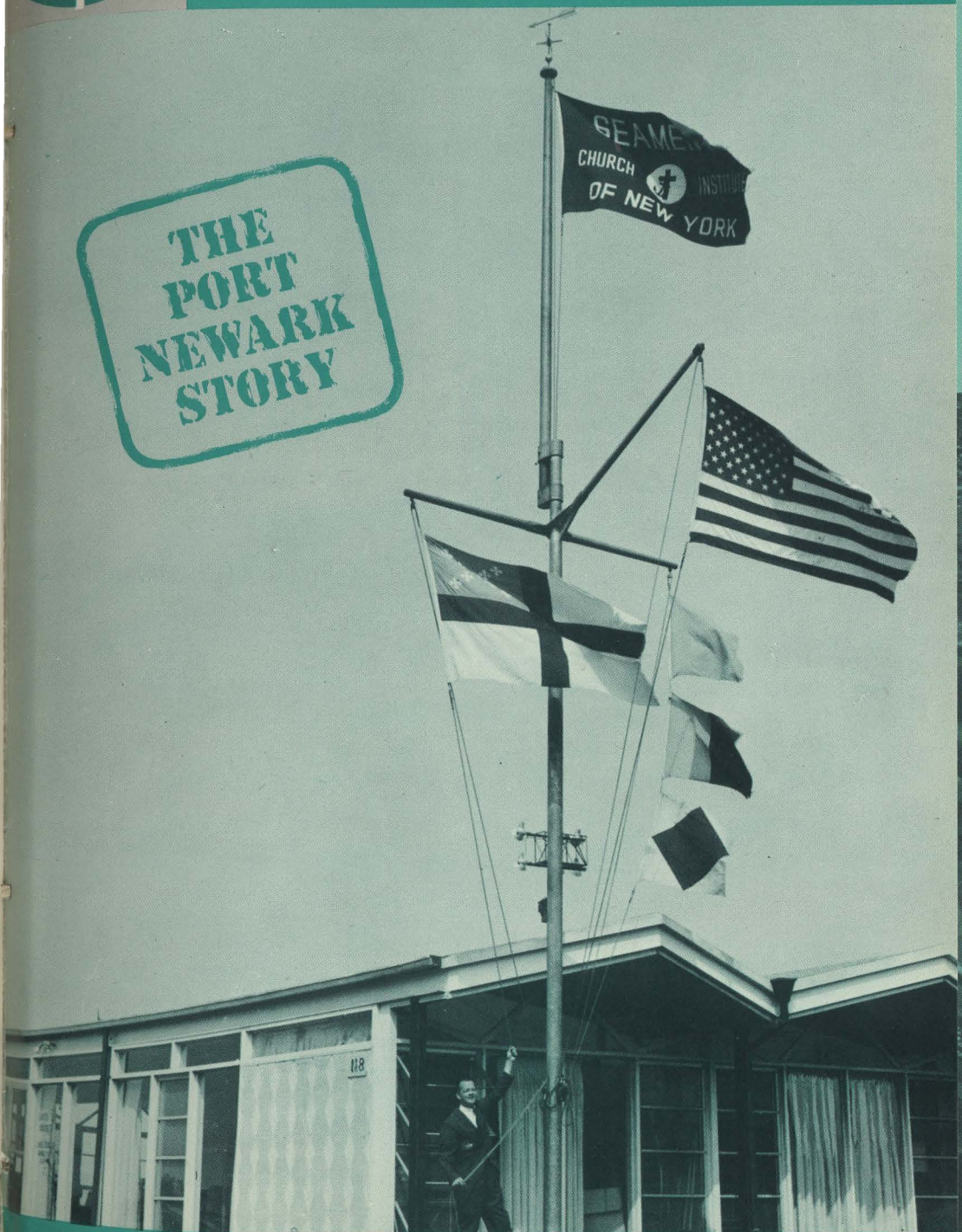


**THE
PORT
NEWARK
STORY**



The Port Newark Station of the Seaman's Church Institute celebrates its second anniversary this month. Standing alone on the waterfront where thousands of foreign seamen enter America for the first time, SCI is the extended hand of friendship building a positive image of America. Here, pictorially, is a report on the oasis for seamen.



STATE OF NEW JERSEY
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
TRENTON

RICHARD J. HUGHES
GOVERNOR

I should like to take this opportunity to offer my congratulations and best wishes to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on this, the second anniversary of its facility at Port Newark.

The Institute and the Port Newark Station, under the able direction of Reverend John M. Mulligan, is to be commended for this worthy endeavor. In the midst of one of the busiest ports in the world, how fortunate are the seamen from distant ports to find this oasis which provides refreshing rest and recreation during their time ashore. The host of social activities planned for the seamen must be a most welcome diversion after their many days at sea.

I wish the Institute, the Port Newark Station, and all the seamen who make use of this facility, continued success and many more fruitful years of rest, diversion and wholesome activity.

