

# The LOOKOUT



## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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# The Lookout

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## *The* LOOKOUT

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.  
Superintendent

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## *Dr. Mansfield*

In answer to many deeply interested inquiries concerning the health of the Superintendent we feel that some explanation is due our contributors and other friends. From time to time Dr. Mansfield's illness has been mentioned in these pages but only very few know of the serious conditions under which he has been carrying on.

Four eye operations have resulted in restored sight and an emergency major operation saved his life. But so great was the need of the work that it gave him power to defy the weakness of the flesh and keep in constant contact with his office. Indeed, so completely has he identified himself with this Institution during his thirty-three years of continuous service, that he has literally built himself into it. It is like a great nervous system to which he responds more readily than to his own.

He has continued to direct the work of administration. He has

instructed and guided the work of the architects and builder and he has given whatever assistance he could in the task of raising the balance of the New Building Fund.

The Annex, with the exception of the Chapel, is completed and operating. The work of the larger administration and of reorganization is well in hand. The one remaining huge and immediate task that confronts him and challenges the best energies of the Society and the loyalty and further generosity of our friends is the completion of the Building Fund (see pages 10 and 11).

Every great Institution is the material expression of the vision and ideals of men and women. But some one man must gather into himself all those ideals and desires. He must vision them as a whole. He must invest the money for their realization in a way to bring the greatest returns.

Men who can do such work are rare. Dr. Mansfield has done that for you. Thirty-three years, all his working life, he has given to it. This Institution, the greatest of its kind, is the measure of the man.

Dr. Mansfield needs your

further investment in this last supreme struggle to make the Society free from debt and practically self-supporting. He is prepared to continue his service to you and he can promise increasing returns on your investment.

### *Understanding?*

This story is about a very ordinary sailorman who somehow got a wrong start. More than once he has tried to explain it to us. Many times he has tried to understand it himself. But always somewhere words fail to picture quite what he is groping for and he stops midway in his explanation.

He runs a puzzled hand through a light shock of hair, grins like a wistful boy and says, "When I get back to sea—when I feel the wind blowing the spray in my face and the deck rocking under me I'll see it clearer."

But when he comes ashore again he is still a puzzle, but generally in his pocket are some letters—letters a bit worn—let-

ters from the House Mother that have followed him in his wanderings. Letters that have tried to help him understand his great puzzle—himself.

An adequate idea of what the thousands of letters that are going out yearly from the Institute are doing cannot be given but there is a suggestion of the tremendous importance of this work in the following excerpts from one of this seaman's letters; and in the House Mother's reply.

He wrote, "I have gained another five pounds in the last week, which I am sure is due entirely to that very very nice letter that you sent me some time ago. Really you're getting me

all swelled up. If you continue to write me letters like that, I shall soon be believing that I'm somebody.

"On the square though, isn't it good to know that someone sees a little good in one and can tell them in a straight forward convincing way.

"It is great to have someone say, 'Oh, yes, I know he did this and he didn't do so and so (mostly he didn't, I guess, in my case) but after all he's a pretty good fellow.' I'm saying this because I know you've heard plenty against me and the worst of it is I'm guilty of a lot, too.

"I'll tell you something that happened to me not very long ago. I got pinched as usual, but this time was different. Always before I put up my twenty smacks and beat it. This time I didn't have it so I decided to fight the case. And, oh what a nerve. I was still half soused when I looked the old man right smack in the eye, and pleaded not guilty.

"He put me in again until the next day. Then he called me close to the Judgment seat. I think to keep the spectators from hearing. And he says, 'Now look here. Do you mean

to tell me you were not drunk the other night?'

"Well, I says I am broke and well I might have been a little under weight, but——"

"'Twenty days suspended,' he says. Now go ahead and try to keep sober,' and this after reading over an old record of drunks, disorderlies and everything short of murder. He evidently didn't believe it all or was he one that would forgive ninety-nine times?'

"Anyway I haven't drank since."

In answer to that part of his letter the House Mother wrote:

"I have just finished reading your letter and my analysis of that judge who looked you so square in the eye and then, after he had read your record, was willing to give you another chance, is not that he is one who would forgive ninety-nine times, or anything of that kind. I think he was a man who looked beneath the surface of things and saw that there was something so really worthwhile in you, that he thought possibly if you were given another chance and given it in the way in which he gave it, it might mean that your better self would assert itself and eventually win out."

