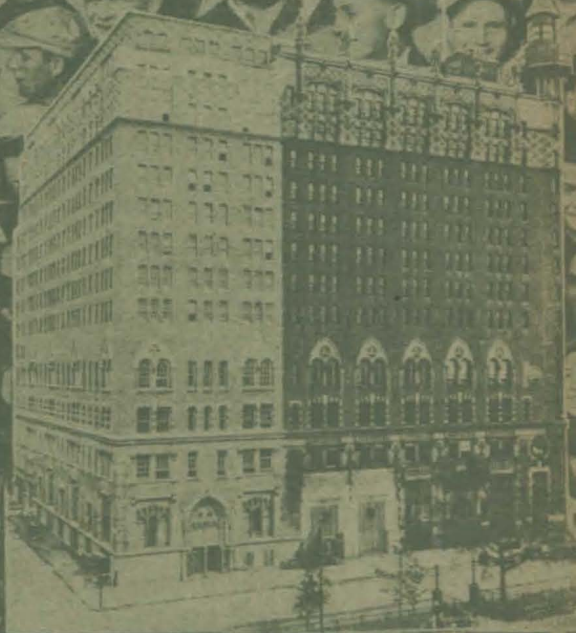


*For "they that go down
to the sea in ships"*



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

January
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Volume XVIII
Number I

The Lookout

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The LOOKOUT

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Sea Faces

The cover of THE LOOKOUT might be tritely but accurately described as a "sea of faces," and less tritely but no less accurately as "faces of sea."

They are a typical Institute assortment of sailormen snapped in the Lobby. They are fair examples of the simple, self-respecting men who frequent the Institute and who so deeply impress the visitor.

Ordinarily they are a bit wistful, but at the merest friendly word, they respond with a smile as most of them did for the cameraman.

Still, their pictures do not do them full justice. They are a wholesome-looking assemblage, tan of countenance, of course, for it is next to impossible to follow the sea and "keep that school-girl complexion."

A Romance of the Sea

This is the tale of one of our greatest American seamen, of a teapot that caused a tempest in the Navy, and of a charming lady with a rope around her neck—not a tragedy, as might be imagined, but as pretty a romance as ever was woven in the realm of sea history.

The August LOOKOUT contained a brief article on the Frigate *Constitution* apropos of the fact that the Institute is to have a breasthook as a trophy from the old ship when she is reconditioned. The article brought to light that one of our readers (Mrs. Elizabeth Hart Bailey, wife of the Rev. Melville K. Bailey of Saybrook, Connecticut) is a distant relative of the wife of Commander Hull of the *Constitution*, and as a child she used to sit at Mrs. Hull's feet and listen absorbed to the tale of her meeting with the famous Commander.

Mrs. Hull was Ann McCurdy Hart, one of the seven beautiful Hart sisters of Old Saybrook. When she was only fourteen and in attendance at a finishing school in Philadelphia, the girls

of the school were entertained on board a man-of-war. Ann Hart was rather bored with the conversation between the older girls and the ship's officers, so she wandered off by herself to see the sights. The sight that held her was a coil of tarred rope. Lieutenant Isaac Hull found her gazing at it, and asked gallantly if there were anything he could do for her. She asked if she might have a piece of that fascinating rope. The young Lieutenant offered to send her some, explaining very tactfully the obstacles in the way of parcelling out Navy property to charming young ladies for souvenirs.

In due course Ann Hart received the tarred rope, very daintily and intricately woven into a necklace. A note accompanied it, signed only with the mystic initials of the young officer. It contained a request that it be acknowledged, and a suggestion that perhaps it might be worn sometimes. It was acknowledged, of course, and it was worn—not sometimes but most of the time. It fascinated

Ann Hart, perhaps the more because her sisters and schoolmates teased her for wearing it when she might have been wearing jewels.

Time went on, as it still has a way of doing. Ann Hart became a celebrated society beauty, and the comely young lieutenant became Commander of the *Constitution*. Fate threw them together again, of course; other-

wise there would have been no story for THE LOOKOUT.