Richard J. Hughes
RICHARD J. HUGHES
GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

June, 1963



HUGH J. ADDONIZIO
MAYOR
NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

May 29, 1963

The Reverend John M. Mulligan, Director
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
Port Newark Station
Calcutta and Export Streets
Port Newark, New Jersey

My dear Reverend Mulligan:

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the completion of the second year of service at the Port Newark Station of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The Seamen's Church has done an outstanding service for the many thousands of seamen who docked at Port Newark, and has provided the spiritual uplift and Christian guidance that is so vital. The recreational and the social program that you have undertaken here at Port Newark is a part of what has made this area a growing and vital gateway to America. I am sure that as the Port continues to develop and grow, the Port Newark Station of the Seamen's Church Institute will also continue to expand and grow so that the material development and the commercial promise of the Port Newark area will be complemented by the continual growth of the spiritual and Christian way of life.

On this your second anniversary, I want to thank you and congratulate you for your outstanding service and wish you many years of continued success.

Sincerely,
Hugh J. Addonizio
HUGH J. ADDONIZIO
MAYOR

HJA:jlj



Diocese of Newark
24 Rector Street
Newark 2, N. J.

The Rt. Rev. Leland Stark, D. D.
Bishop

June 7, 1963

Dear Mr. Mulligan:

It is a great joy to join in the celebration of the second anniversary of the Seamen's Center at Port Newark.

During its two years of providing recreation and morale services the Center has ministered in the name of the Church to pressions of our country upon their arrival at Port Newark. The work of the Institute there has had high strategic value in Christian witness.

The people of the Diocese of Newark are proud of the work launched two years ago by the Church Institute. On their behalf I am delighted to forward our congratulations, our best wishes, and our thanksgiving to God for the Seamen's Center.

Faithfully yours,
Leland Stark

The Reverend John M. Mulligan, Director
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street
New York, New York

**THE
PORT
NEWARK
STORY**

All the docks are quiet. The long-shoremen have long since gone home to their wives. The silence is broken only by occasional screeching of a few gulls and the noise of loose warehouse shutters tapping against tin siding. A couple of pieces of crumpled paper do gymnastics in little whirlpools of dust and gum wrappers. As far as the eye can see are ships. Huge ships with huge crews. In the darkening hours, dim lights flicker through portholes, and from decks come the dulcet sounds of harmonicas and muffled conversation of several hundred men confined to ships, and all wondering what Americans are like. For some it is a first visit perhaps, but the distance to civilization seems too far. The costs of excitement and adventure are too prohibitive for a foreigner's pocketbook. The American frontier is no longer in the west. It is on the waterfront in Port Newark.

This scenario was all too typical of the situation along the Port Newark waterfront before 1960. Although the Port Newark development was a long-range \$175,000,000 Port Authority project, the real impetus to its development came shortly after World War II when heavy cargo traffic made it increasingly difficult to handle the volume of ships and merchandise arriving in metropolitan New York. In

the Port Authority's \$175 million program for the combined Port Elizabeth, Port Newark development was the estimate of potential berthing-space for 63 ships—500 men would arrive each day, more than 50 per cent of them foreign. They would be strangers to our shores with little change jingling in their pockets to challenge the world's largest and most expensive city.

One day a group of New York businessmen arrived by chartered bus to survey the Port Newark situation. What they saw they remembered, and what they remembered they didn't like. Our seamen—American or foreign—could not buy a newspaper or a postage stamp, post a letter or get a cup of coffee. Here was a tremendous contemporary challenge to the granddaddy of seamen's agencies, the Seamen's Church Institute! Who else would be better equipped to handle the needs of seamen than an agency which had had 129 years of practice? The group of farsighted men found that the challenge must be answered, or SCI would not be true to its own heritage!

In a voice filled with conviction, one of those men who had arrived by bus to survey Port Newark said on April 18, 1960: "The Port of New York is usually the first point of contact new-

comers have with the United States—first impressions can be lasting ones. And we feel it is important to greet seamen of all races, creeds and colors and make them feel welcome. We want the impressions they carry back to their homelands to be happy ones."

At the lease-signing ceremony confirming SCI's intention to construct a \$104,000 Port Newark Station and Soccer field, Board President Franklin Vilas answered the question why the men from New York were surveying an isolated pier six miles from Manhattan Island.

"The Port Newark Station of the Seamen's Church Institute will provide recreational facilities for merchant seamen from all nations. What better way to demonstrate our Christian concern for health and happiness of all mariners than through this reaching out of a guiding hand," he asked.

The dream of the SCI Board of Managers developed into more than just an architect's sketch at the cornerstone laying in October of 1960. Months later, at a great dedication ceremony, SCI told about the giant step it had taken. Before a distinguished group of marine, civic and religious leaders, Commissioner James Kellogg III of the Port of New York, and the Bishop of the Episcopal Dio-

cese of Newark, the Rt. Rev. Leland Stark, dedicated the Port Newark Station and Sports Field, the first of a two-stage construction.

The small but well-equipped building included a snack bar, lounge, showers and dressing rooms. With its opening, one of the most critical needs for seamen had been fulfilled—an oasis where a merchant seaman could relax, read or write, seek the advice of a chaplain, or exercise his muscles in a soccer match.

"For thousands of men who are coming here and will come here, this will be the farthest point away from their own homes and countries that they have ever traveled," SCI's Director, The Rev. John M. Mulligan told the audience. "To them it will be a strange frontier in a far country. We stand here ready to represent to them in your behalf the best of everything we hold dear."

