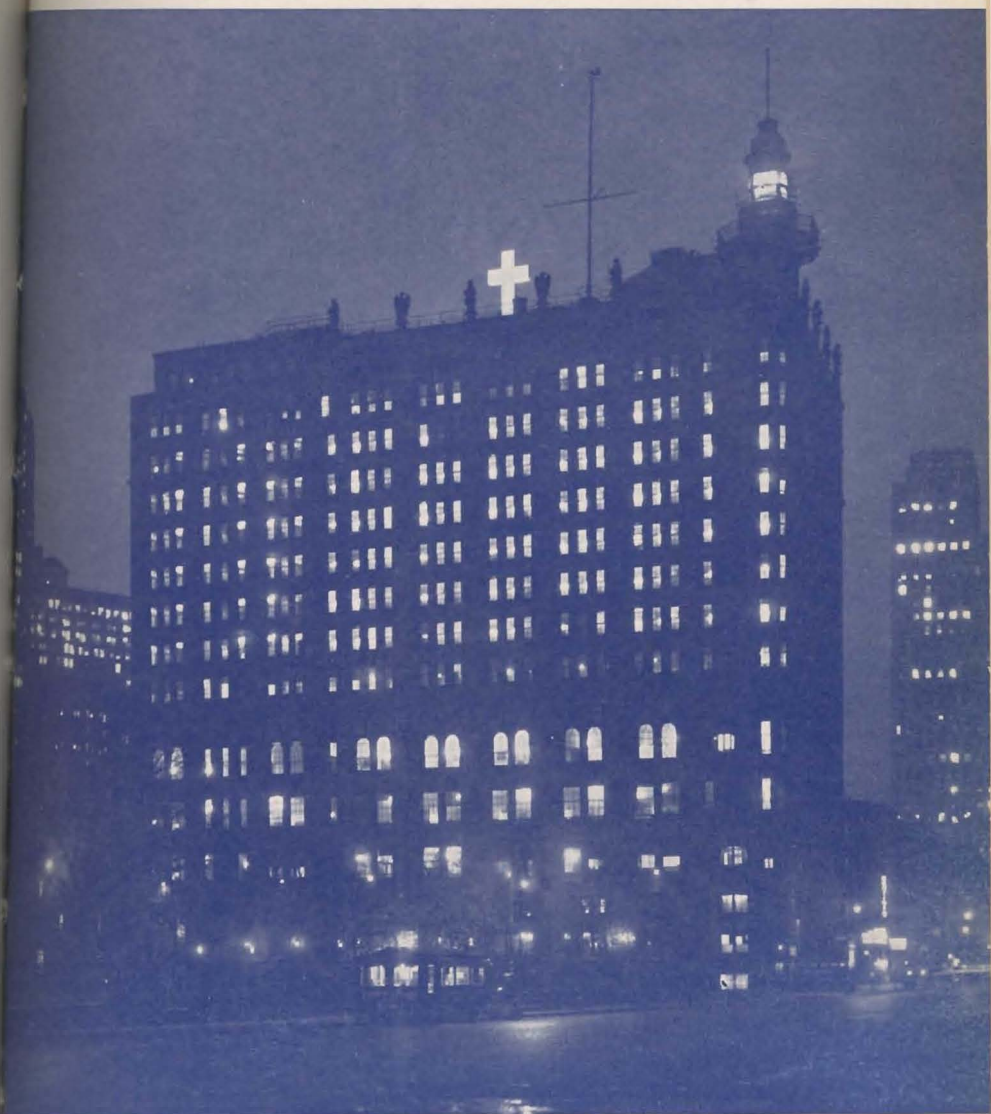


The

LOOKOUT



AMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

F N E W Y O R K

VOLUME XXII FEBRUARY, 1933

The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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or

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Editor, The Lookout

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Legacies to the Institute

You are asked to remember in your will this important work for Seamen to whom every Landsman owes such a deep debt of gratitude. **Please notice the exact title and address of the Society.**

The Institute has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. No precise words are necessary to a valid legacy to the corporation. The following clause, however, may be suggested:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the LAWS of the STATE OF NEW YORK, the sum of Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

If land or any specific personal 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 important that a will or a codicil to a will be drawn correctly. Therefore consult your lawyer.

