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WORLD OUTLOOK



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Letters

A Trek in the Himalayas

(Editor's Note: This unusual account of Miss Colony's trip into the Central Himalayas District, written by a member of the travel party, came to WORLD OUTLOOK through Mrs Otis Moore of the Foreign Department of the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Miss Lucile Colony is executive secretary in the Woman's Division for the mission field of India, and she has been traveling in India for several months of 1946.

This letter will be of special interest to Methodist women in October, as they plan for local observance of the Week of Prayer and Self-Denial. A portion of the offering taken during this week is to go to special projects of Methodist mission stations in India. This letter might well be used as supplementary material in this observance.)

● After two weeks of almost daily showers the sun threw its golden rays over the green hills and pines of Almora. It was a sunny May morning when our party set out to visit isolated mission stations in this District of the Central Himalayas. Farewells were said and we, a party of three, were on our way—complete with flat shoes, seersucker dresses, dark glasses, topees, and walking sticks. At the bus stand many friends gathered to cheer us on our way. Shortly after nine o'clock the bus, a bright shiny-red vehicle with its heavily-loaded roof and comfortably filled seats, released its brakes and rolled gently down the macadam road. The official member of our group sat in the privileged front seat with the driver; the other two of us sat in the second seat. Behind us was a row of men and in the rear was the purdah [veiled or screened section for women].

After traveling six or eight miles on this road we branched off on a dirt road which might best be characterized by its narrowness, sharp turns, and an unprotected edge which drops off into an abyss in some places. However, such things were incidental this morning, as we reveled in the sheer beauty of the valley which spread out at our right. It wasn't an ordinary valley—there were acres of terraces, vividly green after the rains, rising in steps from the bottom to the hillsides opposite us. For miles we could see these cultivated terraces—some swirled and rounded, depending on the contour of the hillsides. On several of the levels we could see the oxen plowing the dark, rich soil. On some levels the sheen of the new green rice looked dazzling in the sun. At one place, farther on, we got out and walked around, glorying in the height of the ridge from which we looked to the North where the white clouds competed with the snow peaks.

At last we came to the end of the road. The bus turned around in the middle of the sleepy noon bazaar and jerked itself to a halt, while a dozen little boys scrambled over the bus to pull down our luggage. Strwn all over the road, our luggage

waited for shoulders strong enough to carry it the remaining three miles. What indignation there was when these would-be men were told they were not big enough to manage the heavy loads! One youngster squared his shoulders and said, "Do you think I am not a man? I am. I'm fourteen!" We sat down on the steps of a shop to wait for someone to meet us. To escape the noon heat of that valley, which is almost 4,000 feet lower than Almora, I walked into the open-front shops to see what I could find on the shelves. All seemed to specialize in big strong link chains. There were walking canes, brass vessels, a few rolls of pitifully poor cloth, a shelf or two of age-old tins.

My wanderings were interrupted by the arrival of the missionary nurse, her white pony, and several friends, including the local pastor. They declared they had never known the bus to be fifteen minutes ahead of schedule! Also they had been delayed because of a visit to a patient. The pastor hurried us off, while he offered to stay and see about the luggage still scattered over the road. In spite of the heat and the hour and the fact that we were hungry, that three-mile walk was one of the prettiest I have ever seen. First we walked beside a sparkling stream and then up what we later learned to call a *gentle* hill. We stopped now and then to catch our breath in the shade of a tree, but we used most of that breath to exclaim about the valley. Green, rolling cultivated hills on all sides of us lay vibrant under an azure blue sky. At the end of our climb, in a cozy little stone house, we had plenty of good hot tea. Toward evening thirty-five or forty men, women and children gathered on the lawn and welcomed us to their Christian community.

We visited the school. Twenty youngsters, all wearing clothes the color of the earth, sat on planks or on the floor. For a slate each had a slab of wood blackened with charcoal and held by a string tied through a hole at one end. Most of them had paper-covered readers which looked as though they were new quite a long time ago.

In our next stopping place, in a house perched high up on the hillside, by lantern light, among people whom none of us knew personally only a few moments passed before we all felt a fellowship known only in a genuinely Christian setting. After bread and butter and hot tea we went to prepare our beds. At 11 p.m. we went back to the table on which was heaped delicious rice and curry and *chapattis* and snow-white curds which were almost solid enough to cut.

After lunch and a rest, which we took under protection of newspapers because of the flies, the community gathered on the veranda of the pastor's house. The people sat on the skins of wild animals—the women on one side of the veranda and the men on the other. With tambourine accompaniment they sang several songs, which had been written by our host, and then set to their village music. Then the people listened hungrily while Miss Colony talked to them, telling them some of the inspiring things she had experienced in her visit through India.

At three o'clock we left for our next six-

mile march which was a delightful walk, continuing for the most part through a river valley. We journeyed together with several companions to Bageshwar, a Hindu pilgrimage center where two sacred rivers join. Passing through a cobblestone bazaar, we crossed the river on a suspension bridge and came to a delightful Dak Bungalow¹ surrounded by a green lawn on the bank of the surging Surju. The men built the fires and we fried potatoes and boiled our drinking water for the next day. Bouillon, buttered buns, and tinned fruit and meat were enjoyed by nine of us. We ate on the veranda by lantern light. Armed with towels and soap, the ladies later made their way to the river for evening baths.

At five the next day, the morning light softly stole across the valley and we were ready to rise with the new day. At the edge of the town we parted from our companions and our little caravan was off. Zigzag—up and up we wended our way over pine needle paths. The morning was one that filled us with the joy of living—blue skies above the pines, beautifully-lighted valleys, range after range of hills, and the thrill of an early morning ride! The distant snow peaks were bathed in the morning light.

By two o'clock we had finished our 11-mile march and we arrived on a mountain top where we were taken in by a very interesting family. At tea we sat down with the missionary in charge and his sister. Their father, at the age of sixteen, came to Calcutta as an English sailor. The following year he returned to India as a missionary under the Salvation Army. Leaving the Salvation Army after ten years, he came to these mountains with his Indian wife and he has been here sixty years. His family of five children he himself educated.

After tea we were taken over the estate, and the older son explained many of the interesting activities, such as the forest project, the agricultural program which includes the tea plantation, a school, weaving industry, and bee-keeping—all a part of their self-supporting missionary work. By means of these projects many in the Christian community are given employment. The success of their self-sufficiency was evident in the evening meal which consisted of rice, curry, hot milk, fresh honey, and tea from their own garden.

The following day will never be forgotten. Again we took our leave early in the morning inspired by a few moments of worship as we faced the white peaks. At last, panting, puffing, and perspiring, we came to a saddle on a ridge from which we could view the valleys on both sides. How far down the silver streak of river was! The beauty of those purple ranges with the intervening ravines held us spellbound. We all agreed the climb was worth it!

We arrived at our destination, Pitoragarh, as the lights were being lit. How we enjoyed a clean white tablecloth and all the water we could drink! Two whole days in one place was a real luxury. The first morning—with its blue sunny skies and crisp breeze was perfect for hair washing and laundry.

¹ Dak Bungalow—house provided by Government for travelers in places where there are no hotels.

We heard, all along the road, that some commodities, such as sugar and certain grains, had not been seen for months. The Government and the National Christian Council both are taking steps to relieve this particular situation.

Here at Pitoragarh the Sixth Grade School was a pleasure to see. We didn't know who enjoyed it more, the teachers or the pupils. The studies included Hindi, Urdu, Roman Script, and English—in the midst of Pahari-speaking people. The Indian headmistress and missionary evangelist, seemed to feel that they could not do enough for us. They themselves get away only once a year and guests come infrequently because of the inaccessibility of the place. Pitoragarh lies sixty-six miles from the nearest railway station, but most communication is with Almora, and by this road it is 135 miles from the railroad. Geographically, the Valley has three gateways leading into Tibet, which for all practical purposes is a closed country. One road leads to Nepal, to enter which a permit is needed. Pitoragarh serves as a connecting link between these places and India. Through here the hill people from these countries bring their flocks of goats carrying loads of clipped wool, salt, charcoal, etc. These people spend their winter months in India where they take their products, such as rugs, blankets, and shawls. When summer comes, they return with their flocks to their own homes.

The next day took us down five miles and straight up six more. It was a hard day—the bright spots being a lunch of army K-rations, on a tree-shaded promontory just over the river; and at the end of the march a Dak Bungalow complete with running water and a cook. We thought we were near the top—but the next morning took us steadily up to a height of eight thousand feet.

The next day, our last march of fourteen miles brought us back to our golden pines and mica-covered hills. It was an easy day and made more enjoyable by the welcome of friends who came to meet us four miles out.

Pitoragarh and Shore Valley had been only names to us, but after two weeks of travel, of conversation with the Valley people, of encountering school children, singly or in groups, of the sounds of flutes, of mountains—these names brought to our minds a picture in striking contrast to that of the Plains.

Time after time we saw farmers carrying stones from the valleys to wall in little plots of ground, some of which were only 50 to 100 feet square. We saw women balancing themselves on precipitous hillsides while they cut grass from places where even the cattle could not graze. Only our imagination can picture life on these bleak hills when they are covered with snow, making the lives of the people even more isolated in the winter months. Such a life cannot help but produce people with a courage and fortitude so evident among these mountain folk.

The compensation of such a trip may be summed up in the satisfaction of physical accomplishment, a new appreciation of God's handiwork, and the realization that the true values of life may be found in its simplest patterns.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
BY JOINT DIVISION OF EDUCATION AND CULTIVATION, BOARD OF MISSIONS AND
CHURCH EXTENSION, THE METHODIST CHURCH
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

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Cover, "Autumn Lake"

(Natural color photograph by George Lofland, from Frederic Lewis)

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918. Published monthly at 815 Demonbreun Street, Nashville 2, Tenn. Editorial and executive offices at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The price of subscription is \$1.25 net a year, single copies 15 cents. Printed in U. S. A.



Charles Lutz (right) with Bishop F. H. Otto Melle at the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, May, 1941

IF I ever have time I shall write a book entitled, "I Have Lived with Wonderful People." It will be the story of heroic Methodist preachers and laymen of the Geneva Area; of people who, although suffering untold miseries, persecutions, and hardships during the Nazi period, yet remained loyal to God, to the Church, and to Christian democracy. That book will tell of the contributions of the Honorable Charles Lutz, a Swiss Methodist layman. His humanitarian service while Swiss Consul at Budapest, Hungary, from 1942 to 1945 makes him one of the great heroes of the war period.

Charles Lutz, son of Johannes and Ursula Lutz, was born at Walzenhausen, Canton of Appenzell, Switzerland, in 1895. He had a noble heritage. Concerning his home Lutz states: "Both mother and father were consecrated Christian characters. The family altar proved an invaluable influence in my life. My mother was a moving spirit in the young Methodist Church in Switzerland. She taught Sunday school for over forty years and was the mainstay of her local congregation. She went about to comfort the sick and dying and thus helped many a soul to find peace and eternal salvation. It was the pioneer period of Methodism in Europe, when persecution of the small group of followers was a common occurrence. My mother could recite two hundred

* The author is Bishop in charge of the Geneva Area, The Methodist Church.

Swiss Layman in Budapest

By Bishop Paul Neff Garber *

Methodist hymns by heart. With such a Christian inheritance in the way of consecrated parents I started out on life." When his mother died in 1941 at the age of ninety-two she was the oldest member of the Methodist Church in Switzerland.

After high school and commercial training in Switzerland, Lutz went to America in 1913 for a business education. In addition to practical business experience he attended Central Wesleyan College, Warrenton, Missouri, and George Washington University.

During this period Lutz became acquainted with Dr. A. J. Bucher, editor of *Christian Apologist*, Bishop John L. Nuelsen, and President Otto Kriege of Central Wesleyan College. These men exercised a decided influence in his life. These contacts, plus the influence of his Christian home, made unsatisfactory his original plan of a business career. Lutz realized that he could never rest "until I had found that certain place in life that gave me satisfaction—namely, to be of service to my fellow men." While at Central Wesleyan College Lutz became a member of the Gospel Team of that institution.

After his college education Lutz entered the service of the Swiss government, first in the Swiss Legation at Washington and from 1925-1931 as chancellor of the Swiss Consulate at Philadelphia. While in the latter city he attended the Girard Avenue Methodist Church.

In 1934 Lutz was transferred to Palestine, where for six years he was Swiss Vice-Consul at Jaffa and Tel-Aviv. He tells of his experiences there as follows: "Thus a long standing wish came true—namely, to know the land of the Bible and of Christ, its customs and its people, from my own observations. Among the memories I treasure most are Christmas Eve on the shepherd's field and the sunrise meetings in front of the garden tomb in Jerusalem on Easter morning. I saw the hand of God in accepting the position in Palestine, for when the war broke out I was able officially to lend a hand in the protection of Christian schools and institutions, such as the great Syrian Orphanage, the Carmel Mission, and others."

In 1940 Lutz returned to Switzerland for a well-earned vacation, and being unable because of war to return to Palestine he was sent to Berlin to take charge of the Yugoslav interests then under the protection of Switzerland. In Berlin he met Bishop F. H. Otto Melle, and as a loyal Methodist layman he aided Bishop Melle and the German Methodists. Lutz feels that the efforts of Bishop Melle "to min-



Charles Lutz in the exit from the cellar where he lived during the battle of Budapest

ister to the great needs of our Church under most trying circumstances has never been fully recognized by the Church outside of Germany. I was often witness to the almost superhuman hardship Bishop Melle encountered while traveling at the time of the terrible bombardments."

When America entered World War II, Lutz was appointed Chief of the Foreign Division of the Swiss Legation at Budapest, Hungary. There he was in charge of the interests of fourteen belligerent nations, among these being America and Great Britain. "This period," according to Lutz, "was truly the culmination of my career, and I again saw in this appointment the hand of God moving in my life. I crossed the Swiss border for Budapest just when the bells were tolling out the old and ringing in the new year of 1942."

In Budapest Lutz entered upon a most difficult task. As custodian of the properties in Hungary of fourteen nations he jokingly remarks that he had plenty of office space. His home was in the British Legation while his main offices were in the American Legation. Among his duties was the caring for three hundred Americans, three hundred Englishmen, two thousand Roumanians, and three thousand Yugoslavs who were stranded in Hungary. He was also the official visitor of the Allied prisoners of war in Hungarian prison camps.

