

The VETERAN
RETURNS *to his*
FAMILY

•
Nineteenth Annual

HOME-MAKING
INSTITUTE

MARCH 18-23, 1945



BENNETT COLLEGE
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

1927-1945



Already thousands of men and women are returning to their homes from the armed services and are being absorbed into the pattern of civilian life. These men and women who have served their country at home and abroad—many under extreme hardships—demand sympathy and understanding from those of us who must receive them again. The problems arising as they take their places among us deserve serious attention.

For eighteen years the Bennett College Home-making Institute has—for one week in the year—given concerted attention to questions involving the home and the welfare of the family. This year the returning veteran poses a timely question of what we shall do, and the attitudes and actions we can take, in order to facilitate his readjustment. It is with this background of thinking that we decided on the theme, "The Veteran Returns to His Family."

We know full well the magnitude of such an undertaking and do not expect to reach solutions for all the problems which are involved. We do hope, however, that out of the exchange of ideas and the group thinking on the subject, to arrive at some understandings, which may relieve the situation and create a keener awareness of the job before us.

In this spirit we greet those who will participate in the Nineteenth Annual Home - Making Institute.

DAVID D. JONES, President...
BENNETT COLLEGE

~ ~ ~ "The Veteran Returns to His Family" ~ ~ ~

Program



VESPERS

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1945

4 P. M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

Speaker

DR. KATHERINE F. LENROOT, Chief
Children's Bureau, Department of Labor
Washington, D. C.



MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1945

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

10 A. M.

Playlet

Bennett College Students

~ ~ ~ "Service Men Now, Civilians Tomorrow" ~ ~ ~

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1945

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
10 A. M.

QUESTION PERIOD
Resource Persons to Be Announced

Music
STAFF SERGEANT HENRY L. GRANT
A. A. F.—O. R. D. Greensboro, N. C.

8 P. M.
MOUNT TABOR COMMUNITY
MR. ARTHUR CRUMP, Presiding

MUSIC—Opening Song Congregation
INVOCATION
MUSIC—Selection Church Choir
PLAYLET Bennett College Students
ADDRESS Art Carter
WAR CORRESPONDENT AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS
REMARKS Rev. R. C. Sharpe
President David D. Jones
MUSIC—Closing Song Congregation
BENEDICTION

"Adjustment Now Will Save Maladjustment Later"

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1945

BENNETT COLLEGE
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
10 A. M.

Address
ART CARTER
War Correspondent—Afro-American Newspapers
Baltimore, Maryland

8 P. M.
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
Closing Session

HYMN
INVOCATION
MUSIC College Choir
INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER
ADDRESS Col. Campbell Johnson
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR OF SELECTIVE SERVICE
MUSIC College Choir
BENEDICTION

"Prepare To-Day For His Tomorrow"

BENNETT COLLEGE

*Nineteenth Annual
Home Making Institute*

Sunday, March 18, 4:00 P.M.
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

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... Program ...

ORGAN PRELUDE Orrin Clayton Suthern, II
PROCESSIONAL HYMN: *God of Grace and God of Glory* No. 279
SCRIPTURE READING Miss Rosa Everett, '45
Member, Planning Committee
MUSIC: *By the Waters of Babylon* James
THE COLLEGE CHOIR
PRAYER Miss Miriam McTeer, '47
Member, Planning Committee
MUSIC: *My Way's Cloudy* Burleigh
MISS ORIAL BANKS, '46, Soloist
THE COLLEGE CHOIR
OFFERTORY: *O, Divine Redeemer* Gounod
MISS JANET WHITE, '46
OFFERTORY PRAYER
ANNOUNCEMENTS Miss Barbara A. Ware
Chairman, Planning Committee
HYMN: *O Happy Home* No. 427
AUDIENCE STANDING
INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER Dr. Ellen Winston
Raleigh, North Carolina
State Commissioner of Welfare
ADDRESS Dr. Katherine Lenroot
Washington, D. C.
Chief, Children's Bureau
U. S. Department of Labor
RECESSIONAL HYMN: *America, the Beautiful* No. 491
BENEDICTION Mr. R. D. Crockett
Member, Planning Committee
THREEFOLD AMEN
ORGAN POSTLUDE Mr. Suthern

Dr. Ellen Winston, State Commissioner
of Welfare, Raleigh, North Carolina;
Pres. Jones; Dr. Katherine Lenroot,
Chief, Children's Bureau, U. S. Department
of Labor; Miss Barbara Ware, Chairman
of Planning Committee.



City Prepares To Welcome First Lady This Morning

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt arrives here this morning for a two-day visit in Greensboro and will address the 19th annual Homemaking institute at Bennett college tonight at 8 o'clock at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel.

On Wednesday morning the first lady will conduct a press conference at Woman's college, speak at the weekly convocation there and be honored at a luncheon and reception. At 2:30 p. m. she will appear at Greensboro college where she will speak for about 30 minutes to students, faculty and friends of the college at Odell auditorium.

On Wednesday at 10 a. m. Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Chancellor W. C. Jackson and Mrs. Julius W. Cone, whose house guest she will be during her visit here, will appear at ORD and speak at the Big Top.

Speaks To Children

Mrs. Roosevelt will make her first appearance here at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon when she

speaks to public school children of Greensboro from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel. In the event the weather does not permit the outdoor program she will speak inside the chapel.

Dr. W. C. Jackson, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the Bennett college board of trustees, will introduce Mrs. Roosevelt at the afternoon session.

A welcome message on behalf of the city of Greensboro will be delivered by Mayor W. H. Sullivan, while Roberta Favors, of Greensboro, senior at the college and president of the student senate, will give a welcome message for the Bennett college community.

Dr. Bethune III

Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, who was to introduce Mrs. Roosevelt at tonight's meeting is ill in Washington and unable to be present. No announcement has been made as to who will present Mrs. Roosevelt in the absence of Dr. Bethune.

Tonight's meeting will be pre-

sided over by Dr. David D. Jones, president, assisted by R. D. Crockett, director of religious activities, and the college choir will present a musical program.

Last night the institute session was held in Collins Grove community near Guilford college where an original play, "Home for Good," written for the institute, was presented by the Little Theater guild. The play was written by A. B. Williams, instructor in dramatics, Naomi Flowe, English instructor, and Doris Newland and Renet Echols, students at Bennett college.

During a question period which followed the following persons participated: Dossie Parker, who conducted the forum; C. W. Fairley, scout executive; Rev. W. Tyner Nelson, Jeanes rural church counselor at A. and T. college; Evanelle Thomason, of the American Red Cross, and Margaret M. May, of the American Red Cross at the ORD. Rev. Sidney Jeffons pronounced the invocation and benediction.

The President's wife arrived in Greensboro around 10:20 Tuesday morning by train and was met by President and Mrs. David D. Jones of Bennett College and a party that included A. A. Morrissey, public relations director.

The nation's number one war mother has traveled to many of the world's major battlefronts, stressed the importance of preparing psychologically and practically for the men's return.

"We must educate ourselves as civilians as to what our obligations are to these men now returning at the rate of 12,000 weekly," Mrs. Roosevelt said, pointing out that many times this number will soon be coming back from overseas."

"We should familiarize ourselves with the Veterans Administration's resources, the GI Bill of Rights and other resources that will aid our soldiers in their adjustment," she said.

"A desire for peace on the parts of leaders of government alone is not enough."

Men everywhere "have to have patience, understanding and real goodwill in their hearts for the rest of the world," Mrs. Roosevelt reiterated.

Miss Roberta Favors, senior and president of the Bennett College Student Senate, welcomed the First Lady Tuesday night in behalf of the student community and Mayor W. S. Sullivan, welcomed her in behalf of the citizens of Greensboro.

The institute started Sunday afternoon with an address by Dr. Katherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington. A playlet in Pfeiffer chapel Monday, and a visit to the Collins Grove Community on Tuesday were early week features of the institute.

A discussion of phases of rural church life and community cooperation was conducted by the Rev. W. Tyce Nelson, Jeanes Rural Church Counselor at Collins Grove in Tuesday morning's feature event.

On Thursday the Institute met at the Mt. Tabor Community where Art Carter, war correspondent for the Afro-American newspapers of Baltimore spoke. Carter was scheduled for a final address at 10 o'clock Friday morning in Pfeiffer Chapel.

Miss Barbara A. Ware was chairman of the Planning Committee for the Institute. She was assisted by members from the college and Greensboro community.

MRS. ROOSEVELT TOURS CAMPUS

Mrs. Roosevelt visits Thomas F.
Holgate Library. Miss Margaret
Caldwell, library assistant greets
the First Lady.



Mrs. Roosevelt admires the Merner collection in the Holgate Library with Pres. Jones. In the background can be seen Mrs. Harry W. Cone, who conducted the tour and Miss Thompson, secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt, who accompanied her on the trip.





FIRST LADY SPEAKS TO CHILDREN

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is pictured here speaking to some 3,000 city school children of Greensboro yesterday afternoon at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at Bennett college. In the background are Dr. W. C. Jackson, left, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the board of trustees of Bennett college, who introduced Mrs. Roosevelt yesterday, and Peggy Toadley, right, member of the Bennett college faculty.

Peacetime Responsibilities Outlined By Mrs. Roosevelt

Knowledge Of Government's Plan Necessary; More Addresses Today

By MARGARET RUSSELL, Daily News Staff Writer

"The American public has a great deal to learn about veterans and one of the first things we must do in order to help the returning servicemen is to know what the government has planned for them," Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt declared last night in an address at the 19th annual Homemaking institute at Bennett college.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who spoke before a capacity crowd at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at the college, centered her talk around the institute theme, "The Veteran Returns to His Family." The first lady asserted that the American public must think now about the returning veterans, expressing the belief that family and community acquaintance with the GI bill of rights will be of great help to returning servicemen.

At 10 a. m. today she will appear at the Big Top at the ORD and later will conduct a press conference at Woman's college, where she will speak at the weekly convocation and be entertained at a luncheon and reception. At 2:45 p. m. Mrs. Roosevelt will speak at Odell auditorium to students, faculty and friends of Greensboro college.

Must Know Rights

"Many people are unfamiliar with government benefits offered to veterans of other wars," she stated,

"and now it has become necessary to know what the GI bill of rights guarantees the returning soldiers. But the community must help the veterans because it is impossible for the veterans' administration to help him where he really will need help the most," Mrs. Roosevelt stated.

"If a veteran is going to succeed he needs somebody in the line of work in which he is interested to give him advice because failure is going to hurt him more than if he had not tried," Mrs. Roosevelt declared. She urged families of veterans to use imagination to make the men feel that they want to know what their sons or husbands went through on the battle fronts, adding that "it is harder to forget something if you have to keep it to yourself."

Mrs. Roosevelt, who was intro-

duced by Dr. David D. Jones, president of Bennett college, emphasized community aid to the returning veteran in helping him become re-adjusted. "We must realize that the boys are now mature men," she stated, "and must be dealt with as mature persons. They have had experiences which have made them conscious of their ability to accept responsibility and perform duties."

In speaking of postwar plans for the community Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that every community should organize a committee composed of educators, professional and business men in the community and work together to help veterans find positions suitable for them and jobs which they will be happy and qualified to do. "An organized community can make the most of government money and at the same time give the best they have to the boys who come home," the speaker asserted.

"We at home have to face the future. The United States is the greatest production man ever known and better off than any nation in the world," Mrs. Roosevelt said, stating that whether we like it or not we have to have men and ingenuity to make our country the kind of place where all men have work and make respect for living."

Major Home Front

In concluding her talk she stated that leading a government cannot do the job of maintaining economy. It has to be done by the people at home. The boys coming back will have jobs to which to return she declared. "We must realize the full scope of our duty and have the courage to face the fact that this problem is the biggest thing of any nation."

Preceding Mrs. Roosevelt's address Mayor W. H. Sullivan welcomed her to Greensboro on behalf of the city and Roberta Favors, president of the Bennett college student senate, extended welcome from the Bennett community.

Music for the program was presented by the Bennett college choir which sang two selections and a series of organ preludes were presented by Clayton Sutherland, II. Invocation was spoken by R. D. Crockett, director of religious activities at the college.

Mrs. Roosevelt wore a black crepe dress inserted with black lace and her only jewelry was a triple strand of pearls and a Girl Scout pin. Her corsage was of white Dutch iris. When she entered the auditorium the first lady was wearing a multi-colored Chinese wrap.

Speaks To Children

Yesterday afternoon the first lady spoke before approximately 3,000 city school children from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel in her first appearance at Bennett college.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who was introduced by Dr. W. C. Jackson, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the Bennett college board of trustees, spoke to the children on the future for them after peace is declared, stating that, "your soldiers, both white and colored, are all over the world, fighting your enemy and saving you from having to go through cruel things children in other parts of the world are now encountering."

Cites Responsibility

"The children of America are going to have the responsibility of making this country lead the world for things that are good," she stated, adding that "to establish a lasting peace is the reason our soldiers are now fighting—so you won't have to go to war later and fight."

The first lady, who spoke to the children as if she were telling them a fairy tale, impressed upon them that "patience, understanding and good will in your hearts will help make this be a peaceful world."

"Peace isn't made by setting up machinery, but only by what you do from day to day. You must have peace and good will in your hearts," she declared, "and you must begin to have peace at home, among your family, friends and neighbors."

Urges Useful Lines

In speaking of the schools, Mrs. Roosevelt urged the children to "study and learn the things you do not want to," adding that it is essential to learn about good men and women who were leaders and who did things for others.

"Build your character to be good and useful for the future ahead of you. Learn when you play, work or are at home because learning is education. Be grateful for all the education you can get," the first lady asserted, "for you will find it will all come into use some day."

Following Mrs. Roosevelt's address two negro Girl Scouts, Marjorie Nance, freshman at Bennett college and president of Girl Scout troop No. 22 and Francina Ayers, of Dudley High school, member of



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Following Mrs. Roosevelt's address two negro Girl Scouts, Madeline Nance, freshman at Bennett college and president of Girl Scout troop No. 22 and Francina Ayers, of Dudley High school, member of troop No. 48, presented the speaker with a basket of yellow snapdragons and purple iris on behalf of the negro Girl Scouts of Greensboro.

Mrs. Roosevelt is honorary president of Girl Scouts of America.

Appearing with Mrs. Roosevelt on the chapel portico were Dr. Jackson, Dr. David Jones, president of Bennett college and Peggy Toadley, member of the Bennett college faculty.

Arrives At 10:45 a. m.

Mrs. Roosevelt arrived here at 10:45 a. m. Tuesday from Washington. Immediately upon arrival she proceeded to A. and T. college where she briefly addressed students there and commended the college of its work. She was presented by Dr. Jones and Dr. F. D. Bluford, president of A. and T., presided.

Accompanying Mrs. Roosevelt here was her personal secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson. They were met at the station by Dr. Jackson, Dean Harriet Elliott, of Woman's college, Dr. Jones, Mrs. Julius W. Cone, with whom Mrs. Roosevelt will stay during her visit here, and a number of college representatives.



GIRL SCOUTS PRESENT FLOWERS TO MRS. ROOSEVELT

Francina Ayers, center, at Dudley high school, member of Girl Scout troop No. 48, and Marjorie Nance, right, Bennett college freshman and president of Girl Scout troop No. 22, are shown here presenting Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is honorary president of Girl Scouts of America, a basket of yellow snapdragons and purple iris on behalf of negro Girl Scouts of Greensboro. The presentation was made on the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at Bennett where the first lady addressed, 10,000 city school children yesterday afternoon.

"Lift every voice and sing
"Till earth and Heaven ring..."

Mayor Sullivan, Mrs. Roosevelt and
President Jones.

"... the community must help the veterans because it is impossible for the veterans' administration to help him where he really will need help the most!"

Mrs. Roosevelt addresses the Greensboro community in the Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel.

"... and now may I present...
The First Lady of the Land,
Mrs. Eleanor Delano Roosevelt."



"Oh say can you see

By the dawn's early light..."

The Honorable William H. Sullivan, Mayor
of Greensboro, who welcomed The First Lady
to the city of Greensboro; The First Lady
and President Jones join in singing the
National Anthem.

First Lady Proves Most *Carolina Times* Charming Speaker At *3-24-45* Bennett Homemaking

By Staff Correspondent

Greensboro — The first lady of the land, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, headlined Bennett College's 19th annual Homemaking Institute here Tuesday with addresses during the afternoon and night sessions of the institute's third day of week-long activities.

Speaking to Greensboro's school children from the portico of the Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel at 3:30 in the afternoon, Mrs. Roosevelt pointed to the unparalleled opportunities awaiting today's youth "to take this country lead in the things that are good for the whole world."

"You children who are growing up now are going to have the opportunity and the chance to do many very important things in the future," she said, and added that American children will have opportunities that children in many other lands will not have."

"White soldiers and colored soldiers have fought your enemies and saved you from going through what other children in other lands have gone through," Mrs. Roosevelt declared. She went on to emphasize that knowledge of the great debt of American children to this country's fighting men should serve as inspiration for today's youth to establish a just and lasting peace after the war.

Just as she emphasized the responsibilities of the nation's children during her speech Tuesday afternoon on the portico of the chapel, so did Mrs. Roosevelt emphasize the obligations and responsibilities of the country's civilians to returning veterans in her concluding message Tuesday night. She spoke this time to a packed audi-

Following President Jones' welcome message, he introduced Dr. W. C. Jackson, administrative dean of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, and chairman of the Bennett Trustee Board. Dr. Jackson presented Mrs. Roosevelt to the afternoon audience.

Flowers were presented to the First Lady by representatives of Greensboro's Girl Scouts and from the staff of local Station WBIG. Frances Ayers and Marjorie Nance, the latter a Bennett freshman, presented the flowers in behalf of the Scouts.

Following the radio interview, Mrs. Roosevelt especially requested opportunity to speak to several of the Negro and white servicemen who sat on the cement walk off the portico in front of her.

Photographers' bulbs flashed throughout the First Lady's visits. Representatives from daily papers in Greensboro and Winston-Salem, radio reporters and members of the Negro press, including three CAROLINA TIMES representatives, shared a press table provided by the Bennett College Public Relations Director at the night session.

The
VETERAN RETURNS
To His FAMILY

Nineteenth Annual
HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

Address By
MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



BENNETT COLLEGE
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

Tuesday, March 20, 1945

8:00 P.M.

... Program ...

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

ORGAN PRELUDES "Prelude and Fugue in G Major" . . . Bach
"Ave Maris Stella" Bedell
"The Squirrel" Weaver
"In Summer" Stebbins

ORRIN CLAYTON SUTHERN, II, Organist

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM
(Audience will remain standing
until after the invocation.)

INVOCATION Mr. R. D. Crockett
*Director, Religious Activities
Bennett College*

MUSIC: "Listen to the Lambs" Dett
"Go Down, Moses" Burleigh
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

WELCOME—ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF GREENSBORO
The Honorable William H. Sullivan, Mayor

WELCOME—ON BEHALF OF THE BENNETT COLLEGE COMMUNITY
Miss Roberta Favors, '45
President of the Student Senate

ADDRESS Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Washington, D. C.

MUSIC: "Lift Every Voice and Sing" Johnson

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LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

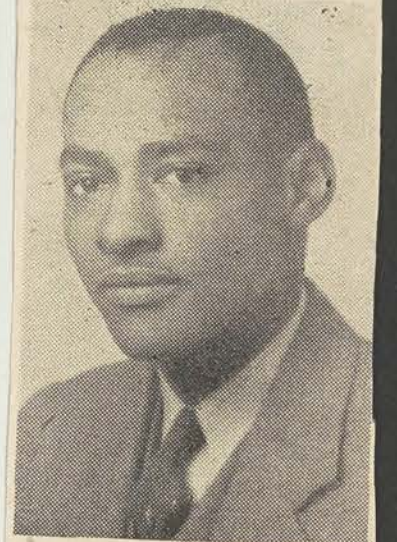
Lift every voice and sing, 'till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise high as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on 'till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.
We have come treading a path through the blood of the slaughtered.
Out of the gloomy past, 'till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

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SPEAKER



Rev. W. Tyner Nelson, Jeanes Rural Church Counselor at Collins Grove Virginia who conducted a discussion on phases of rural church life at the Institute at Bennett College last week. Rev. Nelson is a former pastor of the Twine Memorial Presbyterian Church of Durham.

Bennett College

NINETEENTH ANNUAL HOMEMAKING INSTITUTE

Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel
Thursday, March 22, 1945, at 10 a.m.

Presiding: Miss Barbara Ware

Program

Music:

"Where'er You Walk" Handel
"Aufenthalt" (My Abode) Schubert
"Rastlose" (Restless Love) Schubert
Staff Sergeant Henry L. Grant
A. A. F. -- O. R. D., Greensboro, N. C.

Brief Discussion Reverend W. Tyner Nelson
Jeanes Rural Church Counselor

Question Period Mr. B. A. Hall
County Agent

Music:

"They Have Led My Lord Away" Air by Clarence Wilson
"The Last Hour" Kramer
"Long Ago in Alcala" Messenger
Staff Sergeant Henry L. Grant

The Bennett College Little Theater Guild

presents

"H O M E F o r G O O D "

a playlet in one-act

""

Written For

The Home-Making Institute
March, 1945

by

Doris Newland
Renette Echols
Naomi Flowe
A. Beulah Williams

The Prologue

A scene which could occur at a railroad station in any small town.

Place: The living room of the Malloy home.

Scene I - A few minutes before
"Al" arrives at home

Scene II - Next evening

Scene III - One Sunday morning,
a month later

Scene IV - Two evenings later

"HOME For GOOD"

Cast of Characters

Cpl. John Hilton Romus Kornegay
Returned from France

Sgt. Allen Malloy Frank Cuthbertson
Returned from South Pacific

Nancy Malloy Naomi Thomas
Al's sister

Mrs. Martha Malloy Janet White
Al's Mother

Nell Malloy Gloria Dix
Al's wife

Ted Malloy Columbus Stanley
Al's Father

Betty Hilton Constance Collier
John's wife

Col. Campbell Johnson and
Art Carter, war correspondent.



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CLOSING SESSION

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1945
8 P. M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

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... Program ...

HYMN: "God the Omnipotent!" No. 505

INVOCATION _____ By The Reverend John J. Greene
Former Chaplain, American Legion Post

MUSIC: "Sing Unto God" Handel
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

INTRODUCTION _____ By Dean Warmoth T. Gibbs
*2nd Lt., 367th Infantry,
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ADDRESS Col. Campbell Johnson
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

MUSIC: "The Lamb" Dett
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

BENEDICTION

And, students, how did you feel when
you met Mrs. Roosevelt?

She is so very sincere.