The Lookout

VOL. XXII

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2

Our Place in a Changing Skyline



SOUTH Street, long the region of quaint, old-world vistas flung against the towering backdrop of Wall Street and lower Broadway, is gradually being taken over by Big Business. The financial district is crowding eastward simply because it has no other direction to go. If little streets and corners are in the way—why that's just too bad for the little streets and corners, no matter what interest they may have for Sunday strollers

looking for bits of old New York soon to be gone forever.

About five years ago the rise in real estate values along New York's great East River waterfront brought the small merchant there and South Street began to be less rowdy and to have that money-in-the-pocket look. We at the Institute have watched this progress with mingled feelings of relief and regret. Every six months we have a "skyline" photograph

taken from Governor's Island because in that short period of time the skyline changes and our photograph is out of date! In two years or less, we prophesy, South Street will be as dignified as Wall Street. We lament the passing of one of the great nautical streets of the world. Perhaps it is for the best.

The white stepped-back expanse of a building of thirty stories or more now stands at the corner of Wall and South Streets and throws out of drawing the length of that street which, ending as it does in the spindling tower of Trinity Church, has long been a favorite subject for etchers. Ground has been broken for a new building between Old Slip and Gouverneur Lane by contractors for the United States Government. This building will overshadow Peck Slip and Rutgers Slip, and no one who knew Rutgers Slip in other days can help feeling that something will go out of the district forever. Other buildings are under way or projected for this street which, when they are all completed, will have a skyline to rival the new Brooklyn skyline across the river. At 80 Broad Street is the new Maritime Exchange Building with its mast, like ours

at the Institute, flying ship's pennants from the roof.

South Street starts under the noisy elevated at Battery Park and loses itself in the maze of streets up beyond Brooklyn Bridge. Once it was lined with sailing ships, saloons, ship chandleries, tackle stores, boarding houses, hash joints, etc. The sailing ships are long gone. A few ship chandleries remain.

At James Slip, the lower end of South Street, there is a pool parlor that was once a saloon. The pool parlor is overshadowed by subway construction shacks marking the completion of one of the two great subway projects which the city has undertaken. Then there is Rutgers Slip. It, too, is full of the clutter of traffic progress. There used to be a stone fountain in the square. The buildings along the slantwise north side looked for all the world like the waterfront at Ostend except that they sported myriad fire escapes and sooty washings. Two of the buildings have been burned and they probably won't be rebuilt.

A wilderness of gray sheet-iron shacks fills the old waterfront slip, Contracting Company signs where once bock beer signs flourished. Further down toward the Battery is the smell

of fish. Meyers Hotel still stands near Peck Slip, but it probably won't stand long, for it occupies a site too valuable. This hotel, built in 1873, was once the shore home of many distinguished ship's masters.

Coenties Slip is now graced by Jeanette park and our Memorial band stand. Broad Street Hospital still continues its work. Two blocks down and you are at the Barge office, Manhattan headquarters of the Coast Guard.

Last, but by no means least,

is our own Institute on Coenties Slip, a most imposing building in the district. Although South Street is changing and New York's skyline is soaring, there will always be a place for seamen where they will feel at home—and that place is within the portals of "25 South Street." We shall keep pace with the changes, as saltiest South Street succumbs to skyscrapers, but our goal shall ever be "Safety, Comfort and Inspiration" for the men of the sea.



OUR MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

"When Good Fellows Get Together"



SO long as there is temperament the public need never worry for fear that "canned music" will put musicians out of business. Take a few of our sailor musicians for example. No radio or victrola or pianola could possibly reproduce the zest and verve with which these musically inclined seafarers render their programs for the benefit of all who stop to listen.

