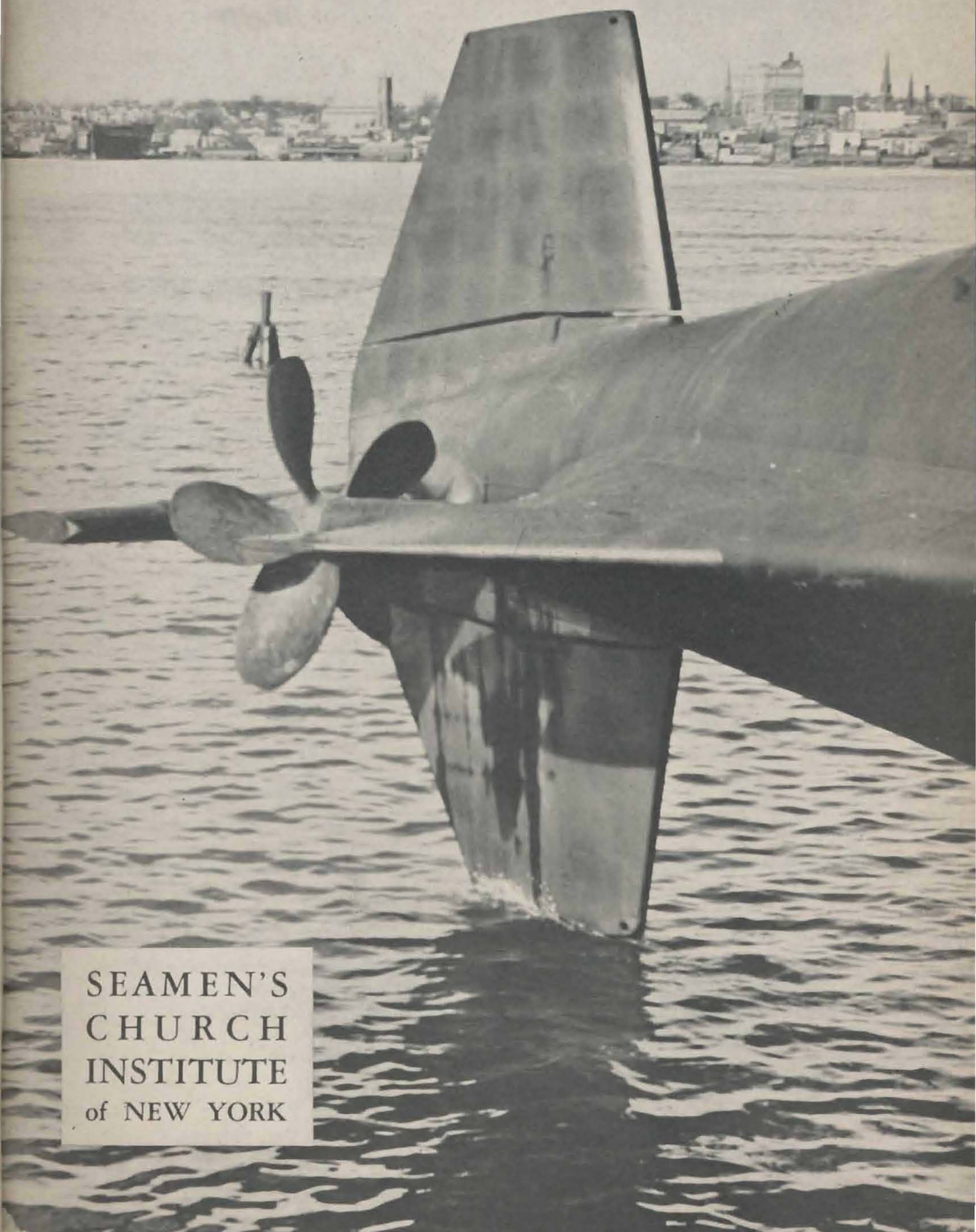


# The LOOKOUT

FEBRUARY 1954



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLV

FEBRUARY, 1954

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.      BOwling Green 9-2710

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Published Monthly      \$1.00 yearly      10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

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

THE COVER: Captured here is the instant when history is made. The rudder of the world's first atomic-powered vessel, the submarine *Nautilus*, is getting the first touch of a memorable kiss from the Thames River, Groton, Connecticut. See page eight.

