

The LOOKOUT

MAY 1931



The Historic Australian Convict Ship "Success"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

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The Cover

This month's cover is an illustration of the old Australian square-rigged Convict Ship "Success" which is now docked at 79th Street and Riverside Drive, New York City. For details see Inside Back Cover Page of this issue.

The Lookout

VOL. XXII

MAY, 1931

No. 5

Nineteen Years After

ON Wednesday, April 15th, at twelve o'clock noon, nineteen years from the day on which the steamship "Titanic" sank on her maiden voyage, the roof of the Institute was the scene of a commemoration service to honor the memory of those brave dead who perished as heroes in one of the worst tragedies in marine history. It was a glorious spring day and the Tower rose out of the sunshine, impressive against the background of skyscrapers. Our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, placed a wreath upon the Titanic Lighthouse Tower which was erected in 1913 to perpetuate the memory of the passengers, officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel.

Speaking before an audience of seamen and staff members, Dr. Mansfield read the original address which the Rev. Dr. William Pierson Merrill of Brick Church made at the dedication service in 1913, which follows in part:

"It is altogether fitting that



on the anniversary of the day when the heart of the City itself was shocked and grieved as it has seldom been, that men and women should come together to hold a memorial service. The world has a short memory, even for the things which thrill and shock it most deeply and it is well for us sometimes to stop

and stand and look back and remember.

"For one of our greatest dangers is that we shall forget, and yet we have gathered here for something more than for a memorial service. What value is there in remembering the past unless it be a power in the present? . . . We have come here to refresh our souls in the presence and the inspiration of heroism. . . . It is no idle ceremony to which we are called, no mere reminder of a tragedy which is past, but rather a service to remind us living men and women that suffering may be and sometimes is nobler than action, and that death may be more fruitful than life."

The same hymns, prayers and psalms were used as were used at the dedication service. The singing of the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee", made immortal by the heroic band of musicians who played even while the water crept up to their instruments, was a highlight of

the commemoration service. The Titanic Lighthouse Tower and Time Ball atop the Institute exists as a reminder to all of the splendid courage and self-sacrifice of the engineers who sent their stokers up on deck while they went to certain death; of the postal clerks who bravely put duty ahead of personal safety, of the Marconi operator, of the officers and crew who stayed by their ship. It was given in memory of those in the steerage who perished without ever realizing their hopes of the new America, of all the heroic deeds by first and second cabin passengers.

A fund of ten thousand dollars was raised at that time by a committee of well known women and by the Seamen's Benefit Society and the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. We hope that the commemoration service will be continued each year and that it may become a tradition at the Institute to pause each April 15th, and remember.

"HEROES OF THE TITANIC"

"Honor the brave who sleep
Where the lost *Titanic* lies,
The men who knew what a man
must do
When he looks Death in the eyes.

"'Women and children first,'
Oh, strong and tender cry,
The sons whom women had borne
and nursed.
Remembered—and dared to die.

"The boats crept off in the dark,
The great ship groaned—and
then—
Oh, stars of the night who saw
that sight,
Bear witness *These were men!*"

By DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.
(*Tablet at foot of Titanic Tower*)

The Cat That Charmed a Captain

IT has been many moons since we have published a cat story in THE LOOKOUT. So it is with much delight that we relate the following tale of "Pete." The cat was just a black and white cat, with no pedigree and no particular beauty, but Duffy, his owner, was devoted to him. Then Duffy took a job on a transatlantic vessel and, for some reason or other, the captain objected to cats. Poor Duffy was in a quandary. What should he do with his pal "Pete"? Who would take care of him?

After interrogating in vain at least a dozen of his friends, Duffy concluded that the best and safest place for "Pete" was along with him, so he smuggled the cat aboard, carrying him in his suit-case until the boat passed Ambrose Light. Then Duffy took the cat from beneath his bunk and put him in the bo's'n's store room, where several times a day he would creep down into the dark room and give "Pete" some of the food which he brought from the table. A great many of Duffy's shipmates knew of "Pete's" whereabouts and they were all in league against the captain who, presumably, had an aversion to



feline animals. On the third day out, in the middle of the afternoon, a man in rags and tatters rushed up to the captain's deck, his hands and face bleeding, and shouted, "Captain, there's a lynx down in the bo's'n's store room with great big shining eyes, and he has scratched me to pieces!"