The humanitarian efforts of Lutz did not cease with his official functions. When the Germans en-

tered Hungary laws against the Jewish people were enacted and life became more and more dangerous for the Jews. Lutz saw thousands of Jews being seized for slave labor in Germany and other countries; he witnessed the killing of Jews in the streets of Budapest by armed ruffians and the throwing of their bodies into the Danube River.

As a Christian layman Lutz could not permit such atrocities to continue without protest and without endeavoring to protect these unfortunate people. He began to care for refugee Jews who had come from many nations to Hungary and for Hungarian Jews who were within British and Palestine interests. After tedious negotiations he succeeded in securing permission from the Hungarian Nazi government to protect all Jews who were in possession of immigration certificates to Palestine. To these Jews Lutz gave Swiss letters of protection. Because of the anti-Semitism in Hungary, Lutz by this service was exposed to personal danger and received many threats of violence for assisting the Jewish people.

Lutz soon realized that he had assumed a stupendous task. His offices were besieged every day by thousands seeking his protection. A special relief organization had to be created. With the aid of volunteers Lutz increased his staff from fifteen to one hundred and fifty. He rented forty large apartment houses in Budapest where he placed 30,000 Jews. In one of his office buildings he put two thousand more Jews. He helped others on their way to Palestine. Lutz described to me "the long columns of Jews marching along the roads to Vienna, many falling from exhaustion on the wayside. We tried to alleviate their suffering by hiring cars to provide them with food and medicine. It was, however, a pitiful and hopeless situation. The air alarms and attacks became more numerous and created chaos in the city and in the country. The front rolled nearer and traffic on the roads and many bridges became hopelessly congested."

In December, 1944, the Russian Army approached Budapest. On Christmas Eve Lutz related that "while the horizon was already lit up by the flares of battle and the heavy artillery was shaking the foundations of our house, a small group gathered around the Christmas tree, singing carols of peace and of good will toward men." On Christmas morning four shells hit near his house. Lutz says that "we hoped the city would be taken in about a week but instead the ordeal lasted fully two and one half months, which in view of the constant dangers all around us seemed like eternity."

During the siege of Budapest, from December, 1944, to March, 1945, Lutz lived much of the time in the cellar of the British Legation. This building, however, was soon hit by twenty bombs, caught fire, and burned for forty-eight hours while Lutz and others were trapped in the cellar. Then the Germans placed large artillery guns on both sides of the



The British Legation Building, Budapest, in the cellar of which Charles Lutz lived for three months during the bombardment and fire



The twenty-five people who lived in the Lutz home in the cellar of the British Legation during the three-months battle of Budapest. Lutz wears the overcoat. Mrs. Lutz sixth from the right on the back row

wrecked building. In these words Lutz tells of his experiences: "We were about twenty-five persons in the cellar and we had no other place to go as the battle continued with increasing intensity. The problem of light, water, and food became very acute, because they all gave out. During the fire, armed bands entered our building and carried away our belongings, clothing, pictures, automobiles, and even our organ. I was able later to get our three cars and our organ back. On that organ, which to me has historical value, I played a hymn of praise on Easter morning. Our beautiful building was only a heap of stones, but our cellar remained intact. Life became more and more unbearable, for all during the winter we had no heating as the cellar had to be kept airtight against the danger of air pressure from bursting shells and bombs."

Lutz witnessed the attempt of the German garrison to break through the Russian front, which was only nine hundred feet from the cellar. He says: "It turned out to be a terrible slaughter. Some ten thousand men were mowed down by Russian machine gun fire, the dead and wounded being crushed by the moving tanks and other vehicles. Knowing that the Russians would follow in their wake, we stayed up all night to await their arrival." Then without military or civil government there followed a period of chaos in Budapest, in which there was pillaging and robbery. Lutz lost most of his remaining possessions. On two occasions he had narrow escapes from being shot.

In his work in Budapest Lutz was inspired by the heroic contributions of his wife. Most of the women members of the Legation left Hungary to escape the terror of the war, but Mrs. Lutz remained with her husband to assist the panicky people. During the months of siege, when the people of Budapest lived in cellars, Mrs. Lutz inspired many by her poise and self-restraint. Lutz says: "During the air attacks, when our cellar was crowded with shivering and trembling people who had rushed to our place

from neighboring houses, Mrs. Lutz remained the pool of calmness around which the seething life circulated in the trembling cellar."

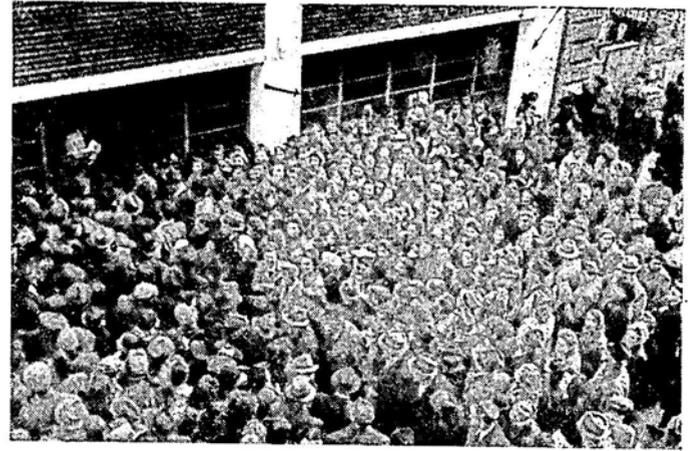
As Lutz looks back upon the horrible war experiences in Budapest, he declares that it was only with the help of the Almighty that he and his group survived. To his great happiness, after the fall of Budapest there came word "from across the Danube that all the thirty thousand Jews in the Swiss-protected houses had been saved and were alive, also the two thousand who were cramped like sardines in one of my office buildings. God had heard my prayers. Due to His marvelous protection we had all come through without a scratch, having been truly in the 'lion's den' and 'fiery oven.' Besides the Holy Bible, the *Methodist Hymnal* had been my daily companion and source of comfort."

Immediately after the fall of Budapest many people came to the ruins in which Lutz lived to beg for food and clothing. Mr. and Mrs. Lutz decided to start a food kitchen. Mrs. Lutz and seven policemen went in search of food. On the outskirts of the city they found a Jew who had been able to hide food in his cellar. This was donated out of gratitude because several of his relatives had been saved by the protection granted by the Swiss Legation. With potatoes, beans, and flour Mrs. Lutz prepared the first meal for the hungry people. For four weeks Mr. and Mrs. Lutz operated the food kitchen in the garage and served hundreds of free meals daily.

Then in April, 1945, orders came from the Russian headquarters that all the Legation staff must leave for an unknown destination within thirty-six hours. Lutz says: "We were perplexed, for how could we in so short a time pack up and liquidate the large organization we had built up in three years? But our pleading was of no avail. We were guarded by heavily armed men on our five-day journey to Istanbul, from whence we sailed on the SS 'Drottningholm' to Lisbon, arriving at Geneva on May 19, 1945, after a trip lasting six weeks."



Charles Lutz visiting British prisoners of war in Hungary



A typical crowd of Jews assembled in front of Lutz's office in Budapest begging for protection

Among those aided by Lutz during those terrible days in Budapest were a sister of Mayor LaGuardia, a niece of Fritz Kreisler, and Etienne Gombo, the present Hungarian Minister to Russia. Lutz remarks that "I look back to Budapest with a sore heart, for many of my friends have disappeared and are no more."

Charles Lutz is a modest man and protests at any publicity concerning his contributions. There are thousands of people, however, who are alive today because of the unselfish service of Brother Lutz. On May 28, 1946, he received a significant letter from Bernard Joseph, executive of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. It reads as follows: "Reports which have been reaching us steadily during the past year, and which are still coming to hand almost daily, all speak of the tremendous assistance which you gave to Hungarian Jewry during the time you were Swiss Consul in Budapest. All our friends agree that large numbers of Jews, probably running into thousands, owe their very lives to your courageous intervention with the authorities and your constant readiness to help in every way that was open to you.

"Although we know that it is impossible to express our gratitude to you in a mere letter of thanks, we should like you to feel that your great humanitarian work has not gone unnoticed or unappreciated in Palestine. The Jewish Agency, which speaks for the Jewish people all over the world, would like you to know that you will always be remembered in our annals as one of the relatively few men who had the honesty and courage to stand up to our persecutors."

The Hungarian and Yugoslav Methodists also owe much to Brother Lutz, for he rendered them invaluable assistance during the war years. In the absence

of any bishop, Lutz met with the preachers and superintendents and arranged for continuing financial support by the Swiss Methodists. He kept open the channels of correspondence between the Hungarian and Yugoslav Methodists with the Swiss Methodists. His presence and advice brought moral support to our suffering Methodists. On my recent visit to Yugoslavia our superintendent, George Sebele, told me how Lutz had saved their properties and had given personal protection to individual Methodists. Sebele says, "Brother Lutz was our bishop."

The humanitarian interests of Lutz did not cease with his return to Switzerland. The first relief funds from Swiss Methodism that reached our Hungarian Methodists after the war were made possible by him. Today he is active in the relief of needy Methodists in the Geneva Area and in Germany.

In reply to praise for his great work Lutz says in his sincere spirit of humility: "But praise be alone to God Almighty, who gave me this wonderful opportunity to set up a light amidst the darkness of the time and to be an anchor in the turbulent sea of chaos and devastation." Again he states: "I know of no better way to honor and perpetuate the memory of my sainted mother than by trying to continue the work in the same spirit which characterized her consecrated life." Is it any wonder that I am inspired in my work in the Geneva Area when I associate with laymen like Charles Lutz? During the past struggle Charles Lutz did not remain on the sidelines, but at the risk of life, property, and position he championed and exemplified, as did other Methodist laymen of the Geneva Area, the true principles of Christian democracy and humanitarianism as taught in Methodist homes and congregations.

For more information about Europe write for copies of the beautiful little booklet, "The Methodists in Europe." It is free in quantities for distribution. Write to Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Guerrilla Lady

By Richard T. Baker

WHEN I went in there was another reporter there. He was writing a book, he said, about the heroes of the resistance. Mrs. Perez's husband was one of them. He was leafing through scrapbooks and photograph albums, choosing the facts from the life of one man out of many in the Philippines who battled for freedom against the Japanese occupation and finally paid with his life.

Mrs. Perez, in her attractive Filipino dress, sat behind her desk in the Philippine Commonwealth Bureau of Public Welfare, and told us the story of one family's experiences during three years of Japanese rule. It was a heart-rending story, told simply and naturally, of a man and a woman and their three children, caught in the whirlpool of war and tyranny, fighting their way out toward liberation.

"There was nothing else we could do," she said. "We had been trained and taught to believe in freedom. The Japanese were not bringing us freedom, but pain and suffering and humiliation. We fought them, in every way we could, everywhere we could. It wasn't heroism. It was just our plain duty."

Eight years ago I walked into this same building, this same office, and interviewed the woman who sat behind this same desk. Then, it was Mrs. Asuncion A. Perez, executive secretary of the Associated Charities of Manila. I wrote an article about Mrs. Perez at that time. She was a leading Methodist lay woman, one of the leading women of the Philippines, known from door to door among the homes of the underprivileged of Manila. She hated injustice, she wept at suffering, she clothed the naked, fed the hungry, comforted the sorrowing.

Today, Mrs. Perez is at the same desk. She looks older. Her face is lined and creased. She has walked even more closely to suffering and misery in these past eight years, and even now human anguish is the thing that keeps her at her job.

Your throat tightens as you listen to her talk. About the cripple who has just passed through her door, asking for help to buy an artificial leg. He lost his in the battle for Manila. About the mother from the Walled City, whose baby died at her breast just a year ago. About the widows and orphans. About the boys who believed in freedom, so much that they had their mouths sliced from cheek to cheek when the Japanese tried to make them squeal on their guerrilla compatriots.

"I saw them from my cell in Fort Santiago prison," Mrs. Perez said. "They were roped together, a dozen of them, being led away. They were bruised and bleeding. Just boys. They were not organized guerrillas. They just knew freedom, believed in it, suffered and died for it."



Mrs. Asuncion A. Perez

She paused a moment and became very busy with her handkerchief. "So much suffering we can stand," she said. "But now we are liberated. Still the relief money does not come. Still the Americans haggle about plans for restoring the Philippines. A year has gone by, and we see no future. The suffering goes on. I can't believe this is the way the American people want to treat us. It was you who taught us freedom and democracy. We are good Americans. We put up a good fight. Why do you neglect us now?"

All that Mrs. Perez says she has a right to say. No one has been a more loyal American than she. Few have confronted tyranny more directly, more painfully.

In 1941 President Quezon appointed Mrs. Perez, then the outstanding social worker in the Islands, acting director of the Bureau of Public Welfare. It was an office for which she was eminently qualified. There was only one obstacle to her holding a high office in the Philippines; she was a Protestant in an almost solidly Catholic country. President Quezon appointed her anyway. That alone was high tribute to her merit. Absolutely fearless, devoted to her people, nurtured in the ways of freedom and democracy, compassionate, a real Christian, she began her work.

It didn't last long. At the end of the year the Japanese were in Manila, and started turning the wheels of reorganization. A woman as a director of a government bureau? Their eyebrows went up. That would have to be changed. She was demoted to a lesser post in charge of women and children in

the bureau.

Mrs. Perez didn't wait for any more reorganizations. She quit. Her husband, Cirilo B. Perez, an archivist with the public records, also resigned. They went out to their home in the suburbs of Manila and began a life of retirement.

Out of a position, she was not out of a job. A social worker, a compassionate angel, a rebel against tyranny, she began to find the poor and homeless and underprivileged on her doorstep. She helped them all.

As time went by, and the days ground down toward April and May of 1942—the awful days of Bataan's and Corregidor's last stand—the persons who came to her door one by one were most of them young men, starved and sick and dying. She took them all in, gave them a little money, told them where they could get food and medicine.

"Who are these persons who visit you all the time?" a guest in Mrs. Perez's home asked her one day.

Could she trust him, and give a true answer? She waited a moment. Then she told. "Surely you have guessed?" she smiled quietly. "They are the soldiers of your country. They are the boys who refuse to surrender. They are escaping from Bataan, crossing the Japanese lines, smuggling themselves into the hills to live to fight again."

"And you are helping them?" the friend gasped.

"I am helping them," she said, with her lips set firm. "And I shall go right on helping them until the enemy is defeated."

The friend shook his head. "You are very brave," he said.

"Nonsense!" she exploded. "I am doing nothing."

