second, larger building, connected to the original by an enclosed walkway. The additional 11,850 square feet of interior space permits SCI to offer many of the services to seamen formerly available only at Headquarters in Manhattan.

PLAN OF MARINERS CENTER

FOOD SERVICE BUILDING

(Original Building) Dedicated 1961

Cafeteria & Snack Bar
Food Service Tables
Soccer Dressing Room, Showers, Lockers
Soccer Equipment Storage, exit to field
Exhibit area for trophies, team photographs
Men's Restroom
Lounge for Athletes

Chapel

Conference Lounge-Reception Room
Powder Room, Men's Restroom
Lounge I with open fireplace
Hi-Fi Lounge listening area (Lounge II)
Souvenir & Notion Counter
Lounge Area III
Card-playing Area
Color Television Lounge
Ping Pong Area

ENCLOSED WALKWAY CONNECTING BUILDINGS

Display cabinets for Bible Society
Directory & Events Schedule

Second Floor

Stereo equipment
Lounges IV & V
Pool table
Letter-writing tables
Library
Apartment for custodian
Guest Apartment

MAIN BUILDING

Ground Floor

Air Conditioning & Heating Room
Protected patio area adjoining Athletic Field

First Floor

Waiting Room & Public Telephones
Chaplain's Office-Sacristy

W. LAWRENCE McLANE ATHLETIC FIELD

Regulation-size soccer playing field
8 stadium lights on pylons, 6,000 watts each

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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Honorary President
Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

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Editor

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COVER: With spring will come the landscaping around SCI's 3-story Mariners Center, greatly enhancing its bold architectural lines. Below: view from first floor showing conversational and table tennis areas.



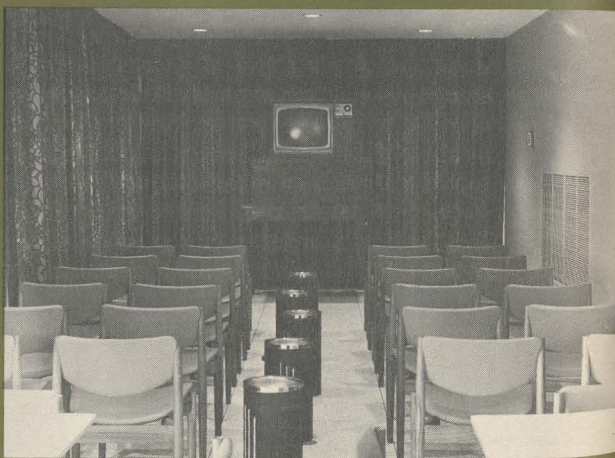
Warm, friendly colors, bold drapery fabric and living plans have been utilized in the first floor Conference-Lounge-Reception Room. In the privacy of the room, adjacent to the chaplain's office, the priest-in-charge will talk with seamen who come to him with their difficulties.



Spacious enclosed walkway between food building and activities building features daily schedule of events, lists staff. The large, undesignated area may serve a variety of purposes when the program of the Center is expanded.



Sound-deadening draperies and acoustical ceiling confine the noise of color television area. For popular programs, seating for 24 seamen may be doubled. Rear of area is open to card-playing center. The new building has been wired for closed-circuit television transmission.



Mahogany divider cabinets on rollers conceal storage compartments for foldaway chairs, game tables, games, coats and other equipment. The units produce a feeling of intimacy yet give seamen and staff full view of other activities; for dances and group activities, the divider walls as well as furniture islands may be moved to the side.



"The Exciting Future"

by

G. Basil Hollas

Manager, Mariners Center
Newark



WHY WE WORK ON THE WATERFRONT

The merchant seaman today spends very little time ashore; by far the greater part of his working life must be spent at sea. There he lives within the confines of his ship—often within the confines of his own particular department in the ship—thrown together by chance with a few other men of differing ages, interests and outlook, cut off from all the amenities of normal life ashore.