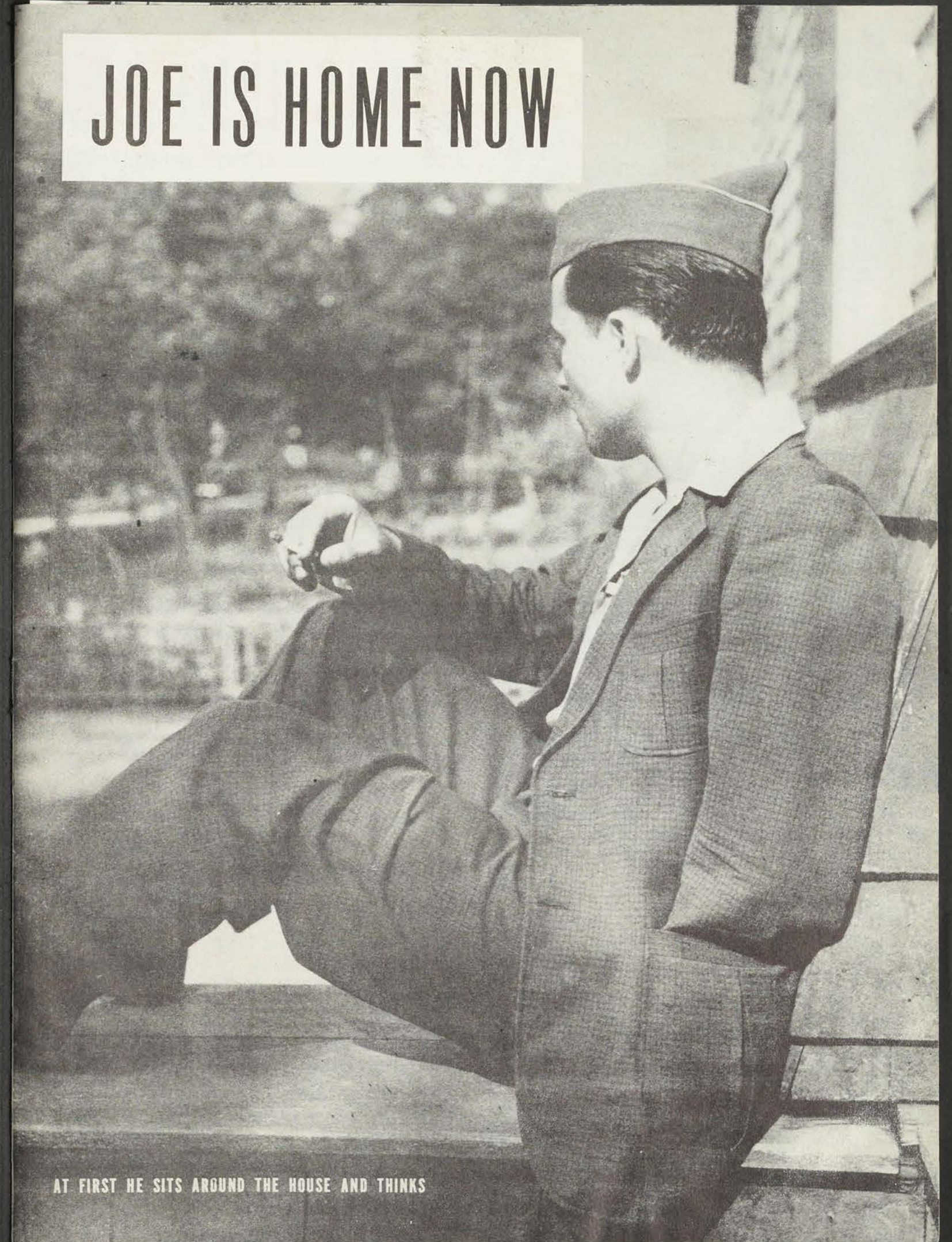
Truly the first lady of charm.

So tall but yet so graceful!

My but she's tall!!

And to think that I shook her hand!!

JOE IS HOME NOW



AT FIRST HE SITS AROUND THE HOUSE AND THINKS



HIS SISTERS WAIT FOR HIM IN THE STATION SQUARE

JOE IS HOME NOW

A discharged soldier, having fought overseas, finds that he still has to fight to make his way in civilian life

by JOHN HERSEY

After repeated warnings, the American public has prepared itself for the shock of invasion casualties. But so far the American people have given little thought to human reconversion—the process of turning those casualties back into normal civilians. Already more than 1,250,000 soldiers have been discharged into civilian life. This is the story of a discharged soldier.

Like the best-selling novel *A Bell for Adano* by the same author, this story is in fiction form but is based on fact. It is distilled from the actual experiences of 43 different discharged soldiers. Joe Souczak does and says things which actually were done and said by various of those men. Only such changes of dialog and situation have been made as would give the story a consistent thread and the discharged man a consistent character. The pictures with the story are of real people and places, but are more figurative than literal illustration of the text which does not specifically deal with them.

There is no typical discharged soldier, but Joe Souczak's experiences may be taken as fairly representative. To get this real significance, multiply him by millions and remember that he has come home early—during a manpower shortage. Human reconversion will obviously rank with economic reconversion as the greatest of U. S. problems in the months and years to come.

The boy with one arm stood in the Rochester station and looked around. He was on his way to Onteoga, N. Y. and he was full of going home. He glanced up at the iron clock—5:15, it said. Above the clock he saw the service flag showing that the railroad had sent 25,602 men to the wars. Jeppers, the boy thought, more than a division. A middle-aged civilian came up to him and said: "You're in the 1st Division. I seen your shoulder patch."

Joe Souczak said: "Yeah."
"Where'd you get hurt?"
"Africa."
"God, I got hurt myself."

"I was in the 1st in the other war. Company H, 18th Regiment."
"No kidding, I was in G Company of the 18th. Neighbors, huh?"
"God," the older man said, "where you headed?"
"Home," Joe said. "I got 30 days' leave. They're going to discharge me later, only they given me 30 days first. I'm going to hit this town before I catch the train on home. I don't know how my mother will take it. About the arm. I'm going to hit the town first, you know, get a little happy for my mother's sake."

"God, what are we waiting for?"
They went to the Seneca Grille. Joe ordered whisky with beer for a chaser. He found out the civilian came from Auburn and was in the FBI. The FBI man had a Purple Heart ribbon with him and some small articles he picked up off Germans in the last war. Joe said he was sorry, but he had checked his souvenirs in his barracks bag at the station. The FBI man asked: "How you feel about getting home?"

Joe said: "I'm almost as scared as I'm happy. I don't know how it's going to be."

They had several, then went across the street to Odenbach's. The FBI man kept telling about his experiences; he told about chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico before the last war. He called Joe "my old regiment pal."

The FBI man said: "I'm going to ride out home with you. Least a guy can do for an old regiment pal. Maybe I can help out with your old lady."

Joe had had enough drinks to think that was a fine idea. They bought a quart of whisky to take along, then went to the station late at night. Joe called up home and arranged for his sisters to meet him. Then the pair caught the last train for Onteoga. After pulling on the bottle for a while the FBI man fell asleep.

Joe moved across the aisle and started talking with a girl. It turned out that she worked in a Rochester camera factory. Joe said: "Among my souvenirs I got this French camera. I wonder could you look at it and inspect it all the way through and find out does any American film go in it?"

She looked it over and said: "A 320 would fit it perfect." She promised to put in a priority and send Joe some film. After they got more friendly, she said: "Sometime you're in Rochester come down my house for Sunday dinner and all that."



RIDING UP THE MAIN STREET IS ALL THE WELCOME THE RETURNING SOLDIER WANTS

Joe said: "Thanks just the same, only I'm interested in getting home and I got a girl there. Anyhow I had a girl. I don't know if a one-arm fellow gets to keep his girl."

"Oh, sure," the girl said.
Joe said: "I don't look so good to see her tomorrow. I'm kind of disgusted on the point of view my clothes don't fit me, I don't have any others, they're used uniforms they hand out to us at the hospital."

"You'll do all right," the girl said.
When the train was nearly due, Joe wrote a note and pinned it on the lapel of the FBI man's coat, using the Purple Heart ribbon to pin it on with. The note said: "Figure I'll make out all right with my mom. Thanks for everything regiment pal, Joe."

Joe left the FBI man sleeping and got off the train. His sisters Anna and Mickey were waiting for him in the old car. Joe was very excited and he said: "Well, after so long a journey I'm almost home, I only got nine miles to go. How's the car run? It still running? Those girls you taught driving lessons to ruin it? Can we get any gas?"

Anna said: "We waited a long time for this. You're gone a long time from home. We've been praying every day you'd come home. You did, Joe."

Mickey said: "We hated to hear about the arm."
They all started out with a crying jag and wound up laughing.

They drove out to Onteoga and as they crossed the tracks into town, Mickey said: "I'm sorry we don't have the brass band out for you."

Joe said: "Let the band go to hell; I don't need the band. Riding up Genesee Street, that's all the welcome I ever wanted. This is my home-coming, the streets are out to greet me." And he said not very loudly: "Hello, streets."

The first stop was home, naturally, 143 Front Street. By this time it was nearly 4 a. m. and Joe was rather drunk. He had only meant to have a couple so as to be cheery when he first saw his mother, but now he was pretty far gone.

He walked up to the front door and banged on it. His father shouted from bed upstairs: "Who is it?"

Joe Souczak shouted: "Does Joe Souczak live here?"

His father shouted: "He ain't home yet."
Joe shouted: "Who you think this is, dad, it's me."



HE GOES OUT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND TO HAVE A FEW DRINKS, EAT STEAKS, AND DANCE



HIS FIRST PLAN IS TO SPEND A GOOD MONTH'S "VACATION" IN HIS PARENTS' HOUSE

Right away Joe's father and mother came downstairs together in their night things. The two kid brothers, Anthony and Sam, came crashing down after.

Joe's mother went straight to him and took him. All she said at first was: "My boy."
She held him and moved her hands up and down his back. She said: "You're all one piece, I'm so glad they didn't molest your face at any point, you're very thin, my Joey." She did not speak of the arm.

Joe's father stood by smiling and said to Anna: "Looks like mother took first choice at embracing the boy."

Finally Joe's mother let go. She smelled the alcohol on his breath and started crying. She was against drinking.

Joe's father had prayed for him

Joe's father stepped up and said: "Son, a good many days I wished Our Lord that if you could only come back, Our Lord could take me then, only I wanted to see you just one time." Joe's father was 53, he was a railroad worker, he had his wish now.

Joe could not think of anything except to reach out the bottle to his father and say: "Take a drink." His father took the bottle and drank. That only made the mother cry harder.

Joe broke into a temper in spite of himself and said to his mother savagely: "What's the sense of crying, for God's sake, I'm home now, ain't I?"

His father said: "Come in the house, son."
They turned on the lights and sat in the living room formally.

The father said: "How was it in this war, son?"
Joe said: "I don't know but it's rougher than the last."

Joe's young brother Anthony said: "How many Germans you kill, Joe?"

Joe said: "Nobody who is a soldier answers that, Tony. You don't like to talk about it, mostly you don't even know, the range is big."

Anthony went over and touched Joe's empty left sleeve and said: "What happened, Joe?"

Joe said: "I remember it was nighttime, doing a patrol action, well, that's when I got hit. It was a rifle bullet."

"Sniper, son?"
"That I couldn't say, maybe it could've been a sniper. They took me to the 38th Evac, that's a hospital. They took the arm in Algiers. . . . Could I have something to eat?"

Anna asked: "What you want?"

"Could I have some eggs, plenty of eggs any-how? Then they started bringing me home, see. Joe looked at his mother crying, and talked fast, feeling bad because he had spoken sharply to her. "I stood in Gibraltar couple days. I took an English boat, what was it, the *Jervis*. I went to near Bristol, I stood there till I had three more operations. From there I left in June, it was on a Canadian boat, the *Nova Scotia*, that was the second trip she took, she went to Halifax. I stood a while at Fort Devens in Lowell General, then it was Walter Reed. Now I come home."

They sat talking till it got light. Joe asked about different things that had happened at home, who was married and so on. No one volunteered any information about Mary Ellard, his girl. Joe's voice was shaky and his one hand trembled. At one point someone said maybe Joe was tired, but he said: "Let sleep go to hell, sleep is a luxury."

When it was day Mrs. Souczak stopped crying and went to the telephone. She dialed a number and said: "Joe is home now," and hung up. She dialed many numbers and all she would say was: "Joe is home now." Then she would hang up.

Pretty soon the people she had called started coming, uncles, cousins, Mrs. Souczak's neighbors, friends of the family. Mr. Shaughnessy, president of the Onteoga Knitting Mills where Joe worked before the war, came. He said never to worry about a job, just worry about getting well. "The factory is there waiting for you, Joe," he said. "Come over this afternoon and see us." Joe agreed to go at 2 o'clock.

At each knock at the door, Joe jumped up and went to see who it was. It was about 10 o'clock before Mary Ellard came.

Joe reached out his hand. She couldn't seem to say anything. Joe had decided to be cold toward her, for defensive reasons. He just said: "Hello, Mary," and led her right into the living room. They couldn't kiss because of all the company.

Everyone talked busily, but Mary just sat there looking at Joe. He pretended not to see her. After a while she stood up and said: "My brother, he's in from the Pacific only he has to go back this afternoon, his leave's up. Three o'clock. I better go see him."

Joe went out onto the porch with her.

Mary said: "Our first meeting wasn't too personal together, Joey."

Joe said coldly: "It couldn't be. Didn't you see all those people?"

Mary said: "I'm so excited, I been biting my fingernail right off."

Joe said: "I'll be seeing you," and he went back



THE DISCHARGED SERVICEMAN'S TINY GOLD BUTTON IS HIS BADGE OF HAVING FOUGHT



HE TAKES BACK HIS OLD JOB ALTHOUGH HE WOULD MUCH PREFER A NEW LINE OF WORK

in the house. He was trembling all over. He ran upstairs and looked at himself in the mirror: the sleeve was quite neat in his pocket, but his face looked sickly and the uniform was too big.

At about 2 o'clock Joe reached the factory. He went up on the second floor, where he found the whole mill waiting for him in a large room. Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We've shut off the wheels of progress for 30 minutes, we want you to make us a little speech."

Joe stood up and said: "I'm glad to be back and I can say that I'm very lucky to be back. I remember a good many times when Mr. Shaughnessy used to talk to us on production, that if we didn't produce the soldiers wouldn't have anything. That is so because I went three months without underwear over there. There wasn't any. It was pretty wicked up there in those mountains."

Then Mr. Shaughnessy and Joe presented each other with gifts. The factory gave Joe a 21-jewel Lord Elgin wrist watch, plus \$161 purse. Joe gave Mr. Shaughnessy a green French pocketbook. "On here," Joe said, "is the inscription in silver thread made by the Ayrabs, it says ORAN. I carried this through all the battles, even the worst ones. I had you in mind, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Afterward Joe went out and shook hands around the town. Everyone wanted to shake his one hand, and he felt like quite a hero. He stopped in at the barbershop and was very glad to see Charley the barber again, his old friend. When he got home late in the afternoon his mother asked him what he had been doing and he said: "People been patting me on the back and offering me life-time jobs."

After a couple more days of callers at 143 Front Street, a crowd of fellows came after Joe and said: "Let's hit the road and do some hell-raising. Let's have a doings amongst ourselves."

So the boys began going out. The first night they planned to make all the rounds, but the first place was as far as they got. Joe had such a good time that he persuaded the crowd to repeat, night after night.

One day toward the end of his leave Joe went in to see Charley the barber, who was twice Joe's age. Joe had always come to Charley for advice and sometimes Charley gave advice without being asked. Charley said: "You're raising too much hell."

Joe said: "It's fun, I earned some fun."

Charley said: "People beginning to talk."

Joe said: "Let people go to hell, they didn't fight."

Charley said: "Why don't you see Mary?"

HIS PRIDE MAKES HIM LEAVE HIS HOME AND TAKE AN EMPTY ROOM WITH AN IRON BED



Now Joe tumbled out the words that had been rolling around inside him all through his leave: "Hell, I'm no use to myself with the one arm. What use would I be to any girl?"

Charley said: "I'll be glad when you're discharged. What you need is the right job and the right girl."

Joe did not have the courage, though he had plenty of desire, to see Mary before his leave was finished. He kept telling himself he would be home for good soon, that would be the time to see her. The film for his French camera came from the Rochester girl a couple of days before his leave was up, and he kidded himself that he would go collect that Sunday lunch.

Joe was ready for a rest

When he reported back to Walter Reed the doctor said: "You look better. Want 30 days more?"

Joe said: "No thanks. My friend told me, he said: 'Joe, I seen you 27 days and I seen you drunk 27 days.' I could use 30 days to rest, doctor."

After a few days they brought an artificial arm and strapped it on. From the first Joe disliked it. He told the nurse: "It hurts my—the upper part of my arm that's left." He never could learn to say stump. But they taught him to use the arm.

In January his honorable discharge came. This time Joe got a uniform that fit better and he thought he looked pretty well as he started out on the train. He had left off his fake arm, because he liked the empty sleeve in his pocket. The arm was in his suitcase. He had on his ribbons—African Theater, Purple Heart, Before Pearl Harbor. On the way a second lieutenant came over to Joe's seat. You could see the lieutenant had just won his bars and was full of authority. He apparently did not notice Joe's empty sleeve.

"Private," the lieutenant said, "what do you think you're doing, wearing all those ribbons? Do you think you're some kind of a lousy hero?"

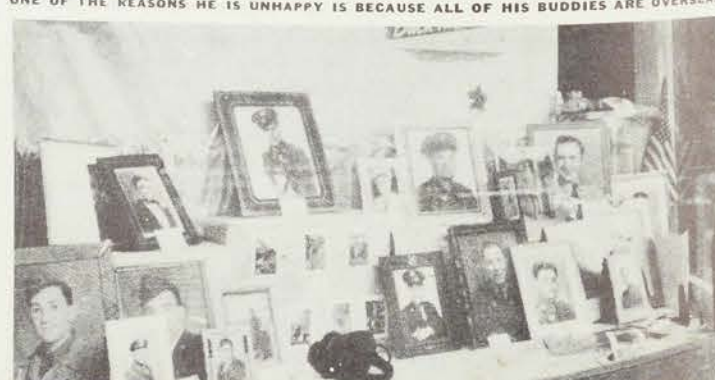
Joe stood up and controlled himself. "Sir," he said, "I served 18 months foreign duty, I given my left arm, they told me I earned these ribbons."

The lieutenant, horribly embarrassed, stared at Joe's limp sleeve and said: "I'm awful sorry, fellow, I didn't realize." Trying to make it all right, he said: "What's that end ribbon for?"

Joe said in the politest tones: "Sir, I think if you want to go around and make remarks about people's ribbons you ought to know what the ribbons stand for."

Joe sat down. When the lieutenant went away the man sitting next to Joe said: "Lousyshavetail."

ONE OF THE REASONS HE IS UNHAPPY IS BECAUSE ALL OF HIS BUDDIES ARE OVERSEAS



your father was in the hospital having his hernia."

Joe said: "You spent it. All I can say is it's quite disheartening to think you can't trust the ones you ought to trust most. Jeppers, you spent my lifeblood savings." He got up from the table and left the house in disgust.

* * *

He went down to the barbershop. There were no customers. Charley the barber said: "How's it go, Joe?"

Joe said: "Like hell. In the money department I'm worried, Charley. The family spent my allotment money. Looks like I worn my welcome out with my folks. I'll get the hell out, I guess."

"That doesn't sound right, Joe."

"Well, you don't wear your welcome out with your folks, they're dear to you I guess, but you wear your welcome out with yourself. I feel funny as heck, it makes me nervous and twitchy around their house, you get thinking too much when you sit down."

"You better get a job."

"Maybe you got something there. Seems like the more I stand fast and wait, the more nervous I get. I tell you, Charley, you put yourself on a pedestal when you first come home, you figure you're a kind of hero, you feel proud of yourself, you've accomplished something, you feel good about fighting for your country. But after about two weeks you know you're just another fellow only you haven't got your left arm below the elbow."

"You better get a job," Charley said. "And I know just the one, if we could only work it. You know Seraviglia's Bakery? Well the old man died a couple months ago and the shop's idle. You'd make a good baker, Joe." Joe said: "With one arm?" Charley said: "Why not?"

He decided to try a war job. Out in the field he had heard all about the high wages in defense industries. Now it was his turn for some of the gravy. No more Onteoga Knitting for him.

He went first to the Principio Company—small makers of safety razors before the war, aircraft self-starters now. He was introduced to a Mr. Fenner in the personnel department.

Fenner said: "We'd be glad to take you on, Mr. Souczak, any day you can start."

Joe said: "What do I get?"

Fenner said: "We'll start you at 73¢ an hour, that'll come to about \$48.50 if you work a good week."

Joe said: "That don't sound like a lot of tin to me. I read in *Stars & Stripes* over the other side about these \$150 a week positions in defense plants. I don't go for that \$48.50."

Fenner said: "That's our starting rate, Mr. Souczak."

In the following days Joe tried three other small war shops and got the same story at each. Then one afternoon he came home and found a telegram waiting for him. It was from Mr. Shaughnessy of Onteoga Knitting. It said: HEAR YOU ARE LOOKING FOR JOB. REPORT TOMORROW MORNING FOR PHOTOGRAPH AND INTERVIEW PLANT NEWSPAPER AND GO TO WORK EIGHTY CENTS HOUR PLUS FIVE CENTS EXTRA FOR NIGHT WORK. REGARDS.

Joe knew he would take his old job back but he did not bother to show up the next morning, nor for four mornings after it. "Let the damn job wait for me," he said, as if it were an imposition to ask him to go to work.

On the fifth morning he strapped his artificial arm on for the first time in two weeks and reported at the plant. All the people there were very kind to him. The personnel manager said: "We start most at 65¢ an hour and 5¢ extra for night work. We're going to make an exception in your case and start you at 80 and 5."

Joe said: "I don't want any personal favors."

The personnel man said: "It's not because of your handicap, Mr. Souczak. After all you're one of our old hands around here." He gave Joe an advance on his first week's wages.

Joe could not handle his previous job at the yarn-winder with one arm, so they put him on oiling and cleaning the machines.

At the end of the first day's work Joe was very tired but also happier than he had been for a long time. The advance payment felt nice and crisp in his pocket. He joked at supper and his family were glad to see him perked up.

The job seemed to go well and day by day Joe felt more and more like himself. He went to work in khaki pants and shirt, with an old basketball sweater on top. After a few days he left off his artificial arm. The men in the plant fixed up a special harness for him to carry the oil can and waste around with, so he could leave off the arm.

Another date with Mary

He felt like going out with Mary again, and he did. They went the rounds and ended up at The Siding. It was like old times for a change. They laughed all night.

On the way home Joe stopped the car. He said: "I don't know what to say, Mary, I'm kind of stumbling in my words."

She said: "That's all right, Joe." Then she added: "In case you've been wondering, it doesn't matter to me."

He knew that she meant about the arm. And his tongue was free and he was able to say: "I'm not much use to a girl, I only got one hand."

She said: "Love comes from the heart, not from the hand, Joe."

"Yeah," Joe said, "that's right, I never thought of that."

She said: "Everything's the same."

Joe put his arm around her and kissed her. After a while he said: "I don't want to rush into anything."

Mary said: "You haven't been in any rush so far. I been waiting so long for this."

"Hugging you with the one arm is kind of strange," Joe said, "but the kissing is just the same as it ever was."

She said again: "Everything's the same."

Joe said: "Yeah."

After that it was one good day after another. The days just flew.

Joe got all his appetites back. He couldn't seem to get caught up on food. He was always buying an ice-cream cone on the way home from work or stopping for a hamburger late at night. He found he wanted to do many of the old things, and found he could do them. He joined the plant bowling team. He went roller skating. He even went swimming in an indoor pool and found he could pull himself along lying on his right side in the water.

One night he walked with Mary down to Seraviglia's Bakery. They put their faces against the plate glass and looked in. They saw the mixer, a long table, some racks, a roll-top desk and in the back, the big oven.

"Looks nice, don't it, Joey?" Mary said.

"Yeah," Joe said, "but not for a one-arm man."

Three weeks after he went to work he heard about a badge for honorably discharged soldiers—a little gold-plated plastic button with an eagle on it, for the lapel buttonhole. He went over to Camp Prestley with his discharge certificate and got one. That helped with getting out of uniform and for a while he wore khaki pants and shirt and a civilian coat with the badge on it. No one knew what the badge meant but he was glad to explain.

Then he bought a whole new set of civilian clothes. He blew a lot of money on the outfit: a suit for \$42, topcoat for \$50, shoes for \$10.50 and a hat for \$10. The things were just made to his taste. Everybody made remarks about his showing

up in civilian clothes. His brother Tony said he looked like a preacher. Charley the barber said he looked like an undertaker. Mary said: "You look like Joey." Joe passed off the remarks with a joke which was only half a joke: "I got me a spruce outfit in case opportunity comes my way."

One night when he was out at Charter's with Mary and the gang he was introduced to a boy who was just about to be drafted. Whoever brought the boy up said: "Joe's an old veteran here. You better get some low-down."

Joe laughed and said to the boy: "When you're over there, don't believe nothing of what you hear and half of what you see, and you'll be okay."

The boy said: "They told me you was sore about the whole thing. They told me you was sorry you went."

Joe might have answered bitterly in his first 10 days at home, but now he said: "Who told you that? To me, it was a privilege to fight for my country. I didn't go in for sergeant's stripes and dough to save up, as well as a pension. It was and it always will be a privilege, the biggest privilege and honor a man will ever get."

"I guess it is," the boy who was about to be drafted said.

"I figure you and I and every other American, we got a lovely home, haven't we, we got a nice girl or maybe a wife, we got our mother and dad, we got complete freedom to shoot our mouth off, haven't we?"

"Yeah," the boy said.

