

The

LOOKOUT

SEPTEMBER 1930



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

NEW YORK

VOLUME XXI NUMBER 1

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
THOMAS ROBERTS
Assistant Treasurer

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

Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or
MAJORIE 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.

"The painting reproduced on this month's cover is entitled 'H.M.S. BURFORD (1740)'. It was painted by Charles Robert Patterson and is owned by Ernest E. Quantrell.

"Nearly two centuries ago Admiral Edward Vernon, M.P. for Penryn, and better known afloat as 'Old Grog', became celebrated by his challenge in Parliament to capture Porto Bello with six ships, a pledge which he redeemed on November 21, 1739.

"His Flagship was THE BURFORD, a seventy-gun ship, which had previously served in 1727 at the defense of Gibraltar. Its American interest is due to the fact that Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George Washington, served under Admiral Vernon, and had it not been for his mother, George would also have entered the Royal Navy under the patronage of Vernon, who obtained for him a midshipman's warrant in 1746 when he was fourteen years of age. THE BURFORD was built at Deptford in 1723 by Stacey.

"This type of craft differed in rigging from any previous or any subsequent type and was represented by some ten ships. 'Old Grog', by the way, got his nickname from his coat of grogram (a corruption of grosgrain), a coarse kind of taffeta and hence 'Grog' for the Navy's mixture of rum-and-water, which he introduced instead of neat rum."

Thirty Fathoms Deep

HERBERT HOWE, although only twenty-seven, can qualify with the best of the old salts as a bona fide "deep water seaman." In case readers of THE LOOKOUT do not realize the distinction, we will digress for a moment from our story to explain that a deep water seaman is one who has sailed 'round Cape Horn, Cape Hatteras, and all the ports of the Orient. The men who sail the great ocean liners to Europe are scornfully dubbed "ferry-boat riders" by the afore-said old salts!

However, young Herbert can boast of staying down in 150 feet of water for the record time of two hours and fifteen minutes. For, in case you haven't guessed it by this time, Herbert is a deep-sea diver and he has probably been in the deepest water of any seaman who ever crossed the Institute's threshold.

Ever since he was six months old Herbert has been following the sea. Until he was fifteen he sailed on the schooner on which

his father was master, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Then one day Herbert read in a newspaper an advertisement for a diver, and, being a good swimmer and diver, he decided to apply for the job. He got it, but discovered that it meant deep sea diving to salvage wrecks! He stuck to his bargain, and donned the waterproof suit of canvas and rubber which was given to him.

Then he adjusted a metal helmet with four eyeholes, covered with strong glass. Air was supplied him by a flexible hose in the back of the helmet, and which was connected with an air pump on the deck of the ship. Herbert says that he will never forget the thrill of that first deep-sea dive.

For eleven years Herbert followed this



dangerous yet exciting profession, and then one time he stayed too long under the water, and when the pressure was released and he ascended to the surface it was found that his heart was permanently impaired. Herbert explained it by comparing the situation to a driver of an automobile, who goes up a steep hill in high and suddenly shifts back into first—the engine is overtaxed by the unusual pressure; similarly, a man's heart, when the pressure of the water is suddenly released, the blood rushes back too quickly to the heart, and arteries are likely to swell or burst.

But Herbert says he misses

EDITOR'S NOTE: For further information on this fascinating subject of deep sea diving we recommend to our readers Commander Edward Ellsberg's new book *Thirty Fathoms Deep*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.



The Fog Warning
"The Sword Fisherman" *Winds in Home*
Painting by Charles Robert Patterson

Owned by Mrs. E. E. Bessey

getting into his diving suit, with its weighted, lead shoes, and his warm wool underclothing to keep the cold out, as he descended to raise safes from sunken vessels, to determine the amount of damage in a ship's hull, and all the other interesting and perilous duties of a "deep water" seaman. He is now second officer on one of the ships of the United Fruit Line, and oh, yes, he has a four-year-old daughter whose snapshot he will show to any acquaintance who stops to chat with him. He has been coming to the Institute for twelve years, and he knows the soundings well of every stretch of water from Newfoundland to Panama.