And the boredom and monotony of his workaday life with no place to go and little to do during off-duty hours can be pretty sickening. This also is one very important reason why the merchant seaman more than anyone else may so readily respond to any who accept him and offer him friendship when he finally comes ashore. As you all very well know, there are, in every seaport town and city, only too many of the wrong sort who are not only willing but anxious to offer him very unwholesome companionship.

The true well-being of the merchant seaman—about this we must be unmistakably clear. The S.C.I. exists for exactly the same purpose as that for which the local church and parish and Christian community ashore should exist, namely, the building up and extension of God's purpose and Kingdom among those to whom it ministers.

Moreover, such a ministry must concern itself with the needs of the

whole man—material needs, social and cultural needs and, of course, above all and in all this—man's spiritual needs. We do this in the belief that our Blessed Lord's ministry to man's material, physical needs was not incidental to His ministry of grace, but part and parcel of the redemption, the winning back, of the whole man to the purposes of God, which He brought, and which His Church must continue to bring in every age and to all men if she is to remain true to her Lord's commission.

Of paramount importance in this work is the visiting of ships when they arrive in port—whether it be by a chaplain or one of our fine band of laymen engaged in this ministry. Here we have a unique opportunity of meeting men at their work, in their own everyday situation and environment. Although a few of our shipvisitors have had sea-going experience most of us are landsmen and these shipvisits do help us to realize something of the very different and abnormal life these men are called upon to live, and this, in turn, makes for a much more realistic ministry on our part.

We get to know the "language of the seaman"—and I don't mean bad language. The seaman of many years standing does develop a unique outlook and philosophy and has a way of expressing himself which is quite distinctive. He has a simplicity of makeup, holds tenaciously to his ideas

and is very wary of change or innovation—he may be slow to confide but when he does he never doubts your friendship and willingness to help.

Then, too, by the same token, these ship visits enable the men to get to know us and know that we stand ready to be of assistance during their stay with us.

There can be no rigid technique in visiting a ship. We need to remember that behind the often grim exterior, the wrangler pants and cowboy shirts, the pin-up calendars, the tough and sometimes intemperate language, these men are lonely. Some of them are homeless, others see their families very seldom. Whatever pleasures the seaman's life can offer them, whatever their disinclination to give it up, most of them have some idea of what they are missing. Most of them have experienced their fill of boredom, fear and loneliness.

A visitor is usually a welcome diversion, and a man who can speak a few friendly words in a seaman's own tongue and give him something to read in a language he can understand is likely to be well received. But no matter how it is accomplished, the only reputation we must seek is that of

being the seaman's friend, for it is the friendly approach that is the secret from first to last.

Our intentions, of course, are quickly established when each year we are able, through your generous efforts, to board these ships armed with Christmas gifts and greetings. I continue to be amazed at the seamen's expressions of child-like gratitude in letters and in person at the time of placing the gifts aboard. They are so grateful because, in the first place, it is a gift from a stranger; in the second, it brings a fond recollection of Christmases spent at-home surrounded by the warmth and love of a family, and speaks, if only for a moment, of that greater gift we are celebrating as Christians.

Then, in the evenings, many of these men will come to visit the Institute to enjoy its services, to meet men from other ships, the staff and other shore people who have volunteered their time for this service of friendship and understanding. Here, in the new Center, the visiting seamen will find available a wide and varied programme of social, educational and other special services.

The second half of our building programme is complete. At a cost upwards of half a million dollars the new structure gives us some 12,000 square feet of working space. It provides larger recreational areas, a library, offices and custodian's apartment. It will be possible to institute regular programmes of entertainment and educational interest. And right at the very centre of our expanded activities is the beautiful mariner's chapel.

The spiritual side of the work in

our new building is, of course, much more than trying to see that chapel services are well attended, in the right spirit and for the right motives. It will be, as it is now, the preparedness of a chaplain or staff member or volunteers to listen, and advise and help a man in all his difficulties—and the first task, in order to grasp these difficulties, is to meet the man on his own ground.

To conclude this discussion of the need for a vital ministry to seafarers, let me outline those programs and projects which already exist or which will surely be carried out in 1966 through our splendid new Center.