"There always comes a time, the same as if you're out with a crowd on a party, it's the same thing, there comes a time when you got to pay the check, and in the world of today, in the things we've had in the past, I don't think the check's too high even if it comes to giving your life for your country. That's the way I'm always telling 'em at the plant, they're always squawking about how they have to do so much, that's what I tell 'em."

Joe had fun that night at Charter's, and he had fun many nights with Mary. And Sundays especially were fine as springtime came on.

Joe and Mary discovered the countryside together. They would drive out in the Souczak car and then leave it and walk across the farmlands. They would take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and Mary would pick bunches of violets, snowdrops and arbutus. They would lie on their backs in the grass and play cloud games and funny-name games. And Joe would point at a blossoming tree and say: "What's that? I forget the name of that one." Mary would say: "That's the shad tree, Joey. That's the one the farmers say: 'When the shad blows, bullheads will bite and time to plant corn.'" They went fishing a couple of times, and Mary was very good about hooking the bait and taking the bullheads off the barb. And sometimes they kissed until it was hard to stop. Those were very happy days.

But then one night they went to the movies. The picture was *Bombardier*, and everything was fine until a bomb came down on a Japanese, the Japanese was running toward the camera, the bomb went off, the concussion exploded a big oil drum, blew the Japanese to Jap-hell. Joe felt the blows and the pain all through his body and his heart began pounding. He said: "Excuse me," to Mary and got up abruptly and left. She followed him out as quickly as she could but he had already hurried home.

Joe felt sick and upset all that night, and from the next day on things seemed to go badly. Joe began to be touchy all the time. People bothered him.

A veteran of the first war came into the barber-shop one day when Joe was talking with Charley, and began shooting his face off. He said: "It's going to happen the same thing in this war that it did the last—after the war England will take all the gravy."



As spring comes on, the discharged soldier explores the countryside with his girl. They walk across farmlands together, take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and lie on their backs in the grass imagining things in the clouds. He depends on her to keep him on the track.

The town barber, who is old enough to be the discharged man's father, is his best friend. The barber gives him advice both when it is asked for and sometimes when it is not. It is he who thinks that once the one-armed man finds the right girl and right job, everything will be fine.



Joe got angry and said: "We are American citizens, we give a square deal and we get back a square deal, save criticisms till after." The veteran said: "I think it's rather stupid sending lend-lease to Russia. Russia will declare war on us, she'll be looking for us in the future."

Joe was very angry. "Those Russians can fight," he said. "Let 'em win this war first. There's no way whatsoever that she has any intentions to declare war."

Very soon afterward he was riding out to the plant on a bus and an elderly woman sat down next to him and said: "You poor boy." Joe's face got red. She asked: "Where did you get maimed like that?" Joe said: "Tunisia."

The sympathetic lady said: "Dear me." Then she added with genuine interest: "Are those little Japs as bad as people say?" Joe lost his temper wildly. "Dammit, lady," he said, "they don't have Japs in Africa."

She was alarmed at his outburst, and she said: "My goodness, son."

Joe said: "I'm sorry, lady, but you people get me all nerved up. A person has gambled with their life, it's wrong soldiers should have to listen to such ignorance."

Each day Joe seemed to get more and more out of control. Someone made a perfectly innocent remark in the drugstore about rationing, and Joe turned and said: "We should all have our food cut in two by 50% and we'd still be in luxury compared with those occupied countries, hell, they was eating grape leaves over there." And when a girl at the mill, thinking she was kidding Joe, called him a privileged character, he said loudly: "I don't ask for any privileges. I can take care of myself."

A fight in the Depot Lunch

But the worst blow-up was his fight.

The fight took place in the Depot Lunch. Joe stopped in there for a drink one night with Charley. Charley was sitting on Joe's left at one of the tables against the wall. A sergeant from Camp Presley came in and sat on Joe's right, where he could not see Joe's left arm. The sergeant had two privates with him. All three were half cut on beer.

The sergeant said: "Too many healthy-looking guys around here in civilian clothes. They ought to be in uniform." Joe pretended not to hear.

When the sergeant spoke again it was obvious he was trying to bait Joe and Charley. He said: "Must be 4F."

Joe said very quietly: "Take it easy there."

The sergeant turned and grabbed Joe's right arm and began to shove. He said: "Get into uniform, 4F."

Joe said sharply: "Quit bulldozing me around."

The sergeant said: "Trying to dodge the draft?"

Joe said: "Listen, you USO Ranger, you're talking to an old trooper here."

The sergeant didn't get the point. He went on: "4F."

Joe said: "Listen, I had more bad time in this Army than you had good time in it."

The sergeant was too drunk or too stupid to understand. He still had not seen Joe's left arm. He stood up. Joe stood up and was in a tearing red mood. He clenched his right fist and his stump felt queer because he wanted to clench his left fist too. The stump made some little left jabs and then the right arm came around in a haymaker.

Charley ran around the table and picked the sergeant up off the floor and said: "Stand up and shut up. Don't say a thing or else you'll get thrown out of here."

But the other two soldiers jumped on Joe and Charley, and the sergeant came back in. Then several others, thinking this an ordinary soldier-civilian brawl, jumped in too. Joe stood in the middle of it all, swinging hard with his one arm, trying to learn very quickly how to balance a one-armed blow with a little swing of the hips. Some of his blows landed, some missed. He took some around the chest. His stump hurt sharply.

One by one the brawlers noticed Joe's empty sleeve. One by one they pulled out of the fight, until there was no fight left. All the soldiers except the sergeant walked out of the place. The Depot Lunch got quiet. The sergeant went to the bar and drank alone.

After a while he walked soberly to Joe's table. He stretched out his hand. Joe shook it.

The sergeant said: "I made a bad mistake. I want to buy you a round of drinks."

Joe thought a moment and then said: "No, I want to buy you a round." Then he smiled and said: "Since I'm a 4F, I got a good job, I can afford a round and you can't."

In the next few days people kept asking Joe about the fight, and that upset him more than the fight itself. Finally he went to Charley and said: "Charley, why can't these people lay off? I thought I traded part of my body for a clean conscience, but they keep on bothering me. A bunch of these older folks, these barroom quartets or what-you-call-'em, they got the whole war situation solved on one glass of beer, they size it all up, they keep arguing with me. All I want to do is stay around myself and think it over."

Charley said: "Why argue with them?"

Joe said: "You've broken a commandment, you've had the supreme thrill, you've killed somebody. It makes you restless, you get so you got to pick a fight."

He grew increasingly irritable. In the mill one day his foreman, who had some kind of inferiority complex about not having been to the war, told Joe he was spending too much time in the toilet.

Joe said: "I can't handle these little gadgets and gadgets. It makes my hand nervous. I have to have a smoke."

The foreman said something about not having to smoke all day, and Joe blew up and quit.

A couple of days later he moved out of his family's house into an unfurnished room. He said he didn't want to sponge any longer. He also said: "I don't like this neighborhood, too many trucks and buses, it's just like before an action, they're all going somewhere, you never know where but they're all going like hell. You can't sleep."

Joe's family loaned him an iron bed. He found it just as hard to sleep in the bare room as it had been at home. One night he would lie awake reliving his experiences, the next night he would do the same thing, only imagining himself more heroic than he had actually been: he would save his battalion, he would capture slews of Germans, he would end up walking the floor and smoking.

It was at this period that Joe joined both the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans. Joe took comfort from the meetings, where members talked over all the problems of returned soldiers.

Mary was Joe's greatest help

But all through his unhappy days, Mary was Joe's greatest support. She went walking with him every evening; they must have walked a hundred miles in those days. She sided with him in almost everything he did. She kept saying he ought to go into business for himself. He asked how she expected him to do that, when he had no money and was no use.

She urged him at least to go and inquire about the bakery. Joe went to Seraviglia's cousins and they said the bank owned the bakery now. Joe went to the bank and they told him there that the bakery was for sale, but there was a \$4,900 mortgage on it. Joe told Mary it was hopeless. She said to take a job—but not to forget that someday he would be his own boss.

He took a job as a clerk in a local grocery store, Maturo Brothers. It was hard on his feet and all the reaching with his right arm made his stump hurt. He quit after three days. He signed on with John B. North, riggers and haulers, supposedly doing desk work in the office. On the fourth day the company fell short-handed and Mr. North asked Joe if he'd mind riding out on a job. The job involved moving an upright piano down some porch steps. That was no work for a one-armed man; Joe quit on the spot. He took a job with Moley, the line contractor, as a lineman's assistant. He understood he would merely be handling tools and cutting and unreeling wire, and he thought he would enjoy the outdoor work. But they made him help set up poles, lifting and tugging at the heavy logs, propping them into deep holes. He quit there, too.

The night after he quit Moley's he went out with Mary. He talked about his jobs. He said: "Is this what we laid in slit trenches for? Is this what we stood those bullets for? I'm going around talking to myself, Mary, I tell myself everything's going to be okay, then I get the real picture, I can't do much at all, there's no hope for me here in this valley."

Mary said: "It's not that bad."

Joe said: "I tell you how bad it is: sometimes I think I'd rather be out there fighting again, that's how bad."

Mary asked: "What seems to be the trouble, Joe?"

"It's a lot of things," Joe said. "One thing, out there a man is proud, he's in the best damn unit in the whole United Nations, he's got buddies who would gladly die for him, he's got something to do all day, a routine. He's got responsibility. If he flops, somebody's going to die. Back here, I'm not busy, I got no buddies, nobody's interested in giving me responsibility. I'm just burning up my days."

Mary said: "God doesn't punish people, Joe. People punish themselves. You got to do something about this."

Joe said: "You're a good girl, Mary, and there's nothing to keep a man on the track excepting a good girl."

Mary said: "Would you be fed up if I gave you some advice?"

Joe said: "I've took so much advice and orders for two years, I'm still in the habit."

Mary said: "Don't try to earn a million dollars the first job you take."

Joe said: "I don't care if King Solomon himself advised you along those lines. Out in the field you've heard all these stories about the gravy train back home, you get so you believe them."

Mary said: "Don't try to be a bank president, Joe. Don't try to earn a thousand bucks a week. Be satisfied with what's coming to you."

Joe thought a little, then said: "I guess you're right, Mary, I got thousand-buck ambitions and forty-five-buck ability."

"It's all right to have ambitions," Mary said, "and maybe when you have a chain of bakery shops you'll get a thousand a week."

Joe said: "That bakery again."

Mary said: "I just thought of something, Joe. Why don't you go see Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery?"

Joe said: "What would I say to him? What use he got for a guy who quit his mill?"

Mary said: "He likes you, Joey, maybe he could figure out some way for you to acquire the property."

After a couple days of getting up his courage, Joe did go to see Mr. Shaughnessy. He told Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery, how nice it looked from the outside. He spoke of the mortgage. He asked: "What can a man do to beat a mortgage?"

Mr. Shaughnessy was noncommittal. He said he'd think it over, and asked Joe to leave his address. Joe couldn't figure out whether Mr. Shaughnessy was still sore at him for having left the knitting mill. Joe was discouraged by the conversation.

Mr. Shaughnessy had a surprise for Joe

Four days later a messenger from the knitting mill came to Joe's room and told Joe to report to Mr. Shaughnessy's office. When Joe got there Mr. Shaughnessy had a lawyer with him. He told Joe to come with them, and they went out to Mr. Shaughnessy's Packard and drove off. Joe didn't know what it was all about.

Mr. Shaughnessy pulled up in front of the bakery. He and the lawyer and Joe got out. Mr. Shaughnessy went up and unlocked the door and motioned the others in.

Joe said: "How come you got the key to the bakery?"

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "It's yours, Joe."

Joe said: "You wouldn't pull my leg, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We got together a small syndicate of men here in Onteaga who have confidence in you, Joe. We've bought out the mortgage on the bakery and we want you to run it."

Then the lawyer went into a long song and dance about common stock, 40% for Joe, 60% for "the syndicate," a lot of stuff Joe didn't understand. All he could think about was that he wanted to tell Mary. He hurried off to tell her as soon as he could get away.

Mr. Shaughnessy had arranged to send Joe to a bakery in Binghamton to learn the trade. Joe spent three weeks there as an apprentice and then came back to be his own boss.

In those first days Joe Souczak was a proud baker. He worked like a slave. He loved the smell of the dough in the proofing box as the bread came up, and his one hand, growing strong now, soon became expert at knocking the gas off and rounding the loaves. He kept his oven at exactly 400°, he pinched off his loaves and scaled them at exactly 18 ounces. He reached the peel into the deep oven and scooped out the loaves like an old hand. He ruined some loaves, but they had told him in Binghamton that the only way to learn is to have a few bad batches. One day he left the salt out, and what his teachers said was true: "Bread without salt tastes like dirt." After that he always measured the salt into the dough mixer first of all the ingredients. Salt, then flour, then water, then yeast and enriching tablets in lukewarm water. The mixing, the rising, the rounding, the scaling, the proofing, the slitting, the baking, the cooling—it was all a daily rite, and Joe in his white baker's robe felt like some high-and-mighty priest of bread.

Mary came in every morning and helped for a while. She was just as proud as Joe. Joe could see her pride, and he knew it was about time to speak his mind to her. He still was not sure of his right to ask for her, but he was positive of the need and he certainly had the urge.

One night he borrowed the family car and took Mary to Charter's. They had a fine meal and quite a few drinks. Joe was not particular

about drinks; he would toss off anything that passed under his nose. The evening was fast and happy, and on the way home Joe stopped the car.

"I'm on the up-and-up," he said. "We taken in \$64.85 this week." He always said "we" when he talked with Mary about the bakery.

"That's wonderful, Joe."

"Of course," Joe said, "we're not going to have as much in our pocket while we're building up our stocks of ingredients and things as we would have."

"That doesn't matter, Joey."

"I got a pension coming," Joe said. "A 60% disability means \$60 a month, plus \$35 because I lost the arm. I'm grabbing the mustered-out pay: I'm expecting a check for \$300 any day from the Army. I'm doing fine."

Mary said: "You're doing very good, Joe."

Joe said: "You understand, I won't ever be rich. I'm too good-hearted, I could never get rich."

Mary said: "Who wants to be rich?"

He said: "I don't know how it is with you."

Mary said: "It's the same as it always was, Joe."

Joe paused. He pulled out a cigaret and said: "I'm great stuff for this smoking. I got started heavy on that invasion over there." He paused again.

Mary hurried in: "I want to marry you in spite of the arm, Joe. I like your strong right arm."

Joe was quiet for a long time. He just sat there. He wanted to cry. Finally he said: "How's June? June okay?"

She said: "June would be good, Joe. June would be very good."

For a couple of days Joe was wildly happy. He had now what Charley had said he needed: the right job and the right girl. Everything, he thought, was going to be hunky-dory. But then Joe found out that his serenity was neither permanent nor automatic.

It rained on the third day after he and Mary got engaged. On the way to the bakery, walking through the rain, Joe saw a new war poster in a store window. It was a lurid picture of death on a battlefield, with a young man pointing an accusing finger at passers-by. The young man looked like one of Joe's friends in Company G who had been killed. The poster shocked Joe. He felt a little dizzy as he went to the bakery. Joe forgot to put flour on the cloths in the proofing box, so when the bread came up it was all stuck to the cloth. The dampness crept into his stump and it began to ache; then his head did too.

Mary came into the bakery at about noon and found Joe slumped at the roll-top desk with his hand over his eyes. She said: "What's the matter, Joe?"

He looked up and said: "I thought everything was going to be good now that I was my own boss and I got you."

Mary said: "The only person who can help Joe Souczak is Joe Souczak."

Joe said: "Mary, I don't want to be a wreck, nobody wants to be a wreck from this war."

Mary said: "You're no wreck, you're going good, Joey, look at this bakery."

Joe said: "You're the only thing that keeps me going any good at all."

Then he thought about the war again. He frowned and said: "I got to concentrate on my business, therefore concentrating my mind and I'd rather forget a lot of these past incidents. That's the way I'd like to do if I could only do it. If I could only."

Joe leaned forward and put his hand back over his face. "If I could only," he said.

Mary said: "You can't do it overnight, Joe, you can't do everything all at once. It takes a little time to get happy."



As a baker, the discharged one-armed man spoils a few loaves at first, but later he is skilful, bakes rich, round loaves. His girl tells him: "I like your strong right arm."

JUNE

1945

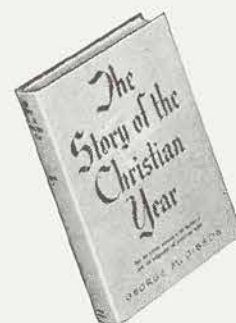
WORLD OUTLOOK

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MARIA'S BEING WED TO JOSEPH, by Raphael

From Three Lions



JUST PUBLISHED!

an extremely valuable book answering the rising interest in the cultural and spiritual values of the historic Church Year

by GEORGE
M. GIBSON

The Story of the Christian Year

Here is concrete and illuminating support for Protestant churches, especially those with evangelical leanings, to make the fullest and best use of the church calendar tradition. No formalist in religion, Dr. Gibson understands the ancient objections to ritualism but also the positive values of a planned ecclesiastical year.

He begins his fascinating account with the development of Christian festivals, through the American Colonial celebrations, showing how each new observance represents an expression of worship, as well as a sometimes useless addition to already cumbersome church tradition. Throughout, the book urges a rediscovery of the Christian Year as a fruitful means of grace to the individual, an aid to churchmen in long-range planning, and a contribution to Protestant unity. Through discriminating use, the classic heritage of the church calendar may be revitalized to provide greater beauty, variety, and reality to contemporary worship.

Much from the Jewish and pagan festivals was taken over by early Christians and recentered in the growing experiences of the Early Church. From this point, the book traces the development of holy days through the great movements of the Church in Europe and Asia, and finally in America, where even the Pilgrims, who hated all formalism and special observances, added to their number—giving us Thanksgiving Day. The newer celebrations from Colonial times up to the immediate present are also reviewed, with an appraisal of the prospect for the future.

The book closes with a detailed and modernized calendar of the Christian Year, giving suggestion and direction for those who wish to follow a well-balanced program, including all the cardinal aspects of the Christian faith. Scores of striking illustrations by the author add to the charm of the book.

\$2.50

The Author:

George M. Gibson was born and reared within the folds of Methodism. After serving Methodist pastorates in Texas for twelve years, he spent ten years in Congregational churches in Ohio and Missouri. He is now pastor of the United Church (Congregational and Presbyterian) of Hyde Park, Chicago.



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Letters

Life in a Japanese-American Center

• Greetings to you all from a barrack in the sage brush of eastern Oregon. This year for these I am grateful: A glass door in my living room flooding it with sunshine; house plants from friendly neighbors on book shelf and dresser; a chimney freed from soot; green slab wood toasting in the oven; two rockers from a second-hand dealer (after two years I tired of folding chairs); brown linoleum with waving palms on it covering the floor; little dark-haired children sitting on it building blocks; older brothers and sisters enjoying my easy chairs as they read the newspapers and magazines; and lastly, for a "ceiling." Have you ever built one? Have you stood on high stepladders and placed the two by fours? Have you stretched pink building paper over old packing boxes and then arranged them on the rafters? Only then can you appreciate the warmth that a ceiling gives to a barrack room.

The year has brought us joy. At Easter the "Boise Valley Community Church" came into being. It meets each Sunday morning in our Camp Recreation Hall. The Rev. Shaver and the Rev. Taro Goto alternate as preachers and I try to manage the rest of the activities. These busy men are circuit riders and can give only a few hours a week to this charge. The Sunday school, which meets each Sunday morning, attracts the Japanese children for miles around. The same is true of the Youth Fellowship and the Young Married Group. As in olden times, in these vast wastes, the church is the center for the community life. There is no other.

At ten-thirty on a Saturday evening, there came a knock at the door. Taka, home from college for the week end, wanted to discuss with me the Ten Commandments. As we talked until a late hour, I was happy to see her joy in her college Bible class. It was opening up to her whole fields of literature of which she had never been aware. She went home with my Abingdon Bible Commentary under her arm. Her Buddhist background was gradually changing. The following week three high-school girls brought to me questions about Bible study. In their literature classes they were discussing parables and versions of the Bible. With no previous Sunday school training, these students were wholly at a loss to know how to answer. It is a joy to share my library with eager students like these girls.

The year has brought us sadness. On one train recently thirty boys who had been a part of this little camp community left for Army camps. The Japanese-American boy, as a rule, cannot write in Japanese, and his mother can read no English nor can she write it. These letters tell me of a continuing faith in God despite the horrors of war. One family in camp has four sons in the American army, another has three sons. Almost every barrack home has a service banner in the window. The casualty lists now are heavy with Japanese names of those serving in the American

A CHINESE PSALM

By MA HSIEN-JUI •

My heart is a garden; Jehovah the Gardener.
He keeps me from drought; He gives living water.
He provides a hundred kinds of flowers through the four seasons;
He surrounds me with fragrance.
The abundant green grass gladdens my heart day by day.
Moreover, the Lord causes the trees of my garden to produce fruit;
Fruit for the days to come;
For future generations.

• This lovely psalm was sent to WORLD OUTLOOK by Miss Pansy Griffin, a Methodist missionary to China. Miss Griffin wrote: "This meditation was written in a garden, after the author had read the Twenty-Third Psalm. Ma Hsien-Jui was a junior high school girl, who later became a teacher."

army. Three memorial services were held in the Japanese Community of this area in one week. But the distinguished service these are rendering to our country is changing public opinion in their favor.

My camp neighbors are settling on farms at a distance from camp. Recently Mr. Shaver drove more than 125 miles in one afternoon to take me calling on a few families in my parish. On Thanksgiving Day one family drove fifty miles to attend the worship service in camp. Every Sunday another family drives eighteen miles to bring the children to Sunday school. They have to ferry a river too. Our nearest shopping center is sixteen miles away and my only means of transportation is my bicycle! My greatest need is for a car, that I may be a more efficient parish visitor.

Very sincerely,

AZALIA PEET

Adrian Farm Labor Supply Center
Nyssa, Oregon

A Letter From India

• The bearer has just brought the tea and toast and I sit down in my favorite chair and turn on the radio while I eat and make a few notes concerning the day.

The station wasn't clear—I usually listened to London, Berlin, and Moscow and got the various types of news. But I was a bit earlier that morning. So I twiddled the dial. Finally there came a very familiar strain—"Rock of Ages." I almost wondered if I was dead and had gone to heaven, but the toast in my mouth tasted like the usual scraped toast of India. No! I listened and my heart was stirred. Could it be from America? My own country! I had been so disappointed the few times that I had been able to hear America. Then it was always beer—and Hindus and Mohammedans would be shocked, to say nothing of our Indian Christians. Or, it would be that awful boogie woogie which was worse than the wailing drums of a funeral march.

Could it be my America? I was feeling so

happy. Suddenly in loud clear tones came this message: "You are listening to the voice of the Andes. This is Quito." The voice was U.S.A. English. But the most important thing was that the message was Christian.

I advertised this program in India. Many of our missionaries heard it and I got many Indian people who had radios interested to listen in.

I say, "Thank God for the Quito radio which can be heard so distinctly in India, and for the fine Christian message which it gives."

Why can't we have Christian messages from our radio in the U.S.A.? Why can't the Religion in the News be broadcast around the world? One of the leaders of the radio in Bombay is an Indian Christian. The best news our country has is the Christian message. Let's broadcast it!

GERTRUDE BECKER

Jubbulpore, India

Notes from an Executive Secretary

• Mrs. Dinorah Vital Brazil, head of the primary school of Colegio Bennett, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been honored by a grant from the State Department to enable her to visit the universities of Michigan, Harvard, and Columbia for the purpose of observing methods of teaching English. Mrs. Brazil has been studying at Scarritt College and Peabody Teachers College on a scholarship of the Woman's Division. She will visit these universities in March and April, and plans to return to Brazil in May.

The Henry Pfeiffer Administration Building of Colegio Americano, Porto Alegre, Brazil, is completed and the new school year will open there in March. A dormitory, auditorium, and gymnasium are still to be erected.

In Bennett Junior College, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the Presbyterian Church of Brazil is beginning co-operation by the establishing of scholarships for Presbyterian students. The first recipient is a Japanese girl, Miss Sono Yuasa, who graduated last year from Jose Manoel Conceicao School. She was born in Tokyo and brought to Brazil when a child.

