

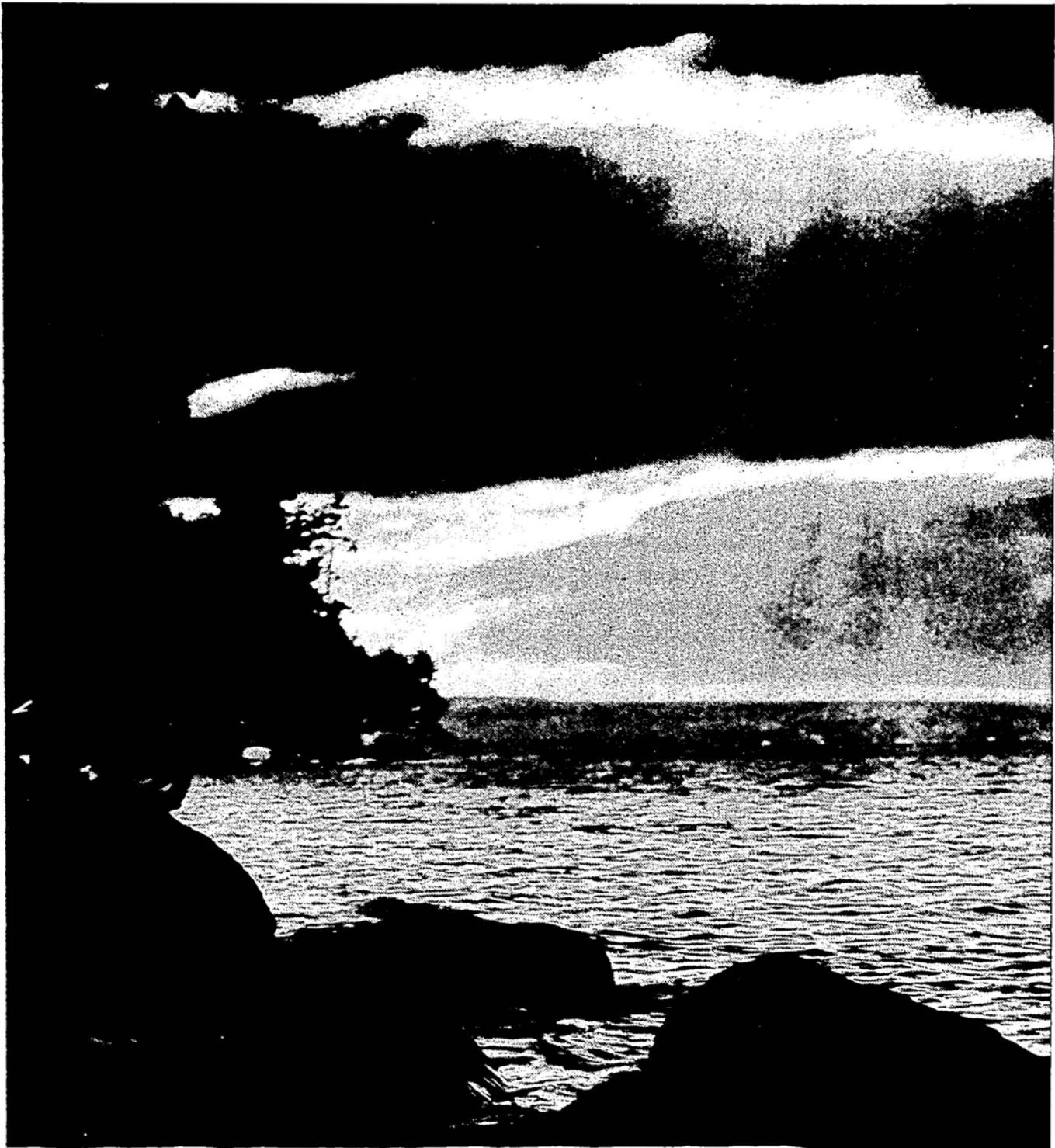
JUNE

1941

# WORLD OUTLOOK



MISSION INN, LAKE JUNALUSKA, NORTH CAROLINA



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# WORLD OUTLOOK

JUNE, 1941

## Methodists of the World, Unite!

CURRENT events have raised in many minds the question of a closer union between English-speaking peoples for the promotion and defense of the way of life in which these peoples believe. It seems appropriate to raise also the question of a closer union between Methodists of English-speaking lands.

In our recent Emergency Campaign we raised nearly a quarter of a million dollars for the relief of British Methodism. No item in that budget was more popular among the people, and the gesture strengthened the understanding and sense of comradeship between the two great branches of Wesleyanism. This should be carried forward until organic unity has been achieved and "the Methodists are one people."

American and British Methodisms are disjointed ecclesiastically because of incidental political circumstances which had nothing to do with faith or experience or the desires of Wesley and Asbury. The British Church is our Mother, and there has never been a rift or misunderstanding between us, but only the deepest affection and finest fellowship. We have remained separate largely because we have not especially needed each other in material things, but because of this separateness we have never been able to pool the total Methodist strength for the extension of the Kingdom of God and the evangelistic conquest of the world.

The Methodism of Britain is the only Methodism in all the world with which we have no real connection. We are organically related to the Methodist churches in twenty European nations and geographical divisions and in all Asia, Africa, Central and South America, and the island world. We are related to the Methodist churches and people in nearly all British colonies and possessions. Only the Mother Church is in another family.

In Great Britain, Ireland, France, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the foreign missions of the Wesleyan Church there are two million Methodists, more or less, who are separated from the eight million Methodists of the American branch of the family. Thinking alike, feeling alike, and trying to accomplish the same ends, these two mighty groups nevertheless pursue independent ways. Attempting the same tasks, they do not combine their efforts. In many places both groups are present.

WORLD OUTLOOK would like to see all these Meth-

odists become one people. We would like to see all European Methodism organized as a Jurisdiction of a world-wide Methodist Church, under the hegemony of Great Britain. We would like to attend a Uniting Conference in Bristol, a General Conference in London, and Jurisdictional Conferences in Berlin, Melbourne, and Capetown.

In Great Britain and the United States breaches in the Methodist structure have been healed and unification achieved. The process on both sides of the Atlantic required time, patience, wisdom, and concessions. But faith and experience won. Shall we not now proceed to a larger unity? Has not the time arrived for the beginning of the process?

This would enable Methodism to lead and guide in the much-talked union of English-speaking peoples. It would double our influence in recommending to all nations the way of life which we believe is most nearly Christian. It might mean much for the future peace of the world. It would inject a needed theological and spiritual element into American Methodism and an equally needed social element into European Methodism, and thereby help toward a reconstruction of Christian thought and life that would preserve all values. It would give Methodism great power in the promotion of its whole program of work. It would stimulate and help at every point the missionary enterprise.

The achievement of such unification will not be simple. It will call for wise ecclesiastical statesmanship, but we possess that in ample measure. But it should be easier than was unification among Methodist denominations, here or there, because there is involved no bitter history, no inherited prejudices, no property interests, none of the other obstructive influences which operate in such movements.

Let the Methodists of the world unite. Let us be one people. Not only in the intangible and ineffective, though precious and vital, unity of sentiment, but as a body of believers with identical traditions, principles, ideals, and programs of work organically merged into a powerful operating force in the interests of God's work in the world. The time is at hand. No other set of circumstances so conducive to unity may again appear. Those who possess the true ecumenical spirit—the real spirit of Wesleyanism—should take advantage of the present tide in the affairs of men and labor to make all the Methodists on earth really "one people."

● Methodists are a traveling folk. They seem to be always ready to go on pilgrimages. "Methodist Roads South" in the April number of *WORLD OUTLOOK* brought us many letters from our readers. One wrote:

I certainly enjoyed your April issue of *WORLD OUTLOOK*. "Methodist Roads South" made me want to set right out, although at the moment I read the article we had quite a brisk little snow storm going on up here in New England. But what about "Methodist Roads North"? The summer is coming and where can you find a better vacation place than New England? (I am not a member of any Chamber of Commerce.) I think you had an article on Morgan Memorial in Boston some time back, but that is not the only place The Methodist Church works. Some years back we had home mission workers in South Boston. They worked among the Russians and the Poles, and I remember hearing one of them describe his work. It was a fascinating story. I have lost track of the work, so a "Methodist Road North" would inform me as well as friends from other parts of the country. Then there are the Portuguese people of Cape Cod. We call them Portagee, and it was not until I was a grown man that I knew their name was pronounced differently. They work in the mills and they work in the cranberry bogs. There was quite a Methodist settlement of them once—I suppose there still is. They had a campground out on the Cape where they held camp meetings in the summertime. They were a big, friendly people but with a great deal of dignity. They came, not from Portugal, I believe, but from the Cape Verde Isles. Some of them were very black. We had, in the old days, mission workers who ran vacation schools for the children of these people.

You see I am badly out of touch with our mission work myself. I like to know about the people in our country and what our church is doing with them. Surely there must be exciting work going on in New England. It can't all be in the South.

We agree with you, Mr. New Englander. There is interesting Methodist work going on every day in the year, in New England and in other sections of the country. We are looking forward to a "Methodist Roads North" at a future date; but in the meantime perhaps you and other readers will be interested in knowing that, with the co-operation of one of the members of the *WORLD OUTLOOK* staff, a small Methodist map of the United States has been prepared. It will appear in the August issue of *The Adult Student*, published by the editorial department of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church, at 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee.

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## Contents for June, 1941

Methodists of the World, Unite! (Editorial) . . .	ELMER T. CLARK	3
Letters . . . . .		4
Among "The Dives of Doyers" . . . . .	EMILY TOWE	6
Congo Pygmies . . . . .	E. B. STILZ	9
The Future of Missions in China . . . . .	Y. C. YANG	11
Serving the Boys at Camp Shelby . . . . .	MRS. R. E. ROLLINS	13
The Navajos of New Mexico . . . . .	C. C. BROOKS	15
Buttonholes . . . . .	CAROL CANTOR	18
Methodism in The Great Smokies (Pictorial) . . . . .		19
Building a Bridge to the Argentine . . . . .	BEATRICE BURROUGHS	27
At Work in the Oklahoma Mission . . . . .	MARY BETH LITTLEJOHN	30
The Watcher of the Dawn . . . . .	WINIFRED KIRKLAND	32
God in the Shelters . . . . .	WALTER G. BORCHERS	34
Let Me Help Shoulder the Load . . . . .	RICHARD T. BAKER	36
Books . . . . .	JUANITA BROWN	37
The Moving Finger Writes . . . . .		38

Cover—Mission Inn, Lake Junaluska, North Carolina  
(Natural color *WORLD OUTLOOK* photograph)

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## The Maid Problem

● Mrs. Jean Collier Brown's article on "The Maid Problem" in the April issue called forth several letters. One letter says:

I was interested in "The Maid Problem" in the April issue of *WORLD OUTLOOK*. I have cut out the "several concrete proposals" and pinned them up on my desk. But Mrs. Brown is talking of a young, capable girl. I suppose I lay myself open to all sorts of accusations—"employer's point of view," "reactionary," and so forth—but we seldom get a young, capable girl in this town. The girls we get have usually not gone beyond the sixth or seventh grade—they come from immigrant families and have to be trained from scratch. They—many of them—have not seen a tablecloth. Under such circumstances the daughter-mother relationship inevitably grows up. I feel responsible for my girls. I do watch their callers. I admit it. I also put a time on which their callers should leave. But the moral conditions in this town are bad. Mothers have urged me to take their daughters as maids because they are afraid of the conditions surrounding them in the factory. I have seen three of my maids marry good men in the town, and I do not think they would have done as well if they had met them in the freedom of the factory.

I do not believe an employer should have the maternal attitude I have toward my maids. But, will Mrs. Brown or any other woman tell me how I am to safeguard the maids in my house some other way? I am really desperately interested in the question.

Another writes:

I have read "The Maid Problem" with interest. However, it does not seem to be dealing with the kinds of problems I meet with my maid. In this town we, all of us, employ Negro maids. Could you, sometime, publish an article on this subject? I do not think the maids we employ here would be employed by factories except at very unskilled labor.

And still another:

Thank you for the article on "The Maid Problem." It is one that is timely and very suggestive to a housewife. I hope we will learn to carry our Christian principles into our kitchens. I know in my own community many women are doing just that. Certainly the maid's lot is far better than it was a few years ago. That doesn't mean it doesn't need improvement.

## Discrimination Against Indian Children

● The question of the discrimination against Indian children raised by a letter from a man who had read the story "Cages" in the January *WORLD OUTLOOK* is still being answered. The latest answer is:

In March *WORLD OUTLOOK* the question is asked, "Are Indian children discriminated against in the public schools?" In California the law states: "All children between

seven and seventeen years of age must attend school." There are some whites who refuse to allow their children to be associated with Indians. That occurred in one district of my county. The law said, "The Indian has a right to an education," and the district was required to provide and maintain a separate school for him. I can't say how it may be in other states.

H. A. BOLE

Occidental, California

In the article on "The Navajo of New Mexico" in this issue readers may find further enlightenment on the Indian and his education.

## Defense Program and Daily Lives

● As the defense program continues to get under way the daily lives of many of our readers are affected. One reader writes from Whitthorne, Tennessee:

I am one of the many, many people who have to rearrange almost overnight our program of living, because of the famous shell loading plant that was brought . . . to this community of Whitthorne. . . . I sat and watched people hustle out and give possession of their houses where they had been born and reared. . . . I saw eighteen hundred families moved out and scattered like chaff in a wind to other parts of the country. . . . I saw truck load after truck load of gravel poured on land that last year made wonderful crops. I heard the hum of the saw and the knock of the hammer as the carpenters worked night and day to build houses, dormitories, cafeterias, and offices. I saw three churches go down, dissolved, finished; and another stands isolated without any members to sit in its pews.

MRS. ALICE L. SLOAN

*WORLD OUTLOOK* is very anxious to hear from other persons who have had their lives changed during the past year—and they are even more anxious to learn how those persons became adjusted to the new lives and what part the church played in the adjustment.

## A Few Pointers from California

● California gives us our most bracing letters. It must be something about the air out there. This one, however, starts with a very foolish question. Why, of course, we like to hear from our readers.

DEAR *WORLD OUTLOOK*:

Do you like to hear from your readers?

1. We like *WORLD OUTLOOK* very much. It is a real educational help to us.

2. We thought the leading editorial on the withdrawal of missionaries from East Asia quite failed to be convincing. Perhaps that was because it seemed to be apologetic.

3. We hope that you will never again economize in space and dignity by the use of "Frisco" when you mean San Francisco. That unsaintly abbreviation took its origin, I understand, with gamblers and other lawless groups. Here on the coast (this coast) it is still used by criminals, by those who want to discount the Bay cities, and by those who know no better.

4. We think the use of the terms "masses" and "classes" is quite un-American and unnecessary. Neither you nor I like to be thought of as a bit of a "mass," however much in our own hearts we like to be thought of as "class" and pretty high class at that.

BRUTON ST. JOHN

Pasadena, California

## Reader Glad of Editorial

● Although our last letter writer did not care for the editorial on the withdrawal of missionaries from Japan, Korea, and Occupied China, some of our readers did. The following letter, also from the West, is a sample. If the name signed to the letter seems strange to the author of the letter, will you please excuse us? We cannot read his signature.

I want to thank you for the fine editorial on the withdrawal of missionaries from Japan, Korea, and Occupied China. We have been worried about it—many of us are retired missionaries or related to missionaries in this section of the world. We think that the editorial was a very fair putting of the case and it should relieve much of the anxiety of good men and women who feel that the Christian cause is lost in those countries from which we have taken our missionaries.

J. D. STONE

Berkeley, California

## Did "Peace Aims" Stop Short?

● We are always interested to see what articles call forth the most comment after a new number of *WORLD OUTLOOK* has appeared. Some months are stormier than others. This month was one of our quieter months. But there were a few comments on the article "Peace Aims and the War" which appeared in the April issue and was written by Richard T. Baker. One reader was all praise. She writes:

Congratulations to *WORLD OUTLOOK* for its article "Peace Aims and the War." I have read articles on Peace Aims in three of the leading magazines of the country. I think this comes down to fundamentals the quickest.

Another:

I have just finished "Peace Aims and the War" and I am going to break a lifelong abstinence from writing to editors and write to you. The piece was an interesting piece, but don't you really think that it is a part of England's delightful but thoroughly exasperating muddle-headedness that makes the Archbishop of York, with the bombs crashing around him and villages going up in flames, solemnly declare that the time has now come to advocate complete reorganization of the internal financial life of the church?

Oh, my dear old Aunt Hattie! When are we going to wake up to the fact that a long time's coming before we are going to set forth any peace terms—either we or England?



