

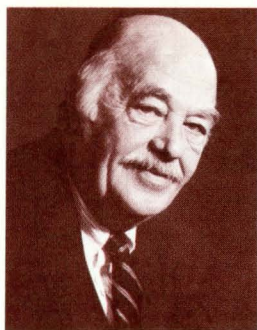


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



DECEMBER 1974



A Holiday Message

Dear Friends,

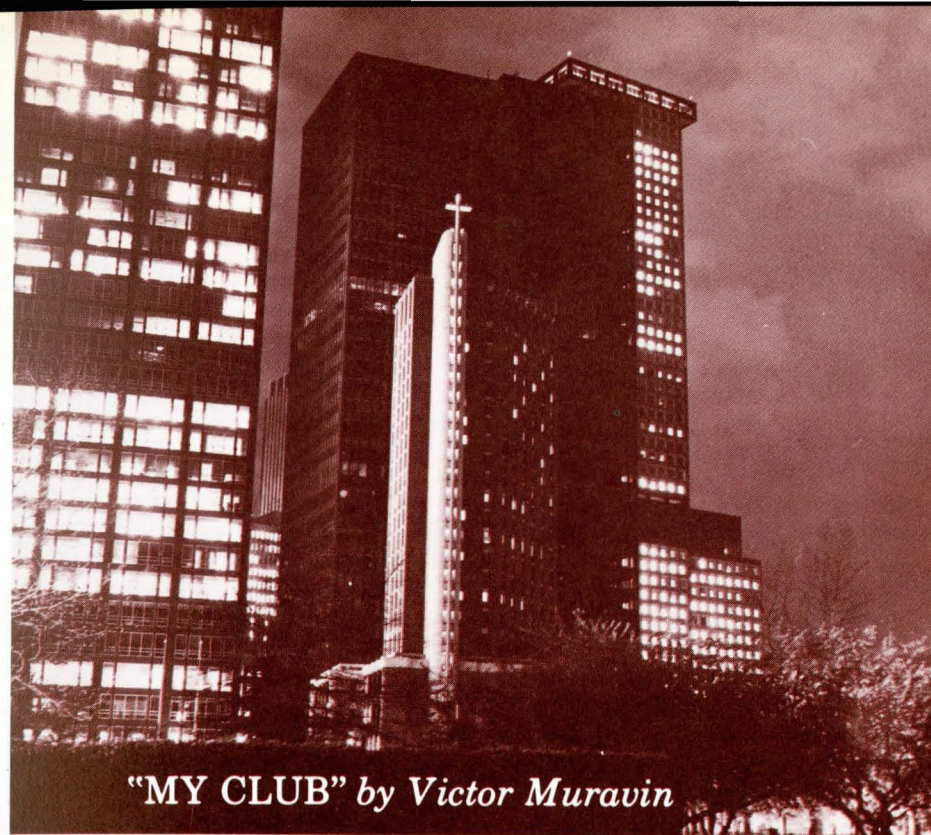
Once again it is our privilege on behalf of every member of the staff to extend to all of you our heartiest wishes for a blessed Christmas and a better New Year.

Despite all that has happened in so many areas your loyal help and support has made this a banner year for SCI and the gratitude of thousands of seamen is yours.

Troubles abound on every side for most everyone. In ways you can hardly imagine you have helped to diminish a host of them for many and often changed frowns to smiles. That is the heart of the Christmas message I think. God gave us the gift of His Son that we might be reconciled. Reconciliation is the difference between a frown and a smile.

So we deeply thank you and pray for each of you that the days to come will be rich in blessings.

THE REVEREND JOHN M. MULLIGAN, D.D.
Director



"MY CLUB" by Victor Muravin

The first half of my life I spent at sea. On first coming to New York, I longed for the sea with its sights and smell, and I walked around the best part of Lower Manhattan enjoying the river and the ships. Then I found myself in front of a narrow, tall house which reminded me of a ship's bow or bridge. I entered and ... felt at home. It was the Seamen's Church Institute which sort of became "my club."