UDY VALLEE, Clara Bow, Lindbergh and other celebrities may boast of voluminous letters received in each day's mail, but Mother Roper can hold her own with any of them. Ever since the appearance of an article concerning her work at the Institute in the June issue of the *American Magazine*, she has been besieged with letters from every part of the country. Some of them beg her to aid in the search of a lost brother, or husband, or father. Others give an account of their own experiences at sea and pay tribute to Mrs. Roper's wonderful reputation with all seafaring men.

However, of all her "fan mail" we think the following is most interesting to reproduce here—because it so happens that the author of the letter is also the author of a book of sermons entitled "The Winds of God," which according to Mother Roper, for the past fifteen years has provided her with a rich source of inspiration for her talks to seamen from our Auditorium platform.

Dear Janet Roper:

I am a retired minister 74 years old. Over four years ago I suffered a stroke of paralysis which put an end to my public speaking and

"Fan Mail"

left me very lame, but still able to sit in my window and read and write. After 71, I took up poetry and now for nearly two years I have had an editorial feature in our local daily "The Roseburg News Review" where I have a poem every day commenting on the world's news. I enclose the poem for today, hoping it would be interesting to you. With every good wish.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS,
243 South Main Street,
Roseburg, Oregon.

His poem follows:

A SHEPHERD OF THE SEA

This woman lives the Shepherd Psalm,
Her life's a gentle healing balm;
She mothers lost and broken men
And brings them back to hope again.
She has the Mother's tender heart,
And all a shepherd's skillful art.
Her pastures are the rolling seas;
Her love goes forth on every breeze.

Kind Janet Roper, like the Christ
With whom she keeps a daily tryst,
Is always seeking for the lost,
And never stops to count the cost.
She is the wandering sailor's friend;
A patient ear will always lend.
E'en though he's strayed, is running wild,
He is her Heavenly Father's child.

She keeps a post for missing boys,
Where they may find their early joys.
She has an ear for mothers' cries
And often brings them glad surprise.
She is the mother's substitute;
To many a man she's heaven's lute
That calls him wheresoe'er he roam,
And sends him back to bless his home.

Dear Mother Roper's found her place
Where she dispenses heaven's grace.
What precious waste of holy tears
She's saved through all these thirty years!
Three thousand men brought back, restored—
What blessings on their homes she's poured!
Where'er on earth her work is named,
She's loved by souls she has reclaimed.

LOUIS ALFRED BANKS

Poem for the day in *The Roseburg News Review*.—
Roseburg, Oregon.

How Mrs. Roper "found her place," as referred to in the foregoing poem, is another story which is here briefly outlined by Dr. Mansfield:


After attending the Service in Emmanuel Church, Boston, nearly twenty years ago, held in commemoration of the first "Sailor's Day," he was walking across the Commons where he met Mrs. Roper's most intimate friend, Mrs. Stanton H. King. In expressing her admiration for the work of the New York Institute, she stated that it suffered one lack, viz, "a woman's heart." Dr. Mansfield told her that he had long desired to have on his staff a woman social worker, but had been

unable thus far to secure the right person. In reply she said that in Portland, Oregon, there was just the woman he wanted, to which he responded "do you think she will come to New York?"

A telegram was immediately despatched to Mrs. Roper, to which an affirmative reply was received, and in two weeks she had made the eastward pilgrimage to New York with her family of little children, prepared to undertake a somewhat indefinite "job" in which she had to find her place. It was as truly an adventure of faith for her as for those pioneer Mothers who crossed the continent in search of the unknown.

Her coming to New York was the beginning of the last stage of her life's work which was begun at the age of seventeen in the city of Boston with Mrs. King.

You Can't Change Nature

 HE old man shifted his chair and drew in on his pipe. "You can't change nature," he philosophied. "The young lads that run away to sea today are just the same as they were seventy-two years ago when I was a boy of thirteen. The sea gets in their blood just as it used to, and it doesn't matter whether they work under steam or under sail, the lure of the old ocean is still as strong as ever."