Daniel Husband, superintendent, Doyers Street Mission,  
New York City

ONE night thirty years ago Daniel Husband stumbled through the Bowery. Penniless, cold, and hungry, he wandered without a coat through the "street of forgotten men."

By accident the man walked into the old Hadley Rescue Home, then operated by the Methodist Church. There he met Tom Noonan, a former convict, converted in prison, who was at that time serving the men of Misery Row.

That night a drunkard was converted—a jobless "ne'er-do-well" found God. So deep and real was Dan Husband's experience that for the last thirty years he has helped others with broken lives and haunting memories to learn about the better life.

This year Mr. Husband celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his conversion. Since 1911 he has worked at the Doyers Street Mission, in an old Chinese theater, on dingy and dangerous Doyers Street. Until Tom Noonan died in 1935, Mr. Husband was his assistant. Recently he was given the title of superintendent.

Doyers Street Mission has become famous, not only to the down-and-outers who nightly attend its services, flop down to sleep on its pews, and drink

\* Miss Emily Towe is a prize-winning graduate of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism and formerly Church Editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*.

# Among "The Dives of Doyers"

By Emily Towe\*

its morning cup of coffee, but also to tourists from all parts of the country.

Let us look at the mission on the Saturday night when Husband commemorated his conversion.

Several hundred men, with pathetic faces not easily forgotten, are singing "Wonderful Words of Life." They are men without destination, and they come from everywhere. They eat there, they sleep there, they pray there.

On the walls of the building, where Chinese once staged oriental plays, are pictures of some of the notable people who have been converted at the mission—men and women now passed on.

There is "Chinatown Gertie," once a dancer in one of the old dives, now dignified in her portrait hanging above the heads of the unfortunate men; the picture of a mustached man who came from a wealthy New York family and was converted from alcoholism to respectability; "Sister Sophie," a scrub-woman who witnessed not only at the mission but in her menial work; another man, who after he was converted lived to prosper and leave the mission \$100 at his death.

Biblical verses are printed boldly over the walls, reminding that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There is the exhortation to "choose ye this day whom ye will serve." And there is the promise that "whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

But let us look more closely at the men themselves. There are no women there as in the early days. Bearded faces, ragged figures, dejected appearances—these are the impressions that the visitor gets first upon visiting the mission.

Then we find that some of these men have definite personalities. A few of them speak up willingly, telling how they came to know God in the heart of Chinatown. They all sing the old hymns with vigor.

An appeal for testimonies comes. A small chubby man with large feet, which look even bigger in his overshoes, gets up to tell the story of his life. As he speaks he does not appear an exhibitionist—he talks from his heart. His name is Frank Forrest, who has found employment as day watchman in a church since his conversion at the altar of the mission. Three times each week he comes to tell the men there he was once a "worthless sinner."



World Outlook photo

"Line up for coffee, boys." The homeless men of Doyers Street are given free meals

Here is the testimony in his own words:

In October, 1936, I came around in this neighborhood, seeking a friend. I was stripped clean. No place to lay my head. I came here, heard the story of Jesus, and accepted him as my Friend. He made a changed man of me.

Since then I have found employment. Life is so uncertain for all of us. We may spend money here and there for liquor and cards, but there is nothing that satisfies like being a Christian. We do thank God, who is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

I used to be a weaver in Massachusetts till my eyesight went back on me. I was good at cards, drinking, and race track betting. I've often thought what this place where I was converted means to me. I think it is a lighthouse in the heart of Chinatown—a place where hopeless men find hope in God.

Forrest sings solos at the meetings, conducted every night at nine o'clock.

Another regular attendant at the mission does his part in the service. He is a small man, a Greek, who sings hymns in his native tongue. His name is Peter. The language, strange to the ears of Bowery men, resounds through the old mission hall, as "Brother Peter" chants "Only a Sinner Saved by Grace." Then all the others join in the chorus.

Daniel Husband arises to tell the men assembled there that he was once the victim of liquor before his conversion in the Bowery. "Whiskey will make you sell the coat off your back to get the stuff. You have to get something new in your heart—the love of God."

"Some of you could hold down good jobs," Mr.

Husband continued. "Others don't want them. Some think their living should be handed to them. God trains good hands and good feet to get out and hustle. Let us get down on our knees and ask God for a clean heart."

Daniel Husband is now 72 years old. Born in Ontario, Canada, he left there 45 years ago. His father was principal of a school, and the boy received a high-school education. When he came to the United States, he became a "jack of all trades." He earned his living at first one thing, then another—finally drifting into department store work, with heavy drinking during leisure hours.

Gradually this habit took hold of his life until he fell to the Bowery, where he was converted. Since he became a Christian, Mr. Husband has not touched a drop of liquor, according to his testimony before the men of the mission.

At the anniversary celebration the men were served sandwiches and coffee. Pie was added to give a festive atmosphere to the occasion.

Every night before the nine o'clock services and every morning from 175 to 200 men are served sandwiches and coffee. They sleep on the wooden pews in the auditorium because they have no other place on which to lay their heads.

Hungry men form a bread line in the basement, holding out their cups for coffee and reaching eagerly for bread. Many times the superintendent helps serve the men before conducting religious services.



James Driscoll, a convert at the Doyers Street Mission, now serves by playing the piano at all religious services

World Outlook photo

Bingo, the kitty, can always be found in the kitchen. Hardened men smile and toss friendly words to the affable pet.

The Rescue Society's mission in Doyers Street has been called the "Cathedral of Chinatown." Architecturally, it is far from that. But, like a true cathedral, it has friends the world over, and it shares a great work.

The building is a squat structure, hemmed in by buildings occupied by Chinese merchants. Like Chinatown itself, this unusual church does not come to life until long after the sun sets.

The Rescue Society does not work among the Chinese, but confines itself entirely to white men who have drifted into Chinatown. The work is supported by voluntary contributions.

The name of Tom Noonan is bound up with the fate of the converted Chinese theater in crooked Doyers Street. The Rescue Society, founded in 1893, was working against the notorious evils of the Bowery when Mr. Noonan went there in 1904. There was plenty to be done and he did it efficiently. That is why the name of this Chinatown mission is known throughout the country.

In Tom Noonan's own words, he was born "somewhere on the sidewalks of New York." He never knew his mother and his father died when he was a baby. Early in life he drifted into crime from his background of dirt and poverty.

He ran away from school after a mix-up with his

teacher over a day of truancy. He lived a hand-to-mouth existence and began to break the law. Finally at sixteen years of age he landed in Sing Sing prison, serving a sentence for robbery.

Young Noonan, to whom religion was only a word, and not a particularly attractive one, found it necessary to attend chapel. With resentment he listened at first to a series of sermons. Then one Sunday a minister came from an outside church.

"His words gripped me," Tom Noonan said a quarter century later. "For the first time in my life I became aware that there was something to religion. I had never paid any attention to it before."

At the end of the service, Noonan and others received an invitation from Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, the "prisoners' friend," to visit her when they were freed. In 1896 Noonan accepted the invitation. She gave him work at Hope Hall, a country home for ex-convicts. In the winter of 1904 he went to Doyers Street.

Now Tom Noonan's successor carries on. To Daniel Husband the friendless and homeless individuals who fill the rows of benches in the pit of the old theater are all worth helping. He admits that some are shiftless—always will be. But there are also some who only need a helping hand to rise above the Bowery bread line.

Daniel Husband, who once stood penniless in a mission bread line, is that friend in the "lighthouse of Chinatown."



The pygmies hunt with bows and arrows and nets

Daughter of a pygmy chief and a Basonge mother



Pygmy father and son, near Katako Kombe

# Congo Pygmies

By E. B. Stilz\*

IN various places in the Congo are the so-called pygmies, a very primitive race of people, with a culture something like that of the stone age. Our people here say that they are the original inhabitants of the country, and I suppose that is true. They are called the Batwa, or some form of that word.

I became interested in the pygmies upon being told that they all smoke Indian hemp—men, women, and children. I had read about the increasing use of this weed in the homeland, there called marijuana. One can see the effect upon people here who use it. It completely ruins them intellectually and affects them in other ways. I had, and still have, the idea that the backwardness of the pygmies is to a great extent due to the use of Indian hemp.

An additional incentive for visiting the pygmies was a request from Dr. Edwin W. Smith, of the Kennedy School of Missions, for information about their language, with a view to sending missionaries among them.

In March, 1940, we went for a vacation to Lake Makamba, ninety-four miles south by the auto road. We sent word for the pygmies to come to Kitenge Ngandu, a Basonge village not far from the Lomami. They did not come at the appointed time, so I decided to go to them. One of our boys went with me, each on a bicycle. At Kitenge Ngandu we picked up

a native preacher, Luhata André. Just beyond Kitenge Ngandu we passed through what used to be the village of the notorious chief Ngongo Leteta, the site now covered with fields of cotton and manioc, with a long mound of dirt in the midst, the only remains of the house in which he lived.

We passed several Basonge villages, and at noon met three pygmies, who were on the way to Kitenge Ngandu in response to our call. I was very much surprised at their appearance. They wore the cotton cloth of commerce, as well as the animal skins I had expected to see. They were not unusually short. One had a very evil-looking face, like that of a murderer. Another, their chief, had a very stern look, somewhat like that of a dog growling over a bone. It seems that he had quite a habit of scolding his subjects. The third one had a much better face. The three of them returned with us.

We left our bicycles in a village near the Lomami and crossed over in a dugout canoe. We followed a path through the bush, passed several houses of people of the Ahina tribe, and two or three miles farther on we came suddenly upon the village of the pygmies, consisting of seven or eight houses.

Generally the pygmies are found in the forest, but this particular village is in a plain with very few trees. The inhabitants consist of ten men, seven women, and six children. I took some pictures of them. I also had a borrowed movie machine. I wanted some movement and asked them if they could dance or play some games. They said they

\* Mr. E. B. Stilz, the author of this interesting story of the primitive pygmies of Africa, is a Methodist missionary at Wembo Nyama, in the Belgian Congo.

could not. They have only things with which to hunt, bows and arrows and nets. The only other objects I saw were a gourd pipe and a few mats. They have no musical instruments of any kind. Their huts have no clay walls, only grass from top to the ground.

They do not cultivate the ground at all. There are no palm trees or bananas or anything in the village. They depend upon exchanging meat for the manioc which they eat. They eat some wild fruits. While we were there one of the men came in with some fruit which he had picked up in the forest. They do not kill game every day, and it is said that they often go hungry.

From all appearances the women and children do nothing at all, neither work nor play. Their chief occupation seems to be sitting. I did not see any of them smile or joke. It is said that a pygmy will sometimes burn down a tree and plant Indian hemp in the ashes, but for the most part they depend upon exchanging meat for their hemp as well as their food.

I noticed that they are easily insulted. I had thought that they were harmless, but several years ago they killed a head man in the neighborhood. When they went to get a present of salt after our visit one of the chiefs on the road took their bows and arrows away from them for fear that one might get angry and hurt someone.

I asked them words of their language. They have a rolling "r" as in French and stretched-out vowels as in the language of the Basonge. It is evidently one of the Bantu languages. I do not think it practical to send missionaries to them alone. They never have permanent villages. When game becomes scarce in one place they move to another. The native Christians with whom they have contact might try to give them the gospel message. I do not think they will soon forget the kind-heartedness of our

preacher, Luhata.

Several days after this visit I went to Yambayamba, a Basonge village twenty miles or more from the lake. I had been told that there were pygmies there. We arrived at noon, and all the pygmy men were still out hunting; only a woman and child were in the village. I asked the woman some words of her language, but

she soon became weary from the extraordinary mental effort. When her husband came in, I asked him some words, but in a short time his brain also ceased to function.

In this village there were six pygmy men. One was head and shoulders taller than the rest, about five feet seven inches; the others were of the ordinary pygmy size. They had not caught anything that day. I asked them why they did not plant things and have something to eat every day. They replied that they did not want to. They certainly have the hunting habit. Here they were more sociable, and not insulted so easily.

Later on I went to see some other pygmies still closer to the lake in a Basonge village. Before reaching the village we met five men on their way to their daily hunt. I promised them a present, and they went back with us to the village. They were there only temporarily, to hunt for the Basongevillagers, and their wives had gone back to Yambayamba, the village mentioned above. I took some pictures of them and asked them words. There are all kinds of types among them. One had a round, open face. Another is a born actor; I had him describing a fight for the motion picture machine. They were pleasant until I gave them a small bunch of bananas and one wanted to take them all. I measured these and found that they ranged from four feet ten inches to five feet two inches.

In June, 1940, I visited some other pygmies to the north of us on the other side of Katako Kombe. These were in the real forest, with only a small opening where they have their group of huts. They do not even keep the sprouts from growing up around their houses. These houses are poor indeed, some without any walls, only a shed affair with grass thrown promiscuously on top. Their beds are of sticks about two inches thick laid upon two pieces of wood and not even tied together.

I took some pictures there also and asked them the list of words which I had. The one I asked the words had to go from time to time to take a few puffs from his gourd pipe to give him the required strength. I asked him to count, but upon reaching eleven he said, "We do not count; we can see what we are trading and there is no need to count it!"



Pygmy children neither work nor play. It is said that they are taught to smoke hemp from infancy



An old man smoking, in a common posture. The pipe is made of a dipper gourd with a clay bowl and has water inside

# The Future of Missions in China

By Y. C. Yang\*

CHRISTIAN missions in China are facing another crisis today. Under the stress of international developments in the Far East a general evacuation of missionaries is now in progress. This not only raises difficult problems for the present but also causes keen concern for the future. What shall we do to meet the present exigency so that the work can go on with the least possible interruption? How shall we plan and prepare for the future so that we can be well equipped for the task and responsibility which shall await us? These are live questions of vital importance to the Church.



Dr. Y. C. Yang

The present exodus of missionaries from China easily recalls to our mind a similar situation in 1927-1928, but the nature and cause of the present crisis are fundamentally different from those of the previous one. Then the cause of the trouble was in China herself, but now it comes from entirely outside of China. Then it was the rising tide of radical nationalism, influenced by atheistic communism, which created a furor and stirred up agitations against the Christian missions. Now it is military aggression committed to totalitarianism in government which is threatening national life and the work of missions in the Far East. China and the Church in China are confronted by the same danger and have to struggle against the same force.

As far as China itself is concerned, Christian missions and missionaries have never been so popular in the country. Their work has never been so well understood and their services so greatly appreciated. The door of opportunity is everywhere open to the Christian Church, and the presence of missionaries is cordially welcomed on every side. This is equally true whether we think of the government or the people or the party organizations. Even the communistic element, which was the source of trouble in the past, has changed its stand and is openly inviting Christian organizations to extend their program of work to spheres under its influence or control.

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All the old suspicion and opposition have faded away. In their place we now find growing appreciation and the spirit of cooperation. No matter how discouraging or disquieting the present crisis is, here, in the remarkable change of attitude of the whole nation, we can certainly see an encouraging factor which should cheer our hearts and give us unflinching hope in a bright future. We may be hard pressed for the moment, but we are surely standing on the threshold of a great forward movement.

For the present, however, the outlook does seem ominous. It is difficult to see how the incompatibility between the traditional Far Eastern policy of America and the new, ever growing ambition of Japan for Asia can be adjusted, or how the irreconcilable conflict between totalitarian state supremacy and Christian supreme loyalty to God can be avoided. But there are those who believe that, after all, the worst may not happen. They even think that the very fact that the United States has made it clear that it has certain definite principles of policy regarding the Far East which it means to maintain and defend has clarified the atmosphere and perhaps lessened the imminence of a dangerous break. The storm may break, or it may not break.

Assuming, however, that the storm would break, we should not allow ourselves to be over-alarmed and become panic-stricken. The weather cannot continue bad all the time. The sky may clear up sooner than we expect, when the sun may emerge from the clouds to give us a brighter day for work. The Church of Christ has weathered many storms and has always continued to live and grow. What was feared to be a great cloudburst in 1927-1928, which would cause irreparable damages, turned out to be only a summer shower.

So, in the present crisis, the storm, even if it should actually come, may not be as bad or last as long as we fear. After all, there is a God who rules the world and can overrule the actions of man. Whatever our immediate concern, our main problem is not when or how to call in the workers from the field, but how to plan and prepare for

greater undertakings which the future has in store for us.

The meaning and implications of the evacuation should not be misunderstood. Evacuation is not withdrawal, and must not be construed to mean the permanent withdrawal of missions and missionaries from the evacuated fields. Evacuation is simply a measure of precaution temporarily adopted to meet a possible emergency. It is just an act of dodging a thrust of danger. In the present situation the Church may be likened to a ship running into a typhoon. It may be necessary to seek temporary shelter or to maneuver the ship to cut the waves. But no captain would, under the circumstances, ever think of permanently altering his course or talk of turning back. There will be no setback of the mission work unless we allow our minds to be unduly upset or should take an unduly pessimistic view of the future.