# The Lookout

VOL. XLV

February, 1954

No. 2



Chris Svendsen, veteran seaman and model-restorer, examines his handiwork on the seven-foot *Collumbus Antwerpen*, a Belgian frigate.

## A Cavalcade of Shipping

A MUSEUM is a magic place where the past is preserved, and so, remembered. Sometimes the mute symbols of bygone eras or the salvaged bits of the sea's wreckage can recreate a bit of the history they represent. In the silent, sunlit Marine Museum of the S.C.I. are replicas of ships dating from man's earliest ventures upon the sea and sad souvenirs of his most recent and most savage wars.

A tiny Egyptian galley sails a painted Nile, laden with ebony logs, elephant tusks and a spotted leopard in a cage—cargo from the Land of Punt. Her crew of thirty-eight are colorfully dressed, much as they were when the actual voyage was made in 1493 B.C.

Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria*,

flies the Spanish emblem of the Queen that made his voyage of discovery possible.

A finely carved mahogany galleon of the early 1600's carries three masts and many heavy cannon. Her stern is ornate with brass fittings and tiny barred windows. A bronze figure with an upraised spear rides her bowsprit. She has no name.

The *Vliessingen* of Netherlands model dates from 1754, or two years before the ship itself was built. She's a three-masted frigate and her hull measures about six feet in length. Her stern is intricately carved with golden images of Neptune and his court. The ship's figurehead is an erect lion, with a full mane and a



## Who is She?

Seaman Martin Jensen admires a pretty girl, but he cannot use the old line about having met her before, although he saw countless figureheads during his many years under sail.

The blue-eyed maiden who was once a figurehead on a sailing ship stands just five feet tall in her blue and green gown. In her left hand she holds a small wreath of flowers and her right hand clasps a red rose to her bosom, suggesting that she may represent a maiden who intends to remain true to the memory of the lover she has lost at sea. There are no clues to her identity or to that of the ship she graced. She remains a beautiful, well-carved lady with a mysterious past.

royal crown. Her ropes and rigging were woven by hand and her iron cannons crudely cast. She has the deep wide bottom characteristic of all such warships, which allowed them to take the terrific concussion of their cannons' fire without capsizing.

Lord Nelson's flagship *Victory* is typical of the flashy, flag-bedecked warships of her day. She carried 100 guns into the famous Battle of Trafalgar of 1805. The actual vessel is still preserved in England, set in concrete and used on state occasions. But a hardy variety of beetle is slowly destroying her aged wood, accomplishing at last what the combined Spanish and French armadas had set out to do 149 years ago.

The famous American clippers of the nineteenth century are well represented by such long, slim-hulled beauties as the *Flying Cloud*, *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Sea Witch*, *The Great Republic*, and the *Glory of the Seas*. The clippers were the fastest sailing ships of all time, and car-

ried not only topgallants and royals but skysails and moonrakers as well — literally "clouds" of canvas. Each of the models is fully rigged and some carry the traditional belaying pins in racks by the masts. Ropes leading from the masts were wrapped around the pins, and a sailor coming on watch in a fog or a gale had only to feel the position of the pin and the way the rope was fashioned about it to know which sails were aloft.

Of the early steamers that carried sail, one of the most famous was the *Great Eastern*, an enormous ship with five smokestacks and six masts. She laid the Atlantic cable in 1866, after the first cable laid in 1858 proved too fragile. She was a hard luck ship, and in one way or another brought misfortune to her several owners.

A few odd little models tell something of the way of life of some distant peoples. The Norwegian *Koona*-sealer (woman's boat), for example, is made entirely of sealskin, including the authentically cos-

tumed crew of five and a small grey dog. Traditionally, four women work the oars and do the actual hunting; the fifth steers. When a seal is spotted, the dog leaps overboard and worries it onto an ice floe. Then the women debark and, with clubs, speedily dispatch the animal. This is a bit crude, but practical, since shooting or spearing the seal would damage the pelt.