*New Auditorium Launched*

Without ostentation our new Auditorium, given in memory of John E. Berwind by members of his family and friends, was opened on March 1st. Dr. Mansfield, who was to open it was away—but from his sickbed he arranged every detail. No, not every detail. There are some things that cannot be planned ahead.

He did not arrange for the three rousing cheers given for him, when the seven hundred men present realized that his life had gone into the making of the building, one more room of which now welcomed them. He did not arrange for the moving tributes given him by speaker after speaker.

But the greatest tribute of all was the expression in the faces of the men. An eager expression—the expression of men going to see a new room in their own home. They were terribly anxious that it should be right (long before the doors were opened they milled nervously around the halls and the stairs). Admission was by room ticket and some who had lost their tickets went scurrying hither and thith-

er, explaining how they belonged. They were like people locked out of their home when there was a party within.

It is a long step from thirty-three years ago when Dr. Mansfield opened the first recreation room in the Pike Street Mission. It was the front room in one of the old brownstone houses—and as he lay in his home reviewing the years between—the new hall with accommodations for 800 men was opened and he seemed to be present.

Others seemed to be there too. Men and women who by their good wishes and their gifts had made that magnificent auditorium possible. For awhile as the audience sat quietly, fitting itself into that new environment, it seemed that the Past and the Future joined hands gently, then quietly we slipped into new and untried waters, our faces turned toward the future and anything seemed possible.

With such magnificent equipment, who would dare limit what that auditorium may mean, not only in the lives of the seamen, but in the wider world beyond. Conrad was a seaman,

Masefield was a seaman, and so were McFee, Reisenberg and Eugene O'Neil. There are many others with talents as great if they can only find expression.

"Old Ironsides" was the picture chosen for the opening night. That the choice was good was demonstrated by the response of the audience. Dozens of little subtle points that escaped landsmen altogether brought chuckles and laughs

from the seamen.

There was of course music, and the men sang popular songs, accompanied by the wonderful new organ given by Charles Frank Pope and there were speakers who tried to feel at home on the magnificent stage—and best of all is the fact that the Auditorium has proven itself a friendly place. It scarcely seemed to need an introduction to its audience.

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### *Religious Services Again*

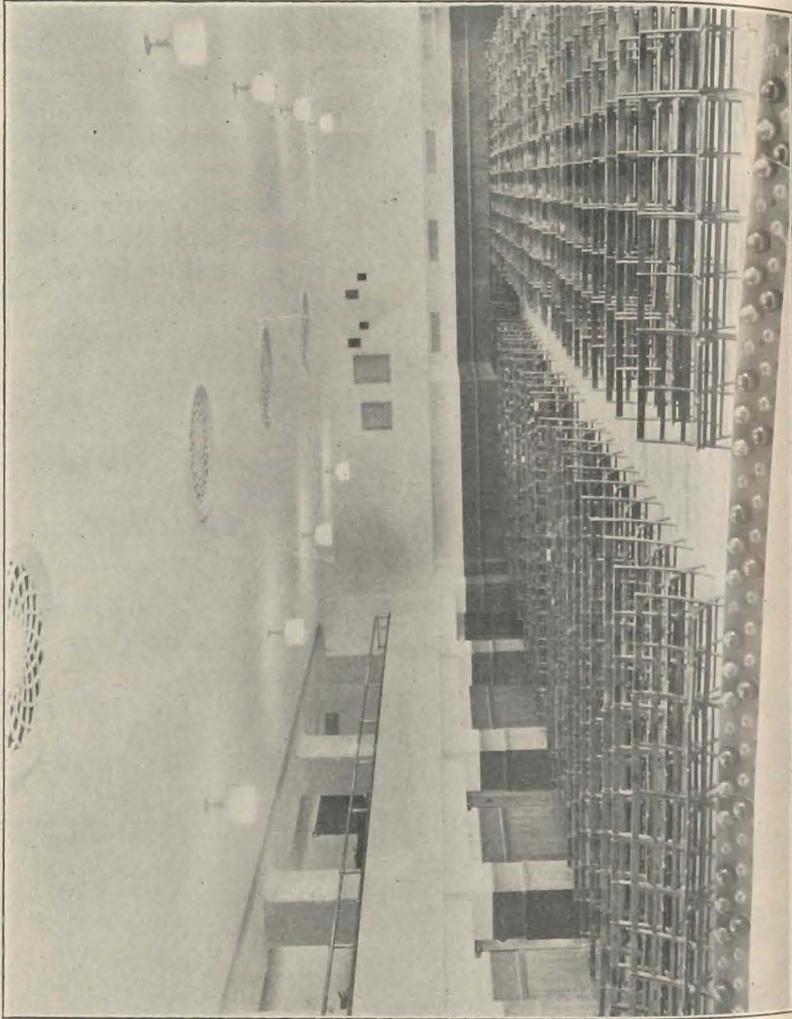
Our first religious service in the New Auditorium was held on Sunday evening, March 3rd. This was greatly appreciated as we have been without religious services for some time owing to the fact that the chapel is not completed. It was a delightfully informal hour more like a Sunday evening in a home among friends.

