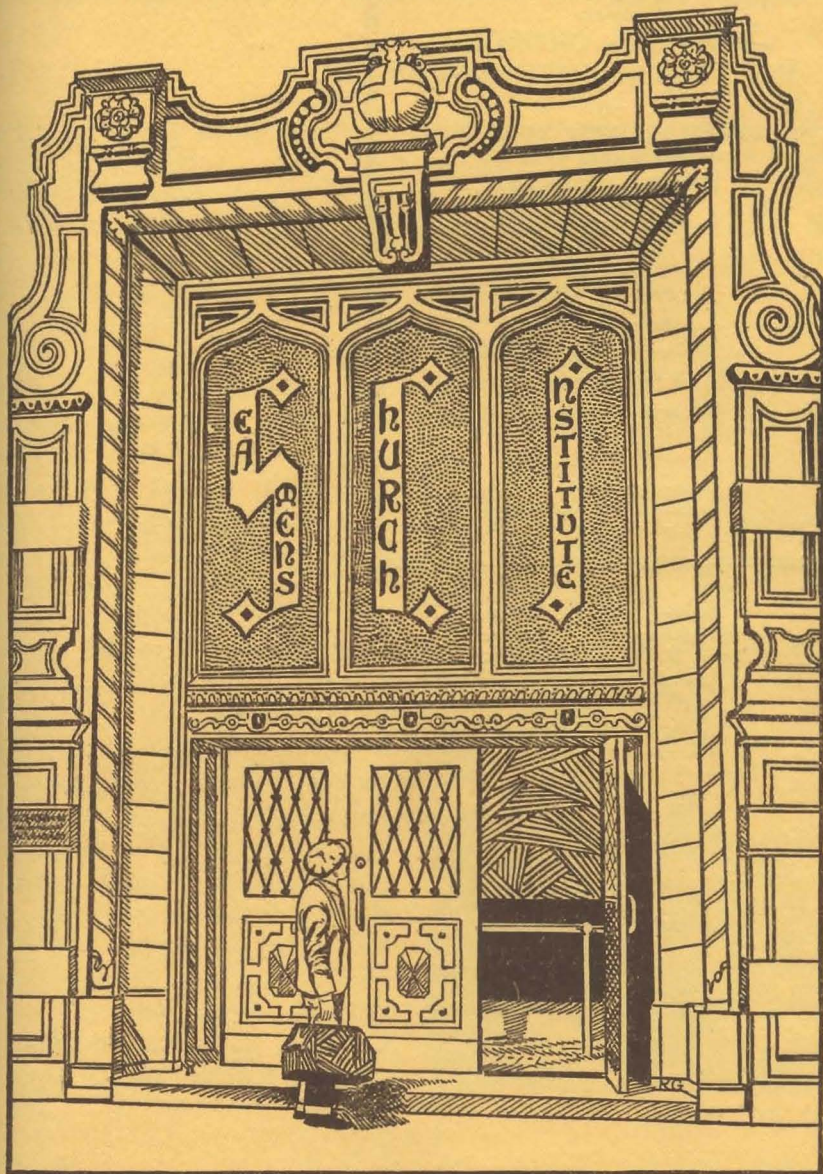


The LOOKOUT



Journey's End

SEAMEN'S
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INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

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The Lookout

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Honor

“**I** WOULD rather die than turn back.” Columbus might have said that as his straining eyes saw no sign of land and his frightened crew threatened mutiny.

But the words were spoken by Dr. Francisco Franceschi, of San Juan, Porto Rico, as he tied up at the Battery on his way to Spain. The young, sunburned, black-haired physician — turned sailor to command his thirty-eight foot schooner “Mary”—is going to return the call of Columbus and carry a message of good will from the women of Porto Rico to the women of Spain.

Accompanied only by his one-man crew, Angel Carbo Rivera, they have sailed down the bay and are steering due east along the fortieth parallel of latitude with the exposition at Seville awaiting to receive them.

