

The LOOKOUT



Gordon Grant

The Model Maker



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

O F N E W Y O R K

VOLUME

XXIV

--

FEBRUARY, 1933

This Month's Cover: "The Model Maker"

From "Sail Ho" by Gordon Grant

His present ship seldom had a good word from the sailor. Time, however, weaves a sentiment about some former craft, so from such material as he can find aboard he makes a model of her.

It will, most likely, be a clumsy affair despite his best efforts,—it will be sold for a round of drinks when the voyage ends, and lie dust-covered in a water side junk shop until rescued by some dealer in antiques, and end up finally on the mantelpiece of some lover of sea tales.

The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK 25 South Street

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 submit nevertheless 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."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

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No. 2

A POET COMES TO 25 SOUTH STREET

WHEN the S. S. Mauretania cast her lines into the new Cunard Line Pier at the foot of West 13th street one January morning England's bard of the sea stepped foot on Manhattan Island after a stormy trip from Southampton. John Masefield, poet laureate and Mrs. Masefield were met by their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont and our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield.



John Masefield Arrives on the Mauretania

A luncheon was given in Mr. Masefield's honor at the Institute on Wednesday at which many notable figures in the literary and marine world were present. To quote Miss Isabel Patterson of the Herald-Tribune, in her description of the luncheon: "There was something homely and sincere about it; Mr. Masefield undoubtedly had a fine personal feeling for the Institute, remembered personally from forty years back having come to the old Institute building as to a haven, when he was a sailor; and described how, with kindred organizations all over the world, it

had vastly improved conditions for seafaring men."

Mr. Masefield spoke of "the then unhappy brotherhood of the sea" of which he had been a member and expressed himself as amazed and delighted at the changes due to Dr. Mansfield's untiring efforts in the Port of New York. Mr. Lamont acted as informal chairman at the luncheon and told some interesting things about the Poets Laure-

ate. Mr. Masfield told an entertaining story about Southey (how Sir Walter Scott, when being offered the honor of poet laureate declined, gallantly suggesting that Southey needed the money more than he.) Southey, said Mr. Masfield, was immortalized by his "Goldilocks and the Three Bears", that charming nursery tale known to all children.

Mr. Masfield then told a fascinating story about two young cadets of the merchant marine, an incident which occurred in his youth when on a training ship in the Mersey. We strongly suspect that the dreamy-eyed lad who disobeyed the captain's orders by going swimming and who was punished by wearing a life belt 'round his neck day and night for a week was the lad who grew up to become one of England's most famous writers.

It was especially fitting that Mr. Masfield should make his first public appearance in America, since King George appointed him poet laureate, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Institute. And how appropriate it is that a government headed by a man of humble parentage should place the wreath of laurel upon the brow of one who sings:

Not of the princes and prelates with
periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laured to lap
the fat of the years—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—

the men hemmed in with the spears;
The men of the tattered battalion
which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of battle, the
din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and
the blood running into their eyes.
The sailor, the stoker of steamers,
the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards,
putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and
the tired lookout.

To all our contributors who so generously responded by taking tickets to the lecture on January 9th at Carnegie Hall the Institute expresses its sincere gratitude. We are confident that everyone enjoyed the lecture-recital and was deeply moved by the musical cadences and the rhythmic tones of the poet as he recited his famous "Sea Fever."

Dr. John H. Finley, an associate Editor of The New York Times, and a member of the Institute's Board of Managers introduced Mr. Masfield. A half hour organ recital by Dr. T. Tertius Noble, organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas Church, New York, preceded the lecture. Mr. Masfield graciously autographed a number of copies of his "Salt Water Poems and Ballads" which were sold for the benefit of the Institute.

Our Board of Managers has unanimously elected Mr. Masfield an honorary member of the Board and he has accepted "with gratitude and pleasure."



Central News Photos

From the Titanic Memorial Tower, the Poet Laureate and other Literary guests of the Institute view New York.

In the group with Mr. and Mrs. Masfield are Stephen Vincent Benet, William Rose Benet, Charles B. Patterson, Gordon Grant, A. J. Villiers, Captain Bob Bartlett, Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, Rudolph Evans, George P. Brett, Isabel Patterson, J. Donald Adams, Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield and Mrs. Edward Markham.