Rev. Carl Podin, who, after six years' absence has returned to work among the men of the sea, conducted the service and gave the address. He will be

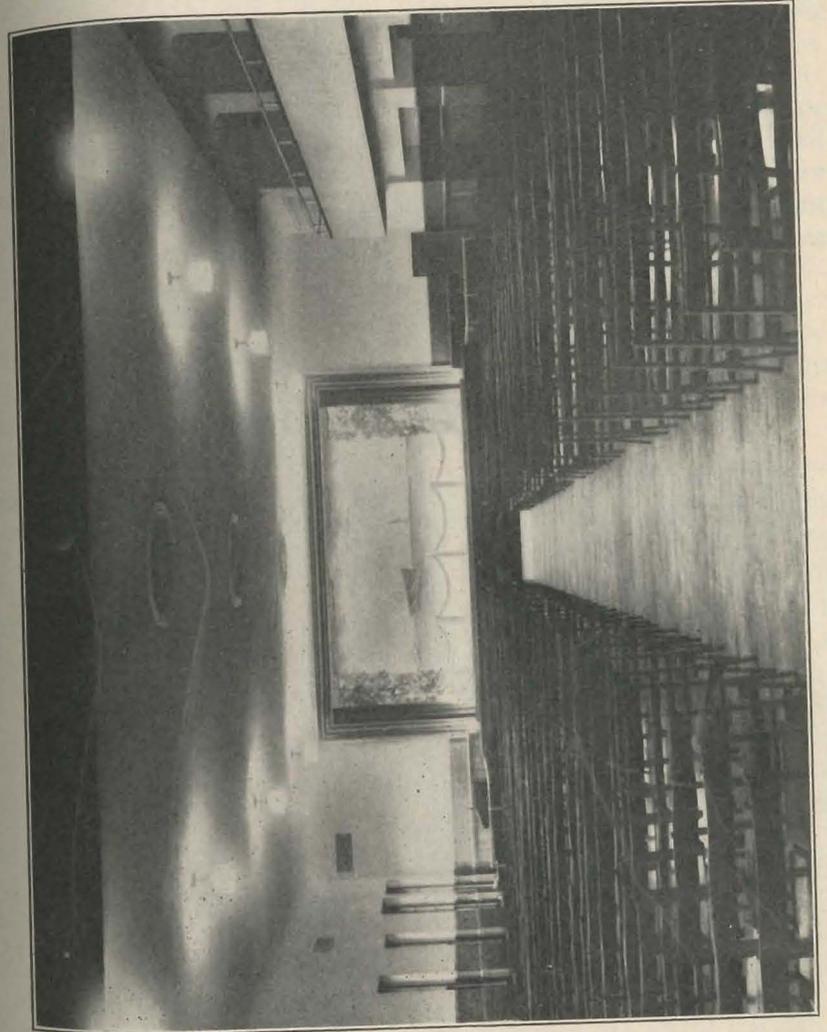
known to many readers of The Lookout as the man who spoke many languages.