From the outset Neptune turned an angry face on their voyage. Their auxiliary engine

balked as soon as they had cleared the harbor at San Juan. Their radio receiving set was put out of commission so if an S.O.S. were needed it would be inadequate. The sails were entirely too heavy for two men. Cape Hatteras, with its reputation for storms, did its best and swept off the life boat and car-



ried away the drums of gasoline lashed on deck, besides pouring a constant cascade over the unprotected steersman. The deck stood up on end, apparently, and the mariners were seasick. Impatient sharks followed their craft.

After such an inauspicious start, why persist in trying the Atlantic? The young physician courteously explained, his voice with its melodious Spanish accent:

"If a man can have only one thing, that thing ought to be Honor."

"After the home people gave us such a passionate, such a sympathetic and patriotic farewell on our voyage, we must 'carry on.' We said we would sail across the Atlantic. We promised to carry a message of good will from the women of Porto Rico to the women of Spain. We were not compelled to go. Now that we have started I could not endure to return without accomplishing our mission."

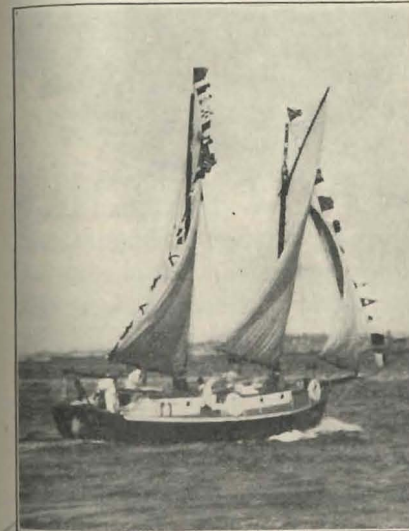
The Santa Maria, Columbus' flagship, was of 100 tons registry. The "Mary" is only 12. And Dr. Franceschi was no seasoned admiral to start with. His ex-

perience at deep sea steering was limited only to a small motorboat inside the harbor of San Juan. Just before leaving on his adventurous trip an American named Captain Williams had showed him how to navigate, and the young doctor spent fifteen days learning this difficult art.

"Of course at the start we committed a thousand stupidities," said he. "We were so busy we didn't think to look at the barometer. But during the first storm we encountered we learned many, many things. When I went to wind the chronometer the key was lost. We would be helpless without that. Luckily I found two clamps in my surgical kit and used them. After those grueling experiences of twenty-four days I think I am a good sailor.

Luck is an element which the pair of amateur Columbuses rely upon quite as much as seamanship, however. They realize that bad luck can ruin their plans with a stroke. But they are encouraged by this omen: one of the storms which blew them off their course took them within five miles of the Island of San Salvador, first landing place of the great discoverer!

Furthermore, they have religious faith. Stowed away amid the canned food and water bottles in the little "almost watertight" cabin of the "Mary" is a basket full of holy medals and rosaries, given them by the cheering crowds in the harbor of San Juan.



"THE MARY"

"Angel Rivera is a funny guy to sail with," said Skipper Franceschi, praising his companion who answered to the name mate, cook, bos'n and seaman. "He looked at me after we had been out eight days and said, 'Hello, Robinson Crusoe!' And I guess I looked like a shipwrecked mar-

iner; I hadn't thought to shave until then. Whenever a storm would come, Angel would say to me, 'Skipper, I'm going to write my name on the book of the dead,' and when the weather cleared up again, he would say, 'I'm going to rub my name off the book.'"

And when does Dr. Franceschi, who is a graduate of the University of Maryland medical school, expect to arrive safely in Spain? Columbus might have given the same answer, "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?)

What made him give up his practice, his orderly settled life, for such adventure? "I knew comfort," he smiled, "yet I was not satisfied."

Maritime Humor

The following story from the "*Wyoming Fighting Top*" is one of the best examples of maritime humor we have come across in many a blue moon:

"Starting poor, twenty years ago, a man recently retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance and the death of an uncle who left \$49,999."

"Guests of the Cannibals"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Ridley, who is a guest of the Institute each time his ship is in port, fell to reminiscing one warm summer's afternoon, and when someone asked, "Captain, what was the most interesting experience you ever had?" the following tale was related.

"It was back in 1893, and I was a care-free lad of eighteen and full of ambition to make big money. I went aboard a sailing ship, 'The Lucy,' which plied up and down the California coast.