A SAILORMAN FOR A SAILOR'S CAUSE

Editorial in The New York Herald-Tribune, Jan. 6, 1933

IT is a singularly happy circumstance for the admirable organization in whose cause he has been enlisted that John Masfield, once more an honored visitor to these shores, should have been available at this time to deliver an address for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute. England's poet laureate, himself a notable chronicler of tall ships and the traditions of the round blue seas, is speaking Monday evening at Carnegie Hall as a contribution to the continued and ever-pressing drive for funds for the South Street shelter directed by the Rev. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield. The joint and compelling attractions of so firmly established a New York cause and the presence of one of the two or three greatest English singers of the time—and there are many who consider him the first—should make even standing room desirable in the Fifty-seventh Street auditorium.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is the largest and one of the most

noted shore communities for sailors of the merchant trade in the world, with a capacity for accommodating nearly 2,000, while Dr. Mansfield has been a worker for sailors ever since 1895, when he first instituted a floating chapel in the East River. The general news-reading public may be largely familiar with the Institute only through such occasional ceremonies as the recent commemoration of the Titanic's foundering, but among men who for their living go down to the sea in ships its name is a byword synonymous with landfall and all's well. Mr. Masfield, who "only asks a tall ship and a star to steer her by" and to whom the studded sails of the clippers of his boyhood were "beautiful unspeakably," should be at his best when speaking and reading his own meters for the benefit of a world-wide group of mariners whose welfare can hardly fail to enlist his deepest sympathies and most comprehensive understanding.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER

SEQUELS to stories have always been popular, I suppose, because the public is curious to know "what happened after." Such odd and interesting sequels could be told to LOOKOUT readers about the seamen whose stories we print, that we cannot refrain from relating a few. Some of them are happy, and some are very sad.

Do you remember the story entitled "A Wandering Sailor Poet," which was printed in the November issue? Well, Nelof de Pittsiacc has had some strange adventures since that time. He shipped on a vessel whose first port was Havana, and while on shore leave was knocked down by an automobile and his leg was broken in three places. Because the accident occurred on shore, he could collect no insurance from his ship. He spent a month in the U. S. Marine Hospital and returned to New York as a workaway on a tug. Upon his arrival he, still using a cane, came to see THE LOOKOUT editor who encouraged him to take some of his poems to the poetry editor of the *New York Times*. A few days later he returned, and we were overjoyed to learn that *The Times* had accepted one poem and paid him seven dollars and fifty cents for it. Furthermore, to make his cup of happiness really full, he was given a job as cub reporter! So now he works on the night shift, from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M., reporting accidents, fires and robberies in a great city.

More than a year ago (July, 1931) we published a story called "The

Youngest War Hero," about Stephen Harvey, who at the age of thirteen was awarded a medal for bravery in battle in the front line trenches with the A. E. F. The other day Harvey, who has been a seaman ever since the World War, dropped into the office to say "Hello," and to report progress on his book, "Victory" which he is writing. Harvey was also injured by an automobile, and for weeks his recovery was in doubt. He still has acute pains in his back. But ever cheerful and uncomplaining, he related how he had driven across the country from California in a fifth-hand Ford. He now has a job on a new ship on the M— Line which will sail regularly between New York and San Francisco. He is delighted with this prospect as it will enable

him to see his mother in 'Frisco every few weeks. When his ship stopped in Boston he was met by Mayor Curley and officials of Sailors' Haven who presented him with a beautiful birthday cake. In writing to Mother Roper about the reception, dinner and dance given in his honor, Harvey wrote: "I inquired how they knew it was my birthday and they showed me a copy of THE LOOKOUT with the article about me which also gives the date of my birthday. What a surprise! I speak on the radio tonight—I hope you will hear me. My new ship is great,—Mother. Gee but you are a wonderful friend. You've done it all!"

Perhaps you will recall the story in the November LOOKOUT about Camilo Montanez entitled "Say It With



Flowers"? Poor Camilo. Fate has not been so kind to him. It is true, he has managed to live by selling his paper flowers, but he has sent most of the money earned home to his wife in Porto Rico, keeping only enough to buy one ten cent meal at the Institute each day. The other night he came to our Dental Clinic, holding his hands over his cheek. Our hygienist speaks Spanish so she soon won his confidence. He told her that he had been knocked down on South Street and robbed of the little bit of money he had in his pocket. The Institute ar-

ranged for Camilo to stay in one of the private bed rooms and our doctor is attending to the badly swollen jaw. In the October issue we told of Henry Kearney who rescued another seaman from drowning. We are delighted to report that he has been awarded a medal and fifty dollars by the Life Saving Benevolent Association. Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee and Mr. Walter Wood Parsons of the Institute's Board of Managers are President and Vice-President respectively of this Association.