The Port Newark Station was an experiment two years ago. During the past two years of operation the station's popularity among seamen has necessitated doubling some of the operations offered to them. The lounge is always crowded, and the groups of seamen wait their turn to use the soccer field scheduled by prearrangement. With the installation of stadium lights, the tight game scheduling has

An early start...



Long before the Station has opened for the day, Ships' Visitors are covering the waterfront distributing good reading material, offering personal service, extending invitations to play soccer on the Station field or to attend a dance at the SCI in Manhattan. Here greeters Thor Dahl (left) and Richard Romney board British freighter with bundles of paperback books in several languages.

Pleased to be remembered...



Bringing the message of Christian goodwill and understanding to seamen of all races and religions often is done with a minimum of words, particularly in the relationship with the Japanese-speaking crew of Liberian flagship San Juan Export, being welcomed by Mr. Dahl. Polyglot staff are stumped by some regional dialects, but not often, and are on first-name relationships with key crew members who are regulars at Port Newark.

been easier and night games are very popular. Small impromptu games often start at the edge of the field. Having discovered the station, seamen often do not venture the farther distance to Newark or Manhattan. The number of seamen putting down in Port Newark is pushing 80,000 men a year, and the Station can claim a good percentage of that number as "regulars."

Ships' visitors, working from the Station, distribute promotional material from the SCI published in several languages, and also encourage seamen from all maritime nations to use the SCI chartered bus from Port Newark to the SCI dances in Manhattan. These ship visitors welcomed crews from 672 ships (609 of them foreign) in the second half of 1961. During 1962, 1,300 ships were boarded by a staff of three men.

While attendance figures at the Station are impressive in themselves, we are proud, too, of the newest service to seamen developed through the Port Newark Station. In a pilot project begun late last year, ship visitors of the Station are making contacts with crews of oil tankers berthed from Perth Amboy to Weehawken and at four other installations on Staten Island. Often before the sun is up, Ship Visitor Basil Tzanakis begins his journey with supplies of books

and magazines to satisfy insatiable reading appetites of the tankermen. Tzanakis, fluent in Italian, Greek, Arabic and Spanish was added to the staff late last year to develop the tanker visitation program. Under the direction of Station Manager Chaplain Basil Hollas, Tzanakis and two other staff men, Richard Romney and Thor Dahl, visit dozens of ships each day.

The athletic program of supervised soccer games and inter-ship contests has been so successful that last year it was decided to offer a trophy for the best team of the season and late in the year SCI presented its first soccer award to the crew of a British transport after a 109-game season in which the British defeated teams from ten nations. Well-equipped locker and shower rooms are usually crowded. Inside the lounge where the horse operas and Mickey Mouse enjoy undivided attention on the television screen, men of all colors and creeds laugh together. It is a simple TV room. But the men scrub up to come there. Men who hours before were covered with rust from loading scrap iron or smelling of bananas, somehow are transformed into pomaded gentlemen and spending 35 cents for a hamburger is a great evening.

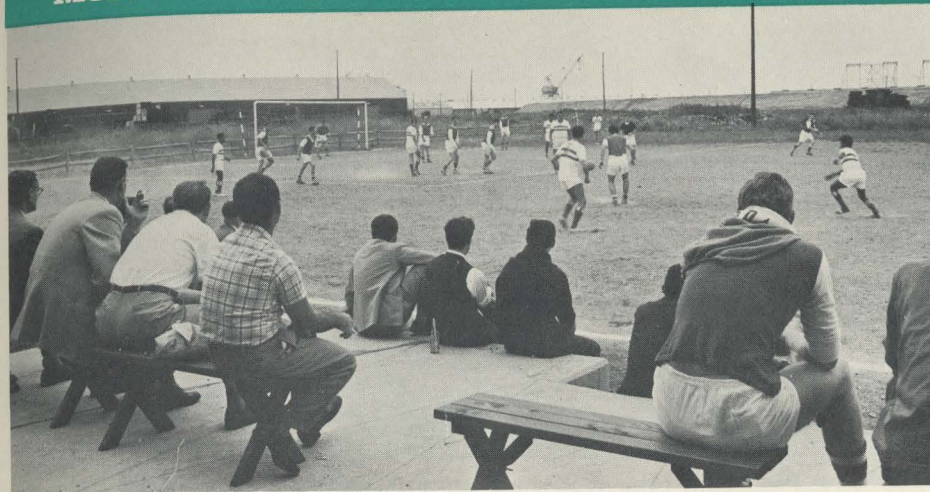
Happy second birthday Port Newark! You're growing out of those tight shoes into bigger ones.

Manhattan bound...