This nice, cozy building is like a life station or lighthouse for many a seafarer. Here he'll find an hospitable home, friendly attention or help with personal problems; and a rich library where he can enjoy peace, comfort and the books—telling of the world's ocean and the men who roam and keep friendly with it. He'll find here men of all continents and races, but of one trade, of one life — that of the sea; and also a TV Show, a game of billiards, party of chess or professional chat over a bottle of beer, a hotel and a chapel.

Life's like an ocean — now still, now raging. And after a heavy storm one

needs a peaceful port to overhaul, supply, heal and rest. And the "Beacon" at 15 State Street gives you all you need and waits for you. From its wide windows you see the Statue of Liberty who looks seaward! The oceanways are free and inviting for those seeking adventure and job, and the New York Port and the Institute are free and inviting for those seamen seeking rest and "overhaul".

I once met in a Brooklyn subway, at dead of night, a young cook from an English freighter. The boy looked lost and uneasy in this silent, huge night city.

"Can I help you?" I asked him.

"Oh, thanks," he looked hopefully at me, "if you please, I'm looking for my club!"

I took him to the Bowling Green subway station and then to 15 State Street.

"Oh, I'm at home! Thanks!" He shook my hand, then waved me back again, smiling.

How nice it is boys, to have a home when you need one!

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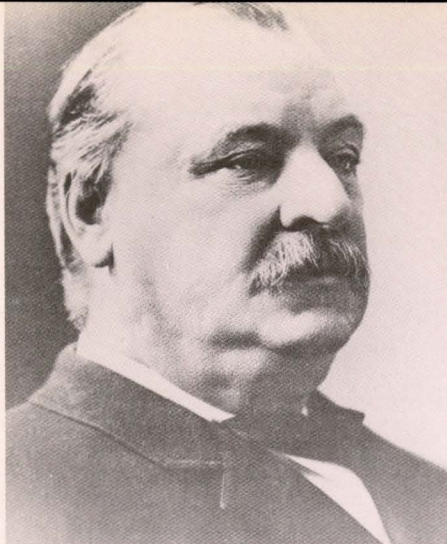
John G. Winslow
President

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Cover photo by Robert Campbell

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Surgery for the President At Sea

by Leo Rosenhouse



Holding firm to schedule, the 4:20 p.m. Washington, D.C. to New York Express, pulled into its Manhattan depot in the Empire City, arriving just as the lamp lights were going on. Because of the growing darkness, few passengers noticed that a private Pullman was attached to the end of the train. Nor did they seem to pay much attention to the fact that a cordon of bluecoats had suddenly appeared and now formed a solid line by the last railway car, and that all came to attention and saluted as a portly appearing man emerged, followed by several others who were carrying briefcases rather than luggage.

A couple of news reporters whose assignment was to stay at the depot and greet all incoming trains, hoping for some crumbs of news, were immediately aware that an unusual event was taking place. This was the first time the Express had a private car attached, and the fact that its occupants were so well guarded clued the reporters to what might be a big story.

One of the reporters definitely identified President Grover Cleveland, even though he had the lapels of his coat turned up to help hide his face which was covered with perspiration, for June 30, 1893 was a particularly warm day and the humidity was up.

Now, the Presidential retinue moved out of the depot, walking briskly to the street where the party was reinforced by

two tough plainclothesmen, one of whom was none other than Officer Ryan, a brave big cop whose duty it was to always act as personal guard to the President when he visited New York.

It was a time well before Congress made the decision to give the highest official in the land Secret Service protection. This particular evening, Ryan was slightly edgy, and he made certain no reporters nor passersby could get within reach of his long billy club which he swung mechanically. His left hand was in a pocket, holding firmly to a cocked pistol. Ever since the tragic assassination of President Garfield, who was shot in 1881, special precautions were being taken to protect the current President.

Boarding a large horse-drawn carriage, the Presidential party now rode swiftly toward the Battery where smaller carriages fell in behind it. It was already too dark for the reporters in pursuit to make identification of the newcomers.

