

The

LOOKOUT

NOVEMBER 1930

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"There She Blows!"

WOMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

FOR NEW YORK

VOLUME XXI NUMBER X



The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Address all communications to
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or
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Editor, The Lookout

Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

Legacies to the Institute

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. No precise words are necessary to a valid legacy to the corporation. The following clause, however, may be suggested:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the LAWS of the STATE OF NEW YORK, the sum of Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of..... Dollars."

The illustration on this month's Cover is entitled:

"THERE SHE BLOWS," by Clifford W. Ashley

From "THE YANKEE WHALER"

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The original painting is hung in the New Bedford Public Library
at New Bedford, Mass.

The Lookout

VOL. XXI

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 11

A Play That Will Charm All Theatre Goers

PLANS are now completed for the Sixth Annual Theatre Benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to take place on



Isabel Jeans

TUESDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER 18TH

at the Booth Theatre,
222 West 45th Street.

We have reserved the entire theatre for the new and popular comedy:

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION"
starring Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans.

This play is coming to Broadway after a long and successful run in London. The King and Queen of England are among those who highly commend it. It is charmingly acted and holds the interest from start to finish. We feel that we are fortunate in securing a play of

such high dramatic standards.

You will be enthralled by this amusing play, "The Man in Possession".

Orchestra seats are available at \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00
Balcony seats are \$5.00 and \$3.00

Kindly make your plans to attend this theatre party and mail your reservations as soon as possible. Tickets will be assigned as orders are received.

Please make your checks payable to the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* and mail to:

Theatre Benefit Committee
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street, New York

With your help, we are looking forward to a successful Theatre Benefit.

And Still We Grow



ONE of the indirect results of unemployment conditions is the increase in the demand at our hotel desk for open-dormitory beds each night. Seamen who, during prosperous business periods, reserved sixty cent or seventy-five cent rooms at the Institute, now can afford to pay only thirty-five cents for a bed in the dormitory. This is why our dormitory space during the past few months has been filled to capacity.

To partially meet the emergency, we have roughly finished the incomplete thirteenth floor of the Annex, with the result that we have now a new dormitory with 100 beds, every one of which is occupied each night. We have furnished this addition with the same character of equipment as in all the other

open dormitories including individual lockers for each bed coupon, where each seaman may keep his clothing and other personal belongings. Spacious washrooms have also been installed.

A man occupying a dormitory bed enjoys all the privileges of those sleeping in the private rooms, except that he must be out of the dormitory by 8 A. M. This rule is necessary to give our corps of cleaners time to put on clean bedding for the next night. But other privileges of guests, such as showers, wash tubs, bootblack stand and the use of the reading, writing and game rooms, are offered to the men in the dormitories as well.

With the completion of this new dormitory, our lodging capacity now reaches a total of 1600—the largest sailor community in the world.

Sound Pictures for Seamen

THREE nights each week nine hundred merchant seamen have been gathering in our Auditorium to enjoy the silent motion pictures offered for their entertainment. This might have gone on indefinitely were it not for the fact that the "talkies" invaded the motion picture field. At first, the silent pictures were not materially affected by the new invention but gradually we began to feel the results in this way: There were not enough silent pictures being produced.

Our recreational director is very particular about selecting good pictures, Broadway hits and featured stars, as he knows that this is the best way to hold our sailorboys' interest so they will want to stay in our building in the evenings and attend the movies. But, more and more, he was impressed with the diminishing number of silent pictures of a quality grade until, at last, he was compelled to face the fact that the supply was entirely inadequate for our needs.

Then came a conference with Dr. Mansfield who presented the matter to the Board of Managers. All the members recog-

nized the emergency and unanimously approved the construction of the new projection room in the Auditorium, and appropriated the money for the new ventilating equipment and installation of the movietone machine with the hope that friends would help finance the project. So, during the month of August carpenters and plasterers and electricians were very busy relocating the projection room and doing the extensive reconstruction work necessary. The original projection room was converted into a gallery which accommodates an additional 100 seats, making the total capacity of our Auditorium one thousand. On Friday, September 19th, the official opening of the new movietone equipment took place. "Paramount on Parade" was the "talkie" selected for the inauguration of the new apparatus.

Needless to say, the news spread around the Institute and South Street, and the Auditorium was packed with eager sailormen. The picture was a huge success and the men filed out, all of them wearing pleased grins on their weather-beaten faces.

