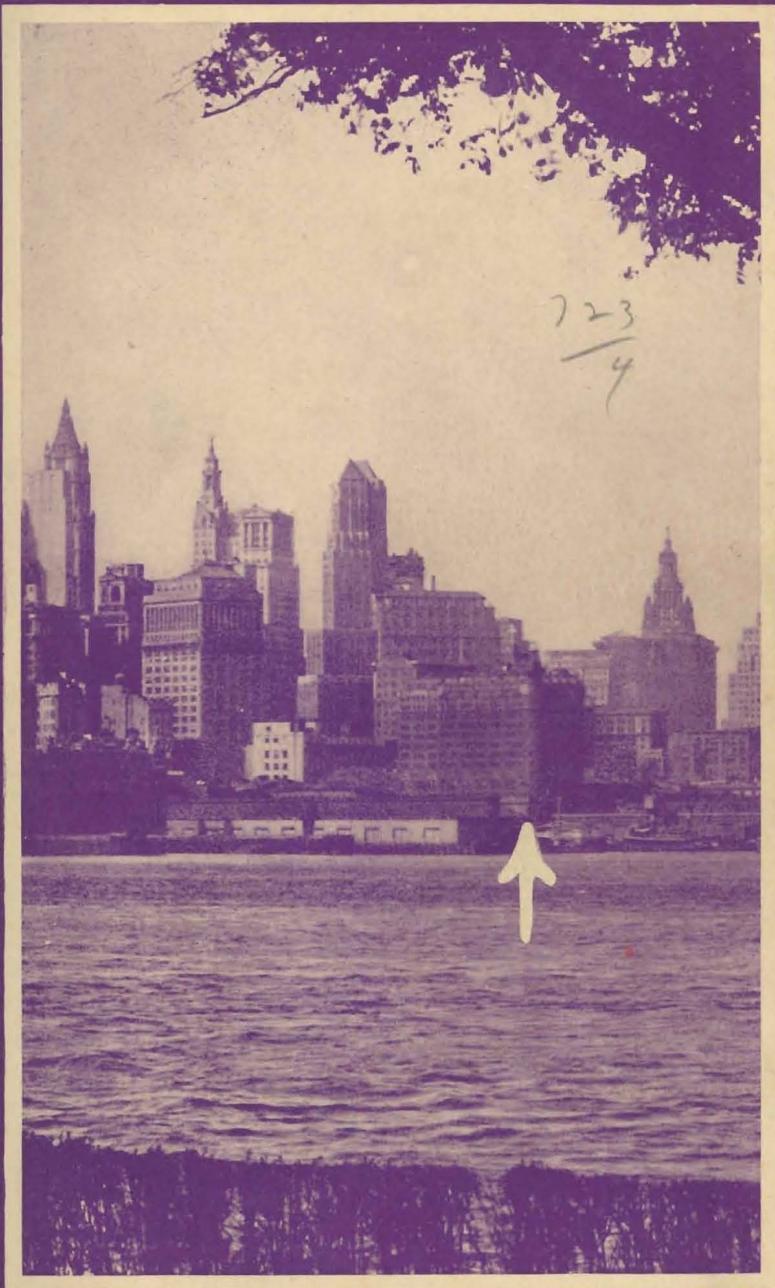


The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

Volume XXI
Number 1

January
1930

The Lookout

VOL. XXI

JANUARY, 1930

No. 1

When Winter Reigns

IT is not only on the high seas that merchant seamen feel the icy grip of Winter. Shipping slows up and the Institute finds itself caring for hundreds of sick and destitute sailors stranded in the Port of New York, unable to find jobs. Scarcely a week goes by but what shipwrecked crews — snatched from the North Atlantic gales with just one possession left — the breath in their battered bodies — arrive in the harbor.

It is the Institute's privilege, to the extent of its funds, to provide clothing, food and lodging for these men and to all worthy seamen who have used up their hard earned savings during this slack season. This year the number of men in dire need of food and shelter is very great. The

Institute Employment Bureau has been able to assign only a few men to snow shovelling and other temporary shore jobs.