The members of the crew gathered 'round to hear the man's story. It was discovered that he was a stowaway. He had hidden himself under some sacks in the store room and "Pete", thinking him to be a rat, had leaped upon the sacking and clawed him. Duffy hurried down to the store room, thinking that "Pete" would doubtless in-

cur the anger of the captain and possibly might be tossed overboard. Duffy was determined to save his pet at all costs, so, carrying him in his arms, he ascended to the poop deck. Just at this time, message was sent to Duffy to appear before the captain with his cat. You can imagine Duffy's feelings as he and "Pete" stood in judgment, as it were. The captain was wearing a spotless white uniform and "Pete" jumped up on the captain's shoulder and smeared his

dirty paws all over the coat but, much to Duffy's surprise, and to the delight of the ladies in the first-class cabin who were witnessing the scene, the captain smiled and began patting "Pete". "Cat", said he, "if we were on a British ship, you would be knighted for your heroism in discovering a stowaway, but since we're on an American ship, all I can do is to congratulate you." And that, Duffy vows, is a true account of the way in which a cat charmed a captain.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen. Please note the exact title of the Society as printed below. The words "of New York" are part of the title.

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. The following clause may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of..... Dollars.

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."

In drawing your will or a codicil thereto it is advisable to consult your lawyer.

'Round Cape Horn

ALAN J. VILLIERS, young Australian sailor-novelist, whose most recent book, "Vanished Fleets", is causing considerable comment, presented his film-talk "By Way of Cape Horn" at the Institute on Monday night, April 20th, before an audience of several hundred merchant seamen, staff members and guests of the Superintendent. Villiers, who returned to England on the *Olympic*, April 24th, received quite an ovation in this country wherever he lectured and showed his thrilling four-reel motion picture. In February he appeared before the National Geographic Society in Washington and was enthusiastically received. At the Institute he had the novel experience of relating, as one sailor to another, his fascinating sea adventures. Many of his audience could also lay claim to having sailed around Cape Horn and having lived to tell of the hazardous voyage.

Villiers is an able-bodied seaman and has been in sailing ships since he was sixteen. In the spring of 1929, he and another young Australian, Ronald Walker, hit upon the idea of making a pictorial record of the voyage around the Horn on one



On the mainyard, taking in the mainsail

of the last of the old full-rigged ships. Walker was not a sailor but they both signed on the Finnish full-rigger, *Grace Harwar*, as members of the crew, with the hope that the skipper would be kind and that off watch they could make pictures of the actual working of the old ship and daily incidents of the voyage. Villiers, who had been around the Horn in sailing ships before, knew that grief and toil, work and suffering, probably hunger, and perhaps death, lay ahead.

One hundred and thirty-eight days after leaving Australia, the

Grace Harwar made Queens-town, long overdue, battered and worn. Death, hunger, madness and all manner of grief had visited the ship, but her cargo of wheat was intact and her more precious freight, the motion picture films, safely tucked in Villiers' duffel.

On the thirty-eighth day out Walker was killed while working in the rigging, just before dawn, when the halyards parted and a yard fell on him, breaking his back. One of the most dramatic incidents of the film is Walker's burial at sea.

Walker's death was a blow to the crew. As Villiers says, "No-



A light sea coming over, with the lee rail under.

where is the awfulness of death more painfully apparent than at sea. On shore there are diversions, one forgets. One is not missed so much. But at sea, in a full-rigged ship, there is only the one little band, and always the wind moans in the rigging and the sea rolls on."

