

The LOOKOUT



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JANUARY 1920

No. 1

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Angelo

Five engineers were "standing by" in the engine room of the S. S. Manxman. Angelo had put his overcoat within reach. In the pockets was twenty-eight hundred dollars he had saved. He was taking it to his widowed sisters in Greece. Their husbands had not been "in luck" during the war. Angelo had.

A man who has been in the "Suicide Fleet" and through numberless submarine attacks is not likely to be afraid of a storm in the North Atlantic, and Angelo was not afraid; but he hoped the darkness would lift before it was too late.

The call of the wireless operator, the lame American boy on his first trip, had been answered by the S. S. British Isles, and all day they had tried to get a line between the ships. At dark they had to give up, and they expected to try again in the morning.

It was six o'clock when there was an explosion, and like rats the men scattered in the darkness. Someone

called, "All hands on deck," which in seamen's language means, "every man for himself."

Who could describe such a fight "The icy waves snarling and tearing at the ship; the sleet beating in the faces of the benumbed men and making their hold more insecure. Angelo felt someone beside him. It was the lame boy, the wireless operator. His footing was more insecure than the rest and he said, "If I don't see you again, goodby! good luck! and don't forget my mother."

Angelo had put his coat on, and a thought flashed through his mind that perhaps part of the twenty-eight hundred dollars might be used for "the mother," but he was helping to launch the life boat and he hadn't time to speak.

Finally they succeeded; the sailor wireless operator and part of the crew have learned to swim. Angelo and the others up to their necks in water, in the bottom of the life boat drifted until daylight, in the wonderful country of the British Isles hove in sight.

Angelo had taken off his coat. It was too heavy and weighed him down, but he held it firmly against the side of the boat, as he hung on for his life. Once he felt a weight on his shoulder. He looked. It was a shipmate, who had perished. He shoved the stark thing away. He could see others giving up, but the ship was getting close.

The British Isles reached the raft first. One after another the men who were still alive caught the line and were drawn to safety. All but the wireless operator. He was cold and numb. He was crying but he was only nineteen. He couldn't move. He couldn't catch the line. He couldn't—

Angelo saw him disappear, and he tightened his grasp on his coat. He wasn't too cold to help himself to safety. When the rescuers reached for him, he put the rope around his body. He felt himself lifted up and up. He grasped the coat tighter.

Up and up he went, up toward safety, but suddenly the power went out of his arms. He felt something slipping, slipping, slipping, and he was lifted over the side; but his hand was empty.

Angelo came to the Institute. It is his only home. The house was sold **CHA**, but a place was made for him. He was given a goodly supply of the things you gave so generously for **CLAYTON** Christmas. He needed them for he had eighty dollars of the month's wages. The company gave him, to his regret, he has pawned his watch, and he had left worth anything but fifty dollars more for his family. They are in great need. He can't find the mother of

the wireless operator. He feels responsible for her.

Heroes are not far to seek among the weatherbeaten men at the Institute.

For My Mother

The Apprentices were sitting in a circle around the room. Some were pretending to play games, but were surreptitiously watching the girls who had come to the Institute for the Thursday evening dance.

"Were you here for the Christmas party," a fair haired snub-nosed lad asked the girl sitting near him, in an attempt to be entertaining.

"Yes."

"Wasn't it great!" he said with boyish enthusiasm. "I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the Institute. I'd have just stayed on the ship all the time, and hated myself and New York."

There was a slight confusion at the door. Two wireless operators, each accompanied by a young lady came in. They went straight to the House Mother, and all together, interrupting each other with exclamations, they tried to tell her what a "champion" time they had been having.

"It's all through you," one of them said to her. "You got us an invitation for Christmas and we met people who invited us for New Years, and we don't want to leave New York. We'll put a monkey wrench in the machinery."

"I'm afraid we'll demoralize the Merchant Service," the House Mother said with her merry laugh.