MOTORBOAT SHOW



UNDOUBTEDLY many "Lookout" readers visited the Institute's booth at the Motor Boat Show the week of January 21st. For the benefit of those who did not, we will say that through the request of Mr. L. Gordon Hamersley, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, Mr. Ira Hand, Secretary of the Motor Boat Show graciously donated a one hundred and twenty foot booth.

Here cadets from our Merchant Marine School demonstrated nautical instruments, Captain Robert Huntington gave practical navigation lec-

tures and debutantes collected dimes for "ten cent meals" for our unemployed sailormen. Moving pictures of clipper ships, showing mutinies, typhoons, and shipwrecks, and a comedy of "Felix the Cat" on shipboard and deck tennis and shuffleboard amused passersby.

Many, many thanks to all who so generously gave time, money and effort to make the exhibit a great success. The show had a record attendance and thousands of people passed our booth, many hundreds stopping to see the attractions.

\$ \$ LIFE-SAVING DOLLARS \$ \$

The Ship that did not Sail

If it were just a case of ONE ship not sailing and ONE sailor stranded ashore, our problem would be simple. BUT when it's a case of 831 American ships not sailing and hundreds of foreign vessels laid up—totalling 15,000,000 tons—you can see what the problem of the UNEMPLOYED SEAMAN really is.



IF you have a job or a financial margin won't you help us keep these seamen from actual starvation. So we are again organizing the DOLLAR CLUB. Will you, *even though you have already sent a liberal contribution this year*, become a member and send a dollar NOW?

Please check which way you prefer to have your dollar spent, then tear out the coupon below and mail it to the Institute. Because of the expense of paper and postage we will not write you a "thank you" letter, but you may be assured of our gratitude. You also will have the satisfaction of knowing that your whole dollar will be used in the way you specify.

And the Sailor who stayed Ashore

Kindly make check or money order payable to: "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK" and mail to 25 South Street New York.



ONE DOLLAR WILL PROVIDE:

Please
Check Your
Choice

- A FREE MEAL FOR 10 SEAMEN
- FREE BEDS FOR 5 SEAMEN
- TEN FREE MEALS FOR 1 SEAMAN
- CARFARE FOR 10 SEAMEN
(to look for jobs)
- TO REDUCE THE BUILDING DEBT
- TO EMPLOY ADDITIONAL HELP
(from the ranks of unemployed seamen) to work in the Institute

GIFTS FOR THE MELTING POT

If you were one of those who answered our Melting Pot appeal by sending us a package of old gold and silver, you will be interested to know the outcome of that venture. If you were not one of those first 100 donors whose gifts have already been converted into cash, you will want to be one of the second 100—for the first gave the Institute a clear profit of \$352.75. Was there ever a less painful or more profitable method of giving a worthy cause a financial boost?

The letters of these donors reflect their feelings; everywhere they commend the Melting Pot as "an excellent plan", "a splendid idea". One wrote of it as "a blessing to those who have had possessions lying about of no use and unwanted by any of the younger generation." Yes, a blessing that blesses twice—the giver, who rejoices in getting rid of the unwanted possessions, and the receivers who are grateful for every scrap that comes to us. We are blessing the friends who have taken time to "dig down into some old trunks, and climb a ladder to closet shelves where there were pieces of silver and gold."

And speaking of odds and ends, did you know that the gold nib of a fountain pen more than pays for one of the Institute's famous 10 cent meals; and that

the gold in a pair of glasses you may have discarded would buy four or five of those meals. Since we are making meals our measuring stick, let us tell you that one watch, turned in by a gentleman benefactor, contained such a quantity of good gold as would supply a seaman with two 10 cent meals a day for three months! What a satisfactory method of being charitable without the expenditure of more than the price of postage!

Doesn't this make you want to hunt up something immediately? Put on your thinking cap. You may remember some forgotten bit as did one association member who wrote that she had "come across two old-fashioned card-cases with four sterling silver corners each, which my lady mother and I used thirty odd years ago when, arrayed in our best, we sallied forth in a brougham with prancing steeds (from the livery stable) and paid afternoon calls." Those silver corners—and we had eight pounds of such bits in our first consignment—all helped to swell our profits.

