

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES      FRANK T. WARBURTON      REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
President                      Secretary and Treasurer                      Superintendent

## Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

---

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

## 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.

# THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 14

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

## The Institute's Christmas

The spirit of Christmas elbowed his way into the Institute on the Friday before he was legally due to arrive. When the men went up to the concert there was a fully lighted tree on the stage, and in this setting the House Mother talked to them a bit about Christmas. The Amusement Man had secured an exceptionally fine program, so that the holiday season got off to an excellent start.

The real celebration began on Christmas Eve with services morning and evening in the chapel, and again on Christmas morning. The sermons constituted a series dealing with the good tidings of great joy that were brought to the shepherds by night. There was special music and the chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

On Christmas Day every guest was given a free Christmas dinner. The gay green and red decorations of the lobby had put the men into a festive mood, a card of greeting on each bed had expressed the good will of the Institute. Then came your homey gift of a dinner, and it seemed to be the one thing necessary to add gaiety to the occasion. Altogether Christmas at the Seamen's Church Institute was a very happy day.

## The Apprentice Boys' Christmas

The apprentice department celebrated Christmas on the Thursday

following Christmas proper. The room was gaily decorated with holiday greens, and a big tree at the end, and lighted candles, but better decorated still by the crowd of happy-faced boys, who made themselves at home and ran about and waited upon the lady volunteer workers.

Mrs. Baxter, who is in charge of this department, and the young women who assist her, planned to make it a memorable treat, so for the supper, which followed the dance, they had quantities of ice cream and cake and nuts and candy and oranges and apples. While they were consuming these dainties white tissue paper parcels were passed around, mysterious bundles, which were promptly broken into and discovered to contain stockings and ties, tobacco and pipes, and such like comfortable things.

As the party was breaking up one of the boys was heard to say, "We sail tomorrow, but gee, I'm glad I was here for tonight."

## Christmas at the Hospital

Unfortunately seamen get sick at Christmas time, as well as at other seasons of the year, so that we had to send their Christmas to the hospital. At the U. S. Marine Hospital the celebration is co-operative. The Institute supplies a tree for every ward, for the employees' mess hall, for the nurses' home, and a large

tree for the recreation house. It also supplies each patient and worker with a cretonne bag filled with an apple, orange, box of dates, box of raisins, two lemon toys and chewing gum. The Knights of Columbus supply the smokes, and the Red Cross a present for each patient and helper, and a box of candy and ice cream and cake for all connected with the hospital.

The festivities began on Christmas Eve. The patients had decorated the wards, each ward trying to surpass the other and win the first prize. At six thirty a procession marched through the wards led by Santa Claus, accompanied by a herald, four fairies, three brownies, and seven ladies who came, through the kindness of Mrs. William G. Wilcox of Staten Island, to sing carols.

After the procession was over an informal party was held in the recreation house for visiting friends, which lasted until 9:30 when the Institute Chaplain began to convert the recreation house into a chapel. He worked until three o'clock in the morning decorating it for the Christmas services, and was up again at 5:30 to have things in readiness for the Roman Catholic Mass at 6:30. Many of the patients are Roman Catholics and it means much to them at such special seasons to have their customary services, so that our Chaplain induced a priest to use his little chapel to minister to those of that faith. Our Chaplain held communion service at 8 o'clock and Christmas carol service at 10:30.

### Mr. Podin's Farewell

Ordinarily we would have told the story of Mr. Podin's going in our December issue, but it just happened that we needed most of our space for the story of our Work for British Apprentice Lads and it was crowded out. Mr. Podin was the Chaplain-of-Many-Tongues. He is a Lett by birth, who speaks about seven languages, and who uses the English language as fluently as his native tongue. And when one has said that one has said practically nothing at all about Mr. Podin. It is difficult to find just the happiest words to convey an idea of the vivid buoyant personality which the Institute has lost in Mr. Podin.

The heads of departments gave him a farewell party and a gift of a handsome brass desk set, and on that occasion many stories were told to illustrate his personality and his service to the Institute.

Dr. Mansfield told of his first meeting with Mr. Podin when our late Chaplain had invited him to speak to a group of men at a little Seamen's Mission in Brooklyn. Dr. Mansfield went, and was heartily welcomed, after which his host excused himself for a few minutes. Presently Dr. Mansfield heard a violin outside, and glancing out saw his host walking up and down playing to attract the men to the service.

The Chaplain-Who-Visits-the-Sick told about Mr. Podin having been invited to meet the Prince of Wales, and coming home and making a cup of cocoa for a drunken seaman in

one of the dormitories, being as much at home in one thing as the other.