Many seamen have come from Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other nearby ports hoping to find work here. A large number of convalescent sailors recently discharged from United States Marine and other Hospitals are unable to work because of their weakened physical



condition. The Institute is making every effort to obtain positions for these seamen on land until shipping conditions improve. In the meantime, our relief budget and income from endowment are only sufficient to meet the needs of about one-third of those seeking aid.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK
at
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone Bowling Green 2710
EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President
C. G. MICHALIS
First Vice-President
FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Rates
One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.
Superintendent
or
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
Editor, The Lookout

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

Comrades

IN the United States Marine Hospital on Staten Island a young British seaman died of pneumonia. One of the Institute's Chaplains volunteered to conduct the funeral services and the body of William Hall was taken to an undertaker.

In similar instances the Chaplain had found no mourners, no flowers and no friends present to participate in the last rites, but on this occasion, much to his surprise, upon arriving at the funeral parlor he found waiting for him four seamen—one a Spaniard, another an Irishman, and two Yankees. They were of rough exterior with toil-worn hands, weather-beaten faces and shabby dungarees but upon their countenances was an expression of genuine sorrow and sympathy.

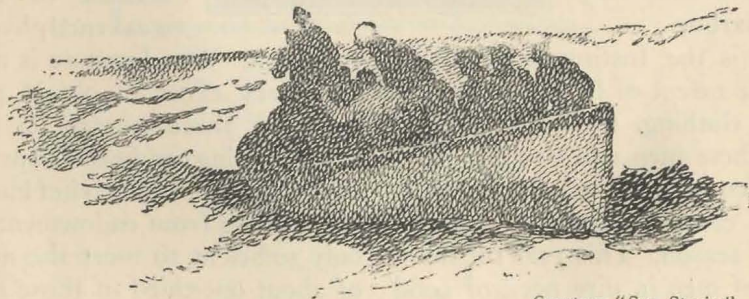
These seamen had collected among themselves the sum of \$25.00—a large amount considering their low wages—and with this they had purchased a beautiful floral wreath for their dead comrade. They had also chartered an automobile in which they were to be conveyed to the cemetery for the burial ceremony.

Our chaplain was so impressed by the splendid spirit of these men that he arranged to cancel their reservation for the automobile and transport the seamen in his own car to the grave. As they drove along, he listened to their conversation. It was filled with sincere expressions of deep grief at the passing of their friend. Each one praised him in turn and said what a fine fellow he was, what good habits he had and how many friends would mourn his death.

The Chaplain told the seamen he was going to write to William Hall's mother who lives in Argentine and tell how these four comrades had done everything in their power to make her son's funeral just as she herself would have conducted it had she been there.

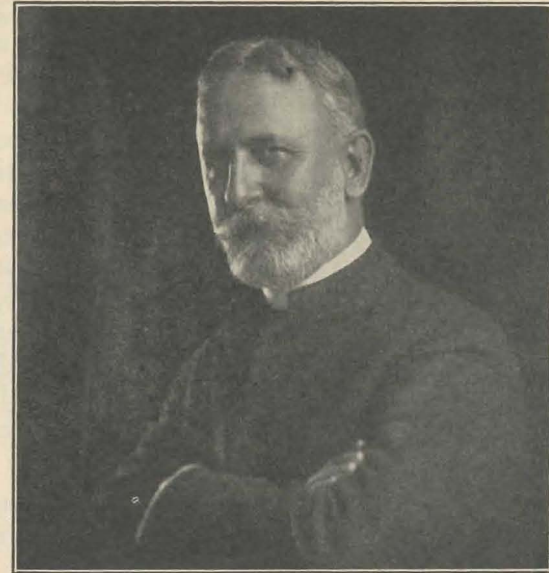
The seamen hung their heads rather sheepishly as though ashamed of displaying any sort of emotion and the Chaplain returned to the Institute with the lines of Tennyson running through his mind.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."



Courtesy "Sea Stories"

An Institute Anniversary



DR. MANSFIELD

COINCIDENCE! What interest the word always holds. Combinations of circumstances with the Spirit of God blending the whole—of such is history made.