There is always a good pianist in their midst and almost any noon hour you can expect to see a group gathered around the piano in our cafeteria, or read-

ing rooms. One sailor usually appoints himself as master of ceremonies and cheer leader. "Remove your hats, boys," is the first request. Then one by one a group forms, some with harmonicas, or ukuleles, or just good lusty singing voices.

Of course the seamen have their favorite "stars". There is, for instance, a popular young fellow known as "Caruso" because of his Italian origin and his really beautiful tenor voice. "Caruso" sings only Grand Opera. He takes great pride in singing some of the original

Caruso favorites. Then there is Claussen, who loves to sing sentimental songs such as "I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "Roses of Picardy", etc. His songs are considered a success when every seaman's eye is moist.

And then there is "Red" who

delights to sing and play the very latest ragtime jazz. While he is rendering his selections, "Caruso" and Claussen each bestow upon him a look of infinite pity and promptly leave the room. Their "temperaments" cannot endure such noise!

A Narrow Escape

THE most thrilling shipwrecks do not always occur on the high seas. Indeed, Seaman Edward Johnson will vouch for the fact that they can happen very, very close to shore. Johnson, now staying at the Institute waiting to ship out, survived the wreck of the steamer, *Lake Giltedge*, laden with a cargo of sulphur, which burned at the Dyer Street dock, Providence, R. I., a few weeks ago.

Johnson was one of eight seamen on the deck of the ship, which had just arrived from Galveston, Texas, when fire broke out about ten-thirty in the morning. Flames burned fiercely beyond all control of more than two hundred fire fighters. Johnson and his shipmates were compelled to leap from the burning ship and swim across the river to safety. They spent several days at the Rhode

Island Hospital suffering from exposure and burns.

Yellow fumes from hundreds of tons of burning sulphur began to choke them, said Johnson. The heat grew intense and the efforts of firemen on the docks and in boats seemed of no avail as the sulphur rendered them sick when they advanced into the blaze with scores of lines of hose.

"You bet the water was cold," said Johnson with a chuckle. "An' I'm from Tennessee an' I don't like the cold. But that blaze was too hot for even me! Clothes and baggage were all burned. They wrapped us up in blankets when we got ashore. One of my buddies heaved a trunk overboard. It floated and he pushed it ahead of him as he swam. Yes sir, we were pretty nearly frozen when we landed. We sure had a narrow escape. I'd rather be in a storm at sea any time than in a fire!"

Shipwrecked

WINTRY gales, icy winds and a small boat tossed relentlessly about at the mercy of the breakers—such experiences are all too common during the winter months each year. Such was the experience of the entire Negro crew of the coal-laden schooner, "Rebecca C. Scott" after their vessel had been rammed and sunk by the Standard Oil tanker, "Atlas."

The crew of the "Atlas" finally managed to rescue every member of the crew of the "Rebecca Scott" after battling with the waves and wind for hours. The crew was brought to Bayonne, N. J. where a tug boat conveyed them to New York where they were the Institute's guests overnight. How weary and hungry they looked and how grateful they were when we gave them bowls of hot soup and warm, dry clothing!

The Schooner, they explained, was bound from Norfolk for Florida when, just south of Cape Henry, she was suddenly struck by the "Atlas." Fortunately, only one seaman was injured. B. McCray, cook, when he jumped from the stern of the "Rebecca Scott" struck his head against the "Atlas" and was brought aboard unconscious. When he arrived at the Institute he had revived and after

we had given him food and dry clothes we sent him to a U. S. Marine Hospital for treatment of his scalp wound.

Another shipwreck in which the Institute extended its hospitality was that of the Government dredge "Raritan" which collided with the "City of Montgomery." Sixty men comprised the Raritan's crew and all were rescued. They were suffering from exposure when they leapt from their sinking ship into the icy waters. Forty of this crew went to their homes or rooms in New York City or vicinity. The other twenty came to the Institute and we outfitted them with clothes and gave them hot coffee and doughnuts. What they needed chiefly were shoes and stockings. There is an old song in which the following lines appear:

"Don't send me posies
When it's shoesies that I need."

and we might apply them to our Slop Chest. We need, most of all, and cannot seem to get enough of, SHOES. All shipwrecked crews that come to us seem to require SHOES. Will some of our LOOKOUT readers who have SHOES to spare bundle them up and send or bring them to our Religious and Social Service Department so that we may have a few pairs on hand?