In China the evacuation of missionaries does not necessarily mean that they have to get out of the country. It may simply mean shifting from one part of the country to another. There are now three distinct areas in China, according to how the place has been affected by the war. There is, first, the occupied area, now more appropriately designated as the penetrated area. Then, secondly, there are certain special localities, such as the International Settlement of Shanghai, which is often spoken of as a "solitary island," surrounded but not submerged under the dominance of the invading army. And, thirdly, there is "Free China," the vast hinterland where the feet of the invading army have not trodden, where hope is high and life is throbbing, from which faith and confidence radiate, and where we see China, harassed in body but renewed in spirit, determined and vigorous, striding forward in courage and in spiritual unity embracing the whole nation. In this area of "Free China," there is no talk or thought of evacuation; here many missionaries have moved and many others will go when it becomes impossible for them to remain at their own stations.

But even from the occupied or penetrated areas and in regions along the coast not all the missionaries are evacuating. Some probably will stay on under any circumstance. There is unanimous agreement that mothers with children and other persons having special reasons for doing so should evacuate early. But most other missionaries are more influenced by the idea of service first rather than the rule of safety first. Their general attitude is that they will stay on as long as they can be of service and will stand by their Chinese colleagues so long as their presence is a help and not a hindrance. A few who have no dependents and special family responsibility will remain even at the risk of facing an internment camp.

I know at least one missionary couple who have carefully counted the cost and have decided to ride out the storm, come what may. I know several others

who have not said so openly but who fully intend to do so. Such beautiful life commentaries on the discourse of the Good Shepherd again illustrate the heroism, the devotion, and the spirit of sacrifice of the noble missionaries who are publishing new editions of the life of Christ which everybody can read and appreciate, whether a person is a Christian or not, and whether he knows anything about the Bible or has ever heard the story of the Good Shepherd caring for his sheep.

Perhaps the most delicate and difficult point in the whole problem of evacuation is who should have the final word in making the decision. To what extent should every missionary follow a general course of action laid down for him, and how much should be left to individual personal discretion? We are all like barometers, susceptible to atmospheric pressure. Persons holding different positions, with different responsibilities and living in different atmospheres, will have different views and come to different conclusions. It is a safe rule to suggest that others may advise and assist, but the decision should be essentially a personal one, made in full consideration of a person's own circumstances and responsibility, and in quiet, prayerful deliberation before God to whom we as Christians owe our highest allegiance.

The problem of evacuation does not end with the evacuation of missionaries. In addition to the missionaries the Church has an interest and concern in the *missions* which *missionaries* have been sent out to carry on. These missions must go on even if the missionaries are temporarily withdrawn. Christian leaders among the nationals will doubtless do their best to carry on. But the very circumstances making it necessary for the missionaries to withdraw will create acute problems and difficulties for the nationals who have to assume added responsibilities at this critical hour. To them, therefore, every possible help and support should be given. There should be the fullest consultation and co-operation between the home board and field committee, between the missionaries and nationals, so that the community of interest and unity of effort may be maintained, so that our Christian fellowship may be strengthened and deepened.

Christians in China, of course, cannot view the present situation without deep emotion and regret, yet there is full confidence that China will live on and the Church will grow therein. To their missionary friends, whom they dearly love, it is their hope and prayer that conditions will not be so bad as to make it necessary for all of them to leave, and that if they do have to leave the period of enforced separation will be very short indeed. They understand perfectly well that those now obliged to leave will still have China at heart and will continue to serve China and the Christian cause in China. Absence makes the hearts grow fonder. Christian fellowship transcends time and space.

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A Lieutenant Colonel preached in the Court Street Methodist Church at Hattiesburg, Mississippi



These young people are responsible for the recreational program for the soldiers at Hattiesburg

# Serving the Boys at Camp Shelby

By Mrs. R. E. Rollins\*

ALL my life I've read of Southern hospitality, but I never imagined it was anything like this." It was a private from the 37th Division of Ohio talking to one of the officials of the Court Street Methodist Church in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, the night that church gave a welcome to Major General Robert S. Beightler, Sr., and the men in Camp Shelby.

It was Sunday night. Earlier in the week, 20,000 Ohio soldiers had moved to Camp Shelby and were making the transition from civilian to military life. Fifteen thousand workmen had rebuilt Camp Shelby, changing thousands of acres of longleaf pine or cut-over land into a gigantic tented city, the second largest camp in our country. Sunday naturally brought homesickness. So when the officers passed the word down for a few Methodist boys in each company to put on their best uniforms and be ready to attend church that night in Hattiesburg and meet the people of the city, one soldier said, "It was the strangest detail I was ever assigned, and I am still looking for the catch."

Rev. James W. Sells, then pastor of the church, had served in the World War and knew that a little friendship could mean a lot to the soldiers. He early visited the camp, met the leaders, and invited the men to the church. He presided at the service and Major General Beightler made an address in response to the welcome. The music was given by the 145th Infantry Band. The church was crowded, aisles were packed, and soldiers stood on both sides

of the auditorium; the balcony filled, and yet more truck loads came. Those who had said, "Soldiers won't go to church," found they were mistaken.

Citizens had been asked to bring magazines, and the response was so great that two truck loads were taken to the camp.

So this is the story of how one church in a city of 25,000 people (half colored) is seeking to render camp service. The matter received early consideration. It was no new task. In 1917-1918 the church had served the men at Camp Shelby. So with the equipment of the new church, the officials again undertook the responsibility. The church underwrote the expense. The Young People's Department and the Woman's Society of Christian Service delegated workers for entertainment, recreation, and refreshments.

Each Sunday afternoon the church is opened at four o'clock. The soldiers may come and use the facilities for writing letters, resting, reading, or playing with the game equipment. Pens, ink, stationery, stamps, and magazines are furnished. And three pianos are there for the musically inclined.

At six-thirty the soldiers and the young people join in worship and study programs. Many of the men were officers of the young people's organizations in their home churches and are delighted to continue this activity. At seven-thirty the auditorium is filled with men in uniform. They sing in the choir, some bring their musical instruments, and they worship with a feeling of being entirely at home and "belonging."

At the close of the evening service all go to the game rooms for two hours of fellowship, recreation, singing, and conversation. Light refreshments are

\* Mrs. R. E. Rollins is the counselor of the Young People's Department of the Court Street Methodist Church at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, near which Camp Shelby is located. Mrs. Rollins is treasurer of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Mississippi Conference.



The coffee table at the church seems to be very popular for the men



The boys of Camp Shelby and the girls of the Methodist Church play together

served each Sunday evening. One of the chaplains states that there is a scramble among the boys to attend Court Street Church.

The officers know that no one church can care for all the boys, so only those they think we can care for are allowed to come. One regiment alone has over three hundred Methodist boys, and there are many regiments. This chaplain said that more boys had asked to come to our church than to get out for any other purpose since moving to Camp Shelby.

When these boys come on Sunday morning, the church members try to take all of them into their homes for dinner. This means much. They say they didn't know any people could be so friendly. Lieutenant Colonel Demas Sears, chairman of the board of stewards in his home church, filled the pulpit in Court Street Church recently and thanked the people for the "splendid thing" they are doing for the men. He stated that he was in camp during 1917-18, a young boy, and he saw the inside of a house one time for about five minutes, just "long enough to peep a peep at lace curtains."

At Christmas 80 per cent of the men were allowed to go home. For those who remained and had been attending this church a supper, prepared by the young people, was given. The boys said they hardly knew how to eat without standing in line, and using a china plate was an experience they hadn't had since they left home. On Christmas Day the members of the church took the boys into their homes for dinner.

Camp Shelby is situated on the edge of 65,000 acres of national forest. Buildings have risen as if by magic; paved roads appeared overnight. There are today 50 miles of paved roads, 85 miles of water line, and 15,485 buildings, including tents. There is a 2,000-bed hospital which can accommodate 3,000 patients. There are 400 mess halls, 50 repair shops, 50 administration buildings, 50 warehouses, 32 recreation halls, 6 fire halls, 3 theaters, and 34 post exchanges, all costing \$22,500,000. Changing this forest into a camp cost a million dollars a week.

There are nearly 40,000 men stationed at the camp, and others are coming in at the rate of 500 daily. The camp is equipped to serve 68,000. Army leaders describe it as "probably the nation's most modern training center." It is the largest "tent city."

These men are facing new experiences, and it is an opportunity for the church to help them. As they leave home and loved ones, many of them giving up good jobs, to serve our flag, they find situations new to them. They are crowded in large groups; they are taught to shoot with no thought of what might be the result if the target was a human being; they learn "the ropes" in camouflage and treading gravel. The hills echo with infantry and artillery fire as an army is being built.

Methodism truly has an opportunity and a duty here. Mississippi is legally a "dry" state, and the officers of city and county are trying to keep bad influences from the men, yet we have our share of camp followers, bootleggers, and others who pander to the baser instincts of lonesome youth. The government is making every effort to keep their bodies healthy, and it is the job of Christianity to keep their souls healthy, to help them live better, and to remind them that not only does God care but that God has men and women who care.

There are many problems facing a church of 750 resident members seeking to meet the needs of even some of the Methodists among 68,000 soldiers. Many Methodist boys we have not reached. There is lack of room in the church to accommodate them. Overcrowded homes, overcrowded stores, and traffic-jammed streets complicate our efforts. How can the church measure up to its responsibility?

Well, we have started. We have "broken the ice," we have made hundreds of boys less homesick, we have let them know the church cares what happens to them, and we are planning for the long, long future. The church is expecting to build an annex, and we are hoping for an assistant pastor to help. Above all, we are depending upon God to guide us as we open new avenues of service.



A Navajo family and their home. The Navajo tribe is the largest in the United States, nearly fifty thousand living on a reservation, but the families are so isolated from each other that there is not a single Navajo village on the great reservation of twenty-five thousand square miles

# The Navajo of New Mexico

By C. C. Brooks\*

THE most extensive piece of American Indian mission work and the only mission school for Indians maintained by The Methodist Church is the Navajo School at Farmington, New Mexico. There are Indian Methodist churches, and several pieces of community work among other tribes but no other schools.

There is reason for extensive mission work among the Navajos. The Navajo tribe is the largest in the United States, nearly 50,000 people living on a reservation so vast that they average only two people to the square mile. The scantiness of vegetation on this land, which requires sixteen acres to support one sheep, together with the fact that almost the entire living of most families is from the sheep, result in isolated living so complete that there is not a single Navajo village on this great reservation of 25,000 square miles.

The region of northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona is the original home of the

\* Mr. Brooks is superintendent of the Methodist Mission School at Farmington, New Mexico. This school, the only mission school for Indians in The Methodist Church, is a part of the program of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Navajo people. They settled here probably two or three centuries before the first Spanish exploration. They were chiefly hunters and plunderers until, in 1864, when the United States Government, under the famous Kit Carson, destroyed their stock and other food supplies, forcing them to go to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where they were confined in a concentration camp for four years. They signed a treaty of peace in 1868 and were allowed to go back to their homeland. At that time there were about 8,000 of them. They have multiplied that number by six in the little more than two generations since and are still increasing very rapidly.

With the meager help of a few sheep and a little seed given them at the time of their release from captivity, the Navajos worked out an economic system that made them at once a self-supporting people, and they have remained so ever since. They are proud, independent, intelligent, industrious, and they cling tenaciously to old customs, resisting new forms until expediency or long teaching make their acceptance seem desirable.

The Navajos' economic system, based almost entirely on sheep, worked well while there was plenty



A little Navajo girl and her lamb. The Navajo people are sheep herders but the vegetation is so scanty on the reservation that it requires sixteen acres to support one sheep



Some say Indians do not make good farmers. This boy shows that the saying is a myth as he shows a prize bunch of radishes

Below: Indians herding cattle. When a drought cycle hit the Indian land the government discovered that the range was carrying about twice its capacity of stock. The government stock reduction has not been followed by new economic methods for Indians to live



U. S. Indian Service

of land over which to spread, but when the population began increasing rapidly, when white settlers crowded in on the borders of the Indian land, and when a drought cycle hit unusually hard, serious attention had to be given to the fact that the Navajo range was carrying about twice its capacity of stock.

The government hurriedly instituted a stock reduction program which created bitterness and resentment on the part of the Navajo people, both because they did not understand the necessity for it, and because it reduced subsistence flocks as well as commercial flocks without any adequate provision for a substitute income. Promises of additional range land were blocked by white settlers and politicians. Wage work was generously given as long as large sums of government money were available but this did not last. Irrigation projects were started for the development of subsistence farming plots, but this is very slow and expensive, although the economic future of the Navajos undoubtedly lies in this development.

The way out is not yet clear. Some direct relief has been given, but a dole system as a permanent form of relief would be a great tragedy for this self-reliant, self-supporting people. Some white people have said that the Navajos could not become farmers, but they have proved before that they could adapt themselves to new and difficult conditions. If given anything like an adequate opportunity, they will surely do the same again.

The Navajo people live in such isolation and with such insufficient educational opportunities that even now not over 25 per cent of them can speak English and fewer yet can read and write it. A knowledge of English is essential to an education since Navajo is not a written language, except for certain portions of the Bible. There are school facilities for only about half the Navajo children of school age. The state compulsory education laws do not apply to these native Americans, and the Federal Government has no such law for them.

The educational program in the

WORLD OUTLOOK



U. S. Indian Service

Navajo children in the hospital. Improved health conditions and diet are saving many children's lives on the reservation. The plentiful supply of milk and fruit from our Methodist school farm is invaluable in building up bodies and resistance to prevailing diseases.



A student learns to buy food wisely in the Home Economics Department at the Methodist School in Farmington. There are school facilities for only about half the Navajo children of school age. The state compulsory education laws do not apply to these native Americans, and the Federal Government has no law for them.

government schools is "reservation-centered"; that is, it is planned with the aim of preparing the Navajo young people for a reservation economy. They offer chiefly vocational training suited to reservation occupations on the subsistence level. The schools are not accredited. Education is left largely to the mission schools and a few available public schools which are accredited to train the young people who want college work. This situation provides mission schools with a fine opportunity to give Christian training to the future leaders of the Navajos.

In our Mission School at Farmington we have capacity for 150 pupils, about a third of whom are in high school. We offer an accredited college entrance course, but have very strong vocational work for both boys and girls. A student can take at least one quarter of his high school work in vocational training. We also give a Bible course for each grade, and we have an athletic and physical education program for all students physically able to participate.

The school provides the best of opportunities for teaching health habits and sanitary conditions. Estimates of the prevalence of tuberculosis among Navajos run as high as ten per cent, and of trachoma, fifty per cent. The infant death rate is almost twenty per cent. The two outstanding causes for these conditions are poor diet and bad sanitation. The usual diet of a Navajo family consists of fried bread, mutton, and coffee. Even the smallest chil-



U. S. Indian Service

Young Indian carving. The Navajo Indians are proud, independent, intelligent, industrious, and they cling to old customs until expediency or long teaching make their acceptance seem desirable.

dren often live on this. Our plentiful supply of milk and fruit from our school farm is invaluable in building up bodies and resistance to prevailing diseases. Improved economic conditions and health education will do much toward solving the Navajos' health problems.

The business of the mission school in the field of Navajo education is not merely to provide school facilities for a few more children, but also to bring to these people through a selected group of young people the unique message of Christian truths that will set them free from the controls of a religion of fear.

Through the twelve or fourteen years that we can keep these children in school, as they come to accept Christ as Savior and Lord, and as they are taught to hide his

Word in their hearts, the terrors of a childhood of fear are forgotten, and faith in a loving Heavenly Father takes their place. Thus a new leadership is being developed for a great tribe.

We believe that when these well-trained, Christian leaders replace the old medicine men who have so controlled Navajo thinking, that the Navajo people will be brought out of the traditionalism that has so long bound them, into the freedom of Christian truth.

As they are brought out of that traditionalism, it is quite possible that the Navajo Indian will have a fresh new vigor to bring as his gift to the Church as a whole.



Phillip Gendreau

Street in San Juan, Puerto Rico. The trees lean over the walls from enclosed gardens. Blue and pink and white paint is used on the walls. Occasionally there is a bare place where the paint and plaster have peeled. Tourists say this adds to the "color" of the island

## Buttonholes

By Carol Cantor

**J**ULIA LOPEZ lived in the city of San Juan in Puerto Rico. Mornings she used to go to school but afternoons she made buttonholes. She made very good hand-embroidered buttonholes. She had started making them when she was seven.

Julia Lopez did not look as if she were much over seven now.

The sun blazed overhead and down on the streets. Most people planted low shade trees in their gardens and built their houses around patios to keep the sun out. Julia had no shade trees and no garden. She had no patio around which her house was built. But she did not get burned by the sun because she was always busy making buttonholes.