The Seamen's Church Institute is part of the history of New York because it has played a definite part in its waterfront life. Fate planned it so that the right man was chosen to play the great role in the drama of the waterfront of those days. The coincidence? The day that Dr. Mans-

field took up his leadership of the work of this Society—January 3rd—was his own birthday, born for it, we believe, and as the circumstances of the ensuing years all indicate.

Before leaving the General Theological Seminary, Dr. Mansfield was persuaded by a leading citizen of New York in 1895 to undertake the work at one of the small Stations of this Society, having as his stage the little Mission House at 34 Pike Street, and the Floating Church

of Our Saviour in the East River, the second to have been built and moored at the foot of Pike Street.

Dr. Mansfield lived on the fringe of the lower East Side "Sailor Town." In those "early days" when the Cherry Street neighborhood was the "Hell of Seamen" and which was recently referred to by the Bishop of London, preaching at Trinity Church, as "the worst seaport for seamen in the world."

Truly seamen were slaves and victims of combinations and conditions over which they had no control. Left to the mercenary and unwholesome allurements of the saloons, the subterranean dives, the low and degrading boarding houses which absorbed their vitality, to the crimp who robbed them of their money and their liberty, seamen in those days led a miserable existence of hardship, suffering and dangers until death came to them, generally at sea. While public opinion had been aroused against slavery and other abuses, cruelty to the seaman was allowed to go unpunished.

Contrast all this with the present thirteen-story Institute Building, almost one-half a city block in area, with clean living quarters, with recreation and reading rooms, a beautiful place of wor-

ship, successor to the old Floating Church, "service" of every character through the Religious and Social Service Department, Employment Bureau, Marine School, etc., etc., all under one roof, on the same waterfront only slightly removed from the location of the Floating Church and the Pike Street Mission House. Even the casual visitor to the building is astonished at the tremendous growth of this work on behalf of seamen, as one of them recently said, "What a splendid witness for Jesus Christ this is on a drab waterfront!"

January third of this year marks the beginning of Dr. Mansfield's thirty-fifth anniversary of leadership in the affairs and development of the work of this Society which had its inception in the minds and hearts of a group of prominent, devoted business men of this City and Port possessing the missionary spirit as far back as 1840, when they united to tackle some of the social problems of their generation.

The efforts of those early days are now crowned with success—the dreamer and the practical man have worked hand in hand to accomplish the splendid results. In Dr. Mansfield the two are combined—he has "seen visions" which are now realities.

The last of these to take concrete form is the beautiful Chapel of the Institute for which, along with his multiplicity of duties, he is raising the money.

One more year will complete a cycle in Dr. Mansfield's life of service to Merchant Seamen. The vision now before him is to see the Institute free and clear of debt at the end of 1930.

And so, as Dr. Mansfield said in a recent address, "The Institute has grown logically from childhood to manhood. I believe it has all been the result of a God-directed plan and that it is not due to any one man. There is still much to be done. It is a happy thought that you and I have been privileged to share in this great undertaking which has developed into an organization far greater than any of its forebears could have ever dreamed. And when the sea is called to give up its millions of dead sailors who have lost their lives in the line of duty, and when we consider what we as landmen have done to save them, will it be enough to say, 'Am I My Brother's Keeper?', or shall we not rather say, 'We have done

what we could for the sailor, that stepson, that unloved child of our civilization, homeless, friendless, without a vote, without the companionship and associations which make for a contented existence?"

Does not Dr. Mansfield's life of service to this unappreciated class furnish the inspiration to make his hope—the Institute free of debt—a reality,—giving to life-long and new friends of Dr. Mansfield's and the Institute the opportunity to put this crown upon his work? In once more congratulating Dr. Mansfield on his dual birthday, can we not call him another "Great Emancipator" of an exploited and victimized group?



34 PIKE STREET

"The Wanderer"

They called her "The ship of many mutinies" and what a "Wanderer" she was! From the time when she made her maiden trip in 1890—sailing right into a storm off the Welsh coast, losing her captain and being badly battered and dismasted—until she finally sank near Hamburg in 1907, she was a curse to seafarers.