"SHIPWRECK"

Painted by
Winslow Homer

"And God Raised Up a Man"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Space was lacking in our January issue to quote many of the tributes sent to our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, upon the occasion of his 35th anniversary and 60th birthday. Accordingly, we are reproducing several here. As we go to press we receive an announcement that Dr. Mansfield has been elected a Clerical Vice-President of the Board of Managers. Our Superintendent has received many kinds of recognition during his years of service to this Society but the two signal honors which he treasures most are his Doctor of Divinity degree from his Alma Mater and his election to the Board of Managers as a Clerical Vice-President.

From Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd: "I want to be identified with the large company of people who thank God for you and bade you Godspeed on your birthday. I read with entire satisfaction what the papers had to say about you and your work, and I want you to know how all of us give thanks that God raised up a man to carry forward such an undertaking with such increasing success and usefulness. May He lighten your load by raising up many friends who will know what a privilege it is to bear the financial burden for that which brings blessing to so many. May you have as many anniversaries as you want, and may each one come to you with increasing satisfaction!"

From Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann: "The S. C. I. Associations appreciate keenly your leadership in the great work you are so successfully accomplishing and assure you of our continued loyalty and support."

From Sir T. Ashley Sparks: "My congratulations to the Institute for the rare privilege it has had of your connection with it for thirty-five years!"

From Rev. James C. Healey: "My great wish for you this day is that health shall be given you in abundant measure. I might wish for you courage, but you have the courage of ten thousand. I might desire for you vision, but your vision goes down the centuries and seamen yet unborn will praise your name and thank God for the foundation you have laid. I might

pray that you have love, but your love encompasses the seven seas and every weary toiler on the deep. Hence, I pray that you shall have health to finish the great work to which you have dedicated your courage, vision and love."

From Rev. H. G. Fithian: "Can it be possible over a third of a century has passed and thirty years since I looked in upon you in the little mission with your living quarters upstairs? No one, I think, has watched your upward trend more prayerfully than I have and no one rejoices more fully than I that your life has been so full and your accomplishments so marvelous."

From Bishop William T. Manning: "Affectionate congratulations on your anniversary and best wishes for the New Year to Mrs. Mansfield and yourself."

From Bishop George W. Davenport: "Please believe that there is no one in the whole Church to whom I would rather extend congratulations than yourself. Of all the good Church work done in the last thirty-five years there is none comparable in my opinion to your accomplishments for the welfare of the seamen of America and in fact of the world. I shall never forget the two years which I was privileged to spend with you and thus from close range see something of the great work which you are doing. May God abundantly bless you and give you many years of further service."



A Call for Help

THE INSTITUTE, with its memories, its traditions, its achievements! "25 South Street" where every room recalls some generous friend of the sea where every corner whispers a hearty "Welcome!" to those the sea's voyagers—what a privilege it is to share in this shore home for the men of the sea!

How much **more** we could do for these lonely seamen if we were not hampered by our Building Fund Debt! May we ask you to read the following appeal and give as generously as your means will permit to help the INSTITUTE at this critical time?



THROUGHOUT the year just passed we have been at close grips with the unemployment problem. Our resources have been taxed to the utmost. So far, time has brought no improvement in the situation. Right now the demands for relief are heavier than a year ago or than any other February since 1921.

Along with this problem we also have to pay interest quarterly to New York banks which provided the money with which to complete our new Annex. If we could be relieved of this burden, we could extend the scope of our work in the ranks of seamen in distress.



To accomplish this, we need
YOUR HELP.

THIS Building Fund burden can be eliminated in only one way: the liquidation of the debt of more than a million dollars which we still owe.