Miss Jenny Lind of China and Miss Evelyn Wolfe of Japan flew from Miami on March 23 to take up missionary work in Brazil, having accepted temporary transfers until the Orient is again open. Miss Lind will teach in Colegio Americano, Porto Alegre, while Miss Wolfe goes to Colegio Piracicabano, Piracicaba.

ELIZABETH M. LEE

Freedom of Religion Continues in The Argentine Despite Attacks

• A few weeks ago the archbishop and bishops of the Catholic Church published a pastoral letter exhorting the faithful to be wary of the heretics, the Protestants. The attack was especially bitter against the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and the Salvation Army. Parents were forbidden to send their children to Protestant schools and Catholic teachers were warned against teaching in such schools.

If no more attention is paid to the warn-

ings this year than last, we shall have more pupils than ever. The Federation of Evangelical Churches replied to the attack and the letter was published in most of the leading newspapers while many outstanding Catholics expressed openly their disapproval of the attitude of their church leaders.

Sr. Sabanes, our minister, gave a lecture about the matter here at Central Church one evening and the church was jammed; folks even sat in the pulpit and many strangers sent gifts of money to help with the expense of printing the reply of the Federation. The 10,000 copies have already been sold and several thousands more are being printed.

Never has there been so much interest in what we really stand for. The Protestant groups, too, have joined forces as never before in the history of our work here and are working shoulder to shoulder. The prospects for advance are bright if we know how to take advantage of the open door.

KATHERINE DONAHUE
Rosario, Argentina

A New World Order

● A letter recently received by WORLD OUTLOOK reports that a recipe for a New World Order was given thus by Mrs. William H. Stewart, of the New York East Conference:

Countless young women
Countless young men
Dash of personality
Measure of leadership ability
Vital Christian experience
Desire for religious service
A degree of Bachelors from an accredited college
One or more years of specialized training
Some experience.

Take the first four ingredients (young women, young men, personality, leadership), combine with vital Christian experience and a desire for religious service. Add college and specialized training.

Let rise about 6 years. Separate into interest groups: educators, religious education workers, nurses, doctors, rural workers.

Blend carefully with experience; then settle generously among the peoples at home and abroad.

Stir well. Remove physical and mental suffering, selfishness, and misunderstanding. Let rise again.

Missionary Publishes Portuguese Text

"A notable event in mission annals in Brazil will be the publication in June of the first textbook on Home Economics in Portuguese. It was written by Miss Maud A. Mathis, missionary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, formerly a teacher of Home Economics at Bennett College, Rio de Janeiro. The book is being published by the Ministry of Agriculture of the Brazilian government and is registered with the National Library of Brazil."

ELIZABETH LEE
Secretary of Woman's Division of Christian Service Work in Latin America

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Cover, "Maria's Being Wed to Joseph," by Raphael
Natural color photograph of painting, from Three Lions

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A New Strategy in Rural Life

FOR many years America has had "the problem of the rural church." The town and country church became a "problem" because of a combination of circumstances. Prominent among these was the drift of the population to the cities, the rise of an industrial economy with a money basis which made agriculture unprofitable and impoverished many rural communities, the absence of an adequate leadership occasioned by the tendency to send the strongest preachers to city pulpits, and a growing inability of a progressive Church to win and hold the plain people.

The plight of many town and country churches has been desperate; many have been abandoned and more have required outside subsidies to keep their doors open.

This is of peculiar importance to Methodism, for it is a rural Church. Two-thirds of all American Methodists—5,000,000 of them—live in the towns and the open country; there also are 35,000 of the churches and 67 per cent of the pastors.

Methodism has not been conspicuously successful in the big cities. Although it leads all Protestant denominations in membership, among the fifty largest cities in the country it ranks first in only one, second in six, and third in twelve.

Anything, therefore, that affects the rural church is of very great importance to The Methodist Church.

A new rural strategy is being put in operation by the Home Division of the Board of Missions and Church Extension which seeks to meet certain difficult aspects of the problem of the town and country church. Its salient feature is the creation of a new order of lay missionaries, attached to the land as permanent citizens of the community, and giving much time to a religious ministry. These men will be commissioned missionaries of the Board, but will not be subject to appointment by the annual conference authorities; they cannot, therefore, be removed from the rural field.

These missionaries will live upon and operate farms acquired and held by the Division in locations where opportunities for Christian service are present. They will be real "dirt farmers," with a program of church work jointly developed in accordance with the needs of the field. They will be farmer-preachers, permanently residing in the com-

* This article may be secured free in leaflet form for distribution from the Joint Division of Education and Cultivation, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York. Further information about the rural missions may be secured from Dr. C. W. Lokey, Executive Secretary of the Section of Home Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.



Dr. C. W. Lokey, Executive Secretary of Home Missions, is responsible for the new strategy in rural life outlined in this article

munity and sharing all the duties and responsibilities as citizens.

Such missionaries will be guaranteed a base annual salary of \$1,200 in cash, plus "home, food, and fiber," or all home and family needs as produced on the farm. The \$1,200 will be derived from the cash crops produced and from the church or churches served by the missionaries.

If these sources do not produce the full amount the difference will be paid by the Home Division. All cash above the amount will be used to pay for the farms, establish additional farm units, and the other services of the missions.

In certain cases there may be two homes on the same mission farm. One of these will be occupied by an "intern," or associate serving under the direction of the lay missionary minister. The intern may be preparing for service as a commissioned rural missionary, or he may be a consecrated young Methodist farmer whom the Church desires to assist in securing a farm of his own. In the latter case, he would also be dedicated to Christian service in the community in which he finally settles.

It has been found that many young men, contemplating or already in training for the ministry, are much interested in this new form of Christian life service. Undoubtedly there will be a similar interest among persons now in preparation for or

serving as teachers of agriculture, county farm agents, and allied agricultural vocations.

The new missionaries will be trained men. An ideal preparation would include graduation from a school or department of agriculture and also a degree from a theological seminary. Both will not be required, however. The minimum educational qualification will be graduation in a course which includes a major in agriculture and certain courses in religion.

These men will constitute a new and special order of Methodist ministers, vitally related to but not members of the annual conferences. They will probably perfect their own organizations, with conferences or meetings for purposes of training, inspiration, and fellowship. There will be episcopal supervision, but the final authority for appointments will rest with the Home Division in close co-operation with Bishops and District Superintendents.

A committee composed of secretaries of the Divi-

sion of Home Missions and Church Extension, the Bishop, District Superintendent, and chairman of the Annual Conference Board of Missions and Church Extension, will supervise the purchase of land and equipment and co-operate in the work of the missions in the areas where they are established.

This plan represents a new departure in Protestant missionary procedure. It will solve certain hitherto insuperable difficulties in rural work.

It will provide the continuous leadership of an able man, whose training adjusts him to the tasks at hand. It will insure an adequate support. It will remove an attitude of mind that in effect depreciates or stigmatizes the country preacher. It will attach the worker to the community as an active participant in all its affairs. It will tend to bridge the psychological gap that sometimes exists between the educated preacher and the plain people of the countryside.

AGENTS--READERS

On and after September 1 all names for *WORLD OUTLOOK* subscription lists must be in by the FIRST OF THE MONTH if the subscribers are to receive the magazine for the FOLLOWING MONTH. For example: names of subscribers reaching us on September 1 will receive the October magazine.

Hitherto our deadline has been the 20th. The change is necessary because of our greatly enlarged list and labor and postal complications. Because we have tried to keep our lists open so long there have been many delivery difficulties. Many magazines require three months to add a name or change an address.

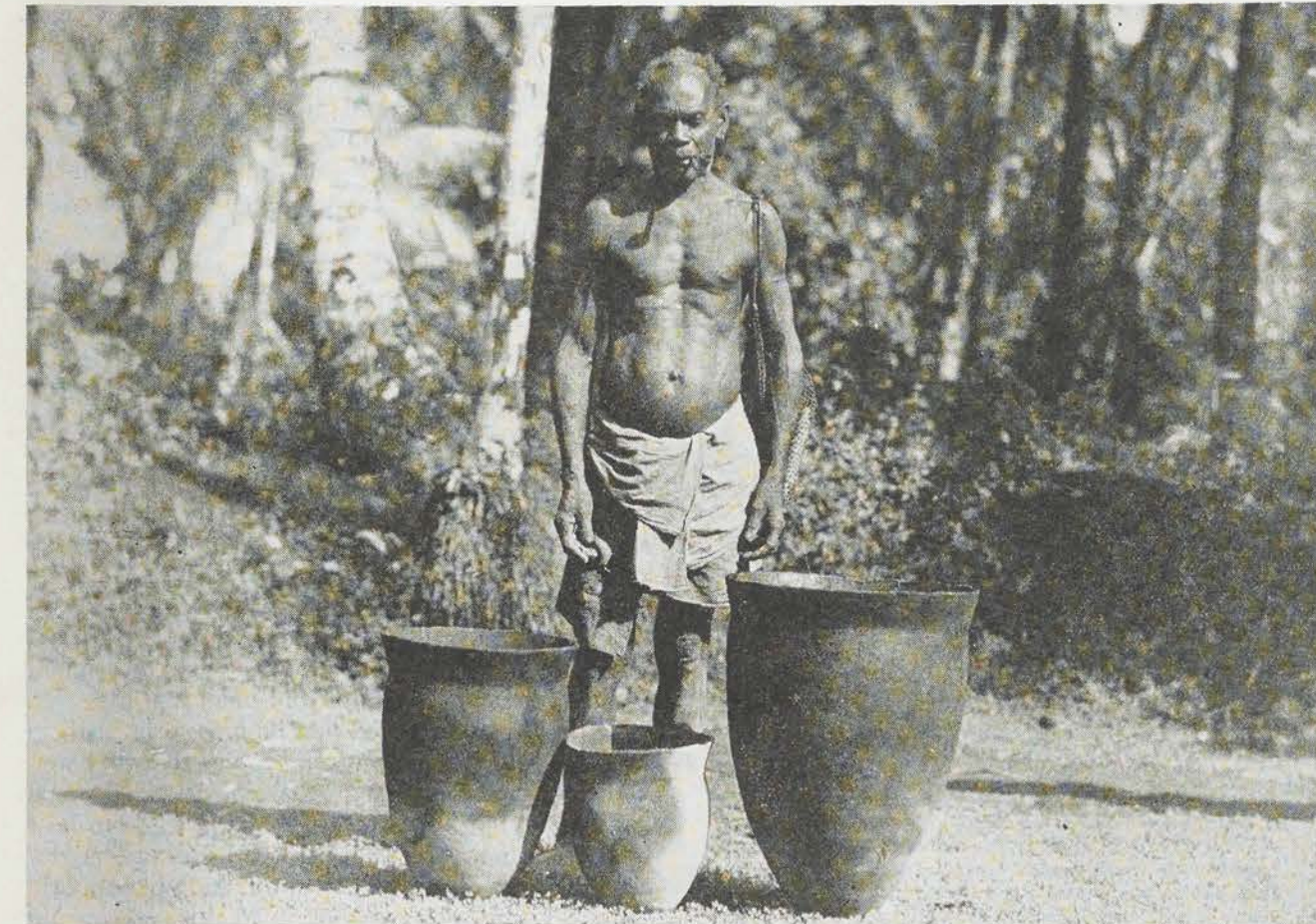
This new rule applies to *The Methodist Woman* as well as to *WORLD OUTLOOK*—to both joint and individual subscriptions.

It also applies to changes of addresses.

Please co-operate. Remember the date: September 1.

WORLD OUTLOOK
New York

The Methodist Woman
Cincinnati



Old man shown with cooking pots made by himself. These natives in southern Bougainville are among the only ones in this part of the world who manufacture pottery. Their pots, however, though quite large, are actually very inferior. They do not hold up under use. Not all people can make pots. A few men specialize in their manufacture and sell them for shell money which they in turn use to buy pigs. In these pots nearly all cooking is done

Oliver, from Three Lions

Methodist Missions in the South Pacific

By Rev. J. W. Burton *

II. NEW GUINEA, PAPUA, AND THE SOLOMONS

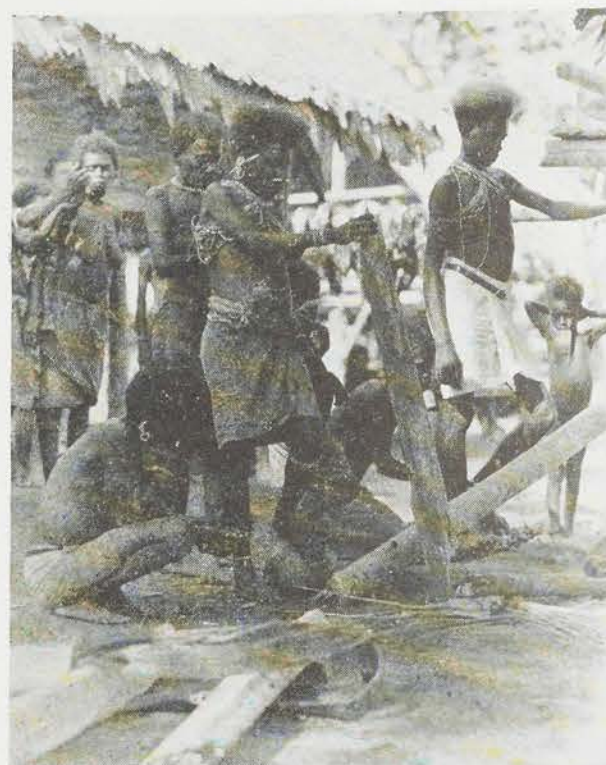
WHEN we turn from Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji in the east to New Guinea, Papua, and the Solomons in the west, we are confronted with entirely different conditions.

In the east there is a strong chiefly system which determines the social order and produces a characteristic culture pattern; in the west there is almost a total absence of hereditary chieftainship and the social structure is of a less integrated order. In the

east there are relatively large groups where the same language is spoken; in the west there are hundreds of languages and dialects, each spoken by only a few people. In the east village life is stabilized on a communal basis—excellent houses, large canoes, and extensive gardens are the work of the whole commune; in the west the village is a loose aggregation of inferior types of houses and there is relatively little co-operation among the people.

It seems safe to say that the people in the east have achieved greater intellectual success. In Tonga the Crown Prince has won the degrees of B.A. and

* This is the second of a series of three articles by Rev. J. W. Burton, General Secretary of the Overseas Missions of the Methodist Church of Australasia, Sydney, Australia.



Oliver, from Three Lions

The second episode in the marriage ceremony consists of having the bride and groom stand up by their house with one foot on a coconut while priestesses anoint them with coconut oil in which magic ingredients have been placed. This, too, serves to secure wealth and long life for the young couple. After this episode, the young couple will retire to the house and ritually eat a piece of pork; the marriage is thereby considered consecrated.

LL.B. at the Sydney University, and in Fiji a high Chief is a B.A. of Oxford and has been admitted to the bar.

It was in these western areas that the fury of war broke loose and caught up the "Fuzzy Wuzzies" in the awful maelstrom. Actual warfare did not take place in Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji—merely preparation for it—but in New Guinea, Papua, and the Solomons it raged viciously, and it is there that so many of your American lads lie buried. All our European missionaries were evacuated from our Papuan area, while sixteen of our Australian workers, including four women nurses, were captured by the Japanese in New Guinea. In these two large mission fields the native churches were left entirely to their own resources. The ravages of war have been great, and there is a stupendous task before our Mission Board to rehabilitate these stricken areas. The material damage has been extensive, but the moral and spiritual damage will be greater still.

Concerning what happened to our brown people in New Guinea when Japan overran their country we are without knowledge. Let us add, however, that our native churches, in spite of all the upset and demoralization caused by war, have been carried on by their local leaders, inspired and encouraged by our Tongan, Samoan, and Fijian workers

who were not evacuated. In 1874, the Rev. George Brown, who had been for many years a missionary in Samoa, commenced a mission in the New Britain group, an archipelago off the coast of New Guinea. He felt it important that the infant churches of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji should have a share in this adventure, and men and women volunteered in embarrassing numbers.

When he visited the Pastor Training Institute at Navulua in Fiji, the group had just passed through an epidemic which carried off a quarter of the population, and the time seemed inopportune. He told the students of the conditions they would face—the ferocity of the people, the malarial climate; the dangers of the enterprise; and he warned them that many would never see their Fijian homes again. He asked them to go home, think and pray about it, consult their wives and friends, and come back the next day. Next morning every student volunteered to go. He selected six married and three single men.

Then the government intervened. Dr. Brown and the volunteers were summoned to Government House. The Administrator told them that they were now British subjects and that he must protect them. He then told them about the people—that they were cannibals and very fierce; that the islands were so unhealthy that almost everyone suffered from fever and ague; that food might be very scarce; that they would be left alone, without protection or support.

The Fijians listened quietly to this account and then replied through their spokesman, Aminio Bale: "We wish to inform your Honour that this is no new thing to us. Mr. Brown told us all about the character of the people, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the dangers we will encounter. No one appointed us to go. We were free to go, or free to remain, and no disgrace would be incurred by us if we decided to remain in Fiji. After consultation we decided to volunteer, and, sir, we are very thankful to God that we have been selected for this great work, and our comrades at Navulua are sad at heart today that they are not able to go with us."

And then, in unforgettable words he added: "We wish also to thank your Excellency for telling us that we are British subjects, and that you take such an interest in us, and that if we wish to remain you will take care that we are not taken from our homes in Fiji. But, sir, we have fully considered this matter in our hearts; no one has pressed us in any way; we have given ourselves up to God's work, and our mind today, sir, is to go with Mr. Brown. If we die, we die; if we live, we live."

Most of them died.

The early days in New Guinea were days of privation, suffering, and death, but the little band, reinforced from time to time, held on. The work grew, and in 1925 the writer attended the Jubilee of the New Guinea Methodist Church and on the spot where Dr. Brown and his party landed fifty years before among cannibals; 2,000 people assem-

bled on the beach and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. From that time the New Guinea District has been entirely responsible for all its own work, the Mission Board supplying only the salaries and allowances of the European staff.

From 1885 to 1914 the New Guinea people had been under German rule, then they were passed over to Australia, and since 1942 they have been in Japanese hands; but all reports tell of faithfulness and loyalty to their church.

The work in Papua (southeast New Guinea) was commenced in 1872 by the London Missionary Society, followed in 1891 by the Methodists and Anglicans. By an arrangement with the three Protestant Societies, there is no overlapping in Papua, but "spheres of influence" are marked off. The Roman Church, however, does not recognize any limitations and holds itself free to enter any part of the territory. The Methodist work was begun at the instigation of Dr. Brown, and the party of Australian, Tongan, Samoan, and Fijians was led by the Rev. William Bromilow. Papuan Methodism has recently celebrated its jubilee, and practically all our Methodist area is evangelized.

When our missionaries were evacuated in 1942 there was much wonder how the young Church would meet the situation, but there was no need for fear; the same spirit that inspired the much-advertised Fuzzy Wuzzies who won fame on the Kokoda Trail was in our Church leaders. There have been defections, of course, but by and large the Papuan Church has stood firm and met the unseen with a cheer. It has even extended its work in some places; and ruthless war, that has destroyed its villages and disorganized its life, has not been able to disrupt the Church or silence its Christian witness.

The young men of the villages have been conscripted as laborers, stretcher-bearers, carriers, and soldiers; but the older men and women have maintained the Church life. We have three Tongan ministers there, David Mone, Isikeli Hau'ofa, and Jonathan Meleke, who deserve the thanks of the whole Church for their loyalty and devoted ability. During the last few months ten of our European workers have been allowed to return, and great is the rejoicing of the Papuan Church.

The third area to be occupied by our Methodist Church of Australia was part of the Solomon Islands. Again Dr. Brown was the moving spirit and organizer. In 1902 a mission party was equipped and was led by the Rev. J. F. Goldie. After forty-three years of service Mr. Goldie has gone back to the Solomons to pick up the scattered pieces and to rally his people. In 1922 this Solomon Islands Mission was handed over to the New Zealand Methodist Church which at that time separated from the General Conference of Australasia. The work has been most successful and a strong self-dependent Church is being formed.

The following statistics will give some idea of the

JUNE 1945



Three Lions

Christian natives of Dutch New Guinea

strength of our Methodist Church in these three fields:

	Churches	National Workers	Members	Adherents
New Guinea	416	276	13,424	47,699
Papua	188	102	7,166	41,546
Solomons	212	284	5,847	17,567
	816	662	26,437	106,752

If we add to these figures those of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji we have 1,688 churches, 1,872 national workers, 68,560 members, and 231,460 adherents.

We have almost completed the evangelization of our Methodist areas in the South Pacific. There is much to be done in building up the people in their faith, and a difficult task remains in the winning of 100,000 Indians in Fiji; but we feel that we must offer another generation the adventure and inspiration of a pioneer field, hence we are seeking new areas where the good news has not yet been proclaimed. We hope that with the ending of the war there will be a release of men and women, of money and of materials, and that then we shall be able to accept a new challenge and a new opportunity in the wide Pacific.

(To be continued)

Map of Africa

For classes using the current mission study book on Africa the Joint Division of Education and Cultivation has prepared a simple map of Africa showing all Methodist fields, main stations, and membership statistics. Send 25 cents for a copy to the Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



A chapel in the South Pacific

Chaplains Go Everywhere

By Emily Towe *

THE story of Methodist Chaplains in this war goes to the front lines, as valiant men of God lean over the dying with communion, rescue the wounded in the midst of fire, and lead services anywhere that G.I. soldiers hang their helmets.

The Chaplains are right in there with the men. Before the hour of attack, they conduct worship services aboard ship and at the foxhole line. Until recently these men had the third highest rate of fatalities, and now their deaths as related to the number in service are as high as any in the line forces.

Wherever men are in combat, the Methodist Chaplain is on hand with his communion box. His path has been so hazardous that one of the most persistent tasks of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains is to supply new communion sets to replace those lost at the front.

Sometimes after the battle is over, civilians of war-torn countries gather on the outskirts of the field, listening reverently as the Chaplain murmurs rites over survivors. Not long ago a Methodist Chaplain administered communion after a battle in Italy and then looked out on homeless Italians who had been spectators of the scene. Though most of these

people knew not a word of English, they clustered around for communion, too, knowing that only God could help them in their sorrow.

The services of Methodist Chaplains have been so praiseworthy that many have received decorations. For "complete bravery and devotion to his country as well as to his God," Chaplain William H. Dickinson, Jr., of Grapeland, Texas, received the Legion of Merit. For "gallantry in action in Italy," Chaplain Allen L. Johnson, of Mississippi, received the Silver Star medal. These are but two illustrations of the many awards that have gone to Methodists in this war.

The Methodist Commission on Chaplains, with headquarters in Washington, reported that approximately 1,560 Methodist chaplains were serving in all branches of the armed forces as of March 1. Additional Chaplains are indorsed each month by the Commission but many more are still needed, according to D. Stewart Patterson, Executive Secretary of the Commission.

The wide scope of a Chaplain's duties in a battle area could best be described in a letter received in the Commission's office from Chaplain Dwight M. Burkam, of Dayton, Ohio. He said he had fulfilled in India the tasks of bearing litters of wounded,



A Chaplain reads to his kneeling airmen as they prepare to take off

AAF Photo, Army Air Field, Millville, N. J.

nursing, serving as a mess sergeant on occasions, digging graves, registering bodies and personal effects, designing cemeteries, and ministering to the spirits of men yearning for God.

The dramatic story of taking Christ to fighting men is told in numerous letters received at Commission headquarters from chaplains in the field. It is a picture of battle begrimed men kneeling reverently when the mutter of guns has ceased . . . soldiers huddled in their foxholes as the chaplain passes from one group to another with his words from God . . . daily air raids with men crawling into shelter for prayer . . . services in barns, fields, tents, gun-positions, wrecked buildings, schools, churches, and even in deserted barrooms.

Captain Fred R. Edgar, of McKinney, Texas, reported from Italy that he had sometimes conducted services so close to the front lines that "we could not sing hymns for fear of being heard by the enemy. My services have been interrupted, temporarily delayed, or disrupted by air raids, enemy shells, falling planes, and ack-ack from our own guns. I have had many a close call but God has always been with me."

Chaplain John K. Whealdon, of La Grange, Kentucky, wrote: "I had had the unusual and rather tragic experience of having two chapels knocked out by enemy action. I was in the first one but escaped with only a few scratches from brick and mortar. I can say that it has been exciting to help men find

Christ. Some people may smile at foxhole religion but my observation is that many of these men, facing grim realities for the first time, do sincerely and honestly come to some great decisions and adjustments, and these endure."