The tale of *The Wanderer* was revealed when John Masefield, the British poet, wrote to the Institute and asked us to post a notice on our bulletin board requesting information and photographs of *The Wanderer* from any seaman who chanced to know anything about her. Several months went by, and one day a seaman came to "The Lookout" office and announced that his name was Edward O'Brien and that he had worked as a member of the crew on *The Wanderer*. He said that he had shipped with her in 1892 from Liverpool bound for New York carrying a general cargo of salts,

spirits, manufactured goods, bales of cotton, calico and jute.

"I can never forget *The Wanderer*," he said. "She sure was a fiend for work. She was a bark with a fore and aft rig and a square rig in the center and was built in Potter's shipyard at Liverpool, England. Originally, she was of 3,000 tons register but she was so bulky and clumsy and over-weight that they reduced her to 2,700 tons. Like all sailing vessels in those days she had a carved figure-head on her prow.

"She was a failure from the beginning and her reputation with men of the sea was the worst of any ship I have ever known. She not only was in every misfortune that could befall a ship but she even brought it in her trail! After the wreck off the Welsh coast she was put in dock for repairs and some time later she took to sea again. Her crew would be called in the middle of the night when the sea was rough and all hands would turn on deck to work on the sails, fighting to



"The Wanderer"
From a snapshot owned
by Seaman W. P. Joyce.

keep her head out to sea and in her proper course. When we came to the Bay of Bengal we got into a storm and she lost her top mast. We were storm-tossed for eleven days during the monsoon and from our ship we could see the havoc and destruction caused by the storm in Calcutta."

Another seaman who had been a member of the crew of *The Wanderer* in 1907—the year she was sunk—told an even worse tale of horror concerning the ill-fated *Wanderer*. His name is W. P. Joyce and he related harrowing tales of mutinies when the crew would tie up the captain and

officers in the cabin and then sail the ship back into port.

The Captain of *The Wanderer*, according to this seaman, was a madman. His favorite sport was to take a young seaman and force him at the point of a gun to fight with the Captain's powerful bulldog. On such occasions the seaman would emerge from the fight with neck, arms and chest bleeding from dog bites.

And so we see that the romance of the old sailing days was largely in story books. The sailor today receives much more humane treatment on board ships than did his courageous forebears.

Birthday Greetings

Among the many congratulatory messages received by Dr. Mansfield on the occasion of his 59th birthday were the following: A telegram from Bishop Manning: "Affectionate greeting and heartiest congratulations on this anniversary of the magnificent work of the Institute for Seamen in New York and for their families all over the world is an honor both to the Church and to the City. I rejoice with you in what has been accomplished and wish you every blessing in the years to come."

A letter from Sir Harry Armstrong, British Consul General: "Just a word of hearty good wishes upon your fifty-ninth birthday. May you be spared many years to continue your splendid and unselfish work at this port. My wife joins me in kindest thoughts to Mrs. Mansfield and yourself for the New Year."

From Seaman William J. Berry: "Knowing as I do that tomorrow is your birthday, may I have the permission among so many tributes which you will no doubt receive, to add my token of

sincere esteem and respectful regards in congratulating not only you, but all sailors who remember you so many years and who should, and I am happy to say most of them *do* appreciate your loyal and steadfast interest in their welfare. The wonderful change in conditions in the Port of New York alone in the last 30 years for which I maintain you are mainly responsible must surely be a source of the utmost satisfaction to you. If more is needed my humble prayer to God is that He may bless you and your loved ones and keep you in good health, sparing you for years to come to carry on the good work to which you have ably and loyally devoted your life. Consider me now as at all times, Your sincere friend."

From a Negro seaman who served with Dr. Mansfield on the staff of the old Pike Street Mission in 1888, and from whom no word had been received all these years: "May I be one of the many to wish you a 'Happy Birthday' tomorrow, January third, and many happy returns of the day. I have not, nor will I ever forget your kindness to me on many occasions in the past, when I needed a friend. Sincerely, Charles Banfield."

SAFETY, COMFORT AND INSPIRATION



THE EVER-POPULAR GAME OF POOL.



CHESS OLD TARS.



"MOTHER ROPER" BOWLS WITH HER SAILOR BOYS.