The large entourage came to a stop at a private pier, and then boarded a tender which had apparently come from a handsome but large sail-equipped steamer anchored in the East River. By morning, a crowd of reporters would know that the ship was the sleek and relatively new *Oneida*, which belonged to millionaire

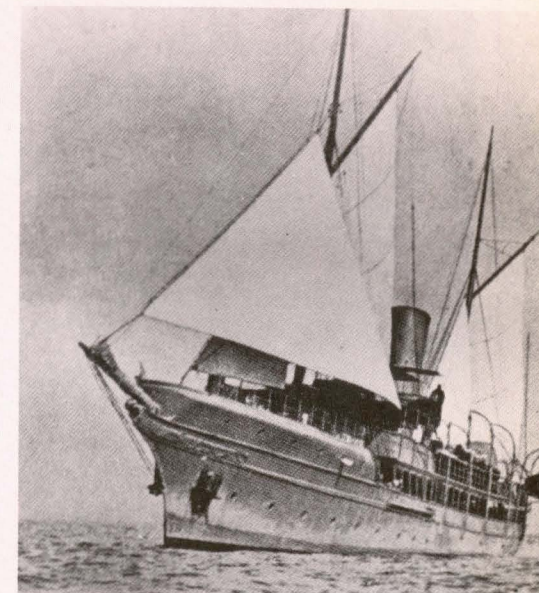
Commodore Elias C. Benedict, a personal friend of the President, and one of the few men who knew the reason for this secretive trip. Benedict had already gone to considerable expense to convert his main salon into a surgery, and, for the first time in the history of the United States, the President was to submit to an operation at sea!

It all began on the morning of May 5, 1893. President Cleveland, who had taken his second term of office a few weeks earlier on March 4th, had awakened feeling out of sorts. Usually a very congenial man, his behavior alarmed his young and attractive wife Frances, who insisted he have the White House doctor called in to examine him.

"The roof of my mouth feels like it is on fire," he complained. "I can't even enjoy my favorite cigar," he told his wife, but then promptly refused to permit her to call for Dr. Robert O'Reilly, official White House physician, saying he had too busy a schedule.

By June 18th, the pain the President was having in his mouth, and his difficulty in eating and speaking had become too much for him, and the physician paid his call.

Examination showed the President to have a large and expanding ulcer invading the left side of the upper palate, growing between the bicuspid teeth and the soft palate. Suspecting cancer, Dr. O'Reilly rushed a biopsy specimen to a medical laboratory and was distressed when the verdict came back saying the tissue was indeed malignant.



Immediately, secrecy was imposed to protect the President, and his Office. Cleveland was a very popular man, and any public awareness that he might have a fatal illness could create a national panic. Mrs. Cleveland, pregnant at the time, was sent to the summer family home at Gray Gables, in Massachusetts' Buzzard Bay colony, while the President worked till the last moment to finish vital affairs. As a matter of fact, he had addressed Congress just hours before making his hurried departure to New York to board the *Oneida*.

Under cover of darkness, and with Captain and crew pledged to utmost secrecy, the ship took aboard several medical men in addition to the Presidential party, and these doctors were also sworn to secrecy.

Promptly at midnight, the *Oneida* began to quietly glide up the East River, heading through Hell Gate and out into the broad Long Island Sound where she rocked slightly in unison to the ocean swells.



The president remained on the Promenade Deck, and was allowed a last cigar by the retinue of medical men. He then retired, refusing the offer of sleeping pills, saying he would rest well, even though he faced some difficult surgery by morning.

When the time came, President Cleveland was led into the Salon which was now occupied by surgical tables and instruments. The operating area was a large and adjustable chair which had been anchored to a centered mast.

Out on the deck, the crew and those of the Presidential party, most being members of Cleveland's Cabinet, sauntered up and down casually, well aware that the small fleet of vessels following at a distance, contained reporters who had binoculars trained on the *Oneida*. A bulletin had been released to the effect the the President wasn't feeling his best because of a toothache, and the White

House physician had prescribed an ocean voyage offshore. The explanation was logical except for the fact the reporters were puzzled by the fact that a couple of doctors had been recognized boarding the tender the night before. Why did the President wish to have so many medical men with him?