Trucks rattled along the street carrying grapefruit and bananas to the wharf. On the corners men stood by their pushcarts bawling out, "Cheenas—cheenas," meaning they were selling the sweet little China oranges. But Julia did not look as if she ate much fruit. Probably she did not have time to stop and buy it. Maybe she did not have the money.

Today was different from any other day in Julia's life. She flew down the hilly street. The branches of the trees hanging over the walls on the sides of the streets almost caught her hair as she passed.

She ran past the market where the parakeets screamed from their perches. She ran across the open square. She ran along the wharf shed and up the plank to the boat. The lady was waiting for her leaning against the ship's rail and looking off at the city.

Julia handed her her package of linen with all its neatly embroidered buttonholes, and she counted the money the lady gave her. It did not take long to count it.

"Next time I come," said the lady, "I will have more work for you."

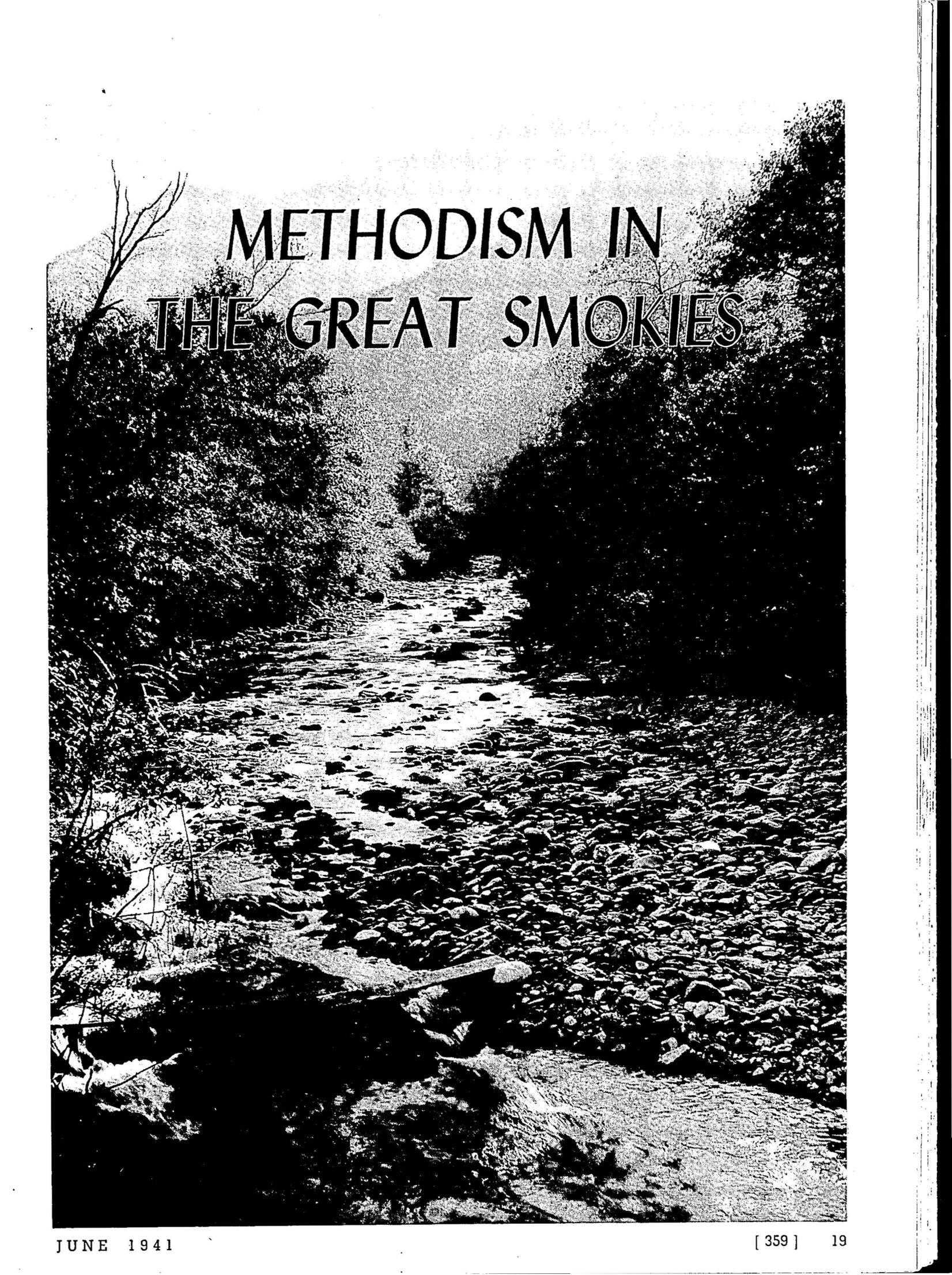
Julia Lopez shook her head.

"No more," she said. "I'm not making buttonholes all the time any more. Tomorrow I go to the missionary place to live."

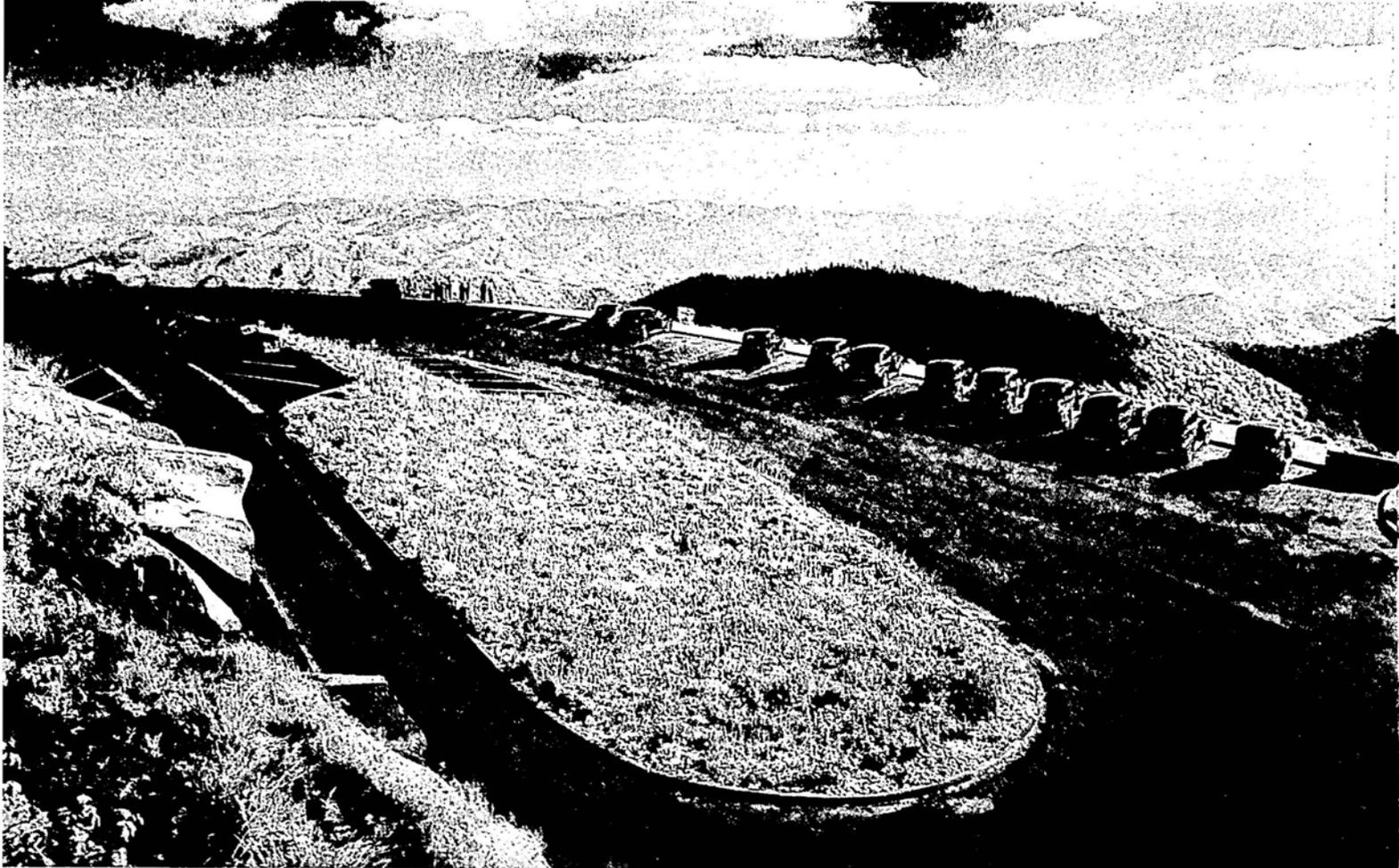
And then—quite unaccountably, because Julia Lopez didn't do things like that—she laughed.

"Missionaries!" exclaimed the lady, to her husband, as she watched Julia run away. "Missionaries! Wouldn't you think they'd leave these sun-drenched, delightfully irresponsible island people alone? Missionaries will spoil everything."

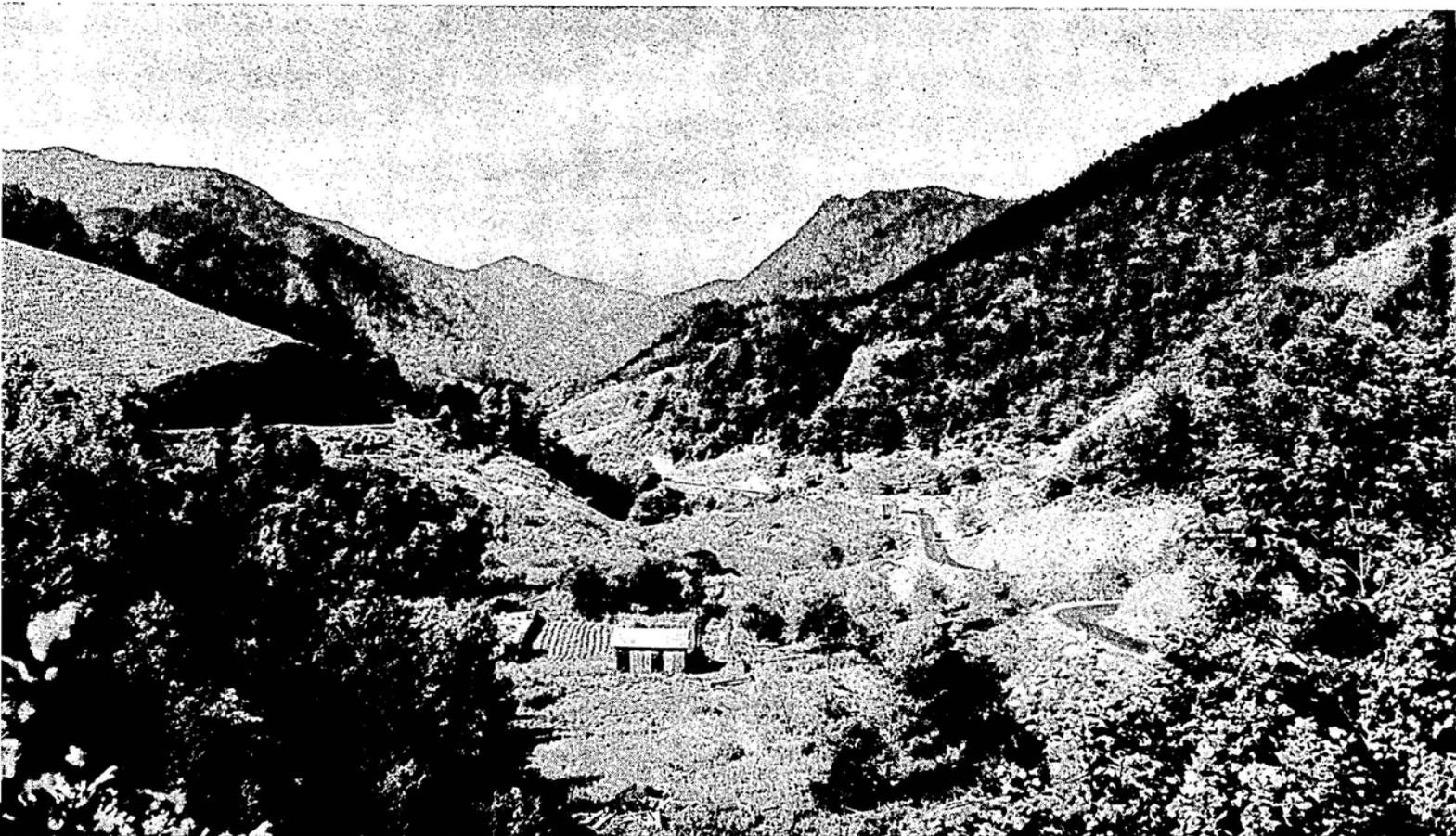
". . . for people like us," said the husband—but he had the good sense to say it under his breath.



# METHODISM IN THE GREAT SMOKIES



Clingman's Dome in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, looking over North Carolina. On the other side lies Tennessee



A cove and little mountain farms in Nantahala Gorge in the Great Smokies

Elliot Lyman Fisher



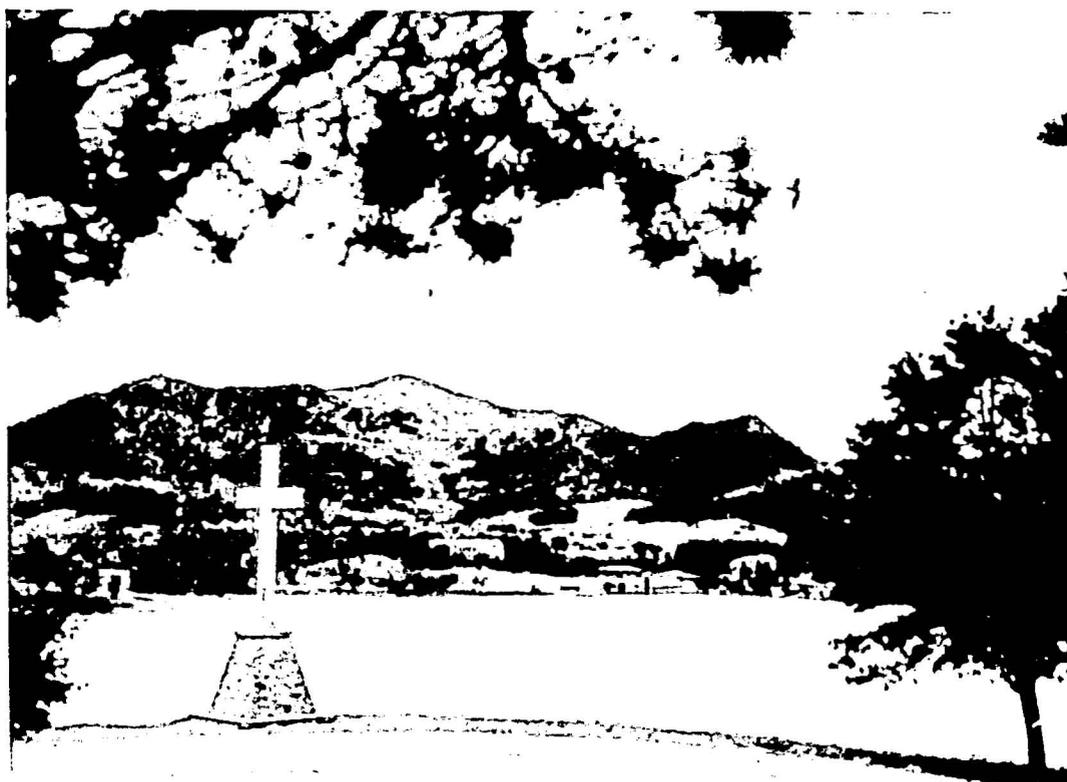
Entrance to the Southern Assembly, at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. The building is the Mission Inn, headquarters of the Board of Missions and Church Extension

## LAKE JUNALUSKA

The Southern Assembly, at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, is the property of the General Conference and a summer rendezvous of Methodism. It is at the eastern entrance of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, twenty-five miles west of Asheville, adjacent to Newfound Gap, Clingman's Dome, the Cherokee Indian Reservation, and all the other glories of the Great Smokies. Here the Board of Missions and Church Extension, Board of Education, and Board of Publication have buildings and scores of Methodists from many states have homes. A varied program of education, inspiration, recreation, and sport is in full swing at Lake Junaluska from early June to early September