He warned her, advised strongly against her becoming involved with the anti-Japanese forces. "You are a prominent woman. You are being watched. You owe it to your family and friends to be more cautious."

"Don't worry, my friend," she said. "I am cautious, but I am also a Filipino. And I am a Christian. When people suffer they need me. When people struggle against oppression and slavery, I am with them. I have always been, and I shall not change now."

All through the summer of 1942 the Perez home in the outskirts of Manila was a station for the guerrillas. They moved through that home, out into the hills, where the resistance bands were forming.

In August, Jay Panlelio, the leading woman guerrilla, came to Mrs. Perez. She had been caught, she said. She had been broadcasting for the Japanese, but secretly in code for Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo outside the country, and the Japanese were wise. She was leaving the city. Would Mrs. Perez watch over her interests, help in the city contacts for the little warriors in the hills? Raise money. Send medicine and food. Make contacts. Carry messages.

The Perezes were in the ranks. Mr. Perez became a full colonel in the Filipino patriot army. Mrs. Perez was a lieutenant colonel. Son Ernesto was a lieutenant. Among her friends, many of them holding high positions in the Philippine government theoretically under the Japanese, she raised money. She trudged around the city, past the Japanese guards, with secret orders in her purse for patriots in Manila from the guerrilla headquarters in the hills.

"I passed them out at tea parties and everywhere. I guess it scared my friends to death."

General Roxas, the new president of the Philippines, was one of the men to whom she handed messages from the guerrillas.

On one occasion she was ordered to raise two thousand pesos and place it in the hands of a certain Aquino the next day. "I will meet you at a garden party at such-and-such a house," she sent him word. "We will walk downstairs together as casual friends meeting for the first time."

It was done. An hour later, Aquino was in the hands of the Japanese. Mrs. Perez learned of the arrest and knew that her time had come. The money would be found and traced to her. Time went on. Nothing happened. Seven months later, Aquino was released, bruised, broken, and tortured. "Don't worry," he told Mrs. Perez. "I have told nothing, and the money is where you sent it, and the receipts and orders are safe. I gave them to my wife a few moments before the Japanese picked me up."

It was months on end like this. Living on the perilous edge of Japanese terror. Another contact man came down from the hills with Mrs. Perez's name tucked in the back of his spectacles case. He was to meet her when he reached the city. He was snatched from his home before he had scarcely arrived. In the prison he thought desperately of the eyeglasses and the name inside the case. If the Japanese found it—and surely they were searching his home at the very moment—it would mean the end of Mrs. Perez.

So the guerrilla agent feigned blindness. "If I could only be permitted my eyeglasses," he said. "I am helpless without them."

The Japanese could appreciate this, and handed him the spectacles. He opened the case, saw the precious slip of paper unmolested, and put on his glasses. Later, he destroyed the evidence. It was one narrow squeak after another.

At one time the guerrillas got word of imminent action against the Perezes, and ordered them out of Manila for six months. The entire family laid low in the provinces for half a year. Then back again, and even deeper into the work of the patriotic army.

Then, at 4 A.M. on February 3, 1944, the blow struck. The gendarmes from Fort Santiago, the death chambers among Japanese prisons in the Philippines, came to the Perez home. They broke down the door. "Where is your son?" they said.

"He is not here," they replied.

"But he is wanted too," the gendarmes went on.

"He is not here."

Mrs. Perez recalls the episode now with genuine gratitude to Providence. "The children were almost never away from home," she says. "But on this particular occasion they had all gone to their grandparents' place in the country. That was what saved them. Ernesto's radio, with a contraband shortwave attachment, was dismantled. His printing machines were under the floor of the garage. And just a few days before, my husband had buried in sealed bottles all the documents and names and receipts and incriminating evidence in our possession. They would have brought punishment to some of the highest men in the Philippines. I have found all but one of the bottles. I shall never know where the other is."

At 5 P.M. the same day, Mrs. Perez followed her husband to Fort Santiago. She was put into a small cell with ten other people. They were huddled together, with a strip of space eighteen inches wide to sleep upon. Three American women missionaries shared her cell, along with a Belgian and a French Catholic sister and a number of Filipino women.

"Does anyone know where my husband is?" was Mrs. Perez's first question.

"You mustn't ask," her friends warned her. "But he is in Cell No. 16 just down the corridor."

The next morning, on her way down the hall, she stopped at Cell No. 16 and whispered through the door. "Papa! Papa!" She heard a long sigh.

"Ah, you are here!" the voice said.

"Yes, but don't worry," she told him.

"Ernesto?" the voice asked.

"Not yet. I am watching."

Then followed long days and nights of waiting, watching. The bruised and tortured came back to their cells. No one said a word, because there were even informers in the cells. Only through the peephole on his cell door could Mrs. Perez see her husband. And occasionally on walks for exercise in the court. But there could be no words.

Then the investigations started. The Perezes were taken to the investigators together. They were confronted with two of their contact men from the hills. "They were literally black and blue from beatings. We knew them well. But never a glimmer of recognition passed among us. They never betrayed one thing." The investigations became more frequent, particularly for Mr. Perez. He grew old and tired and began to lose hope.

One day he asked the attendant, "May I walk back to the cell just holding my wife by the arm?" It was permitted.

"That was our last talk together," she remembers. "We talked of little things, the children, of faith and hope. He went into his cell and I into mine."

Mrs. Perez was never tortured. The nearest she came to it was during an investigation one day

when she was ordered to kneel on the floor, and a guard with a heavy stick stood above her. "One blow would have killed me," she says. "So I prayed. I was never so calm in my life. The guard sweated and groaned and trembled. It was worse for him than for me. But the blow never came."

On May 16, 1944, at eight in the morning, Mr. Perez was led with fourteen others down the corridor, and Mrs. Perez waved goodbye. That was the last she ever saw of him. Three American missionaries—Mrs. Mary Stagg, Dr. Hawthorne Darby, and Miss Helen Wilk—went with him. Later she learned that they were taken to Bilibid prison, and in mid-September carried to a Chinese cemetery north of the city, where they were forced to kneel beside an open pit. Guards cut off their heads, and they toppled into an open grave. After liberation Mrs. Perez was called to the cemetery to identify the remains.

Later in May Mrs. Perez was released. "It was a blind. I knew it. We were released to lead the Japanese to our other agents. So I made no moves at all for months. I avoided my friends and saw nobody.

One Japanese at the prison, who served as her interpreter and was married to a Filipina, proved to be one of her kindest friends. "Let me warn you, Mrs. Perez," he told her quietly. "You will be followed every move you make when you leave here. Furthermore, you will not know your shadow. He will look just like a Filipino. Beware. I am telling you. And do not allow your son to enter Manila. We are watching for him, and he will be arrested if he comes."

The prisoners were called into a hall and lectured by a Japanese officer. They were told the ideals of the Co-Prosperity Sphere and urged to forsake their misguided ways, to abandon all contact with the bandits in the hills, and to co-operate with the Republic. Then they were released.

Mrs. Perez went back to her home, to her daughter and younger son. She never went out, except to church and to the market. Once or twice she tried to trace her husband. But it was too expensive to bribe the guards. She sent food, but is not sure it ever reached him.

In June a young man entered the home in the dark of night and fell into her arms. "You must go away," she told him.

Ernesto was home. He told of his experiences. He had posed as a country boy in Batangas, lived across the street from the Japanese garrison, flattered the soldiers by endeavoring to learn Japanese.

"How did you get here?" she asked him.

"I came on their truck!" he replied.

Ernesto never left his mother again. He shaved his head. He hid in his room. When he wanted to play the piano, which he dearly loves, his mother would call his sister into the house, so that the neighbors would not know it was Ernesto playing.

On October 16, 1944, the day after the Americans

arrived on Leyte, the Japanese came and confiscated the Perez home. There was nothing to do but go to the provinces and wait. They moved to Bulacan, just north of Manila, into the barrio where Mr. Perez had been born. They lived in a chicken coop, while Ernesto scoured the countryside as a barefoot barrio boy for rumors of the American advance.

On February 3, 1945, rumors were heard in Bulacan that the Japanese were running wild. So, on that day, the Perez household went to the rice fields to spend the day. Returning in the evening, Mrs. Perez stopped in her tracks. Her keen eyes were focused on a road half a kilometer away.

"See, Ernesto," she pointed, "who are they?"

Ernesto took off in a doublequick, barefooted sprint. The line lengthened out, khaki-clad, tall men. Ernesto came back, joy written in capital letters on his face. In his hands he carried the indisputable evidence—American candy and cigarettes. "It's the vanguard feeling out the way to Manila," he told the barrio. "The Americans want to get to Santo Tomas quick!"

"I can't tell you how wonderful it was," Mrs. Perez said. "I got the best thing in the house I could find, a basketful of eggs, and went out to meet your boys. The whole village was wild with joy. The Japanese left immediately and the town was secured in an hour. We paraded in the streets. We gave them food. Joy? Well, there aren't words to describe it." Her voice choked slightly.

The end of February Mrs. Perez went back to Manila. On April 25th she went back to work as head of the Emergency Relief Office, appointed by President Osmena. It was no change in her character that she was back helping people again.

Now she sits long hours at her desk. Her older son and daughter have gone to America to school. She is lonely, and it is an uphill task. The future of the Philippines is veiled in insecurity. The ruins of Manila lie everywhere around her. There is no money to rebuild, no wealth. American terri-

tory, ravaged by the enemy and torn by war, and no clear-cut program for rehabilitating it.

"Unless America helps, generously, the future is not going to be very bright for us." Mrs. Perez looked at me intently. "The people have suffered. They are almost broken.

"One day in prison a rough Japanese said boastingly to me, 'The trouble with you is that you are a believer in democracy. Do you think the Americans will return? Not in a hundred years.' I went back to my cell and cried. Then I knew what it meant to be troubled by the very ideals you believed in. What it meant to stand for your convictions.

"Was I wrong? America taught me all these ideals. During the war we got your promises. All those promises, the speeches we heard, were like drops of water to parched lips. 'Be brave,' you told us, 'be courageous! We will pay back all!'

"Now, when every little bit of relief is being pared down and America is making it so hard for us, sometimes I wonder whether or not it was all propaganda. Doesn't America believe in the democracy and freedom it taught us?

"We fought. Boys and men and girls and women. They were helping America. They were saving the blood of American boys. We loved you. When you came back to our villages we kissed your feet, your arms, we put eggs and bananas in your hands, out of what little we had.

"And today America has become cynical and vengeful and calculating. I don't believe this is the common people. It is government and business men, who want our market and our resources, but will still not remember us as part of America."

She stopped and dried her eyes. "Forgive me," she said. "It is not often I talk this way. I shall go on with my duties. One thing I learned these past few years was to have faith. I have it.

"And I hope you have it too."

Dr. Richard T. Baker, author of "Guerrilla Lady," has prepared a beautiful little booklet on China, entitled "Methodism in China, The War Years." It is now ready and may be secured in quantities free. Dr. Baker has also prepared a small six-page folder, with a map, on "Some Facts About Japan." It will be ready soon. Your orders will be filed. There is no charge. Write to the Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.



Chen Fen, once a famine refugee, now an Epworth League protege, Paotingfu Chihli, China



Chinese drug merchant sells his wares to match the illness you specify on the dummy figure

China Morning

By Irma Highbaugh *

T'AO-TZU was getting up. He had waked up in the big bed. The curtain was neatly hooked back. He crawled over to the front of the bed, slid down onto the long bench beside it, and found his straw sandals. He put them on shivering and went quickly to the kitchen. There was Big Aunt stirring the breakfast vegetable. He stood beside Ssu-mei who was feeding the fire. He pulled at his trousers and caught the waist cord which was slipping down.

Leaning one hand on the shoulder of Ssu-mei as she squatted in front of the open firebox, he held out one sandalled foot toward her hopefully. She smiled at him lovingly and shook her head. "You can tie your own sandal ties; I must feed the fire," she said. She selected a little bunch of straw, wound

it into a tight longish bundle, wrapped a few straws about it to hold it securely, and fed it into the fire. T'ao-tzu leaned over and tied first one and then the other sandal tie about his ankle.

He still shivered and held his hands out toward the open firebox to warm. Big Aunt went over to the dish cupboard and, reaching up, took two bamboo fire baskets from the top. She walked around the stove to the firebox and, taking out some glowing ashes from the firebox with the little iron shovel, she filled the fire dish in each basket with them. She handed the large one to Grandmother and the smaller one to T'ao-tzu. He took it, smiling up at big Aunt. Placing it on the floor, she squatted beside it and held both hands over the warm ashes for a while. Then he got up and, holding the basket handle with one hand, he lifted his front blouse tail and draped it over the basket, then reached his other hand in and held the basket against his body under his blouse with both hands as he wandered out into the yard.

Teacher was cooking her breakfast on her stove

* Miss Highbaugh, a Methodist missionary in China, here describes in intimate detail a morning in her appointed rounds at an experimental rural project area in West China. The story is taken from a longer description of this project which the author published as part of her requirement for a Doctor of Philosophy degree at Cornell University. T'ao-tzu was the baby brother in the home where Miss Highbaugh lived while she ministered to this village.



A wayside dentist

outside the door across the courtyard from their own kitchen. She greeted him, "Today is the day to get vaccinated, T'ao-tzu," she said. Just then Chung-han came in with a bucket of water and poured it into the teacher's water jar which was on the other side of her door from the stove. "Chung-han, you are a good boy to bring me water," she said. "You can get vaccinated today. Mrs. San is coming and with her is Dr. San, her husband. He is having vacation and fortunately can help us here." Chung-han listened respectfully.

"We need to get vaccinated," he replied. "I have just heard from Chang Shao-fang that Liu Ta-sao's baby died last night at Hsiao Wan Tzu from the smallpox." Big Aunt, hearing Chung-han's announcement, came out of their kitchen door, holding the big iron ladle in her hand, while she listened. "It was inevitable," said the teacher. "That child had a bad case of smallpox and it was so undernourished and thin! I just hope the parents will allow the other children to be vaccinated and prevent them from taking it."

Big Aunt had moved across the courtyard as they talked. "Well, they won't!" she stated positively. "They are too superstitious. It is the Year of the Cow and they won't vaccinate!"

"Most of the school children will vaccinate, Teacher," Chung-han assured her. "Eldest Brother and Second Uncle both approve of vaccination. Even though it is the Year of the Cow, they do not fear for us," he continued.