The extent to which Chaplains travel with their messages is well illustrated by the story of Captain Milton B. Crist, of Thurmont, Maryland, stationed with a Ninth Air Force Tactical Air Command Unit somewhere in Holland.

On one Sunday, he conducted services in three different countries—Belgium, Holland, and Germany. He wrote: "Church for the American soldiers in the liberated countries is where they hang their tin hats. Beginning at 8 o'clock in the morning, I led services for a unit stationed at a school in Belgium. Then I moved on to a resort hotel in Holland for an early afternoon sermon. Then I wound up the day with services in a requisitioned German home in the heart of the Siegfried Line." The Chaplain provided music for his services as his jeep driver lugged along a portable organ in the back seat of their vehicle.

Chaplain Robert A. Uphoff, of West Salem, Ohio, related this story from the Solomon Islands:

"Three of my men were helping another soldier with his lay service in an artillery unit located some distance from ours. It was impossible for a Chaplain to lead, but every help was given in the way of hymnals, Testaments, and other devotional aids.

* Emily Towe is a special correspondent for WORLD OUTLOOK and a staff reporter for the Washington (D.C.) Post.



In a jungle bivouac area, Chaplain (Capt.) Winton Halstead, of Rochester, N. Y., conducts services for American infantrymen moving into Burma with the invading Mars Task Force

As they returned from the service, they met a small party of natives. One of them understood some English and was interested in the conversation of the three soldiers.

"Are you Christians?" he asked in broken English. "Yes, we are!" responded the men in khaki.

"I'm a Christian, too," the native said proudly as he reached into his ditty bag. He pulled out a worn Bible. The Americans questioned the native.

The man explained that he had been born on the near-by island of Mailita, the second son of a tribal chief. He had lived as a boy in a village on the shores of a blue lagoon. As soon as he was old enough, he had been sent by his father to Guadalcanal to work on a coconut plantation. There he had met his first missionary.

In a few years he had freed himself of the working contract that his father had made with the plantation owner. He set his face north to go to a Methodist mission school. There he learned to read and write English. His soul was stirred by the message of Christ. He was converted and baptized. He then began theological studies in preparation for ordination as a native minister. Then he went back to his people with the Gospel of God.

Pointing to the channel which separates Guadalcanal from Mailita, he said, "I start across that water in my native canoe. When I am in the middle a great storm comes up. My canoe is beaten by the waves. It sinks and I am left alone to struggle in the angry sea. As I fight for life, I see an American rubber

raft. I make my way to it and get on, I am safe now but drift aimlessly between the islands. There is no direction to my raft. It simply goes where the wind and current take it. Then I make a wonderful discovery. In the bottom of the raft is a paddle. Now I can give direction to my raft. I can go against the wind and reach shore. I am safe."

The native paused and then gave this explanation for his story: "The canoe was the religion of my father. It could not stand up in the storms of life. The rubber raft was faith in Jesus Christ. But even that was without full meaning until I had found the paddle of works to give my faith direction. Living Christianity in my daily life for the people around me was the final guide or the paddle for the raft."

The Methodist Commission on Chaplains released a report last year showing that Methodist Chaplains conducted a total of 70,658 services on remote battle fields and in the United States for men of the armed forces. Preaching attendance reached an estimated 5,897,524. During this period 741,036 service men received communion and 207,388 attended Bible classes. Personal interviews were conducted by Chaplains with 1,008,345 men.

But the story of Methodist Chaplains is not told by figures. It is grasped by the expression of a dying soldier who asks about God as the Chaplain seeks him out on the battle field. It is revealed by the simplicity of candles burning on an improvised communion table, a Chaplain giving his life for his friends and his God.

They Love Us in Santa Cruz

By C. K. Vliet *

IN recent months active propaganda has been carried on to convince Americans that Protestants are not welcomed in Latin America. That is not the case in Santa Cruz del Sur, in Cuba—or anywhere else for that matter.

About fifteen years ago a tropical hurricane utterly destroyed this little town located nearly five hundred miles east of Havana on the Caribbean Sea. At that time the Methodists were conducting occasional services in a little storeroom, but they had no church. After the storm the citizens rebuilt the town and the Roman Catholics rebuilt their church, but the Methodists did not return.

Then one day it was discovered that the work done by the Methodist preachers survived in the hearts of some of the people, and recently the work was reopened. A beautiful little church was erected, with money given especially for the purpose. It is not yet completed, but regular services are being held and a school has been organized.

Recently the district conference met in the new church at Santa Cruz del Sur. One of our missionaries has written about the occasion as follows:

"The building was jammed and people were in the windows. The former mayor, one of the judges, and representative business men were there to hear the message along with the common people. I could hardly imagine who or where I was as I heard the congregation sing. That one service was worth all that we have done there in the contributions for salary and buildings. I wished the several contributors could have been present.

"The people did something very unusual.

* Dr. Vliet is Secretary of Financial Promotion for the Board of Missions and Church Extension. Write to him about a missionary special like Santa Cruz del Sur.



Dr. C. K. Vliet

Heretofore all conference delegates were required to pay their own expenses, but the people at Santa Cruz said they would pay all expenses of the delegates. At our school a group of young men and women set up a kitchen and dining room and dormitories for men and women.

Then one of the hotels promised to take about ten delegates. Imagine my surprise at the close of the conference on asking for my bill to be told 'everything is free; we are delighted to have had you and your whole family!'

"One day was a national holi-

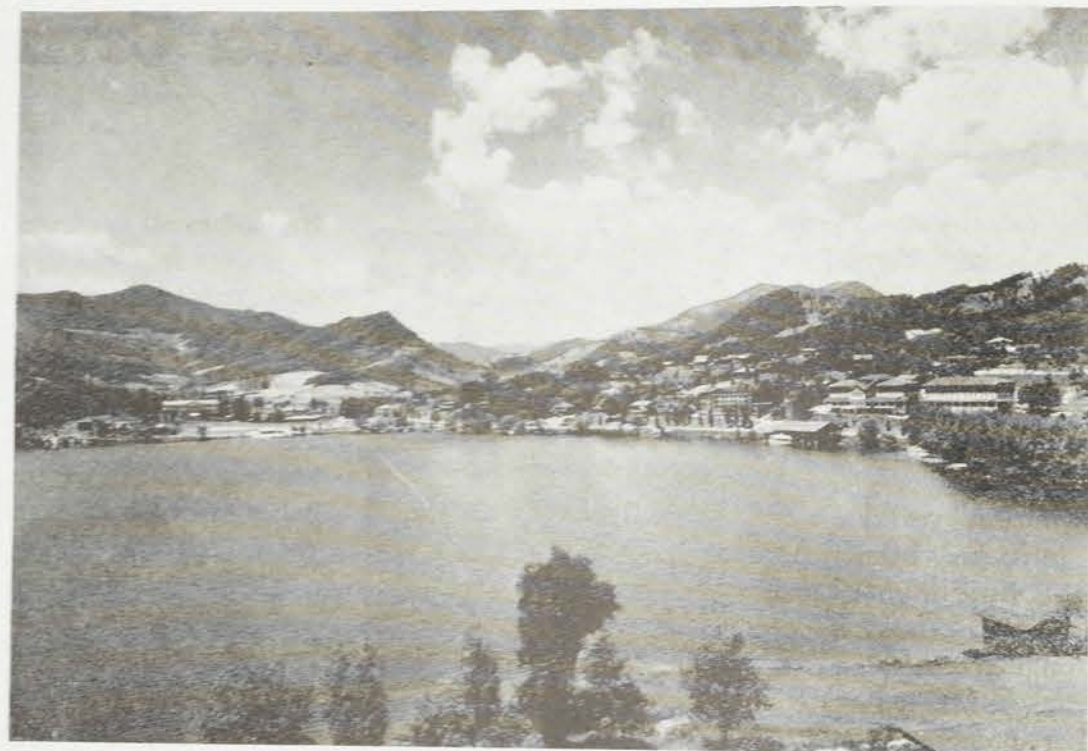
day. The mayor asked us to take charge of a special program at the city hall. The city band marched with our school band and our preachers presided and gave the address. There was no apology whatsoever that Evangelical (Protestant) preachers were in charge.

"Several business men contributed food and beds for the use of the delegates. One of them said, 'It is a privilege, for you have done so much for us.' One man held two sacks of flour for a month (flour is very scarce), saying that his customers must wait because the delegates must have the best. Surely God has done wondrous things here."

This not only indicates that many Cuban people welcome the evangelical Gospel and honor those who preach it, but it illustrates what returns accrue to those who "go the second mile."

The story of Santa Cruz del Sur is the story of a missionary special. No World Service funds, and no funds from the regular appropriations of the Board of Missions and Church Extension have ever been used there.

The church was built and the pastor paid by American friends. In this and in all other foreign fields there are needs which can be met only by specials.



Lake Junaluska in "The Land of the Sky"

Lake Junaluska Recreation Center of the Methodist Church

In conformity with emergency war-time restrictions the Lake Junaluska Assembly will carry out appropriate daily programs of recreation and inspiration for all residents and visitors. All the hotels and boarding houses will receive guests.

During the summer various aspects of the work of The Methodist Church will be emphasized for the benefit of persons who desire to arrange their vacation periods accordingly. Details of the program will be announced from time to time in the Church papers.

There will be no promotion by publicity to draw crowds. All residents and visitors to Lake Junaluska this summer may be assured of the cordial welcome, comfortable accommodations, pleasant associations, and helpful programs that have heretofore characterized the fundamental objectives of the Assembly.

F. S. Love, Superintendent

LAKE JUNALUSKA, N. C.

Costa Rica and Panama

By James V. Reid *

THERE are certain facts we have to face up to and conditions to be acknowledged in our missionary work which are not always the most encouraging or satisfactory. One fact which must definitely be acknowledged is that the spirit of evangelism in Costa Rica and Panama has been at low ebb in recent years. In Panama especially educational accomplishment has far outrun spiritual achievement.

But there is a ray of hope on the horizon. Under the leadership of Rev. Robert Eaker as Superintendent over this area there is an awakening of interest and activity in the realm of definite evangelism. Mr. and Mrs. Eaker, graduates of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, have some well defined convictions relative to the spiritual experience necessary to successful Christian life, and are fervently working to see those convictions materialize into greater spiritual achievement in these fields.

This new hope is augmented also by the efficient activities of Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Kesselring who are injecting a spiritual emphasis into the new educational work being carried on in the central plant in San Jose. In Panama City, under the name of Methodist, there has been built up a great commercial school which has challenged the attention of the business firms of that city; its graduates are in great demand. The work of the church housed in the same building has marked time. But in the past year under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Smith the school is being given some vitamins of spiritual influence which should place it more definitely in the category of a Methodist missionary project. With the recent arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fisk to take over the pastorate of the church the future bids fair to see a spiritual reviving which will result in an outreaching evangelism worthy the name Methodist.

The possibilities for expansion in these two countries are limitless, and it seems nothing short of tragic that Methodism has occupied these fields for some thirty odd years with so little to show for the investment. But after a recent visit, seeing the work in the cities, and traveling through remote districts I have been gripped with the new spirit of conquest

* Mr. Reid is a Methodist lay evangelist who lives at Fort Worth, Texas.



James V. Reid

which is apparent among the workers.

By way of introduction to one of the most challenging sections of Costa Rica where our church is at work, perhaps you would like to get your map and locate the town of Golfito on Golfo Dulce (Sweet Gulf), near the southern tip of the country on the Pacific side. This is the headquarters town for the United Fruit Company controlling thousands of acres of banana farms around the Gulf. In that area works the Costa Rican pastor-evangelist, Enrique Lustman, with preaching points in the towns and through the settlements of workers located on the large banana plantations.

Emptying into another gulf to the northwest of Golfo Dulce is Rio Sierpe (Serpent River). On that river near the gulf is a little Methodist chapel accessible to hundreds of families living on their little farms along the river and back into the jungle. This church has a membership of twenty in full connection and thirty-six on probation. Most of these travel to the services in their "cayucas," hollow-log canoes.

To the north of Rio Sierpe in the middle of that narrow stretch of country is Palmar, the terminal of the United Fruit Company's banana railroad. To the west of it on the coast is Puerto Cortes. Within the area thus bounded, known as the Rio Sierpe region, at one time existed a strange mixture of humanity living in indescribable condition. It was a territory to which Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama sent confirmed criminals into banishment, and to which fugitives fled from the various countries. It was a melting-pot containing hell's brew. In more recent years with the incoming of planters and prospectors this has been quite modified.

This is all territory being worked by the one pastor-evangelist, a task far too great for only one man. Pastor Lustman is a young man with vision, indefatigable in service, with a passion for souls. In order to reach his preaching points for all too infrequent services he has to travel by United Fruit Company motor car, truck, canoe, and afoot.

There are thousands of souls in that remote tip of Costa Rica. What a need there is right now for a consecrated young American couple to enter that field. One of Superintendent Eaker's greatest dreams is to enlarge the river chapel and then on an adjoin-



One of several Sunday school groups on Rio Sierpe (Snake River), Pacific Coast jungle country of Costa Rica



Typical family of the Methodist constituency in Pacific Coast jungle country of Costa Rica in Central America

ing lot build a large mission compound which would include living quarters for a Costa Rican couple, classrooms, dining room, and dormitories for at least fifty children to be taken into a boarding school. There might also be included a small clinic. With such an equipment this area could be typed for true evangelical Christianity for generations to come. With volunteer native labor this compound could be built for approximately \$1,500.

The United Fruit Company already has under way a huge expansion project which will bring hundreds of new families into this region. On a general average these people are good farmers and could grow sufficient foodstuffs to supply the boarding school. Then it would be expected that the Board of Missions would appropriate funds to supplement the nationals' efforts.

Out of the ten trips through Latin American countries the visit to this territory in Costa Rica has been one of the greatest thrills I have experienced. Mr. Eaker and I flew from San Jose to Golfito. In visiting much of the area mentioned above and exploring other sections for possible openings we traveled by motor car, truck, tractor, launch, canoes, by horse, and afoot. There were many miles traversed on foot through virgin jungle trails.

In closing may I quote a few notes from my diary:

February 10th. At this writing I am sitting on a log on the bank of a bayou in the heart of a jungle. Our boatman and guide has just deposited me here while he returns up river to bring Mr. Eaker and the pastor. We couldn't all get into the canoe at once. The majestic silence here is broken only by the song of insects and the hoot of an owl.

We are on our way to visit a hut where the people have asked for a service in a section where the Gospel has not been preached. The man of the hut sent word to the pastor asking him to come, having heard through another man far

up the river about the Gospel. It is 9 A.M. and we have a long way to go yet on foot.

Last night we held a service in a hut on one of the banana plantations where the pastor has regular appointments. There were about thirty people in and around the little room which was dimly lighted by a smoking kerosene lamp and two little flames from wicks stuck in bottles of oil. I gave a simple message on John 3:16, translated by Mr. Eaker. God's presence was evident. Four declared themselves as eager to accept Christ. The names were taken and the pastor will further teach them.

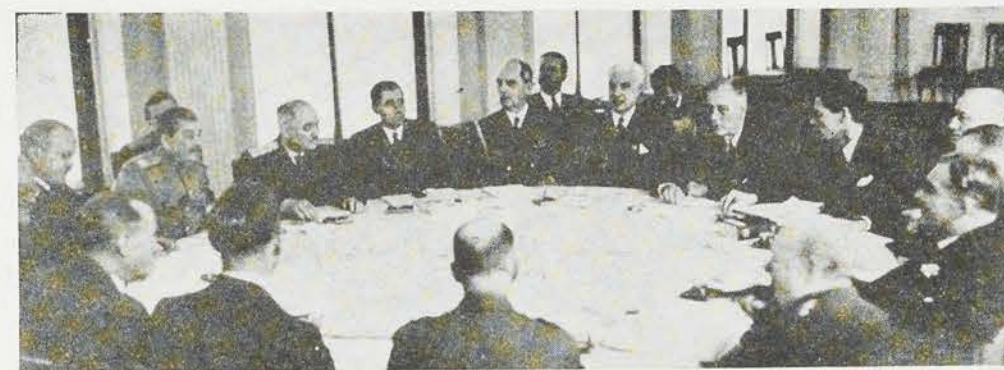
The long trek through the jungle and down the river is now over. I hope something of that story can be told in the motion pictures I shall bring back. The jungle is inhabited by a variety of wild animals and snakes. We heard the barking of baboons, but all we were privileged to see was a huge black and brown snake estimated to be about twelve feet long, slithering up the opposite side of a little ravine near where we were walking.

There were ten people besides our own party in the little hut service. Perhaps it was a long hazardous trip for one service, but what it will mean to that family and community only God will ever know. They all expressed themselves as desiring to know and accept Christ. By having this service they thus declared themselves before the river dwellers as taking a definite stand for evangelical religion. They will now get into their cayucas, go down the river to the little chapel, make a public confession, and be baptized.

It is good to be out of the jungle again. We are now sitting under a shed in the edge of a large banana plantation waiting for the little gasoline motor car to take us back to the Company Headquarters town of Golfito.

The story of our adventures across the Gulf, up another river, through jungle afoot, and by horse across the Panamanian border to the town of David (pronounced "Dah-veed") would make another chapter. As we departed from the Gulf area Mr. Eaker remarked, "Millions of dollars for bananas and so little for the Gospel." Methodism was never richer in worldly goods. Why cannot some of it be invested in souls in such a region as this?

A new edition of our folder on DUMBARTON OAKS, revised after the San Francisco Conference, will be available to meet the heavy demand. Write to the Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.



Meeting at Yalta where final discussions before the San Francisco Conference took place. Note the table is round so that no head of government will be head of the table

On the Eve of April 25th

By Dorothy McConnell

AS I write, the San Francisco Conference has not yet opened. Cartons of books stand in the official hotels. Navy trucks seem to be moving whole libraries into the Veterans' Building—headquarters of the Conference. Navy boys stand at the doors of the hotels, sitting on steps or on walls looking off over the bay.

"Here for security reasons," someone says. The boys shift, look at us, grin, and then continue to look off over the bay.

The atmosphere is informal, free, careless with the easy carelessness found only in a democracy. Officials hustle about; camera men pop up from nowhere with their flashlight bulbs going off regularly.

At the ferry, bringing in delegates from the Oakland side of the bay, soldiers and sailors stand at ease—and such ease—waiting until some delegation arrives. Then they snap to, march sharply off to the delegation—and salute briskly. A taxi driver affixes a big sign on himself, written in some strange hieroglyphics. "What's the sign?" asks a passerby.

"Persian spoken here," he says. "King of Persia coming in."

The delegation arrives. It is from Canada.

"Gosh," says the taxi driver. "I thought it was Persia."

Underneath the gaiety and the general air of bustle is a very serious note. The first topic on everyone's lips is Russia and its concern with Poland. No agreement has been reached as yet. Crowds hang around the St. Francis Hotel where the Russian delegation occupies the tenth floor. Molotov has not yet arrived. The Russians hold no communication with anyone.

"We do not speak English," they explain politely, and keep to themselves.

Occasionally, some of the younger Russians go out for a walk. Last night we watched them. As they

marched smartly through the lobby of the hotel an old woman came up to one of them and touched him on the arm.

"Hello!" she said softly.

He smiled, bowed, and went off with his comrades.

It was as if she sensed that here was a force which might have influence on her own life or the lives of her grandchildren.

Off they went in their bloused uniforms, clicking along in their high boots, stopping as American sailors do at the street corners to decide what they were going to do and setting off, again as American sailors do, for Chinatown.

What is the Polish issue?

On the face of it, it is whether the Lublin Polish Provisional government is to be given a place at the Conference.

In Yalta it was agreed that the Polish government should be recognized as the official government if the government were widened and broadened so that various political groups should be included in its body.

But before such a thing took place, Russia recognized it.

Russia is perhaps of all the governments most grimly determined that war shall not come over her borders again. There used to be an old Communist slogan that went "Keep our country out of war by keeping war out of the world."

That slogan seems, to an outsider, to be changed now to "Keep war out of the world by keeping all threat of war from Russia."

All pacts with Germany in the past to the contrary, Russia fears Fascism more than any other force in the world. And although her armies are now in Berlin, she fears that Fascism is not dead. She remembers the former Polish regime—good soldiers but some of the members not too far from



The city of San Francisco—host to the greatest international congress ever held among nations

Fascist philosophy. She is afraid to have a country at her borders that is not *her* country in sympathy. This is my opinion. It is not an official explanation. It is only by the establishing of confidence of the democratic powers in Russia—that they themselves will not let the other elements in Poland threaten the safety of Russia—that Russia will agree to a broader type of government in Poland. Call that power politics—it is. But it is aligned with the safety of the world.

Undoubtedly the broader type of government is better for the growth of democracy. Undoubtedly such a growth could be achieved if the great democracies used their power to see that it did.

But will they?

So Russia and the United States and Great Britain talk. And the Russia delegates go on solitary walks saying: "We have no comments. We do not speak English."

The second issue shadowing the Conference is the Bretton Woods agreements.

Technically they do not come up at the San Francisco Conference. Actually, they are of the very stuff which makes for world organization for peace.

The first part of the agreements seems to be generally accepted by the United States as nearly as anything can be accepted which has not yet been put to a vote.

That is that there should be a fund—contributed to by all the United Nations and administered by representatives from those nations in proportion to the amount of money put in—for the purpose of loans to any country wishing to develop its economic security by industrial development—building railroads or dams—or some such project in the country.

It is far more complex than that. That is the main plan.

The second part is one that has caused far more debate. That is the creation of a fund, administered in the same way as the first but by a different group

of administrators so that there will be no interlocking directorships, to be used to stabilize the currencies in the countries of the United Nations.

When one has watched the chaos in trade and in domestic economy by the fluctuation of currency one sees the extreme importance of this for the future peaceful organization of the world. Inflation can wreck the prestige of a government—civil war and the seeds of international war can grow quickly.

"But," say some, "wouldn't it be really the United States stabilizing the currencies of the world? Wouldn't the United States be a sucker?"

There is no room here to go into the safeguards that protect the United States from "being a sucker" in the Bretton Woods agreements. The danger is that the thought might take hold in the minds of men and women in America who devoutly want peace and yet have not grasped the idea that unstable currency *anywhere* affects us all. Also, there is a companion thought, that is that power carries responsibility. The United States is a powerful nation. It is, moreover, a democratic nation concerned with spreading democracy. It must carry itself in such a way that the nations have faith in its moral responsibility.

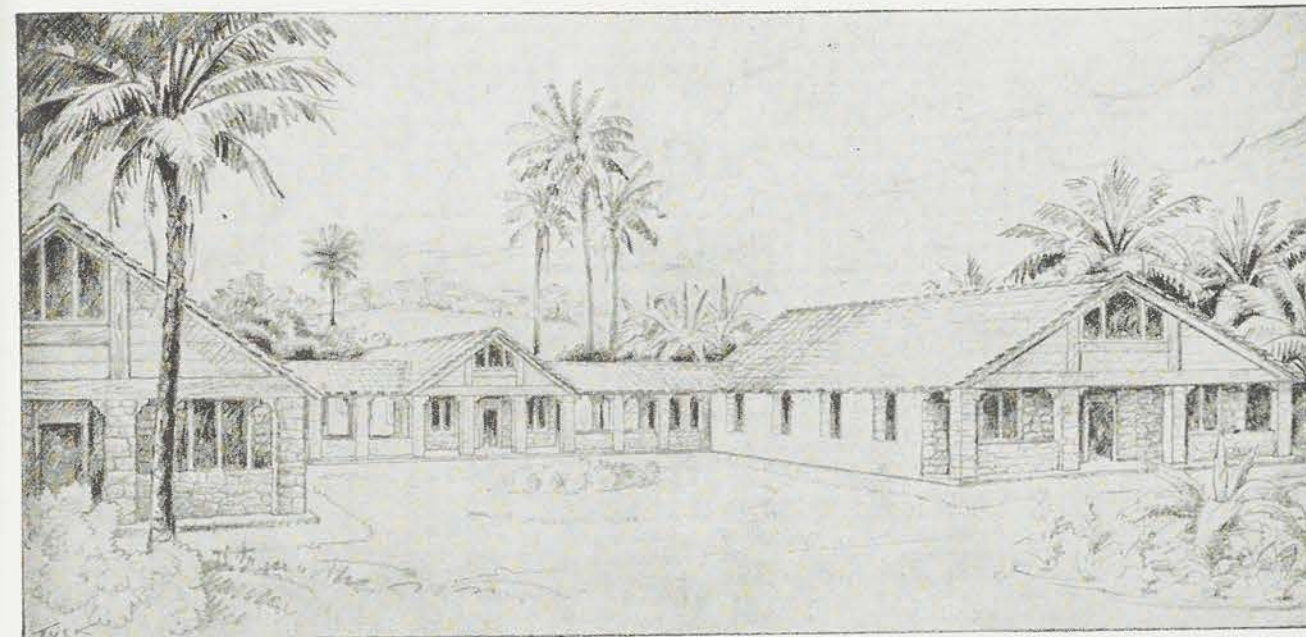
These two things today are the concern of the delegates—both tied to the same wish, the same fear. It is the wish for security—the fear of insecurity.