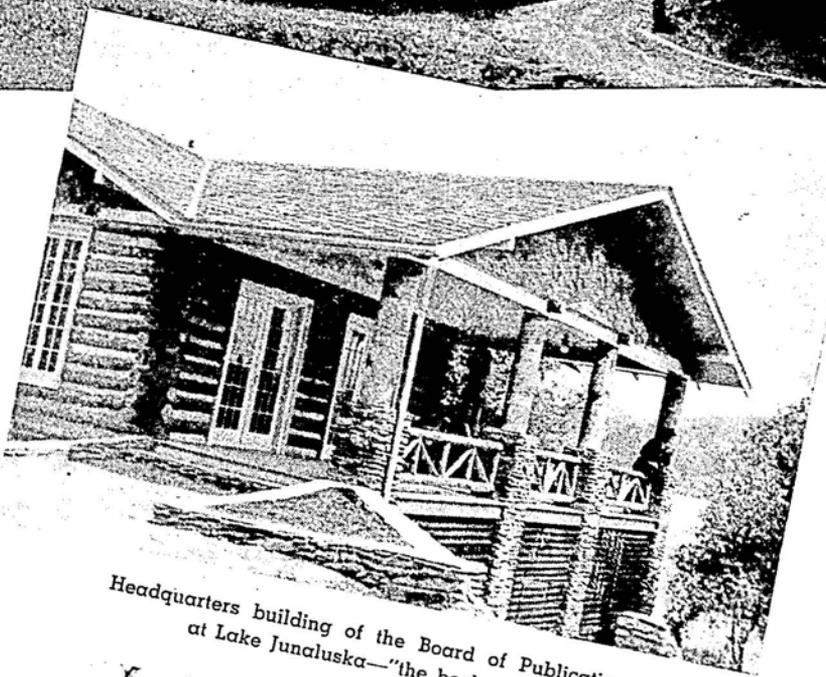
A glimpse across Lake Junaluska from the pergola of the Mission Inn



The great electric cross  
gleams through the night  
over Lake Junaluska

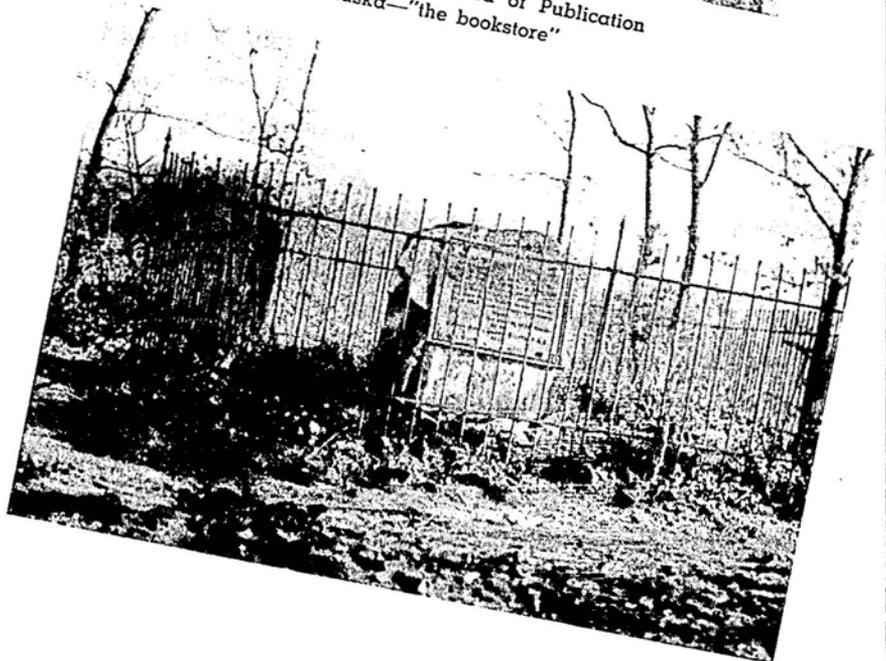


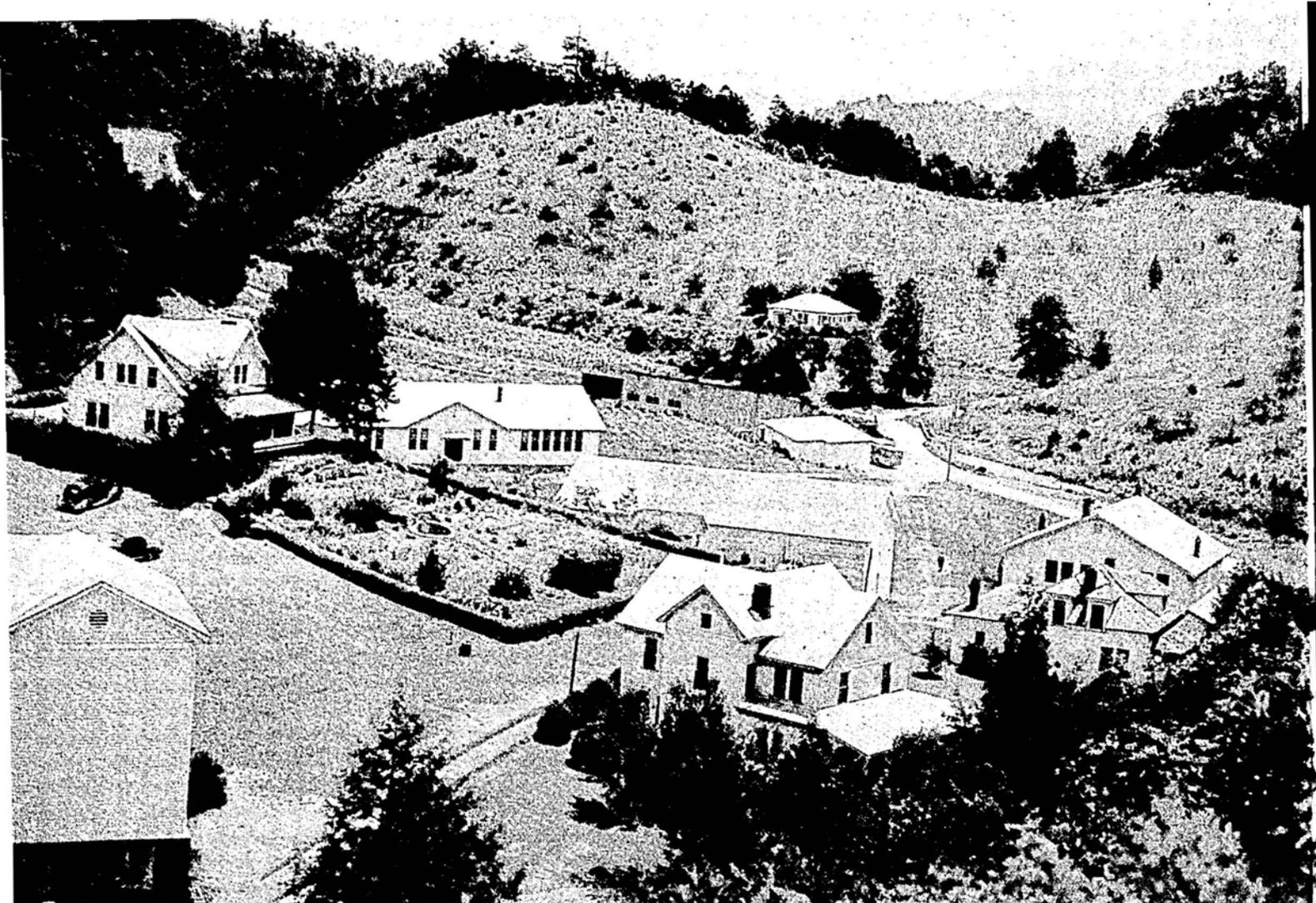
The Educational Building at Lake Junaluska,  
headquarters of the Board of Education



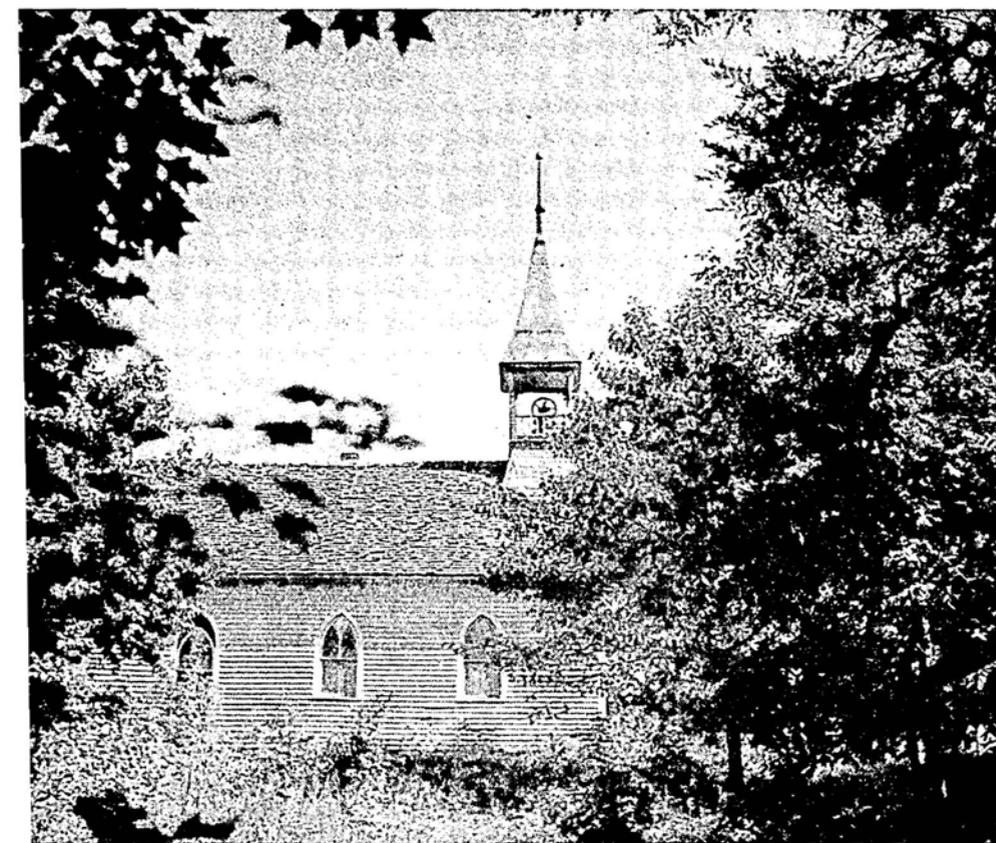
Headquarters building of the Board of Publication  
at Lake Junaluska—"the bookstore"

"Here lie the bodies of the Cherokee chief, Junaluska, and Nicie, his wife. Together with his warriors he saved the life of General Jackson at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend. For his bravery and faithfulness North Carolina made him a citizen and gave him land. He died October 26, 1888, aged more than one hundred years"





A partial view of the buildings, mountain campus, and farm at Pittman Center



## PITTMAN CENTER

Near Sevierville, Tennessee, in the Great Smokies a few miles from Newfound Gap and the Tennessee-North Carolina border, is Pittman Center—Methodist educational, medical, social, and evangelistic project. It operates a far-flung program of Christian service over a wide area of the mountain territory.

The Smoky Mountain Mission has sixty churches like this in the mountains



Pinnacle Handicrafts, Pittman Center, provides employment for natives and a bit of cash income to a needy people



Sixteen-foot corn growing on the experimental farm at Pittman Center

Substantial furniture is produced in the missionary factory at Pittman Center





Dr. and Mrs. John S. Burnett. Long-time superintendent of Pittman Center, "the old man of the mountains," still serves, though "retired"



Left: W. E. Bishop,  
Superintendent of Pitt-  
man Center



Right: Robert Thomas,  
M.D., Medical Direc-  
tor at Pittman Center



Phillip Gendreau

One of the most beautiful streets in the world—Avenida Presidente Roque Saenz Pena, Buenos Aires, Argentina. While many businessmen from the United States are thoroughly familiar with this avenida they do not know the men who walk on it. The natives of Buenos Aires wonder why the man from the States living in their street does not speak Spanish, read Spanish, attend Spanish theaters, or have Spanish-speaking friends

## Building a Bridge to the Argentine

By Beatrice Burroughs \*

RETURNING to the North American continent after years of residence in the Argentine, I was stunned by the extensive military preparations both in New York and in Washington. I was dizzy from the whirling movement of rapidly changing events—whole nations shifting their allegiance from day to day.

In a current magazine my eye caught a clever thumbnail sketch. It shows a baby boy forging ahead full force atop a big, rapidly revolving school globe. The artist calls it, "Trying to Keep Up With

the Fast-moving World." So fast spins this brightly-colored globe that North and South America are run together in jumbled confusion.

For the major part of the last decade I have lived in Buenos Aires. As a school teacher and more recently as a mother of a young child, I have watched both the baby and the revolving globe, trying to discover, if possible, why this old sphere spins so fast, and what will hold it together. Not solar attraction, but fresh ideas, invention, revolutionary convulsions, and new methods keep the ball rolling.

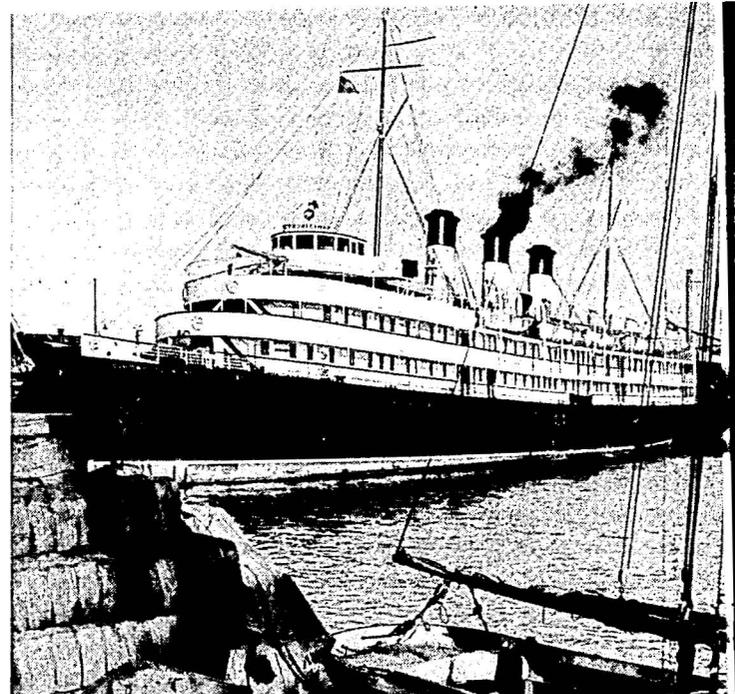
As a mother, a teacher, and a housewife from the United States, I present some of the differences as I

\* Mrs. Burroughs is the wife of an American businessman and writes from her experience with American business families in the Argentine.



Phillip Gendreau

A servant girl, in a residence section of Buenos Aires, makes certain that the morning milk is fresh. One housewife from the United States solved the language problems with her servant by sending the servant to school to learn English



Phillip Gendreau

Every boat carrying men from the United States to the Argentine should be a bridge toward greater understanding and international friendship. The good will policy of the North American for the South must rest on friendliness

see them existing on either side of the equator and suggest how some of the misunderstandings between Argentina and the States may be bridged.

In every grave hour of peril it is the engineer who is called upon to make plans and blueprints. Then steel and concrete are fabricated into impregnable defense structures. But through the long years we shall surely fail if in our building we neglect also to build highways, waterways, railways, and ways of understanding between nations. A structure like the Panama Canal is not merely a waterway to separate two continents; it is more truly a bridge of commerce uniting two oceans. Forgetting, then, whatever differences of attitudes and aims there are between the United States and Latin America, we wish to emphasize here some of the principles and necessities which should bind them together.

International good will is a term much in the air just now. We realize that there is a mass of solid, factual evidence supporting the belief that this world is really held together through co-operation and understanding. There are the physical factors—the radio, the motor car, the telephone, the airplane, the steamship, and the railway—a network holding continents together. But the invisible factors are far more potent, though never traced on blueprints. In such supporting factors I should include language, adaptability, and tolerance. These are the buttresses supporting the bridge of international good will.

Language is a great buttress; ability to speak the language of a country encourages sound confidence. It cultivates good will to make Spanish the second language here in American schools, but it means far more for the American citizen in South America, in a Spanish-speaking country, to be bilingual.

Far too many Americans living in the Argentine today do not speak, read, or write the Spanish language. Much blame for this unfortunate situation can be charged to the American companies sending men to the Argentine. They do not realize the importance of having their representative speak the language. The typical American is sent to South America because he is suited to do a technical job. He is there because he knows his own line thoroughly, often having been with his company for many years. But the representative is sent down on a very temporary basis; neither the company nor its representative feels it worth the time or effort to master the language. A man goes on a two- or three-year contract which is renewed again and again; and in many cases he finds himself after thirty years in Argentina still unable to speak fluently in Spanish.

The American housewife is satisfied with enough Spanish to give orders to her maid, or to shop in the *Feria*. One American woman solved the problem of language in typical American fashion by sending her Argentine maid to the Berlitz School to learn English.

