

The LOOKOUT



*The Annex Building Fund is Still
Far From Complete*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

The Lookout

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"Canada Dry"



Paul Parker Photo

A would-be sailorboy came to New York several years ago from the great open spaces of Alberta, where men are men even if they don't care for alcohol. The Institute found a deck job for this youngster; and during his very first voyage his propensity for ginger ale and his loyalty to the Maple Leaf

The LOOKOUT

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Entered as second class
matter July 8, 1925, at New
York, N. Y., under the act
of March 3, 1879.

won for him the name "Canada Dry."

According to his shipmates, Canada Dry is a regular fellow who does a bit more than his share of the work afloat; and if there is any mischief afoot, he is quite likely to be responsible for at least his share of that.

Of course, the Captain of one of the liners never could *prove* that it was Canada Dry who put the very ripe tomato in the pneumatic tube which communicated with the bridge; but Canada Dry's round-eyed innocence when questioned was such incriminating evidence in the Old Man's eyes that the suspect voluntarily transferred his berth to a tramp steamer. This freighter was not equipped with pneumatic tubes, but it did have a captain. He was such an appreciative captain, however, that by his very appreciation of good fun he won immunity from Canada Dry's pranks. For two years he has been teaching the boy navigation, and a third mate's ticket is now in sight.

Canada Dry spends his shore leaves at the Institute, where he is a great favorite with the staff as well as with seamen, young and old. He is, we think, a

typical sailor of the new school—clean, sober, ambitious, thrifty, and with a technical turn of mind. He is an inveterate reader and has picked up a creditable and extensive knowledge of the history, laws and customs of the many lands he has visited. He could write a pretty good world travel guide, although he probably would not star the same items as Mr. Baedecker.

Canada Dry has done some heavy thinking on his own account. Still, he likes to sit at the feet of some of the old-timers here at the Institute and absorb their aged-in-the-wood sailor philosophy. We happened upon one of these sessions the other day. Canada Dry had introduced himself to a group of old-time "sailing" sailors and in explaining his nick-name he had focused the discussion upon the subject of drink.

Among those present was an old shell-back known as Fill-up. (For years his friends have taken liberties with his real name which is Phillip.) Now, Fill-up is a dry and may be so quoted for publication—yes, sirree, sir! But time was when Fill-up was *not* on the water wagon. He "got religion" at a soap-box

meeting in the street years ago, and the experience so unnerved him that he demanded a drink of the presiding evangelist to steady himself. The preacher prayed for Fill-up and then had the good sense to administer hot coffee and words of wisdom. Fill-up has been a tee-totaller ever since, but his early experience does help to qualify him as an authority on the drink question.

Another member of the group was Old Bill, who once startled one of our chaplains out of all his logic with the statement, "If the Lord intended us sailors to drink water, he'd a' made the ocean fresh!"

Fill-up and Old Bill beamed upon Canada Dry. They liked him. But it is very difficult for an old sailor to forget the days of "wooden ships and iron men" and to concede anything unqualifiedly to the new-school sailor. So they made excuses for themselves and seemingly tried to disparage the Volsteadian proclivities of Canada Dry.

They agreed that in the old days there was immeasurably more drinking among sailors than now, and for very good reasons.

In the first place, in the old sailing days the voyages were longer, and the longer periods of discipline and deprivation between ports made for a more thorough let-down when a sailor finally did step ashore. Also, the food used to be bad on most ships, and after a long trip the victim thought to coddle his appetite by indulging in drink.

Steam and oil have now speeded up things, so that sailors usually get ashore at least every two or three weeks, and besides a ship's routine today does not require such long periods of exposure under such extreme conditions as heretofore, which tends to lessen the power of temptation.

In all ages a sailor's worst enemy has been loneliness, and this has been the cause of a great deal of his drinking.