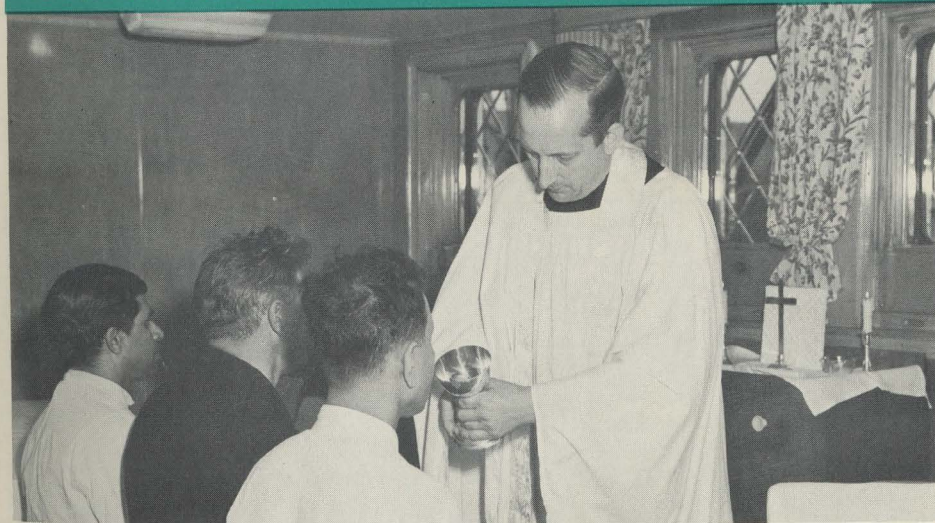
An evening of dancing and good company is foremost in the minds of these seamen as they ride SCI-chartered bus to attend the twice-weekly dances in SCI's International Seamen's Club. Men are delivered on the same bus to the ships after the dances.

Most coveted spot...



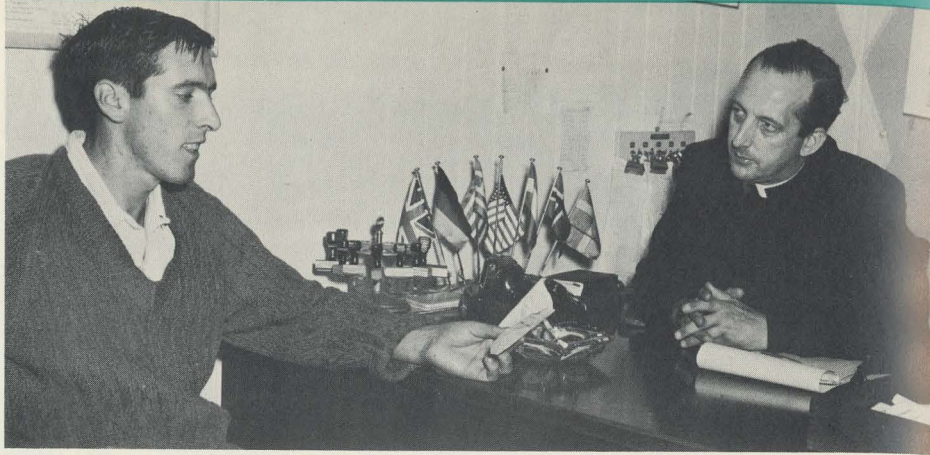
The soccer field is the most coveted spot at Port Newark and serves an important need for players as well as for spectators. SCI furnishes team uniforms, equipment, and lots of hot water for after-game showers. The addition of stadium lights last year greatly extends the usable time and better accommodates the leisure time of the seamen who flock to the Station after the ship's workday has ended.

"For where two or three are gathered together..."



During Holy Week, and whenever requested, religious services are observed on the ships when short stopovers or no shore leaves prevent crewmen from attending church. Chaplain Hollas serves Communion to men of British freighter, City of Berkenhead, during Sunday stay in port. A mess room, lounge, auditorium or even the officer's cabin may serve as "chapel" to the men of the sea.

The seamen's hour...



Chaplain Basil Hollas has had an extensive background with seamen's agencies giving him the specialized equipment needed to counsel and advise seamen on matters which run the whole gamut of human experience. Whether he's an old salt with family problems, or a youngster feeling his first pangs of homesickness, he finds Chaplain Hollas a sympathetic friend and considerate listener. Above, 21-year-old Spanish seaman, Jose Ramon Elorriaga, from ship Hernan Cortes, learns where he may have his prescription filled inexpensively.

The tube and its kingdom...



Whereas table game equipment is always available, the television screen draws the most devoted audience. Staff members select programs which are usually heavy on video, short on audio, as with situation comedies. The western adventure and the cartoon format are the most popular.

Oh, Miss, please tell me...

Seamen put our reference librarians to extreme tests on many occasions. Requests challenge the resourcefulness and imagination of the staff, and often their endurance. Miss Elizabeth Colman, with her assistant, Miss Thirlwell and five part-time librarians are proficient enough in French, German, Spanish, Japanese, Greek, Arabic and Turkish languages to handle the questions that are asked by nearly 65,000 seamen readers in the Conrad Library each year. We would like to let readers "toy" with the answers they would have given to some of the following questions.



Information on "them cannibals" was desired by one library reader. It turned out that he was after the latest Western. We were not entirely successful in convincing him that, while cattle rustlers infringe upon the law of the land, they are not necessarily cannibals.

One caller, a lady, asked: "Are you the Seamen's Library?" On receiving an affirmative reply the lady continued: "Well, I am writing a book on whaling and I want to know when they call 'thar she blows, how do they know it's a she?"

An anxious voice asked instructions on correct feeding and care of the special beetles he would be raising for bait in his "fish bait business."