It was at a ball in Philadelphia. Ann Hart, as usual, reigned supreme. Commander Hull, although famous for his naval victories, was in the offing. He had come to see Ann Hart—from a distance only. He had heard of her during the years since their first encounter, but had decided that she must

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"OLD IRONSIDES"

Courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

be thoroughly spoiled by her social triumphs. Still he did want to see her just once. To his amazement, she was wearing his tarred rope trinket. That settled it, of course. He emerged from the offing, and from that moment events shaped themselves in accordance with the best story-book form, until the affair of the tempestuous teapot.

It seems Mrs. Hull used to entertain aboard the Frigate *Constitution*, and so did her sisters, if not her cousins and her aunts. Mrs. Hull's relative, Mrs. Bailey, showed us the very tea kettle used on those occasions—an innocent looking little copper affair with a tiny alcohol lamp and a thimble over the wick—but this very little tea kettle, plus the beautiful Mrs. Hull, plus her six equally ravishing sisters, played the dickens with the Navy. They constituted such a disturbing element that Congress deemed it best to pass an act forbidding tea parties aboard warships—at least tea parties with a feminine contingent—and while at it, they did a thorough job by prohibiting officers' wives and "their sisters and their cousins by the

dozens" from cruising on naval ships.

It must have been a cruel blow to Mrs. Hull and her *salon*, but in the meantime she had pretty well scoured the seven seas, had been lavishly entertained abroad, and had collected innumerable exotic treasures which fall to the lot of none others than sea-farers. And amidst these treasures in her home in old Saybrook, Mrs. Hull in her advanced years, but still with cameo-like fragile beauty, used to sit before her fire and tell this tale to Mrs. Bailey, then a small child. She would always finish with, "And, my dear, I'm so glad I wore that rope!"

It seems a far cry from those "days of wooden ships and iron men," and yet it directly concerns the Seamen's Church Institute in several ways. In the first place, it was Commander Hull who played the leading role in putting American-flag ships on the sea permanently and with due prestige. The year Commander Hull died (1843) the Institute, as if continuing his work, began its career of helping the seaman and indirectly shipping interests. Now we find

that Dr. Mansfield, who has been Superintendent of the Institute for the past thirty years, is related to Commander Hull. That makes one more link with the famous old Frigate *Constitution*, a part of which is soon to be built into the Institute's new annex. It will be a sort of memorial to Commander Hull,

for as we are interested in personalities, to us it is always the seaman who immortalizes the ship. It was Commander Hull who endeared the old *Constitution* to us all, and we know that many of the characteristics of the hardy Commander live on in our own seamen in these days of iron ships and iron men.



COFFEE CUP USED BY COMMODORE ISAAC HULL. TEA KETTLE USED BY MRS. HULL ON THE CONSTITUTION, "OLD IRONSIDES"

Courtesy of Mrs. Bailey.

Tomorrow's Seamen

TWO OF THE INSTITUTE'S YOUNG HOPEFULS

The Institute has a new and most fascinating function.

Two evenings each week one room of the Merchant Marine School is devoted to practical instruction for a lively squirming bunch of towsle-headed youngsters belonging to the Alexander Battalion of the American Naval and Marine Scouts.

Soon after seven o'clock (we mean six bells, of course) they begin to arrive, breathless with excitement, sailor caps some-

where atop their heads, though seldom at the approved angle.

The Junior Grade Lieutenant in charge, a comparatively ancient mariner of perhaps sixteen, sorts them out according to previous appointment at the last meeting of the class. There are the Port and Starboard Watches, the Chief Quartermaster and his two assistants, the Orderly, the Bo'sun, the Man in the Chains, the First Aid Officer, the Doctor, the Look-

out, an amazing array of chief Petty Officers, and of course the "sober men and true" who constitute the Fo'c'stle.

Several ten-year-olds step forward with the others when the Deck Officer demands gruffly, "How many men aboard tonight?" There are usually from twenty to thirty—a good handful for Captain Huntington, Principal of the School, and Commander for the evening. (When the youngsters learn more salty language, they'll call him the Old Man.)

At seven-thirty one of the Q. M.'s sounds the ship's bell; the Port and Starboard Watches spring to the wheel with another Q. M. standing by; the Lookout scrambles to the highest thing in the classroom; and the Commander on the "bridge" calls out, "Heave up!" Then the Deck Officer steps up to the Commander, salutes with all the zip of an Annapolis cadet, and reports: "The anchor is hove up, sir, and the ship is under way and steadied on a course of 20 degrees."

