

The LOOKOUT



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Killer Whales in the Antarctic

When John Jacobson, sail-maker for the Byrd Expedition, dropped casually in at the LOOKOUT office the other day, one of the first questions we asked was, "What are the Killer Whales like?"

"Them are some boys," Mr. Jacobson said feelingly, rubbing his tanned cheek.

"They have a head like an English Bull Dog. They are about thirty feet long and they are the fiercest monsters in the Antarctic. To see them fight with another whale is a horrible sight. They bite big chunks out of it and I've seen them reared up about six feet, bloody and ferocious, fighting to a finish."

The fin whale and the blue whale are sometimes a hundred feet long and are much more awkward than the Killer whale and have no chance when attacked. Neither has a small boat any chance and Mr. Jacobson says when the Killer whales see a man on the ice he thinks they

must talk it over among themselves for a whole school will throw themselves against the edge of the ice trying to break it so that they can reach him. Needless to say after once seeing a Killer whale in action, men do not seek its vicinity.

The only other forms of wild life in that part of the world are the seal and the penguin. The seal often goes far in on the ice to get away from the Killer Whales and the men have driven one to camp as one would drive a cow.

The penguins are inquisitive and like all inquisitive creatures are frequently snubbed. Mr. Jacobson tells of one that waddled up to his wild husky dog, and pecked its nose. Why go into details? There was an Antarctic tragedy right then.

Asked what was the most dramatic moment of his whole trip Mr. Jacobson said it was when the ship "City of New York" was to windward of the main ice

pack and a high sea was running. "We kept bucking the ice and bucking the ice for two or three hours," he explained, for they had only two months provisions aboard, and if they had once been caught,—Mr. Jacobson shrugged and said something about eternity finding them still there. Does sound as if it must have been thrilling.

It is winter down in the southland now and the ships had to be sent back so that they would not be frozen in. They will go back next fall to find the spring down there. In the meantime a number of the men expect to get in a few months' work before going back.

Mr. Jacobson, who had a birthday on the return trip, was given a Banquet. He had the distinction of being the oldest member of the party, sixty years. But he is one of those men who led to the coining of the words, 'sixty years young.' Sturdy in body and youthful in mind, he belongs in the land of adventure.

Among Mr. Jacobson's treasures is a well worn telegram from Commander Byrd commending him for his part in winning the fight through the ice and storms. "I know what you

went through. I am proud of you," said the message. And the Commander must be a regular fellow to bring such a light of pride and affection to the eyes of a man like John Jacobson.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

As the religious and social service work has opened up with the modernizing of our structure the former departmental treatment has been found inadequate. It has long been foreseen that the time would come when it would be placed under one leadership. Now the time has come. Just this month the work has been merged in one department which will be known as the Religious and Social Service Department.

Rev. Douglas Matthews, formerly of Billings, Montana, has been appointed Chaplain in charge of this department. He will have under his direction approximately thirty persons. There are no limits to the opportunities for helping men to realize their own possibilities that come to this department. Chaplain Matthews has a big task.

Memorial Gifts

"To honor and to continue the service of Edward McClure Peters 1860-1924. One of the founders of the New Jersey Naval Militia."

This is part of the inscription on a memorial tablet in the Institute that expresses so beautifully the thought back of memorial gifts that we have quoted it. It seems that one cannot do more for those who have loved us and contributed some brightness and happiness to our lives than to 'honor them' and to 'continue their service to humanity.'

And that these memorials do continue the service of those in whose memory they were given is never doubted after a visit to the building. But the full significance of the memorials is known only to those who work here from day to day and year to year.

Just one instance: One of the reading rooms in the old building was given by a man in memory of a very devout brother. Frequently the giver of that room came to the building. He entered as any seaman might enter and went up and sat down in the room he had given. He took a personal interest in it.

He was anxious that it should continue the service of that brother to humanity.

From time to time religious services were held in that room. After one such service the writer met the House Mother. In her face was an unusual light. She said, "There is something about that room—I don't know what it is, but in it men are led to speak of their inmost selves." A few moments later the Chaplain, who speaks many languages came in. His face too was shining. "That was a remarkable service," he said feelingly. "Those who were there will never be quite the same again."

This was not unique and in the reconstruction one wondered what had happened to that room. Inquiry soon proved that it was still serving but in a different capacity. It is now the Religious and Social Service Department — the Department where one sees practical Christianity in action, in an attempt to solve all kinds of human problems.