The letter of a seaman detained in the New Jersey State Prison seemed to indicate an ardent desire to make his stay there as short as possible. He asked for maps of any kind, navigational charts and data on life boats: We complied, but not without trepidation.

One reader wanted us to pinpoint the location of a gold mine he believed to exist off the Pitt River in British Columbia. We could tell him that the area was rich in minerals, but could not be quite as specific as we should have liked to be.

"One time only" questions: What does the term "Trompe L'oeil" mean? Please clarify the term "Gestalt." What are the lyrics of "Sonny Boy?" Have you any data on opera orchestration; on the Scythian, Anacharsis; on wills and trusts; do you have material on fertilizers; on how to preserve flowers; what are the words of the Hippocratic oath, and what is a toast suitable for a wedding anniversary? Where can you get the low-down on European nobility? Was Einstein an atheist? What was the exchange rate

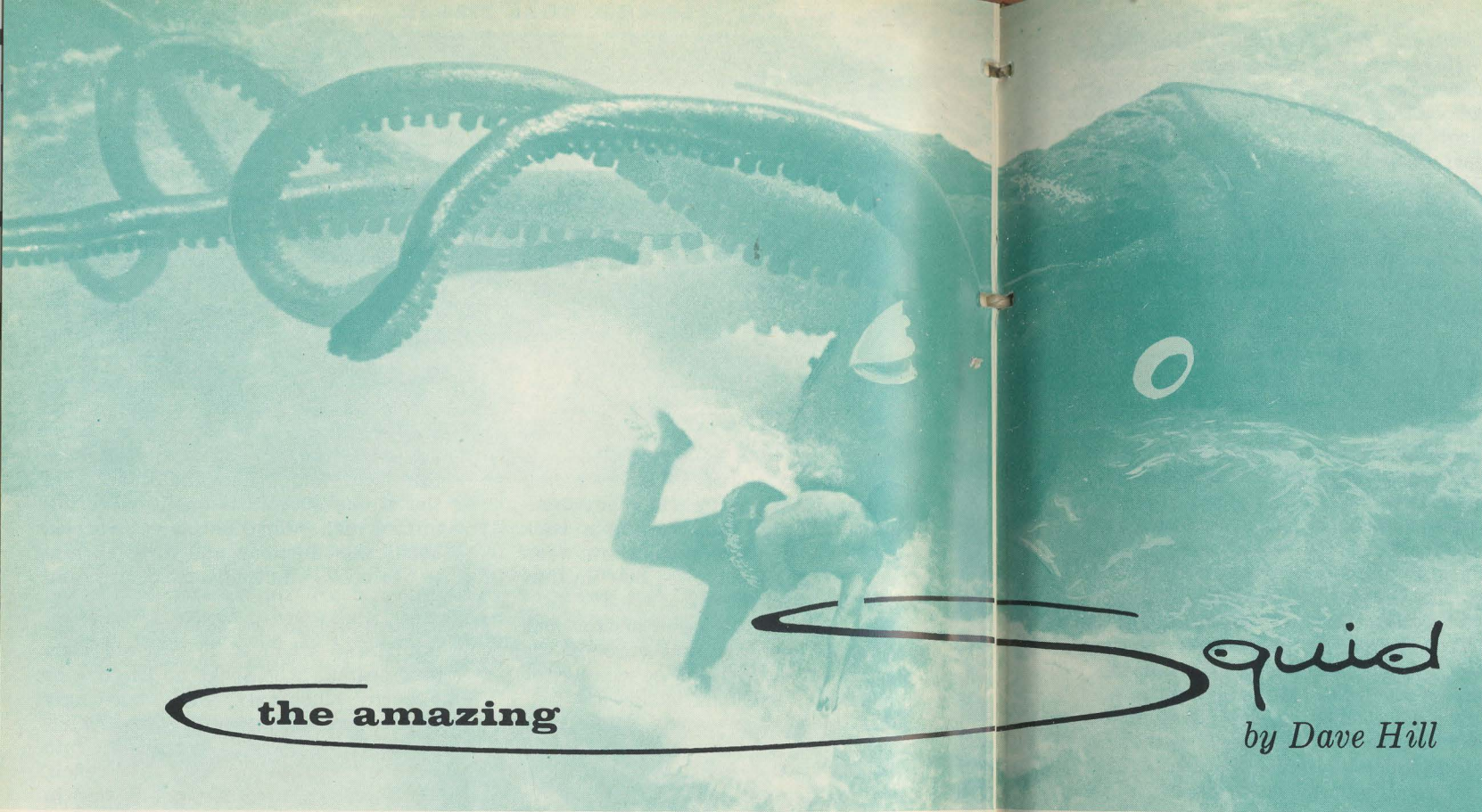
of the Portuguese escudo in 1939? At what temperature do you drink Chianti wine? Who was Giotto? Also asked for—where to buy plastic boxes for fishing tackle.

One young seaman became concerned with the optimal functional size of mammals. He started with the assumption that evolution increases the size of mammals while it decreases the animal's optimal quality. We admitted that we had not as yet worried about this dilemma and directed him to our books on evolution, zoology, and biology.

First aid to the lovelorn was administered when a 17-year-old German seaman who spoke no English or French blushing and trustingly handed us his French girl friend's letter which he asked us to translate into German and to answer in French. "You know what to write," he said in German. When directives concerning the contents of the desired letter were not forthcoming, we were forced to resort to cautious suggestions, which were enthusiastically received.