The Brazilian *jangada* is a raft made of balsa logs and carries just one large triangular sail. The *jangadeiros*, or fishermen, live in small villages along the northeastern coast of Brazil, and take great pride in their craft. The *jangada* crew of two carry a large basket on their daily voyages; in it they keep their water jug, fishing lines, and the catch. The small seat from which the "master" controls the sail is known as the "banco del gobierno" or seat of the government.

In sharp contrast to these rough-hewn vessels is the slick perfection of the *Ichang*, a Chinese junk. It's four feet long and made of pale bamboo, except for the colored dragons that decorate the cabins. It's of a type used by the rich Mandarin class, and usually found in the upper Yangtze river, above the port of Ichang, China. It is fitted for sailing or poling in the dangerous river rapids.

The museum preserves some memem-

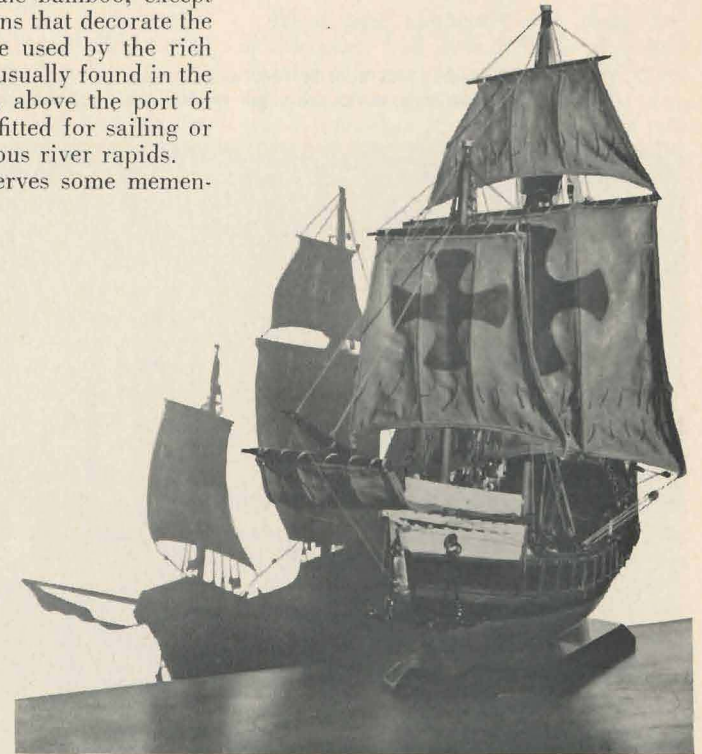
toes of ill-fated ships — a lifesaver from the *U.S.S. Covington*, torpedoed and sunk July 2, 1918. It is perhaps the only part of the ship not in the Atlantic's Davy Jones' locker.

There's a huge wooden steering wheel, salvaged from an early Hudson River excursion boat. It took two men to handle her in the old days.

The *Seneca* burned in New York in the Twenties, but left behind a charred binnacle and a ship's telegraph. The binnacle holds the ship's compass in a "floating" setting that allows the instrument to remain level despite the pitching and rolling of the vessel. The ship's telegraph gives out a series of satisfactory clangs when its lever is moved along markings indicating "full," "slow," "stop engines."

In a recently-opened annex at the Marine Museum stand the modern steam-

The *Santa Maria*, flagship of Christopher Columbus, never returned from her first Atlantic voyage. She was wrecked off the coast of Haiti.



ships — the Blue Riband winners, Italy's *Rex*, Germany's *Bremen* and the French *Normandie*, the crack liner that was at one time the largest ship in the world. She burned at New York in 1942.

There are the famous workhorses of two world wars — the *City of St. Joseph*, the only known model of the famous Hog Islanders of World War I, and the *George M. Verity*, a Liberty ship of the second world conflict.

The *Statendam*, a Dutch luxury liner, is complete down to the heavy cargo booms and tiny tables and chairs on the afterdeck. The Germans boarded her during intense fighting in Rotterdam in 1940, drawing the fire of the Dutch defenders. The ship was permanently disabled, and was later broken up for scrap by the Germans during the occupation.

