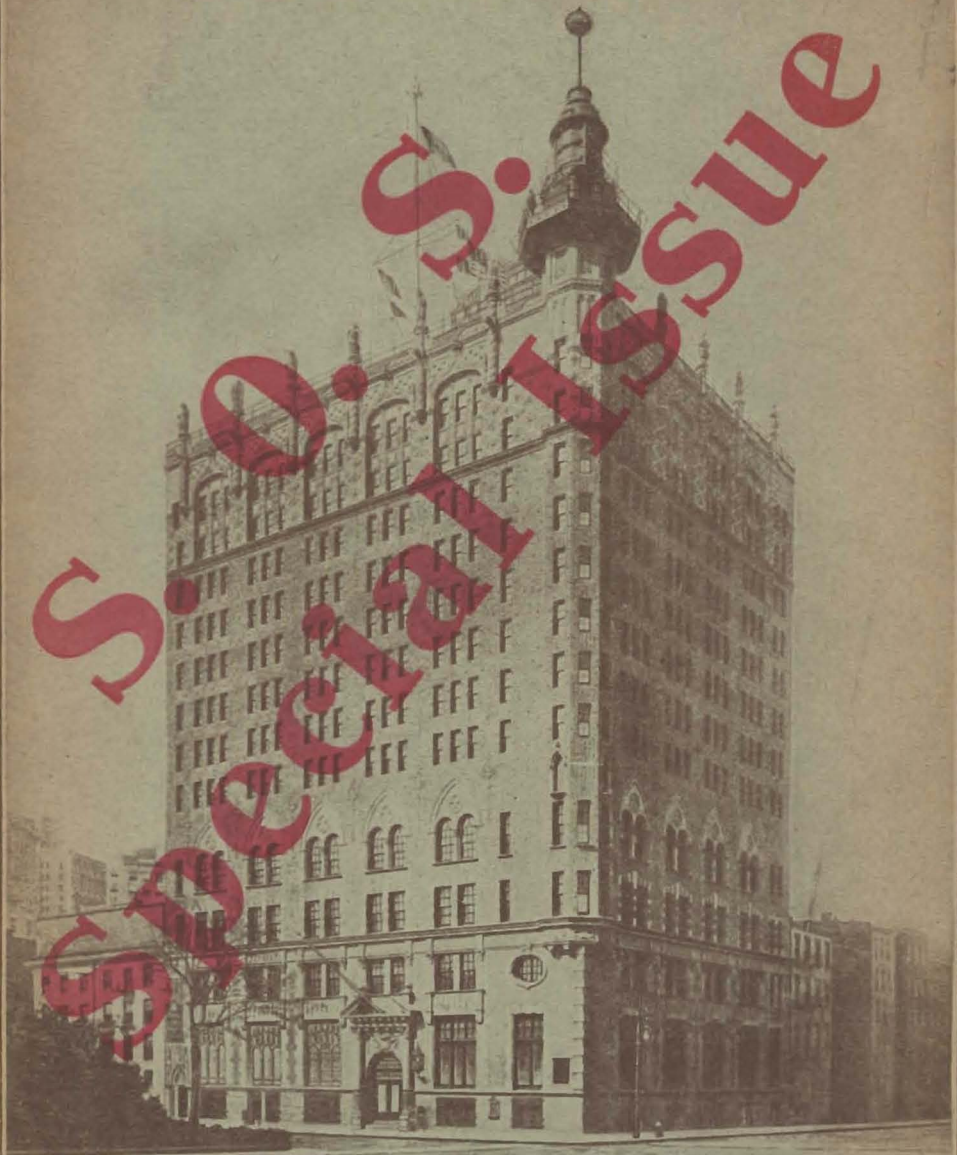


# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.  
25 SOUTH STREET

DECEMBER, 1921

## THE GLORY OF THE DIOCESE



“The Seamen’s Church Institute is the largest and finest Institution of its kind in the world, and the glory of the diocese,” said Bishop Manning at a meeting in Carnegie Hall in November.

# THE LOOKOUT

SPECIAL

DECEMBER, 1921

ISSUE

## Letter from the Superintendent

Dear Friends of the Institute and the Seamen:

My twenty-six working years have been devoted solely to the interests of this Society, serving the seamen of the world, laboring to secure the greatest blessings possible to be obtained for them to enjoy. May I not therefore consider it my right and privilege to personally stress this **Society's serious and immediate need of \$30,000.**

This Institute fundamentally religious, stands as the Church of God stands in the world, to offer to the seamen of the world, God's grace and peace. We, His agents, are here to convey these blessings and benefits to those who will receive them.

Providence has smiled upon this work. Marvellous success has attended our efforts. God has prospered us, and friends loving and true, have provided generous support. Cooperation with God and man, is the secret of our success.

I am not a good beggar. I confess that urging people to contribute to the support of this work, is not agreeable. I have endeavored to administer the affairs of the Institute in the best and most far reaching interests of the seamen and I have come to so fully realize, how large a duty you ought to perform toward the men of the sea, that I do not hesitate to add my urging, that you especially **lend a hand in this time of exceptional need.**

A man's religion that does not make him open his pocket book, and make him a cheerful giver, according to his ability, is totally ignorant of the spirit of the Master, who has taught us that it is more blessed to give than receive.