THE SHIPVISITING SERVICE

The *shipvisiting service* which has been one of our most important projects since we entered Port Newark in 1961, will be expanded to include contacts with all domestic and foreign vessels at Port Newark and Elizabeth Piers. Tankerships at piers between Jersey City and Perth Amboy also will be contacted on a regular schedule. Services of our visiting staff will continue to include the providing of reading materials, playing cards and other table games, informational posters about activities in the Center, transportation when required, collection of mail, and any personal service a seaman requests.

For those ships berthed at some distance from the Center, arrangements will be made to transport men from and back to their vessels. This will involve the purchase of an autobus which could provide sightseeing tours for seamen with limited time and money. A bus service will make regular calls at all piers in the Newark-Elizabeth area where no public service transportation is available. It will be used, additionally, to collect crew members from tank-vessels along the Jersey shore, transport soccer teams from ships on the North River, and provide transportation to hostesses on dance nights.

EXPANDED RELIGIOUS PROGRAM

For the first time the SCI will schedule regular worship in Mariners

Chapel including the service of Holy Communion and services which those of different religious persuasions require. Religious instruction, leading to baptism or confirmation, will be available on request and, of course, personal counselling and visitation of hospitalized seamen will be implemented by the new facilities.

In addition to the present soccer games among ships, the W. Lawrence McLane field will be used for football, track and other field events as required by our guests, and for which we heretofore have not had supervisory personnel.

With the fine equipment available here we can now offer daily recreation including shuffleboard, billiards and snooker. Good books and periodicals will be available in the library area and materials supplied to the writing tables for seamen who otherwise could not afford to buy them.

THE FIRST SOCIAL PROGRAM

The regular activities will include, for the first time, dances with live combos or *discothèques*, social evenings, educational classes in art and music appreciation, and filmed programs. The well-stocked "sloppe-chest", already one of the most popular spots in the Center, offers souvenir items and personal requisites such as toiletries, work and dress clothing, and postage stamps.

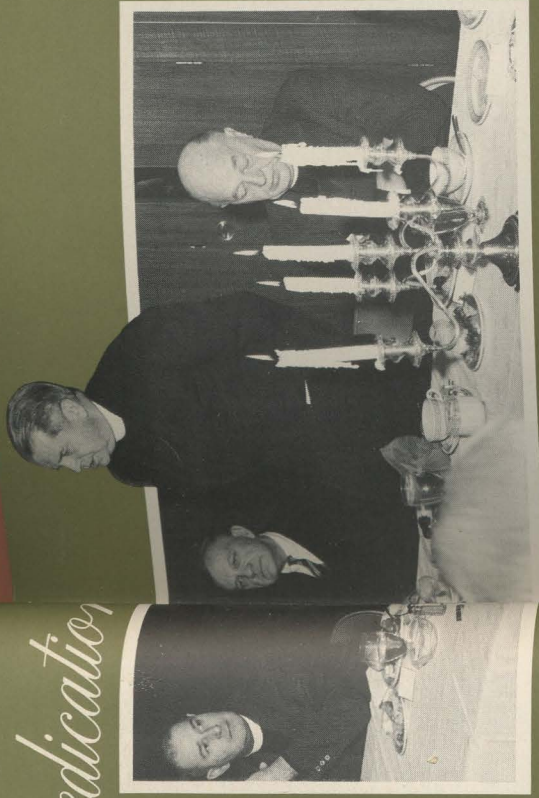
Volunteer hostesses, recruited from neighboring communities and churches, will assist in entertaining our guests on dance nights and other evenings. We hope for a program through which foreign seamen will be invited as guests into the homes of our churchmen in a broader "person-to-person" outreach.

Just as St. Paul and his company experienced a welcome from Christian friends in the seaports they visited, such is the role of Mariners Center to invite our brethren of the sea to a shoreside Christian community with a welcome hand outstretched and a "home" to which we invite the stranger.