He asked the surprisingly large congregation of men to repeat the twenty-third psalm with him. There are people who say that the younger generation does not know the Bible. They would have been surprised at the number of men who knew and seemed to enjoy the music in the words of that wonderful poem.

As his text Mr. Podin took the words, "He Must Needs Go Through Samaria." In pictur-



VIEW FROM THE STAGE



VIEW FROM THE BACK

esque sailor language he illustrated from his own experience and the experience of others, the directing hand of God in the affairs of his children.

Mrs. Roper was then asked to speak and strangely moving was her message. In conclusion she said, "I am going home happier than I have been for years because of this splendid service."

As the congregation was going out a seaman edged over beside her and said in a low voice, "You done good. Just like a Mother."

In other minds was the thought, "They have done better than they knew, the men and the women who made this seamen's community possible."

## *New Auditorium Equipment*

One of the first things noticed about the New Auditorium that was given in memory of John E. Berwind by members of his family and friends is its spaciousness. It accommodates eight hundred men with ease and could hold a great many more. It is one of those quietly dignified places that does not flaunt itself in any way but stands there like a member of an old family, knowing that it has in itself that which commands respect and admiration. There is something of new oldness about it.

An inspection of each part gives the same pleasure as the whole conveyed. The stage is perfect in its way. The heavy

rich red velour curtains that meet the eye on entering the hall are satisfying. They belong. So do the blues and rose iris curtains back of it, and the complete dark and light settings, both having the homey properties, French doors and grates.

But it is perhaps the five drop curtains, changing under the most modern lighting effects, that will stay longest in the memory. First there is a street scene changing from full bright to black out, as the fully dimmer equipped stage lighting is manipulated behind stage by an experienced hand.

The Battery Wall Curtain seems to belong most of all.

Liberty can be seen in the distance against a background of cloud effects that change marvelously as the lights change. Nearer is a great ocean liner steaming into port—to one side is a sailing ship; and back of them plowing her unconcerned businesslike way is a ferryboat.

Then, of course, there is the Moving Picture Curtain outlined in a soft rich but unobtrusive green. The fourth drop is an outside garden scene, with a lake and a small village in the background. And the last drop is a landscape with mountains fading into the horizon.

But one must not forget the moving picture machines that hide so unobtrusively in a perfectly equipped gallery projection room high up at the back of the hall. There are two power Six B projection machines fitted with low intensity arc lamps, so that the picture can be continuous as in any up-to-date moving picture theatre.

Our new organ, the gift of Mr. Charles F. Pope, built by the Hall Organ Company, West Haven, Conn., is a magnificent contribution to the equipment. Modest and dignified in design, it is in itself an ornament, as well as being one of the most up-

to-date and perfectly equipped organs. It is fitted with all the newest attachments to help add the illusion of reality to moving pictures.

It can give a most convincing imitation of rolling thunder, of pattering rain, and of birds singing in all the joyousness of spring mating. But if something more austere is desired you can have the sound of sleigh bells, the honk of the automobile horn or the hoarse steamboat whistle. And again there is the roll of the kettle drum, or the bass drum or cymbals and the harp.

This contribution cannot but add many happy hours of joyous recreation to the shore leave of men who are always looking forward eagerly to reaching port and when they get there so often finding "nothing to do."

But this article would be quite incomplete without special mention of the lighting and ventilation of the New Auditorium. Unlike so many assembly halls it is splendidly lighted and the ventilation is a joy to anyone who appreciates fresh air. Indeed it is the first thing mentioned by some when they enter. One cannot say more than that the equipment is worthy of the Auditorium.

## *“Stand By and Lend a Hand”*

CERTAIN New York banks have provided about one million five hundred thousand dollars on short term notes to finish the Annex Building. This is a practical demonstration of faith in the soundness of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. It is a demonstration of faith in the vision and generosity of the American people. It is a demonstration of faith in the management.

Our forefathers visioned a great nation founded on faith in the ideals of men. We have been privileged to build into that nation the greatest Institution of its kind in the world, founded on that same faith.

Stand with us between the Old and the New, looking backward and forward. Back to war and post war demands that convulsed our organization in an effort to house a thousand men where we had proper accommodations for only half that number. Could we and would you have had us go back when we were still turning hundreds from our doors nightly?