With such a debt lifted, we shall be able to go forward with our relief work, with our progressive program of increased service to merchant seamen, unhampered by loans and notes.

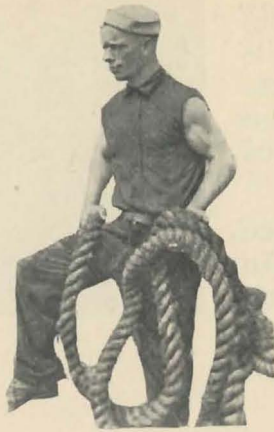
Please send your contribution to S. MORGAN, JR., Treasurer,
Annex Building Fund, 25 South Street, New York City

A Sea Romance

THE bride was forty and the groom thirty and their romance began in a nautical setting aboard a yacht anchored off Miami. He was working as quartermaster and she as stewardess. When the yacht owner left for Europe the young couple found themselves stranded in Florida with not enough funds between them to get back to New York.

But, lover-like, this did not daunt their courage, and they set out to hitchhike to their destination. They arrived as far as Baltimore when the bride got a chance to earn her way to New York by acting as chaperone for two little girls. So the lovers parted, he promising to find work on a ship sailing from Baltimore and to return to his bride in New York as soon as he had saved enough. He gave his wife the name and address of this Institute where he had a mail box.

That is how she came to the Institute to inquire for his mail. She confided her story to Mother Roper who secured for her



a loan until she could find work. Everyone around the building who talked with her tried to discourage her about her sailor husband. "Oh, ma'am, he'll never come back to you, he won't," volunteered one old seafarer. "That's the way with sailors, ma'am. You take Mother Roper's advice and get yourself

a job and forget all about him."

But the bride indignantly refused to believe anything disparaging about her husband. From her description of him, Mother Roper thought he must be a perfect Adonis, with blonde curls and marvelous Viking physique. Twice a week, for three weary months, this seaman's wife called at the Institute for mail and, despite the efforts of cynics to blast her faith in her husband, she still waited vainly for letters, and hoped.

Then one day he walked into Mother Roper's office and told her who he was. Love surely must be blind, thought Mother Roper as she gazed at him. Where were his Adonis-like fea-

tures, his curls and his marvelous Viking physique? Instead of standing six feet three in his stocking feet he would barely measure five feet two. And he never, never would have taken a prize at a beauty show. Nevertheless, he was very much in love and very eager to see his wife after three lonely months at sea.

Mrs. Roper lost no time in telephoning the boarding house where the wife stayed and in a miraculously short space of twenty minutes they were reunited in her office. He clasped his bride in his arms and told her over and over again how much he missed her, while Mrs.

Roper as a tactful guardian angel looked in the other direction.

The husband found a job as a barge captain and together they live on the barge. He is a Norwegian and the efficient wife begged Mother Roper to help him get his citizenship papers while she undertook to teach him English each evening after the day's work was finished. They paid back every cent borrowed from Mrs. Roper and, as a token of their appreciation of her kindness, a beautifully carved yacht, a replica of the one on which they met, reposes on Mother Roper's bookcase.

Who said the romance of the sea is dead?

A Nautical Will Rogers

IF William Trantham wanted to write his autobiography he might reap popularity for he is an ex-sailor, ex-soldier, ex-circus trouper, and ex-cow-puncher. Furthermore, he resembles Will Rogers, talks like the well-known comedian, and swings his lariat with typical Rogers skill. But Trantham does not chew. He has been a life-long friend of Dr. Mansfield, and now, at the age of 60, he still corresponds with our Superintendent. Various known as "Will", or "Texas", Trantham

has the pavement in front of his home as his stage, and his enthralled audiences consist of neighborhood children sitting in coaster wagons. Will once punched cattle in Texas and Arkansas, joined the Army in Colorado, shipped as an able-bodied seaman all around the world. But of all his varied experiences he loves most to recall the old "Sailortown" days when he made the Pike Street Mission House his headquarters when Dr. Mansfield was the missioner-in-charge.