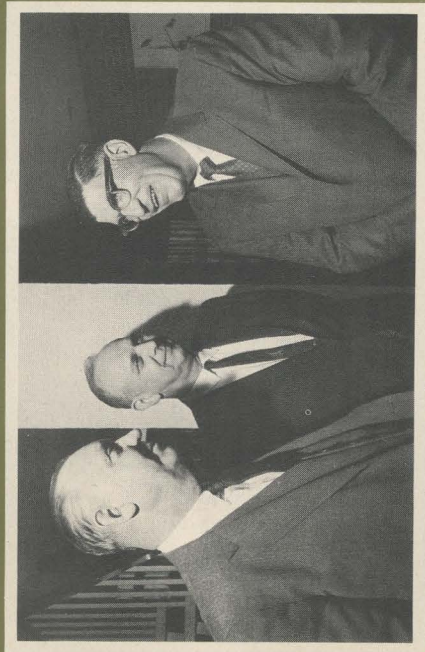
Let us ask your prayers for seamen and for our work amongst them, calling upon you for help and support in this exciting ministry.



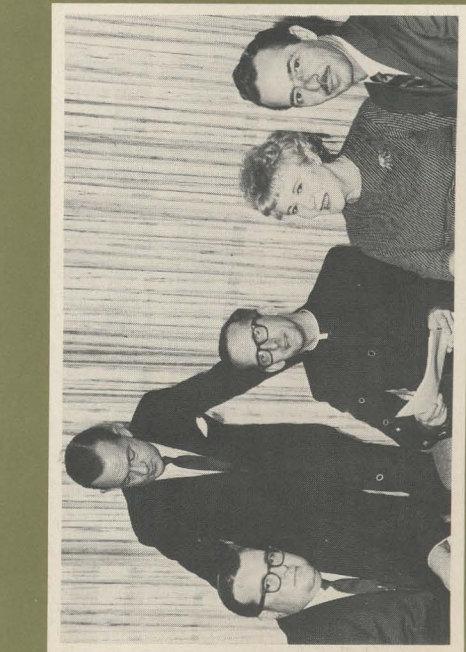
The Dedication



Mrs. W. Lawrence McLane, widow's beloved Board member (l) with Brian Thomas, Greer, Jamie, and Cent, architect George Clark proudly stand before dedicating the sports field to their of her late husband whose vision inspiration encouraged the original development Port Newark.



Photographed beneath the 6.25-foot Christmas tree are Board men, Rogers, George Gray Zabriskie, Davrace and Fearey.

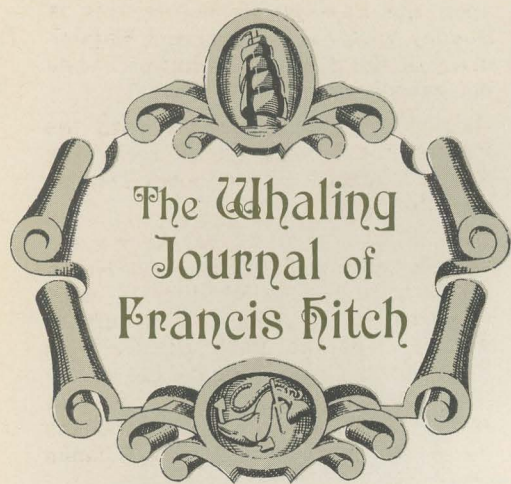


Board members John A. McFarlane G. Michalis and Orme Wilson (right) discuss the Center's potential with the Bishop.

Five of the Center's staff of nine explain during Dedication Day with manager G. B. Hollas (center). They are Martin Egeland, wife of Center's managing supervisor and Basile Tzanakis, a supervisor; not present were Alex Evans, hostess, shipvisitor, Thor and asst. steward, Efstratios.

Presiding Bishop, The Most Rev. John Elbridge Hines, tells the guests that the work of the Seamen's Church Institute is one of the Church's most vital ministries and commends the Board for its foresight in building a magnificent Center to receive strangers entering the ports of Elizabeth and Newark. To his left: The Rev. John W. Mulligan, Director of the SCI; on his right Franklin E. Vilas, President of the Board with The Rt. Rev. George Edward Rath, Suffragan Bishop, Newark.