Was it the part of the Seamen's Church Insti-

tute to go back? Was the organization that for eighty-five years had grown in stature with this nation to turn back now; was the society that had played a noble role in time of war to be a slacker in time of peace?

The New Building is the answer of the Board of Managers and your gifts of one million nine hundred and fifty thousand nine hundred and sixty-five dollars are evidence of your approval.

Our task now is to pay off the bank notes. That accomplished we will possess an Institute free and clear and an organization adequate to meet the demands made upon it by the Merchant Seamen in the Port of New York.

The great need for the enlarged Institute and the approval of about two thousand five hundred contributors have justified the undertaking. If you will further “stand by” and others will “lend a hand,” then together give one more “heave on the windlass” we will sail on a flood tide unto the haven where we would be.

*You may send your check drawn to the order of J. Morgan, Jr., Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York*

## Friendship

There are three heroes in this story—Edward Wilson, aged seventy-nine, is one. A beautiful St. Bernard dog is another and a young engineer is the third. There is a villain too but let us get on with the story.

Fifty-eight years as a ship's carpenter is not a good preparation for making friends on shore. It is not a good preparation for making a living ashore but for some years Edward has made enough for simple needs cabinet making.

And he had one friend that compensated for the loss of many pals. That friend was a beautiful St. Bernard dog. Once he was offered several hundred dollars for his dog and instead of being grateful, wrath stirred within him. It seemed impossible that anyone could think he would sell a "friend." He refused the offer with a hurt feeling inside of him. That dog was so much more than a dog to him.

It was the engineer who was attracted by the love between the old man and his dog. Such a friendship enriches the friendship in the whole world and the engineer took a very personal in-

terest in them. He talked often with the old man and he always spoke to the dog.

The dog, confident in the friendship of such real people as the old man and the engineer was bold in demanding his rights, and one day another dog dared to take liberties with him. Of course, there was a fight and a policeman coming along at the critical moment, shot and killed the St. Bernard dog.

Bad news travels fast. Almost at once the old man came running breathlessly. He dashed to the side of his friend and called his name. But for the first time there was no response. He patted him, called him all the pet names he had used through the years—but the dog lay still.

Without ever looking around, without any consciousness of the curious stares of passers or of those who knew the story, the old man lay down beside his friend. He couldn't leave his pal out there alone. So pressed close to the stiffening body he lay through the chill of a long night, grieving and could not be comforted. Then it was that the engineer who knew the value of

such a friendship came into the story. He found the old man ill with pneumonia and had him taken to a hospital. He paid some of the expense and tried to bring comfort to his mind, but that shot had pierced too deeply into the old heart. Edward Wilson died.

It was the engineer who came to us. He brought the old man's papers. There was no address of relatives nor was there a bank book or any money. But among those papers were dog license tags, clippings out of papers and books telling about remedies for

dogs and several old faded pictures of his dog. There was no money to bury him.

That was why the engineer had come to us. He felt that in some way the body of the man who had been capable of such a great love should not have to lie in Potter's field. Our Burial Fund does not provide for such a case, but what are rules when we remember that "the greatest of these is love"? Edward Wilson was buried by the Institute.

Wherever he has gone we hope that he was greeted by the friendly spirit of his pal.

## No Letters Today

Johnny Stewart was young and impatient. He was a bit sensitive too because he had not quite fitted into the scheme of life in his family and in his home town. He never knew just why it was. He knew he was called the black sheep but he thought his heart wasn't black. He knew it was not all bad because he had such a love for his folks, his mother especially. He always insisted that the old man wasn't too bad either.

Then he went away to sea. He didn't run away, he just went when the urge to rove became too strong. But always the pull back was strong. He haunted the post-office and often, so often after he had been away a few months, there were no letters—not even one from his mother.

Angry and hurt on one such occasion he met the House Mother and slapping his closed fist into the open palm of his



MRS. ROPER AND ONE OF HER SAILOR BOYS

other hand he declared that he'd write home once more to everybody and then if they didn't answer, never again.