Then one might speak of the Navigation School that was given in memory of a young college man who loved the sea. At

first it was a clinic—then came the war and it played many parts as a clinic, a Navigation School and a dormitory. It has changed and broadened as that young man might have changed and enlarged his horizon had he lived, and it is now an educational Institution, having a far-reaching effect.

The thought raised here is too large—and too little is known about it for us to follow it further. One cannot but feel, however, when reading such an inscription in a bedroom as, "Granny's Room," that Granny is reaching back a kindly hand.

Another, "Presented as a thank offering for many blessings and much happiness," is a reminder to all that we have much for which to be thankful, and we should show our thanks in a practical way. Encouragement for the Institute workers is found in the inscription, "The gift of Orme Wilson, a token of trust in the work of this Institute." And for seamen who are ready to think they are too easily forgotten, this inscription is a comfort, "In loving memory of a dear sailor brother."

Another inscription, on a tablet in honor of a man very much alive and in the public eye is, "In

Honor of Robert A. Bartlett Master Explorer of the Arctic Seas. This room is given by members of the American Geographical Society, Explorers Club and of The Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation."

Captain Bartlett was a member of the Peary North Polar Expedition in 1908-1909. He was commander of the Roosevelt, in which Peary wintered at Cape Sheridan.

Many more inscriptions might be quoted but this gives the idea back of the many splendid memorial gifts.

You may wish to remember someone. A list of Memorials still available will be found on the inside of the back cover.

GRANNY'S ROOM

Grannies are very nice folks,
They beat all the Aunts in crea-
tion,

They let a chap do as he likes
And don't bother about educa-
tion.

For my part I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever would
do

For apples and pennies and
cakes

Without a Grandmother or two.

Radio Operator's Delayed Message

Twenty-one days it was delayed. And it bore two stars, silent testimony that it was a death message. But the Radio Operator to whom it was addressed had been in the hospital and he had explained to both nurse and doctor that it was a terribly inconvenient time for a man to be sick. Of course there never is just the right time for illness but when a young man is expecting to become a father any day—well, that certainly isn't any time to have to lay off work.

So both nurse and doctor did their best and the Operator left the hospital just a little before he really should have. He left at ten o'clock in the morning. At twelve the message came, but he was on a boat going to Cuba, and he was happy, oh so happy that he had a job again and the money would be available for the big event in his family. He wrote to Dorothy about it and was ever so cheerful. Such is a seaman's life.

Are the gods cruel, or are they kind? They gave that young man twenty-one days of anxious eager hoping. When he

came ashore he rushed at once to the post office and there he learned about the message. He also learned about the two stars. At last he received the message that read, "Boy baby came week ago. Dorothy died last night."

That is what a seaman's life means, always going or coming, seldom with loved ones at the big moments in their lives; just too late for the first glorious burst of joy when a new life comes into the world, just too late for the last loving words when tried and true friends go out.

Of course the Radio Operator had to go home. He had to pay the expenses and arrange for the care of his wee son. And it took all he had. When he arrived back at the Institute he was destitute. He thought he could get along with what he had allowed himself but of course there were unexpected things, and he couldn't. That is how we learned his story.

He carried a fingered newspaper clipping—already a bit worn by many readings. It told the story. That is, it told the beginning of the story. It did not

tell how the Institute workers gave him courage and softened the hurt of having to ask for help by telling him that the contributors to this work had given a sum to help men in just such difficulty as he then faced.

Yes, life had taken his wife. We know not why. But by your help we were able to save from the wreck, his self-respect. He was given a loan with plenty of time to pay back. For of course that baby must have many things.

Fifth Annual Benefit of the Central Council

Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, Chairman of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations, wishes to thank all the members of the Entertainment Committee, the members of the Associations and friends who contributed so splendidly to the success of their Fifth Annual Benefit Performance given by Miss Ruth Draper at the Comedy Theatre on April 25th, 1929.

All the work was done through the office of the Secretary and with the volunteer help from the Associations, which was given most generously, expenses were kept down to a

minimum. Sales of tickets and donations brought the receipts to over \$3,500. The exact amount cleared will be known and the particular part of the Institute work for which it will be used will be decided at the May meeting of the Council.

Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies and Mrs. William T. Manning were Honorary Patronesses.

Members of the Entertainment Committee were: Miss Augusta de Peyster, Chairman; Mrs. Edward W. Cameron Arnold; Mrs. Herman le Roy Edgar; Mrs. John J. Riker; Mrs. Frances Smyth; Mrs. A. J. Wadhams.