Chapter VI (Cont. from Nov.)

July 27. I have often heard that a Foremast hand stands but little chance of getting his rights from the most of our Consuls when he is opposed by a Ship Master. It appears to be the case in this instance at least from what I have seen and heard. It appears to me that if our appointing Powers could be upon some of our Consuls hands in a Destitute condition for a Month or two that they would be a little more careful in selecting Men to fill that important Office.

I went to work at Coopering Oil this Morning but the Consul sent word to me to stop, so I went to see him. He told me that it was against the law of the place for a Mechanic to work without permission from the French Government if I wanted to take contracts. So he told me who to apply to to get a license and I made application for one and got leave to work.

August 12. There is an addition of six to our Family which makes it up to 19 or 20 and that in a house 22 feet by 14, which is stowing too thick for comfort. I asked the Consul if he would pay by Board instead of paying it to the Landlord and I would Board myself as there were so many in the house and most always a great deal of noise and confusion and some of them were often Drunk. The Consul said he was very busy and he would give me an answer when he got through.

August 13. I went to see our noble Consul and asked him if he had concluded to grant my request. He said that he had not, that it was against the rules and he should not break them. I told him I did not ask him for any more than what he now Paid for me and I did not see what difference it would make to him who he paid it to. He answered me that it was more trouble to make out the accounts to send home and that it was no use to say anything more about it. If I ever live to get home I mean to find out which is of the most consequence to the Government—the Health and comfort of 15 or 20 Men or a few minutes trouble for a Deputy Consul's Deputy Clerk. I went and told Mr. Reynolds that I wished that he would pay me my Board for the present while he had so many boarders and let me Board myself.

August 14. I moved to a house to live with two Men who belonged to the Ship *Sarah* of New York. We had a Native to Cook for us at 4 Dollars a Month. The house rent is 8 Dollars a Month. I had to get a Permit from the Police to Move.

August 15. I have set up 1570 gallons of Shooks from Mr. Gray at 1 cent a gal., \$15.70, \$2.80 for another work for Mr. Gray at Coopering. I have worked altogether since I have been on Shore six days. The Work has Amounted to \$53.91. I have paid out for help \$9.62½ which leaves me \$44.28½. My tools and License cost me \$43.17, leaving me \$1.11½. So here I am with but little prospect of getting anything to do.

August 20. I have engaged with Capt. Macomber to go in the ship *Minerva* as Cooper and Shipkeeper for one Fiftieth Lay or Share. She is 21²/₃ Months out with 2450 Barrels of Oil, 750 of it Sperm. The Consul has forbid any Person (upon his hands) from doing any more Work while they remain upon his hands.

Elnathan P. Hathaway Jr., happening to be in a house of a Native. He saw a Book lying in an open Chest. He took it up and found it to be this Journal. The Native said (at first) that he Bought it on Board of the Brig Eliza-

beth (the same Vessel that we came here in). And he afterwards said that he picked it up in the Water near the Shore. There is a Mystery about this Journal that I should like to have explained to my satisfaction. It has been out of my Possession for the space of 12 or 13 Days. I did not expect to ever see it again. (MARGINAL NOTE:) It is evident to me that this Book was thrown overboard from the Brig *Elizabeth* of Salem.

August 21. In and Through the Kindness of an ever Indulgent Providence I have a good prospect of Starting for my Native Land once more but I do not Dare to place too much dependence in anything that is in the future for I have met with so many Disappointments thus far through an eventful life that I am cautious how I make much of anything that even looks favourable. Still He has not left or Forsaken me in my troubles, trials and Disappointments. Although I have lost the most of my Labour for the last 25 Months yet I desire still to put all my trust in him and to Thank Him for His great kindness towards me in bestowing so many Blessings upon such an unworthy Sinner as I am and ever have been.

August 22. The Natives hold this Day as the Sabbath. Why it is so is because the first Missionarys came through the Indian Ocean which brought the day one Day ahead of the Time at Greenwich and the Natives use their Dates.

August 23. This is the French Sundry as they came by the way of Cape Horn. Sundays here are not kept as they are at home by any means.