The nine-foot *Manzu Maru* is a Japanese round-the-world steamer, and came to the Museum with the compliments of the Emperor of Japan.

The freighter *Flying Enterprise II* fol-

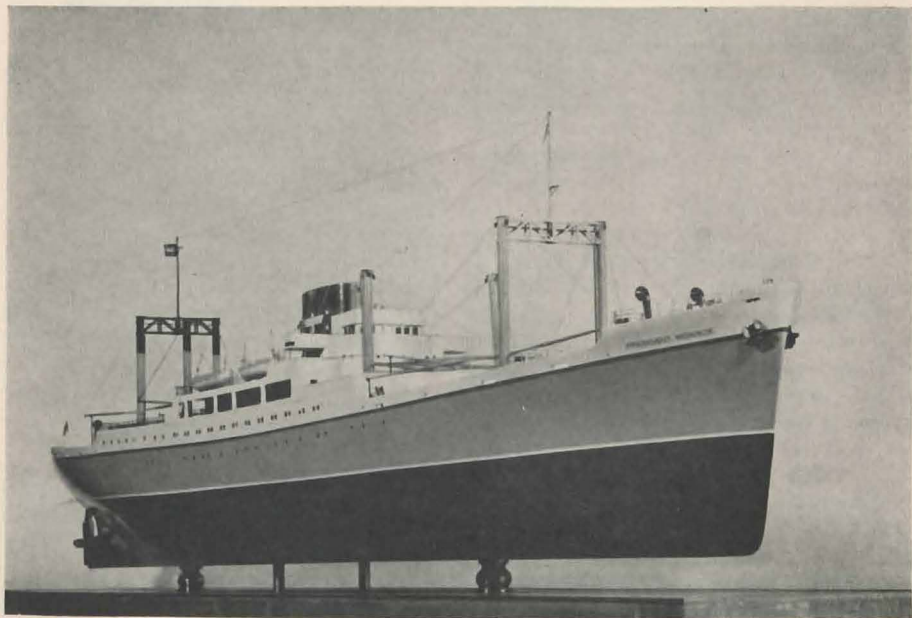
lows the tradition of her famous forebear.

In this new room, crowded with the models of some of the world's most famous contemporary ships, Mr. W. E. Greyble, Museum Curator, hopes to tell the story of present-day American shipping. The Isbrandtsen Company has already contributed a colorful display which illustrates the world-wide ports of call of the American merchant marine and portrays in miniature the exports and imports carried by our ships. Eventually, more detailed displays will spell out the vital role played by our merchant fleet both in peacetime and in war.

With its vastly increased collection of ship models, paintings and curios, the Museum presents a cavalcade of maritime history. Captain R. E. Copley, Museum Historian is always on hand with the stories behind the models.

The Museum hours are 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays, 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Saturdays.

The *President Monroe* was built in 1940 and served as a Naval Transport in World War II. Today she is in active passenger service with the American-President Lines.



## A Ferry Tale

TOLD BY ROBERT K. PLUMB\* THE DAY AFTER A SHIPLOAD OF DADDIES WAS LOST IN THE FOG UNTIL THE RADAR FAIRY RESCUED THEM

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\*Courtesy of The New York Times, Jan. 22, 1954

## FUTURE SECURE

"People today are mad about speed. If I have to go somewhere on a business trip and go fast, naturally I will go by air. But if I am going on a trip for pleasure, I will take a ship any time. The ship offers a kind of life that is peculiarly its own."

This view was expressed recently by Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, U.S.N. retired, in an interview with George Horne of the *New York Times*.

The admiral, who recently retired as president of the Air Transport Association, expressed confidence that the surface ship was not doomed by future developments in air transportation.

During the war years Admiral Land headed the United States Maritime Commission and served also as War Shipping Administrator. This experience, coupled with the eight years during which he has headed the association of scheduled airlines, makes him an expert on these rival modes of passenger and cargo hauling.

Conceding that overseas air transport will take much first class business from the ocean liners, Admiral Land commented that the creative element in the new type of fast travel will develop new business that will bring customers to the steamships as well.

"It is unlikely," said the admiral, "that the surface ship will develop much greater speed; it is probably at the peak of its comfortable speed now, while the airplane is just beginning to suggest the fantastic possibilities of the future."