Another man was overjoyed when we could give him the date of the resignation and flight of one of Peru's former presidents, and the date of the termination of Gomez's rule in Venezuela. He explained that he now could tell his former employers for which years he had needed discharge papers. He had remembered that he had been with them during these events but could not recall the years.

It may seem a little surprising that we occasionally have to dust off household standbys like *The Fannie Farmer Cookbook*, in order to assist seamen in their chosen fields. But when our ambitious chefs include such items as stuffed lobsters in their menu, the recipes in *Cooking and Baking on Shipboard* won't do.



the amazing

quid
by Dave Hill

PHOTO COURTESY WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS.

It is not out of the ordinary for a restaurant to feature a fillet of fried squid on the bill of fare, since over half a million tons of this creature are consumed every year. Very few people realize, however, just what a truly bizarre fellow the squid really is—one of the oddest of all the oddities of the sea.

A fifty-pound octopus with a ten-foot arm spread is considered large—yet a squid may possibly grow to ten times that size, or more. Unlike the baggy octopus, the squid is long and streamlined, with a pair of horizontal fins.

And he travels by—jet propulsion! By first sucking in water through openings under the fleshy mantle that surrounds its body like a loose overcoat, and then squirting the water out again through a siphon-like opening near its head at high speed, the squid

is able to propel itself through the water like a rocket. Indeed, it can jet along at a speed that will match that of almost any fish—and certainly of any the squid has a mind to eat.

The squid has eight arms with two rows of suckers on them, in addition to an extra pair that are so long they really amount to rope-like tentacles. These two are rubbery and can stretch far out, to drag in food and hold it while the squid dines—using a bony, parrot-like beak to shred up his dinner. Technically, all ten of these arms are legs. In fact, the squid is a biological cousin to the clam and its scientific name means “foot-headed”—since the tentacles surround the part of the body biologists call the head.

The only thing, though, that makes that end look like a head is the presence of the beak and a terrifying pair

of eyes. These eyes are, truly, a terrifying sight because they are the closest thing to human eyes in the animal world. They have an alert look to them, cunning if you will, that makes you imagine the squid is some mixed-up relative of yours who can see right through you. A good look into the eyes of a fighting-mad squid is enough to unnerve the hardest sailor.

As if this weren't enough, the squid is also something of a “quick-change” artist. Normally a pale reddish hue, he can turn brick red when he gets mad, or fade to a protective watery color when he gets scared and acts like the coward he really is. When this happens, the squid will usually eject a cloud of thick gray liquid—his “ink”—and make his escape. This potent “ink” is used in the making of many water colors.

Although most squid are tiny, averaging about eight inches, there has been a lot of conjecture as to how large they can grow. Some eminent authorities maintain that there are giant deep-sea squid over 70 feet long—perhaps a hundred! One reason is based on simple math. Normally, a squid has suckers the size of a bottle cap, for scars left by him have been measured, as well as the suckers themselves. Yet, whales have been found with sucker scars 18 inches across. If everything is in proportion, as all the laws of nature say they should be, the squid making such marks would have to be over 75 feet long, with tentacles passing the hundred-foot mark. The largest squid yet found, though, was just a bit under 50 feet—enough to satisfy most people, I think!

Only rarely do the giants come up from their haunts in the deep. When they do, they will attack anything—whales, ships, even men. During World War II, horrified survivors of a sunken troopship watched a squid pull a comrade over the side of the raft.

Apart from size, squid stun the imagination by their sheer fertility. A mother may lay as many as 30,000 eggs at a time. In spite of cannibalism and attacks by almost everything alive—all fish love squid eggs—a lot do grow up. Scientists state with assurance that there is more squid flesh, in sheer bulk, than there is of any two other living creatures combined. More than one sailor has sailed through a solid squid mass in the sea that took two hours to cross.

Yet squid do have a value beyond that of food. For some reason, they have nerve fiber 40 times larger than that of humans. And, since nerve fiber is almost the same in all animals and man, scientists can use squid nerve fibers about the size of a match instead of hair-like ones to research the mysteries of the human nervous system.

Scourge and blessing meet in the squid—bizarre and baffling barbarian of the sea.



There but for the grace of God go I.

Have you ever thought that to yourself when you pass a staggering alcoholic? It might be news to you that alcoholics on the road to recovery repeat those words a thousand times in their daily existences. As a matter of fact, it's an AA credo. There possibly is not one among those reading this story whose life has not been affected in some way by an alcoholic.

Confused, bewildered, despondent and sick. All are symptoms of the alcoholic seaman who comes to SCI's 17-year-old Alcoholics Assistance Bureau for the first time. There he meets Chaplain Frank (Daley), himself a recovered alcoholic and the long, long program of rehabilitation is started.

Alcoholism is a major national health problem affecting directly the lives of more than five million people in the United States alone, and indirectly more than 20 million people. It is rated killer number three, ranking below heart disease and cancer as a direct cause of death.

"The incidence of alcoholism among men of the sea is no greater than in other walks of life," reports Chaplain Daley, "It's only that we're bound by that same old stereotyped image that has handicapped seamen since the beginning of time."