The second mate for no good reason, blamed himself for Walker's death and this, coupled with the fact that on a previous voyage his whole watch of young boys had been washed overboard and drowned, played havoc with his reason and he became a menace to himself and the others. There were other troubles. The winds were persistently contrary; the ship sprung a leak which added pumping to the routine of work; food ran dangerously low. But the *Grace Harwar* sailed on and somehow or other Villiers carried on with his motion pictures when off duty.

The seamen-author has written three books, published by Henry Holt in the following sequence: "Falmouth for Orders", "By Way of Cape Horn" and "Vanished Fleets". They are in the racy, virile style of one who knows how to pack drama and epic beauty into nautical adventures.

To Honor a Gallant Hero

A SEAMAN approached one of the Institute chaplains and waved a newspaper clipping. "He sure was a fine fellow, Captain Miller was," he said. "Chaplain, why can't we have a memorial service in his honor?"

The seaman had been a member of the crew of the *Roosevelt* when Captain Robert B. Miller, then chief officer, rescued the crew of the *Antinoe*. He had read of Miller's death a few weeks ago, at the age of 39, having succumbed to pneumonia. That is how the Institute came to hold a memorial service for Captain Miller on Sunday evening, April 12th, in the Chapel of Our Saviour.

The captains of three of the vessels of the United States Lines, and cadets from our Merchant Marine School attended, wearing their best uniforms. A group of seamen were present to honor Captain Miller who, at the time of his death, was commander of the *American Farmer*. On his next trip he would have gone in command of the *S. S. Republic*. His widow, Mrs. Cathryn Heiam Miller, also attended and several members of the *Roosevelt's* lifeboat crew, including Captain Manning.

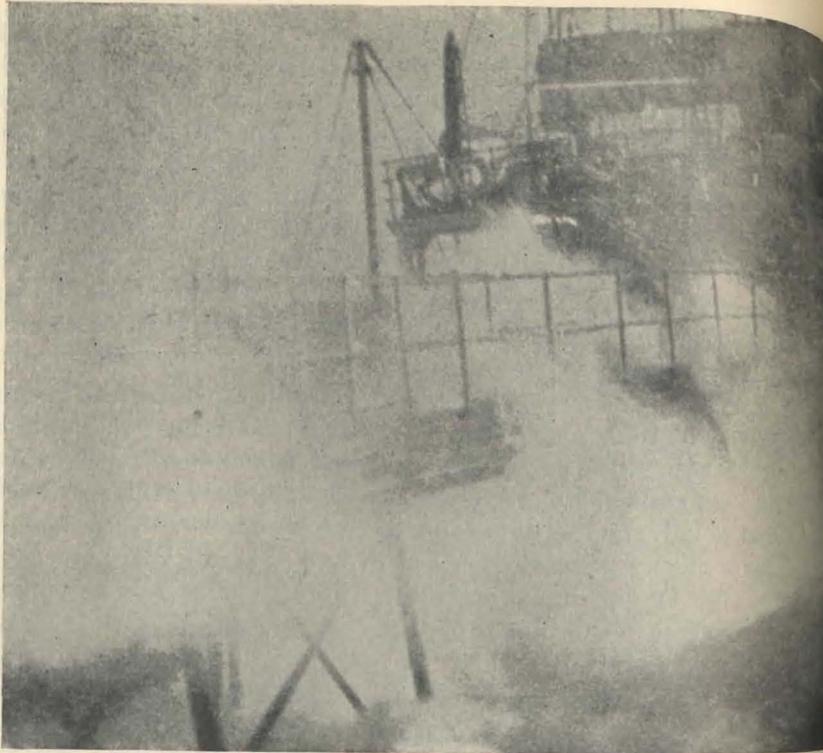
In his sermon, Chaplain Brustar said: "I want you to picture just what Chief Officer Miller did. The two ships were at the mercy of a winter gale in the North Atlantic. The *Antinoe* was sinking when the *Roosevelt* picked her up. It was pitch dark and a blizzard was raging. It looked like suicide to venture away from the ship.

"But the order had been given and all the fine traditions of the sea demanded that it be obeyed. Chief Officer Miller gathered his crew of volunteers about him and they all knelt down on the deck to ask God's blessing.