Here the Institute helps out. A lonely sailor may come here and feel at home among his fellows. He is not tempted to drink to "get up his courage to be sociable" as Old Bill says he used to feel it necessary to do. "This Institute makes it easy for you young fellers to lay off drink," he told Canada Dry.

Another help is the movies.

Movies have been cursed up and down the land for one thing or another, but sailors are unanimous in their endorsement of them as a very satisfying diversion ashore. When we have movies to offer at the Institute, we shall indeed have a real safety zone for the lonely but restive

sailor who wants to behave himself ashore.

Fill-up and Old Bill and the rest of the group agreed to this.

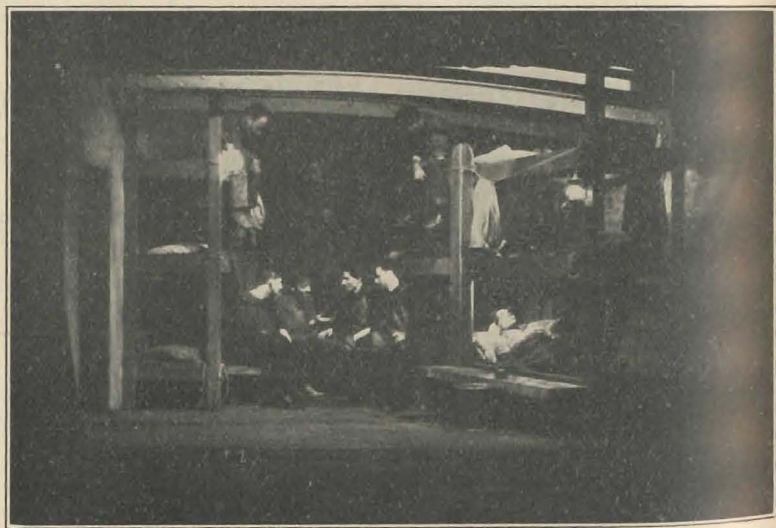
"Let's drink to it," suggested Canada Dry. "Come on down to the soda fountain and I'll set up Canada Dry for everybody."

"S.S. Glencairn"

Next to visiting the Institute, perhaps one of the best ways to learn about the work we do for merchant seamen would be to see Eugene O'Neill's sea cyle,

"S.S. Glencairn," which is running at the Provincetown Playhouse from January 9th to February 3rd.

"S.S. Glencairn" is composed



"BOUND EAST FOR CARDIFF" IN THE FO'C'STLE OF THE GLENCAIRN

of four vivid episodes which were originally one-act plays.

Two of them—"The Long Voyage Home" and "The Moon of the Caribbees"—show how seamen might be spending their time in port if there were no Seamen's Church Institutes.

"In the Zone" and "Bound East for Cardiff" depict very accurately a sailor's sordid life in the fo'c'stle of a freighter, and thus show by contrast what a clean decent home like the Institute means to him ashore. "Bound East for Cardiff" is especially good propaganda for

us because it is a heart-rending glimpse of what could and did happen before we instituted radio medical service at sea.

Eugene O'Neill knew his characters—he shipped with them as an ordinary seaman and with them frequented their dives and boarding houses. He therefore knows whereof he writes in his "S.S. Glencairn."

It is a characteristically gripping O'Neill production, and it is presented with the usual skill and perfection of interpretation which we have learned to expect from the Provincetown Players.

From Two Consuls

Those who have a share in the work of the Institute through contributing to its support will be especially interested, and we hope gratified, to know that in addition to the expressions of grateful appreciation which we are constantly hearing from our sailormen, we frequently receive recognition from official sources.

Sir Harry Armstrong, British Consul General for the Port of New York, recently sent the following self-explanatory letter to Dr. Mansfield:

"I have read with a great deal of interest *The Lookout* for December, more particularly the description of the men of the *S.S. Vestris*. One readily realizes the physical condition these unfortunate men were in when they reached your hospitable Institute—a haven of rest after their trying experience—and who apparently, in the disaster that overcame the good ship, maintained the best traditions of the sea."