## NEW BUMPERS

The old-style wooden network of "bumpers" in the Staten Island ferry slips may give way to concrete and steel-spring buttresses, if the recent proposals

of Commissioner of Marine & Aviation Edward F. Cavanagh are carried out.

The present wooden slips are under constant repair because of the force with which the ferries bull into the "racks." Repair and replacement costs have also been stepped up because of heavy water pollution and the increased weight of the newer ferries. The proposed improvements should cut maintenance costs.

Commissioner Cavanagh is confident that the city engineers can put his idea into operation. He observed that it will represent the first such construction change since "the days of the oxcart."

## GRIPSHOLM

On February 1st the 29-year-old liner *Gripsholm* sailed from Bremerhaven, Germany, under the flag of the German Federal Republic. The passenger ship, an Atlantic-run veteran of the Swedish-American line, has been transferred to German registry and henceforth will be manned by German officers and crew. For the present, her sailing schedules and her name will not be changed.

The *Gripsholm* carried out the exchange of civilian internees with Japan in World War II.

## REPRIEVE

The U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point has been granted a temporary stay of execution. Its fate will be decided by Congress sometime in February when a vote is taken on the Maritime Administration's recommendation that the Academy be continued in operation for at least one more year.

Kings Point was recently removed

from the list of economy cuts following a reconsideration of the matter by the Maritime Administration. The plan had been to continue Federal grants to the four state academies, which, it was hoped, would handle the entire maritime officer-training program. Two other Government-supported training centers at Sheepshead Bay and Alameda, California, have already been closed.

Meanwhile, the New York State Maritime Academy at Fort Schuyler met trouble from another source, a fire which recently razed the midshipmen's dormitory and a Naval Reserve drill hall.

## SMALL, BUT CLEVER

A fleck of germanium leaf 2/10,000ths of an inch thick may one day figure in sea rescue operations. Word comes from researchers at Philco Corporation that this remarkable metal can be made into an oscillator which, when attached to a lifeboat, will transmit a distress signal upon coming in contact with sea water. Rescuers could "home" on the signal.

This application of germanium transistors is but one of many that may follow the development of a type that performs reliably in high radio frequencies.

## ATOM SPLITTERS

Like Janus, the United States Navy has the ability to look forward and backward at the same time.

A few days prior to launching the world's first atomic-powered submarine, the Navy announced a regulation specifying swords as a "must" for regular officers.

## SPRING PLANTING

Britain's Institute of Oceanography carried out its spring planting a little early and a little oddly this year. In the interest of tracing the action of ocean currents that carry oil onto England's shores, planes have seeded 2,000 plastic envelopes in the North Atlantic.

It is expected that they will drift ashore and that curious citizens will open them and that public-spirited citizens will fill out the questionnaires they contain and return them to the Institute.

The scientists have great hopes for the success of their experiment, especially since some worldly chap among them had the forethought to include a small IOU in each envelope, redeemable for a half-crown upon presentation with a filled-out questionnaire.

## A NEW LEAF

The attitude of Russia toward ships in distress is growing somewhat more kindly, according to evidence reported recently by a Swedish newspaper. The Soviet coastal radio station at Windau, Latvia, last month deigned to reply to a Swedish request for assistance in the search for Swedish fishermen during an East Baltic storm.

At about the same time the Finns were permitted to enter Russian waters to assist a distressed German vessel.

The *Dagens Nyheter* expressed the hope that it might soon be possible to obtain a general permit to enter Russian waters in rescues without the delay of seeking a special permit for each occasion.

The Russians for a long time have failed to relay distress signals or to assist in the rescue of distressed ships, as they previously had agreed to.

# Enter The Nautilus

America's First A-Sub

**E**ARLY in the morning when the "Nautilus Special" rolled out of Manhattan for Groton, Connecticut, the city was in a smother of fog and the countryside all along the New Haven tracks was milky and washed out, like the background of a retouched photo. As the train pulled into the General Dynamics Boatyard you could vaguely see only a few sticks of scaffolding behind the Coast Guard band that was bravely thumping out a march. The air smelled damp and greasy.