"One night while 'The Lucy' was docked in 'Frisco we had a party at the boarding house where we were stayin', and somebody gave me what we called 'the knockout drop,' for after that round of beer I never knew a thing until I woke up the next morning (and knew I had been shanghaied) aboard a whaler! She had come from New Bedford but it was too late in the season to go North so we cruised along the South Pacific to the South Sea Islands.

"One day 'the Old Man' decided to stop at one of the islands to take on fresh provisions, native fruits and water. Now on a whaler in those days the crew was comprised of every national-



ity in the world—we had Dutchmen and Dagoes, Portuguese and Poles, Spanish and Yankees—an' every one of those men were of a race of mariners that is fast dying out. The 'Old Man,' our captain, was an old shell back; by that I mean he never had to give a command twice. No, sir!

"Well, we dropped anchor inside the coral reef off one of the islands which was inhabited by the powerful Kanakas tribe. I, bein' the youngest sailor on board ship and somethin' of a favorite with the captain, was ordered by the 'Old Mate' to get ready the captain's gig—that was his private boat. Now I had jet black hair and black eyes and didn't look much like an Eng-

lishman, while the Irishman, 'Paddy,' who helped me make ready the gig, had the reddest hair and whiskers you ever saw in all your life. Paddy was as Irish as a barrel of cork marked Limerick.

"In loading the boat there was the usual keg of rum placed in the stern sheets of the gig along with several sacks of sugar and ship's biscuits, and tins of treacle, which you landlubbers call molasses.

"The Captain and Paddy and I got in the gig and pulled for the shore. Previous to landin', the Irishman and I were warned by the Old Man: 'On no account,' sez he, 'go very far from the boat because the natives are cannibals and you young fellers would make a fine feast for them. They'd carry you out into the underbrush and there feed you up for a decent funeral in preparation for a big feast day. An' after you were fattened on native fruits you'd be stewed in the tribal pots.'

"Well, this put the fear of God into me but Paddy just winked behind the Old Man's back. On landing we were surrounded by natives. Several of the petty chiefs shook hands with

our captain and they seemed to be old friends, havin' met before. It was not long before the natives unloaded the contents of the captain's gig and sat down in a ring, with the captain and us and the chiefs in the center on the sandy beach.

"The keg of rum previous to leavin' the ship had the usual wooden plug tapped into it. This was removed and the chiefs passed drinkin' cups of beautifully carved cocoonut shells around and the rum was emptied in them. The chiefs began to drink and smack their lips at this luxury. The bags of sugar were then passed around and they all dipped into the sugar to flavor and sweeten the rum.

"When the chiefs had their fill the remainder of the rum was passed around among the native gentlemen of the Kanakas tribe.



THE NATIVES BEGAN TO DANCE

The dusky ladies who had been lookin' on thought it was their turn to partake of the refreshments and they helped themselves to the treacle, which as you know, is sticky like molasses, by using their fingers and smacking it across their mouths. The Captain had the foresight to bring on shore some fancy calicoes of gaudy colors. These were exhibited before the chiefs and it wasn't long before the greater portion of the audience were wrapped in the gay prints.

"After this one of the head men gave orders to various members of his tribe to gather the fruits, consisting of yams, fashion fruits, and mangoes. The Captain then signaled for several of the whale boats to be sent ashore. These arrived and were filled up with the fresh provisions.

"In the meantime the Irishman and I, he with hair so red and I with hair so black, had become curiosities among the natives. who looked at us and felt of our hair in wonder. Paddy and I were eventually initiated into a 'crawl,' which is a large native bamboo hut. We were given goat milk and cocoanut milk to drink

and we gorged ourselves on the luscious native fruits.

"Suddenly I remembered the Captain's warning and I broke out in a cold sweat of fear. We had wandered far away from the sandy beach and here was Paddy and me being fed up for a 'decent funeral'! The natives smiled and seemed to like us very much, but I didn't like the way they looked at us.

"Being inclined to be musical me eyes had roved around the walls of the hut and they lighted up with joy on beholdin' a melodion. Now every whaler carries a melodion, it's the only kind of music the sailors knew. So I reached for that melodion and began to play a popular tune. Paddy began to dance, and it was not long before the natives began to imitate the Irishman's steps. Between Paddy's dancin' and my music we made good friends with the natives but we were afraid to stop the music for fear they'd put us in the stew pots. So long as they danced we didn't have to worry.