"How many more babies must die before this old superstition is wiped out?" Teacher wondered aloud. Ssu-mei had come across from their kitchen. She sat down and began to feed the teacher's fire for her. . . .

It hadn't hurt T'ao-tzu much to be vaccinated.

Big Aunt had held him while the doctor made the scratches and put on the vaccine. He and Ssu-mei had stood together in a warm corner of the courtyard while they dried. Then they walked along with Teacher and the doctor to a near-by village. At first T'ao-tzu held tightly to the Teacher's hand, trying to keep up with Dr. and Mrs. San. Finally they dropped back. T'ao-tzu and Ssu-mei walked more slowly while Teacher went ahead with the doctors.

When T'ao-tzu and Ssu-mei arrived at Hsiao Wan Tzu people were all gathered in the yard of the ancestral hall where the nursery school would be held as soon as the smallpox epidemic was past. A big table was in the middle of the courtyard, and Dr. San's medicines were on it. Pao-chen was standing off to one side, with her sleeve dropped off of one shoulder and held tightly under one arm, while she dried the vaccine on her arm. T'ao-tzu went over to her and looked at her vaccination. It looked just like his. He pulled his blouse open to show his vaccination to Pao-chen. Liu Ta-sao was sitting in one sunny corner of the courtyard, but not talking to anyone.

"She is *ou ch'i*¹ because her baby died," Pao-chen told T'ao-tzu. "My mother tried to comfort her, but she won't talk to anyone. She is *ou ch'i*."

"Who else will be vaccinated?" Dr. San asked, looking around at the people who were gathered.

Li Ta-sao came out of her door, and carried her new baby for Dr. San to see. The baby whimpered. "You are too late, the child already has smallpox, just keep him well covered till he is better," he said. Chung Ta-sao carried her fat six-months-old baby over to where Li Ta-sao stood. The baby reached out a chubby hand and grabbed at Li Ta-sao's baby. "Look how big and strong my son is," carolled

¹ *Ouch'i* is a behavior which follows frustration. The person who is frustrated will sulk, and refuse to speak to others, refuse to eat and often withdraws from society for a few days or even as long as some weeks or months.



Class in midwifery organized by Dr. Marian Manly in West China

Chung Ta-sao. Mrs. San came up. "Chung Ta-sao, you'd better get this baby vaccinated before it is too late!" she urged. "What big beautiful lustrous eyes he has, a beautiful child! You must get him vaccinated," she exclaimed as she looked at him more closely. Chung Ta-sao drew back, clasping her child to her. "No, no, it is the Year of the Cow; I cannot have him vaccinated."

Little Chung-tzu stood pulling at her mother's trouser leg. "Take me up, take me up," she demanded. Her mother laughed down at her. "I can't take you up; I must feed my son," she replied. Chung-tzu, who was just the age of T'ao-tzu, began to cry loudly. T'ao-tzu and Pao-chen went over to play with her, but she pushed them away and cried the more loudly still.

Just then a shuffle began near the doctor's table. Chang Shao-fang was shoving forward his reluctant younger brother, Chang Kuo-fang. "Go on and get vaccinated," he urged.

"I won't be vaccinated," shouted Chang Kuo-fang, as he tried to wriggle out of the grasp of his older brother.

At that moment their father came into the gate. "Obey your second elder brother," called out their

father to Kuo-fang. "What is all the trouble?" he asked as he drew nearer.

"He's got to be vaccinated," explained Chang Shao-fang.

Immediately the father became greatly excited and shouted more loudly still. "Turn him loose; don't you know it's the Year of the Cow, and he can't be vaccinated!" Chang Kuo-fang quickly seized the opportunity and ran to the doorway ready to make a complete exit if necessary.

"The teacher says we must be vaccinated," Chang Shao-fang answered his father in a respectful tone.

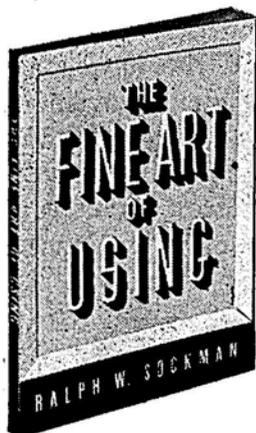
The father turned to the teacher and fell on his knees before her. "Teacher, please excuse my sons," he begged with clasped hands upraised. "It's the Year of the Cow and they cannot be vaccinated. They are my only hope for the family line. My eldest son has gone to war. The worthless daughter is at school in the War Orphanage. These are my only hope for the family line. Please excuse them from vaccination."

"Get up, get up," hastily interjected the teacher. "The matter is not urgent."

No one told the father that Chang Shao-fang had already been vaccinated at school.

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By **RALPH W. SOCKMAN**



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Board of Missions Calls For Three-Year Service

FOR more than a century, The Methodist Church has been calling young people to lifetime Christian service overseas. Thousands have responded through the years. Several hundred are to be added to that number during the next few years.

Now The Methodist Church is making a new and added call upon Methodist youth: it is asking that hundreds of young men and young women *volunteer for three years of Christian service overseas.*

These young men and young women will be missionaries of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church. They will be trained for their work by the Church. They will do the same type of missionary service as will those entering it as a life work. They will have opportunity later, if they desire, to be considered for lifetime appointments.

These three-year appointments offer to Methodist youth opportunity to render worth-while service in the ongoing work of churches, schools, hospitals, and community centers abroad; and to enter into the life of another people through language and cultural studies, and through working with them as Christian colleagues. It is pointed out that this is not "made work"—those accepted for service will share in much-needed services with other missionaries and with Christian nationals.

Every skill that can be used in the carrying on of the Christian program, at home and abroad, can be used in this three-year ministry: teaching, group leadership, preaching, social work, religious education, building construction, farming, business management, nursing, medical and public health skills.

The following countries are awaiting young people with any of the skills mentioned: India, the Belgian Congo, China (especially needs teachers of English), Liberia, Malaya, the Philippines, and Southern Rhodesia. It is expected that other fields will open shortly for this service.

For those accepted for service, there will be a period of intensive study in the United States before sailing, and this will be financed by a study grant from the Board. During the three years on the field, the missionary will carry on a "service of significant worth to the Christian cause," and, meanwhile, continue language and cultural studies.

Support on the field will be on the regular missionary salary basis, which averages \$900 per year for a single person. In addition, there will be provision for housing, for medical care, and for sharing

in the Board's pension plan for missionaries. After return to the United States, there will be paid one month's salary for each year of service on the field.

Applicants for three-year appointments must be single men and women, between the ages of 21 and 25 years; and they must agree to remain single during the period of service. They must be graduates of accredited colleges, and active members of The Methodist Church. In some cases, a year of experience may be required. Those selected must also meet these qualifications: genuine religious experience and tested Christian character; scholarship well above average; robust physical and mental health; well-developed social insight; skill in educational, religious or social service work as demonstrated by participation in voluntary organizations or in employed positions.

In some situations on the field it may be possible for teams of three to work together and to supplement each other's skills: as a preacher, a teacher, and a medical worker on one mission station. Even where a team cannot live together, or work together in the same local project, they may be able to serve with mutual helpfulness in near-by or contiguous areas.

Generally speaking, preference will be given by the Board to those applicants who have taken an active part in the Methodist Student Movement, the Methodist Youth Fellowship, or in some other phase of the Church's work. Applicants will be asked to secure the endorsement of pastor, foundation director, student cabinet, or other appropriate adult or youth leaders.

Pastors of local churches, directors of Wesley Foundations, presidents and professors of Methodist colleges and seminaries, officers of state student movements, conference and jurisdictional youth fellowships are being asked by the Board of Missions and Church Extension to recommend individuals or teams for this three-year missionary service, and to plan for a share in their support.

Additional information will be furnished upon request.

Young people interested in this service are advised to consult their pastor, foundation director, or religious counsellor regarding the advisability of their making application; and also to write to: The Department of Missionary Personnel, Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York. Hiroshima Digs Out



Kitchen activities at Vashti School

Harbored in Vashti's Arms*

By Elizabeth Watson

VASHTI has been not only a home and a school to me, but also she has been a real guide. I'd hate to think where I would be now if I had not been harbored in her arms." So wrote a teen-age girl of her feeling about Vashti School. Her enthusiasm is shared by a host of witnesses, for Vashti is home, sweet home to hundreds of girls in the South.

This school-and-home near Thomasville, Georgia, is a special place provided by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of The Methodist Church for dependent girls of good character. These girls are ten through eighteen years of age, and they come from difficult home situations where they would have poor opportunities for a real education. Vashti gives them thorough training in Christian home-making, and a sound education.

The school is accredited by the Georgia State Department of Education for the fifth grade through high school, with a nine-months' term.

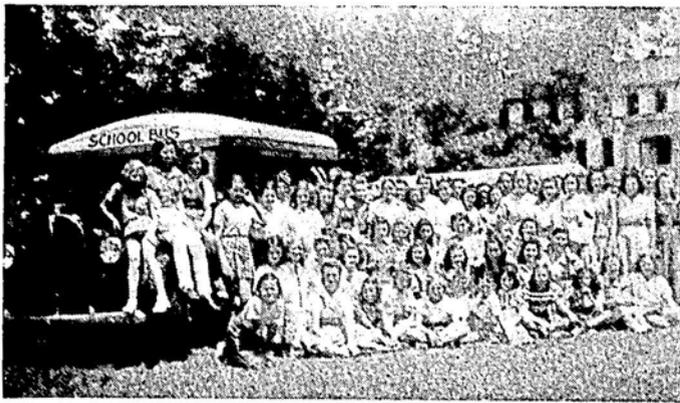
Vashti's doors are never closed, and there are many girls who stay there the year round. Some, however, are able to return to their homes or to homes of relatives, during the summer months. For those who remain, Vashti has a special day-camp program during the month of July. This July program

includes many courses one would expect in any camp for girls, such as nature study, hobby classes, dramatics, tennis and swimming. August is work month, devoted to cleaning and canning.

Vashti dates back to 1903, when Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Blasingame gave a nine-room house and four acres of land to be used as a home and school for needy and dependent girls. It was first named Vashti Blasingame Industrial School, in honor of Mr. Blasingame's mother. Now the name has been shortened to the more manageable "Vashti." This gift of property was due to the influence of a deaconess, Miss Annie Heath, who reported to the Blasingames the desperate need for such a home and school. Friends of Vashti say it was built "on the solid foundation of faith in God, and prayer was necessarily the chief equipment as those early devoted workers looked to God for guidance."

There is no exact record of the number of girls who have attended Vashti, but in 1939 there was made an approximate estimate of 2,000. In 1945 a questionnaire was sent out to the one hundred and twelve girls who have graduated from Vashti since it became accredited in 1934. These graduates have gone on to nurse training, business training, and to the important business of marrying and establishing Christian homes. These graduates reported Vashti's most outstanding contribution to their lives as being "religious teaching; how to live with other

* Vashti School is to receive a part of the offering from the Week of Prayer and Self-Denial of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, the last week of October. Save this article to use as supplementary material in your local Society.



Vashti needs a new bus

people; and appreciation for the better things."

Suppose for a moment you are a twelve-year-old girl, and looking around you, you find that it is very unlikely that in your present environment you will have an opportunity to attend high school or even, perhaps, to finish your grammar school training.

Perhaps your home has been broken because of death or divorce or war or illness or desertion or for any one of a number of misfortunes. What, then, can you do to help yourself? You might ask the pastor of your church to help apply for your entrance to Vashti, or you might take up the matter with a member or an officer of the local or district Woman's Society of Christian Service. Or you might sit down and write your own application to Vashti, telling *when* you wish to come to school and *why* you feel it is necessary for you to have an opportunity in such a place. The superintendent of the school, Miss Gladice Bower, will then send you a set of application blanks to fill out. When your application, which must include your health record, is sent in, it will be considered in a regular way, along with applications from other girls. If the proper persons in authority at Vashti find that you belong in that group of girls needing the care that Vashti gives, and *needing it more than other applicants*, you will be notified that your application has been accepted and you will be told when to come. (Not until such a letter has been received should you make plans for going to Thomasville.)

Twenty dollars per month is the cost of board and tuition at Vashti, with a medical fee of five dollars per year. Scholarships provided by the Woman's Society of Christian Service and by various Sunday school classes and civic clubs are assigned to girls who are "neediest and most worthy."

Vashti girls, whether on scholarship or not, all take part in the work of the school, which includes milking cows, caring for chickens and ducks, washing, cleaning, sewing, canning, serving tables, gardening, and ironing. But all Vashti girls also take part in the school's recreation program, and that includes all sorts of interesting things throughout the year, such as swimming in the Vashti pool, Field

Day, class banquets, Easter egg hunts, picnics, volleyball, basketball, tennis, dramatics, May Day celebrations.

Vashti girls are given opportunities to enter into local community activities, especially through young people's meetings, glee clubs, and church services.

What is the atmosphere at Vashti? Read the boxed sentences on this page and you will find what the girls think of their Vashti home. It is a special place and it endears itself to its students in a very special way, becoming a vital factor in their lives and characters.

An excellent staff of well-qualified teachers, matrons, house mothers, and other persons guides the school's activities and its home life. These leaders set and maintain the superior tone and quality of Vashti's year-round program.

With increased facilities and buildings Vashti School could widen its doors to take in a larger percentage of those girls who are in acute need of the safety, security, and Christian influence which it establishes in the hearts and minds of its hundred students annually.

But what do the students themselves think of Vashti? Here's what some of them wrote, when given a chance by Miss Ruth Wyche, a member of the Vashti staff, to have their say:

"Vashti seems to have changed me from a wild, hectic tomboy to a considerate young lady. Therefore I am grateful to her and reserve a special place in my heart for her. I consider it quite a coincidence that my birthday should be the same as Vashti's birthday—October 19. Even though there are several years of difference in our ages, this mutual birthday seems to strengthen a lovely bond between us."

"What I like most about my school is the fairness. Every one is given the same chance to make good . . . we are all treated and graded equally."

"Here at Vashti you can't say you never did learn anything. When you leave this school, you are a Christian, a good housekeeper, and a fine, thrifty woman."