Box Car Murphy

He was sitting in a restaurant with some friends when the call came for him—the call that we all answer without any argument.

Perhaps it was sudden—or perhaps he knew that it would come like that some day. Who can tell? Men like Box Car Murphy do not talk much about either the past or the future. They live in the present.

Neither do such men lay up treasure that thieves can break through and steal. No, he hadn't enough money to bury him.

But he had laid up treasure on earth and maybe in heaven. His treasure was the memory of kind deeds and of a kindly nature. Memories in the hearts of friends—strange friends many of them, you would say.

Derelicts some of them, without a cent like himself. Men to whom he had given generously, for he was a good worker. But he could never see another man go cold or hungry if he had a cent. Perhaps the other man deserved all the hard knocks life was giving him—but Box Car Murphy never tried to judge him. He had a boundless com-

passion for the weak.

So when he dropped dead his friends started out to collect enough money to give him decent burial. It takes quite a lot of collecting in dimes and nickels and quarters and half dollars to make forty-five dollars. But of course there were some prosperous friends, like the young man who remembered that when he first went to sea, it was Box Car Murphy who had taken the trouble to teach him what he needed to know. And so he gave fifteen dollars and then they came to the Institute, with their sixty dollars.

For how can seamen with no shore contacts know what to do? And then it was all arranged. The Chaplain explained what was necessary and promised to provide the rest of the funds and have him buried in our cemetery for seamen. And the Lady who Sings said she would sing two solos.

"He never had anything but a kind word to say of folks," an old friend said in a gush of emotion. "Nothing is too good for Murphy—a brass band wouldn't be too much."

Our Unique Entrance

"Thought went into the making of that entrance," a man said as he stopped in front of the Seamen's Church Institute and looked at it. Then he stepped back, right back to Jeanette Park, and looked at it again. And we think it is worth looking at—worth studying.

Look long enough and it seems like the prow of a ship coming toward you. An old fashioned ship of course, for there is the figurehead, the romantic Sir Galahad whose origin is shrouded in a deep and maybe dark mystery. We have been trying to solve it but it is really much more interesting not to know. We can give our imagination free play and certainly he is a strong and gallant figure.

Then there are the lights, port light red, starboard light green and head light white. Every night they shine a welcome to the thousands of men coming toward them for shelter, for safety, for comfort and for inspiration. Also they drive back the darkness that has covered so many scenes of violence in this district, drive it back so effectively that it hides around

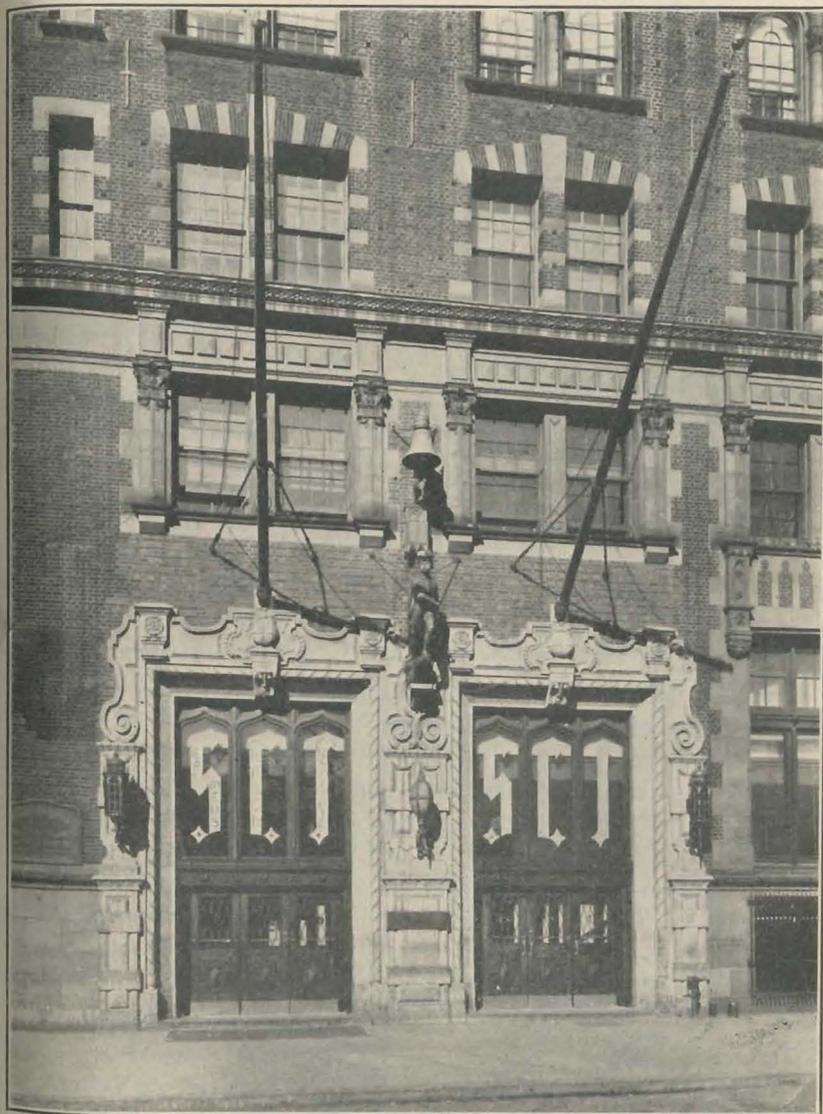
corners and gives little encouragement to those whose deeds are evil.