THE Work of the Seamen's Church Institute is greater and more urgent than ever before. Walk into the lobby any afternoon or into the game and reading rooms and the need rings out a challenge. The rallying of friends and the response to our appeal for the completion of the Annex Building Fund are the greatest present needs. We are pondering the situation in the light of the sudden financial collapse of security prices, but we go into the new year with confidence, high hope and determination to rid the Institute of this millstone—the Building Fund debt. No one more than our Superintendent grasps the meaning of this heart breaking retardation to the further development of our work. The paying of notes on bank loans is a non-producing activity and, as soon as possible, we earnestly hope that this tremendous debt will be liquidated.

It would be an altogether fitting way of paying tribute to Dr. Mansfield if, during 1930, before he completes his thirty-fifth year of service, this tremendous debt of over \$1,000,000 could be wiped out,

thus leaving the monumental result of his life's work and great vision completely free of this sword of Damocles which continually hangs over the Institute, imperilling its progress.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the many friends who visit the Institute daily and who are impressed with the wonderful program developed here, the Building Fund is not progressing rapidly and so we earnestly beseech everyone to come forward, without further delay, with both small and large amounts.

Do you realize that, in contributing toward this Building Fund, you are helping to give the sailors ashore "Safety, Comfort and Inspiration"? Surely the men of the Merchant Marine deserve such consideration and protection, for they are indispensable to the prosperity and security of our country. Will those who realize their debt to the sailor make a real *sacrifice* at this time and give generous and whole-hearted support to this wonderful Institute?

EDMUND L. BAYLIES,
Chairman, New Building Committee.

Please send your contributions to
JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.,
Treasurer, Annex Building Fund,
100 South Street, New York City

“Long John Silver”



John Wood-in, a gaunt and weather-beaten barge captain of fifty-eight years who is known to his intimates as “Long John Silver,” is going about on crutches now. He has lost the old iron-shod, leather-socketed peg-leg which served him as both a weapon and a depository for his hard earned wages.

The creaking and the clanking on the floor of the Institute lobby announced to all within considerable radius that “Long John” was home from the seas again.

“Long John” had money in that leather socket when he came ashore on his last trip. Friends urged him to put it in the bank at the Institute. Finally he agreed to do so.

One evening he came hopping into the building disheveled, blood-stained, angry, and minus his peg-leg. He had been taking a “snooze” in Jeannette Park just across the street. Suddenly two thugs set upon him. One of the assailants snatched off his peg-leg and dealt “Long John” a crashing blow on the forehead. His

first thought on coming to from the blow of his enemies was not for his head, nor for his leg, but for his bank. He could not remember whether his savings had been in the hollow of his wooden leg or whether they rested safely in the vault of the Institute’s bank. Hence, the first words he gasped out as he encountered the Chaplain were: “Did I put my money in your bank like I said I was going to, or didn’t I?” Investigation showed that his money was safe and “Long John” heaved a gusty sigh of relief.

He next turned his attention to the task of finding another wooden leg. In the “slop chest” a seaman may find strange things and there was a wooden leg, but alas, it did not fit. A pair of crutches was found for him and leaning on these “Long John” made his way to the Clinic where the big welt on his forehead was treated.

Since the guardian Angel who looks after all good seamen had rescued his money, John now intends to keep on saving until he can afford a new leg with a modern burglar-proof padlock on it.

Spreading Holiday Cheer



Enjoying the Christmas Entertainment in the John E. Berwind Auditorium

Six able-bodied seamen have come to the conclusion that “There is a Santa Claus.” He may not have white whiskers, but he gave to each of them the Christmas present they desired most in the world: to be home with their families on Christmas Day.

Such a wish seemed absolutely impossible, since one seaman’s home was in California, another in Ohio, a third in Georgia, a fourth and fifth in Florida, and the sixth in Massachusetts. Considering, too, the fact that all six of these sailors were discharged a few days ago from U. S. Marine Hospitals, just recovered from pneumonia, their homes seemed a long way off. Considering, too, that they were all very low in funds, and in need of rest and convalescence, the outlook for Christmas was very bleak.