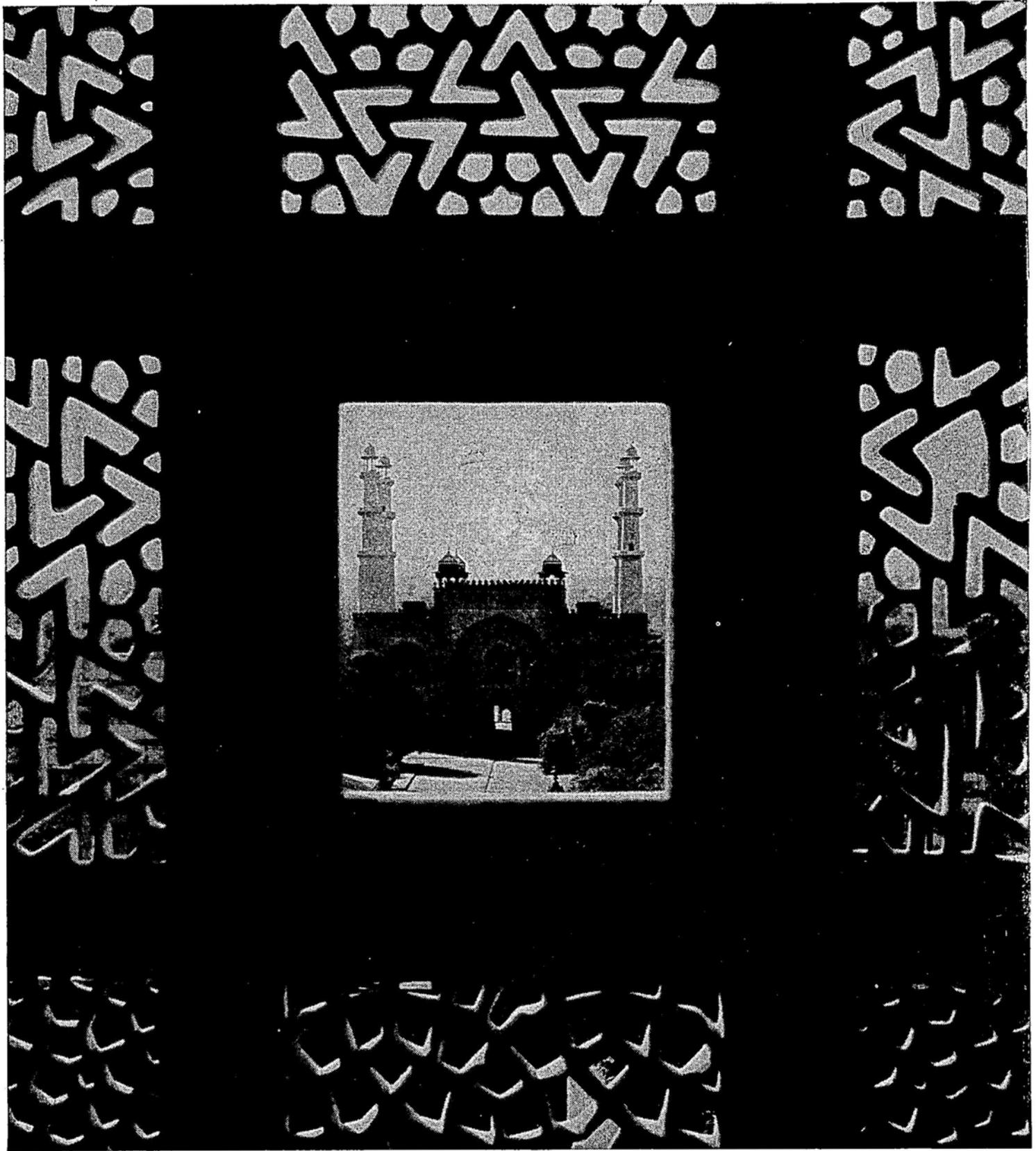
"The things I like most at Vashti are the religious services; we have morning devotionals in the dining room; we have chapel services, Sunday school, Methodist Youth Fellowship, and we all go to church in town. We have prayer service each Sunday afternoon for those who wish to attend. Recently we have organized a Tri-Hi-Y Club, and we are gathering and fixing up clothing to send for overseas relief."

"I like most of all to play tennis and swim in the pool. I like to go on hikes and picnics; the food is always good and you can always hear us talking about it afterward."

"Vashti Camp (July program) means to me oodles of good times—dramatics, swimming, nature study, hobby classes. This camp will be my eighth, and I have enjoyed every one of them."

"I have learned many valuable things—to wait on tables, to care for chickens, to cook, to make my own clothes, to make a hospital bed, to serve trays for the sick, to give first aid, to keep house."

"We work hard but even that is fun. . . . I couldn't begin to tell you how nice things are here. . . ."



Henle from Monkmeyer

Looking at Akbar's Tomb. Akbar was one of the great rulers of India and one of the great men of all time. During his rule he stressed equal opportunities for minorities, democracy in expression, and freedom of religion

India of Today



Desai, from Three Lions

Illiterate women are being helped by students to understand how to vote. Classes in citizenship are held in Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, India. Some of the students perform their civic duty by aiding others who have not had the opportunities which they have had



Miss Sarah Chekka—now head of Isabella Thoburn College—a college which stands for equal opportunities, democracy, and religious freedom, as well as for the furthering of Christian love



Desai, from Three Lions

Indian village women standing in line waiting to vote. All Indian womanhood must be free to express their will if India is to become a democracy

Monkmeyer



Type of young educational leader who is helping India's women to come to their full stature



Purdah women being led in to vote. Mr. Gandhi has brought women out of purdah into public life by offering them a chance to serve their native land

Desai, from Three Lions

Desai, from Three Lions



Mr. Gandhi with some of his followers. He has sown the seed of the idea of freedom for India more widely than any other Indian leader

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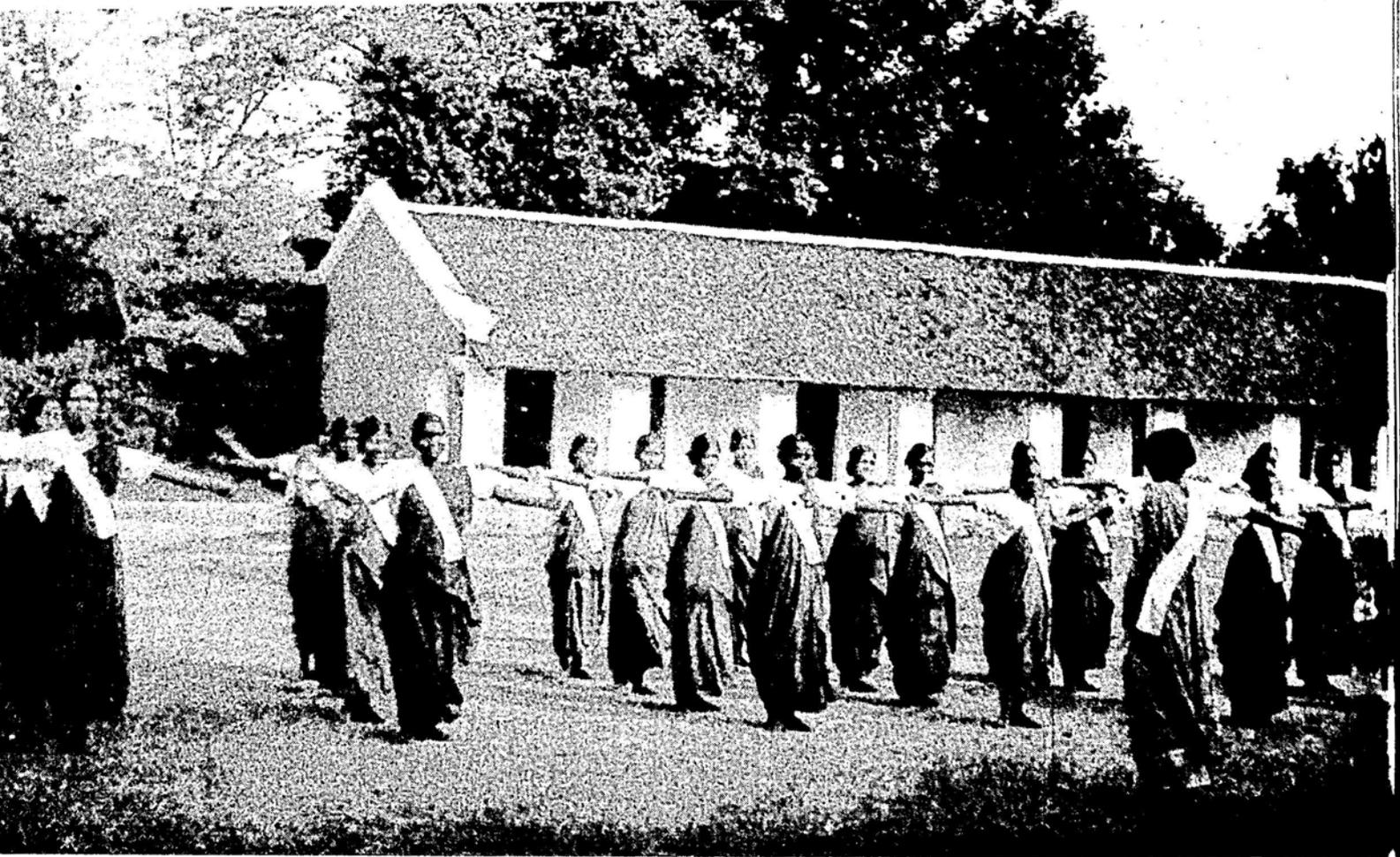
Victor Kayfetz

The village square where village men are discussing independence and problems that deal with them as they did years ago when the village was the democratic unit of India. The new leaders toward freedom are encouraging village discussions. The Christian church is intensifying its village work

Victor Kayfetz



The village well—scene of many village controversies. Because of caste customs the untouchables of the village have never been allowed to use the village wells. As India moves toward a new freedom and responsibility, she is facing her "untouchable" problem with gravity



Monkneyer

Girls in a new day may wear saris but they devote themselves seriously to physical exercise so that they may have the stamina to meet the needs of the new day

Heule, from Monkneyer



Children of India. Destined in the old day to enter the zenana and to live a life of seclusion and stagnation. In the new day there may be something different

Indian factory. India must have wheels going around if she is to attain economic independence as she attains political independence. The church must follow the Indian into the world of industry



Phillip Gendreau

Henle, from Monkmeyer



Spinner of Gandhi thread. Gandhi has preached the doctrine of self-sufficiency and the simple life. The cotton spinner's craft is doomed, however, as modern industry thunders into India

Week of Prayer and Self-Denial

October 25-31

During the Week of Prayer and Self-Denial, which is the last week of October, Methodist women are asked to remember in their prayers the Vashti School near Thomasville, Georgia; the Frances DePauw School at Los Angeles, California; and the educational work for women and girls in India.

The recipients of the offerings from the Week of Prayer and Self-Denial are:

AT HOME

FRANCES DEPAUW SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
VASHTI SCHOOL, THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA

ABROAD

INDIA

| CONFERENCE* | PROJECT |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Bombay | Udgir Center and School |
| Central | Hawa Bagh Training Institute |
| Delhi | { Butler School, sick room and dividing wall Meerut School, servants' quarters Muttra School, servants' quarters |
| Gujarat | { Baroda Kindergarten Godhra, sanitary installation |
| Hyderabad | Stanley High School, assembly hall |
| Indus River | Lucie Harrison School, Lahore, teachers and servants' quarters, sanitary system |
| Lucknow | { Hudson Memorial School, Cawnpore, classrooms Chambers Memorial, Gonda, roof Arra School, electricity |
| North India | { Almora Hostel, addition Pauri School and sanitary installation |
| South India | { Gulbarga bungalow and teachers' quarters Baldwin Girls' School, Bangalore |

* These conferences and most of the places can be located on the map, "Principal Centers of Methodist Work in India," which would be used in the presentation of the needs of India in this program. Order from Literature Headquarters, 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio. 20 cents. Or Distributing Offices. 20 cents.

Frances Depauw--A School That Is Home*

By Emily Towe



Fine DePauw seniors show their class sweaters

FOOTSTEPS and laughter resounding through the Frances DePauw School in Los Angeles reveal that this Methodist institution is a real home for Latin American girls—a place abounding in Christian love.

During leisure hours little girls play with dolls and learn to love music through regular piano instruction. Older girls bustle about the kitchen carrying out instructions given in home economics classes, learn the art of comfortable home-making for later years, and acquire skills that will open doors to the business and professional world.

How much the school means to the Frances DePauw girls is shown by the statement of a girl from Santa Ana, California, whose mother had died of tuberculosis soon after the accidental death of her father. The dark-eyed high-school senior explained: "This has been my only home for thirteen years. When I have my own home, I want to teach my children the things I have learned here."

* Frances DePauw School will receive money for the building of a dormitory for girls from the Week of Prayer gifts this year.

"Why do you give your baby so many baths?" an old lady asked. A young mother who had graduated from Frances DePauw said, "That's what we did at DePauw; and if I could make my home life as wonderful as there, I will be happy!"

The majority of the girls look forward to homes of their own, although the school has enabled many to become nurses, teachers, secretaries, waitresses, and has sent out one missionary to Mexico under the Woman's Society of Christian Service. A number of the students, ranging from eight through eighteen years, are daughters of former DePauw girls. Most of the applications to the home come through former students or persons who recognized what the institution had done for the lives of girls whom they knew.

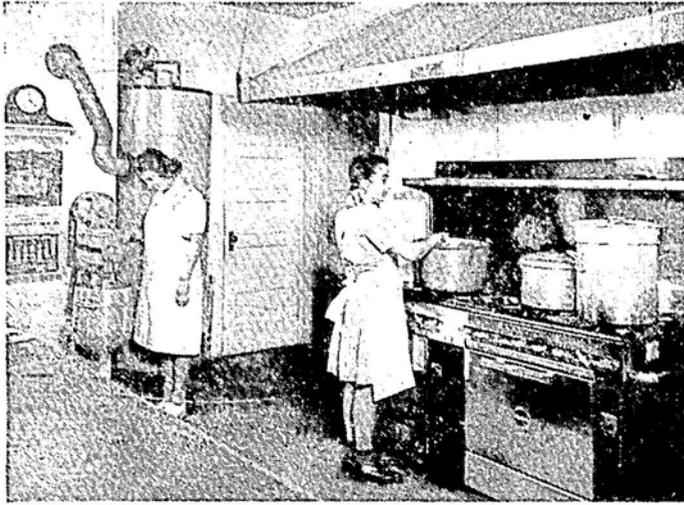
Staff members at the home point proudly to the story of Hope, an infantile paralysis cripple who came there on crutches at the age of twelve years. The orphaned daughter of show folk who spent her babyhood tucked behind a stage curtain, Hope and her sister lived at the home until they finished high school. The crippled girl was employed as an interpreter for Mexican mothers at a Los Angeles hospital. Later she became secretary to four doctors and when the opportunity of selecting a secretary was given the head physician, he promptly chose Hope.