"But do you know," one of the girls whispered to her, "when they were saying good-by to their hostess

they thanked her, not only for themselves, but for their mothers. They said it would make them so happy to know they were with people you knew."

Hand It to Them

"Gee whizz you've gotta hand it to them when fellows is down and out", a shipwrecked sailor mumbled between bites of chocolate as he sat up in his cot on the thirteenth floor, and looked at his day after Christmas presents.

There were forty of them, men, who had been ship wrecked in the Aegean sea and taken to Greece where they had not had enough to eat, nor enough clothes to wear; and Greece is a long distance from America.

Their bodies were cold and starved and their spirits crushed when they arrived in New York, and even in New York nobody seemed to care.

Finally they arrived at the Institute and it was evident that an attempt at a fair division of the available clothes had been made. The man with an overcoat didn't have a shirt; and the man with a heavy shirt, didn't have a coat. Good boots were not too bad without stockings, but the man with carpet slippers boasted of both.

The Institute was full, but such men could not be turned away. Cots were put on the thirteenth floor, and because you gave so generously for Christmas, forty packages were quickly made up.

In each package there was a sweater, a muffler, wristlets, a helmet, two pairs of socks, a tie, a handkerchief, cigarettes, and a bar of chocolate. A card with the best wishes of the Institute was tied to each package, and a package was put on each cot.

One of the staff went to see if the men were comfortable. There they sat on their white cots, clean and warm for the first time in weeks, but they could not say what they felt. Seamen never can. But shyly they have been going from one to another of the staff trying to express their appreciation, which was pretty well expressed by the one who said to his mate, "Gee whizz you've gotta hand it to them when fellows is down and out."

Incentive to Study

"Don't lose the ticket off the end," the woman at the Desk warned a bearded seaman on Christmas eve as she watched him awkwardly twisting his programme and dinner ticket.

"I can't him read," the seaman explained in a foreign voice.

"That is an invitation for Christmas dinner. The Institute wishes you to be its guest."

The eyes of the foreign sailor opened very wide, and he said solemnly, "I can't him read. I have learn ledde. I learn yet," and he strode away with visions of the dinners he had missed in this wonderful country because he couldn't "him read."

Jack

Jack is cross eyed, stoop shouldered, and slightly twisted to one side, but his heart is one of the most beautiful. He was on the "Vindictive" when she wrote her name in history, and as he said, "King George would have shaken hands with me then, but I came here a shipwrecked sailor, and I walked the streets in my bare teet and no one would give me a pair of boots."

Jack came to the Institute and told his story, and although he had finally secured boots, the Christmas presents were called on to supply him with many other things. Then the Red Cross heard of the need of the men and came with a goodly supply for them.

Jack accepted his with grateful thanks, but he appeared worried. Finally he whispered to an Institute worker, "The Mate is downstairs and he is as bad off as the rest of us, but he won't come up."

"Tell him to come and get what he needs."

"I did but he won't," Jack said, maybe if you'd—"

He looked appealingly at the worker, who has never learned to resist such appeals, and while the calloused hands of the men carefully folded the clothes that were theirs, and they returned awkwardly to express their thanks, the Mate was taken in hand by the worker, and Jack went away, his face beaming.

His Short Trip

He had to be home for Christmas. He had planned that for a long time.

But Christmas is expensive, and he welcomed the chance to take a scow from New York to Norfolk. It would give him the money he needed and plenty of time to be back.

A little tug with two scows in tow puffed proudly out of the harbor on a Sunday morning. Before night it was grunting and struggling in a gale, that pounded the scows to right and left.

What did the man on the scow think as the waves beat over him? Did he remember that the men who had engaged him did not take his name? Did he think of his promise to be home for Christmas?

When the Books are opened his friends will know.

"Washed overboard!" was the verdict of the crew of the tug when they went to rescue him before the scow went down. But no one knew his name, and someplace the family is waiting for him because he had to be "home for Christmas."