Instead of trying to adapt himself to Argentine environment, the North American often tries to change the environment to suit his needs. The American must have American food to eat, an American apartment to live in, American furniture in his home, and American clothes to wear. And so we often find people paying double for living expenses because of their attempts to bring Chicago, Illinois, to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

The citizen of Buenos Aires wonders why the man from the States living in his street does not read a Spanish newspaper, attend a Spanish theater, join a

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Spanish club, or have Spanish-speaking friends. From the Latin-American viewpoint it would seem as if this man from the States, before leaving his country, has been inoculated to keep him immune from the native customs and habits of Argentina.

The American family returns to the States after a few years in the Argentine, taking back with them all their personal possessions plus many purchases of silver tea sets, handmade rugs, and antiques collected during their stay, to be used in decorating their homes, and to remind them of Argentina. But the Argentine has little to remember North Americans by, for often they leave not even a child's toy.

Years ago a young man grew up in Kansas with the sunflowers. He studied mining and engineering at Cornell University, then drove a three-mile tunnel through the Rockies. Later he built the Lacroze Subway in Buenos Aires. Americans called him "Father of the American Colony"; Argentines called him "simpatico."

When this great builder died, the President of the Argentine, in tribute to this great friend, ordered every means of transportation in the city stopped for three minutes. This American had made the life of the Argentine people his own; he had spanned the chasm of misunderstanding and distrust. He had the gift of adaptation.

In other words, the best spokesman for good will and neighborliness is the man who hangs up his hat with intent to stay. The Puritans came to America and hung up their stovepipe hats on the first pine tree. They had come to stay.

The most important buttress in our bridge of understanding, yet the most difficult for us as Americans to construct, is that of tolerance. Without tolerance our bridge some day will be caught in the winds of war and be torn from its base. Tolerance rests upon acquaintance and understanding. One can never hate another person if he knows and understands him. Out of tolerance grows good will. The sense of superiority and self-satisfaction of the North Americans living in South America today must somehow be overcome if they are to share in the building of this bridge of understanding and international friendship.

The average American gives little thought to the cultural advantages which he and his family receive from his South American appointment. He arrives nearly always with the thought that he does not have to stay if he does not like it, and so he spends most of his time during the two years or more, deciding if he likes it or not. Such intolerance gives no access to the heart of Argentina.

When President Roosevelt visited Buenos Aires in 1936, he spoke in the Congressional Palace as an ambassador of good will to Argentina. One sentence then spoken has since been placed in marble on the grand staircase of the American Embassy: "Democracy is still the hope of the world." But democracy implies mutual respect, international good will, co-operative enterprises between nations. The bridge of friendship which we of the United States would build southward must be strong through sympathetic understanding.



Phillip Gendreau

Calle Florida, a shopping center of Buenos Aires. After four P.M. there is no traffic on this street. Men and women crowd the streets and meet their friends as they shop. The time is surely coming when the United States businessman and his wife living in the Argentine can become part of the "four o'clockers" without being pointed out as strangers



Kiowa girl—representing spirit of her tribe in the past

# At Work in the Oklahoma Indian Mission

By Mary Beth Littlejohn\*

pastors in their striving toward a more effective church organization.

Within the churches of the Indian Mission children's workers plan to meet the needs of the little people. Upon a certain occasion the deaconess had tried her best to make the church group *want* to undertake its first Vacation Church School for the children of the community. Interest was manifestly lacking until a little old man, with long braids, stood up. His shoulders were bent by many years; his face was radiant with an inner light. He insisted that the discussion be interpreted for him; then he made a somewhat lengthy speech, after which one could readily sense the change in the group's attitude.

At the close of the service he wanted to know still more about it all. "Would it be all right for the Sunday school to buy text materials for this school?" he asked through his interpreter. The following day materials were ordered. Within a few days the deaconess went to the home of this old man to show him the materials to be used, and to share with him plans for the Vacation Church School. How eagerly he listened! The interpreter was kept busy. Again and again he declared, with obvious delight, "*Ka-tai-ke! Ka-tai-ke!*" (Good, good.) Thus an old man of nearly ninety years, who was not privileged to know Christ in his childhood days, broke down a barrier of indifference in his own church.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service seeks to enlarge and enrich the lives of Indian women that they may have an ever increasing part in the program of world missions. The women of forty Indian churches work in and through Societies of Christian Service. A program of missionary activities had been undertaken by the Indian women long before the deaconess came. Her responsibility in this field has been no more than encouraging and promoting that which was already ably in process. On a number of occasions she has taken great pride in presenting a group of Indian women at zone and district meetings, through which associations benefit has come to both white and Indian women. Attending the 1940 School of Missions at Mount Sequoyah with six leading Indian women, and guiding them in their studies, was for the deaconess another of these enjoyable experiences.

Anyone who has ever tried to use a language

**M**AKING friends is the first thing a deaconess has to do when she becomes a worker in the Indian Mission in Oklahoma. Anadarko is the Agency headquarters for six Indian tribes, among two of which—the Kiowas and Comanches—The Methodist Church is at work in Oklahoma. The getting-acquainted process is sometimes difficult, but always interesting. At first the deaconess spends much of her time at the Agency on office days just being friendly. Sometimes friendly advances are welcomed, sometimes not so much so. But perhaps this cherished experience better represents the final outcome:

The deaconess entered a room in which there were a number of people she did not know. A few moments later a tall man came forward. Introducing himself and his wife, he said:

"We have never met you; but we appreciate what you are trying to do among us."

The oft-quoted statement that Indians do not give voice to their appreciation is but a half truth.

The deaconess of an Indian Mission seeks to serve as a sort of "general assistant" to the Indian

\* Miss Littlejohn is a deaconess of The Methodist Church, appointed to work in the Indian Mission. She has written of a different sort of work from the work among the Navajo tribe reviewed in these same pages. Both types of work are sides of the same coin.



Class of Methodist preachers from the Kiowa and Comanche tribes. The great need in the Indian Mission is the need for trained leadership



A class of Kiowa children in the government school. The deaconess prepares her church school curriculum as carefully as the school teacher prepares hers

other than his own knows something of the difficulties involved. While many of the younger Indians have an even better mastery of English than of their tribal dialect, there are many of middle age and above for whom the use of English is a difficult undertaking. A few of the older people can neither understand nor speak it. In view of these facts the deaconess has been able to enlist the help of groups of white missionary women in condensing and simplifying Bible and mission study texts for use by the Indian women. Those whose knowledge of English is limited find these revisions make understanding easier; and those who must serve as interpreters find them less difficult to translate.

Preparation for special programs affords additional pleasure. The deaconess vividly recalls this never-to-be-forgotten experience: The members of the program committee met for one whole day to work out Christmas plans. Nothing less than a pageant was considered. Only recently had the new, one-room church been dedicated. This would be its first program. By the end of the day a pageant had taken form on paper—the result of the combined efforts of the group. Its later presentation was a worshipful occasion. The fact that there was no piano did not handicap the carol singing. Lack of space necessitated the entrance of the shepherds and Wise Men from the outside. But those who looked on appreciated the added impressiveness. And at least one spectator sat spellbound, wondering if the real Wise Men could have presented a much more commanding appearance than did these stalwart Indian men in their colorful blankets.

Around another of our Western District churches a number of families had pitched camp for a period of a week. The gray dawn of Christmas morning found a joyful group of carolers singing from tent to tent. But these carolers kept silent for a moment outside one camp, conscious that the family within were giving to God the first portion of the glad Christmas Day.

There are always interesting happenings in the Indian Mission. One group of women have their

district-wide conference of woman's work in May. June brings with it the series of training schools, one in each district. July is the month of district conferences with a camp meeting in one district. Annual Conference convenes in September.

The Methodist Church can point with just pride to its Oklahoma Indian Mission. At the 1940 Annual Conference meeting of the Mission, 78 congregations were reported, with a total membership of 3,389. There are 74 organized church schools with a total membership of 3,074. With the exception of the superintendent, two missionary couples, and the deaconess, the work of the entire Mission is carried on by Indian pastors and lay workers. In two districts the program is under the direct supervision of Indian district superintendents. There are 29 pastoral charges within the Mission and 111 local preachers.

However, the Oklahoma Indian Mission work thus far is but a beginning of what it may be, and hopes to become. For even among the tribes within the Mission there are great numbers still unreached. And it has been estimated that perhaps 50 per cent of the 120,000 Indians living within the state have not yet come under the influence of any one of the churches at work among them.

If Methodism is to share worthily in this further conquest, its missionary program must become more inclusive, more far-reaching. A growing program necessitates additional workers and greater efficiency on the part of the Indian ministers and laymen already at work. But efficiency can be increased only through training—hence, the urgency of a school within the Mission committed to a program of instruction distinctly suited to this work. And even trained workers are seriously handicapped without necessary equipment and supplies.

There is no more interesting field in which to work than the Indian Mission. The greatest reward for the deaconess is her fellowship with earnest Indian Christians throughout the Mission. Through that fellowship she experiences a deepened understanding of the fatherhood of God and of the brotherhood of man.



Courtesy of Ezra M. Cox

# Paths to Faith

## The Watcher of the Dawn

By Winifred Kirkland

THE chief characteristic of the first Christian century was its blazing conviction of Easter. Never in the world's history has any faith achieved so much for God as did the creed of Christ in its first hundred years.

East, West, North, South, went the Christian missionaries, and everywhere they went they planted the seed of a new hope in the black despairing soil of paganism. Looking back we can only envy, but looking forward we can surely try to imitate. But how reproduce for the desolate world of today the blazing power of the first missionaries? Surely by first seeking to cultivate within ourselves that earlier, burning conviction of Easter—doing this patiently, intelligently, and with unconquerable hopefulness.

We are still largely untaught and illiterate in the ways of the spirit. We look back at Peter and at Paul, men remade by a divine companionship, Peter remade from a self-betraying weakness, Paul remade from an active hostility, we gaze back at these two great early apostles of our faith, and we hunger to be like them. If we have the patience to be painstaking, it is perhaps possible for us Christians of a modern era to become emboldened by an all-absorbing conviction even as were the first followers of Jesus the Christ. Can we patiently enter today the primary school of our souls, and step by step seek to become as little children before we

presume to expect the reassurance of that Risen Presence?

We all of us owe each other any methods of making Christ near that we have humbly experienced for ourselves. Perhaps there is no surer and simpler way of bringing the risen Christ near than to go back to the records of our faith, and read them as if we had never read them before. Let us each one open the holy chronicle of the Resurrection appearances and read afresh as if we were eager six-year-olds, gladly accepting miracle. Let us read as if the Easter sunshine across our shoulder were making the page once again golden with spring. If we really want to behold the risen Jesus once again stepping forth from his tomb in his old undying power to empower, let us travel back and gaze at those first witnesses of the great Return, as one by one they are described in the old sacred story.

Then humbly let us see whether it is perhaps possible to repeat their experience today, if we try adventurously as little children to plant our feet in those same old holy footsteps that were to lead to the great revelation. Let us first follow Mary of Magdala as she moves heartbroken toward a garden tomb in the dimness of the dawn. What profound receptivity did Mary bring that made it possible for her risen Master to come forth to her shining as before?

If we shall quietly study all that the four Gos-

pels say of Mary Magdalene, we shall be surprised first of all to find how little is really told. Legend and story and picture and drama have added much to the original bare outline, and our imaginations have been unduly influenced by all these additions to the original narrative. Though the name Magdalene has entered our vocabulary with only one meaning, all it actually signified at first was that Mary came from Magdala, that prosperous town on the northwest of the Sea of Galilee which furnished doves for the temple market. Mary of Nazareth, we remember, at her purification after the birth of Jesus, offered as sacrifice a pair of turtle doves.

Let us keep firmly before us the indisputable facts, and those facts only, which the Gospels narrate about Mary Magdalene. We shall then be better able to pattern our resurrection experience upon hers. In what respects was this far-off Mary of Magdala peculiarly equipped to behold the very form and to hear the very voice of the risen Jesus?

In these first chronicles it is repeatedly said of Mary that she was the woman out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils. What does this expression mean in terms of today? We are quite familiar with that type of insanity which even to lay observation exhibits a split personality; the deluded patient assumes one character after another, usually all of them violent. It is a peculiarly terrible and peculiarly hopeless form of lunacy. Probably her own day and time would readily have described Mary's condition as that of a person possessed by seven devils. The one important fact is that Jesus cast out these devils, restored health, and peace to a woman who was mad.

In utter gratitude for her relief Mary of Magdala devoted the rest of her life to advancing the cause of the Galilean prophet. Her devotion was conspicuously practical and humble and efficient. Luke in his eighth chapter describes a group of women who followed Jesus down from their safe, familiar Galilee, and remaining always in the background, ministered to the group of disciples out of their substance. They seem to have been well-to-do and patrician, these provincial women, and constant even unto the cross, which they watched "from afar." Of this faithful group Mary of Magdala is most prominently mentioned.

Two or three of this small number of unassuming adherents watched even longer than the crucifixion, saw how the body was taken from the cross, hastily washed and bound, and thrust hurriedly into a garden tomb. Strangers to the neighborhood as they were, they noted carefully the place of burial. Then, since they were women Hebrew to the core, they remained true to their own lifelong code, and withdrew to keep the Sabbath. As soon as that grief-stricken day was over, while it was still dark, very early on the morning of the first Easter, they came back to the tomb.

Again it is Mary of Magdala who has foremost

mention, and the fourth evangelist represents her as waiting solitary at the portal through the blind gray darkness before dawn. Can we re-enact within our own souls the drama of her thoughts in that black hour of waiting? Remember that Mary had been witness of every terrible detail of her Master's agony, unwilling to veil her eyes from one secret of that suffering her love sought to share. No one privileged to see Jesus on the first Easter was expecting to see him. It was the anguish of their suffering love that was rewarded. Mary Magdalene was at the portal of the tomb in the heavy blackness of earliest dawn because she yearned to perform for that body she had seen broken and bleeding, the last holy offices of devotion.

The Resurrection narratives are broken and hard to piece together, with logical adequacy, but they still shake us with their sheer surprise, followed by the assurance of the reality of a miracle that is more convincing than argument. But in one detail all the Resurrection appearances are alike. In all the same fact is stressed—it was women who first perceived the risen Jesus. Saint John reports a certain woman as the first person to whom the Master spoke after his return. It was a woman whom sheer love had caused to be a watcher of the dawn; it was a woman who had had the courage to share, to weigh, to evaluate all the bitter beautiful meaning of the cross. Is it possible for us women of today to repeat Mary Magdalene's experience on the first Easter, if we shall have first watched with her from afar all the fathomless mystery of Christ's Cross?

The dawn was already brightening all about her before Mary saw or knew. She was still blind with grief, so that she could not see the first sunlight on the flowers, still deaf to the jocund bird songs of that first Easter. Then a voice spoke to her in words that still echo down the ages, to gladden every bereaved heart, "Woman, why weepest thou?" The Presence at the portal of the tomb is as actual as in life, so that Mary answers, still absorbed in sorrow, "They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him."

The Master, returned, uses the old tender dialect of Galilee. He summons her from black bewilderment exactly as he had summoned her from horror into gladness on another morning long ago.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary."

No woman of today, though separated by nineteen centuries from that earliest revelation, can refrain from uttering Mary's response, that astounding cry of utter reassurance, "Rabboni."

We of today possess a priceless perspective when, in spite of the long intervening years, we find it still possible to go back and with Mary of Magdala consider from afar all the mystery of Jesus' crucifixion. That long perspective is illumined by a great light when we share with Mary her Master's command, and with her go hastening from a sun-flooded tomb to reassure his doubting disciples of today.



Londoners lined up to enter an underground air-raid shelter

© Wide World

## God in the Shelters

By W. E. Sangster\*

IT is my firm conviction that the grim necessity which has driven the citizens of London to the shelters has provided the Church with the finest opportunity to capture the people that she has had for a generation.

It is idle to deny that she had ceased to influence the mass of men in any marked way. A popular preacher here and there wins a crowded congregation, and a splendid sacrificial service was going on in an unspectacular way in a thousand small centers, but the multitude was indifferent to our message and passed unheeding by.

It interested some people to explain how it hap-

\* Rev. W. E. Sangster is the distinguished preacher at the great Westminster Central Hall, greatest Methodist Church in London. Under the church is a subterranean air-raid shelter. Mr. Sangster is the leader of the "Siren Service" movement, a program of service and evangelism among the teeming thousands who crowd the underground shelters every night. This is one of the most interesting and novel religious movements of the war. This article was originally written for *The Methodist Recorder* of London.

pened, and many thoughtful and searching efforts were made at diagnosis; but the situation did not change. In the passing of time the folly of mere diagnosis became evident, and the cry went up, "No diagnosis without a cure," and some novel and provoking suggestions were made for a cure. "We must do this. . . ." "If only we did that. . . ." But still the situation did not change and statistics continued to tell their terrible tale.