Above the figure of Sir Galahad is the ship's bell. If you are around here much you will hear it telling the hours. It is an old bell with a history—remarkable history—but it has a youthful voice. Age has no doubt mellowed it but has not robbed it of richness of tone.

It was cast in 1846—just eighty-three years ago. That was the year the Seamen's Church Institute was incorporated. But no one had any idea then that the bell cast for the Steam Boat Atlantic and the Seamen's Church Institute would ever have even a bowing acquaintance. But there was an accident. The Atlantic went down but the bell didn't. It hung on a mast above the water tolling, tolling.

Some said it was tolling a quiet for those who had perished. Maybe! But we think it tolled because that was its business. It was carrying on just the way seamen do in the face of terrible odds.

Some women secured the bell for our second Floating Church



JOURNEY'S END

the Church of the Holy Comforter. Later it was brought ashore to the Chapel of the Holy Comforter on West Street. In 1923 that outpost of the Institute was sold—but not the bell. There are some things you do not sell. It was brought down to 25 South Street and when the new entrance was built, it was placed as shown in the accompanying illustration.

There it hangs, telling off the hours for the thousands of men who pass in and out of the two great entrances, that bear the letters, S. C. I. And in smaller letters running down the letter

S is the word, Seamen's, and down the large letter C the word Church and down the letter I the word Institute. Of course the letters S. C. I. stand for Seamen's Church Institute. But they also stand for Safety, Comfort and Inspiration. And above the doors is the flag of the Institute and the national flag.

Men come and go, thousands of them, and thousands more will come and go in the years to come. And the bell will go on telling the hours and the beautiful bronze lanterns will go on holding the darkness at bay.

Fog Offshore

LIKE mists of dim antiquity that hide
 The kingdoms of the past in ruins old,
 Where ghostly armies roam with ardor cold
 Lost in a whirling dusk unglorified
 By star or moon, the gray fogs drifting wide
 Creep down the shore, and breakers' mutter rolled
 Down rocky coasts are as a tale once told
 Half-heard in syllables whose truth has died.
 Yet in the mist a voice undaunted hurls
 The challenge old of hearts that fear no sea,
 No waste of waters sweeping through the night.
 So where the mist of time, unceasing, furls
 The deeds of men in dusk, forever free
 Man's spirit challenges oblivion's might!

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Will You Find Us a Friend?

"It was in an article cut from a newspaper that I learned of your work and great kindness to the seamen at the Institute."

This excerpt is from a letter received last week enclosing a check to help us carry on. That little newspaper clipping gained a friend for us. That is what we need, many many new friends.

We have been calling on you, who have made this cooperative effort possible, until had it been for ourselves we would have been ashamed to ask for more. But you have built yourselves so firmly into this Institute that we just naturally turn to you when we need help.

Now as we face this last great drive to free the Institute of all debt and enable it to function with the maximum of efficiency, we feel that you are interested equally with us. And what we need is more friends. There must be more than *two thousand five hundred people* who would contribute to the Building Fund if they knew of the work and had any conception of its scope and significance in the life of the nation.

How to reach these people!

That is our problem. Again we must come to you.

Will you find us a friend?

Bringing people down to see the work is one of the best ways we know to make friends for the Institute. We are always glad to show people over the building.

Another way is to explain that this is largely a Memorial gift. All over the building are tablets bearing interesting human inscriptions, carrying on the memory of a loved one in a practical contribution to the welfare of men.