And to the Institute came the man from the other scow to tell all he knew, with full confidence that if there was anyone in the world who would care about the family of an unknown seaman it was Dr. Mansfield.

Woolen Mitts

Life on the sea freezes up the springs of expression. Sailors are silent men, like all men who spend their lives in great open places. And when an old salt expresses feeling, it comes with a force that breaks the dams of repression.

"God bless the woman that knit these mitts," an old weatherbeaten sailor of seventy-four said to the

House Mother as she helped him to put them on his frozen hands.

He had been working on a barge, and the day before Christmas his hands were frozen. He came to the Institute Doctor, who bound them up and sent him to the House Mother.

"Them newfangled mitts with fingers ain't no good," he explained, as the last pair of old fashioned ones were shoved on his hands.

Missing Men

How often we have heard people say, "I cannot endure such suspense. Nothing could be worse than this uncertainty."

And it is when the friends of seamen have reached the limit of endurance that they write to the Institute and ask our assistance in tracing missing men.

So important has this work become, that we have started to issue a weekly *Missing Men Bulletin*. This Bulletin is printed on the Institute press and the first number contains nearly three hundred names of men for whom anxious friends are inquiring.

It is being sent to every seaport, where we can get any agency to cooperate with us. A special effort is being made to get the seamen's unions, the seamen's papers, the organizations working for seamen, the shipping agents, the steamship companies, the Consuls, and the newspapers to help us in this effort to encircle the world with a band of men and women who care enough about the seamen, to help them to keep in touch with their families and friends.

Men whose calling takes them to all parts of the world, have no ad-

resses. They cannot get their mail, and if sickness or some other cause makes the family move, they lose track of each other.

"It was alright while mother was alive," a boy said, "but since she died we can't keep track of each other. I've lost my Dad now, and I don't know how to find him, and I know he is looking for me."

It is to help such families that we are issuing the Missing Men Bulletin, and there are thousands of such families.

A Little Present

The following note was sent with a fancy pin to the Man Who Looks for Missing Men.

"Please accept this little present from myself and wife for your kindness in finding her son. Hoping Sir you will not be offended with us for sending it. We both wish you Sir, a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year."

Signed by a Stepfather.

Reactions to Gifts

Why is it that big men are not supposed to have the same emotions as little people?

He was a big reserved looking sailor, who appeared about as emotional as a marble slab. He accepted his gift without even the customary "Thank You."

But in a few minutes he came back fumbling the contents awkwardly, and asked in a hesitating voice, "Could you tell me who sent these things? I would like to write and tell her how much they mean to me."

Another man came to the House

Mother and told her of a trip during the terrible weather there has been this fall, in which he believed the socks she had given him before he left saved his life.

And another was an apprentice boy who was going from one to another of the employees asking their assistance in deciphering an address he had found in his Christmas package.

The best efforts of all combined failed to get a satisfactory translation, as the address was written in lead pencil, and it was almost rubbed out, but he went away, his head still bent over it as he said, "I'll write there anyhow. I can't rest until I've thanked her."

Mike

Names are sometimes a clue to nationality, but not so with Mike. Nothing about Mike is a clue to anything else. He has a Dutch father and a Spanish mother and he says he is an American.

Emigration authorities lack imagination, and they did not follow Mike's logic. They wouldn't give him a passport from Holland to America, but he got here.

His wordly possessions in a blue laundry bag, his clothes bearing the stamp of Holland, and his smile like the sunny south, he followed an officer into the Institute.

"He came out after we'd been three days at sea," the officer explained, "and we had to feed him. "Now I have to take him to Ellis Island."

"Do you think they'll send him back?" we asked.

"I don't think so," the officer said. "His mother is in Porto Rico."

Mike beamed genially on all. He had touched the soil of America and nothing else mattered.