You must not, and will not, let adversity overtake so prosperous a work, for these God's children of the sea, or our mission to fail because of inadequate **financial** support.

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

A. R. MANSFIELD.

## Our Need

The Institute needs its friends. It needs them now. It needs them as it has never needed them in our generation.

For the first time it is compelled to go backward instead of forward.

The Ways and Means Committee, at the request of the Board, has been making an effort to pay off **the floating indebtedness of \$30,000**. So far they have raised only \$8,733.

This state of affairs has forced the Board to accept the recommendations of the Ways and Means Committee, which are:

1. To close the North River Station.
2. To close the Officers' and Employees' Dining Room.
3. To close the Shipping Office.

**For the first time the Institute is scrapping departments that have been built up by years of thought and work. Others will have to go unless we get more help.**

The only thing we have an abundance of is men; 788 sleep in our house every night. They manage to get enough to pay for a bed. Those who can't, go to the Welfare Headquarters. But they cannot patronize our Lunch Counter and Soda Fountain and Slop Chest as they did. These departments are not making the profits on which we depended. That is why we have to have extra help just now.

We know that money is scarce.

If it were not, we would not need to make this appeal. Our friends have given generously and some are still giving, as one man said, "until it hurts." But most of you have not realized how hard we have been hit by the depression.

This Special Issue of The Lookout is to ask your immediate help to pay off \$30,000 so that other departments will not have to be closed.

## S. O. S.

**We must have \$30,000 immediately.** We cannot carry on the work of this Institute, as it is, without it.

You have created a great home on the waterfront, for seamen. You have made a place so remarkable that it is talked of in every port in the world. It has driven out most of the vile boarding houses and brothels that were once the only places open for sailors. It is a safety zone.

You are proud of it. You have contributed to it during the years that are past and we feel that you should know the condition of our finances now. Some are contributing as generously as they can, but the majority have not realized their responsibility, or else they do not know how much we need them. For it is a great responsibility to create such an Institution.

You would not contribute to help seamen who deserted their ship in a storm. You must settle it with your conscience, if you desert the Institute, now when the storm has struck.

The seamen, by virtue of the fact that you have made them dependent on you, have a claim on you. You can't escape it. It is there facing you.

Hundreds of men who came to the Institute in their prosperity are now coming to it in their adversity. They, too, helped to make the home, what it is, and they are your fellow creatures, made of the same earth and subject to the same mortality as yourselves. And **they are coming to you in their need.**

**You can't turn them away.** You may not feel like giving just now. You may not like the situation. You may say "let them shift for themselves." But if you do, you can see that you will be deserting the ship in a storm; you, who represent God, to these men, will have to square it with Him, in whose name this Home was built.

That is the situation.

### The Investment

“This is the greatest seamen’s home in the world and it cost——”

The sightseeing car passed on, and we did not hear the rest of the sentence. But what does that man know about the cost of such a building as this? Does he think it can be measured in dollars and cents?

He is young and he does not realize that **seventy-six years ago**, a number of devoted clergymen and laymen, undertook this work for the glory of God and the blessing of the men of the sea. And from that time, men, strong, able men, have given their work and their dreams and their visions to this Institute.

This work cannot be visualized in bricks and mortar. It is greater than the work of men’s hands for **it had its birth in the travail of men’s souls**. It was born because all men are brothers. It was born because men believed it was their duty to follow the command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.” It was born and has lived and flourished, because there are men who believe that we are our brothers’ keeper.

**And this work is your responsibility.** Men have put their prayers, their work and their dreams into it. It is their monument of service.

The present Superintendent came into it from college. He has given all his working manhood to it—twenty-six years. His is the lifework of another, added to the many who have lived and worked and died, with this as their dream of service.

It is to support this work, **a work that does not belong to this generation alone**, but to generations gone, that we are making our appeal.

God willing, it will go on, until there is not a seaman in the port of New York without a decent place to stay, clean wholesome entertainment, and an opportunity to worship God as other men do.

## THEN AND NOW

The **WAR** did it:

It brought the sailors their **biggest wages** in history.

It brought them unusual tasks and **unusual recognition**.

It brought them **free food**, in hut and canteen.

It brought them entertainments and **social life**.

It brought them the **feeling of heroes**.

It brought them **low wages**.

It brought them **unemployment**.

It brought them **starvation**.

It brought them **neglect and loss of confidence**.

It brought them **despair**.

**ALL THE SAME MEN.**

**ALL THE SAME WAR.**

## MERCHANT JACK

We have heard of the soldiers' valor, of the prowess of naval men, but we hear little of the unconquered heroism of "Merchant Jack", as good a man today as ever he was. We take our hats off to these sailor men, because we recognize what would have happened if it had not been for the Merchant Seamen of the allied nations.

Last winter was a hard one—this winter also begins badly. Many sailors and no ships for them, many cases of actual starvation of homeless men—the men who went thru fire and water for us without complaint, and who were the salvation of our country — "Merchant Jack" of whom Sims, Rodman, Jellicoe and Fisher spoke so proudly and so thankfully—starving here in the streets of a wealthy city.