At the conclusion of the supper the following resolutions were moved and spoken to by different members of the staff, and they were typed in the form of a little booklet and presented to Mr. Podin with his gift:

1. Whereas one Reverend Carl Podin, after eight years' association with this Institute, has accepted the insistent call of old friends to old fields of parish work; and
2. Whereas the said Reverend Carl Podin has endeared himself to us by many kindly words and deeds; and
3. Whereas the said Reverend Carl Podin has brought into this work a buoyancy of spirit that stimulated and cheered everyone with whom he came in contact; and
4. Whereas when given a tough job to do, the said Reverend Carl Podin was always untiring in his efforts for accomplishment and completed the job through tenacity of purpose strengthened by his deep personal interest in his service; and
5. Whereas the said Reverend Carl Podin met the seamen who came to him in a spirit of genuine friendliness, counting no sacrifice too great to help them out of any and every difficulty; and
6. Whereas the said Reverend Carl Podin not only made himself a United States citizen, with honor to himself and to the country of his adoption, but was untiring in his zeal to help others to attain a similar ambition; and
7. Whereas the said Reverend Carl Podin never lost that humanizing sympathy, which saves Social Work from hardening into machine-like charity; and
8. Whereas there is no one among us who has more friends or warmer ones,

or who has made his influence felt in a wider circle; therefore be it

9. Resolved that the Seamen's Church Institute will miss tremendously his vital, warm, and friendly personality, his loyal and untiring devotion to his work and to the Superintendent; and be it further resolved that we, his associates in service, wish him every happiness and success in his new undertaking, and hope that he may find in those new associations satisfaction for the home-loving side of his nature, which he inevitably missed in this work.

## A. M. M. L. A.

### Books for Marine Libraries

The Seamen's Church Institute has to try your patience so often with appeals for one thing or another that it is only in very exceptional cases that it takes another organization under its wing, and makes a plea for it.

But the American Merchant Marine Library Association is at the very least a first cousin of this organization, working as it is in the interest of seamen. Mr. Baylies, the President, and Dr. Mansfield, the Superintendent of this Institute, are on its board of directors.

The object of this organization is to see that there is a library on every American ship, so that during the long voyages the men may have something to occupy their minds.

Its present need is for classical and modern fiction. It has fallen heir to twenty thousand copies of technical, historical and biographical works, collected for the men overseas, so that it is well supplied with

non-fiction books. But if any of you have a hundred or more works of fiction to give away and will notify the Seamen's Church Institute the "flivver" will be sent to collect them anywhere in greater New York.

### Is a Dog Baggage or Isn't It?

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief had had a hectic day. It seemed as if all the seamen in the Port of New York were just coming out of hospitals and needing a hand. In the midst of the turmoil there arrived, a very little, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed boy with a worried expression, a long cord, and at the end of the cord a plain cur dog wagging his tail with a joyful confidence in his small master and the world at large. That confidence made him something rather special, otherwise he would have been just dog.

The small boy looked as if he ought to have been in the primary school instead of going to sea. Tears were just back of the big round eyes as he wailed, "What am I going to do with my dog? I can't take him to my room, and I can't give him up. He's my friend."

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief looked him over and her heart melted. "My boy," she said, "you look far too young to be going to sea. Why don't you go home?"

"My mother's dead, and I don't get on with my father," the boy answered simply, and then he waggled the string a bit to indicate that the dog question was still unsettled. "Where can I leave him?" he insisted.

"I don't know," the worker answered, "but wait a little and I'll think." A dog that was taking the place of mother and home had to be treated differently.

She disposed of a man who wanted to pay back a loan, and one who needed help, and then she said to the boy, "Go down to the Hotel Desk and ask the man if, as a special favor to me, he'll keep your dog until I can think what to do with him." The boy, followed by a joyful, tail-wagging dog, disappeared off her horizon, and was promptly forgotten in the stress of trying to decide who were deserving among the applicants for assistance.

An hour or two later, a young man from the Hotel Desk appeared, troubled and apologetic. "That dog's yelling its head off down there," he announced.

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief rose with the determination to grapple with the problem and decide it one way or another. She got up and went down and got the dog herself and took it to the baggage room. There was a man down there who was indebted to her for help at a crucial moment in his affairs. "Do you want to do me a favor?" she asked him.

The man beamed upon her. "I sure do."

"Then take care of this dog over night, for me."

The man stopped beaming. "How? Where?" he demanded, distractedly.

"I don't know," she said, with detachment.

The man scratched his head in a worried way, as he reached for a tag. "All right, see'n' it's you," he said, "but he ain't baggage."

Early the next morning the blue-eyed boy got "his friend" and the two went away to sea. The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief squared her shoulders to bear the reproaches of the House Department, but when a dog is taking the place of home and mother it *is* different.

### When the Seaman Ceases To Be Dumb

As a class seamen are inarticulate, painfully self-conscious about saying what they feel, even where they are surest of sympathy and understanding, so that these two expressions of affection and appreciation, which came to the House Mother this Christmas, are all the more remarkable.

The first is a Radiogram from the S. S. Sucrosa, and reads:

"The only usefulness of radio is, in my opinion, the possibility it gives to send you affectionate greetings on the day of peace and good will."

M. S.

Did any of you receive a more precious Christmas message than that, or than this letter, with its shy determination to break through the bonds of silence for once, and say what the writer feels?

Dear Mother Roper:

I hope you do not mind my calling you mother, as that is how I always think of you, as mother to all of us wandering boys. You are all

the mother I have now, as my own good mother has been dead just two years last week.