The diminutive Starboard Watch pulls himself up on the enormous wheel and cranes his neck to verify the course by the compass.

There follows a period of involved arithmetic during which the Deck Officer takes an Azimuth of the sun and determines the compass error to be $3^{\circ} 27'$ West. The course is changed accordingly.

A bit later the command "Hard a-port!" from the bridge results in such immediate and enthusiastic action at the wheel that it groans in its cogs and the Port and Starboard Watches nearly go overboard.

And so it goes till the good ship finally anchors for the night and the youngsters settle down for a lesson on the compass with the attendant bothersome arithmetic.

All this is by way of practical instruction to supplement the other training they receive under the Alexander Battalion of the American Naval and Marine Scouts.

They were organized in 1909 with the following avowed purpose:

"To promote, teach and inculcate in the youth throughout the United States a spirit of loyalty and obedience to the Government of this Republic; a familiarity with its history, its economic progress and its Civic, Military and Naval In-

stitutions. To educate the American Boy to a finer spirit of loyalty and obedience to his parents and to his superiors and to afford him an opportunity for mental, moral and physical training to the end that the youth of this country may be better and more adequately equipped to perform the duties and obligations of citizenship thereof and to train him in systematic methods of Naval and Marine practices and to teach him Patriot-

ism, Courage, Self-reliance and kindred virtues."

The Institute for its part is not only glad to cooperate with the Scouts, but it is also the feeling of Captain Huntington that in so doing we are serving the country in no small way. The men of today in our Merchant Marine will some time have to be replaced. The men of tomorrow will make better replacements if properly trained now in

(Continued on page 20)



A LESSON ON THE COMPASS

Red Letter Days

One of the most interesting innovations of the year 1926 at the Institute was the inauguration of our Red Letter Days, and the really interesting feature of these Red Letter Days has been the response of our friends to the new idea.

The average amount of money expended each day for overhead and administration is \$260.27. Therefore this sum buys up any day in the year, and the contributor may feel that the day is his—that he is responsible for service rendered during that day.

While our sleeping capacity is only 826, in the neighborhood of 3,000 men use the Institute each day for one thing or another. This, of course, is equivalent to the population of a good sized town.

It has been a source of considerable gratification to many of the Institute's friends who have financed these Red Letter Days to know that they have befriended 3,000 lonely sailormen who might otherwise be roaming the streets, preyed upon very likely by land sharks.

Selecting a Red Letter Day gives you an opportunity to feel you are playing a very definite part in the work of the Institute. It furnishes you a means of commemorating some significant anniversary or of paying an ideal tribute to someone you wish to honor.

Checks for \$260.27 for this purpose may be made payable to Harry Forsyth, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

"SEAMEN'S BOX"

Miss S. K. Payne of Yonkers, New York, is a staunch friend of the Institute. Her method of helping our work, in which she believes so thoroughly, may suggest to others a means of contributing without strain on the resources. She writes as follows:

"Enclosed please find \$1.00 which you will kindly use in any way you deem best for the seamen. I have a little box into which I put my pennies and I call it the "Seamen's Box." Whenever it amounts to one dollar I send it to you. So here

it is, and I wish it were a thousand times more!"

The Seamen's Church Institutes of America exhibit in the Education Building at the Sesquicentennial, which has been in charge of the staff of the Philadelphia Institute during the period of the Exposition, has received notice of the award of a silver medal:

"This is to notify you that the International Jury of Awards of the Sesquicentennial International Exposition has awarded the Seamen's Church Institute of America a Silver Medal for their Uplift Work Well Portrayed in Limited Space. Diplo-

mas of Award are being prepared and it is hoped to have them ready for distribution during the early part of the coming year."

There is no one who can get as much innocent fun out of sailor life and sailors as another sailor. We were rather proud of a picture which we received from the tropics showing some fine healthy Navy men riding diminutive donkeys. An old-timer looked at the picture for a long time and then remarked: "O, the sailors are the ones with the hats on!"—*The Mainstay.*

Good Old Summer Time

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD SHIPMATE
By an Institute Seaman

We've sailed the seas together,
mate

Old comrades, you and I,
Regardless as to whether we
Were meant to live or die.