And the House Mother understood the red eyes and the lips held tight together to prevent them a-trembling. She knew other boys who had cared just as terribly as this one, and when too often disappointed, they had become indifferent. The human heart cannot be cheated too often.

So Johnny wrote ten letters.

And then one day—not ten letters, but one little one came from his mother. But it was enough. Johnny forgot the neglect of the rest. He carried the letter proudly to the House Mother.

He looked up into her eyes as he said, "Makes a fellow feel he belongs somewheres, don't it?"

That is why letters from the Institute follow the seamen to all parts of the world. It is good for a man to feel he "belongs somewheres."

## Jottings from Our Log

This letter from an apprentice to their Institute Hostess is one of many. "I want to write and let you know how much I appreciate how much you are doing for us all.

The number of seafarers on British ships who look upon the Apprentice room at the Institute as a real home from home must be enormous.

It seems so wonderful to feel that whenever you go there you can be absolutely sure of a kind welcome.

There is nowhere that I know of where it is possible for us to get so much real good fun in such pleasant surroundings.

I was terribly disappointed that we weren't in New York for a bit longer. If only we could have got in one Thursday night, it wouldn't have been so hard. Nevertheless I enjoyed myself very much indeed on Wednesday and I'm quite sure everyone else did, too.

No one could possibly leave the mission without feeling a great appreciation for America and I'm sure your great work must be doing a tremendous lot toward bringing our two countries together.

I'm afraid I can't say when my next visit to New York will be, but I hope at least next time to be able to see more of you all.

I only wish we could do something in return to show you how much we appreciate all you are doing for us.

We were most unlucky on Friday, for had the snow kept up for an hour or two longer, we should have been delayed in New York until Friday morning and you would have seen us all turning up again like bad pennies, as we say, on Friday evening.

I'll take this opportunity of wishing you all the very best of luck."

Our problems seem to be the problems of the nation as a whole. There is the case of Michael Butoral. He is one of thousands of aliens in this country who cannot get papers because in some way he evaded the immigration laws.

He has been a radio operator on American ships for seven years. Now he wishes to take a course in Arts and Science at Columbia University. His idea is to eventually go back to his own

country as an expert in radio. He is mentally qualified to take the course he desires but the immigration law gives him only sixty days shore leave.

The Schneider bill is being considered to legalize all such entries. But in the meantime, we have arranged for him to go to the American consul in Ottawa, Canada, to get a student's visa so that he may return and take the course he desires.

X A Swedish seaman in San Francisco got what he called "a hunch." His hunch was to come back to New York and find a brother and sister he had neither seen nor heard of for twenty-five years.

He came to the Institute at once and stated his problem. He knew that his brother had been a tailor in the Bronx and his sister had married the superintendent of an estate in New Jersey.

Our missing men department went to work at once and within an hour his sister was located. Her voice sounded strangely over the wire when she learned that her brother was seeking her. She had for many years believed him to be dead.

X Just another case of a boy

feeling the call of adventure and running away to sea. His father came seeking him. The boy had written to his mother to send him sandwiches and cake and some of the homemade candies he liked best. He said he had a ship and the crew was getting up a party.

There was no sign of the boy and the father went home. But mothers are never stopped by impossibilities where their children are concerned. His mother came to the Institute and the House Mother remembered a lonely looking boy whose eyes had followed her wistfully.

When she saw the letter about the crew's party she shook her head doubtfully. She had never heard of anything just like that and she had heard most things about crews. "He was hungry," she thought, "but too proud to acknowledge it."

And all the time she was walking through the reading rooms and game rooms with the anxious mother. A quickly drawn-in breath beside her and the mother made one leap across the room. Of course she had found him—the wistful-eyed boy.

X On Thursday evening he was

helping serve the ice cream at the Apprentices' party. He was a little chap—but full of spirit and his officers said he'd make a splendid seaman.

Yes—but on Friday he was dead. It was an accident. But he was dead in a strange port. His brother at sea could not be reached and his home was in Glasgow.

Being a home away from home for thousands of men and boys bring many sad times. This was one of them. Young faces in the Apprentice room had a subdued questioning expression, as if they would peer beyond the thing called death and ask why.