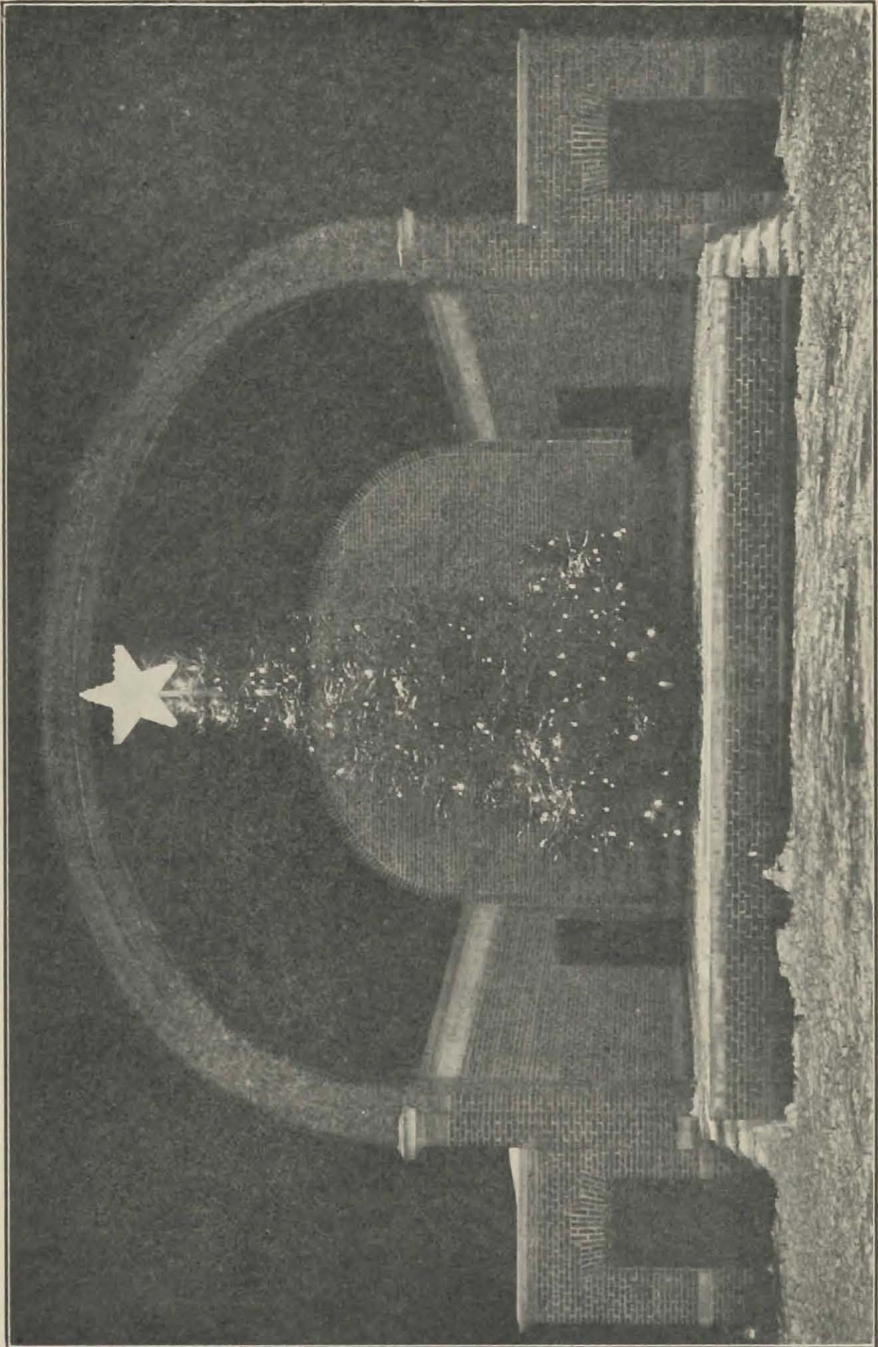
I have never talked with you but a few times myself, although I have stayed at the Institute many times in the last eight years and have always been satisfied with the fair and square treatment I received at all times. And although I would probably be too shy and self-conscious to say so to you face to face I have wanted for a long time to tell you how much I admire and respect you and your good work at the Institute in making the lot and shore life of such wandering lads as myself a whole lot more pleasant to bear. Believe me, as I well know, your influence and counsel has a great lot of weight in keeping many a reckless lad from going astray as much as he otherwise might have done.

I have always believed that a word of affection and praise should be given when and where it is deserved, and hope that you will not think me too forward in expressing myself as I have. I thought that a few words from just one of the boys who comes to your home for seamen might give you a bit more heart and courage to carry your good Christian work along, and maybe lighten the burden of your labors just a mite.

Your friend,

Francis E. Cooke.

We hope that those who think of seamen as "roughnecks" will read the above, not only because of the gracious sentiment expressed but because of the very graceful language the young seaman has used.



The Tree of Light in Jeanette Park



### The Mysterious Tree

Every year, for eleven years, a Tree of Light has appeared mysteriously in Madison Square. By what human agencies this is brought about is never mentioned. There is a rumor, which circulates from time to time, that it is the gift of some great philanthropist, but it is only a rumor. The tree comes in the night and goes in the night, as a beautiful thought might come to you or me, as we go about our daily tasks.