The wonder is to all the world
That we are still alive

We fared upon a barren rock
For four score days and five.

We crossed the Western Ocean
wild,
A tyrant in command,
And our fingers bled till the sails
were red
On the Banks of Newfound-
land.

We slanted through the brim-
ming Trades

Where storm clouds seldom
frown;

We raged the Roaring Forties
through

And run the Easting Down.

We sunk the Pole Star 'neath
the rim

And raised the Southern
Cross,

Where fitfull "Jack o' Lanterns"
glow,

Nor did we count it loss.

And off the pitch of the dreary
Horn

Where blinding hail stones
fell

We still were pards on the
groaning yards

And the sea-birds heard our
yell.

I'll not recount how deeds were
done

When we were in our prime,
But I think of you, as I do of

few,
My dear Old Summertime.

And when I clasp your hardened
hand,

Old pard, it's bliss I feel,
Your grasp is strong as an iron

thong,
Yet true as tempered steel.

Where shall I find a stauncher
friend—

A spirit more sublime?
My last and only sou-markee
For you, Old Summertime!



Jack Does His Bit

We are frequently reminded that the seamen's Institute has its finger on the pulse of the world, so to speak. Scarcely a world event is recorded that does not have its echo amongst our sailormen, so wide are their interests.

While the extras dealing with the Florida disaster were still being proclaimed on the streets, a telegram managed to find its way from Miami to one of the Institute boys.

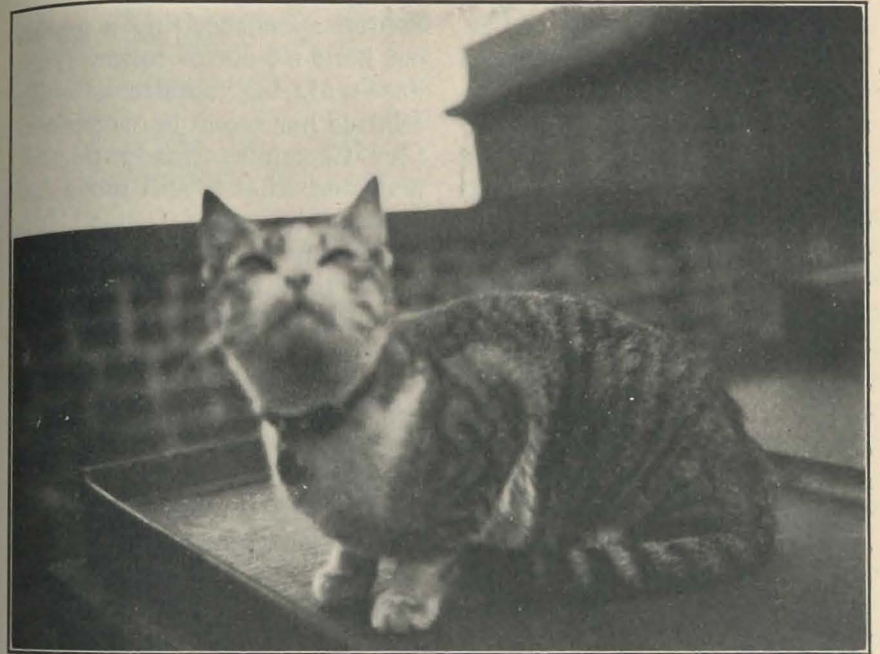
"All alive. Nothing saved. Please send money. Mother."

Tom was just about to ship to San Pedro. At his urgent request we wrote to his ship company asking them to send his entire salary in weekly allotments to his mother. He had not anticipated such a disaster, of course, and had spent what extra money he had for a few necessary articles of clothing for himself. He managed to dig up ten dollars, however, and he turned his last penny over to us to be sent to his stricken family. "He just couldn't write now himself," he said, and he made a

hasty exit lest the Social Service Department perceive the depth of his feelings.