But they reckoned without the Institute which, through the generosity of friends who contributed \$3,025.00. to our Holiday Fund, is able to spread holiday happiness among merchant seamen. The Institute’s chaplain knew that these seamen were not well enough to work for a few weeks. So, with the cooperation of the railroads, he arranged to get half-fare tickets for them to their respective homes.

Fifteen hundred other merchant seamen who lodged with us on Christmas Eve took active part in our Christmas Carol Service, and on Christmas Night and New Year’s Night had a very gay time at the special vaudeville entertainments, and enjoyed the smokes, candy, Christmas tree, and other homelike features of our Holiday program.

Wrecks of the Sea



TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY tubercular sailors who have contracted this plague in the line of duty are living on the isolated 3,000 feet elevation known as Fort Stanton in New Mexico. The Seamen's Church Institute of America felt that something should be done for the comfort and welfare of these seamen, the majority of whom are in the advanced and hopeless stage of tuberculosis. In April, 1923, a Chaplain was sent there who supervised the renovating of an old paint shop and turned it into a chapel.

An excerpt from a sailor's letter to Mrs. Roper reveals how the Chaplain has imbued these seamen with the heroic spirit that will not despair:

"New Mexico is, after all, a very wonderful State, although not a very prosperous one, with its bracing atmosphere, pure crystalline air and sunshine. Combined with what we must furnish—faith, courage and the determination to get well, and soon we must arrive at our port of destination. To some, this arid waste represents something lifeless, forbidding. To those with an innate sense of beauty, who

appreciate the magnificent spaces, the mountain ranges, the light and shadows, it is a land of transcendent beauty.

"Towering mountain ranges, like silent, immutable sentinels, guard the land on all sides. It is the stamping ground of 'Billy the Kid,' the youthful bad-man, a product of the New York slums, who terrorized New Mexico a quarter of a century ago. I have many good things to remember of New Mexico, and I appreciate all the medical staff at Fort Stanton has done for me as well as for all the other patients, and if one day I leave Fort Stanton, which I presume I will in the near future, I shall always remember New Mexico, which made it possible for me to regain my most precious birthright—Health."

In 1928 the national organization felt that some sort of recreation should be provided, and funds were raised for the construction of a Community House, with a comfortable living room, club room, fire place, upholstered furniture and cheerful decorations. This Community House serves two purposes: First, it provides a place where decent seamen who are lonely may congregate; second, it provides two bedrooms

and bath for the parents and relatives of seamen who are dying. Because the nearest hotel is nine miles away and the rule of the Fort forbids visitors to stay overnight, this Community House has been found a God-send to many visitors.

Each Christmas the Institute sends three hundred pairs of woolen socks together with boxes and bags of Christmas delicacies. Since the Government supplies only board, shelter and medical treatment the men are ever so appreciative of all the luxuries which the Institute of America sends, such as tobacco, shaving soap, tooth brushes, magazines, stationery, etc.

Some of these seamen become so lonely in the isolated quarters that they run away without permission, some dying enroute and others reaching the Institute in New York before they collapse. One of the best antidotes for



loneliness (the majority of the men live in solitary huts as shown in the photo on this page) is the receiving of cheerful letters from men and women all over the country. The perpetual flow of letters and cards serves as a link in the chain of friendship and service between landsmen and seafarers. As soon as a seaman dies—the living population of Fort Stanton is less than the number of graves in its grim cemetery—these loyal friends begin correspondence with the new patients and so the humane work goes on.

Annual Meeting of the S.C.I. Associations

The ANNUAL MEETING of the S. C. I. Associations will be held on January 28, 1930, at 25 South Street.

Special Features will include: Organ Recital, Greeting by Mrs. H. S. Cammann, Reports by Directors of Associations, Address

by Dr. Mansfield, Tea.

This is an open meeting—all Association officers and members are expected to attend and are urged to bring interested friends. Invitations to this meeting will be sent out in January. An R.S.V.P. will facilitate Tea!