When these men of the

Vestris left us after a four weeks' sojourn, our staff were genuinely sorry, for a more orderly, considerate and courteous group of sailormen never came up our gang-plank.

They expressed their gratitude for each slight little service rendered by any Institute employee. "Thank you" and "please" were their pass-words. They kept quietly to themselves in the recreation room we set aside for their use; and they were always on time for hearings. They were quite cheerful to all appearances, but their experience had left its mark.

The entire *Vestris* episode was in many respects reminiscent of the wreck of the *Besseggen* in New York Harbor some months ago. Our care of the surviving

The Unknown Sailor

The *Neptune Log* printed this paragraph in a recent issue:

"On Armistice Day much was said and written about the Unknown Soldier. The sailor has played an important part in the developing of civilization. He has played an important part in every war. The faction that con-

crew at the time brought forth this letter from Mr. Hans Fay, Royal Norwegian Consul General:

"I have recently completed the customary consular inquiry in connection with sinking of the Norwegian *S. S. Besseggen*. During this inquiry, where the Captain and all the surviving members of the ship's crew were examined, the witnesses gave unanimously expression to their appreciation of the kindness with which they were met by your Institute.

"It is a great pleasure to me to inform you of this and I wish at the same time, as the representative of my country, to express to you my heartfelt thanks for what you have done."

trols the sea still comes out victorious in the end. The sailor who battles not only the enemy but the elements receives a very small share of the glory. Although thousands of sailors made the supreme sacrifice during the late world war no towering monuments have been built

for the unknown sailor where visiting celebrities can lay wreaths and have their pictures taken. The grave of the unknown sailor is still at the bottom of the deep blue ocean. His monument is the ever-rolling sea, beautiful, terrifying, powerful, ever changing. The Unknown Sailor would probably not have it different. But they might mention him once in a while, especially on Armistice Day."

With any statement suggesting more recognition for the lowly unsung sailor, we most heartily concur, of course; but we must point out that there are opportunities for "visiting celebrities" and others to honor the Unknown Sailor, even if they need a focussing point for the expression of their sentiments.

There is, for example, our own war memorial in Jeanette Park in the shadow of the Institute dedicated to the "officers and men of the merchant marine, who, in the World War of 1914-1918, without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things."

There is our lighthouse tower, a memorial to the passengers, officers and crew of the *Titanic*.

On a recent anniversary of its sinking, flowers were placed on the tower by cable order from Sweden from relatives of one of the victims.

Mr. Marconi, when in America not so long ago, placed a wreath on the monument in Battery Park in memory of wireless operators lost at sea.

More spectacular and more national in character than any of these will be the new Navy and Marine monument in Washington, plans for which are now well under way. Two million school children and thirty thousand American men and women have contributed to the memorial which will glorify "no individual, no battle, no war, but the merit, dangers and sacrifices of the sea service."

This monument may furnish the shrine for "visiting celebrities," but is not the *Neptune Log's* best idea that the grave of the Unknown Sailor is the deep blue ocean? And do we not in a way recognize this fact and pay tribute accordingly on Memorial Day when we scatter our flowers on the "ever-rolling sea"?

Perhaps the Unknown Sailor would prefer to have it so.

To Abolish the "Mischief Hours"

One thousand healthy boys like this one with nothing to do until their ships sail!

Should we not expect something in the way of excitement?

It is a wonder to us that our Police Department black-lists only four hours out of the twenty-four as "Mischief Hours."

Between seven and eleven in the evening seems to be the restive period when something is likely to "bust loose" unless there is a counter attraction of some sort.

We propose movies as the best safety valve, from the standpoint of absorbing, economical entertainment with a general appeal.

We mean movies in our own new auditorium which is now practically completed.

There are plenty of windows for healthful ventilation, and we shall have a correspondingly wholesome type of movies which



will compete favorably with the other waterfront diversions during the "mischief hours."