Over the heads of the crowd, as you pushed nearer you could see the profile of the submarine's dark shell, like a great dead thing that had been washed ashore during the night and was now being gaped at by the curious.

Up close, standing at the stern, you could barely make out through the fog the christening platform from which a succession of officials were loudspeaking the significance of the event at hand, the launching of the world's first atomic-powered submarine.

"January 21, 1954 will live in history . . ." predicted John Jay Hopkins, whose company built the craft.

"This bright new source of power portends even greater blessings for mankind everywhere," asserted Gwilym A. Price of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, whose firm built its atomic reactor engine.

"I recognize this ship as the beginning of a new chapter in the history of sea power," said Admiral Carney of the Navy, proud owners.

"Today's historic event strengthens the means of security of all free nations," said Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Oblivious to the loudspeakers, the photographers fussed with their equipment and cursed the swirling fog that blurred the scene despite their finest lenses and filters. As they were busy plotting their best compromise with the conditions that prevailed, the light meter needles suddenly took an upward swing and an almost sunny brightness swept over the crowd. A fresh breeze came in from the river and by the time the last speaker had finished, the fog had rolled away and everyone was smiling. Clearly this was an auspicious omen; no newsman failed to make note of it.

Then a shipyard worker yelled, "Hit it! — Hit it hard!" and Mamie Eisenhower, sponsor, cracked a bottle of do-

mestic champagne sharply across the rounded nose of the new submarine as the 340-foot craft started her smooth, swift ride down the ways into the sparkling Thames River. Fifteen thousand cheers went up, while here and there shipwrights with strangely blank faces watched the water close around the plates they had hammered and welded together.

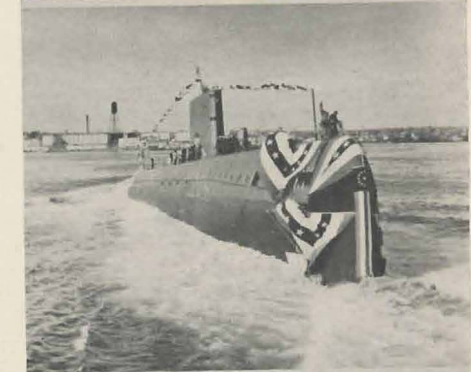
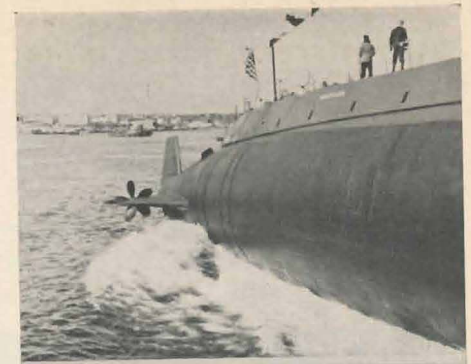
The crowd milled around for a moment in the chilly breeze, waved into the panning newsreel cameras and then started for home, mulling over the history just made before their eyes.

A few facts serve well to point up the significance of the *Nautilus* as a new machine in modern civilization. From a lump of uranium-235 the size of a golf ball it will extract the power to drive itself around the world without refueling. Through controlled nuclear fission, a two-pound bit of metal will provide the energy of 460,000 gallons of fuel oil or 3,000 tons of coal. The heat generated will provide steam for a turbine that can turn out enough "juice" to meet the electrical needs of a small city.

Completely submerged, she will be able to cross the Atlantic at speeds sufficient to overtake all but the fastest destroyers. Unlike the submarines of World War II, she will never gasp for air or lack the speed or endurance to close on potential targets. Merchant shipping, as we have known it in the past, will not have a prayer against the A-sub.

While the Navy regards the *Nautilus* and her sister ship, the *Sea Wolf*, now in early construction stages, as test vessels which may never fire a shot in anger, these submarines clearly set the pace for survival on the sea lanes in any future war. And we cannot overlook the fact that our record-breaking appropriations for atomic development are not buying a monopoly; other nations will have the A-sub, too.