Russia is dramatic at this Conference, China and England play great roles. But it is to the United States the delegates are turning their eyes.

"What now?" they say.

The satisfactory acceptance of the Bretton Woods agreements would clear the air not only of the economic situation itself but also of the Polish question too.

This article has, of necessity, been written before events which have probably occurred by now. It may be of some interest, however, to see what the temper of the Conference was before events took place.



Proposed hospital to be erected at the Ganta Mission, Liberia, West Africa

Ganta in Liberia

IN 1923 Dr. T. S. Donohugh of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church was talking with the President of Liberia. The Methodist Church had long been active on the coast and Dr. Donohugh broached the subject of establishing a mission in the interior of the country. Knowing that contacts between the tribes and certain elements of Western culture had not always been satisfactory, and fearing that the President might offer objections to the proposed mission on that ground, Dr. Donohugh pointed out that the Ganta Mission would be something different. "We do not want to impose our ways upon the natives," he assured the President, "but to show them how to use to better advantage the things they already have." This idea won the enthusiastic approval of the President of Liberia.

Back in America, Dr. Donohugh was instrumental in sending out Dr. and Mrs. George W. Harley to lay the foundations of the new Ganta Mission. They went into the Liberia jungles in 1926. Dr. Harley was a physician, but he went to Ganta as an all-around missionary. He was to

be a doctor, preacher, carpenter, engineer, and machinist combined. He has worked in that role for nearly twenty years.

Dr. Harley astonished the people by his experiments with local materials and what could be done with them. He built roads, dug drainage ditches, cut lumber, and erected buildings made of tile, baked brick, rammed earth, and native wood. He burned snail shells to make plaster for school blackboards, and distilled medicinal alcohol from fermented bananas.

Today the Ganta Mission is a going concern. The projects include a carpenter shop, machine shop, school, church, model farm, dispensary, and a leper colony. Larger plans are under way. Money has been secured for a beautiful new church. The American Mission to Lepers has appropriated \$5,000 to aid Dr. Harley's dispensary serving the people afflicted with that ancient disease. With the co-operation of the Board of Missions and Church Extension a new general hospital is to be built. The pictures on the following pages depict some features of life at Ganta and the development of Dr. Harley's unique mission.



When the Harleys arrived at Ganta they were welcomed by the paramount Chief and his minstrels, here shown. Though Liberia is a republic established by Negroes from our country and now ruled by their descendants, in the interior the old tribal system with the Chief still is allowed to function under direction

Life at Ganta



This worthy is a medicine man of the traditional type. He is often feared and has great power

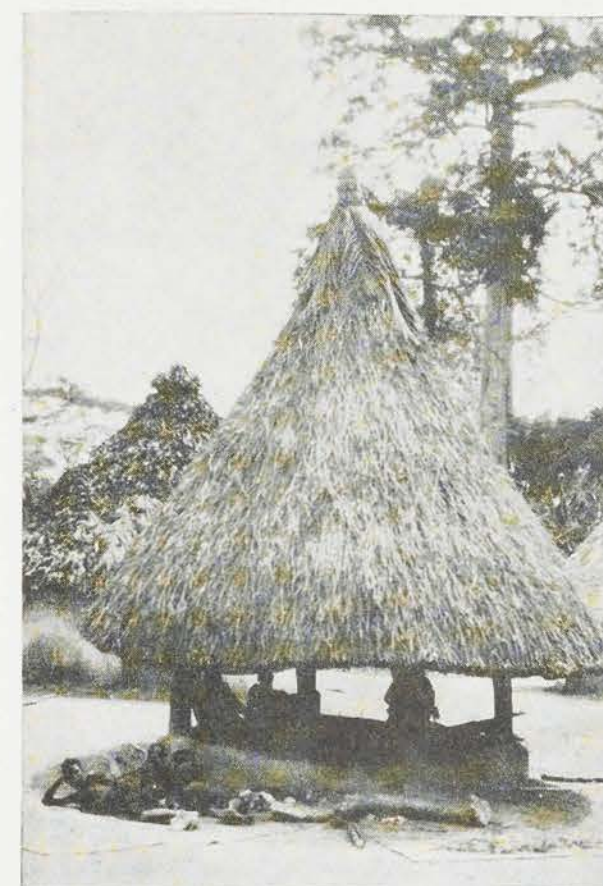


This man is a doctor of herbs. He is not a "medicine man," but he has learned the use of native remedies. Sometimes the missionary doctor consults him



Figures wearing such masks as this formerly were regarded as gods, or nearly so. Now they are called "country devils," a tacit acknowledgment that Christianity has superseded them

WORLD OUTLOOK

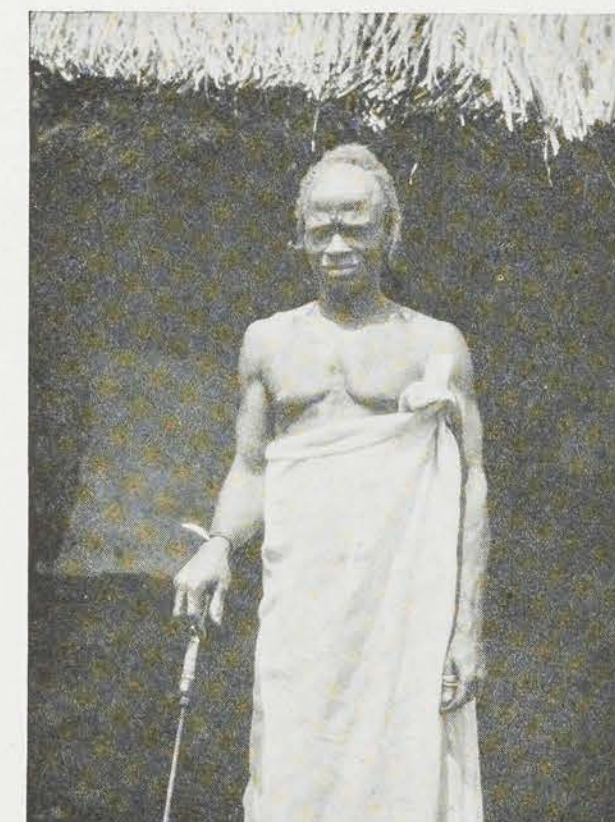


This open hut is the "palaver house," built in the center of the village especially for sitting and talking the village gossip. The people have plenty of leisure. Here also the chief hears petty complaints



A typical road in Liberia, near Ganta. It is a good road in that part of the world though only a trail cut through the jungle

A woman of Ganta. The people were quite primitive when the mission began its work





Native carriers transport everything to Ganta, usually on their heads. The mission truck had to be knocked down and carried over a stretch of bush road



Logs were slabbled by hand power, brought to Ganta on home-made trucks—the first wheels seen there—and sawed by hand. This was the very first log. It was of rosewood and was made into furniture

Building the Ganta Mission

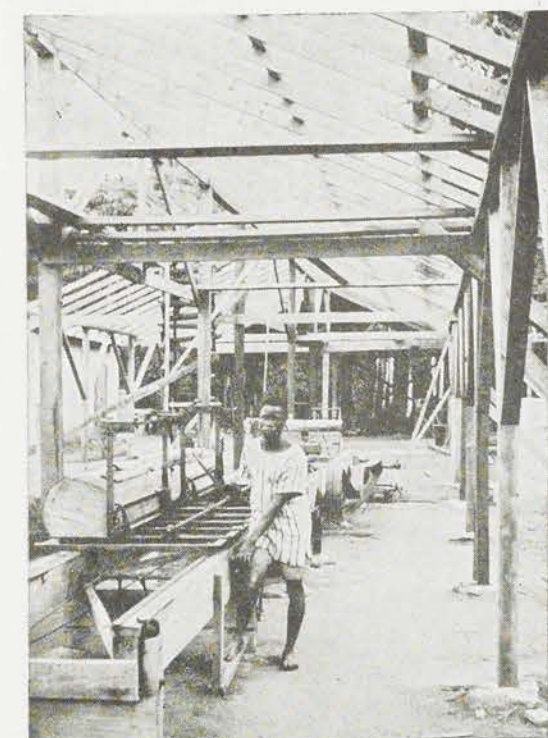
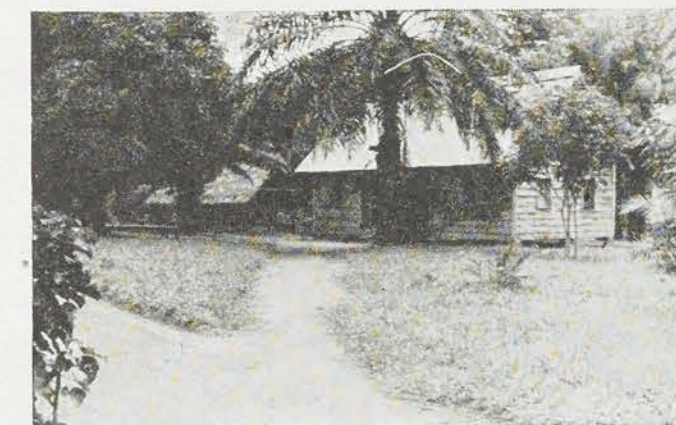


This was the missionaries' residence, built of mud, sticks, and thatch. Up on the ridge pole Dr. Harley directs the work



The school dormitories were built like native huts. The boys work for their food and live in these huts so they will not learn to despise the native ways

Right: It required two years of back-breaking work to hand saw the wood for this first dispensary. It is still in use



In due time better saws were rigged up. But still the work is hard and slow. The people are learning how to use what they have



The head carpenter is here making a mahogany dining room set for the President of Liberia. Still a young man, this workman learned all he knows at the mission

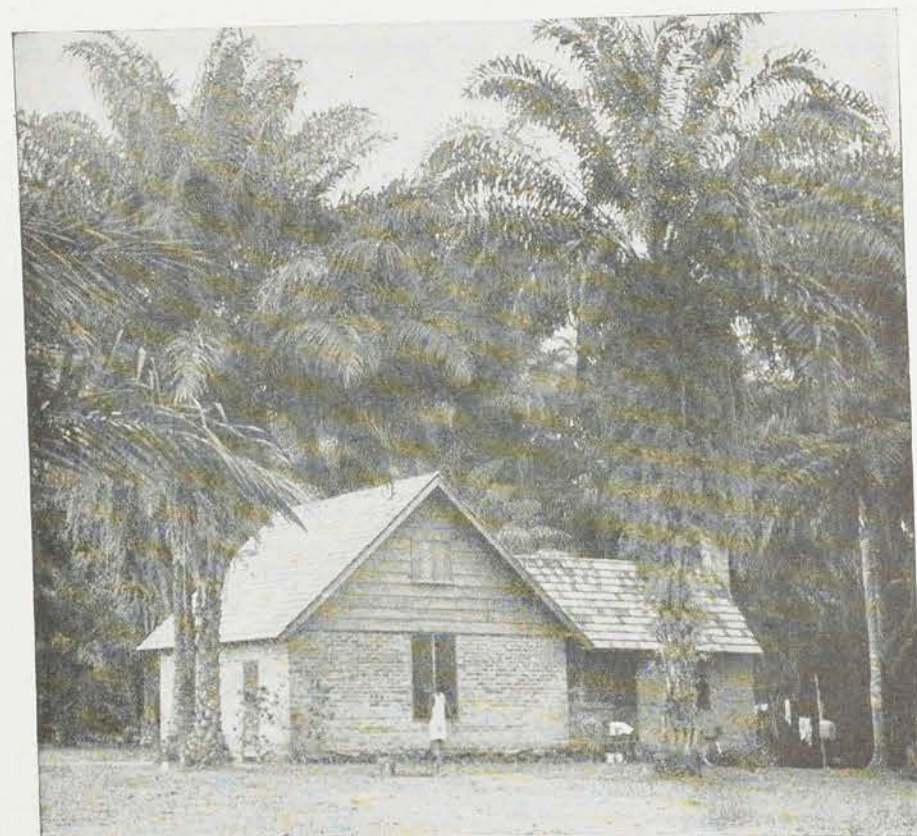


Chiefs of the leper colony at Ganta. "Who will make medicine for us?" they asked when Dr. Harley went away on a furlough

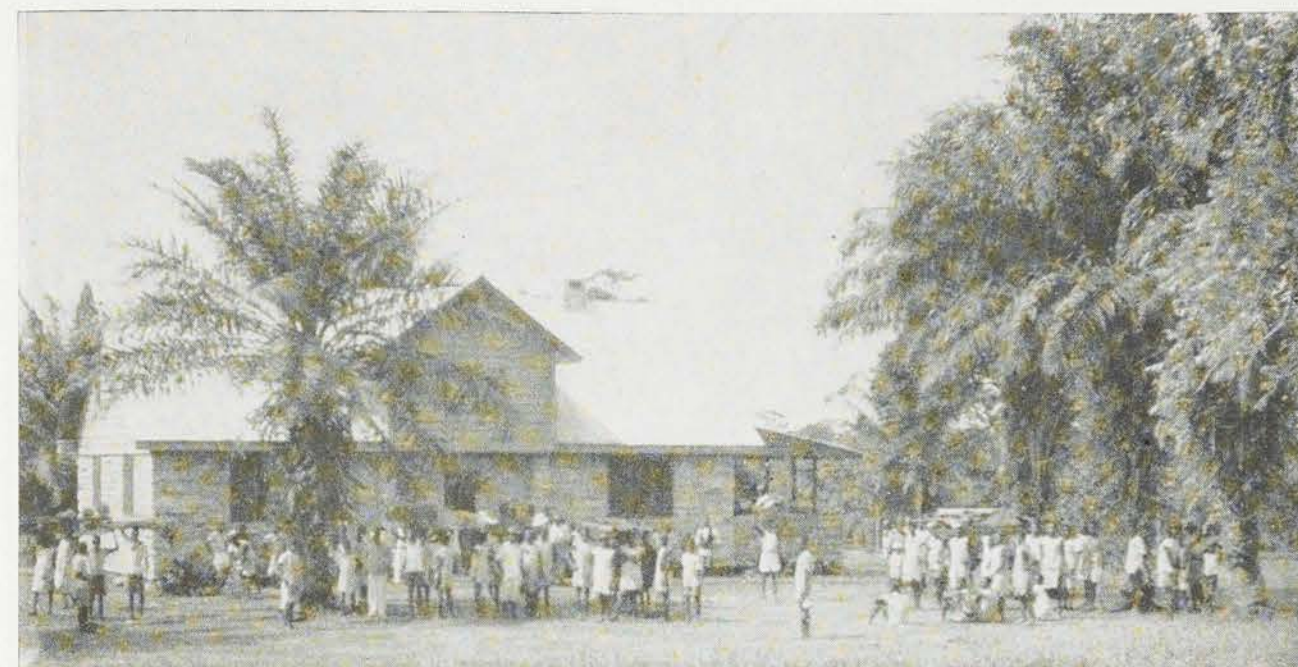


A Ganta leper lies in the sun and swats flies. There are 200 lepers in the Ganta colony

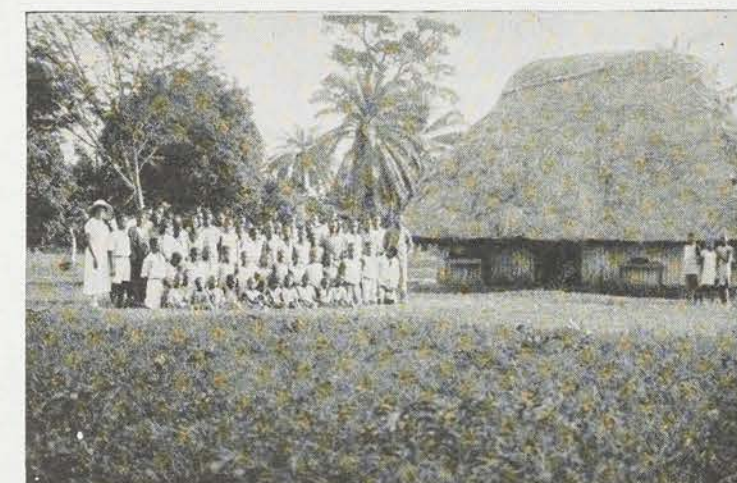
Work at Ganta



This is the staff house or missionaries' home at Ganta, built of bricks and tiles made on the ground



A caravan of head-loads from Monrovia arrived at Dr. Harley's house with supplies. Next year it is hoped that the road will be connected up and the truck may be used



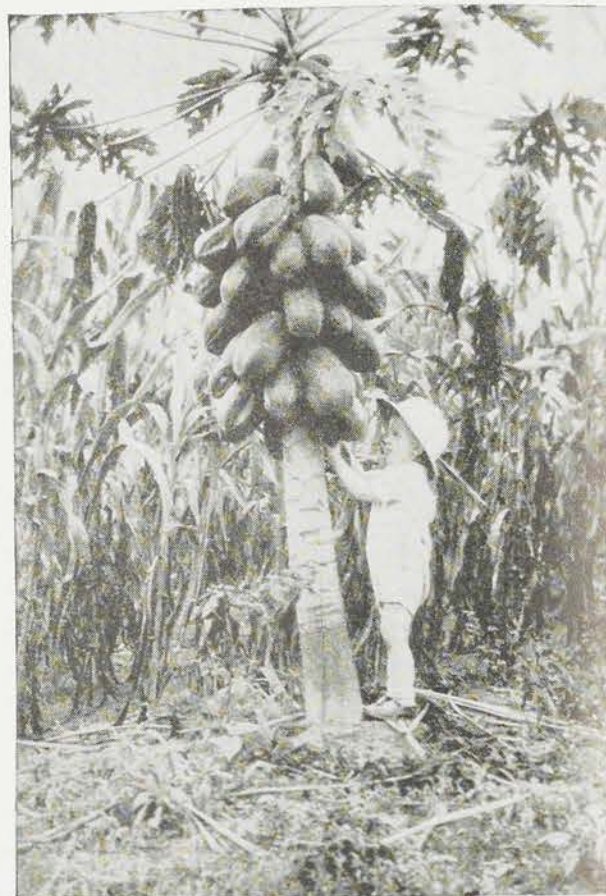
One of the boys' classes at Ganta standing near the first schoolhouse erected at Ganta. As the teaching spread, better houses were built



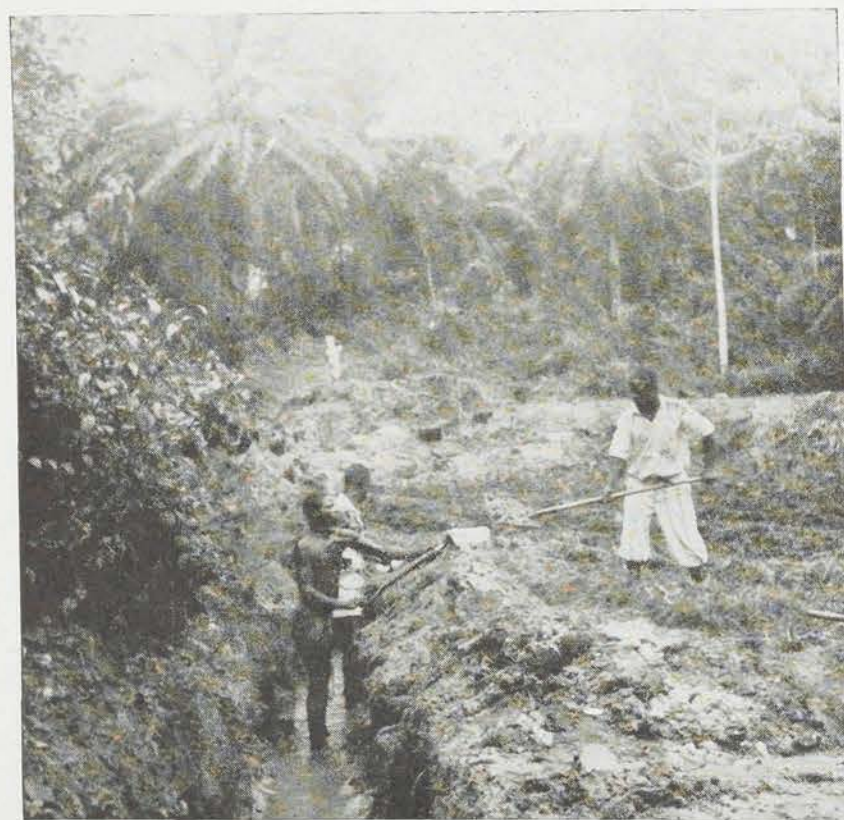
Two small brick dormitory units of the type which gradually replaces the native hut type



This is the assistant teacher and agriculturist, a son of the soil trained at Ganta



Pawpaws, corn, pineapples, rice, and mangoes are all cultivated and used at Ganta



Here the students are draining a swamp for a dry season garden

Morning Splendor

By Catherine Baker*

PEOPLE often ask, "Where did the Koreans come from?" Doubtless they are a mixed race, perhaps Mongoloid and Ainu; there may have been mixtures of Manchu and Malayan. One scholar maintains that they immigrated from India thousands of years ago. It is an assured fact that Korea is one of the oldest countries in the world, and one of the oldest geologically—it has earthquakes but seldom and they are slight.

Korea or "Chosen" meaning "Morning Splendor," is about six hundred miles long and averages one hundred and thirty-five miles in width. The area is 84,000 square miles, comparable to that of Great Britain. West of the peninsula of thirteen provinces lies the Yellow Sea; north is Manchuria; east, the Eastern or Japan Sea; south, the Korea Straits separating Korea from Japan. We are familiar with the saying, "Korea is a dagger pointed to the heart of Japan." The population is approximately twenty-five million.

In the northern part of this land called by its countrymen "ten thousand *li* of hills and valleys"—a *li* is a third of a mile—Paik-tu, "White Head," beckons the adventurous. In the south are the beautiful Chidi Mountains. Not far from Seoul (Keijo), the old capital, the Diamond Mountains give the traveler variety of peaceful valleys, rugged peaks, amber-colored streams and resounding waterfalls. Before this ghastly war one could travel comfortably on the railway, a system of 17,000 miles. Korean summers are hot, the winters cold.

In the city of Seoul is a beautifully symmetrical hill, Nam San ("South Mountain"). Steps leading to its shrine recall to one's mind the phrase, "beauty of precision." In the heart of the city, dominated mostly by Korean stores, hangs a bell. Its deep tone has not been heard for thirty years or more, "a symbol of Korea's temporary eclipse," says the scholar, H. B. Hulbert, who lived there a long time. The streets are filled with trucks, taxis, private cars, buses, street-cars—the bicycles are a nuisance and a menace to the pedestrian.

The Koreans are a peaceful, sturdy, industrious people, outspoken, dignified in bearing. Kim San and Nym Wales say in their book, *Song of Airan*, "Along the brooks are women and girls constantly washing linen clothes to snowy whiteness. Only a nation of idealists and martyrs would suffer so much

* Miss Catherine Baker was a missionary under the Woman's Division of Christian Service in Korea. She now makes her home in Pasadena, California.



Miss Helen Kim, president of the Ewha College, only college for women in Korea

back-breaking labor in the name of white cleanliness. Korean women are sweet, modest, shy."