Just as that writer took us far afield, figuratively speaking, so have we been transported beyond the bounds of our office in the Institute as we unwrapped the gifts of other friends. A collection of souvenir spoons took

us from the burning sands of the Sahara to the icy snows of Quebec—just a flight of the imagination, of course, but easily the cheapest flight on record, and the only one we can afford now.

There are all sorts of ways of fighting financial difficulties. The Central Council and Associations are trying to make a game

of it—a Treasure Hunt. Won't you join them? A fine nucleus for a second consignment is locked in a strong box, loaned by our Superintendent, Dr. A. R. Mansfield, and awaits your contribution. Address your communications and gifts to The Melting Pot Committee,

25 South Street, New York.

"ABLE SEAMAN JOHNSTON"

Reprinted from THE SUN, By JOHN McCLAIN, Dec. 29, 1932

In the cold mist of Mid-Atlantic dawn, the day before Christmas, a knot of seamen gathered aft by the stern rail of the *Majestic*. As the first streaks of gray came up over the horizon a bugler blew taps, the mighty turbines of the vessel ceased to throb and from the midst of the gathering a flag-draped figure slid out over the after rail, doubled slightly in its descent, and disappeared into the sea. All that remained of J. H. Johnston, A. B., had been delivered to the sea that had claimed his life a few hours before.

It was the second time in recent years that the sea had dealt a severe blow to the largest ship afloat. On the previous occasion a mountainous, cumulative wave had dropped on her fo'castle head, bashing in the No. 1 hatch cover and flooding the crew's quarters below. There were, fortunately, no casualties.

During her last voyage, however, the wave struck further aft, crashing through the bulkhead of deckhouse B, which stands just abaft of the hatch. Johnston happened to be in the deckhouse at the time and was caught in the deluge which swept everything before it. They found his crumpled, lifeless body a few minutes later when the water had subsided.

In spite of the tragic result of this latest accident, it cannot, certainly, be viewed as a reflection upon the seaworthiness of the *Majestic*—or any other vessel which is unfortunate

enough to be in the path of such gigantic seas. It is in the cards, apparently, that every so often in the ocean a series of small waves unite in such manner as to form one colossal body of water so tremendous that the mightiest man-made hull must yield before it. In most instances the blow falls on the fo'castle without causing serious damage. Occasionally rails and stanchions give way, but seldom has a human life been lost from a wave of this description.

Able Seaman Johnston was a familiar figure to those whose business brought them to the *Majestic*. In his four-year service in the ship he had been almost constantly in charge of the aft gangplank leading into the third-class quarters. His pals in the "glory hole" spoke of him as "one of the best." There were many who still felt the shock of their shipmate's death when the vessel docked.

IN THE S. C. I. MAILBAG

One of the Institute's friends, Miss Ethel Gray, sent us the above photograph and the following poem. Miss Gray was the only woman passenger aboard a freighter on a 26,000 mile voyage around the world from which she has just returned.



Walking up into the sunset
The sailor goes
To take his watch
On the forecastle head.
Whether Venus
Comes up with brilliance,
Or the dark
Is thick with mystery,
Yet ever,
Thru the tropic night,
I hear
The ship's refrain
Of the bells.
From the bridge
I hear the bells
From the lookout
Answering bells
From below the calls:
"Lights are bright,"
From above the calls:
"All right".
Whilst the song of the sea
Lulls me,
And the moon and stars
Are mine,
And I am one
With the rhythm
of the deep.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

"To Dr. and Mrs. Mansfield and Staff of the *most wonderful* Seamen's Institute in the world with Christmas Love from Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie Bell, Montreal Sailors' Institute."

Jan. 2, 1933.

"My Dear Dr. Mansfield:

Again this year as I did last year I write to thank you and the Institute for the way in which we were treated on Christmas day. The dinner was very nice and the service was very good also the music.

I am just one among a host of seamen who really appreciate what the Institute is doing. Possibly the others do not say so but just the same their feeling is the same as mine.

Sincerely yours"

Harry B. X—

A UNIQUE SERVICE

An elderly seaman, formerly a chief engineer, has been out of work for two years and has an invalid wife. His insurance policy, originally for \$10,000.00, has been borrowed on until it has dwindled to about \$1,300.00. This is his only safeguard against the future and when the premium came due he could not meet it. He told his story to our Relief Agent who advanced the \$18.00 for the premium and prevented the policy from lapsing. It was the first time on record that we performed this particular form of service for one of our seamen. The old engineer was pathetically grateful for the Institute's help.