This grim fact is made even more unpleasant in the light of America's failure for the second consecutive year to make any provision for the construction of new merchant vessels. It would seem that National Defense, the clucking hen who



With remarkable speed, as if eager to get under way, the *Nautilus* swooshes down the ways. New London is visible on the far shore of the Thames River.

In the bottom picture the new sub has shed its cradle, and a tug closes in to move her to a wet dock for her final fittings.

calls for A-subs, would also hatch a few modern cargo ships to service the lines of supply and run the gauntlet with many of the items needed to build A-subs, among other things. — TOM BAAB

Before and after the noted Thames River fog.



## *Remember One Day*

**E**VERY night when the sun goes down, hundreds of seafarers are safely "hove to" at the Seamen's Church Institute, overlooking the harbor at the lower tip of Manhattan Island.

These men do not come to the Institute simply because it offers a convenient place to eat and sleep; a man who must "go it alone" seeks more than the things you can get anywhere for a "buck on the barrel head."

The Institute performs a variety of personal and social services that set it apart from the waterfront boarding house. In good times and bad, the Institute stands by, extending to the seafaring fraternity the kind of friendship and help the landsman gets from his family and his neighbors.

Many of its services are the type that can't be had for money. How can you bill a man for reuniting him with his family? How can you bill an alcoholic for his rehabilitation? Indeed, how can you bill a dead seaman for his burial? These are a few of the tasks that the Seamen's Church Institute, as an instrument of practical Christianity, is called upon to perform.

The average daily expense of the Institute's non-commercial program is \$273.97. As a friend of the Institute, you have demonstrated your faith in our work. We hope you will want to participate further by sponsoring these activities for one entire day, perhaps choosing the date to memorialize some special event in your life. Your check for the above amount should be addressed to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

As one of its supporters, you may justly share the Institute's pride in having entered its 120th year of service to merchant seamen. Its program of services will continue to be needed as long as the sea calls men away from their homes.



# Book Briefs



Ketchikan, Alaska  
September 1, 1952

## THE UNDAUNTED

By John Harris

Wm. Sloane Assoc., New York, \$3.00

*The Undaunted* has the tight unheroic drama of a documentary and the human characterization of a first-rate novel. The story begins with the downing of an R.A.F. bomber in the North Sea in 1944 and traces step by step the Air-Sea Rescue Service operation to bring its crew to safety.

The author probes skillfully into the minds and emotions of rescuers and survivors alike, men numbed by years of violent warfare. They are matter of fact in the face of death and at the same time bitterly resentful of anything that extends their tour of duty. Those adrift in a rubber raft endure both the tortures of the elements and of their own frustrating impotence.

*The Undaunted* is dramatic but not flamboyant; the author dispassionately allows his characters to tell their own story.

## TILLAMOOK LIGHT

By James A. Gibbs, Jr.

Binfords & Mort, Oregon, \$3.00

If you go along with its gruff humor and accept the characters as they are presented, with a wink and a grin, you can have a fine time reading *Tillamook Light*.

There's enough authentic background interwoven in the tale to lend an air of credibility to the unlikely goings-on. This bit of realism was hard won by the author, who actually did serve out a tour of duty on barren Tillamook rock, off the coast of Maine. But Mr. Gibbs doesn't allow pedestrian realism to get in the way of a good joke. The book is a hearty slapstick from beginning to end.

There are some good photographs included of the lighthouse, some local shore terrain and a few old derelicts.

## SHARK!

By Patrick Fitzgerald O'Connor

W. W. Norton & Co., New York, \$3.50

This is an adventure story concerning the exploits of four men in a small boat sailing treacherous Hebridean water in search of the largest fish in Atlantic waters, the five-ton basking shark.

Belaboring an interesting subject with incessant wit, Mr. O'Connor explains how the expedition was inspired, organized and financed, and how the group finally found themselves within range of 30 or 40 of these monsters, which are capable of smashing in the side of a large boat with one whip of the tail. Their purpose in hunting these sharks was to sell the large quantities of oil that can be rendered from their bodies.

While this particular expedition was not a financial success, it did provide for the author the material for an interesting book on the subject.