Even during the supposedly calm summer months, tales of heroism in storms at sea creep into the newspapers. The West Indian hurricane early in August of last year got onto the front page. One read of ships being cast up on the shores of the Bahamas, of sponge boats swept out to sea, of wireless apparatus smashed on passenger steamers, and of more dire damage to life and limb. We tried to imagine what it was like. A returning passenger who had been on the *Orizaba* gave us an idea when he told a newspaper reporter: "Our lives hung by a hair, but we have nothing but praise for the crew." There it was again, as it always has been and always will be—the crew standing by valiantly in time of peril, with no thought other than duty to be performed. Small wonder that seafarers are quick to recognize their indebtedness to the never-failing sailorman.

Queen Hannah



Hannah helped bring the Christmas spirit to the Institute this year. Such is the verdict of our House Mother, Mrs. Roper, who knows just about as much as anyone in regard to sailormen and perhaps about Hannah herself.

Hannah became infused with the Christmas spirit through the generosity of a kind friend of the Institute who had apparently been impressed with pre-

vious articles in THE LOOKOUT extolling the virtues of said Hannah and pointing out her proclivity for conducting her social affairs strictly *comme il faut*.

At any rate, there came addressed to our cat of cats a chic little red leather collar, attached to which is a dingle-dangle engraved with her name. Evidently our good friend believed in a revised version of "love me,

love my dog," and felt that her interest in the Institute should extend to its pet cat.

The gift arrived at a particularly auspicious moment when a dark cloud was hanging ominously over Hannah's Christmas. She had just lost her first family—three tiny kits who succumbed to the rigors of the world despite Hannah's efforts to save them.

But feminine vanity can always be reckoned with—in cat-dom. Tawny Hannah was made to realize that red is just her color. Fifteen able-bodied seamen (actual count) contributed their advice and skill toward decking Hannah out in her finery. In considering this, the proper tightness of the new collar was a momentous question, and the punching of a necessary additional hole engrossed the fif-

Christmas Ashore

Christmas was a happy one at the Institute, thanks to the never-failing generosity of the friends of our sailormen who enabled us to make it a gala day for them.

Nor were our activities confined within our own walls. We

teen for some considerable time.

Hannah's pride in her Christmas gift, plus her inward satisfaction upon acquiring a generous hand-me-out of turkey from her seafaring admirers, quite eclipsed her recent bereavement. Her Christmas was a perfect one; and what is still more important, her good fortune furnished just the intimate homey touch that brought Christmas cheer to our simple-hearted sailormen.

One of Hannah's favorite occupations is sitting still; but when asked to pose for her picture, she seemed to remember an engagement in the next county—a very urgent engagement, judging from her restlessness. However, when made to realize that she was to watch the *birdie*, she sat patiently for six portraits.

were able to reach with gifts of comfort bags, candy, oranges, etc., 1,500 seamen scattered about the Port of New York in the Marine Hospital, Bellevue and Ellis Island Hospitals, the State Institutions at Matteawan and Central Islip, and the Burke

Foundation for convalescents at White Plains.

It was also a privilege to bring a little of the Christmas spirit in the way of gifts and entertainment to the 250 officers and men stationed on the isolated fleet of the Shipping Board anchored off Jones Point, thirty-odd miles up the Hudson.

Festivities at the Institute started with the midnight chapel service on Christmas Eve. It was attended by a surprisingly large number of seamen, considering the fact that it was an innovation and that sailors are likely to be "early to bed and early to rise." Carol singing and Holy Communion were the principal features of the service.

More than fifteen hundred men had a real Christmas dinner with us, with turkey and all the "fixings," and over half of them were our guests. Invitations were extended as usual to all who slept under our roof Christmas Eve and to a number of worthy fellows who would otherwise have had no dinner at all.

Two professional entertainers livened up the evening with their music and monologues. It was a unique affair. In our present

congested building we have no auditorium, but the sailor's resourcefulness and the sailor's ability to adapt himself to all sorts of conditions came to the rescue in this instance. Several game tables in our crowded reading room made a stage, and the rest of the game tables did duty as orchestra seats. It was intimate and homelike and the men entered into it heartily—except two old salts who sat over in a corner with their caps on, pulling on their pipes and poring over a game of chess. Laughter and even enthusiastic singing of "Clancy" by the entire roomful failed to draw the slightest notice from them. Each kept his eyes grimly on the other fellow's King, and the final song died down along toward midnight before either could say checkmate. "Each to his taste," as the French say.