Industry is fast awakening to the seriousness of the alcoholic problem. The man-hour loss runs into astronomical figures annually, and many companies have recognized chronic alcoholism as a medical condition and have adopted company procedures on alcoholism. Consolidated Edison, The Telephone Companies, Dupont, Eastman Kodak, Western Union are leaders in this field. The Seamen's Church Institute is a leader among seamen's agencies, in treatment of the alcoholic and the Bureau, under the supervision of the late Bill Fowler, has helped hundreds of seamen back to the healthy path and productive lives.

The procedure followed in the AA Bureau is simple. It consists mainly in sympathetic counselling by one who trod the road first and knows the

symptoms and the dangers. If medical help is indicated, the Bureau has a good cooperative referral system with SCI's own clinic, local doctors and the municipal and private hospitals. For a man honestly seeking sobriety, material assistance can be arranged through SCI's Credit Bureau, or shore employment secured. "Our primary purpose is always to rehabilitate a man so that he can return to his chosen profession, the sea," Chaplain Daley points out.

When the initial period of "drying out" is successful, a more thorough course of counselling is then undertaken. Attendance and participation in the meetings and activities of Alcoholics Anonymous is encouraged. The seamen's group of AA holds regular meetings in the AA club room adjacent to the AA office at SCI. Meetings are staffed and speakers secured through the Institutional Committee of the New York Metropolitan Inter-Group Office of AA.

Seamen are a transient group, explains Chaplain Daley, who keeps in touch with hundreds of mariners who write him regularly from all over the world. The following excerpts from letters are typical of the many he receives.

Captain John C. writes: "Just to say hello. Six years ago, I entered the AA office to "con" a night's lodging. Instead, I was "conned" into sobriety. From an Able Seaman (AB)

I have risen to Master of this ship and just successfully passed my pilot's examination. Thanks a lot."

From Spain, Jack C. wrote: "Hope you and all my friends at the SCI are well. In Malaya I met an AA friend and we attended several meetings together. See you soon."

Al B. scribbles from Nova Scotia: "Pleased to hear from you and always glad to hear any news of the Institute and The Group. New York has been the scene of many of my downfalls, and also the scene of my re-beginnings, and the Institute itself has been actually a source of constant help to me. I have made progress in understanding the AA program due to close contact with you and AA."

William J., who calls himself "Whiskers, The Englishman," writes from Auckland, New Zealand: "A few lines from 'down under' in thanks for my recent stay at the fabulous Institute. More particularly for your work in AA. Once again the Good Lord has blessed my venture to fresh fields and pastures new. Before meeting AA, I always fell by the wayside, but now thanks to all of YOU, I can manage my life. Again Thanks."

The work of SCI's AA Bureau goes along quietly. Unique to any seamen's agency, it could well have been exploited for publicity in many advantageous ways. But rather, it has reflected in many ways one of the AA mottoes—LIVE AND LET LIVE.

One of the first steps in the treatment of a problem drinker is to get him to admit to himself that he has a problem. Friendly conversations between seaman and AA Bureau Director, Chaplain Frank Daley, often lead to this admission.





NORWAY



seaman of the month

► Tore Jensen

As with so many foreign seamen, Tore Jensen's first introduction to New York was through SCI's Port Newark Center where a Ship Visitor told him about the regular dances at SCI in New York. Tore was aboard the bus that very night on which 40 foreign seamen were transported to 25 South Street.

Seaman Tore was born 22 years ago near fabled Trondheim, a city of about 100,000 nestled on Trondheim Fjord. His family, now only his mother, two sisters and two brothers, lived in an old-style, sod-roofed house about 50 kilometers from the city, but nevertheless, with a view of the cobalt water.

Completing elementary school, Tore entered a trade school for mechanics but felt that adventure was sadly lacking there. Though his family was not of seafaring stock (a rarity in the great maritime country) he got the easy permission from his mother, yielded to the call of the sea in 1960, and was soon sailing on his first ship from Oslo to the Baltic.

Tore works in the engine room, and finds being a motorman a demanding, often difficult job. With a bent for drafting, he's most often found behind a pencil. Other shipboard hours are filled with singing Swedish and Norwegian songs and sea chanties. In port, Tore likes to ski and, like most Norwegians, is an expert.

Continued on page 15

MORE TIME THAN MONEY. *By Heddy Kraemer. 169 pp. Brooklyn: Theo. Gaus Sons.*

After living and working abroad for over twenty years, Heddy Kraemer and her husband John decided to spend the first year or two of their retirement traveling around the world "as a cushion to lessen the jolt of the change of pace." They traveled on freighters for twenty months visiting Europe, the Near East, Asia, South America and Australia on far less money than might be expected. In **MORE TIME THAN MONEY**, Mrs. Kraemer recounts the sights and adventures they encountered in such exotic places as Dhanushkodi, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Osaka. She tells of a camera safari and Voodoo rites, among many other things, and gives some practical details and good advice on the fine art of getting around the world by freighter.

Mrs. Kraemer has long been a friend of SCI and is a knitter for the Women's Council.