An interesting type of Korean life is the old gentleman. He walks forth from his tiny house in long white starched gown which his wife or daughters have spent the night ironing with their ironing sticks. He wears a black stiff hat and carries a pipe of immensely long stem and diminutive bowl. He spurns labor. His proud strut spells pride. Another interesting type is the "jiggy man." He carries all kinds of burdens on a wooden frame which rests on his back. When not carrying he stands in his attire of neat shirt and vest and baggy trousers, waiting patiently for furniture or any kind of a load, perhaps the baggage of a foreigner arriving at the central railway station.

James S. Gale, another scholar who had lived long in Korea, writes: "Years ago every village in the country had a school where the Chinese classics were diligently studied. As the sycee-silver shoe might represent China, and the two-handed sword Japan, the brush pen would be the choice of all for Korea. More than for wealth or office, the Korean has longed for scholarship. Wherever a Korean travels in his own country, he is understood. There is but one language unhampered by too greatly varying dialects. A literary statesman invented an alphabet for the language, signs of fourteen consonants and



Methodist missionary, Miss Agnes Malloy, is no stranger on the University of Havana campus. Here she confers with Charles de la Fey of the Association of Evangelical Christian students and with the secretary, Josefina Silva Hernandez. The beaverboard man announces a game for Saturday

Missionary to Students

By Marjorie E. Moore*

Clorinda told how the new dean of the dental school had announced that he would invite the archbishop of the Catholic church to bless the graduating class of eighty-six students at commencement exercises. One of only three Evangelical Christian students in the class, and the only one present at the meeting, she had registered her objections on the ground that it violated the principle of separation of church and state.

"If the archbishop attends commencement to bless the class," Clorinda said finally, "I cannot attend, even if it means forfeiting my diploma."

The rector listened respectfully and without comment. When she finished her story, he questioned Senorita Clorinda and her associates for further information, and then thanked them for their visit.

Doctora Cabrera Martin is a practicing dentist in the city of Havana today. On the night when she was awarded her diploma, the rector concluded his graduation address by expressing his gratitude for the alertness of one student of the class who defended religious freedom in a state institution. The dean of the dental college was seated on the platform. The archbishop was not.

Many a young Evangelical Christian in a predominantly Catholic country has suffered ostracism for less. The Association of Evangelical Christian Students at the University was organized in 1941 for the protection of their personal rights, but also for fellowship and congenial associations during university days. Methodist Missionary Agnes Malloy, teacher of the third grade of Buena Vista College at Columbia, a suburb of the capital city, is one of its two adult counselors. She is associate to Dr. J. Gonzalez Molina of the American Bible Society.

Miss Malloy is peculiarly suited to this opportunity. She was brought up in Georgia and her major at Scarritt College and during furlough at Drew University was rural sociology. She spent her first term of service on the Island at Cienfuegos, learning the language, getting to know the people, and teaching young Evangelicals.

Upon her return from furlough, she accepted two assignments with enthusiasm: she was to teach the children at Buena Vista and befriend the students at the University, the majority of whom come from rural and village homes.

The second assignment was a test of the young woman's ingenuity. The University permits no religious work on the campus; it is interpreted as a violation of the principle which Clorinda defended.

WORLD OUTLOOK



This corner lot, one block from the campus, has been purchased by the Methodists for a student chapel. A member of the Student Association drew the plans for it

Marjorie E. Moore

Miss Malloy was to create her job. She was expected to encourage young Methodists to affiliate with the church in Havana, and to help them grow in their Christian faith.

The fact that the Evangelical Christian Students' Association promptly elected Miss Malloy associate counselor is proof that she won her way. An hour or two of every day she spends on the campus, sipping *cafe solo* in the cafeteria, loitering in the library, attending a concert or dramatic performance, or counseling a committee or individual about some problem. Last summer, she became one of the student body when she took a course in sociology.

Gradually the blonde American who speaks fluent Spanish is becoming known to the entire student body, and her friendliness and willingness to help, and her eagerness to talk with anybody who needs to talk, make her popular.

Miss Malloy has no equipment for her work. There is no Evangelical church near the campus. There is no place to meet, except down town. The small rented room on the second floor of a store building is inadequate for anything except shelter, and in Cuba shelter is rarely needed. Student hostels for non-Catholic Christian students are desirable for young people who are bewildered by city life, and they would provide regular places of meeting for the Association and its committees. The Baptists of

JUNE 1945

THE rector of the University of Havana had an unusual interview one afternoon last spring.

The leaders of an organization of students came to talk with him about religious liberty on the campus. By no means a secret society, the organization was so modest and unobtrusive that, although its membership included four hundred of the University's 12,000 students, the official was until that day hardly aware of its existence.

"I'm Ernesto Valladares, sir," began the spokesman for the group of young men and women. "I am a junior in the college of law. I am president of the Association of Evangelical Christian Students, and these students are members of the Council. We have come to present the case of a student who defied the dean of her college in class meeting today, and to ask you to consider the case in the light of her character and her scholastic record during the past five years."

The rector expressed his interest. He had heard some rumor about the dental dean's embarrassment in a session with his seniors and was glad to have the story firsthand.

Valladares turned to one of the girls in the group and introduced Clorinda Cabrera Martin. "Tell your story, Senorita," the rector said.

* The author is managing editor of *The Commission*, a Baptist world journal, published by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Richmond, Virginia.

Cuba are now considering the purchase of a three-story residence for this purpose, a half block from the administration building.

A corner lot a block from the campus, among several apartment houses, has been purchased for a Methodist chapel. The architect's drawing for the chapel was made by the new president of the Evangelical Students' Association, Carlos de la Fey (Charles of the Faith), a Methodist and a senior in engineering school. As soon as construction is possible, this building will become a center of activity for Methodist young people, especially students from all over the Island.

As the only missionary assigned to work with University students, Miss Malloy feels a responsibility to all Evangelical Christian students. The four hundred Evangelical students include more than a hundred Methodists and almost three hundred other Evangelical students whose problems are identical with those of her own church's youth.

Miss Malloy conceives of her job at the University as conservation of the leadership of the churches until a Christian institution of university rank is established. She also conceives of it as nourishment and development. The potentialities of the young people whom she serves can best be judged by the record of their predecessors on the campus. The Machado regime of the early 1930's was destroyed



Downtown, Miss Hernandez and Miss Malloy consult with Dr. J. Gonzalez Molina, of the American Bible Society, concerning the welfare of the Evangelical Christian Students' Association

Marjorie E. Moore



This building, one-half block from the University Administration building, is being considered for use by the Baptists of Cuba as a student hostel for evangelical students

Marjorie E. Moore

as a result largely of the stubborn resistance of student and faculty leaders who went to prison, were tortured, and maimed for life, because they refused to condone exploitation, graft, and slavery.

The presence of a corps of policemen patrolling the campus today is a perpetual reminder of the part students played in overthrowing the Government ten years ago. One of their medical college professors is now president. Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin can count on the support of the University of Havana to achieve the democratizing of the nation which won its independence only half century ago.

As spiritual coach, Agnes Malloy is an effective daily reminder to the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and others on the campus that, though a local minority, they are linked with millions of Evangelical Christians in their nearest neighbor country and throughout the world.

No one can underestimate the importance of that when one sees the need for the influence of Christian thought throughout the world. And Christian students will play a great part in the world of tomorrow. During the San Francisco Conference it was found that fourteen members of Near Eastern delegations had graduated from Christian colleges. We need the view of Latin America from Christian leaders. Miss Malloy is helping students so they can express that view tomorrow.



Mrs. Roosevelt greets the children at Bennett College Home-making Institute. The community here has come to the college

Children and a College

By Our Roving Reporter

MRS. ROOSEVELT stood on the steps of the Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel and told the children before her about children abroad. "I remember walking through the streets one day," she said.

"It was not a beautiful sunny day like it is here. There were heavy gray clouds in the sky, and the roar of planes flying overhead. Suddenly I came upon some children at play. I heard one little child say, 'That's not a Jerry, it's one of ours,' and then the children continued with their play. You see, they knew the roar of planes."

Hundreds of small dark heads searched the blue sky back of the chapel anxiously, and then turned back to the speaker.

"You here in America have grown up safe," she went on. "You will soon be citizens with the responsibility of making this country the leading one in the world—a country in which all things are good. When this war is over we want to establish a place which will mean that you won't ever have to go out and fight. To do this you must have patience, under-

standing, and the love of peace within your heart. We are going to have to be neighbors to the rest of the world because the world will be closer than it ever has been before. You don't make a peace by just setting up a lot of machinery. You have to want it in your hearts."

The children stared solemnly at her.

She turned to a story about some children in Antwerp, and the children leaned forward. They were sorry about the Dutch children. They seemed very close to the listening children.

It was the last day of the Home-making Institute at Bennett College in Greensboro, North Carolina. The Institute lasted one week officially, but as a matter of fact it had been going on a long time.

Early in the semester Bennett College students under the rural sociology department had gone out into rural communities near Greensboro, and into a crowded Negro section within the city itself. In the city community some twenty underweight children were selected for special health care. They came to the campus for their meals, for their school, for



In Bennett College library. The librarian tells Mrs. Roosevelt that the use of books has increased twice over since the students have been going out into the country.

their play. Under faculty supervision, student teachers taught them. Students taking special training in nutrition watched their food and their weight. Doctors and nurses and dentists cared for their health.

The service did not stop there.

Mothers and fathers came to parent discussions. They learned what properly balanced meals were. They learned the psychology of their children, or what makes Johnny act that way. With faculty and the students they helped in plans for the Home-making Institute which was to take place in the spring.

Meantime, things were going on in the rural sections. Originally, the students, under faculty guidance, were to make a survey of the sanitation situation. They chose two communities near Greensboro, Collins Grove and Mount Tabor. They discovered that, although the communities lay in a progressive, up-to-date county, there was no sanitation. In one community only one family had a well—the others walked down to the spring for water and carried it back to their homes.

"Takes me two days for the washing," said one woman. "One day to carry the water up here, one day to heat it and wash."

Great human values were being lost because of sheer fatigue.

The Bennett girls went to work.

Now of course things have not changed overnight. But sanitation is coming in—another well is being

dug and one man has decided to dig an artesian well in his yard.

Children come to the "sings" conducted by students. Parents come to talk over their problems concerning the children at home as well as the older children who have gone overseas. In preparation for the Home-making Institute, the families came to the churches in their own communities to study such matters as the G.I.'s Bill of Rights. Some of these parents helped prepare the program for the week of the Institute—a program that was to center on the home-coming of the veterans.

During the week of the Institute some parents and children came to the campus of Bennett College for the first time. Although they had lived all their lives within a few miles of it, they did not know of its existence.

Some of them compared notes about what the college had done for their children.

"It is not only Hiawatha's health," said the mother of the boy with the rather amazing name. "It is his spirit. Bennett has done something for Hiawatha's spirit."

"A college should not be a cloistered place," a professor said one day, in talking about Bennett. He was a professor from Ohio State University who was visiting the campus. "It should be a center—like the old cathedrals which were built by all the townspeople. The sound of children's voices should be always in the student's ears."

Truly the sounds of children's voices were in the students' ears when the wife of the President of the United States closed her speech to the children on the last day of the Home-making Institute. Three thousand Negro children had been sitting or standing on the campus. It was a warm day. Loud speakers carried the program out over the lawn. When Mrs. Roosevelt had finished there was a silence. The children watched her go down the path toward the college president's home.

Then one little boy raised his hand and waved.

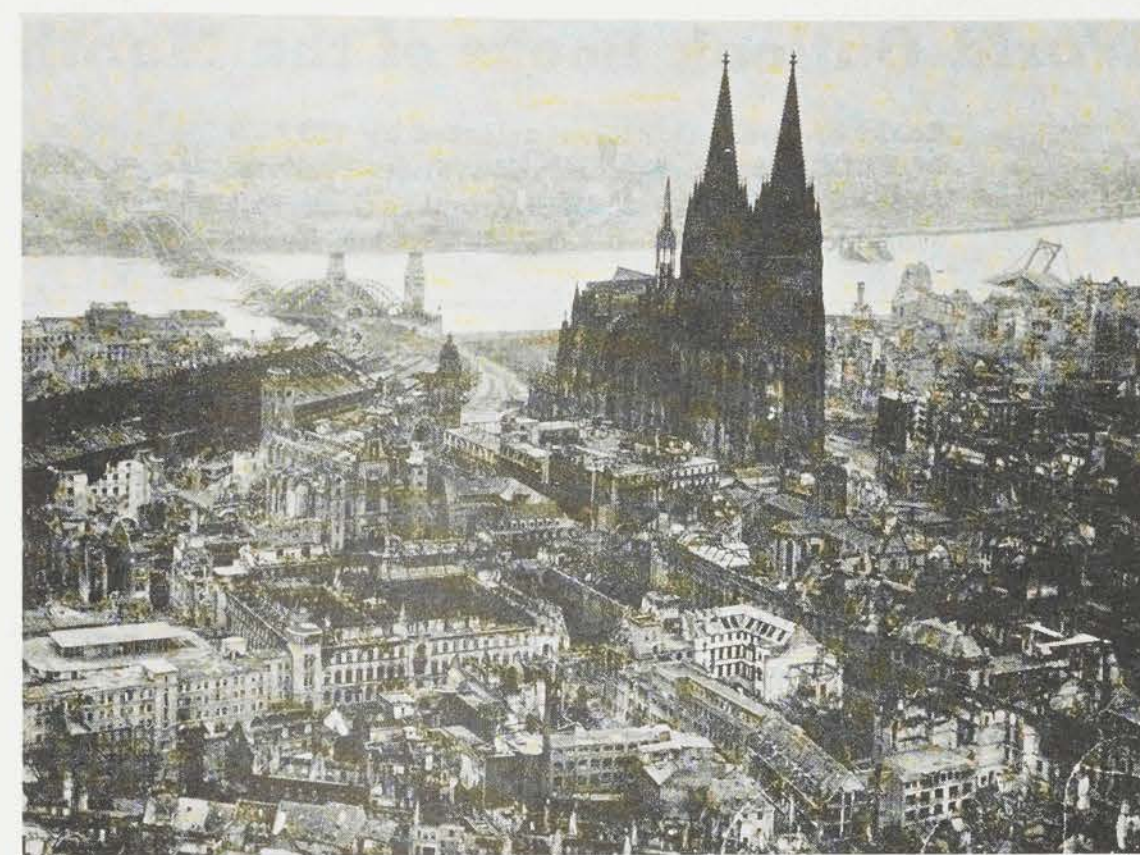
"Goodbye, Mrs. Roosevelt," he called softly, but not too softly for the other children to hear.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Roosevelt," chorused hundreds of children.

A college went out into its community and children's voices were heard on its campus. It went out in the nation and brought the wife of the highest official to join her voice to the children's voices.

One had a feeling that something was happening here in Greensboro rather like the cathedral builders of the old days—building for something that went beyond this age, indeed beyond this earth.

The event of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to Bennett College was just a few days before news of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt was flashed around the world.



Acme Photo

Cologne Cathedral

By Lucile McGregor Campbell

There stands a great cathedral stark and still
Amid the war's mad melee of debris,
And night-borne bombers get a breathless thrill
To learn their many missiles left it free.
Tall walls and turrets caught in battle grim,
Glow clear against destruction's scarlet blaze,
Smoked carillons lift up a silent hymn,
And arch and cloister etch a note of praise.

So when this chaos sees its final end,
And nations lie face down and clean forspent,
Against the rising sun there then shall blend
The sanctuaries of men's souls, unrent.

And eyes of stricken ones on blood-soaked earth
Shall rest upon a spire and know rebirth!

World Outlook Books of the Month

Books of unusual interest selected by **WORLD OUTLOOK** for commendation to its readers. Order any or all of them from the nearest branch of your Methodist Publishing House

BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers. New York City. 228 pages. \$2.75.

It is inevitable that the most talked-of book of the season, *Black Boy*, should be compared to the great Russian stories that deal with poverty. Although Richard Wright is a Negro, and tells the story of his childhood and youth against a background of racial tension, he has much in common with the Russian writers. The same poverty that stalked the streets of Russian cities was at home on the plantations and in that strata of city life in which Richard lived. The story of the Russian clerk who wanted a new overcoat wanted it in the same way that Richard Wright wanted a pair of long trousers to wear to his grade school graduation. Poverty has much the same look and the same smell, it breeds the same cruelties and the same expression of them, in all countries. But *Black Boy*, except in the intensity of feeling it manages to convey, differs in many respects from the Russian stories. It is at once worse and better. It is worse because dates are mentioned—"1924," one says; "this child suffered in 1924, and I was here then—moving about the streets of this place."

The reader is a part of the world of which Wright writes. He is a contemporary of Wright. The story of Russian poverty lies back in the dim days of the nineteenth century, dusty and faintly romantic.

The racial tension which the child Richard feels marks the book out from the Russian too. The tension comes from something hidden—whispered about among grown-ups—seldom flaming into expression before the child's eyes but always in his background. Occasionally he asks fearful questions, but he is never taken into the secret. He is only terrified by it so that he cannot act naturally when he sees a white person.

But there is still another difference.

That is, in spite of the poverty and the ignorance and the suffering, there is a feeling of hope that is in the book. In the books of poverty from the old country there is a sagging hopelessness. It reminds one of the walls of old buildings that have stood centuries—not because they were beautiful—just because people were used to them.

There is no such feeling about Richard Wright's poverty. Whether he planned it or not, there runs through the book a feeling so distinctly American that the book could not be written by anyone else but an American. It is the feeling of going on to something better, of moving away from darkness into a new light, of ambition and determination. It makes the book a young

book. It makes the book possible to read in its most disturbing chapters. He offers no way out but as he turns toward his adulthood and his new life at the end of the book he feels "that if men were lucky in their living on earth they might win some redeeming meaning for their having struggled and suffered here beneath the stars."

CHINA AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR, Edited by Hollington Tong. The Macmillan Co. 240 pages. \$2.75.

China After Seven Years of War has been edited and sponsored by the Minister of Information of the Chinese government. It is a symposium of articles by five Chinese and two American correspondents in the China war theater. Under such circumstances it would be natural to expect praise of the Chinese government and those easily detected propaganda pieces which one associates rightly or wrongly with information services.

As a matter of fact, this is not so.

There is a good deal of self-congratulation on China's fighting spirit, it is true. But in the main the story of China is told simply, clearly, and directly as good reporters see it.

The chapter that gives one the dearest picture of what the capital of China is like today is that by Floyd Taylor. The street noises sound out of the pages like the first act of "Porgy." Smells and cries and the strolling Chungking citizens are described so that the reader feels he knows the city as a personal experience.

The chapter that helps one to understand that strolling Chungking citizen—at least the one that has come from the coast cities—is the first chapter in the book and is written by Hawthorne Cheng. It tells the story of a government clerk—one of those middle-class fellows who live comfortably, work but not too hard, are more or less pleasantly self-centered—and what the war does to them. Cheng tells his story about a clerk named Teng. Obviously it is autobiographical.

The war comes.

Work grows harder, comforts less easily had, money begins to lose its value. A feeling of concern for the life of the country grows. The clerk moves as the government moves to the interior of China.

The story is told simply and gravely. It finally touches the lives of three others—a wife and two babies. The government clerk now spends his free time helping in the preparing of the food and in looking for food to prepare. He and his young wife worry about how the children are to be fed. It is not a story of heroism. It is the

story of hundreds of young couples in China.

The price of the book is worth paying for this one chapter alone.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT, by Derma Frank Fleming. Doubleday and Doran, New York. 187 pages. \$2.00.

Mr. Fleming, a recognized authority on international affairs, has written a fairly simple little work on the World Court, its conception, its repudiation by the United States, its weaknesses, and its possible strength. As the United Nations work out plans for a world organization which includes some type of world court, this book will be of great help in aiding the understanding of the layman.

THE TRAIL OF THE FLORIDA CIRCUIT RIDER, by Charles T. Thrift, Jr. Florida Southern College Press, Lakeland, Florida. 168 pages.

The story of the circuit rider never grows old, for it is a part of the American saga. This book is a history of Florida Methodism, published last year in connection with the celebration of the centennial of the annual conference. The author is a professor in Florida Southern College and secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Historical Society, a thoroughly qualified historian. His book is a valuable contribution to Methodist history.

IN THE MINISTER'S WORKSHOP, by Halford E. Luccock. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York and Nashville. 254 pages. \$2.00.

This is a book for preachers written by one who is a teacher of preachers, a preacher himself, and the grandson, son, and father of a preacher. That should qualify him, and does.

It tells what sermons are, how they should be made, with what they should deal. It is not a book of sermons. It is a book about sermons. It should be always at the hand of the ambitious and serious preacher.

LET'S THINK ABOUT OUR RELIGION, by Frank Eakin and Mildred Moody Eakin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 251 pages. \$2.00.

This is a book of 15 chapters on various aspects of religion. Its express purpose is to deal with the "in-life religion" and to "guide thinking about our religion as a function and force in present-day American life." Dr. Eakin has been a professor in Western Theological Seminary and Mrs. Eakin is director of the Demonstration School in the Religious Education Department at Drew University.

WORLD OUTLOOK

The Moving Finger Writes

Events of a Religious and Moral Significance Drawn from the News of the World

Italy-born Argentinean Retires as Methodist Bishop



Bishop Juan E. Gattinoni

Evangelical Faculty of Theology in Buenos Aires to serve as counselor, preacher, and teacher.

Bishop Gattinoni was born in Lombardy, Italy, on July 24, 1878, and was taken to Argentina at the age of six. After leaving school he worked as a carpenter and in a commercial firm, then entered the Mercedes Seminary.

In early life Bishop Gattinoni was a Roman Catholic. At the age of sixteen he was converted to the evangelical faith. He was elected bishop in 1932 after serving appointments of prominence in Uruguay.

Salary	Clergymen	Per cent
\$ 0 to \$ 99	15,747	14.0
\$ 100 to 199	1,076	1.0
\$ 200 to 399	4,154	3.7
\$ 400 to 599	6,450	5.7
\$ 600 to 799	10,870	9.7
\$ 800 to 999	9,355	8.3
\$1,000 to 1,199	9,735	8.6
\$1,200 to 1,399	14,157	12.6
\$1,400 to 1,599	9,788	8.7
\$1,600 to 1,999	11,518	10.2
\$2,000 to 2,499	9,320	8.3
\$2,500 to 2,999	3,386	3.0
\$3,000 to 4,999	5,597	5.0
\$5,000 and over	1,356	1.2
Total	112,509	100.0

Missionary Is President of Centenary College



Associated Photo—Conway
Joe J. Mickle

Joe J. Mickle, associate secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference and formerly missionary at Kwansei Gakuin University in Japan, has been elected president of Centenary College at Shreveport, Louisiana. Born in Cleburne, Texas, Mr. Mickle received his A.B. degree at Southern Methodist University and his M.A. degree at Columbia University. He also studied in the School of Business Administration at Columbia University and holds a certificate as a Certified Public Accountant. In 1921 he went to Japan as a Methodist missionary. He returned to this country when missionaries were recalled prior to Pearl Harbor.

Dr. Mueller Named Staff Consultant

Dr. F. W. Mueller, who retired on March 15 as executive secretary of the Section of Church Extension (Philadelphia office) of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, will remain as a consultant to his successor, the Rev. W. Vernon Middleton, until the annual meeting of the Board in December, it was announced at the quarterly Executive Committee meeting of the Division of Home Missions and Church Extension in New York recently.

Resolutions of appreciation for Dr. Mueller's services to the church were adopted by the Board's Executive Committee.

The following table covers all the full-time ministers.

JUNE 1945

Chaplain Appreciates the Pacific Missions

Chaplain Clifton R. Pond, writing from the South Pacific to Dr. John Paul Tyler, district superintendent at Portsmouth, Virginia, expressed great appreciation of what the missionaries have done there.

"The campaign on these islands is rapidly drawing to a close," he said. "We are having a period of comparative rest. Chapels have been built of native materials and by native labor."

"The majority of these natives are Christians, having been converted by the efforts of missionaries of the Netherlands State Church. Recently I visited an island where only Methodist missionaries had been working. I was thrilled and proud of what our great church has done. All the effort, sacrifice, and money that have been expended on these missions have been repaid a thousand fold. This is so if we consider only the thousands of American lives these Christian natives have saved. It is impossible to estimate the profound effect the conduct of natives has made on our own soldiers."

Eggs Are a Solid Foundation for World Friendship

At Tunda in the Belgian Congo is a Methodist church, boarding school, and leper colony. There are about a hundred families at the station. They have a strong women's society and the high spot of its meeting is the roll call, when each woman if possible brings her gift of 20 centimes.