We have the thousand sailorboys each night. All we need is the movies.

It will take \$10,000 to pay for the construction of a fire-proof booth and the installation of proper equipment.

We hope that someone with a sympathy for the situation will make this gift, which could be memorialized by a bronze tablet on the booth.

Ten thousand dollars invested in abolishing the "mischief hours" indefinitely, would yield dividends in healthier, happier and better educated sailors.

The general funds for the Annex Building have not kept pace with the construction work. In other words, we are heavily in debt to our banks, and in addition we require several hundred thousand dollars for construction and equipment bills not yet paid.

Each dollar helps, and we shall be ever so grateful for all contributions mailed to Mr. Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York.

\$10,000 Needed

Holidays at the Institute

A sailorman who received one of our Christmas packages, took pen in hand and indited this note to Mrs. Roper:

"Recd the sweater and other tidings and were more than glad to receive them. . . . You don't know how much cheer that package put in my heart and age off my shoulders and am thanking you again."

This is comparative eloquence, from a sailor. It is indeed true that we shall never know how much cheer in their hearts and age off their shoulders our holiday programs are responsible for. It is difficult to tell from what they say. Their shyly mumbled thanks to Mrs. Roper remind us of the small boy who told his hostess, "My mother told me to say I had a nice time at the party."

Sometimes a sailor, after sufficient chewing on his pencil, becomes articulate enough to approximate his emotions in writing; but on the whole, we must rely upon the expressions on their faces for our estimate of what our Holiday Fund accomplishes.

Judged on this basis, our Christmas dinner was a success; for one thousand sailors, notoriously poker-faced, emerged from the restaurant where we served them, looking quite happy.

Our program last year was so satisfactory that we again engaged Davidson's Restaurant, nearby on Stone Street, so that we could serve all our men in only two groups, and also with the idea that it would not interfere with our regular business in our own cafeteria where we had occasion to care for many who had not lodged at the Institute Christmas Eve, and who were therefore not eligible for dinner invitations.

Each of our thousand guests had a good home-cooked turkey dinner, with an opportunity to help himself to all he wished of everything; and after it was over he had his choice of cigars or cigarettes.

In the evening four professionals gave an entertainment. As usual the men were most appreciative, and as usual a little incident cropped out that reminded us of Longfellow's song,

breathed into the air, lost, and found long afterwards in the heart of a friend.

This was the incident. Mrs. Roper always says a word at these gatherings, and in her Christmas message she mentioned the other seamen we had tried to reach—seamen in hospitals and even one in a penitentiary.

A sailor left the audience very quietly, quite unnoticed, and betook himself to the writing room. When Mrs. Roper went back to her desk late that night she found his note. His name was Joe. In 1921 he was in a penitentiary and the Institute had sent him a Christmas gift. He had written thanking Mrs. Roper and expressing the wish that he might do something for her to show his appreciation. She replied that he could best prove his gratitude by influencing some other fellow to go straight. Joe was now writing, Christmas 1928, to say that only recently he had dissuaded someone from his home town from taking a plunge in the wrong direction. He had always remembered Mrs. Roper's Christmas message to him and he always would. He ended his note naive-

ly saying that he would like to see her "only my clothes are not as they should at present. When I am dressed up will pay you a visit."

This Joe episode is the sort of Institute service which cannot be reduced to statistics and which, perhaps, represents the really lasting results of our Christmas efforts.

On New Year's Day we kept open house during the afternoon, in the new cafeteria, and over eight hundred men dropped in for coffee, hot doughnuts from our own kitchen, and apples.

"Mrs. Mary Ann," a motherly soul of substantial build who usually presides over the steam table, spent the afternoon at the piano. She has a surprisingly complete repertoire of popular songs dating back to "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and others written before many of our sailors were born. Quite a sizable group gathered around Mrs. Mary Ann and sang lustily until they were hoarse, and some gave spontaneous exhibitions of dancing.