"The men climbed into the lifeboat. It was lowered over the side. A great wave seized and capsized it. The men struggled in the oil-coated icy water. Two men perished here, Uno Wirtanen and Fritz Steger. God rest their heroic souls. Three times the dangerous trip was made to the *Antinoe* before the entire crew of twenty-five men were taken off.

"Men of the sea, I offer for your consideration the example of Captain Miller. Here was a seafaring man, a man of God. I invite you to consider his life and measure your own by it."

All Passengers Below * Seamen on Deck!



Courtesy EWING GALLOWAY



This sum will give the men a Red Letter Day
When added to the low rates the men enable us to operate without deficit
FOR A DAY

On all the seven seas, the seamen "does his bit." He secures our comfort and our very lives. At sea he's a gallant fellow, proud and sturdy. In endless warfare with wind and wave he learns the bitter meanings of—exposure, hunger, accident, toil, thirst, drowning, loneliness, fatigue, death.

When danger's past—and lives have been saved—and weeks go by, some of these same brave men may be out of work, sick, destitute—stranded! Will YOU reserve a Red Letter Day in memory of some departed loved one, or to commemorate the birthday of a friend or relative?

Say \$90.00 for Night Service—\$183.00 for Day Service.
How many *whole hours* will you give at the rate of \$11.40 per hour?

The men themselves pay about 75% of the total cost.

Your gift—be it \$25.00 or \$5.00 or more or less will be carefully used on behalf of the seamen who come to us.

Please send your check to HARRY FORSYTH, Chairman
Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street, New York.

A Fisherman Guest

MORE than thirteen hours in a fifteen-foot dory in a heavy fog and rough sea was the experience of four hardy seamen picked up off the Nova Scotian coast by the Red Cross liner *Rosalind*, which brought them to New York. Three of the crew had friends to whom they went for assistance, but Carl Corrange, twenty-two year old sturdy son of a Nova Scotia fisherman, came to the Institute. We provided him with food, clothing and transportation to Boston.

The four men are members of a crew of twenty-three on the *Mary O'Hara*, two-masted fishing vessel. They go to sea for from five days

to a week at a time and bring their catch to Boston. They must work fast and expertly. If the fish are running they fish steadily, cleaning them afterward.

"We left the *Mary O'Hara* early Saturday," Carl explained, "and when about six miles away

from her a heavy fog came up. We searched for the ship, but at eleven A.M. decided there was no use looking any longer, so we started pulling for shore. When the *Rosalind* sighted us at midnight we'd covered about fifty miles, but still couldn't see Gull Rock light. We were mighty tired and glad to get on board."



When asked if he would rejoin the fishing schooner, Carl said: "Rejoin her? We've never left her—we'll be at sea again before the week's out. Experiences like that happen once in a while when you're fishing; there's nothing to get excited about," he smiled, making light of the haz-

ardous ordeal. Last year Carl's father was lost at sea—the sort of death his son wants, too.

He expressed his gratitude for the Institute's hospitality when he promised: "The next time I get a big fish I will ship it to my friends at 25 South Street."

Citizen, Ahoy!

FOR seven years Reinhold Soutta has been virtually a man without a country. A frequent visitor at the Institute, Soutta has been a Russian Aristocrat and naval officer, food-relief official, international spy, ship's carpenter and sea hero. His new status is that of an American Citizen. Soutta holds a special medal from Congress for his bravery as a ship's carpenter when at the helm of a life boat of the *American Trader* he helped to rescue 32 men of the Norwegian vessel *Elven* on October 26th, 1925. He was officially thanked by President Coolidge and also was decorated by the King of Norway for his heroism.

When Soutta first applied for citizenship he was denied because he had no legal certificate of entry into this country. A lieutenant in the Imperial Russian Navy, he was unable to return to Russia after the Revolution. Twice Soutta had ships sunk under him in the war. One was the *Koursk*, a Russian transport, torpedoed in the Arctic. The other was the *Torsello*, in the English Channel, where the force of the explosion blew him 65 feet up from the bridge.