Inside the operating theater were four skilled physicians and one surgical dentist whose name was Dr. Ferdinand Hasbrouck. As soon as the President was made comfortable, Dr. Hasbrouck administered nitrous oxide (laughing gas), and when the President was asleep, he extracted two bicuspid teeth, and then stepped aside while the medical men went on with the surgery, all of which was conducted from the inside of the mouth in order to prevent the appearance of any surgical scars on the famous face.

Using a new cheek retractor and the latest in electric cautery to limit bleeding, the surgeons had to excise or cut away most of the left side of the upper jaw removing a tumor which extended almost to the eye socket.

During the operation, Dr. Hasbrouck, serving as anesthesiologist, had to administer ether as the President had become restless and was moving his head. By 2:00 P.M., the surgery was over!

Checking the wound for the last time, and some of the sutures that tied off a number of bleeding vessels, the medical team gently packed the gaping wound, and had sailors carefully carry Cleveland to his suite. Cleveland's temperature had risen to 101 degrees, and he had lost six ounces of blood and experienced slight shock.

The waters in the Sound were calm, and the *Oneida* again began to sail. A call was placed to the Yacht Steward for boiling water and cracked ice, and physicians

alternately used both on the exterior and interior of his mouth.

By the afternoon of July 2nd, the President felt well enough to walk the deck as the *Oneida* now sailed for New London where Dr. Hasbrouck went ashore in order to return to New York for another operation on a private patient.

The following day, Cleveland was dismayed because he was having difficulty being understood; and he was worried about his Presidential career, being that he was a notable orator. However, the physicians aboard told him his speech would be nearly normal once his tissue healed and a vulcanized rubber mold could be fitted into his mouth to replace the absent left jaw. Feeling a bit better with such news, Cleveland took more exercise and paused to sign the ship's register.

On July 4th, the *Oneida* sailed into Sag



Two of the many Women's Council volunteers from Paterson, N.J. who have been busily wrapping and packing all the goodies in our Christmas Boxes for seamen who will be at sea on Christmas Day. Just looking at these lovely ladies' faces tells us all why each box is filled with so much love.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST September 22, 1893

The Surgical Operations on President Cleveland in 1893

By W. W. Keen, M. D., LL. D.
Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia



ON AUGUST 23, 1893, the Philadelphia Press published a three-column dispatch, or letter, from "Hollidaysburg," Mr. E. J. Edwards—its New York correspondent, starting the whole story by giving the first intimation of a very serious operation upon President Cleveland, performed by Dr. Joseph Bryant, of New York, on board George E. C. Benedict's yacht, the *Ida*. He gave the names of the medicines present and many details of the operation. This was said to have been on July first, immediately after Mr. Cleveland had called the special session of Congress for August seventh. The dispatch stated that the operation consisted in the removal of some teeth and a considerable bone, so far as the orbital part of the upper jaw on one side. This step was substantially correct, even if the details, as will be seen later, were not so. It was immediately spread abroad and at once gave rise to an intense controversy. At the time of publication of the dispatch, Mr. Cleveland had been in Washington for several sessions of Congress on August 15th, and four days later had gone to Groton, his summer home on Buzzards Bay, for rest and recuperation, as publicly alleged. He returned to Washington on August thirtieth. On the next fifth he opened the First American Medical Congress, in Washington, where his voice was "clear, strong and more resonant" than on the fourth of his inauguration. Two

to be caught with a large amount of silver on hand when the world more or less placed itself firmly on a gold basis. In the United States the situation was deplorable. From 1873 to 1890 our business had been conducted on a gold basis. But the silver heresy had spread far and wide among our people, and the influence especially of the senators from our northwestern silver-producing states was energetically used. The Populist convention in 1891 demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, and government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones. Its candidate polled over one million votes, carried four Northwestern States, and received twenty-two votes in the Electoral College. The Populists demanded to become a power to be reckoned with. A number of prominent economists and statesmen in Great Britain and the United States also supported Bismarck's plan. "The people" wanted "masses of money." To many of these free silver "had a most enticing sound, indicative of opulence. They had a vague notion that . . . the free coinage of silver would increase the number of dollars in circulation in the United States. . . . Some asserted that unlimited silver coinage would drive gold out of circulation and thereby that silver was good enough for them if they could only get enough of it. . . . that this country was big enough to do anything it pleased without asking for leave of absence from the