One More for Uncle Sam

"I swear allegiance three times and never no more," an officer who had formerly been in the Russian navy explained as he showed his calloused hands." I swear allegiance to the Czar; then I swear allegiance to Kerensky; then I swear allegiance to the Provisional Government; then I hire on a ship as fireman and I come to America. Never no more will I swear for five years, then I swear for Uncle Sam for ever always."

He is studying English in the classes that are held three nights a week on the thirteenth floor; another who is seeking in America the Land of Promise.

Rats and Rats!

Rats! Its all in the way you say it.

A sailor asked for relief over night, and gave as his reason that he had deserted his ship. The Chaplain in charge explained that we have a prejudice in favor of men who live up to their contracts.

"But I couldn't stand the rats," the sailor said.

"Rats!" ejaculated the Chaplain.

"No rats! at all Sir," protested the seaman hotly, "The rates were . . ."

Magazines Needed

"We had so little literature on board last trip, that some fellows tried

to read what we had upside down for a change," a sailor said laughingly to the Man Who Arranges Magazines.

Only those accustomed to handling large bodies of men can have any idea of the number of magazines needed to supply our general reading rooms, the officers' reading room, and the Apprentice room.

No more suitable contribution can be made to the Institute than subscriptions to popular magazines. The Officers' reading room and the Apprentice room are in special need of current literature. When you send your contribution in this way please state if you have any preference, which reading room you wish to supply.

This cold weather we have nearly a thousand men every day with nothing to do but play games and read, and it keeps us busy and more than busy to keep them supplied. But we feel that in this terrible weather when so many are losing their lives every hour, the few days they are on shore, should be made as pleasant as possible.

Bread on the Water

"Well it doesn't happen once in a thousand times," the Red Cross Lady said, when told of the need of a seaman who had lost everything he had, "I am authorized to give only to the shipwrecked men, and I cannot sell him anything, but I'll give him what he needs."

"Thanks very much and I'll pay you when I get back," the seaman explained.

"Do you know who is giving you

this?" the lady asked.

"No mam, I do not," the seaman acknowledged, with a puzzled frown.

"It's the Red Cross!"

"The Red Cross!" the seaman repeated, with a lighting up of his face, "Why I have shares in that. I just gave a hundred dollars to it before I left home, and lost all my things."

He produced a receipt, very much up to date. His money had brought quick returns.

By Candle Light

5.30 A. M. is early, very early on Christmas morning, but at that hour, fifty seamen had assembled in the Chapel of Our Saviour to worship according to the custom of their forefathers, in far off Sweden.

Candles, there were candles everywhere, two hundred of them, two hundred bright eyes recalling memories of home. They recalled the Christmas Eve parties that extended to Christmas morning, when each bearing a flaming torch they went together to the church. They recalled the great bonfires, as the heaped up torches outside of the church sent myriads of winking sparks toward heaven. They recalled the hundreds of candles, the music, the sermons, the friends, the love, and the dreams of the past.

In the Chapel of Our Saviour there were candles, there was music, there was a sermon, and there was fellowship.

After the service there was coffee and julkakor, and more fellowship.

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Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent

Thank You

On behalf of the seamen who were benefitted by your great generosity at Christmas we desire to thank you. We realize how human it is to wish to see the joy of the recipients of our gifts, and it seems scarcely fair that we should have all that pleasure from the gifts you sent.

We see faith come back to sceptical eyes; we see tenderness come instead of hardness; we see the surreptitious tear wiped from eyes that had almost forgotten how to weep; and we see it because you have given so unselfishly, that you have not even asked for thanks.

We are trying in this number of the LOOKOUT to give you a glimpse of what your gifts have meant to a great band of men, whose work makes them wanderers, men for the most part without homes and with but few friends. Our language is too niggardly to allow us to express the emotions we wish, but we will lift the corner of the curtain here and there and you must fill in from your own hearts and imaginations the rich human details.

714 Christmas packages were given to the seven hundred and fourteen

guests in the Institute Christmas eve.