The mystery surrounding the tree is intentional, its purpose is to stand alone, completely removed from human associations, as a symbol of Christ, and what his teachings have meant to society. There was a night, years ago, when the first tree appeared, and was lighted. Its coming was expected, as was the coming of Christ after John had gone about preaching, "There cometh one after me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." Gathered about the tree were representatives of all the important newspapers in New York. There was a little stir at the foot of the tree, perhaps a momentary glimpse of a human agency in its illumination. One camera clicked. A man stood by, who was thrilled by the beautiful mystery of the tree, and he turned to the camera man and said, "You won't use that plate."

"My boss said," the camera man explained in extenuation of his conduct, "that if I did not bring back a picture I need not come back."

The man with a feeling for the mystery said, "There are some

things more important than keeping a job."

The camera man looked at the tree, up to the shining star of Bethlehem at the top, which for more than two thousand years has beckoned humanity over one moral and ethical hill-top after another. The plate crashed on the pavement, and neither you or I will ever know what was on the only photograph that was ever taken of the illuminating of the Tree of Light.

### The Seamens' Tree of Light

This year a branch, or more accurately, a child of the parent tree has come down to Jeanette Park, to the centre of the Seamen's community, and through these wanderers from many lands is shedding its light upon nearly all the nations of the earth.

It appeared on Christmas Eve. The Regimental Band of the 16th Infantry came over from Governor's Island and led the singing of the Christmas hymns and carols, playing with vim and spirit. The ceremonies began at seven o'clock, when the seamen poured out of the Institute into Jeanette Park, the band assembled in front of the memorial stage, and the tree was illuminated.

There, standing in the lights and shadows of the park, they sang praise to the Prince of Peace, the essence of whose gospel was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

According to that acid test there may not have been anybody present who was literally a Christian, but surely there was no one there who was not better for those few moments of looking upward to the one who personified that assurance of God, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

Of a certainty his lovingkindness must go out to all these children of his, black and white, brown and yellow, Mohammedan and Jew and Christian, who passed by this tree, carrying their bags on their backs, on their way to the wide and lonely seas.

Those who passed by in the evening saw a cosy, friendly tree lighted with colored lights, but those who went this way late at night saw something more beautiful still. When the lights were turned out, the tree, being dark, disappeared, and the only thing that remained visible was the white star at the top, which seemed to hang there in space, like the very spirit of Christmas, stripped of all human associations, or like the infinite mercy and love of God when all doctrines and creeds have faded away.

### **Enforcing the Prohibition Law**

At a meeting of the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies, held in the building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on November 21st, the following resolutions were drafted, and have since been submitted to and ratified by all

the societies represented in the Joint Conference:

Whereas the various organizations composing this Joint Conference and conducting work for the benefit of Seamen in this Port have received reports from their workers to the effect that drunkenness among seamen is increasing in the immediate neighborhood of their respective stations and

Whereas this indicates the presence of "bootleggers," and the more or less often violation of the prohibition laws along the water front and

Whereas the liquor so obtained by seamen is generally of an inferior or poisonous quality, and the places where the same is sold are centers of disorder and public disturbances, and contempt for all law and

Whereas the sailor ashore is peculiarly susceptible to exploitation and ruin by panderers, gamblers, bootleggers and those bent upon getting his wages as soon as he is paid off, and

Whereas the friends of the sailor in this port are finding their labors constantly becoming more difficult by reason of the conditions herein described and these conditions have become a public nuisance and scandal, and

Whereas it is the opinion of this Conference that the authorities charged with enforcing the law have and will continue to have the sound backing of public opinion in their efforts to protect the sailor in these respects, now therefore be it

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Federal Prohibition agent of this district; to the District Attorneys of the Counties of New York, Kings and Queens; to the Police Commissioner and District Attorneys having juris-

diction in the City of New York, and to the various chairmen of the boards of Magistrates having such jurisdiction, and be it further

Resolved that the organizations composing this Conference assist these authorities in every proper way to the end that these conditions may be remedied and the seamen protected.

### Roy's Christmas

You remember Roy. He is the young man who had T. B., and who begged so hard to be given work to do, feeling sure that if only he had a job he would get better.

The Woman - Who - Gives - Relief sent him to the clinic for examination, and when she had the report that he was in the advanced stages of T. B. she used all her tact to persuade him to go to Seaview Hospital.

The Chaplain - Who - Visits - the - Sick has been going to see him there ever since, trying to soften, as much as possible the loneliness of those last days, though as a matter of fact Roy, with the blessed optimism of his disease, did not know that they were last days.

Then the Christmas season came, and the chaplain, knowing that it would be Roy's last Christmas, spent a lot of time and thought on a Christmas box for him. He gave him a large box with a spray of holly across the top and inside there were a number of little packages wrapped in tissue paper and fastened with Christmas seals. We do not know whether he opened the packages, but if he did he found inside, a book, for

his mind, a handkerchief, for his nose, candy for his mouth, some tablets for his throat, and so on for about ten gifts, each with a jolly little card inside.