Several years ago, she married a Mexican boy and now has a home of her own. Her sister, Victoria, followed a nursing career for several years after graduation before her marriage.

As I walked through the Frances DePauw Home recently, I wished that every member of the Wom-



Frances DePauw prepares girls to earn their livings



Frances DePauw teaches girls how to run a home



Frances DePauw girls can make their own clothes

an's Society of Christian Service whose support has made the school and adjoining dormitories possible could pass through the halls of the sprawling buildings. The visible evidence of lives in the process of transformation brings the conviction that education of these bright-eyed girls is truly following the path of Christ.

Juliet, ten years old, was practicing at the piano and played a simple piece that she had composed. A small group of high-school seniors was poring over English lessons. The home economics class was preparing soup for lunch and beamed gratefully when visitors complimented their culinary art. Ninth-grade girls were discussing manners, giving the pros and cons on when to give up seats in a street car. The bedrooms of older girls and dormitories of younger students were personalized with their own possessions—a school banner, an embroidered pillow, a wooden box for knickknacks.

Miss Helen Aldrich, director of the school, heads a staff of twelve members. The school started in 1900 and moved to the present location two years later. Bible is taught in each of the grades and group prayer meetings are conducted once a week. Outside ministers conduct chapel services regularly and all the girls go outside to Sunday school and church on Sunday mornings.

"We encourage the girls to make friends outside the school because in that way they are not a segregated group and are better able to adjust to situations when they leave our home," Miss Aldrich said. "Of course, we have to set down certain rules for discipline, but we encourage informality in our home life so that the girls will develop their personalities to the full."

She added that the school tries to stand behind its graduates as nearly as possible like parents. For example, the crippled girl who succeeded as a hospital secretary was permitted to board for five years after she finished her schooling. In view of the recent housing shortage, girls could not be pushed out upon completion of school unless they had relatives

with housing facilities under wholesome conditions.

"The school also uses its influence in helping the girls to get additional training in the lines in which they choose to specialize," Miss Aldrich said. "Often friends of the school become interested in a girl and see her through a business course or help her into nurse training. The other day a senior of this year's class came to me with a worried face. She wanted to take up beauty culture and earn money so that her sisters will not have to work in fruit fields traveling from place to place. We soon set her mind at rest by arranging for her to remain here while she attends a public school that will train her to become a beautician."

"We often arrange socials for the girls to attend parties with the boys who are students at Spanish American Institute," the director said. "In that way they meet other children of Mexican descent and learn how to play in a wholesome social life. Our principal aim in all that we do in religious and educational training and in our home life is to give them as nearly as possible a family atmosphere so that as they look back on these days it will be a time of happiness."



Frances DePauw girls can look back on a happy childhood



Jesse Lee Home reopens its doors to Alaskan children

Home for Alaska's Children

By Our Roving Reporter

JESSE LEE HOME for the children of Alaska has been reopened, after four years of wartime suspension, in its old setting—a hilltop in the shadow of snow-topped mountains overlooking Resurrection Bay at Seward.

This home for young Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos is one of five institutions supported in Alaska by the Woman's Society of Christian Service. Others are the Seward General Hospital serving inhabitants throughout the Kenai Peninsula; a tuberculosis hospital recently opened in a forest on the outskirts of Seward; Maynard Columbus Hospital in the rolling ice-covered tundra of Nome; and Lavinia Wallace Young Community Center for Eskimos in the same far-north town on the Bering Sea.

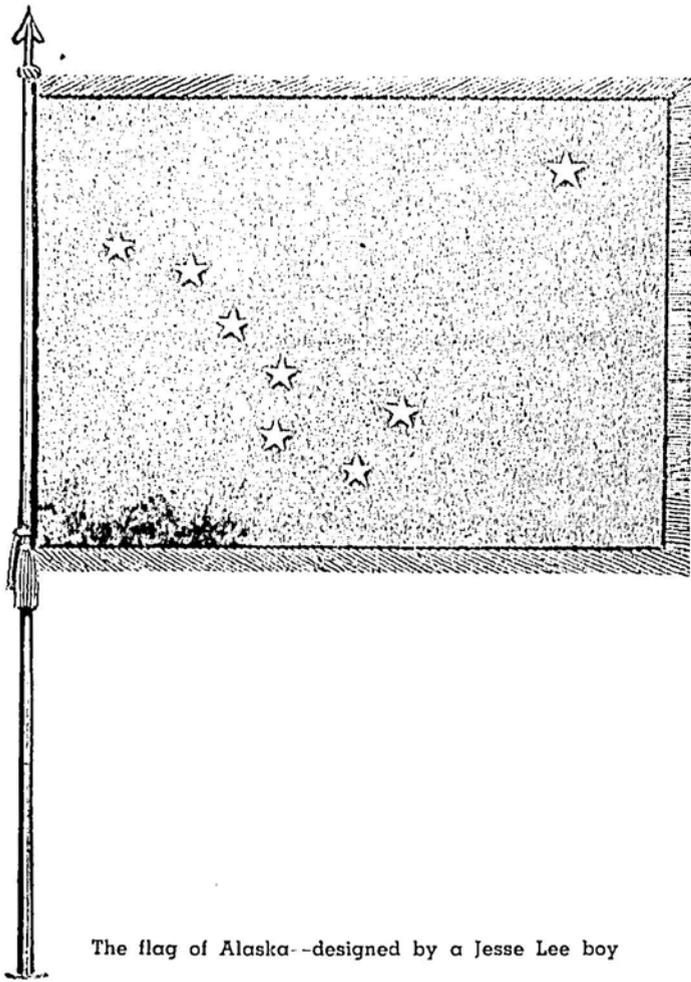
Jesse Lee Home was closed in 1942 to safeguard the lives of 110 boys and girls then enrolled. The school grounds adjoined property of Fort Raymond, nestled near by in a forest of spruce and hemlocks. The three largest buildings, a gleaming white landmark for aviators, were camouflaged to resemble continuation of the timber. As planes roared continually overhead, inhabitants of the little harbor

town feared the enemy might advance there from the Aleutians. So it was thought best to disband pupils for the war duration.

Now, footsteps of shouting children resound again through the renovated halls. Boys milk cows in the school dairy. Girls learn the art of home-making with foods available in their northern home. All attend classes regularly in a near-by school built for them by the Territorial Government. All worship together at chapel services on Sundays.

The half-century history of Jesse Lee Home has been told around the hearth-fires of Alaskan residents since its early days on Unalaska in the fog-shrouded Aleutians. The townfolk point out respected leaders with the familiar reminder "he's a Jesse Lee graduate!" Qualities of Jesse Lee men and women have become so widely recognized that a sea captain said: "The other day I was pushing into the harbor of a fishing town. From my boat I saw a boy working on the docks. Though I did not know him, I told the crew that he was a Jesse Lee graduate! And I was right."

Since the school was founded in 1890 in Unalaska



The flag of Alaska--designed by a Jesse Lee boy

and moved to its present location in 1926, its friendly doors have received children from broken homes. Often the frightened little waifs were unable to speak English when they arrived. The warmth of staff members and comradeship of other children soon changes life for new arrivals.

George V. Green, superintendent of Jesse Lee Home, has directed the re-assembly of the physical plant for the institution. He has made habitable the three main buildings that house the dormitories, chapel, recreation rooms, kitchen, dining room, and shops where boys learn trades for later life. His own home is near by on part of the 150 rolling acres comprising school property.

"We teach the children to dignify work here," Mr. Green said. "We are proud of our dairy. I believe that the entire project is worth while if only one boy is fired with the vision of taking dairy methods to his community after graduation. Alaska is so short of milk that a boy who inspires his neighbors to raise cows has made a contribution to his folks at home. That is the way we feel about all that the children learn here—it has counted in their lives if they take just one better thing to the local community."

Back in 1928, the American Legion announced a contest for ideas on an Alaska Territorial flag. A fifteen-year-old pupil of Jesse Lee Home won. Often he had gazed at the Big Dipper pointing toward the brilliant North Star on clear winter nights. That

was his design for the flag that now is Alaska's.

So it was that Benny Benson won the flag contest and a \$1,000 trust fund for a scholarship to an Alaska college. In the book compiled that year by Jesse Lee pupils, he wrote: "When I was four years old, my mother died. My dad thought it best to send my brother and sister and me to the home. I am mighty glad he did, for I appreciate what Jesse Lee Home has done for me. This is the only home I have known—I was too young to remember my own. I have taken care of the Jesse Lee dairy for over a year now and like this sort of work very much. In years to come, I shall try to show my appreciation in a practical way."

Another example of how Jesse Lee Home helped a boy find his native talent is shown in the life of Nutchuk, known on the concert stage in the United States as Simeon Oliver.

A three-year-old boy called Nutchuk was placed on a boat by his Scandinavian father after his Eskimo mother died. Nutchuk made friends with every one on board from the captain to the cook. When he arrived at Unalaska, he screamed and fought against going ashore. He was handed against his will into the arms of the late Dr. A. W. Newhall, superintendent of Jesse Lee Home. Years later he wrote that though he did not know it that day, he had come to his real home.

Memories that he described of the friendly mission portray what the home means in the life of a child: the time one of the big boys carried him through deep drifts of snow when his fat little legs could not make it . . . the way Mamma Newhall kissed every boy goodnight as if he were her own . . . his irresistible desire to play the tiny reed organ and the joy of realizing that he was making music by ear . . . the shipwreck near by that brought the mission a piano . . . classes at a United States Government School a few hundred yards from Jesse Lee Home . . . salmon fishing expeditions in summer time . . . exploring rocky, moss-covered mountains to look across fifty miles of sea and islands.

Dr. Newhall's understanding of the boy made it possible for him to study music—an accomplishment that later took him to concert stages in the States. At first, Simeon's admiration of the doctor's medical skill and his assistance in treatment of the natives led the boy to believe that he wanted to become a doctor.

Simeon's father and Dr. Newhall made it possible for him to attend Northwestern College. When it was later discovered that music was his real talent, he was persuaded that he could serve his native folk through excelling in this art as well as becoming a doctor. After success and widespread acclaim as a musician in the States, he recently returned to Alaska to teach.

Jesse Lee Home has reopened and with its reopening other boys and girls will have the warmth and love that make a real home.



Street scene in Korea. The change in this scene today is the disappearance of the uniformed Japanese carrying the brief case

Three Lions

The Methodist Church in Korea

By Bishop Arthur J. Moore *

SOON after my arrival in Korea a few months ago a prominent Korean handed me this quotation, "If you wish to make a new world we have the material ready. The first world was made out of chaos." While there I came more and more to appreciate the significance of that statement. Certainly the perplexing problems confronting both the government and the church in Korea cannot be understood unless they be viewed against the long and tortuous history of this people. The task of liquidating the disastrous results of the vicious Japanese domination, the re-establishment of Korea as an independent state, and the creation of conditions for developing the country on democratic principles

is of such magnitude that they can be accomplished only when approached in the spirit of genuine cooperation and unprejudiced intelligence.

The liberation of Korea has thrust this country into the international limelight. Especially are the eyes of all small nations focused on what happens there. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has said, "Korea's failure to achieve independence, freedom, and equality would be equal to China's failure to achieve independence, freedom, and equality. If Korea is not independent—the peace of East Asia and the world cannot be secure."

In August, 1945, the Emperor of Japan announced the surrender of Japan to the Allied Armies. In order to facilitate the disarming of the Japanese Army, Korea was divided by the Russian and American forces at the 38th parallel. In the American Zone,

* Bishop Moore, at the request of the Council of Bishops, visited Korea early in this year. WORLD OUTLOOK takes pleasure in presenting the story of the Korean Church through the war years, as it is today and what it may become in the future.

south of the 38th parallel, are found seventeen million people, living in the nation's bread basket. Here is produced most of the rice, wheat, and the other cereal crops. North of the 38th parallel are another seven million inhabitants living in the zone over which the Russians assumed authority. Here are to be found the bulk of the industrial resources. Whatever the political or military expediency responsible for this arbitrary division, it has served to make Korea a sort of international football.

Today the question on the lips of all thinking Koreans, representing every shade of political opinion, is this, "Why has our country been divided?" "Is Korea being held as a hostage in international politics?" While one seeks to allay these fears with the usual explanation about time being needed to set up stable government, etc., it cannot be denied that inherent in the present situation is the danger of producing here, not a united and happy nation, but an unhappy nation torn in two parts, irreconcilable in ideology, facing each other across the 38th parallel.

My main mission in Korea was to the Christian churches and especially to The Methodist Church of Korea. It has been my responsibility in other days to labor for the defense and preservation of the church while powerful forces set themselves against everything for which the church stood. But never have I found a situation so puzzling and so difficult as the present situation in Korea.

Long before the missionaries were compelled to leave Korea in 1940 the heavy hand of official opposition was upon the church but their withdrawal marked the beginning of the worst scourge of Japanese militarism. The church became the special target of unrelenting persecution. Properties were confiscated, ministers and laymen carried away to prison to suffer indescribable torture.

It is a story of an attempted extermination. The Korean National Christian Council, the Sunday School Association, the Young Men's Christian Association, and other organizations linking Korea to the world-wide church were completely abolished or reshaped to the Japanese pattern. At one time more than three hundred pastors and laymen representing the Protestant churches were thrown into prison. Some died of torture and others did not survive their prison sentences. One cannot understand the near extinguishment of the Christian flame in this land until he watches the unfolding of this pattern of persecution. The method was changed from time to time but the continuing purpose to destroy the Christian influence was never abandoned.

In October, 1940, a small group of prominent leaders introduced a Program of Reform in The Methodist Church. It is now evident that this was supported by the Japanese police and military authorities. On October 14th, a Special Session of the General Conference of the Japanese Methodist Church was convened in Tokyo. At that time the

Japanese Methodist Church proposed union with the Korean Methodist Church and a plan was adopted but the government authorities in Korea objected. Apparently the police authorities had their own plan for dealing with the church.