300 packages were sent to North River Station, and 550 packages were sent to sailors in the hospitals.

100 packages were given to the apprentices, and wireless operators, and 40 packages to a shipwrecked crew.

Quite a number of packages have been given to old friends of the Institute who could not get here for Christmas.

More than seventeen hundred Christmas packages have been given out, and this is two hundred more than we asked for, but how glad we have been to have them! Especially was this so in the case of the shipwrecked men, and unfortunately we have had a lot of them.

Thank you.

Christmas at the Institute

Christmas Carols on Christmas Eve sung by the full vested choir of St. John's Church, Staten Island, and a service in the Chapel of Our Saviour, addressed by Dr. E. A. Dodd, Ph. D. Rector of St. John's church, was a magnificent beginning for the Christmas festivities at the Institute.

A Swedish service at 5.30 A. M. began the Christmas celebrations, and it was followed by two other services in the Chapel of Our Saviour; a concert in the concert hall in the afternoon, and a Christmas party in the evening.

Never has the Institute looked more festive. Two trees of light and gay festoons decorated the concert hall; and the dining room and reading rooms, and halls, as well as the main rotunda were gay with brilliant ropes

of color, supporting rosy bells.

And the dinner, as one sailor said, "was a regular Christmas dinner and then some."

"The nicest Christmas I ever had", was the way one man described that day at the Institute, and ever since the queer reticent men of the sea, have been going to the desk and asking that their thanks be expressed to those who gave them such a day.

An Acknowledgment

The Ways and Means Department wishes to acknowledge the kindly co-operation of the thousands of friends of the Seamen:

1. In responding to our anniversary reminder and sending their annual contributions so promptly, obviating the necessity for a second and third reminder, resulting in a saving of clerical work, postage, etc.
2. In increasing (and in thousands of cases doubling and trebling) former contributions in recognition of the value of the Seamen class and the greatly increased cost of operation of this building.
3. In indicating their purpose to stand by this seamen's work each year over a period of years.
4. In stepping into the breach in the latter days of 1919 and making an additional contribution to meet a special emergency.
5. In sending us names of philanthropic friends whom they wished to share the blessings of uniting in this co-operative Christian work.

6. In writing so many heartening letters which show a keen appreciation of the need, the willingness to co-operate, and offering helpful suggestions.

Trial By Jury

"I am a judge, and a good judge too."

Who, that has seen Gilbert and Sullivan's Trial By Jury, successfully played, can forget the Judge, who not deterred by modesty sings his own praise! And in two productions of this famous old opera given in the Seamen's Church Institute, by the War Camp Community Service, the Judge was compared most favorably with De Wolf Hopper, who is so successful in that part. The rest of the cast played up to the standard set by the judge, and that they were appreciated was evident in the reception given them, the second time.

A one act play, a solo, and moving pictures completed an evenings entertainment, of a very high class.

"I wouldn't have missed this for a good deal," a man said to his companion as he was going out, "I have often paid two dollars for something not half as good."

"This is my first time here," an officer said to an Institute worker, after the concert was over.

"What made you come?" she asked.

"I heard some of the fellows saying it was a great place but I never dreamed it would be like this. Do you have these free concerts often?"

"Every week!"

"This is more than a home for sea-

men, its a whole city. We can live here, get our concerts here, our moving pictures here, our church service here, we don't need to go any place else."

"This is New York to me," his friend said, "its all I know about it."

He Who Serves

He has not served who gathers gold,
Nor has he served, whose life is told
In selfish battles he has won,
Or deeds of skill that he has done,
But he has served who now and then
Has helped along his fellow men.

The world needs many men today;
Red-blooded men along life's way,
With cheerful smiles and helping
hands

And with the faith that understands
The beauty of the simple deed
Which serves another's hour of need.

Strong men to stand beside the weak,
Kind men to hear what others speak,
True men to keep our country's laws
And guard its honor and its cause;
Men who will bravely play life's
game

Nor ask rewards of gold or fame.