He was in a mood for reminiscences, and he needed very little urging to relate the story of how he happened to become a retired sea captain with a little bungalow on Long Island and a tidy sum in the bank.

"Seventy-two years ago," he began, "before this great Institute building was ever built, I was a plump, healthy boy living in New York City with my aunt and my uncle. My father and mother lived in Massachusetts. Every week my aunt gave me twenty-five cents to spend and my uncle gave me ten cents. I didn't spend it all for candy, no ma'am, I saved half of it and kept it in a little iron pig bank. One day I strolled down to the Bowery and there I saw the most beautiful square rigger that ever you laid eyes on. I climbed aboard her, and the mate said to me, 'Where are you goin', my lad?' I replied, 'I'm goin' on this ship!'

"You see, I just made my mind up, like that. 'Oh, you are, are you,' laughed the Mate. 'Well, that's news to me.' So he took me by the collar and led me to the Captain. I was scared stiff for the Captain had a bushy black beard and he looked like a villain. The Captain asked me if I had any people and I said, 'Oh, no, I'm a poor orphan boy. My people are dead.'"

The Captain said that was too bad and promised to give me a job if I'd bring a letter showin' that I came from an orphan asylum. So I went ashore feeling sort of blue until I met a smart young fellow who agreed to write such a letter if I'd pay him two dollars. I took the money out of my little pig bank and what a letter that fellow did write! It made tears come into the Captain's eyes when he read it. The Captain's wife took me on her lap and said, 'poor little orphan'

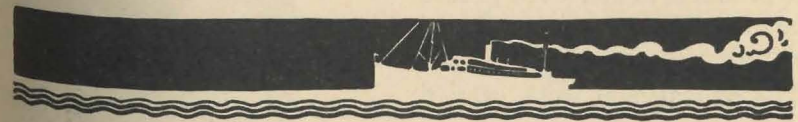
"Well, I sailed aboard that square rigger, and in two years the Captain had taught me how to navigate and, without boast-

ing, I have to admit that my observations were nearer correct than the Mate's were. The Captain watched after me as though I were his own son. He would take me on his knee and talk to me. He never let me go ashore with the older men.

"When we got to China I saw some funny-looking goats, and without thinking, I yelled out, 'Oh, boy, I wish my Dad could see those!'

"Your Dad?" said the Captain. 'I thought you were an orphan.' So I blurted out my confession, and he didn't get mad but sat down and wrote a long letter to my father and mailed it from the next port. When our ship got back we stopped at Boston and my father came to the dock to meet me. He tried to persuade me to give up the sea. But nothing doing. It was in my blood.

"No ma'am, you can't change nature," finished the old captain. "If a lad hankers after seas and ships you waste your breath trying to stop him from going."



A Sailor's Tribute

To the Management and Benefactors of this Institute:

IT has been my sincere desire, since coming to this Institute a few days ago, to express my appreciation of this building and for the work that has been and is going on in the interests of American as well as foreign seamen.

The absolute cleanliness here is alone cause for great praise and delighted astonishment. The management must indeed be conscientious to a great degree in preserving this immaculate condition throughout the entire building; especially so in view of the fact that so many who come here bring with them the unclean habits characteristic of the average seaman. The work toward overcoming this is above praise. There is no rough restraint; only the gentle guidance of good example.

The convenient facilities in the building deserve great commendation. The minimum rate of expense in all features, with a maximum return in the finest service produces in me, and I'm sure in many others, a feeling of deep gratitude.

The educational work carried on here is not only practical, and therefore immediately helpful,