In February, 1941, in order to promote the so-called "Reform Program," a special session of the General Conference was called. Some preachers and laymen protested and the conference was adjourned without transacting any business. The police called in those who objected to this illegal conference and ordered them not to make any more trouble.

In February of 1942 the so-called "Ch'ong Chin Hoi" or "Forward Association" was organized under the sponsorship of the Police Bureau of the Government General. The main object of this Association, according to the reports, was the investigation of the "thoughts" of the Korean Christian leaders. It was a terrible movement and Christian leaders were like sheep before the wolf. At this time there was a rumor to the effect that the Japanese military had a plan to kill about thirty thousand Korean Christians, but the organization of this Association deferred its execution, hoping that the Christians would change their attitude and be more willing to collaborate with the Japanese.

In April, 1943, a special session of the General Conference was opened in Seoul which authorized the union of The Methodist Church with the Seoul Presbytery of the Korean Presbyterian Church. On the next day, the representatives met and organized the so-called "Korean Reformed Church." But, after a few days, the members of the Seoul Presbytery met and announced that the members had never voted to unite with The Methodist Church.

Then Dr. Pyen, Bishop of The Methodist Church, and his followers demanded the reorganization of the Korean Methodist Church. After a month or so, the Police Bureau recognized the non-existence of the so-called Union. But at the same time the police forced Dr. Pyen to resign. Apparently the police had plans and were now determined to make the Korean Methodist Church into a "Reformed Church." A part of this program was to discard the Old Testament Scriptures and to place a Shinto shrine in every churchyard.

In April, 1944, several thousand yen were spent in the establishment of a Shinto shrine in the Sang Dong Church in Seoul, which shrine was styled "The Civilized Hall of the Imperial Way." A four-day ceremony for the opening of this hall lasted from September 26-29. A regular Shinto priest came and performed the ceremony. Many Japanese dignitaries appeared and made speeches. Among them, the Police Chiefs, Military General, Court Judge, and a Japanese Methodist preacher. During the four-day celebration many Methodist preachers were forced to take the "misogi" which is the purification ceremony or Shinto "baptism."

In June, 1945, the Vice Governor-General invited

fifty-five leaders from different denominations and suggested that the three major denominations (Presbyterian, Methodist, and Salvation Army) unite into the "Korean Christian Church." A Union Committee of twenty was appointed at this meeting to effect the Union. In July following, a General Conference was called and the number of delegates was arbitrarily fixed by the Union Committee. At the "General Conference" the "Regulations of the Korean Christian Church of the Japanese Christianity" called for the chief officers. Instead of regular elections, a representative of the Bureau of Education announced the officers. These officers were instructed to take their offices on August 1, 1945. Before an official announcement had been carried to the local churches the Japanese Emperor made formal announcement that he had accepted the Potsdam Declaration and the Japanese Army surrendered to the Allies. Immediately thereafter, the Presbyterian Church in the North organized their thirteen Presbyteries and the preachers and laymen of the Methodist churches in the North reorganized the West Annual Conference.

On April 6, 7, 1946, a group representing the Central and East Annual Conferences of The Methodist Church met in Seoul and reorganized those two conferences.

After six weeks of the most sympathetic examination of the situation in Korea, after hearing everybody and reading all I could lay hands on, I came away with certain overwhelming impressions and deep convictions.

The Church in Korea has been hurt, desperately wounded by its enemies within and its foes without. Seldom in history has a church, especially a young church, been called upon to withstand such "trials of cruel mockings and scourging, yea of bonds and imprisonments." One need not be surprised in the light of these facts to discover that there has been some falling away and some loss of "face" before the outside world.

If one looked only at this side of the picture and failed to remember that innumerable company of faithful witnesses who have emerged from the fires

of affliction without the smell of fire upon their garments he might yield to despair and skepticism concerning the future. The church in Korea is still in the hands of men whose Christian convictions have not only sustained them but made them courageous in the presence of danger. They face the tomorrows not with fear, not with resignation, but with boisterous hope. They are ready to move the way Christ leads, for they have proven Him to be the Divine Friend whose faithfulness has been tested in the supreme ordeals of life, in the dark but unprevailing bitterness of persecution.

The Methodist Church of Korea is an autonomous church and to it we look for self-government and a major share in the propagation of the faith among its own people. But this must not blind us to the fact that this young church is not strong enough to accomplish its task without continued help from the Mother Church in America. The preaching of the gospel to a nation of nearly thirty million souls; the social reconstruction of the national life; the cleansing of the cities; the building and maintenance of essential institutions; the training of the young—these are tasks of unspeakable urgency and cannot be accomplished without the friendly assistance of fellow Methodists in America.

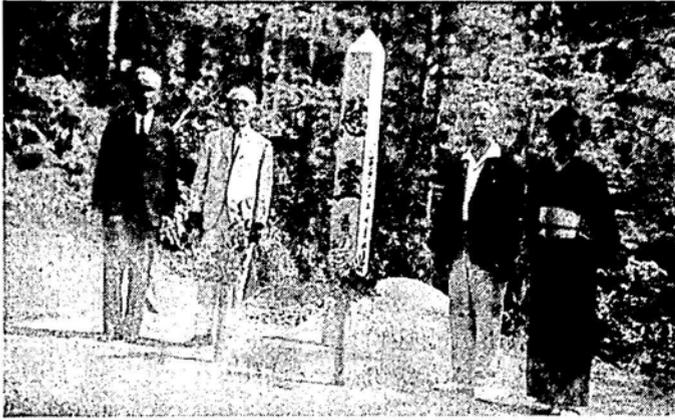
Ours will become a pallid and nerveless Christianity unless it experiences some desperate ventures with Christ. It is a poor faith which has no debt to pay in sympathy and good will to others. Our brothers and sisters in the ends of the earth must not be hard driven with paralyzing possibilities before them and with inadequate resources both in personnel and money with which to meet these opportunities. To fail them now would convict us of treachery to the divine intention and bring disintegration to the brave, loyal, and needy young church. We must teach our people once more the joy of loving and saving the world. We must take our appointed way in quietness of spirit, chastened indeed, but confident we are not alone, that we can never be alone, because He, the Great Sustainer, has said, "Lo I am with you even to the end of the age."

To Our Readers

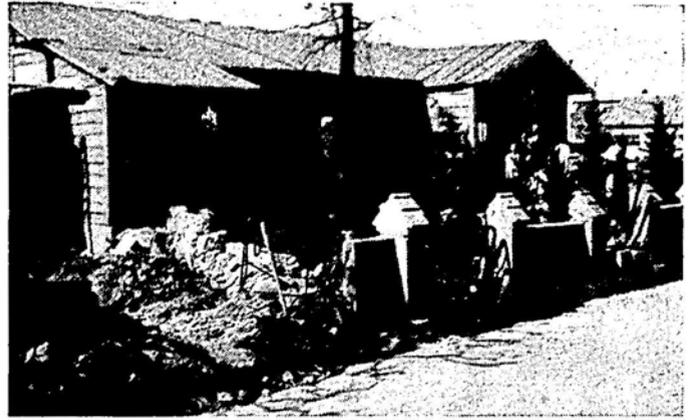
Packages up to eleven pounds may be sent now to civilians in Korea. These may contain non-perishable foods, soap, clothing, needles, and thread. Packages should be marked Gift Parcels or Gifts for Relief. Dr. Helen Kim, President of Ewha College, Seoul, Korea, is one address that comes instantly to mind.

The Moving Finger Writes

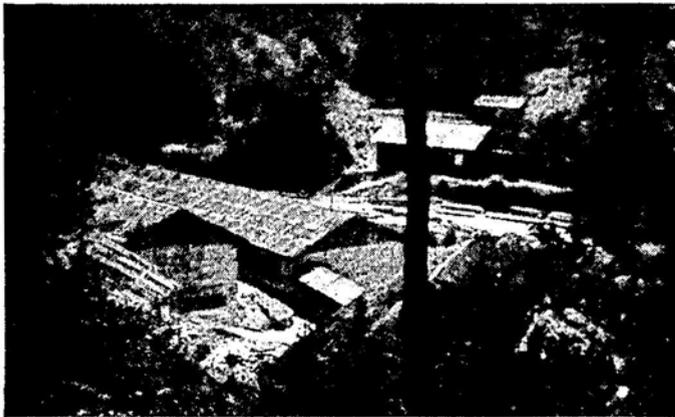
Events of a Religious and Moral Significance Drawn from the News of the World



Funeral tablet at Hiroshima Girls' School in memory of 350 students and teachers killed by the atomic bomb



Barracks now housing the East Hiroshima Methodist Church



Barracks of the Hiroshima Girls' School in the hills above the city. With hundreds turned away, high school and college students attend in shifts



All that remains of Fraser Institute, Hiroshima, Japan

Hiroshima Digs Out

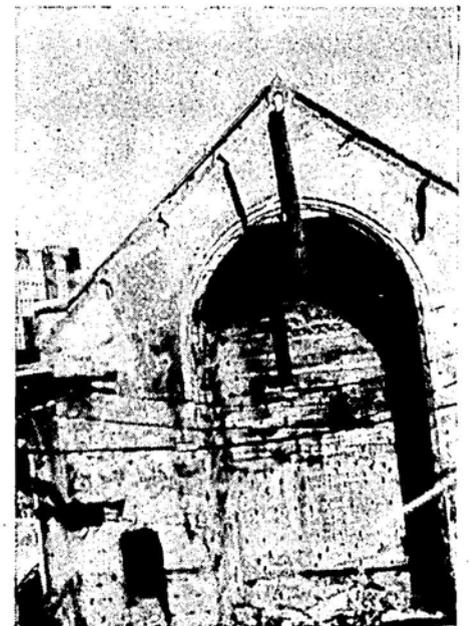
¶ The Rev. John B. Cobb, of Macon, Georgia, for twenty-five years a missionary of The Methodist Church, arrived back in Tokyo recently to resume missionary service. He is the first Methodist missionary returned to Japan. As soon as living quarters can be arranged, Mr. Cobb will take up his residence and work in Kobe, where for many years he was a district superintendent and a school principal.

Mr. Cobb was for four years in Hiroshima as principal of the Fraser Institute; that building was demolished by the first atomic bomb. On returning to Hiroshima, the missionary held a memorial service on the grounds of the once-famous Hiroshima Girls' School and expressed the sympathy of the Christians of America. The school was totally demolished by the atomic bomb and 350 girls perished instantly.

Mr. Cobb reported that the Methodists of Hiroshima are carrying on their work in spite of the tragedy. The Hiroshima Girls' School has reopened in flimsy wooden barracks.

"The barracks are high up on the mountain side," said Cobb. "Conditions are very rough and primitive. Only half enough barracks have been erected, so the college girls come to school three days a week and the high school girls come on the other three days. There are 700 in the high school. Hundreds have been turned away from both departments.

"High on the mountain side above the school buildings stands a monument of wood, erected in memory of students and teachers who were killed by the atomic bomb. On one side are the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' Under this monument lie the ashes of



Interior of the destroyed Central Methodist Church at Hiroshima

some of those who died. There, on the morning of my visit, more than three hundred representatives of their families gathered with faculty and representatives of the student body for the impressive memorial service. I was asked to speak to them some words of comfort from the Christians in America. It was not an easy assignment!

"Every church in the city is destroyed. One young pastor of our East Hiroshima Church has managed to put up a barrack church of the flimsiest sort. It is the only church building in the city! Our old residence and the Fraser Institute property were near the center and not even the chimneys could withstand the blast. Not a trace was ever found of Rev. Tagashira and his wife who were in charge. People are erecting little huts on the sites of their old homes. Many seem absolutely hopeless, but I failed to detect any trace of bitterness toward the United States. They are eager to have missionary teachers back."

✧

Takes X-ray to West China



Dr. Sven H. Liljestrand

Dr. Sven H. Liljestrand, former Syracuse (N.Y.) teacher, now a medical missionary and senior member of the medical staff of West China Union University, Chengtu, China, is en route to Chengtu, after furlough in

the United States, taking with him the first modern X-Ray machine ever known to "free" western China.

Dr. Liljestrand, medical missionary of The Methodist Church since 1919, has been professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University, and has lectured on therapeutics.

✧

Fire Destroys Sager-Brown Dormitory

A disastrous fire completely destroyed the boys' dormitory of Sager-Brown Home and Godman School, Baldwin,

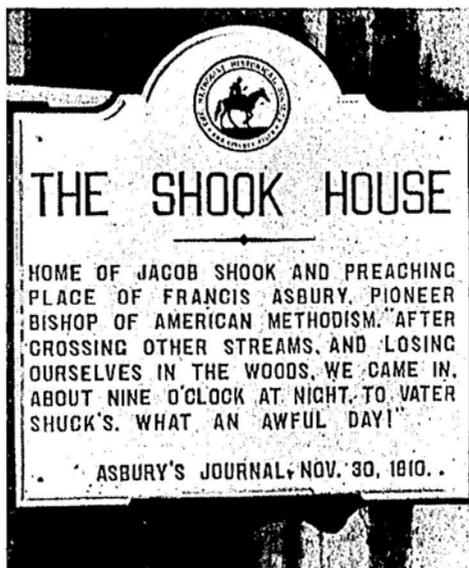
Louisiana, July 9. The building, called the Franklin Reed, Jr., dormitory, housed twenty-five boys, but no casualties occurred. The superintendent, Reverend F. D. Timmons, reported they were able to cope with the emergency for the time being.

Sager-Brown is the only home and school in The Methodist Church for Negro orphan children. It accommodates 52 in the Home and has a day school of 108, extending from the first through the tenth grades. A new school building is included in the plans of the Crusade for Christ as the present school is overcrowded, and many more children are seeking enrollment.

✧

History Society Erects Asbury Markers

Three iron and aluminum markers were recently erected to indicate Bishop Asbury shrines in Western North Carolina by the Methodist Historical Society of the Southeastern Jurisdiction.



Marker erected at an Asbury preaching place, Clyde, North Carolina

Two of these were placed at the Shook House at Clyde, near Lake Junaluska, and one was placed at the Killian House in the environs of Asheville. Both were preaching places of Asbury and mentioned in his Journal.

The society held its annual meeting at Lake Junaluska, from where a pilgrimage of a hundred people went to the Shook House for the unveiling ceremonies. Bishop Clare Purcell, Bishop Paul B. Kern, and Dr. E. H. Nease, president of the society, participated in the service.