Harbor and a medical man went ashore. Then, on the following day, the graceful *Oneida* took anchorage in Buzzard's Bay, and the President left the vessel by means of a tender and joined his waiting and anxious wife at Gray Gables. There, the President vacationed until the arrival of Dr. Kasson C. Gibson, a New York dentist skilled in prosthesis, who fashioned a rubber mold for the President, and later made another, enabling Cleveland to speak properly, though he sounded as if he had a perpetual cold.

By July 12th, Cleveland again assumed his official duties, and when he addressed Congress on August 7, 1893, aside from his unusual hoarse voice and a seemingly loss of plumpness on the left side of his face, he had kept his surgery a secret!

The situation made many newsmen wonder what really went on aboard the *Oneida*, and they dogged the officers and crew hoping for some revelations, but none came, and the story that the President had recovered from a bad toothache was all reporters got.

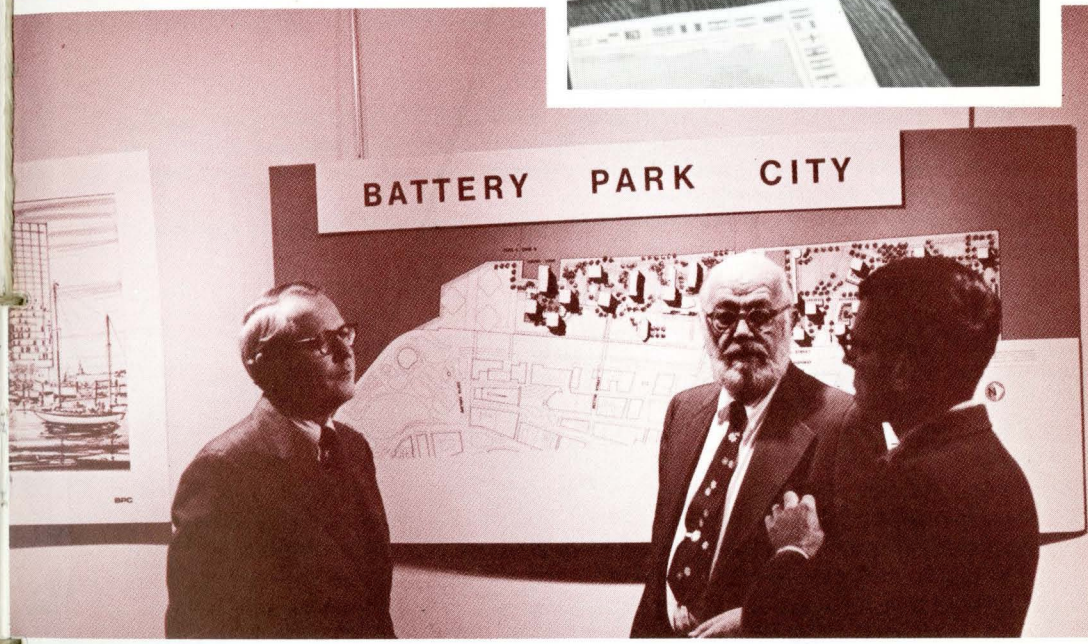
Nevertheless, one enterprising and persistent reporter from the Philadelphia Press did learn what took place aboard

the *Oneida*, and presumably got his story from one of the medical team who broke the pledge to maintain silence.

Yet, when the story appeared in the newspaper, it was ignored by the public because the White House denied it, and the public could not believe Cleveland had had such major surgery when they were able to see photographs of him, and read his speeches, all of which seemed suggestive that nothing much had happened aboard the vessel.