But the most convincing argument for the work is the seamen themselves. In THE LOOKOUT, that we will gladly send to any list of friends you wish, will be found human interest stories of the hopes and aspirations and failures and successes of homeless men, to whom a friendly word, help in need, encouragement or advice, may turn the scale that measures the worth of a man to himself and to society.

In a story published in a recent number of a popular magazine is this sentence, "Again I was on South Street, a block

from the Seamen's Church Institute, the haven of most sailors who come to New York."

You have built that 'haven.'
Will you, as well as helping

to the extent of your ability to pay off the million and a half dollars that will leave this Institute free of all debt:

Find us a Friend?

Enthusiasm of Youth

You can find it in the enlarged Apprentice Room—all the buoyancy and hope and assurance that makes youth so attractive. Go up any afternoon between four and five o'clock and you will meet some of the boys carrying the tea pot from the kitchenette or getting extra cups and saucers, or selecting a suitable tea hour record for the Ampico. Sit down and have a cup of tea with them and with any of the employees or other guests who have come in and you will realize better than pages and pages of print could tell you, the value of the Apprentice work in the lives of the boys.

"I haven't been home for two years and a half," one boy stopped to explain as he carried in a pitcher of hot water, "and I don't know when I will be. But I call this place home and I don't think there is another like it in the whole world."

His eighteen year old enthusiasm was contagious and we told the Hostess who remarked with the wisdom that comes from providing that 'Home away from Home feeling' for thousands of boys, "It is wonderful to be able to tide them over these difficult years, when they cannot be with their own people. They won't need us after that."

"But they won't forget us?"

"No, they don't forget!" and she showed her letter file with hundreds, yes thousands of letters from the boys and their relatives expressing appreciation of the place this Institute fills in the lives of so many growing Apprentice boys, both American and British.

Then there are the Thursday night parties—and if the Apprentice boys had their way the whole shipping world would be regulated so that ships never sailed until after Thursday



Photograph by Miss Jane Peat, a member of the Institute Staff

ENLARGED APPRENTICE ROOM

night. And there are extras like the night the South Shore Association gave a party in the Apprentice Room for the Girls' Friendly Society of Trinity Church, Newark. There were fifty guests from Newark and fifty boys and favors and prizes so that one of the boys explained to his Captain, "It was just like the Christmas party except there wasn't a Christmas tree."

Another extra was the invita-

tion of Padre Grant of Toc H to the Hostess to take her boys to the Toc H benefit on the Aquitania, and for most the opportunity to see over that great passenger ship was a real treat.

There is not space to cover all the activities of the Apprentice room, for of course the boys attend the concerts and moving pictures; and they have a regular Sunday evening tea and many attend religious services, in the Institute.

Jottings from Our Log

Maybe he was Ole. He had been paid off anyway and he was walking through the rotunda with a roll of bills in his hand. His expression was the expression of a man whose dream has come true.

"I ban paid off," he explained to a questioner. "I got sixty-five dollars."

"Yes, but why carry so much money around with you?" the Cautious One insisted.

Ole looked at him with what we believe is the manner of a man who knows his onions. At any rate there was a slight sign of superiority in his expression as he stuffed the bills into his pocket and tilted his hat to a sporty angle.

"I ban go up town and make whoopee," he explained generously just before he disappeared through the door.

Next day he was again in the rotunda. His expression was different but it was not lacking in satisfaction, as he drew five dollars from his pocket and displayed it proudly. It was evident that 'Whoopee' was cheaper than he had anticipated.

* * *

The Prince of Wales in the

foreword to a book on "The Merchant Navy," refers to the work of the merchant marine in the World War as having provided the final test of "heroism unparalleled in history."

Further on he says: "Let us who are land dwellers not mince words over this thing. It is the glory of our merchant navy and will be so acclaimed by generations to come that they faced without hesitation tremendous odds and frequent hazards of death undaunted in spirit to the bitter end. Let us not forget also that had it been otherwise this country of ours must have perished."

* * *

Not many know just what people are going to say about them after they are dead. Mrs. Roper is an exception. A letter came to her desk from a seaman who had heard she was dead.

Evidently feeling that no ordinary form of letter would do to express his regret at such a tragedy in the lives of seamen, he began his letter in legal phraseology, "I william J— wish to state & etc."

But the legal form soon gave

way to a simple expression of genuine sorrow at the loss of a friend and as he said, 'one who kept the men out of bad company while in the port of New York' He ended by saying that he would pray for her from now on, and added a postscript, "God bless Mrs. Roper."