A pilgrimage was also made to Cove Creek Gap, high in the Smoky Mountains National Park, to locate the old trail over which Asbury crossed the mountains. The Historical Society is working to induce Congress to restore a section of the trail running through the Park and name it the Francis Asbury Trail.

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Frank Herron Smith Retires as Japanese Conference Head



Dr. Frank Herron Smith

may than the Church of Jesus Christ... I am glad that I have been permitted to spend forty-one years of my life

"We hope our capable ministers and our earnest people may go on to rebuild many strong and active churches which will play a significant part in making a better world. There is no better instrument through which one

working among the Japanese people."

Thus spoke Dr. Frank Herron Smith, retiring because of ill health from the superintendency of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference for twenty years.

Tributes to Dr. Smith's statesmanlike leadership, particularly during the difficulties of war and the West Coast evacuation, were profuse and came from those among whom he had worked. As a "token of love," the Conference voted a gift of \$1,000 to Dr. and Mrs. Smith.

From 1905 to 1926 Dr. and Mrs. Smith were missionaries in Japan for twenty years, serving in Nagoya and Nagasaki and for five years were located in Seoul, Korea.

Dr. Smith is regarded as a linguistic expert in Japanese and during the war broadcast over short-wave station KGEI messages in Japanese warning the Japanese of their fate.

During the early years of the war Dr. Smith headed the Protestant Church Commission for Japanese Service, composed of representatives of fifteen denominations engaged in Japanese work, working for fair play on the West Coast.

Excerpts from Dr. Smith's report delivered to the Conference at the time of his retirement indicate the present status of the work.

"Within the year just ended 28 of the 31 churches which were evacuated have been reconstituted. Only Salem, Oregon, Marysville, and Brawley, California, seem to offer little hope. Of the 110,000 Japanese Americans evacuated in 1942, some 65,000 have returned to their former homes during the past twelve months and the prospects are that within two years the total will reach 85,000 to 90,000.

"The past year has been a very busy one for the pastors whose chief energies were employed in assisting the returnees. At one time they were conducting no less than twenty-one hostels in our church properties. Even today twelve of our churches are still providing housing for the transients. How so many have been able to secure homes, cars, and telephones is almost a miracle. In such farming sections as Loomis, Florin, Livingston, Fresno, and San Jose, the majority of our members have been able to secure possession of the ranches. In the cities many responsible and formerly prosperous business men have been compelled to take jobs as janitors, cooks, house men, or gardeners to secure places to live and to accumulate sufficient capital so they can resume business.

"It is estimated that the financial loss of the three and a half years of exile is in excess of \$200,000,000. The older people especially are happy to be home again and are trying to rebuild their lives, homes, business, and churches."

Burned Thoburn Church Rebuilds

After first refusing the offer of the Congress President to help raise funds to restore the burned and damaged sections and equipment of Thoburn Methodist Church, Calcutta, India, the Official Board of the parish has decided to accept the proffered aid, it is reported by Bishop Clement D. Rockey.

"The members came to the conclusion," he says, "that it might be interpreted as ungracious and as showing a bitter spirit if the gracious offer of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Congress President, were not accepted. This suggestion came from Maulana Azad that he would ask the Provincial Congress Committee to raise a subscription from

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residents of Calcutta, belonging to any race or creed, to provide for the necessary repairs to the Church. Accordingly the Official Board voted to accept this kind offer to help."

Mexican Normal School Reopens

The Normal School, conducted for many years by The Methodist Church in the city of Puebla, Mexico, was closed down during the revolutionary days of the 1930's, and remained closed during the years of World War II. Now it has been reopened and the Misses Adelia and Juana Palacios installed as organizers and principals. Alumnae of the old school are rallying to its sup-

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Literature for Philippines

May I request an insert in **WORLD OUTLOOK** regarding the sending of literature to us. It must no longer be sent through the Red Cross but should be addressed either to the Methodist Mission or to us at 431 P. Paredes, Manila, P.I. We can use any number of copies of **WORLD OUTLOOK** and other religious publications. The Filipinos are asking for good literature and have constant use for Sunday school helps (not over one year old); W.S.C.S. literature; *Upper Rooms*, *Christian Advocates*, and any of the finer magazines.

ETHEL M. HOUSER
(Mrs. Otto H. Houser)

port, and a large group of girls have been admitted into new classes. It will train young women teachers for the evangelical schools of Mexico.

Vancura Returns to America

The Rev. Vaclav Vancura, who headed The Methodist Church in Czechoslovakia during the war, and his two sons, George and John, have arrived in New York for a few months' visit



Rev. Vaclav Vancura, superintendent of Methodist work in Czechoslovakia, and his two sons. This picture was made in front of Howard Chandler Christy's painting of Christ mounting the war-torn world in New York

and rest in this country. Mr. Vancura, whose health was weakened during the seven long years of German occupation of Czechoslovakia and whose teeth were knocked out by a Gestapoman's fist in 1943, will receive medical and dental treatment here as well as visit churches and relatives.

Mr. Vancura was a member of the secret Czech underground during the years of the Nazi occupation, but nothing was ever proved against him by the Germans. His trouble with the Gestapo began in 1940 after a sermon in which he said, "The greatest leader of all leaders is Jesus Christ." The Gestapo was

informed by a spy and immediately visited Mr. Vancura with the charge, "You have insulted Hitler." He successfully argued himself out of punishment for that offense, but the Gestapo was extremely watchful of his every move for the rest of the time of occupation. Because he headed a church with associations to America, he was considered an enemy agent by the Nazis.

Mr. Vancura's father, aged 90, is a bishop of the Moravian church in Czechoslovakia. A daughter, Mrs. Olga Moraes, a graduate of Scarritt College, is a missionary in Gammon Institute, Brazil. A son, Paul Vancura, is an engineer in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Christian vs. Pagan Woman in Liberia



Bishop Willis J. King

Liberia, founded as a republic and the home of freed American slaves more than one hundred years ago, is the scene of a gigantic struggle between the American-Liberian nominally Christian woman, and the pagan woman of

the native population, according to Bishop Willis J. King, American head of The Methodist Church in that land.

He points out that each group is influencing the other, but that the pagan group, because of its greatly superior numbers, is pulling the Christian women to a lower level of civilization. Both groups are relatively helpless in the face of the changing social order, the Bishop says, and this is largely due to lack of educational opportunity and to economic insecurity. "The only hope for womanhood in Liberia is of lifting both to the complete levels of the Christian conception of home and family," he adds. The Woman's Society of Christian Service is establishing a hostel for Christian girls in Monrovia, the capital city.

J. K. Mathews Assumes India Office

The Rev. James Kenneth Mathews, missionary to India, who was recently elected an associate secretary of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, has now assumed his new duties at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. He succeeds the Rev. Thomas S. Donohugh, D.D., in the Board's portfolio for work



Rev. James Kenneth Mathews

in India and Burma—Dr. Donohugh retiring by age limit.

Mr. Mathews was recently discharged from the United States Army, in which he served for four years, attaining the rank of Major in the Quartermaster Corps. His military service was mostly in India where his acquaintance with

the country, its people, and its languages made him an invaluable aid to military units serving there under the American flag. While still in the service, he was elected an associate secretary of the Board.

In 1938 Mr. Mathews was commissioned a missionary of The Methodist

Church and assigned to service in India, where for four years he was pastor of the Bowen Memorial Church in the city of Bombay. During this period he also made an intensive study of the native vernacular. In 1941 he was transferred to Dhulia, West Khandesh Province, where he was pastor and super-



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intendent of the district until he volunteered for military service.

Dr. Richardson to New Post



Dr. Channing A. Richardson

Dr. Channing A. Richardson has been appointed superintendent of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, succeeding Dr. Frank Herron Smith, who was forced to retire because of ill health. The appointment was made at the meeting of the Conference in Oakland, California, by the presiding bishop, Bishop Fred P. Corson. Dr. Richardson has served the Board as superintendent of the Department of City Work for a number of years.

Commenting upon Dr. Richardson's appointment, Dr. Earl R. Brown, executive secretary of the Division of Home Missions and Church Extension, with which the Conference is identified, said: "It is exceedingly fortunate from the standpoint of the Board and also of the Conference that Dr. Richardson has been appointed to this important position. He has administered the Board's work in the Conference and brought to it the full knowledge of

tragic incidents through which the Conference has passed in recent years. We are delighted with his appointment."

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Bishop John H. Subban

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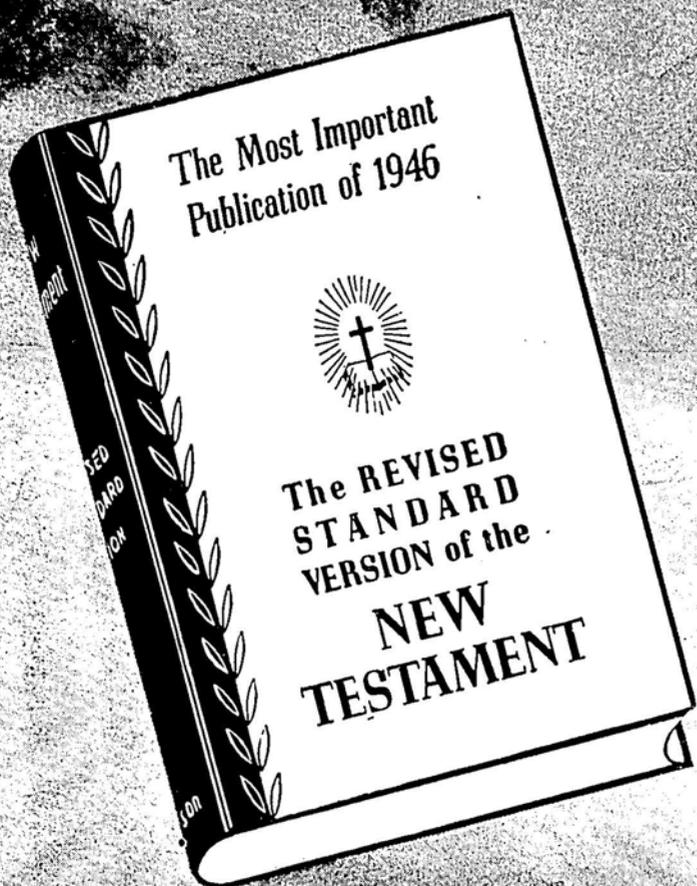
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To Develop Christian University for Japan



Rev. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh

Rev. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, executive secretary of the Detroit (Michigan) Council of Churches and a former missionary of The Methodist Church to Japan, has become executive director of a committee to establish a Christian university in Japan. Dr. Brumbaugh will visit Japan before launching upon the actual raising of funds for the project.

Dr. McCombs Retires as Mission Head

Dr. Vernon M. McCombs, for thirty-five years identified with the Mexican work on the Pacific Coast and superintendent of the Latin American Mission since its founding in 1918, retired at recent sessions of the Latin American Provisional Conference and of the Southern California-Arizona Conference of which he has been a member since 1911. Succeeding Dr. McCombs as co-superintendents are the Rev. Luis P. Tirre and the Rev. Nicolas Davila.

The growth of the Latin American work has been remarkable and is a tribute to the wisdom and imagination of Dr. McCombs, whose work among the Mexicans of the West Coast dates back to 1911 when ill health forced him to return to the United States from missionary service in Peru. Since then he has labored tirelessly among the Mexicans of Southern California and Arizona.

According to Dr. McCombs' report, more than 4,500,000 worshipers have attended 225,000 services held during the thirty-five years. During this period Mexican members have contributed \$500,000 and 17,000 conversions recorded. More than 14,000 services are held annually throughout the Mission. Products of the Mission are scattered throughout North America, Mexico, the West Indies, France, Spain, and Alaska. Many have made a splendid record of service. Over 1,000 were in the armed service during the war.

Fifty-five congregations and forty-six pastors now serve the Mission's constituency. Under Dr. McCombs' leadership Mission headquarters were established at Plaza Community Church and Center in the heart of the civic center of Los Angeles. Here, in addition to regular church activities, health and legal clinics serve more than 6,000 persons annually and club and class activities for all age groups are sponsored. To meet the need for vocational training among Spanish American youth, Spanish American Institute was formed in Gardena, California. Dr. McCombs was also instrumental in founding a home for dependent children in suburban Los Angeles and the Goodwill Industries of Southern California.

Chaplain Hopkins on Mission Board Staff

The Rev. Garland E. Hopkins, formerly a chaplain (Major) in the U.S. Army in the South Pacific, and pastor of The Methodist Church in Winchester, Virginia, has been elected an associate secretary in the Division of Foreign Missions of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church. His assignment is to the portfolio of research and counsel in the relations of business and government to Christian missions in the Far East. For the next two years he will be located in Washington, D.C., at the American University.

Neighborhood House Named for Mrs. Lamb

In recognition of the distinguished service given by Mrs. Fred C. Lamb to her church and community, the Institutional Neighborhood House, in Kansas City, Missouri, has been renamed the Della C. Lamb Neighborhood House in her honor. The church, operated in connection with the settlement, will continue to be known as the Institutional Methodist Church. The neighborhood house is operated as an institution of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, of which Mrs. Lamb is the recording secretary.

Noted Chinese Pastor Dies in U.S.A.

The Rev. Lo Din-shing, pastor of the Daichiahang Methodist Church in Chungking, West China, died in a hospital in San Francisco, on July 24, after a brief illness. He was en route to the United States to avail himself of a "Crusade for Christ" scholarship for advanced studies, when stricken aboard ship. He died a few days after landing.

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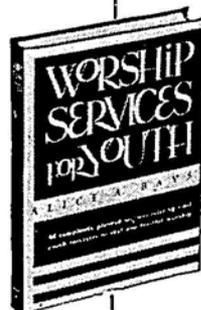
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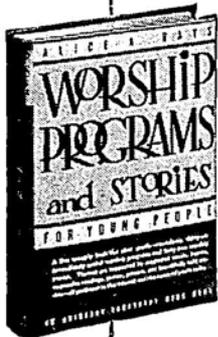
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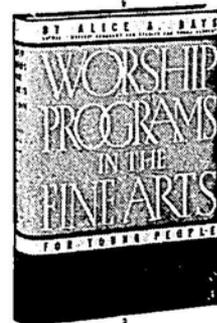
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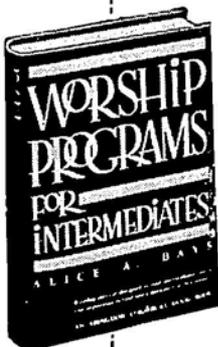
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