THE SAND PEBBLES. *By Richard McKenna. 597 pp. New York: Harper & Row.*

The scene is China in the 1920's. Sailor Jake Holman, a maverick and a loner whose only love is engines, arrives on the U. S. Navy gunboat San Pablo, an absurdly ancient relic of the Spanish-American War, now patrolling the far reaches of Hunan, on a tributary of the Yangtze River "showing the flag" and protecting American missionaries and businessmen from bandits and battling war lords. Holman dislikes the San Pablo at first, especially the spit and polish emphasized by the commander, and having the engine work he loves done by an unofficial crew of coolies. But in time, he settles in and finds friends, particularly Po-han, engine room coolie.

Continued on page 15

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH
continued from page 14

In his enviable three years at sea, Tore has seen most of the world. He has traveled to Australia, Singapore, Japan, South and East Africa, South America, Poland, Finland, Sweden, Germany and Holland. He has been to Norfolk, Va., before, but this visit to SCI was on his first trip to New York.

Of all the ports he has visited, he likes the ones in Japan, because of, as he explains it, the graciousness of the people themselves. Women move with the delicacy of dancers, claims he.

With an eye to a professional career, Tore is taking a correspondence course to prepare for entrance to the University of Oslo. Carefully saving his money, he will eventually study law.

A salute to youthful Tore Jensen, a credit to the world's second largest maritime fleet.

BOOKWATCH

Continued from page 14

Then the San Pablo and all the Sand Pebbles find themselves caught in the cataclysmic storm of the Chinese revolution, and their situation goes from bewildering to threatening to dangerous, until it reaches a climax that confronts Jake Holman with startling revelations about himself, and forces him into an agonizing decision.

THE SAND PEBBLES is a story of a country in torment, of men and women torn by old loyalties and new values, of violence, humor, tenderness and cruelty. It is also the story of one man of the sea, Jake Holman.

Author McKenna enlisted in the Navy in 1931 at the age of 18, and served in the Far East, and in World War II and the Korean conflict. He retired from the Navy in 1953 after 22 years of service, and entered the University of North Carolina. He received his degree in 1956, and settled down in Chapel Hill to become a writer. This is his first novel.



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. 54, No. 5

JUNE 1963

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

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

Franklin E. Vilas
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan
Director

Ralph M. Hanneman
Editor

Member International Council of Industrial
Editors
New York Association of Industrial
Communicators

Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March. \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

COVER: Port Newark ship visitor Thor Dahl raises flags of welcome above Seamen's Center. Photos accompanying Port Newark article were taken by photo-journalist Dahl.

NIGHTFALL AT SEA

It's black from the bridge to the bow
 And black to the after well.
 The day has the off watch now
 And time is the stroke of a bell.
 The sea is no longer green
 But gray, where a rising care
 Soars like a submarine
 And bobs in the darkening air.
 The eyes soon tire of light,
 The heart must charge again,
 For men at sea need night
 As much as any men.

by Sanford Sternlicht

SHIPWRECK 1923

A shock and a shiver! That was all,
 A wreck in the middle of night.
 A Yankee ship in a North Sea gale
 Was seized by the ocean's might.
 To starboard, to port, to stem, to stern
 The schooner pitched and tossed.
 In the black of the night as the
 ship went down
 We knew that we were lost.
 "It's not for myself I worry, boy,
 It's your mother in Gloucester town.
 Goodbye!" he gasped and was torn
 from my side
 And still the ship went down.
 As the storm king chuckled more
 fiercely he blew
 On the men he had doomed to die
 Till, lashed to the top-mast, only
 remained
 Hans the German, and I.
 The keel was on bottom, the top-
 mast emerged
 Then was hidden beneath the sea.
 Each wave as it rolled buried us
 in its cold
 And the storm king howled with
 glee.
 Then mad, stark mad, went the
 German lad
 Before the sun arose.
 Chilled to the bone by December's
 sea
 We choked, we spluttered, we froze.
 The sun came up, The sun went
 down.
 It had almost passed from view
 When I spied a ship and the ship
 spied us
 And I fainted as humans do.

by Trescott Tupper Abele

SEA IMPETUOUS

Above a gray burst of sea
 Flocks of gulls gathering,
 Bleached bellies drawn over the
 water,
 White mass of unfallen snow.
 On a golden burst of sea,
 Waves breaking under the sunlit
 sky,
 On a spray flung curve of shore
 Lapping over the hot beach floor.
 On a blue burst of sea,
 Frosted waves sweeping over the
 sand
 Clutching in withdrawn hand
 Priceless treasures of the shore.
 Above a black burst of sea
 Invade dark threatening winds,
 Forcing surrender of trivialities
 To deep inner beauty, all unseen.

by Mary DiGuida

LANDFALL AT DAWN

A flame fingered dawn will be
 reaching up soon
 To gray layered hills in the sky.
 The night bids adieu to the white
 fading moon,
 While racing her, windy clouds fly.
 Now darkness has fled over tossing
 gray seas,
 All loneliness vanished with night.
 From offshore a sweet scent of
 clover and trees,
 And seagulls are wheeling in flight.
 The wind from the shore is both
 steady and true,
 There's canvas all spread full and
 by.
 Ahead there's an outline of dark
 that is new,
 And "land" is the lookout's clear
 cry.

by D. G. Fayter