Teach me to do the best I can
To help and cheer our fellow man;
Teach me to lose my selfish need
And glory in the larger deed
Which smooths the road and lights
the day

For all who chance to come my way.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

Cooperation in 1920

Will you co-operate to help the
Ways & Means Department cut its

expenses to the minimum? Those who have usually contributed in any given month will find folded into their copies of THE LOOKOUT, a reminder of the anniversary of their contribution, instead of receiving from us the usual reminder on the first day of the month. Will you not fill out the blank and return to us at once or by the 10th of the following month, thus obviating the necessity of our sending the usual reminder by mail. If we do not hear from you by that date, we shall assume that you have mislaid the enclosure or that it failed to reach you.

During the past year we have been greatly hampered by our inability to secure competent office assistants, which has forced us to install several pieces of labor-saving machinery. Our electrical typewriter plant of three machines works at full speed night and day, stopping only by the approach of the Sabbath Day.

Our work would be greatly simplified and accelerated by further additions of other labor-saving machinery and equipment. This we shall have to forego until a more opportune time. Fifteen hundred dollars, however, judiciously invested, would help to free us from dependence on uncertain outside service, would enable the office to run more smoothly, would help to cut our costs very materially, and would release more quickly for productive work those whose attention must needs be closely centered on securing the sinews of war.

Our constant thought in this department is devoted to developing friends for the seamen, to reducing

the correspondence to the minimum and to avoiding those irritations which arise through errors. If you ever receive a communication from us after you have sent a contribution, bear in mind the statement at the bottom of our letter sheet, "We never knowingly solicit a contributor twice in one year". During the closing weeks of 1919, while our drive was in progress to close the year free of indebtedness, we were compelled to employ a number of outsiders to assist us. In some way, several hundred letters were duplicated much to our chagrin and for which we offer a humble apology to all who have not written us and received a special letter.

Health Lectures

Modern medical science has greater faith in preventive health measures than in curative practice, and in accord with this, the Navigation and Marine Engineering School of the Seamen's Church Institute has started a free course of lectures on health topics for all who are interested in marine affairs.

Every officer aboard a ship should know how to care for the health of his crew and of his passengers. He should be trained to care for the sick and give first aid to the injured. In order that all who may so desire may obtain this knowledge, lectures will be given by Dr. Wilson, formerly professor on the staff of the Medical College in the University of Kansas; and during the war, Officer in charge of the Public Health Service Department in the Custom House of New York.

Dr. Wilson will give eight lectures in which he will not only give instruction in ship sanitation, care of the sick, and first aid to the injured, but he will give a history of the Public Health Service, and its relation to navigation and quarantine; also diseases, their cause, symptoms, and method of transmission and kindred topics. He will close the course with a lecture on the responsibility of officers to their companies, liability, and compensation.

Dr. Wilson will emphasise the methods of transmission of disease, and how to prevent diseases from being taken on board, and at this time when everyone fears the diseases that may be lurking in the undernourished parts of the world, such lectures are specially appropriate.

Flowers for the Chapel

The flowers on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour on Christmas Day and the Chapel decorations were presented by Members of the Institute "Hope Club," Miss Mary Strong Udall, and by Mr. John White Johnston, in memory of Captain John White, Master Mariner of Strommes, Orkneys, Scotland.

The flowers on the Altar on Sunday, December 28th were in memory of Lieut. Eugene Dodd, and were presented by Miss Eugenia Tiffany.

After Many Years

He confessed that he had been a Judas. Many years before his brother had sent him to his pocket for money. He had stolen from him and

betrayed his trust. At first he was afraid he would be caught and accused but nothing happened. The law did not seek him, but within him he carried a Judge and Jury that condemned him wherever he went. He tried to buy freedom from his guilt by giving to good causes. He gave and he gave, many times more than he had taken, but he could not find rest. He was a man with a curse, and the curse was his evil self that stalked his every step.