An Old Salt's Tribute

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the following poem first knew Dr. Mansfield thirty-five years ago as the Missionary in charge of the East River Station of this Society. Dr. Mansfield lived on the outskirts of New York's "Sailor Town" and many a harrowing tale can he tell of the hardships sailors endured. This poem expresses the seaman's sincere appreciation of Dr. Mansfield and this Society's successful opposition to crimps and the crimping system.

I

Remembrance brings my thoughts tonight to times now passed
away

When crimps and boarding masters in this harbor held full sway
And a sailor with a home elsewhere a stranger in the land
Was lawful prey for that clique of crimps no doubt you understand.

II

A change was sorely needed and frequently a prayer
Was offered to the Lord on high by sailors in despair
You were the chosen Moses and with a hand of steel
To better these conditions you nobly took the wheel.

III

You stood the hatred of the crimps back in those early days
But in spite of opposition you were bound a Home to raise
They called it Mansfield's folly, the project was despised,
But thru your life-long efforts the dream was realized.

IV

Success has crowned your noble work, your life was not in vain,
You freed the sons of Neptune from the boarding masters' chain.
The building you've erected in every sense a Home
Is known the wide world over wherever sailors roam.

V

By future generations your name will be revered
When sailors tell each other of the splendid course you've steered.
And when life's journey's ended and when your race is run
I'd love to hear the echo when the Master says "well done."

For Idle Hours



Cadets Learning to "Shoot the Sun."

AN imposing number of young American boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one spend hours at a time in our lobbies and reading rooms, waiting for an opportunity to "ship out" in some capacity. On a recent inspection tour of our building, Dr. Mansfield saw these idle youngsters and learned that many of them had had meager experience at sea. As a result of his efforts, the Institute's free Employment Bureau arranged with our Merchant Marine School to offer free instruction in seamanship to encourage these young men to learn while they are ashore. Accordingly, on October 1st, this free instruction in seamanship, lifeboat handling, knotting, splicing, reaving tackles and all other information necessary to pass the examination required by the Secretary of Commerce, was inaugurated. Our Employment Bureau, when unable to procure jobs on ships for young men applying, immediately refers them to the Marine School to spend their idle hours to good advantage. The Bureau will recommend those who are studying in the School to employers. With a more educated group of young men following the sea as a profession, the standards of the United States merchant marine service will be raised.

This is only another instance to show how the Institute is seeking to avert further unemployment in shipping circles, and helping worthy seamen to help themselves.

Sailors' Sweethearts



TINY office, a chapel sanctuary, or cozy corner in our Reading Rooms, these are the spots you would think most auspicious for sailors to pour forth their confessions in Mother Roper's sympathetic ear. But you are wrong. Mrs. Roper tells us that the most frequent place for a seaman to wax confidential is over a sandwich and a cup of coffee in our cafeteria! To bear out this contention, she tells us the story of "Dutch" and "Red."

"Dutch" was engaged to be married. He had saved up \$700 after long years of seafaring. He had bought most of the furniture and shipped it to his sweetheart's home in New Orleans. Then he decided, before the nuptial knot was tied, to visit his folks in his homeland, Holland. Just as he was about to embark, a telegram came from his fiancée stating that she had changed her mind and married another man. Heart-broken, furious, reckless, "Dutch" drew out his \$700 savings and, in a few months, blew them all in. It was his way of revenging her.

For months and months after this catastrophe "Dutch" wouldn't look at another girl, but often, over a cup of fragrant coffee, he would confide to Mother Roper his loneliness. One evening, he appeared, his tray laden down with a "whopping big dinner" and seated himself at Mrs. Roper's table. He was grinning from ear to ear. "I'm in love again," he announced joyfully, and went on to tell how he had met the girl on a sight-seeing boat around New York, how she had refused to dance with him or speak to him without being introduced, but how, when she became violently seasick, she had accepted his friendship gratefully. When he finally escorted her ashore and fixed her up in a drug store with his favorite remedy for mal de mer, she said, "I must 'phone my mother. She'll be worried." To sum up Dutch's long story, he was invited out to the house for a fine meal. He was impressed with the immaculate furnishings and the smiling Belgian mother, a widow. "And oh boy," he finished, "my sweetheart is so sweet, Mrs. Roper, and so innocent,

with a baby voice and pretty yellow hair and big blue eyes. And we're going to be married soon. She's the most wonderful girl in the world!"