He took him the box the Monday before Christmas, for Roy was sinking fast. He was very happy about it and said that he was going to try to wait until Christmas day to open it. On the Thursday before Christmas he died, or rather he began to live more fully in a world where there is no death or misunderstanding.

### By the Side of the Road

Some of the House Mother's personal friends have been reading THE LOOKOUT evidently, for they gave her for Christmas a framed copy of the poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." It is a charming thing in blue and gold and cream, decorated with a quaint little English house, and Dickensonian characters passing back and forth before the door.

No doubt all of our readers are familiar with the poem:

Let me live in a house by the side  
of the road,

Where the race of men go by,  
The men who are good, and the men  
who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side  
of the road,

And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

# The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK  
at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

### Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid

Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Address all communications to

ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

## Our Balance Sheet

The year has done its stint of days and labors and been retired. As we sit watching its retreat into obscurity we take count of its achievements, and are deeply grateful for the blessings it has brought to us.

We began the year in gloom. A load of debt dragged upon us, an aftermath of the difficult financial readjustments following the war. You will remember that it was in the month of December last that we made the special S. O. S. appeal, and it kept bearing fruit on into the new year. Of the amount asked for only \$18,506 had been contributed up to the end of 1921. Last year \$18,116.50 was added to this fund, and the debt paid off.

Then came the War Memorial Fund. It had been going on for a long time, but only small dribbles of money coming in to pay for it, until

the campaign of bricks began. Through that and the larger amounts that have been given we have raised altogether last year for this fund \$13,024.83. So great was our faith in your never-failing generosity that we began the building of the memorial stage on July first, without having the money to pay for it. The fund is still not completed, but we know that it will be, and we are peculiarly happy that together we have been able to remember in this way the service of the Merchant Seamen to the country.

And the flower fund is nearly completed. You have contributed \$3,400.33 during the year to make it possible for there to be flowers on the altar of Our Saviour every Sunday down through the years. Most of these gifts were in memory of someone who has died, and it is delightful to think that long after the persons who made the gifts have passed on the names of their friends will be kept from forgetfulness by this memorial.

This last November we decided very suddenly to give the men a Thanksgiving Dinner, so that we had time to make only one appeal for funds in THE LOOKOUT. As the first returns did not cover the cost of this entertainment we asked you to increase the number and amount of your gifts toward the Christmas dinner fund. The response to this request was so generous that the expenses of both entertainments have been met.

So much for the funds. We have asked for other things besides

money. Last summer we asked for a concert grand piano, and the other day a friend telephoned to say she was sending us one. We asked for new phonograph records of new selections for the apprentice boys, and immediately a man went out and bought a goodly number of splendid pieces, for us. We asked for small sized clothes for men coming out of hospital, and a number responded to the appeal, one woman sending six new suits of Jaeger wool underwear right from the store. Think of what that is going to mean to some T.B. case, who needs all his strength to fight disease, without having to fight cold.

Is it any wonder that, taking stock at the end of the year, we find it difficult to express the gratitude we feel for your sympathy and cooperation?

The President of the Society and the Superintendent have asked me to express to you, however inadequately, the heartfelt appreciation of themselves and the Board of Managers for the consciousness they have that, however great a task they may undertake, they are sure of your generous assistance.

### **A Dear Friend Gone**

Because we love the Rt. Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson of Missouri, a college friend of our Superintendent, and loved his dear mother, who knitted socks for the seamen until the end, we feel it a great privilege to print this inspiring tribute from the Bishop to that splendid woman, who has passed on.

### **JANE ELIZA CAMP JOHNSON**

She was my Mother. At Newtown, Connecticut, in the home to which she came as a bride threescore and four years since, on the sixteenth day of October, at eventide, God's finger touched her and she slept. She was in her eighty-sixth year. She had lived a full life. She had a happy old age. She kept her faculties and her active interest in worth-while things until stricken with her last illness, which was of but few days' duration. Eight years ago, her husband went. He and she had lived together six years beyond the Golden Wedding. Five years ago the family circle further narrowed Here and widened Yonder when a son, Lee, was taken at the age of fifty-three. The three remaining sons, two grandsons, and the husband of an adopted daughter whom she had raised almost from babyhood bore her body, on October nineteenth, from the home where she had lived to the church where she had worshipped and to the tender keeping of the friendly earth in the nearby churchyard.

One who had known my Mother intimately wrote me this word to comfort me: "I learned last night of your sad journey East, if it is right to call it so. Rather, it seems to me like going to chant the song of triumph as the gates close on one of the sweetest and gentlest and firmest of the King's own. \* \* \* I am sure that in the faith of Jesus Christ your strongest emotion must be one of thankfulness that you have such treasure in unseen places."

Yes; that goes to the very root of the matter. And I do not wish her back from the place, wherever it may be, where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light. Only my heart is sad that I cannot do any more for her, in return for all that she has done for me. And as the years come and go, the duty plain before my face is this—to try to be a worthy legatee of the rich bequest of character, which a Father and a Mother who built up that as their only fortune, have left to me.

FREDERICK F. JOHNSON.