"One dusky maiden led me by the hand around the village and pointed out the various bamboo huts. She made all sorts of gestures and finally made me under-

stand that if I would marry her and become the musician of the tribe I would be a lot better off than going back to the ship.

"But the old captain having previously put the fear of the Almighty in me by relating the beautiful funeral in store for me if I deserted ship, I politely declined the honor. For several days while the ship lay inside the coral reef, and the crew made various journeys to shore for provisions, filling the wooden deck buckets with water, Paddy and I, in the heart of the native wilderness, continued to dance and play the melodion. We didn't dare lie down and go to sleep for fear they might tie us up while we slept and for fear their dancing instinct would give way to their cannibalistic one.

"At last we managed, Paddy dancin' and I playin', to lead the natives back to the sandy beach where the Captain saw that we were safely shipped off in the gig. When the Old Man learned our story he laughed and told me that the dusky maiden who seemed so anxious that I become one of the members of the tribe was a princess, the daughter of the big chief of the Kanakas tribe.

"Just look what I, as a young sailor, missed—the chance to become a king of one of the powerful tribes on the South Sea Islands! But youth bein' on my side and bein' of a romantic turn of mind, the call of the sweetheart whom I had left behind, back home, was too powerful to lose my heart to the dusky princess."



\$1,500,000 IS STILL NEEDED TO COMPLETE PAYMENT ON THE ANNEX

People often ask questions regarding Jack Tar of the merchant marine:

Who are these seamen?

Where do they come from?

Why do they pursue such a hazardous calling?

From the north, south, east, west, these sailormen come. 80% of them are American citizens—strong, fearless, keen of eye—there is not a state in the Union which does not proudly claim a vast number of them.

When shore leave is too short to permit them to visit their real homes many miles away, the Institute provides them with home-like, wholesome surroundings—comfortable beds and rooms, friendly advice and good food, at small cost.

The Institute represents, to most of them, the finest and noblest that the land can offer them. And how appreciative they are, after long voyages through storm and gale, of the comforts provided them here!

Yet landsmen are likely to ignore the seaman—until they need him in time of danger on the high seas—and do not stop to



realize that world commerce, world wealth and international friendship depend, in large measure, upon the trusty men who man the merchant vessels.

The Institute has many generous friends who have contributed to the recently completed thirteen story Annex.

As Jack Tar comes up the harbor he sees a beckoning green light atop the Institute and knows that, thanks to these generous landsmen, there will now be room enough for him and 1424 other lonely Sailormen.

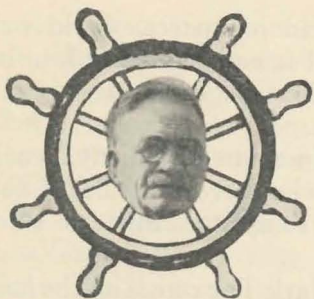
Those who have friends or relatives who are sailors are assured that their boys will enjoy a real home life during their sojourn in the Port of New York, that if they are ill or in need, the Institute will take care of them.

At present, the Institute is greatly indebted to certain New York banks for loans contracted in order to complete the Annex. We are depending on you to help us make good our indebtedness.

EDMUND L. BAYLIES,
Chairman, New Building Committee

Please make payable to
JUNIOUS S. M... Treasurer,
Annex... und

Old Salt



He was old. He had sailed the deep sea all his life.

And now they wanted him to heave to for the rest of his days, like a stripped hull that wasn't worth salvaging for a loading barge.

Well, not him. Not, as he was saying, mind you, that this Snug Harbor wasn't a fitten place. Them what needed it could batten down there as comfy as a drunken cook in his bug trap. But, bless your kindly heart, it just wasn't the place for the likes of him.

What if he was a mite wabby on his pins and his lights had gone dim? Was that any reason to sit around day in and out with a crew of river sailors and tug-boat skippers who didn't know

nothing about the sea except it was wet, all of them squabbling about this and rowing about that, like a bunch of old women caught in a calm?