At this juncture, "Red" appeared on the scene, with his tray full of food. "What's that I hear?" he interrupted, sitting down at the same table. "I've got the most wonderful girl in the world. And there's not another one like her anywhere!" This proud boasting led to stout

denials from "Dutch" and the argument soon grew so heated that Mrs. Roper was laughingly forced to quiet her boys down. "Red" was a Lithuanian and his girl played the violin in an orchestra. They were to be married, by our chaplain in our chapel, and "Red" wouldn't listen to any claims on the part of "Dutch" that he had the best girl in the world, for he wanted the whole world to know that he had her!

General Summary of Work

SOME of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the month of *September, 1930*:

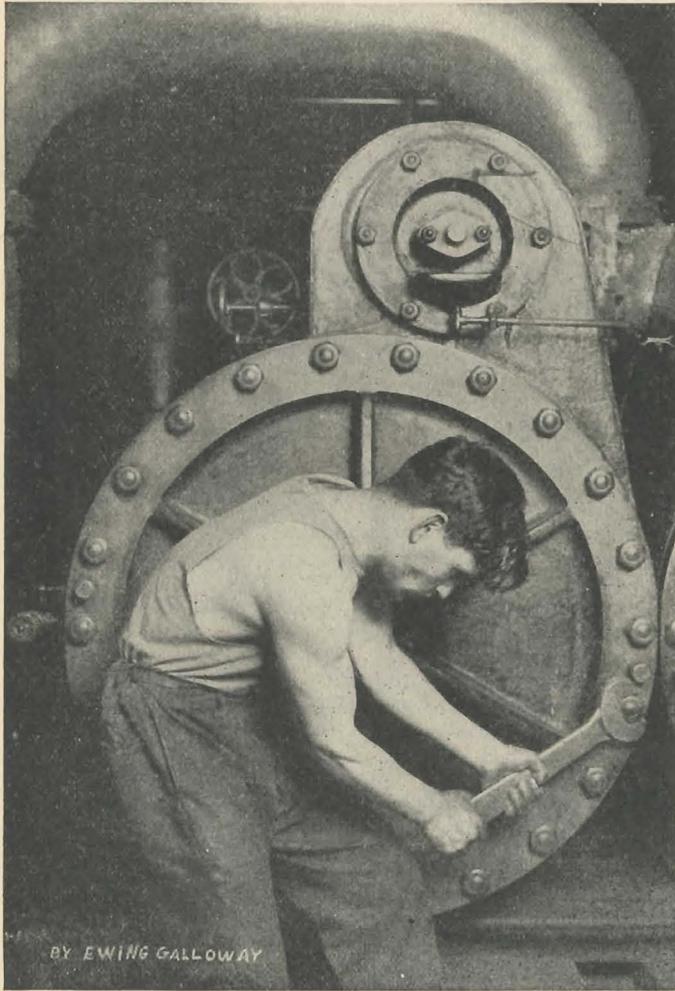
38,160	lodgings registered.
22,798	meals served.
66,601	sales made at the soda fountain.
6,362	pieces of dunnage checked and protected.
2,377	books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.
5,571	special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.
361	seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.
222	seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.
42	missing men located.
\$53,335.59	received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.
723	seamen attended 16 religious services.
3,136	seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.
4,061	seamen attended six movies and entertainments.

Courtesy, Seamen's Bank for Savings

Your Gift Will Provide the "Lining" in Their Gray Skies

Have you room in your heart for ONE more guest this Thanksgiving?

The Institute knows of hundreds of lonely sailor boys for whom this day cannot mean a "Giving of Thanks" unless you make it so.



BY EWING GALLOWAY

For Such As These

If sharing is what Thanksgiving means, will you, if life has been kinder to you, share your holiday with these toilers of the sea to whom a turkey dinner, a gay entertainment in our Auditorium, and a jolly party mean so much after lonely weeks afloat?



Traditions mean a great deal. For years there has been a tradition among them that the Institute will make Thanksgiving a little more cheerful, a little more home-like so they may overcome their homesickness.

We are glad this holiday season, glad of the opportunity to us to put gladness into the hearts and lives of these toilworn men. Can we help us keep faith with them? By our gifts, and by kindness we can make their holidays what your holidays always are: filled with love and hope and joy. Do not they deserve as much?

PLEASE DESIGNATE OUR CHECKS FOR THE INSTITUTE
123 Street
New York, N. Y.



BY EWING GALLOWAY

We Ask Your Aid

A Nightmare Voyage

PART II (Continued from the October LOOKOUT)

By CHANDOS ST. JOHN BRENON

THE surrounding knot of men voiced the first mate's opinion in measured tones, although realizing that their lives depended on the fire not bursting out till they had made port.