Musings of the Mate

"My Daddy"



The following letter speaks for itself:

"Seamen's Church Institute
Bureau of Missing Persons
25 South Street
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

I want you to find some one for me. He is my daddy. He works on some ship. I don't know the name of the ship he's working on. Please try and find him. He is about five feet ten, has curly red hair, has bluish green eyes, has light complexion. His name is Tom Beasley or Red Beasley. His initials is T. H. Beasley. If you find him, tell him his little girl Wilma Beasley, and her mother and Brother Bill and W. C., wants him to come home, or for him to write us. Tell him if he wishes to write to —, Houston, Texas.

Sincerely yours,
WILMA BEASLEY.

P. S. Please find him, and let us know."

Sixty Dollars Saved!

One of the police officers on duty in the lobby noticed a seaman under the influence of liquor who was proudly showing the world at large that he had \$76 to spend. The Sergeant induced the seaman to put \$60 away at the Hotel Desk.

With the \$16 balance in his pocket, the seaman went outside to sober up. He crossed to the far side of Coentis Slip, where

he was held up and robbed of the \$16.

The next morning he very humbly and apologetically appeared in the lobby and thanked the Sergeant for putting the \$60 in safekeeping.

Post Cards For Sale

Eleven Post Card views of the Institute, showing (1) Night Scene, (2) Dr. Mansfield and Mrs. Roper, (3) Chapel Doorway, (4) Lobby, (5) Exterior of Building, (6) Skyline, (7) Typical Seamen, (8) Main Entrance, (9) Post Office, (10) Cafeteria, (11) Auditorium, are available for two cents each or twenty cents a complete set. They are printed in sepia and are very attractive.

We hope that readers of "The Lookout" will want to use these Post Cards. Please send checks, cash or money orders to the Editor of "The Lookout," 25 South Street, New York City.

Neptune's Daughter

The relief fund in our Social Service Department provides for the giving of help to worthy mariners in need of funds.

And so it happened that a Stewardess came to the Institute

and proved that she had all the qualifications required for receiving aid from us.

She had been injured in a storm at sea, had received Marine Hospital treatment, had been discharged and was receiving outpatient treatment on her injured back.

She had brought suit against the steamship company but in the meantime her funds had been exhausted.

In every respect except her sex this "seawoman" was entitled to relief and so the Institute helped her until her case could be turned over to a charity which could take care of her until she won her damage suit.

Our Chapel

From a very dear friend of the Institute comes the following:

"Dear Dr. Mansfield:

Why have the friends of the Institute left your beautiful new chapel to stand like a mendicant at the door begging for its finished garment, the last corner of the Institute to receive their friendly care?

Knowing the Institute as I do, I could name you one hundred people, who love your work, and have proven their devotion over and over again, who could alone, without dismissing one of their many servants or missing a single trip to Europe, write their name on a check for

the five or ten thousand dollars necessary to give your house of prayer a physical beauty in keeping with its dignity of spirit.

Last evening I attended service there for the first time, having stayed away all these months out of loyalty to the old chapel, which I loved. There was a mood in that little house of worship, which seemed to me unique. It seemed to me big enough, small as it was, to take in all the kinds of doubts, and harder still, all the certainties there are, in regard to religion. I was afraid that this feeling of almost universal religion might be missing from your new place of worship. I can't tell you how happy I was to find that you had transplanted it bodily to the new chapel. Even with the studding showing through the unfinished walls, it was there. That something was still present which has always made your chapel seem to me more literally the House of God than any place I've ever knelt to pray."

So Be It

Doubtless "Lookout" readers will agree with the writer who sent the following letter to Mother Roper:

"I do hope that you (Mrs. Roper) are keeping well and not overtaxing your strength. We always look upon you as the spiritual centre of 25 South Street, and I cannot contemplate what the work would be like without you. Dr. Mansfield, with his God-given gifts of organization and his wonderful capacity, has worked his building up to the most wonderful organization for sailors in any part of the world, but the building, and the organization, are not sufficient to ensure the success of the work, and not the least of the benefits that he has been able to provide for sailors was to secure you as the spiritual mother of the men coming to the Institute. May you long be given health and strength and the guidance of God's Holy Spirit to enable you to carry on your invaluable work."



Bequests

To those among our readers who are members of the Legal Fraternity we should like to call their attention to the matter of increasing the endowments of the Institute. Doubtless you are frequently called into conference with clients in regard to making wills and in dividing estates of which you are trustee. In making provision for a fund to be administered for the benefit of merchant seamen, will you kindly make specific mention of the Institute's corporate title: THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK?