Not as he was meaning to ship two faces on them, mind you. A man as was on the beach or flat on the bones of his back, with no wind in his sails, would find them hearty enough and good ship-mates all, except he might get tired of hearing of that blizzard of 1888, the nearest thing to a sea yarn them soft water salts ever knew.

A fitten place it was, as snug as the captain's cabin, but it wasn't no place, neither fore nor aft, for a man as was still longing for the moan of the wind and the roll of a deck. And so, as they'll tell you along South St., old John Higgins was a bitten man and miserable enough to make a limey laugh.

Everybody laughed at him along the water front in a rough, good-natured way, and no harm meant, for he was a comical sight, more or less—an old wind-

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jammed wreck of a man, so nearly blind, even with thick-lensed spectacles, that he couldn't go through a doorway without ramming the jamb and who, yet, would come tottering down the street on his thumping stick, roaring in a toothless falsetto that he was going to sea again or he'd be the blasted second cousin of a tree-climbing stoker.

It was periodical entertainment, this cruise of South Street, during his three years in Snug Harbor. Regularly, every month or so, he would come out of dry dock, all sails to the wind, and his story would be always the same after a few swigs of grog. And always there was grog for him wherever seamen gathered.

"Why, me darlings," he would begin, "whoever told you ye were seagoing men?" And then he would be off on some yarn that was born in the five-masted days. And always the yarn would end as expected:

"I'm going back to it. I still got me papers, and when it's under hatches for me I'm going down to the Locker and with no flowers planted in me eyebrow. The green is good enough for some, but not for a seagoing man

the likes of me. And did I mind to tell ye that I have got me a berth just this day and I'm shipping tomorrow? Bless your hearts, one of these floating hotels what they call ships ain't much to go to sea in, but it's better than resting in dry dock all your days."

And he would coast away valiantly, tacking down South Street on his beam ends as in a hurricane, leaving laughter behind him. And always he would wake up the next morning in the Seamen's Church Institute, where some official, knowing his failings, had stowed him away. And somewhat ashamed and apologetic, old Jack would slip back to the shore for another month of righteous living and repentance.

* * *

And now, as they'll tell you down around Coenties Slip, he really is gone, though nobody knows just where. They'll tell you how he came rolling down the street last week with a new glint in his watery eyes. And this time he had left his stick behind him, and over his back was slung a seabag and, what with even that weight, his old back was

straighter than any had ever seen it before.

And when they laughed he said, "I'm shipping tomorrow. This time I'm going—sure. Me seabag is packed, and I'm as good as gone already."

And neither Snug Harbor nor South Street has seen him since,

Lost and Found

Seaman Rudolph Torsvik, now at the U. S. Government Sanatorium at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, suffering with tuberculosis, had the surprise of his life recently when a wallet which he had lost four years ago was returned to him. It contained, in addition to valuable seamen's papers, three five-dollar bills, which will certainly be of use to him now.

On November 5, 1925, ceremonies were held at the Institute of New York for the laying of the cornerstone of the new thirteen story three million dollar Annex building which has just been completed this summer. Torsvik was present at this ceremony and he watched Bishop William T. Manning and Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Institute, and Dr. Archibald

though there are those who say, not unkindly, that he shipped on a train to visit a niece in Wisconsin.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As this issue goes to press, we learn that John Higgins really did go to sea aboard the Leviathan, and according to other members of the crew, he did nothing but entertain his shipmates with loud boastings of bygone days at sea.

Mansfield, Superintendent, as they broke ground for the largest shore home for seamen in the world.

After the ceremony was over

Seaman Torsvik discovered to his chagrin that his wallet was lost. It contained all the money he had until his ship sailed a few days later. The Institute took care of him, gave him board and lodging, and advertised on the bulletin board for the wallet. Torsvik was confident it would be returned, for the Institute had a reputation among sea-faring men that valuable property, if



RUDOLPH TORSVIK

left in a seaman's room, can be found at the Lost and Found desk as soon as the loss is discovered.