The Chaplain persuaded him to take the final step, and he wrote the letter for him to his brother. He explained it all, asked for his forgiveness, and enclosed the money with interest for nine years.

By the next mail came the answer. The latch string on the home door was on the outside for him, and a welcome awaited him within. He had been an outcast because his own conscience had made him such. The money had been missed, but even in their hearts they had not accused him.

Their Pal

Gustaf was a young Swedish sailor, an artist to the finger tips. Every spare minute on board ship he spent drawing, and when he reached shore he carried his productions to the Man in the Institute Who Understands.

Once he saved two hundred dollars and spent it all in taking a course in Art in New York. He dreamed of form and line and he visioned the day in the future when he would paint great pictures of the

sea and of men, pictures that would delight the world.

But unfortunately not all the world loves an artist. Gustaf went on a long trip with men in charge who did not understand the fair-haired blue-eyed lad. He was brutally treated, and, too sensitive to resist by brutality, he became despondent, and neglected his health, that was never robust. He caught a severe cold, and when the ship reached port he was taken to a hospital.

Gustaf is dead. But in the port are members of the crew who are spending time and money to make a charge against the man whose treatment broke the lad's spirit and shattered his dreams. They are just ordinary sailor men that one would pass unseeing on the street, but they understood. He was their Pal.

Likes the Lookout

A subscriber writes, "I have read with a great deal of interest this last year the monthly publication of the Seamen's Church Institute. It seems to me that THE LOOKOUT has more real human interest stories than any single monthly that I know."

Balance of November 1919 Donation List.

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, Christmas Gifts.

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Merrill, Miss D. E.
Mersereau, Wm. H.
Milbank, L. L.
Miller, Mrs. George F.
Mook, Miss Ella
Morgan, Mrs. James L.
Morgan, Wm. M.
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Moulton, Mrs. A. J.
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Church Periodical Clubs and Branches

Church Periodical Club, New York
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 St. James Church, B'klyn, N. Y.
 St. James Church, Monclair, N. J.
 St. John's Church, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.
 St. Mark's Church, E. Orange, N. J.
 St. Michael's Church, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, B'klyn, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J.
 St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.
 St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C.
 St. Thomas' Church, New York
 Trinity Church, Toledo, Ohio

Donations Received December 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, Christmas Gifts.

Adams, E. L.
 Adler, Miss Blanche
 Aldrich, F. A.
 Alexander, Miss Agnes
 Alexander, Mrs. E. D.
 Alexander, Mrs. H. D.
 Alexander, Miss Jane M.
 Allan, Mrs. George S.
 Alldred, Mrs. John
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 Anonymous—24
 Archer, Mrs. George A.
 Armstrong, Mrs. C. D.
 Arnold, Mrs. Glover C.
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 Babcock & Wilcox Co.
 Bailey, Mrs. James Sherman
 Baker, Mrs. B. W.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Baldwin, Miss Martha R.
 Bard, Miss Louisa J.
 Bartlett, Miss E. Ethel
 Beall, Miss
 Beardsley, Miss S. W. A.
 Belloni, Miss Sadie
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 Peterson, Miss Emma
 Peto, Miss Olive E.
 Polk, Mrs. G. Clark
 Pope, Mrs. Charles C.
 Potts, Mrs. Charles E.
 Powell, Steven A.
 Price, Mrs. Clarence
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 Rhoades, Miss H.
 Richardson, Mrs. C. S.
 Rey, Miss
 Robbins, Mrs. J. W.
 Roberts, Miss Edith
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.
 Roehling, Mrs. J. A.
 Roesler, Mrs. E.
 Ross, Mrs. Adam A.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Rumford, Mrs. O. G.
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 Safe, Mrs. T. Shaw
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 Scott, Mrs. C. V.
 Seeley, Miss Frances
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 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.
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 Skidmore, Mrs. George W.
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 Van Etton, Mrs. Amos
 VanTine, A. J.
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 Varnum, Miss
 Vernon, Mrs. Catherine D.
 Wadhams, Mrs. A. J.
 Walbridge, Mrs. T. H.
 Warren, Mrs. J. K.
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 Daughters
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 Wayre, Charles D.
 Webster, Mrs. A. J.
 Webster, Mrs. H. F.
 Weeks, Mrs. Kate P.
 Welles, Miss A.
 Wendell, Mrs. Gordon and Miss F. E.
 Wetmore, Mrs. D. S.
 Wetmore, Miss Edith
 Wetmore, Mrs. George P.