Our pressing need is for funds to meet our obligations covering the construction costs of the new Annex. Our general need is to raise the current yearly budget of \$100,000 to maintain this complete shore community for the men of the merchant marine. Memorial gifts and endowments for specific purposes are also needed.

In making bequests the Board of Managers of the Institute asks you and your clients to bear in mind that conditions among merchant seamen are constantly changing. It would be wise, therefore, whenever a client does not specify a particular memorial or endowment, to leave legacies or trust funds as free as possible from hampering restrictions. In depending upon the collective judgment of an interested Board of Managers, having before it the most acute needs and a knowledge of existing conditions, bequest funds may thus be applied to the best advantage. The Institute has

had eighty-six years of experience in handling endowments and bequests, but whenever the donor so desires the Institute will be glad to receive the income of gifts administered by Trust Companies, Banks and other Executors of estates.

We hope that you will frequently find opportunity to name THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK as beneficiary in wills.

Strange Sights



A seaman asleep on a park bench with a huge grey cat slumbering on his shoulder. . . .

A young sailor just arriving from foreign ports brought two huge wine bottles, at least two feet in diameter, to the baggage room to be checked, saying he intends to make lamps out of them. . . .

Two old salts in the Institute Reading Room discussing the Atomic Theory as opposed to the Dualistic Theory. . . . A mother, carrying a chubby baby in her arms, inquiring at the hotel desk for the seaman father. . . .

A young engineer in the officer's room reading Boccaccio's "Decameron." . . . A bicycle, a pair of skates and a tennis racket checked in our baggage room . . .

A sailor bragging how he won a prize for the best answer to the question, "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

The ceiling and lighting fixtures

in this chapel

are the gifts of Mary Dexter Thayer

in thankful remembrance of the

earnest, faithful lives of her parents

Lucian Sharpe 1830-1899

and

Louisa Dexter Sharpe 1831-1901.



Memorial Panels

The above is an exact reproduction of a Memorial Panel to be erected in the Chapel of Our Saviour. These Panels are of Austrian oak, two feet high and 17 inches wide, and the inscriptions will be carved in the Twelfth Century style of lettering, similar to that on the tomb

of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey.

A Memorial Panel may be reserved for \$100 and will be inscribed according to the wishes of the donor. It is not necessary for the donor to reserve any other object in the Chapel in order to purchase a Panel.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L.

President

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D. D.	REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D. D.
RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D. D.	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D. D.
VEN. ROY F. DUFFIELD	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER	REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D. D.	REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE
	REV. ALFRED R. MCWILLIAMS

Lay Vice-Presidents

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, <i>First Vice-President</i>	
BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND	HENRY L. HOBART
ROBERT L. HARRISON	HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON
THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

Board of Managers

ALLISON V. ARMOUR	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY	JOHN S. ROGERS
WILLIAM ARMOUR	AUGUSTUS N. HAND	KERMIT ROOSEVELT
HENRY McCOMB BANGS	BAYARD C. HOPPIN	SAMUEL SALVAGE
EDWARD J. BARBER	OLIVER ISELIN	HERBERT L. SATTERLEE
GORDON KNOX BELL	AYMAR JOHNSON	ARTHUR. F. SCHERMERHORN
CHARLES W. BOWRING	LE ROY KING	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
EDWIN A. S. BROWN	BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	THOMAS A. SCOTT
GEORGE W. BURLEIGH	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.	SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS	ROBERT McC. MARSH	J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT
F. KINGSBURY CURTIS	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.	FRANK W. WARBURTON
CHARLES E. DUNLAP	WALTER WOOD PARSONS	ERNEST E. WHEELER
DR. JOHN H. FINLEY	BERNON S. PRENTICE	WILLIAM WILLIAMS
HARRY FORSYTH	FRANKLIN REMINGTON	ORME WILSON
CHARLES S. HAIGHT	JOHN J. RIKER	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

Honorary Members

JOHN H. MORRISON	FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE
	REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.