## UNDERSEA PATROL

By Commander Edward Young

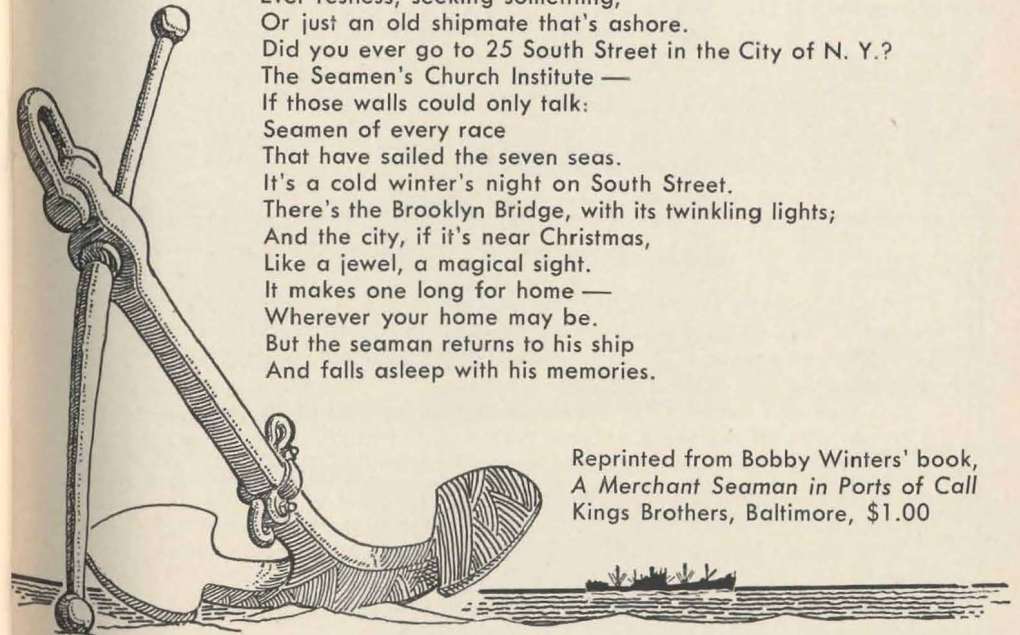
McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, \$3.95

This is a factual account of the last war as it was fought by submarines from beneath the surface of the sea.

Commander Edward Young of the British Royal Navy has written a lively diary of his experiences from the first time he set a suspicious foot on an underwater craft in 1940 until the last enemy depth charge of the war rattled his teeth but left him otherwise unharmed in January, 1945. Remarkably frank and freshly written, it is an absorbing and enlightening book.

## FEEL LIKE A GYPSY;

I wander here and there,  
Do things and take chances  
Others do not dare.  
Though I feel rich in friendships,  
At times I feel quite alone.  
When I was seventeen  
I decided to leave home.  
Then followed years of travel:  
The Orient, Australia and Suez;  
The Argentine, and Hamburg and Singapore —  
All those colorful seaports;  
The Sodom and Gomorrah,  
Waterfront dives, music, and women on the streets;  
Beautiful Havana, and Cocoa Grove in Panama;  
The thought of a lady friend in Paris  
Or a lady friend in Rome.  
The seaman steers a strange course,  
Losing all his ties with home.  
The years they pass so quickly  
And still more ports to see;  
The lure and fascination  
Goes on endlessly.  
And then there is no turning;  
You keep moving on and on:  
New York, New Orleans or Baltimore —  
Ever restless, seeking something,  
Or just an old shipmate that's ashore.  
Did you ever go to 25 South Street in the City of N. Y.?  
The Seamen's Church Institute —  
If those walls could only talk:  
Seamen of every race  
That have sailed the seven seas.  
It's a cold winter's night on South Street.  
There's the Brooklyn Bridge, with its twinkling lights;  
And the city, if it's near Christmas,  
Like a jewel, a magical sight.  
It makes one long for home —  
Wherever your home may be.  
But the seaman returns to his ship  
And falls asleep with his memories.



Reprinted from Bobby Winters' book,  
*A Merchant Seaman in Ports of Call*  
Kings Brothers, Baltimore, \$1.00



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## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we suggest the following as a clause that 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."

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific 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."

Contributions and requests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.