White, Miss Adelaide Knitting Circle
 Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.
 Wightman, Miss Ernestine
 Wilkins, Mrs. E. Anna
 Williams, Miss M. A.
 Williamson, Miss Josephine L.
 Williamson, Miss S. M.
 Willis, Mrst. William P.
 Wolff, Mrs. M.
 Wood, Miss A. M.
 Wood, Mrs. W. Wilton
 Young, Mrs. W. H.
 Y. M. C. A. Buffalo, N. Y.
 Zerega, Miss Florence

Church Periodical Clubs and Branches

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 Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.
 Church of the Epiphany, St. Martha's Guild, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah, B'klyn, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club, Irvington, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
 Grace Church, Millbrook, N. Y.
 Holy Trinity Church, B'klyn, N. Y.
 St. Agnes Chapel, New York
 St. John's Church, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.
 St. John's Par'ish, Huntington, L. I.
 St. John's Church, Woman's Auxiliary, Hartford, Conn.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Stephen's Church, Port Washington, L. I.
 Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J.
 Trinity Church, Hoboken, N. J.
 Trinity Prot. Cathedral, Phoenix, Ariz.
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

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 Anonymously "Discretionary Fund" 12.00
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 Dominick, George F. "Holiday Fund" .. 25.00
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 Lowrie, Mrs. C. D. "Holiday Fund" ... 5.00
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 McNeil, Daniel "Holiday Fund" 5.00
 Mahnken, John H. "Holiday Fund" 10.00
 Main, Robert "Holiday Fund" 5.00
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert "Holiday Fund" .. 2.50
 Mathewson, Charles E. "Holiday Fund" 10.00
 Meissner, Charles A. "Discretionary Fund" For October, November and December 1919. 15.00
 Merrnood, Mrs. A. S. "Holiday Fund" .. 10.00
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 Raffenberg, Max W. "Relief Fund" 1.00
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 Zerega, Miss Florence "Holiday Fund" .. 25.00

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER 1919

Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English, Morning	5	228	263
English, Evening	10	1237	1414
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	266	277
Bible Classes	4	288	288
Lettish	1	22	42
Scandinavian Xmas Candle Service	1	50	51
Holy Communion Services			6
Wedding Services			1
Baptismals			1
Funeral Services			1

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	232
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	80
Referred to Hospitals	58
Referred to other Societies	6
Hospital Visits	164
Patients Visited	2,863
Assisted thru Loan Fund	80

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$ 94,489.49
Withdrawals	88,314.73
Transmitted	21,971.88
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	67,655.02

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	24	6833	7451
Home Hour	4	512	569
Ships visited			39
Packages of reading matter distributed			476
Comfort Bags and knitted articles distributed			557
Xmas Gifts distributed			1,740

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,267
Letters received for Seamen	13,340
Pieces of dunnage checked	7,160

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	34
Men shipped	138
Men given temporary employment in port	53
Total number of men given employment	191

PLEASE REMEMBER

That new equipment and additional aids to Efficiency are constantly needed.

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

CEMETERY FUND. Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

The **RELIEF** Fund and the special **DISCRETIONARY** Fund always need to be replenished.

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber of **The Lookout**.

1. **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.
2. All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
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