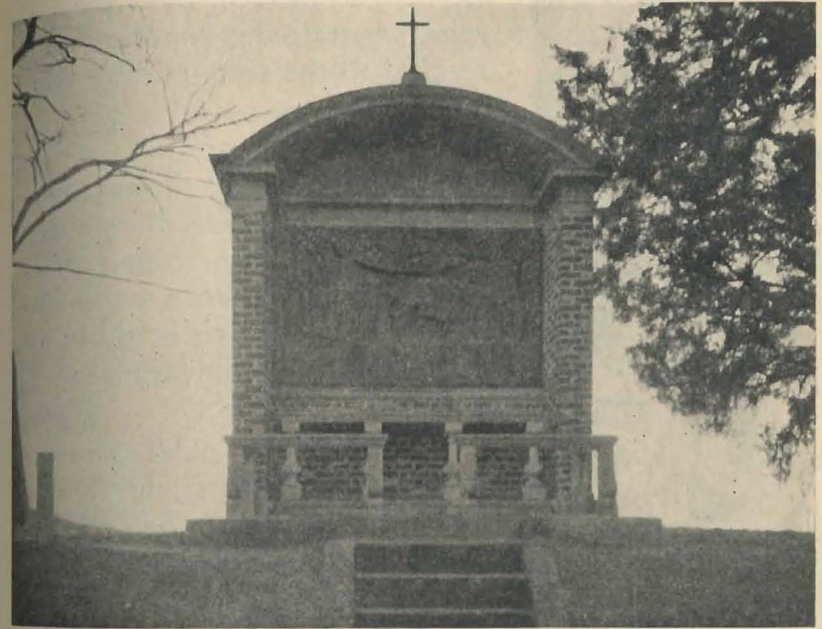
but it is also broadening, which definitely removes all doubt regarding the ability and aims of those who have charge of this department. It is obvious that the combined efforts and abilities of those behind this Institute have been directed toward one great object—help.

The religious work is the foundation of the whole. It is gentle, not despotic; beckoning, not obtrusive. It takes into account the characters with which it must deal. No church could do more than this. The expression of human feeling is everywhere evident.

I have said what I felt like saying: that is enough, besides my own personal thanks for what I have derived here.



First Communion Service in America Held Under a Sail



Rev. Robert Hunt Memorial Shrine

On the quaint little Island of Jamestown, Virginia, you can see the Rev. Robert Hunt Memorial Shrine, dedicated in 1922 to the clergyman who administered the first Anglican Communion on the soil of the New World. On June 11, 1607, a band of pioneers gave thanks to God for bringing them safely across the grim Atlantic;

they knelt to receive the Communion beneath a sail which they took from their vessel and spread on the overhanging branches of the trees. THE LOOKOUT reproduces a photograph of the Shrine here as an interesting historical item to all those concerned with the sea and its many inspiring traditions.



Were you ever alone in a strange city and do you remember the dull ache that started in your heart and reached to the tears misting your eyes?

There are thousands of sailor lads that are alone in New York every day, with no place to go, *unless* you give them a chance to come to the Seamen's Church Institute on South Street, or a similar place.

The seaman has a double claim on our generosity: First, his life is short and hazardous. Second, his duties are many and arduous, and without him you and I would be deprived of countless necessities and luxuries which make up the cargo of the ship he mans.

For example: An old sea captain craves solid ground under his feet

Junius S. M. Treasurer
New Building Committee
25 South Street, New York.

after forty years roaming the seven seas; a runaway school boy, penniless, disillusioned, needs carfare home to his sick mother; a young sailor, with a broken arm, collapses from hunger and worry; a seaman just discharged from a marine hospital with an arrested case of tuberculosis, needs a light job. . . these are only a few of the 8,000 to 12,000 seafarers who come to the Institute every day of the year.

How much they appreciate a shore home with good food, a clean bed, plenty of recreation, friendly advice and financial aid!

Your gift, whatever its size, to the New Building Fund, will help us to offer them protection beneath our friendly roof.

Please make checks payable to:





All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships of all degree
In warlike dangers manifold
Who sail and keep the sea,—
In peril of unlitten coast
And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool,
A tanker from the Clyde,
A hard-run tramp from any-
where,
A tug from Merseyside,
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead,
A coaler from the Tyne,
All honour be to merchantmen,
While any star shall shine!

All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their
race,
And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmoured save by valiant
hearts
And strong in naught but soul.