Half of this amount is set aside for local use but the other half is for use in the wider Christian fellowship. Each year, at the Central Congo Conference, the women's meeting decides what this important project shall be. And for several years the money has been sent to the neighboring Belgian and Norwegian orphaned missions, whose parent churches have been shut off from them by the war and are unable to send them funds.

Some of the women were so poor that they could not bring their 20 centimes each week. Then someone had a fine idea—almost all the women had eggs—let any who did not have money bring an egg. Each woman who settled with eggs gave over four dozen a year. The value of half of these, or two dozen, went to orphaned missions. If every

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American Christian would give the cash price of two dozen eggs! How often our newer Christians show us up!

To Survey West Coast Cities



Dr. Channing A. Richardson

An interdenominational study of churches in five Pacific Coast cities greatly affected by wartime population shifts is now in progress. The purpose is to determine the number of people who have entered the cities, their background, and the effectiveness of the church's program of service among them as it has operated in housing projects, temporary surroundings, or in already existing churches. Results of the study will be used to arrange future comity agreements and to use more effectively churches serving the cities to be studied.

Executives in charge of city work for several denominational boards will direct the project in various cities. Dr. Channing A. Richardson, Methodist, will direct the study in Portland.

"It Pleases People When We Learn Their Way!"

"It pleases the people when we learn their way," says Miss Lois Davidson, principal of the newly-opened George O. Robinson School, San Juan, Puerto Rico, reporting her first speech made in Spanish. "The people are especially happy when we use Spanish."

Miss Davidson has started an orchid garden, the plants having been donated by a friend and planted in rotten coconut shells in the fork of a flamboyant tree on the campus.

Churches Destroyed in Germany

Up to June, 1944, reports showed that 2,500 churches of the German Evangelical Church alone had been destroyed in Germany. Since that date was before the great offensive on German soil was under way, and the figures do not include other denominations, it is plain that Germany will be largely without church buildings after the war.

Also bombed were 1,848 parsonages, 2,056 meeting houses and small schools, and 420 hospitals and homes operated by the Church.

Mission Properties Lost in Manila

Millions of dollars worth of property, belonging to mission agencies in the United States, has been damaged or destroyed in the recent passing back of Manila from Japanese to American con-



Central Student Church, Manila

trol, the American churches are being told by missionaries released from the Santo Tomas and Los Banos internment camps.

The Paco, Ermita, Malate, and Pasay sections, where many church, school, and hospital buildings of the churches stood, are described as "a ghastly sight." The Roman Catholic Church has lost many of its finest edifices, and the Protestant denominations that suffered most are the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Congregational, and the Protestant Episcopal.

The Methodists, for example, have been told that its ruined buildings include the Central Student Church, St. Paul's Church, Mary J. Johnston Hospital, Nicholson Dormitory, Hugh Wilson Hall, and the Book Rooms. Funds now being raised by the Methodists will not do more than temporarily house some of these congregations, give relief to the hungry, the homeless, and the jobless, and make repair to a few other buildings not so seriously damaged.

Pleads for Young Chaplains

"It is our judgment that every minister between the ages of thirty and forty ought, in all good conscience, to ask himself why he should not volunteer for the chaplaincy," says the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in an "appeal for more young chaplains."

"The burden of proof rests on him to show why he is entitled to remain at home at a time when men of his own age, on duty in France or Italy or the Philippines, are in desperate need of the sustaining power of the Christian church. Let him ask himself whether he is willing to have the youth of his own parish who are now facing death overseas go unsheltered by any Christian pastor."

Bibles for Russia

While the door does not seem open as yet for the supplying of Russian Bibles in any great quantities into the Soviet Republics, the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society are hopeful that that may soon be possible. Meanwhile the American Bible Society has recently printed more than 400,000 Gospels in Russian and two editions of New Testaments, the more recent being in the modern Russian orthography.

A supply of Russian Bibles is being printed in Sweden, and a reference Bible in a new format is being set in type in the United States. The American Bible Society, through its office in Switzerland, has furnished Scriptures to Russian prisoners held in Germany, and is supplying them to chaplains working among Russians.

Enters Missionary Service in India

Miss Kathrynne Emily Stasek, of Tillamook, Oregon, is en route from the United States to India, where she will be united in marriage to the Rev. Marion L. Kumler, Methodist missionary and member of the staff of Raewind Christian Institute in the Indian Punjab.

Miss Stasek has been accepted as a missionary of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, and was commissioned as such at a special service conducted in New York City by Bishop Arthur J. Moore on March 15. In preparation for work in India, she has been studying at Garrett Biblical Institute and the Kennedy School of Missions. Skilled in art, she has been studying Indian arts and crafts, and will teach them to children at the Raewind school.

A native of Vancouver, British Columbia, Miss Stasek was educated at the Tillamook High School and at the Oregon College of Education. She has been teaching in the public school of Portland, Oregon.



Miss Kathrynne E. Stasek

Miss Vivienne Newton will work largely in the Central Jurisdiction. Her Bachelor's degree is from Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, and she has a Bachelor of Religious Education degree from Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Woman's Day Observed in Chungking

Sixty organizations of women—most of them related to church and relief activities—took part recently in observance of the thirty-sixth anniversary of International Women's Day in the New Life Model Center in Chungking, West China. The mass meeting was presided over by Miss Vera Chang, secretary-general of the Women's Advisory Council.

The principal speech was made by Lady Mountbatten, wife of the Supreme Allied Commander of the Armies of Southeast Asia; she represented the St. John's Ambulance Brigade of which she is superintendent-in-chief, and the British Red Cross. She is visiting hospitals and medical units in China, India, and Burma.

The address on behalf of the American women was made by Mrs. Merlin A. Bishop, Methodist missionary on the staff of the Chiu Chin School, Chungking.

New Personnel in Woman's Division

A secretary of student work and two field workers for the Woman's Division of Christian Service were elected at the recent quarterly executive committee of the Woman's Division of the Board of Missions and Church Extension.

Miss Dorothy Nyland, at present director of religious education at First Church, Houston, Texas, will become secretary of student work under the Woman's Division. Miss Nyland holds her Bachelor's degree in education from the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, and her Master's degree in religious education from Boston University. Miss Nyland spent three months in the Orient in 1935, visiting Japan, China, Korea, the Philippine Islands, Manchuria, and Hawaii.

Miss Kathrynne J. Bieri, daughter of the Rev. J. C. Bieri, of the Philadelphia Conference, and former Methodist representative at the Woodstock School in India, will become a field worker of the Woman's Division, assuming her duties on September 1. She is a graduate of Taylor University, has a Master's degree in Counseling and Guidance from Temple University, and has taken additional post-graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. She has traveled extensively in Burma, the Islands of the South Pacific, China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, Europe, the Holy Land, and South America.

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WORLD OUTLOOK

Student Day, June 10

The second Sunday in June (June 10 this year) is traditionally "Student Day" in many Protestant communions, though in some it has been called "Children's Day" for many decades. It is a day originally set aside for emphasis by pastors in their sermons on the importance and value of higher education—in a day when not many boys and still fewer girls went to college.

In The Methodist Church particularly, the day is marked in churches and Sunday schools by the bringing of gifts which are turned over to the Church's Board of Education for the "Student Loan Fund." This Fund has been used for many years to assist boys and girls in securing higher education.

Would Ordain Lay Women Readers

When the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church meets in 1946, it will have before it a recommendation that the Church make possible the ordination of certain women lay readers who now "read services" at missions and isolated places where a priest is not available.



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Lisle Fellowship Continues Service



Rev. DeWitt C. Baldwin

The Lisle Fellowship—nearly 100 students working for the building of a world community—is continuing its activities, now in their tenth year, under interdenominational auspices. Hitherto it has been largely under Methodist Church auspices with non-Methodist advisers. The Rev. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Baldwin will continue as the directors. Two conferences of the Fellowship will be held this year. The eastern unit will be held at Lisle, New York, June 6 to July 18; and the western unit at Lookout Mountain, near Denver, Colorado, July 20 to August 31.

Scholarships for Women Therapists

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (120 Broadway, New York 5, New York) calls attention of young church women to the need for 5,000 trained physical therapists for the treatment of orthopedic conditions, such as arthritis, tuberculosis of the bone, injuries affecting motion, and infantile paralysis.

The Foundation announces scholarships available for qualified persons in its attempt to meet the growing call for trained workers. Graduate nurses from accredited schools, graduates of colleges giving degrees in physical education, or persons having completed two years of college work, having specialized in biology or other basic sciences, are qualified to apply for the scholarships.

Eisenhower Speaks to German Churches

General Eisenhower, in a message to the German people broadcast by Luxembourg Radio, promised the freedom of worship, the restoration of church property, and the eradication of Nazi influences within the Church. He also said that Nazi racial discrimination would be abolished.

The message said: "For more than ten years the Germans have lived under a government which made the persecution of innocents a principle of law. Such laws fly in the face of all that is right. They will be eradicated. The Allied Military Government will abolish all Nazi laws which discriminate against, or put at a disadvantage, any individual or group of persons because of their creed, race, nationality, language, or political convictions."

"Freedom to follow your own reli-

gious belief is returned to you by the Military Government. Places of worship will reopen and stay open. It will be for the people to see that the sanctity of religious services is safeguarded and not misused. The Germans would forfeit this right if they were to allow religious gatherings to be used for political purposes."

"We will recognize the claims of religious communities for the restoration of property of every kind wrested from them, under legal pretense or otherwise, by the Nazis. Nazis who have usurped office within the religious communities will be removed. Churches will be cleared of all Nazi influences."

Navajos Meet in Abandoned House

Using an unoccupied stone house, Dr. D. C. Burd, director of religious education at the Navajo Indian School, Farmington, New Mexico, and on the Navajo Reservation, has been holding



Dr. and Mrs. D. Clarence Burd

successful religious services in the adjoining community of Burnhams since Christmas. No place has been available for such meetings since the closing of the day school more than a year ago. At Christmas, when an outdoor program was presented, permission was granted for the use of the house, which had been built by an Indian Service employee, later transferred to another location, after which the house became reservation property. "No high-powered advertising is necessary for the meetings, for the people were anxious to have them," says Dr. Burd.

According to Miss Muriel Day, of the Bureau of Educational Institutions, of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, under whose direction Dr. and Mrs. Burd's activities are sponsored, the lack of adequate quarters and the enthusiastic response of the people to these services suggests the need for the construction of a community building.

Geneva Mission Summer School in August

The twenty-seventh annual session of the Summer School of Missions for Illinois and Wisconsin will convene August 5 to 12 at Conference Point on Lake Geneva, Williams Bay, Wisconsin. The conference, sponsored by fifteen denominations, will offer a program of inspiration, fellowship, training, and worship, plus recreation including boating, baseball, hiking, swimming, and tours.

"Africa" has been chosen for the foreign theme, and "The Church and American Uprooted People" for the home theme.

Miss Mable Nienhuis, 1030 S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Illinois, will make reservations on receipt of a \$2.00 registration fee. Room and board will cost \$15.00 to \$20.50, according to accommodations. For further information write Mrs. R. E. Rees, 2208 West 111th Street, Chicago 43, Illinois, or Miss Irene Hammersen, 2500 No. Main St., Racine, Wisconsin.

Germany Loses Generation of Priests

A whole generation of Roman Catholic priests has been lost to Germany, according to statements from the German hierarchy. As an example, it is noted that in the Diocese of Munchen-Freisingen 150 new priests were received in 1933, while in 1944 only three were able to complete their ministerial studies. These had been released by the German army because of poor health. The bishops fear that this augurs ill for the resumption of church work in the post-war years.

Sergeant in Greenland Sends \$20 for Crusade

Sgt. Grover A. Strauss of the Bronx, New York, who is now stationed in Greenland, sent a twenty-dollar money order to his pastor, Rev. William A. Tieck of the Wesley Methodist Church in the Bronx, asking that the cash be turned over to the "Crusade for Christ" fund.

In his letter Sergeant Strauss said, "I've read considerable literature concerning the current 'Crusade for Christ,' sponsored by The Methodist Church, and I certainly wish to contribute my utmost to such a worthy cause. Despite the fact that my present abode is so far removed from the destruction and agony that is so prevalent in Europe and Asia, we, up here, recognize the profound need for the agencies of reconstruction and relief, and it is, indeed, a privilege to be able to know that, in some small way, you're helping to lighten the burden of those less fortunate."

WORLD OUTLOOK

Chinese Woman Gets Science Award

Miss Hsia Chih-jung, a graduate of Ginling College for Women—a Christian institution founded by American women missionaries, and now "in exile" in Chengtu (from Foochow)—was the only woman among nineteen Chinese scientists recently given awards and cash prizes by the Ministry of Education for their contributions to science and technology.

Miss Hsia's contribution was a formula for the processing of Chinese vegetable oil so that it may be used as a superheated cylinder lubrication and also as fuel for steam, gasoline, and Diesel engines. It has made it possible for buses—now a major method of transportation in China, especially for war materials—to be run on available native vegetable products.

Beautiful Jade

Beautiful Jade had gone to school at a mission in China, but her parents had been opposed to her adopting Christianity. They arranged a prosperous marriage for their lovely daughter.

But when the war came her husband lost all his wealth and worried so that he fell ill. Desperately his family prayed to his gods to save his life. As he became steadily worse, and what money was left quickly dwindled, Beautiful Jade decided her only hope to save him was to sell her boy and girl and get money to send him to a hospital.

At first, it seemed as though he actually improved a little, but when she no longer could keep from him what she had done, it proved the last straw. He died, leaving her quite alone.

In her despair she sought out a former Christian teacher who had been kind to her at the mission school. Some poor people of whom she knew had obtained money to set up a small retail business. They said the money was sent by American Christians. Could the teacher help her get such a loan and buy back her son so she would have someone to support her in her old age? If the interest was not over 10 per cent per month, it would be a good investment.

The teacher agreed to her plan on certain conditions; there would be no interest—American Christians wanted no gain for themselves. They would loan her the money which she could pay back gradually as she earned, but she must borrow enough to buy back both children, since girls were just as valuable as boys in the sight of God.

Beautiful Jade nodded her head slowly in agreement. "If my parents—if all China—could learn that," she said, "how different many things would be; how different my life might have been, if I

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had had the courage to become a Christian many years ago."

This Church Owns a Theater

The owner of a theater died recently in Scotland and willed his theater to the Church of Scotland for use in presenting religious plays and motion pictures. He said he believed Christian forces should make more use of this artistic medium in its work of evangelism and religious education. The Church now has a committee that will endeavor to carry the donor's wish into reality in at least this one theater.

Nicola Notar Serves New York Church

The Rev. Nicola Notar, for fourteen years pastor of the Italian congregation in the Morgan Memorial Church of All Nations, Boston, has recently been appointed pastor of the Jefferson Park Methodist Church, in New York City. He succeeds the Rev. Pietro Campo, who has retired from the active ministry. While in Boston, Mr. Notar was also pastor of the Italian Church of the Savior in South Boston.

Boys Learn Way to Man's Hearts

Meat-saving menus are a man's dish when the ten members of the Chefs' Club meet each week with Miss Dorothy Judd, Methodist Deaconess in charge of the club at the West Side Community House, Cleveland, Ohio. Ten boys between nine and eleven years of age constitute the club's membership. They wear spotless chef's caps and aprons as they learn to balance menus, cook individual dishes, and plan, prepare, and serve complete meals.

New Motion Pictures

A new black and white sound motion picture entitled "That They Might Have Life," produced by the Department of Visual Education, has just been released for the use of churches. This picture tells the story of a boy from an Italian immigrant home on the East Side of New York and the conflict between the influence of the street and of a city mission church upon his life. The picture is well made and has been received with approval and enthusiasm by those who have seen it. The service charge is \$2.00 and the showing time twenty-two minutes. It may be secured from the Department of Visual Education, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York; Visual Materials, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois; The Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee; Visual Materials, 125 East Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 12, California; and Miss Elaine Sorensen, 408 Artisans Building, Portland 5, Oregon.

Assistance for Evangelicals in Italy

Three American Protestant clergymen are now visiting cities and churches in Italy, planning to give immediate relief to many needy evangelical families, and to make plans for further American aid to evangelical Italian congregations impoverished by the war. The clergymen are Dr. Robert W. Anthony of New York, Dr. W. Dewey Moore of Washington, D. C., and the Rev. P. J. Zaccara of New York.

Alvan Drew Student's Work in Anthology

A poem, "Soldier's Prayer," by Miss Lohoma Creech, honor student at Alvan Drew School, Pine Ridge, Kentucky, has been selected by the National High School Poetry Association for inclusion in its annual anthology, published this year. Miss Creech is active in school activities and is one of the two Pine Ridge Youth Group representatives on the Council of the Mountain Youth Fellowship.

Labor Honors James Myers

"For distinguished service on behalf of labor's rights," the award of the Workers Defense League will be made this year to the Rev. James Myers, Presbyterian clergyman and industrial secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. For more than twenty years Dr. Myers has been a church champion of labor, employer, farm and co-operative groups, and has done much to "bridge the gap between the laboring man and the organized church." His writings have interpreted one group to the other. The presentation to Dr. Myers will be made by the League's national chairman, Aron S. Gilmartin.

Protestant Leaders Plan for Puerto Rico



Miss Verr H. Zeff

¶ Nineteen administrators, representing Protestant educational institutions in Puerto Rico, met recently in Puerto Rico to discuss problems and to consider the possibility of an organization for future planning. Methodist representatives present were Miss Verr H. Zeff, director, and Miss Bernice Huff, from the George O. Robinson School, and the Rev. H. M. Hilliard, newly appointed superintendent of the Puerto Mission Conference, and Mrs. Hilliard.

The possibility of opening schools in connection with churches was discussed and the need for an elementary boys' school, a high school, a boys' high school, and a college at the eastern end of the island was reviewed. The group also recognized the need for increased adult education and weekday religious education which has not been developed. The possibility of scholarships for evangelical students at Polytechnic Institute was suggested.

Negro Leaders Now Serve Liberia

¶ Two Negro bishops, both of whom in their respective churches had made names for themselves as leaders of their people, have been appointed recently for oversight of church and missionary activity in the Republic of Liberia, Africa.

Bishop Willis J. King is already in Monrovia as head of The Methodist Church's work there, while the Rev. Bravid W. Harris has been elected by the Episcopal House of Bishops as missionary bishop of Liberia for his denomination. Both of these churches have been serving Liberia for more than one hundred years, and it was the first mission field of each church.

Famed Composer Nears Century Mark

¶ The "grand old man" of the gospel hymn composers, and the last survivor of the group of writers, composers, and singers gathered around the world-famous Moody and Sankey revivals, is now in his one hundredth year at his home in Catskill, New York. He is Dr. George C. Stebbins and he will be 100 years old in February, 1946.

His gospel hymns are among the best of the many thousands produced during a period of fifty years and some of them will live down the decades of the Christian church—some of them are now in the "standard" hymnals of the churches.

Among his more noted compositions are "Take Time to Be Holy," "I've Found a Friend," "True-hearted, Whole-hearted," and "There Is a Green Hill Far Away."

Y.W.C.A. Reorganizes for Manila

¶ Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, wife of the former American High Commissioner to the Philippines, is the chairman of a committee formed in the United States to assist in reorganizing and financing the work of the Young Woman's Christian Association in Manila.

During Japanese occupation the Y.W.C.A. assisted in the relief of stranded foreigners and Filipino students, had a center near the concentration camp at Capaz, Tarlac, to help serve the 50,000 men imprisoned there, conducted a center in Guadalupe, Rizal, for war orphans and widows, and devised ways for the people to earn their own food supplies.

"There Are No Bills," Nurse Is Told

¶ Appreciation for the services of Mrs. Magdalene Weatherstone, for eight years nurse for the Erie School, Olive Hill, Kentucky, and surrounding communities, was expressed recently when Mrs.



Mrs. Magdalene Weatherstone

Weatherstone asked for her bill at a hospital to which she had been taken for treatment during an attack of pneumonia. "There are no bills," she was told. Her friends in the community and the school had cared for her expenses and members of the Woman's Club of Olive Hill had also given her a personal shower.

"Vashti Camellia" Honors School

¶ Honoring Vashti School, the Thomasville Nurseries, Thomasville, Georgia, have named a beautiful variety of camellia "the Vashti Camellia." According to the nursery catalog, this flower is described as "easily the most choice of all variegated camellias of the standard rose-double form, occasional red flowers on the same bush making it very attractive."

Thomasville is known as the "City of Flowers," says Miss Mary F. Floyd, superintendent of Vashti School, which is sponsored by the Woman's Division of Christian Service for 120 girls of high-school age.

Do Russians Still Pray?

¶ A news report, emanating from Sweden, says that the following prayer (the origin of which appears unknown) has been found upon a number of Russians made prisoners of war by the Germans—and being interpreted as "interesting proof of how difficult it is to uproot the age-old faith of the Russian people":

"Thou silent Light, Redeemer of the world, who art encircling the whole earth with thy love: we hear thy prayer from the cross: 'Father, forgive them.' In the name of that all-forgiving love, we ask our Father in heaven to grant his and our enemies eternal peace. Lord, forgive those who are shedding innocent blood, and causing us untold suffering, advancing at the cost of their brothers' agony. Lord, judge not those who persecute us. Let our prayer help on the work of reconciliation among those whom our feeble witness to our faith stimulated to opposition to Christianity."

Methodists Might Refrain, Too!

¶ Certain pictures of "pin-up girls," designed to keep up the morale of soldiers, an over-portrayal of lurid news featured by some newspapers in connection with stories of divorce, illicit romances, and sex crimes, and certain comics and movies that feed the child's mind with ideas of crime, violence, and lust, were scored by church leaders and laymen at the recent Family Life Conference held under the auspices of the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C.

Much of juvenile delinquency and the low moral tone of the adult population were declared traceable to these sources. It was urged that church people be admonished to refrain from motion pictures and reading that suggest a mode of life contrary to the teachings of their Church.

WORLD OUTLOOK

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by CHARLES W. TURNER

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About the Author:

Charles W. Turner, the son of English missionaries, was born in Brazil and received his early education there. His higher education was gained in the United States. Now as secretary of the United Bible Society (British and American) in Rio de Janeiro, he has spent a lifetime in Brazil. All these factors, plus his interest and knowledge of his subject, tend to make him the ideal biographer of Barbosa whose concepts of freedom were derived from Anglo-American sources.

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"Whoever employs his intelligence deliberately to consider evil, or uses his gift of speech for falsehood and deceit, commits against the Author of heaven and earth the greatest sacrilege."

"Of all civil liberties, none is so congenial to man, so noble, so fruitful, so peaceable, and so akin to the gospel, as religious liberty."

"Education is the most creative of all economic forces, the most productive of all financial measures."

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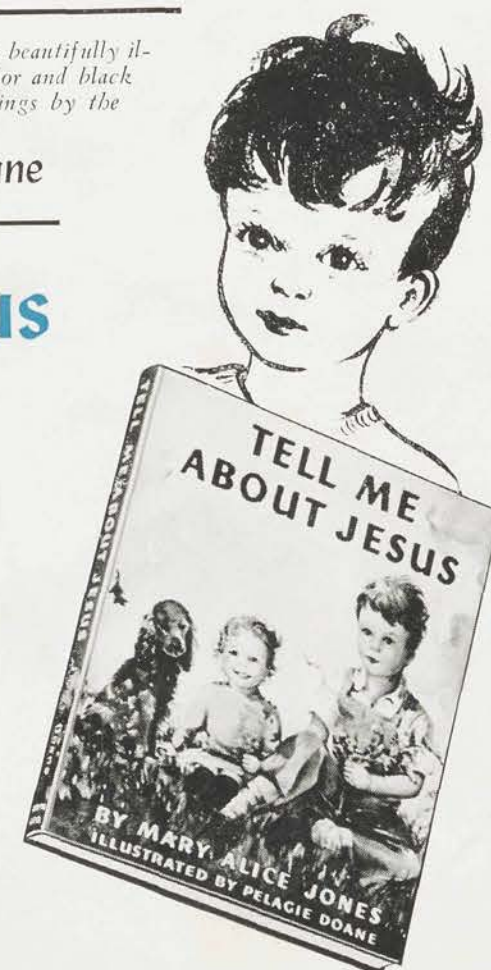
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