A rather sedate middle-aged sailorman told us he hadn't felt so much at home for some time, although he couldn't just say

why—maybe it was the nice potted ferns, and maybe it was Mrs. Mary Ann, and maybe it was the doughnuts!

With all our special holiday activities for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's

Day, we estimate that we reached at least five thousand men. For the privilege of doing so, we wish to thank our *Lookout* readers who so generously contributed \$3,549.36 for this purpose.

Vignettes of the Seaman



spinning a yarn of the sea to what he believed to be an appreciative audience, with himself the center of grotesquely incredible circumstances.

But Flipper was a dyed-in-the-wool sailor and proved it when the opportunity came, as does every man Jack of his calling.

Ashore in retirement, he finally realized he was the laughing stock of the townspeople and determined to down his humiliation by winning their unqualified respect.

A distress call came from a brig which was being driven onto the rocks off shore. It was Flipper's chance.

"Like all sailors he hated and feared the cruelty of the sea and its treachery, and the knowledge that some poor devil was in its clutches aroused in him a genuine desire to save."

How Flipper did save the crew of the brig, and how he paid with his life for the respect of his friends is a fascinating story well worth looking up in the *Atlantic*.

A few months ago we told the tale of the "hard-boiled skipper" who lost his ship and with it its most cherished possession—a wool scarf knitted by his little girl.

Our holiday mail brought a snap-shot of his two charming daughters and the following touching note from the skipper:

" . . . I thank you and the other ladies at the Institute for the great kindness you showed us and the warm clothes you gave to me and all the members of my crew in the time of our need, which is so characteristic of your great nation and people.

"I am now snug in my little home in Old England where I hope to spend my Christmas among my family which will be the first ashore in eight years.

"I have settled all the worrying business about the loss of my ship and my company are now building a new and more up-to-date vessel which I hope to command.

"Wishing you a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year in the good work you are doing for seamen of all nations . . ."

In the Baylies Entrance Hall of the new building (in use since last April) hangs a beautiful painting of Christ Walking Upon the Waters. The light from His halo makes a path across the sea to the troubled disciples in their little boat.

We like to think that the light of our Cross on the Institute roof shines out in similar fashion across the waters of New York Harbor with a promise of safety to troubled sailormen coming into port.

What our sailors think as they stand before the painting we do not know, but it is gratifying to see a man stop before it now and then, remove his hat reverently, and gaze at it fascinated for moments at a time.

"Kub" is short for a Bulgarian sailor's name that would run into several lines if we attempted to present it in full.

Kub is a thrifty fellow of forty or thereabouts, so thrifty that he has recently been able to establish in a girls' college in his

home town in Bulgaria, a scholarship in memory of his mother.

Munn telephoned from an uptown hospital that he would like to talk with one of our chaplains the following morning.

He had been injured in the performance of his duties on his ship in port, and the afternoon of the next day he was scheduled for a serious operation whose outcome the surgeons would not predict. In case of death, Munn said he wished to make arrangements for the Institute to receive whatever compensation insurance would be due him.

Our Chaplain called in the morning to find that the surgeons had decided to operate a day sooner than originally planned, and that Munn was getting along famously. It hadn't been so serious after all.

Munn was delighted to see the chaplain. They had often met at the Institute. He explained that he had wanted to leave his money to us because he felt that we were the only ones who would bury him. We had always been good to him and besides he could never forget the case of Sandy the Scotchman.

He then regaled our chaplain

with this stranger-than-fiction tale.

Sandy the Scotchman worked with Munn about ten years ago on a freighter plying between New York and Frisco. They tied up in the Canal to discharge cargo.

The two men had worked together in a friendly fashion for some time but neither had ever told the other anything about his personal affairs. Sandy broke the ice during lunch hour while they were loafing about. He told Munn that he had married a girl back home several years before, but that they couldn't seem to get along, so he had just stayed away. He had written only to send money to her from time to time.