All denominations which published plain figures seemed to be setting out the same dismal record, and the war only aggravated a situation already bad. The claims of the Defense Forces, the demands of the Civilian Services, evacuation and black-out, all combined to make public worship impossible for some, difficult for others, and to provide the tepid with a ready excuse. Many dispirited ministers began to say that if they could only "hold the thing together while the war lasts" it would be a miracle.

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Then the *Blitzkrieg* began. We shall always remember its beginning in London. Most people fix the fatal hour at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, September 7. The siren sounded . . . but it had no real terrors then. It was just a nuisance with a spice of risk. Yet we know almost at once that this was something different . . . something awful, hellish, unimaginable. The darkness that came down on that autumn evening has never lifted since.

The superb courage of the Cockney did not desert him then, and has not deserted him in the long, long weeks that have followed. Haggard he may be, and heavy for sleep, but dogged, resolute, and unyielding. Only one thing did he concede to this new terrorism. He took to the shelters—the deeper the better, the larger the more matey, the more noise within the less noise you heard outside. And there he is still—living the “sheltered” life, unconsciously crying aloud in all his piteous need for someone to help him.

I went to live in the shelter the next day. The immense opportunity of it should have been visible to the blind. We wanted to reach the people, to prove our friendship, to illustrate the love of God, to break down barriers . . . and here was the chance. If it was my good fortune to have a large public shelter beneath my own Hall—well, one can only be grateful. But that is no prerequisite of service.

I can walk in ten minutes to half a dozen others, large, comfortless, lacking the ministry of friendship and service which we have been trained to give, crowded with sad souls ready to give love for love to anyone who will identify himself with them. Is this the Church's chance? Are our wrecked buildings saying to us: “Go underground! Go underground with God!” If there was a minister in every large shelter, spending himself for the people, could they ever doubt again that we loved them and longed to serve? Or, if they did doubt, would not memory rise to rebuke them, and their quickened conscience add to its condemnation?

Nor can it be denied that “living the sheltered life” is a great education. How my circle of acquaintances has widened, and what a lot of things they failed to teach me at college! Poor ignoramus that I was, I did not know until the other evening the precise difference between a saloon and a public bar. Not even in the Army did I learn what a brothel-keeper can make in one week out of one evil house on the “quick visit” system. Nor had I opportunity ever in my life before to study the public strategy of people in a skirmish against one of their own number literally lousy.

German bombs have blasted more durable obstacles than concrete walls. The reinforced and buttressed barriers between the classes have cracked, and are now crumbling. People meet in shelters who never met before. I have seen an admiral and a tramp side by side in the shelter. Members of the peerage have been glad to divide a little space with the charwomen.

It is true that, as a rule, the wealthier folk do not stay more than a night. They find private quarters or remove to the country, but “the poor we have always with us.” Yet, there it is. Necessity is driving them together. They still think that it is one of the minister's queer idiosyncrasies to insist that we belong to one another and are all related because we have the same Father in heaven; but the light of understanding is coming to them. One of them admitted it the other night. “Padre,” he said, “you're right. I'm sure you're right.”

It is true that he was slightly drunk when he said it, but I believe he meant it all the same. And next morning he looked a bit ashamed of his tipsy condition, and I was cheered to remember that the Stoics always insisted that shame is the basis of morality. So we get our rewards.

The work widens. The field is indeed white unto harvest, but the labor problem is as it was in our Lord's time. Taken by an official of the city to an immense and unshepherded shelter the other night, and asked with great directness, “Can you do anything here?” I looked on all the crowded discomfort of it and could have cried for pity at the sight.

And then he said a strange thing. “Is it too big for you, padre . . . and too hard? We've cleaned it up a bit with the women police. You're not going to walk out on us, are you?”

“No,” I said, “I'm in this with you ‘for better or worse.’”

He seemed relieved, and then in a burst of confidence he added this: “You see, I've always had the idea that a parson could run a garden party but he couldn't tackle anything tough like this. . . .”

I found that word revealing. So that's what they think of us—equal to garden parties but not to anything tough; men who have lived a sheltered life but never seen existence in the raw.

Very well! We will live up to our reputation—we will live the sheltered life. With all the tragic change of meaning the times have given to those words, responding to the undreamed of opportunity which came as a gift in the hand of Sorrow, we will return to the catacombs to offer Christ.

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For reasons of economy the number of pages in *World Outlook* will be reduced during the summer months.

# Let Me Help Shoulder the Load!

By Richard T. Baker

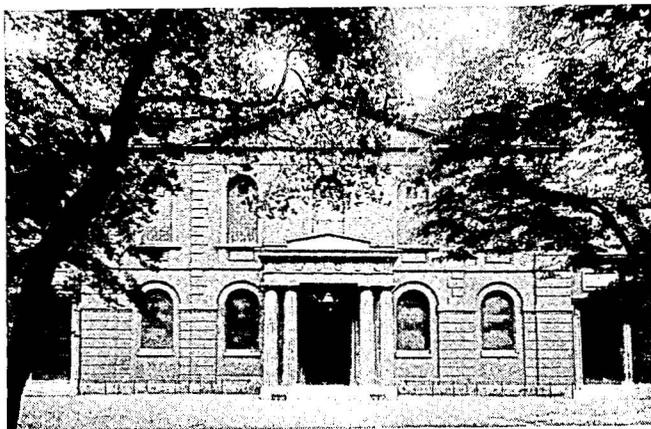
I KNOW a little Methodist chapel in London. The last I saw it a busy street and throngs of people were crowding past it. But that was a year and a half ago. I don't know what's happening to that little chapel, and I don't dare imagine too much. Yesterday I read in the paper that five hundred Methodist churches in Britain have been bombed by German air attacks. I don't know, but perhaps the little chapel I remember was one of them.

But what has happened to that little chapel is not the problem that's bothering me most of all. I'm worried about the tons of bombs which came down in its neighborhood. It never was a wealthy, spacious neighborhood. A bomb could do a lot of damage among those fragile tenements. The little chapel may have escaped, but I'm pretty sure some Methodist or other did not. That's what is worrying me.

I suppose they shipped them off to the country, those Methodist Londoners, long ago. Essential workers probably were barracked in places where they could be safe. Mothers and babies went to the villages. I don't doubt that some have been killed. How about those broken families? What would it mean to an American Methodist church if all its families were suddenly broken into pieces and scattered about over the country? What would it mean to a pastor?

These things are in my mind, because the Methodist family is broken. We're coming to be a fairly large family, and we ought to be old enough now to know how to do something about all this heartache and struggle.

Let me give you an illustration. Methodists up in Sheffield volunteered, when the Channel islands fell into German hands, to pull up their belts and take on the added load of those Methodist chapels which



Mother of Methodism—Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London. Has it been destroyed?

had been forced into abandonment. That was not the only case. There were other Methodist churches who took on the support of pastors whose chapels were blown into smithereens, of social services, of hospitals. The work had to go on, and the family held tight to keep the service whole and unbroken.

Here's *The Methodist Recorder* from London: "A grave reduction in missionary income, especially from the six London districts and the Channel Islands, is certain, and this may well reach a figure between twenty and thirty thousand pounds in the Methodist Church alone."

A little multiplying puts pounds over into dollars, and I find that what *The Recorder* is talking about is \$150,000 less in 1941 than in 1940, and even 1940 was a hard year.

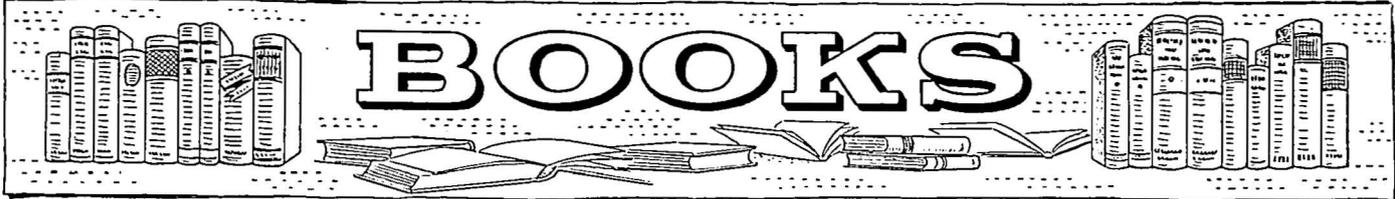
What about those overseas missions of British Methodism? Here is China, and in eight provinces of that old empire there are British Methodist missionaries at work. It's not very pleasant to contemplate what decreased missionary work in China will mean today, unless somebody is found who will help bear the emergency which faces the home society in Britain. Four out of the seven provinces in which English Wesleyans have missionary work in China are under Japanese domination. The job is tightening up, but the opportunities were never greater. Nobody is asking to be allowed to go home. Mass migrations have thrown new tasks into the laps of Chinese Christians, and they are in no mood to shirk those tasks.

And here is India. All the way from Calcutta to Bombay, from Ceylon and Madras and Hyderabad to Delhi, and to Rangoon in the East, the English followers of Wesley have hung up Methodist shingles. They ought not to come down this year.

Ten districts of Africa, British Guiana in South America, five countries of Central America, eight islands of the West Indies—it would be a pity if the clear voice of evangelical Christianity would have to be turned down this year.

And yet I can't expect those bombarded Methodists of London to do an impossible thing. They have enough troubles of their own. They're doing what they can, and it seems to me that I've got to do as much.

It's not only that here is a chance to help out some friends who are temporarily on the spot. We ought to be doing these jobs anyway. It won't hurt me any. We're all in the Methodist family together, and I never knew a family that deserved the name and let any of its members suffer if the suffering could be helped.



# BOOKS

"America in a World at War" is the title of a series of booklets, some of which are still in process of preparation. Excellent training in intelligent citizenship, these materials should interest leaders of citizenship study groups and others concerned with deepening belief in the democratic way of life. The sixth, in the series, *Summons to the Free*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, is composed of four addresses, and a poem written last summer. In his unique and vivid way he calls his readers to his own understanding of the meaning of democracy and to an acceptance of this ideal as a way of life to be lived, consciously

and courageously, with hope and vision. This message is earnest, moving, and timely, and merits a wide circulation. *The Monroe Doctrine*, by Grayson Kirk, is an illuminating discussion of the evolution of this doctrine, the influences that have affected it, its future, and its relation to the foreign policy of the United States. Among some of the other titles of booklets in the series are: *The Faith of an American* and *Why?* The latter is a Question-Answer Discussion of Preparedness, Aid to Britain, Food Blockade, Appeasement, Pan-American Friendship, etc. Publishers, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1940, 1941. Ten cents each.

In *The World's Need of Christ*, by Dr. Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology at Duke University, a scientist calls humanity to a revival of faith in Christ. Because Dr. Ellwood is a scientist rather than a theologian his message is particularly significant. After pleading for a new personal imitation of Christ in thinking and living, he points out how science and philosophy, religion and the church, business and industry, politics and international relations may come into a "realization of a kingdom of spiritual values; for these are of necessity creative quests of humanity itself." Lastly, Dr. Ellwood discusses "The Christian Reconstruction of Our Civilization."

"We need a return to the Kingdom of God ideal of a universal human society dominated by good will toward all men—the only ideal that can motivate dependable human social progress."

This book should prove challenging to leaders of our times. It should be heartening to all persons who are sincerely seeking to follow Christ. In a time of confusion, conflict, and uncertainty one may find here a positive faith and philosophy

that may survive material loss and postponement of the fruition of spiritual values. This message should inspire the unenthusiastic Christian to reconsecrated loyalty to Christ and his principles of living. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1940. \$2.00.

Rama, a ten-year-old East Indian boy, has many adventures in *Hunt for a Hero*. He encounters an elephant, a wounded man who had been injured by a tiger, a so-called *sunyasi* (a wandering holy man), a kind hermit, a rail-bandy (a locomotive), a flood, and cholera! And all the time Rama was only trying to carry out his father's wishes—to become wise and learned. The boy's realization of his father's ideal for him was finally started when Rama entered a Christian mission school. This is an interesting book for junior-age boys and girls. The author is Joyce Reason. Although this is an English publication (Edinburgh House Press, 2 Eaton Gate, S.W. 1, London), it may be ordered from Westminster Press, New York. 1938. 50 cents.

*The Great Hatred* is a book about anti-Semitism—"all about it that need ever be written," one reviewer has added. Dr. Maurice Samuel, the author, considers the false charges against the Jews and traces them to their sources. After carefully studying the facts, Dr. Samuel presents his thesis that anti-Semitism is not primarily hatred of Jews. It is, he states, the "expression of the concealed hatred of Christ and Christianity, rising to a new and catastrophic level in the modern world." Persecution by the anti-Semitic movement is not an effort to exterminate the Jews because they are Jews but to put an end to the Christian episode in human history. It is the anti-Semite's fear of making this confession of hatred of Christ and of Christianity that makes anti-Semitism unreasoning and insane. Nazi-Fascism seeks to exterminate Christ because Christianity teaches the doctrine of love, reverence for the personality of every man, while Nazi-Fascism glorifies force and teaches that man is subservient to the State. As the Jews gave Christ to the world and the anti-Semites dare not openly avow their hatred of Christianity, they turn its full force upon the Jews. The proposed answer to anti-Semitism is Jews and Christians proclaiming together with fresh vigor the pre-eminence of the Judaeo-Christian morality, the author of which is God. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1940. \$2.00.

# The Moving Finger Writes

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

## "Home-grown" Products from Henderson



Dr. E. D. Kohlstedt, executive secretary, Section of Home Missions, Division of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension

about fifteen years ago. Eleven of the fifteen faculty and staff members are "home-grown" products.

During a recent visit to the settlement, Dr. E. D. Kohlstedt, of the Section of Home Missions of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, was impressed by the results of home missionary investments. Under the leadership of the Rev. Hiram M. Frakes, the settlement has developed.

When Mr. Frakes first went into the mountains, he sensed the needs of the mountain people and succeeded in interesting Mr. Henderson in his idea. So completely was Bill Henderson converted that he donated his farmland as a site for the school.

The present "campus" includes 500 acres, 14 buildings, a coal mine, and a water supply system. The school is academically standardized with an enrollment of several hundred students and a fully accredited high school course.

## Food Costs Soar in West China

Dr. Lewis Smythe, of the University of Nanking, now at Chengtu, writes that on the campus of the West China Union University there are this semester 1,738 college students and a total instruction staff of 387.

He stresses the economic problem: "The chief problem confronting the Christian colleges in China is not bombing or any other form of disturbance due to the war. It is the cost of living,

which is now seven and a half times what it was two years ago. Clothing now costs fourteen times what it did before the war. Most people get along the best they can with what they have and buy as little clothing as possible."

## Yes, War Costs Money!

The Japanese Diet has approved the extraordinary war budget of 4,880,000,000 yen for the period from April 1, 1941, to January 31, 1942. The prospective total government outlay for the fiscal year 1941-42 is 12,875,000,000 yen, of which it is expected that approximately 7,574,000,000 yen will be provided through borrowing.

The Diet recently approved a special supplementary military budget of a billion yen, bringing the total military authorizations for the fiscal year ending next month to approximately 5,460,000,000 yen. The yen is now valued at about 24 cents.

## A Little Relief Goes a Long Way in China

Old Mr. Lee had been a scholar and a writer in a town ten miles south of Peking. War brought hard times, but he and his son peddled fruit and were getting along. One day while they were out peddling, a bomb demolished their home, killing all the other members of the family. They sold what was left of their house to pay funeral expenses and then went to the city to find work.

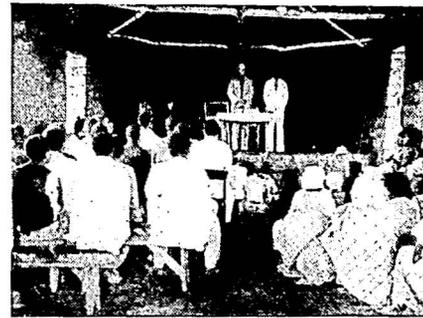
Miss Tsai, a social worker, discovered them in a beggars' camp, and gave them fifty cents to buy cotton-padded garments. The father bought two garments for his son but none for himself, saying, "Never mind, I'm not cold."

The missionary decided to give him thirty cents more to buy a warm garment for himself. Then he said that if they had a basket of persimmons and peanuts, they could support themselves. But that would cost thirty cents and he was sorry to ask for so much. He was given the thirty cents.

In about an hour he was back wearing a long padded garment over his summer clothes and carrying a large basket heaped full of persimmons and peanuts. The missionary offered him an old overcoat, but he bowed low and said, "No, no, I have everything I need. You must help someone else. We can get along very well now."