But Torsvik shipped off to Buenos Aires without his wallet. One day a few weeks after he had departed, one of the workmen in the cellar found a wallet and brought it to the Lost and Found desk. Inside was \$15 in cash and several passport photographs of the owner. Since Torsvik had left no forwarding address, one of these photos was duly posted on the bulletin board in the lobby where over eight thousand seamen pass each day. Letters were written to Seamen's Homes and Societies in various American ports in an effort to locate him, but none of them knew the whereabouts of Torsvik. The other day a seaman

named Borje Poulson, who had just come from Fort Stanton, discharged with an "arrested" case of tuberculosis, happened to glance at the bulletin and recognized the photograph of Torsvik. He told the Institute's Missing Men Department that Torsvik was an inmate of the sanatorium. Letters were exchanged with the Director of the sanatorium and the Institute. Torsvik sent his signature to the Institute and this week he received the wallet containing the papers and \$15 cash. When it was returned to him he said to the nurse, "I always had faith in my friends at the Institute. I knew that they would find that wallet for me, and it would be returned to me some day. And I was right!"

Bananas

It would have been comedy if it had been played across the footlights. Instead, it was a bitter tragedy played on the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge. The dark, silent city served as a backdrop. The time was early dawn.

The cast included a ragged, weary old man and a young copy

boy for the *New York World*. "Stranger," asked the old man as the boy neared him, "can you spare me a little of your time?" "No," curtly replied the boy as he quickened his steps. He had been schooled in the way of gentlemen with hard luck stories to tell.

"Stranger," called out the old fellow as he hastened after the boy, "It's not money I'm after."

Something in the wistful face of the white-haired man touched a responsive chord in the boy's heart. "Well, what do you want?"

"I just want to talk, that's all. If an old sailor's to keep all his senses he must talk to somebody."

"Talk about what?" asked the boy.

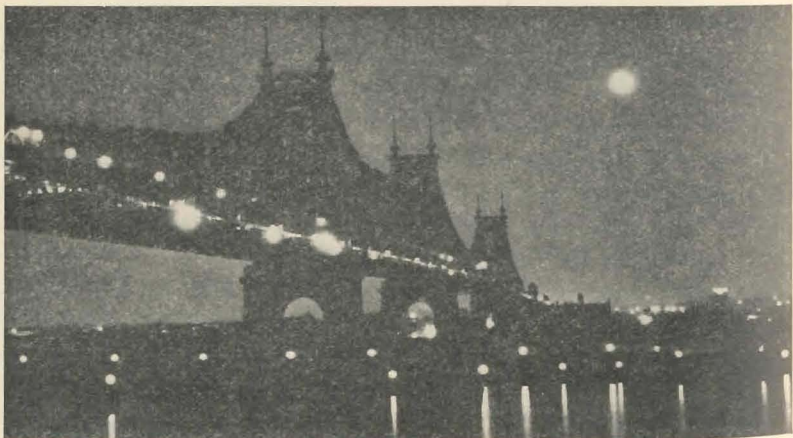
"See that ship over there on the Brooklyn shore? Believe it or not, I was once master of her. We carted bananas from out of those moving-picture republics south of us. Good living, but then I fell in love."

"Yes," said the boy. With the mention of love he was sorry he

had encouraged the fellow.

"No," said the old man, seeming to read the other's thoughts. "It wasn't a gal I fell in love with. Of all things that you could love can yer find anything more strange to go daffy over than bananas? It was like this: I couldn't see a banana without wanting to eat it. But bananas in some way or other didn't agree with me. The doctor said they would be the end of me if I didn't give 'em up. So, not being able to stay on the same ship with a banana without wanting to gobble it, I quit. Haven't been able to get a ship since. Queer, that, put on the beach by the love of bananas."

"Say," he added as an afterthought, "you haven't the price of a couple of bananas on you, have you?"



Musings of the Mate



Down in the apprentice-room one afternoon, there was a fresh-faced English boy who seemed very much at home. He read, wrote letters, played pool, drank tea and altogether made wholehearted use of his surroundings. During a lull in the conversation at tea-time, we asked him how he and other seamen had come to hear of the Institute. He looked at us with scorn at our ignorance and answered.

"Why, everybody knows the Institute," he replied. "It is famous. It is one of the things we look forward to when we touch the Port of New York."