It was a long speech for Sandy—his last, as it happened.

Less than half an hour later a faulty crane knocked both Sandy and Munn from a wall to the dock, killing Sandy.

When the ship reached New York, Munn told Mother Roper all about it with the result that she located Sandy's widow and arranged for her to receive compensation insurance.

The memory remained with

Munn for ten years and he vows it always will.

When sailors abandon their baggage we fall heir to some amazing things, including false teeth, Latin medical books, miniatures of the Taj Mahal, etc., and now we have a notebook containing what seems to be a complete guide for the tourist in some outlandish language. Our best guess is that it is Zulu.

Apparently the erstwhile owner collected the phrases he thought he would most need and then had an interpreter fill in the Zulu (if such they be) equivalents.

Authorities tell us that the first phrase the American Army learned to utter in France was, "Bon jour, Mademoiselle." Similarly our sailorboy's first entry is, "What is your name, miss?" Soon there follows, "I am all alone;" "I shall return tomorrow;" "Let us walk to the end of the wharf;" "What is the cause of your sadness, my lady?"

There is a section covering practical wants such as "How much is this?" "Heave up the anchor," and "Please give me a little soap;" and then the affair with the lady seems to take

a turn for the worse. "I shall only be a short time away" is soon followed by "Why do you laugh at me?" Then comes, "I have no money"—a practical sentence for a sailor in any language! It may have been this particular fellow's undoing, for the notebook entries at once begin to savor of the tragic. "Come back again;" "Do not quarrel or fight;" "enamoured;" "divorce;" "farewell."

Perhaps we are cursed with too much imagination, but we cannot help feeling that this little abandoned notebook is the sad saga of a sailor at large in Zululand.

Hans came from Germany on a tramp steamer that docked in Boston to discharge cargo.

Hans went ashore to see what he could of the historic points he had read about in school. The intricacies of the Boston streets, alas! proved too much for him, and by the time he got back to his dock, his ship had gone on to Baltimore.

He was sixteen; he had only a smattering of high school English; it was his first trip at sea, and he had signed on for three years. He thought in panic of

the disgrace of deserting, for his absence might be thus interpreted.

Hans decided to race his ship to Baltimore. He hitch-hiked to New York, and there gravitated to the Seamen's Church Institute, as seamen have a way of doing.

It was not an unusual situation for us. We have had lost boys on our hands many times in the past 85 years!

We knew Hans' company would telegraph transportation charges to Baltimore for him if we informed them of his predicament, and they did. Pending negotiations, we put the youngster up and did our best for the little stranger within our gates.

Two people, at least, refuse to believe that it was coincidence that saved Drake's life, the two people being Drake and one of our chaplains.

The Chaplain was crossing the bay on a Staten Island ferry-boat, on his way to conduct an evening service at the Institute. As is his custom, he was standing on the upper deck watching the Cross and the green light atop our building—both symbols of safety for the sailorman, he

thought for the hundredth time.

It was a cold night and the passengers were inside, save one who also stood on the forward deck. It was Drake. When the ferry nosed into its slip, he stepped up to the Chaplain and told his story.

He had once been a seaman, but had settled down ashore and acquired a family. He had recently had many domestic difficulties, had lost his job, and finally came aboard the ferry with three deadly pellets in his hand.

Then he saw the Chaplain. The clerical garb took Drake back to his childhood days when he was a choir boy in a large New York church. He followed the Chaplain's gaze to the Institute roof, and he remembered the gleaming Cross he had followed, singing, in the church processions.

Such memories raced through his mind until, at the end of the twenty-minute ferry ride, he tossed the pellets overboard, and told our Chaplain all about it.

Drake told *his* story, but we have an idea we shall never know into how many dark corners the rays of our Cross penetrate.

Funds for the New Building are still vitally needed and will be most gratefully received by

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.

Treasurer

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