A Marine Hero

A GAIN the Institute proudly lays claim to having welcomed and sheltered for five days another hero of a marine disaster. His name is Seaman Harry Smith and without a doubt this name will be written in the permanent record for heroism.

The history of the Great Lakes is dotted with deeds of personal bravery by the men who engage in shipping there. When Smith arrived at the Institute, after hitch-hiking his way from Michigan to New York, he said that his chief desire was to get a job. Jobs being scarce, he was made welcome by us and were it not for the fact that he had no discharge papers with him we might never have known that we harbored a hero. Crumpled up in the pocket of his dungarees were several clippings from Michigan newspapers with photographs of Smith as the hero of a gale in which eleven lives and three boats were lost.

Smith modestly showed us the photographs in the newspapers as identification and explained that he was waiting for the ship's owners to forward to him his discharge papers. In the

meantime he discovered that his hands and feet which had been frozen from his long vigil in the icy waters of Lake Michigan were troubling him again. We tried to get him into a marine hospital for diathermic treatments to relieve the frozen condition of his limbs, but he could not comply with the regulations.

But Smith was too resourceful to allow this delay to worry him. Promptly he walked over to the markets on West and Washington Streets, procured for himself a box of apples and joined the ranks of the unemployed. In six hours he had sold all his apples and had returned to our Relief-Loan desk to repay us for the several nights' lodging and food we had given him! We were so impressed with his fine character that gradually we learned from him and from the newspaper clippings the story of the wreck in which he played the leading role.

A veteran of fifteen years on the great lakes, a man of powerful build, Smith clung to the steel derrick aboard the stone cargo barge, *Salvor*, for sixteen hours as the waves dashed over him and the fifty mile north-west gale pierced him through.

Nine of the crew were saved and there is no doubt but what at least one of the survivors, Lyman Nedeau, 18 years old, owes his life to Smith.

The barge foundered about two miles north of the Muskegon harbor entrance. As the others left the ship, or were washed away, Smith and young Nedeau clung to the steel "A" frames fifty feet above the deck of the *Salvor*. As the powerful seas washed over them Smith called cheerful words of encouragement to his weak and frail companion. All during that terrible night the two men withstood the icy waters and the bitterly cold winds. Smith helped Nedeau to keep his blood circulating and in many ways aided the youngster, who otherwise would have perished. In the morning they were found by the Coast Guard and carried, stiff and semi-conscious, ashore.

Our hero, after his discharge papers had arrived safely, decided that the winter in New York would not be any too pleasant after all he had endured, so he started to hitch-hike to Florida where, it is hoped, the warmer climate, will prove beneficial to him.

Industrious

FOR two hours Seaman Jones toiled laboriously. At length he emerged from our steam drier with an armful of clothes. "I've washed and dried six shirts, three pair of dungarees, a dozen pair of socks, eight sets of underwear!" he announced jubilantly. "Aw, why didn't you send your stuff to the laundry in the basement?" inquired a skeptical buddy. "Think of all the washing I got done for only twenty-five cents an hour!" retorted our industrious friend who practices economy. And his pal was forced to admit that Jones "knew his stuff."



Musings of the Mate

The Log of A Seafaring Man

"He's traveled East, he's traveled West,
And likewise also Here and Yon—
This old Seafaring Man in quest
Of yarns which here he passes on."

Identified!

HE was, without a doubt, the champion among optimists. Seventeen years ago, he said, he had left a lot of his papers at the Institute. Long ago he had lost the receipt but he confidently hoped that we would find his property for him. "In what name were the papers left here?" inquired one of our clerks. The old seaman scratched his head thoughtfully: "Well," he drawled, "I can't just remember if I was using the name of Jacobson at that time or not. Or mebbe I was goin' under the name of O'Ryan. I sort of forget!"