All honour be to merchantmen
So long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious
dead

From rise to set of sun,—
All honour be to merchantmen,
While England's name shall
stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared
and died,
And served and saved their
land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool,
A tanker from the Clyde,
A schooner from the West
countrie,
A tug from Merseyside,
A fishing smack from Grimsby
town,
A coaler from the Tyne,
All honour be to merchantmen
While sun and moon do shine!

By C. Fox Smith.



Even in this day and age, frequent incidents show that seamen are still being exploited. Such was the case of young Harry Abbott, a lad of 17 years.

Abbott had been importuned by a steward named Bowe of the _____ Line to go to sea with him, and that it would cost him nothing. His father, a poor farmer, consented, thinking it was a wonderful opportunity for his son. At the last moment, Harry received a wire from the steward telling him to send \$25.00 immediately for a uniform as a messboy (incidentally, messboys on the _____ Line do not wear uniforms). When he came down, he was put to work for five or six days. It was explained to the youngster that the \$25.00 was to pay for a gratuity to the Port Steward. At the end of five or six days, the ship was laid up for repairs and he was dismissed. He then discovered that he had never been on the ship's articles. It seemed a clear case of exploitation. On the advice and with the help of the Head of the Institute Employment Bureau, we got the Purchasing Agent of the _____ Line over here and he listened to the boy's story, which seemed to involve not only the steward in the case, but also

the Port Steward. He went away declaring that he was going to clean things up and was very appreciative of the fact that we had called the matter to his attention. He cordially endorsed our determination to notify the proper authorities.

With the cooperation of our Police Department, we got in touch with the Old Slip Station, who sent a detective up here. In the meantime, the father had arrived and was in on the whole investigation, and accepted responsibility for what was done. Our Chaplain then went to the U. S. District Attorney's office, but then discovered that he did not have jurisdiction. He then took the whole party over to Brooklyn to the Federal Building and received splendid cooperation from the new Federal District Attorney. A law exists prohibiting the receiving of money for securing a job for a seaman. At once an affidavit was drawn up and sworn to by the lad involved and Saturday morning an officer went down and arrested the steward who is in jail facing a charge of misdemeanor which means \$500.00 fine or six months in jail. Had not the Institute investigated, young Harry might have been further exploited.

From: "Yarns of an Old Shellback"