When we look about the Institute on a festive occasion like this, or just during an ordinary day, and realize what our facilities mean to these lonely sailormen of the Merchant Marine who are constantly risking their lives for the well-being of the nation, we can understand why

(Continued on page 20)

"Home? This is my Home"



That is what a friendless seaman, roused from his park bench slumbers, told a policeman on South Street last summer.

It was pathetic enough in the warm weather. These cold nights we wonder where some of them go when we are obliged to turn them away as Mary and Joseph were turned away one winter night two thousand years

ago "because there was no room for them in the Inn."

Comfort and safety are almost within reach of Jack Ashore in New York. As he rolls along South Street in his sea gait, just off his ship, he looks up at the cheerless windows of the new Annex. Plenty of room for him there, but the building is only a shell. It has

not as yet been finished inside. He knows from experience that he may not be in time for a bed in the old building with its cheery lights. The new building will be ready for him some time, but where to go tonight?

Work on the Annex has gone as far as possible without involving us in mortgages. There is still required approximately

\$1,314,000 to make the present shell tenable. Each dollar contributed will mean just so much plaster or lighting or heating or equipment or what-not for putting the structure in final shape; and the sooner each dollar is received, the more immediate becomes the possibility that there will be plenty of room for our sailors next Christmas.

Transcending Creed

A sailorman's creed never matters to the Institute when there is an opportunity to serve him. But sometimes, especially on the occasion of the last voyage from which there is no return, the question of necessity arises.

Jim Katz, for some unfathomable reason, told the hospital authorities he had no relatives. Perhaps it was because he ran away from home a number of years ago and felt he had renounced all claim to a rather over-populated family. They somehow hadn't sympathized with his desire to go to sea.

The news of Jim's death spread at the Institute. We asked on our bulletin board for

information about him. We found that he had relatives in Boston, and we located them through the local police. In due course, Jim's mother and sister arrived. His mother had always prayed that Jim should never lie in an unknown grave, and now she felt that the Institute was the instrument through which her prayers were answered. She was a devout adherent to the Jewish faith and her main concern seemed to be to have her boy buried in consecrated Jewish ground.

The Institute made that possible, assuming all expenses, for the family were destitute. Perhaps the mother could have

(Continued on page 20)

From One Who Knows

An attempt in THE LOOKOUT of last August to do homage to seamen of the Navy, particularly those who lost their lives on the S-51, has been answered by Captain W. T. Cluverius, Commanding the U. S. S. *West Virginia*. The Captain's letter is not only intensely interesting but it is so poignantly appreciative of heroism of the sea, that we herewith reprint it with his kind permission.

"In enclosing my small yearly backing of the splendid work of the Institute—and I wish it were ten times in size—I want to express my appreciation of the splendid tribute to the men of the S-51 which appeared in the August LOOKOUT.

"We of the Navy know well the men of the Merchant Marine. Since the early days of our defence and through the World War, the contribution of the merchant seaman to success was vital. We will need him, in and out of his own ship, in the future just as we have in the past. He helped us train our men in home waters, he helped us convey the troops across the At-

lantic, and he helped us lay the mines in the North Sea. He was one with us throughout.

"Your tribute says that 'the seaman knows no fear nor hesitancy when duty is his privilege.' I have seen this common standard of seamanship of the services maintained times out of number. With green seas pouring down a gun boat's smoke pipe, firemen calmly tended their fast extinguishing fires; with their ship destroyed underfoot, the watch stood fast; with an enemy submarine submerging close aboard to fire a torpedo, gun crews of a mine layer, loaded down with hundreds of mines, quietly trained their guns as at drill in Narragansett Bay. Everywhere, at their posts.

"There was another standard set in salvaging of the S-51 and a new bright page added to our annals in that outstanding achievement. But the page only was new, for on it was the old, old lesson of Faith.