Cleveland successfully finished his term on March 3, 1897, and took into retirement the fact that he had major surgery at sea at age 52. He died on June 24, 1908, and the secret concerning his operation was maintained for almost a quarter of a century after it had happened. The story was released in September, 1917, and carried by the Saturday Evening Post.

It promptly attracted major interest, but mostly in an historic manner being that Cleveland had died nine years earlier. Perhaps the best kept secret of the century would not have been possible had it not been performed at sea.

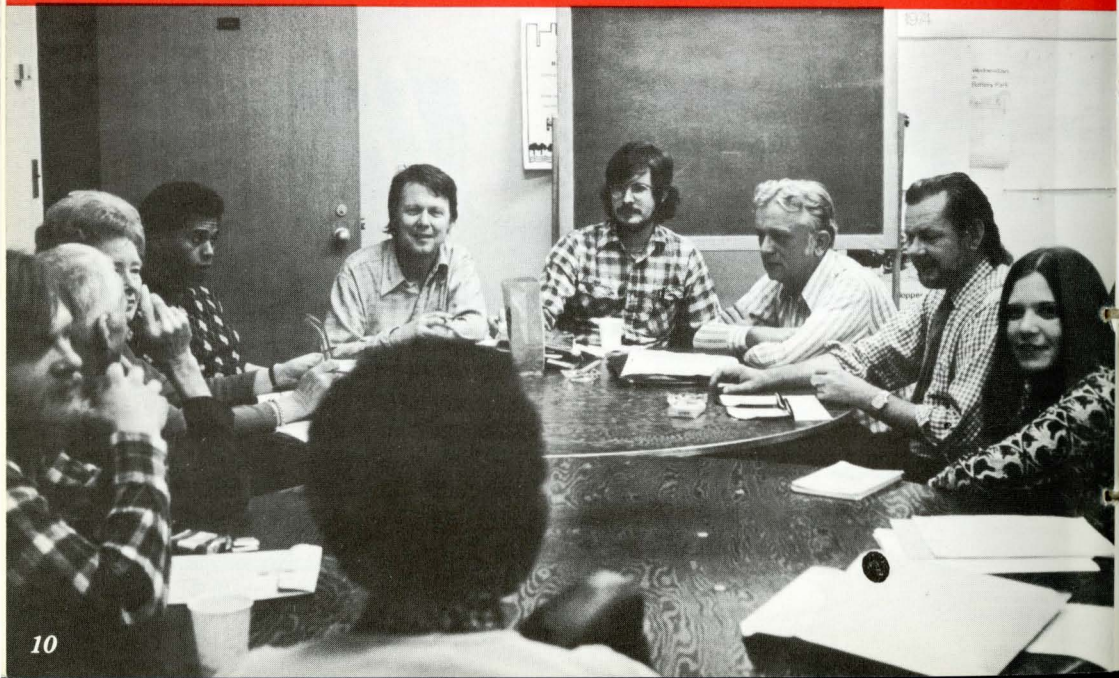


Battery Park City Commissioner Charles J. Urstadt (left), Dr. John M. Mulligan, SCI Director, and Mr. Richard F. Pollard (right), Senior Vice President of Chase Manhattan Bank and a member of SCI's Board of Managers discuss the positive effects of Battery Park City on Lower Manhattan during the recent SCI exhibition featuring this new residential development.



"Whatta 'ya mean you don't like this piece?" contends Dan Foster during our evening Writer's Workshop. Here opinions vary intensely but constructively, ideas abound and new works are brought forth and nurtured through the careful guidance of instructor Steve Durkee (he's the one with the glasses and beard).

With so many types, hypes and talents in one room, no wonder it's always a hotbed of creative activity.