Aided by his linguistic adroitness and guileless face, Soutta

became an English spy toward the close of the war. Which is how it happened that the German General Von der Goiz sentenced him to be shot at 4 P. M. At 2 o'clock Soutta chanced to look through the window of his cell and saw a car flying an American Flag. He succeeded in bribing the German guard who rushed over to the car and asked the occupant to come to Soutta's assistance. The man in the car was Dr. Orbison. After being liberated Soutta carried on relief work under Herbert Hoover.

Under the act of Congress of March 2nd, 1929, which permits aliens who entered this country prior to June 3rd, 1921, to register as having entered legally, Soutta on March 24th procured his final citizenship papers. Now he has cabled his wife in London who, if the U. S. Government allows her to enter this country under the preference quota, since she is British-born, will soon be on her way to America.

"And the best part of it is," declared Soutta joyfully, "just as soon as my son steps foot on American soil he becomes a citizen!" Now that Soutta is a citizen he can obtain a position on an American vessel as captain or chief officer.

Man's Conquest of the Atlantic—Part II

THE next vessel to conquer the Atlantic by steam was a Canadian steamer named the *Royal William*, which was built at Three Rivers, near Quebec, in 1831, by James Goudie, at a cost of sixteen thousand pounds, and was sold in 1833 to the Spanish Government, who changed the name to *Ysabel Secunda*. She was the first steam warship to fire a gun in action. She was 160 feet long, 44 feet broad, and 17¾ feet deep, of 363 tons burden. The *Royal William* sailed for London from Quebec on August 5th, 1833, and arrived after 40 days.

The first real *passenger* steamer to cross the Atlantic and also the first steamer to sail from Liverpool (July 5, 1838) was another *Royal William*, despatched from Liverpool by the Transatlantic Steamship Company of New York. When in New York on her first voyage, she was advertised for the homeward passage in the newspapers as follows:

"British Steamship Royal William 617 tons. Captain Swainson, R.N.R., Commander. This fine steamer, having lately arrived, will be despatched again to Liverpool on Saturday, Aug-

ust 4th, at 4 P. M. She is only sixteen months old, and from her peculiar construction (being divided into five sections, each water-tight) she is considered one of the safest boats to England.

"Her accommodations are capacious, and well arranged for comfort. The price of passage is fixed at 140 dollars, for which wind and stores of all kinds will be furnished. Letters will be taken at the rate of 25 cents for the single sheet, and in proportion for larger ones, or one dollar per ounce weight. For further particulars, apply to Abraham Bell and Co., or Jacob Harvey, 28 Pine Street."

An indication of the distrust of the possibilities of steam navigation as a regular means of transportation across the Atlantic is given in the following quotation from a London newspaper in 1838:

"At a scientific meeting held in the Royal Institution, Liverpool, in the year 1838, Dr. Lardner, a leading scientist, after giving some statistics which he thought proved the difficulty of steam navigation to be insurmountable, stated that 'as to the project which was announced in

all the newspapers of making the voyage by steam directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York to the moon.'"

In the same year, *The Liverpool*, built by Messrs. Rumble and Milcrest, with 468 horsepower engines, and exceedingly handsome and commodious state-rooms, made several voyages, averaging seventeen days out and fifteen home.

It is, however, to the plucky little steamship *Sirius* (178 feet long, by 25½ feet broad, and 18¼ deep, of 703 tons) that belongs the real honor of commencing the great Atlantic ferry of today. This memorable little vessel was chartered by a newly-formed company, the British and American Steam Navigation Company, and despatched from Queenstown for New York on April 5th, 1838, under the command of Lieutenant Richard Roberts, R.N. Like the world-famous voyage of Christopher Columbus, the first voyage of the *Sirius* was successful because of the energy and determination of the commander; as shortly after leaving port, owing to continuous head-winds, the crew became mutinous, and declared it was utter madness to proceed in

so small a vessel, she being not quite so large as the tugboats of today. However, thanks to stern discipline and the persuasive arguments of loaded firearms, the gallant little craft arrived at New York on April 21st, after an eventful passage of 16½ days, during which she maintained an average speed of 8½ knots per hour on a consumption of about 24 tons of coal per day.