The steward had listened silently to the arguments, his eyes wide open in terror, and as the others finished speaking he began to sob:

"Ach, Gott! The boats, captain, the boats! For the love of Heaven," he wailed, "let us go in the boats. We'll die here. We'll die like rats in a trap. Vy did I come in this ship?"

Screaming, he turned to dash up the companion-way. Like a tiger the mate pounced on him, muffling his cries.

"Confound you!" he muttered. "Do you want all hands to tear this ship in pieces? Another word, and I'll throw you over!"

The mate let go his strong grip and the steward stood whimpering, calling upon his Maker to save him.

If he should reach the deck he would spread the news that the ship was on fire, and then all their plans would go for

naught. So they locked him up in his room in the after-part of the saloon, with the threat that if he raised his voice he would be shot like a dog. So great was this poor wretch's fear of fire that two hours later he committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid, a store of which he kept in his room.

Late that night, with the crew clustered around bare-headed, wholly unconscious of the fact that they were standing upon a seething volcano, they listened to the captain reading the service for the burial of the dead at sea. With the raising of the grating projecting through a port, the first victim of the fire, sewn up in canvas, was slid to a watery grave. A few hoarse "Amens" came from the men as the body struck the water with a splash.

Morning dawned and it was finally decided to prepare the boats for a last emergency. The only apprentice in the secret was ordered to go along the decks grumbling about the mate having recommended the overhauling of the boats as he did

not think it well to go into port in their present condition.

That afternoon the after-boats were thoroughly overhauled and victualled, the beakers filled with water, and the boats themselves swung out on the davits. It was the rule, of course, to swing the boats back again into the chocks on the skids, but so well had the mate timed the work that it was already after the hour for knocking off when his crew finished. Captain Scott appeared on the poop pretending to bully the mate:

"Leave those boats alone!" he called to the mate. "If you can't get the work over before six o'clock, then don't attempt it. This is no time to be swinging in boats. Knock off!"

The clever scheme worked perfectly, and the boats were frapped to the davits, ready to be lowered at a moment's notice. Other work could easily be found that would prevent them from being swung inboard.

August 15th dawned bright and clear, with a breeze. Everything seemed as though it would work out nicely when a big Swede, who was scraping the paint from the iron bulwark-pates drew the attention of his mates to the intense heat

of the iron. This extraordinary phenomenon caused a lot of talk. It was noticed that the iron in the waist of the ship was quite hot, while all the metal aft as well as forward was dead cold. At about five o'clock, the entire after-part of the main hatch suddenly burst open. Two seconds afterwards a dull boom rumbled thru the hold, shaking the ship from stem to stern.

Captain Scott, who had heard the explosion and felt the shock, came up from below and called the men around him. Scott, with thirty years' experience as a master, knew sailormen well. He explained that the explosion was caused by gas, and that the danger was over now that the hatch was open and the air could get below. The fact that neither smoke nor fire appeared seemed to verify his words.

Quietly the mate told the five apprentices that in all likelihood there would be a rush for the boats. He disappeared into the saloon, and returned very shortly with four revolvers.

While this was going on the captain was at the main hatch. Suddenly the Swede shouted: "Get your clothes! This ship is on fire!"

(To be concluded in the December LOOKOUT)

The Unemployment Crisis

(Continued from the October LOOKOUT)

PROBABLY the longest line of destitute, unemployed seamen in the eighty-seven years of our existence, with the exception of 1921, wait each afternoon from 2 to 7 P.M. for meal and bed tickets. At the same time, probably the longest line of depositors at the Institute's "Bank" also wait in line each day.

Seeking to find an explanation for this apparently paradoxical situation, THE LOOKOUT reporter interviewed the staff of the Employment Bureau, the Social Service Department and the "Bank" and the following findings were revealed:

While the business depression has seriously affected shipping, at the same time, the seamen who are employed on ships are not signing off at the end of each trip as is their usual custom. They are sticking steadily to work, taking their wages to the "Bank" at the Institute for safekeeping or transmission to their families, and are sailing out again on the same ships. With such a small turn-over, the unemployed seamen are dis-

covering that it is well nigh impossible to find vacancies with the majority of shipping companies. So it happens that while a number of seamen are employed and thriftily banking their wages, a large group are entirely destitute and dependent on us for the necessities of life.