### The War Memorial

The tablet for the back of the Memorial Stage has been decided upon and reads as follows:

**MEMORIAL  
TO THE  
MERCHANT SEAMEN  
WHO SERVED IN THE  
GREAT WAR—1914-1918**  
\* \* \*  
**A GIFT TO THE CITY  
FROM FRIENDS  
OF THE  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK**

A friend asked us to print a statement of the present status of the Memorial Fund.

#### War Memorial Fund

Amount Required .....	\$18,000
Amount Received .....	13,024
Amount to be Raised .....	\$ 4,976

### Knitted Articles

A contributor wrote and asked if we could relate in THE LOOKOUT some instance showing that the seamen appreciate the work that is involved in the knitted articles that are sent to us. If the policy of THE LOOKOUT were not to hold so rigidly to actual happenings it would be easy to grant such requests, but, as we have said elsewhere, the seaman is habitually dumb, and if he did appreciate it would find it difficult to express himself, or would probably think that what he had to say would not matter. Probably many of them, living so aloof from land, and women folk really have no conception of the work involved in knitting a pair of socks or a scarf.

But if the contributor will be satisfied with that we can assure her that the men do appreciate the articles themselves and are sincerely grateful for them, and this on the solemn word of the House Mother who has made many of them happy with such gifts.

We take pleasure in acknowledging one hundred and fifty of these gifts, accompanied by tobacco, from Miss Adelaide White and her group of knitters.

### An Anonymous Gift

A friend of the Institute sent a contribution of \$5.00 to us through Miss Cornelia L. Gallatin, and asked to have its receipt acknowledged through THE LOOKOUT. We hope our unknown friend will accept our grateful thanks.

## When the Doctor Calls by Radio

A ship is a thousand miles from port when a man has a bad fall. He gets up, seems all right, eats a meal, and then falls down in a fit. What is to be done about him? Five or ten years ago he must needs have gone on having fits until he went to Davy Jones' Locker for want of an understanding of such symptoms on the part of any member of the crew.

Today medical advice is kept on tap, as it were. A message is sent by Radio to the nearest U. S. Public Health Hospital, and the advice comes back, "Put the patient to bed. Keep him quiet. If necessary give drugs. Give light diet."

This healing of the sick by wireless began, as you know, on the roof of our building, and was originally the inspiration of Captain Huntington, the head of our Navigation School. At first it seemed rather a fanciful idea, sending health through the air. Then as it was tried out and found practicable it was obvious that here was a method of making the far-away lonely places safer. But the Seamen's Church Institute had not the facilities for serving all the seamen of the world, and it had the interest of the men too much at heart to keep this thing in its own hands to their detriment. So The Radio Corporation of America and the U. S. Public Health Service were induced to take it over and make it national.

We have not been saying much about it lately, but it has gone on quietly functioning as the following quotations from radiograms, kindly forwarded to us by The Radio Corporation of America, will show:

**STEAMER ELESTERO TO MARINE HOSPITAL NEW YORK**

**PATIENT SUSCEPTIBLE TO MALARIAL FEVER NOT HIGH  
YESTERDAY WAS GIVEN FIFTEEN GRAINS QUININE FELT GOOD  
THIS MORNING HAD BREAKFAST AND SUPPER WALKED ON  
DECK NINE P M TONIGHT GOT CHILLS AND SHIVERS HEAD HOT  
TEMPERATURE NINETY-SIX BOWELS MOVING FREELY PLEASE  
GIVE ADVICE**

**C D PEDERSON MASTER**

**TO PEDERSON MASTER**

**STEAMER ELESTERO RCANY**

**PUT MAN TO BED EXTERNAL HEAT FOR CHILLS HOT DRINKS  
TEN GRAINS QUININE FOUR TIMES A DAY REDUCE DOSE TO  
ONE-HALF IF RINGING IN EARS REPORT TOMORROW**

**MEDICAL SERVICE NYK**

And the following day the master reports and is told what to do next:

**STEAMER ELESTERO KDKT VIA RC NEW YORK**

**TO MEDICAL SERVICE NEW YORK**

**REFERRING TO SICK MAN HERE TREATMENT ADVISED BY  
YOU LAST NIGHT HAS IMPROVED HIM CHILLS LEFT HIM  
ABOUT THREE A M TODAY FEELING FAIRLY GOOD NOT MUCH  
FEVER STILL CONTINUE TO GIVE QUININE FOUR GRAINS  
EVERY THREE HOURS CRAVING FOR FOOD ANY OTHER  
ADVICE APPRECIATED**

**C D PEDERSON MASTER**

TO MASTER STEAMER ELESTERO RAC RC NEW YORK

CONTINUE TREATMENT ADVISED YESTERDAY GIVE FOR  
FOOD EGGS TOAST CRACKERS FRUIT CUSTARDS SOFT VEGETABLES  
AND OCCASIONAL BOILED MEAT DRINKING WATER AND LEMONADE  
GENEROUSLY TEA AND COFFEE OCCASIONALLY GIVE EPSOM SALTS  
FOR LAXATIVE IF NECESSARY KEEP IN BED UNTIL FEVER  
DISAPPEARS MARINE HOSPITAL 70 N Y

These Radiograms also tell their own story:

MEDICAL SERVICE RCA NEW YORK

NOVEMBER 22, 1922

HAVE SEVERAL VERY BAD CASES OF INFLUENZA ON BOARD  
UNABLE TO REDUCE TEMPERATURE TO NORMAL KINDLY  
ADVISE BEST TREATMENT MASTER

MM MEDICAL DH STEAMER NARGARISTAN

FIRST PUT PATIENT TO BED IN WELL VENTILATED CABIN  
SECOND DOSE EPSOM SALTS IMMEDIATELY IF NECESSARY  
THIRD DOVERS POWDERS FIVE GRAINS PHENACETINE FIVE  
GRAINS IMMEDIATELY FOURTH REPEAT PHENACETINE SIX  
HOURS LATER FIFTH SODIUM BICARBONATE OR BAKING SODA  
ONE TEASPOONFUL FIVE TIMES EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  
FOR NEXT THREE DAYS SIXTH ONE GLASS WATER OR LEMONADE  
ABOUT EVERY HOUR SEVENTH DIET TOAST AND CRACKERS  
EGGS SOUPS SOFT VEGETABLES FRUITS EIGHTH REPORT  
CONDITION TONIGHT GIVING TEMPERATURE DO NOT WORRY  
ABOUT FEVER BOUND TO PERSIST UNTIL RECOVERY

U S MARINE HOSPITAL NUMBER 70

U S MARINE HOSPITAL NO 70 NY

MANY THANKS FOR MEDICAL INSTRUCTIONS SHALL REPORT  
TEMPERATURE TONIGHT MASTER NIGARISTAN

U S MARINE HOSPITAL NUMBER 70 NEW YORK

NOVEMBER 23

HAVE TREATED CHIEF OFFICER AS INSTRUCTED TEMPERATURE  
AT 2 P M 103 NOW VERY WEAK AND UNCONSCIOUS OTHER  
SICK MEN HAVE TEMPERATURES 102 AND 103 NO IMPROVE-  
MENT EXPECT ARRIVE NEW YORK 6 P M. TONIGHT HAVE  
ASKED AGENTS ELWELL & COMPANY TO SEND DOCTOR ON  
BOARD ON ARRIVAL IF POSSIBLE THANKS FOR VALUABLE  
ADVICE MASTER

MASTER NIGARISTAN

NOVEMBER 23

CHIEF OFFICER NEEDS STIMULATION IF POSSIBLE GIVE  
EIGHT OUNCES STRONG BLACK COFFEE BY RECTUM USING  
FOUNTAIN SYRINGE IF AVAILABLE ADD TO COFFEE ONE FULL  
TABLESPOON BAKING SODA KEEP FEET WARM AND CONTINUE  
ICEBAGS AND TEPID SPONGES CONTINUE SAME TREATMENT  
AS OUTLINED PREVIOUSLY FOR OTHER MEN AM IN TOUCH  
WITH YOUR AGENTS REGARDING REMOVAL OF SICK MEN UPON  
ARRIVAL AT QUARANTINE U S MARINE HOSPITAL NO 70



Perhaps the following exchange of Radiograms will illustrate better than anything else the value of being able to ask questions when confronted with the unfamiliar in sickness. When the Ensley City first asked advice she was a month from Manila and 1,207 miles from San Francisco.

STEAMER ENSLEY CITY KUQS

OCTOBER 31

U S MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO

OCTOBER EIGHTH SMALL LUMP APPEARED IN PATIENTS LEFT GROIN OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND REPORTED ILL PLACED IN BED ON LIGHT DIET SWELLING GROWING BIGGER DAILY APPLYING ICE BAGS TO SAME SWELLING NOW RESEMBLES SMALL CUCUMBER IN SIZE AND SHAPE EXTENDING FROM ROOT OF PENIS TOWARD TOP OF LEFT THIGH NO OTHER SWELLINGS NO INFLAMMATION SWELLING FEELS VERY HARD AND NOT SORE EXCEPT WHEN SQUEEZED GAVE CATHARTIC THIS MORNING WITH TWO GOOD RESULTS HAS NO APPETITE HAS NOT EATEN FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TEMP 102 GIVEN OCCASIONAL FIVE GRAIN PILLS QUININE FOR FEVER DIAGNOSED AS SWOLLEN LYMPHATIC GLAND WHAT IS YOUR OPINION AND WHAT TREATMENT WOULD YOU SUGGEST IS THERE ANY DANGER OF SWELLING BURSTING UNDER SKIN WITHOUT COMING TO A HEAD COMPLAINS OF FEELING HOT AT TIMES AND COLD SOMETIMES

MASTER ENSLEY CITY

It is fortunate that The Radio Corporation of America handles these messages free or the Ensley City would have had quite a bill for advice. Word comes back:

MASTER ENSLEY CITY

DIAGNOSIS HERNIA WILL PROBABLY BREAK DOES NOT MATTER KEEP ICE ON SAME NO NEED OF MEDICINE YOUR ADVICE GOOD BRING PATIENT TO HOSPITAL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

U S MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO

The first message was sent at three A M By nine P M of the same day the patient's temperature had gone up a degree so the master sends another message.