"When it was proposed by the Flag Officer of the Third Naval District that navy per-

sonnel be allowed to salvage the ill-fated ship sunk in one hundred and forty feet of waters habitually troubled by gale and fog, it was generally believed to be an impossible task. That officer, however, had such faith in the proposition that finally the Navy Department gave its approval. The workmen at the Navy Yard, likewise with faith, constructed in record time these splendidly built caissons which were to lift the submarine. The officer in charge of a nearby base, a Captain in the Navy to whom the entire operation was entrusted, had such faith in the success of the work ahead that the Navy Department made every effort to fill his needs as to ships and material. Naval divers drawn from all sources were instructed in the arrangement of a sister-ship of the S-51 so that they might know how to move through the intricate compartments of the sunken ship. They learned all about the construction of a submarine so that they could seal the essential compartments, blank off the many valves, and repair leaks when encountered.

"Training in many directions had to be accomplished and, in

the cold waters of last autumn, the work progressed; slowly and with many setbacks, but steadily. And when the hulk was tight and preparations were at hand for sinking the caissons in position, the winter gales came on and the work reluctantly was abandoned. Again, in the early spring of this year the wreck was located, the expedition was assembled, and the work again undertaken.

"First, heavy chains had to be gotten underneath the wreck. Divers, with fire hose, patiently dredged tunnels under the submarine, twenty feet below the sea's bottom, with numbed hands in a temperature nearly freezing and in total darkness.

"Why, with these tunnels caving in behind them, did the divers deliberately turn around to dredge out the hole and then quietly turn again to their work ahead? Simply because they too, had faith in the plan. Months it took but the chains were hauled through, the caissons were lowered into place and then pumped out, lifting the submarine with them. Thence to shoaler water for another lift, then a long slow tow from the eastern Sound to the New

York Yard, and, eventually the successful docking of this good ship.

"Then it was that her crew was found 'dead at their posts,'—an example and inspiration to us of the sea for all time.

"How little does this mean to the Man in the Street until, perchance, he realizes what the message in THE LOOKOUT means!"

TOMORROW'S SEAMEN

(Continued from page 8)

navigation, marine engineering, and seamanship.

These youngsters are not urged to follow the sea. They are encouraged to go to high school, keeping up their nautical education meanwhile. Then the sea urge will take care of itself. If they take ship, they will be better seamen, and if they stay high and dry at home, they will be better citizens because of their Scout training.

TRANSCENDING CREED

(Continued from page 17)

done nothing to show her gratitude so forcibly as she did when she turned to one of our chaplains and begged him to conduct services at her Jim's grave. It

would have to be a Christian burial service, he told her.

"It was you Christians who took care of Jim," she reminded him. So once again human kindness had transcended the barrier of creed.

Another similar instance followed within a few days.

"I'll say many an 'Ave' for you," was the mother's farewell to Mrs. Roper.

CHRISTMAS ASHORE

(Continued from page 15)

those who really know of our work give it their support.

To those of you who have shown so many evidences of interest and generosity, we wish we might convey in some measure the gratitude of these worthy men whom you have helped, and also the gratitude of the Institute Staff who feel privileged to serve these sailormen and who realize that *you* have made it possible for them to do so.

In this connection we wish to extend our thanks to those who made our Benefit Performance of "*The Judge's Husband*" a success on December 6th. The net proceeds were \$2,030.83.

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."

Officers and Managers of the Society

Chosen at the Annual Meeting, January 28, 1926

Honorary President

R^t. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

President

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES, 1885

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RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. S. DE L. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903	REV. ROELLIF H. BROOKS, D.D., 1926
REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916	VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD, 1926

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JOHN A. MCKIM	1902	HENRY L. HOBART	1907
ROBERT L. HARRISON	1901		

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 49 Wall Street, 1888

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ROBERT McC. MARSH	1908	F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	1920
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ORME WILSON	1910	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.	1920
FRANKLIN REMINGTON	1911	WALTER WOOD-PARSONS	1921
J. FREDERIC TAMS	1911	HARRY FORSYTH	1921
BAYARD C. HOPPIN	1911	HENRY DEARBORN	1922
OLIVER ISELIN	1912	KERMIT ROOSEVELT	1923
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS	1912	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN	1923
MARINUS W. DOMINICK	1912	THOMAS A. SCOTT	1924
JOHN S. ROGERS	1913	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.	1924
LEROY KING	1913	GEORGE GRAY ZARRISKE	1925
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	1913		

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON	1877	LISPENARD STEWART	1883
FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE	1917	REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.	1889

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., 1895

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.