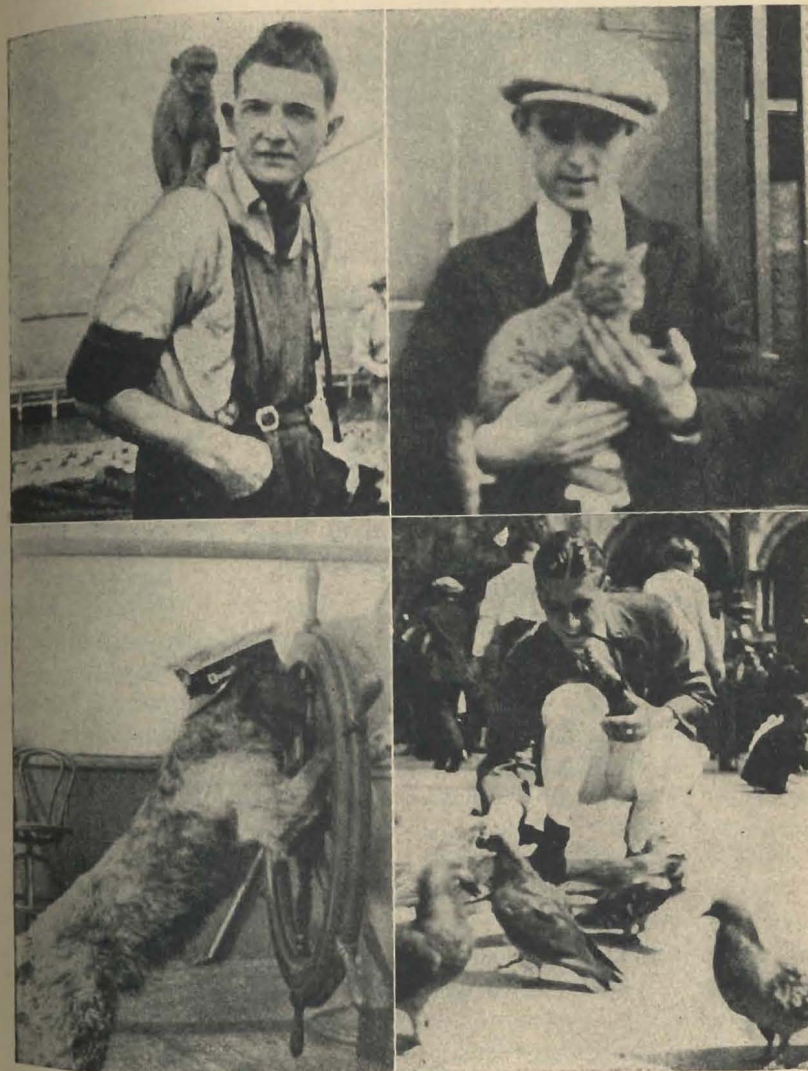
by Captain J. L. Vivian Millett

"The 'able-bodied seamen' of the old school were mostly quite uneducated, many of them being unable to write or even read. . . But those who either received or wrote letters were the lucky exceptions. Sailors as a rule had no friends. They were looked upon as a disreputable class, and indeed the poor fellows had not much chance to be anything else. Immediately they stepped on shore with any money, they were surrounded by landsharks, male and female, who doped them with inferior liquor, with the result that they soon became either blind to the world, or else fighting-mad. When they came to they found themselves lying in some deserted alley or in the cells; but in either case without a penny left of their hard-earned wages. . . Ashore sailors were the prey of the underworld. When they were at sea they were often not in much better case, for they were at the mercy of the bucko skipper and hard-hitting mates, who looked upon them as something less than human beings. . . The food was scanty and very bad. . . There were never any potatoes, butter, or marmalade, while as for such luxuries as seamen get

nowadays — condensed milk, mustard, pickles and soforth— these were simply unheard of. The coffee and tea were of the very poorest quality. The most you could say for them was that they were warm and wet. . . But in spite of—perhaps because of—this scanty fare, combined with the constant exercising of every muscle of the body by continual work aloft, a man, provided he was physically fit, was soon in splendid condition. . . It was truly a case of 'survival of the fittest,' and never again, perhaps, in the history of the world, will there be such a fine race of men as those who spent their lives in sailing ships. They carried their lives in their hands day and night, and never thought of the risks they ran as anything out of the common. If a dangerous job had to be done—well, it had to be done. There was no hanging back."



Glimpses of Sailors and Their Pets



Musings of the Mate

Disappointed

He came into the office of the chaplain with a tremulous smile on his lips. Any moment, it seemed, he would burst into tears. He was only seventeen and he had been to sea for more than a year, but during a severe storm his clothes were drenched and he was taken with pneumonia. Discharged from a marine hospital, he had hopefully gone to the shipping companies seeking work. But he could not pass the physical examination. His lungs were weakened by his long seige of illness and what he needed was convalescence and sunshine and good food. We sent him to our Marine School where he was given books to study and then we sent him away to a lovely little country place up in Connecticut for two weeks. He took the train, promising to study his navigation books faithfully so that when he returns he will be equipped physically and mentally to compete with other seamen.

A Lost Violin

A Negro sailor came to the Slop Chest, very much worried for fear his violin had been confiscated. He had been on a round-the-world cruise and had forgotten to notify us to hold his

baggage. But our good-natured attendant found the violin. The seaman's eyes filled with joyous tears as he explained that the violin was worth \$1500 and had been presented to him by a musician who had once heard him playing on a battered old violin he had picked up in a second-hand shop in 'Frisco.

He Changed His Mind!

The Business Manager,
Seamen's Church Institute,
New York.

Dear Sir:

I have just arrived back in San Pedro from an oversea trip, and replying to your note of May 19th, I have to advise that, at last, I received the package.

It seemed that it hadn't arrived when we came in from New York, that was when I wrote you about it. We went on a seventy-five day voyage, and came back. I had given up the business as a bad job, nothing in the mail evidently—but, a week out at sea, on our way to England again, the skipper sent the package down. It had slipped down behind a settee. I felt quite down in the mouth when I thought how much unnecessary swearing I had directed at you folks over the small matter.