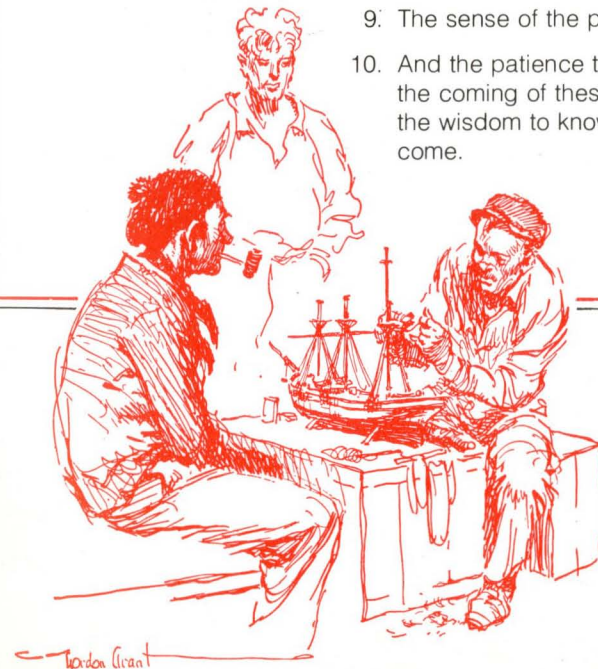


Ten Wishes from A Wise Man



1. A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends.
2. Work to do which has real value, and without which the world would feel poorer.
3. An understanding heart.
4. Moments of leisure.
5. A mind unafraid to travel, even though the trail be not blazed.
6. A sight of the eternal hills and the unresting sea, and of something beautiful the hand of man has made.
7. The power to laugh.
8. Nothing at the expense of others.
9. The sense of the presence of God.
10. And the patience to wait for the coming of these things with the wisdom to know when they come.

Walter Reid Hunt





JOSEPH CONRAD

Born: December 3, 1857

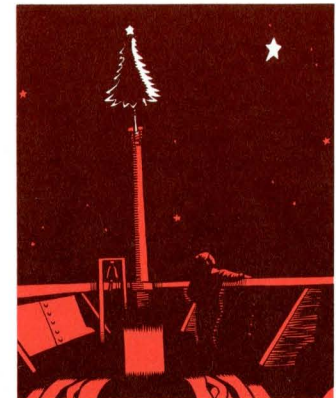
Died: August 3, 1924

Seaman and novelist. Author of thirteen novels, two volumes of memoirs and twenty-eight short stories.

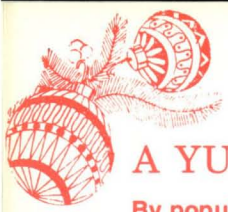
from
THE SECRET SHARER
by

Joseph Conrad

She floated at the starting point of a long journey, very still in an immense stillness, the shadows of her spars flung far to the eastward by the setting sun. At that moment I was alone on her decks. There was not a sound in her — and around us nothing moved, nothing lived, not a canoe on the water, not a bird in the air, not a cloud in the sky. In this breathless pause at the threshold of a long passage we seemed to be measuring our fitness for a long and arduous enterprise, the appointed task of both our existences to be carried out, far from all human eyes, with only sky and sea for spectators and for judges.



There must have been some glare in the air to interfere with one's sight, because it was only just before the sun left us that my roaming eyes made out beyond the highest ridge of the principal islet of the group something which did away with the solemnity of perfect solitude. The tide of darkness flowed on swiftly; and with tropical suddenness a swarm of stars came out above the shadowy earth, while I lingered yet, my hand resting lightly on my ship's rail as if on the shoulder of a trusted friend. But, with all that multitude of celestial bodies staring down at one, the comfort of quiet communion with her was gone for good.



A YULETIDE QUIZ by Josephine Opsahl

By popular request here's another holiday brain-teaser.