* * *

"Many thanks for your comic papers which we have received but sorry I couldn't answer owing to being at sea and the wife is not a very good scholar so it was left for me to do when I came home.

"The children are delighted at them and me and the wife is very pleased at the way you responded at the asking. I'm at present on a coasting vessel and I only be in Belfast now and again. But I'll always remember you for your kindness for sending such nice papers.

"We are having very bad weather at present and very cold too. The children are always speaking of the very kind Laidy in America sending the papers. Trusting you will except this humble letter as my very best effort." This letter to the House Mother explains itself.

* * *

It looked like an ordinary

canary to the casual observer but it was anything but that to the ship's officer who carried it carefully into the Social Service Department. He explained that he did not like to leave it in his room all day because it was a sociable kind of bird and he was afraid it would be lonesome. He brought birdseed and suggested that if some one would bring up a bit of lettuce from their salad the bird would appreciate it.

There are no rules governing the care of canaries in that department. But the cage rests in state on a chair in the House Mother's office, and if any of you who are visiting the Institute notice an employee carrying a lettuce leaf you will know they have the canary in mind.

* * *

The House Mother came into THE LOOKOUT office and said, "I want you to come down to my office. I want you to see the Easter lily sent me by a seaman."

It was a magnificent plant, bearing nine blooms proudly aloft and filling the air with a delicate perfume. It had no idea that it had been purchased by money wired across the continent by a drunken sailor—yes the same man we wrote about in the March LOOKOUT. The man

who was given suspended sentence by the judge—the man to whom the House Mother wrote a long letter assuring him that she was sure the Judge was not merely a forgiving man, but a man who recognized the good in men no matter how hidden it might be under mistakes and good intentions gone astray.

But the lily held its head just as proudly. To it the admiration of a sailor who had paid a large share of his savings for it was no more nor less valuable

than the admiration of a millionaire. It stood in its white purity the bearer of a message that is without price.

Looking thoughtfully at the plant the House Mother said, "That sailor has kept his resolve not to drink. And as I look at the plant it makes me think of him. The bulb isn't very attractive—but give it the right environment and out of its heart comes all that beauty and sweetness. Yes, that is like my sailor friend."

Lights in Memory

\$2,000 will pay for the three lights that play such an important part at the entrance of this building. We hope that someone will choose this as a Memorial Gift. Port light, starboard light and head light, all

guiding the sailor to Safety, Comfort and Inspiration.

A tablet will be inscribed according to the wishes of the first one who desires the front Lights as a Memorial and suitably placed near the entrance.



The Old Salt to the New

By JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

The old salt hitched up his trousers
And he hitched 'em good and high
And he shifted his chew to starboard
And he started in to lie:

"The ship I'm a-signed up to sail on has three thousand miles of shrouds,
And a redwood tree for a mainm'st, so high that it touches the clouds,
And four million feet of canvas that takes all the wind that's around,

And she needs two hundred of water to keep her from goin' aground."

The new salt straightened his necktie and he altered the course of his gum,
To a nor'nor'east by east, sir, and he said that was going some,
And he agreed that "them toy ships is all right if you ain't goin' far,

But when the Atlantic's a-kickin', give me one with a sixty-foot bar.

"When the snow and the wind starts a-comin' as cold as a Davy Jones blast,
Are you goin' to swaller the canvas or take a long drink of the mast?

When two hundred feet your're a-drawin', of water—that's down pretty far—
I'll be drawin' two inches of licker in front of a sixty foot bar."

The old salt pulled up his anchor and silently slipped away

To the Home for Decrepit Seamen, for he knew he had seen his day;
And he lingered till he was a hundred, but he never got over the scar
Of not having sailed on a vessel that was rigged with a sixty-foot bar.

THE LOOKOUT,

25 South Street, New York City.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please enter a year's subscription for

(Name)

(Address)

(Date)

*Seamen's Church Institute Annex
Building Memorial Units
Available*



Reading and Game Room	\$50,000
Dispensary	50,000
Seamen's Rooms—Block of 34, each with running water	30,000
Cafeteria	25,000
Stage and Equipment	25,000
Apprentice Room	20,000
Seamen's Rooms—Block of 34	15,000
Seamen's Rooms—Block of 19, each with running water	15,000
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth	10,000
Seamen's Rooms—Block of 19	7,500
Three Main Entrance (Exterior) Ship's Lanterns	2,000
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each ...	1,000
Seamen's Rooms, each	500
Stained Glass Windows in Chapel, each	10,000

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