The Effusive Latins!

San Miguel de Campmejor
Provincia de Gerona-Spain
(Espana)

May 21, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Janet Roper:

Greeting you first of all and thanking you cordially for your prompt attitude and immeasurable kindness, I put in your knowlage that we have received your kind and interesting letter specially the 2nd one dated April 2, 1930, with incomparable joy for all of us, special Enrique C——'s mother. As you mention that probably we will receive both of your letters including C——'s letter at the same mail, your judgement was wright, for we received three letters in one mail, for Mr. C—— fulfilled the promise made to you that is, to write to us at the same very evening you called him at your office. As stated above, the family joy was great including all neighbours and friends, so was also great the comment towards your kindness and breve work in locating the missing brother and in gratitude of all the family and friends, we greet and congratulate you although we have not the honor of knowing you personally but we are content in knowing you intellectuality, that is your goodness and kindness, for that is only what counts to

qualify a person leaving aside the financial apperience, although the intelectual beauty often appears flashing on the countenance and radiates on the whole body or in other words the goodness are visible in all sincers of a good person.

Wery well good Lady, greeting you once more I wish that the good God will repay you your good work towards menkind and bless all you present and future prosperity on earth as well as a crown of reward in heaven. I am your sincerely S. S. and will be glad if some future day could I render some service to you.

Jooquin A——.



Old Clothes Needed!

The unusual unemployment crisis which has continued up to the present with no relief in sight has drained the Institute's "Slop Chest" where old clothes are dispensed to indigent seamen. If you have any men's clothing, particularly shoes, underwear, shirts, overalls, suits, will you kindly send them to the Religious and Social Service Department by parcel post? Often a seaman's job is contingent upon his having proper working clothes. Therefore all contributions will be gratefully received.

MORE POWER BEHIND THIS LIGHT



The Institute has been called the House of a Thousand Memorials. There is scarcely a corner in the entire building that is not a continual reminder of the generosity of some friend of the seamen, or of the thoughtfulness of a giver whose donations have been translated into a constant practical reminder of the donor—departments, rooms, furnishings—all these accessories of the great building are eloquent reminders of those for whom they are named.

Among the memorials still available are:

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms..... | \$25,000.00 |
| Cafeteria..... | 15,000.00 |
| Motion Picture Equipment and Booth (Talkie Equipment).... | 12,000.00 |
| Medical Room in Clinic..... | 5,000.00 |
| Surgical Room in Clinic..... | 5,000.00 |
| Nurses' Room in Clinic..... | 5,000.00 |
| Additional Clinic Rooms..... | 5,000.00 |
| Chapel Memorial Windows..... | 5,000.00 |
| Sanctuary and Chancel..... | 5,000.00 |
| Officers' Rooms, each..... | 1,500.00 |
| Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each..... | 1,000.00 |
| Chapel Street Entrance Iron Gates..... | 1,000.00 |
| Seamen's Rooms, each..... | 500.00 |
| Prayer Desk and Sedalia, Small Chapel..... | 500.00 |
| Stairway leading to Sanctuary..... | 200.00 |
| Cabinet Organ, in Small Chapel..... | 200.00 |
| Chapel Memorial Panels..... | 100.00 |
| Chapel Chairs..... | 50.00 |



SOME of the services extended to all worthy sailormen by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, during the year 1929:—

417,612 lodgings registered.

335,409 meals served.

822,042 sales made at the soda fountain.

83,534 pieces of dunnage checked and protected.

26,141 books and magazines distributed among merchant seamen.

73,241 special needs administered to by the Social Service Department.

1,566 seamen treated in the Institute Dispensary.

8,637 seamen placed in positions by the Employment Department.

316 missing men located.

\$607,364.35 received for safe keeping and transmission to seamen's families.

13,675 seamen attended 219 religious services.

28,345 seamen made use of the barber shop, tailor shop and laundry.

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

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.