1. Who gave the world's first Christmas gifts?
2. Who was King of Judea when Jesus was born?
3. Who introduced our now popular flowering Christmas plant to our country? It is named in his honor.
4. Who wrote our greatly loved Christmas poem, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*?
5. Who set up the first manger crib or creche as part of the Nativity celebration?
6. Where was Jesus born?
7. How many reindeer does Santa drive on his trip from the North Pole? Can you name them?
8. Who considered it sinful to eat mince pie, plum pudding, and other such goodies on Christmas Day?
9. What Gospel writers record the story of Jesus' birth?
10. Who designed and sold the first Christmas greeting cards in the United States? The time was 1875 and the place was Boston, Mass.
11. What does the word "Christmas" mean?
12. Who started the sale of Christmas seals in our country? Funds were used for a Delaware tuberculosis sanitarium.
13. Who wrote the music and who wrote the words for the world's greatly loved Christmas song, *Silent Night, Holy Night*?
14. What famous American cartoonist first pictured Santa Claus as the jolly old man we know today?
15. Who wrote the beautiful Christmas story about Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim? It is still a best seller.

ANSWERS

1. The Three Wise Men brought gold, frankincense and myrrh to the baby Jesus (Matt. 2:11). 2. Herod (Matt. 2:1). 3. Dr. Joel Roberts Poinsett, our first U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. 4. Dr. Clement Clark Moore. 5. St. Francis of Assisi in the 13th century. 6. In a manger in the town of Bethlehem (Matt. 2:1). 7. Santa Claus drives eight reindeer. They are: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder and Blitzen. 8. The Puritans. 9. Only two - Matthew and Luke. 10. Louis Prang. 11. Mass of Christ. 12. Emily F. Bissell. 13. Music: Franz Gruber; Words: Rev. Joseph Mohr. 14. Thomas Nast. 15. Charles Dickens.



Two Poems for Christmas

Choose Only Love

LOVE
is another name for
CHRISTMAS!
Choose only love, then.
Let love be patience
and preparation,
and even the pretending.
Let love be the ritual,
the celebration of
Christ's coming.
Oh, let love be the joy
of the angel singing
and the simple wonder
of shepherds on a hillside,
the journeying in faith
of wise men bearing gifts.
Let love be the carol,
the melody of praise,
the ringing of the bell,
and even the amen.
Choose only love
for this holy season,
CHRISTMAS
is but one of many names
for LOVE!

God With Us

God gave to man
the greatest Gift
The night the Savior
came
A new-born Child,
yet "God with us" —
Emmanuel, His name.

The world is dark,
yet shining stars
Reflect the glory
of that night;
And humble hearts
who give His love
Still shed abroad
His truth and light.

Emily Sargent, Councilman

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.

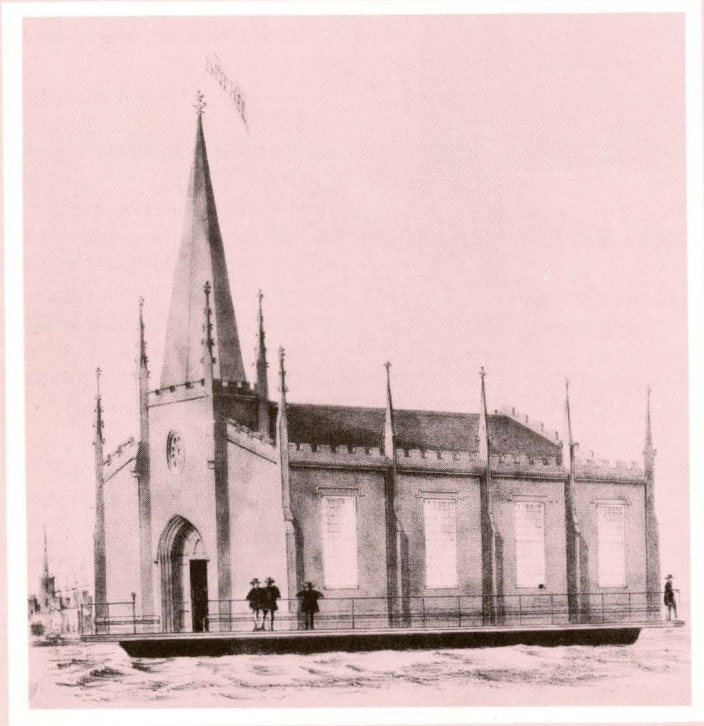
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their sincere best wishes
for Christmas
and the New Year*