August 24. I have Shiped on Board of the Ship *Minerva*. I have sold the most of my Tools to Edward F. Hosier who has been Discharged from the *Minerva*. In the afternoon I sent my things on board. I have engaged to help Charles Myrick to make a Bathing Tub for Mr. John Kean.

August 26. I went on Board of the *Minerva* and Flagged 3 Cask and came on Shore again. I am still at work upon the Bathing Tub.

August 29. I am getting ready to go to Sea. I have got the most of my

things that I shall be likely to need upon the Passage Home. As this is Sunday with the Natives and English many of the Stores are Shut so I cannot get all my things to Day.

August 30. This is Sunday with the French but I must get all ready for Sea to Day as I expect to sail Tomorrow Morning.

Monday the 31st of August, Civil Time. Begins with a fine Breze at North Westerly and Fine Weather. I came on board at 10 A.M. I have left at Tahitu 5 of the Bark *Elizabeth* of Free Towns Crew. We have got pretty well scattered about. Set all Sail in the Evening. We are all as Well as usual (Except Seasickness) Thanks be to God.

September 17. All Sail set that will draw. Employed in Breaking out and Stowing at all Hatchways. Started the Sperm Oil out of 3 Ulage Pipes into one of the Fry Pots and after heating it put it into Barrels.

September 23. 26 Months from Home. At 9 I caught a Porpoise and Fastened to another and Drawed from it. Several of us are quite unwell with Colds. The rest are as well as usual Thanks be To God for the Blessing.

September 28. Coopered several Pipes of Oil in the Fore Hold Between Decks. Started a Barrel of each Beef and Pork. We are all as Well as usual (Except one).

September 30. Cruising for Whales Off the Coast of Chili. Employed in doing small jobs about the Ship. Killed two Pigs. There is but two Pigs left now. The cook and one other Man are unwell. In the course of the Forenoon saw Several Fin Backs. At 3½ PM Spoke the Ship *Pallas* of Havre (France). 10 Months out with 250 lbs of Oil, 15 of Sperm. Saw two other Ships. Also saw several Right Whales. Lowered two Boats and the *Pallas* lowered three and chased them about an hour but could not get Fast to any of them. They are very Shy indeed. At 6 PM Capt. Macomber went on board of the *Pallas* and came back at 7½.

(Conclusion in February LOOKOUT)

A HORSE TAKES A HOLIDAY

by O. Achtenhagen



"Horses and dogs may be some men's fancy," according to Dickens, but our freighter Captain thought otherwise. All hands aboard—crew and passengers alike—considered him one of the calmest of men. Then at dinner one evening someone casually mentioned horses.

"Never speak of horses on ship-board!" he said, in a voice that carried the length of the table. Although the matter of superstition was never mentioned, ensuing conversations among passengers invariably reverted to the forbidden subject. There were references to horse play, horse sense, and the horse marines. Then the subject was dropped as suddenly as it had come up.

The weather remained pleasant, the sea calm, as we headed for Beirut. Even in Cyprus, where UN soldiers manned the city walls and the harbor was blacked out at night, nothing untoward happened while we were in port. We passed through the Straits

of Messina without incident. The even tenor of freighter life continued as we headed north for Genoa.

There, as we returned to the ship from a stroll in the city, we saw a small crowd at the dock. Dodging crates and cranes, we hurried aboard to investigate. Swinging precariously above the main deck was an enormous slatted crate, and inside was—a horse.

That evening at dinner the Captain announced in mournful tones, "We have a horse." The implication was that now we could expect anything to happen. Submarine nets strung across the harbor of Famagusta were as nothing compared to this outrage.

The ship's carpenter, once associated with a farm, was put in charge. He had many helpers, and usually an audience. The crew fed the horse carrots, the junior officers stopped to watch him pace his narrow stall. Passengers deserted their deck chairs to keep an eye on him. The horse had sailed from the Persian Gulf to Genoa

on one ship, and now, still in an open crate on an open deck, it was headed for the Atlantic and New York on another.