A few hours after the arrival of the *Sirius*, another steamer, the *Great Western*, arrived in New York from Bristol, having left there April 8th, 1838, thus making the passage in 13½ days at an average speed of 8½ knots per hour. Her chief rival was the *British Queen* of 1863 tons, of whom her commander, Lieutenant Roberts, wrote to a friend: "There is not a faster seagoing steam vessel in the world than the *British Queen*. I have made the passage from Portsmouth to New York in only 13 days, 11 hours from Pilot to Pilot. Let the *Great Western* do that if she can!"

The venerable *Great Britain*, of 3270 tons, was the next sovereign of the Atlantic. After these early beginnings the great modern Trans-atlantic Lines were established and new records will go on being made by rival steamship companies.

Jottings From the S. C. I. Log

"Tommy"

By Able Seaman George Elvin, who accompanies the following verses with this note:

"If you don't know 'Tommy'—you will find him usually sitting amongst the men on the main floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, very nonchalant to the many feet around him and assuming an air of boredom. He looks like any other cat—but the piece will assure you that he isn't."

"The cat sat on the compass and as I scratched his head
He looked up at me, and this is what he said:
'Now listen young fellow, don't you get so free,
You may be a seaman, but I too have been to sea.'
Of course I have no papers to prove all of that,
But then they don't give papers to an old ship's cat;
I served my time in the cattle-boat trade.
And that is where a cat's heaven is made.
We shipped pedigreed stock from London to New York.
I lapped up so much milk, I could hardly walk;
So that in amongst the bales of hay I would creep
And curl my tail between my legs and have a sleep.
I have always sailed in 'steam', was never in 'sail',
Have seen some dirty weather, and many a gale.
I remember one time while off the Minot Ledge
A great big sea washed me to the very edge,
Of the fo'c'sle head where I clung with all my weight
Until the 'bosun' spotted me and saved me from fate.
But I did not mind it, because I was sure
That if I lost my life—I still had eight more.

Well, I'll see you again, a 'Fruit' boat is in,
I have a ship-mate on her called 'One-eared Tim'.
And the cat walked off—and of this I am sure,
That he had a rolling gait that was never gained ashore."

Wanted—A Linguist

A letter addressed to the Institute was written in Arabic. It was turned over to Mother Roper, who tried to find someone who could translate it. Finally, she found two sailors who, by working together, could decipher the letter. The first sailor translated it into French from the Arabic and the second man translated it from the French into English. It was discovered that the letter was intended for a seaman who sometimes stays here and uses the Institute for his mailing address. It will be forwarded to the owner.

From Our Bulletin Board

As an example of the unusual things that reach us and are posted on our bulletin board we quote the following radiogram:
"Seamen's Church Institute,
"25 South Street, New York.

"While in port have just been authentically informed that some American seaman is the possessor of a ticket in the Grand National Lottery Race and that the Dublin authorities are not able to locate the lucky owner, because of the signature being illegible. If the seaman will give proper credentials (the signature reads something like 'Waiting'), he will be the possessor of about 40,000 Pounds English Sterling. Will you kindly make the usual bulletin board announcement and endeavor to get in touch with the owner?—RADIO OPERATOR on board the steamship *West Cohas*."

Maundy Thursday Service

"Service with Influence" was the keynote of the Maundy Thursday message which Dr. Mansfield gave to members of the Institute staff at the Holy Communion service held on that day in the Chapel of Our Saviour. The washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord signifies the real meaning of our work of service to seamen. Inspired by Christ's teachings, our Superintendent urged all his co-workers to be ready to render service to any one, under any circumstances, anywhere, and thus to extend the Institute's influence and to expand its usefulness. An Easter gift to the Chapel Fund from the employees at the Institute will be used to purchase additional lights in the Little Chapel.