Far Haven

Tim and Ols were buddies. Ols was blond, slow and Swedish, Tim read-headed, quick and very Irish. Tim decided for both of them that when they docked at Newport they would go on together to New York. Ols agreed. Tim suggested that since Ols would have

some duties on deck after the ship had docked, he, Tim, would take their baggage to a hotel and arrange for a room. Ols agreed.

The next morning Ols saw Tim weighed down by their seabags, depart off the ship. When he had finished his chores, he went down to his cabin to get his shoes but found that Tim had packed them away with all the rest of his things. Ols laughed at Tim's thoroughness in packing and then eagerly directed his footsteps to the hotel. He asked for Tim and explained about the arrangements. The clerk informed him that no one by that name had entered the hotel. Ols was puzzled and asked if there was any other hotel near by. No? Slowly it dawned on him that he had been tricked. He had no money, whatsoever with him and was dressed in working clothes without any shoes. A great weariness overcame him and he sat down to think.

Over three hundred miles away was New York, the place where he knew he could get friendly help—at 25 South Street. (If he had only known

that help was near at hand, at the Newport Seamen's Institute, he might have been spared his difficult journey.) He thought of his friends there and the many times he had stopped at the Institute and Mother Roper who was kind to all sailors. A great hope filled his heart, he would go to her for help and he would walk. Eagerly he began his journey.

Two days later he crossed the threshold of the Institute, and asked for Mother Roper. His feet were blistered and bleeding and his eyes sunk with fatigue. Mother Roper heard his story. She sent him to the clinic for attention and for a week he was fed and tended until he was rested and his feet had healed.

At the end of the week he returned to Mother Roper a changed man, clear-eyed, independent and resolute. She helped him to get a job as waiter in the first class of a large transatlantic liner, and Ols put out to sea, strong in his loyalty to his friends at the Institute, but with a bitter ache in his heart for his former buddy, Tim, who had betrayed his friendship.

Bibles

We have no way of determining how many of the sailors read their Bibles regularly morning or night, but Mrs. Roper tells us that a great many of them are following this noble tradition while on sea and on land. So it rather looks as though there is just as much hope for the modern sailor as for his earlier forebear who seldom went to sea without the "Good Book" tucked safely away in his bag.

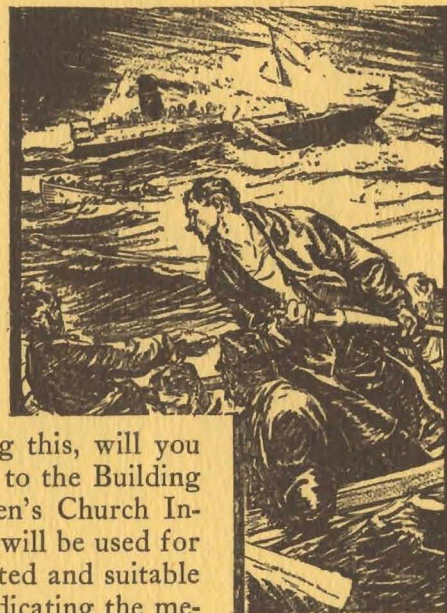
Pinwheels

One of the friends of the Institute has a hobby—the making of little felt "pinwheels," as she calls them. Around the edges of the pinwheel she sticks several dozen plain pins, useful articles, not only to the housewife, but also to the seafaring men. Most of the sailors fasten the pinwheel on the inside of the lapel of their jackets.

The other day we received 400 of these little pinwheels and they are now being distributed among the sailors as a very unique token of a landswoman's interest in the Institute seamen.

Memorial Units

Many thoughtful persons perpetuate the memory of those dear to them whether living or dead, by making gifts that will commemorate the life of the loved one through some worth-while service. If you are contemplating doing this, will you not consider a gift to the Building Fund of the Seamen's Church Institute? Such gifts will be used for the purposes indicated and suitable tablets provided indicating the memorial thus established.



Courtesy of Brandes Corporation

Seamen Guests' Reading and Game Rooms . . .	\$25,000
Cafeteria	15,000
Apprentice Room	10,000
Medical Room in Clinic	5,000
Surgical Room in Clinic	5,000
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth	5,000
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each . . .	1,000
Seamen's Rooms, each	500
Chapel Chairs	50
Baptistry	1,000

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