Our Feline Neighbors

MANY a sailor stops in front of an old warehouse on Coenties Slip on his way to our building. The attraction is a cat and her four kittens. The mother has been quite a seafarer in her day but she has now settled down under the kindly protection of the warehouse manager who is shown pictured

here with one of the pussies. He has found good homes for all four of the kittens—stenographers and clerks from Wall Street who live in the suburbs



are ready and willing to befriend such attractive little animals—so now the mother cat is looking wistfully out to sea again. We shall not be surprised if she makes a trip soon in the pocket of one of our sailors, for she, too, has the wanderlust of a true seagoer.

"Aid Existing Agencies"

INDIVIDUALS or groups desiring to give relief or assist in any way in the unemployment crisis will be working more effectively by contributing money or service to existing welfare organizations and agencies than by

forming new, untried and inexperienced societies. Such is the expert advice of the Executive group of the Welfare Council Coordinating Committee on Unemployment.

"It is the judgment of the Committee that in the light of existing and contemplated facilities to be provided by public and private agencies there is at present no need for additional facilities for lodging or feeding homeless men now in New York City," states a recent pronouncement from the Committee. "New York City cannot, however, be expected to provide shelter and food for homeless men or families coming here from other communities. All reputable agencies now engaged in providing relief for the homeless should receive the fullest support from the public."

From "Better Times."

"Bon Voyage"

THE other day we outfitted a crew of thirty-six officers and men with socks, mufflers, helmets and sweaters. They were bound for Russia, on a freighter, and it was their second trip this winter. The crew described the conditions in Leningrad and other Russian cities as "horrible" with much suffering and privation. We were glad that, due to our efficient and industrious knitters, we could provide this crew with warm winter apparel for their arduous trip.

The First Christening

ONE bright, sunny Fall morning baby Frances Marie Alden was christened by one of our chaplains in the Institute Chapel.



Her father, who is a member of the Institute's Police staff, served sixteen years in the U. S. Navy. It was therefore not surprising that he expressed the wish to have his young daughter christened in a seaman's Chapel. A group of sailors as well as staff members were present at the ceremony.

WHEN sending magazines to the Religious and Social Service Department of the Institute *by freight*, may we kindly request that you send your package in care of the Erie Railroad, Pier 7, East River; or the New York Central Railroad, Pier 4, East River; or the Pennsylvania Railroad, Pier 22, East River; Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, foot of Liberty Street; or the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, Pier 14, North River; or the Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty Street, as this greatly facilitates delivery to the Institute.



Memorial Gifts

EVERY memorial in our great thirteen-story building honors and continues the service of those in whose memory they are given. But the sailors themselves appreciate most the full significance of the memorials. It is they who derive the benefit of the rooms, lobbies, furniture, equipment, and decorations which go to make up the vast edifice.

Many of the memorials are given as thank offerings, or as tokens of appreciation, but all of the inscriptions indicate that the donors wish to pay practical tribute to loved ones, friends and heroes.

In response to Dr. Mansfield's personal appeal for funds to reduce the debt on the Annex Building, loyal friends responded generously upon the occasion of our Superintendent's thirty-

fifth anniversary of service to this Society, and a total of \$18,035 was received for the Building Fund. Since the list of Memorials was published in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT, the new doors to our Main Entrance have been subscribed as a Memorial.

Among the memorials still available are:

Seamen's Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000.00
Cafeteria	15,000.00
Medical 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
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	500.00
Chapel Chairs	50.00

Have YOU Subscribed to "THE LOOKOUT"

for all your friends who would be likely to find it of interest?

If not, read the limited time offer below:



As an added inducement to each new subscriber we will send a copy of our new souvenir-memoranda booklet containing views of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and a handy 1931 calendar. This offer holds good only until our present supply of these attractive booklets is exhausted.

So—DO NOT DELAY, Send NOW the names and addresses of your friends together with your check covering the number of subscriptions at our regular rate of \$1.00 a year (12 issues) and we will take care of the rest.

Use the convenient order blank below. In subscribing for THE LOOKOUT you are helping us to widen our circle of friends who may become interested in the work we are doing for merchant seamen.

THE LOOKOUT,
25 South Street,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$..... for which please enter a year's subscription for the following persons:

(Name)

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