## Church Grows in Angola, West Africa

From Mrs. Eunice E. Dodge, wife of the Rev. Ralph Dodge, Methodist missionary superintendent in Anogla, West



Rev. Ralph Dodge preaching to villagers

Africa, comes this account of a two-weeks' visit they made recently to twelve village churches lying out from Malange:

"Most days followed a pattern: arrival in the village in the late afternoon, setting up of our camp beds, sending out to tell all the people to be present in the morning prayers, and early to bed. The following day, as soon as breakfast was over, all the chairs, benches, and stools in the village were gathered up and taken to the mud building which serves as church on Sundays and school during the week.

"About nine o'clock we began the service, which invariably lasted until noon at least. Of course, the district superintendent was expected to preach; his wife was asked to 'say a few words'; there was quarterly conference to be held; there were babies and adults to be baptized, members to be taken in on trial, and others to be received into full membership, and usually a talk by the native assistant who traveled with us. There had to be another meeting in the early afternoon. And then, we would finally get started away from that village just in time to reach the next by dark—and begin the process all over again.

"Every day seemed like Sunday—but not a day of rest! It was rather a shock to me to realize, as I sat on a platform one morning, that it was Saturday. Many a family washing must have gone undone that day. For the African always washes his clothes on Saturday that he may appear bright and shining in the church on Sunday. Then, as the week progresses, he gradually becomes grimmer and grimmer until Saturday wash-day

finally wear a From membe 8,599 t out in

Food Chile

"Ch solve: people, closely Mrs. 1 Vergel



Meth



"For scious physical enormo them. s tion, s to pers their fe of cont one in "The cheese, and d poorer that sh cannot foods. alarmin the reac "Few idea of means. stuffs a Many breakfast

finally arrives again. Many Africans wear a blanket on Saturday."

From 1937 to 1940, Methodist church membership in Angola increased from 8,599 to 14,785—most of the gain being out in these small native villages.

✦

## Food and Drink Are Chile's Problems

“Chile has two great problems to solve: the first the malnutrition of her people, and the second, which is very closely related to it, is alcoholism,” says Mrs. Katrina Keely Bullock, of El Vergel (Methodist) Farm, Angol, Chile.



Methodist church at El Vergel Farm, Angol, Chile



Fruit packing room at El Vergel Farm

“For some years Chile has been conscious of the gradual deterioration in physical strength of her people, and the enormous increase of tuberculosis among them. Attributing this to faulty nutrition, sporadic efforts have been made to persuade the lower classes to change their food habits, but this is a problem of continuous education and a difficult one in any country.

“The people need more milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and this is especially true of our poorer classes. Chile can produce all that she needs, but the poor people cannot afford to buy enough of these foods. The consumption of milk is alarmingly low, and butter is beyond the reach of poor people.

“Few in the U.S., I am sure, have any idea of what the word poverty really means. Here wages are low and food-stuffs and rents high and increasing. Many children go to school without breakfast.”

## Over the Teacups in Lucknow



Prof. Stanley W. Clemes

“Not long ago over the teacups at Lucknow Christian College we fraternized with four Indian young men, all Christians, but differing widely in background, social and geographical,” writes Prof. Stanley W. Clemes, of Lucknow, India.

“There was Sirswal, born in Brahmin of the Himalayas, now a Christian college graduate studying law, not to build up a remunerative practice for himself but to capture for his oppressed fellowmen their rights to decent wages and a chance to live like human beings.

“Next to him sat Satya Parakash Patni, up to three years ago a Jain belonging to one of the wealthy influential families of the Central Provinces. Led to Christ through reading the New Testament given him by an Indian Christian woman, he renounced social and economic security, refusing an offer from his family of \$30,000 if he would but return to Jainism.

“On the other side of Sirswal was Maurice Hakeem, an M.A., a third-generation Christian of the United Provinces, member of a cultured family, of quiet philosophical mind, at present a demonstrator in the university psychology laboratory, and active in church affairs.

“The fourth young man, Shiv Singh, is in his thirties, a Punjabi, son of a Sikh landowner, disinherited because he transferred his allegiance to Christ. This tea table I have described is not a posed picture—it is true in every detail.

“We feel that we here in Lucknow Christian College are having a share in bringing in ‘a new world order.’ Barriers of provincialism, caste, and wealth are being swept away by a common loyalty to Christ as seen in this group of four.”

✦

## Quinine Helps China Hospitals

“Among the useful projects of the American Advisory Committee in Shanghai is a Quinine Fund to help mission hospitals obtain this drug which they need in their fight against malaria. A revolving fund of \$5,000 (U.S.) enables the committee to buy quinine from Java for about fifty-three cents an ounce.

The quinine is allocated to mission hospitals. Those hospitals able to pay do so at a price below what they would be charged if they purchased in small lots. Their payments are put back into the revolving fund.

Some of the hospitals are so burdened with work for refugees from which they

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derive no fees, that they cannot pay for the quinine, and in such cases it is donated by the committee from the funds sent by the Church Committee for China Relief.

## China Wants Bible and Christianity

“Work is going at high speed,” writes Miss Marie Adams, Methodist missionary in Peking, China. “Each year of this conflict finds China stronger and



A colporteur in China

stretching herself up to God as never before.

“The Bible Society cannot provide enough Bibles; the schools cannot find enough Bible class teachers; the Christian movement cannot keep up with the growing revival among the Chinese. Every week I see girls come into the kingdom from my classes. I feel as if I am living in a little heaven on earth, even if war is going on all around us.”

## Good News from Nome

“The Rev. Wilbur P. Wood, pastor of the Federated Church in Nome, Alaska, reports improvement of the church and parsonage property. The total expenditure for repairs was \$2,205.



Ivory worker at Nome

During the year the pastor has made 785 pastoral calls. He co-operates wholeheartedly with community service projects and has conducted weekly services in the Lavinia Wallace Young Mission for Eskimos. Clubs for native boys and girls are also conducted by the pastor and his wife. A vacation school, in which 53 children were enrolled, was held last summer.

The church is a federation of Meth-

odist and Congregational bodies and serves both white and native population. This is the only Protestant white church in Nome.

“The plight of the Nome Eskimo is without adequate description. The Eskimo has no religion of his own, now that medicine men are no longer trusted. The Eskimo needs a God to help him. He needs a Christian church to guide him.”

## “Be Not Afraid of Them That Kill the Body”

“In one district of an English city we found the husk of a Methodist church,” says a recent visitor. “Quite by accident we met the minister and he shepherded us around the ruins. It was a tragic story.

“The faithful little flock were hold-



© Fox Photos

Ruthless German bombing in London area

ing their Sunday evening service in the schoolroom when the bombs came. No one inside was killed but several received head injuries. Many, however, were killed on their way home that night.

“A local preacher who had preached that morning from the text, ‘Be not afraid of them that kill the body . . .’ arrived home that night after his Home Guard duty to find that his son and daughter had both perished as a result of the raid. Two other bodies were dug out from wreckage close to the church. It was a pathetic sight to find some little boys’ caps among the debris in the Sunday school.

“The minister of this church, one of the faithful few people remaining in the community, was not defeated. ‘Look! We are holding our services over there in a schoolroom!’ he said. ‘We began to do so the very next Sunday after the raid had taken place.’ And, he added with emotion, ‘My friend, the bereaved local preacher was with us too!’”



## Protestant Chaplain Carries On in Prison



Rev. Asa H. Edie

For thirteen years the Rev. Asa H. Edie has been Protestant chaplain for the Clinton Prison, Danmore, New York, where 746 of the 2,160 population are Protestant and his particular responsibility. Mr. Edie's work includes daily inter-

views with inmates, calls on the sick in the prison hospital, solicitation of magazines to supply the men with reading matter, and correspondence relative to the welfare of the inmates.

The chaplain interviews prisoners upon their arrival and keeps a complete record of their previous religious training and any church affiliation. He also notes their attendance at church services while in prison and their reaction to life in general.

"The chaplain is one man who goes everywhere in the institution, the hospital, segregation, cell blocks and among inmates who constantly request some favor from him. Nearly every day men are sent to my office who have requested an interview or who are meeting the parole board for release.

"The successful chaplain must be several men rolled into one. He must be a pastor in every meaning of the word, hold religious services, provide Bible courses, administer sacraments. He must sympathize with those needing sympathy and yet must not allow his sympathies to influence his better judgment.

"He must be a disciplinarian with those who need a firm hand. Men unfortunate enough to be placed behind bars are not seeking a shoulder upon which to weep, but a fair and square break. . . . He must be somewhat of a psychiatrist to detect signs of a mental breakdown and report symptoms to the psychiatrist.

"He must understand legal practices, for prisoners consult him with their legal problems. . . . He must be a social worker and know how to make contacts with the proper officials and organizations on the outside to assure proper care for dependents of men in prison. . . . He should run an employment agency for inmates meeting the parole board for release. . . . He should be something of an art critic. I started classes in commercial and fine art, and we have sent a number of paintings to exhibitions held by the Independent Artists' Association. . . . The chaplain should also be a librarian and teacher with the 'wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. . . .'"

Mr. Edie regards the prison riot of 1929 as an unforgettable experience. "The prison was a seething mass of hu-

man passions let loose," he says. "After the men had surrendered and been locked in their cells, telephone and telegraph messages of inquiry concerning their conditions poured in to the chaplain from interested relatives and friends.

"And while nerves were stretched to the breaking point, and tempers boiling over, I never failed to receive kind and respectful treatment from the prisoners. My heart greatly rejoiced when, a few weeks later, the principal-keeper said to me: 'I have made a careful study and find that none of your men who attend church were implicated in any way in the riot.'"



## Nanking Hospital Gives Help and Peace

"This is no place to reiterate the fury of modern warfare, the stark tragedies, the naked horrors heard and seen within the hospital walls, says the superintendent of the University Hospital in Nanking, China.



The New Pagoda, Revolutionists' Memorial, Nanking

"Suffice it to say that at no time in the history of the hospital was there ever such an opportunity for Christian service; for bringing peace where there was no peace, and for bringing comfort to the tortured and dying. . . ."

"Of necessity, those were days of faith, for the transportation of staff and students to an unknown destination up the river took not only most of the personnel but also most of the hospital's reserve funds. For months each one of the foreign staff served on duty every third night in addition to carrying the burdens of each day's tragedies. . . ."

"We rejoice that through the trials of these years the hospital has come to share a deeper sense of co-operation with the local churches than ever before. The evangelistic work during the war period was carried on largely through the voluntary help of church workers. Many of the church workers continue to come in for personal work

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and many of the patients on leaving are referred to the church of their own choice or to one closest to their homes."

**Man Owed Twelve Dollars—Members Lost Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand**

A certain man employed in the plant of the Aluminum Company of America, in Philadelphia owed the labor union twelve dollars in back dues. Furthermore, he threatened to strike a union official.

**Result:**

Seventy-five hundred members went on a strike until the delinquent union member should be fired. They lost a quarter of a million dollars in wages.

The man who owed twelve dollars was transferred to another plant.

**Young China Hears the Gospel**

In most of the larger city churches around Chungking and Chengtu, West China, church schools have but small attendance because children have been evacuated due to bombings, according to Rev. Daniel L. Lee, conference di-



Rev. Daniel L. Lee

rector of religious education, who recently made a tour of the West China Conference.

"But in other churches and several of the high schools I found reasons for joy and hope," he reports. "For instance, in the girls' high school at Suining, we found among the 500 students 47 who expressed a desire to become better Christians; 150 who decided for the first time to become Christians; and 254 who wanted to begin the study of Christianity.

"In one church a splendid church school is being carried on under the trained leadership of Miss Rachel Pen. This church school at Tzechung has an enrolment of over 150. Some of these are from our two primary schools in the city and others just from the streets.

"The biggest problem we are faced with here in West China is one of leadership, and it is a very serious problem. Given trained leadership, the Kingdom's work will at once move on toward a definite goal."

**"Methodist Episcopal Church of Italy" Is Born**

"The Methodist Episcopal Church of Italy" has been organized as an autonomous and independent church by unanimous vote of the Italy Conference of The Methodist Church. Dr. Carlos M. Ferreri, of Rome, who has been in charge of all American Methodist work in Italy for some years, was elected superintendent of the new church.

All ministers of the Italy Conference, all supply pastors, and all lay delegates were present when this action was taken.

"Under the pressure of circumstances and in order to render possible the legal procedure for securing the new titles of properties recently donated by the Board to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Italy, it became necessary for the annual conference to come to an important decision with reference to the ecclesiastical standing of the church in Italy. After due deliberation, the annual conference decided that 'national dependence and autonomy was absolutely the only vital condition under which the work could be placed.'

"The name remains the same, the doctrines and general rules the same. The Discipline will be subject to revision regarding those parts which have to harmonize with the Italian state laws. The ecumenical ties with the mother church have been reaffirmed. A strong desire has been expressed for union with English Methodism in Italy as soon as that branch of Methodism reaches a similar standing in Italy. The door has been left open for closer co-operation with other Italian evangelical forces."

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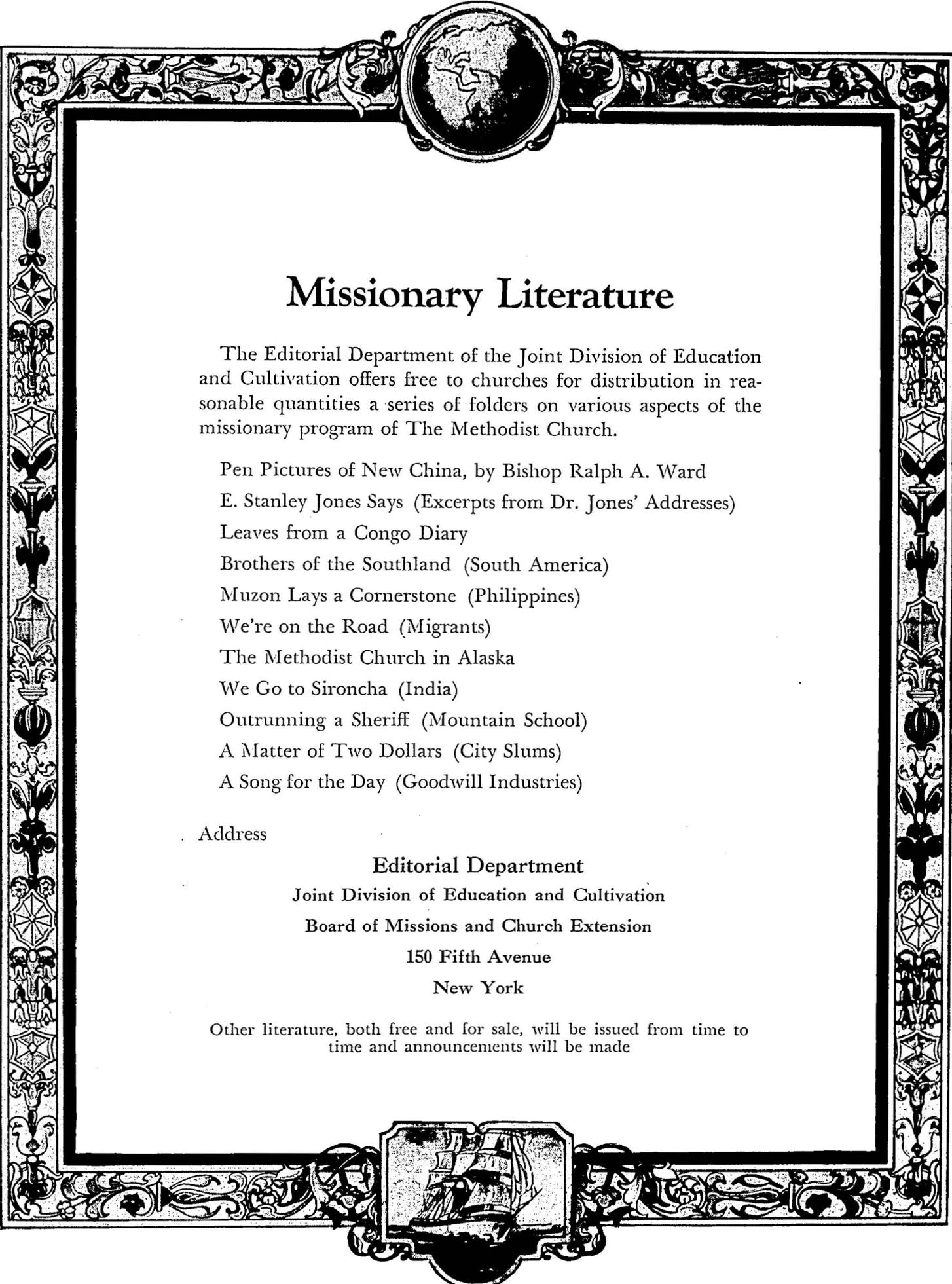
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