In the stewards' departments of passenger liners, it has also been revealed, fewer men are being employed, as the percentage of first-cabin travelers to Europe has been greatly diminished and hence there is less need for stewards. Many cargo ships, oil tankers, coal barges and the like, are laid up in port for the winter with only one or two-man crews instead of sixty or seventy-man crews.

It is expected, according to our Employment Bureau staff, that conditions will grow worse during the next few weeks owing to the usual seasonal influx of seamen from the Great Lakes region. By the end of November, it is prophesied, the New York port will be flooded with Lake seamen who come down each winter expecting to find

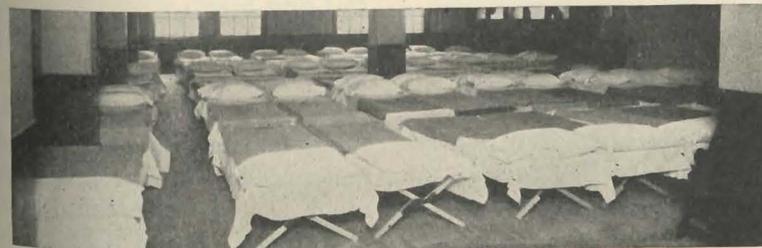
work. This winter they will be left high and dry with no money, no jobs, and will have to fall back on charity for subsistence.

The chief difficulty which the Institute faces at the present time is this: Seamen, being in a class by themselves, are seldom entitled to relief from public and private welfare agencies. Consequently, almost the entire burden of caring for the needs of these destitute men falls upon us, as the largest shore community for seamen in the world. Moreover, being located geographically in the center of the Port of New York it is natural for sailors to turn to us in their hour of distress. Hospitals and churches all over the metropolitan area are referring this type of man to the Institute as they do not feel their responsibility includes seafarers. The Institute is bound to befriend all active merchant seamen but in order to care for all those in need

we are compelled to appeal for funds to friends and contributors who, we hope, will respond generously in this emergency.

In the face of this critical situation, the first thing we have done to alleviate actual need is to establish a Relief-Loan Lobby, thus anticipating the demand before the cold weather sets in. We believe above all in helping our seamen to maintain their self-respect so, instead of having a bread and soup line, we have a "relief-loan" line and are offering to qualified seamen credit in the form of lodging and food. This method of advancing aid in the form of a loan is not new to our system of relief, and repayments have shown that the self-respecting seaman both understands and appreciates help in this form.

A special "relief-loan" dormitory has been temporarily set up where there have been installed 100 army cots and adequate washing facilities.



Relief-Loan Dormitory

Musings of the Mate

"Eye, Eye, Sir!"

The World War left Seaman John Briggs with only one eye. By hoarding his pennies he finally managed to get enough to purchase a glass eye which exactly matched his own brown one. The eye was adjustable and one day, in a washroom on the fifth floor of the Institute, he removed the eye to wash it and carelessly left it on the washstand. He reported his loss to one of our police officers who has a reputation for being a sleuth. In two hours the officer had found the missing eye! Walking through one of the reading rooms he chanced to see a sailor with one brown eye and one blue eye. Suspicious, at once, he investigated and the sailor confessed that he had found the brown glass eye and, since it fitted the socket where he had lost *his* eye in an accident on shipboard, he had appropriated it. The brown eye was restored to its rightful owner.

Registration

The first day of registration revealed an interesting fact at the Institute where fifty merchant seamen registered in order to

vote on November 4th. According to the report sent to the Board of Election, forty-one of these fifty seafarers were American-born, representing 21 States in the Union. Nine out of the fifty were foreign-born but had been naturalized. Their native countries were: Russia, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden and Norway. The age of the sailors varied from 22 to 74 years.

Would-be Polo Champions

The S. C. I. Miniature Polo Team has been challenged by the Square Club of Brooklyn. Our sailors have accepted the challenge. We have our "ponies" and our polo sticks, but we need ten sets of "shorts", jerseys and sneakers. With a full outfit, our seamen are confident of winning the championship. Will someone help us get the necessary uniforms?

A Long Sleep

Our barge captain with the wooden leg, about whom we wrote sometime ago, arrived at our hotel desk one afternoon and announced: "I want a dollar room so you won't come knocking at my door at eight o'clock

tomorrow morning. I've been on a three day stretch and I need a long, long sleep!"

A Compliment

One of Uncle Sam's Marines stayed overnight with us and in the morning he left a note for Dr. Mansfield:

"Have enjoyed stopping here very much and think you have a wonderful modern home for seamen to stop at."