On the "second day of the horse," our forty-second at sea, we reached Leghorn, but just too late to get a berth at the dock. Not once in six weeks had such a thing happened. Whatever the rest of us thought, cause and effect were clear to the Captain. We had a horse aboard; therefore. . . .

As we headed for Gibraltar, the weather changed. The ship rolled and pitched. Tablecloths were dampened down to keep the china from sliding. During a brief lull I ventured out to see how the horse was faring. He stepped mincingly about his cage, straining to keep his balance in the long swells. The Captain, too, had been watching. It was obvious that both were in complete agreement—this weaving world was no place for a horse of any color, and if the weather was bad, the Captain knew whose fault it was.

On Sunday, the Gulf of Lyons behaved in its usual inhospitable fashion, sending a complete tea service crashing to the floor of the lounge. Curry and cold duck at lunch, and the Captain's favorite dessert at dinner did little to lighten his mood.

On Monday, as we left the Mediterranean, everyone aboard complained about the weather, but the Captain was too busy. He had the task of getting the ship up the narrow channel of the Guadalquivir river to Seville. We had no sooner docked there than a dog scrambled joyfully aboard, an old friend of the crew, and now we had our number two deck passenger.

When we left Seville two days later, we had two additional passengers instead of the three we had expected. That evening at dinner there were eleven passengers and two officers. Said the Captain morosely, "We are thirteen!"

Heavily laden with casks of olives, the ship made her precarious way back

down the river, past the flat green fields and the salt pans. When she was moored at the mouth of the river, waiting for the second tide, a naive passenger on a first voyage wondered, in the Captain's presence, why we were "stuck in the mud." Far below us in a tiny rowboat, a fisherman held up his oars, offering help. The Captain was not amused. Thus ended the first week of the horse.

As we neared the Azores, the newest male passenger, all unwittingly, and quite innocent of past events, asked the Captain whether we were, by any chance, in the horse latitudes.

We were still four or five days out of New York when the Captain announced that there was a water shortage, and we would be rationed to an hour's use twice a day. No one minded particularly, for by then we were getting the backwash of two hurricanes, and no one was interested in spending an undue amount of time washing himself or his clothes.

As we drew closer to New York, the Captain's spirits rose. It did not matter that he was up half the night, coping with wind and wave. Those things were in his province, and he was an excellent seaman. He did not even mind the orders to dock in Boston before proceeding to New York—in fact, he was the gayest person aboard that second last night when he entertained us with a gala dinner.

Boston harbor next day had a rare sight when we began to unload cargo for the horse was swung high into the air while the holds were open and filled. The Captain smiled grimly as he watched the swaying crate. A few more hours and he would be rid of the horse.

Seventeen days after leaving Genoa, we sailed down the Narrows to dock at Bush Terminal. Which was the happier—the Captain or the horse—we shall never know. But of one thing we are sure: years from now one of the stories told by a Captain on a stormy night at sea will begin, "Once we had a horse aboard!"

We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...

SPLENDID SOCCERMEN—SCI awarded its 1965 international soccer trophy to the victorious crew of German freighter "Tuebingen" on Dec. 8. Mr. Mulligan (center) presented the permanent cup to eleven seamen at ceremonies aboard the ship berthed in Brooklyn. He commented on the good sportsmanship and physical fitness of the seamen who won 13 out of 14 games played among ships registered in Germany, Argentina, Chile, Holland, Colombia, Sweden, England, Brazil and Ecuador. All games were arranged by the Institute's shipvisitors. Ship Captain W. Schoening looks on.



CHRISTMAS DAY AT SCI—With employment in shipping the best since 1961, the occupancy of the building was noticeably down in December and the good employment situation was obvious when only 505 men turned out for the Institute's traditional Christmas dinner, compared to more than 1,000 in years past. The smaller than usual crowd was full of good spirit for the turkey dinner which followed the Christmas worship service. Institute Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan preached to the congregation of seamen, staff and visitors.