Our Chaplain conducted the service. A simple but beautiful service, attended by the Apprentices and their Institute Hostess, also by many men and boys from adjoining ships.

X Red and Slim and Jazz were singing popular songs—Jazz was playing the piano and when they reached the phrase "I'm in love" Slim raised soulful eyes to the ceiling and raised his arms as if appealing to some pure deity far beyond his reach.

But love to Red did not mean that at all. With fists clenched, and arms jerking backward and

forward like someone at one end of a cross-cut saw, he looked like a man ready for the worst.

Jazz, on the other hand, was all smiles as he wiggled backward and forward, twisting his whole body in gay abandon. He might be in love but he knew he'd get over it and fall in love again and again. Can you judge from that what positions those boys occupy on the ship?

X "It's the old men who are driving me nearly crazy," one of the Social Service workers said after a weary day. "Seamen never keep their papers. They never keep anything that doesn't stick to them. Many have not papers to prove that they have qualified to go to Snug Harbor, and every other place is full. What to do with them we do not know."

Just then one of the most touching cases came in. Old he was and just out of the hospital. And about him there was a quiet dignity—the dignity of a man who has believed in himself and who feels that he deserves a better fate.

He was a cook and had saved a thousand dollars that he gave the Captain to keep for him during the voyage. Someone must

have learned that he had it. A woman who saw what happened after he left the ship gave evidence that an automobile deliberately ran him down. While he was senseless he was robbed. Man's inhumanity to man must destroy our faith if there were not the other side—the pity, the compassion, the understanding that enables this Institute and other agencies to extend a helping hand.

Then there was the 'Unknown Soldier,' a badly wounded British war veteran, living in a small room in Hoboken. He was a guard on a small ferry going across the Hudson and held on until he collapsed at his work.

Desperate, for he had foolishly accepted a lump sum in settlement for his war services, he wrote to a woman of whose philanthropy he had read. She referred the letter to us.

A man of culture, proud and independent he visioned himself as the "Unknown Soldier" and like that soldier he was very much alone and unknown. But for him there were no words of praise, no votive offerings. He had given all he had to give—and life was rushing indifferently past.

Half a dozen women, each of them over eighty years of age are knitting for the seamen. They keep the Institute ever in mind and with their gifts they tuck into a letter some of the wonderful spirit that has carried them successfully through a long life of usefulness. For, of course, we know theirs must have been a useful life. People do not usually begin to give of themselves when they have grown old. Usually they begin in their youth and the habit grows with them.



## *Cats Know Most Everything*

When five strange cats were sighted by Ben Fidd, the veteran watchman on the Chelsea piers, he declared the felines had deserted from the steamships *Majestic*, *Minnewaska* and *Winifredian* before they sailed recently because of the new regulation prohibiting these domestic animals from landing in Great Britain without doing six months first in quarantine.

Fidd sailed the seven seas for thirty-five years and professes to know all about cats. When asked by the reporter how the cats knew about the new regulation by the British Board of Agriculture, he replied:

"Why, bless your simple heart, sea-going cats knows most everything. I've seen 'em often on a sailing ship show more 'savve' than half the humans in the fo'c's'le."

"How do cats knows when the gale is coming, which makes them climb the weather side of the fore rigging and meow just

before the wind starts to moan?" queried the old sailor. "Who tells the cats when the ships get into the tropics and the first flying fish comes aboard abaft the beam? I don't know, but the cats are there every time and swoop down on the fish as it hits the deck like a bromley kite on a dead Malay.

"Two of these new cats, the tabby and the black and white, are from the *Majestic* and have been sitting at the end of Pier 50 looking for her to come back. Two more, a gray and a tortoiseshell, left the *Minnewaska* and have been hanging round 58," said Fidd. "The rusty red cat, which has lost part of his ears and half of his rudder, comes from Liverpool, where they gets tough fighting the dock rats. That cat is an old timer and came off the *Winifredian*, but he ain't been sighing round Pier 60. He pinched my supper and I just missed him with a block of wood."

THE LOOKOUT,

25 South Street, New York City.

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

(Name) .....

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Funds for the New Building are still vitally needed and will be most gratefully received by

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.

*Treasurer*

Annex Building Fund

25 South Street

New York

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