A Ship Disaster

An oiler, a wiper and an A.B. enjoyed the Institute's hospitality for three days and nights when their ship burned at its dock. All hands escaped injury, but it is no fun to be stranded on a rainy night with no clothes on except pajamas and with one's bunk in flames. Someone thought of us and brought the seamen to us until the ship's company could adjust their claims.

"The Wanderer"

Way back in January we recorded in THE LOOKOUT an account of "the ship of many mutinies" and of John Masefield's search for historical information concerning the vessel. And now, in *The Cosmopolitan* we may all read the narrative

poem: "The Wanderer". The first edition of this extraordinary biography of a famous sailing ship will be limited to the King of England and members of the royal family. We are very glad that Masefield chose this subject for his first long poem since he was made Poet Laureate.

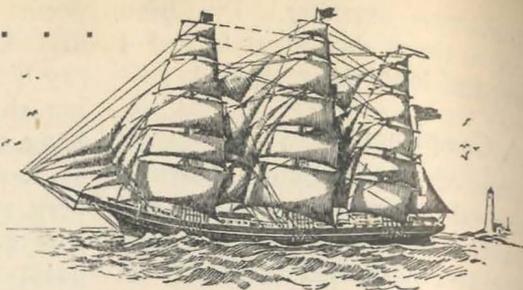


An Ideal Christmas Gift

Preparations are under way for the printing of a very attractive souvenir and memoranda booklet. It will be bound in blue leather, embossed in gold, with the seal of the Institute adorning the cover. A foreword by Dr. Mansfield and seven hitherto unpublished pictures of the Institute will be contained inside, in addition to the practical calendar for 1931 and space on each page for memoranda. These booklets will sell for \$1.00 each and all proceeds will be credited to the Building Fund. They will be on sale at the Institute and through all the S. C. I. Associations. When ordering them by mail kindly make your checks payable to Junius S. Morgan, Jr., Treasurer of the Institute's Building Fund. The booklets will be ready on November 15th.

In Memory of

The Institute has been called the House of a Thousand Memorials. There is scarcely a corner in the entire building that is not a continual reminder of the generosity of some friend of the seamen, or of the thoughtfulness of



Courtesy, Seamen's Bank for Savings.

a giver whose donations have been translated into a constant practical reminder of the donor—rooms, furnishings—all the accessories of the great building are eloquent reminders of those for whom they are named.

Since the list of available memorials in the New Annex was published in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT, the following have been reserved by friends of the Institute:

Motion Picture Booth and Equipment (Talkie)	\$12,000.00
Chapel Street Entrance Iron Gates	1,000.00
7 Chapel Chairs	350.00
Cabinet Organ in Small Chapel	200.00
Sedalia in Small Chapel	200.00
Stairway leading to Sanctuary	200.00

Among the memorials still available are :

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms	25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Medical Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each	500.00
Prayer Desk in Small Chapel	300.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00

A Perfect Investment



One thousand sailors nightly enjoy the entertainments in the Auditorium

In asking you to invest your dollars in a Red Letter Day to commemorate some loved relative or friend, we are confident that you will enjoy rich dividends from this humane enterprise.

By befriending the thousands of men and boys who daily and nightly depend on us for clean beds, wholesome food, comfortable surroundings, you will be helping us in a very real way to "carry on." If life has been kinder to you will you share with these homeless, lonely men just ONE day of your life? They are most deserving and appreciative of each act of kindness, however small, which we are privileged to render.

A recent visitor, after an extensive tour of the Institute, exclaimed, "But what in the world would sailors *do* if it were not for this marvelous building?" For answer, we had only to point to the speakeasies and dens of iniquity directly opposite the Institute on the other side of Jeanette Park where poison liquor is dispensed and most vicious influences beset our seamen.

"That is the alternative," we replied, "unless the Institute keeps on the job every minute of the day and night." So many thousands of seamen are out of work, hungry, discouraged, that even the stoutest hearts weaken.

This is why we have Red Letter Days. Through the generosity of individuals who pay the running expenses for an entire day (\$273.97) we are able to be their emissary in carrying out the commands of the Master: to preach the Gospel, to visit the sick and to administer to those in distress, to feed the hungry, to shelter the homeless, to supply man's needs.

Thus, these self-respecting men become conscious of the love of God and their faith in mankind is restored and maintained.

What could be a more perfect investment than this?

Will you write now and reserve a day on our Red Letter Calendar? Please mail your check for \$273.97 to Harry Forsyth, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 2 South Street.

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