Summer Movies

Will some of our readers help us start a Summer Movie Fund so that our sailormen may enjoy entertainments in the Auditorium throughout the summer months? The "talkies" are playing a significant part in attracting seamen to the Institute. It is quite noticeable on "show" nights how the registrations at the Hotel Desk are much more than on other nights of the week. A satisfied and contented spirit prevails when the men remain in the building and are given something to interest them for two hours instead of wandering into the waterfront speakeasies. In this concrete way, three evenings a week during the fall, spring and winter, the Institute is doing a service that is beyond value. Why not continue the good work during the summer? \$35.00 covers the rental cost of a good full-length feature picture, a comedy, and the operator's services.



Our Apple Man

Big luscious red apples and a swarthy complexioned vendor with a cheery smile greet each seaman as he enters the doors of "25 South Street." The stand is well patronized by old salts and young tars who apparently believe in the adage "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." In more prosperous days our apple man was a ship's cook in the British merchant service.

Building Fund

In response to Dr. Mansfield's appeal for funds to liquidate the Building Debt (upon the occasion of his 60th birthday and 35th anniversary at the Institute) we are happy to announce that 101 devoted and loyal friends contributed a total of \$25,316, which has been immediately turned over to the banks to reduce the debt principal. Let the good work continue! Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moved not only by the mighty shoves of the heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker. History has been made at the Institute not only by the munificent gifts but also by the small gifts of each friend who has given according to his or her means.



Photo by SEAMAN A. J. VILLIERS

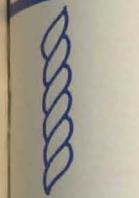
In Memoriam

With the approach of Memorial Day our hearts beat faster and eyes fill with tears in memory of the heroes of countless battlefields. In the peril of war and in the glory of peace the sailor carries on, ever an unsung hero. His monument is often the ever-rolling sea and his grave the bottom of the deep blue ocean. There are many ways of paying tribute to those men of the merchant marine who "in the World War, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things. They made victory possible and were great without glory."

The most beautiful and useful form of memorial is service to living seafarers. Will YOU select in the Institute's Annex Building some memorial object which will commemorate these men who served their country so faithfully?

Among the memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
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
Chapel Chairs	50.00



The Building Finance Committee of the

"Seamen's Church Institute of New York"

has made arrangements with the owners of the

AUSTRALIAN CONVICT SHIP "SUCCESS"

—The oldest ship afloat—

to receive a liberal percentage of the receipts on sale of admission tickets for the benefit of the Institute's Building Fund.

The Ship is now docked on the North River waterfront, at Riverside Drive and 79th Street, and will be open for inspection DAILY, including Sunday, from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.

ADMISSION is \$.50 for adults; \$.25 for children.

Tickets will be on sale through the courtesy of the Tyson Operating Ticket Company at the Hotels Pennsylvania, Ritz-Carlton, Barbizon-Plaza, Barclay, New Yorker, Governor Clinton, Gladstone and Victoria, and at the Tyson offices at 1472 Broadway, 151 West 42nd Street and 67 Wall Street, New York City; also at the Hotel St. George and Hotel Pierrepont in Brooklyn; also through the courtesy of the Sullivan-Kay Theatre Ticket Service at the Hotels Lincoln, Alamac, Martinique, Montclair, Paramount and Prince George and at the Sullivan-Kay offices at 1531 Broadway and 275 Park Avenue, Irene Hayes Flower Shop. Tickets may also be obtained at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at 25 South Street.

IMPORTANT: Please buy your tickets at any of the above-mentioned places as the Institute will receive a larger percentage on tickets purchased in this way. Since the tickets are not dated they will be good for any time while the ship is in port.

We hope that you will make up a party of friends and visit this interesting old square-rigged, teak-built barkentine. Perhaps you would also like to make it possible for us to distribute some tickets free of charge to worthy sailormen.

If you order tickets by mail from the Institute please make your check payable to: "Seamen's Church Institute of New York."

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