HANDBOOK OF MERCHANT MARINE HISTORY—A fascinating booklet, brimming with historic pictures of seamen, their ships and their haunts, has been made available from the U.S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland 21402 for \$1. For LOOKOUT readers who want to know all about the Age of Sail through an inexpensive, fine-quality reprint, we would like to recommend this publication. It is sure to sustain the interest of readers, no matter what age.

MEET THE BOARD

FRANKLIN EDWARD VILAS



His personal vitality, combined with a demonstrated concern for the welfare of merchant seamen for nearly 20 years, reflects Franklin E. Vilas' lifelong interest in the sea. Since his election to the Board in 1948, later as President, he has been a salient force molding the Institute's programs to meet the changing needs of seamen. He has encouraged decentralization of its operation—through the Port Newark Station and through expanded ship-visiting services—and has been largely responsible for the improved fiscal condition of S.C.I. and for its recruitment program. Mr. Vilas provides leadership in several seamen's agencies. He is Vice President (East-Gulf Coasts) of the National Council of Seamen's Agencies and is a member of the Council and Finance Committee of United Seamen's Services. He serves as Honorary Vice President of the British Missions to Seamen.

As Director of Community Relations for Consolidated Edison Company, he is represented in important New York City programs, including the Fund Distribution Committee of the Greater New York Fund; Director and Chairman of the Executive Committee of North Eastern Dispensary; member of New York Rotary and Chamber of Commerce; Director of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau and the East Side Association. He serves on the Dean's Advisory Committee of the New York University School of Social Work.

THEY COULDN'T CARE LESS—In the shell of a warehouse adjacent to SCI which faces demolition soon, like those which stood on four square blocks being cleared for the New York Stock Exchange, there is protection from the whipping winds along South Street. Because of its safe harbor, the building has become a haven for the feline community of five. This contented tabby, quite oblivious to the throngs passing by, to whom she was the center of interest, enjoyed the meager warmth from winter sun.



25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Return Requested



seaman
of the month
John
Henry
Stevens

Whenever he could elude his mother's eye, the small boy with blue eyes and curly hair would slip through the front gate of his home in Cardiff, Wales and race down to the docks. There, Desmond John Henry Stevens would watch the ships come in from the four corners of the globe and listen to the exciting adventures of the seamen who manned them.

It was no wonder, then, that at age 15, when most boys are still absorbed in ball games, movies and scrapping with one another, Desmond Stevens ran away to sea. On that first trip in 1943 he had the distinction of being the youngest sailor to arrive in the Port of New York, a singular honor that earned him a special trip to 26 Broadway with FBI escort to check on his clearance and legality.

And so began a traveling and sea-faring career that includes service with the armed forces of two nations and six circumnavigations of the globe.

After his first year at sea, Desmond settled down at home briefly before enlisting in the Royal Air Force. "I lied about my age, of course," he smiled. After 2½ years as an RAF gunner, Stevens' travels took him to Norway and then to the United States where he served on American ships running ammunition and tanks from Japan to Korea during the Korean conflict. Then he served in the U.S. Army, assigned to duty with the military police in Germany. "I did a brief

stint in the medical corps, but one man in my ward, a lung cancer patient, died hard, holding on to my hand the whole time. I asked for a transfer right after that. I had seen death before, but not that kind," Desmond said soberly. More recent history includes two years at the University of San Francisco, a job with MSTs, a shoreside position with Matson Shipping Company and a cross-country drive from California to New York.

Two things always accompany Seaman Stevens on his travels: a set of oil paints and brushes, and a guitar. Gifted artistically as are many Welshmen, Desmond has been painting since he was eight years old and started sketching as soon as he could hold a pencil. "I was always collecting pencils," he remembers. On shore leave in the world's ports, Desmond will often set up easel and canvas to capture on canvas local scenes which strike his fancy.

This versatile seaman is an aficionado of folk singing, flamenco and classical guitar as well, and a considerable linguist, numbering Norwegian, German, English, French, Chinese, Spanish and Arabic among the languages he has mastered.

Now he is enroute to Barcelona, Spain for a summer of intense application to his art. "I may have had my fill of traveling. I'm going to try painting seriously for a while."