HEROISM AT SEA

Editorial in THE NEW YORK TIMES

WHAT New York thinks of a daring and gallant rescue at sea was shown when Captain George Fried of the liner *America* came into port with the crew of the *Florida* on board in January, 1929. Broadway gave the officers of the *America* the same kind of welcome that is accorded famous polar explorers and aviators who have greatly distinguished themselves. In some respects the latest achievement in life-saving on the Atlantic, the rescue of the survivors of the *Freighter Exeter City* by Captain Giles Stedman of the *American Merchant*, resembled the taking-off of the crew of the *Florida*. In each case a sea raised to great heights by a gale of many hours swept away the deck houses of the ship in distress and put the radio plant out of operation before her exact location could be transmitted. Some time was lost in beginning the rescues, and only the most skillful seamanship and a sound and fearless judgment availed to save lives in such peril that the odds seemed to be heavily against success.

The *Exeter City* was a small ship of less than 3,000 tons, and had lost her captain and three others overboard when a great sea carried away much of her super-structure. It was evident that a boat could not live in such a gale. Captain Stedman, a comparatively young commander, was equal to the emergency. After three



Captain Giles Stedman and Crew

hours of standing-by in the hope that the storm would go down and a lifeboat could be launched, he decided to shoot a line to the despairing men on the *Exeter City* and put over a boat to be towed by line between the vessels. A sentence in one of his messages tells the story of the difficulties he experienced: "Shot line aboard *Exeter City*, towed lifeboat, endeavoring to get crew aboard for the last hour." The battle with the storm finally ended with the rescue of twenty-two men. The little freighter had no chance to survive. A critical question was whether she would keep afloat until her crew, in the shadow of death, could be taken off. In annals of perils of the sea and heroic rescues the performance of Captain Stedman of the *American Merchant* will always have an honored place. It was one of those victories of peace "no less renowned than war."

In Memory of . . .



THE SEAMENS CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
(Established 1843)
25 South Street, New York City

NEEDS FUNDS
to complete payment on its
new thirteen-story building.
*A real home for merchant seamen
while they are on shore leave.*
WILL YOU HELP?

SEAMENS CHURCH INSTITUTE of New York
25 SOUTH ST.

ON MAKING WILLS

CHARITABLE organizations throughout the country, bank and trust companies and Bar associations will all be invited by the Committee on Financial and Fiduciary Matters of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to participate in a conference early in 1933 to promote the making of wills.

Nearly 70 per cent of estates administered by surrogates and probate courts are without wills, the Committee points out. People defer making wills for many reasons, but often from sheer procrastination. "Life is uncertain" the Committee's statement says. "It is unfair to the cherished purposes of a man's lifetime to leave these purposes unexpressed and subject to the sudden exigencies of disease and accident."

"In inaugurating this movement," says Alfred Wms. Anthony, chairman of the Committee, "we have no 'axes to grind' unless it be the remote ax which would follow if our thought is correct, that when a man has written his will and made provision for his natural heirs and the natural claims upon his remembrance, he then is in best condition for making bequests, large or small, to his chosen charities out of what may properly be regarded as his surplus wealth."

—*Better Times*—Dec. 26, 1932

Among memorials still available in the New Building are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000.00
Additional Clinic Rooms	5,000.00
Chapel Memorial Windows	5,000.00
Sanctuary and Chancel	5,000.00
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each	5,000.00
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500.00
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each	1,000.00
Seamen's Rooms, each	500.00
Chapel Chairs, each	50.00



Fulton Street Fishing Vessel After a Northern Trip

A Record of Service in 1932

Some of the services rendered to worthy sailormen by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

from January 1st to December 31st, 1932:

383,892 Lodgings Provided in Dormitories and Rooms (including emergency beds)
318,448 Meals Served in Cafeteria and Dining Room
623,109 Sales Made at Soda Fountain
39,620 Pieces of Baggage Checked
46,271 Books and Magazines Distributed
68,911 Special Social Service Needs Filled
17,380 Relief Loans
8,037 Seamen Received Relief
5,144 Cases Treated in Dispensary, Dental and Eye Clinics
1,455 Positions Procured for Seamen
225 Missing Seamen Located
230 Religious Services Attended by 13,519 Seamen
26,870 Services Rendered at Barber Shop, Tailor Shop and Laundry
48,721 Information Desk Interviews
7,131 Articles of Clothing and 4,536 Knitted Articles Distributed
194 Entertainments in Auditoriums Attended by 139,592
\$339,130.41 Received for Safekeeping or Transmission to Seamen's Families

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