U S MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO

PATIENTS TEMPERATURE NINE P M 103 WHAT TREATMENT WOULD YOU ADVISE IF IT RISES HIGHER ARRIVE SUNDAY

MASTER ENSLEY CITY

The advice that comes back still leaves the captain uncertain. It is:

MASTER ENSLEY CITY

GIVE TEPID SPONGES AND APPLY ICE BAG TO HEAD FOR TEMPERATURE 103 DEGREES AND OVER GIVE LIQUIDS AND SOFT DIETS BY MOUTH ENEMAS FOR BOWELS CONTINUE LOCAL APPLICATIONS

U S MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO

The captain asks the hospital to explain method of giving tepid sponges, and is told to apply luke-warm sponges. That is all very well as far as it goes. But where are the sponges to be applied? Another message is sent.

"Are sponges to be applied to entire body or swelling?"

The question is asked at 3:38 A. M. The answer goes back at 3:41:

"Sponges are to be applied to entire body."

Then as the vessel nears port this message is sent:

**MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO**

**NOVEMBER 3 1922**

**DUE TEN P M FOURTH CAN MARINE HOSPITAL AMBULANCE  
AND DOCTORS BOAT MEET ME IMMEDIATELY WE ANCHOR FOR  
TRANSFER OF PATIENT REFERRED TO IN PREVIOUS TELEGRAMS  
IF SO WILL ADVISE EXACT TIME ARRIVAL FROM FARRALONES  
MASTER ENSLEY CITY**

And the answer comes back:

**MASTER ENSLEY CITY**

**WIRE QUARANTINE STATION ANGEL ISLAND REQUESTING  
THAT DOCTOR BOARD SHIP AFTER HOURS BECAUSE OF ILLNESS  
AMONG CREW MARINE HOSPITAL WILL SEND AMBULANCE AS  
SOON AS NOTIFIED PATIENT IS SHORESIDE**

**MARINE HOSPITAL SAN FRANCISCO**

Immediately it becomes apparent that this wireless medical service has another advantage besides relieving the suffering of the man before he reaches shore. It will be seen that, having treated this case for four days by wireless the hospital is thoroughly familiar with it and will not have to waste any time in experimenting when the patient reaches shore.

## A Retracted Story and Its Significance

The New York daily papers of January 4, printed a very thrilling story of a man being buried at sea with a burial service sent by wireless, after having been treated by the doctor of another ship. Later the part of the story about the burial was retracted but the incident is a significant one.

The treating of men on ships that have no doctors by the doctors of other ships is feasible, and is a very interesting development of Radio Medical Service, making the isolated places fewer.

The reason for the alleged burial of the man by wireless was that the ship carried no Bible or Service Book. It has since been denied that the man was buried at sea but it might well have happened that there was no Service Book on board and is something that the Superintendent of this Institute has felt very keenly about for a long time. He takes this occasion to say that if you will give the project your support the Institute will be glad to see that a simple service book be prepared, published and distributed to every ship under the American flag.

# General Summary of Work

## NOVEMBER, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M. ....	4	74
Sunday Services, P. M. ....	8	387
Communion Services .....	4	33
Bible Classes .....	1	91
Midweek Services .....	5	147
Miscellaneous Services .....	1	27
Weddings .....	0	
Funerals .....	2	
Baptisms .....	2	

### U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services, A. M. ....	5	252
Communion Services .....	1	8
Funerals .....	2	

### INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services .....	7	335
Entertainments .....	10	2,848
Lodgings Registered .....		23,597
Incoming Mail for Seamen .....		16,247
Dunnage Checked .....		4,691
Packages Literature Distributed .....		119
Knitted Articles Distributed .....		200

### Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing .....	877
Assisted Through Loan Fund .....	70
Baggage and Minor Relief .....	214
Cases in Institute Clinic .....	548
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics .....	28
Referred to Other Organizations .....	17
Referred to Municipal Lodging House .....	29

### Employment

Men Shipped .....	459
Shore Jobs .....	210

### Visits

To Hospitals .....	36
To Patients .....	80
Other Visits .....	18
To Ships .....	30

#### Sea View Hospital

To Hospital .....	3
Number of Hours..	14¾

#### U. S. Marine Hos. No. 21

To Hospital .....	25
Number of Hours..	133¾

#### Hudson Street Hospital

To Hospital .....	2
Number of Hours..	4½

### EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment .....	20
First Aid Lectures .....	7
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering .....	23

### SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits .....	\$39,364.12
Withdrawals .....	37,184.89
Transmissions .....	14,033.82

*“When I consider life and its few years,  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears—”*

---

As one walks through this House of Memories and reads the bronze tablets on the doors one is reminded that, at the longest, the distance between birth and death is short and is soon traversed.

This INSTITUTE, not the building alone, but the atmosphere of it, is the product of thousands of men and women, many of whom are no longer living. Some of them helped us during their lives. Others are still helping us, through legacies, which make it easier for us to meet the emergencies of this ever-growing work.

For those of you who would like to still carry a little of the burden after you can no longer actively participate in the work we would suggest the following form of bequest:

### *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 corporated 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.”*